

August 2021

"Follow the Bells"



# *The Church Bell*



## *A Message From Pastor Casey*

### *"A Stroll Through Cortland"*

Let us take a stroll. So softly the breeze, so gentle the sun's heat. Kindly strolling down North High Street. Lofting through the air, the bells of noon's day toll. A hymn – a gentle melody, the Cortland sound echoes free. Yipping, yapping a dog darts are way, breaking free from it's master we stop to see. Coming nearer and nearer we take a knee to a licking tongue of this white dog it be. The owner approaches so thankful and soon we resume down North High Street.

Crossing Main Street, now on the bridge, the sound of water falling is heard. Pausing we stop and our gaze draws to the fountain, and a reminder of all the fallen who have given us this carefree stroll.

Our journey continues down the aisles of Sparkles. An older lady struggles to reach an item, shall we lend a hand? Indeed, we shall, and a conversation strikes up, this previous stranger has now turned into a neighbor. And so, we leave with groceries in hand and return from our stroll through the streets of Cortland.

Each and every day there is an opportunity to be the light in someone's day. We live in a small city that has that old town feel. Yet some say the days of friendly neighbors are gone. How have you loved your neighbor? Have you done a small and friendly act or are you wanting what was without giving in return?

Jesus responds to a question in Matthew 22:37-39 as to "what is the greatest command". Jesus says, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the greatest and most important command. The second is like it: Love your neighbor as yourself." (HCSB). Let us put these two great commands into practice and thus maintain our wonderful, friendly, loving town.

*Pastor Casey*

## *Cortland Christian Church*

153 Grove Drive  
Cortland, Ohio

[officeatccc@gmail.com](mailto:officeatccc@gmail.com)

[CortlandChristian  
Church.Com](http://CortlandChristianChurch.Com)

Phone: 330-637-4611

Pastor Casey Chapman

[pastor@cortland  
@gmail.com](mailto:pastor@cortland@gmail.com)

Jonathan Gallo  
Organist

Joyce Hall  
Administrative  
Assistant



## Worship Leaders

August 1 Curtis Bell and Justin Klamut  
 August 8 John Molnar and Sharon Hopkins  
 August 15 Jeff Byler and Spencer Chapman  
 August 22 Linda Swauger and Amy Seger  
 August 29 Ron Miller and Carol Robinson

## Pastor Casey

814 -573-8148

Office:

330-637-4611

Office Hours:

Mon– Thurs.

8am-Noon

## Coffee Fellowship



August 1 Judene Ainsley

August 8 Kelly Culp, Kerri Culp,  
Pat Culp

August 15 Carol Deemer

August 22 Linda and Terry Swauger

August 29 Darlene and Diana

## Deacons for August

**Captain:** Judene Ainsley 330 727-1343

Brenda Byler, Chuck Corbet,  
Betty Evans, Carol Glancy

**Deaconess:** Diana Martin

**Organist:** Jonathan Gallo

### Mark 17

A minister told his congregation "Next week I plan to preach about the sin of lying. To help you understand my sermon I want you all to read Mark 17"

The following Sunday as he prepared to deliver his sermon the minister asked for a show of hands. He wanted to know how many had read Mark 17. Every hand went up. The minister smiled and said, "Mark has only sixteen chapters. I will not proceed with my sermon on the sin of lying."

