



New Era Lutheran Church

January 2018



New Era Lutheran Church
3455 New Era Road
Muscatine, IA 52761

Services:

10:30 am

Sunday School:

September -May ~ 9:30 am

Contacts:

Office: 563-263-5356

Pastor Nate: 563-320-3995

Email: neweraofhope@gmail.com

Building Rental – Gloria Batteau

Church, Fellowship Hall, Gym

Home: 563-263-2969

Email: gfbatteau@gmail.com

Bulletin – Carolyn Cole

Home: 563-260-4626

Email: c2nb2cole@hotmail.com

Items due by Wednesday night

Newsletter – Becki Petersen

Mobile: 563-299-1664

Email: beckip54@gmail.com

Items due by the 20th of the month

Check us out at

www.neweralutheran.com

<https://www.facebook.com/NewEraLutheran>

An Excerpt from the Word in Season

January, February, March 2018

Sunday, January 7, 2018

Mark 1:4-11

Baptism of Our Lord

John the baptizer appeared in the wilderness, proclaiming a baptism of repentance . . . and all the people of Jerusalem were going out to him (vv.4-5)

Have you ever followed a crowd of people into the wilderness to repent? Not many of us rush out to repent with others, and certainly not into the wilderness. I am a lover of nature and the outdoors, and when I am in the wilderness, I see God in creation. I spend a great deal of time in the woods and near water. Standing among the trees, looking out at the still water of a lake, listening to the birds, and witnessing the synchronicity of it all can bring me to my knees within. I feel small and blessed to be surrounded by so much beauty.

How wonderful it is to be called to the wilderness and be washed in forgiveness. No matter where you live, look for signs of God in the creation that surrounds you. It might be as simple as a crawling spider, a blowing wind, or falling snow, Let God’s gift of creation wash over you and bless you.

Creator of the wilderness and of me, wash me with the wonder of all your gifts. Bring me to my knees in awe and repentance. Amen.

Psalm 29; Acts 19:1-7; Genesis 1:1-5

~ Written by Heather Lee Schmidt Albinger, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Heather is a songwriter, teacher, and a member of Lake Park Lutheran Church. Her website is www.heatherleeonline.com.

*Pick up your copy of The Word in Season on the small table in the hallway next to the pastor’s office.

Upcoming Events

Charity Sewing

The next charity sewing day is Tuesday, January 9, beginning at 9 am. **Everyone is welcome!** No sewing experience necessary. Bring a sack lunch. If you know of a need for a lap robe, see Lynn Bendt.

Care and Concern

Care & Concern will meet on Wednesday, January 10, at 9:00 am at McDonalds.

Thank You!

New Era Church,

Thanks so much for the Ninja Coffee Maker and the Britta Water Pitcher. Corey and I will get a lot of use out of them. Hope to see you all at our wedding on January 27th. Invitation is on the bulletin board.

Thanks again!

Corey Harris and Rachelle Gladwell

January Birthdays & Anniversaries

Birthdays

- 1 Mary Maxson
- 3 Tom Holliday
- 4 Jane Powell
- 5 Stephanie Anderson
- 9 Jim Wittmer
- 12 Sean Swails
Maxine Stark
- 18 Rob Wittmer
- 22 Morgan Powell
- 23 Luke Probasco
- 26 Jim Bendt

Anniversaries



Excerpt from The Lutheran Message

By Mary Cantell

The Guardian

On a cool spring morning, in my senior year of high school, I stood with some of my classmates aboard a packed elevated train in New York City. Our creative writing teacher thought it would be helpful for the class – especially the wannabe journalists – to visit Columbia University where we'd be attending the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for two days of workshops and seminars. My first trip to the Big Apple.

"Okay, this is our stop," our teacher said as the train squealed and slowed. "Everybody stick together."

The doors slid open and everyone, including the daily New York commuters, rushed toward the narrow exit like sand through an hourglass. I brought up the rear, and just before I could take a step beyond the threshold, the glass doors slammed shut.

"Mary!" One of my friends called from the platform, looking aghast at my predicament. Others turned to stare, including our teacher. I shrugged and smiled to let them know I wasn't upset at the situation, then raised my hand in a tiny wave in the seconds before the train lurched away.

Deeper and deeper into New York City I went, sitting alone by the window. Red building. White warehouse. The staccato of colors flashed as the train swept through town. I was sure it wouldn't be long before it would

eventually have to double back and return. I'd get off then. No need to panic. The train stopped once, twice, and after the third stop, something urged me to get off.

