



# THE PANORAMA

## The Newsletter of The Lewistown Presbyterian Church



2021

Greetings, church family! Over the last couple months, I've been learning about the work that the church has done through the years since I came to serve as the pastor. It has led me to learn about church programs, such as the Missional Church and the Natural Church Development. I've also spent some time learning about the history of Mt. Rock Cemetery, which was gifted to the church in the 1970s by the Woods Family. Since that time, there has been a cemetery board that has managed the cemetery property and provided burial services to families.

Mid-April, Jim, McKenzie and I met with George Buchanan, current President of the Mt. Rock Cemetery Board at the cemetery location. It was a beautiful day to walk around the property, learn some of the history of families buried at Mt. Rock and meet some of the folks that keep the cemetery looking beautiful all year long. Jim will become a member of the cemetery board this month and will join faithful members: George Buchanan, Margie Smith, Don Pecht, Charlie Harklerode, and cemetery manager, Jim Leister. The board routinely meets at least four times a year to provide administrative leadership for the church's cemetery property.

One faithful board member, Carl Haldeman, died in April. Carl faithfully served the Mt. Rock Cemetery Board for over 25+ years! Carl was instrumental in establishing the investment accounts and served as board secretary until his death. Let us give thanks for the leadership Carl showed for so many years.

Members serving on the cemetery board is just one example of the ways in which church activity is expressed. It takes the involvement of everyone to maintain and administer our church ministry and mission activities.

While teaching this year's confirmation class, I've realized that it is impossible to teach these wonderful youth EVERYTHING they may need to know about Christianity and church membership, but one thing I keep repeating to them is the importance of involvement in a church community. Outside of Sunday (or any other day of the week) worship, our faith is enhanced and grows when we engage in activities that serve God's people and allow us to form friendships with those who will pray for us, encourage us, and love us.

On Pentecost Sunday, May 23, these youth in confirmation class will make a public profession of faith and will essentially be saying that they are ready to be a part of the Lewistown Presbyterian Church family, sharing their gifts and abilities to the glory of God. Perhaps it is an appropriate time for all of us to reaffirm our own commitments to membership and ordination, by recommitting a part of our lives to the work of God's church and the enjoyment of engaging in activities that help us to grow closer to one another.

It's a blessing to be able to call Lewistown Presbyterian Church our church "family." And yet, there are many among our church rolls who we do not see in person at worship or church activities. My prayer is that we can welcome our sisters and brothers back into the life of this community, for we will all be blessed, and God's name will be glorified when we share our time, talents, and treasures together in community.

*To God be the glory!*

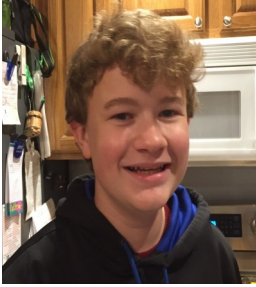
*Pastor Sarah*

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## SPRING 2021 CONFIRMATION CLASS

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Our confirmands have been meeting with Pastor Sarah since Sunday, March 28, to learn what it means to be a Christian and member of God's church at Lewistown Presbyterian Church. Each class we focus on one of four focuses: Love of God, Love of Self, Love of Others, and Love of Church Community. Each class lasts about 1 hour and 30 minutes, followed by dinner provided by a class member on a rotating schedule.



*Bailey Cullen, Bo Reeder, Caleb Noerr, Gracelynn Beckenbaugh, and McKenzie Donahue*

The class will end with participants writing their own Statement of Faith and being given an opportunity to join Lewistown Presbyterian Church on Pentecost Sunday, May 23. In addition to classes and writing their statement of faith, confirmands are expected to complete four "Bible Passage" breakdowns and complete and reflect on two "church participation" activities. All their assignments are due by Sunday, May 16. The confirmands will complete their Confirmation experience with a 24-hour retreat at Krislund Camp and Conference Center, May 14 and 15. Continue to keep the class (and Pastor Sarah) in your prayers this month!

