



The Mountain Top Messenger

ZION LUTHERAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH, ASHLAND, WI JULY 2022

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
Elders: July 3 Andy July 20 Scott	July 6 John July 24 John	July 10 Darryl July 27 Darryl	July 13 Doug July 31 Andy	July 17 Andy Aug. 3 Scott		
					1	2
3 9:00am service	4 Offices closed	5	6 6:30pm service 6:30pm online prayer service	7 Women's Bible Study 6:30pm	8	9
10 9:00am service	11 5pm LFOJ Board Mtg.	12	13 6:30pm service 6:30pm online	14	15	16
17 9:00am service	18	19	20 6:30pm service 6:30pm online prayer service	21 Winkle Bessemer Women's Bible Study	22	23
24 9:00am service	25	26	27 6:30pm service 6:30pm online prayer service	28	29	30
31 9:00am service	1 August	2	3 6:30pm service 6:30pm online prayer service	4 Women's Bible Study 6:30pm	5	6

The other night June and I were watching America's Got Talent, and something happened with one of the contestants that really struck me. There was a young woman on stage who was going to sing a song entitled "Daydreams" that she had written. As with most contestants she had a bit of back story with it. In her story she told of how she had a record contract and that things were going well with her life and then her mother was diagnosed with cancer. She then gave up her record deal to stay home and take care of her mother. When asked how her mother was doing, she stated that her mother had passed away. Following that brief interview she sang her song which was very moving, and she sang it well. So well that Heidi, one of the judges, gave the woman, Lily Meola, the golden buzzer, which means Lily gets to go directly to the live performances later on. They praised Lily, her song, and even commented that her mother would have been proud of her. Following the closing interview with the judges she was talking with Terry the MC, at which point Lily mention that this song had been one of her mothers' favorites and "I think she would be really happy, wherever she might be".

"Wherever she might be", what a profound and sad statement. I feel safe in saying, at least based on her statement, that Lily is not a Christian. You could see the sense of loss and longing in Lily's eyes. As I watched this segment, and I have to admit I have rewatched it several times on YouTube, not so much the for the song but for the discussions before and after. My heart aches for the loss that Lily feels, I cannot imagine the pain of feeling that a loved one is just gone, gone to "Wherever". It reminded me of what Paul says to the Thessalonians in his first letter, chapter 4, verse 13;

But we do not want you to be uninformed, brothers, about those who are asleep, that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope.

As I watched I could see that Lily has no hope. We, as Christians, we have hope, and as we have talked before not the kind of hope like I hope I win the lottery, but the sure and certain hope in the resurrection of the dead through faith in Jesus Christ. Paul continues this way;



July

Lisa Warren
715-209-8547
Michelle Vyskocil
715-682-2498

OFFICIAL ACTS

Baptism: June 18, 2022
Bellamy Milton and Octavia Pearce
Parents –Jack Pearce and
Marisa Petushek

¹⁴ For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen asleep. ¹⁵ For this we declare to you by a word from the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will not precede those who have fallen asleep. ¹⁶ For the Lord himself will descend from heaven with a cry of command, with the voice of an archangel, and with the sound of the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first. ¹⁷ Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so we will always be with the Lord. ¹⁸ Therefore encourage one another with these words.

That last verse is the key, it is so vitally important, it is so great a part of our great commission of sharing Christ message of salvation to the world; "Therefore encourage one another with these words". Share that message with everyone you know, with everyone you encounter, family, friends, coworkers. Let them know there is hope out there and it is a sure and certain hope. It is not "Wherever she might be" it is at peace with the Lord until we meet again for an eternity in heaven. I pray Lily can find that peace for herself one day.

A reminder that we will be having our church outdoor worship and picnic at Prentice Park on August 14th. You get an extra hour of sleep as worship will begin at 10:00 am with the picnic to follow, there will be a sign-up sheet in that narthex closer to picnic time.

Also reminder Bible Study will resume the second Monday of September, I mention that because I really miss it, and I am also considering starting a once or twice monthly men's Bible study in the fall, if you might be interested let me know and also if you have any ideas for topics you might like to dive into let me know that as well. We will talk more when it gets closer, I just wanted to plant the seed for now.

