

**Jeffersontown
Christian Church**



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A Time for Everything

One of the questions we constantly wrestle with as human beings is this: *What time is it?* It's an important question, and one we can answer both literally and figuratively.

The ancient Greeks were among the first to think deeply about time. They used two words to describe it. The first was *chronos*, from which we get words like "chronology." *Chronos* time is measured in seconds, minutes, hours, days, years. It's the steady movement of one thing after another — linear, finite, always advancing.

The second word was *kairos*, a word that describes not the quantity of time but its quality. *Kairos* moments can't be measured by a clock or scheduled on a calendar. They are moments when time seems to stand still — holding a child for the first time, hearing a piece of music that moves your spirit, experiencing the deep awareness that God is near. *Kairos* is time touched by grace.

Nothing can stop *chronos*, but *kairos* transforms it — infusing ordinary days with meaning, depth, and the presence of God. The ancient writer of Ecclesiastes knew this. His catalogue of twenty-eight seasons of life reflects the full spectrum of human experience, naming moments of joy and sorrow, gain and loss, birth and death.

As we launch our capital campaign, *For Everything a Season*, we do so with the conviction that this is, primarily, a spiritual endeavor. Of course, we are seeking to raise funds to enhance our building and property, but more importantly, we are saying Yes — Yes to Christ, and Yes to this storied community that gathers in his name. This is a time to renew our faith, to deepen our trust, and to strengthen the ministry that binds us together as the body of Christ.

So, I invite you to read and pray through the words of Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 in the weeks ahead. Let the eyes of your heart come to rest on these phrases: *a time to heal ... a time to laugh ... a time to keep ... a time to love*. Repeat them. Ponder them. Let them take root in your soul as we discern together what time it is in the life of our church.

I love you all.

Pastor Lee

*3 For everything there is a season
and a time for every matter under heaven:*

*² a time to be born and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted;
³ a time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to break down and a time to build up;
⁴ a time to weep and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn and a time to dance;
⁵ a time to throw away stones and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
⁶ a time to seek and a time to lose;
a time to keep and a time to throw away;
⁷ a time to tear and a time to sew;
a time to keep silent and a time to speak;
⁸ a time to love and a time to hate;
a time for war and a time for peace.*

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

When has our building and/or community served as a place of healing? In our 40+ years....always!

Jeffersontown Christian Church has been a place for physical healing. I think of the time in our early years as members of JCC when our boys were young and Larry was suddenly taken to the hospital. It was a scary time for our family. What a comfort to have several people from church show up to offer support through prayer and assistance with our boys. Another time for healing happened when our oldest son, Matthew, burnt his arm on a grill after a church cookout. We had several members stop in or call to check on him. Recently, when I had foot surgery, several from JCC showed up the day of my surgery to offer prayer and to sit with Larry as he waited and others sent cards or called to offer help. Presence.

Jeffersontown Christian Church has been a place for emotional healing as well, when we struggled to raise our boys during those teen-age years, as we suffered losses of family members and close friends, and as we've grieved other traumatic events in our life. During the tragic event of 9/11, when there were no words to adequately express the feelings, we all had, our church community gathered here in the sanctuary on the Sunday following that terrible Tuesday. Worshiping together, singing together, praying together, helped to provide the comfort we needed to begin to heal. And of course, COVID. JCC found ways to heal the loss of physical community by live-streaming Sunday morning worship when we couldn't gather in person and by setting up drive-by birthday celebrations. Hope.

Jeffersontown Christian Church is a place that offers peace to a troubled world. So many are hurting. It's difficult to feel optimistic these days. Lee's sermons, Sunday morning worship, our working together in hands-on ministries, and enjoying fellowship together are just some of the ways I see healing taking place. Peace.



A Time to Heal

Bill Campbell written by Tommee Clark

In honor of Bill Campbell and in memory of Elaine Campbell.

Bill and Elaine came to Jeffersontown Christian Church many years ago. They brought many gifts to our church. Elaine shared her experiences as a social worker with the Conversations Sunday School Class. Every member wanted to be a better person because of Elaine. When Elaine became ill and was in a lot of pain, she requested prayers from the elders for healing. The elders met as a group in her living room to pray for healing. The word "heal" has more than one definition. To become sound or healthy again is one definition, but another is to alleviate distress or anguish. As an elder, I prayed for physical and emotional healing. Elaine was grateful to JCC for the support she received during her illness.

