

The Disciple

Digital Digest

 Fall 2023



*Whoever you are,
wherever you are in your spiritual journey,
you are welcome here.*



A Publication of Christ Lutheran Church, Richmond, VA







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We reveal God's Love

*Brothers and sisters
Graced with the Cross of Jesus Christ
joyously drawn together by the Good News
into a ministry of seeking, sharing, caring and serving.*



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Church Council

Patty, V.P.



Jim I., Pres.



Carol, Secy.



Jim S.



Pastor Ralph



Glen



Judy



Chad



Vanessa



2023

Council



Thanks to all who persevered and helped CLC through a tough few years including a pandemic, a new streaming experience and a renovation. To you all, click [HERE](#) for a special thank you message...

<https://youtu.be/MXUh545WYqW>

A Special Thank You



The Renovation



The Renovation



The New Sanctuary

Thanks be to God



The Sanctuary



2023 SERVING BOLDLY AWARD RECIPIENT CAROL JONES

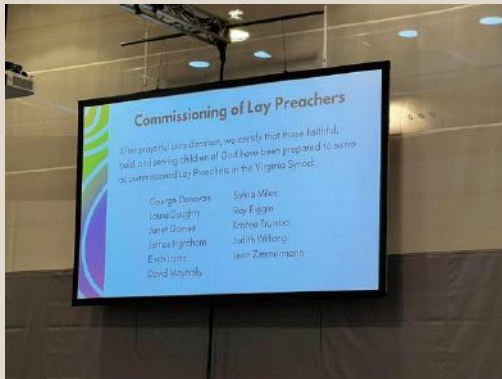


Carol has been a faithful member and servant at Christ Lutheran for many years and has been directly responsible for a number of efforts providing for the community. Carol leads the Quilting Ministry which provides warm quilts to those in need in the community and around the world through Lutheran World Relief. She is a member of the Evangelism Ministry and chairs the Outreach Ministry, whose coordinated efforts have fed first responders of both local fire and police departments, provided supply bags for the homeless, provided water to local marathoners, and also warm coats to those in need in partnership with another local ministry. Carol was instrumental in forming an English as a Second Language initiative when she saw the need in partnership with a local non-English speaking congregation. Not to rest on that accomplishment, she was also instrumental in building the Guatemala Project locally, which provided desperately needed support and supplies to families directly impacted by volcanic destruction in Guatemala. Carol also heads the IT/Communications Ministry, ensuring the functionality of the congregation's infrastructure to provide a recently revamped website as well as the tools needed for sustaining our digital ministry and other communication needs as well. Carol still makes time to spread joy throughout the congregation with her participation with the Bell Choir and assisting whenever and wherever a need arises, always with a smile and joyful heart. She exemplifies humility and what it is to live in service to the Lord.

Submitted by Darren D'Ateno



2023 LAY PREACHER COMMISSION JAMES INGRAHAM



Congratulations to James Ingraham on his commission as part of the Lay Preaching Academy Class of 2022-23.

Submitted by Gary Ingraham

Recognition



SCOUTING ACHIEVEMENTS QUAD JACOBSON



Congratulations to Quad Jacobson on holding the highest scouting rank, Eagle Scout, along with his 53 various merit badges earned. In addition, he is a Vigil member of the prestigious Order of the Arrow, was the OA Election Chair for the district, and also served as den chief for five years mentoring other scouts. Kudos Quad on your amazing accomplishments and leadership.

Submitted by Cathleen Jacobson

Recognition



CENTRAL VIRGINIA SOCCER REFEREE ASSOCIATION HALL OF FAME DR. WILLIAM T. FRANZ



Many in the congregation know that Bill spent his career as a scientist, a professor, and a college administrator. Fewer know that his side avocation was soccer. Bill officiated over 1600 games, mostly at the high school level, and was an instructor for new and recertifying referees. Bill was inducted into the Central Virginia Soccer Referee Association Hall of Fame in 2021. You can read about it here:

<https://www.cvsra.com/hall-of-fame-dup>



First, there is a black cross in a heart that remains its natural color. This is to remind me that it is faith in the Crucified One that saves us. Anyone who believes from the heart will be justified (Romans 10:10). It is a black cross, which mortifies and causes pain, but it leaves the heart its natural color. It doesn't destroy nature, that is to say, it does not kill us but keeps us alive, for the just shall live by faith in the Crucified One (Romans 1:17).

The heart should stand in the middle of a white rose. This is to show that faith gives joy, comfort, and peace—it puts the believer into a white, joyous rose. Faith does not give peace and joy like the world gives (John 14:27). This is why the rose must be white, not red. White is the color of the spirits and angels (cf. Matthew 28:3; John 20:12).



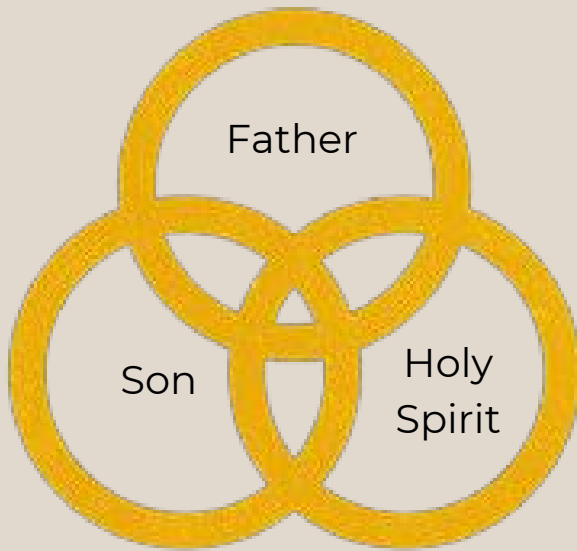
THE LUTHERAN SEAL

This rose should stand in a sky-blue field, symbolizing that a joyful spirit and faith is a beginning of heavenly, future joy, which begins now, but is grasped in hope, not yet fully revealed.

Around the field of blue is a golden ring to symbolize that blessedness in heaven lasts forever and has no end. Heavenly blessedness is exquisite, beyond all joy and better than any possessions, just as gold is the most valuable and precious metal.



THE LUTHERAN POWER OF THREE



The Holy Trinity

The Trinity is the foundational Christian belief that God is one Being who exists in three Persons.

The three solas are three Latin phrases popularized during the Protestant Reformation that emphasized the distinctions between the early Reformers and the Roman Catholic Church. The word sola is the Latin word for “only” and was used in relation to three key teachings that defined the biblical pleas of Protestants.

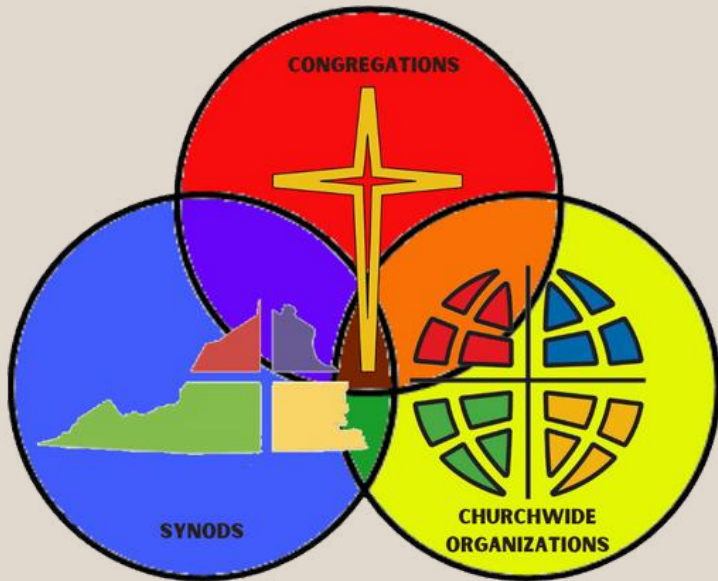


The Three Solas





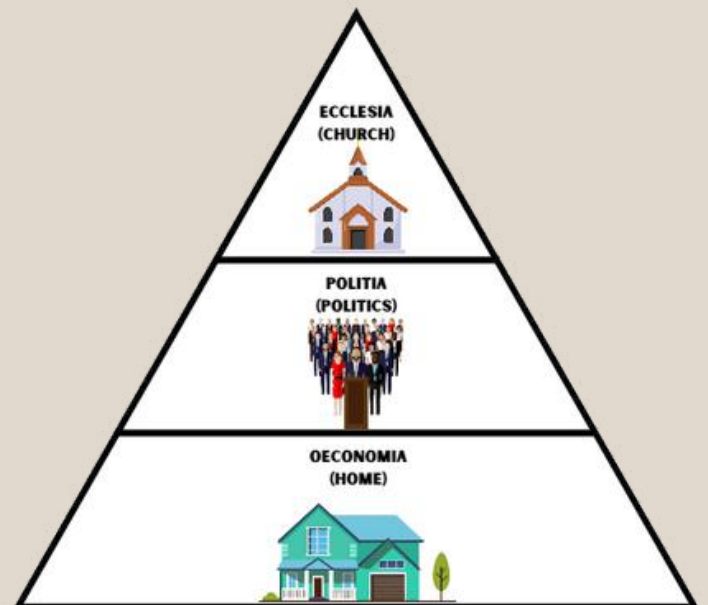
THE LUTHERAN POWER OF THREE



The Three Expressions

Martin Luther identified three estates or spheres of society where Christians were called to live out their baptism: politia, oeconomia and ecclesia—that is, in politics, at home and in the church. Not one of these spheres is more important than the other—in all three Christians can fulfill their vocation, that is, live out their baptism.

Each expression has its particular functions but all three together share a common mission of doing God's work in the world and proclaiming the good news of Jesus Christ. Together, they ensure a solid foundation of leadership, active involvement in communities, opportunities for dialogue and diverse perspectives, creative partnerships, and support for members and ministries of the ELCA.



The Three Estates





SYMBOLS AROUND THE CHURCH



The Alpha and Omega

In Revelation, Jesus called Himself the Alpha and the Omega, meaning He existed before anything else and will exist after all else ceases. He is the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End. Alpha and Omega are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet.

The Anchor

The anchor is a Christian symbol for hope and steadfastness. The source for this symbol is Hebrews 6:19, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Anchors are found in many inscriptions in the catacombs of Rome. They were also often carved on old Christian gems.



