



United
Methodist
Women
FAITH • HOPE • LOVE IN ACTION

THE JOYFUL NOISE

UMW Newsletter

DESERT SKIES UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

APRIL 2020

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Playing Games



Giving to Children



Helping those in Need
Won't You Join the Fun?

New Leadership Needed

As mentioned in our last newsletter, Marilyn is stepping down after many years as the President of Desert Skies United Methodist Women. Our UMW has been very strong and resilient over our history. Now is the time for those who haven't served on the Board to step up.

Being on the UMW Board is a responsibility that is both fun and rewarding. It involves putting our heads together to plan the general UMW meetings and reporting on what is happening in the Mary and Martha (M&M) and Zippy 49'ers circles, including our various ministries. We meet four or five times a year as needed. Meetings last less than two hours. UMW officers and representatives from each circle attend board meetings. We are looking for additional ladies who may have new ideas and would enjoy being part of this group. If interested, please contact Marilyn McKee or Mary Broughton.

Mary Broughton had some suggestions to ensure no one person was overwhelmed. Do you see yourself helping with any of these suggestions or do you have some of your own?

1. Each circle would be responsible for two meetings per year to include planning the program, devotions, and meal prep.
2. We could simply have a UMW Annual Meeting each year. The Board would plan this. It would keep UMW 'officially' going so we could continue to support the wider reach of UMW through the district, conference, nation, and world.
3. Have a chairperson for the Cookie Walk.

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UMW Feb. Meeting

We changed things at our last UMW meeting on Feb. 22nd. Instead of having a speaker and a bountiful brunch, we enjoyed cinnamon rolls and fruit and our program consisted of devotions and meeting in small groups of five. Topics of discussion included places we enjoy visiting in Tucson and favorite books. By the time we were finished we had been in a group with everyone in attendance. While this may have seemed less focused than our usual meetings, one of the goals of UMW is "to develop a creative, supportive fellowship". We hope that we made a small dent in this goal as we became acquainted with new friends and strengthened older relationships. ~ Mary Broughton

Profile

My name is Rev. Sandra McNary. I certainly can put no claim of having been a lifelong United Methodist Woman. I was raised in the Church of God. It is extremely vital to mention this Church of God continues to be headquartered in Anderson, Indiana and is home to Anderson University. I make the clarification so you know I have never spoken in tongues or been a snake handler which is common to some churches that carry the name Church of God.

My religious upbringing was conservative but not radically traditionalist. As I look back, I would say I was a Methodist in training early on since there were many theological similarities between the two. I first became a United Methodist woman in 1994 when I became a student pastor while attending Vanderbilt Divinity School. Prior to that time, my then husband and myself were school teachers and were not actively involved in church life. With the arrival of children in our lives, we began to reconsider our denominational involvement. After all, we had benefitted by being raised within the church, even if it was Church of God 😊, and felt we needed to offer spiritual guidance available within a church to our son and daughter.

We were living in Florida where our home was within walking distance of a United Methodist church family. We were both ready to branch out religiously so off we went, hand-in-hand with our six-year-old son, Erik, and two-year-old daughter, Heather. It became immediately apparent that we had found our church home. So much so that by the time Erik was entering third grade and Heather was ready for kindergarten, we were loading up a U-Haul and heading to Nashville where I would begin my theological studies. As Heather told our neighbors, "Momma is going to be a preacher. She doesn't really want to, but Jesus wants her to."

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Need a Laugh

Remember when you were a child and you loved silly jokes or knock-knock jokes. Since smiling and laughing are great at not only improving our daily outlook but also improving our health, here are some silly jokes. I'm sure a neighbor child, grandson or great-grand daughter might have others for you.

Q: Why should you never date tennis players? A: Love means nothing to them.

Q. Why is Cinderella so bad at soccer? A. Because she always runs away from the ball!

Marriage Counselor: So, what brings you here today? Wife: He takes everything literally. I can't stand it. Husband: My truck.

Knock! Knock! Who's there? Voodoo. Voodoo who? Voodoo you think you are, asking all these questions?

