

## From Pastor Zina Jacque

### WHEN JESUS WEEPS

*And when he drew near and saw the city, he wept over it, saying, "Would that you, even you, had known on this day the things that make for peace! But now they are hidden from your eyes."*

Brothers and Sisters,

This text comes from the 19<sup>th</sup> chapter of Luke (verses 41-42). You know the setting. It is the day we celebrate as Palm Sunday. It is the day Jesus rides, triumphantly, into the capital city on the foal of a donkey. His entrance harkens back to, and fulfills, a prophecy from Zechariah (9:9). Jesus is riding into town, just as the Prophet Zechariah predicted. And just as is proper, the people greet him like a king. They shout Hosanna, which means, *save us now*. They greet him by placing palms, a sign of a king, before him. And what does he do next? Well, he rides to a location from which he can overlook the whole of Israel's most important city, Jerusalem. He rides to a place where he can see the beauty of the temple and the bustle of the people. And then, then, he weeps.

He weeps because the very people whom God has chosen and blessed, set apart for great and noble pursuits in God's name, those same people have missed it. They do not know what makes for peace and they do not recognize Jesus as the one who has come, not to inaugurate a new earthly kingdom, but to establish heaven's kingdom on earth. They missed it, and, beloved, so do we.

The church of Jesus Christ has taken some serious blows in these past few weeks. Our brothers and sisters at Willow Creek continue to seek a way forward after painful revelations about leaders at many levels. Our brothers and sisters in the Catholic Church, particularly in dioceses in Pennsylvania, have much from which to repent and much for which they must seek to make some sort of amends. But, if the truth be told, the "church", the called out and gathered in Christ's name all over the world, has a multiplicity of reasons to bow its head and shed hot tears. We have been all too silent as children have been separated from parents, as rural and urban communities have limited access to hospitals and health care, as economic blight settles in particular communities, generation after generation, and as drugs continue to steal the souls of those who seem bent on self-medication, even more so in suburban and exurban communities. Jesus weeps because we are a nation wealthy enough to make different decisions, to hold one another accountable, and to seek to lift those who are struggling at the bottom. But the good we might do is hidden from our eyes.

It is my hope that all those who follow the Christ might feel the dampness of his tears and might be moved, however we are moved, to act to bring about the deepest meaning of peace (*shalom*), the thing Jesus said in the Gospel of Luke we had missed. And what is the meaning of shalom? It means, all creation will live securely and have enough to live lives fully and completely.

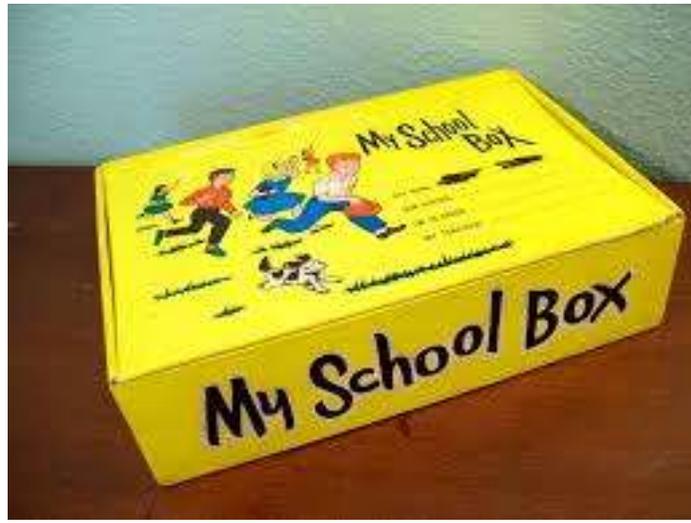
Beloved, let us ask, each day we rise from the previous night's sleep, "God, how might I live this day in pursuit of Your peace?" And may we live what we hear, for Christ's sake.

