



The Churchman

Sts. Peter and Paul Evangelical Lutheran Church
250 Woodside Road, Riverside, Illinois 60546 * (708) 442-5250
"Faith Active in Love"
www.stspeterandpaulriverside.org

Volume 43

March 2021

Issue 3

We are called together by the Holy Spirit around Word and sacraments to glorify God the Father, creator of all things, through our Lord Jesus Christ. We trust God to nurture lives of faith and hope, as we serve and give witness to the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the salvation of the world.

Worship on the Transfiguration of Our Lord Sunday, February 14th



Shown above: soprano Gianna Barone was the service leader and soloist on The Transfiguration of Our Lord, Sunday, February 14th. Below: Communion continues to be distributed with precautionary measures during the pandemic, using masks, shields, dispenser, eye dropper, physical distancing and hand sensitizer. Photos by Emil Galdun.



Evening Prayer in Lent

Electronic format via email and website for home use with a recording of Holden Vespers and meditations for the season.

www.stspeterandpaulriverside.org



*"For waters break forth in the wilderness,
and streams in the desert;
the burning sand shall become a pool,
and the thirsty ground springs of water..."*
(Isaiah 35:6b-7a).

Join us every Sunday at 10:15 a.m.
for live streaming of the liturgy
accessed through the website at
www.stspeterandpaulriverside.org

Recordings of the services are uploaded to the same site for viewing at a later date.

E-worship folders are also available at the website.

Out of Orbit

This sermon was preached at Sts. Peter and Paul on the Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany, February 4th, 2018. The texts were Isaiah 40:21-31, Psalm 147, and Mark 1:29-39.

O Master of the universe, my life is so full of movement. Now help me to be still, at least for a little while. My life is so full of needs that command my attention. Now help me to be still and know that you are God. My life is drawn into the orbit of so many fierce powers. Now help me to be still and then move forward, beyond these confining circles. Lord Jesus, you deserve my attention and my ultimate allegiance. Now, as I am opened to you by the power of your presence, remind me that you are with me, that you are leading me, and that you are loving me. Please be “a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path” (Psalm 119:105).

With the arrival of midsummer nights on the plains there came the enchanting magic that used to travel on the backs of beaten-up old trucks sweltering across broken stretches of asphalt. It was a magic that would camp a few days here and a few days there, awakening drowsy little farm communities gathered for their “crabgrass days” and county fairs.

These carnivals would wend their way through sunny afternoons to exotically named places like Pisgah and Ute, Onawa and Little Sioux, Dunlap and Mondamin—places where, as Garrison Keillor likes to say of Lake Wobegone, “all the women are strong, all the men are good-looking, and all the children are above average.” So, on a few sultry evenings as the sun was going down, people from the whole surrounding region would pile into their Ford *Galaxys* and Mercury *Comets* to go whirling and twirling into the orbits of the Ferris Wheel, the Scrambler, the Tilt-a-Whirl and, for little brothers, the Merry-Go-Round.

Just beyond the ridge of a pink dashboard, bright lights twinkled colorfully in circles, roller coasters clattered through towering ash groves of city parks, while the glistening crowds coiled around makeshift casinos. This was carnival magic—not the Mardi Gras sort of magic casting its spell on the bayous—but magic nonetheless, drawing people into its orbit, promising to lift them for a moment from Midwestern mundane—only in summer and only at sunset.

“That evening, at sunset, they brought to Jesus all who were sick or possessed with demons. And the whole city was gathered around the door” (Mark 1:32). He cured many, but not all. He cast out many demons, but not all of them. There is a glimpse of the glory, a foretaste of the feast to come, and the dawn of the dominion of God. The whole city is gathered around the door that evening at sunset, the beginning of the Jewish day, when the Sabbath had ended.

At first, the whole scene has the feel of carnival. There’s magic in the air of Galilee. A magician is afoot in Capernaum. “Immediately his fame began to spread throughout the whole surrounding region of Galilee” (Mark 1:28). People are astounded at the man’s teaching, “for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes” (Mark 1:22). Somebody showed up at the synagogue with an unclean spirit, and the man cast out the spirit with a word, “Be muzzled, and come out of him!” The man comes to the house of Simon where Simon’s mother-in-law is sick to death with a fever.

Taking the woman by the hand, he raises her up; and she’s on her feet again. The man will soon raise up a paralytic, and then another man with a deformed hand, and then a little girl who has died, and then a boy with epilepsy. Jesus is raising people up—a foreshadowing of his own “being raised up” on the third day.