The Descending Dove

The Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descended upon Jesus at His baptism in the river Jordan. In Christian art, doves are used to symbolize purity, peace and reconciliation. The Holy Spirit is now most often depicted in the form of a descending dove.

The Fleur-de-lis

The fleur-de-lis means "lily" in French and is a popular symbol of the Resurrection. The three flourishing petals are also known as symbols for the Holy Trinity. The fleur-de-lis is often depicted in religious art alongside particular saints, especially the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph.



The Ichthus

In Greek, the first letters of the words, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior" spell Ichthus, meaning "fish". When the early Christians were persecuted, they used the Ichthus as a secret sign to identify themselves to each other. Today, it is one of the most widely recognized symbols of Christianity.





Crown of Thorns

In the Bible thorns often represent sin, and therefore, the crown of thorns is fitting—because Jesus would bear the sins of the world. But a crown is also fitting because it represents the suffering King of Christianity—Jesus Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

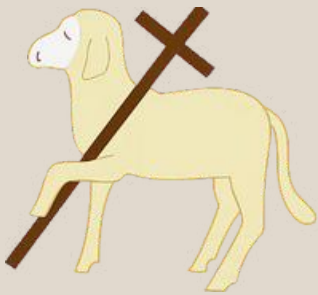


Trinity (Borromean Rings)

There are many symbols of the Trinity in Christianity. The Borromean Rings—a concept taken from mathematics—are three interlocking circles that signify the divine trinity. A Borromean Ring falls apart if any one of the rings is removed.

Bread and Wine (or grapes)

Bread and wine represent the Lord's Supper or Communion.



Lamb of God (Agnus Dei)

The Lamb of God represents Jesus Christ, the perfect, sinless sacrifice offered by God to atone for the sins of man.

Chi Rho

This is a monogram of the first two letters X and P of the Greek word for Christ.



Trinity Knot (Triquetra)

The symbol is used by Christians as a sign of the Trinity (Father, Son and Holy Spirit).





Quatrefoil

The Quatrefoil represents the writers of the four gospels — Matthew, Mark, Luke and John — which overlap one another partially but not entirely, and are equally important to our understanding of Jesus.



Butterfly

The butterfly has long been a Christian symbol of the resurrection, for it disappears into a cocoon and appears dead, but emerges later far more beautiful and powerful than before. The three stages of the butterfly's metamorphoses are symbolic of the three stages in the life cycle of Christ



Shepherd's Staff

The staff represents God's Spirit. It indicates gentle guidance.



The Three Nails

The three nails represents the crucifixion of Jesus, also known as the Passion of Christ.



Lighthouse

The lighthouse represents the guidance, refuge, and salvation that characterized the life of Christ and the meaning of the Easter season. In short- Jesus- the light of the world.



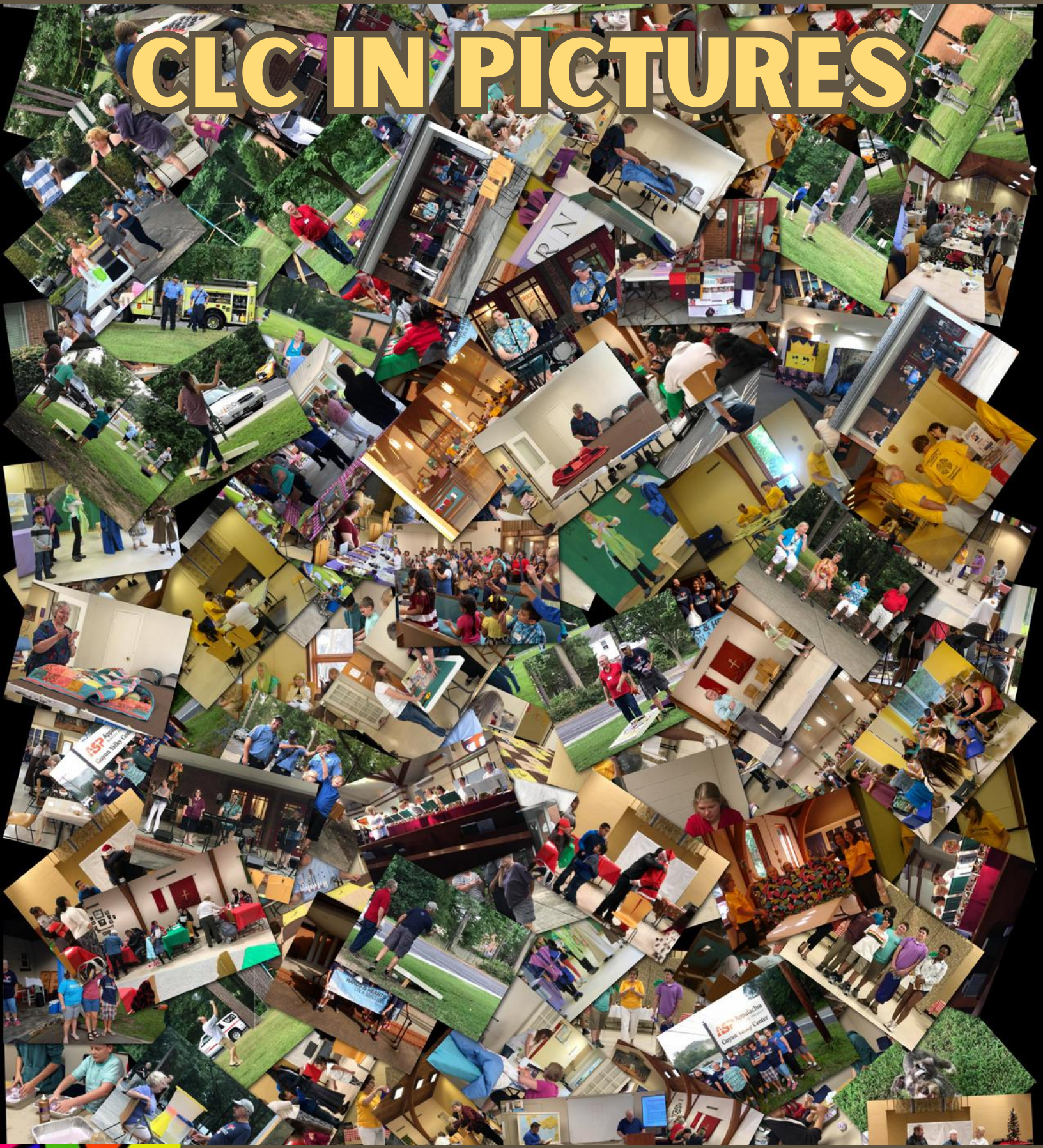
Crown (or Diadem)

The crown represents Jesus- the King of Kings.





CLC IN PICTURES



Pictures



The Jokers are Us

“Harry, it’s your deal.”

Harry continued to look out of the train window.

“Are you listening to me? I would deal them myself, but you know I don’t know how to shuffle.. Please, let us continue.” Harry picked up the cards and started to shuffle. He rapped them on the table one more time than was needed, then dealt ten cards apiece staring at the tabletop, all the while his wife stared at him.

Donna picked up her cards. Face-up on the discard pile was the two of hearts. “Do you want that card?” she asked.

Harry, who hadn’t even picked up his cards yet, shook his head no.

“Well, I’ll take it. Who knows when a card like that will come in handy?” (It fit well with the two kings, two queens, the six of spades, the eight of diamonds, the eight of clubs, the four of hearts, the ace of spades and the three of clubs she also held in her hand). She thought for a second and discarded the six; looking over at Harry, who still hadn’t picked up his hand.

“Harry, are you going to play Gin Rummy or not?”

He looked up at the ceiling. “I don’t know if I want to play anymore,”

She frowned. “But you always liked this game.”

“I know, and it’s a good game. But sometimes I just get tired of it.”

“Why would you get tired, Harry?”

Harry shrugged. “Sometimes it seems a little pointless. We play this game year after year and only get a few points. What’s the score now?”

Donna looked at the sheet. “It’s 52 to 47, you’re winning. Come to think of it, you always want to quit while you’re winning.”

The train rocked as it slid over a bridge, the water below them gray and boring. Harry looked out the window, completely understanding the water’s mood.

Harry sighed. He thought back to the couple they were assigned to sit with during dinner earlier that evening. They were newlyweds going to Florida to spend time in Mickey’s wonderland. The couple’s smiles faltered slightly when Harry told them they were headed down for a funeral of Donna’s brother-in-law. The young man changed the subject quickly; asking how long they had been married. . Donna eyes twinkled when she told them “Twenty-six years.” “That’s right,” she said. “Twenty-six years. One half of a deck of cards, not including the jokers, because the jokers are us.” They all laughed and ate dinner in pleasurable silence.

Harry sighed again, looked down and picked up his cards. In his hand he held three sevens, the king of hearts, the ace of clubs, the five of hearts, the four of diamonds, the ten of clubs, and a pair of deuces. He frowned and picked up the card from the face down pile. He kept the four of clubs and discarded the ace from his hand



“I hate going to funerals.”

“I know.”

“Life never seems short unless you are going to a funeral,” he mumbled.

Donna looked up. “I guess it depends on how you look at things. Funerals make me realize that although time is short, you should make the best of what time you have.” She picked up and discarded the six of hearts.

Harry picked up and kept the five of clubs. “You’ve always tried to look on the happy side of things. Would it kill you to think that sometimes there isn’t an answer?” He discarded the ten of clubs.

She picked up the eight of clubs. “Yes, I suppose it would. I like to think that there is always a way to sort things out.”

“Yeah, that’s what you always say,” he said. Donna placed the four of hearts on the discard pile. Harry grabbed at it before it hit the table. His face was stone.

“We’ve talked about this before. Sometimes I just get tired of the game, that’s all I’m saying.

No need to cross-examine me.” He threw out the King, which Donna picked up in turn.

“I’m not cross-examining you. But you always seem to play this game, even though you hate it. You know, you could always change your mind if you are ‘so tired’ of it.” She tossed the three of clubs.

Harry picked up the King of clubs from the face-down deck and placed it onto the discard pile. “I play this game because I don’t know any others.”

Donna picked up the king and discarded the two. “Neither do I but, unlike you, I’ve never had a desire to learn anything else.”