Q. Are any Halloween monsters good at math? A. No—unless you Count Dracula!

Q. How much money does a pirate pay for corn? A. A buccaneer.

Q. What has one head, one foot and four legs? A. A Bed



Rev. Sandra McNary while hiking Mt. Lemmon

O blessed Jesus, give me stillness of soul in You. Let your mighty calmness reign in me. Rule me, O King of Gentleness, King of Peace. ~ *Saint John of the Cross*

"Always believe something wonderful is about to happen." —Unknown

Lord, You provide us with perfect love at all times and have given us everything we need. We pray that you increase our faith and help us through the rocky times. Give us the strength to face these obstacles and let the difficult days strengthen our faith until we rely only on You, Lord. Amen.

UMW Event Calendar – 2020
April and May

Due to COVID-19, currently all church services, meetings, etc. have been cancelled. Because we don't know when they will resume, please look at other ways to physically distance yourselves without being socially distant.

Skype is free, Great for groups online, hold your meetings.

The telephone is still a great way to reach out and say I am thinking about you.

Letters and cards always bring a smile to the face of the recipient, and if you are running out of cards or stationery but have a computer, you can email your friends or relatives.

God loves us and will be with us through these difficult times. Once we can get together and enjoy great UMW food, we will.

Until then, pray for our world and reach out safely to say hi.



"What you do today can improve all your tomorrows." ~
Ralph Marston

Abigail

David, Israel's future king helped protect Nabal's flock, but when David asked Nabal, a wealthy but harsh man, for food he was told no. David prepared to kill Nabal and all his men, but Abigail, Nabal's wife heard what had happened and gathered food to take to David. She begged for mercy. When David saw her gift, observed her humility, and heard her wise advice, he recognized that God had used her to prevent a tragedy. Soon after Nabal died, Abigail became David's wife. To keep peace, Abigail was willing to apologize for something that was not her fault. She handled a tense situation calmly and did so with tact, courage, and resourcefulness. ~ *Summarized by Adele Edwards from 1 Samuel 25*

New Leadership (cont.)

4. Find a facilitator for *The Joyful Noise* to work with Adele to be sure there are articles and a profile, etc. for each edition. Also, make arrangements to have copies made and distributed.
5. Ask people to be on a UMW Hotline..... people (in addition to the Board) who would be willing to help with needs as they arise. We would need at least ten people, preferably more, on this list.
6. Ask several additional people to be on the Board.... perhaps people new to Desert Skies or newly retired.
7. Join forces with UMM for combined meetings. The men would plan two meetings per year, including providing food, and the women would be responsible for two meetings. We would still have our Board and sponsor the same projects that we have had in the past.
8. Whatever we do, we will need a coordinator, facilitator, president (whatever title we decide upon) to make sure things happen.
9. The Board would continue to meet four times (or as needed) per year.

UMW members help set the direction of UMW. Please pray to see where God would like you to step up. ~ *Mary Broughton and Adele Edwards*

Every Child Should Have a River

Molly Squire used to go to Desert Skies. When she was a child she grew up in Pennsylvania. In a series, we will include the remembrances of Molly and the River. If you have wonderful memories of your childhood, I urge you to write them down so that your children and especially your grandchildren will know more about you and the life you lived when you were young. Hopefully this will brighten your day.

The Susquehanna River, according to the encyclopedia is 450 miles long, rising in two branches. The northern branch (commonly referred to

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Prayer

Love Overcame
 Love overcame
 Emerging from a cold tomb
 All the truth, majesty, and creativity of a living God
 Transforming a broken heart
 Making a quiet return, in a still and sorrowful garden
 The grave stone rolled away, to release redemptive love
 Jesus resurrected and restored
 Comforts a weeping woman
 Speaks with travelers on a journey
 Meets with his faithful friends
 And they bow down before Christ alive
 And acknowledge that the savior has arrived
 That the word of God has come alive
 And that the extraordinary transformation of heaven and earth
 Is complete ~ *Julie Palmer*

