

Words of Faith

THE NEWSLETTER OF FAITH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

April – June 2015

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Couples Retreat – His View/Her View

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Overman

Several days of perfect weather at Lake Quinault over the weekend of March 5-7 blessed those at our Couples Retreat with the opportunity to read one of God's clearest messages in the Book of Nature: when we looked across the still waters of the lake, trees on the far shore were reflected in the water inverted, so that their tops (normally far above us) appeared to be reaching right across the lake toward us. St. Paul was right: God's eternal power and deity really can be "perceived in the things that have been made"! (Rom. 1:20) Even the logs aflame in the Lodge's great fireplace reminded us of the Creator's presence as a glowing ember in our hearts that can be fanned into a flame that knows Him. On the other hand, my octogenarian legs were pleased to return to the earthly comfort of a soft chair after our 3.5 mile hike up the nature trail!

Dr. Bob Case spoke about "The American Songbook" on Thursday and Friday evenings, showing us how 20th-century American popular romantic music (even in its most secular forms) has been shaped by the Biblical sense that the divinely-given institution in which husband and wife "become one flesh" is intended by God to help us reverse the Fall's plunge into mere earthly multiplicity. Dr. Case enlivened his talks with many recorded musical selections (most of which we oldsters recognized!), and on Friday evening Scott Johnson joined him on guitar to present a piano-and-string jazz concert.

Someone (not us!) at our church again this year subsidized part of the room cost at the Lodge, so we

interpret this as a foretaste of 'free rent' in Heaven!

Richard Overman

There was plenty of time for us to be together as a couple and also to get better acquainted with others from Faith Church who we may have smiled at on Sundays but hadn't known well. And just sitting in the magnificent public room at the Lodge--one of the most beautiful in North America--watching the huge fireplace cheering the atmosphere while we visited, played games, and worked on jigsaw puzzles was a great pleasure.

It was such fun to go on the organized hike during weather when we could keep our feet dry, and I appreciated the younger fellows helping me over the occasional log we found blocking the trail. Several of us made side trips--to Ruby Beach, around Lake Quinault, and to see huge trees or elk.

The food in the Lodge Dining Room was good, and the Lodge gave us a special menu with reduced prices for dinner, but we economized (as usual) by taking breakfast and lunch fixings to eat in our room.

Phyllis Overman

“People I Have Known”

Installment No. 6 Craig Mathews Lyon: 26 Feb 1924 – 19 Nov 2014

The Reverend Doctor Robert S. Rayburn

I hadn't planned on including Mrs. Lyon – generations of Covenant College students knew her only as “Mrs. Lyon” – in this series, but as it happened a memorial service for her was scheduled to coincide with the recent meeting of the College's Board of Trustees and in that service I was reminded again of what a remarkable woman she was. I cannot say that I knew her unusually well (I didn't even know until after she died that her first name was actually Penelope; Craig was a middle name), but I was very fond of her. That doesn't distinguish me, however, everyone was very fond of Craig Lyon. She became an institution at the College, the College hostess from 1973 until her retirement in 2000. The College's dining facility, over which she presided for nearly 30 years, is now The Craig Lyon Great Hall and a beautiful portrait of Craig hangs in the hall.

What everyone who knew her remembers first about Craig was her phenomenal memory for names. She not only remembered thirty-seven years' worth of Covenant students, but somehow was able to remember the names of their spouses, their children, their places of residence, and their employment. It was said, only partially in jest, that there were at the most only three degrees of separation between any person in the world and someone that Mrs. Lyon knew! I happened once to be witness to a conversation in which Mrs. Lyon was artlessly demonstrating her remarkable powers of recollection. Jamie Buswell, the celebrated violinist, who must have been at the College for some musical occasion, was present as well. Well acquainted with Mrs. Lyon as he already was, at one point he exclaimed, “Mrs. Lyon, when you die, you must donate your brain to science!”

