



September 2024

## TO KNOW GOD AND LIVE LIKE JESUS.

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### Wretched Eyewear

The year was 1990 something. As a fourth grader I was preoccupied with perfecting my one legged going ‘round and ‘round on a monkey bar stunt, getting my name on the coveted “Thank You Board” at school for one’s helpfulness and general brown-nosing of the teacher, and proving to the boys in my class that I could be as fast as they were even though I was a girl. I was not as fast as they were.



Rev. Lacey  
Wheeler

What was not on my mind as a socially conscientious and slightly awkward fourth grader was whether I needed glasses. Glasses, for those of you who did not grow up in the 1990’s, was not a fashionable trend. Full stop. In fact, it was a mark of social isolation and ridicule if one were to inhabit this wretched eyewear on one’s face. I didn’t notice the change in vision all at once, it seemed to be gradual. I wasn’t seeing the numbers on the board during math, but...math. I wasn’t too concerned. I did stop being able to read my name underneath the large “Thank You” letters on the most coveted of all the spaces in the classroom, which was a bit of a cause for concern, but nonetheless, I had other things to think about—like how to beat Scott in a race during recess.

I’m not really sure when my vision got bad enough that my mom took me to get my eyes checked, but I do remember the dread of having to wear that big, ugly hardware. Glasses that would break once a week during a neighborhood game of football, basketball, or a general running around of sorts, and was more of a nuisance than a blessing. Especially when I graduated up to the strap that went around my head to keep my glasses on during basketball practice—really flattering.

Other than remembering the social demise of this newly added hardware on my face, there is one instance after getting glasses that I will never forget.

When my very first pair of glasses came in and my mom and I picked them up from the optometrist, I remember the drive home.

As I looked out the window, I remember exclaiming to my mom, “Grass has little pieces in it?? It’s not just all a big grass blob??” I mean, I knew grass had blades, but it had been long enough that I had stopped seeing them—and kind of forgot—instead I would just see a mass of green.

In that instant, my vision changed, but so did my awareness to this detail on our exquisite planet. In one instant, with a slight correction to my vision, I was gifted with the ability to see clearly.

I don’t think it’s by accident that Jesus heals a whole bunch of people who struggle to see. It’s kind of like Jesus is trying to make a point over and over again.

A story I love, and my heart yearns to be more like, is the healing of a blind man found in the Gospel of Luke chapter 18. A “blind man was sitting by the roadside begging”. This man heard Jesus of Nazareth was passing by and shouted, “Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!” Of course, it is Jesus’ disciples who sternly order him to be quiet; yet, the man undeterred grew even louder, “Son of David, have mercy on me!”

What strikes me, beside the followers of Jesus who are not excited about this man seeking Jesus out, is two-fold. First, this man’s awareness of his condition, that he cannot see the blades of grass, the faces of his siblings, the wrinkles in his hands. Second, his desire to have his sight restored.

What compels me is this: awareness and desire. I wonder, am I aware of the moments that pass by blurry, out of focus, muddied together, where God is fully present and visible? Am I walking around in my every day life completely impaired in the vision of my spirit to see the in-breaking of God in this world? Not only am I aware, but do I desire to have my sight restored, to see Jesus face to face, just as this blind man had?

There are moments that feel like that first moment I put on my glasses and could see the blades of grass for the first time in a long time. Moments that my heart is broken open and I can see, what feels like for the first time, the presence of God among us. There are moments that the in-breaking of heaven happens.

When I am in the presence of a person so filled with joy that the light of their spirit and God’s love pours out in a way that is vibrant and visible.

# Look what's happening around the church...



United  
Women  
in Faith



In August the Leadership Board discussed having the Ministry Planning Retreat on September 29th, 2024, after church. Goals and ministry planning for 2025 are in the works. Work has begun on replacing the roof of the Wee Rockets building due to hail damage. A home school group consisting of 2-3 year olds are in discussion of meeting at the church twice a week.

The next scheduled board meeting will be held Tuesday, September 10th, 2024 at 7:00PM.



Pictured: Diane Mann, Jessie Poston, and Bobby Reed.

The United Women in Faith thank you to all those who had a part in making the Mother Daughter Banquet a success. A dedicated candle was lit in memory of Marilyn Richwine who was very active in the UWFaith group. With the name change from UMW to UWFaith the ladies got a new logo with new special mission recognition pins. This year, 3 of those pins were given out to members who have been active for several years. Jessie Poston held the Office Secretary of Youth Work in 1961, Diane Mann held the Office of Ruth Circle Chairman in 1968, and Bobby Reed held the Office of Vice President in 1968. Thanks to these women and their dedication for over 50 years, we still have a UWFaith group today. The Fall Festival Bake Sale and the Holiday Shop are right around the corner. Help is needed with both of those events. Now is the time to reserve your vendor spot for the Holiday Shop, to start making your crafts, and finding those treasures to donate to Granny's Attic.

