



KOINONIA

Issue 4

Christian fellowship



All interviews conducted by Bob Paulus

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(By Pam Peters)

Late last year, as the Women's Bible study was ending one day and the ladies started arriving for *Time to Share*, a casual comment was made.

The results of that comment with its transitions and evolution will be officially dedicated in the sanctuary on June 3, 2007. A memorial banner

for Thelma Smith was made by several women in the church this past Winter. Fay Atchinson, Ann Tarr, Mary Schwada, Kathy Murphy, Phyllis Galloway, Shelia Paulus, Kathy Shigo, and Pam Peters designed, planned, and constructed a banner which is 100 inches wide and 5 feet long in 3 separate pieces.

The project started out as an idea but became a mission as the ladies asked the Memorials Committee to fund the banner in the name of FPC's long-time, well loved member, Thelma Smith. The ensuing process took the ladies through miles of fabric, jaunts to quilt stores, and hours of work which has produced the banner you now see hanging on the front sanctuary wall over the choir loft.

Originally, the banner was created to have an "ordinary time" theme (the time in the Christian calendar between lent and advent). The colors were planned around the ordinary time color of green. But, in thinking about Thelma, it was agreed that flowers had to be incorporated. The message words were debated and discussed at length until John 3:16 was selected.

Making the banner involved a lot of home time also, as much of the sewing and hand-work was done after *Time to Share* day. This gift is presented to FPC and Thelma's family with much love from the people who made it. Hopefully it brings peace, reflection, and beauty to our church.

Allyce Street:

Allyce Street has lived in Whitefish her entire life. Her dad was born in the Flathead Valley in 1891. Her mom came here in 1903. Allyce's dad worked at a variety of professions. He worked for the railroad, cut cord wood, and farmed. Allyce

grew up on the same property she lives on now. She has three brothers and two sisters. Thelma was her older sister.

After graduating from Whitefish High School, Allyce went to work for the Great Northern Railroad in 1950. She worked as a telephone operator till 1963, then transferred to the accounting office where she eventually worked as a keypuncher. Allyce also drove crew cab. After 43 years of faithful and varied service to the railroad, Allyce retired in 1993.

Allyce's first church was the Brethren Church. In around 1947, the Presbyterian church needed a pastor so they hired the Brethren pastor, Rev. Garner. Allyce explained, "The Presbyterian's needed a pastor and the Brethren congregation couldn't afford to pay Rev. Garner much salary so he decided to move to the Presbyterian. We really liked him as pastor so some of us went with him. The Brethren eventually disbanded."

I asked Allyce about her involvement over the years at FPC. She replied, "For many years I did the bulletin when Bob Laird was here. I recall running it off on the old mimeograph machine. There would be black ink all over the place!", Allyce laughed.

She also has been involved with PW for many years, serving as treasurer for that munificent institution for two years. She related, "It was called Berean Circle years ago and we met at night in people's homes." Allyce also serves as a Deacon and is on her second term in that noble office.

I asked Allyce to comment on changes she has seen at FPC over the years. She responded, "I've seen many changes. One of the major ones was the addition of the Fellowship Hall and the remodeling of the basement when Ken was here. I also vividly recall the cafeterias in the basement. My mother always made chicken and biscuits which was her specialty. Some of my best memories is of working in the basement kitchen with the older ladies—Helen Vining, Vera Babcock, Dagmar Johnson, Isabel Follett, Winnie Gray, Cecily Fisher, and a lot more.

"I would say my most treasured memory was celebrating Thelma's 90th birthday. That day was really special for us all. I also recall Thelma sitting in that back pew every

Sunday where she couldn't miss anyone coming in and she always greeted everyone."

Allyce is a member of Eastern Star. She was the Montana Grand Representative of Eastern Star to Australia. Allyce stated, "I have a lot of friends through Eastern Star. I have friends in Tasmania. I've been there to visit them and they have come here to visit also. I've been to Australia twice and the second time, Thelma and I went to Tasmania. There are people I never would have met if it wasn't for Eastern Star." Allyce feels a warm kinship to her many Eastern Star friends across Montana and elsewhere.

Knitting and counted cross-stitch are among Allyce's hobbies. I didn't have the slightest idea what that was so Allyce was happy to show me. "See those squares." She exclaimed, "You put a stitch in each one of them."

When asked about future changes at FPC, Allyce observed, "I would like to see us get some young people with families. I realize growth takes time and I would like



to see more young people attend our services.”