Pastor - Rev. Dr. Zina Jacque  
Musician - Natallia Revinskaya  
Christian Educator—Dr. Samira El-Yasir

Church Secretary - Sandra Mytys  
Moderator - Stu Overby

SEPTEMBER  
NEWSLETTER





One of my favorite things to do each August before school started was to go through and organize my pencil box. I remember spending precious moments organizing all my new school supplies: filling my box and dreaming of the first day back in the classroom. Although my pencil box may have looked a little different (and believe me I had to scrounge through Google Images just to find this one), I think the concept of organizing your pencil box remains valid even in today's tech-savvy times.

Each autumn, I think we should be required to go through and reorganize our virtual pencil boxes – discarding the trivial remnants of mindless summer fun while taking time to plan for budgets, fall wardrobes and dare I say it - even pre-holiday shopping.

So take a few moments out of your Labor Day festivities and think about organizing your own pencil box – you may find that you're ready to embrace the craziness of this back-to-school season with a freshly stocked, reorganized sense of purpose.





Pastor Zina's sermon Sunday before last was about the "Little Things" that are so important in our lives. This put me in mind of my grandmother, who I called MeiMei. She was born into poverty in 1885 and lived on its edge her entire life. Her highest formal education was third grade, but she was a romantic in the classic sense and loved to write. As you can see, it was the little things she treasured and wanted to pass along.

## *My Gift*

I shall not tarry long  
Only perhaps a day  
I've many wonderful things  
I want to give away.

Want to give them to someone  
They've meant so much to me  
Come in and visit a while  
Come in to touch and see.

Here is a wisp of the dawn  
Soft and gray and pink;  
I found it over a lake  
Where deer and swallows drink.

Here is a beam of the sun  
That crept upon my floor –  
It warmed a broken wall  
It climbed a sagging door.

Here is a gladsome song  
I found it in a tree,  
It came from a birdling throat  
Into the heart of me.

Here is a gentle breeze –  
It kissed my face at night  
Came right through my window  
To make the darkness right.

Here is part of a garden –  
I've kept it all the years  
Sometimes it basked in smiles  
Sometimes it steeped in tears.

Here is a city street  
Stalked by a little ghost  
Looking for yesterday  
And things that meant the most.

Here is a sheaf of dreams  
Dreams that never came true  
Here, you take them all  
Maybe they'll work for you.

Now the hour is spent  
The sun in the West is low  
'Twas nice to have you here  
But take my gift and go.

Go where the world is bright  
With jewels at her breast  
The years have been so long  
I'm tired and shall rest.

Mary B. Chylinski

# sabbatical *noun*

a period of time during which one does not work at his or her regular job and is able to rest, travel, do research, etc.

## Pastor Zina

Well, it is almost here, my sabbatical. I will be in worship to celebrate our 171<sup>st</sup> anniversary on September 23<sup>rd</sup>, and then will begin my sabbatical on Sunday, September 30<sup>th</sup>. I will return on Sunday, November 25<sup>th</sup> for **Hanging of the Greens** and will look forward to being in your presence again.

During my 8 weeks away, the Rev. Sarah Jay will be among you. Sarah served as the interim pastor for Community Church between the Rev Glenn Loafmann and me. She is an amazing woman of God and, on the next page, she has consented to answer a few questions so that those who have not yet had the pleasure of meeting her can get to know her just a bit. I am delighted to say that Sarah will join us in church on our anniversary. The Rev. David Gregg, President of our American Baptist Church Region, Metro Chicago, will also join us on that Sunday. David will bless my sabbatical and Rev. Jay's coming, as part of our worship service.

My sabbatical will take me to visit several churches around the country that are configured as we are. By that I mean, they are predominantly Euro-American churches with an African-American pastor, and they consider themselves, as do we, a healthy church.

Why am I off to conduct this research, you might ask? Our nation has become more and more racialized in the past decade. We seem, as a nation, to be caught up in a more and more tribal mindset. We are reverting to surrounding ourselves with people who think "just like us". And, my brothers and sisters, this is not a position we can take up if we seek to be the best of what America is called to be.