Enjoy the 4th of July, be safe, and have a wonderful month.

God Bless you all!

The Lord Bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious to you, the Lord look upon you with favor and give you peace!

Pastor Rick



A Devotion for July 4th

This classic *Daily Guideposts* devotion captures the true meaning of this beautiful, bountiful holiday.

by Carol Knapp

Welcome one another, therefore, as Christ has welcomed you...—Romans 15:7 (RSV)

It was a cloudy, quiet July Fourth for us, that year of 1988. My husband worked. There were no parades. We'd decided not to spend the extra money on fireworks. You can barely see them, anyway, in Alaska's summer twilight. We didn't even have a picnic. Yet it's the Fourth of July that I remember and treasure the most.

The two-story log home where we were living was not our own. We were house-sitting for the summer for our friends Lou and Elsa, who were visiting their native Czechoslovakia for the first time in twenty years. As a young married couple, they had fled the streets of Prague in terror when Soviet tanks swept through the city in 1968. For days before, Elsa had hidden beneath the bed in their cramped apartment with her two little girls. When they left, they could say good-bye to no one. They simply disappeared.

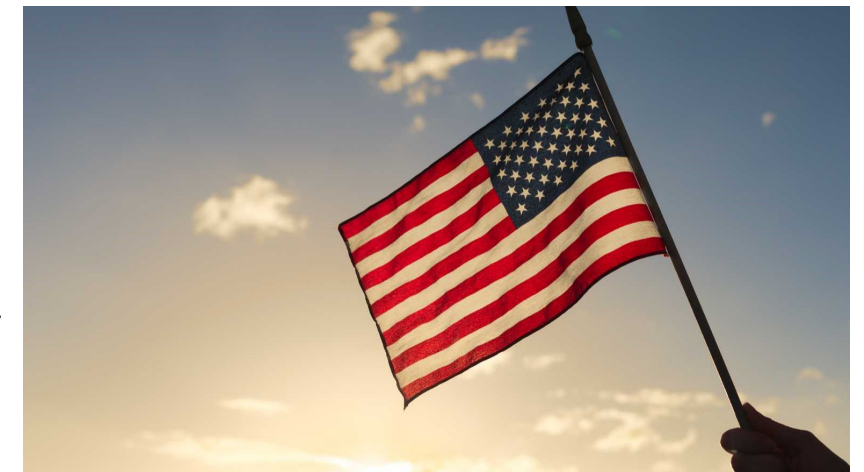
Lou and Elsa found a welcome in the United States, eventually making their way to Alaska. They learned English and worked hard. Lou, a master craftsman, fitted each log in their home with mortar and hope. Elsa tended a fruitful vegetable garden and produced wonderful aromas from kettles simmering in her tidy kitchen.

I was alone in Lou and Elsa's living room in the afternoon on that Fourth of July, when I suddenly burst into tears. *This is it*, I thought. *This is the real Fourth of July. They came to America to find "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and here I am, standing in the middle of their dream.* I had a glimpse of how precious this beautiful, bountiful country of ours really is. And so I waved the only flag I had ... my tears, genuine and proud.

She's Yours, Lord, but You've allowed us to call her ours. Thank You from sea to shining sea.

Answers to Riddles

1. He waits until night time and then goes through the first door.
2. The chef. Mr. Brown was killed in the afternoon and yet the chef claimed he was making breakfast?
3. Tuesday was his horse's name.
4. Memories.
5. Two, inside and outside
6. I am 40 and my daughter is 10.
7. \$45. The pricing method consists of charging \$5 for each letter required to spell the item.



Singing and Worship in Our Lutheran Congregations

By Pastor Don (a few important thoughts)



The singing in some of our churches seems to leave a bit to be desired. Some encouragement: Psalm 47:1,6, "Clap your hands, all people! Shout to God with loud songs of joy . . . Sing praises to God, sing praises! Sing praises to our King, sing praises!" Ephesians 5:18b,19, "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to one another with psalms, hymns, and songs from the Spirit. Sing and make music from your hearts to the Lord."

