

# McAllister Messenger

February 2023

## *A Word From Your Pastor*

I grew up in South Carolina, where we didn't get much snow. Our winters were kind of like what we have had so far this winter in Covington. Maybe a little flurry or patch of freezing rain here and there, but nothing to write home about.

I can remember standing out in our driveway on a cloudy day in January, waiting and hoping for it to snow. I would look and look for that first snowflake to fall, but it would never seem to come. Many of us who love a good snow (or who just want some days off of school) are feeling that way this winter.

Waiting for snow is kind of like waiting for the Lord. We can't force it to happen. No amount of willpower can force snowflakes to fall from the sky, just as no amount of willpower can make the Lord act in our lives. It just happens when it does.

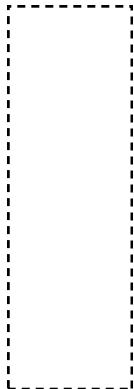
Sometimes, as we wait for the Lord, we are like I was as a kid in the driveway – just staring into heaven waiting for something to happen. Whether it is an illness or an injury that we are struggling with; whether we are going through a rough patch in a relationship; whether we are grieving for a lost loved one; or whether we are going through any number of difficulties in our life – we are waiting for the Lord to come. We are waiting for healing, for comfort, and for peace to enter our lives.

There is one difference between waiting for snow and waiting for the Lord. This difference comes in the fact that when we wait for snow, it doesn't always come. Sometimes, spring arrives and we have not had one good snowfall. That was usually the case when I grew up in South Carolina.

But when we wait for the Lord, we know that the Lord will come. We know that if we pray, and if we are patient, the Lord will answer our prayers. It might not happen as soon as we want it to or when we expect it, but we know that it will come. The Lord will answer our prayers in the Lord's own time.

So when it comes to waiting for snow and waiting for the Lord, keep on looking up into the heavens. Because although the snow may not come, we can have all faith and confidence that the Lord will.

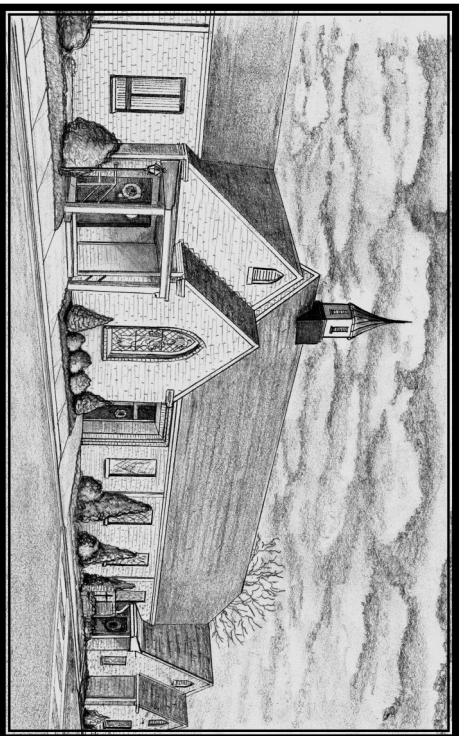
McAllister Memorial Presbyterian Church  
900 North Alleghany Avenue  
Covington, VA 24426



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Email—[revjimmos95@gmail.com](mailto:revjimmos95@gmail.com)



## Notes From Pastor Jim

- ◆ **“Souper Bowl” Sunday, February 12th—Please bring a can of soup for the COPE Food Pantry and help us fill our big “soup can”.**



- ◆ **This year we will be joining the other Presbyterian churches in our area for Ash Wednesday Service. It will be held at Low Moor Presbyterian Church at 5:00 p.m. The address is 204 Old Church Street in Low Moor. Please join us as we mark this important day on the church calendar with our Presbyterian friends.**
- ◆ **Thank you for all of the birthday cards, birthday wishes on Facebook, and for singing “Happy Birthday” for me before worship. Your good wishes made it easier for me to accept the “Big 5-0.”**
- ◆ **We are still holding Bible study each Wednesday evening at 6:00 p.m. The whole church is invited to come as we compare and contrast Matthew's and Luke's Gospels. Please join us and bring a friend!**

Within ten days, I had interviewed for the organist's position at St. Giles Presbyterian on Grove Avenue and Andy and I soon found ourselves part of a generous choir and church family. And it turned out that the retiring organist was also a professor in the Music Department at Virginia Commonwealth University. He gave me a “gentle shove” to get me started and thanks to his early encouragement I completed my Master of Music degree in Organ Performance while in Richmond. Within a month of starting at St. Giles I was introduced by a choir member to another church member, an entrepreneur with a start-up software firm catering to the wholesale food industry. He hired me as the firm's receptionist--an all-encompassing and glamorous position that incorporated all of the expected duties, but also entailed assembly of all of the IKEA furniture for our new offices! (I'm still handy with an allen wrench.) By the time I left the firm to pursue my degree, I had been named Assistant Marketing Manager.