## SOCIAL DISTANCING



## July 2021— Financial Report

**Our Budget for 2021 of \$13,000 explains the monthly amount needed to maintain our church.**

### July 1, 2021 to July 31, 2021

Offering Received	\$ 10,818.00
Expenses	\$ 11,390.00
Balance	\$ -572.00

Mortgage Payment \$1,883.24

Loan Balance 58,680.20



## L.O.A.F. Meeting

Next meeting on  
September 2



## Church Meetings

September 7

One will be called,  
if needed

*Happy  
Anniversary*

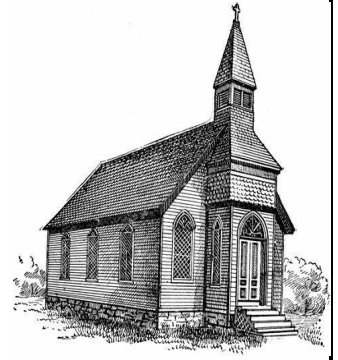


August 5  
Terry and Linda Swauger

August 25  
Bob and Mary Jo Johnson

August 2	Charlie Beer
August 3	Greg Liberatore
August 7	Linda Swuager
August 12	Betty Evans
August 14	Preston Polakoff
August 16	Carol Peterson
August 20	Curtis Miller
August 21	Eileen Niemi
August 21	John Molnar

*Church Elders  
no meeting in August*



## A Drunk in confession booth.

A drunk staggers into a church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing. The priest coughs a few times to get his attention, but the drunk continues to just sit there. Finally, the priest pounds three times on the wall.

The drunk mumbles, "Ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either!"

Extend the Invitation to friends, relatives, and neighbors for the  
Special Day -Opening of

## 'Boscov's Department Store'

This is a special day for the invited ones and is 2 days before the actual store opening. Show them the tickets, explain how they can't get in on this special day .

**The day is - Thursday,  
October 7  
Time is 10am-10pm**

Prizes, refreshments, entertainment "Sale items" all new merchandise. and more is on the back of the ticket.

Boscov's is new to our area.

**They are offering our church \$5.00  
for each ticket sold**

# SEVENTEEN INCHES

Twenty-five years ago, in Nashville, Tennessee, during the first week of January, 1996, more than 4,000 baseball coaches descended upon the Opryland Hotel for the 52nd annual ABCA's convention.

While I waited in line to register with the hotel staff, I heard other more veteran coaches rumbling about the lineup of speakers scheduled to present during the weekend. One name, in particular, kept resurfacing, always with the same sentiment — “John Scolinos is here? Oh, man, worth every penny of my airfare.”

Who is John Scolinos, I wondered. No matter; I was just happy to be there.

In 1996, Coach Scolinos was 78 years old and five years retired from a college coaching career that began in 1948. He shuffled to the stage to an impressive standing ovation, wearing dark polyester pants, a light blue shirt, and a string around his neck from which home plate hung — a full-sized, stark-white home plate.



Seriously, I wondered, who is this guy?

After speaking for twenty-five minutes, not once mentioning the prop hanging around his neck, Coach Scolinos appeared to notice the snickering among some of the coaches. Even those who knew Coach Scolinos had to wonder exactly where he was going with this, or if he had simply forgotten about home plate since he'd gotten on stage. Then, finally ...

“You’re probably all wondering why I’m wearing home plate around my neck,” he said, his voice growing irascible. I laughed along with the others, acknowledging the possibility. “I may be old, but I’m not crazy. The reason I stand before you today is to share with you baseball people what I’ve learned in my life, what I’ve learned about home plate in my 78 years.”

Several hands went up when Scolinos asked how many Little League coaches were in the room. “Do you know how wide home plate is in Little League?”

After a pause, someone offered, “Seventeen inches?”, more of a question than answer.

“That’s right,” he said. “How about in Babe Ruth’s day? Any Babe Ruth coaches in the house?” Another long pause.

“Seventeen inches?” a guess from another reluctant coach.

“That’s right,” said Scolinos. “Now, how many high school coaches do we have in the room?” Hundreds of hands shot up, as the pattern began to appear. “How wide is home plate in high school baseball?”

“Seventeen inches,” they said, sounding more confident.

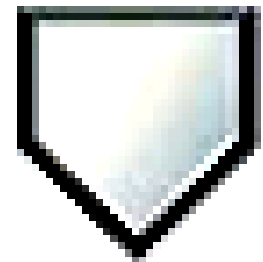
“You’re right!” Scolinos barked. “And you college coaches, how wide is home plate in college?”

