

FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH NEWSLETTER

Volume 4, Issue 06 June, 2019 928-535-9575 2750 Mogollon Drive, Overgaard, AZ 85933

www.faithlutheranovergaard.org

WORSHIP SERVICES – 10:30 am & 6:00 pm Sunday
Solid Bible-Based Preaching & Teaching

REMEMBERING MY FATHER



My father loved the outdoors. When he was a boy, he found sitting behind a desk in a stuffy classroom unbearable when the smell of the oak trees and warm grass would waft in through the open window, and so, many days, when the opportunity presented itself, he would quickly slip out the open window into the freedom that beckoned from beyond.

He was pulled to wide open spaces to kick off his shoes and run through the grass and cool, soft, black earth. New and different kinds of bugs to be discovered ... worms to dig up and collect for the weekend's fishing ... raccoons and squirrels to chase ... dogs to visit and pet ... sticks and rocks to be thrown ... trees to be climbed. Some days he would go to the junk yard to look at all the cars in different stages of disassembly, imagine how they had been taken apart and how they might be put back together ... even combining different vehicles to "make then better."

Sometimes, if he was extraordinarily fortunate on one of these visits he might discover part of, or even, most of a motorcycle. He had a bicycle that he could peddle around the hills of East Oakland, but he could never peddle quite as fast as he wanted ... even down hill. The idea of an engine to push him even further toward freedom from all that wanted to hold him back and down was fanned into flames at the sight or thought of an automobile or, especially, ... a motorcycle.

In his late teens, he found a small motor, and figured out a way to mount it and a small tank for gas on his bike to drive the chain to the rear wheel. He did it! He now had his own "motorcycle!" As it turned out, it couldn't go very fast, or very far ... but still, a motorcycle!

Then somewhere around 1948 or 1949 my father saved enough to buy his first old beat up junk car. He looked at the grease-covered and oil-hemorrhaging carcass before him and began to take it apart, clean it up, and put it back together again. He began to feel his freedom inching ever closer as he slowly nursed it to life and movement.

Mobility; Movement. The more and the farther He could move, the freer he felt. With his car, he could travel and explore farther and farther meadows, valleys, mountains, and rivers. He could breathe in the fresh green aroma of different kinds of trees and brush. He could climb different and ever higher rocks and hills. He could fish. He could hunt. He could climb wooded peaks and watch different sunsets. He could sleep under different skies every night. He could be ... FREE!

Early in 1954 my Father married my mother. He had found someone to share his freedom with; someone with whom he could share the sound of the rushing waters of trout streams, the joy of catching their own breakfast, the thrill of climbing rocks and trees, the silence of the desert, the tranquility of sleeping under different skies every night, and hiking far away from the pull and weight of the crowds. Now "he" was "we" ... and soon "we" included me ... and we three together were free ... until my father was drafted.

Before my father had to report, he went to a Navy recruiting office and joined the Navy, since he preferred the thought of being a sailor "free at sea" over the a life "confined" to the infantry. After basic training, he was stationed on the island of Maui, Hawaii. It actually turned out to be another wonderful taste of freedom for him as he was made an airman, flying as crew on Orion P3 sub chasers. To be in the air free even from gravity was more than he could have dreamed of!

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Women's Ministry

Open to ALL women who attend Faith Lutheran Church!

- Rummage Sale Friday May 31 (8-3) – June 1 (8-1)
 - ALL HANDS ON DECK
- Meeting June 17, 2019
- Church cleaning June 4, 2019
- Remember to pick up your MITE boxes for LWML to further support their mission

Sunday Evening Services at 6:00 PM

amazon smile

IF YOU SHOP ON AMAZON, BY LOGGING INTO SMILE.AMAZON.COM 0.5% OF THE PURCHASE PRICE CAN BE DIRECTED TO FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH, OVERGAARD. ONCE ON SIMPLY CLICK "CHANGE CHARITY" BUTTON THEN SEARCH FOR "FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH OVERGAARD"



Birthdays

- June 7 Jerry Rose
- June 11 Sally Parker
- June 13 Ben Wirtz
- June 15 Ron Unger
- June 23 Vern Raveling
- June 30 John Chackerian

CHURCH COUNCIL UPDATE



- Voters' meeting resulted in passing the changes to the by-laws.

