



# The Methodist Memo

SPREADING THE GOOD NEWS OF JESUS CHRIST AND  
SHARING OUR FAITH WITH OUR NEIGHBORS



## ***Thankfulness: Cheerful, Generous Living***

I continue to be inspired and grateful for the faithfulness and generosity of our congregation members. Amen! And as we prayerfully prepare ourselves for the Stewardship/Consecration Sunday Service on November 19<sup>th</sup>, I am reminded again and again of the many ways you demonstrate faithful, generous living.

At this time, when we consider our 2024 Stewardship giving commitments, which sustain and serve God's people through worship and ministries at Tinley Park UMC, I am remembering one of my favorite Stewardship passages found in 2 Corinthians 9. Together, let us prayerfully center our hearts and our faith in the reading and meditating on these verses:

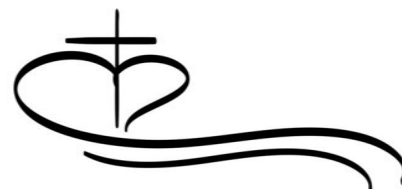
"There is no need for me to write to you about this service to the Lord's people. For I know your eagerness to help, ..." [verses 1-2 NIV].

"Remember this: Whoever sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and who ever sows generously will also reap generously. Each of you should give what you have decided in your heart to give, not reluctantly under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver. And God is able to bless you abundantly, so that in all things, at all times, having all that you need, you will abound in every good work" [verses 6-8 NIV].

"This service that you perform is not only supplying the needs of the Lord's people, but is also overflowing in many expressions of thanks to God. Because of the service by which you have proved yourselves, others will praise God for the obedience that accompanies your confession of the gospel of Christ, and for your generosity in sharing with them and with everyone else. And in their prayers for you, their hearts will go out to you, because of the surpassing grace God has given you. Thanks be to God for his indescribable gift!" {verses 12-15 NIV}.

From the pastor's heart, I pray we keep the faith, love God and all God's people without end—and trust in God's presence, provisions, purposes, and blessings!

*The grace and peace of Christ be with you,  
Pastor Mark*



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## *Pastor Mark's Sermon Series*

### **November 5—ALL SAINTS SUNDAY**

Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost

**Holy Communion**

All Saints Sunday

*"Walking the Beatitudes"*

Scripture: Matthew 5:1-12

### **November 12**

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost

Veterans Day Sunday

*"Readiness Waiting"*

Scripture: Matthew 25:1-13

### **November 19**

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost

Stewardship/Consecration Sunday

*"Talents: Investing & Sharing"*

Scripture: Matthew 25:14-30

### **November 26—Dawn leads worship**

**Christ The King/Reign of Christ Sunday**

Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost

Stewardship/Consecration Sunday

*"Power in Christ"*

Scripture: Ephesians 1:15-23

*Announcements  
& Upcoming  
Events*

### **CHURCH CHARGE CONFERENCE**

**Our Church Charge Conference is Thursday, November 9<sup>th</sup>.**

**6:30 PM — SPRC meets**

**7:00 PM — Charge Conference begins**

All are encouraged to attend. Let's come together as we worship God and spend holy conferencing time with our new District Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Audrea Nanabray. She is asking us to share what brings you hope and joy at Tinley Park UMC.



**Hanging of the Greens**

**Our traditional Hanging of the Greens will take place Sunday, November 19. Please plan to stay after coffee hour and help prepare our church for Christ's coming.**

### **Stewardship/Consecration Sunday**

*"... for God loves a cheerful giver." [2 Corinthians 9:7]*

**Stewardship/Consecration Sunday is November 19<sup>th</sup>.**

**We make special gifts and commit to our 2024 offerings and tithes.**



# *Always* GIVE THANKS

by Nancy Conner

*No matter how difficult our lives are, we always have something for which to be thankful. We may not have a timeshare in the Caribbean, or a new Rolls Royce, or the money to vacation abroad for several months, but if we stop to think about it, there are many good things in life to thank God for and appreciate. The following excerpts are from a story by Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909) titled "The Night Before Thanksgiving." The protagonist, Mrs. Mary Ann Robb, is elderly, poor, and has physical difficulties. On the night before thanksgiving, Mrs. Robb reflects on her life and remembers a young orphan boy whom she helped many years ago. The good we extend to others returns in our darkest hour of need.*

## ***THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING*** ***By Sarah Orne Jewett (published in 1905)***



Sarah Orne Jewett

There was a sad heart in the low-storied, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead.