“Seventeen inches!” we said, in unison.

“Any Minor League coaches here? How wide is home plate in pro ball?” ..... “Seventeen inches!”

“RIGHT! And in the Major Leagues, how wide home plate is in the Major Leagues?”

“Seventeen inches!”



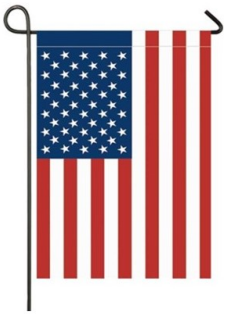


Pause: **“Coaches... what do we do when your best player shows up late to practice?** or when our team rules forbid facial hair and a guy shows up unshaven? What if he gets caught drinking? Do we hold him accountable? Or do we change the rules to fit him? Do we widen home plate? ”



The chuckles gradually faded as four thousand coaches grew quiet, the fog lifting as the old coach's message began to unfold. He turned the plate toward himself and, using a Sharpie, began to draw something. When he turned it toward the crowd, point up, a house was revealed, complete with a freshly drawn door and two windows. “This is the problem in our homes today. With our marriages, with the way we parent our kids. With our discipline.

We don't teach accountability to our kids, and there is no consequence for failing to meet standards. We just widen the plate!”



Pause: Then, to the point at the top of the house he added a small American flag. “This is the problem in our schools today. The quality of our education is going downhill fast and teachers have been stripped of the tools they need to be successful, and to educate and discipline our young people. We are allowing others to widen home plate! Where is that getting us?”

Silence: He replaced the flag with a Cross. “And this is the problem in the Church, where powerful

people in positions of authority have taken advantage of young children, only to have such an atrocity swept under the rug for years. Our church leaders are widening home plate for themselves! And we allow it.”

“And the same is true with our government. Our so-called representatives make rules for us that don't apply to themselves. They take bribes from lobbyists and foreign countries. They no longer serve us. And we allow them to widen home plate! We see our country falling into a dark abyss while we just watch.”

I was amazed. At a baseball convention where I expected to learn something about curve balls and bunting and how to run better practices, I had learned something far more valuable.



From an old man with home plate strung around his neck, I had learned something about life, about myself, about my own weaknesses and about my responsibilities as a leader. I had to hold myself and others accountable to that which I knew to be right, lest our families, our faith, and our society continue down an undesirable path.

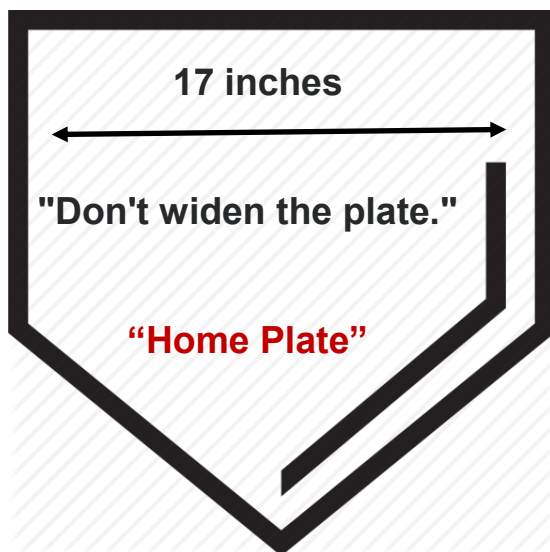
"If I'm lucky," Coach Scolinos concluded, "you will remember one thing from this old coach today.

It is this:

***"If we fail to hold ourselves to a higher standard, a standard of what we know to be right; if we fail to hold our spouses and our children to the same standards, if we are unwilling or unable to provide a consequence when they do not meet the standard; and if our schools & churches & our government fail to hold themselves accountable to those they serve, there is but one thing to look forward to ..."***

***With that, he held home plate in front of his chest, turned it around, and revealed its dark black backside, "...We have dark days ahead!"***

Note: Coach Scolinos died in 2009 at the age of 91, but not before touching the lives of hundreds of players and coaches, including mine. Meeting him at my first ABCA convention kept me returning year after year, looking for similar wisdom and inspiration from other coaches. He is the best clinic speaker the ABCA has ever known because he was so much more than a baseball coach. His message was clear: "Coaches, keep your players—no matter how good they are—your own children, your churches, your government, and most of all, keep yourself at seventeen inches.