The next scheduled general meeting will be held September 11th at 6:30pm, Rebecca Ruth Circle will meet September 26th at 10:00am.

Hope Connections would like to thank those of you who helped restock the empty shelves. It was such a joy to see all of the cereal, peanut butter, canned meats etc. They are continuing to see new families in need, as well as the ones they have been serving. Hope Connections helped 9 families with bill payment assistance in the month of August. The Back to School night was held at the Rose Hill Christian Church on July 29th and school supplies were provided to 133 students from Rose Hill and Douglass. Those of you with gardens that are still producing, please consider donating extra produce to distribute. Please call the office with assistance or if you are at the church you can leave produce in the refrigerator, which is located in the room that's in the back hallway. Hope Connections will not be open for Labor Day.

The following upcoming distribution dates are: 9/4: 11AM-12:30PM; 9/16: 5PM-6:30PM, 9/18: 11AM-12:30PM.

Mark your calendars for Holiday distribution: 11/21: 5PM-6PM Thanksgiving meals; 12/19: 4PM-6:30PM Christmas meals.

**Birthdays: SEPTEMBER 1:** Brighton Wheeler; **September 2:** Jean Epperson, Piper Jensen, Bill Merritt; **September 3:** Allen Grunder; **September 4:** Tracey Anderson; **September 5:** Mike Dassel; **September 6:** Rylan Jantzen, Judi Williams; **September 7:** Curtis Williams; **September 9:** Gail Futhey, Katelyn Koch, Richard Shackelford; **September 13:** Anna Koch; **September 19:** Darrell Schulle, Shannon Zoglmann; **September 20:** Annabeth Bextel, Sutton Nash; **September 21:** Max Olson; **September 23:** Kreg Anderson; **September 24:** Carl McGinnis, Makayla Webster, Marsha Windorski; **September 26:** Jolene Bextel, Mackenzie Webster; **September 28:** Jenny Heinz

**Anniversaries: SEPTEMBER 2:** Frank & Marilyn Logbeck, Dennis & Joyce Webster; **September 4:** Roger & Kathy Santo; **September 7:** Dan & Jenny Heinz; **September 17:** Curtis & Blair Beard

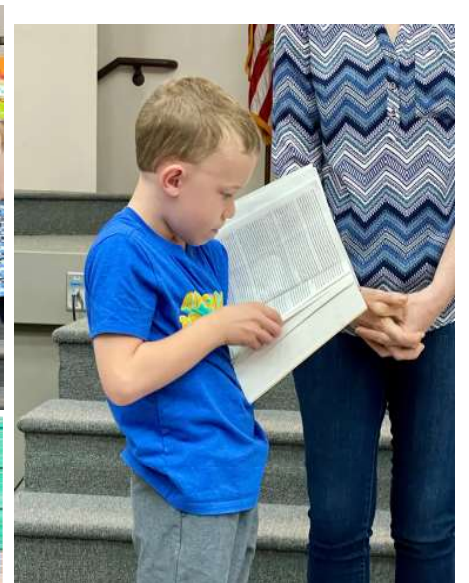
HAPPIEST OF DAYS TO YOU. LOVE RHUMC! ❤️





Sunday, August 11th, we joyfully marked the start of the school year with our special Backpack Blessing, where we gathered our students/teachers to pray for their success and safety. It was a heartwarming occasion, filled with encouragement and support for our children as they embark on their educational journeys. Sue Tanner represented the Education Team in presenting our only 3rd grader, Jack Hall with his Bible and we also celebrated the kids that are moving up to the youth room! After the church service, many stayed over to say “SEA you later!” to summer as we ate walking tacos and tasty snow cones. We embraced the not-so sunny weather with some delightful outdoor water fun, creating a refreshing (and somewhat chilly!) memorable time for all. It has been many years since I’ve gone down a slip’n’slide, but it sure was fun to do that and hear the squeals of laughter! Thank you to everyone who joined us for these meaningful moments of community and celebration. It is an event we look forward to every year!

-Stacie Fox,  
Children’s Ministry Director





# RHUMC COMMUNITY



RHUMC would like to introduce Taylore Crane as the new Director and Peyton Smith as the new Floor Manager of the Wee Rockets Child Development Center. Taylore has her Associates Degree from Johnson Community College and is currently enrolled in the TAP program at WSU for Early Childhood Education, she obtained her Director's license in 2023 when she was the Assistant Director for the center. Peyton has been employed with at the center since she was in high school and was a Lead Teacher in the center's Panda room for 4 years. We welcome these ladies with appreciation and excitement for the future.



