



THE NEW DOVER HERALD

October 2020

Vol. 171

A Ministry Newsletter of New Dover United Methodist Church

CHUCK'S CHURCH CHAT

*When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock.
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence...
...The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furies—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.*



James Whitcomb Riley 1853–1916

Saints,

Grace to you and peace...

If anyone asks about my childhood I tell them that I was born in Salem County, New Jersey in 1958, at the tail-end of the 19th century! I say that because there are parts of South Jersey along the Delaware River and Bay where time seems to have slowed down and the entire culture reflects it. When my grandparents bought a farm in 1965 there was only one spigot of running water in the house (in the kitchen), there were three wagon sheds, a weathered two story barn, two corn cribs, a long-handled pump to get water for the animals, and an outhouse (two seater!) out back by the lilac bush, where outhouses were always found (for obvious reasons!). Growing up, that farm was paradise for my brothers and me.

Now I love all the seasons, especially when they begin- the first snowfall in winter, the first warm breeze of spring, and first hot day of summer, but if I had to pick my favorite I believe it's the first frost of autumn that would win the day! As James W. Riley writes in the poem above, autumn tempts us to slow down the pace of life, be thankful for the harvest of summer, fire up the wood stove, and hunker down until the next growing season begins.

As sentimental and old fashioned as Riley's broken English poem is, I believe it also speaks to us in a truly meaningful way here and now. Saints, you don't need me to tell you that this has been a tough year. I can't recall one in my lifetime that's been more challenging all round. Between the rife political climate, the way we've had to radically adjust our lives to the pandemic, over 200,000 of our fellow citizens dead, and the economic hardships we're just beginning to experience, 2020 has certainly been no picnic to say the least. But that said, I am so grateful for the hard work so many of our church members have put into getting us through the year. In fact we've done more than "get through," we have thrived!

The harvest we're celebrating has been far more than the record crop from our Jehovah Jira Garden. It's been bag after bag after bag of donated groceries. It's been thousands upon thousands of sandwiches that *YOU* made at home and brought to the church. It's been thousands of dollars in donations from strangers who heard about our ministry online and were moved to do something about hunger!

If we were that farm in Riley's poem our barns, corn cribs, and silos would be full to bursting because of your donations to our food ministry! If you were able to catch the Facebook interview that Rosie and I did with our District Superintendent (it's still up there) you know that our efforts to feed hungry neighbors are being celebrated throughout the entire Greater New Jersey United Methodist Conference! It is our hope that New Dover will serve as an inspiration to churches through the state. That they will see, as we did, that as bad as this pandemic is, it is also an opportunity to expand our outreach far beyond the

norm. Since March we have now fed over 20,000 of our hungry neighbors and we believe this is just the start of something much bigger God is calling on us to do!

So while it would be nice to “fire up the wood stove” and settle down for the season, this is no time to slow down, quite the opposite! Saints, the frost may be on the “punkin,” but the work of the Kingdom goes on!

*I don't know how to tell it—but ef such a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.*

Have a blessed October,
Rev



Our food ministry has grown so much since March. We continue to pick up food at Wawa every week and provide hundreds of bag lunches every week to St. Joe's for those in need. We have recently acquired two more Wawa locations in Edison and Avenel. So we need your help with pickups. If you would like to get involved in this worthy cause, contact Brian Richards at 732-433-3000 or email deliveries12@aol.com.

KEEP US IN YOUR PRAYERS



Boyce Family

Judy Tymitz

Family of Tom Crouse

Pat & Brian & Family

Parkhill Family

Manny & Nora De La Paz

Debbie Ladym

Robert Engel

Cancer patients

Robin & Carolyn DeCicco

Tonya Burleigh

Service men & women

Veterans

Homeless, unemployed

& uninsured

All affected by Covid-19

and their families

Children with Autism

All Elderly of NDUMC

Paul Nolan

Mildred Roberts

Pray for all those affected by Natural Disasters, those suffering with addictions, those suffering from depression, Victims of terrorism & violence, all national leaders, and all those serving at New Dover UMC.