And this my friends is what our country has become and what is wrong with it today, and now go out there and fix it!

**"Don't widen the plate."**

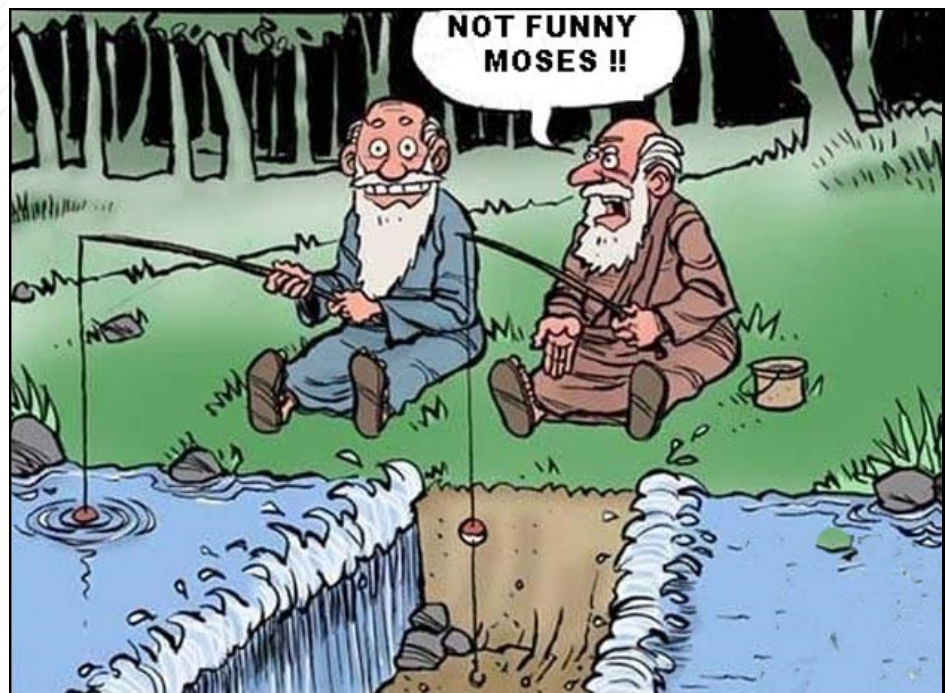
Submitted by Jack Hanna

## At church, last Sunday

the preacher said "Jesus died for your sins".

At that point, a man got up, furious and shouted "Seriously, man? I was just reading that book!

Don't ruin the ending for me."





This is a poem written by A Tennessee Papa... Hope to help others from following this same path. Read it to the end.

**Hello young person, My name is Heroin.**

It is so good to meet you for the first time.  
And I just know we are going to be the best of friends.

Go ahead; Try me. Don't pay any attention to what your parents and society have been telling you your whole life about me. I promise you will LOVE me! I will take you by the hand and take you to places of warmth and happiness and joy the likes of which you've never dreamed.

I guarantee you, we will become inseparable!

Because while I have you by the hand, I will also take you by the throat in a vice-like grip that will make it hard for you to breathe. Everything in your life that used to be important will pale in comparison to the relationship you and I will have. I will own you.

You will do whatever it takes to keep me around.

You will lose your job. But I'm expensive, so you will steal from your friends and family. You will find creative ways to pay for me because what used to be enough of me will soon not be nearly enough. Unless you're incredibly lucky, you'll spend time in jail because of me. But I'm worth it. I must be because you'll return to me at the first possible moment you're able. Because now you're weak, and I'm incredibly strong.

