

Pilgrim Perspective

A Newsletter of Pilgrim Presbyterian Church in America
601 Albert Street, Martinsburg, WV 25404
Rev. Jerry C. Mead, Pastor

August/September 2016

Cooking Column

Chicken Tetrazzini

By Marilyn Sauder

16 oz. cooked spaghetti
8 T butter
2 cups canned mushrooms
4 T flour
4 cups chicken broth
2 tsp salt
1/4 tsp pepper
Whole chicken, cooked, boned & diced
2 cups half & half
1 cup parmesan cheese

Cook chicken, bone and dice into bite-size pieces. Strain and save 4 cups of chicken broth from the cooked chicken. Saute mushrooms in 4 T of butter—add flour, and stir to make a roux. Gradually stir in broth and cook until thickened. Remove from heat. Stir in half & half, salt and pepper. Add sauce to spaghetti. Pour into 9 x 13 greased casserole pan. Cover with Parmesan cheese. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes until bubbly on edges.

Thank You!

Dear Ones at Pilgrim,

I want to let you know how much I appreciate your prayers and financial help. We had 600 at the Center for last months JAARS Day. We're trusting that God will call many out to serve in missions. My oldest son Steve and his wife Nancy are on their way to Canada to help in an Indian Camp for 4 weeks. What a blessing this is to me. I'm enjoying worshipping at the Shiloh Presbyterian Church here. I use to teach full time but am just filling in now when needed.

Looking unto Jesus,
Connie Catlett

Birthdays & Anniversaries

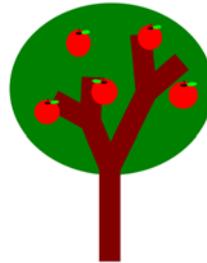
August

2 – Judy Butts
2 – Greg & Mim Mead
2 – James & Suzanne Rogers
3 – Suzanne Rogers
3 – Jeff Jones
4 – Paul & Donna Hercules
5 – Don & Virginia Fowler
8 – Kathy Price
11 – Susan Zych
13 – Geoff Mead
17 – Beulah Bush
17 – Brian Cookus
18 – Jim & Kathy Price
19 – Logan Cater
21 – Charlie Kemp
22 – Kenny Cookus
22 – Gene & Shirley Grove
31 – Louise Brady



September

2 – Kenny & Patsy Cookus
4 – Howard Butts
7 – Toad & Judy Brandt
10 – Nancy Manuel
16 – Frances Newbraugh
16 – James Rogers
22 – Virginia Fowler
22 – Henry & Janice Cook
23 – Eleanor Jones
25 – Jim Carrier
26 – Shirley Schoppert



October

12 – Karen Dotson
12 – Cristi Moreland
17 – Jim & Denise Carrier
19 – Jim Aldridge
20 – Jim & Wanda Brady
20 – Janice Cook
23 – Cindy Conner
23 – Daniel & Elizabeth Jones
28 – Jim & Rita Fink
31 – Mike & Deborah Kisner



Operation Christmas Child

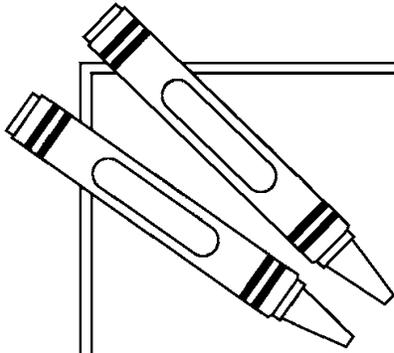
Christmas 2016 is less than five months away! It may seem like a long way off yet, but now is the time to begin preparing for the Samaritan's Purse Operation Christmas Child shoebox collection in which we at Pilgrim will again be participating. School items are usually on sale in August which can give us a head start and savings in preparing our shoeboxes. Last year we collected forty-four shoeboxes which blessed forty-four children with not only the gifts but with the gospel message as well. Please consider participating by taking a shoebox or two and following the guidelines on the brochure on how and what to pack in the shoebox. And, most importantly, pray for the child who will receive your shoebox this Christmas. The gift-filled shoebox should be returned before or by Sunday, November 13, 2016. The following is the testimony of Vladimir "Ted" Foreman, a young man born in Russia to alcoholic parents but a shoebox and the gospel of Jesus Christ changed his life for eternity.