All doctors, nurses, EMT, teachers, grocery store workers, janitors, and all other frontline workers. Thank you and God Bless.

Prayer for Your Tomorrow

Robert H. Schuller

*May God Bless you with
a clear dawning,
a cool morning,
a warm noonday,
a golden sunset,
a gentle twilight,
a starlit night,
and if clouds should cross you sky,
may God give you the faith to look for
the silver lining.*

In This Issue:

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SERMON OF THE MONTH

"Sometimes I Turn, There's Someone There"

Sermon preached on August 18, 2019

Job 40:1-14

Hebrews 12:3-11

Saints, it seems lately that many members of our New Dover faith community have had to deal with more than their share of pain and suffering. I don't need to inform or remind anyone here that grief and anguish are an ever present part of our lives, from the moment we squeeze out of the birth canal until our eyes close in death we have to deal with some form of pain and suffering to varying degrees each and every day of our lives. Pain and suffering that cause us to lose sleep can come in innumerable forms: from illness or injury to unexpected financial crises, from a family conflict to a dispute with a neighbor, from grief over the loss of a loved one, to anxiety over the loss of a job.

One Friday morning a few years ago 38 year old David Wicks was walking to work at Tower Research Capital on Broadway, in New York City like he did every day of the week.

David's life was a living example of the American dream. A whiz at math, he had emigrated from the Czech Republic as a teen and worked his way to a degree from Harvard University. He and his wife Rebecca, a successful attorney, had just celebrated their third wedding anniversary last month. Just as Wicks rounded Worth Street onto Hudson the wind gusted to 20 miles per hour causing the 524 foot arm of a huge construction crane to sway. As operators worked feverishly to secure it, the crane came crashing to the street, crushing David, killing him instantly, and there on that busy Manhattan street, a life was extinguished, just like that. Why did David Wicks die? Did he deserve it? Did he have it coming? Not according to those who knew him. *"He was an angel, an absolute angel,"* said a friend. *"He was a wonderful, wonderful person. He was the best, the absolute best, and that's what makes this tragedy that much greater,"* said his rabbi. And we see it on the news or the Internet and we just shake our heads, and say *"What a shame."*

Saints, as we know only too well, we live in a world where very bad things can happen to very good people. There are those times in all of our lives when no matter how hard we try, we find no rhyme or reason when bad things happen to us, to someone we love, or to someone we know to be a compassionate, kind human being. Unable to come to terms with an incident such as this, we find ourselves asking that ultimate question: *"Why? Why God? How could this happen? What good could possibly come out of all this bad?"* And we pray and pray for healing, and we pray and pray for relief from the suffering, and we pray and pray for understanding and are confronted by the deafening silence of the Almighty. How can this be?

Scripture tells us that the God who created the universe, watches over even the sparrow, and if God cares for a common bird, certainly he hears our prayers, right? But why doesn't God do something?

One July day two years ago a group of Florida teenagers used their cellphones to record a man who was drowning. Five of them ages 14 to 16 can be heard laughing as they record more than two minutes of the man struggling to stay afloat in a pond near his family's home. The boys can be heard taunting the man, saying that he was going to die. *"Ain't nobody going to help you, you (stupid idiot). You shouldn't have got in there,"* one of the boys says. When Jamel Dunn, 31, slips beneath the water, a voice can be heard saying *"he's dead"* and there is laughing. One of the teens then suggested calling police, but was dismissed by his friends. When the event was brought to their attention, the state attorney's office said. *"Unfortunately, there is currently no statute in Florida law that compels an individual to render, request or seek aid for a person in distress."* When we hear a story of such callous neglect and disregard of human life we get sad and angry at the same time; how could those boys stand on the shore and do nothing, let alone taunt the person in distress? We utterly condemn the lack of action by the boys. But Saints, for many who have endured suffering and loss, this is their opinion of God.

