

## Calendar of Ministries

### ✝ Thursday, January 15

Morning Prayers at 8

Mr. Sherrard has resumed his teaching schedule on Tuesdays and Thursdays at Dabney Lancaster at 11 and 2

### ✝ Friday, January 16

Morning Prayers at 8

### ✝ Saturday, January 17

Evening Prayers at 8

### ✝ Sunday, January 18

Sunday School at 9:45

Morning Worship at 11 focusing on Romans 12:1-2

Teen Group at Millboro Elementary at 5

### ✝ Monday, January 19

Morning Prayers at 8

### ✝ Tuesday, January 20

Morning Prayers at 8

### ✝ Wednesday, January 21

Morning Prayers at 8

Bible Club at the High School at 8:08

Choir at 7 p.m.

### ✝ Thursday, January 22

Morning Prayers at 8

### ✝ Friday, January 23

Morning Prayers at 8

### ✝ Saturday, January 24

Evening Prayers at 8

### ✝ Sunday, January 25

Sunday School at 9:45

Morning Worship at 11

Session meets for lunch and planning

**Our Ministry Teams are reorganizing and planning for the year. Be an active minister for Jesus this year. Pick a team to channel your talents for the Lord. Look for more info in worship.**



# The Weekly Word

**Windy Cove Presbyterian Church  
January 15, 2015**

## We're Back!

Yes, after nearly a month off and past the turning of another year, the *Weekly Word* is back in circulation. We hope that you and your families had wonderful Christmas and New Year's celebrations infused with the blessings of God.

By this time you must be back to work or school and getting back into the routine of daily living after the different schedule during the holidays. If you are like we are as the staff of the *Weekly Word*, you may be easing back into that routine. So, in today's issue, we are going to catch up on some things that were going on before our break. Then, next week we will start anew on items that look forward to what may be coming throughout the new year.

Our Christmas Eve Worship was both lovely and inspiring. The sanctuary had a singular glow to it with the red and white poinsettias surrounding the Communion Table and in each window. We appreciate the work of our Worship Ministry Team in procuring and arranging the flowers. We are also grateful for the extra offerings given for the flowers. (Check inside for these memorial donations.)

A special delight this year was the ribbon banner of hope, joy, love, and peace put in place on the front wall by the Herscher family.

As usual our Choir enhanced the proclamation of good news with their lovely music on Christmas Eve. Their lively and joyful number, "Oh What a Wonderful Child," was a special delight for the congregation. Mr. Sherrard's meditation for Communion touched on the eternal perspective that Jesus gives us on life. The sanctuary was then filled with light as worshipers lifted their candles during the singing of "Silent Night."

We certainly were grateful for the Lord's presence in our worship in such a powerful way. May God continue that blessing in the new year!

### Take Note!

**In worship during January, we are reflecting on Discipleship and Stewardship while studying Romans 12:1-2**

**Jan 18—We will focus on Paul's admonition: "Do not conform to the pattern of this world."**

**Teens meet at Millboro Elementary that evening at 5 p.m.**

**Jan 25—Session meets for lunch**

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Pastor: Rob Sherrard

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## Christmas Flowers

We do appreciate our lovely Christmas flowers. We gratefully acknowledge those who gave the following extra offerings to remember and honor friends and family.

### To Remember

**Paul Plecker  
Louise Smith  
Hilda Hobson**

**Carl and Della Plecker**  
*By Ruth Cauley*

**Carl and Marie Swope  
Clyde and Maude Hively**  
*By Joyce and Clyde Hively*

**Hunter and Sadie Hepler**  
*By the Hepler Family*

**Fred and Florence Arbogast**  
*By Freddie Arbogast*

**Robert and Gwendolyn Simmons**  
*By their daughter, Eleanor Woods*

**Wilson Shanks  
Charles David and  
Betty Jo Armstrong**  
*By Rickey and Donna Armstrong*

### To Honor

**Tammy Lindsay**  
*By Ruth Cauley*

**Vinita Hicks**  
*By Gary and Mary Beth Nair*

**The Windy Cove Choir and  
The Windy Cove Bell Ringers!**  
*By a Grateful Donor*

**Windy Cove's Faithful  
Prayer Partners**  
*By Norma Jean and Robert Taylor*

## Food Pantry and More

*[Our break interrupted Darlena Cunha's story of her family's unexpected poverty. We return to when she used food stamps at a store.]*

