

Bright Horizons

REV. BRUCE HITCHCOCK, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

ANGIE BROWN, NEWSLETTER EDITOR

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Back To School "Supplies & Funds Needed"

It won't be long before it's time for our children and youth to go Back to School. Our School Supplies Give-away will be held on **Friday, August 20, 2004 from 9:12; and 1-3 p.m.** at Urban Mission. We are in need of the following items for the give-away:

- **Crayons**
- **Glue Sticks**
- **Pencil Boxes**
- **Scissors**
- **Erasers**
- **Theme & Composition Notebooks**
- **Markers**
- **Colored Pencils**
- **Folders**
- **Filler Paper**
- **Pens**
- **Pencils**

Please bring them to the Mission by **August 17, 2004**. Whatever you can do to help our area youth off to a great start in school is greatly appreciated.

What is Real Wealth?

Our Warehouse Director, Ralph Washington reported that our food supply is in critical condition. Ralph said, "I have worked here almost 10 years and have never seen our supplies this low." Ralph was referring to the food that is donated by agencies, churches, businesses and individuals. We have a budget of \$50,000 to purchase food through the Mid-Ohio Food Bank. We distribute 850,000 lbs of food each year. The only way we are able to provide this much food for a relatively small amount of money is because of food donations made to the Mission. We have USDA products from the food bank, but we are not receiving enough donations to maintain our distribution schedule. This means that retirees and children, the two largest groups of people we serve, will still suffer. We are caught in a nation wide trend that involves greater need with less support from government and corporate funding.

In the valley, we have watched families lose pensions and benefits. We have watched children slipping into dangerous nutritional territory. At the same time, we see these trends into poverty growing. The Heritage Foundation and others are reporting record levels of obesity. They are concluding that the two factors are incompatible. Therefore, there is not a hunger problem. Let's see, welfare reform, food stamp reductions, high demand at food banks and food pantries, job losses, low minimum wage, gas prices on the rise, higher food costs, higher utility costs, high insurance rates, and somewhere in the country there is economic growth. What do you think? Is there a food shortage? Here at Urban Mission, the answer is yes! We see it every week! There is no doubt that America is the wealthiest nation on earth. However, 90% of the wealth is owned by 1% of the people. That extreme means that there is another extreme on the opposite end. When working families cannot afford food, healthcare and other basic necessities, it is obvious that we are in trouble.

Last week I returned from the Dream Center in Los Angeles, California. There are more poverty stricken and homeless people in the L.A. metro area than the population of Jefferson County. We distributed food to homeless people who lived under highway bridges. Up above, all kinds of high-end luxury cars sped by. It was a modern day version of Luke's story, "The Rich Man and Lazarus". On the street we often saw homeless people pushing shopping carts of belongings while Hummers drove by. That kind of contradiction is a snap shot of what America is becoming.

A few days ago, the Mission provided food for a family of four. They rent a house in a neighborhood that has a \$500,000+ home for sale. Poverty and wealth live side by side. There is a symbiotic relationship between rich and poor. There is no need to speak of class warfare. The two groups are intimately related. We should not revile the rich or blame and condemn the poor.

What is needed is a form of wealth that transcends classification of rich and poor. What is needed is an endless supply of wealth for all people. This wealth would be transforming in nature. Whoever owns and uses this wealth would receive a huge return. It is a treasure that cannot be taken away or destroyed. You do not need a degree or any kind of special training or knowledge to manage it. This wealth is greater than any conflict, overcomes all arguments and it is said that this wealth makes the world go 'round. This wealth is greater than all other treasures combined. This wealth is simply love. Love motivates us to do great things for one another. Let's put our wealth to work. Because you are rich beyond measure with God's love, choose this day to care for one another. Feed someone who needs food. Clothe someone who needs clothes. Educate someone who needs an education. Give away your love and build a huge treasure in heaven.