Over the years I've thought back to that brief conversation in the trucking warehouse. That single interaction changed not only my day, but also my future. It resulted in a series of events that shaped our entire time in Richmond, not just my work life, but also the many people who would enter our lives to become supportive acquaintances and loving friends. I never saw that gentleman again and honestly, I don't think that I ever met his wife at the church. But the extra few minutes he spent with me had a lasting impact, and my guess is that he never even knew it . . . I'd love to think that I've done the same for someone. That would be the best thanks I could give him.

*~Beth*



# Musical Minute:

In 1988, just 4 months shy of our first wedding anniversary, Andy was offered a job at Virginia Folding Box, a division of Westvaco. He traveled to Richmond to explore this unexpected opportunity and a week or so later, we found ourselves breaking the news of our impending move to mom, brother Nick, and my Grandmother Leitch at my birthday dinner. (Yes—there were some tears, both joyful and sad!) Things progressed quickly and we left our beloved first “together home” in Rosedale and moved to Chesterfield County in early November. While Andy got busy in his new role at VFB, I continued making the commute to Covington to finish teaching the final six weeks period of the year at Bath County High School and to play for the last couple of Sundays in December at McAllister. (I made a promise to Arnold!)

Once the move was permanent and I’d gone from having two jobs to none, it was time to start looking for work. I scanned the Richmond Times for openings and responded to anything that even remotely sounded like it might be a fit. On several occasions what looked like a solid opportunity in the advertisement turned out to be an employment agency stocking its files with future job candidates. A time or two something looked promising, but due to various reasons nothing quite worked out.

It was still winter when I found myself at a job interview at a trucking company on the outskirts of Richmond. When I think back to it now, I wonder how I even found the place before GPS! The gentleman who interviewed me was welcoming and polite, but after a quick perusal of my resumé said that he wasn’t sure I was a good fit for the position. They were looking for a receptionist/dispatcher and he felt that I was “overqualified” and probably wouldn’t find the job very satisfying. All of which was a very kind way of saying, “No, we’re not going to hire you.” I must have looked crestfallen, because he was kind enough to engage in a few minutes of chit-chat following the interview, expressing interest in how my husband and I happened to find ourselves living in Richmond and how we were adjusting. As we talked, he flipped through my resumé once more, and suddenly inquired, “You’re an organist?” I nodded affirmatively to which he replied, “Well that makes more sense. Now I know why you’re here. The organist at my wife’s church is planning to retire and the church is concerned about finding a replacement. Would you be interested?” Rather than leaving the interview disheartened that day, I left with fresh wind in my sails.



## Sincere Appreciation & Thanks

As I sit here, I cannot help but to be so grateful and thankful for the attention that was brought to the church session by Andy Dreszer concerning the sizing and condition of the church rear office furniture.

After measuring, it was discovered that the main desk itself was of “student” proportion and certainly not ideal for someone my size (5’7” and “fluffy”) - not to mention Buzzy Riley at 6 feet plus tall! The adjacent computer lacked a desk at all (simply a table top sitting on some filing cabinets), thus requiring having to lean over to use it. Some days my back and neck were screaming for mercy after nearly 8 hours of the “cozy” (as realtors like to describe small) quarters.

However, Andy saw a need and presented to session (with our permission, of course) for approval the purchase of a sufficient desk and chairs. He also mentioned the upgrade of some computer hardware, primarily our 19” monitor to something larger since it is stared at for hours on end by myself and Buzzy.

Much to our delight, session concurred with the need and approved upgrading of the furniture and equipment. I spent one entire day just moving out the old and putting together and installing the new desk itself (an L-shaped setup in a nice grayish/white wood tone to blend and complement nicely with the cream wall color and white cabinetry). Next came putting together two, new desk chairs with wide bases and functioning adjustments with lumbar support.

Lastly, a new 27” monitor with better definition than the former was purchased and installed just last week. To my surprise and sheer excitement, I am no longer in need of my reading glasses to work. That is such a nice bonus to having all of this new hardware!

