Resurrection happens over and over again in each of our lives in ways that are really big, in ways that are very small and in all kinds of ways in between.

—Rev. Philip Rhodes
With Holy Week just around the corner I have been thinking a lot about resurrection. I know that it’s the story of the Christian faith and that Easter Sunday is the high point of the calendar year for Christians. It’s on that day that we celebrate the fact that death didn’t have the final word in Jesus’ life and, by extension, death doesn’t have the final word in our lives either. But is it that all there is to the resurrection? Is it an event that happened two millennia ago that I have to wait until I die to understand? Is this event only about what happens after I die? The more I have pondered these questions, the more I think that the resurrection story is much, much deeper than what we often think.

In fact, I have been thinking about the whole of Holy Week, from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday and everything in between. It occurred to me that our lives follow the pattern of Holy Week, and not just once, but over and over and over again. Think about it. Have you ever been celebrating something or just enjoying where you are at in life? That’s a Palm Sunday moment. Have you ever been on the front edge of not knowing what the future holds but anxious about what might happen next? That’s a Maundy Thursday moment. Have you ever been blind-sided by something so awful that you felt like running away? That’s a Good Friday moment, and there’s no “good” about it! Have you ever become numb, unsure, frightened of what’s next, sure that nothing else good will ever happen in your life? That’s a Holy Saturday moment. Have you ever experienced life, joy, happiness, or peace again, after you thought it would never, ever be better? That’s Easter! That’s resurrection! It happens over and over again in each of our lives in ways that are really big and in ways that are smaller and in all kinds of ways in between. Holy Week is a picture or a pattern that repeats itself in our day to day living.

So what would it be like to live each moment of our lives in the promise of resurrection? It might require us to learn how to practice resurrection by believing with every fiber of our being that it might be Friday but Sunday is promised and is coming for sure. It might be an act of defiance that chooses to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that though our hearts are numb, God’s promise will bring back feeling once more. It might be a way of preparing ourselves, deepening the well of our faith so that even if times are good we know that life has a way of changing things.

What you will read in the following pages is a variety of ways that people have experienced Holy Week in their own lives. These stories tell the everyday story of resurrection.

I know someone who has been coming to church over the past year or so. A few weeks back, she handed me a chip. It was her three-month sobriety chip. All she said was, “I want you to have this. This all started here at church.” That’s resurrection! It’s my story, it’s her story, and it’s your story as well. Only the particulars change.

Over the next few weeks leading to Pentecost we will be exploring how to practice resurrection. Do you have a story to tell that illustrates this? In the coming days, we will begin to tell our stories together and develop a way to share them with each other. Some of these stories are really personal so sharing your story anonymously is fine. Together, let’s teach each other what the Easter story looks like every day and let’s start Practicing Resurrection.
Today, I Choose Hope

Rev. Holly Dittrich tells her story of her resurrection journey from the tragedy of a miscarriage to the joy and hope of today as she awaits the arrival of her new son.

“I mustn’t see that darkness as a final condition, I must look upon it as an opportunity for new life.” —Elaine Plybon

Resurrection Has a Name

“We couldn’t know it at the time, but God gave us the best gift of all in Ben Shapley.” —Rev. Greg and Sessalie Shapley

Resurrection most often describes the act of ‘rising from the dead,’ the word can also mean ‘returning to life.’ An awakening.” —Joel Hueske

“Resurrection through Ministry

“If God can call me to this, then God can call me from it.” —Laura Arellano-Davis

“Being united with people in a community of faith, where we try to figure things out, this is the heart of church and Christianity: This is Genesis, real and down to earth.” —George Maris

Youth in Mission

Resurrection through Mission

Local/Global Missions

English Language Festival

Computer Lab Update

By the Numbers

Events Calendar

New Members/Baptisms
To be honest, this has been my mantra for most of my pregnancy. We are expecting what looks to be a healthy little boy around the first of April, and we are thrilled and thankful for that. However, there have been a number of days when tears of fear and worry have overwhelmed me. The “what ifs” can become all consuming if I allow them to be.

You see, after years of waiting (for a number of good reasons) to have a baby, we made the decision in the summer of 2012 that it was time—and we got pregnant almost immediately. What an amazing time of hopefulness and excitement. We told our family pretty early on and there was much joy, though we decided to wait to tell friends and others. I started a journal to our baby, sharing those early thoughts and dreams. But when we went for the first doctor appointment at six weeks, he measured a little small, and there was no heartbeat yet. Fear began to creep in, and it was a long wait for the next appointment two weeks later. That was when we got the news that we had lost our baby. There were definitely tears; tears even now as I remember and write this. Most of our tears were in private since so few people even knew we were pregnant to begin with. What a lonely time. Well-meaning people asking “Now when are you going to have a baby?” not having a clue what we were going through, got very short answers. There was fear and anger at God—was this a sign of things to come? I knew friends who had struggled to get pregnant. Would I be a children’s minister, destined to simply love other people’s children, not able to have children of my own? I couldn’t help but sit in the irony.