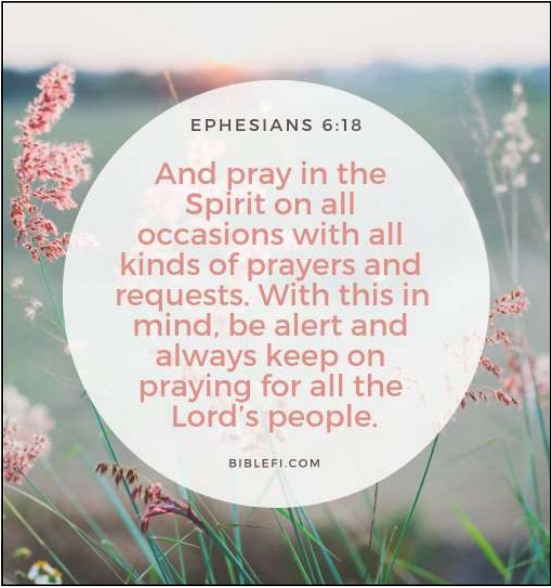
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### **Wretched Eyewear continued from page 1**

When I see the care and tenderness of humans walking together in a difficult struggle, and out of their tenderness I see the presence of God's gentleness toward us. I had a moment this month that was like this. A friend and I went to serve communion to some of our dearly loved friends who can no longer get out of their homes. We were invited into a woman's home. This woman had moved semi-recently and had settled into her new space beautifully. This woman also has a gift in music, and offered to play us a song. As the notes of "When the roll is called up yonder" filled her new home, I looked over at my friend who was seated in a chair. Joy and appreciation filled her gaze. I could feel the presence of God welling up in my spirit and filling that room with the soft, tender, gentle, loving, and mysterious presence of God. For that moment, it was as if God had placed glasses on the eyes of my spirit and gave me vision to see God's presence here on earth through the beauty and nuance of this music. A piece of music offered by a woman generously to a couple of friends who came to visit and offer communion. This is my desire. But not for a mere moment, but for every moment. My desire is that every moment, we cry out like the blind man, "Jesus Christ have mercy on me!" and that in each moment Jesus restores our vision to see what God is up to in our lives. This is my hope for our community as well. That we, collectively, have our sights restored to envision, experience, and see the presence of God around us. As a fourth-grader enduring the social pressures of school, to see the presence of God in her classmates. As a parent picking up one's child from school, seeing the child-like wonder found in their children that accentuates this very nature of God. As married couples endure the hard and sorrowful nature of aging, seeing the patient-endurance and steadfast love in one another, revealing this cosmic love of God. As the one who has never married and does not have children is able to give of their time and energy to neighborhood children, seeing the generosity of God's Spirit. As each of you welcome one another, invite each other into relationship, treat one another with kindness and support, we see the welcoming, invitational presence of Jesus Christ. This is my desire. May we become aware, by God's nudging and grace, of the presence of God around us, may we desire to see this presence and experience God in the every-day moments, and may we see the face of Jesus day in and day out in one another, creation, and all that is good and holy. Maybe even in a blade of grass. May our sights be restored. And may we encounter the very living and active presence of Jesus this day.

Amen.

- Rev Lacey Wheeler




Please keep these in your prayers: Our church; our country; our troops; people of the world; our government leaders; law enforcement officers (safety); our community; students; teachers; Americans overseas; those suffering with mental illness; Teresa Conduff (health concerns); Kathy Conley (health); Cassie Conley (health concerns); Joy Shiblom (health concerns); Greg Cox (multiple myeloma); Linda McBride (health); Lyn-Nell Clark's daughter, Teresa Schmidt (metastatic bone cancer in vertebrae); Shannon Zoglmann's father (lung cancer) mother (heart disease/failure); Ashley Mowder's father, Alex Hall (health); Joyce Webster (health); Tonie Rollins' sister, Cindy Hunter (pancreatic cancer, Returned); Mike Rollins (rotator cuff surgery, radiation); Joy Pearson (health); Sigrid Krkosska (health); Dave Brown (Returned Cancer), Christine McKee's father, Harry Conway (health); Chad Flower (health); Bob (Dementia); Kathy Rusconi (ALS); Audrey Rowles (health); Jeff Diehl (stroke); Evelyn Diehl (health); Mandy Olson's mom Julie (health); CJ Bextel's father, David Bextel (triple bypass); CJ Bextel's grandmother, Loretta Burgess (health); Crystal Carron (lung cancer/ surgery); Alex Kruger (health); Richard Mann (knee surgery); Greg

Rinehart (surgery/renal cell carcinoma); Leanne McKee (knee surgery); Gail Futhey (surgery/farming accident); Nursing home/rehab residents.

***Please notify the church office when your request can be taken off the list. Thank you!***



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