



Pompton Reformed Church
59 Hamburg Turnpike
Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442
973-835-0541

www.pomptonreformed.org



JUNE, 2020

Hello Friends!

As a consistory, we have started to have conversations on what gathering for worship in person could look like. We miss seeing all of you and worshipping together and we really look forward to the day when we can do that.

We want to give you an update so you can all know where we are at:

- We will continue to follow CDC guidelines and the orders and recommendations from the governor which include social distancing and cleaning procedures
- We do not have a start date, but we know it will be a phased re-opening. Unfortunately, we will not be able to immediately resume full worship with communion, nursery, Sunday School, and fellowship time
- The phased re-opening will probably begin when Governor Murphy allows for meetings of 50 people or less
- During the transition, access to the church building for gatherings, meetings, and events may be limited or restricted for safety

So here is where we get to be creative! We are brainstorming ideas of what those first church services of 50 people or less will look like. Here are a couple of ideas:

- Having a service on Saturday at 10am and Sunday at 10am. This gives us time to clean between services
- Having 2 shorter services at 9am and 11am. This would require cleaning between services
- Having one outdoor service on the lawn and then one indoor service. The reality is that in the beginning some people may feel more comfortable outside than inside.

All of these options would probably be shorter services (30-40min) with no fellowship time after.

We are going to get through this because we are in this together! Feel free to talk about this among your friends at church or talk to friends who go to other churches. This is new territory for all of us and we would love to hear your ideas and suggestions! Feel free to email Pastor John at jburden@pomptonreformed.org

Grace and Peace,

The Consistory of Pompton Reformed Church

Stay tuned for breaking news from the Consistory in the coming weeks! We will be together in some new way, shape or form soon!



By Elaine Peacock

I can't believe it is June already. We all have been so wrapped up in all the news bulletins, the virus numbers, which stores will be allowed to open, are we far enough away from the nearest person to us, did we remember to bring our mask and so many other "rules & regulations" that have been thrown at us in the past several months just when we get used to the more leaders come up with new ones. Actually, in the past week or so we seem to be moving, at a snail's pace, toward some changes for the better. On June 20th, summer officially arrives; spring and winter have been left behind and we have a chance to move forward with a new beginning. It may not be the new beginning we crave right now – but a new beginning none the less. June 14th is Flag Day – virus or no virus we can still fly Old Glory and thank God for our country and the freedoms we enjoy. June 21st is Father's Day. If you are lucky enough to still have your Dad, give him an extra BIG hug on his special day – no elbows, please, just an honest to goodness hug. If your Dad is no longer with you remember to say an extra prayer and take some time to think of the memories of times you shared together. I want to wish all the Grads out there Congratulations and Best Wishes-your hard work paid off – may all your dreams come true.

Birthdays



Madison Conklin- Happy Sweet 16!

Memorials

<u>From</u>	<u>In Memory of</u>	<u>Designated</u>
Sy & Bea Katz Eleanor Haling	Quentin Wiest Melissa Ann Gouger	Food Pantry Undesignated

From Elaine Peacock in memory of her Mother, Kathryn, on Mother's Day
From Elaine Peacock in memory of Cindi Petrides on her birthday designated
Scholarship

*In
Loving
Memory
of*



Tributes to Loved Ones



Jo-Ann has been teasing us with trivia questions for weeks now. Along with this, she asked for “extra credit” – short stories written by members about someone dear to them. Here are some very loving tributes. Thank you for allowing me to share these again.

My Dad by Jo-Ann Sisco

My Dad wore many hats in his lifetime. He was a fantastic soldier and a fantastic police officer. But if you asked my Mom and I what he was best at we would say a loving and caring Husband and Dad! Everyone who knew our family knew I was "Daddy's Little Girl". Of course, it does help when you are an only child! He always told me that he always wanted a girl so that when he was working, he would know my Mom had company. Being a police officer, he worked a lot of nights. He was always happy when I would come home right after school when he was working the afternoon shift which was 5:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m. This way he had a chance to see me before he went to work. Although when the police were allowed to come home "for lunch" which was 9:00 p.m. my Mom always allowed me to stay up and see him. That is why I am a "night owl" to this day!

My Dad had a great sense of humor most of the time. One night he went to "Open House" at the high school with my Mom. I was taking a French Class at the time and was struggling. The French Teacher always acted very nervous. So she was telling the parents how tired and lethargic we always seem to be. I had her class at about 10:00 a.m. After she said this, my Dad raised his hand and said, "Well, maybe they need a coffee break"! My Mom said all of the parents laughed except the teacher! I made her promise that he would never go to another "open house" again!