Then I started reading the statistics—10-20% of known pregnancies end in miscarriage, and more than 80% of these happen before week twelve. Moreover, I would mention to a trusted person how we had lost a baby in the last couple of months, and I heard story after story about how the same thing had happened to them. Most went on to have healthy pregnancies and wonderful children. As I shared my story, I felt less alone, knowing God had placed these people in my life that knew this same pain, but also offered glimpses of hope. It really made me wonder how many others were suffering in silence. Why do we not talk about this more?! It took us awhile to get pregnant again, but we got the good news while we were on vacation in August 2013. I wish I could say that the pain and fear had been completely healed with the good news, but in some ways it opened up even more. Would it happen again? Will those stories of multiple losses become our story?

One day, though, as I was sharing these fears with God in my prayer and journal time, a simple word came to me—You can choose to live in hope, or you can choose to live in fear. Which will it be? The message of the resurrection for me is that even in the darkest hours, God is there, and goodness and love win. I may not know exactly what that looks like, but we will be okay. I choose to live in hope.

For us, resurrection has come in the anticipation of a baby boy. For a friend from high school, who went through menopause in her early 20s, resurrection comes in the peace that she and her husband are a complete family. For another, it comes in the adoption of their third child from China this week. And for still another friend, it comes in the peace that, despite three miscarriages, there is peace in knowing they are not finished trying to have a child in their family. For all, it is in knowing that God is with us. We are not alone. Thanks be to God.

—Rev. Holly Dittrich
Eight years ago, on the night before Christmas, I was driving home on I-35 through Oklahoma. Oklahoma was on fire that night with hundreds of acres of dry grassland and trees ablaze. I drove that night with my eyes stinging, both from the smoke that filled the air and with tears because of the phone call I had just received. That phone call informed me that my father had suffered a stroke and had been rushed to the hospital. Shortly after the call, I saw a tree towering over the rest in a forest of smoke and flames. The tree itself was glowing and pulsating red heat – the entirety of it one huge ember. My first thought was “I need to tell Dad about this”. My next thought was of despair. That part of my life, my relationship with my father, was over, I was certain of it.

My father went into a coma before the paramedics got to his house, and he would die a few days later, never awaking. During the months after his death, as I drove through Oklahoma several times, I was constantly reminded of that night, as all I could see from the highway was blackness and devastation. The view from my car seemed a reflection of how I felt inside.

As I processed my grief, I turned my thoughts to the last day I had spent with my dad. It had been a rare day of visiting, eating out, and enjoying the company of family I only saw once or twice a year. In that focus, I began to experience what I call “blasts” from my dad – memories in the form of quick glimpses. Blasts of sandhill plum harvests, my small, sweaty hand clutching sticky goodness before depositing the fruit into my mouth so that it would not go into the jelly my mom would make when dad brought us all home. The common thread through all of these brief memories is my father – always calling us back to him, always pointing out details in nature we wouldn’t have otherwise seen, always listening to us talk about our adventures with amusement in his eyes.

I began to realize there was a message in these memories. My belief that December night as I drove through Oklahoma was that my relationship with my father was over, but now it became clear that the memories he was a part of and the lessons I learned from him would never leave me. I began to see that I could not only rely on those memories, but also on the strength of God to carry me through my grief. Through losses, disappointments, and setbacks, God is always there, just as my father’s memories and influence is also with me. Once I looked at life with this new hope, I could see that the same events that cause grief can be the start of new life, a renewal, a resurrection.

Now, when I drive on I-35 through Oklahoma, I no longer see blackness and devastation. The new life that I see there is beautiful, possibly more so than what was lost. With a renewed sense of hope, I now understand that when I see darkness, I mustn’t see that darkness as a final condition – I must look upon it as an opportunity for new life.

—Elaine Plybon

‘Do not fear, for I am with you; do not anxiously look about you, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, surely I will help you, surely I will uphold you with My righteous right hand.’

Isaiah 41:10
Resurrection has a NAME

I hate telephones. It probably isn’t fair, and it is really kind of a “kill the messenger” attitude, but I hate telephones. It seems that any news I have ever received that has completely rocked my world, has begun with a telephone.