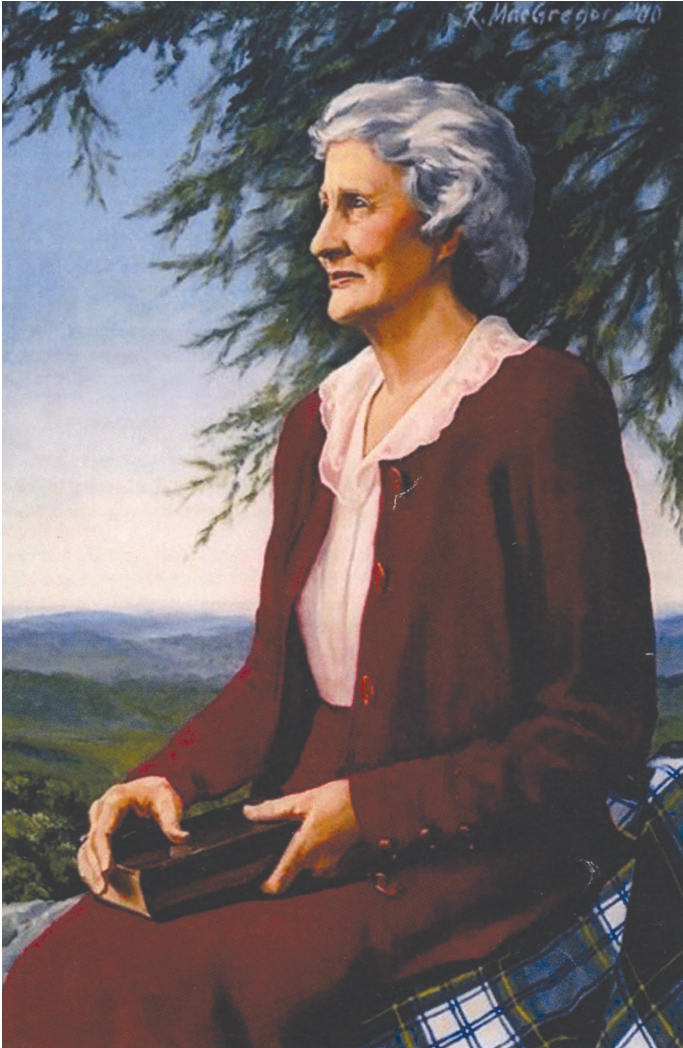
She was a Southern belle, with a drawl to match! A single syllable name was at least three syllables long when she pronounced it! Mrs. Lyon embodied all the best features of southern culture: warmth, grace, propriety, and hospitality. In earlier days, when meals were still served family style, she

ensured that Sunday dinner was properly formal, with starched white tablecloths and flowers on all the tables. She was an avid gardener, but even when planting flowers she always wore stockings. She ate her Big Macs with a knife and fork! And what a kind and generous woman she was; a true daughter of encouragement. She took a great interest in the young women and was perhaps the most faithful and avid fan of the women's basketball and volleyball teams, even as an older woman traveling with the team on the bus to away games, taking along freshly made cookies and brownies.

Craig's was not an easy life. Her husband, Robert Lyon, died when he was only thirty-six after a long battle with cancer, leaving her virtually penniless with four little children to raise. Years later, her youngest daughter was killed in a car accident when the daughter was only forty-eight. But these blows did not diminish her cheerful outlook on life or her loving spirit. She was an indefatigable worker and a woman of boundless faith in the Lord's promise to provide for his children.

She came to the College at forty-nine years of age after all her children had left home, leaving behind all that she knew to forge a new life for herself. She lived at first in two rooms on the second floor of Carter Hall, the immense old hotel that had been converted into the main building of the College. Her rooms were cheek to jowl with a section of the men's dorm. She probably endured more pranks than any widow and mother of grown children ever has, but never lost her sense of humor! Later she would live in a home owned by the College, a home in which she entertained countless students. She was a true friend, inflexibly loyal to those she considered her friends (almost everyone!) and to the little PCA church across the street from the College where she worshipped through the years of her sojourn on Lookout Mountain.

In Craig Lyon's life I observe the typical features of



a believer's life as that life is described in the Word of God. There is that measure of unpredictability that is so prominent a feature of life in the kingdom of God in the Bible. What do we find in Scripture but one life after another being turned upside down by the hand of God? Craig lived a very different life than I'm sure she imagined that she would live when first she married. She didn't then see herself as a young widow caring for four little children and she had never heard of Covenant College, the institution that was to be her second home.

