

OUR NEWSLETTER:

Feel free to print copies off for yourselves, family, and friends. All previous newsletters can be found on CCAM's website at www.ccamchurch.org and our Facebook page. Everyone is welcome to submit something. Submissions can be emailed to Ann Meyers-annmeyers2003@gmail.com or Jack Keough-jackkeough@rochester.rr.com. Submissions received *before Wednesdays* will be considered for that week's publication.

CHECKING IN CONVERSATIONS

—WITH JACK KEOUGH

I had a wonderful opportunity to catch up with Liz Meyers by phone this week and find out a little bit about what is going on in her life right now. Liz continues to work as a nanny for two families; each family has four children. She expressed great joy in her job and acknowledged that she is truly fortunate to be involved with something she loves. Liz has successfully completed schooling in a high school /college hybrid program that included attending Genesee Community College. Her plans are to attend Word of Life Bible Institute, located in Hudson, Florida this fall. She mentioned the possibility of going into youth ministry, which is consistent with her joy in working with kids at CCAM and in her job as a nanny.

As many of us know, Liz has a strong heart for music and continues to spend much time practicing the piano and guitar. She hopes to be involved with worship ministry when she attends college this fall.

We spent some time talking about the current situation with the coronavirus and how it has impacted the 2020 graduates. Liz expressed sadness and regret for herself, and for those who will not be able to attend the final ceremonies to acknowledge their senior year. I was impressed with her comments on relying on God's comfort during this pandemic, and the need to keep focus on His plan for the future.

HOLINESS— BY KATHY ERNEST

Take apart my pride
Bring me to my knees
It's only Jesus I want to please
Renewed by faith in a God who cares,
Even when life brings snares.
Since time began, we need God's love
To bring us into his holiness.

VERSE FOR VICTORY:

Be still and know that I am God.
Psalms 46:10

SONG SUGGESTIONS:

- ♪ *Nothing Else* by Cody Carnes
- ♪ *Be Still* by Citizen Way

A LITTLE SAYING —SUBMITTED BY DIANE SCHROCK

“Always stay humble & kind.”

HOW THEY MET: JERRY AND VERNA MAE

BY JACK KEOUGH

Jerry and Verna Mae Boshart just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on May 16th. You might say that their life together has not taken the ordinary course of many married couples. Although it is marked by a tragic event, the spotlight on their story exemplifies the love, grace, and goodness of our God.

In August 1968, an automobile accident killed Jerry's wife, Donna Mae. She left behind Jerry and their five children, ranging in ages of 8 years old to 16 months. Time passed and on occasion, Jerry would travel to Canada to visit his relatives. On one of those trips, in January 1970, his two cousins set up a blind date for Jerry with Verna Mae. Verna Mae was aware of Jerry's family and circumstances. Both agree that the date went well, and Jerry continued to visit Verna Mae about every 2 weeks thereafter. On one particular visit, Jerry brought his two youngest children with him to meet Verna Mae's family. Later that night when Jerry and Verna Mae were putting the kids to bed, the second youngest child looked up at Verna Mae and asked her when she was going to come live with them and be their mommy. How is that for a proposal? Jokingly, Verna Mae wondered if Jerry had put this child up to it. They were married on May 16, 1970.

PLEASE BE SURE TO COMPLETE AND RETURN YOUR RESPONSE CARD, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, IN THE PRE-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE THAT WAS INCLUDED WITH THE LETTER YOU RECEIVED THIS WEEK REGARDING THE CCAM CARES CAMPAIGN.

BE STILL. (PART 2) —SUBMITTED BY A CONGREGANT

The beckoning reckoning is only outlasted by our selfish obstinateness. If we really have the power to destroy ourselves, then we should have power to save ourselves too, right? Nebulous. Within, there were reminiscent words and ideas. Self-betrayal. Decades of it. And on tv, on the radio, on the internet, everyone during this time off closure and quarantine seemed so worried, so wanting, so fighting for a cause. But like the faithful dog, I was fine. I knew I was blessed, and I admitted I was insulated. And David Herring's words from a few weeks ago struck me again... David said, "I don't want things to 'go back to normal'". I knew David meant for people to turn their eyes to God, to be kind, to open their ears and minds, and hearts to Jesus. Had I? Had I ever truly gotten quiet enough to hear and feel the Holy Spirit? I think it was not a condemnation of myself, rather a revelation of God's blessing. For years, right from birth, Jesus had reached out to me again and again and again and this time, I was still enough to reach back because I wasn't constantly running from place to place, and looking from face to face for confirmation of myself. Instead, I looked into the eyes of my children, sank into the smile, laughter, and intelligence of my wife, and saw that God's hands weren't just reaching for me, they had been cradling me all along. I heard his spirit singing, calling me home, again. I began to stop doubting because I had been stopped. His word was waiting.

Again, waiting for me, Romans 14:23. "But whoever has doubts is condemned if they eat, because their eating is not from faith; and everything that does not come from faith is sin." I realized, this was not about only physical nourishment, it was about a real healthy relationship with my Savior. If God the Father in Heaven could take the time to help me, and had the strength and endurance to carry me all of these years, and if he is in me, all I needed to do was open my heart, open my arms and embrace him. I still haven't let go. And I am still listening. And more words have come, "There's no shadow you won't light up." "We need help looking into our soul." "See through the eyes of faith." "Wash. See. Listen." "How likely are you going to arrive at a helpful answer if you ask the wrong question?" Imagine washing off decades of mud and grime, brushing out tangles of burdock and thistle, resting after getting lost while playing and chasing some infringing rodent. The tunnels nosed, the paths blazed, and the revelations uncovered. This happens. The ever-faithful returns home after all this time. I will be. And I am still.

PANDEMIC POSITIVES:

- ✓ Western NY entered phase one of reopening.
- ✓ A 12-year-old boy designed a tool for protection against COVID-19, *The Safe Touch Pro*.
- ✓ Illuminated drones made the shape of a heart to thank the health care workers from the sky.
- ✓ U.S. traffic deaths have fallen for the third year in a row.
- ✓ Toddler pals finally got to play together after the new installation of a window in the fence.
- ✓ A 2-year-old got adopted by her foster family after 700 days in the system.
- ✓ A postal worker left gift cards for the 2020 seniors on their route.
- ✓ An 8-year-old boy celebrated his birthday with a food drive for firefighters.
- ✓ A bakery gave away hundreds of cakes for graduation celebrations.
- ✓ A Tennessee church helped small businesses around their area with a monetary donation.
- ✓ A man donated iPads to help the elderly stay connected with their families.
- ✓ Qatar Airways gave away 100,000 free flights to healthcare workers to thank them for their efforts.
- ✓ A trumpet player surprised seniors in Orangevale, California with playing *Pomp and Circumstance*.
- ✓ A Dutch teacher missed her students and took 100 hours to make replica dolls of each of them.
- ✓ The Lord is working among all the people throughout the world!
- ✓ A High school graduation ceremony was moved to a ski lift.
- ✓ God is so good!

