

United Parish
801 Main
Box 175
Bottineau, ND 58318

Facebook

We are on the web

www.unitedparishbottineau.com

Newsletter News:

Send

unitedparishbottineau@gmail.com

Deadline for November Newsletter is

October 26 - looking for articles

Church office - 228-2800

Secretary - 228-8123



Because of the virus
JoAn Olson's family
has requested birthday
cards be sent to her.

JoAn Olson
% Waldron Place
1074 E. 23rd Ave.
Hutchinson, Ks 67502

Thank You

Thank you to everyone
who helped in
delivering Meals on
Wheels for the month of
August and part of
September. It was
greatly appreciated.



Please be sure to read the church protocols and group
protocols on the front page. These are guidelines for
now from Parish Council.

Church Schedule:

October 4 - Pastor Carol
October 11 - Janell Shannon
October 18 - Pastor Carol
October 25 -

Church services
will be held in the
sanctuary starting
in October.

Up Beat

United Parish Newsletter

October 2020

Church protocols

No fellowship prior to church

We utilize every other row - rows that
cannot be used will be marked, Try to
say in family groups in rows to limit
contact.

Practice social distancing

Masks are not required, but they are
highly recommended. We will attempt
to have some extras at the back for
anyone who forgot theirs

If you are feeling ill or have a fever,
please stay home

Following worship we will dismiss by
row to limit congestion. We will start in
the back and work forward

Group protocols

Follow social distancing during time and church

Masks are not required, but they are highly recom-
mended.

If you are feeling ill or have fever, please stay home

We are currently asking that no one uses the fireside
room due to the difficulty of properly sanitizing.
Groups are limited to the fellowship hall.

We ask that all surfaces that were touched be wiped
down.

Groups will have to submit the days they would like to
utilize the fellowship hall for approval.

This is to make sure only one group is in the building
at a time.

Fleeing the Oregon Fires Forced Me to Rethink the Future - Sarah Sanderson

The exiled Israelites followed a pillar of smoke, one day at a time. Maybe I can do the same.

September 10 was supposed to be my first day of teaching online. Almost exactly six months before, I
stood in a classroom and asked my students if reports of the coronavirus made them feel afraid. It
turned out to be the last conversation we would have face to face. That evening, our governor can-
celed school, and the remainder of the year was eventually scuttled.

Last week was supposed to be a time to establish connection with a new crop of students and to usher in a new kind of normal with virtual teaching. But late Wednesday afternoon in Clackamas County, Oregon, the color of the air changed. I saw great orange-gray billows piling up over the roof, and the sun looked like a red eye blinking down through the haze.

The next day, smoke poured in, obscuring first the distant hills, then the nearer hills, then the trees at the end of our street. Finally, at 2 o’clock that afternoon, when local officials moved the boundary of the evacuation zone from five miles away to five blocks away and as ash began to drift down onto our laurel hedges, I decided to pack up my kids and go. I filled my car with birth certificates, photo albums, and computers and then drove away, trying to stay ahead of the encroaching flames.

The West Coast fires aren’t the first disaster of this year. As the calamities pile up, my friends and I keep saying to one another, “2020!” As if this year is a one-off. As if, when the calendar turns to January 1, 2021, our troubles will be over. But as the year drags on, I’m finding it harder to hope for the possibility of better times anytime soon. What if 2020 is not an anomaly but a bellwether? What if the problems accumulating now—climate change and racial reckoning, political division and disease control—get worse before they get better?

As I drove up the freeway surrounded by smoke and bumper-to-bumper traffic, unable to see the mountains and trees, unable to see the water under the bridge as we crossed from Oregon into Washington, I thought of the Israelites in the desert, wandering along after the pillar of fire and the cloud of smoke. They’d had a doozy of a year themselves. Some of the plagues had been reserved for the Egyptians, but other hardships had fallen on the Israelites: the late-night escape, the pursuing army, and the walk through the middle of a sea.

When they began to follow God into the desert, they had no idea that 40 years would pass before they emerged. Would it have been better if they had known? Probably not. They didn’t need to see the end from the beginning. All they needed to see was where God led. All they needed to watch was the movement of the cloud. “At the Lord’s command they encamped, and at the Lord’s command they set out” (Num. 9:23).

In these days of 2020, we are all a bit like the ancient Israelites: evacuees from the world as we knew it, headed out into the unknown. We still write things on our calendars, of course. We cast our visions and make our plans. In past years, some of us have gotten away with imagining that the pages of those planners depict the future with accuracy. But 2020 has laid bare the truth that our times have always been in God’s hands. What will happen next year or next week? Will school be canceled by a pandemic or a wildfire? What disaster will strike next? We cannot know.

I used to wonder why God chose to appear to the Israelites by day in a cloud of smoke. A pillar of fire, at least, gives light and heat. Smoke, on the other hand, reduces visibility. It disorients and obfuscates. But on that long freeway drive, I saw the symbolic purpose of smoke: It forces us to admit that we can’t see where we’re going, and it forces us to rely on God.

. A Sunday School teacher asked her class, "Does anyone here know what we mean by sins of omission?" A small girl replied: "Aren't those the sins we should have committed, but didn't?"



October Birthdays

- 01 – Logan James Moss
- 3 – Andy Mills
- 8 - David Kyle
- 10 – Rhonda Milbrath
- 11 – Ralph Bjornseth
- 11- Sharon Whetter
- 12 - Anna Elizabeth Sand
- 14 – Brenda Gardner
- 20 - Linda Kyle
- 21 – Bryson Mills
- 24 – Margo Knudson
- 29 - Ethan Kippen



Anniversaries

- 19 – Leo & Clairen Jostad
- 21 - Jordan & Taylor Kippen
- 24 – Lloyd & Peggy Nelson

*“I think part of trusting
God is looking to the
future with excitement,
not worry and dread. We
know that He is going to work
out everything for His good, and in that joy
is found.”*

Allison Marie

United Parish Quilters

Dan Novodvorsky - MaryLou Reamer

Practicing What You Preach

An honest man was being tailgated by a stressed out woman on a busy boulevard. Suddenly, the light turned yellow just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection.

The tailgating woman hit the roof, and the horn, screaming in frustration as she missed her chance to get through the intersection.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up. He took her to the police station where she was searched, fingerprinted, and photographed, and then placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects.

He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you, and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'What Would Jesus Do?' bumper sticker, the 'Follow Me to Sunday School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk. Naturally, I assumed you had stolen the car!"

- Author Unknown