There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house, but almost a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time.



For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that there was no use for any one so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbors, and Mrs. Robb had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still.... So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow land, brown and wind-swept and crossed by icy ditches. It seemed to her as if before this, in all the troubles that she had known and carried, there had always been some hope to hold—as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before....

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He would plough over the graves in the field corner and fell the great elms, and waited now like a spider for his poor prey. He often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond; the clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely gleam shot swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

## "The Night Before Thanksgiving" (continued)

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann Robb softly. "He was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn't see the poor boy in want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite o' what anybody said, an' he helped me what little he could. He said I was the only mother he 'd ever had. 'I'm goin' out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I sha'n't come back till I get rich,' an' then he'd look at me an' laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doin' very well when I heard,—there, it's most four years ago now. I always thought if he got sick or anything, I should have a good home for him to come to...The light faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by the window, hoping now, in spite of herself, instead of fearing; and a curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed. .

"I feel just as if somethin' was goin' to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if he's alive." It was dark now out of doors, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow, and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead....



It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered....And she drew a little nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking-chair. "Who's there?" she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was only conscious of her one great fear. "They've come to take me to the poor-house!" she said, and burst into tears.

"Dear me, what is it?" she faltered, stepping back as he came in, and dropping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'? I was a-dreamin' about— Oh, there! What was I a-sayin'? 'T ain't true! No! I've made some kind of a mistake." The man by the door took one step forward and put his arm round her and kissed her.

"What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You ain't goin' to make me feel like a stranger? I've come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgivin'. There's all sorts o' things out here in the wagon, an' a man to help get 'em in. Why, don't cry so, Mother Robb. I thought you 'd have a great laugh, if I come and surprised you. Don't you remember I always said I should come?"

It was John Harris, indeed. The poor soul could say nothing. She felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old boyish way, bringing in the store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send away the man to bring a wagonful of wood....The great, cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still? And he remembered everything, and kissed her as they stood before the fire, as if she were a girl.



"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; . . . an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came," and he told it while she cooked the supper.... He was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together, just as they used to do when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you 're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!"

**"Showing gratitude is one of the simplest yet most powerful things humans can do for each other."  
~Randy Pausch, author of *The Last Lecture***



Source: [everywritersresource.com](http://everywritersresource.com)



Exercise your mind by completing the Nature Word Search Puzzle.

Sea  
Nature  
Sand  
Beach  
Leaves  
Winter  
River  
Ocean  
Storm  
Trees  
Fruit  
Stone  
Water  
Flood  
Pond  
Hills  
Lake  
Snow  
Rain  
Wind

X	U	F	G	R	M	A	W	S	E	A	H	Z	V	F	A	L	O	I	P
H	B	U	J	B	H	D	R	A	L	I	H	L	Q	S	B	A	R	D	B
B	P	E	Y	H	V	O	N	U	T	F	T	P	H	T	M	K	T	C	F
X	O	X	A	X	O	S	K	O	X	E	D	P	M	P	G	E	U	R	V
T	J	P	C	C	Z	W	A	L	P	D	R	Z	U	H	E	J	X	K	Z
A	D	K	Q	R	H	X	T	E	V	H	Q	E	J	J	Q	D	D	A	X
E	H	J	D	H	S	V	P	A	D	E	U	J	M	G	S	X	V	F	O
K	D	B	L	U	A	S	Y	V	G	S	E	E	H	M	V	N	C	E	E
V	X	T	E	I	N	B	W	E	I	A	A	S	L	T	U	O	K	T	J
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V	J	O	W	C	N	O	O	T	A	G	R	H	P	N	Z	O	O	B	T
P	R	A	I	N	B	O	W	U	B	D	Q	E	F	T	B	W	S	A	L
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T	R	E	E	S	H	X	N	U	F	M	N	M	S	E	N	G	T	R	N