I asked Allyce if she had a core message she would like to share with the congregation. She replied, “I would like to say to

people, don’t be so critical toward the people who are trying to run the church. This includes the pastor or the session.”



The Flower Lady:

Phyllis Galloway was born in North Dakota but moved to Whitefish at an early age. Phyllis recalled, “During the Second World War, jobs in North Dakota were pretty scarce. Dad heard from relatives that there were jobs in Whitefish so we made the move in 1943.” Phyllis’s father worked for the railroad as an auto mechanic and eventually was employed with the city of Whitefish until he retired.

Phyllis Galloway

Phyllis graduated from Whitefish High School and attended Northern College in Havre earning a degree as a Licensed Practical Nurse. She explains, “The only reason I got the degree was because it was cheap. It only cost a couple hundred dollars to get your education over there at that time.” Phyllis worked in a hospital in Havre then moved back to Whitefish and worked at Memorial Hospital. She explains, “They had me on graveyard shift. I’m not a night person so that didn’t work out well. I eventually got married and quit working. I worked in nursing for about six years which was long enough to know that it really wasn’t my thing.”

FPC has always been home to Phyllis. She recalls, “My mom was a member of

Berean Circle which precluded Presbyterian Women. I have vivid memories of the church basement before they filled it all in with the rooms we have now. There was that long trip down the wooden stairs. I was always amazed that people could trudge clear out of there. There was a stage down there. I can remember Christmas parties with baskets of fruit being given out. We even had Halloween parties too which is unusual now for any church to do. We also had many meals in the basement using a primitive kitchen. We also had other luncheons and would invite other people from outside the church to attend. There were rummage sales and bazaars frequently. It was quite the social place down in that basement with things always happening. Now the basement is full of rooms and hallways. One can not recognize what it used to be.”

Phyllis stated, “Attending this church isn’t a question of why I came here, it’s a question of why I’ve stayed here. This church is home to me. I’ve seen a lot people here and a lot of pastors. Being young, I wasn’t aware of conflict going on. That was always an adult thing. I have never felt being led away from here so I’ve stayed.”

Phyllis has the unofficial title of *Flower Lady*. I asked her about her love for flowers. “I always get impatient for spring to come. I enjoy delicate and colorful things. My love for flowers is a progression of liking to use my hands and liking color. I taught myself to crochet and enjoy blending colors into my work. I’ve learned that

working with color helps with depression. Especially bright colors lift me up and makes me feel happy. I started doing flower arranging in the church some time ago. I’m completely self-taught so it took time. As I accumulated supplies, I was able to be more creative. I look in magazines and calendars and clip material, saving it in folders. When I want to be inspired, I’ll look through the material and get ideas.”

Phyllis has been a deacon for many years. I asked her why she enjoys this office so much. Phyllis replied, “I wanted to do more for the church and ultimately for myself. It’s very gratifying to somehow help and make a difference. I’m naturally a nurturer. I also coordinate funeral receptions and birthdays when asked. I came up with the idea for *Time to Share* and everyone is invited to come.”

Reading is a hobby for Phyllis. She also likes gardening, crafting, crocheting, and loves to visit with friends and family.

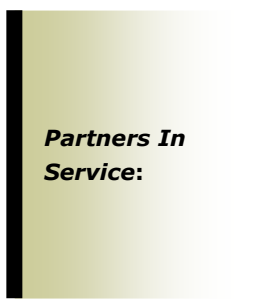
I asked Phyllis what changes she would like to see at FPC. She replied, “I’ve been with this church a long-long time. Change is inevitable but prayerful control of that is needed. I’ve seen good times and hard times too. Caution is not always a bad thing either. I agree with the need to pray for more children to enjoy what we have to offer them. We have absolutely wonderful people here and they’re working to make our church and church family better all the time. We need to love one another.”



Sid House



Deloris House



Partners In Service:



Willo Harris



The Lady Of All Trades:

Sid House

Sid House was born in Glasgow, Montana in 1930. He has five sisters and three brothers. Sid reminisced, “My first two years of school were spent in a one room log school house 50 miles south of Glasgow on the Missouri River. We left that area in

1938 when they put Fort Peck Dam in. We moved to Nevada, then Idaho. We eventually moved back to Montana, settling in Cut Bank. I graduated from High School at Cut Bank.”

Sid’s dad worked primarily as a truck

driver employed in the oil fields which meant the House’s lived a somewhat nomadic life.