Don't have kids because you 'll ignore them and neglect them and eventually lose them. Because I'm more important than even them.

Rehab? Forget about it.

Oh you'll try. several times. But only a precious few are able to but ties with me permanently.

You'll discover that you hate me. there's really only one way That I'll release my hold on you.






When years of addiction finally take their toll when life with me is no longer worth living. When either disease or desperation reach that final, inevitable conclusion. when my grip finally chokes the very life out of you. When your heart stops , I'll stop. And then you'll be gone. But I'll still be around. Looking .. Always looking... Ah, there's one.

**Hello, young person. My Name is Heroin.**

# augUST

## 2021



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1.	2.	3.	4. Bible Study 6PM	5. 	6.	7. <b>Aerobics</b>
8. <b>Sunday Service</b> 10am Adult Sunday School 8:55am	9. <b>Aerobics</b>	10.	11. Bible Study 6PM	12. <b>Aerobics</b>	13. 	14.. <b>Aerobics</b>
15. <b>Sunday Service at 10am</b> Adult Sunday School 8:55am	16. <b>Aerobics</b>	17. 	18. Bible Study 6PM	19. <b>Aerobics</b>	20.	21. <b>Aerobics</b>
22. <b>Sunday Service at 10am</b> Adult Sunday School 8:55am	23. <b>Aerobics</b>	24.	25. Bible Study 6PM	26. 	27.	28.
29. <b>Sunday Service at 10am</b> Adult Sunday School 8:55am	30. 	31.	.	<b>Aerobics</b>	.	<b>Aerobics</b>

Pray for our "Shut-Ins" and "other friends". They would enjoy a Thinking of you card or a joke or story you found in a magazine. Maybe a phone call, just say "hello" to our friends.

  
*Lord,  
Hear Our  
Prayer*

Bob and Mary Jo Johnson  
596 Champion Ave. West  
Apt. 207  
Warren, Ohio, 44483  
C/O Clearview Lantern

Eileen Niemi  
Lake Vista Apt. 207  
Mecca Street,  
Cortland, Ohio

Pat Taylor  
Room 212  
4100 North River Rd.  
Warren Ohio

Lauralee Lawrence  
124 Willow Street  
Cortland, Ohio  
44410

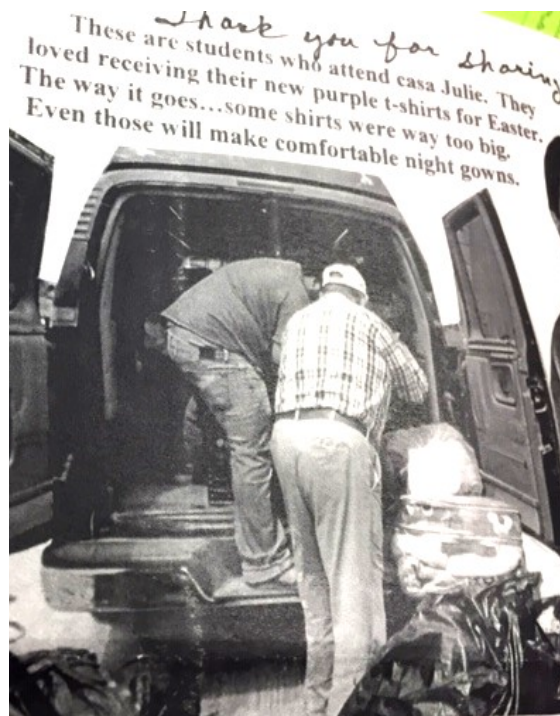


Casa Julie is the retreat, school, play house that Mary Jo and Bob Johnson worked hard to get built in Mexico in memory of their daughter Julie who passed away in 2000. The house, school, library all in one room has been operating for 20 years. Here is a picture of some of the kids who attend. These children come from a very poor area in Mexico.

