

McAllister Messenger

AUGUST 2026

A Word From Your Pastor - “*Everything That Breathes*”

Since I was a child, one of my favorite passages of Scripture has been Psalm 150. I have always loved the way it calls on us to praise God with all sorts of musical instruments. Verses 3 through 5 say the following:

“Praise God with trumpet sound; praise God with lute and harp! Praise God with tambourine and dance; praise God with strings and pipe! Praise God with clanging cymbals; praise God with loud clashing cymbals!”

These few verses cover every section of an orchestra. As a budding musician, I loved the fact that this psalm calls us on to use all of these instruments to praise the Lord. Anything that makes a sound is to be used to praise God, including perhaps the loudest of all instruments, the cymbals.

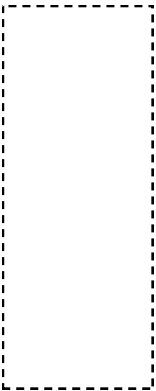
But as I have grown older, I have come to appreciate a verse from this psalm that does not mention any musical instruments. This is the final verse, which says the following: “Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.” What an amazing verse this is! It lets us know that not only are we called on to use all musical instruments to praise God, but we are called on to use our breath as well.

We are called on to sing. And not only are we called to use our voices, but all creatures that breathe are called on to make noise for the Lord. Think of a dog that barks. A cat that meows. Or a lion that roars. Think of birds that sing. And elephants that trumpet. And monkeys that chatter. Think of owls that hoot. And horses that nay. And donkeys that bray. Whatever creatures you can think of, you can know that their sounds are praises to God.

Indeed, this last verse lets us know that Psalm 150 is a call for all of creation to make some noise for God. Whether it be with musical instruments, with our singing voices, or with the sounds of nature, we are to make a joyful noise. I guess that’s why this has always been one of my favorite passages of Scripture. I love making a joyful noise to God. Won’t you join me?



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



SEPT. 2026
NEWSLETTER
DEADLINE:
Wednesday,
August 19

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Covington, VA
Permit No. 67
Non-Profit Organization

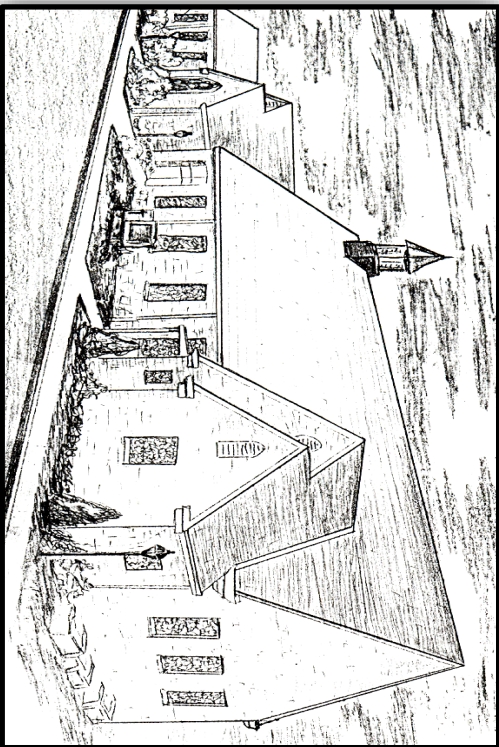
McAllister Memorial
Presbyterian Church
(540) 962-2675



admin@mcallisttermempcusa.org
www.mcallisttermempcusa.org

online giving link:

Rev. James Edward Moss
Cell phone: 434-738-8841
revjimoss95@gmail.com

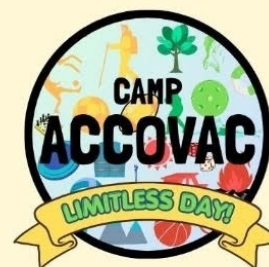


1—Charity Hale, Debbie Kennedy, Diane Mahan, Missy Reid
 2—Aiden Riley
 3—Greg Dickson
 5—Jerry Givens, Jr., Kylene Smith
 7—Chase Carper
 8—Levi Bartley, Holden Broughman, Lelia Fadley, Robbie Weikle
 10—Mikayla Webb Ratliff
 11—Kevin Scott Young
 12—Branden Hill
 13—Meghan Martin Potts
 14—Bob Crush, Rachel Hannah
 15—Holden Downer, Cathy Rowan
 16—Brigette Young
 18—Jim Hoover
 20—Jennifer Markham, Diane Walker
 21—Marc Downer, Cindy Miller Shepard
 22—Larry O'Rourke, April Rowland
 23—Craig Nicely, Darlene Taylor
 24—Reagan Paitsel, Wrenley Young
 25—Evan Nicely
 26—Eric Hill, Brandon Weese, Gary Whitmer
 27—Jill Shifflett, Mike Whitehead
 28—Beth Dreszer
 30—Susan Sponaugle, Laura Young

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Happy Anniversary!

1—Stephen & Terri Carper, Larry & Josephine O'Rourke, Harry & Gina Tingle
 6—Frank & April Reynolds, Jerry & Lynn Whitehead
 14—Richard & Priscilla Downer
 17—David & Shannon Rodgers
 20—Bryan & Heather Riley
 22—Darrell & Donna Tucker
 30—Christie & Ronnie Kinsey



CAMP ACCOVAC'S LIMITLESS DAY!

SWIMMING CANOEING CORNHOLE CARPETBALL
 HIKING VOLLEYBALL BOARD GAMES HORSESHOES
 GAGABALL FISHING BASKETBALL ZIPLINING

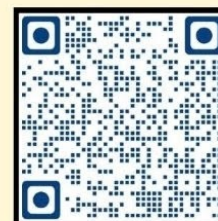
***PARTICIPANTS NEED TO PACK A PICNIC LUNCH!**
***PARTICIPANTS MUST HAVE A RESPONSIBLE ADULT ON SITE.**

WHO: *This event is for adults with special needs: Age 18+*

WHEN: *AUGUST 22, 2026, 10:00 am - 3:00 pm*
Registration & Check-in begins at 9:00 am

WHERE: *CAMP ACCOVAC*
33021 Mountain Valley Rd. Millboro,
VA 24460

WHAT: *A day of limitless fun!*

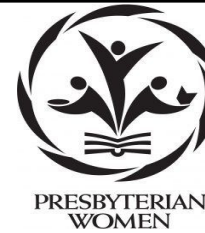


**PRE-REGISTRATION
IS STRONGLY ENCOURAGED**

7 Prayers for



May your finances multiply.
May your health improve.
May your family be loved.
May your friends be blessed.
May your pains lessen.
May your worries disappear.
May God bless you.
Amen.



Circle 3 — Second Tuesday of the month,
5:30 p.m. (church)

Circle 4 — Second Wednesday of the month,
12:30 p.m. (church)

STATED SESSION MEETINGS RESUME Sunday, August 16!

ALL ABOARD THE
HOPE EXPRESS

AUGUST 1, 2026
— 6:00 — 10:00 PM —

American Cancer Society RELAY FOR LIFE

CELEBRATING 30 YEARS of
RELAY FOR LIFE
IN ALLEGHANY COUNTY

Honoring Survivors • Remembering Loved Ones • Fighting Back Against Cancer

Contact Michele Hylton at
michele.hylton@hcahealthcare.com for more
information

JACKSON RIVER SPORTS COMPLEX
No Stops. No Limits. Full Steam Ahead.
♥ All are welcome. ♥

ONE MORE TIME!!!

*There be a final fundraiser for
our McAllister Church Relay
For Life Team happening on*

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6

AT

MICHAEL'S PIZZERIA

in COVINGTON

*A percentage of all dinner
tickets that evening (dine-in
and take-out) will be donated to
our team. Please come out and
support the American Cancer
Society one final time on
behalf of our team.*

Our church secretary
will be out of the office
the week of August 3rd.
She will return to the
office Wednesday,
August 12th.