In closing, I hope you are able to stop by and check out the new layout that is now more functional, spacious, and more aesthetically pleasing. A HUGE thank you to Andy for initiating this and most importantly to session for making it possible—myself and Buzzy are so appreciative!

*April Rowland*

## Gifts

**In Honor of Harry & Jean Casey** by *Cindy & Gary Atwell*  
**In Memory of Gaynell Parker** by *Joe & Pat Martin*  
**In Memory of Olen & Gladys Bennett** by *Kevin & Rhonda Bennett*

## Sympathy

McAllister Church extends sympathy and prayer to the family and friends of:

**Hubert Kennedy** ~ *member, wife of Debbie Kennedy, father of  
Robbie Weikle and Joe Weikle*





- 1 Jerry Ray Taylor, Sr.
- 2 Tyson Uzzell
- 3 Payson Bennett Riley
- 4 Kelley Tingler
- 6 Paul Linkenhoker
- 6 Betty Gibson
- 6 Julia Bryant
- 8 Summit Caul
- 9 Amanda Webb
- 10 Tammy Scruggs-Duncan
- 10 Mason Hale
- 13 Adam Tingler
- 16 B. R. Rupert, Jr.
- 17 Gerald Gibson, Jr.
- 20 Bobby Rice
- 20 Chad Thompson
- 21 Tonya Jones
- 22 Dorothy Thompson
- 23 Craig Poague
- 23 Brittany Young-Baker
- 27 Sandy Persinger



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- 10 Dorothy & Terry Thompson
- 28 Brandi & Justin Barr



**Circle #3:** February 14,  
meet at Cucci's Pizzeria -  
5:30 p.m.

*(spouses welcome!)*

**Circle #4:** February 15  
at church - 12:30 p.m.

### NEXT Session Meeting

Sunday, February 19



February 22

**Ash Wednesday**  
— Lent Begins

### GIVING STATEMENTS FOR 2022

have been mailed or were placed in the narthex of the church sanctuary for pickup. Please note that the layout has changed but the content is still the same as previous years. This is due to a software upgrade/direct reporting from QuickBooks. If you have not received yours by 2/1/23, please call the church office.

### Scott Scholarship Applications

It's not too early to apply. Applications are available in the church office. Applicants must be a **member** of McAllister Church attending college in 2023. Application deadline is June 1, 2023.

**The church office will be closed**  
**Monday, February 20**  
**in observance of Presidents Day.**



wallet's owner.

While we talked, I pulled out the brown leather case with it's red lanyard lacing and showed it to the guard. He looked at it and said, "Hey, I'd know that anywhere. That's Mr. Goldstein's. He's always losing it."

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked.

"He's one of the old-timers on the eighth floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet, for sure. He goes out for a walk quite often."

I thanked the guard and ran back to the director's office to tell him what the guard had said. He accompanied me to the eighth floor. I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would be up.

"I think he's still in the dayroom," the nurse said. "He likes to read at night."

We went to the only room that had lights on, and there was a man reading a book. The director asked him if he had lost his wallet.

Michael Goldstein looked up, felt his back pocket, and then said, "Goodness, it *is* missing."

The second he saw it, he smiled with relief. "Yes," he said, "that's it. Must have dropped it this afternoon. I want to give you a reward."

"Oh, no thank you," I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet."

The smile on his face disappeared. "You read that letter?"

"Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is."

He grew pale. "Hannah?" You know where she is? How is she? Is she still as pretty as she was.

I hesitated.

"Please tell me!" Michael urged.

"She's fine, and just as pretty as when you knew her."

"Could you tell me where she is? I want to call her tomorrow." He grabbed my hand and said, "You know something? When that letter came, my life ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her."

"Michael," I said. "Come with me."

The three of us took the elevator to the third floor. We walked toward the dayroom where Hannah was sitting, still watching TV. The director went over to her.

"Hannah," he said softly. "Do you know this man?" Michael and I stood waiting in the doorway.

She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn't say a word.

"Hannah, it's Michael. Michael Goldstein. Do you remember?"

"Michael? Michael? It's you!"

He walked slowly to her side. She stood, and they embraced. The two of them sat on a couch, held hands, and started to talk. The director and I walked out, both of us crying.

"See how the good Lord works," I said philosophically. "If it's meant to be, it will be."

Three weeks later, I got a call from the director, who asked, "Can you break away on a Sunday to attend a wedding?"

He didn't wait for an answer. "Yup, Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!"