Harry smiled as he looked from his hand to the card on the discard pile. He picked up the two of hearts. “I knock,” he said and discarded the five of clubs. “I have five points of deadwood.”

Donna smiled. “You needed the two after all?”

Harry smiled. “I guess I did. It seems I always needed the two. How many points did you have left?”

Donna counted quickly. “Twenty-one, minus your five gives you sixteen. You’re now winning sixty-eight to forty-seven.” She looked up with a smile on her face, but her eyes showed a hint of fear. Do you want to quit now?”

Harry looked down at the cards. Twenty-six of them lay face-up on the table. He looked at the draw pile, picked up the two of hearts, gave it a kiss, and tossed it back onto the table. With a small smile on his lips, he said, “I’m still in. It’s your deal. Go ahead and shuffle while I go to the bathroom.”

Harry walked out of the room with Donna’s voice trailing after him, “You know damn well I can’t shuffle a deck of cards!”



Submitted by Dan Whitesides





Today I Found God in a Plastic Bag

A jolt. That's how I awakened this morning, to the upbeat cadence of the refreshing Caribbean hook of "Tiney Winey". It's Friday already- where has the week gone? Such is my wonder as the pulsating rhythm of the showerhead's cascading waterfall crashes against my welcoming body. I think it's going to be a good day, yet I still know not why. I routinely dress over the din of my TV as I learn of the Yankees' second win this pre-season over the defending American League champion Rays. With my shoes meticulously tied, my car warms outside as I strap my watch to my bare wrist and don my metal cross around my neck. I toss my shoulder bag onto the back seat of my car upon exiting my house as I then strap in to the tune of my favorite morning radio station that so brightens my day with a smile. Then, shortly after leaving behind the recognizable curve of my street, I sit under the familiar glow of the red light at the intersection that greets me every working day. That's when it happened- I saw the plastic bag.

It was nothing special, the plastic bag. Or was it? Just a plain, white, handled plastic bag. What amused my attention was the way it danced happily in the invisible brisk wind that day- or as I sometimes think of the unseen force of air as- the hand of God. Ah, God- the father of all that is good- including the wonders and great, human debates of this world. Then the age old question peeks its head around the corner- does He exist? – almost, seemingly on cue, just waiting to be answered by one's own test of faith. Yes, of course He exists. Besides, that is how I was raised and what I was taught. Furthermore, I occupy the same lonely pew every week in the same church I hold office in, so how can there be any doubt? But there always is, by someone, whether by pundit or circumstance. As always, I try to answer the question as I only know how, silently to myself.

The crows I saw prancing along the curb this particular morning conjured up one of the biggest age-old uncertainties in my mind- creation versus evolution. Now we know God created everything despite what the scientific minds might have us to believe. But what of the dinosaurs? What of the massive creatures of land, sea and air that has scattered our planet with fossilized remains and specimens eternally trapped in amber prisons? Ah, the scientific mind- so precise, so calculating and exacting- providing us with all the answers. But does it really prove the genesis of our planet, nay, our existence? I mean, it's hard to dispute the gargantuan pieces of bone unearthed in many an excavation. But could these evolutionary pieces of the puzzle be part of his design? Certainly, these prehistoric creatures did not find solace in the Ark. But could the meteoric catastrophe and the Great Flood be one and the same? Certainly, science has proven that one may cause the other. But still, what of these massive fragments of skeleton? After all, Leviathan sounds pretty huge to me just as it did to Job, I'm sure. Besides, I am sure, even in my simple mind, that there were more than just earthly days between light and Adam. Ah, the excitement of the possibilities! My miniscule mind races to a halt as it expectantly fails at any attempt at enlightenment. Just then, the light turns green as my mind and my car moves on.



Ever wonder why bad things happen to good people? I do- and did- in the congestion that is I-495. I've heard that question all too many times. It's just coincidence, chance, the evil result of man's free will- we can go on and on, but I have to get to work. But then, the pundits once again- why would a loving God allow it all to happen? A seemingly good question to the untested soul, so often left up to our own human ignorance and limited capacities. Those who claim understanding include it as part of "The Plan". I remember when I was four years old. Oh, how my parents loved to dress me in the fashionable remains of the day. I remember the pride they took in adorning me in my white pants and white silky shirt on that life changing day. The day that very same outfit would change to the hue of crimson, the color of the very blood that would drench it as it poured from my pierced chin. I was told many times not to run in the house, but then again what little boy listens all the time, right? It would take the corner of an unforgiving dresser drawer to unhinge my jaw to explain why I should have walked and finally sink in. How could my parents let this happen? Don't they love me? Shouldn't they keep me safe no matter what? Maybe they should have kept their beloved son locked naked in a padded room- certainly nothing can harm him there, right? Yes, whatever it takes to save me, even from myself and my childish resistance to parental authority. Maybe God teaches us and nurtures us just as any loving parents do, allowing us to grow and learn, even if we have to do so "the hard way" sometimes. Maybe life really is the proverbial chess game it is purported to be. Except, I do not believe we are all pawns. I believe we are all kings and queens on this board called Earth with all the rules and instruction we need. I believe it is up to us to calculate our moves, looking as far ahead as necessary, as we see fit. How we move the piece that is our own destiny is up to us. Do we all make the right moves as we attempt to stalemate to a peaceful coexistence? Of course not. We, after all, are still only human, left to our own sinning devices. The ruthless will dispose of the king, the cunning will capture the queen, and the rest wallow in the ensuing battle, right? But it's ok you naysayers. God allows us to play again. But for now, I continue on as I-495 begins to move once again.

Passing cars is a fascinating affair if you actually take the time to glance into the windows of each (but please, keep your focus on the road or we will never get off of this highway!). The smiles, the frowns, the technologically advanced conversations camouflaged as curious soliloquies- all amusing anecdotes in the hustle and bustle of the day. Watching people simply amazes me and captures my imagination. Is it how people with such similar characteristics act so differently? Is it how a dozen or so facial features combine to create millions- nay billions- of possibilities? Or is it something that just cannot be explained, no matter how hard we try? Why do humans even need society? The body only needs food, shelter and clothing (ok, and sex) to survive and continue, no matter what Maslow may argue, right? So why does the soul need love and humanity at all? What awakens our souls anyway? Is it that perfect sunrise? The melodious ardor of the birds in the dew filled morning? Maybe it is the presence of that certain someone in your life whose beauty alone proves the existence of someone greater than ourselves, for surely she was sent from above to ignite your inner beauty, comfort your fears and emblazon your heart? I was lucky enough to receive this precious gift myself- or correctly said- was blessed



enough to recognize it. I thank her every chance I get by the way, and so should you to your heavenly gift. If she isn't proof of His divine grace and glory, I don't know what is. Finally, my exit. Two more turns and my drive this morning is done, thank goodness. Too bad my work day isn't as well I think to myself, though life is too short to rush any given day. Ah, life. So finite and quantitative yet no one can explain it. Is it even worth trying? I mean, what's to say there is anything after it anyway? What makes us think it's a gift from God if it is taken away so quickly? My unqualified mind tries to rationalize once more as I see the trees, street signs, cars, birds- all that passes on my journey to the grindstone. In my passing, I'm reminded of that basic scientific principal I learned so long ago- that all matter is made up of molecules. Scientists would delight in my recollection and agreement that I too am merely a complex amalgam of those very same particles- protons, neutrons, electrons- and all the other ions I don't know of or can't pronounce. So I ask plainly- what makes me so special? I am just a mix of the same infinitesimal pieces as that stop sign that greets my final turn every morning, just arranged a little differently, right? If we, and all that surrounds us, can ultimately be broken down to the same smallest integers possible, what makes us so different than any of the other lifeless structures that surround us? What is the mysterious "life force" that allows us as humans to walk, talk, think, touch, feel- love- and express the seemingly endless array of emotions and senses that we do? It certainly isn't the same evolution of chaotic perchance that is the basis of so many learned arguments and theses. If it was, maybe I'd still be at the corner in dialogue with that stop sign. I wish I knew. Everyone wants to know. Or maybe we are not supposed to know. Maybe it is the eternally intricate yet forever simple and unexplainable breath of God that is in us all. I don't know about you, but I am convinced that it is just that simple. I hope everyone that I love and hold dear to me- and all of mankind for that matter- is ultimately convinced as well.

Thank you father God. Thank you for all that you have given me and promise to give me still. Thank you for the air in my lungs, the earth under my feet, the clothes on my back, the roof over my head, the food on my table- and most of all- the love in my heart. All glory, praise and honor be unto you for the goodness and mercy you have shown me this day and all the days of my life. I thank you for the sacrifice you have made for us through your only son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Please give me the strength this day and every day to do what is good and pleasing to you in accordance with what you have planned for me already. You bid your will in such mysterious ways dear God. There is so much beauty and splendor in all of your creation. Who would have thought that today I would have found you in a plastic bag.



Submitted by Darren D'Ateno



CLC IN PICTURES



Pictures

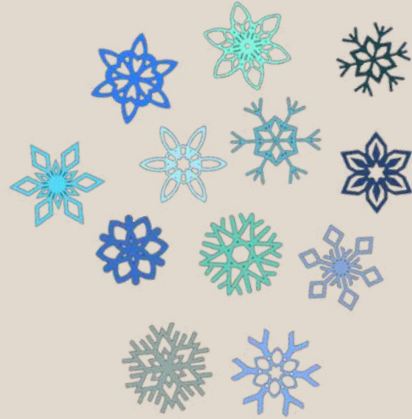


Snow

Snow, snow, snow is dancing,
drifting, falling, lightly prancing,
downward, downward, gently resting
where the birds were lately nesting.

Snow, your season you remember,
on this first day of December.

Stepping lightly as I go,
crunching, munching through the snow,
boots and gloves and scarf pulled tight,
I watch you glisten in the night.



Sleep

(with a nod to Mr. Poe)

Sleep, my hungry soul is yearning
for the peace of day's adjourning,
yet you will not come to satisfy.

Every bone within me aching
more each hour that's spent in waking;
still I do not know the reason why.

Come at last and calm my sorrow,
for I've things to do tomorrow,
things that only you can help me through.

Close my eyes in restful bliss,
all my rambling thoughts dismiss,
soothe my spirit, and my soul renew.

Submitted by Linda Keener



Plea to Youth (stages of life)

Is it a bud I see spring forth,
with its face thrust to the north?
New life, for all your worth,
stay with me.