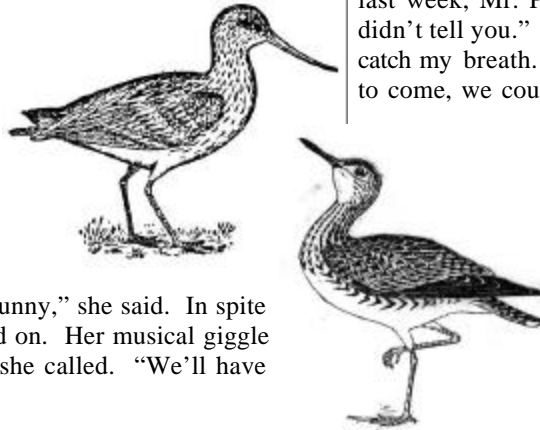
-Love Pastor Bruce

The Sandpiper: A True Story of Love

I received this e-mail from a friend a few days ago. Because there is so much "attitude" and misconception in today's world, I decided to share this wonderful story with everyone.

THE SANDPIPER

She was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sandcastle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea. "Hello," she said. I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. "I'm building," she said. "I see that. What is it?" I asked, not really caring. "Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand." That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes. A sandpiper glided by. "That's a joy," the child said. "It's a what?" "It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy." The bird went gliding down the beach. Good-bye joy, I muttered to myself, hello pain, and turned to walk on. I was depressed; my life seemed completely out of balance. "What's your name?" She wouldn't give up. "Robert," I answered. "I'm Robert Peterson." Mine's Wendy. I'm six." "Hi, Wendy." She giggled. "You're funny," she said. In spite of my gloom, I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. "Come again, Mr. P.," she called. "We'll have another happy day."



The sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwater. "I need a sandpiper", I said to myself, gathering up my coat. The ever-changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed. "Hello, Mr. P.," she said. "Do you want to play?" "What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance. "I don't know, you say." "How about charades?" I asked sarcastically. The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is." "Then let's just walk."

Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked. "Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages. Strange, I thought, in winter. "Where do you go to school?" "I don't go to school. Mommy says we're on vacation." She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed. Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home. "Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today." She seemed unusually pale and out of breath. "Why?" she asked. I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, My God, why was I saying this to a little child? "Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day." "Yes," I said, "and yesterday and the day before and -oh, go away!" "Did it hurt?" she inquired. "Did what hurt?" I was exas-

perated with her, with myself. "When she died?" "Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door. "Hello," I said, "I'm Robert Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was." "Oh yes, Mr. Peterson, please come in. Wendy spoke of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies." "Not at all - she's a delightful child," I said, suddenly realizing that I meant what I had just said. "Wendy died last week, Mr. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn't tell you." Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. I had to catch my breath. "She loved this beach so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better

here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly." Her voice faltered, "She left something for you...if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?" I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something to say to this lovely young woman. She handed me a smeared envelope with "MR. P" printed in bold childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues - a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed: A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY. Tears welled up in my eyes and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry," I muttered over and over, and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words - one for each year of her life - that speak to me of harmony, courage, and undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea blue eyes and hair the color of sand - who taught me the gift of love.

NOTE: This is a true story sent out by Robert Peterson. It happened over 20 years ago and the incident changed his life forever. It serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other. The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less. Life is so complicated; the hustle and bustle of everyday traumas can make us lose focus about what is truly important or what is only a momentary setback or crisis. This week, be sure to give your loved ones an extra hug, and by all means, take a moment... even if it only ten seconds, to stop and smell the roses.

There are NO coincidences! Everything that happens to us happens for a reason. Never brush aside anyone as insignificant. Who knows what they can teach us?

Linda L. Poe, Program Director

Community Summer Program

The joint Community Summer Program is drawing to a close. For the last six weeks, over 80 children have been enjoying Bible lessons, tutoring, games, fun and field trips. The last day of the program will be August 6 and the end of the year Carnival Celebration will be held on August 14. (See additional information below.)

Annual Street Carnival



It's time again for our Annual Street Carnival. The Carnival will be held on Saturday, August 14, 2004 from 12-4 PM in the Urban Mission parking lot. Children and adults are invited out for a day of free fun, food, games and prizes.

We are also in need of volunteers for all aspects of the Carnival. If you, your church or group can help with game booths, food and snacks, setup work, providing prizes or other volunteer work, please call the Mission at 740-282-8010 and get involved in this wonderful community event.