"For I know the plans I have for you," says the Lord. "They are plans for good and not for disaster, to give you a future and a hope." **Jeremiah 29:11**

"A year from now, you may wish you had started today." ~ *Karen Lamb*



Every Child Should Have a River (cont.)

as the Susquehanna) has its source in Otsego Lake, in southeast NY, and flows southwest, then southeast, and then southwest again to a point near Pittston, PA., where it is joined by the Lackawanna river. The encyclopedia article continues, but for me this was as far as the river needed to go. My Susquehanna River ran from Falls to West Pittston and being thus compressed, I came to know it well. The river journeyed seventeen miles, give or take, between these two places.

Every summer, it was our good fortune to leave West Pittston, and travel with our parents to our cottage at Brown's Corners located a few miles from Falls. This exodus generally took place in late May, when with a little advanced notice our father would announce, "Let's get packed and go to the cottage". This produced a flurry of activity with my mother grumbling about the short notice given her by Daddy. Groceries bought, summer clothes brought out and washed, bedding made ready and the house in town buttoned up for the summer. Such a flurry. Within a day or two preparations were complete; the car was packed; three children and the resident dog piled into the back seat; with my Mom up front with Daddy, we took off for our summer Odyssey.

The journey to the cottage, using Rt. 92 which we always called the Sullivan Trail, took about 30-40 minutes and was a peaceful drive on a two-lane highway. Once we rounded the bend at Coxtton, the air took on a fresh, green fragrance and the trees cast cool puddles of shade as they hung over the Trail. The road followed the course of the Susquehanna, and we identified familiar landmarks as we traveled along. By now, all were eager to get to the cottage and settle in for another summer along the Susquehanna.

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God, teach us what it means to have faith in silence. When we face trials that are beyond our understanding, help us to find peace. Help me be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, and faithful in prayer. You set all things in accordance to your time. Remind us to wait patiently, and find peace in your plan. ~ *Dick Woodward*

"The great gift of Easter is hope - Christian hope which makes us have that confidence in God, in his ultimate triumph, and in his goodness and love, which nothing can shake." ~ *Basil C Hume, (1923-1999) Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster*

Profile (cont.)

Easter Prayer

The veil of darkness
Transformed to the brightest
light.

The most dreadful end
Became the most beautiful
beginning.

The depths of despair
Fade to reveal hope
everlasting.

The curse of death
Defeated by eternal life.

Thank you Lord, for the
wonder of Easter. ~

www.lords-prayer-words.com



"You've got to get up every morning with determination if you're going to bed with satisfaction." ~ George Lorimer

For the next four years we lived in rural Tennessee. My husband taught school, our children thrived surrounded by mooing cows, open air, and lots of "wilderness" to explore. I pastored a small congregation and drove into Nashville to pursue my studies. My acceptance as an "OMG" woman pastor was assisted greatly by one church member who was rapidly gaining her fame as the University of Tennessee women's basketball coach. Pat Head-Summit was making her way in a profession dominated by men, and by doing so, she made it easier for the congregation to risk supporting a female in the pulpit. Of course, by my second Sunday there, the finance chair did have to stand and suggest I receive an offering that week since I had forgotten the week before. I am filled with fond memories and great love for those fine people.

Upon graduation I was moved to a two-point charge. It was close to Franklin, Tennessee, but, once again, in a small rural area. It was there that I was introduced to a wonderfully active group of United Methodist Women. They guided me well as I became acquainted with the history of women collecting coins to begin mission work and eventually creating this powerful arm of Methodism. I continue to stand amazed at the work this small group of women performed. At one point, they even started a Mother's Day out program for stay at home moms in the extended community.

During my eight-year tenure there, Erik graduated from high school, my husband and I divorced, and my mother back in Michigan began having health issues. I transferred my membership to the West Michigan Conference and Heather and I moved to Michigan for her senior year of high school. Once again, I found myself immersed in one powerful group of United Methodist Women. One of the activities they started during my tenure was the UMW book reading program. Thirteen years after my retirement that book study program is still a vital part of their unit.