Ten years ago, Ben was born. He was born a week early. My sister had arrived just six short hours earlier from Phoenix, driving all day, and we woke her up and said “Abby has a fever. We’re on the way to the hospital. You’re on!”

Delivery went as planned, another c-section. My AWESOME doctor, held Ben in her arms for a long rehearsal the next day, Paula Packer holding Ben’s hand, which was perfect. This connection lasted. Last year, when my dad died. They spent afternoons together every day for two years, which they both LOVED. It was not always clear who took care of whom or which one was in charge, but it was great for both of them. This connection lasted. Last year, when mom could not always put words to relationships anymore, she still knew and said “Ben” when he came to visit. When she could not talk through their visits, he held her hand, which was perfect.

Ben is always concerned about another person’s well-being, and wants to make everyone feel better and get along. Communication can be challenging for Ben. He has worked hard on his speech to slow down his words so that we can understand him. He is patient as he tries to get across his thoughts and get along. Communication can be challenging for Ben. He has worked hard on his speech to slow down his words so that we can understand him.

The strangest part was the feeling of grief, which seemed so very out of place, and impossible to explain. Here was the birth of our son—a joyous occasion—and we were in grief and despair, sitting in the ashes of what his life and our lives were supposed to look like. Profound sadness. People seemed so very out of place, and impossible to connect with. I cannot in all honesty say he is a master of patience yet, but he is working on it.

Finally, he teaches us to ask for help when needed, and to never give up. There are things that are challenging for him, but he does not give up. He will drive his sisters crazy, asking for help at a game on the Wii, but he watches what they do and when they aren’t around, he will eventually figure it out.

Ben, like all of our children, brings us hope. Hope for a bright future. Hope for acceptance. Hope for joy, love and peace. Hope for fun and for rest. Hope for understanding. Hope for unconditional love. Hope for a standard of living that is more than just attaining stuff. But by far, Ben’s most important lesson for all of us is this: There’s hope in everything.

—Sessalie & Greg Shapley

a visit from Betty Grubbs who was AMAZING with some of the best advice EVER. It took about a year, honestly, to get to feeling normal again. The strangest part was the feeling of grief, which seemed so very out of place, and impossible to explain. Here was the birth of our son—a joyous occasion—and we were in grief and despair, sitting in the ashes of what his life and our lives were supposed to look like. Profound sadness. People had no idea what to say or how to act around us. It was a very hard time. The most healing of comments came from a wise pastor, Mike McKee who said, “We’ll love him as the child of God that he is.”

Fast-forward ten years, life for Ben is wonderful. We couldn’t know it at the time, but God gave us the best gift of all in Ben Shapley. From the very beginning of his life, Ben is our teacher. He models conditional acceptance, love, humor, joy and awe. He was the BEST company for my mom after my dad died. They spent afternoons together every day for two years, which they both LOVED. It was not always clear who took care of whom or which one was in charge, but it was great for both of them. This connection lasted. Last year, when mom could not always put words to relationships anymore, she still knew and said “Ben” when he came to visit. When she could not talk through their visits, he held her hand, which was perfect.

Ben is always concerned about another person’s well-being, and wants to make everyone feel better and get along. Communication can be challenging for Ben. He has worked hard on his speech to slow down his words so that we can understand him. He is patient as he tries to get across his thoughts when my ears are too slow to follow him. If I am distracted, he will take my face in his hands and say “Listen to me!”

Ben loves to make people laugh, or even to just make himself laugh. He will crack himself up, giving a wrong answer to a question. He will be singing a song or saying a prayer and throw in one of his standard phrases just to see if anyone reacts. He will stop and dance just to stop and dance.

Ben LOVES activities and days at the school track when he can run laps with his classmates. He equally loves restful days when “Ben stays home”. Ben teaches us to play, to enjoy attention, to “dance like no one is watching,” but to be very glad that they are. He teaches us to laugh at surprises, and to enjoy the moment. This is not to say that Ben is never frustrated, angry or mad. Fortunately, though, he is also a master at forgiveness, grace and moving on. I cannot in all honesty say he is a master of patience yet, but he is working on it.

Finally, he teaches us to ask for help when needed, and to never give up. There are things that are challenging for him, but he does not give up. He will drive his sisters crazy, asking for help at a game on the Wii, but he watches what they do and when they aren’t around, he will eventually figure it out.

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Resurrection through Ministry

Becoming a Hospital Chaplain

In telling the story of how I became a hospital chaplain, I often gloss over details to make it sound like a natural progression. However, a story of resurrection means there was a birth and a death.

I felt called to vocational ministry when I was 15. I had experienced a radical sense of acceptance and grace from a personal God and knew that I wanted to spend my life doing whatever I could to help other people have that same experience. As a good student, the obvious way forward was to obtain the proper education. I went to college as a pre-ministry student and then straight to Perkins School of Theology to get my Master of Divinity.