With your simple subtlety,
blossom now and let me see
all your handsomeness and glory,
let me see.

Sprouting upward like a knife,
unaware of grief or strife,
oh, precious, youthful life,
stay with me!

I was too eager at the hour,
for the bud is now a flower,
looming upward like a tower
before me.

Now the bud stirs not at all,
raised leafy arms and let them fall,
heeding not my meager call,
neglecting me.

No longer does it soar;
it is drooping at Death's door.
Priceless youth shall never more
be with me.



On Romans 8:38,39

I sin, O God.
Yes, I turn repeatedly unto
the ways of death and darkness.
The powers of evil tempt me daily,
and I succumb.

Yes, I succumb freely.
The pleasures all about me
snatch my thoughts swiftly,
and my eyes turn selfishly within.

Yet, why do You love me, Lord?
What kind of love can this be?
My soul cries out in anguish
At my own self-destruction.

And yet...

Praise be to God!
For Christ has come to light my pathway home.



Submitted by Linda Keener



Remembering An Everyday Saint

This is a story of a memory
Dating back to 2004
When I returned to the church
Through Bethany Lutheran's doors.
I was greeted with warm and open arms,
A feeling like no other-
Second only in my life
To the memory of my mother.
It did not take long to feel at home while guilt did chip away;
Knowing immediately without a doubt I was back and here to stay.
The love of Jesus shone bright, the moment I had come
To my new Christian safe house,
My home away from home.
What I had learned the most though,
before the weeks grew long-
Is that day I met a faithful saint
By the name of Brother John.
He was certainly a man among men, working hard without a rest-
All to the glory of Jesus
Who lived within his chest.
No injury, ache or pain
Would ever sit him down;
He'd conquer every challenge
Without even the slightest frown.
Trash, floors, grass and more-
Every task was his to beat;
He never met a challenge
His love would not defeat.
You'd never know he'd had seemingly every ailment known to man
For hard work was his passion,
Met with a tenacity only he can.
Circumstances tried to keep him down, for he did not have the privilege to drive;
But trapped alone he would not be
Nor kept within his hive.



He travelled by almost any means
And ventured wherever he had to go
Without ever being turned around
And never missing a show.
He tended to our church ground,
Expansive as it was,
With artistic and expert license
As only his love does.
He had a story for every spot
Though eloquence was not his strength;
But experience would pen his tale-
And teach he would at length.
He had a determination and grit-
I've never seen before
For when life's bell did ring its chime
He never locked the door;
But open it he did
Without the slightest pause
And invited in all who knocked
No matter what the cause.
There's not much more to say
That can paint the picture true
Unless the pleasure you did have
Of his acquaintance if you knew.
For now we just remember
And celebrate his return
And cherish his friendship and stories
Of his life that we did earn.
May his journey homeward bound
Be without a single plaint
For we've been blessed in this earthly life
To know this everyday saint.

John Latimer
1943-2013



Submitted by Darren D'Ateno



Missing You- Your Thankful Son

Missing you dearly, missing you much, missing your hugs, missing your touch;
Hurting inside, hurting in my heart, hurting each day that we are apart;
Wanting to see you, again once more, wanting to see you walk through the door;
Listening for your voice, listening for your laugh, listening for your strength, your rod and your
staff;
Feeling your hurt, feeling your pain, feeling lonely until we meet again;
Keeping your memory, keeping your grace, keeping the vision of your beautiful face;
Holding your lessons that allowed me to grow, holding all you taught me and led me to
know;
Remembering your smile and the way that it shone, remembering all your love that had
grown;
Wishing you were here if just one more day, wishing to tell you all I wanted to say;
Praying God keeps you in his loving arms, praying Heaven is graced by your charms;
Knowing He will and resting assured, Knowing the love of the Christ, my Lord;
His will be done and not my own, Thank you for the greatest Mom ever known;
We know not now but may one day why things he works in their own way;
For his wisdom reigns supreme, all knowing more than ever seen;
In my walk I've learned to live and be thankful for all that he does give;
Not for wants I may not own nor the seeds I wished I'd sewn;
But the blessings he gives me each waking day that he lets me find along the way;
Your part in my walk was strong and sure, I could not have wanted or wished for more;
He always knows exactly what we need even if we cannot understand the deed;
I question not your leaving premature, but know the test is to love him more;
I only hope that I may pass this test he's given to make me last;
I love you Mom and always will, and pray my soul may foot the bill
to be with you when that time comes- your loving and ever thankful son.

For Kandy "Mom" D'Ateno



Submitted by Darren D'Ateno



People are fragile
Sometimes our lives don't end well
My heart cries for us.



Gems from yesteryears
Dad made my first purple bike
And my rocking horse.

I look up and see
Leaves dancing in harmony
A wizarding crown



Submitted by Kathi Harris



Cookies for a friend
Endless baking in the house
Husband sighs and cleans.

Good news: stove is working.
Bad news: headache. Hurts badly.
Off I go to sleep.

Sleeps creeps toward me
Sweeping eyelids down and shut
Sinking into dreams.

New day arises
One last look at the shadows
Sunlight cleans darkness.

Happy partners sigh
They have this day every day
Love throughout the year.

Darkness will end soon
Cold fingers of dread and fear
Discontent winter.

A new month and day
Sun chases the winter's ice
sparkles become dew.

Early morning time
Awoken by the hard floor
Air mattress leaking.

Submitted by Jennifer John



Tired eyes droop down
TV chatters on and on
Late night serenade.

Blue skies are a lie
Sharp air cuts through my warm thoughts
Spring is not here yet.

Office balcony
Water flows constantly
A James River view.



Submitted by Jennifer John



Quarantine pt.1

Stuck at home alone
The world is going crazy
Thank God for the church



Quarantine pt.2

Church is streaming now
Noone allowed in person
Christ is still alive



Quarantine pt.3

Everyone's zooming
No human interaction
Praying for our souls



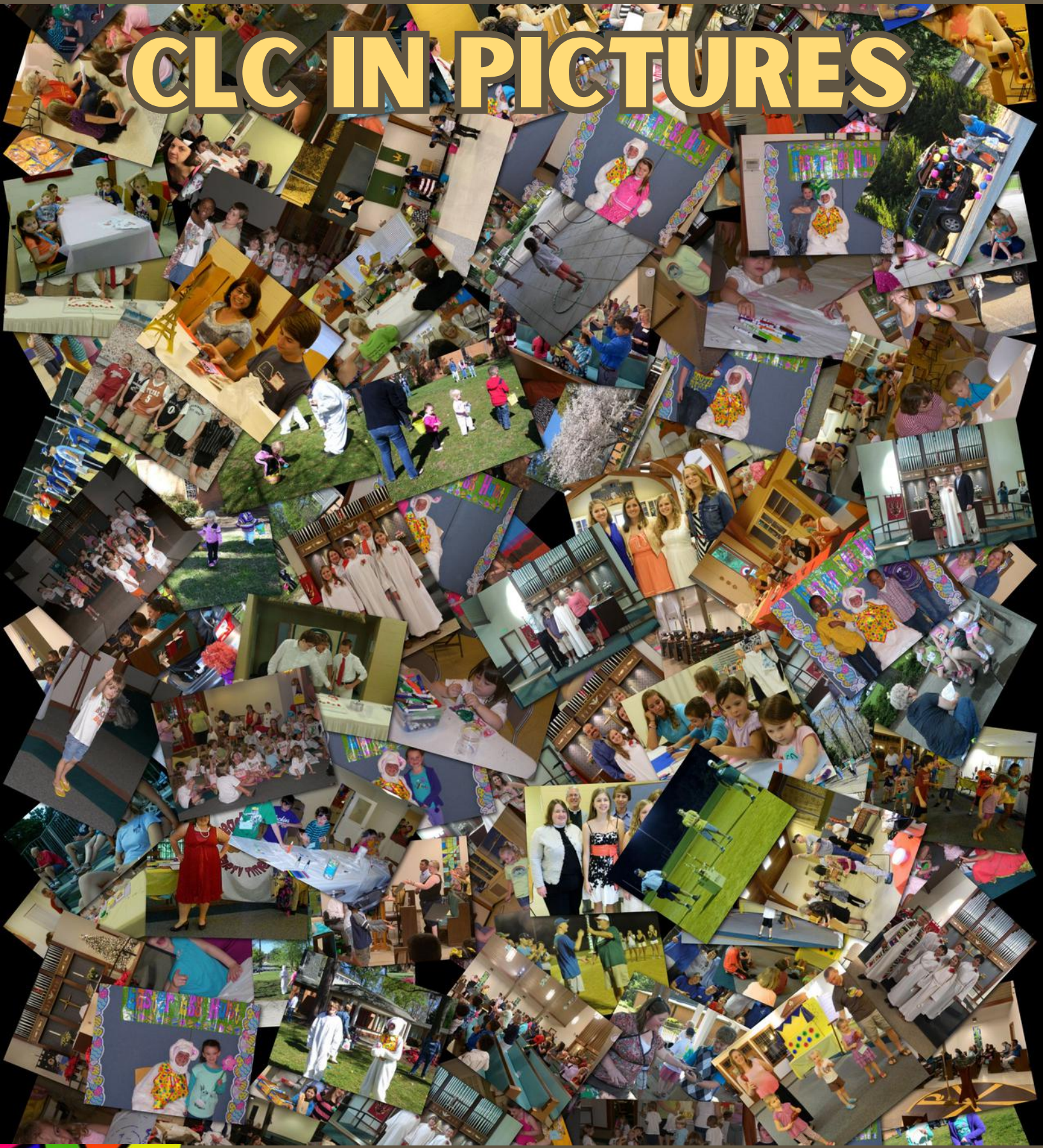
Quarantine pt.4

People back in church
The world's a different place
Christ has seen us through

Submitted by Darren D'Ateno



CLC IN PICTURES



Pictures



CLC



RECIPES

AMBROSIA SALAD



- 2 15oz cans fruit cocktail, drained
- 2 15oz cans mandarin oranges, drained
- 2 15oz cans pineapple chunks, drained
- 16oz sour cream
- 10oz bag mini marshmallows
- shredded coconut (optional, to taste)

Mix all ingredients in a large bowl
Refrigerate at least 4 hours, or overnight

Add additional toppings as desired (maraschin cherries, chopped walnuts)

Submitted by Darren D'Ateno

HOMEMADE ITALIAN MEATBALLS



- 1 lb of chop meat
- 1 medium onion chopped small
- 2 cloves of garlic chopped small
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup Italian breadcrumbs
- 1/3 cup grated parmesan cheese
- 1 egg

Mix all ingredients together. Make the meatballs to any size you like. Fry the meatballs in oil on medium. Turn meatballs so all sides get browned. Once done put meatballs in the sauce and cook in sauce for awhile.