Let me ask you something- when, in our eyes, God chooses to do nothing, is God not suspected of the sin of neglect? Doesn't God's apparent inaction nullify Jesus' words, *"Ask and it shall be given you."* Was that precept from the Sermon on the Mount just a bad joke? For many who endure suffering or grief, or witness the same, it is far from a joke, It makes them bitter, so much so that like Job of old, they begin to question God. Some may even lose their faith altogether. *"Why God? Why?"* they plead? Why was my loved one taken from me? Why do I have this affliction? Why do the innocent suffer?

Before we go further, please understand that the suffering I'm referring to is not the cause-effect variety. Some suffering is the consequence of our own doing. A smoker gets lung cancer. An embezzler ends up in jail. A murderer gets solitary confinement. I'm not talking about such cause and effect suffering. Nor am I referring to

those who endure hardship due to nobler means. Someone scaling Mount Everest should expect to suffer. A doctor fighting a virus outbreak or a missionary preaching the Gospel in dangerous places are vulnerable to suffer. We can understand such suffering as that, because there's a definite cause-effect relationship going on.

But other forms of suffering and hardship seem to be completely disconnected to any rational cause. It is this so-called "indiscriminate suffering" that troubles us the most when it comes to matters of our faith. In our eyes there are many innocent, undeserving people who come into heartbreak and hardship in the world. A family going to church on Sunday is killed in an auto-accident; a child contracts cancer; tens of thousands perish in a tsunami, and on and on. Why, why, why do things such as this happen? How can the God who professes to love every one of us so much, stand idly by while suffering and hardship strike again and again at God's children every day, year in year out? No matter how much we try, these questions, echoing down the millennia cannot be ignored, because to ignore them is to candy-coat our faith, and candy-coated faith can never stand up to the challenges of life.

You know what? The Bible doesn't candy-coat or shy away from the question of suffering, confronting it in a number of passages, most famously in the Book of Job. In the letter to the Hebrews the suffering and persecution of the early Christians is described by the writer as the discipline of God, in the same vein as "*That which doesn't kill me makes me stronger.*" Suffering is a test of one's faith, therefore don't hide from it, experience it head on and your faith will be fortified. The popular 20th century Christian writer, C.S. Lewis, in his lecture entitled "The Problem of Pain," wrote, "*We can ignore even pleasure. But pain insists upon being attended to. God whispers to us in our pleasures, speaks in our conscience, but shouts in our pains: it is His megaphone to rouse a deaf world....*"

Unlike C.S. Lewis or the writer of Hebrews, the Book of Job addresses suffering from a first person perspective. Job is the one who has undergone all manner of loss and grief, and as anyone who has journeyed through the valley of deep suffering or grief will explain, you can try to describe your anguish, but unless the person you're talking to has had a similar experience, they'll never know; they'll never truly know. Those of us called to be pastors, if we are true to our calling, cannot shy away from addressing the issue of indiscriminate suffering and death, because ignoring it, especially in times such as these, would be not only irresponsible, it would demonstrate a weakness in my own faith. Yes, there are going to be a lot of questions the answer to which we won't know until we've passed from this earth life, but to simply accept ignorance without at least confronting the issue is to give in too easily. And so I ask this question of God and at the same time place it before you as well: *Why do bad things happen to good people?* As with every question asked of God, we begin by examining the scriptures.

As I mentioned, the writer of Hebrews, echoed by C.S. Lewis, relates suffering to discipline, going so far as to ask his readers, the fledgling church, to "*Endure trials for the sake of discipline.*" So that's it, huh? We are to endure suffering, for what? "*...for the sake of discipline*"? What in the world does that mean? Well, Webster defines discipline as: "*Training that corrects, molds, or perfects the mental faculties or moral character*" The word in Greek for discipline is *paideia*, and it means "*an instruction which aims at the increase of virtue.*" So what the writer of Hebrews is telling his readers is this: God employs the suffering and hardship of this world to mold us into the human beings we were created to be. Our experience teaches us that there is wisdom in the words of Hebrews, does it not, for don't we often arise from our dark nights of the soul tougher and wiser than before the darkness fell? So there does seem to be some sort of cause and effect relationship here. But here's a question- is the writer of Hebrews implying that **God** brings suffering upon us in order to be better disciples? Is God the source of suffering? Is God, ultimately, to blame for suffering? Try telling that to someone whose mother or father is lying upon a bed of pain. Tell it to a nurse in the Congo who has had infant after infant die in her arms of malaria and see what kind of response you will get. The writer of Hebrews states that God employs suffering to discipline us, but does that mean that God himself brings that suffering upon us? Hebrews never answers that question; for that we must turn to the book of Job.