Why do you think we need the above exhortations? It is obvious that the Spirit wants us to sing praises to God. Some folks seem to like the old hymns in our Hymnal - some of which are difficult to sing. Others prefer music that has more joy and happiness. We should not assume that the Spirit wants all of our singing to be upbeat and celebratory. Generally, there should be joyful singing, singing that truly comes from the heart. The Spirit moves us to sing with joy. The Word of God moves us to do so. It concerns me when our singing is half-hearted and anemic. Sometimes the organ is not the preferred instrument, but a piano or other instruments are. Sometimes the most powerful singing is where there are no instruments at all. We just sing!

Three worship settings seem to be prevalent. **1. Traditional Worship.** The use of a formal liturgy, an organ, and hymns usually found in the Hymnal. The order of service is written in the bulletin and the Hymnal. Pastor wears a white robe. **2. Contemporary Worship.** Pastor frequently does not wear a robe. The worship is not so formal in nature, and hymns are often not found in the Hymnal; The melody is usually easier to sing. The prayers are extemporaneous. If a contemporary service is what we want we should be sure that it really is. Young believers are attracted to this type of worship (and we should be trying to attract them). It makes a big difference to them. It is also interesting to observe many seniors enjoying this format and the next one. **3. Blended Worship** - a combination of traditional and contemporary. It seems that many of our churches have both traditional and contemporary services. Congregations with just one service, should, in the minds of many worshipers, be a blended worship.

We gather together as the family of God to hear His Word, to pray, and to give Him our heartfelt praises in word and song.



ZION LUTHERAN CHURCH

Currently held June through August
Sunday Worship Service 9:00am in-church service and live streamed
Wednesday Evening Service 6:30pm
Pre-recorded Online Wednesday Prayer Study 6:30pm
Women's Bible Study Thursdays 1st & 3rd monthly 6:30pm

Pastor Rick Williams - 715-209-0479

Office Hours: M 9-5 T off W 12-8 Th 9-5 F 9-3

Please call ahead if you need to speak with Pastor.

Office Secretary Lynn Ladd 715-682-6075 Office Hours Typically M-W 1:00-6:00pm
Days and times may change.

Church President: John Pruss 715-292-4825 **Head Elder:** Darryl Warren 715-492-0488

Little Friends of Jesus Child Care Center: 715-682-5185

LFOJ Administrator: Karyn Leino 715-682-6075

Website www.zionashland.org **E-mail** secretary@zionlutheranashland.com

PRAYERS for Home-bound, Assisted Living, Nursing Home

Those who aren't able to attend common worship that they would find comfort knowing that the Lord is with them.

Arlene Zimmerman
Violet Basina
Madge Houle
Nancy Zehe

PRAYERS FOR PROTECTION

For our full-time troops and public servants, for travel, missionaries, and for peace and protection for families.

David Wright
Jordan Thimm
Andrew Pruss

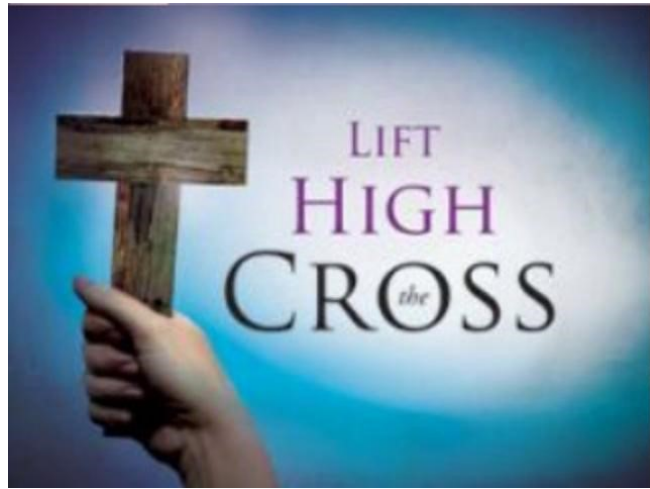


PRAYERS FOR HEALTH AND HEALING

For good test results, treatment, positive thinking, healing, and comfort during cancer treatments, for those suffering from addiction, mental illness and for healing, strength, comfort, and peace for family we pray for:

Brad Prill
Alice Balmer
Francis Balmer
Vi Basina
Andrea Gunderson
James Fletcher
Taylor Sprague
Sheryl Hildebrandt
Sherry Gurski
James Lavasseur
Diane Beiersdorff
Terry Haas
Yvonne Mertig
Tim Zwetow
Melanie Bush
Penny Nelson-Newman
and those in our hearts

Madge Houle
Penny Larson
David Gustafson
John Schutte
Dave Pearson
Brett Everman
Larry Tody
Harold Larson
Russel Joyner
Lisa Thomson
Jerry Turney
Linda Stenroos
Ann Williams
Heather Gust
Ingrid Brand
Lowell Nutt



G. W. Kitchin
 Full Name: Kitchin, G. W. (George William),
 1827-1912
 Birth Year: 1827
 Death Year: 1912



A scholar and Anglican clergyman, George W. Kitchin (b. Naughton, Suffolk, England, 1827; d. Durham, England, 1912) spent most of his life in academic institutions. Educated at Christ Church, Oxford, England, he was ordained in the Church of England in 1852. He served initially as a headmaster in Twyford, Hampshire, and then as a tutor at Oxford (1863-1883). Later he served as Dean of Winchester Cathedral from 1883 to 1894 and of Durham Cathedral from 1894 to 1912; Kitchin was also chancellor of Durham University the last few years of his life. His publications include A Life of Pope Pius II (1881), a three -volume work entitled A History of France (1877), and archeological writings.

History

Kitchin wrote "Lift High the Cross" in 1887, while he was the Church of England Dean of Winchester, for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It has been suggested that the hymn was inspired by the story of Constantine the Great's conversion to Christianity after seeing a cross with "In hoc signo vinces" (In This Sign Thou Shalt Conquer) on it. It was intended as a festival hymn and was first performed in Winchester Cathedral. In 1916, Newbolt revised the hymn so that it was in twelve couplets and it was printed in the 1916 Supplement to Hymns Ancient and Modern. In that same revision, "Lift High the Cross" was set to the tune of "Crucifer" by Sydney Nicholson. The hymn is often sung during Lent or Holy Week but is also used as a processional hymn or recessional hymn before or after a church service.

"Lift High the Cross" was first published in the United States in 1974 by Donald Hustad in Hymns for the Living Church and since then has appeared in a number of different hymnals outside England. In 1978 it appeared in the Lutheran Book of Worship, the hymnal for the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America. In 1982 it appeared in Lutheran Worship, the hymnal for the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. In 1989 the hymn was included in The United Methodist Hymnal, but with a replacement first verse as the original was considered to be too militaristic.

Know Your Rights

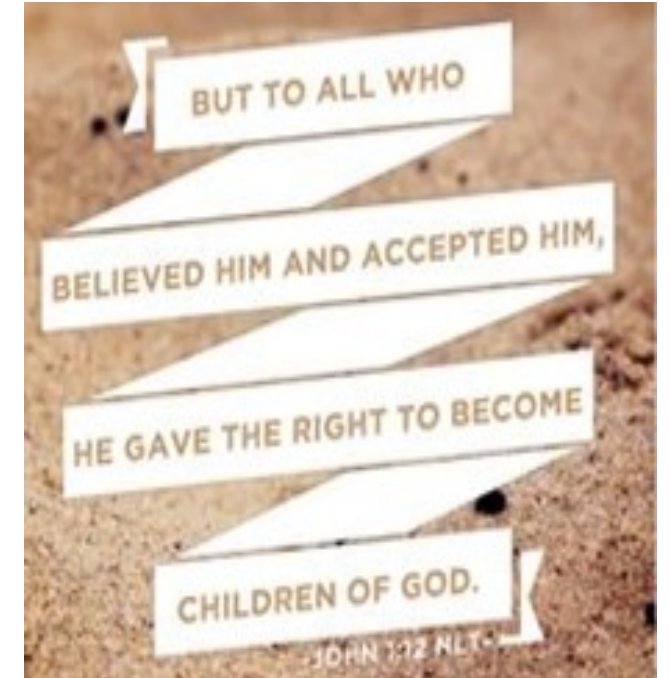
I have printed the article below on 3 x 5 cards. I sometimes give one card to a prospect while I read another card aloud with appropriate comments before and after the reading. Before reading the card I will tell them that it was written by a law officer who came to faith in Christ. It's very effective. Please try it. - DFG

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

As a citizen of this present age you have certain rights.

