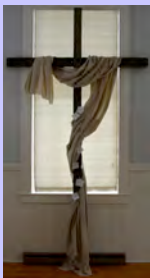




# The Taftsville Chapel Current

God calls us as followers of Jesus Christ and, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to grow as a community of grace, joy and peace, so that God's healing and hope flow through us to our world.

“The wind blows wherever it pleases. You hear its sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit.”  
John 3:8



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## Letting go and Holding on...

*During the fourth watch of the night Jesus went out to them, walking on the lake. When the disciples saw him walking on the lake, they were terrified. “It’s a ghost,” they said, and cried out in fear.*

*But Jesus immediately said to them: “Take courage! It is I. Don’t be afraid.”*

*“Lord, if it’s you,” Peter replied, “tell me to come to you on the water.”*

*“Come,” he said.*

*Then Peter got down out of the boat, walked on the water and came toward Jesus.*

*Matthew 14: 25-29*

During this season of Lent, we’ve been thinking about “letting go” and “holding on.” Sometimes it’s difficult to know which things in our lives go where. How do we know what really needs to go? How do we sense what must be held tight?

The felt intensity surrounding these questions can increase during seasons of stress (big or small, good or bad) in our lives. A time of crisis (change) is an especially good setting to carefully ponder these things, largely because that is where we are most likely to hold on to old patterns that seem to work for us, and let go of fresh opportunities to walk in deepened faith.

The influences that can guide us in discerning what to hold on to and what to let go of are powerful and diverse. How do we sense that it is the Lord that is doing the inviting to “come” and let go or hold on, and not some device of our own?

Peter only needed to know one thing before he let go of the safety of the boat in the middle of the lake, in the middle of the night, in the middle of wild weather: “If it is you, Lord.” How often do we want to know so much more *instead*: “If it’s safe, if it’s painless, if it’s smart, if it’s comfortable, if I have what it takes, or if it’s guaranteed to turn out well for me, then I might risk it. Otherwise, I’ll keep holding on to what has provided an illusion of safety in the past”.

Jesus’ invitation to step out comes with only one guarantee: He Himself will be there as we respond to Him. That suggests that anything else we might think we need can be left safely behind, so that our hands are empty and open to take hold of His as the need arises.

Letting go of familiar lifelines of our own is an uneasy business, even if we are sure it is Jesus who is giving the invitation. Holding on to the promises inherent in His character can work in our heads, but sometimes feel out of reach when we’re sinking. Nevertheless, He is always calling each of us out to something *more*, and the discomfort that provokes in us is holy, not dangerous. How will we steward it?

As Resurrection Day approaches, consider Him who calls us *from* what we have grown to believe we need for life, and *to* Life indeed. He’ll be waiting there, with nothing in His hands but scars.

*-Randy Good*

*Do you know the story behind our church sign? This was written by Victor Glick (Richard's brother, at that time a member of Taftsville). It was published in the **Gospel Herald**, August 1984.*



There once was a small village in New England where ordinary people lived. Some were young, some old, and some in between. Some people had lived in the village for years and when asked if they had been there all their lives, some would reply, "Nope, not yet." Others were newcomers. In the village there was a country store where you could buy bread and doughnuts and soda and milk and gasoline and the daily paper and almost anything else you needed urgently. The post office was in the country store. There was an old schoolhouse in the village that had been converted into a church and every Sunday people came to worship God, and shake each other's hand.

One summer, the people of the church scraped and sanded the old paint from the sides of the building and painted the whole building white. It looked very nice. One day some men from the church decided to place a sign along the road with the name of the church on the sign so visitors could identify the church. After extensive consultations with certain important people in the congregation, a location for the sign was agreed upon, and a permit from the town was obtained. Workers began to erect the sign. One man began to dig the holes for the posts while two others assembled the crossbeam.

A door was heard to bang and rapid footsteps on the road grew louder to the man digging the hole. As he looked up from his digging, a woman, who came from next door, said in a rather upset voice, "Oh, I hope you don't expect to put the sign there! Did you get a permit? I must have missed the public hearing, for I certainly would not have allowed you to put it here."

There was a sort of awkward pause and then one of the men, the one who seemed to be directing the work said quietly, "Why, yes, Mrs. B., we have a permit."

"Oh, no," the lady said, "you can't put the sign here. It blocks the only view I have from my kitchen down the street."

The man who seemed to be in charge sort of smiled and said, "Now, Mrs. B., it won't be as bad as you think. You will be able to see right by that sign."

"Oh, no I won't," the lady said. "I would not have left Mr. M. put up that fence if I had known about it, and I don't want you to put this sign here. If you don't believe me, come to my kitchen and look for yourself!"

By this time, the pastor had come outside and joined the circle of people. The man who was digging the hole did not say a word. The young man who was helping leaned up against the fence and pushed his hat back revealing brown curly hair which matched his beard and mustache. "Well, come on," Mrs. B. said. "Come with me, and I'll show you." So the pastor, and the young man, and the man who seemed to be in charge walked up the road and went into the house. The man who was digging the hole stayed there by the hole as if to guard it. He could see the people in the bay window pointing and talking and after awhile all the men came out, but Mrs. B. remained in the house.

