

Mayflower Congregational Church



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Dr. Rick Martin
Pastor



Summer happenings at Mayflower...

CALENDAR - JUNE

- 6/8 - Trustees - 2:30 p.m.*
- 6/18 - Fathers' Day*
- 6/18 - Prudential Council - Noon*

CALENDAR - JULY

- 7/2 - Communion*
- 7/4 - Independence Day*
- 7/9 - Lunch-and-Learn - Noon*
- 7/13 - Trustees - 2:30 p.m.*
- 7/15 - Deadline for August/September
Mayflower Notes*

Head Usher

Lois Ries

Outreach Focus

Backpacks



From The Pastor's Desk
Dr. Rick Martin

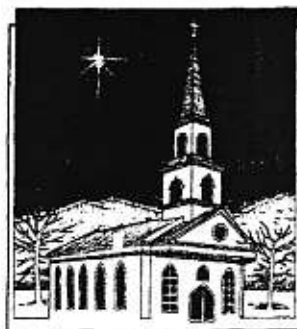
“Days of Heaven on Earth” Deuteronomy 11:21 (YLT)

I came home one day in November 2007 and there was a message on my answering machine from a guy named Kim. A church in Lansing was looking for a guest speaker. Kim had gotten my name from a church in Eaton Rapids, where I had spoken several times. We talked, set a date, and plans were made. I had done that with many churches in the Charlotte area for a decade. Little did I know that 9 years 6 months and 2 weeks later (June 25, 2017), I'd be retiring as the pastor at Mayflower Congregational Church.

God does work in strange and mysterious ways. I was quite happy as a Christian counselor, playing golf (nearly) every day, 3 day weekends with my wife, doing seminars on Temperament Therapy and being a guest speaker in area churches. But God had something better in mind, one last period as a pastor with a group of people who gave unselfishly and willingly of their time, talents, and energy to promote the Kingdom of God and their church. I didn't know it then, but it was going to be a great 9 ½ years.

I count it a blessing to have been the pastor of Mayflower Congregational Church. You are the most loving, caring, accepting bunch of people! While not every day was “Days of Heaven on Earth”, for me, over all it was. I grew as a person, spiritually (and physically, but we're working on that), in my understanding of God and just being a better human being. I met some wonderful people, buried too many of them, experienced fantastic music and dedication, and really saw what God can do with a church when they really work together with Him.

Thank you for the privilege of being your pastor.



Mayflower Financial News



The April Second Saturday Supper was a sell-out, and we had a another great profit of \$766. Another great job, everyone!

The replacement of our 58-year-old water heater, which “died” on the morning of the March Second Saturday Supper, and the additional work to bring the venting system up to code have been completed. The bill for all of this was \$2049. Thank you to several members and friends of the church who made special donations toward the cost; just over \$1000 was donated toward this expense. That was so helpful!

The following is a summary of our finances as of April 30:

Income:	\$ 11,563.06
Expenses:	<u>7,315.86</u>
	\$ 4,247.20

YTD for Four Months:

Income:	\$ 38,894.17
Expenses:	<u>24,322.76</u>
	\$ 14,571.41

Fund Balances:

Checking:	\$ 9,163.20
Savings:	41,023.35
Heat Fund Savings:	20,836.86
Memorial Fund CD:	5,501.01
Savings CD:	<u>22,329.99</u>
	\$ 98,854.41

A more detailed report is available in the brochure rack near the church office. If you have any questions, please ask!

— Linda Wheeler, Treasurer

From the Lay Leader

This is an advertisement for a truly remarkable sight in God's universe. As you may know, Bill and I have often taken vacations around astronomical events. We went to Fairbanks to see northern lights (every night from our bedroom window), to Jamaica to see a comet, to Arizona and California to see meteor showers, and to Big Bend National Park to see the stars in a dark sky (dark like it used to be before the invention of electric lights). Most often, though, we have gone to distant places to see a total solar eclipse ? Mexico, the Caribbean, Turkey, Zambia, China, and Australia. The reason for wanting to see yet another eclipse is that it is unlike anything else you have ever seen, and it lasts only about two minutes, so you always want to see more. And now this year, there is going to be a total eclipse over the U.S. A wonderful opportunity! This will be the first total solar eclipse in the U.S. since 1979. Most eclipses are partial, but when the moon is in the exact right position, it completely blocks the sun for those two minutes or so, and this is the only time you can look toward the sun with your naked eyes. You cannot see it of course because the moon is in the way (which is why you can look), but you can see the fires around it, and the experience is supernatural.