They live on practically nothing and have nothing. So for them this Casa is a real blessing, a safe place to meet, to learn, to hear the Words of our Lord, make new friends and have people around who see to their needs

## Casa Julie 2021

Progreso, Mexico



These are students who attend Casa Julie.  
They loved receiving their new purple T-shirts for Easter.  
The way it goes... Some shirts were way too big.  
Even those will make comfortable night gowns..

Last winter Maria and Marcello were so excited to make a March missions trip to Urbina. They reported that their whole way to Urbina was more than problem free As they drove up to check points, the guards listened to their excited dreams to visit the

Villagers again, coming true. Even the guards wished them well on their trip with many encouraging words. They learned later the Cartels were fighting about 2 hours east of their route... and 70 were killed in those fights. Once again, God cleared the way. They were enthusiastic to make a return trip again. If that were to happen, god would definitely have to provide the finances... gasoline is about \$5.00 or more in Mexico. And it happened! The \$300.00 from your Women's group came in— and they were on their way again. What a story....What a God.. Villagers were less afraid of Covid 19 and church services were attended and blessed...

This has been a very great and busy winter for us. The happenings at the USA/MX border has caused NO problems for us. We are so thankful for that. We know it's your prayers that are making the difference very soon we will be headed North. You are a tremendous blessing to us and so many needy families in Mexico. We love you ... but just think about is.. God loves you more than imaginable.

Thank you very much for your continued support of Casa Julie.. She has been open 20 years now. What a tribute to Julie. Love and blessings, Jolene Babcock. Organizer of this group in Mexico.. Our Womens's group continues to support this Mission .





Live On... This tree lived a full life , eventually it was either cut off or a storm took it. However, the tree was determined to live on, out of the center of the dead tree, it sprouted some greenery which eventually grew into full grown tree and is surviving well.

**Nature is amazing.**

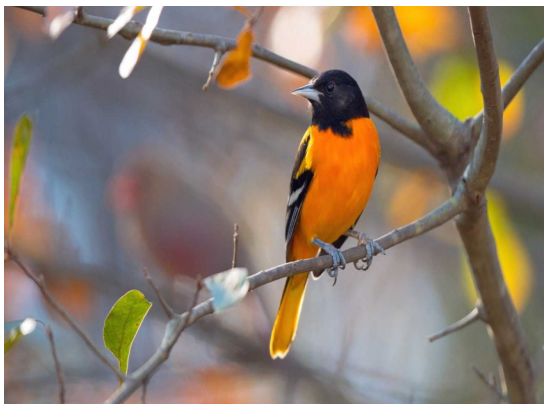


## Home from Camp Christian

Our resident campers, are back from a week of fun and games, possibly some learning about our Lord and Savior. :))



## Is that Your Bird, Mom?



Winter never came to Florida the way it had come to Baltimore, where my husband, Ken, and I were born and raised. The only real season you could find where we lived in Jacksonville, Florida, as far as Ken and our boys were concerned, was baseball season.

And the truest mark of spring's arrival was the start-up of spring training, the early reporting of pitchers and catchers, the regular players then arriving like migratory birds, and the easy, almost-

lazy games as everyone warmed up slowly to the demands and promise of a new year, the long haul of the regular season, 162 games, the hope for October.

And the baseball season meant one thing for our family—or should I say one team?—the Baltimore Orioles.

Though they seemed always to break our hearts, we were ever-faithful to the O's. At the breakfast table, Ken would read out the box scores to the boys—Kyle and Chris, 13 and 11 years old. The three of them bought and traded memorabilia and gear, their collection of Oriole artifacts bordering on a shrine.

We watched games whenever we could, admired Camden Yards's outfield and its glorious view of waterfront warehouses and brickwork, and just as hard as we rooted for our "Iron Man," Cal Ripken Jr., so we also rooted against our rival Yankees and Red Sox.

This was all part of normal life for our family, Ken taking the boys to St. Petersburg, where the Birds held spring camp, the boys oiling their Little League gloves with their father, who was also their team's coach. And normal life was what we fought so hard to hold on to when Ken was diagnosed with brain cancer in 1996.