A most of us know, Job's life embodied every type of suffering that a human could endure. Job, as the story tells us, was "*blameless and upright, one who feared God and turned away from evil...*" yet suddenly found himself beset by tragedy after tragedy. A man of great wealth and property, he lost everything in one day. Job's sons and daughters were dining together, when out of the blue arose a wind storm that caused the house to collapse, killing every one of them. And finally, Job himself was afflicted from head to toe with painful puss-filled sores that made his life a veritable living hell. His wife, who he probably thought he could count on for support, told him to "*curse God and die!*" Yet somehow Job not only lived on but remained faithful to his God, despite all that had happened to him. But although he maintained his integrity, he nevertheless raised the inevitable "*Why?*" question, and the next 35 chapters of the book is chock-full of a discussion taking place between Job and three of his friends, trying to figure out why people suffer, and what part, if any, God has to play in it. The argument sways back and forth, his friends believing that Job must have committed some great sin to bring on such a calamity, all the while Job maintaining that he was innocent of any wrongdoing.

This goes on for 35 chapters before God finally has enough and dramatically breaks in to lecture Job from a swirling whirlwind. And the answer given Job is the answer given us as well, and it is here that the issue of suffering is met head on by the very Creator of the universe!

So what does the Creator tell Job? God tells Job that it is beyond a mortal to comprehend the answer to a question such as that, because we know not the design for God's plan of Creation. "*Where were you when I laid the*

foundation of the earth?" God asks. How can you blame me for your suffering when you're incapable of understanding my motives, of contemplating the grand mystery of creation? In other words, you'll never understand it, so stop blaming me!

Now granted, this may sound like a divine cop out. Robert Frost, the American poet, stated as much in his comedic play, "A Masque of Reason." In it God pays a visit to Job and tells him, *"I've had you on my mind a thousand years to thank you someday for the way you helped me establish once for all the principle there's no connection man can reason out between his just desserts and what he gets...My thanks are to you for releasing me from moral bondage to the human race."*

But Job is frustrated with God's reason for suffering- he presses on for a more satisfactory answer telling God: *"Such devilish ingenuity of torture did seem unlike You, and I tried to think the reason might have been some other person's. But there is nothing You are not behind. I did not ask then, but it seems as if now after all these years You might indulge me. 'Why did You hurt me so?' I am reduced to asking flatly for a reason — outright."* God hesitates then stammers, *"I'd tell you, Job..."* Job by this time is getting a little fed up- *"All right, don't tell me then if you don't want to. I don't want to know. But what is all this secrecy about? I fail to see what fun, what satisfaction a God can find in laughing at how badly men fumble at the possibilities when left to guess forever for themselves"*

So what do you think? Is God's answer to Job merely a means to avoid the question of suffering? On the surface it might seem so, but when we dig deeper we find that far from avoiding the question, God's answer actually cuts to the very heart of it. And what do we find there? That the key to the puzzle depends not on some intellectual, theological analysis on the problem of suffering, but rather it's this- that no matter the pain, no matter the heartache, what's important is that we place our complete trust in God, rather than question God's motives. In other words, though we, like Job, have many questions about the seeming random nature of suffering, we can never allow the weight of our questions to supplant the faith we have in God.

God asks us to believe in him no matter the questions that are left unanswered, no matter the chasm that exists between the mind of the creature and Creator, and admittedly this is a very difficult thing for us to do. We are a people of inquiring minds, and inquiring minds want to know! We tend to raise our eyebrows and pull back when our questions go unanswered. We're uncomfortable living with mystery. If God is reluctant to fully divulge the reason there's suffering, how do we know this God can be trusted?