Weather

Forest

Volcano

Rainbow

Flower

Daffodil

Summer

Insects

Mountains



*"Adopt the pace of nature: her secret is patience."*

*~ Ralph Waldo Emerson*





by Nancy Conner

## Thanksgiving Traditions from Around the Globe



Think back—way back—to your childhood. How did your family celebrate Thanksgiving? I remember starting the holiday by going to mass as I was Catholic then. After mass, we—my mom and cousins—walked to my grandparent’s house where my mom prepared Thanksgiving dinner. My dad usually had to work, but he joined us when his shift at South Works was finished. Once we arrived, all the young people watched the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade while my mom and grandmother roasted a turkey with all the side dishes. In addition to the turkey, we sometimes had lasagna. There was enough food to feed the Italian Army. In my mind’s eye, I can see my mom and grandmother preparing dinner. Where would we be without our family traditions to cling to; they bring us comfort during the holidays. Let’s look at how other countries celebrate Thanksgiving.

Believe it or not, the United States was not the first country to celebrate Thanksgiving. The **Canadians** were the first. “In 1578, an expedition led by the English navigator Martin Frobisher held a ceremony in what is now Nunavut, giving thanks for the safety of their fleet. This is considered the first-ever Thanksgiving celebration in North America. However, the indigenous people of Canada and Native Americans held harvest festivals long before the Europeans arrived. “Canada’s Parliament established a national Thanksgiving Day of November 6 in 1879...in 1957 the date was changed to the second Monday in October.

In **Germany**, Thanksgiving is religious holiday known as *Erntedankfest* (harvest of thanks), and it often takes place on the first Sunday of October. Churches in Germany cities and in the rural areas celebrate the harvest, and everyone gives thanks for the good fortune the congregation experienced during the past year. “During a typical Erntedankfest, celebrants may carry an Erntekrone (“harvest crown”) of grains, fruit and flowers to the church in a solemn procession, and feast on such hearty fare as die Masthühnchen (fatted-up chickens).



It may seem unusual that **Liberia**, the West African republic, celebrates Thanksgiving. According to history, Liberia was established in the early 1820s by freed slaves from the United States and a private organization called the American Colonization Society, which helped African Americans return to the country of their origins. “In the early 1880s, Liberia’s government passed an act declaring the first Thursday of November as National Thanksgiving Day. Today, it’s a largely Christian holiday: Churches auction off baskets filled with local fruits like papayas and mangoes after their services, and local families feast on the bounty. Instead of turkey and pumpkin, Liberia’s Thanksgiving tables boast items such as spicy roast chicken and mashed cassavas, and live music and dancing are part of the Thanksgiving tradition.”



In **Japan**, Thanksgiving is a celebration of worker’s rights called “*Kinro Kansha no Hi*, which evolved from an ancient rice harvest.” The roots of this date back as far as the seventh century A.D., and the festival date was established as November and has remained the same since. “The modern tradition of Labor Thanksgiving Day began in 1948. Rather than eating a huge feast, the public observes it as a national holiday whereby “citizens are encouraged to celebrate the principles of hard work and community involvement.” For the occasion, children make and send thank-you cards to policemen, firefighters and other municipal workers.

*“If you are really thankful, what do you do? You share.  
~W. Clement Stone*



## Thanksgiving Traditions (continued)

The former British penal colony of **Norfolk Island** in the Pacific Ocean and a current Australian territory is also an illogical place for a holiday celebration with American origins. The island's Thanksgiving tradition dates back to the mid-1890s. At this time, Isaac Robinson, an American trader, decided to have an American-style Thanksgiving service in the All Saints Church in Kingston to attract visiting American whalers. The idea worked, and "parishioners on the island continue to celebrate Thanksgiving today by bringing fruits, vegetables and cornstalks to decorate the church and sing American hymns on the last Wednesday of November each year."



Grenada  
Lorem ipsum



The inhabitants of the **West Indian Island of Grenada** celebrate Thanksgiving Day each October 25. "This date is the anniversary of a joint Caribbean and U.S. military invasion of Grenada in 1983." The invading troops restored order after an army coup ousted and executed Grenada's socialist leader, Maurice Bishop. U. S. soldiers told local citizens about upcoming American holidays and traditions. To show their gratitude, many citizens invited soldiers to dine with them. The soldiers were surprised to be dining on "non-native island foods as turkey, cranberry and potatoes. Today, the Grenadian Thanksgiving features formal ceremonies of remembrance in the cities, but largely goes unmarked in more rural areas."

