

SUMMER 2016

# FIRST EDITION

PONTIAC FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

## Tutoring

Richard  
(Dick)

Winters

50 YEARS

IN BABY FOLD

## Scouting News

## History of Our Church

*SIGNS OF GROWTH* | A Pastoral Perspective



PASTOR TOM GOODELL

*"The Mission of our church is to make disciples of Jesus Christ for the transformation of Pontiac and the world!"*

## PASTORAL PERSPECTIVE

It was one year ago this month in June of 2015, that our family moved to Pontiac. We knew the community well, having traveled here many times before for the Indian Marching Band Competition, (both of our sons marched in the Washington Community High School Band), twenty five years ago Sherry worked here at the old St. James Hospital, and Tom visited his grandparents who were residents of Evenglow Lodge.

As I look back over the past year, and my how quickly it has passed, I am amazed to see how quickly the Holy Spirit has moved through our church.

We have repaired and renovated our narthex/gathering area, repainted & updated our kitchen, thanks in part to a memorial for Oveta Hepperly, and purchased a new bus thanks to a grant. We hired a Nursery Coordinator, upgraded our worship software and approved a new nursery suite. We have established new money handling procedures, a building use policy and rules for accounts at the church. We sold the Bailey Drive parsonage, updated the Derron Drive parsonage, and reworked the landscaping around our church building.

These are all important signs of growth and the active presence of the Holy Spirit, but they are not what I am most excited about. What stirs my soul as I look back on my first year as pastor here, and fires me up as I think about this coming year, is the optimism and hope of this congregation. We truly believe that God is not done with us. We have a mission to be engaged in and our best years are still in ahead of us!

I love that scene from the book of Ezekiel (37) where the prophet lands in a valley of human bones and is asked by the Lord, "can these dry bones live?" The prophet gives the right answer, "only you, Lord, know." But in his response the prophet hints at the hope that is always present when speaking about God and God's people, "yes!" Ezekiel is then told to prophesy to those bones.

I believe that these bones are already alive and that we are engaged in the work of hope for our community.

I see this so many times during the week. On Tuesday afternoons when a faithful group of servants gather to plan for children's ministry the following Sunday. On Friday mornings when other servants stop by to make sure the sanctuary looks beautiful for Sunday morning. On Tuesday and Thursday afternoons when more servants head over to Meadowview Court to prepare for children who will arrive for our after-school tutoring. Or on Sunday mornings when a whole host of servants arrive to prepare for fellowship and worship and Sunday School. The evidence that we believe we are fully alive and working with hope is so clear. I thank God I get to prophesy to these bones!

In my second year of appointment I anticipate completing the nursery project, implementing our new Sunday evening children's ministry, working to create more opportunities for adult Bible study, and helping us focus on evangelism in our community. I am excited and can hardly wait for the calendar to turn to July 1 (the date pastors begin an appointment). I know that you share that excitement. And we know that the Spirit leads that excitement. Amen.

*Pastor Tom*

## ARTICLE ABOUT DICK WINTERS



*Our friends at The Baby Fold, a United Methodist ministry to children and their families, shared this article with us about our own Dick Winters. serving Children for 50 years*



Richard (Dick) Winters is celebrating 50 consecutive years of service on the Board of Directors for the Baby Fold. Dick joined the board on May 13, 1966 and was the 22<sup>nd</sup> and the 27<sup>th</sup> President of The Board of Directors. He is the first district member to hold this position and also the first individual to serve two terms as President. Dick served as Treasurer and Vice president and was an active member of the Executive Director Selection Committee and placed an important role in the selection of The Baby Fold's investment counsel. During his tenure, he also served faithfully as chairman and a member of the Business Committee and the Long Range Planning Committee setting.

Pat Grogg, The Baby Folds Interim Vice President said, "Dick's entire record of service to this agency has been marked by loyalty, objective judgment and a concern for people." Dick and his wife, Eleanor, are dedicated philanthropists and world travelers.

The Baby Fold is a non-profit organization that focuses on specialized education for children and preserving high-risk adoptions, family, and community counseling.