The street looked like any other city street, gently littered and lined with storefronts. After wading a few blocks, I wondered just far I was from the university. Stepping inside one of the stores, I walked to the back where a woman stood behind a worn wooden counter assisting a customer.

The floor was covered with sawdust.

"Excuse me, can you tell me where I am?"

The woman stopped what she was doing and looked at me. She crinkled her eyes as though perplexed – not at the question so much as at me. In a decisive tone as if I should know better, she told me. Thanking her, I left the store and continued walking up Lenox Avenue. Harlem? I'd heard about it.

Several blocks ahead, a group of men were hanging around the front steps of a brick row house. A couple of them glanced over at me. Something glinted in one man's hand. Was it a knife?: I fought to consider other possibilities – a key? A stick of gum in a thin foil wrapper? I didn't want it to be a knife but it probably was. Feigning a courage I didn't own, I kept my stride and began to pray, hoping my fears were not holding up a neon sign somewhere above my head. Every inch of my body braced to flee.

It seemed as if miles had passed along Lenox Avenue before the greenery of Central Park beckoned in the near distance. As I began to find my bearings (at least as to where the hotel was), a sense of peace returned. At this point I had no idea where to find Columbia University. I'd had enough for one morning and decided to go back to the hotel. I waited on the curb for several cars to pass. When all was clear and just before I stepped into the street, someone grabbed my arm. I turned to see a tall man in an overcoat, his face partly shaded by his collar. He pulled me back from entering the street just as a bus zoomed past, leaving a wake of exhaust fumes.

"Thank you," I said, somewhat embarrassed at not noticing the bus. "I didn't even see it."

I wiped the hair from my eyes and turned to him again. He was gone.

Later that afternoon, I caught up with my classmates. We gathered in our teacher's room, where they peppered me with questions: "What happened?" "Where'd you go?" As I recounted the course of my eventful morning, my teacher looked at me with the doubt reserved for a child telling a fib.

"Lenox Avenue?" she said, shaking her head. "You did NOT walk down Lenox Avenue."

"Yes, I did."

"No way," she said. "Oh, Mary, there's no way you did that," shaking her head.

I stood stunned at her insistence that I was lying. What was there to lie about?

"I walked down Lenox Avenue. What's the big deal?"

Later I came to know the big deal – it was dangerous. While I understood her skepticism (she was a New Yorker and she would know), I also believed that self-same mindset would probably preclude her from understanding the other details of that morning – what really happened, what kept me safe on those city streets. If she didn't believe something as tangible as my walk down Lenox

Avenue, what would be her take on the possibility of an intangible spirit – perhaps a guardian angel who had walked with me and saved my life? I'd always heard of guardian angels, but until then, had never experienced one. At least, not consciously. In hindsight, I should have shared my thought with her.

God sent an angel. He protected me at every turn.

Would that have been too hard to say? It was the perfect segue to sharing my faith with her and everyone in that room. At 17 years old, I only wish I'd had the spiritual maturity to utter those words to them. Today, it's a living reminder that God is my Immanuel, and today, it's something I cannot help but share – at every turn.

(For more good stories, The Lutheran Message can be picked up on the table in the hall outside the pastor's office).

January 2018						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7 Sunday School - 9:30 am Worship – 10:30 am	8 6:30 pm – Bible Study at Gloria Dei	9 9 am – Charity Sewing	10 9 am – Care & Concern meets at McDonald's	11	12	13
14 Sunday School - 9:30 am Worship – 10:30 am	15 6:30 pm – Bible Study at Gloria Dei	16	17	18	19	20
21 Sunday School - 9:30 am Worship – 10:30 am Chicago Folk Service	22 6:30 pm – Bible Study at Gloria Dei	23	24	25	26	27
28 Sunday School - 9:30 am Worship – 10:30 am	29 6:30 pm – Bible Study at Gloria Dei	30	31			

Date	Reader	Flowers	Ushers	Altar Guild	Communion Assistant	Treats
January 7	Josiah Anderson		Paul & Ann Mayes	Ann Mayes		Carolyn Leach Ann Mayes
January 14	Dianna Burger					Janet Kindler Dianna Burger
January 21	Dan Petersen					Gloria Batteau Shirley McDaniel
January 28	Ann Mayes					Lynn Bendt Becki Petersen