



WESTVALE NEWSLETTER

Westvale Seventh-day Adventist Church
2511 W Genesee St. Syracuse, NY 13219
Pastor: Seong Cho

“And when Jesus went out He saw a great multitude; and He was moved with compassion for them, and healed their sick.”

Editor: Maria L. Lopez
westvalenewsletter@twcny.rr.com

July/August 2019 Issue 80

Matthew 14:14 KJV

The Most Powerful Human Activity, Pt. 2 Pastor Cho’s letter

Listening to God is an important first step because it sets the stage for the second step – the prayer of intercession. After we have listened to God, and know what we need to pray for, we can pray for people and circumstances. It’s a natural tendency to start praying for the most urgent and desperate situations (often difficult prayers), such as stroke or cirrhosis. However, as we listen, we will learn to begin with smaller things like colds or earaches. Success in the small prayers gives us power in the larger matters. Not only will we learn who God is, but how His power operates.

As we realize the power and the significance of prayer, sometimes we find ourselves afraid that we don’t have enough faith to pray for a person or a circumstance. Our fears should be put at ease because the Bible tells us that great miracles are possible through faith the size of a tiny mustard seed. So don’t feel belittled by the situation, but listen more for God’s will and compassion, and when there is enough courage to go and pray for that person, that’s a sign of sufficient faith.

Sometimes we can’t find the desire to pray. Usually our lack of desire to pray is not because there is no faith but rather, there is no compassion. It seems that *genuine compassion* appears between the person who is interceding and the person who is being prayed for. The Bible tells numerous times that Jesus was “moved with compassion” (Matt. 14:14). *Compassion was the element featured in every healing* in the New Testament. Knowing what love is in cooperation with understanding how prayer operates, we will not pray for people as things (or objects), but as people whom we love (Mark 12:31). *If we have God-given compassion and concern for others, our faith will grow, and it will strengthen our ability to pray effectively.* Ponder this...if we genuinely love people, we desire the best for them more than what we can ever do for them, and that will cause us to pray.

Intercessory prayer is not forced, manipulated, or prescribed. True prayer flows naturally as our humanity sees the dire need of the Savior’s touch.

Cont. on pg. 3

Sandwich Saturday

By Nathan Hamm, YAYA Leader

“For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.” Matthew 25:35, 36



Early on a recent Sabbath morning about 20 youth and young adults gathered in the church parking lot for a morning of service to the less fortunate of our community. They were about to practically live out their faith and literally be the hands and feet of Jesus. Piling in a few cars they traveled a short distance to Lincoln Middle School.

We Rise Above the Street Recovery Outreach is a non-profit organization that was started about 3 years ago by Al-amin Muhammad, a formerly incarcerated and homeless individual. His is a story of grace and redemption, and now giving back; as he says he is “called to help the poor, the hungry, the thirsty, the hurting, the abused, and the broken.” Every Saturday they bring volunteers together to make sandwiches and sack lunches for the homeless.

Arriving at Lincoln Middle school, we were welcomed and given brief instructions on how to start making sandwiches. “Make a sandwich that you would eat, make it with love,” said Al-amin. There were several other volunteers, probably close to 75 people; we probably made about 500 sandwiches in about 30 min. It was Amazing!

Afterwards, Al-amin recounted his story and then invited all the volunteers to come down to the Mission District to

Cont. on pg. 3

BABY DEDICATIONS- June 8, 2019



Gabriel Ariana and Eamon Yeshua were born on 3.6.19 to a very joyous mom, Eleanor Daniels.

Eleanor says "It is an amazing gift that I am grateful to have received."



Erica Mapendo Ercule, born on 3.26.19 is pictured with her mom Esther, and dad Eric. They are very happy and blessed to have Erica.

Let's keep these sweet little ones and their families in our prayers. They are precious!

Parkview teacher, Sonia Park, was commissioned (the equivalent of ordination for pastors) during camp meeting on Sabbath, June 22nd.



It was a lovely commissioning service as she was presented to the congregation gathered under the big tent. Fred Burghardt, Education Superintendent, introduced Ms. Park, Educational Candidate, and later, Pastor Claudio Gomez, Executive Secretary, presented Sonia with her certificate. Let's keep Sonia and all of the Parkview teachers and staff in our prayers as they minister to so many children and families! Congratulations Ms. Park!

From Westvale's Health Ministry
Save the Dates:

July 17, 2-7 pm Blood Drive at Westvale Church
Please consider donating blood as there is a shortage of blood at the hospitals in the summertime.

Sabbath, Oct. 26 - Guest speaker, **Dr. Marcum**, Cardiologist will speak in the morning and in the afternoon at Westvale.

If you have any questions about these events, please contact Joan Payne, 315-430-1378.

Some stories just touch the heart...

Those of us old enough to remember when the phone was wired to the wall, usually in the kitchen, can relate to this story. (Author unknown)-

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box.. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it. Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer; the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear. "Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head. A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear. "Information." "I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone, the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience. "Isn't your mother home?" came the question. "Nobody's home but me," I blubbered. "Are you bleeding?" the voice asked "No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts." "Can you open the icebox?" she asked. I said I could. "Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.. After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math.