**Puerto Rico** became a territory of the United States in 1898, and its residents avidly adopted many of the traditional U. S. holidays. Thanksgiving is celebrated on the fourth Thursday of November each year. "Puerto Ricans have put their own twist on the traditional Thanksgiving Day feast: There is usually turkey—whether a roasted, seasoned pavochoón or a turkey stuffed with mofongo (a mashed plantain dish)—but roast pork is also a common item on the menu, accompanied with more plantains, rice, and beans."



In 1863, in the midst of the Civil War, President Abraham Lincoln declared a national Thanksgiving Day to be held each November. We have all experienced difficulties in life, but there are still many beautiful things in life for which to be thankful. This Thanksgiving, let's remember the beauty of family and friends who fill our lives with love.

*Source Used: Pruitt, Sarah. Thanksgiving Celebrations Around the World. www.history.com. 29 Sept. 2023.*

## Thanksgiving Day

Over the river, and through the wood,  
To have a first-rate play.  
Hear the bells ring  
"Ting-a-ling-ding",  
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

\* \* \*

By  
**Lydia Maria Child**  
(1802-1880)  
poet and novelist  
(poets.org)

Over the river, and through the wood,  
And straight through the barn-yard gate.  
We seem to go  
Extremely slow,—  
It is so hard to wait!

\* \* \*

Over the river, and through the wood  
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!  
Spring over the ground,  
Like a hunting-hound!  
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

\* \* \*



Over the river and through the wood—  
Now grandmother's cap I spy!  
Hurrah for the fun!  
Is the pudding done?  
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

## On Giving & Helping

**H**OW many people do you know who you would consider to be “remarkable?” By remarkable, I mean those who would go to the extreme and perhaps put him/herself in danger to help someone. Of course, we know that the most remarkable person is Jesus; he gave his life to save us. We may not know anyone this remarkable, but I’ve read about some people who risked everything to fight for their beliefs. One such person was the mime, **Marcel Marceau**, a French Jew born in Strasbourg, France, and moved with his family to Limoges during the Nazi occupation. Marceau, along with his brother Alain and cousin Georges, joined the resistance and helped Jewish children escape France during World War II. He and his group dressed as scout leaders, and they walked from France over the Alps to bring groups of children to safety in Switzerland. He carried no weapon; he used his skills as a mime and actor to keep the children quiet while bringing them to safety.



Another remarkable human being was **Brother Roger of Taizé**, France, who founded a Christian community where people from twenty different countries and of many Christian denominations, lived, worked, and prayed together. Brother Roger’s work began in 1940 when he left Switzerland, the country of his birth, to go and live in France, the country where his mother was from. He was twenty-five years old, and for years, he coped with tuberculosis. As he was recovering, he felt a call to help refugees seeking shelter.

The small village of Taizé, where he was living, “was close to the demarcation line dividing France in two; it was well-situated for sheltering refugees fleeing the war. Friends from Lyon started giving the address of Taizé to people in need of a place of safety.” Brother Roger eventually bought an empty house in Taizé, which was part of unoccupied France at the time. This is where he hid Christians and Jews who were forced to flee the Nazi secret police.

As a child, Brother Roger longed for someone to listen to him—hear his worries and concerns. During his youth, children were taught to keep their distance from adults. After forming his Christian Community, Brother Roger vowed to listen to and understand those who came to him seeking solace—especially the young. In his attempt to do this, he discovered the understanding he was seeking for himself.

According to author Sue Monk Kidd, “This principle never fails. If you seek to be understood, then dedicate your life to understanding others. If you seek to be comforted, then dedicate yourself to giving comfort. If you seek greater faith, then commit yourself to planting it in others.”

Not everyone is called upon to make an extreme sacrifice, but we are called upon daily to do what is right, to care about those who are less fortunate, and to defend those who cannot defend themselves. A person who tries to do these things is *remarkable*.

Sources Used: Brother Roger, Founder of Taizé. [www.taize.fr](http://www.taize.fr).

*Women’s Devotional: New Testament With Psalms & Proverbs.* (1990) Zondervan Corporation.

*“Be present in all things and thankful for all things.”*  
~ *Maya Angelou*