Of course in her life as in so many others, the changes that came were deeply sad: the death of

a young husband and father in his mid-thirties and a daughter in her forties. But not all were sad. She would certainly have said that her second career – her life and work at the College – however unanticipated, was a marvelous surprise. What is that but the Apostle Paul's "sorrowful but always rejoicing"?

Then there was her family. A mother, a grandmother, a sister to three brothers, Craig was a family-woman. But, of course, as a Christian, she had a much larger family than simply her biological relatives. No one received more generously the hundred-fold of brothers and sisters and the children the Lord Jesus promised to his disciples. Hers was a life lived in loving fellowship. People really were her life. We say that kind of thing rather glibly, but I'm not sure I ever met anyone for whom the statement was so true.

And then, of course, there was through it all, above and beneath it all, and behind it all the Lord himself, his love and hers for him. No one knew Craig for very long before they knew how much her devotion to the Lord Jesus dominated her life. Surely something we should all aspire to having others say about us!

I'm not a woman, certainly not a Southern belle. I'm not a widower, nor am I living my life surrounded by thousands of college-aged young people. But it is so easy for me to wish that I were more, much more like Craig Lyon!

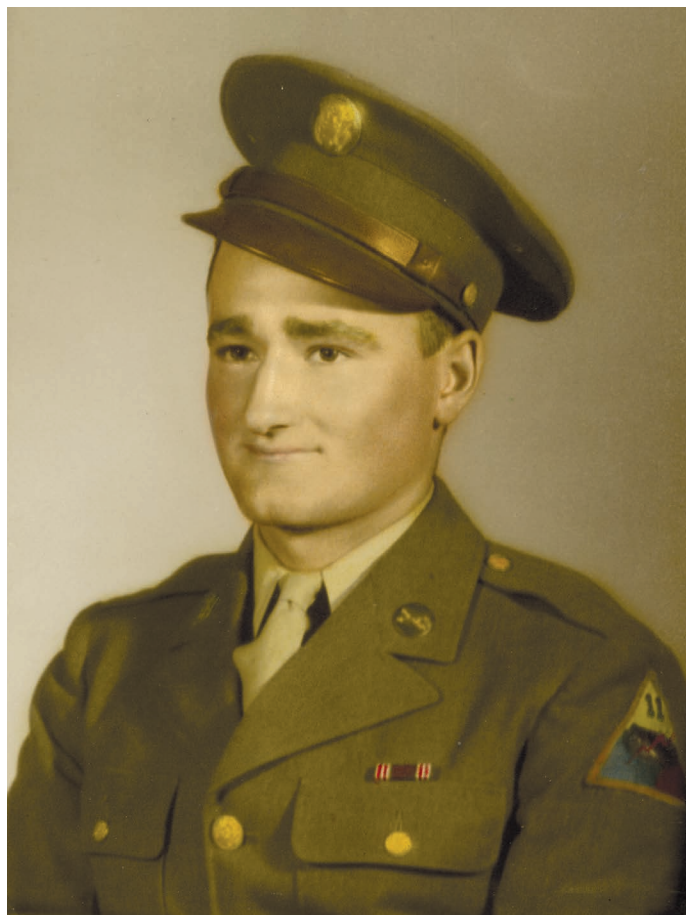
Harry DeSoto: A 20th Century Life

15 Oct 1921 – 11 Mar 2015

The Reverend Doctor Robert S. Rayburn

Most of you will have seen the obituary that I prepared for inclusion in the program for Harry's funeral on the Lord's Day evening, March 15th. So I thought I would do something else for this space. Nor did I want simply to repeat the fine appreciation of Harry given by Dick Hannula as part of the funeral itself. I was prompted to the reflections that follow by my reading of a book recommended to me by Mike Pfefferle, *Quartered Safe Out Here*. It is a memoir of the Burma campaign of the British army by George MacDonald Fraser. Fraser, who later became a noted writer of fiction and movie scripts and was sometime editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, was in the winter and spring of 1945 a nineteen year old infantry private, then a corporal, slogging through the last months of the war with his "section" (what Americans would call a "squad," the smallest organization in an army's order of battle), fighting a still determined and, as events would prove, a still deadly enemy. Most military memoirs are written by officers, more often than not senior officers. But this well-written and moving reminiscence brings to life the experience of the ordinary soldier, one particular ordinary soldier and his comrades, only some of whom survived the events described in the narrative. All through the book I was thinking of Harry and what the experience of war must have been for him and his small "section," the men he knew best and fought with day after day through the last months of 1944 and the first months of 1945. As that generation of American men is now passing from the scene, I thought it appropriate to recall Harry's life as the life of a veteran of the Second World War.

Like a large number of other young men of his generation, Harry's quiet and simple life was interrupted by the war. He had no intention of being a soldier; it was not a profession he chose. A farm boy from Minnesota, events far away suddenly changed everything and he found himself in the army heading for Europe. I have known a good many men whose otherwise ordinary life stories included these several years of unexpected, traumatic, and



A newly inducted soldier

unprecedented experience. It wasn't their plan; it wasn't anyone's plan, but it became their life for two or three tumultuous years, years filled with experiences that they had never anticipated and which they would never forget.