Well, there is one event we can come back to again and again, and by so doing realize that despite the intense pain, overwhelming grief, and sense of abandonment, that often accompanies life, our God can indeed be trusted, and trusted fully. Saints, Jesus himself suffered through every one of these agonies, even unto death on a cross. Those looking on heard him cry out, *"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"* Whether they believed he was the Messiah or not, they must have wondered why God would let one so kind, so compassionate, so loving as Jesus suffer so. *"Answer that question, God! Because if you stood by while Jesus himself was tortured and hung up to die, what chance do any of us have?"* But in this case you see, God did provide an answer.

On the morning of the third day, God provided an ultimate answer. On that day the answer emerged from the shadows of an unsealed tomb and limped on bloody, scarred feet into the dawn of a new age. And that walker invited each one of us to follow in his footsteps, to trust as he trusted, to live as he lived, to limp as he limped, to suffer as he suffered. To live a life of complete faith in God's grace and hope in God's promises, despite the questions that remain unanswered, the mysteries we may never solve.

For that is life, is it not? A journey that takes us over sunlit hills and through darkened valleys. None of us, no matter our faith, no matter our goodness are immune to suffering and sadness, but that's okay. As long as we believe that even when we can't sense his presence, God is always near. That's what faith is all about is it not- belief in things unseen, unheard, unfelt.

And so I guess the bottom line on pain and suffering is this: We'll never fully understand why it exists, yet despite such mystery, we need to trust in God, the same God who affirmed Jesus' life and teaching on that first Easter morning. Do that, and like Job, we will make it through to the end. Without faith, pain and suffering can weaken and destroy us. But with faith, enduring pain and suffering will strengthen and inspire us. Faith is what gives us the courage to cast our fears aside and live out the Gospel.

I close with words of wisdom, not from Hebrews or Job, or Robert Frost, but from Bob Dylan, who wrote,

*"I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other time it's only me..."*

That's it saints. That's life. Those are the same footsteps that limped out of the tomb and out through the garden, glistening blood mixing with the Easter morning dew. Suffering, death, and resurrection made one in the journey. Sometimes in life we turn and God is there; other times it's just us. But through it all, we endure, we stagger on, and ultimately we triumph.

**SMALL CHURCH GROUPS
CAN NOW MEET!**

**PLEASE ABIDE BY THE
FOLLOWING CONFERENCE
GUIDELINES:**

**WEAR MASKS AT ALL TIMES
PRACTICE SAFE DISTANCING
(AT LEAST 6 FEET)
NO COFFEE OR REFRESH-
MENTS (FOR NOW)
CLEAN UP/SANITIZE ALL
AREAS YOU USE**

**?QUESTIONS? CONTACT THE
CHURCH OFFICE
732-381-9478**



FINANCIAL NEWS

The Finance Committee is continuing to provide financial information. The following provides the income and expenses as of July 2020. The church income includes what is provided to the church in pledge envelopes to current expense and other income sources such as building rentals, flea market and various fund-raising activities. Church expenses are shown which include salaries, utilities, conference obligations and other costs to keep the church operating.

New Dover United Methodist Church Operating Fund		
	2020	
	July	Year to Date
Income	\$ 15,799.30	\$ 137,714.79
Expenses	\$ 40,136.73	\$ 176,614.71
Difference	\$ (24,337.43)	\$ (38,899.92)

ARE YOU READY?

One night I had a dream
I stood at the water's edge, waves lapping at my feet;
A Voice called out, "are you ready?"
Yes, I replied; jump in, the Voice said;
I can't swim!, I answered; trust me, said the Voice.
Yet I could not, and stepping back, awoke to a day like the one before.

The next night I dreamed again
I stood at the base of a mountain, saw a path soon lost in the trees
The Voice spoke, "are you ready?"
Yes, I said; go up, commanded the Voice;
I'm too weak!, I cried; trust me, said the Voice.
But I could not, and stepping back, awoke to a day like the one before.