Bill taught the Conversations SS class for years and shared many of his experiences about life with addiction. After Pastor Lee took over teaching the Conversations class, Bill continued to teach when Lee was on vacation. Those periodic classes were filled with his wisdom and grace. Sharing stories about how Elaine had supported him through some difficult times and how JCC had been a place of acceptance and healing. Bill is a very modest man and doesn't talk about the people that he has mentored. He attended AA meetings often and became a mentor to many people as they traveled the journey to healing.

As Bill says, we are all on a journey. I believe JCC has been a significant road on his healing journey. Bill's daughter and son-in-law started to bring Bill to church when he couldn't drive any more. They have become regular members of our Conversations class. Lynn has shared some stories that didn't leave a dry eye in the room. I hope our class has helped Lynn with her healing journey.

Bill has helped so many to heal, to become whole again. I hope JCC has helped Bill to heal from some theological issues and support him after Elaine died.



I have been truly Blessed so far in my life regarding physical health and healing. The only serious physical issue I ever had came without any warning. I had a heart attack that resulted in emergency open heart bypass surgery. I had experienced a “Spontaneous Coronary Artery Dissection.” It is rare and has a very high mortality rate. And though that was truly a serious medical health risk, my heart and my body healed exceedingly well, in what seemed to be a very short time considering the shock of my body’s function. As I began, I was truly Blessed and am thankful that God’s grace was bestowed upon me.

Emotional healing has been a much different experience for me. I tend to, by nature, be anxious. So, when life has thrown me a curve ball, which it does everyone at some time in their life, I melt emotionally.

My first shock came after I was married for 11 years to one of the kindest men I had ever met. He was a wonderful, thoughtful husband, an incredibly loving very involved father and stepfather to my son from a previous marriage. And he was so good to my parents and my sister and her family. It never crossed my mind that we wouldn’t be family, “till death do us part.”

So, one January day in 1994, when he told me that he wasn’t happy and didn’t “love” me and never “loved” me like he needed to, I was beyond shocked, beyond devastated. He didn’t know if he wanted to even try. My body and mind felt like I had had an electrical shock forced through me.

I begged him not to act on his feelings (or lack of feelings) yet. I knew that I could not handle my own pain and the pain my children were getting ready to have to experience, simultaneously I wasn’t working outside our home at that time. I would spend the day, while the boys were at school, practically in the fetal position, my entire body trembling from shock and sadness.

The only thing I knew to do was pray. I literally asked God to put His arms around me and hold me to stop me from shaking. And He must have because I could settle long enough to pray for strength to handle whatever was coming. Of course, I prayed that my husband would have a change of heart, and we could grow as a couple as we navigated his unsettledness. I prayed that I would be the wife he would love. But I prayed if we could not stay together, that God would guide me through what seemed unimaginable.

And He did. I hid my misery from my parents as long as I possibly could. I did not think I could handle their pain. They loved my husband, and they would be as shocked as I was. As fate would have it, my grandmother was very ill and my parents were spending weeks at a time, out of town, caring for her. That was good for me. I could have phone conversations with them and fake my way through, touching the highlights of the kids sports and avoid what was tearing my insides out.

My parents were terribly shocked and sickened. But they were incredible parents/people. They loved and cared for me as if I was their little girl. And though they were utterly bewildered by my husband’s revelation, they still loved him and were very kind to him. This was an example of Godliness to me. And this goodness they showed him, set an example for my sons. I did not want them to ever feel any strife between their father/stepfather and me. I wanted them to always feel the security and love of both of us. Never having to choose.

My sister and her husband were God sent for me. They stepped in when I was breaking and helped my children, especially my youngest son, avoid seeing my brokenness. They occupied him when I couldn’t function and joined us for outings when it felt like we needed more people/love to fill him where their father/stepfather had been. I often have wondered how people survive this kind of heartbreak and trauma when they don’t have family around. I cannot imagine.

I know that on my darkest days, God held me and got me through each day until I had the strength to know that I could survive this and I would be ok. The other thing I’ve often wondered..... how do people who have no faith in God, survive life’s curve balls. My family was immeasurably valuable to my healing. But in the middle of the night, or the days I laid trembling, God was my strength. Without knowing He was there for me, I don’t know how I would have put one foot in front of the other, to Heal.