I signed up for my internship my last year of seminary and was connected with this church. I showed up here full of nerves. I had spent a decade of my life preparing for that moment, but wasn’t sure what to do with myself in an actual ministry position.

Nothing went particularly wrong and some things went really well during my time here. I got to do ministry with friendly and loving mentors. But I knew that something just did not feel right. I lacked what one might call a sense of internal pastoral authority.

Dr. Terry Parsons, the intern group leader, had a saying: “If God can call you to, then God can call you from.” I knew what I was doing, and I knew it was exactly where God wanted me to be. I was hopeful, and my hope was not in vain.

I knew who I was in the hospital, and grace. I knew that my calling was supposed to help people struggling with their sense of call to ministry. I was hopeful, and my hope was not in vain.

I kept looking out for her company as she wouldn’t suggest that I seriously consider whether I wanted me abandoning ship in the first year, and a death.

I wanted to walk away from a lifelong dream and totally irrelevant master’s degree. She suggested that I seriously consider whether I wanted me abandoning ship in the first year, and I knew who I was in the hospital, I knew what I was doing, and I knew it was exactly where God wanted me to be.

I have been fulfilling my calling in hospital chaplaincy for over six years now, but I keep in mind that if God can call me to this, then God can call me from it, and God can call me onto something totally new.

~Laura Arellano-Davis

A training class for new Stephen Ministers is beginning this Fall. Stephen Ministers are lay members who are trained in pastoral ministry and can help others through a difficult time or crisis in their life. If you are interested in being involved in this ministry or would like more information, visit the ministries webpage at fumchurst.org.

~Joel Hueske

Jesus ... tomb ... Mary Magdalene. It doesn’t take many clues to discover that we’re talking about the resurrection of Jesus Christ. As the Easter season approaches, Christians around the world begin thinking and talking about THE resurrection story.

It was recently suggested to me that we all may have a “resurrection” story. Although the classical definition of resurrection most often describes the act of “rising from the dead,” the word can also mean “returning to life.” An awakening.

In the summer of 2001, Joyce Weaver spoke to my Sunday School class, the Friendship Class, about Stephen Ministry and an upcoming training class for new Stephen Ministers. Her story was personal, powerful and revealed a period of debilitating grief brought on by the loss of a son.

During this dark time in their lives, Joyce and her husband, Clif, received a special request from John Fiedler, their senior pastor. “Will you commit two weeks of your lives to attend the training in St. Louis and in 1997, recruited and trained the first class of Stephen Ministers at FUMC Hurst. Joyce’s talk, I felt as if her words were directed right at me but, I thought, “She can’t be talking to me .... I’m not capable of becoming a Stephen Minister. I can’t cure my own problems, much less anyone else’s.” But, the feeling persisted and I asked to learn more. Joyce and Marcy Barkemeyer spoke with me about the ministry and said, “Joel, Stephen Ministers just provide care, not the cure. That’s God’s job.”

Since my training in 2001, I have been blessed with five, confidential Stephen Ministry relationships. I was granted permission to reveal the caring relationship with my first “care receiver” by his wife, Kay Brown. Charlie Brown passed away on November 27, 2002 and Kay asked me to speak at his funeral.

“Although we talked some about his failing health, Charlie was most comfortable talking about the three F’s - his family, his friends and food,” I said during his service. “During the seven months that I knew Charlie, he taught me so many important lessons of life. He taught me to focus on what’s important, not what’s popular. He taught me to take life seriously but to laugh at ourselves. And, perhaps the most important, regard each day as a gift and love each other as if it is our last. Charlie Brown truly enriched my life.”

Each of my caring relationships has provided many additional lessons - awakenings if you will. Perhaps the most important is that God uses each of us to provide His care to ALL of our neighbors and, the caregiver always receives the greatest blessing.

You might wonder what all of this has to do with THE resurrection story. I believe that through God’s love and Joyce’s story, my life was awakened. I pray that, in some small way, my story can continue His work.

~Joel Hueske

RESURRECTION THROUGH MINISTRY

STORIES OF RESURRECTION

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Lent 2014
Resurrection
Through a New Point Of View

When I moved from Greece to Fort Worth in 2006, one of my first jobs was working in a church in Fort Worth as a sound technician. Having been raised in the Greek Orthodox Church, this was my first experience with an American church. I was stunned by what I found there. Because worship there was so different than what I was accustomed to, it all seemed inauthentic. My experiences at that church, and services I had seen on TV, all convinced me that this was American worship. I decided that I was done; I no longer wanted to be a part of this type of worship. When I left that church in Fort Worth, I knew I would never work in another church again.