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## BLESSING BOX MONTHLY THEME

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This month we have a new theme for the outdoor Blessing Box – **"Mother, May I?"**

Please fill the basket in the narthex with items kids need for outside play. Suggested items include: Adult/kid sized band aids, sunscreen, swim diapers, anti-itch creams for bug bites, bug spray, etc. Please help protect kids as they go outside to play in the warmer weather.

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## THE BLESSING OF NEW LIFE! CONGRATULATIONS!

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**Robert James - "RJ" Hartzler**  
Born to Cody & Courtney Hartzler  
April 12, 2021  
Weighing 8lbs 3oz, 20 1/2 inches  
Jim & Kris Hill, grandparents



**Charlotte Marie Diven**  
Born to Caleb & Kate Diven  
April 15, 2021  
Weighing 7lbs 4oz, 20 1/2 inches  
Don & Pam Pecht, grandparents

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## A SENTIMENTAL OLD TOOL

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Rev. Robert L. Zorn, Pastor Emeritus

The slowly melting snow out here in Treaster Valley reveals the approaching task of looking over the inventory of "stuff" that has accumulated over the 57 years of our part or full time occupancy of this lot. Questions arise with every glance. Such as: Why is that mower, which has not run for two years, still hiding under our shed? Discoveries are being made daily; So, that is where I left my shovel last fall. I realize that the time has come to make some decisions about what to keep and what to throw away. However, there is one object that is definitely a "keeper" and will be as long as I live. It is a piece of steel bar, about 10 inches long, shaped like the letter "J." At the hook end there is a roller over which a steel rod may roll back and forth. It is a relic from one of my first jobs after graduating from high school and beginning of my earnings for a college education.

For one winter and into the summer I was a coke puller in the Spring Grove coke yard; working the same ovens that my grandfather had, many years before (do a web search on "Beehive Coke Ovens" and click on Fayette County). Coke was the product of burning soft coal in underground brick ovens until many of the impurities and gasses were burned off. The remaining product was a clearer fuel, which could be used in steel making in the Pittsburgh area. Thousands of these ovens were crowded into every valley and riverside location. At night, the red/orange glow could be seen for many miles. In daylight, great clouds of smoke covered the whole area. In fact, the alma mater of our high school, which was located in a coal company town, begins with these words: "Where the shun shines brightly o'er us, Through the smoke of Leisenring, Stands our little buff brick high school, Whose praise now we sing."

Larger coke operations had specialized machines



to empty the ovens. But Spring Grove had only 25 ovens, and all the work was done by manual labor. The process was something like this: When the ovens stopped producing smoke, the yard boss would know that the oven was ready to pull. Removing the brick and clay door would reveal a glowing red mass. When

thoroughly watered the coke would appear like vertical crystal formations. It would be scraped out and taken by wheelbarrow to a tipple, from which a truck would take it to a railroad siding, and thence to the mills.

The hooks and paddles we used to pull the coke from the ovens were long and heavy. They did not slide easily over the bar, which was hung across the oven door. My eldest brother, who often came to help me, made the "J" shaped roller which made the work much easier. This is why that "hunk of junk" still hangs from our shop rafters. It is a reminder of days gone by, and a constant inspiration.

My experience with the beehive coke ovens has brought me several valuable lessons. It confirmed the universal truth that any worthwhile goal requires diligence and labor.

Moreover, I am grateful for the opportunity to participate in this small way in the history of our nation's industrial greatness. I sometimes wonder what was to be the final destination of the little bit of steel that my coke made. Perhaps it helped make a wheel for a train or a car; or maybe a soup can. In any case, there is a lesson that whatever we do or say does affect someone or something...sometime. May all we say or do be done or said in a way that will please God.

*"Commit your work to the Lord, and your plans will be established. The Lord has made everything for its purpose."* Proverbs 16:3,4



**PRESCHOOL GRADUATIONS!**

**Morning Class: Thursday, May 20, 6:00 PM**

**Afternoon Class: Wednesday, May 19, 6:00 PM**





# PRESBYTERIAN PRESCHOOL

Ginny Westover, Preschool Director

## **Lions, and tigers, and bears; "Oh, my!" Add goats and chickens, too.**

Then creepy crawlies of all kinds, and you have yourself a zoo!