Enjoy!

Submitted by Kimberly D'Antonio





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RECIPES

TINKY'S PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES



- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 egg
- 1 cup regular sugar

Preheat oven to 375

Mix ingredients well.

Roll into walnut sized balls on an ungreased cookie sheet.

Flatten with the tines of a fork (I flatten in two directions).

Sprinkle with sugar and bake for 10-15 minutes (shorter time for chewier cookies, longer for crunchy cookies).

Enjoy!

Submitted by Tinky Keen

NEIMAN MARCUS SQUARES



- 1 box yellow cake mix
 - 1 cup chopped nuts (pecans)
 - 1 stick butter or margarine, softened
 - 1 egg
- For topping, mix:
- 8 oz cream cheese, softened
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 box confectioner's sugar

Preheat oven to 350 degrees

Mix together and press into lightly greased 9"X13" pan

Spread topping onto top of first mixture and bake 40-45 minutes. Allow to cool completely before cutting

Submitted by Tinky Keen for Kim Yucha





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RECIPES

- 4 cups chopped broccoli
- 1 (10 ounce) can of cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup mayonnaise or miracle whip (we prefer mayo)
Could also substitute Greek yogurt or sour cream.
- 1/4 cup of butter melted (1/2 stick)
- 2 large eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 medium yellow onion finely chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 1/2 cups extra sharp cheddar cheese
- 1/2 sleeve of Ritz crackers, crushed

BROCCOLI CHEESE CASSEROLE

1. Preheat oven to 350°F
2. Place broccoli in a steaming basket on stove and steam for 5 minutes or until broccoli is tender to a fork.
3. Remove broccoli from stove and chop into bite sized pieces. Place into a medium size mixing bowl.
4. Add to broccoli, soup, mayonnaise, butter, eggs, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well.
5. Add 3/4 cup of cheese to broccoli mixture and mix well.
6. Spray a 8x8 square casserole dish with cooking spray.
7. Pour entire contents into an 8x8" square baking dish.
8. Top with remaining 3/4 cup of cheese and Ritz crackers.
9. Bake for 30 minutes or until cheese is melted and top is golden.



Submitted by Kimberly D'Antonio



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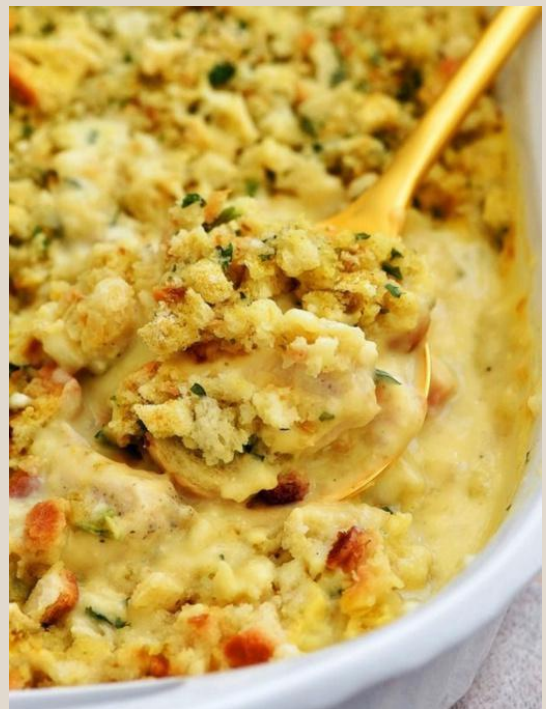


RECIPES

- 2 pounds boneless skinless chicken breasts, diced in 1-inch pieces
- 2 cans (10.75 ounces, each) condensed cream of chicken soup (OR use my recipe below this card for my homemade cream of chicken soup)
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 boxes (6 ounces each) Stove Top Chicken Stuffing mix
- 1 1/2 cups chicken broth

- Preheat oven to 375 degrees F. Spray a 9x13-inch baking dish with non-stick spray.
- Cut chicken breasts into one inch pieces. Lay out evenly in the bottom of prepared dish. Season with salt and pepper.
- In a medium bowl whisk together the condensed soups and milk. Pour mixture evenly over chicken. Sprinkle dry stuffing mix evenly over the top. Pour chicken broth over the stuffing mix- making sure to get as much of it covered as possible.
- Cover dish with foil and bake 40 to 45 minutes or until chicken is cooked through. Remove from oven and let stand 10 minutes before serving.

CHICKEN STUFFING BAKE



Submitted by Kimberly D'Antonio



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RECIPES

- 2 lbs cauliflower florets cut in bite size pieces
- 1 box (8 ounces) cream cheese softened
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups sharp cheddar cheese finely shredded
- 1 1/2 cups Monterey Jack cheese finely shredded
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1/2 teaspoon onion powder
- 6 slices crispy cooked bacon coarsely chopped
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh chives (reserve one tablespoon for the top)
- Kosher salt and black pepper to taste

1. Steam the cauliflower until fork tender; approximately 10 minutes. Drain well in a colander.
2. Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a 9 x 13-inch baking dish.
3. In a large bowl, combine the cream cheese, sour cream, cheddar cheese, Monterey Jack, garlic powder, and onion powder. Mix until creamy and smooth. Gently stir in cauliflower, 1/2 of the bacon, and chives. Season with kosher salt and black pepper to taste.
4. Spoon into a casserole dish and top with the remaining bacon. Bake uncovered for 20-25 minutes or until the cheese is melted. Top with remaining chives and serve.

LOADED CAULIFLOWER CASSEROLE



Submitted by Kimberly D'Antonio



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RECIPES

BERRY FRENCH TOAST CASSEROLE

- Grease a 9"x13" casserole with vegetable oil or butter. Cut up French bread into cubes and add to casserole (fill up to ~3/4).
- In a large bowl, combine eggs, milk, vanilla extract, cinnamon, and brown sugar. Whisk mixture and mix well. Pour mixture into casserole.
- Slice strawberries. Top casserole with strawberries and blueberries.
- Wrap the casserole with saran wrap and refrigerate for four hours, or up to overnight.
- Pre-heat oven to 350 degrees F. Bake for 35-50 minutes. Check at the 35-minute mark, and if it is not done bake for longer.
- Sprinkle with powdered sugar.
- Serve with maple syrup and enjoy!

- 12-14 cups French bread
- 8 large eggs
- 2 cups 2% milk
- 2 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup strawberries sliced
- 1/2 cup blueberries
- 1-2 tbsp powdered sugar
- maple syrup as much as you want!