For two long years, the boys and I did everything we could to help Ken through the battle against his cancer. After running the gauntlet of craniotomies and upward of six weeks radiation, as well as rounds of experimental radiotherapy at the Mayo Clinic, we thought we were out of the woods. We all believed that the cancer was in remission.

Ken resumed his normal life, going back to his job in warehouse inventory, and our family resumed its normal days—the boys going to school, me to my job as a nursing professor at the community college.

Maybe we'd raised our expectations too high, or had believed too much in Ken's full recovery, or had wished too hard for our lives to return to normal again. All I really know was that we were devastated when, after a short relapse, my husband of 20 years died in December 1998. The boys were inconsolable. And I floated in a daze through the months following his passing.

We prayed for a healing of our grief, but there seemed no relief from the anguish we carried within us that winter. Each night I begged God to let me see Ken in my dreams, just so I would know he was all right. I needed to know that he was at peace, even if I wasn't.

One morning, as spring approached, I tried to pull myself together and leave for work, but out in the yard I caught the most beautiful birdsong I'd ever heard—*here, here, it sang, come right here, dear*—like a flute. I gazed up into the spindly branches of the water oak in our yard, following the song until I saw the black, shiny feathers of a bird hidden in the leaves. And it did not leave.

The bird raised its head and let out a song so lovely it took my breath away. I ran to get my boys, but when we came back the bird was gone. "Kyle, Chris," I said, "that bird sang for me. It was a sign from God—I know your father's safe in heaven with him."

The boys looked dubious, but they stood beside me to keep me from starting to cry or getting upset again. The three of us gazed into the empty tree for a few moments as the breeze drifted through the leaves. I breathed deeply for the first time in months and kissed the boys before I left for work.

Continued on next page



"Does this sound like your bird, Mom?" he asked after each new call. I listened to the songs from the other room: the *jay, jay, jay* of the blue jay, the *three blind mice!* of the golden-crowned sparrow, the *chick a dee dee dee*, and the *woop err whill*. Those were familiar to me. And then Chris played a flutelike birdsong—*here, here, come right here, dear*—and a shiver went through me.

"That's it!" I yelled to my sons. "That's my bird."

Neither Chris nor Kyle answered from where they were. "Boys? Did you hear me? That was the one singing to me."

"Are you sure?" they called.

"Positive," I said. "What is it?"

They came to the doorway, both of them with smiles wide.

"What was it?" I asked again.

"Mom," said Chris, "that bird was the Baltimore oriole."



"How perfect!" I exclaimed. Nothing else in the world would have been as right as an oriole coming to our backyard, nothing so loving and puckish. It was as if that song lifted a terrible need to see Ken again—not removed it from us, but lifted it slightly—and made us see that things would go on from our season of grief.

Spring would come, the players reporting to camp while snow still threatened in Baltimore. When the Orioles took the field that year, I couldn't help but smile through my tears.