That pretty much describes the preschool classroom for the month of April! "Animals" is one of the favorite themes of the year. There is so much to learn about the amazing creatures God has designed!

"Farm animals" were first on the list. While we couldn't do an actual farm visit, we did enjoy a virtual visit to a farm. There was lots to talk about and a number of the kiddos shared stories of their own experiences with horses, goats and farm life. We added "agriculture" to our word wall and practiced beginning sounds of farm animals. And, of course, we sang a number of rounds of "Old MacDonald." Pink paper plate pigs perked up the classroom. They joined the herd of cows created earlier by each class.

The best part of learning about farm animals was the hands-on experiences. What a treat to spend time outside with two baby goats! The two legged kids loved playing with the four legged kids! We're grateful to Evan's mom, Megan, for arranging the visit! Four other farm animal visitors were able to spend time inside the classroom. It didn't take the kiddos too long to discover what was making the peeping noise back by the book corner. And it didn't take them very long to decide that every classroom creature needs a name. These chicks were no exception. Pinkie, Rockstar, Jeff and Amy were loved so much that they even made it into our school portraits! Then the cute, little yellow fluff balls grew feathers and got big enough to escape their wading pool pen. A Tuesday morning call from Miss Susan in the church office saying that Mr. John was chasing his supper around the classroom prompted a hasty relocating of the birds to a nearby Amish farm.

We would have loved to have traded the chickens for penguins and have the new birds for our "Zoo Animal" week, but it just couldn't be done. Sorry, Mrs. Mitchell... The best we could do was visit a



virtual zoo and enjoy the critters on the screen. The children had fun building their own zoo, creating zoo books, and singing zoo ABCs. They even got to bathe an elephant and a zebra! At the close of the day, each kiddo chose a zoo animal mask and sang and danced their way around the classroom. Who knows? Maybe someday, one of our Pre-K-ers will live out our "wonderful word of the week" and study "zoology"?

Choosing a career as a zoologist seemed more appealing to our kiddos than becoming an entomologist. The latter is definitely a job that would drive you buggy! The more we explored the world of insects, the better we understood why. We finished our animal theme with a "part two" look at creepy crawlers; this time, dragonflies, spiders, worms, and cicadas (since the 17 year variety will soon be heard from). "Head, Thorax, Abdomen" became the new "Head, Shoulders, Knees, and Toes." And we got the "Insect Checklist" down: six legs, two wings, two antennae. Though not exactly compound, we had fun making bug eyes out of egg cartons and learning how we'd see things differently if we were a fly. Earlier we made caterpillars and butterflies. You can see them on display in the office hallway. Speaking of butterflies, there are four more swallowtail chrysalises in a big container on the windowsill that we're hoping will hatch real soon! Maybe we'll even get to see the process! What is more fascinating than watching a butterfly emerge from its tomb-like chrysalis, transformed from its worm-like caterpillar body, ready to soar! We're also hoping to see baby praying mantises hatch from the egg sac in a jar. There are SO many insects to discover!

One thing we've learned as we've explored a little piece of the animal world is that God is an amazing creator and artist! The incredible details evident in each critter reminded us that God cares about the details of our lives even more!

# THE DAYTEC'S

It's been over a year now of lockdown and quarantine, of topsy-turvy and unexpected, of pressure and struggle. It has also been a year of tasting and seeing the deep goodness of a Father who does not let go of His children but draws us close and meets with us in the middle of the mess.

For the past year, our family has continued to walk beside our friends in the Mangyan tribal community by bringing medical care, medicines, prenatal care, teaching and discipleship, and has added to that weekly feeding through rice distribution, eggs and vegetables.

As I finished my taxes this week, I saw the numbers all tallied up in front of me. It brought me to tears of overwhelming gratitude. In this past year of pandemic, we've been able to give over \$42,000 extra towards rice and food for the hungry. This does not include any of our other expenses, medicines or outreach. Just food. The Holy Spirit led us to give, and we jumped to it with excitement. As hungry people came to our door, we gave. We loaded up our vehicle weekly with tons of rice and gave it to local churches to eat and distribute as they were led. As we gave out, you gave out. We are able to keep pouring out because you are.