"She was right," the man who seemed to be in charge said as he returned to the hole. "I guess we can't put the sign here." There was no anger or disgust in his voice. There were no curse words, no demeaning remarks.

The pastor and the young man were smiling and already were searching for an alternative site for the sign. It was almost as if they had never planned to put it there in the first place. "How about if we put it here?" the man who seemed to be in charge asked.

"That seems fine," the pastor said, "but wait, let me get my wife to help us get it set right." That action was to insure that important people of the church had a voice in where the sign went. It seemed right to everyone, so the man who had been digging the hole before, began to dig a new hole.

Soon the sign stood tall and straight, and everyone said it looked great in that location. The men picked up their tools and went to their homes, leaving the angel who had been watching the entire operation standing there alone by the side of the building. He filled out his report carefully, and under Comments noted, "These men fully understood the meaning of the command of Jesus to love your neighbor."

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## Hello from Haiti – Leah Beidler

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Getting here was a prayer! The view from the sky was different; coming in all I could see was tarps and tents. The ocean close to Haiti has more boats, ships, and helicopters than I have ever seen. Different world. Buildings everywhere are down, tents everywhere. There are countless tent cities, endless. Tents beyond tents. It is hard to think that is home for people. Some made of sheets and cardboard. Last night it poured, just poured. We were in our tent and I feared that it was going to fall in. Prayed through the night because all I could picture was the people in their houses made of cardboard and sheets, living through a sleepless night being wet. So many, what does it look like for the years to come for these people that have lost homes?

We were driving through a part of the city today and the massive destruction left me speechless. Everything destroyed; building, streets, people everywhere. The worst I have seen. Some buildings are half down, some have just a couple cracks, but all of them now needing to come down because their structure has been damaged. So many years of work ahead.

Everyone is hungry and thirsty. Worked at the clinic helping with basic first aid. Most the of the people are coming in with diarrhea, so basic, but because they are drinking dirty water and getting sick it is hard to give them antibiotics because it would go right through their system. Yesterday we saw a one and a half year old child who could not walk because she was so malnourished. Problems after problems. We came across three men washing themselves in a dirty puddle. Right across the street we spotted a rat searching for food, just disgusting. Hurts to have to watch humans live this way.

We took off for Karfou today so that Tammy could speak to a woman about getting water purifiers for the water in Cite Soleil. Countless tents were on the road. Looks like refugees camps everywhere. Sheets, cardboard, tin, you name it, and it is used to make houses. A field full of tents spreads over the hills and you cannot even begin to grasp what they might be living through. Heartbreaking, but at the same time they share smiles with you in exchange for your smile.

Driving out to where we were going today we saw a crowd; they were surrounding a young boy who had just been gun downed by the police. We don't know why. A man we were with thought that maybe he had stolen something. My heart hurt for the situation, and knowing that it happens all the time. Time after time we would stop at traffic lights or intersections and countless children would come to our car and beg for money and food. Their faces were hollow and hopeless. They were not more than ten years old. It is a lot worse than the last time we were here. What is [available] for these children?

What do they go home to at night? Who takes care of them? Do they take care of themselves?

Coming home today I saw the most heartbreaking thing I think I have ever seen on the streets of Haiti. I saw a zombie. The man we were with picked him out of the crowd. His face reflected the same hallow look I had seen earlier in the children's faces. He was wearing all black and red, and all over his skin was a white powder. His face looked lost, unresponsive to everything. A lost heart to evil. Broke my heart to see a man who had been captured by evil, walking with no hope, no response to the world.

It has been a trip that I will never forget. It has been a trip that continues to motivate me in that we are making roots in the country of Haiti for the Lord. The other day I was reading Deuteronomy 33:7, "Give them strength to defend the cause, help them against their evil enemies." In all the light I have seen in Haiti, I have also seen the darkness of hunger, sickness, brokenness, violence, homelessness. Defend the cause. How are we defending the cause for the broken? For the church? Driving home from Karfou I saw the exterior of a church still standing. Most of it had fallen, but the main part of the church stood, and on top was a cross. High above everything else, the light of the world still standing, there to defend the cause. It was a beautiful sight in the midst of all that is broken. The church: the hope of the world.

[It has] been good to be here, helping Tammy and the people. My heart continues to break and pray that God would heal this land. I want to write so much more, but Internet time is so low, I just wanted to let you know I am alive and OK, and give a quick update on what my days have looked like, and send out a prayer request.

Please continue to pray for the people of Haiti.

- Pray for the babies, many are suffering from malnutrition.
- Pray for the street children, they have increased in number.
- Pray for the hearts of Haiti. Pray that the kingdom breaks through.
- Pray that the aid would not stop.
- Pray for Tammy, she is getting sick.
- Pray for peaceful hearts that seek love, that they would feel strength and love.
- Pray for the land to be restored.
- Pray for the workers in Cite Soleil and their safety. (word is that military pulls out in March, meaning violence will increase...)
- Pray for my heart that I may be used as a vessel during my time here.