## PFUMC PARISH NURSES

### HEALTH NEWS



### Bites and Stings-Insects, Spiders, and Ticks



In the spring and summer, look out for our "flying friends", those being bees, wasps, yellow jackets, and spiders. Some people do have severe reactions to these "nuisance" creatures. Bites and stings from insects as bees, wasps, yellow jackets, and spiders usually cause pain, swelling, redness, and itching at the site of the sting or bite. Sometimes, this lasts several days. A few people have severe allergic reactions that may affect the whole body. This can be deadly. Spider bites are rarely serious, but, in some may cause an allergic reaction. A bite from a female black widow spider may cause chills, fever, nausea, and severe belly cramps. A bite from a brown recluse spider causes intense pain. You may also get a blister that turns into an open sore. You may have nausea, vomiting, headaches and chills. Usually using ice on the bite, or a paste of baking soda mixed with a little water will help relieve the pain and decrease the reaction.

If you have unrelieved symptoms, contact your health care provider.  
*Info from Healthwise for Life*



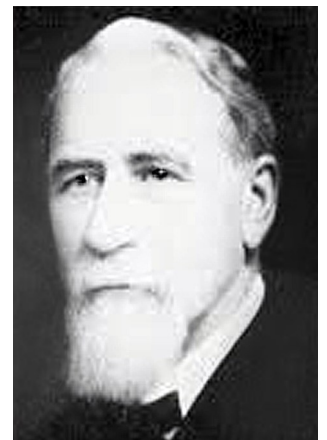
## HISTORY OF OUR CHURCH



C.E. Legg

In the late summer of 1890 several historic events dominated the news. Wyoming became our 44<sup>th</sup> state, and the first to give women the vote. Denton "Cy" Young pitched and won his first game, he would go on to win many more and get the highest award for a baseball pitcher named after him. The Mormon Church finally issued a manifesto abandoning the practice of polygamy. Yosemite National Park was created. And President Benjamin Harrison installed electric service at The White House and had his voice recorded on an early version of the phonograph (a sort of record player).

And at First United Methodist Church, then known as Pontiac Methodist Episcopal Church, some 250 ministers from all over Illinois gathered in September in our sanctuary to worship and hold their annual conference. In the days before the Holiday Inn Express, the ministers received, when they arrived in Pontiac, a "bus ticket which entitled the holder to be set down at the home he was to occupy." In other words, every member of our church agreed to host a minister or two for the week of annual conference. I am unsure of whether they held a lottery for this, or who got to choose which pastors stayed on their hide-a-beds for a week!



Dr. Charles H. Long, M.D.  
1850–1922

The ministers gathered daily in our church, then just five years old having burned in 1885, for prayer, worship led by Bishop Merrill, and the sessions of conference. An early report gave rave reviews of our hospitality and zeal for the church. "It was a great uplift for the church", according to our church history. "And from this time Pontiac Methodism has steadily grown in favor with man and with the Lord as manifested by His rich blessings."

Among the names mentioned as lay stewards helping with this annual conference were Clark Edgar Legg. Legg arrived in Pontiac from West Virginia with his parents at the age of one. As a young man he worked in D. M. Lyons downtown shoe store, working his way up to partnership and helping form the Pontiac Shoe Manufacturing Company in 1889. Within twenty years the factory was producing 1,500 pair of shoes daily and employed as many as 500, with sales reaching nearly half a million dollars annually (about 7 million today). Legg was very active in the church serving for a number of years as Sunday School superintendent. Sunday School numbers in the 1890s often exceeded those of worship and the budget for Sunday School was typically much higher than the operating budget for the church. Legg died in 1924 (Livingston County Historical Society).

Dr. Charles H. Long, a graduate of Illinois Wesleyan University, is another prominent lay member mentioned in the history of the 1890 conference. Long came to Pontiac to practice medicine and is remembered as "modest, quiet and unassuming, and yet a most potent factor in every enterprise in the city of Pontiac which is calculated to do good unto his fellow men" (An Historical Sketch of Illinois Wesleyan University: University Press, Bloomington, Illinois, 1895).