After graduating from High School, Sid went to work and became a kind of *jack of all trades*. He related, “I worked mostly on

ranches and farms. I have worked in mining, logging, and in the production of natural gas. I spent two seasons as a hunting guide in the Bob Marshal Wilderness. I also served two years, active, in the Army—sixteen months in Japan & Korea. While I was in the service, I met Deloris while I was home on leave in Cut Bank and we got married when I came back.”

Sid and Deloris have two children, a son and a daughter. They also have eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Sid and Deloris moved to Whitefish in 1994. He recalled, “I had been working on a ranch in White Sulphur Springs and Deloris was working as an administrator at a nursing home hospital. She got a job offer at the Colonial Manor in Whitefish as an administrator. She was making about twice as much money as me and I was about 65 years old anyway so we made the move.”

Deloris House

Deloris House was born in Cut Bank, Montana. She recalled, “I must be one of the few Montana natives left in the state. This is the best place to retire for most folks and we thought it is the best place to live and raise our children. My parents were farmers/ranchers and my dad was an avid horseman and an old rodeo cowboy.”

Deloris met Sid while he was home on leave from the Army and married him when he came home for good. They have two children, a daughter in South Dakota, and a son in Oregon. They also have eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

I asked Deloris about her work experience. She replied, “I’ve been a mother, wife, homemaker, and several things in-between. Such as, a Dietary cook, Bookkeeper, Secretary, Administrative Assistant, Legal Secretary, Nursing Home Administrator, Assisted Living Administrator, and Veterinarian Assistant. When we were on the ranch, there were lots of men to cook for. I remember that 19 was the largest number of men at one time at our huge dining room table. Now there’s only two of us to cook for and I’ve slowed way down with that. Oh, I still bake bread to keep Sid happy, but it’s only a loaf at a time in the bread machine. I also have a home based business.”

FPC has been Deloris and Sid’s home since 1994. Deloris explained, “Since I’ve been a Presbyterian for over 50 years, naturally I looked for the Presbyterian Church in Whitefish. The fact that it’s architecture

I asked Sid why they began attending FPC? He replied, “I was working for a gas company in Whitlash, Montana in the 1950s and joined the Presbyterian church there. I was baptized there and became an elder. When we came to Whitefish, it was natural for us to join a Presbyterian church.”

Sid runs the Sound Room on Sunday mornings. I asked how he happened upon taking on this responsibility. Sid replied, “In the fall of 2000, there was no one to run the sound room and there was a notice in the bulletin asking for someone to fill the job so I said I would do it until someone else wanted to. Well, no one else seems interested so far.” Sid *laughed*.

He continued, “Running the Sound Room is something I can do for the church. Deloris is the Wedding Coordinator and I can help out with the sound room in that capacity too. I guess you can say it’s my



is beautiful and the location is great and with its unique sanctuary and the stained glass windows, it is the best place to be. I love the warmth and the personal feeling of the Holy Spirit within.”

I asked Deloris to talk about her work at our church. She replied, “Well, it’s something I’ve always done in one area or another in every church we’ve been in. I guess I started out as a Sunday School teacher in Whitlash, Montana right after we were first married. We’ve always taken our children to church with us, even taking the babies in the old fashioned wicker basket. We carried them in the car and placed it right in my Sunday School class where the little children that I taught thought it was pretty nice to have a real live baby in the classroom. My Sunday School teaching progressed from there to the Junior High age as my children grew. I first served as an Elder in 1982.

“I felt a call to commit to FPC in some capacity shortly after we moved to Whitefish. I’ve been Moderator of PW, filled in as Head Usher, served on the Nominating Committee, and the Pastor Nominating Committee. I’m the current Treasurer and Wedding Coordinator. I’ve heard it said that “*Idle hands are the devil’s workshop*” and I didn’t want that to be the case with me so I’m just one of many *bee workers* in our church. Now that I have been elected to Session, I serve on the Fellowship/Congregational Care Ministry Team so I

way of serving the church.”

Sid keeps active with activities he enjoys. He stated, “I do some wood working and I built a boat once. In high school I wanted to be a carpenter but fell into ranch work instead. I also do a bit of fishing, hiking, photography, and I volunteer once a week at a therapy program that uses horses. I have been doing that for twelve years.”

I asked Sid what changes, if any, he would like to see at FPC. He replied, “I would like to see more children in the church again. It would be nice if we could attract young families to our church.