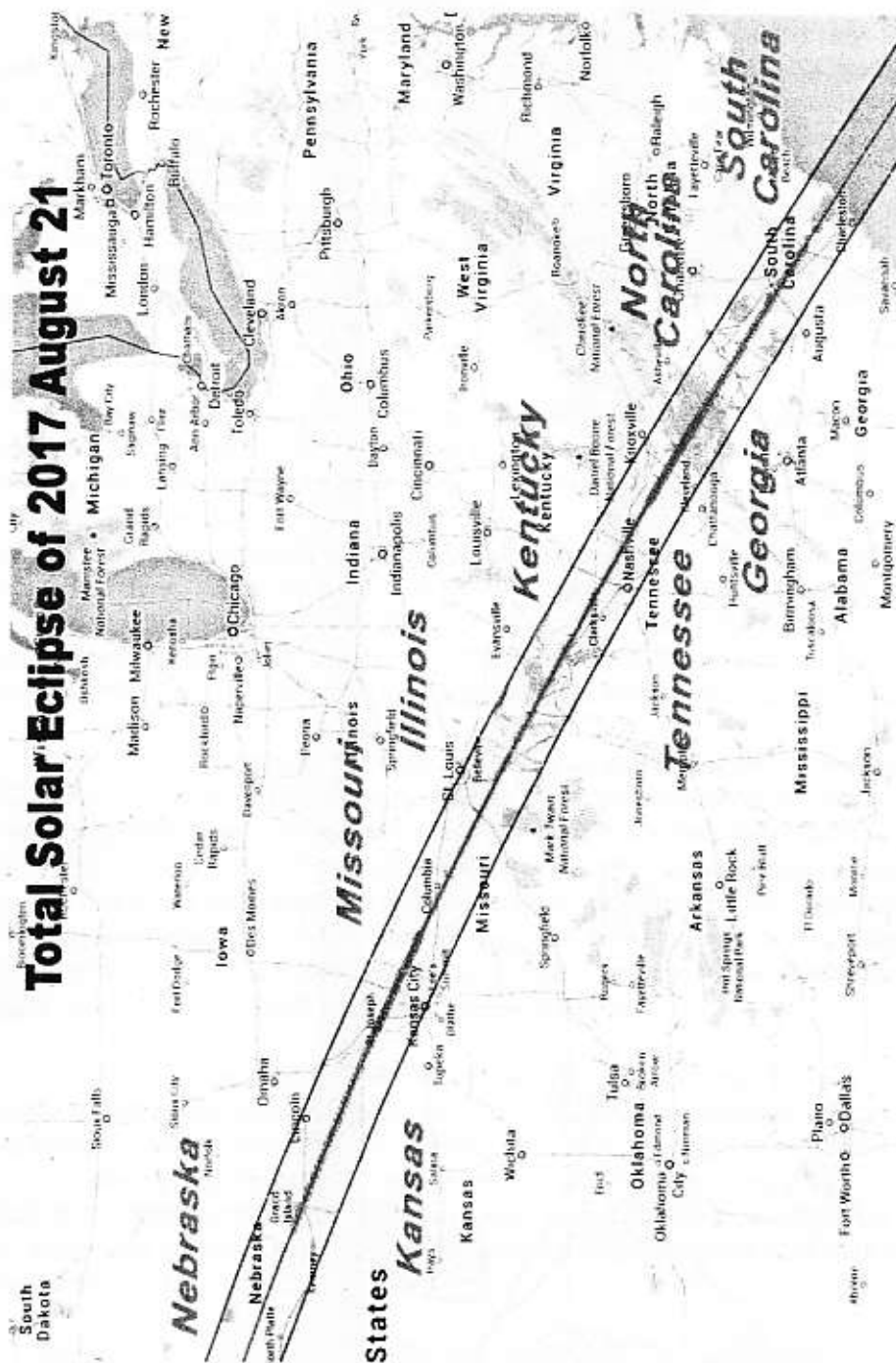
It is even better than the aurora I saw here several years ago. Our neighbor phoned in the middle of the night to say there were northern lights and we should go out in the country right away to see them. I dressed fast and rode with them to the yard of a friend who lives beyond the reach of street lights. It was beautiful. And as we watched one particularly gorgeous red streamer, my neighbor, the avowed atheist, said,