(Cont. from page 4)

A third name prominently mentioned is J. C. Kalleen who was assistant superintendent at the Illinois Reform School in Pontiac. The reform school housed up to 400 boys, aged 8 to 16, who studied, received work release (some of them to the Pontiac Shoe Company), and Christian instruction often under the direction of the good, Mr. Kalleen. The Reform School became, eventually, the prison that is built on its grounds today (Livingston County Historical Society, and "A Century of Service; First United Methodist Church of Pontiac). Sadly, there is no mention of any female leaders but hey this was 1890. The next year, however, our Ladies Aid Society raised funds for and had installed electric lighting in the church.

No further word was shared about the aftermath of the 250 preachers who visited Pontiac and stayed in our homes. There is no record in the official church history of missing towels or bathrobes either! What is recorded is the sense of pride that our church was selected to host this affair, and the appreciation of pastors and leaders across this great state for our wonderful church.

## FUMC Tutoring Program

By Sandy Graham Tutoring Director

Thank you for all your support and prayers. As we prepare for the fall, here is a list of items that could be donated:

- Spiral notebooks
- Binders
- Trapper keepers
- Paper
- Pencils
- Colored pencils ( we ran short of these last year)
- Scissors
- Rulers
- Protractors
- Pens
- Graph paper
- Expo marker sets
- Kleenex

Many of these items will be going on sale as the start of school gets closer! We also need the following for our program when it starts a new year in August:

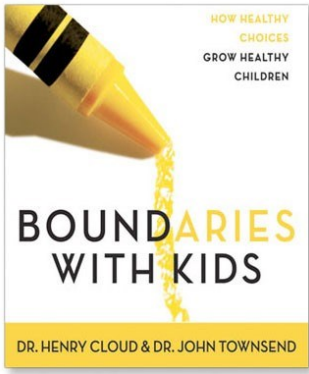
- Healthy snacks (*i.e. granola bars, fresh fruit, fresh veggies, peanut butter, jelly, crackers, cheese sticks, tortilla chips, salsa*)
- Cleaning wipes
- Kleenex
- Tape
- Tag boards for posters
- Markers

It has been an eventful year for the FUMC Tutoring Program. Our FUMC Tutoring Team includes: Jim Morse, Nancy Osman, Donna Zarwell, Sharon Arnold, Sandy Leonard, David Meader, Michelle Clark, Sandy Shay, Kevin Bromley and Tracy Bromley. Mary Hamilton joined our team to provide music once each week. In addition, Pastor Tom Goodell has joined us several times to provide Bible Stories for the kids. Each night includes homework help, reading, educational games, and games for fun. In addition, time is spent helping kids learn letters, math facts, reading strategies, drawing, and getting to know students so we can better help and motivate them.

The Pontiac 66ers Basketball Team came for an entire session to meet the kids, play games, color, and share motivational stories. It was an inspiring time for kids and adults alike. The players took the time to talk to individual students and make real connections with the kids!

Our big event to end the year was a field trip to Brookfield Zoo. The Livingston County Housing Authority paid for the bus. An outreach program for the Brookfield Zoo gave us tickets. We had some snacks donated and were able to feed the kids at the zoo from our budget. It was a wonderful day full of excited kids and adults getting to visit their favorite sites and animals. A storm during the last hour made it a trip we will never forget. However, we all made it safely to the bus and as the storm subsided, we headed home. During the ride home, kids and adults were sharing lots of stories about the day. Although all were tired, you could see constant smiles and excitement as the kids shared their experiences from the zoo.

(Cont. on page 6)



The Tutoring Ministry Team is studying “Boundaries With Kids” during the summer months. We hope to find more ways to help students develop the skills and confidence to be successful in school and in life. If anyone would like to join our team, please contact Sandy Graham at sandragraham10@hotmail.com or 815-822-1419.

There are many ways you could help with this ministry. We always need helpers to tutor or just talk with the students. It is very important that each student gets a chance to be heard, discuss what is going on at school, talk about hopes and dreams, and hear about what Jesus is doing and can do in their lives. A real connection can be made by just playing a game of checkers or helping with spelling words. You could help pre-prepare and serve snacks, lead a craft, share a hobby, read a book. Just being there as a role model who cares is the most important thing you might do!

In January, we began our fifth year for this ministry. I was thinking about how it started. As educators, we were and are continually having things added to the job description. Educating students about bullying, creating programs to prevent bullying, cultural education, understanding and respecting individuals, and character building, etc. As I look at that list, I felt that many of the ideas and concepts we are asking of teachers are really more of a church responsibility.