“We have good people here and for the most part, they work together well. We need to keep working together in a spirit of cooperation and not conflict. With that attitude, our church will grow.”

guess my hands won’t be too idle now either. Sometimes I find myself not knowing whether I am coming or going, but for the most part, everything works out just fine. I meet and talk with so many new people in my Wedding Coordinator job and I thoroughly enjoy every aspect of it.”

When asked about hobbies, Deloris responded, “I don’t do as many hobbies as I used to, such as, cross country skiing, *I’m too afraid of breaking something*. I used to be an avid seamstress, designing and making my children’s clothing and my daughter’s wedding dress, quilts, etc. We still do a bit of fishing and hiking but that’s about it for me.”

I asked Deloris what change she would like to see at FPC. She replied, “I’d like to see more children and this too will come as we grow. There’s so much ahead for FPC and it’s exciting to be part of this growth process.

“I would like people to be open for challenges and change as this means progress and growth. Know that the Holy Spirit is working at FPC through each and everyone of us. We should enjoy change, be a part of it, and know that if we are a *growing church*, we are alive and well and that we are not stagnate nor dying. We need to open our arms and hearts to new people who may have a wealth of knowledge and a big love for Christ and are willing to participate, share, and serve.”

Willo Harris

Willo Harris was born and raised in Concordia, Kansas. Her father was a farmer and Willo grew up on the family farm with four brothers and four sisters. After high school graduation, Willo moved to Montana. She recalled, "My sister lived in Eureka, Montana and she came to my high school graduation so I went back with her. I worked at the Post Office and kept books for the Gambles store in Eureka. I met Jacque there. He had been laid-off from the railroad in Whitefish and was working at one of the mills at the time. We were married in Eureka." Jacque and Willo have a daughter, a son, two grand sons, and one great grand daughter.

Willo and Jacque moved to Whitefish when Jacque was called back to work at the Great Northern Railroad in 1955. Willo worked for KGEZ radio for a time and eventually was employed at the Whitefish Credit Union where she worked off and on for 28 years.

FPC has been home to Willo since 1956. Jacque was a member when they got married so it was natural for Willo to join also. Willo recalled, "I got acquainted with Thelma Smith and joined *Home Makers*. She invited me to go to FPC." Willo added with a smile, "Thelma was my Montana mother."

I asked Willo to discuss her work at FPC over the years. She replied, "Name a job and I've done it in this church. I was a dea-

con first and then served as a trustee. During this time of being a trustee, we built the addition to the church. Dee Strickler, Ralph Krona, Jacque, and I did a lot of the sheet-rocking and perfataping with many others.

"When Presbyterian Women was called Priscilla Circle, I was Moderator and Treasurer of the Circle. I've also been Moderator of the present Presbyterian Women organization.

"I've also served on the Session for two terms. For several years, I was in charge of Christian Education. I taught Sunday School for many years and sang in the choir.

"I've been on the Memorial Committee for many years serving as that group's treasurer. Presently, I'm a Deacon again and serving my fourth term. I'm serving as Treasurer of the Deacons.

"Flowers have always been special to me so I did the flowers for years when Ken Petersen was here. I used real flowers. I would beg, borrow, and steal to get them.

"I recall when Ken gave me a compliment on the flowers I provided, I told him, *Did you know that those flowers came from a pasture on someone's farm?* They were mostly wild flowers. In one of my bibles I keep a letter of compliment from Ken he wrote me about my flowers.

"I've been so blessed. I've worked with Christian educators here and also with AFS (kids from other countries) in the schools. I was awarded the Youth Award for Whitefish and was involved with scouting which use to meet in the basement of this church."

Willo keeps close to her heart a few treasured memories of experiences at FPC. She recalls, "I treasure memories of the pleasures I have brought to other people, the letters I received from ministers who took time to thank me for some of the things I did, the baptism of my kids and their participation in the Bell Choir."

Willo enjoys a good game of golf or bridge. She also likes to walk, make candy, and garden raising those beautiful flowers she loves. Willo remarked, "I love to grow flowers and I take my flowers to shut-ins."

I asked Willo what changes she would like to see our church experience. She replied, "I miss the younger kids being involved in our church. I would like to see young people attending and participating in the services."

I asked Willo if she had a special message she would like to share with the people of FPC. She replied, "Take an ordinary day and let God's love make it an extraordinary day."