The third night I dreamed once more
I stood before a swaying bridge over a yawning chasm;
Again the Voice asked, "are you ready?"
Yes!, I shouted; step out, invited the Voice;
I might fall, I whimpered; trust me, said the Voice
Still I would not, and stepping back, awoke to a day like the one before.

On the fourth night the dream began again
I stood before a Cross on a hill, a crown of thorns upon it and a burden under;
I heard the Voice say, "My life for you, are you ready?"
Yes, I whispered; take up your burden, the Voice answered;
It's too heavy, I declared; trust me to help you, said the Voice
Giving in, I stepped forward, and awoke to a day like none before.
Are you ready to swim in deep water, climb the high mountain, cross the unsteady bridge?
Are you ready to listen to the Master's voice, step forward in trust, take up your cross?
Say yes, and begin a life nothing like the one before!

*by AC Davis
August 29, 2020*



October Birthdays

- 1 *Nalini Dialle*
- 2 *Narasimha Cimala*
Charles Greve
- 6 *Claudine De Simone*
- 7 *Lisa La Fauci-Gilmore*
- 8 *Edward Ladym*
- 9 *Oliver Vyas*
Anita De Simone
- 10 *Patrick Kinsly*
- 11 *Subhas Budala*
Michael Lettieri
- 12 *Kirsten Rodrigues*
- 13 *Chelsea Nyema*
- 14 *Allison Crouse*
Marian Jones
Lori Perrine
Jessica Preston
- 15 *Kyle Sanders*
William Sanders
- 16 *Wilfredo Manglapus*
Tyler Rademacher
- 17 *Anthony Sarno*
- 19 *Wilson Christian*
- 22 *Sunitha Thumma*
- 24 *Lulu Kamenas*
- 27 *Rachel Aludino*
Sylvia Boyd
- 28 *Susan Paserchia*
- 29 *Marilyn Kimball*
- 30 *Anaiah Lewis*
- 31 *Victor Vilela*

October Anniversaries

- 17 *Robert & Kyle Becker*
- 20 *Herb & Dianne Petersen*
- 21 *Jim & Peggy Silva*
- 23 *Frank & Mary Ann Pagano*
- 29 *Peter & Dawn Burnett*
- 30 *Anthony & Alyssa Sarno*
- 31 *Scott & Jennifer Fisher*




