

Christ Church

November 12, 2023

True confessions. I am a Philly girl through and through. I root for the Phillies, the Flyers and of course the Birds! I was born and raised in West Philadelphia until my parents moved to Delaware County when I was 13. So, I guess I have to say that I am part Del Co. too.

I loved the city and I do to this day. And one of the most wonderful days in my early years were Sunday's when we would take the EL to center city and then board a trolley to go to Messiah Lutheran Church which was located at 16th and Jefferson Streets. My mother grew up in this church and I cherish the times that we were able to continue our membership and some of the traditions of the church.

One of my strongest memories was getting ready for church on Saturday evening. Sometime during the week my mother would sit down with me and give 25 cents in change and as time went on the amount increased as I did in age. She would give me the change and then ask me to think about how much I was going to give in Sunday School the next day. She enabled me to make the choice based on the level of my little earnings and the gratitude that I was experienced during the past week.

She was ahead of her time because she talked about the importance of the COVENANT of giving. She encouraged me to think about my commitment to God and his work and the needs of others. And to make my giving decisions based on God's needs as I saw them.

This formed my early and everlasting understanding and structure of my thoughts of giving to this day.

She always told me that if I gave to the church first I would always have enough and that God would provide me with the faith that I would somehow make it.

So, each week I would look forward to opening the door of this little church that was given to me by my Sunday School teacher. I would remove the coin or coins and make the decision regarding the amount that I would keep and the amount that I would tie in the corner of my hankie to take to church the next morning.

Well, time moved on and somehow the sliding door that was on the bottom of the church disappeared and the little church was placed somewhere in a drawer in my room.

As time passed things changed and I faced adult hood and many challenges to my faith. Through some difficult times I decided that the church held no real meaning and that in fact the church and God himself had all but abandoned me. I was angry and the bottom fell out of church for me just as it had for this little church.

The death of my father brought the realization that I needed something and that something was the church and God. And somehow I was led to this place, back to the city to begin again. I was welcomed with open arms and hearts my many and slowly through the ministry of this church, I found my faith, grew my faith and obtained a deep sense of belonging and love.

It was this experience that has brought my great love for this place, the services, the mission, the many outreach programs and the many friends that I have made during the past years.

So, as my mother taught me, I have a covenant with God . My gifts are given in thanksgiving for the blessings of life and also for God's love and the love given and received in this most

wonderful place. Please join me in giving thanks, giving what you can either in coins or in service to continue to be able to spread the joy and love, the welcome and warmth that we share each and every Sunday.