It was a lovely wedding, with all the people at the nursing home joining in celebration. Hannah wore a beige dress and looked beautiful. Michael wore a dark-blue suit and stood tall. The home gave them their own room, and if you ever wanted to see a 76-year-old bride and 78-year-old groom acting like two teenagers, you had to see this couple.

A perfect ending for a love affair that had lasted nearly 60 years.

## Letter in the Wallet *by Arnold Fine*

It was a freezing day, a few years ago, when I stumbled on a wallet in the street. There was no identification inside. Just three dollars and a crumpled letter than looked as if it had been carried around for years.

The only thing legible on the torn envelope was the return address. I opened the letter and saw that it had been written in 1924—almost 60 years ago. I read it carefully, hoping to find some clue to the identity of the wallet’s owner.

It was a “Dear John” letter. The writer, in a delicate script, told the recipient, whose name was Michael, that her mother forbade her to see him again. Nevertheless, she would always love him. It was signed, *Hannah*.

It was a beautiful letter. But there was no way, beyond the name Michael, to identify the owner. So I called information to see if the operator could help.

“Operator, this is an unusual request. I’m trying to find the owner of a wallet I found. Is there any way you could tell me the phone number for an address that was on a letter in the wallet?”

The operator gave me her supervisor, who said there was a phone listed at the address but that she could not give me that number. However, she would call and explain the situation. Then, if the party wanted to talk, she would connect me. I waited a minute, and she came back on the line. “I have a woman who will speak with you.”

I asked the woman if she knew a Hannah.

“Oh, of course!” We bought this house from Hannah’s family.”

“Would you know where they would be located now?” I asked.

“Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home years ago. Maybe the home could help you track down the daughter.”

The woman gave me the name of the nursing home. I called and found out that Hannah’s mother had died. The woman I spoke with gave me an address where she thought Hannah could be reached.

I phoned. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home. She gave me the number. I called and was told, “Yes, Hannah is with us.”

I asked if I could stop by to see her. It was almost 10 p.m. The director said that Hannah might be asleep. “But if you want to take a chance, maybe she’s in the dayroom watching television.”

The director and a guard greeted me at the door of the nursing home. We went up to the third floor and saw the nurse, who told us that Hannah was indeed watching TV.

We entered the dayroom. Hannah was a sweet, silver-haired old-timer with a warm smile and friendly eyes. I told her about the wallet and showed her the letter. The second she saw it, she took a deep breath. “Young man,” she said, “this letter was the last contact I had with Michael.” She looked away then said pensively, “I loved him very much. But I was only sixteen, and my mother felt I was too young. He was so handsome. You know, like Sean Connery, the actor.”

We both laughed. The director then left us alone. “Yes, Michael Goldstein was his name. If you find him, tell him I still think of him often. I never did marry,” she said, smiling through tears that welled up in her eyes. “I guess no one ever matched up to Michael.”

I thanked Hannah, said good-bye, and took the elevator to the first floor. As I stood at the door, the guard asked, “Was she able to help you?”

I told him she had given me a lead. “At least I have a last name. But I probably won’t pursue it further for a while.” I explained that I had spent almost the whole day trying to find the

## Prayer Concerns

Jean Bartley  
Sandra Capps  
Butch Curtin  
Dwight Hanshew, Jr.  
Meg Jackson  
Clifford Keith  
Butch Malcomb  
Pam Poague  
Bobby Rice  
Bill Young  
CA shooting victims

*Non-Believers  
Our Nation  
Our Troops  
Government Officials  
Ukraine & Russia*

Joyce Bartley  
Elwood Cadd  
Tom Callaham  
Joyce Clark  
Jim Faidley  
Danny Hill  
Eric Hill  
Buzzy Hoke  
Brenda Goodrich  
Tonya Jones  
Lonny & Judy Morgan  
Steve Richards  
Buzzy Riley  
Frank, Susan Sponaugle  
People of Ukraine



Bert Seay  
Donna Tucker  
T. Kessinger Family  
M. Munsey Family  
Alvin Boguess  
Madelyne Carper  
Betsy Caul  
Butch Curtin  
Lisa Dickson  
Becky Helmintoller  
Tonya Jones  
Jo Ann Land  
Dayton Stone  
Penny Stone  
Blake Taylor  
Billy Joe Withrow  
Mike Young  
Margie, Buddy Young  
Wrenley Young