Holy Spirit spoke to many of you to give towards this feeding, and you gave so generously. With every grain of rice, we have prayed that the Holy Spirit would pour out on dry ground. Many of you have reached out and told us stories of how your children have given towards food and medicines and with each message, tears have flowed. I can't begin to scribble the joy into words. We're so grateful for every one of you. Thank you!

With every sack of eggs and vegetables brought to an empty table, we have prayed life, blessing and the goodness of the Father to fill bellies, hearts, and homes. I love the quote that says, "When you are blessed with more than you need, build a longer table, not a higher fence." I believe we are building a table that stretches into eternity. We will continue to purchase rice and other necessities as long as there is such an urgent need for food.



Throughout the past year, we see new flickers of revival spark in a place where long-divided churches have competed and quarreled with each other. We have blessed and poured out love to every one of them, and are

seeing reconciliation, softening hearts, humility and love begin to burn bright.

The situation in the Philippines changes in varying degrees daily, but remains strict and regimented. Masks and shields are worn everywhere, armed military guards stand at checkpoints on the roads, and now a personal identification QR code is needed to travel even within our island.

As health care workers, along with our beautiful team of midwives and medical assistants, we go into the mountains and surrounding villages to do house-calls, treat and sometimes transport patients, educate and assess the situations in communities.

Because of the overwhelming fear that has come with Covid-19, people who are struggling with illness will not go to the hospitals at all. Families are told to stay at home and not venture out. The Philippines is a developing country steeped in poverty where entire families often live in one small room and tuberculosis is rampant, so this year has brought a perfect storm—an explosion of tuberculosis cases. Covid is not at all the biggest threat.

In the past month we have been called to three more homes, where young boys were near death with end-stage tuberculosis. We had never met them. They had not been to a doctor during the quarantine, and the families were afraid to go. They all took their children to witch doctors instead. The children were reduced to skin and bones, barely breathing, unresponsive. Francis took each of them to the Provincial hospital over an hour away, and boldly advocated for them. He educated families, broke off witch doctor curses, fought for lives. The hospital has tents on the lawn where patients wait, sometimes for weeks, to be treated. Appendicitis patients rupture while waiting. People are dying while waiting.

Every day, Francis drove to the hospital, praying in the Mangyan tribal ward (that looks and smells

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# THE DAYTEC'S

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*continued from page 5*

like a barn). He gently encourages the nurses and doctors to treat the Mangyan patients, to prescribe the correct meds, to give care. He does this over and over and over again.

He buys the medicines and starts the treatment himself. He feeds the families who wait, and He prays healing over unresponsive little bodies. Last week I went in his stead and sat at the bedside of two little Mangyan boys, Willie and Jeffrey. They were both unresponsive from probable TB meningitis. I prayed for life and healing and held their parents hands as I sang "Jesus Loves Me" while stroking their little faces. I told them that Jesus delights in them and sees them. I cried Mama tears over theses babies that could have been mine. Just last year, two of our children were treated for TB and are now flourishing and thriving.

The next day Willie died. And the day after, Jeffrey died. My husband and I wept in each other's arms. Then we went to weep with their families. The other boy, Ashi, who had been paralyzed and unresponsive, is now recovering from TB because he got the medicine in time. He is home, and his family is learning about Jesus love for them.

Francis and I are being led to help motivate the local health centers and advocate to send health workers into every village and test for TB and we can distribute meds, so that no one else needs to die of this treatable disease.

Nearly every morning and every night, there is a small group of men from the Iraya Mangyan tribe who sit at our table. They come as friends, brothers. They see Francis as one of them, and it is beautiful to watch as he champions, encourages, teaches, leads, pours out and fights for them. He models for them the truth that they are all equal Sons and there is no inferiority in God's kingdom.

He helps them learn farming, sustainable ways to support their families, how to lead in the church and at home. They pray, worship and learn Jesus' heart together.