At that same time, I was performing at Potbelly’s Sandwich Shops as a solo acoustic act. While performing at lunch one day, a group came in and a guy from the table walked up to me, and he gave me his card, I gave him my card in return. And then, another guy, Philip Rhodes, came over and gave me his card. Philip said, “That guy is not going to call you. I’m going to call you.” He was right – Philip did call me, the other guy never did.

When Philip approached me about doing the Genesis service, I made it clear that if the service was anything like what I had experienced at the church in Fort Worth, I wouldn’t do it. He told me, “No, it’s something different.” So, I agreed to check it out. The first time I came, I watched. Philip was right – it was something different. I was pleasantly surprised because the Genesis service was in line with my preferences for worship. God and Jesus were elevated; everyone else was equal. I certainly wasn’t expecting that when I came. I agreed to come back, and we took it from there. My initial experience at Genesis was so positive that in just a couple of months, I was sure it was going to be a good thing. Now, two years later, I’m still here.

When I first came to Genesis, I had never performed Christian music in English. I knew “I’ll Fly Away” and “Down in The River to Pray” from the movie “O Brother Where Art Thou,” but that was about it. When I told Philip my knowledge of church songs was minimal, his response was, “I want you to do what I saw you doing at Potbelly’s.” I wasn’t expecting that either. It’s been a weekly challenge to find the “right” song that relates to the theme being preached. Sometimes it means learning a new song “on the fly.” But, I’ve enjoyed the challenge – it’s made me a better musician and performer.

I am honored to have the opportunity to bring “secular” music into worship. It’s rewarding to use the rock ‘n’ roll music that I love so much to help guide a way, I find that most people don’t pay attention to song lyrics, but it’s different here at Genesis. We bring the lyrics to the congregation’s attention, and I’ve had many people say to me, “I knew this song but I never realized until now what this song was really saying.” Being united with people in a community of faith, where we try to figure things out, this is the heart of church and Christianity. This is Genesis, real and down to earth. We are all the same - it’s just as simple as that.

—George Miadis

Youth in Mission

This summer’s youth mission trips are already knocking at the door! The youth group is hard at work preparing for this summer’s trips to San Antonio, Birmingham, and Panama. There are many ways for you to get involved. It’s part of the promise that we’ve all made to our students. This church is a covenant community. When these students were baptized, we all made promises—that by your teaching and example they may be guided to accept God’s grace for themselves, to profess their faith openly, and to lead a Christian life.” Supporting youth missions is one of the ways we fulfill that promise. Youth mission trips are an intentional exercise in growing closer to God and in reaching out to our neighbors in care and concern. Therefore, this is not a trip that you support “for” our students, and really we’re not doing anything “to” them either—God does that. This is an experience “with” our students where we all learn and grow alongside them, thus fulfilling our promises and helping us to truly be a community of faith where students can learn and grow closer to God.

So how can you get involved? Well, think of it like this: Prayers, Presence, Gifts, Service, and Witness.

Prayers: Will you pray for our summer mission teams? One way that you can do this is to make sure you get one of our Mission Trip Prayer Bracelets when they become available. Each one has the name of a student who you can pray for while they are away on their trip this summer. These will be available starting on Sunday, May 4.

Presence: Will you be here to show your support of our youth in worship as we approach our trips? We will commission our Panama youth mission team on June 8 and our domestic youth teams in worship on July 13 at the 11 a.m. worship service. As we support our youth for their summer trips, we hope that you will wear either your bracelet or one of our mission trip t-shirts to worship those days. Also, the youth invite you to attend a worship celebration all of our trips on July 27 at 7 p.m. in the sanctuary. In addition to their vibrant and energetic worship, they will also share stories of their experiences in San Antonio, Birmingham, and Panama.

Gifts: There will be several opportunities to offer your gifts to youth missions this spring.

April 20th (Easter): Pancake Breakfast and Easter Family Photos

April 26th: Tongues of Fire Chili Cook Off (Corporate/Sunday School Class sponsors needed)

May 4th: Burger Blitz; tickets $8

Tickets will be available in the Fellowship Hall.

Sundays starting on May 4th:

Mission Trip Prayer Bracelets and T-shirts available in Fellowship Hall

Anytime: You can make a gift to youth missions anytime. You may place a check in the offering plate on Sunday morning and write “Youth Missions” in the memo line.

Service: Would you like to SERVE on a youth mission trip as an adult? We see this as work alongside or with our students rather than chaperoning and/or babysitting. Of course there are other ways that you can serve as we work to prepare for our summer trips. Contact Matt mybañez@fumchurst.org if you are interested.