Cont. on pg. 3

Sandwich Saturday

hand out the sandwiches. **We Rise Above the Streets** is supported by donations from the community and also hands out clothes and personal hygiene items. We set up under the rail road bridge near the corner of W Onondaga and S Clinton streets and spent about an hour handing out food, water, clothes and toiletries. To see all the smiling faces and words of thank you from grateful people was overwhelming. Knowing that we were able to give back and literally live out the words of Matthew 25 in service to “*the least of these*” but in reality to Jesus Himself was in my opinion one of the better ways to spend a Sabbath morning.



We returned back to church in time for potluck, and had a short discussion in the YAYA room about our experience. So far we have participated in “Sandwich Saturday” twice - 04/13 and 06/01. **We invite you to join us** in service the



next time we plan to attend, on **August 10th**. If you have any items you wish to donate please contact a YAYA Leader.

Crafts For a Cause

Starting at Westvale July 9th, 6:30-7:30 pm

Interested in learning crocheting, sewing, and other craft skills to help the homeless & needy in our community? Come to the Fellowship Hall on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of the month to learn how! Some materials will be supplied.

TELL OFF By Jim Miller

When was the last time you told the devil off? In the movie *War Room*, the young lady got rather indignant with the devil, and as she walked through the house she told him “No more; you can’t have my marriage, you can’t have my family, and you can’t have my home!” When was the last time we said that to satan? Do we dedicate our home, our

Cont. on pg. 4

The Most Powerful Human Activity

(Cont. from pg. 1)

The inner sense of compassion identifies the need for intervention; it is a clear identifying mark that God is calling you to intercede with divine authority. *God is amply ready to answer our prayers.*

Have you ever noticed that children ask for lunch in utter confidence? They know that dad will give them food. Not only that, they are convinced that there is an endless supply of sandwiches! *Neither should we hesitate to bring our prayers to the Father in heaven for we are confident that He will always provide to those for whom we intercede.*

“You shall love your neighbor as yourself.
There is no other commandment greater than these.”

Mark 12:31

She told me my pet chipmunk, that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts. Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called “Information Please,” and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, “Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?” She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, “Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in.” Somehow I felt better. Another day I was on the telephone, “Information Please.” “Information,” said in the now familiar voice. “How do I spell fix?” I asked. All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest.

When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much. “Information Please” belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy. A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, “Information Please.” Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well. “Information.” I hadn’t planned this, but I heard myself saying, “Could you please tell me how to

Cont. on pg. 4

I've learned that... (part 2)

... motel mattresses are better on the side away from the phone. Age 50

... you can tell a lot about a man by the way he handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights. Age 51

... keeping a vegetable garden is worth a medicine cabinet full of pills. Age 52

... regardless of your relationship with your parents, you miss them terribly after they die. Age 53

... making a living is not the same thing as making a life. Age 58

... life sometimes gives you a second chance. Age 62

... you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back. Age 64

... if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But if you focus on your family, the needs of others, your work, meeting new people, And doing the very best you can, happiness will find you. Age 65

... whenever I decide something with kindness, I usually make the right decision. Age 66

... everyone can use a prayer. Age 72

... even when I have pains, I don't have to be one. Age 74

... every day you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch - holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. Age 76

... I still have a lot to learn. Age 78

... life is what you make it, and your life is much better when you make someone happy. Age 80+

~Submitted by Fred Burghardt

Westvale Church's oldest member,
Irene Uva, 101 years old,
passed away on June 23rd.
You may post your condolences at:
CarterFuneralHome.com

Here is way to **help PJA**: use GOODSEARCH as your search engine. Each time you conduct a search with GOODSEARCH, they will donate a small amount of money to the charity of your choice, in this case, PJA. To enable this search engine, go to the *preferences* in your favorite browser (Safari, Firefox, Google, etc). Find the place where you can set the default home page. Simply enter <https://www.goodsearch.org/> into the Home page/ Default page slot. When you refresh your browser, you will land on the GOODSEARCH page. Once there, you will see a place to *sign up*. Follow the instructions. At some point, you will be asked to *choose the charity* which will receive their donation. Choose Parkview Junior Academy. After that, every time you conduct a search, you will be helping PJA in small way.

spell fix?" There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now." I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?" "I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to *me*. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls." I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister. "Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information." I asked for Sally. "Are you a friend?" she said. "Yes, a very old friend," I answered. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," She said. "Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago." Before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?" "Yes." I answered. Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you. The note said, "Tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean." I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant. ***Never underestimate the impression you may make on others. Whose life have you touched today?***

Tell Off cont from pg. 3

vehicle, our business to God? I try and dedicate my business to God every day, and let Him handle it. Most of the time it works and I stay out of His way. But when we want something, do we talk to God about it, and when we get it, is it dedicated to God? Most of the stuff I get, I ask myself "can I justify this, and can I use it for God?" I was asked to fix something at the church; as I was driving there I thanked God for giving me the opportunity to do something for Him. He helped me get the vehicle I was driving, the tools to do the job, and the knowledge to be able to do it. I am by far the biggest sinner I know. But because my Father allows "do-overs" I have/want no other choice but to continually dedicate everything I have to my Father.