



**uniting church**  
in Australia,  
Synod of NSW & ACT

# NOTICE SHEET

## Five Dock Drummoyne Congregation



## *Praise and Prayer Points*

### *The Tablecloth*

### Services – Sunday 28 February, 2021

#### **Lent 2**

**9.30am** Five Dock – Rev Don Everhart

*Reading:* Deuteronomy 6: 1-9

*Theme:* "Repairing the walls and ancient paths: "

We are glad to have you with us today in worship. It is our hope that you will not only learn more about God, but that you will encounter Him and experience His presence, love and grace for you.

## DIARY DATES

**TODAY** after Service  
**Church Council** meeting



**Monday 1 March** at 3pm  
**Monday Bible Study** will meet in the church.

*Topic:* "Jesus' cleansing of the temple"

*Readings:* Psalm 19; John 2: 13-22

**Friday 5 March** at 10am  
**World Day of Prayer** has this year been prepared by the Church in Vanuatu. The service in our area will be held at Abbotsford Presbyterian Church.

**Sunday 14 March** after Service  
**Congregation Meeting** – Reports from the following groups: Minister, Treasurer, Property, Pastoral Carers' Group, Choir, Worship Committee, Meals on Wheels, Small Groups, Mission in the Community and Church Council are to be given to Sue Brockway, Congregational Secretary TODAY so that the agenda and papers are available on Sunday 7 March.

**Minutes of PAC meeting** held on 17/02/2021 are on the Notice Board for your perusal.

### ***Bible Gems – Giving Positive Answers***

You say, "It's impossible".  
*God says: All things are possible.*  
*Luke 18:27*

You say, "I'm too tired".  
*God says: I will give you rest.*  
*Matthew 11:28-30*

You say, "Nobody really loves me".  
*God says: I love you.*  
*John 3:16, Romans 5:8*

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry to reopen a church in a suburb of Brooklyn, arrived in early October excited about their opportunities.

When they saw their church, they found it very run down and needing much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve. They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc., and on the eighteenth of December were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

The next day a terrible tempest – a driving rainstorm – hit the area and lasted for two days. On the twenty-first, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster ... about four metres by two metres ... to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home.

On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea-market-type sale for charity so he stepped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory coloured crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colours and a Cross embroidered right in the centre. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus forty-five minutes later.

She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area. Then he noticed the woman walking down the centre aisle. Her face was like a sheet. 'Pastor' she asked, 'Where did you get that tablecloth?' The pastor explained. She asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, EBG were crocheted into it there. They were.

These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth thirty-five years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just bought the tablecloth. She explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave and her husband was going to follow her the next week. She was captured, sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth, but she made him keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home, that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a house-cleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return.

One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighbourhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall, because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war, and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike?

He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety, and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a prison. He never saw his wife or his home again all the thirty-five years in between.

The pastor asked if he could take the man for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

author unknown (from "Encounter" Dec. 2000)