Witness: The stories and experiences that our youth gain on these trips are eye-opening and transformative. Every chance they get to share about what they’ve experienced is another opportunity for them to reflect and be changed by their trip. Will you invite a group of students to your Sunday School class or small group to share their stories? Also, you can share with others about what the youth in your church are doing to transform the world around us.

Thank you, for all of the faithful and generous ways that you as a congregation have supported and will continue to support youth missions. Yall are the best!

—Matt mybañez
Plan B

Life is all about how you handle Plan B. If life is all about how you handle Plan B, then what happens when Plan B falls through? That’s the question I was facing. My plan A job, an office job, ended. Being a single parent, providing a stable environment for my two children was always my top priority so I immediately began searching for another job. Plan B—I accepted a position in a hair salon and began focusing on cosmetology as a career. Suddenly, the salon job ended. My stay-strong-on-my-own attitude turned into months, I found myself withdrawing from people and feeling hopeless.

While watching my kids at the playground one day, a parent of one of my daughter’s playmates sensed my despair. The parent shared her experience at Mission Central and suggested I give it a try. Upon learning Mission Central’s location, I realized I had passed by there many times but never knew what services they offered. Just thinking about visiting Mission Central was not easy for me. I had always provided for myself and my family. Many times, it was me offering to help others; I was not used to being the person in need.

Not wanting to give up on the dream of the life I wanted for my children, eventually set aside my fear of the unknown and entered Mission Central. I was told by someone there would think I was after whatever I could get from them. Much to my surprise, the staff extended a warm and heartfelt welcome. Upon visiting with Melody, Director of Family Services, I learned about a community of thoughtful, caring people willing to offer guidance and support.

My problems were not solved after the first visit but because of my association with Mission Central, I am now employed as an insurance claims in-take specialist. Soon I will begin training to become a certified claims adjuster. My confidence has returned. I now feel certain of my ability to provide for my children. But most of all, I am grateful to have met a group of people willing to guide and encourage me. My life is back at Plan A, working an office job that offers stability and opportunity. Who knew such a little place could change one’s life in such a big way!

†Name withheld to ensure privacy.

First United Methodist Church of Hurst has a long-standing partnership with Mission Central being a key focal point for First United Methodist Church of Hurst’s local missions ministry. Mission Central is supported by First United Methodist Church through financial gifts, donations of food for the Village Pantry, donations to the Coat of Many Colors Resale Store, and many hours of volunteer service by First United Methodist Church of Hurst’s members. Mission Central’s programs help people meet their immediate needs like food and clothing, but they also offer programs to help them build a better future.

Through the Family Opportunities Program, GED classes, and after-school tutoring assistance for children in grades K-8, Mission Central gives people the tools they need to secure long-term stability for their family.

If you are interested in volunteering at Mission Central, please contact Catherine Hollis at 817-595-0011 or missioncentralvolunteers@gmail.com.

Local Mission

Saturday, April 5 • 8 a.m.

FUMC Hurst, in conjunction with the City of Hurst’s Employee Giving Day and the 6Stones CPRP program, will participate in this year’s annual conference wide Great Day of Service on Saturday, April 5. We will assign a site and will be doing basic home repairs. Breakfast, lunch and tools will be provided. We will finish up between 2 and 5 p.m., depending on the completion of our projects. Our day will begin at 8 a.m. at First Baptist Euless Campus West, 209 N. Industrial Drive, Bedford. Register online by March 25 at www.fumchurst.org/register.

Mobile Food Pantry

Volunteer to serve our neighbors in need, helping distribute food. Volunteers are needed on the second Friday of each month, 8 a.m. - noon. Please contact Catherine Hollis at 817-595-0011 or missioncentralvolunteers@gmail.com.

Mission Central First Food

The first weekend of each month, FUMC Hurst collects items for Mission Central’s pantry, which serves about 400 families in need each month. The requested item will be posted at www.fumchurst.org, in the Sunday bulletin and the weekly email news.
English Language FESTIVAL

On March 1, 22 adults and 5 children participated in an English Language Festival at First United Methodist Church Hurst. The purpose of the event was to provide an opportunity for the African immigrants to practice their English skills in a health context. The fair consisted of interactive stations where participants used their English to make healthy food choices, identify ways to protect their vision, learn health vocabulary and develop skills necessary to make doctor’s appointments. They also had an opportunity to talk to a Hurst librarian about activities they can do at the library. Public health nursing students from Texas Christian University planned and implemented the festival. The focus of public health nurses is to promote health by working with communities like the FUMCH African Immigrant Outreach program. The participants appreciate the support received from Vicki Ingle and the opportunity to attend her English classes. Her wise advice enabled us to develop a successful event. We are grateful for the partnership we are developing with FUMC Hurst and the Rev. Dr. Joseph Kazadi. We would also like to thank Terry Mosher for volunteering to help with the English festival. The public health nursing students who planned and implemented this program were Jessica Deuel, Donna Brett, Michelle Colman, Faith Butler, Julia Caliel, Blaire Brown, Reagan De La Torre, Mandy Chavez and Alene Geer. The faculty member was Pamela Frable, ND RN.