Pastor on Vacation June 3-16
No 6pm Services June 9 or 16

Funeral Service for Barbara Lawson will be on Sunday, June 23 at 2:00 PM at Faith Lutheran Church

MONTHLY MEETINGS & EVENTS



June 04 – Church Cleaning 9:00am
June 3-16 – Pastor on vacation
June 17 – Elder’s Meeting 9:00am
June 17 – Women’s Ministry at 1:30pm
June 25 – Council Meeting at 9am



Practice Tuesdays - 4:30 PM

Pastor's Office Hours

Mondays - 10am - 4pm In the Office
Tuesdays - 10am - 12pm In the Office
Wednesdays - Visitation Day
Thursdays - 10am - 12 pm In the Office

*Call for appointment -
928-535-9575 or 323-717-4390*

*revnwirtz@yahoo.com,
or just drop in, or call anytime*

BIBLE STUDY

Sundays – 9 am

Hebrews

Thursdays - 9 am

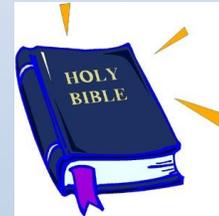
Joshua

Sundays – 4pm

Adult Confirmation

Wednesdays – 4:30pm

Youth Confirmation



SUNDAY SCHOOL

*Bible Lesson
for Kids*



Sundays – 9 am

*Sermons and Bible Studies can
be listened to on the website.*

www.faithlutheranovergaard.org

My mother and I joined him on Maui, and we lived off-base in a small house together. My father found an old Ford Model A that ran well enough to get our small family around. Next he found a small motorcycle that could carry him back and forth to base. Then he did something that would change my life forever; at the tender age of 10 months, he sat me on it. (I still have, and treasure, the photo of that moment to this day.) That day began a life-long love of motorcycles for me, and a creative bond between my father and me with a now shared passion for bikes and cars and the requisite tinkering and creative experimentation thereof.

Then "Life" grabbed my father and yanked him out of his newfound skies of freedom and mobility. He was thrown, HARD, to the ground and held there, immobile, as if gravity was making up for lost time and now was devoting its full weight to holding my father down, crushing him so heavily that even his breath was squeezed out of him. He couldn't lift his chest to breathe; his lungs flat, just out of reach of the air that withheld life itself from him.

My father had contracted Polio, and nothing below his shoulders, (except his arms) seemed to have any interest in serving him. He was placed into a large metal cylinder (called an Iron Lung), sealed up to his neck, that would use fluctuating air pressure to force his rebellious lungs to do their job.

Over the subsequent months and years of treatments and, sometimes excruciating, physical therapy my father regained command over his lungs and parts of his torso ... but all the lines of communication to his legs had gone completely dead (except one faithful little nerve in his left ankle that allowed him to move that foot from side to side). For all intents and purposes, my father had lost all his freedom; all of his ability to walk, run, climb, dance; even stand ... move anywhere under his own power! No more exploration. No more discovery. No fishing. No more hunting. No more tinkering. No more motorcycles. No more escaping the crush.

My father was crushed under this horrible weight for years ... until one day he decided that he could not, WOULD NOT allow polio to hold him down. He WOULD be mobile! He WOULD be free! He WOULD be alive! And so he spent the rest of his life using his creative and

inquisitive mind devising ways to move again. He couldn't walk but he could sure push himself around in a wheel chair. He couldn't work the accelerator and brake on a car, so he engineered a set of hand controls that could! He couldn't ride a two-wheeled motorcycle, so he built a trike with an automatic transmission. He couldn't hike through rough terrain, so he built a dune-buggy that could.

He was mobile again, and could explore. About once every 10 years he would get one of his vehicles stuck out in the sticks somewhere. So he would get out, tie a rope around his waist and his wheel chair to the other end, then foot by foot he would drag himself backward on his butt; arm push by arm push up miles of dirt road or trail up to a place where someone would eventually drive by and rescue him. He was "dead" but now he was "alive". He was mobile. He was too strong (willed) to let his enemy, polio, hold him down or back. My father was the strongest man I ever knew.

And in the last years of his life, he heard from me, about another man too strong to be held down by the enemy. He heard about Jesus who was stronger even than death itself. The world, the devil, and sin (all of our sin) slammed into Jesus with everything they had. The weight of them all crushed the very last breath out of Jesus. He could not move. He was taken down, carried to a tomb, and laid in the grave. But He was too strong for death. It could not hold him. He broke the bands of death and rose ... alive ... free. Free to take all those who trust Him into life eternal with Him. With His death, he paid the ransom against all that holds every person down, immobile, and captive (sin), and with His rising to life He has given all who trust in Him the freedom of Eternal Life.

In the last years of his life my father heard and believed. My father gave me a love of motorcycles, fixing and creating, and freedom. I gave my father the story of the freedom of Eternal Life through Jesus ... and my father now is finally and completely free and alive.

*God raised [Jesus] up, loosing the pangs of death, because it was not possible for him to be held by it. (Acts 2:24)
It was fitting to celebrate and be glad, for this your brother was dead, and is alive; he was lost, and is found.'"* (Luke 15:32)