When thinking of healing there are several things that come to mind. The healing of body, soul and mind. The medical world takes care of the healing of the body. Through prayer and a relationship with God my soul is healed. But there is the healing of mind that comes from belonging to a church. I have always been a church member somewhere, since the day I was born. I have gone through some transitions, but over all I have stayed involved in a church. A church is the place for healing of the mind for me. There came a time when after 30 years of membership, I was not well in mind with my old church. My only child questioned the doctrine of the church we were attending, and the new pastor was asking members to leave the church because they disagreed with him on some issues. It was one of the few times I felt that my mind was confused and lost about the church as a part of my life. And then I decided to take a leap of faith. I visited JCC. It wasn't a denomination I grew up in. The service was different. The calendar of weekly events was different. There were women taking roles in the church. It was small and very foreign to me in so many ways. And it was 40 minutes from my house. There are still things that I don't feel comfortable with. But.... From the minute I walked through the door, I felt a healing of my mind. It required a new mind set. Women were leaders. There was communion every Sunday and banners hung in the sanctuary. The first day I walked in the doors a small, lively, elderly lady with a hat on approached me. She welcomed me. She shook my hand. She got my name, and I truly felt welcomed. And each Sunday that I returned that little lady welcomed me and could not remember my name. She always called me Mary. And until the day she passed away, she called me Mary. To her point when she asked me my name, because she just couldn't remember, I just said Mary. She has long passed now, but since the day I walked in the doors of JCC, I felt the healing of my mind. I felt the calmness of the sanctuary. I felt the empowerment of being allowed to serve as a Deacon. I felt the love in stewardship of the people. I felt a healing of my mind. I was home. And like every home I believe it is my duty as a member of this "home" that I work to take care of the needs of my church home. Through my time and my money, I maintain my home. This is my home. This is my church. This is where I come for healing of my mind. I am truly blessed.



In spite of the many portrayals of traditional Christian beliefs and practices as being stern and severe, references to “joy” and/or “happiness” appear throughout the Bible, even in the Old Testament. The words “laugh” or “laughter” connoting a joyful response to God’s actions or gifts appear in at least 24 places, including a few in the Old Testament. (e.g., “He will once again fill your mouth with laughter and your lips with shouts of joy.” Job 8:21). The words “joy” or “joyful” appear an amazing 255 times in the Bible, and the words “happy” or “happiness” appear at least 34 times.

Christ’s dream for us to be happy (and his apparent endorsement of laughter) is demonstrated by far more than these Scriptural references. Throughout his ministry, Jesus encouraged his followers to joyously feel and express gratitude, extend and receive grace and forgiveness, and exhibit love for their neighbors. He also taught them to joyfully pursue loving, peaceful relationships, to be confident and not afraid, to joyfully express their appreciation for the gifts they had received and to joyfully share those gifts with others. Teaching us to be joyful and to embrace happiness (including through laughter) are among the precious gifts Jesus has given us.

When Larry Nalley reached out to me about preparing this devotional for our Capital Campaign, he pointed out that “[t]his campaign is not just about raising funds, but about continuing a legacy of loving and caring for people that’s been going on for generations here.” As usual, Larry was right on target. I also believe that laughter has been an important part of the legacy he describes. Laughter has been an ever-present part of the congregational life of

Jeffersontown Christian Church. Whenever we come together—whether in worship, in small groups (Bible study, music, meals, service in the community) we find much to laugh and be happy about. Laughter is a sign that our congregation is healthy and united.

It has been impossible for me to think about laughter in our church building without thinking about our dear friend and brother in Christ, Johnnie Selby. Whether he was emceeing a talent show or fund raiser, chairing an Elders’ meeting, helping out a member or visitor, or participating in countless other ways in the life of JCC, Johnnie was always laughing and making others laugh. He never laughed at anyone. His humor always made us laugh, because wanting to make others around him feel better and encourage them to have a better day were always his goals. Whether the jokes were corny or profound (and there were many of both), Johnnie’s humor always lifted people up and never ridiculed or tore them down. Johnnie’s laughter reflected who he was as a person and as a Christian. We will always miss him, but we are forever blessed to have known, worshipped with, and learned from him.