—Jessica Deuel, Donna Brett

Computer Lab Update

New life has come to the Circuit Riders Computer Lab, and wonderful new learning has already begun.

This classroom was created in 2005 as part of the Testament Travels Sunday School ministry for elementary children. The children use the computers in a variety of ways to explore Biblical stories, create, and learn. While wonderful learning has taken place, the computers desperately needed an upgrade. Additionally, Rev Joseph Kazadi, Minister to African Immigrants, had a vision to help those new to our country learn how to use the computer to enhance their job skills, as well as simply learning how to apply for employment online. Through a grant from the Texas Methodist Foundation for our ministry with African immigrants, and a generous donation from a church member to children’s ministry, we have partnered to upgrade and create a wonderful learning space. Sixteen African students are enrolled to begin classes on March 17, and our children are excited to begin using this Sunday School room again!

BY THE NUMBERS

75 Blankets were made by the youth and given to clients at the Mobile Food Pantry
34 Units of blood were collected at the blood drive hosted on March 2.
173 People are now participating in Go2Groups
5,248 The amount of money raised for our Celebration Singers Youth Choir at this year’s First Hurst Idol
301 Sack lunches were packed by FUMCH’s UMW for Stock Show Workers. Project was sponsored by Tarrant Area Community of Churches.
35 People earned certificates in English as a Second Language.
400 People attended the Taste of Africa Luncheon. A menu of African cuisine was prepared and served by the African immigrant women of FUMC Hurst.
750 Pancakes and 300 breakfast sausage links were served at the Youth Pancake Breakfast fundraiser in January.
**Event’s Calendar**

Complete Events Calendar/Online Registration: www.fumchurst.org/calendar

**WORSHIP**

**Sunday Mornings**
All services of worship are of a traditional style with familiar hymns and meaningful liturgy. Sunday morning worship takes place in the Sanctuary at 8:30, 9:45 and 11 a.m.

**Saturday Evenings: Genesis**
Being united with people in a community of faith, where we try to figure things out, this is the heart of church and Christianity. This is Genesis, real and down to earth. Genesis takes place in the Fellowship Hall Saturdays at 6 p.m.

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**CONCERT**

**First United Methodist Church of Hurst**
521 West Pipeline Road | Hurst, TX 76053 | 817.282.7384 | www.fumchurst.org

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**EVENT’S CALENDAR**

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**CONFIRMATION SPRING RETREAT**
April 5 & 6, Glen Lake

**EASTER EGG HUNT**
April 12 • 4 p.m., Hurst Central Park

**DAY SCHOOL ART FEST**
April 24, Fellowship Hall

**OASIS WOMEN’S RETREAT**
May 2, 3, and 4 • Stillwater Retreat Center, Glen Rose
Theme: “Come to the Well” This will be a time away to learn, reflect, pray, laugh, and enjoy the beauty of the outdoors. Registration is online.

**BURGER BLITZ**
May 4 • 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Youth Fundraiser hosted by the Friendship Sunday School class and Outback Steakhouse. Tickets are $8 and can be purchased in the Fellowship Hall.

**CHILDREN’S SPRING MUSICAL, OH JONAH**
May 4 • 6:30 p.m., Sanctuary

**BEYOND THE BROKEN HEART GRIEF SUPPORT MINISTRY PROGRAM**
May 5 • Monday at 6:30 p.m.
A 8-week study for anyone who is grieving the loss of a loved one. Registration is online.

**CONFIRMATION SUNDAY AND RECEPTION**
May 18 • 11 a.m., Sanctuary/Fellowship Hall

**MEMORIAL DAY • MONDAY, MAY 26**

**SAFE SANCTUARY TRAINING**
May 20 • 7 p.m., Anderson Hall

**SENIOR RECOGNITION SUNDAY**
May 25 • 11 a.m. Worship, Sanctuary

**CTC ANNUAL CONFERENCE**
June 8-11 • Mansfield

**PANAMA MISSION TRIP (YOUTH)**
June 14 - June 22

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**SAVE THE DATE**

**2014 CANAFAX GOLF SCRAMBLE FOR MISSIONS**
Sunday, April 27 at Bear Creek Golf Club
11:30 a.m. Registration Opens
12:30 p.m. Putting Contest
2 p.m. Shotgun Start
Scramble Format
7 p.m. Awards & Dinner
Register Online at www.fumchurst.org/golf.

