

LAKE SHORELINES

July 26, 2006

PASSPORT

Youth Camping with a Missionsm

Going to Passport as a 7th grader can be a bit intimidating when you are in the preparation stage the day before you leave. You always want to make sure that you have everything for your basic life and everything for your “recreational” life. (This includes, but is not limited to, snacks of every kind, cards, and money for those t-shirts that are just too fortuitously perfect to pass up.) This, for a 7th grader who has been semi-accepted already, is very essential. As you can probably tell, this week—that has been made out to be a time of bonding, laughter, and an altogether good time away from the parental units—was transformed into a dreaded nightmare, a dark tunnel that you are racing towards in hopes that there is a light at the other end. All in all, I just wanted this week to pass as fast as possible.

It’s funny how my initial and subsequent perspectives on Passport contrasted so much. This dreaded week did something that I could not fathom was possible. It illuminated three outlooks on life that nothing else could have. The first involved Katrina, of course. I know most of you have heard this line from pretty much every Katrina support worker, but no matter how many times it has been used, it still stands true. The pictures on the internet and TV can never do justice to the experience of seeing the devastation in real life. Walking up to doorsteps with no house behind them is something I will never forget.

The second event that contributed to making this trip a moving experience was the bonding within the youth group. I was already pretty close with the people in my J2A group, so I was amazed when I could strengthen the ties with them and finally do the thing I had been longing to do ever since I was initiated into the youth group—have the knowledge that I’ve been accepted by the YAC group. I can only wish to grow together even more with my youth peers and be even more accepted by the smaller groups of Lake Shore’s youth, like “The Fantastic Four.”

Worship at Lake Shore

*The Fourteenth
Sunday of Ordinary Time
July 30*

The Sermon
“There Was a Little Boy Who
Shared His Lunch”
Sharlande Sledge

The Scriptures
John 6.1-21
Ephesians 3.14-21
Isaiah 55.1-3, 6-12



Passport New Orleans worksite. Picture by Ashley Thornton

The third and final experience that engraved itself on my heart was my brother’s testimony during worship on the third night. His words taught me that I don’t have to be afraid of being honest. His openness with the 400 Passport youth helped me realize that graces surrounds us daily. I know it exists at Lake Shore.

I can only hope that future youth get as much out of Passport as I have. Also, I hope that they will not approach it with the level of anxiety I had. Passport will without a doubt always be marked with great anticipation on my future summer calendars. —*David Miller*

Pastoral Prayer, July 23, 2006

The following prayer was offered by Sbarlande Sledge in worship Sunday.

Eternal God, Creator of All, Yahweh,
Most Compassionate One,

God of homes and hospitals and hospice; God of Haifa and
Beirut, Galilee and Gaza; God of Houston and New
Orleans and Waco,
Where can we flee from your presence?

If we are in the lower ninth ward, we cannot escape you.
You are there.

If we are in a room recovering from surgery, you are there.

If we flee to the mountains or escape by sea or seek refuge
in an underground shelter, you make your home with us.

If we are surrounded by loved ones, waiting for peaceful
death, you are there.

If we follow your call to a place that we do not yet call
home, you are there to welcome us.

On this earth that we share, we offer the common prayer of
humanity: Be with us.

Be with us, God. Bless and humble us with your presence.

Some in this room traveled a day's journey southeast
this week to a city racked by a hurricane's wrath
and participated in restoration and rebuilding.

If we moved across land and sea directly east,
across seven time zones, all of us would be caught in the
chaos of wreckage and ruin.

We are not there, but here, with deep sadness in our hearts.
The scale of violence and war in Lebanon
defies comprehension.

Buildings, so recently restored, today lie in ruins like giant
shards of ancient clay pots.

We pray for all the people whose faith and covenant began
with Abraham -- Muslims, Jews, and Christians;
today we pray particularly for those who call Lebanon,
Palestine, and Israel home.

We pray for the people so suddenly placed in the way of
violence and harm and hunger and homelessness
and for those who perpetuate violence and indifference
to life, justice, and peace.

We turn to you, O God, with our laments and those of your
children caught in the war.