There was a soon to be retired United Methodist pastor worshipping in that congregation at the time I was appointed there. He actually had served that congregation in the 70's.

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Recipe

LEMON FLUFF

2 boxes lemon Jell-o - 3 oz. size

1/2 lb. small marshmallows

1 can crushed pineapple - 20 oz. with juice

1 8 oz. container Cool Whip

Dissolve Jell-o in 2 cups hot water. Put marshmallows into Jell-o mixture and let soften. Add two cups of cold water. Let stand in refrigerator until the mixture begins to thicken. Add pineapple. Last fold in Cool Whip. Sprinkle chopped nuts over top if desired. ~ Margaret Reasey



Lemon Fluff

Circles

Zippy 49'ers Circle members Jeanne Myers and Debbie Poisel, went on a shopping spree with the unspent 2019 circle funds. The photo shows what Sister Jose Women's Shelter will receive. We are blessed that these wonderful shoppers know how to stretch a buck and find a bargain. I'm sure Sister Jose will be glad to receive these items. Thanks Jeanne and Debbie. ~ *Glenda Burdick*

Mary Martha Circle Rumor has it that the Easter Bunny is hopping a little behind this year. If you already have a child's name for the annual TMM Easter Basket project, ignore the due date, we don't want to encourage any extra shopping right now. The remaining 56 children's' names will be assigned once we resume our normal church routine. Thank you everyone as always with this fun project! ~ *Sandy Kleen*



For Sister Jose Women's Shelter

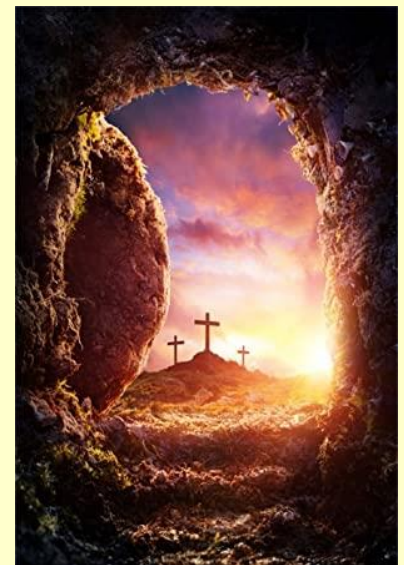
"When someone tells me 'no,' it doesn't mean I can't do it. It just means I can't do it with them." ~
Karen E. Quinones Miller

Every Child Should Have a River (cont.)

We spilled out of the car as soon as Daddy parked in the backyard at the cottage. We rushed to the riverbank in front of the cottage to see how the river looked. Sometimes the Susquehanna was very low and quiet, languidly slipping past the cottage on its way to Pittston. Other times, depending on how much rain had fallen up river, the water would be muddy and rushing angrily on its way. The next order of business was to check to see if Sir Echo was still in his appointed spot in the cliffs across the river. Once we established that Sir Echo was capable of returning our shots and yodels, we went into the cottage to set ourselves up for yet another year.

The cottage was one story white clapboard, built on pillars and had five rooms and two porches. The enclosed back porch, complete with pump,

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If you have any questions about UMW, its meetings and activities, please contact one of the UMW Board Members:

President: Marilyn McKee

Vice President: Glenda Burdick

Secretary: Mary Broughton

Treasurer: Marilyn McKee

Social Action: Jeanne Myers

Zippy 49ers Circle: Glenda Burdick, Lorna Niven

Mary Martha Circle: Sandy Kleen, Jeann Fishback

Profile (cont.)

While serving as pastor, he became widowed in 1974. Since he had two young children to raise, he took what United Methodists call Honorable Location, keeping his credentials, but not remaining active in the ministry. In that way he avoided the itinerate system and remained in the community to raise his daughter and son. He had been a widower for 20 years when I became his pastor in 1994. We were married in 1996 and continue to enjoy our life journey together.