- You have the right to become a child of God.
- However, everything you have done or ever will do can and will be held against you.
- Because you cannot pay the penalty for your misdeeds,
- God has provided a Substitute who took your sentence for you.
- However, you have the right to refuse God's free gift and receive your eternal condemnation.

Now with these rights in mind, is there any good reason why you should not believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son, as your personal Savior?



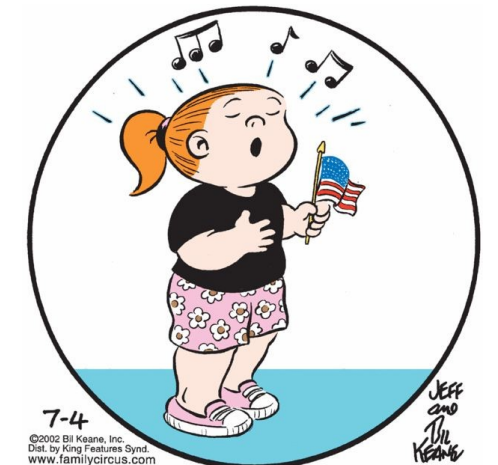
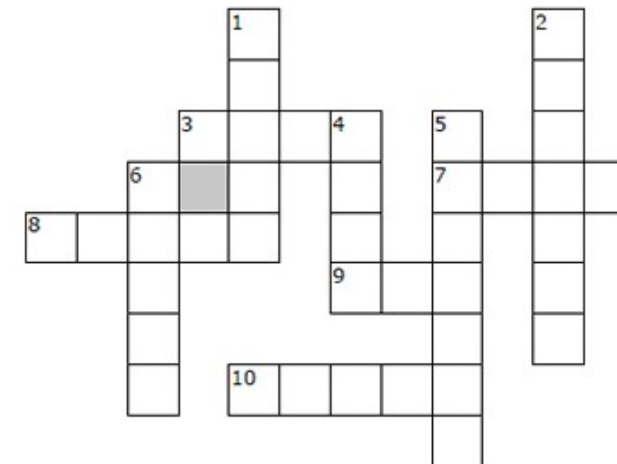
The Parable of the Rich Fool

Then he said to them, "Watch out! Be on your guard against all kinds of greed; a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." Luke 12:15 (NIV)

This puzzle is based on Luke 12:13-21 (NIV)



- BAMS
- BROTHER
- CROPS
- DRINK
- EAT
- FOOL
- JUDGE
- LIFE
- RICH
- TEACHER



7-4
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"... The bombs bursting in air ...
 gave fruit through the night ..."

I was stunned by the messages I received. "We're all praying for you." "You are loved and being looked after." "May God bless you and your family." It was like having a whole new band of brothers I could count on. With their encouragement, I signed up to take a shift at the hot dog stand.

I called my dad, knowing he'd have good advice. "Position yourself so you can see the fireworks being lit," he told me. "That way, you won't be caught off guard. And, son, most important..."

"Yes, Dad?"

"Surround yourself with people you know and trust."

Finally it was the Fourth of July. On the drive to the baseball field, Angus couldn't sit still in the backseat, pressing his face against the window. The field came into view, and then the parking lot, jammed with tents and booths.

We pulled in. Some families were already spreading blankets out on the grass, saving the best spots for the fireworks.

Angus made a beeline for the moon bounce. I headed to the hot dog stand to hand out franks. Then April, Angus and I sat in the stands and watched the ball game—our boys from Liberal versus archrival Dodge City. Liberal beat them by two runs! I cheered as wildly as Angus.

At dusk, I got antsy. Band music blared. Last year I would have hurried home to that dark room and those video games. April took my hand and held it tight. We watched the sunset. I remembered what my dad said. Where were the fireworks being lit? Would I be able to get a view?