Hear the cries of those who may be forever haunted by the
pounding noise of war;
those for whom the sounds of mourning are a more
familiar language than sounds of joy.

Hear the cries of those hungering for bread,
for yogurt, for milk, for dates and olives,
for the goodness that has the potential
to thrive in the rich and fertile land.

Hear the cries of those who have lost their livelihood,
their security, their steady ground,
or the assurance that their friends and family are safe.

Hear the cries of those who feel they have been forgotten.

Hear the cries of those whose faith in you and the
compassion of others is fragile.

We wait, O God, we wait.

How long will it be before we see pictures of
mothers buying bread at the bakery, spreading a feast for
their families?

How long before children are singing in kindergarten
rooms, and universities are sanctuaries of learning,
and hospitals tend to necessary healthcare of daily life,
not the wounds of war?

How long before parks are for oases for relaxation
and not for refuge from missiles?

How long before borders can be crossed in safety?
Before families are reunited?

Before nations come to the table to do the difficult
but necessary work of diplomacy?

In the waiting, forgive us if we assume that conflict
will always be with us or if we search for an
easy escape from caring.

Gives us hearts that beat across the world.

Give us courage to stand on the side of the oppressed,
to feel with them,

to realize again that isolation is an illusion --
that the grief of the brokenhearted is our grief,
the pain of the injured is our pain,
the struggle to justice is our struggle,
the road to peace is our road.

May the leaders of this world embody courage,
compassion, and high vision. May they move
with a clear, direct purpose within the community
of nations and on behalf of all humankind so that
none of your children are lost.

Let forgiveness flow like a river that heals, not divides.
Increase the spirit of neighborliness among us.

Help us see ourselves in each another, to live as though we
are the brothers and sisters you created us to be.

For as your people, we are inheritors of resolute hope,
lifting our prayers for peace on behalf
of those who have no voice right now.
and those who need your healing hands.

Lead us to holy peace, beyond the confusion of our days.

Lead us to the truth that because you walked upon this earth
and sanctified every inch of it as holy ground,
every land is holy, even this place.

Fix in us your humble dwelling,
for yours is the power and the glory and the mercy,
and forever your name is One, the Eternal God,
the Prince of Peace --

of Shalom

of Salaams

in whose name we pray,

Amen.

Rebecca Mosley's Baptism

Statement of Faith

Twelve years ago, I was baptized as a baby by my granddaddy and my aunt Rebecca in a Methodist Church. This really meant that my parents made a promise to bring me up in the church. Now, I've decided I'm ready to make my own choice to follow Jesus and to accept him as the leader of my life.

When I was in the 4th grade, I was in a new school and things were hard at home. I felt closer to God during that time and prayed a heck of a lot. When we came to Lake Shore, I discovered acceptance and oodles of love. If I started the list of names, we really would be here all day. We joined Lake Shore in April of 2004, and I began talking about being baptized. The next day, my sister Taylor died. We spent a long time getting through all of that.

Later that year, I was matched up with Brooke Cherry through Big Brothers-Big Sisters. She's been a major part of my spiritual journey ever since. I'm about to enter middle school, and there are parts of being a teenager that look pretty freaky. So, the memory of being baptized today can always remind me that I'm never really alone, and that God is always with me. — *Becca Mosley*

The Prayer of Blessing

Offered by Rachel Sciretti on the day of Becca's baptism, Sunday, July 23, 2006

Thank you, God, for Rebecca Clarice Mosley, daughter of Deb and David, sister of Taylor. You have called her by name and she has heard your voice and sought you with her whole heart. Thank you for this day when we can celebrate her life – all that has brought her to this point and all that lies before her.

It is our hope that she will grow deeper and farther into your love, your wisdom, and your truth. May she not only honestly ask the hard questions, but fervently seek answers.

It is our hope that the decisions she makes throughout her teenage and adult years will be filtered through her relationship with you and the memory of this day when she sealed her commitment to you.

It is our hope that her sense of humor will bring joy and perspective not only to those around her, but to herself. You dance in her laughter and shine in her smiles.