NOTICE

NEW ADDRESS: Tab & Laura Warlitter
176 Park Crest Drive
Troutman, NC 28166

Prayer Concerns

David "B.B." Bryant	Joe Bowles	Debra Bates	Clarice Halsey
William Byer	Suzanne Byer	Betsy Caul	Marty Montgomery
Sharon Burch Clarke	Debbie Knick Curtis	Sherry Craft	Colt Nida
Curtis Clemmons	Natalie Fitzgerald	Rob Honts	Justin Nicely
Mickey Craghead	Jeanie Johnson	Linda Kress	Amy Ray
Eric Hayslett	Diane Lambert	Pat Martin	Trey & Britney Via
Danny & Rhoda Hill	Kathleen Loan	Joe Martin	Tommy Walker
Danny Hiner	Justin Nicely	Carl Isom-McDaniel	Stephanie Wells
John King, Sr.	Gloria Rowsy	(Yellowstone victim)	David Arritt, Sr. Family
John King, Jr.	Rex Selleck	Unspoken prayers	3 firefighters killed (UT/CO)
Jonathan Lawhorn	Gary Scruggs	Helen Gaylor Family	Bonnie Barton
Leslie Nicely	Jerry Taylor, Sr.	Roland Family	Joyce Emerson
Amy Ray	Family/friends of	Pam Hall Family	Rylee Reynolds
Dee Rose	U.S. soldiers killed in	Sen. Mitch McConnell	Eric Skibinski
Patricia Smith	Middle East	Nolan Wells family &	Jamie Smith
Dot Wimer	Morgan Family (CF)	friends (Horn Is., MS)	Carolyn Waugh

Shut-In; Military & Missionaries

BRIAN CENTER: David Lynn SCOTT HILL: Sarah Mays
THE SPRINGS: Andy Howell TOCKWOTTEN (Rhode Island): Shelby Rock
SHUT-IN: Bob & Leta Bartley, Ricky Cooke, Dolly Whitehead
 Danny & Rhoda Hill, Darlene & Jerry Taylor (Sr.)
MILITARY: Olivia Bryant, Aiden Downer, Chris Whitehead
MISSIONARIES: Tom & Judy Harvey, Kurt Esslinger & Hyeyoung Lee



Constant Need

Midge Akers, Jerry Ballengee, Dennis Brinkley, Edgar Brinkley, Sandra Capps, Leslie Downer, Cindy Durham, Barbara Flint, Renee Gann, Don Hampton, Emma Hartless, Becky Helmtoller, Danny & Rhoda Hill, Rob Honts, Janet Hubble, Lori Isaacs, Robert A. Jackson, Wendell & Judy Jones, Christine Lopez, Pearl Miller, Bucky & Doris Mottern, Mary Jane Mutispaugh, Denise Pillow, Theresa Purdue, Linda Ratliff, Anita Rice, Mary Rice, James Rice, Angie Sponaule, Ethan Thompson, Buddy Vass, Greg Vess, Gwen Wolfe, Jerry Wolfe, Linda P. Wolfe. Rider Yeagley, former President Joe Biden. Our church, non-believers, unspoken prayers, first responders, United States, U.S. troops & government, Ukraine & Russia, Middle East. Nancy Guthrie-family, friends, community.



McAllister Kids visit Mountain Rush ~ Sunday afternoon, 7/12/26

Mountain Rush is a family entertainment center located at 410 West Main Street in downtown Covington in the former Peebles department store location. This popular kids venue provides a wholesome local space featuring laser tag, virtual reality, arcade games, a golf simulator, and concessions. Everyone in attendance HAD A BLAST – adults too!