Love you all, Leah

Church Attendance Record			
January		February	
3	43	7	43
19	41	14	40
17	44	21	35
24	49	28	42
31	48		



### Our Lenten Cross

Each week during Lent, slips of paper with these words are available for us to fill in and bring to the cross.

**At the Cross, I let go of...**

**At the Cross, I hold on to...**

## Schedule for March

**Each Sunday morning: 9:30 am – Worship Service**  
**10:45 am – Coffee and Fellowship**

### March

- 3 7:30 pm – Church Council
- 6 7:00 am – Men’s Breakfast @ *Crossroads Café*
- 7 9:30 am – Ekklesia  
4:00 pm – Lent Service
- 13 7:30 am – Women’s Breakfast @ *Mt. Creamery*
- 21 4:00 pm – Lent Service
- 26 7:00 pm – Pastoral Care Team Meeting
- 28 Leadership Team Meeting

### Birthdays in March

4 Mary Guntz	14 Nicholas Wolfe	26 Haylie Cox
12 Addison Wanner	21 Sarah Glick	27 Evelyn McCrory
13 Ruth Ellen Dandurand	22 Darlene Snader	28 Fred Schlabach

Song Leader	Childcare	Coffee	Cleaning
March	March	March	March
7 Janice Zook	7 Judy/Mike McCrory	7 Nancy Pejouhy	6 McCrory
14 Janet North	14 Janice Zook	14 Karen Cox	13 McCrory
21 Virginia Schlabach	21 Jane Glick	21 Richard/Ruth Ann Glick	20 Pejouhy
28 Richard Glick	28 Nancy Pejouhy	28 Abner Schlabach	27 Pejouhy

### Treasurer’s Report

Our special offering for Haiti was over \$1700 -- Praise God for this tremendous gift to the people of Haiti! Our support is going to MCC, an organization with a long-standing presence in Haiti. We are helping to provide clean drinking water, one of the most immediate needs.

On a budgetary note, while the past two weeks were a little low, our offerings in January were fairly strong, and we are continuing to meet a balanced budget.

Jan 24 - \$1610.00  
 Jan 31 - \$1921.00  
 Jan 31, Special Haiti Offering - \$1703.10  
 Feb 7 - \$2021.78  
 Feb 14 - \$1097.00  
 Feb 21 - \$1245.00

Weekly Budget - \$1695

*-Tim Good*



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## Youth Snow Camp at Bethany Birches Camp (Feb.27-28)

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When we got to snow camp we were all pleasantly surprised by how much snow there was. At home there was about 2 inches of snow, but when we got to camp we got to trudge through snow that swallows you up to your waist. On our way to camp we met someone who couldn't get up the road. He turned out to be the Camp Shepherd from summer camp 2009. This snow camp weekend we had some very in-depth conversations between him and the other twenty of us. The Shepherd wrote four Greek words that meant "to love"; every definition was a different level of love. We got lots of opportunities to talk together and individually about love and relationships. We also played lots of games, indoor and out. Bethany Birches camp provides an environment where everyone feels comfortable and safe. We are all looking forward to going again in April.

- Allison

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## Taftsville Tidbit Trivia

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*Do you remember when...*

### 40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 22, 1970*

Eugene Weber reported that \$107.31 was given to MCC for the Biafran Relief fund.

*March 22, 1970*

The council discussed what could be done to improve the grounds around the church. Some ideas mentioned -- a new sign surrounded by a stone wall with evergreen plantings; a cement drainage pipe for the property; additional parking.

*March 28, 1970*

All the young folks age 12 and up, will be meeting at the church for a bi-weekly meeting. The theme will be Easter.

### 35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 30, 1975*

Easter Sunrise Service will be at the top of the ski tow in Quechee at 7:00 am.

### 30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 11, 1980*

The council prepared the first draft of a very simple Statement of Faith, which will eventually become part of our Fellowship Covenant.

### 25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 9, 1985*

There will be a visit to Laconia, NH to learn more about Habitat for Humanity.

*March 23, 1985*

Pre-60's Party at the Glicks

### 20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 12, 1990*

The treasurer's report shows that the final payment on the debt for the basement renovations was made, and that quarterly charitable giving was not given due to lack of funds. Some time was spent discussing how to make various ends meet.

### 15 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 20, 1995*

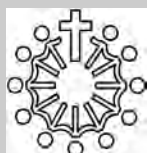
Church Council liked Ruth's suggestion to have our outdoor service at church this summer, followed by a potluck picnic. This would take the place of the annual Hartland Dam service.

### 10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

*March 2, 2000*

There will soon be a new TCMF Handbook available. It will be in a notebook form in the library (3-ring binder) rather than individually printed handouts.

### Taftsville Chapel Mennonite Fellowship



*Located in the village of Taftsville,  
one block south of Rte. 4 on  
Happy Valley Rd.*

**Randy Good, Pastor**

**<http://www.taftsvillechapel.org/>**

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OR slip a note in the Collins mailbox

OR contact a Newsletter Staff Member:

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