"We've got your back, Patrick," I heard someone say, and turned to see two of our friends from church. Another couple we knew was next to them. "We're praying for you," they said.

I noticed a lot of our church friends gathering around. I thought about the prayer chains, the Facebook messages. So many people asking God to watch over me. Of all those I could surround myself with, was there anyone more powerful than God? Or anything weaker than my fear?

The pyrotechnics team took their place in the outfield. I hoisted Angus onto the dugout and stood beside him. The team lit the fuses. *Lord, I know you're here and you'll be with me.*

The first firework whistled into the air and popped. I took a deep breath, and kept watching. Then came another explosion and splash of color. Silver streaked the sky, pompoms of red, white and blue.

"Look, Dad!" Angus shouted, pointing skyward, his eyes lighting up. I wrapped my arms around him.

"I'm looking," I whispered, gazing high into the Technicolor sky, celebrating, for the first time in years, my Independence Day. It was beautiful.

WOW

She fumbled for her wallet. I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse. "So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked. "No," she replied, "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally."



A husband read an article to his wife about how many words women use a day . . . 30,000 to a man's 15,000. The wife responded, "The reason has to be because we have to repeat everything to men." The husband then turned to his wife and asked, "What?"

My wife prefers to take the stairs, but I always take the elevator. I guess we were just raised differently.

(Lift High the Cross continued from previous page)

Critical analysis

Lift High the Cross church hymn

The lyrics of "Lift High the Cross" have been subject to discussion. Stanley L. Osbourne wrote that the hymn's "images are biblical, its moods expectant, its promises courageous, and its demands costly" while stating that the cross in the hymn is a symbol of the love of Jesus. However, there has been a view from Christian scholars that the hymn is an endorsement of the Gospel of John's description of the Passion (remembered on Good Friday) and focuses on the cross as a source of agony rather than as a throne of Jesus. Usage of the hymn on Easter Sunday is often contextualized as the cross being a sign of resurrection rather than of death and shame.



"Christmas and Easter are quiet holidays. New Year's and Fourth of July are noisy ones."

The Object of Hope

Like faith, hope depends on its object. Hope can be *false* when we look to something or someone that *cannot* fulfill it: "A horse is a false hope for victory; nor does it deliver anyone by its great strength" ([Psalm 33:17](#)). Hope can be *uncertain* when it stands on something or someone that *may not* be able or willing to fulfill it. And hope is *sure* when it rests in something or someone *absolutely able and willing* to fulfill it (Christian hope). Like faith, the object of our hope is Christ: "Paul, an apostle of Christ Jesus according to the commandment of God our Savior, and of Christ Jesus, who is our hope" ([1 Timothy 1:1](#)).



PHOTO: FRANÇOIS GUILLOT/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

The Bible

Apparently, thieves missed the "Thou shalt not steal" part of the Ten Commandments. According to experts, the Bible is the most commonly stolen book.

The Holy Bible is available for free at many places of worship, so perhaps there's less guilt associated with pilfering a copy. Let's hope they make it to the part about "repentance" in their stolen copy of the good book.

Hint: There's another activity sheet with the same theme.

CRYPTOGRAM

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

25 18 7 19 21 3 10 14 7 26 10 24 6 10 21 7 3 24 9

10 14 21 16 14 9 10 21 23 23 25 26 14 1 20 14 3 10 22

9 21 4 14 3 10 22 2 24 9 5 1 25 4 6 25 4 14

3 10 22 26 24 23 23 20 14 1 25 9 14 24 9 14 21 7 3 10

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20 7 14 21 1 21 9 1 19 25 7 5 24 16 14 18 17 25 18 7