Imagine Harry as a young man of twenty-two or three years, the child of devout Christian Reformed parents, just married to his childhood sweetheart, on a crowded troop ship sailing to England. Who of us have ever found ourselves in such circumstances? Of the young men with whom he jostled as he stood at the rail to watch the coast of his homeland recede below the horizon, or at chow, or getting to his bunk, only some shared his convictions. They were all lonely and all fearful of what lay ahead, but many

of them would have masked their fears with false bravado and profanity. Harry was already a quiet man. See him, if you can, reading his Bible and praying in the midst of that ship full of soldiers, so many of them acting as tiresomely as only young men can and will.

After further training and some months of waiting in England, finally the day came and he was shipped with his unit to Normandy (Harry was a gunner on a half-track, a member of the 11th Armored Division of General Patton's Third Army), arriving several months after the first landings on the 6th of June. Remember, army deaths in Northern Europe between D-Day and VE Day, May 8, 1945, less than a year, vastly exceeded those of ground troops in any other theater of the war. These battles involved immense and highly capable armies crammed into relatively small spaces, equipped with the best tools for the killing of men that had yet been devised.

I knew Harry only as an older man. He was fifty-six when I arrived in Tacoma in May of 1978. It is hard for me to visualize him as a young man firing his gun: afraid, keyed up, grimly concentrating amid the thunderous noise of battle, following orders until exhausted by the strain and the din, moving day after day with his unit in harm's way, a frequent witness of the dead and dying. He was regularly in combat and not infrequently in direct contact with the enemy, hence his being taken prisoner by German soldiers on one occasion (he was able to escape shortly thereafter), and, on another, in action near the Rhine he was the only one in his group not killed or wounded. I remember him relating some of these experiences to me early one morning in the boiler room at the Tacoma elementary school where Harry worked. It occurred to me then that he could close his eyes and find himself back again in France, Belgium, or Germany, reliving the sights and smells, the fear, and the mental exhaustion of battle or recalling the scenes he encountered when his unit liberated the Mauthausen Concentration Camp. The

incommunicable experience of war did not define Harry DeSoto – his Christian faith did that – but no one can live through what Harry did and not be changed by it.

Harry was never going to be a gregarious man, but these experiences did affect his talkativeness. The quiet of his later life was, I suppose, in some degree compensation for the punishing volume of those months in Europe. Eunice has often said that he came home from the war a different man, as did a good many of his fellows. Such experiences as Harry had must have had an effect. The hearing loss he suffered further contributed to the reserve that was so characteristic of him throughout his adult life. Harry was one of three elders when I came to be the pastor of this church. He was the quietest of the three, but always supportive; a truly large-hearted and spiritually minded man whom I found easy to love and admire. Early on I proposed an annual visitation of the congregation by the elders. It was something that had never been done before and for which these men were unprepared. It was an assignment, we would say nowadays, far removed from Harry's "comfort zone." But he made those visits for some years and conscientiously applied himself to the task. Whether in combat as a young man or as an elder of the church Harry DeSoto did his duty.