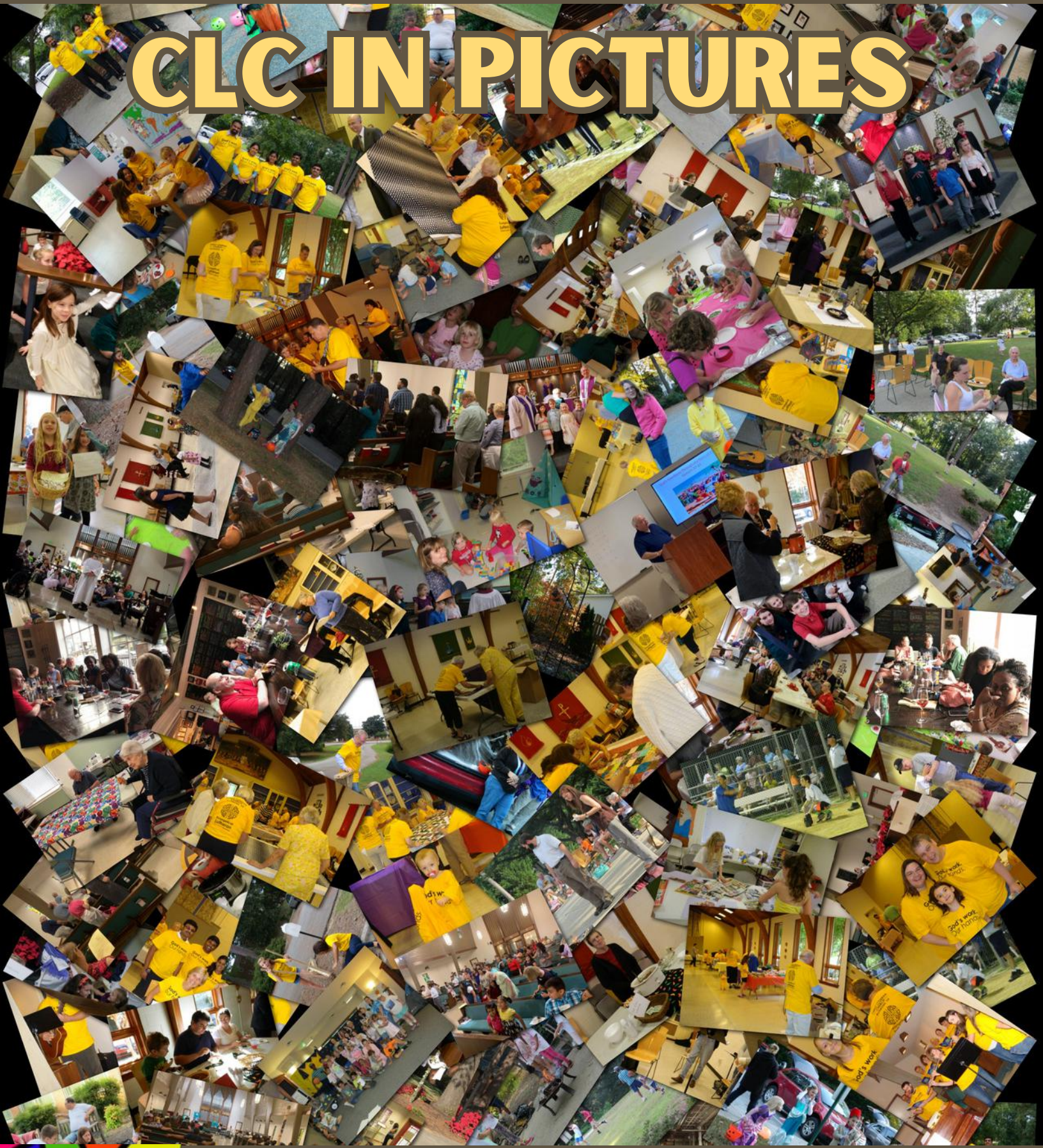


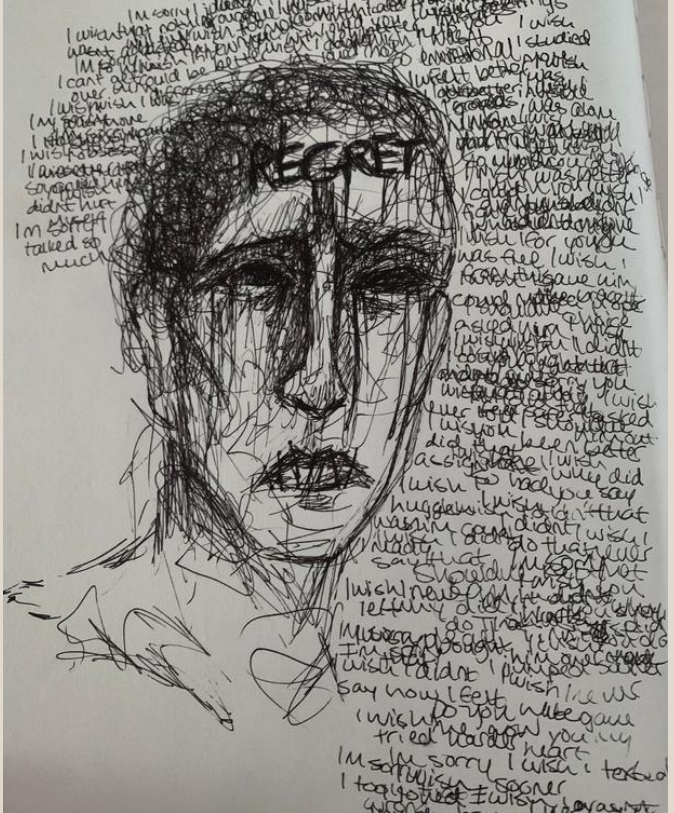
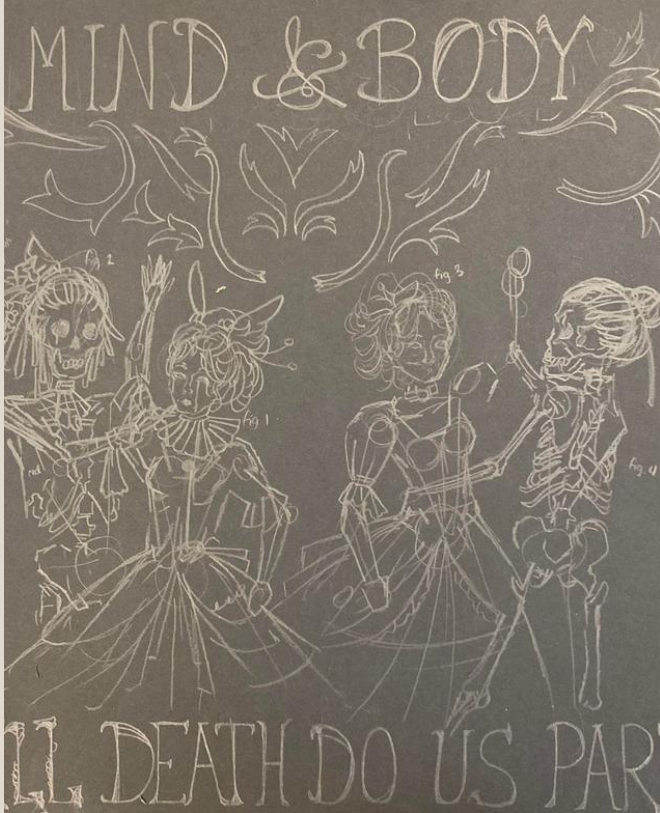
Submitted by Kimberly D'Antonio

Recipes



CLC IN PICTURES





Submitted by Evelyn Pernsteiner





music
is the window
to the soul

Submitted by Darren D'Ateno



CHRIST LOVES CRAFTS



BAGS AND MASKS



CAKES AND CUPCAKES

WREATHS AND CRAFTS

Submitted by Nikki Proffitt for LolaJo by Nikki Renee
Visit LolaJo by Nikki Renee on [Facebook](#) or [online](#)
(<https://www.facebook.com/lolajobynikkirenee> or <https://lolajonikkirenee.com>)





CHRIST LOVES CRAFTS



**PRAYER SHAWL
BY TINKY KEEN**



**DRAWSTRING BAG
BY PATTI FRANZ**

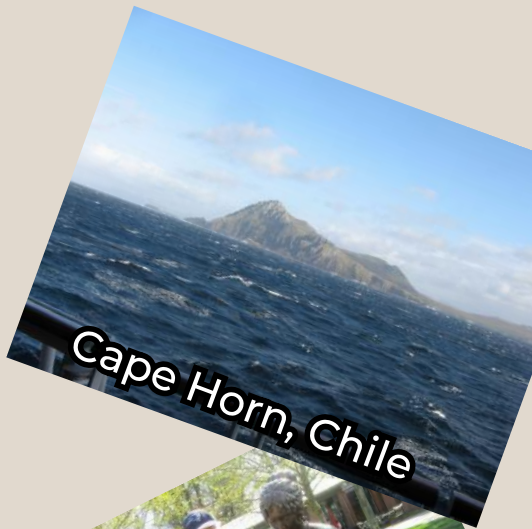


**LIGHT SABER COOKIES
BY KIMBERLY
D'ANTONIO**



**COMMUNION CRAFTS & GOODIES
BY KIMBERLY D'ANTONIO**





Cape Horn, Chile



U.S. Air Force Memorial
Arlington, VA



Capitol Building
Washington, D.C.



Madison Home
Montpelier, VA



Nixon Presidential Library
Yorba Linda, CA



WHERE'S
JIM I?



Chile



Dorchester Gas Tank
Boston, MA



Taj Mahal
India



Antietam Battlefield
Sharpsburg, Maryland



Nantucket Harbor

Submitted by Jim Ingraham





Holy Ice Cream

There are a lot of things in life that I enjoy doing, but one of my favorite things to do on a warm spring day like today, is to get ice cream. I know it seems rather mundane considering all the other possible life experiences, but it is true. A chocolate cone on a warm day is a perfect thing.

The other day, as I sat beneath a shade tree eating my ice cream, I felt such a sense of peace. All the busyness of the day just fell away and for a few minutes, nothing else mattered. The moment felt sacred.

In the stories of the Christian Bible, I so often find myself reading stories about moments that seem mundane that turn out to be sacred. There is something happening, which seems like nothing, and then all of a sudden it seems like it is everything. A chance meeting along the road between Jesus and woman at a well. An invitation to a wedding. Friends helping other friends. Mundane to sacred.

I am always struck by how often this happens not just in the biblical stories, but in my own life. It likely happens far more often than I am aware, but for those to few times I am aware, it seems that the world as I know it has been changed, and there is a presence of something greater than myself. It is hard to explain, but there is a connection between that presence and the peace that I experience. Just as I could imagine for the woman at the well.

Is it too weird to think that I can experience the peace of God in the mundane moment of a chocolate ice cream? Maybe. However, I am thankful for however it is that God reveals God's self. Yet, even if God isn't always there, I am thankful for the ice cream.



Submitted by Pastor Ralph Kirkpatrick
Follow Pastor Ralph's Faith Life blog series [online \(https://faithlife.blog\)](https://faithlife.blog)



THE MANY FACES OF



RALPH



UNCLE RALPH



Fun With Pastor Ralph



MUSICIAN'S PARTY





Stoli Annabelle
Liza Mae
(Tinky)



Gouda
(Molly)



B.B. King
(Jen)

FURRY FRIENDS OF CLC



Snowball
(Bill & Dawn)



Amelia
(SaraJo)



Koba
(SaraJo)



Malfoy
(Susan & Cathryne)



Oscar
(Susan & Cathryne)



Louise
(Susan & Cathryne)





Emmie
(Susan & Cathryne)



Tulip
(Susan & Cathryne)



Oliver
(Susan & Cathryne)

FURRY FRIENDS OF CLC



McFluffigans
(Susan & Cathryne)



Harry Potter
(Susan & Cathryne)



Cheeko
(Susan & Cathryne)



Emma
(Susan & Cathryne)



Smokey
(Susan & Cathryne)



Lotus
(Susan & Cathryne)



Piper
(Susan & Cathryne)



Benjamin
(Susan & Cathryne)



Remmy
(Susan & Cathryne)

FURRY FRIENDS OF CLC



Gizmo (RIP)
(Susan & Cathryne)



Zayne
(Susan & Cathryne)



Ivy
(Susan & Cathryne)



Kesha
(Lucas & Wendy)



Em
(Lucas & Wendy)



Merlin
(Aaron & Emily)