Membership Blog


For those of you who are not online or have not been able to attend services, we begin with August 2020. On the first of that month, New Dover had its first congregational service since the beginning of March. We gathered in the front parking lot on that Saturday evening to enjoy worship and each other's presence as the body of Christ. Although hot, the weather cooperated and the sky was a beautiful blue with passing fluffy clouds. The entire Praise Band was on hand to provide music, playing a set before liturgy and at the end of the service. The guest speaker for the evening was Rev. Dr. Ronald Owens from New Hope Baptist Church in Metuchen. Always a favorite, Pastor Owens spoke to a crowd of about 80 on judgment and acceptance, talking without notes in his usual familiar manner. Holy Communion followed the sermon. All maintained their distance from each other and wore the now familiar masks. Our next service occurred on Sunday August 23, a traditional Sunday morning liturgy. The stage was set, as was the outdoor altar, and Grace played the Clavinova from the shadows of the church building. The service began with the favorite "O For A Thousand Tongues to Sing". Our Associate Pastor Rosie Pang had a time for youth, emphasizing love and kindness, then Kyle Sanders sang "Give Me Jesus" for the praise song. The Scriptures for the day were Ruth 2:1-12 and Luke 10:30-34 (the story of Ruth and Boaz, and the story of the Good Samaritan) Rev. began by discussing phobias, and posed the question of why we have these fears. Could it be because of personal experience, maybe watching another's experience, or perhaps instructional experience (being told to fear something/someone)? Racism is a fear based reaction to those we don't know; our first instinct is to protect ourselves. We can overcome this by spending time with those who are different from us. These two stories reveal that close contact with others can transform our attitude from fear to love, and from judgment to acceptance. The service ended with the response of "Blest Be The Tie That Binds". Thanks to everyone who attended/supported the service, and especially those who gave extra effort in putting it together. God is good! The next Sunday, while Rev was on a well-deserved vacation, Pastor Rosie took charge of the service. The outdoor venue was again blessed with beautiful, sunny skies and a cooling breeze; the crowd of about 60 leaned heavily to the left to take advantage of the shade from the steeple! Kyle and Grace each sang for the service, both wonderful additions to its liturgy. The Scriptures for the day were Psalm 18:16-19 and Matthew 14:22-36. Pastor Rosie discussed Peter as a man looking for change, but finding that in a relationship with Jesus, change was not easy. Peter fought the "perfect storm" of fear, afraid of failing Jesus' expectations. He let his fear overcome his courage in stepping out of his comfort zone. Let's remember that when we find ourselves sinking, Jesus is there to help us if we only reach out for Him. Thank you Rosie for a timely message! September services began on a gorgeous Labor Day weekend with a Communion service. Omar S. performed the praise songs for the service-thank you Omar for filling in on short notice! The Scriptures for the day were Genesis 1:27, 5:1-3 and 2 Corinthians 4:1-4. Rev noted that Adam was made in God's image, and that has been passed down from him; we are ALL made in God's image, and our lives matter more than we can imagine. Then why is there so much ethnic and racial strife? By treating others as less than ourselves, we are insulting our Creator. Surrender and let Christ come in and change our hearts, then begin the process of perfection in love. Communion followed the sermon, and distanced fellowship followed the service. The next Sunday, forecast to be gloomy, turned out perfect for outdoor service. Announcements included birthday recognition, with our birthday bank situated in the middle of the lot for donations. The Scriptures for the day were Psalm 12 and Mark 13:1-8. Rev talked about Biblical "whistleblowers", who appeared to warn the people of the consequences of their injustices; he also noted that God uses others as His instruments to provide those consequences. Which one are we, the whistleblower or the oppressor? The service concluded with the rousing "Battle Hymn of the Republic".



Annual Car Wash 2020




New Dover Youth & YA
 WhatsApp group




Scan the QR Code and stay in touch; OR,
 Download WhatsApp (free) from your App Store and add group "New Dover Youth & YA."

Do you need someone to talk about something? Are you going through turbulence in your life or
 Need someone to pray with you?
 I'm all ears.

Call or Text me--
 Rosie Pang, Associate Pastor, 917-453-1233.

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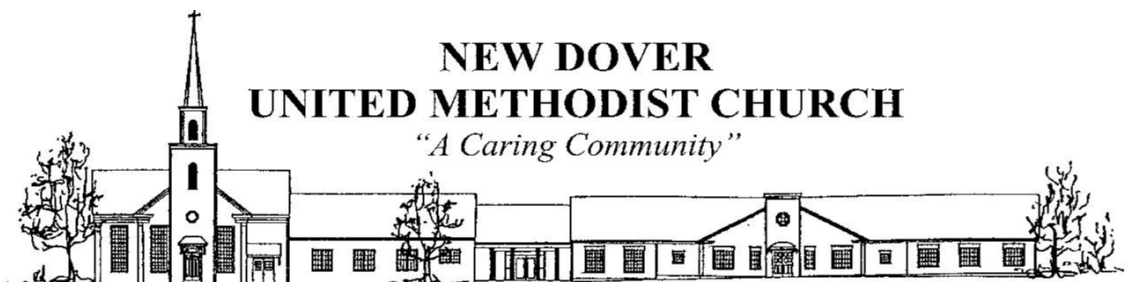
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**NEW DOVER
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH**
"A Caring Community"

SCENES AROUND NEW DOVER



Sandwich Ministry



Pedals for Progress



64 Bicycles



Rev. Chuck at Outdoor Service



Youth Group Car Wash 2020



Socially Distant Worship