Barry Daniel  
Kenzley Hilton  
Ralph Lane  
Robert Jackson  
Pooh Jeter  
Wayne Mason  
Roy Sharp  
G. Parker Family  
Damar Hamlin  
Anita Boone  
Bo Gann  
Evan Groves  
Susie Hall  
Rosemary Keaton  
Pam Key  
Jason Lawrence  
Virginia Montgomery  
Holly Nichols  
Jo Ann Noel  
Etha Hayslett Family

MILITARY - Kristopher Hoffman, Colton Poague, Chris Whitehead

MISSIONARIES - Tom & Judy Harvey, Kurt Esslinger, Hyeyoung Lee

BRIAN CENTER - Louise Humphries, David Lynn, Kara N. Asboth, Linda Ratliff, Anita Boone

SCOTT HILL - Phyllis Lynn, Sarah Mays, Mary Whitehead

SPRINGS NURSING - Andy Howell

TOCKWOTTEN (R.I.) - Shelby Rock

SHUT-IN - Joyce Bartley, Jean Broughman

CONSTANT NEED - Midge Akers, Erskine Back, Miki Ballengee, Bob & Leta Bartley, Gary Bartley, Linda Bogar, Harry & Jean Casey, Luke Crawford, Leslie Downer, Betty Gibson, Evan Groves, Barbara Flint, Don Hampton, Danny & Rhoda Hill, Lori Isaacs, Wendell & Judy Jones, Pearl Miller, Bucky & Doris Mottern, Patsy Parker, Bonnie Patterson, Denise Pillow, Ethan Thompson, Buddy Vass, Shirley Wickline, Dorothy Wimer, Linda P. Wolfe, Buddy Young, Donald Kelley (missing)

## Deaths

Carol Broughman  
Charles D. Holley  
Hubert Kennedy  
Jessie O’Conner  
Robert Bostic  
Patricia Bowen  
Catherine Calvert  
David Gaines

Gary Hawley  
Rose Hengel  
Ronnie Irvine  
Janice Johnson  
Linda Kern  
Temple Kessinger, Jr.  
Annalee Markham  
Wanda Merino  
Dreama Saunders  
Al “Tommy” Stone

Gordon Tucker  
Jeanette Tucker  
Evelyn Vess  
Frankie Browning  
Irene Burke  
Mattie Chesnut  
John Cowan  
Frances Doss  
Virgie Doyle  
Billy Long, Jr.

Danny McCulley, Sr.  
Melvin Munsey  
Heath Nicely  
Richard Bradshaw  
E. “Anne” Dale  
R. “Calvin” Fridley  
Tom Callaham  
Billy Lipps  
Donald Martin, Sr.

**CHURCH MEMBERS ONLY:  
PLEASE COMPLETE THIS  
QUESTIONNAIRE...**



**McAllister Church Session approved and installed the newest elders representing the Class of 2025 on January 15, 2023:**

**June Anne Cooke  
Marshall Fox  
Diane Hicks  
Bridgette Young  
Kevin Scott Young**

*Marshall Fox has accepted the chairperson role on the Building & Grounds (property) Committee, formerly Gary Rice.*

*Bridgette Young has accepted the chairperson role for the Christian Growth & Nurture Committee, formerly Susan Sponaugle.*

*June Ann Cooke has accepted the chairperson role for the Music & Worship Committee, formerly Tammy Scruggs-Duncan.*

*Diane Hicks has joined the Christian Growth & Nurture Committee.*

**Thank you to Rick Downer, Jr., Gary Rice, Buzzy Riley, Susan Sponaugle, and Mike Young (outgoing Class of 2022) for their service to the church during their tenure. We appreciate your time and dedication to our church leadership over the last three years.**

**ARE YOU INTERESTED IN A REVISED CHURCH DIRECTORY WITH ONLY NAMES & ADDRESSES completed in-house?**

(CIRCLE ONE)  
**YES                      NO**

**~OR~**

**A REVISED CHURCH PICTORIAL DIRECTORY (with pictures) completed by an outside source?**

(CIRCLE ONE)  
**YES                      NO**

**Please feel free to return this questionnaire either by:**

- ◆ *Mail to: McAllister Church at 900 N. Alleghany Ave. Covington, VA 24426*
  - ◆ *Bring to church with you this Sunday*
  - ◆ *Email the church office at [admin@mcallisttermempcusa.org](mailto:admin@mcallisttermempcusa.org)*
    - ◆ *Calling the church office*

**WE APPRECIATE YOUR FEEDBACK!**