One can't help but wonder how Harry's life might have been different were it not for the war. Who can say? It pleased the Lord that Harry should live through that horrific yet transcendent experience. "Through many tribulations we must inherit the kingdom of God." What is more interesting to me, however, is that however terrible Harry's experience of war, however it affected him, it did not change the substance of the man: a follower of Christ before and a follower of Christ after and a follower of Christ to the end. I confess that I am fascinated by his life. But, more than that, I take the opportunity given to me here to say that I have an immense respect and affection for Harry DeSoto.

News Bits

Review of Radiant: Women in Church History

Dawn Darby

Dick Hannula's newest book, *Radiant*, is a series of 46 brief biographies about women in the history of the Christian Church from the first century through the 20th century. Many of these women were martyrs, others suffered for their faith in Christ, and all reflected Christ's selfless love towards those around them. Some of these women will be familiar to most Christian readers, while others will not, and Dick brings each one to life in this fascinating read. Dick's reference to Psalm 34:5 perfectly describes all these women: "Those who look to him are radiant; their faces are never covered with shame."

Special Offerings Report

The special offering on March 22 for the Adoption Fund yielded \$10,044.27 to be used in support of FPC families seeking to adopt. The March 8 offering on behalf of Gideons International raised \$1234.

Evangelize Today Seminar

Nearly 100 participants (primarily from Faith and Resurrection Presbyterian Churches) joined Dr. Allan Dayhoff for his Evangelize Today seminar February 20 and 21. Dr. Dayhoff explained the importance of "listening to hear" in spiritual conversations, and provided five simple questions that stimulate evangelistic discussion. Conferees practiced this by calling a friend to ask 1) How do you think the world was made? 2) What do you believe about God? 3) What do you believe about Jesus Christ? 4) What do you believe about life after death? and 5) What is one question you would ask God, if you could? Then the task was to simply listen--not reply--to the answers. Participants were encouraged by the work on a new way to engage folks in spiritual conversation.

Missionaries We Know

Tim Bentson

Describe the work you plan to do.

I will be working under the supervision of Wayne Newsome, the Mission to the World team leader, in Nagoya, Japan. The Nagoya team has started 5 churches and my role will be to help develop these, along with starting a new church. This will complete an internship required by MTW.

What does the organization do, more broadly?

Church planting and university ministry are the two primary activities of the Nagoya team, whose motto is "Equipping Japanese to reach the world." Building the various churches involves creating and supporting Mom's and kids groups, English conversation classes, evangelistic Bible studies, gospel choir, and other outreach efforts. The goal is to target families that are committed to living in the area for a long time, local store owners, college teachers, the Japanese salaryman and his family.

What are some of the specific difficulties in this work? And what specific goals do you hope to achieve through the work?

Difficulties include breaking through the polytheism of Shintoism and Buddhism ingrained in the Japanese psyche. Japanese business culture makes it very difficult to reach men, women make up 80% of the church. Japan is highly materialistic.

Goals include gaining valuable experience in starting churches, beginning a university in Osaka – Genesis International College, and working with Life Hope Network which helps women with unplanned pregnancies – this is also something I hope to get started in Osaka later.

What prayers or needs are most pressing?

Pray for God to connect me with financial supporters so I can arrive in Nagoya by Spring 2016. Nagoya has one of the smallest percentages of Christians in Japan, 1 per 26,000 people. The Japanese Presbyterian Church loses 80% of its youth when they go to university and join the work force. I am aiming to raise the remaining 90% of financial support before departing in the Spring of 2016.

2015 FPC Youth Group Snow Retreat

Steven Nicoletti

Every year, FPC's youth ministry organizes and runs a snow retreat for students from our church, as well as a couple of other area churches. This year, thirty-four students from Faith Presbyterian Church and Covenant High School, along with our six chaperones, were joined by students and chaperones from Covenant Presbyterian Church in Issaquah, and Evangelical Reformed Church in Tacoma. That made a grand total of seventy gathering at Tall Timber Ranch, near Leavenworth, WA.