It is our hope that throughout her life as she is being made whole by your love, that she will call out the wholeness in others. Her arms are already open to people, so many different kinds of people. She is tuned in to the emotions of others, making her a good friend and a good listener. May she continue to use these gifts with family, friends, and strangers, revealing your care and compassion.

It is our hope that she will act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with you for all her days. Her heritage is one of justice, compassion, and simplicity. May these familiar friends continue to accompany her on her journey.

It is our hope that we may support her, encourage her, and teach her as she walks this road, believing that she will do the same for us.

Thank you, God, for Rebecca Clarice Mosley, daughter of Deb and David, sister of Taylor. You have called her by name and she has heard your voice and sought you with her whole heart. Thank you for this day when we can celebrate her life – all that has brought her to this point and all that lies before her. Amen.

Prayer Concerns

Harold Osborne is scheduled for quadruple bypass surgery Wednesday afternoon.

Dottie Buchanan had knee surgery several weeks ago. She is recovering at home.

Buck Buchanan was injured in an automobile accident last week.

Ron Rouse is in hospice care.

Richard Aslanian is recovering after surgery at MD Anderson.

Ann Miller, a friend of many at Lake Shore, is in hospice care.

Erin Cline and Michael Slater are traveling to Oregon. They will begin teaching at the University of Oregon this fall.

Terri Luper's husband, Michael Church (Myrl Luper's son-in-law) had surgery in New York.

Jo and Jonathan Pendleton will travel to Nicaragua next week..

Susan Burleson, Cassie Key's step-mother, is in the hospital.

Our third-sixth graders are at camp this week. Our prayers are with them and their sponsors as they learn, grow, and travel.

New Member Luncheon

*Mark your calendars
Sunday, August 13
immediately following worship
at the home of
Jeff and Judy Davies
8502 Oakdale
call for directions (751-1651)*

*A member of the
Orientation Committee
will be in contact with you
to take your reservation*

Children's Corner

Children's Choir Practice:

Wednesday, August 2,
6:00-6:45 p.m.

*We're not having supper,
but plan to be here for practice!*

Our Church Staff

Richard Aslanian, Music Director
 Dorisanne Cooper, Pastor
 Aaron Garcia, Organist
 Pattie Herbert, Custodian
 Caryl Miller-Compton, Administrative Secretary
 Heather Robards, Director, Lake Shore Baptist Children's Center
 Mike Sciretti, Minister to Youth
 Rachel Sciretti, Minister to Children
 Sharlande Sledge, Associate Pastor



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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

MINISTRY AND EDUCATION OPPORTUNITIES

Sunday, July 30

9:30-Sunday School
 10:45-Worship

Monday, July 31

5:30-Beginner Yoga

Tuesday, August 1

5:30-Yoga

Wednesday, August 2

No Wednesday Activities
 Choir practice (time?)

Meals on Wheels Driver Needed on Fridays

to fill one of the holes left by Erin Cline and Michael Slater. Call Catherine—772-1616—if you can help.

Youth News

Sunday Morning:

Breakfast: Emily Smallwood
 Sunday School: Karen Matkin

Sunday Night:

Movie Night: *Yesterday*. This movie is about a young mother in South Africa who is diagnosed with AIDS and her goal to be with her daughter on her first day of school.

Wednesday Night:

Prayer Paths & AIDS in Africa

Coming Up:

August 8, 10:
 Dinner for 5 Amigo Nights
 August 11:
 Texas Rangers Game
 August 20:
 Back to School Party with 7th & James

Extended Care Sunday, July 30

Infants: Karyn Miller
 Toddlers: Deb Vardiman & Becca Mosley
 Preschool: Jim & Emily Fau

Weekly Budget Report

Your contributions to our budget help fund our mission work, church programs, human resources, and physical facilities. Weekly budget needs for 2006 are \$7,865.17. Receipts last week were \$ 3,181.00.

<u>Year to date needs</u>	<u>Year to date received</u>	<u>Difference</u>
\$ 235,955.19	\$ 196,218.62	(\$39,736.57)