

LITTLE CROCUS

Little crocus poking through,
Would I were as brave as you,
You're the scout the tulips send
To report the winter's end.
Hyacinth and daffodil
Fear the earth above is chill.
Underground the bulblets cheer
When they hear you volunteer,
You, who seem to have no fear.

Breaking ground with grass-like leaves,
You the snowy earth receives,
Smiling at your fragile form,
Smiling 'til itself is warm...
Warm enough to open up
Your wee funnel-fashioned cup.
"All is well" you are the spy.
Then they, too, push toward the sky.

Little crocus, I can see
Size of courage isn't wee
Just because a plant is small.
You're the bravest of them all.
They in all the hues God made
Soon will venture on parade,
But I wonder what they'd do
Without you to lead them through.
Would I were as brave as you!

Long days, beneath the cold of winter skies,
When beauty fades but promise never dies,
The earth, with calm and tender brooding care,
Has nurtured life, secure within her lair,
In early spring, the sun with radiant charm,
Draws living buds, still shy of worldly harm,
To lead them gently through the April rain
In Easter garments, bright with rainbow stain.

SOUTH COMMUNITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH NEWSLETTER

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APRIL 2024

MORNING WORSHIP 9:30 A.M.
SUNDAY SCHOOL 11: 00 A.M.

PASTOR JIM MORT
Marion Church Phone- (231)) 743-2834
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Vision Statement

*We are a family united by God's love: serving, sharing and
growing together. It is our mission to call people into a
relationship with Jesus Christ.*

Evey Day After Easter

Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! Alleluia! During Holy Week, we went from the emotional high of the celebration of Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem to the solemnity of Maundy Thursday where Jesus washed his disciples' feet and proclaimed forgiveness through his blood. Then we went to the foot of the cross on Good Friday and heard Jesus' lonely cry, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me," followed by those last words, "It is finished." And we traveled to Jesus' tomb that Sunday morning to see the group of women who went there early and found that it was empty. We heard the words of the angels at the tomb, "He is not here, but has risen." Now Easter, the day we commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ is over. Now what?

The month of April reminds us that Easter is more than just one day. Easter is also an "every day" celebration in which we live each day trusting in God through Christ, knowing that Jesus is "the resurrection and the life" for us.

What do we do now as we go forth from the empty tomb? What did the women who were at the tomb do? After the two angels reminded Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the other women that Jesus had risen, Luke's gospel says, "they remembered the words, and returning from the tomb they told all these things to the eleven and to all the rest." They went forth from the tomb changed by the resurrection of Jesus. They went forth from the tomb to bring an "every day" witness of God's power over sin and death.

Where do we go once we leave the empty tomb? What did Jesus' disciples do? After Jesus appeared to the disciples after the resurrection, seven of the disciples went back to their fishing business. They went back to their everyday lives and took their witness of the resurrection with them. They lived in the joy of the resurrection of Jesus while living their normal everyday lives.

Like the women at the empty tomb and the disciples, we too are "every day" witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus. We believe and we have the hope of eternal life. We have the joy of the resurrection living inside of us. And, like the women at the empty tomb and the disciples, we have everyday lives. Most of us are not anglers, but all of us have one or more of these callings: father, husband, mother, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandparent, employee, retiree, friend, and neighbor. Being Christians, we live out these callings filled with the joy, love, peace, and forgiveness of Christ. As that shapes how we live, other people will notice. When they do, we have a chance to tell them our "Jesus story."

Go forth from Easter Sunday and the celebration of the empty tomb. Go forth empowered by the Spirit to live in the joy of the resurrection as "every day" witnesses.

Blessings,

Pastor Jim

WHERE NATURE WALKS

Where nature walks my feet would go
To country lanes where violets grow,
A distant hill, a meadow green,
A flowing brook I've not yet seen,
A golden sun, a sky of blue
With fluffy clouds a-stealing through.

Where nature walks I shall find peace;
'Tis here the beauty doth increase
The lovely things, the music sweet,
Where hope and faith are more complete,
A mountaintop my heart would trod...
'Tis here I shall commune with God.

Where nature walks – no crowded place –
'Tis here life wears a happy face,
A time to work, a time to rest,
A place to find the very best,
With promise rich we might fulfill
The quiet time of being still.

We hear a breeze – oh, gentle sound –
And pause to touch the warming ground,
The friendly hills, the valley fair,
Someday I'd like to take you there...
The world alive where springtime stalks
To thrill a heart, where nature walks.

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Shadow and sunshine, clouds, then blue skies;
Soft new grass carpet underfoot lies;
Flowers a-blooming, budding green leaves;
Bees making honey, birds' nests near the caves...
All signs of promise spring's on the way,
Ready to welcome a bright spring day.

THE COMING OF SPRING

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare...
A scent of springtime things,
A whir as if of wings.
There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.
And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day...
And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is coming of the spring.
And tomorrow or today
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run and laugh and leap.
And the next thing in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A study little band.
And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.
So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain
Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

FINANCES:

Receipts for February - \$ 3,334.00

Disbursements for February- \$ 4,691.88

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

2- Esther Ashbay

8- Jon Turos

17- Rachel Turos

25- Marilee Benson

TO A DANDELION

A golden-headed beauty nodding in the morning sun.

A lovely ball of silver when the golden orb is done.

A hollow leg to stand on in palest shade of green.

A gift from children to their mothers to grace a special place
Reserved for extra-nice bouquets in the very nicest vase.

"Do you like butter?" a child asks and picks a flowerlet or two,
So sure of finding out by simply testing it on you.
Compliantly you go along and play the game anew,
Expressing your desire to know the helpful answer too.
Held beneath the lifted chin to test with its caress –
If its gold's reflected on you, 'tis proof that it is "yes".

The seeded silver threads when gently blown on dance away
And gaily go a-sailing off up on a summer's day.
Split the hollow stem end and curl it back just so,
Dip in soapy water and prismatic bubbles blow.
Nature's handy bubble pipe, a thrill to laughing tots
Who blow a million bubbles to soar a time, then pop.

"A common weed" some people sigh while rooting it away.
But if dandelions were rarities, perchance they'd seek a way
To find some silver-threaded seeds to nurture with great care;
Each bloom would be a treasure. They'd braid them for their
hair,

Take pleasure in a steaming brew of dandelion tea,
And snip the leaves for salad – how devoted they would be.

A PRAYER IN SPRING

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in midair stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

ALL IN HIS GOOD TIME

When the weather's eccentricities
At last have had their fling
With people longing hopefully
For a sight of settled spring;
When rain-filled clouds leave grudgingly
And the sun bursts out to shine,
Brightening the tulips,
Forcing fragrance from the pine;
And meadowlarks sing sweetly
As they circle through the skies
Of the God-created beauty
That lies spread before their eyes;
Then I add my timid tenor
To their hymn of thankful praise
While wondering at the strangeness
And wisdom of His ways!