I am curious what possible impact exists when a congregation is of one predominant group and their pastor of another. I wonder if it changes the conversation, the engagement in the community, and the hearts and minds of those who worship and fellowship together. I do not know, for sure. I have some hunches and some hopes. But like a good and curious mind, I want to go and find out. And so, with the support of the Louisville Institute (who funded my sabbatical grant) and Community Church, I will be able to do so.

Once I return, I will take one more month (sometime in the new year, before Lent) and write up my findings. But before that happens, I will return, and we will spend Advent and much of Epiphany together, sharing in the ministry and community of the amazing church. Thank you, again, for supporting me in this endeavor. Your love and gracious encouragement mean the world to me. Blessings to you, my church family and my friends.



When we are trying to get to know someone new to us, we often ask them, “Where are you from?” For some of us, it can be quite a long answer. As I thought about writing a short piece to share myself with you, I decided this would be the right question to pose, for especially that reason. So, where am I from? (I’ll go ahead and beg the forgiveness of our grammarians for these prepositions ending sentences!)

I am from the “real” Florida. Florida is the technical answer to where I’m from, and “real” is what my dad calls it. By “real” we mean the center of the state, away from hotels or amusement parks, a small town with oak trees and Spanish moss, whose livelihood, until recently, was orange groves. I didn’t realize until I’d moved away how much being raised in a place with year-round sunshine, natural wildness abounding, no need to check the weather, and where everyone parks on the grass, impacted the way I inhabit the world. There is an anticipation of happiness (some may call it optimism) and a willingness to create the road by walking it that was born in me there.

I am from the church, as well. When I was three days old, my parents took me to church for the first time, and every Wednesday and twice each Sunday after that until I went to college. We were Southern Baptists, yet we were the kind who asked questions. In high school, and especially college, this began to rub my pastors the wrong way. I knew that I had to leave *that* church, but not *the* church, and crossed what seemed like a vast chasm to the American Baptist world. What kept me Baptist (as opposed to Methodist or Episcopalian) was my desire for freedom from ecclesiastical authority. Those “Four Fragile Freedoms” are, in a way, not characteristics of my religion, but its essence. Soul freedom, especially, is at the core of my sense of what it means to be created in the image of God.

I am from Chicago and “Chicago.” A few weeks ago, I bought a Chicago hot dog and the young man behind the counter asked me what I wanted on it. After I answered, “Everything,” I told him a story about my father-in-law who infamously ordered “a Chicago hot dog with only ketchup.” The young man asked me, “Are you from Chicago?” and, without thinking, I told him I was. Then I had to walk it back a little, remembering that wasn’t quite true! Chicago is the type of city that impacts one, however, and has a way of making a person “from it.” We’ve only lived in Chicago or Chicagoland for about nine years altogether, however I have a strong sense of belonging to the city’s character of diversity, welcome, appreciation for art and music, hard-nosed ability to bear winter (that one I had to work on), and flourishing summer *ecstasis* -- along with a sense of ownership of the city’s problems and a commitment to being part of the solution. I am also from “Chicago,” which is the shorthand for the seminary I attended, The University of Chicago Divinity School, which impacts the way I think and preach and approach the scriptures. It is a dialectical way of thinking in which every concept has to be earned by picking it apart and wrestling with it to find the truth (not unlike the way our dog manages to find her flea prevention tablet inside of the “pill pocket” and pull it out before eating the treat).

Finally, I am from CCB. After ordination, my first solo ministry was here, at the Community Church of Barrington, as the Interim Pastor. You all shaped and blessed me in so many ways. Any church that a pastor serves shapes her or him, however, the first parish does this especially. It is the place at which one first begins to sift through all the ways of pastoring that have been modeled and choose those that feel the most authentic to one’s own ministry. Some of my favorite memories include painting the hallways with your moderator, Jayne, taking the youth group kids to Camp Grow in Wisconsin for a week, attending monthly potlucks, visiting Lake Barrington Woods to lead Bible Study and to have coffee with church members.