Deaths

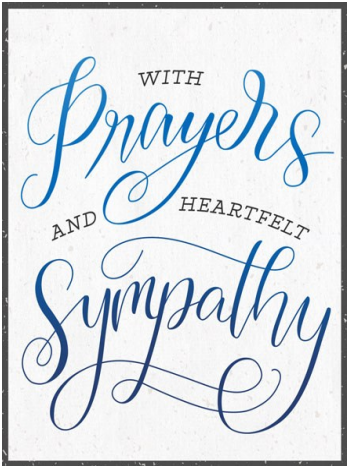
“Patty” S. Bowles
“Charlie” Croy
Judy F. Holestin
Jackie L. Stone
Deborah Twitty
Marion Williams

Pam Clark Hall
“Jamey” D. Smith
Shirley J. Brown
“Becky” Helmintoller
Tammy Lynn Hoke
Donna Ayers Salyers
Charles N. Smith

Regenia G. Brown
Dennis W. Brinkley
“B.A.” Fridley, Jr.
Helen L. Gaylor
Nancy D.B. Harris

Loretta G. Craft
Annette King
Russell E. Roland
Phyllis J. Tingler
Pearl H. Tucker

With Deepest Sympathy & Comfort



The McAllister Church Family extends prayer and our sincerest condolences to:

**Members Marshall Fox, Jenni F. Hinton, and Tracey F. Wegman on the loss of their aunt/great aunt (respectively), Helen Gaylor.*

**Member June Anne Cooke on the loss of her cousin, “B.A.” Fridley.*

**McAllister Church is also saddened to learn of the loss of former member, Rev. Terry Sutheland of Mountain City, TN who passed earlier this year in February.*

Gifts in Memoriam

In Memory Jean Broughman (Buzzy Riley’s mother) by:

✝ Melissa Hostetter Wood

✝ In Memory Bonnie Plott by:

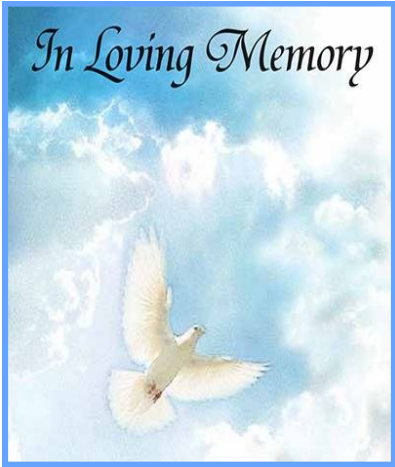
✝ Larry Washburn

✝ In Memory Bertie Leitch Via by:

✝ Larry Washburn

✝ In Memory Helen Gaylor by:

✝ Larry Washburn





Notes From Pastor Jim

- ♦ The youth and children are having a pool party this Thursday, August 6. We will meet at the City Pool at 5:30 for pizza and snacks, and then swim from 6:30 to 8:30. Join us and bring a friend!
- ♦ The area Presbyterian churches are having a potluck supper at Low Moor Presbyterian at 4:00 on Sunday, August 9. Join us for a good time of fun and fellowship, and also have a chance to meet our new general presbyter, Leigh Ann Wing.
- ♦ This past week, I have started to do something new. I am going on Facebook Live every Tuesday and Saturday at 11:00. In this video, I will be giving a brief preview of the sermon for Sunday. I will also be posting a question to get some conversation going in the comment section. Give it a viewing and join the conversation!
- ♦ It's hard to believe, but our kids are going back to school soon. Please be in prayer for our teachers and students as they begin another year.
- ♦ Thank you to Patty Anderson for filling the pulpit for me while I was out on vacation on Sunday, July 12th. You always do a wonderful job and your message is always wonderful and well received.

AVERAGE JULY 2026 SUNDAY WORSHIP ATTENDANCE:

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***The McAllister Messenger is a monthly publication. Deadline for submissions is the second Friday of each month. You can also view this newsletter online at www.mcallisttermempcusa.org. To request a full color copy of this publication BY EMAIL, inform us of a change in contact information, OR object to the use of your photo/your children's photo being used, please call the church office or email us (see back cover). We sincerely regret and apologize for any error, misprint, or omission that may occur in this publication. Contact our office at 540-962-2675 with any revisions. Leave a message if necessary as voicemail is checked regularly.

We almost made it to 45 years...

August 15, 1981

Happy Heavenly Anniversary, Jim.