“It looks like Jesus is coming.”

Go to see the total eclipse! The path of totality is about 70 miles wide, stretching from Oregon to South Carolina. In the east, it is the gray path across the map on the opposite page.

Rilla McHarris

Total Solar Eclipse of 2017 August 21



South
Dakota

Nebraska

States
Kansas

Missouri
Illinois

Kentucky

Tennessee

Georgia

North
Carolina

South
Carolina

Ecclesiastes 3 - "1 To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: 2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; 3 A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; 4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; 5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; 6 A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; 7 A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; 8 A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace."

This is a message of sadness for me - it's the last one with Dr. Rick at the helm here at Mayflower. He came along at a time when the church was not at her very best; there were a lot of ideas what Mayflower shouldn't be but not a really cohesive one on where we should head. We had lost a beloved ministry team; first one through death, and then the other through time. We had rolled the dice and come up craps; we were back to a place we had been before and hoped to never be again. As Mayflower drifted, God sent a captain. He wasn't the most likely of captains - he was different from any who'd come before him, but the powers that be took a leap and said Yes, and Rick Martin landed at the helm.

Slowly, our ship righted. We have continued on, growing in generosity every day. People appeared at the right time - when one set of helping hands became too old, too tired, or too sick to keep on, another set slid smoothly into place to keep things going. Week after week, Dr. Rick churned out sermon topics never heard before in our halls, laid bare his own journey of faith for us, and made sure everyone knew where Branson, Missouri was. The time has gone so fast, it has been hard to believe that it has been so many years - because his hand has been steady on the tiller, we weathered many squalls and spits.

But now it's time - golf and wife and grandchildren are calling, and our captain is placing the tiller back into God's hands and trusting we can keep the ship straight until the new course is charted. As we have our time of celebration and of mourning, it is important to remember how Ecclesiastes 3 ends: "22 Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

Rejoice, Dr. Rick, for your work has been good.

Liz Canfield



Musical Notes From Barb Fuller

Jerry and I attended a *Sistrum* concert recently, and although there were a number of beautiful songs performed, it was the 'Hope' is the Thing with Feathers that touched me the most. The combination of music, written by Susan LaBarr, and the poem, written by Emily Dickenson, rendered me to tears.

'Hope' is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—
And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—
I've heard it in the chilliest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of Me.



What a beautiful explanation of hope this is as it is like a bird singing in our soul and how it sounds the sweetest when we are "in the Gale." I wonder if Emily Dickinson was thinking of her faith as she wrote these words, especially the final ones, "Yet, *never*, in Extremity, It asked a crumb—of Me.

Go Lugnuts!!!

We will have an outing to the Lugnuts game at 7:00 p.m. on Saturday, July 29th. The group will again be in the Clubhouse at a cost of \$25. This is a fireworks event. Reservations are due on June 11th.

June and July



BIRTHDAYS JUNE

6/2 - Rick Martin

6/26 - Barb Martin

JULY

7/6 - Tom Rich

7/9 - Sue Mott

7/21- Lillian Swaid

7/29 - Dick Williams

7/30 - Maggie Bellant

7/30 - Lola Holmes

7/30 - Barbara Rich

ANNIVERSARIES

6/16 - Warren and Sue Emrick