Our speaker was Daniel Robbins, who serves as the assistant pastor of Christ Church Bellingham, under Nate Walker (the speaker at FPC's Oktoberfest event last fall). Daniel gave four sermons--based on the prologue of the Gospel of John--which sought to answer the questions: How can I know God? How can God know me? What is true knowledge? What is true life? His talks were deep, but accessible, and they were a blessing to our students and chaperones alike.

When students weren't gathered for prayer, worship, and hearing from God's Word, they were enjoying God in other ways: by fellowshiping with his people, and enjoying his creation. Students unwound by playing games together, and we were blessed with a good layer of snow on the ground, which enabled some to snowshoe, cross-country ski, or tube. Others spent time together on a trip to Leavenworth on Saturday afternoon. We all enjoyed a competitive series of "Minute to Win It"-inspired relay races during our group social event on Saturday night.

The snow retreat has been an annual ministry of FPC for decades, and when you go, you can see why. God blesses our students by giving them rest from their work, time with their brothers and sisters in Christ, and a retreat from everyday life to reflect more on God's Word.

Israel Trip

Janet Jack

How physically fit are you? After two weeks of walking, hiking, and climbing mountains as planned by our leader, Dr. DeLancy, (who runs marathons) those 23 people who traveled to Israel as part of the Imagine Tour certainly know! It was physically challenging, but an amazing trip!

I have been asked numerous times what my favorite site was to visit. Hiking up Masada was challenging, but worth the effort. The plateau was about three football fields in size and included a palace, which Herod the Great built as a refuge, but never used. Our Israeli guide, Shlomo, played a lovely piece on his recorder, which echoed through the larger of two cisterns...lovely. It was fascinating to learn about the zealots who sought refuge there after the destruction of the temple in A.D. 70 and to see the remains of the ramp, which the Roman army constructed while striving to capture these zealots.

When visiting En Gedi, one could envision David and his men hiding from Saul in these caves and, after cutting the corner from Saul's cloak, David calling down to Saul, whose response is recorded in I Samuel 24.

While boating on the Sea of Galilee, my mind raced as I pondered all that transpired upon those waters and surrounding shores. Then, after climbing Mt. Arbel and now viewing this mountain from the Sea of Galilee, knowing Christ walked through that valley and saw that very mountain, was moving.

I could go on, but if I have to choose a favorite, that would be standing on the Mount of Olives looking across the Kidron Valley onto Jerusalem, God's chosen city. You could look upon the temple mount, which Herod built and walk up the very steps Christ would have ascended, see what is believed to be the Hill of the Skull and Christ's burial site. Standing there, seeing those sites and recalling the Scripture texts which record all Christ did in this area was surreal.

While reading the Scriptures, so many of these sites are mentioned and it is wonderful to be able to picture them in my mind. This recent trip has helped the Scriptures come to life in a new dimension!

Calendar

Women In the Church Bunko Party, Apr 25
Men of Faith Spring Breakfast, Speaker Dr. Mark Dalbey, President of Covenant Seminary, May 2
Pacific Northwest Presbytery Meeting at Green Lake Presbyterian Church, Seattle, May 14-15
Faith Presbyterian Church, Anniversary Sunday, May 17
Covenant High School Commencement at First Presbyterian Church, May 29
Sunday School Promotion Sunday, Jun 7
Presbyterian Church in America General Assembly in Chattanooga, Jun 9-12
Katie McCoy & Zach Raines Wedding, Jun 20
Youth Group Missions Trip, Sacred Road, Yakama Reservation, Jun 27-Jul 4
Youth Group Leadership Camp, Horn Creek, Colorado, Jul 4-11
Alliance of Christian Musicians Summer Singing Camp, Jul 27-Aug 6
Tamala Aown & Caleb Bestvater Wedding, Aug 14

New Members

Douglas and Janie Davey, transfer from Resurrection Presbyterian Church, Puyallup WA, 1/11
Olive Nicoletti, child profession, 2/15
Daniel & Julia Roberts with Noelle & Nicolas, reaffirmation, 11/9
Michael & Jessica Noronha, reaffirmation, 3/22
Owen Van Gilder, child profession, 3/29

Baptisms

Liam Heermann, child, 3/8