It was not easy to get the program started. We advertised and put fliers on each door for our opening night. We even advertised that we would have pizza. Guess how many people showed up! Zero. So, we went door-to-door and invited people to come for pizza. Finally, a few people came. We averaged 5-10 students per night that year. We held an Easter Egg hunt and gave out candy and our numbers improved.

We were excited about the second year and again advertised our first night. Again, zero showed up! We again went door-to-door and the numbers started growing. Rosaline Reed was one of the original tutors. I will never forget the night that she looked at me and smiled: “Sandy, we are really doing something good here!” It wasn’t the numbers that mattered. It was and is more about the relationships. However, our numbers consistently average between 20-30 students per night. We now run the church van to pick up students around town.

We are finally getting to know several of the parents of the kids in our programs. At the end of the 2014-2015 school-year, we took our first trip to Brookfield Zoo. Two of our regular girls asked me to talk to their mom because she wasn’t

letting them go on the trip. So one night after tutoring I went over to their apartment. It turned out she was a very caring mother concerned about her daughters’ safety. Even more, she questioned who the First United Methodist Church was. She looked me in the face and said she worried about her daughters attending a program – especially a field trip with a church who didn’t believe in Christ. Ok, I could handle that discussion. We talked about FUMC and the fact that we do believe in Christ and that it is through Him and only Him, we have salvation. More questions and answers: yes, we believe in the Holy Trinity – the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. We had this great conversation and got to know each other better. She still didn’t let the girls go on the trip, but something much more important happened – another relationship. As I left, I realized I was not nearly as tired as when I had gone in to talk with her. Then it hit me and I looked up to say a little prayer: “Yes, Father, I get it now. Sharing your story and talking about our church is easy. It doesn’t have to be planned and it might come at a time when I thought I was too tired to do it! Thank you for leading me through it and I hope I represented you well. And, oh yes, I do now realize I can do discipleship!”

As we meet the parents, we find many caring and struggling adults. Most want to do a good job parenting. Our program has so many ways it could grow. We need your help, your support, and your prayers.



Tutoring Group at the Brookfield Zoo....on a rainy day!



## A Note of Thanks to Tutoring

*Sandy: I just wanted to take a minute to express my sincere thanks to FUMC, your tutoring team and you for having a heart for the children who live in public housing and for the vision you have for their futures. These children are precious and have multiple physical and emotional needs. It warms my heart to hear the chatter, laughter and singing from the children after school on the days you are here spending time with them. They need good role models, hugs, and people who love them and invest time in their lives. Your team provides those things and much more for them. Words seem so inadequate to express the deep appreciation I have for all of you but please know that the time you spend here and what you do for these children does not go unnoticed. The exciting thing is that what you do for the children spills over into their homes and has an impact on the parents. I just can't thank you enough for having a vision and desire to help the kids learn, build character in their lives and motivate them to be successful in life. I am so thankful God brought you to us and for all you do for our children. God Bless you as you plan for another school year. You and your team are greatly appreciated.*

*With a Grateful Heart,*

*DiAnne Witsman, Executive Director, Livingston County Housing Authority*

## Memories of Summer Camp



By Doug Swift,  
Scoutmaster Troop 76

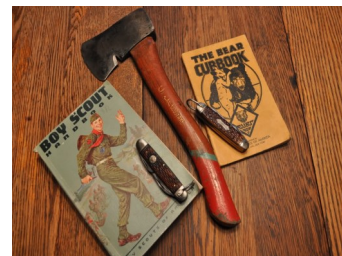
Summer for Scouts means one thing, Summer Camp! One glorious solid week of being wet, hot, buggy, muddy and no parents around to say “no you can't do that” Note: Scout leaders don't count as a parent. So since it is summer I would like to share one of my favorite summer camps full of memories.

It was my very first camp as a scout. This was back in the days when Pontiac was in the Cornbelt Council and our summer camp was called Camp Heffernan just down Route 66 on Lake Bloomington, today it is the Easter Seals camp. I earned my first merit badge there, found out how far you can run while still inside a sleeping bag when you are really, really, scared and the proper way to use an axe and my introduction to the Order of the Arrow.