Capernaum is staged to become the capital of this kingdom for those who have groan faint. However, this is not carnival in Capernaum, although carnival may have been the crowd’s expectation. Yes, maybe it was just another flash in the pan, or maybe just another traveling medicine show, another wizard or wonder-worker among possible scores of them swarming the region of Galilee.

Being drawn into such an orbit as this can bring relief from the routine, a sense of well-being for the distressed, entertainment for hardworking souls under the sun, and maybe even temporary satisfaction of deep-seated, human cravings. Many are the orbits into which we are drawn—circling, circling, sometimes, it seems, without an end. We simply keep following the same paths.

You learn at a very young age that carnival can also make you very sick—too much Merry-Go-Round; too much cotton candy; too many flashing lights; and way too much excitement. The head starts spinning, the belly convulsing, and the world turning on its side. “Even youths will faint and be weary,” I heard the prophet say, “the young will fall exhausted...” (Isaiah 40:30-31). And they do. Magic can be exhausting.

Always in the shadows, beneath the lights and behind the screens, there were those mysterious looking faces, men and women with sunken eyes, tired-out from the travel, their forearms leathered and inked by hard times, weary of flexing as they pushed and pulled the levers of the roaring machines.

The Tilt-a-Whirls, the Scramblers, the Merry-Go-Rounds of life can draw us powerfully into their orbits, and we scarcely can detach ourselves even for a moment from the drug, the habit, the addiction, the work, the routine. We grow dizzy. We become feverish. We get very sick, convulsing like the man in the synagogue a week ago or bedridden by fever like Simon’s mother-in-law today.

“For our struggle is not against enemies of blood and flesh,” Ephesians reminds us, “but against the cosmic powers of this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places” (Ephesians 6:12).

People are coming into Capernaum’s orbit by way of this One who “commands even the unclean spirits, and they obey him” (Mark 1:27). Here is new strength for those laid low. Here is new power, allowing people again to take up their place in the world serving, even as “the Son of Man came not to be served but to serve” (Mark 10:45). “He does not faint or grow weary; his understanding is unsearchable. He gives power to the faint, and strengthens the powerless” (Isaiah 40:28, 29).

Surely, Jesus too must have felt the pull drawing him into the orbit of his own success. How easily he could have become intoxicated on his own power to heal and make whole. So, when Jesus leaves the house before dawn, he’s going to a desolate place—an empty and lonely place—similar to that deserted place where he was tested by Satan for forty days. He has gone out to pray, to detach himself, to regain awareness, to get out of orbit, and to move forward according to “Thy will...,” not my will. Prayer, not applause. Solitude, not success. Detachment, not delirium. Humility, not intoxication. The suffering of a cross, not the crowds at Capernaum. *Continued on page 5...*

“But everybody’s looking for you,” Peter urges Jesus on. And Jesus says, “Let’s go on to the neighboring towns, so that I may proclaim the message there also; for that is what I came out to do” (Mark 1:38). Unfazed by the whirling darkness so close to him, Jesus moves on, well into the orbit of God’s rule—God who “...gives power to the faint, and strengthens the powerless... Those who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint” (Isaiah 40:29).



- | | |
|--|---|
| Mar. 3: Kathryn Murray
Jennifer Painter
Sara Watkiss | Mar. 13: Pat Gavac
Cynthia Papadatos |
| Mar. 4: Karin Kubo | Mar. 15: John Kozik
Carol Ruiz |
| Mar. 5: Alison Jones | Mar. 18: Charlotte Bennett
Anita Henley |
| Mar. 6: Heather Greer
Rachel Michaels
Beverly Tarbox | Mar. 19: Carrie Watkiss |
| Mar. 7: Ruth Hurbanis
Jeffrey Triska | Mar. 22: Isaac Lauritsen
Mar. 23: Vicki Michaels |
| Mar. 10: Jocelyn Drahos
Nancy Mathis | Mar. 24: Anita Horak
Mar. 29: Hailey Greer |
| Mar. 11: Christopher Painter | Mar. 30: Alicia Waldman |

Birthdays and Anniversaries

March 8th, 2003 - Andrew and Sarah Wilson

Happenings

Congregation Council Meeting
Thursday, March 18th, 7:30 p.m.

Memorial Flowers

Jan. 24th: In loving memory of beloved mother, grandmother, sister and aunt +LaVerne Hanzel+ on the anniversary of her death by remembering children Karen Cox, Kevin and David Hanzel and their families, sister Audrey Bucz and her family, and niece Adrienne Gana.

Feb. 14th: In loving memory of dear mother +Joan Triska+ on the 5th anniversary of her passing by remembering children Jim, Carol, and Jeff and Lisa Triska.