Since that time, I have pastored a church in the rustbelt of Ohio and become deeply embedded in the community ministries of that small, but urban, city, later worked as the Director of Recruitment for the Guardian Ad Litem Program in Florida, and after returning to Chicago, became a staff chaplain at University of Illinois Hospital, served as your Associate Regional Minister of Euro/Multi-Ethnic Churches for the American Baptist Churches of Metro Chicago, briefly as Acting Executive Minister, and also as Interim Pastor at Irving Park Baptist Church.

Indeed, much has happened to us *and to you* in the meantime (both of our families have grown!), and it is going to be a joy to discover who you are now. And so I thank Pastor Zina and the church board for the opportunity to serve among you this fall.

# 171<sup>ST</sup> ANNIVERSARY COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BARRINGTON 1847 – 2018

Community Church was founded one hundred and seventy-one years ago. In 1847:

- ❖ The Mexican-American War is underway.
- ❖ James K. Polk is president of the United States.
- ❖ Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell are born.
- ❖ The USPS issues its *first* stamp featuring G. Washington and B. Franklin.
- ❖ Brigham Young arrives in Salt Lake City, Utah.
- ❖ *Jane Eyre* is published.
- ❖ Frederick Douglass establishes the *Abolitionist Papers*.
- ❖ Jefferson Davis is *appointed* to the U.S. Senate.

In 1847, electricity was an absolute luxury, cars were still 70 years in the future, and most heat was produced by coal that was shoveled into a basement and then into a furnace. The world was altogether different.

However, 20 intrepid souls from Dundee, Illinois, decided that the stop along the train line, known as Barrington Station, deserved a church. They arrived in Barrington and set out to be a source of light, hope, power, and love, and Community Church (well, The Baptist Church) was born.

Now, as we head into another year of life, worship, fellowship, and service on the corner of Lincoln and Grove, we live in a world where:

- ❖ Wars (with 10,000 or more deaths in the last year) rage in Afghanistan, Syria, Iraq, Yemen, Mexico (drug war) and 13 other places where there are chronicled deaths of between 1,000-10,000 due to violence and hate.
- ❖ Donald J. Trump is the president of the United States.
- ❖ Born this year? It is possible that the one who will cure cancer or walk on Mars or live to 150 years of age will be born this year.
- ❖ Stamps are almost out of style because we communicate electronically.
- ❖ Brigham Young University is 115 years old.
- ❖ As of July 31, 2018, the US #1 best seller is a “tell all” book about our current president.
- ❖ Frederick Douglass was born in February of 1818. This is the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his birth.
- ❖ Jefferson Davis and other confederate heroes have been the subject of hotly contested debates as to the rightful place they hold in our nation’s complicated history.

And yet, in the midst of the seismic change between 1847 and 2018, Community Church still stands on the corner of Lincoln and Grove, still stands at the intersection of compassion and acceptance. Our elders came to Barrington to be a source of God’s presence and love. We are called to do the same. Indeed, as we move into another year, may we each, in our own way, from this place and in the name of our God, seek to be sources of light, hope, power, and love. And, in all we do, may God’s name receive glory and may the Kingdom come.

# What *IS* the Name of That Church on the Corner of Lincoln and Grove?

by Clarke Robinson

Imagine this conversation between two neighbors, one an inquisitive Barringtonian and the other a neighbor historically knowledgeable about Community Church.

The inquisitive Barringtonian asks, "What is the name of that church on the corner of Lincoln and Grove"?

"That depends," replies the neighbor. "About which decade are you speaking? If you are asking about the time from the church's founding in 1847 to 1959, the church was known simply as, The Baptist Church. However, from 1859 to the 1950's, the church was called The First Baptist Church of Barrington."



"What happened in the 1950's?" the inquisitive one responds.