Vladimir 'Ted' Foreman was born in Russia and grew up emotionally broken, with no hope. Like so many children in Russia, his parents were alcoholics, so at three years old he and his two sisters joined four hundred other young residents at a government-run home for orphans. Every child felt the same sense of loss, Ted said, We knew we were not loved. The daily routine was a mass production; the staff was there to earn money to take home to their families, so the bare minimum was done for us. It is not unusual for children to be placed in one orphanage and about the time they felt acclimated, they are moved to another, often being separated from siblings. Many cannot hope for the future because they have no sense of the past. As Ted said, there was no sense of possession. Ted and his twenty roommates shared many things: one bath a week in dirty water, one towel never clean or dry, and a dreadful existence accompanied by hungry stomachs and lonely hearts. He remembers being taken to an orthodox church on occasion. He hoped to find some connection there. I remember talking to the priest and he gave me a list of rules I couldn't keep, Ted recounted. I began to doubt that religion could help me with my problems. I didn't know any god, and if there was a god, he would not care about me. One day following a doctors appointment, Ted returned to the orphanage and immediately sensed a very different environment. Something is happening here, he reflected. But he wasn't sure how to describe it until sometime later; it was joy! When Ted walked into the classroom, he didn't notice the barren walls. Instead, the room lit up with colorful boxes on each desk. The place sparkled with sunshine, seen in the eyes and smiles of the children. Laughter put a thrill in the air. Voices filled the room with hope. This had never happened before he recalled. Ted was reluctant to get too excited about the box, figuring that it would be given then taken away. But when he was convinced that it was his he thought, wow, somebody really packed this just for me? That someone outside his life would care was unimaginable. The box was filled with things I never thought I would possess. But what meant the most was the toothpaste. It smelled so good—like bubble gum—so I ate the entire tube at once. *Continued on page 3*

Continued from page 2

It filled the hole in my stomach. Then I found a brand new towel. I learned later it was called a washcloth, a hand towel, a bath towel, a decorative towel. In Russia, a towel was a towel. To think I could own my own personal towel was more than I could have ever hoped for and I cherished and guarded it because it belonged to me. I didn't hear about Jesus Christ that day because I was late to the party, but the seed of hope was born in me the day the shoebox came and I was determined to find out about the One who loved me so much. In time, my sisters and I were adopted by a couple in Minnesota and I had a family who loved me. At first, the only way my dad and I could communicate was for him to type something in English and then the computer would translate for me. One day I went down to the basement where my dad was working. He could tell I wanted to "Talk" so using this high-tech form of communication he typed, 'Hey Ted, now that you are in America and have a family who loves you, are you truly happy?' The question surprised me. Of course I'm happy. How could I not be happy with all the good that had happened to me? But I sat back and thought about the answer and concluded that there really was something bigger than this. As awesome as family is, there had to be something more. I believed that if I could discover the source of hope, it would fill up the "empty place" still deep inside. I tried to explain this to my dad. That's when he shared the Gospel with me. He did it so simply. As I tried to process this revelation, I remembered the difference the shoebox had made in my life—and the sense of hope it brought. It was a free gift but I had to receive it not fearing that it would be taken away. Now I knew the One who had provided the gift—His name is Jesus. And He came into my life through a simple gift that someone had packed and sent in His name. At that moment, my life was transformed. In fact, my parents would have said that I did a 180—I was a changed boy. The hope that I felt for years was now defined in Christ, the source of hope—the God of hope. Realizing this mystery had been unlocked, I wanted to tell everybody. This became my next step along my journey of faith. I learned to pray, asking God to help me share this great news. One morning I noticed my mom wearing a shirt with a familiar logo. My sisters and I looked at it and became so hyper that we talked a mile a minute—in Russian. Then we noticed the perplexed look on my parents' faces as if to say, 'English please!' Working out our recollections, we came to the same conclusion—the logo was exactly the same as what appeared on the tape that sealed the shoebox gifts—it hadn't changed over the years. This was Operation Christmas Child! We learned that our parents had packed shoeboxes since 1995 and even wondered if they had packed the shoeboxes we received, but what excited us more was when they said we could pack boxes with them that very fall using some of our own money to buy the gifts. I only had \$37, but nothing thrilled me more than to be on this side of the box; sending to a kid maybe just like me, who needed salvation in Christ. To think that God would use me—a broken vessel—to proclaim the greatest message of all, through Operation Christmas Child, is humbling and exciting.

Wow! Just for Me? From Operation Christmas Child by Franklin Graham and Donna Lee Toney



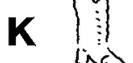
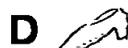
Just for **KIDS**

1 John 2:6

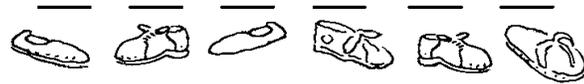
Find these important words written to Christians everywhere by John, disciple of Jesus.



Code:



“



”