Thanksgiving Challenge

We're getting closer to Thanksgiving and our big Thanksgiving Basket distribution. It's time to collect Sweet Potatoes (18-20 oz can/1200 cans) for this month's challenge. If you'd like more information about this, give Linda a call at 740-282-2911.

Lupus Support Group Schedule

Lupus Support Group Meetings

Support Group Meetings are held at Trinity Medical Center East. The Support Group Coordinators are Walter and Pat Howard and Janis Russell. For additional information about Lupus or meetings, please phone 740-282-8010.

Meeting Schedule:

July 28, 2004

August 25, 2004

September 29, 2004

All meetings will be held from 6:00—8:00 p.m.

Free Hair Cuts

Free Hair cuts by Teresa

August 12, 2004

10:00 a.m.

(Adults)

August 19, 2004

10:00 a.m.

(Children Only)

For more information call 740-282-2911.



Trinity Mobile Van

Trinity Mobile Medical Van is here at Urban Mission every second Tuesday of each month. The next day is Tuesday, August 10, 2004 from 10:00 a.m.—12:00 p.m.

Parish Nurse News: Dorm Safety 101

So, you got into that out of state school you wanted to. Now What?? Sure, the college's website gives some helpful information, but the best advice can be from someone who's actually been there. Below are some tips for being safe when moving into the dorm, and while living on campus.

Moving In Tips: If you are bringing a computer, install anti-virus software before moving in. If you know your roommate(s), find out what they are bringing. You wouldn't want two refrigerators and no TV. Find out if there will be volunteers to help move in. Usually some Resident Assistants (RAs) will be there to help move things or stand watch over your things. A good suggestion is to bring a dolly, for the heavy stuff (a boyfriend, brother or dad is good for that too).



Campus Life Safety: Find out where the campus safety and health services are located, and keep their phone numbers handy. Always keep doors locked, even when sleeping. Someone can get into your room very quickly and steal something. If at all possible, do not walk around alone at night or work in a lab alone at night. Find out if there is a campus escort service if you have to walk alone. Report any obscene phone calls to an RA or campus safety officer.

Hopefully, these tips will get you started on a safe, happy, and fun time while you are living in a dorm.

(The parish nurse news article this month is written by Lisa King, Michalene's daughter, and describes safety tips for college students)

August 2004

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Upcoming Events in August 2004

2	Parish Nurse	11:00 AM
3	Hunger Committee Meeting	10:00 AM
4	Program/Evaluation Committee Meeting	2:00 PM
7	Mission Rejoice	6:00 PM
9	Parish Nurse	11:00 AM
10	Finance Committee Meeting	6:00 PM
14	Annual Street Carnival (NO MISSION REJOICE)	12-4 PM
16	Parish Nurse	11:00 AM
17	Packing Day for Food Bags	9:00 AM
19	God's Pantry-OH Food Distribution	9-12;1-3
20	Back to School Supplies Giveaway	9-12;1-3
21	Mission Rejoice	6:00 PM
23	Parish Nurse	11:00 AM
25	Lupus Meeting	6-8 PM
26	God's Pantry WV Food Distribution Board of Directors Meeting	9-12 4:30 PM
28	Mission Rejoice	6:00 PM
31	Parish Nurse	11:00 AM

Joshua Work Teams

8/1-8/6: King of Kings Lutheran; Liverpool, NY
Host Church: Toronto First UMC
8/8-8/13: Conneaut UMC, Conneaut, OH
Boardman/Burlin Center, Boardman, OH
Host Church: Word of Life Fellowship
8/10-8/20: St. Timothy Lutheran, Bemus Pt., NY
Second Presbyterian, Newark, OH
Redeemer Lutheran Church, Rio, WI

Hope Box

Our Needs for Hutton House are:



- Working refrigerators, gas/elec. stoves, washers and dryers.
- Dish drainers, mops, brooms, dust pans, buckets, kitchen garbage cans
- Towels, wash cloths, dish towels, dish cloths and throw rugs
- Coffee pots, can openers, toasters
- Curtains, curtain hooks and rods
- Cooking utensils, silverware, pots/pans and sets of dishes
- Sweepers
- Complete twin beds and Rollaway Beds
- Small kitchen tables with chairs