I retired in 2007. We began volunteering at TMM Family Services in Tucson and after eight years of spending three months in Tucson we decided it was foolish to keep going back to Michigan. Thanks to Joanne Evans, who we knew in Michigan, we discovered Desert Skies UMC. Thanks to Suzanne and Paul Wicks, we found a home in Far Horizons East. So, here we are!

Both of us, as United Methodist pastors, are members of United Methodist Women. Together we celebrate the commitment of mission activity within the Desert Skies United Methodist Women. You are one awesome group! You are a blessing! ~ *Rev. Sandra McNary*

Every Child Should Have a River (cont.)

led into the kitchen. The kitchen led into the living room, and the living room led to the screened front porch with its wonderful view of the river and the cliffs across the way. The three bedrooms were on the left side of the cottage with the back bedroom opening off the kitchen. The other two bedrooms were situated off the large living room. The cottage was light and airy but always smelled damp and musty until the doors and windows had been open for several hours. We had no central heat but did have a Franklin burner in the living room that gave off plenty of heat when needed. Mother cooked on the Pyrofax gas range. To ensure light when the electricity went off during the summer storms, we had two Pyrofax wall sconces in the kitchen alongside the refrigerator.

My brother, Bob, had the back bedroom, my sister, Lois, and I shared the middle bedroom. Mother and Daddy used the front bedroom. Lois and I always felt the need to inspect each drawer of the old-fashioned dresser in our bedroom to see what was left behind from last summer. We found such things as an old bathing cap with a broken buckle, a half-used bottle of fingernail polish, a broken tube of lipstick, a pencil, maybe a crayon, our previous summer's bathing suits, a broken comb, and often a spider who had taken up residence. We fearfully looked under the double bed to be certain no snake had decided our room was the perfect abode for his winter hideaway. I have no idea why we thought a snake might have been under the bed, but we always checked for one just in case. In all the years we spent at the cottage, I don't know of a single, self-respecting snake who came inside. However, one can never be too careful!

We also got reacquainted with our two large, dangle-legged Calico Kate dolls that were left behind in the cottage when we moved back to town. They were well loved, and one was red and one was yellow. I don't know how we got the dolls. They were just there. When first we picked them up, both dolls were clammy and musty smelling, and it took several days of hugging before they felt cuddly again. Still, they were part of our ritual, and it was comforting to always find them waiting for us.

Our first day of summer residency was busy. Mother had lots of things she needed help with, but as soon as we could, we were off and running through the rest of the camp to see if anything had changed. I believe there were eight cottages in our camp and several of the families were related. My father's oldest sister, Nettie, and her husband, Sharps, had one of the cottages. The one next to theirs was owned by my aunt's sister-in-law. We were often the first family to return for the summer, and we eagerly awaited each new arrival. By the time Mother called us for supper, we had once again resumed the role of bare-foot summer residents. It was great to be back.

We were early to bed that first night. The fresh country air, the chirping of the crickets and the murmur of the river made for great sleeping. Lying in bed listening to the night sounds, feeling so happy to be back at the river, I felt safe and sheltered. I could hear the soft drone of my parents' voices as they sat at the round, gray kitchen table, having one last cup of coffee. Knowing that when the mist lifted off the river in the morning, we would be awakened by the brassy cawing of the black crows, as they set off on their morning inspection tour, I drifted contentedly into sleep.

Every morning offered the promise of a new adventure. Some mornings, I awakened early and slipping down to the river, sat quietly in the round bottom boat listening to the sound of the water as it lapped against the dock. Other mornings there was a stiff breeze and white caps on the river. Then my imagination ran rampant as I pretended to be a boat out on the ocean struggling through a fierce storm. I could visualize a great tempest and my own part in it, knowing I was firmly anchored on the Susquehanna. I liked to play it safe.

The river held no fear for us. We were taught never to break faith with the river or the punishment would be just and final. As every child reached an age of understanding, he or she was taught certain unbreakable rules of safety. The code was simple and based on common sense. The cardinal rule was never to call for "help" unless really in need of assistance. My father was totally unbending in this rule. ~ *Molly Squire*

We will continue this wonderful story in two months. Remember past fun, it brings light and joy to the present.