1 14 20 3 17 21 17 26 14 19 25 7 5 24 16 14 25 18 7



We went inside. Angus's disappointment really got to me. I revered my father—he was an Army veteran, the main reason I enlisted. My son looked up to me the same way, and now he was old enough to draw his own conclusions about why I hid out every Fourth. Would he learn that the best way to deal with fear is to shrink from it? *Lord, is that what I'm teaching him?* I'd been through a lot of changes in the past year. Last summer, I'd lost my job at an oil

company. Our family's finances got stretched to the limit. It took me a few months to find another job, driving a truck for a soft drink company—at a third of my former salary. I was grateful, but for a while we weren't sure how we could afford to buy Angus new shoes for the upcoming school year. Then we heard about a community [outreach](#) sponsored by a church. They were buying shoes for kids. We went to the shoe store, and Angus picked out a pair he liked. I felt a little ashamed accepting charity, but the minister was friendly. "I can't thank you enough," I said when he paid at the register. The next morning was a Sunday and I was planning to sleep in, as usual. But at 7 a.m. Angus marched into our room. "We need to go to church," he said, "to thank them for the shoes." "We already thanked the minister," I said. "Remember?" Angus wouldn't budge. "The people at the church gave their money to pay for the shoes. They're the ones I want to thank." That Sunday service was the first I'd been to in a long while. Everyone was welcoming. What the pastor said really moved me. "We often feel alone with the challenges we face," he said, "but God is always with you." My eyes filled with tears. Yes, my family faced challenges, but we weren't alone. I stood up, walked forward and accepted God into my life. April, Angus and I became regulars. The youth pastor talked me into helping with the youth group. April volunteered for community outreach projects, like the shoe drive. Getting to know God had enriched my life. Could he help me overcome something that felt so deep and so impossible to conquer? All day I couldn't forget that disappointed look on Angus's face. I wanted to see him excited! After we put him to bed that night, I told April what was on my mind. "I want to do this," I said, "for Angus. I just don't know if I can." "I believe you can this year," April said. "You're different now. I've seen it." At our church's parenting class that week, I told everyone about the fireworks, about Iraq, about my terror. About how sometimes, wars are never over. They gathered close to me. April put me on the prayer chain and posted about my struggle on the church's Face-book page.

Fearless on the Fourth of July

A soldier's story of how a community helped him battle his fear of fireworks.

by **Patrick Coble**

I could see the excitement on my 7-year-old's face in the rearview mirror. We were driving home from church, and our pastor had talked about the town's Fourth of July celebration, next week at the ball field. The church would be sponsoring a hot dog stand, a moon bounce and face painting. There'd also be a baseball game.

"It'll be awesome, Dad," Angus said. "Will you go with us this year? We can watch the fireworks!" I had to suppress a shudder. My wife, April, shot me a worried look. "Angus," she said, "remember, Daddy needs to leave before the fireworks."

Angus's face fell. "Oh yeah."

It might seem strange that a thing that brings so much joy to a 7-year-old would strike fear into the heart of a grown man—especially an ex-soldier. But I hadn't attended a Fourth of July celebration in six years.

Not after what happened my first Independence Day back from active duty in Iraq. We were living in El Paso at the time, in army housing at Ft. Bliss.

April and I brought baby Angus with us to a friend's barbecue. We stood in the backyard chatting while Angus napped in the house. Then I heard it. *Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!* Small ammunition—machine-gun fire.

"Incoming!" I yelled, and dove to the ground. I lay on my stomach, my hands covering my head, my heart pounding as I waited for the all clear.

"Patrick, man, you all right?" I looked up to see my friend and April crouched beside me. What were they doing there?

Then I started to get my bearings back. I wasn't with my battalion in Iraq. I was home. Across the street I could see the neighbors, lighting strings of firecrackers. Not gunfire. Just firecrackers. I stood up, as embarrassed as I'd ever been. "Sorry," I muttered. I knew I wasn't in a combat zone, but my pulse raced like I was. My stomach was in knots, every hair on the back of my neck stood on end.

Everyone was sympathetic, but I couldn't enjoy the rest of the party. I kept feeling that something or someone was waiting to attack from out of nowhere.

When the city fireworks started, I retreated inside the house and April followed, missing the show on my account. No more fireworks for me. Never again.

I pulled the car into our driveway, my son's request hanging in the air. All these years later I still couldn't face the Fourth.

I had my own tradition—shutting myself in my bedroom, turning down the lights, cranking up the volume on the TV and playing College Football on PlayStation till the booming and crackling was over.



The Good Samaritan Spot the Differences

Compare the picture on the top with the picture on bottom. Circle the 14 things that are different.