As we enter this time when we will be considering and praying for the future of JCC, let us remember to be both thankful and intentional that our Church will continue to be a place where there will always be a time to laugh, and let that assurance always bring a smile to our faces.

Amen



According to something I read on the internet, laughter has the power to heal, connect, and transform. Laughter supposedly reduces stress hormones, strengthens the immune system, eases pain, and protects the heart. Wow, that sounds like a drug, but it does not cost anything, needs a prescription from a doctor or insurance approval.

Ecclesiastes 3:4 says “a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance”. I used to think it was odd or strange to laugh at a funeral or even in a funeral home, but I later found that laughter can dry someone’s eyes and bring joy and comfort by remembering a loved one by recalling happy or funny memories. We will all mourn a loved one’s passing, but adding a little bit of laughter can lift us and possibly ease our grief and suffering.

Prayer:

Heavenly Father, when a loved one joins you in Heaven, help ease our pain and sadness. Bring us comfort knowing our loved one is with you, watching over us and laughing with us. Amen.



A Time to Laugh

Rick Loader

When asked to write a devotion on “A Time to Laugh,” I looked in Oremus Bible Study for Bible passages that say “laugh.” The first example was Genesis 14.17, King James Version:

“And the king of Sodom went out to meet him (Abraham) after his return from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer (that occurred when Abraham was rescuing his nephew Lot), and of the kings that were with him, at the valley of Shaveh, which is the king’s dale.”

Are you kidding me? That’s not funny.

Then I realized the word “laugh” was within the word for “sLAUGHter.” And then I did laugh. That WAS pretty funny. Solomon was right at Ecclesiastes 3.4; there IS “a time to laugh.”

Abraham and Sarah (Genesis 17.15-17 and 18.1-15) laughed as they were being told that although they were 100 and 90 years old, they were going to have a child that would begin generations of people who would know and love God (Genesis 12.1-3, Genesis 15 - 21).

Through these two people, (Matthew 1.1-17) God led us to Jesus and to the church.

This is a great story. Not as funny as Numbers 22.22-40, where an angel of the Lord kept Balaam’s donkey from advancing and then spoke through the donkey asking Balaam why Balaam was beating him. A little violent, but kind of funny.

If we **READ the Bible and NOT just REMEMBER it**, other “funny” or unusual statements can be found. Such as Genesis 1.1-5, where God created “light” on the FIRST day, but didn’t create the sun until the FOURTH day (Genesis 1.14-19).

David, the writer of Psalm 23 had also committed adultery and murder (2 Samuel 11). And you’ve got to laugh, or at least smile upon reading David’s Psalm 8.3-5:

³ When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers,
the moon and the stars that you have established;

⁴ what are humans that you are mindful of them,
mortals that you care for them?

⁵ **Yet you have made them a little lower than God**
and crowned them with glory and honor.

(New Revised Standard Version-Update Edition.)

Psalm 8.5 “Yet you have made them (MADE US) a little lower than God.” Ha!

I’ve always considered myself a second-generation minister. My father loved the Bible. My mother loved prayer. For me, the Bible is my greatest tool of prayer. As we enter our capital campaign, I find Solomon’s Psalm 127.1 to be both challenging and inspiring:

“Unless the Lord builds the house,
those who build it labor in vain.” nrsvue.

Imagine that - God, using us, to build a church. Kind of funny, isn’t it?

No? Well, how about this. Our son Adam Reed went by the name of “Bob” all through college. That alone should make you laugh. But for church camp he put together a routine of fumbling through a Good News Bible and ad-libbing comments on what he saw. He called it “Serious Time with Bob.”

When he’d get to the Book of Numbers, he’d say, “Look at all the numbers in this book. There’s a one. There’s a two. Hm, there’s a big number FIVE.”

When he’d get to the Book of Proverbs, he’d say, “Ooo, the Book of Pro Verbs. This must be one of the best books in the Bible.

I’ll tell you something funny. I’m the one who was called to be a minister, but I’m surrounded by a family of saints: Adam’s sister Bethany, my wife Trina, her sisters Karen, Kathy and Darlene; their mother Pat - they are all doers and finishers. They see a job needs to be done and they do it. Pat’s husband Bob was like that too.