One time, an old, kind-looking man with a bit of a hunch was standing behind me with just a six-pack of soda, waiting to check out. The entire contents of my cart were splayed out on the conveyor belt. When he noticed the flash of large white paper stubs in my hand, he touched me on the shoulder. I was scared that he was going to give me money; instead he gave me a small, rectangular card. He asked me to accept Jesus into my heart so that my troubles would disappear. I think I managed a half-smile before breaking into long, jogging strides out of there, the workers calling after me as to whether I still wanted my receipt.

That was one of the better times. Once, a girl at the register actually stood up for me when an older mother of three saw the coupons and started chastising my purchase of root beer. They were "buy two, get one free" at a dollar a pop. "Surely, you don't need those," she said. "WIC pays for juice for you people." The girl, who couldn't have been more than 19, flashed her eyes up to my face and saw my grimace as I white-knuckled the counter in front of me, preparing my cold shoulder. "Who are you, the soda police?" she asked loudly. "Anyone bother you about the pound of candy you're buying?"

The woman huffed off to another register, and I'm sure she complained about that girl. I, meanwhile, thanked

her profusely. "I've got a son," she said, softly. "I know what it's like."

**That's the funny thing about being poor. Everyone has an opinion on it, and everyone feels entitled to share.** That was especially true about my husband's Mercedes. Over and over again, people asked why we kept that car, offering to sell it in their yards or on the Internet for us.

"You can't be that bad off," a distant relative said, after inviting himself over for lunch. "You still got that baby in all its glory." Sometimes, it was more direct. All from a place of love, of course. "Sell the Mercedes," a friend said to me. "He doesn't get to keep his toys now." But it wasn't a toy — it was paid off. My husband bought that car in full long before we met. Were we supposed to trade it in for a crappier car we'd have to make payments on? Only to have that less reliable car break down on us?

And even if we had wanted to do that, here's what people don't understand: The reality of poverty can spring quickly while the psychological effects take longer to surface. When you lose a job, your first thought isn't, "Oh my God, I'm poor. I'd better sell all my nice stuff!" It's "I need another job. Now." When you're scrambling, you hang on to the things that work, that bring you some comfort. That Mercedes was the one reliable, trustworthy thing in our lives.

That's how I found myself, one dreary day when my Honda wouldn't start, in my husband's Mercedes at the WIC office. I parked gingerly over one of the many potholes, shut off the purring engine and locked it, then

walked briskly to the door-- head held high and not looking in either direction. To this day, it is the single most embarrassing thing I've ever done.

No one spoke to me, but they did stare. Mouths agape, the poverty-stricken mothers struggling with infant car seats, paperwork and their toddlers never took their eyes off me, the tall blond girl, walking with purpose on heels from her Mercedes to their grungy den.

I didn't feel animosity coming from them, more wonderment, maybe a bit of resentment. The most embarrassing part was how I felt about myself. How I had so internalized the message of what poor people should or should not have that I felt ashamed to be there, with that car, getting food. As if I were not allowed food because of the car. As if I were a bad person.

We've now sold that house. My husband found a job that pays well, and we have enough left over for me to go to grad school. President Obama's programs — from the extended unemployment benefits to the tax-free allowance for short-selling a home we couldn't afford — allowed us to crawl our way out of the hole.

But what I learned there will never leave me. We didn't deserve to be poor, any more than we deserved to be rich. Poverty is a circumstance, not a value judgment. I still have to remind myself sometimes that I was my harshest critic. That the judgment of the disadvantaged comes not just from conservative politicians and Internet trolls. It came from me, even as I was living it.