Dewey's Quotes

Dewey Hartman furnished these quotes he collected. These are but a few. More will appear in future issues.

What really matters is what you do with what you have.

Only a life lived for others is worth living.
Albert Einstein

It's the small things that are hard to do.

What are you doing for others? *Martin Luther King, Jr.*

A person's true wealth is the good he or she does in the world. *Mohammed*

Kindness is charity minus money.

Be the change you want to see in the world.
Gandhi

Do not wait for leaders; do it alone, person to person. *Mother Teresa*

Our eyes are placed in front, because it's more important to look forward, than look

backward.

Pray for a good harvest, but keep hoeing.

The mind is like a parachute, it must be open to function.

Don't let your worries get the best of you. Remember, Moses started out as a basket case.

Some people are kind, polite, and sweet-spirited-until you try to sit in their pews.

Many folks want to serve God, but only as advisers.

It is easier to preach ten sermons than it is to live one.

The good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose, but mosquitoes and sand gnats come close.

When you get to your wits' end, you'll find God lives there.

People are funny, they want the front of the bus, the middle of the road, and the back of the church.

Opportunity may knock once, but temptation bangs on your front door forever.

Quit griping about your church; if it was perfect, you couldn't belong.

If the church wants a better pastor, it only needs to pray for the one it has.

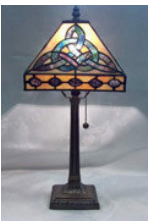
God Himself does not propose to judge a man until he is dead. So why should you?

Some minds are like concrete, thoroughly mixed up and permanently set.

Peace starts with a smile.

THE LIVING ROOM

By Bob Paulus



Loneliness can be a terrible thing. It can take on a life of its own. Loneliness can haunt the soul as a pitiless companion. It'll put you to bed in the evening and wake with you in the morning. Every where you go, loneliness hugs at your elbow.

One warm summer night a few years back, I was taking my frequent walk from my house along Dakota to the City Beach. I would time it so I would arrive on the hill above the beach just at sunset. God, those colors mixed with clouds could be beautiful!

On every one of these walks, my constant companion of loneliness kept in step like a dark shadow by my side. My thoughts burned with his presence and clouded memories swirled like fog on a windy moon-lit night.

I stayed on the hill just long enough to see the sun's last rays fade into twilight as if kissing the day with one last embrace.

With darkness descending, I turned down the hill I'd climbed, walking for

home. The street lights on Dakota always fascinated me. They added a quiet glow to the beginning of night. Passing a house, I noticed the light of a lamp through the front window. The owner hadn't drawn his shades. I stood and gazed into the living room softly filled with a diffused light. I could dimly discern a small table, couch, high backed chair, and slender pole supporting the lamp that had arrested my walk. No one could be seen—only the living room which beckoned me with a sensation of *home*.

I felt an over-powering urge to walk up to the door of that house and knock. When the owner appeared, I would ask if I could come in and sit beside that lamp in the high-back chair. Maybe we'd talk a spell. He might offer to make some coffee. How the power of that thought tantalized my mind, tempting like food to a starving man, pulling toward that door.

Of course, I didn't knock on that door and ask to come in. I eventually turned down Dakota and continued my solitary walk the mile or so to my house. I frequently think of that night. Especially when I think about the meaning of *home*. A warm cozy home with a high backed chair lit by

soft diffused lighting and a person who cares sitting beside you. Maybe even a mug of something hot on the small table beside the lamp. Life just can't get any better than that.

I like to expand this idea and apply it to the church. Can the church be like a home? To many, it already is. To others, it lacks even the bare essentials of being a home. Try to think of everything the word *home* brings to mind. When I think of *home*, words like— family, security, and warmth come to mind. For some, words like *family* bring uncomfortable feelings because they grew up in a dysfunctional family environment. *Home* has diverse connotations for folks.

I invite everyone to consider the idea of implementing ways in which we can create a *home* environment at FPC that would appeal to the largest number of people. Not only our present members, but also anyone out there who might be seeking. I'll sum up my sentiments on this subject with a brief analogy—I would like to put a light in a window of FPC. Ring it with a diffused glowing halo, beckoning lonely people in. I think it's worth a ponder.



W h a t i s a C h u r c h ?

By Dan Davis



The question, "What is a church?" is an interesting one. The answer calls to mind any one of several ideas, images, institutions, and establishments. So that we start out on the right foot I'd like to quote from the lyrics of the song *U Can't Go to Church* by AVB:

*You can't go to church as some people say.
The common terminology we use every-day.*

You can go to a building, that is something you can do.