Hm, “Bob.” There, I thought Adam’s “Serious Time with Bob” was honoring my ministry. It turns out, it could have been a tribute to his grandfather Bob Brumley.

Now, I don’t know if this is a time to laugh or a time to cry.



A Time to Laugh

Maurine Nordmann

I came here fifty-seven years ago at the tender age of eight with my mother Tiny Boyd. This was her church home. I have had years of memories within these walls. It was a wonderful place to grow up in.

Memories of church growing up include my mother serving as Sunday School treasurer, communion preparation and the smorgasbord. While the smorgasbord as a large undertaking and a lot of work, there was also joy and laughter in sharing in the preparation of the food.

When our church built the addition in 19, Elder Bernadine, was one of the older members of the church. Elder Bernadine was wheelchair bound, and going from the basement to the sanctuary, meant going outside and around the building to enter the upper level. She was very insistent that the church include an elevator in the addition. Little did she know that we would all come to have a dependency on the elevator. From transporting items up and down the stairs, to entertaining children, and most importantly helping us all come to worship when the stairs became too challenging. And now, like many of us, it needs maintenance.

There is a children’s song that says the Church is the people, but we need a building to grow and meet in. Our church building has aged just like us and needs repairs. While we have been good stewards throughout the years, completing minor repairs, we are now faced with some larger repairs: replacement of the HVAC, updating the elevator, replacing carpet and painting.

While we begin this 3-year Capital Campaign project to accomplish some major building repairs, let us also remember this is a time to renew and grow spiritually as the people of the Church.

Our church is a faithful, friendly, open-minded and welcoming church. I feel encouraged and hopeful for our future. Let us all pray and commit to our financial stewardship for the repairs we need to make.



A Time to Keep

Mary Duttlinger

I am a keeper. Not to the point that I am a pack rat or a horder (at least in my opinion), but I do love memories. I love photo albums; I miss printing pictures and placing them in books to sit on shelves after I have shared them with others and to look at later. Facebook and other electronic storage methods have replaced them, but at the same time they have expanded the number of memories we can keep.

I remember when my uncle passed away, his wife, my aunt, who was having some memory issues, came to my house to spend time with my mother and I while the family made arrangements. I dug out several photo albums and looking back at the birthdays and family celebrations helped my aunt in her grieving process. She was angry that he had gone first and left her. But looking at the photos helped her remember the good times. During one of my last visits with my aunt, she said to me “I remember you, you used to come to my house for dinner.” And that one comment brought back so many memories. I told her “Yes, I did, and they were great meals and good times.”

When we started talking about doing a devotional for the Capital Campaign, I was right there - and I knew that I wanted to share on a time to keep, and in particular one tradition that holds a lot of memories- Our All Saint’s Day service. Growing up, like most kids, Halloween was what we looked forward to. I am not even sure I thought much about the meaning of All Hallow’s Eve, and the day after, All Saint’s Day, until I attended the service at our church. Now, I can probably not make it through the hymn *For All the Saints* without getting teary eyed. The reason why is because of the tradition that we carry on each year of ringing the bell for each person who we lost that year. For the past years I have had the privilege of ringing the bell. And each time I ring the bell, I remember. I remember the person whose name is read and who is now residing with God and Jesus in heaven. There have been years when the list has been long; some when it was short; when I have had family members on the list and others who I barely knew. But each person was now a Saint.

So how does this tie into a Capital Campaign? Well, this part is easy for me - For each person who has gone before us, I want to honor them, to ‘keep’ their memory alive in our work and in our building. Maybe they were the ones who discussed building this church and moving from Watterson Trail, or the ones who worked on the building expansion years ago. Or maybe they are the ones who sit in the pews each Sunday and remember what others gave so that we could worship here together. And hopefully, this campaign will allow us to grow and prepare for the next generation to worship here.



A Time to Keep

Tommee Clark

I was very excited when I was asked to be on the Spiritual/Prayer team for this Capital Campaign. I have quite the history with JCC. I was 4 years old when we moved from the church on Watterson Trail to this building, so needless to say I don't remember much about the fund raising for the new church or the building on Watterson Trail, but I am certain that my parents and grandparents were involved. I do remember when we burned the mortgage in the 70's and what a milestone that was! Then as an adult, I was involved in the capital campaign when we added on to the original building in the 80's. That seemed like a milestone in our church and emphasized the willingness for JCC to be around for generations to come.