The first merit badge I ever earned was archery and I think I wore blisters on my fingers shooting day after day trying to score enough points to complete it. One requirement was to fletch an arrow shaft (that's tech talk for putting the feathers on it) and glue a target point on the other end. When completed I proudly shot it at the target and was surprised to see the feathers fly off in all

directions and the point was not to be found when the bare shaft was retrieved. Somewhat disappointed I suspected that I would not earn the badge after all, but my counselor said that I still had three more days of camp to finish it and with some advice and stronger glue I did. I remember coming home from summer camp feeling like Robin Hood.

One of first things a new scout wants to earn is his Totin' Chip, this gives him the right to carry a scout knife and use a camp saw and axe. We first year campers eagerly marched to the Scout Craft section of camp to earn this and made plans to meet at the trading post to purchase a bright shiny new official Scout Knife! The staff member was a football star from Bloomington and looked like Paul Bunyan with the axe perched on his shoulder. He used big words about how to use our camp tools safely and keep them sharp and oiled. “Yeah, yeah,” we thought, get on with it; after all we had a \$10 bill burning a hole in our uniform pocket that said “spend me on an official Scout Knife today”. At the conclusion of his instructions we all did our best to prove we were worthy of the piece of paper that showed the world we could carry and use a knife, axe and saw. After we secured this treasured card in our wallets the staffer showed us a few tricks with an axe and reminded us not to do





this at home or in front of our Scoutmaster! He then finished with a flourish that brought the axe down to imbed it in the log he was standing on. Unfortunately the axe head did not meet the log at quite the right angle and it bounce off the log and right into the staffer's bare ankle, for some reason Paul Bunyan was wearing flip flops. This led to a real live first aid demonstration and good advice that you should always, always, wear ankle high boots when using an axe.

One thing I never figured out at camp was why on Weds. at the noon meal we had to present a post card filled out, stamped and addressed, ready to mail to our mothers telling them that we were having a wonder time at camp. We had to give this to the dining hall steward or we didn't eat lunch that day. It seemed unnecessary since we would be seeing our moms in a couple days anyway, and the mail wasn't any faster in those days than it is today. But we couldn't miss lunch so we filled



out the post card and bought a stamp at the trading post and placed them in the mail bag the dining hall steward held out at the door. Maybe it was supposed to help the boys who were home sick. Most of them just wrote HELP, COME AND GET ME!

At the closing night council fire the awards, ribbons and merit badges were handed out with appropriate ceremony and the older scouts held their breath as the events moved to the Order of the Arrow "tap out" ceremony. First year scouts were not eligible to be Arrowmen and wear the white sash with a red arrow, this was reserved for scouts who had a minimum of 15 days and nights of camping and were First Class and had their Scoutmasters approval to stand for election to become members of Scouting's Service and Honor society. None of the scouts knew who had

been elected and who had not. A hush fell on the gathering as members of our Council's OA Lodge took their places for the ceremony. They were wearing handmade Native American costumes and playing the part of braves of a long lost Indian tribe.

With a puff of smoke one OA member leaped over the roaring council fire and began to dance to a beating drum around the waiting scouts. Other OA members joined in the dance, it ended with the story of the origins of the OA and the bringing forth of the potential candates. As the "chief" walked in front of each scout an adult leader moved behind the scout to "mark" those chosen with his arrow sash. The "chief" would stop and tap the marked scout three times on his shoulder to signify he was indeed "chosen" for the honor of becoming an Ordeal Candidate who would have to prove his worth at an OA Lodge conclave later in the year. The chosen scouts gathered in the OA teepee behind the council fire. At the conclusion of the ceremony we walked back to camp in silence, secretly hoping maybe next year it would be our turn to face the "chief". When those members of the Troop who were tapped out returned they had to remain silent until the next morning and could not tell us what had happed after we left. We had to wait and find out when our turn finally came.

Scouts go to summer camp for a lot of reasons, mostly to have fun. The memories they bring home will last them a life time and there is nothing better than sharing them with your son. I have attended more summer camps than I care to count, my sons were scouts and later camp staff members. The memories we share are something that still warms me on the cold winter nights when they are far away. Summer Camp, yeah wouldn't have missed it for the world!