In loving memory of +Marie Elizabeth Lauritsen+ on the 99th anniversary of her birth on February 12th by her children and their families.

Feb. 21st: In memory of +Martin Selecky+, his parents +Mary+ and +Martin Selecky, Sr.+, and sister +Anna Dzurja+.

Feb. 28th: In loving memory of beloved father +Eugene Gana+ on the anniversary of his death by remembering daughter Adrienne Gana.

Memorials and Honorariums

❖ For the Church ❖

Ed and Joyce Svancara, for the newsletter.
John and Janet Broussard, in memory of father +Nick Sasuta+.
Dennis & Jane Lauritsen, in memory of +Rev. Kenneth T. Michnay+,
for live-stream ministry.
Brian and Hope Boor
Adrienne Gana, in loving memory of father +Eugene Gana+ on the anniversary of his death.

Song of the Wanderer

By Dan Forrest, quoting Old Hundredth; text by Johanna Anderson; Thomas Ken Music from Beckenhorst Press.

The barren land around me lies,
My flame is burning low;
Cold and pale the winter skies,
And I am far from home.

With my light that burns so dim,
Am I visible to Him?
Does He hear the fragile song
Of creatures here below?

He wakes the lark and bids her fly
To greet the coming spring,
Wakes our hearts and bids us rise,
Then gives our spirits wing.

He speaks and winter melts away,
Hears us when we come to pray,
Turns our nighttime into day –
Our Light, our Life, our King.

Glorious joy of summer sun,
The gentle healing rain,
Banishing our tears and sighs,
With beauty for our pain.

Earth and sky, lay glory by—
Christ, the Lord, is drawing nigh!
All creation bow to Him
From whom all blessings flow!

Blows the wind, and soon will come
The autumn of the year,
With its golden light of love
Still shining ever clear.

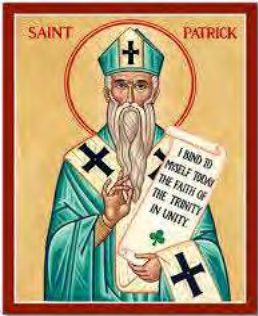
From the rising of the sun,
To the place where day is done,
Peace on earth has now begun
To cast away our fear;
To cast away our fear.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav’nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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DATED MATERIAL

St. Patrick, missionary and bishop, March 17th
from Catholic Online



St. Patrick of Ireland is one of the world's most popular saints. He was born in Roman Britain and when he was fourteen or so, he was captured by Irish pirates during a raiding party and taken to Ireland as a slave to herd and tend sheep. At the time, Ireland was a land of Druids and pagans but Patrick turned to God and wrote his memoir, *The Confession*. In it he wrote: "The love of God and his fear grew in me more and more, as did the faith, and my soul was aroused, so that, in

a single day, I have said as many as a hundred prayers and in the night nearly the same. I prayed in the woods and on the mountain, even before dawn. I felt no hurt from the snow or ice or rain." Patrick's captivity lasted until he was twenty, when he escaped after having a dream from God in which he was told to leave Ireland by going to the coast. There he found some sailors who took him back to Britain and was reunited with his family.

Lord, do not let us do more...

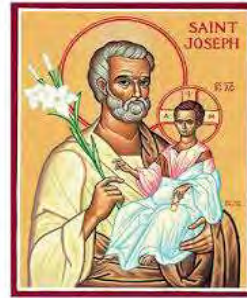
*...If in doing less we might do it better.
Do not let us acquire more
If in living with less
We might know Thee better.
We are easily swayed by size,
Equating quantity with quality,
Wealth with security,
And applause with popularity.
Forgive us for spreading ourselves thin
For the sake of appearances.
Permit us to amend our ways
Lest we miss the Baby in the stable,
The Lad in the carpenter's shop,
The Teacher on the hillside,
And the Christ on the Cross. Amen.*

—E. Lee Phillips



Don't forget to turn your clocks ahead on Saturday, March 13th. Daylight savings time begins on Sunday, March 14th.