Day in and day out, we are met with massive waves of Joy, and crushing blows of loss. There is an amalgamation of beauty and pain; glimpses of heaven, reminders of dust. We see them all through the lens of God's goodness, His heart of love for His children, His desire to pour out His Spirit and bring life. We're caught in the tension

of Kingdom living that is *right now*, and *not yet*; we get to pull the kingdom of God down into right here and see heaven break through so often. Tumors disappear as we pray, bodies, minds, hearts set free and healed, the impossible becoming reality. That is the normal we reach for. And sometimes, the dead do not come back to life, and we do not see the healing we prayed for, and our eyes are blurred, our arms heavy with grief. On those days we push through, still holding onto Jesus as our anchor of Hope, knowing that His goodness hasn't changed, it hasn't stopped, and it will not.

Here's the thing: As Sons and Daughters, we are here for times like this—to rise up in increasing unrest and chaos as beacons of hope, to not melt under the pressure, but become an intoxicating essence of life when we are pressed down. We're part of an upside-down Kingdom, one that is altogether different than the one you see, and we need upside-down eyes to look past the fear in this realm and see how God is moving. And He is moving. So look for where He is moving, and join Him there.

Thank you for partnering with us as we take these calloused feet to the mountains with the good news, and fill bellies, bodies, and hearts with hope, love, and lots of rice. We could not do this without you!

Grace and Peace,

*Francis, Leah, Julia, Avea and Justice Daytec*



Check out our website to learn more:

<http://francisandleah.weebly.com/>



# FINANCIAL REPORT

Susan L. Ferguson, Church Treasurer

	Jan - Mar 2021	Budget	% of Budget
<b>Income</b>			
BUDGETED INCOME	38,001.34	173,100.00	21.95%
INVESTMENT INCOME	33,430.02	139,560.00	23.95%
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>71,431.36</b>	<b>312,660.00</b>	<b>22.85%</b>
<b>Expense</b>			
BENEVOLENCE	4,546.73	30,000.00	15.16%
MINISTRY OF THE WORD	18,597.61	82,979.00	22.41%
CHRISTIAN EDUCATION	593.09	4,700.00	12.62%
MUSIC AND WORSHIP	2,042.28	2,000.00	102.11%
PROPERTY	10,755.05	50,365.00	21.35%
ADMINISTRATION	5,200.21	25,722.00	20.22%
PERSONNEL	29,686.41	131,664.00	22.55%
FELLOWSHIP	0.00	1,800.00	0.0%
PRESCHOOL	0.00	1,000.00	0.0%
CAPITAL RESERVE	0.00	0.00	0.0%
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>71,421.38</b>	<b>330,230.00</b>	<b>21.63%</b>
<b>TOTAL INCOME</b>	<b>9.98</b>		

Note - March 31 marks 25% of the Year to Date

The 2021 offering envelopes are in the narthex.  
If you would like your envelopes mailed to you, please contact the church office.

## A LEGACY OF MISSION WORK AT HIGHLAND PARK PRESBY CHURCH

At the end of April, the Presbytery of Huntingdon closed Highland Park Presbyterian Church at the request of church members. The members of the church and the presbytery celebrated the 114 years of ministry and mission work completed to God's glory inside and outside the walls of the church building located on Electric Avenue. With the closing, Pastor Sarah asked Session members to think about ideas to bring new ministries to this area of Lewistown. Although HPPC is closed, there are still neighbors in need!

The Session formed a new team to discern "new community projects," that might be located in the Highland Park area. Pastor Sarah has been meeting weekly with team members. It is not an overnight decision to be made, but one developed with much prayer, conversation, and trust that God will reveal the needs in the community as much as God did when Highland Park church formed in 1907.

The Session is delighted to receive \$20,000 from HPPC for "seed money" to be used towards youth ministry projects. This is money that comes from Highland Park's remaining funds at their closure. In addition to this generous gift, Session has designated that the 40% our church collects for the PC(USA) Pentecost Offering be added to the \$20,000. The Pentecost Offering will be collected on May 23 (Pentecost Sunday). The same Sunday we welcome new members from our 2021 Confirmation Class! Please honor our new members by giving to the Pentecost Offering this month.



**Lewistown Presbyterian Church**  
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***Address Correction Requested***



Please contact us if you would like more information.  
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