Love, Marlene



VBS SPONSORS 2026

We would like to extend our sincere APPRECIATION to those supporting our vacation bible school financially this year including:

Andy & Beth Dreszer

Marlene Faidley

Donna & Marshall Fox

Wanda Gilbert

Pearl Miller

Gary Rice

Larry Washburn

Anita & Bobby Rice

Patty Anderson

Harry Casey

June Anne & Ricky Cooke

Rhoda & Danny Hill

Pam Key

Dolly Whitehead

Donna, Steven & Meghan Craft

Priscilla & Richard Downer

Diane Hicks

Buzzy Riley

Debbie & Danny Rodgers

Susan & Frank Sponaule

Diane & Gary Walker

Lynn & Jerry Whitehead

Debbie Bennett

Pat & Joe Martin

Pam & Howard Poague

Carol & James Bush

Norma Curtin

Anonymous x 3

Amy Hoover (food)



The Cookie Thief by Valerie Cox

A woman was waiting at an airport one night, with several long hours before her flight. She hunted for a book in the airport shops, bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.

She was engrossed in her book but happened to see, that the man sitting beside her, as bold as could be, grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between, which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene.

So she munched the cookies and watched the clock, as the gutsy cookie thief diminished her stock. She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by, thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I would blacken his eye."

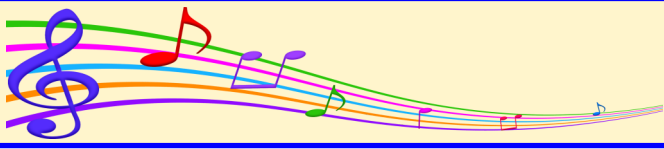
With each cookie she took, he took one too, when only one was left, she wondered what he would do. With a smile on his face, and a nervous laugh, he took the last cookie and broke it in half.

He offered her half, as he ate the other, she snatched it from him and thought... oooh, brother. This guy has some nerve and he's also rude, why he didn't even show any gratitude!

She had never known when she had been so galled, and sighed with relief when her flight was called. She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate, refusing to look back at the thieving ingrate.

She boarded the plane, and sank in her seat, then she sought her book, which was almost complete. As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise, there was her bag of cookies, in front of her eyes.

If mine are here, she moaned in despair, the others were his, and he tried to share. Too late to apologize, she realized with grief, that she was the rude one, the ingrate, the thief.



Musical Minute

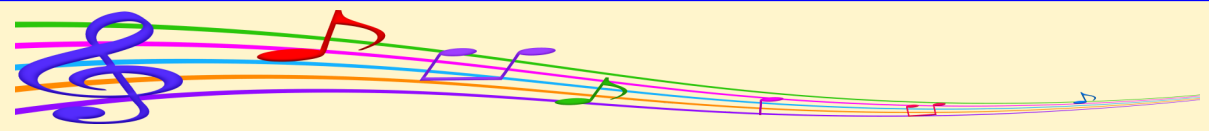
I was going through a box from mom and dad's last week and came across an essay I wrote in the fifth grade. I'll be honest. It wasn't really an essay. It was more like a paragraph—an assignment I'd been given by my teacher, Miss Dorothy Arritt. Those of you who knew her, know . . . She was a wonderful, quirky, elementary educator—a gift to those of us for whom her methods made sense, and I just adored her. My little paragraph was perhaps less than inspired, but heartfelt, I believe in retrospect. Miraculously, I received an "A" for it. None of this is terribly important, but if you'll indulge me, those of you who read (or who are forced to read—thank you, dear family) my Musical Minutes will recognize that truly, little has changed about me over the years. My fifth grade "scholarly" book report written at the ripe age of ten reads as follows:

"My favorite story in the fifth grade reading book is "The Bluejay Yarn." I liked this story because I love animals and birds. I also like stories that have the author himself telling the story. The story has the animals talking which makes the story more lively. The story was also very humorous (*my youthful typo*), *after all, what kind of a bluejay would try to fill a house up with nuts?*"

I still like to write about animals and birds, and now I know why. It's simply because I always have. Only now I've added plants and other growing things to the list. Who knew that someone who really doesn't like to be hot, sweaty, or generally uncomfortable could turn out to be an "outdoors" writer of sorts? Truly—who knew? And yet here we go again...