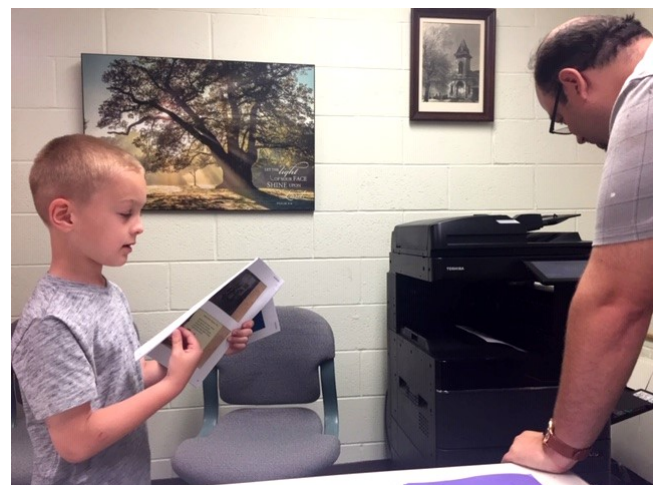
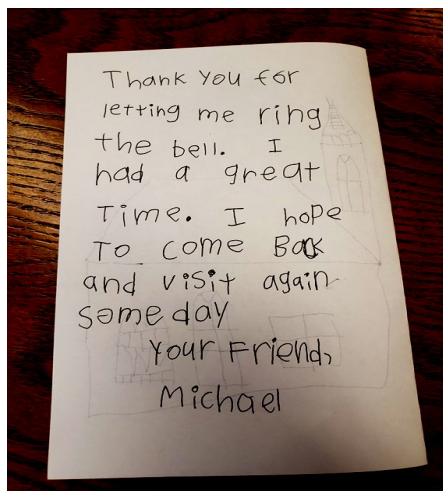
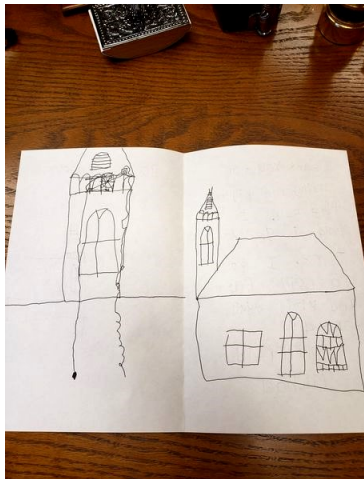
### **Our Carillon Attracts admirers of all ages ..**

Recently Frank Danso contacted our church to see if his grandson, Michael, a well mannered sweet youngster, aged 6, could come to see the bell in the bell tower and maybe ring the bell. His attraction to this bell was unusual as he was so excited and full of questions when Pastor took him for a tour, to see what a child that age could see and to ring the bell with the rope in the Narthex.

He wanted to have as much information about this bell as he could get. Pastor printed off a booklet of pictures and info for him.

Later after studying his booklet he came back to the church to present

Pastor a handmade, hand drawn greeting card to Thank Pastor Casey for everything.







September 20, 1926 - July 19, 2021

Cortland - Edwin Matt Niemi, 94, peacefully passed away on Monday, July 19, 2021, at Trumbull Regional Medical Center, surrounded by his loved ones.

Edwin was born in Warren, Ohio, on September 20, 1926. His parents were Matt and Minnie (Minnela) Niemi.

He graduated from Bazetta High School and King's Point Merchant Marine Academy, Long Island, NY.

Edwin, retired Lt. JG USNR, served as an officer in the US Navy and the US Merchant Marines during the Korean conflict and was present at the signing of the peace treaty between North and South Korea at the behest of the Admiral of the Navy.

In 1953, he married the former Eileen Anthony, who survives.

Mr. Niemi was employed by the Wean Engineering Co. as a field engineer. During this time, he and his family resided in several Western European countries where he installed new steel mill equipment in the war-torn areas. He retired in 1985.

Locally Edwin, with his brother Arne, built and developed the Elm Road Dairy Queen in 1952. After his brother's death, he constructed and administered other Dairy Queen operations in Cortland and Howland.

Edwin was a long-time member of Jerusalem Lodge F&AM and Hartford OES, of which he served as patron twice. He was a member of Cortland Christian Church, was a former elder and contributing member of many committees. He was a charter member of the Cortland/Bazetta Optimist Club, and a member of the Cortland Conservation Club.

Mr. Niemi was an avid sportsman who passed his love of fishing to many family members. A superb marksman, he also enjoyed hunting both in the US and in various foreign countries. He travelled extensively by motor home and later with educational groups to many lands. His adventure stories are legendary to both family and friends.

He will be lovingly missed by his four children and their spouses: Timothy (Crystal) Niemi, Anthony Niemi, Teresa Stevenson, and Tina (Jack Alpert) Niemi.