Praise God for who He is



Praise God for what He has done



Remember God's love and grace



To love our neighbors



For those in need



† What to pray for †



For those who don't know Jesus



To love our enemies



To be able to offer time, talent and treasure



For CLC and the church



For our politicians and leaders

For kindness



For humility



For teachability



For forgiveness and to forgive



For obedience



† Christ Lutheran Church †



For our minds to be renewed



For responsibility



For hope and courage



For our military

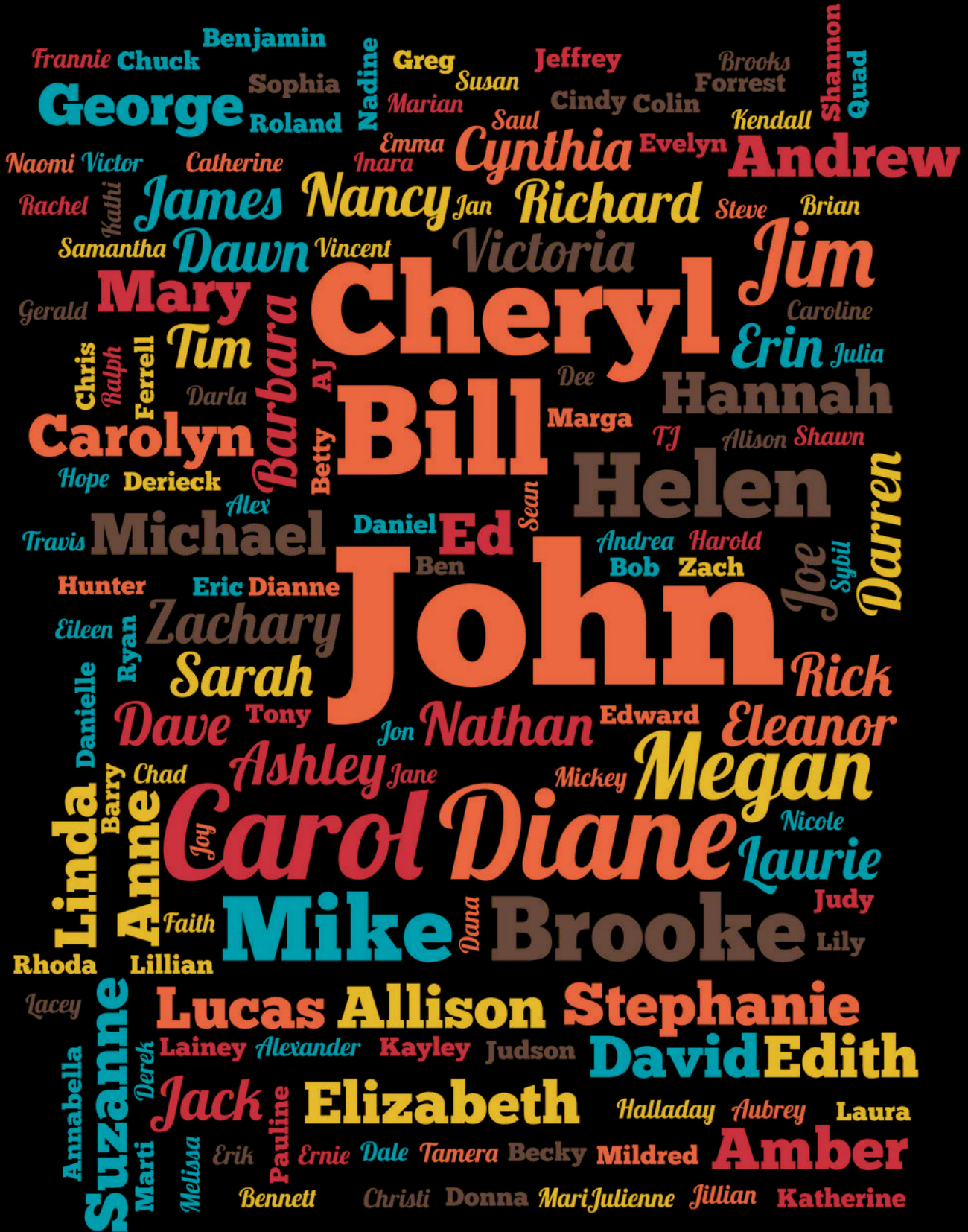


For peace

WHAT TO PRAY FOR



WE ARE CHRIST LUTHERAN





LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES

A Christian guy named Bill saw an ad online for a Christian horse, so he went to check it out. The horse's owner said, "It's easy to ride him. Just say 'Praise the Lord!' to make him go and 'Amen!' to make him stop." Bill got on the horse and said, "Praise the Lord!" Sure enough, the horse started to walk. "Praise the Lord!" he said again, and the horse began to trot. "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" he yelled, and the horse broke into a gallop. Bill was enjoying his ride so much that he almost didn't notice the cliff he and the horse were about to go over. Bill shouted "AMEN!" at the top of his lungs, and the horse stopped right at the edge of the cliff. Relieved, Bill said, "Phew! Praise the Lord!"



In the foyer of a church, a young boy was looking at a plaque with the names of men and women who had died in various wars. He asked the pastor, "Who are these people?" The pastor said, "Those are members from our church who died in service." The boy asked, "The early service or the second service?"

A trooper pulls over a priest and immediately smells alcohol on his breath. The next thing he notices is an empty wine bottle lying on the passenger seat. "Have you been drinking?" the officer asks. "Just water," says the priest. "Then why do I smell wine?" The priest looks at the bottle and shouts, "Good Lord! He's done it again!"





LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES



A priest, a minister, and a rabbi want to see who's best at his job. So each one goes into the woods, finds a bear, and attempts to convert it. Later, they all get together. The priest begins: "When I found the bear, I read to him from the catechism and sprinkled him with holy water. Next week is his first Communion." "I found a bear by the stream," says the minister, "and preached God's holy Word. The bear was so mesmerized that he let me baptize him." They both look down at the rabbi, who is lying on a gurney in a body cast. "Looking back," he says, "maybe I shouldn't have started with the circumcision."

A priest and a pastor are standing by the side of a road holding up a sign that reads "The end is near! Turn around now before it's too late!" A passing driver yells, "You guys are nuts!" and speeds past them. From around the curve, they hear screeching tires—then a big splash. The priest turns to the pastor and says, "Do you think we should just put up a sign that says 'Bridge Out' instead?"



Three guys are fishing when an angel appears. The first guy says, "I've suffered from back pain for years. Can you help me?" The angel touches the man's back, and he feels instant relief. The second guy points to his thick glasses and begs for a cure for his poor eyesight. When the angel tosses the lenses into the lake, the man gains 20/20 vision. As the angel turns to the third fellow, he instantly recoils and screams, "Don't touch me! I'm on disability!"



LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES

En route to church to make his first confession, my nervous seven-year-old grandson asked me what he could expect.

"Confession is where you tell all the bad things you've done to the priest," I told him. He looked relieved. "Good. I haven't done anything bad to the priest."



When I asked my friend if she was planning to attend church, she just shook her head. "I haven't gone in a long time," she said. "Besides, it's too late for me. I've probably already broken all seven commandments."

Louie was shipwrecked and lived alone on a desert island for years until he was finally rescued. Before leaving the island, he gave the rescue party a tour. "I built myself a house. That's it there. Here's the barn, and over here is the church I worshipped in."

"What's that building over there?" one of the rescuers asked.

Louie sneered. "That's the church I used to belong to."



When I went to a Christian school, I walked into the cafeteria and there on the table was a plate of fruit. Next to it was a sign that said "Take one. God is watching."

Next to the fruit was a plate of cookies, which had a sign next to it, written by a fellow student, that said "Take as many as you want. God is watching the fruit."



LUTHERAN



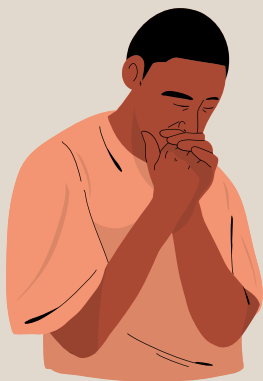
LAUGHABLES

A man walks into a church one day and kneels down to pray. "Lord," he says, "I've made mistakes, but I'm determined to change. If you let me win the lottery, I promise to be a good servant and never bother you again."

Nothing happens. So the next week the man tries again. "Please, God, let me win the lottery, and I'll come to church every week."

Again nothing happens. So the man decides to try one last time. "Lord," he implores, "why haven't I won the lottery? Have you abandoned me?"

Suddenly a deep voice booms down from above. "My son, I have not abandoned you, but at least meet me halfway—buy a ticket!"



My co-worker and I were making a sales call to a rural Baptist church. We gave our presentation to the church committee, and then the group's chairman walked to the altar and knelt down. After about a minute of silent prayer, he returned and announced in a solemn tone, "The Lord tells me we should wait."

My colleague responded by walking to the altar and kneeling down himself. Then he returned to the group, looked at the chairman, and declared, "He wants to talk with you again."



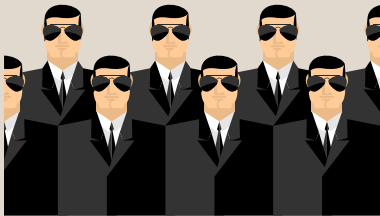
What do you call a sleep walking nun?
A roamin' Catholic.



LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES



Doug was leaving church after Christmas services when Father McCarthy took him aside. "Douglas, my son," he said, "it's time you joined the Army of the Lord. We need to see you every Sunday."

"I'm already in the Army of the Lord, Father," Doug replied.

"Then why do we only see you on Christmas and Easter?"

Doug looked to the right and to the left, and then leaned over to whisper in Father McCarthy's ear. "I'm in the Secret Service."

Moses was walking down the street when he bumped into George W. Bush. "Hello," Bush said. "Nice weather we're having, huh?" Moses took one look at the President, turned, and ran in the other direction.

The next day Moses was walking down the same street and there was Bush. Again he tried to initiate a conversation. Again Moses turned and ran away.

Bush was tired of this bizarre treatment, so the next time Moses ran away from him, Bush followed. When he caught up, he asked Moses what was wrong.

Moses said, "The last time I talked to a bush I spent 40 years in the desert."



If Mary had Jesus, and Jesus was a little lamb...
Does that mean Mary had a little lamb?

What do they call pastors in Germany?
German Shepherds.





LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES



Desperate for a child, a couple asked their priest to pray for them. "I'm going on sabbatical to Rome," he replied. "I'll light a candle in St. Peter's for you."

When the priest returned three years later, he found the wife pregnant, tending two sets of twins. Elated, the priest asked to speak to her husband and congratulate him.

"He's gone to Rome," came the harried reply, "to blow out that candle."

Walking through the forest, an atheist hears a rustling in the bushes. Turning, he sees a massive grizzly charging towards him! He runs as fast as he can but trips over a stump and falls. As the bear raises a huge paw to strike, the atheist screams: "God! Help me!"

Time freezes. The bear becomes immobile, the forest is silent, and the river stops running. Then the atheist hears a powerful voice: "You have denied my existence for years, taught others I don't exist and credited my creation to a cosmic accident. Why should I help you?"