But you can't go to church 'cause the church is you...

'Cause the church is you

When people come together on a regular basis or around a common cause, some type of community is formed. If the circumstances around the formation of a community are right, something more happens. A tighter kind of community is formed. Often when people speak or think of church it is paired with the word "family." With the addition of this one simple word, a whole new kind of dynamic begins to take place. What comes to mind when you hear the word "church" is very different than what comes to mind when you hear the words "church community" and the conception changes further when the words "church family" are used.

Church. Community. Family. As you think about these words, your thoughts progress from something like an institution, to something that must incorporate

people, and finally to something that invokes feelings, communication, common interests, goals, and struggles. When you think about the church that you belong to, hopefully you should bring to mind very specific images; faces of family members and/or friends, memories of specific events, images that you recall with great detail. These should also be accompanied by very specific emotions; ones that you not only remember but ones that you actually experience in the recalling.

Sometimes the memories and recollections and the accompanying emotions are good. Things that make you happy, fond memories that are uplifting, and remembering people with true affection. However, we have all been members groups with close associations and families. Things that happen within them are not always happy

and the resulting memories will not be happy either. But that is the beauty of any family; you have to be able to deal with the good and the bad. And so, too, it is with church families.

A church family is one that you can choose, a luxury that is not afforded to us with our real families! This perhaps could lead us to positing this riddle: When is a family not a family? And we would answer: When it is a church family! And it is true. To be a member of a church family means that you are part of a family that has diversity, differences, disagreements, and even occasional dogfights! Not that these don't happen in our actual families; we know that they do. The difference is what holds a church family together is not blood – at least not genetically speaking. What holds a church family together begins with faith; faith in God, faith in church teachings, faith in one another. Not necessarily in that order and with no one having inherently more importance than the others. Along with faith there also needs to be hope and love. For more on this see 1 Corinthians 13: one much wiser than I speaks quite eloquently about these things.

Since we are part of a particular denomination of churches that comes from the time in history called the Reformation, we need to address this too. Reformed churches begin their understanding not with the church itself but with God's gracious call to a people to become the church. This, at its most basic level, means to be engaged as a faith community in God's mission in the world. In its earlier days, this understanding was more vested in the communal element rather than the missional. In later times, the emphasis was reversed and the missional was the emphasis. The uniting factor for Reformed churches through the ages has come theologically in the doctrine of call. We are a people and a church through the calling of Jesus Christ and the work of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, a church cannot be self-defining. Another important element of the Reformed understanding of the church is that it is both visi-

ble and invisible. We are part of the church visible and this is part of God's provision for our fallen state of being. The church visible helps provide for its members and ministers to others. But this is not all there is! The church invisible is God's true and full church and is known only to God. This is an important if confusing distinction. But ultimately we must believe that it is God who chooses those whom God calls and this includes those both living and dead. This notion, when fully grasped, causes those of the church visible to be cautious in making judgments about others and humble about our own condition. The church of the Reformed tradition is also a church that is committed to the ecumenical church – we focus on what we hold in common with other expressions of faith rather than what separates us. Finally the Reformed churches hold that the church is a dynamic community. Perhaps the best way to focus this is to be reminded of the motto that is identified widely with the Reformed understanding of the church: *Ecclesia reformata semper reformanda* ("The church reformed and always being reformed").

I am reminded by these musings on church, church community, and church family of another song. This one by a Presbyterian minister and his long time music associate, Donald Avery and Richard Marsh, who wrote *We Are the Church*.

Chorus:

I am the Church, you are the Church, we are the Church together.

All who follow Jesus all around the world, yes, we're the Church together.

Verses: (chorus after each verse)

*The church is not a building, the church is not a steeple,
the church is not a resting place, the church is a people.*

We're many kinds of people, with many

*kinds of faces,
all colors and all ages, too, from all times
and places.*

*And when the people gather, there's singing
and there's praying,
there's laughing and there's crying some-
times, all of it saying:*

*At Pentecost some people received the Holy Spirit
and told the Good News through the world
to all who would hear it.*



A note from the Editor, Publisher, Printer, and Copyboy:

I'm sure there are many in our congregation that love to write or perhaps have a favorite article, poem, or book they would like to feature. Please remember to get copyright permission from the publisher before submitting it for print.

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