My adoration of olives goes back to childhood. I've always loved all things pickled and I attribute that to my dad. If papa ate it, I was an easy and early adopter. Pickles, olives, liver pudding (That was "our" Christmas morning tradition—one in which I don't recall mama and Nicky participating.), fried oysters, scrapple (yes, scrapple), pimiento cheese, brown beans and cornbread—basically all God's gifts that can be served on a plate or in a bowl. The only two things that I remember rebelling against were homemade butter (Was I insane or just young?) and a medium to rare cooked piece of meat (I was firmly in the well-done steak department in my youth. Dad just shook his head and was hopeful that one day, I'd see the light. I finally did.) But back to olives—ripe black olives, salty green olives, olives, olives, olives. I've always loved them. It's one of the reasons I decided to marry my precious Andrew. We both love olives and beets, and basically anything pickled or in some sort of brine, in all forms. It just goes to show what can be the foundation of a lasting relationship. Attraction counts, of course, but you need to be able to sit down to a meal together and not have one or the other say, "ewww."

Now, back again to olives. During our years overseas, I had the opportunity to admire, and eat, not just plenty of olives, but to fall in love with olive trees— their slender gray-green-silvery leaves, the wonderful oil they provide for cooking and garnishing, their



extraordinary longevity, their role in history and literature. (Anybody up for "extending an olive branch"?) Anyway, several years ago I found a live topiary olive tree online and decided to order it. It arrived in beautiful condition and has graced our kitchen island and countertops, depending on the best sun exposure and the season, in the years since. I hate to jinx its success by saying so out loud, but it's remained pretty happy and healthy in our home. (It's loving life on our deck this summer.)

AND THEN—last summer, I walked into the garden center of Lowe's in Lewisburg, WV and was greeted by an olive tree spectacle, a veritable olive-palooza! There were at least 50 or 60 olive trees, three to four feet tall, all calling my name. "Psst—I am the olive tree you've always dreamed of. Take me home with you. I'm healthy and in the prime of my young olive tree life. Take me home with you." And so it went while Andy shopped in another section of the store. I was tempted, but remained steadfast and declined the call of the strapping young trees. Then we got home . . . And for the next three days or so I thought of those trees. I woke up in the morning and thought of those young olive trees. I washed dishes after lunch and dreamed of my own olive tree grove. And then, finally, I drove back to Lewisburg to bring home an olive tree. Unsurprisingly, many had been sold by the time I returned but there was still a great selection. It was fairly early on a weekday morning, so it wasn't prime shopping time, and I began to pull my favorites from the bunch at the front of the garden center, judging their shape, size, etc. I took a good look at them all and finally made my choice. I moved the others back to the "grove" and left my tree where I could grab it on my way out. I "needed" one last filler plant for one of my pots so I went to the back to search for just the right thing. When I found my little plant, I returned to retrieve my dream olive tree—just in time to see a gentleman loading it onto his cart. "Aren't these beauties?," he exclaimed. "I saw these last week, but I couldn't justify buying one. I haven't thought of anything else since. My wife finally gave in and told me to just come back and get one and we'll find a place to overwinter it. It's like someone picked this one just for me." Umm—I don't think so," I thought to myself. . . (Don't worry. I didn't say it out loud.) I confess, I was a bit crestfallen, but he seemed like a lovely gentleman, and we both, apparently, suffered from the same olive mania. I didn't challenge him. I, after all, had walked off and left my dear little tree unaccompanied. And so the search began . . . yet again. I found the (second) most perfect little olive tree and immediately loaded it into my cart. After spending last winter in our southwest facing kitchen window it, like my little topiary, is thriving on the back deck this summer. (At least something has loved this extreme heat.) I continue to hope that one day my two little trees, between the two of them, will eke out an olive. Andy is skeptical, but hopeful on my behalf. Gardeners are ever optimistic. I hope that you are, too.

Beth