As I have matured through the seasons, so has our church building. The building that was built and cared for by members of my family and so many of my mentors, now needs some loving attention. We are the church, but the building is where we gather to worship, to celebrate and to mourn. So many things have happened inside these walls. I couldn't possibly write about all of them. I would like to tell you why it is important for me to be a part of this capital campaign and keep the legacies of so many families going for years to come.

I am a 3rd generation member of the Jeffersontown Christian Church (Disciples of Christ). My childhood and youth were spent in this building. I attended Sunday School, youth group, and sang in a multitude of choirs. I have attended many weddings and way too many funerals. One way to remember those important people is to keep our building and honor those who made it possible.

I want to keep the place where I was married, my husband's life was celebrated, and I was baptized. My grandson was also baptized here. My grandson was an acolyte and a member of the junior diaconate. My family may not have been in worship every Sunday, but they always come on Christmas Eve. I want to keep this church so that others can have those important experiences.

There have been so many celebrations, discussions, potlucks, Smorgasbords, meetings, opportunities for mission, classes, choir and bell practices, smiling faces, and opportunities to be there for someone in need. All inside of this building as the church. To ensure this church will be a place to honor one another, we must take care of our building. Please pray with me for a Jeffersontown Christian Church that will impact generations to come.



Time to Keep

Doug Meister

A lot of history has happened in our building. A few of us still remember when the congregation outgrew the building on Watterson Trail and decided to move to our location at 10631 Taylorsville Road. Herb Drane, the pastor, led the congregation from the old building to the new one walking from one to the other. Since that historic walk, what a ministry has happened here!

Hundreds of people came to the faith here. So many were baptized in the sanctuary, participated in the various youth and children's programs, raised their voices to praise God and married their spouse on the chancel. How many times did the Christmas Eve service require double rows of attenders circled around as we passed the light of Christ candle to candle? Hundreds more have had their lives celebrated as they moved on from their earthly home to their forever home with God.

All that and more! We moved to open membership (not requiring folks to be "dunked"), open communion (again, not requiring people to be immersed to participate) and to include all God's children at the table. We have been gathering around the table for 190 years, since 1961, in the fourth (present) edition of our building. Now, we are being asked to consider the future use of our facilities by the next generations. We can assure that our community of faith will be right here to dedicate infants, baptize children, educate believers and seekers alike, work/volunteer in local ministries and support ministries around the globe. All that as well as welcoming every person who comes through our doors.



A Time to Keep

Linda Overfield

STUFF!! We all have stuff! Lots of Stuff! A room overflowing with fabric or books or art supplies or- and the list goes on. We look around and sigh about what to keep and what to give away or sell or throw in the trash. Then we walk away; another obligation calls us.

Sometimes it takes a literal act of God to get us moving. A tornado in December 2021 did that for me. As I looked at the destruction of the house, I realized it was all just stuff. My husband and I were safe. Our kitties were safe. The question was “what do we do now?” Our daughters looked at the stuff and said, “Pie Plates and Cookie Sheets, Mixing Bowls and Coffee Cups.” A sewing machine in its case, fabric in plastic totes, holiday decorations - all stuff they salvaged from the rubble. Important stuff!

I have mostly moved on from the horrible days after the storm. My life is different now. New stuff has come into my life; new friends, new church, new house, new vehicle to drive, furniture and yes more fabric! Some things can't be saved —the piano, some quilts, the kayaks. So, we grieve and then we move on. I am convinced God, and his angels are watching over me. He changed my life, and I am thankful and blessed.

This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it.

(Psalm 118:24)



Psalm 102:18: Let this be written for a future generation, that a people not yet created may praise the Lord.

Question: When has our building and/or community served as a place of loving?