St. Joseph, guardian of our Lord, March 19th
from Catholic Online



Everything we know about the husband of Mary and the foster father of Jesus comes from the Scriptures, which has seemed too little for those who made up legends about him. We know he was a carpenter, a working man, for the skeptical ask about Jesus, "Is this not the carpenter's son?" (Matthew 13:55). He wasn't rich for when he took Jesus to the Temple to be circumcised and Mary to be purified he offered the sacrifice of two turtle doves or a pair of pigeons, allowed only for those who could not afford a lamb (Luke 2:24). Despite his humble work and means, Joseph came from a royal lineage. Luke and Matthew disagree some about the details of Joseph's genealogy but they both mark his descent from David, the greatest king of Israel (Matthew 1:1-16 and Luke 3:23-38). Indeed the angel who first tells Joseph about Jesus greets him as "son of David," a royal title used also for Jesus. We know Joseph was a compassionate, caring man. When he discovered Mary was pregnant after they had been betrothed, he knew the child was not his but was as yet unaware that she was carrying the Son of God. He knew women accused of adultery could be stoned to death, so he resolved to send her away quietly to not expose her to shame or cruelty. However, when an angel came to Joseph in a dream and told him, "Joseph son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary home as your wife, because what is conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit. She will give birth to a son, and you are to give him the name Jesus, because he will save his people from their sins," he did as the angel told him and took Mary as his wife (Matthew 1:19-25).



**News from the Riverside Preschool
at Sts. Peter and Paul**

Dear Friends,

Spring is right around the corner and we are "snow" ready. We will be learning, singing, and making projects all about springtime!

We will also be celebrating our preschool dads with projects, journaling, and gifts just for Dad.

—Lisa Manganiello, Preschool Director

MARCH WORSHIP SERVERS

March 7th:

Greeter: Fred Kuzel
Assisting Minister: Charles Matthies
Lector: Brandon Michaels
Usher: Fred Kuzel

March 14th:

Greeters: John and Shirley Kostelny
Assisting Minister: Vicki Michaels
Lector: Carrie Watkiss
Usher: John Kostelny

March 21st:

Greeter: Carole Pollitz
Assisting Minister: Brandon Michaels
Lector: George Valek
Usher: Walter Cudecki

Palm Sunday, March 28th:

Greeters: Edward and Joanne Sefara
Assisting Minister: John Broussard
Lector: Joanne Sefara
Usher: Janet Broussard

Sacristan and Altar Care:
Ruth Bakalich

APRIL WORSHIP SERVERS

Maundy Thursday, April 1st:

Greeter: Karyn Bute
Assisting Minister: Carrie Watkiss
Lector: John Broussard
Usher: Janet Broussard

Good Friday, April 2nd

Assisting Minister: Charles Matthies
Lector: Tom Michaels
Passion Readers: TBD
Usher: John Kostelny

Easter Sunday, April 3rd:

Greeters: Larry Crachy and Karen Kubik
Assisting Minister: Brandon Michaels
Lector: Charles Matthies
Ushers: Fred Kuzel and John Kostelny

April 11th:

Greeters: Walter and Judith Cudecki
Assisting Minister: Vicki Michaels
Lector: Fred Kuzel
Ushers: Walter Cudecki

April 18th:

Greeters: John and Shirley Kostelny
Assisting Minister: John Broussard
Lector: John Kostelny
Usher: Janet Broussard

APRIL WORSHIP SERVERS (continued)

April 25th:

Greeters: Carole Pollitz and Ann Kmet
Assisting Minister: Carrie Watkiss
Lector: Jane Lauritsen
Usher: Fred Kuzel

Sacristan and Altar Care:
Edward and Joanne Sefara

January 2021	
Current, Benevolence and Freewill Offering	
Budgeted Offering: \$2,597.00	
<u>Date</u>	<u>Offering</u>
1/3	\$ 825.00
1/10	\$1,420.00
1/17	\$2,391.00
1/24	\$1,309.00
1/31	\$1,075.00

From the Writings of Thomas Merton

*O Lord God,
I have no idea where I am going,
I do not see the road ahead of me,
I cannot know for certain where it will end.
Nor do I really know myself,
And that fact that I think
I am following Your will
Does not mean that I am actually doing so.
But I believe
That the desire to please You
Does in fact please You.
And I hope I have that desire
In all that I am doing.
I hope that I will never do anything
Apart from that desire to please You.
And I know that if I do this
You will lead me by the right road,
Though I may know nothing about it.
Therefore I will trust You always
Though I may seem to be lost
And in the shadow of death.
I will not fear,
For You are ever with me,
And You will never leave me
To make my journey alone.*

—Thomas Merton, *Pax Christi*, Benet Press, Erie, Pennsylvania.

God of all troubled hearts, help us to believe in you when we feel worried, upset, lost, and cannot seem to find you. Jesus, remind us each day that through your words and actions you point us to God. May we point others to you, Lord, through the work you have given to us today. Through the Holy Spirit help us make room for you in our homes and our hearts, and to know that wherever we dwell, you are there living in us. Amen.