"Well, lots. When World War II came to its end, the old 19<sup>th</sup> century Sanctuary still stood. And in 1952, the church called a new pastor, the Rev. Gene Nyman. Shortly after he arrived, the old sanctuary was torn down and a new church building rose tall and proud on the same sacred spot on which the current church stands.

In 1952 only four protestant churches existed in town. First Baptist opened its doors to any and all who wished to worship there and, in doing so, it became an open fellowship church.

Before long, The First Baptist Church changed its name to 'Community Baptist Church', reflecting this open-door policy.

This openness and acceptance of all continued in word and deed, and Community Baptist Church became a place where people of many Christians faiths came together to create a truly ecumenical body.

The new Community Baptist Church came to be known as 'The Church of the Open Door.' This gathering of a broad community of Christian faith called for a recognition of this situation, thus, the name 'Community Church of Barrington' was adopted in 1963 and remains the same to this day."

"What about the word "Baptist?", the determined interlocutor insisted. "Why did it disappear?"

"The church has always been associated with, and a member of, the Baptist faith and is a proud and active member of the American Baptist Churches/USA. But, the leadership did not want the Church's name to limit who came through the doors. And so, the Baptist name was eliminated. However, the current mission statement indicates how members live out a deep and active faith. Community Church is a Baptist Church who sees itself as

Compassionate Christians  
Growing Spiritually  
Serving God.

And all are welcome!!!!!!!





## Birthdays

September 02, Barb Pratscher  
September 04, Ginny Newman  
September 05, Beth Goldstein  
September 05, Hazel Coester  
September 06, Theo Papadimitriou  
September 07, Michael Campe  
September 08, Levi Palomo  
September 17, Kira Krug  
September 20, Elaine Menes  
September 22, Margaret Akerstrom  
September 30, Vikki Merchant



## Anniversaries

September 6th Art & Lynn Rice  
September 9th Cindy & Tom Alton  
September 15th Brian & Christy Davis

**G.R.O.W.** The ladies of GROW will meet on **Thursday, September 27th at the church.** All women of the church are invited. Please RSVP to the church office by **Thursday, September 20th**. Hope to see you! Please bring your favorite children's book.



**WOMEN WHO BREAKFAST** - Join us on September 5th for breakfast and coffee, or just drop in for a chat at the Bread Basket 7:30 a.m. All ladies are welcome.

**MEN'S FELLOWSHIP** meets on the second and fourth Saturday of each month at the church. This month they will meet on September 8th and 22nd.



**Book Club** meets the second Tuesday of each month in the Adult Sunday School Room. Join this fun group on Tuesday, September 11th for lively discussion. See Jayne Majzan for more information.



The office will be closed on **Monday, September 3rd** in observance of Labor Day. Regular worship hour, 10:30 a.m. on Sunday and regular office hours, 8:00-3:00 on Monday thru Thursday, will resume on September 9th.

**POTLUCK**— Join us for Potluck on Wednesday, September 12th. Bring a dish to pass and prepare to share fellowship and great conversation with all who attend. It starts at 6:00.

**ANSWERS TO THE BIBLE QUIZ ON PAGE 9:** 1. Paul, 2. Houses, 3. Matthew, 4. Present distinctive stories of the live and death of Jesus, 5. Pontius Pilate, 6. A collection of Jesus' sayings attributed to the apostle

# September 2018

## Monthly Planner

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday																																																																																											
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Community Church of Barrington  
407 S. Grove Avenue  
Barrington IL 60010



## **PRAYER FOR LABOR DAY**

**Lord, on this Labor Day we thank  
You for the blessing of work.**

**We ask for strength to  
complete each day.**

**We ask for rest when we are weary.**

**We ask Your guidance for everyone  
seeking employment, and we  
ask that You be with those  
whose faces we might never see  
but who work tirelessly each day  
for the good of us all.**

**Amen.**

Prayer from Our Sunday Visitor website

doep.org