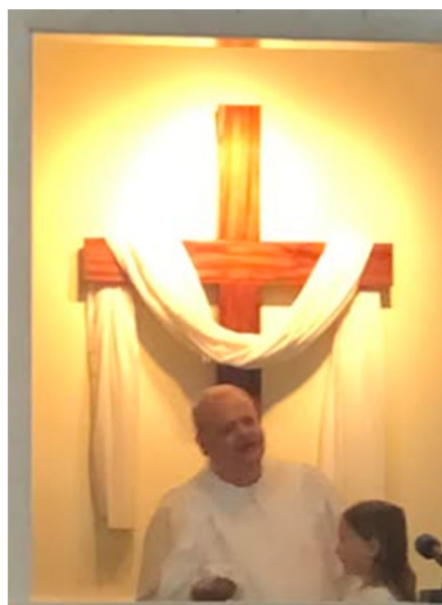
Answer: ALL THE TIME!!!

When you walk into Jeffersontown Christian Church, do you feel loved? I certainly do. I spot the greeter(s) who smile at us when we walk into the room. I see people helping each other by holding the door for others or helping them out of their vehicles. I see people hugging each other. I notice people leaving the sanctuary to check on others during the church service. I notice the people who get out of their seats to introduce themselves to new people. I see deacons help folks that have difficulty picking up their communion or napkin.

Members show up and support others during birthday parties, graduations, hospital visits, home visits, funerals, etc. We have members that take other members to doctor's appointments or places when they need a ride. Members email, call, text, visit or send cards of encouragement during a time of need.

I see love when we collect items for the less fortunate through JAM. I saw love when we packed over 10,000 meals for the Love the Hungry event. I see love when we collect items for our community for Thanksgiving. I see love when we collect money for the Heifer project and Week of Compassion.

Over 75 years ago, my grandparents, Lowell and Rosie Westerfield, started attending Jeffersontown Christian Church. My father, Larry Westerfield, has been a member almost his entire life. I have many family members who have been baptized in this church including myself and my three children. I got married in this church. Members of this church have supported my children by attending their school plays. I am glad that my children have a designated elder to spend time with and talk to when needed. I hope that my family and others feel the love like I do, and our church is around for many, many more years to come.



A Time to Love

Larry Nalley

Hebrews 13:1-2

Keep on loving one another as brothers and sisters. Do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by so doing, some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it.

My knowledge of all things spiritual began with 8 years in the catholic school system. Before that time, my parents instilled in me many great values, especially the one about respect and love for every person, regardless.

The people of Jeffersontown Christian Church have loved our family unconditionally for over 40 years and we have witnessed the spread of God's love in many acts of selfless service. God has begun a good thing here, that we hope will continue well into the future. We have been loved. Our response should be to return that love to this congregation and to the world. ⁸We must think about that responsibility not only for today, but for future generations. It's a "Capital" Idea.



There are good things and bad things that happen in life and when bad things happen it doesn't mean that God isn't with us.

You cannot have joy without sadness and even when sadness comes, God will be with you.



Ecclesiastes 3:8

A time to love and a time to hate
A time for war and a time for peace

To everything, turn, turn, turn
There is a season, turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under Heaven

I can't simply read these words. I hear them in song. Pete Seeger adapted *Eccelesiastes* 3:1-8 in 1959, and the *Byrds* took it to an international hit in 1965. It was a turbulent time: civil unrest and Vietnam war protests. The song resonated because of the illustrations it offered of life's ebb and flow. For every action, there is a balanced and opposing counterpart; and because it offered a message of hope.

We gather together in this community to experience love. How do we do that? By giving love and acceptance to one another. Acceptance is not agreement. It is respect. Love does not exist in a vacuum. We must be present for one another. Show up. Listen to one another. I remember Jane Stewart didn't begin a conversation with "how are you?" No; she asked if there was anything you wanted to share. What was she saying if not I love you and I'm willing to listen. How do we show love? We show it by creating a safe place to share joys and sorrows.

During the pandemic many of us met in the prayer garden or packed a lunch and shared lunch together in the church parking lot. Lee Huckleberry, our newly called minister during the pandemic, conducted an online Gratitude Cafe in addition to Sunday's online service. It was a difficult time, but there was good, too. Gratitude Cafe gave us an opportunity to switch focus and share what was good.

When we travel west on **Taylorsville Road** from Blankenbaker Lane, we see the implements of war in Veterans Park and rising above there is our steeple.

So as Pete Seeger wrote,
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing
A time for love, a time for hate
A time for peace
I swear it's not too late