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**MISSION**
Mobile Food Pantry: Second Friday of each month, 8 a.m. to noon. Volunteers needed: email Catherine Hollis at missioncentralvolunteers@gmail.com.

Joyful Creations Prayer Shawl Ministry: 9:30–11:30 a.m. Thursday, W120 New members welcome.

**RECOVERY MINISTRIES**
A.A. & AL-ANON, every Wednesday, 6:30 p.m., Recovery House.
A.A. & AL-ANON, every Sunday, 6:30 p.m., Recovery House.

**CARING & SUPPORT**
Grief Support Group: Second Monday of every month at 6:30 p.m. in W122. Contact Rev. Donna McKee. Caring Christian Mothers: First Friday of every month, 9:30 a.m., Parlor.

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**MUSIC**

**Adult Choirs: Chancel Choir**
May 5 • Monday at 6:30 p.m.
Revelation Ringers: 5 p.m. Sunday

**Child Choirs**
Joy & Praise (K–5): 8:30 a.m. Sunday
Promises (age 3–4): in Sunday School
Joyful Noise (Gr. K–2): 11 a.m. Sunday
Covenant Singers (Gr. 3–5): 11 a.m. Sunday

**CHILDREN’S SPRING MUSICAL, OH JONAH**
May 4 • 6:30 p.m., Sanctuary

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April 5, 6 (complete information on pg. 17)

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**EVENT’S CALENDAR**

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**SAVE THE DATE**

**TONGUES OF FIRE**
Block Party & Chili Cook-Off
April 26 • 11 a.m. - 4 p.m.
Church Parking Lot
Have a great chili recipe you want to show off? Sign up to compete! This event is open to the entire community so sign up teams from work, get together with coworkers and friends, and make some chili! The first place entry will receive a beautiful, hand-painted Coleman stove painted by Wendell Rankin (wendellrankin.com). If you’re much more of a “taste and see” kind of person, you can purchase tickets for tasting and judging. There will be lots of fun and games hosted by our youth; a silent auction, live music, and someone will get the chance to win a brand new car! Register online or at the table in the Fellowship Hall.

Chili Entries $20; Tickets $10 in advance or available the day of.
For more information, contact Rev. Matt Ybáñez; mybaxtr@gmail.com.
Welcome to our **Newest Members**

New members not pictured: Matt and Beth Reed.

- Jen Rainey
- Steve Greer
- Tina Walker
- Mariam Dixon
- Helen Richmond
- Barbara and Fred Werner
- Jan Holder
- Katie Morris
- Ken and Debra Von Storch
- Sharon McCurry
- Jean Pierre Cileu
- Nathan and Kristen Prange with Gwen
- Dustin and Alexis Graves with Gracie and Allie
- Sarah and Jeremy Gates with Mary and Julianna

**Memorial and Honorariums**

Memorial and honors are a wonderful way to remember and honor friends and loved ones. Listing of current memorials/honorariums: www.fumchurst.org/gifts. Make a gift online: www.fumchurst.org/online-giving.

**Celebrating Your Baptism**

Darell Praise, son of Rosalie Kangi and Jean Abedi

Olivia, daughter of Amy and Jeff Collins

Jeridan, son of Lindsay and Dan Strong

Liam, son of Amanda and Ben Harfoot with sister, Sophia

Walton, son of Judi and Jason Ferrell

Adeline, daughter of Lindsey and Ben Aune

**Opportunities to Serve**

It is through mission outreach that we exemplify the spirit of Christian love to those in our own local community and around the world. Through such giving, God changes not only the lives of others, but our lives as well.

**Community Egg Hunt**

On April 12, we welcome hundreds of children and families from our church and community. How can you help? Donate candy, or volunteer; contact Beth Stuyck, bstuyck@fumchurst.org.

**Workshop of Wonders Vacation Bible School**

June 23–27, Volunteers are needed in all areas; sign up in the Fellowship Hall on Sunday or register online.
Community Easter Egg Hunt

Saturday, April 12 • 4 p.m.
Hurst Central Park
For children in 5th grade and younger.

Central Park is located east of FUMC Hurst, next to the Hurst Recreation Center.

Gather at the pavilion to hear the Easter story before the hunt. Bring a picnic and blanket. Hot dogs, drinks and Kona Ice will also be available for purchase.