"It would be hypocritical to ask you to show mercy on me," the atheist agrees. "But perhaps you could make the bear a Christian?"

At that, the noise of the forest resumes, the river runs, and the bear drops to its knees, brings its paws together, and says, "Lord, thank you for this food I am about to receive.""



What do you call a priest who becomes a lawyer?
A father-in-law.

Why did God create man before woman?
Because he didn't want any advice on how to do it.





LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES



The ten-year-old boy was failing math. His parents tried everything to get him to do well in school, but nothing worked. Finally they enrolled him in a Catholic school. From his first day, the boy spent every night poring over books. When his first report card came, he had received an A in math.

"Son," his father asked, "what made the difference in math class? The nuns? The textbooks?"

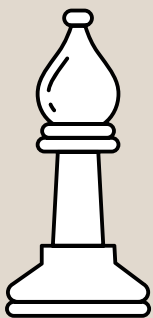
"Dad, I had never taken math seriously before," the boy admitted. "But when I walked in and saw that guy nailed to the plus sign, I knew this place meant business!"

During an ice storm I went to check the mailbox, carefully shuffling down the driveway. When I reached for the mail, my feet went straight up in the air, and I landed on my back. More embarrassed than hurt, I looked to see if anyone witnessed my fall and spied a fire truck passing by. The crew had seen the whole thing.

Firefighters climbed out of the truck to assist me. "It's the preacher," one said. "Are you okay?"

"I just got the wind knocked out of me," I replied.

"Wow," said another firefighter. "It takes a lot to knock the wind out of a preacher!"



We were celebrating the 100th anniversary of our church, and several former pastors and the bishop were in attendance. At one point, our minister had the children gather at the altar for a talk about the importance of the day. He began by asking them, "Does anyone know what the bishop does?"

There was silence. But finally, one little boy answered gravely, "He's the one you can move diagonally."



LUTHERAN



LAUGHABLES

A man left Chicago for a vacation in Key West. His wife was on a business trip and planned to fly down to meet him the next day. When the man arrived in Florida, he e-mailed his wife to let her know he had arrived, but mistyped her address. Instead, his message went to the inbox of a woman whose husband had just passed away. When the grieving widow opened her e-mail, she read the message, screamed, and passed out cold. The woman's daughter rushed into the room and found this note on the computer screen. "My darling wife: Just checked in. Everything is prepared for your arrival tomorrow. Looking forward to being with you again. Your loving husband. P.S. Sure is hot down here!"



While waiting in line to check out at a Christian bookstore, a man in front of me asked the clerk about a display of hats with the letters WWJD on them. The clerk explained that WWJD stands for "What would Jesus do?" and that the idea is to get people to consider this question when making decisions. The man pondered a moment, then replied, "I don't think he'd pay \$17.95 for that hat."

A group of guys I know took a trip to France and decided to attend Mass in a small town, even though none of them understood French. They managed to stand, kneel, and sit when the rest of the congregation did, so it wouldn't be obvious they were tourists. At one point, the priest spoke and the man sitting next to them stood up, so they got up too. The entire congregation broke into hearty laughter. After the service they approached the priest, who spoke English, and asked him what had been so funny. The priest said he had announced a birth in the parish and asked the father to stand up.





INTERACTIVE FUN

CLC WHEEL OF EVANGELISM

Click the wheel below to link to the CLC Wheel of Evangelism online and help us spread love and Jesus to the world!



(<https://puzzelee.org/en/wheel-of-fortune/play?p=-NWJATn9ZIP5QvO1zdRq>).



INTERACTIVE FUN

Click titles of puzzles to play online



Prophets of the Bible Word Search

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordseeker/play?p=-Mkr3YKacxFV5MM9Nmbj>)

Twelve Tribes of Israel Word Search

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordseeker/play?p=-MipsWWN-052jEUBU8Oyo>)



Women of the Bible Word Jumble

(<https://puzzel.org/en/word-scramble/play?p=-Ml1AVVcm-Fm8OggYVIV>)

Around the Church Crossword Puzzle

(<https://puzzel.org/en/crossword/play?p=-Miq6Hv2LcrwJcZcm1hh>)



The Reformation Jigsaw Puzzle

(<https://puzzel.org/en/jigsaw/play?p=-NFVigmV-lhnWoCUZJWC>)





INTERACTIVE FUN

Click titles of puzzles to play online

Jesus Jigsaw Puzzle

(https://puzzel.org/en/jigsaw/play?p=-NO_97JpyeVEz8WoYS4g)



The Lord's Prayer Jigsaw Puzzle

(<https://puzzel.org/en/jigsaw/play?p=-NMszwiM7q4R4JVpy3eI>)

The Beatitudes Jigsaw Puzzle

(<https://puzzel.org/en/jigsaw/play?p=-NMKLh6gCgA-ZeGujNna>)



Noah and the Flood Jigsaw Puzzle

(<https://puzzel.org/en/jigsaw/play?p=-NBccx2UMZadg3ss3VHY>)

CLC Library Jigsaw Puzzle

(https://puzzel.org/en/jigsaw/play?p=-N6c_hD5e0bh1EyX4S1o)





INTERACTIVE FUN

Click titles of puzzles to play online



CLC Word Hurdle #1

(https://puzzel.org/en/wordle/play?p=-NWIwAhjmViND5KPu_Yg)



CLC Word Hurdle #2

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordle/play?p=-NWiz7U7hTXwbHMGrVEC>)



CLC Word Hurdle #3

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordle/play?p=-NWJ-bDIQHIXrkq-FAP6>)



CLC Word Hurdle #4

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordle/play?p=-NWJ000e9DiHhQpB9NNI>)



CLC Word Hurdle #5

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordle/play?p=-NWJ1K23o8wilns7nN8b>)



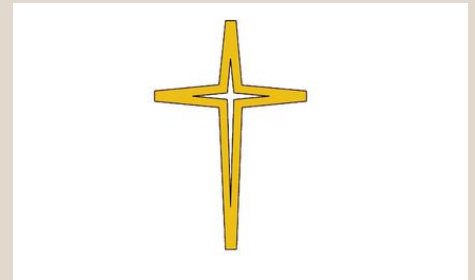


INTERACTIVE FUN

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CLC Memory Game

(https://puzzel.org/en/memory/play?p=-NWJ5G_RgJyBizg6Zdms)



Kings of the Bible Word Search

(<https://puzzel.org/en/wordseeker/play?p=-NWKQRdvgxJ4sgAPN-ks>)

Animals of the Bible Word Jumble

(<https://puzzel.org/en/word-scramble/play?p=-NWKUpPWLYkvRt6Vqbnw>)



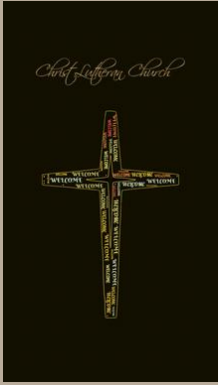
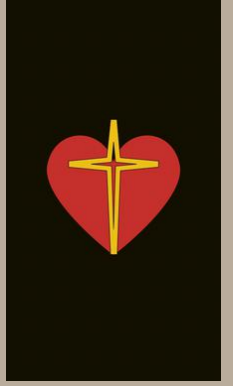
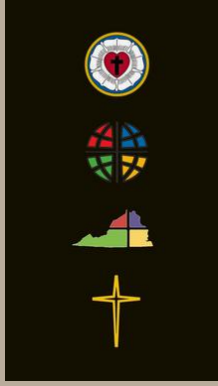
Jesus Window Sliding Puzzle

(https://puzzel.org/en/slidingpuzzle/play?p=-NWKYt3ciwJbj-_7_9Wc)

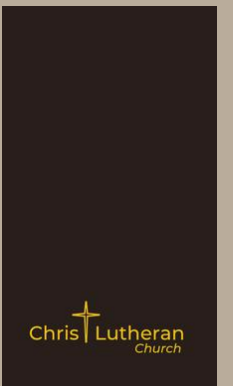
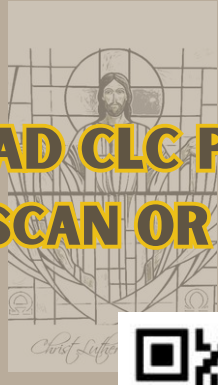
Bible Verse Cryptogram

(<https://puzzel.org/en/cryptogram/play?p=-NWKbOu4aliRdcRin1jO>)



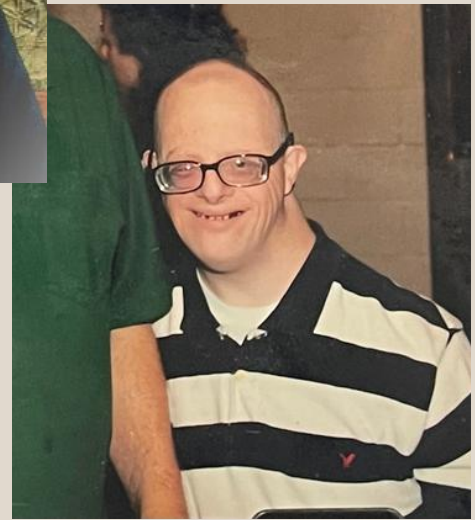


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SCAN OR CLICK CODE**



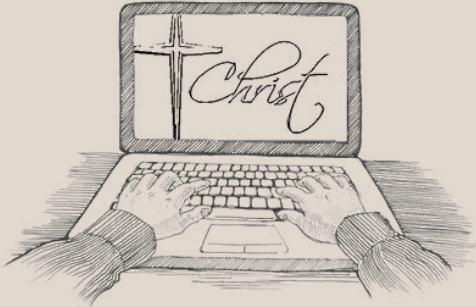


REMEMBERING JAMES "JIM" TURNER 1960-2022





Christ Lutheran Church Online



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(<https://faithlife.blog/author/ralphkirkpatrick/>)



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(<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCwqHdM7OhT6OIq5xjbDSclA/featured>)



SOUNDCLOUD

(<https://soundcloud.com/darren-dateno/sets/choir-bells>)





Lutheran Partnerships Online



(<https://www.elca.org>)



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(<https://vlhnet.org>)



(<https://vlhnet.org>)



(<https://hungrymother.org>)



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(<https://graceinside.org>)



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***WE PRAY THAT
CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH
IS A BLESSING TO YOU.***