I remember going to the Father-Daughter Square Dance with my Dad when I was in Brownies. I was so happy he could take me because he worked so many nights. After the Square Dance he took me for ice cream. I always had so much fun with my Dad!

Another big day when I was in Brownies and Girl Scouts was Memorial Day! My Dad and I would wear our uniforms and march in the Memorial Day Parade. My Mom would take our picture together and then she would take our pictures as we passed her in the parade. After the parade we would have lunch at Hershfield Park. Those were the days!

I remember always going with my Dad every year to the Fire Department at night to have our Christmas Tree sprayed. It seemed to be the coldest night of the year but I didn't care. I was with my Dad! Of course, the hot chocolate I had didn't hurt either. Are you beginning to notice a pattern here with lunch, the ice cream and hot chocolate?

We went on vacation every year. My Dad said it was very important that you get away for at least a week each year to rest and unwind. Wherever we went we found a place that had Miniature Golf. I was not an athlete but I did enjoy Miniature Golf and my Dad was a very good golfer. My Mom was happy when we were happy. She played and kept score. She didn't take our "championships" as seriously as we did. Of course, my Dad beat me 99% of the time but it was fun trying to beat him! My Mom enjoyed being outside in

Happy Fathers' Day!

the fresh air watching the people. When I got older and went on vacations with my friends I still went with my parents on their vacation. They didn't want to leave the house when I was away in case I needed them. You must remember that back then we did not have cell phones!

My Dad was a real people person as was my Mom. This is why I need people around me! My Dad was always starting social activities. Before I was born, he started a "Cousins' Club" in the family. All of the cousins and their spouses would meet once a month at the house of one of the cousins. Then my Dad started our Family Picnics. All of the Sisco Family would meet at Stokes State Park in Sussex on the second Saturday in September for an all-day picnic. Each family group would bring their food specialty to share. There were softball games, swimming, horseback riding, horse shoes, trails to walk and of course eating! Some years we had over one hundred people at the picnic! This lasted over ten years!

My Dad started Labor Day Picnics for our neighbors in our backyard. We also had the family and neighbors in New Year's Eve. When I taught up in Apshawa School my parents opened up their home so I could invite my friends for a Halloween Party. The party was in our finished basement. I usually invited about twenty to twenty-five people. My Mom would take care of the food. My parents would stay upstairs in the living room. When the people came up to get the food they would always go in and talk to my parents. When I would come up, I would look in and smile to myself because about half of the guests were talking to my parents. My friends loved my parents which made me very happy! The guys loved to talk to my Dad about golf and the New York Yankees! I use to love to watch the Yankee games with my Dad. He could get mad at them when they made a foolish play or when someone struck out at a key time. He was a real fan! Whatever he wanted to start he did and it was very successful every time. My Mom enjoyed having these social activities as much as he did which made them the perfect couple!

As you can see my Dad and I were very close. I love him and miss him very much! I wanted to write this because most of you knew my Mom and knew how special she was. But not many of you knew my Dad . I wanted you to see how special he was to me also. I was very Blessed to have such wonderful parents! Although my Dad has been gone almost seventeen years some of the things I just wrote about are so clear to me that I feel they just happened yesterday. And as I am writing this I am smiling. I thank God that I have such happy memories to look back on!



A Special Teacher by Barbara Pierce



A teacher who was special! During seventh grade I had a math teacher named Mr. Cathcart who saw potential in me I didn't see or realize myself. One day he took me aside and told me about a math class that another teacher was forming and would be available for me to enroll in for eighth grade. It was an advanced math class, and Mr. Cathcart explained that he felt I had potential to do well in this class. He gave me confidence and encouraged me to enroll. With his suggestion and his encouragement, I went ahead and signed up for this class. I was accepted and enjoyed it very much. But more than that, I gained more confidence in myself which resulted in my doing very well in subsequent math classes through my high school years. I still fondly think of Mr. Cathcart who saw potential in me I might otherwise have never realized. Thank you Mr. Cathcart! I will always remember you!



A nurse who was special! By Rick Pierce

This story goes way, way back in my life but is still a very fond memory.

My mother had open heart surgery in 1954 in New York City when she was 43. This type of surgery was very new at that time—almost a pioneering event. But she survived although it was touch and go for a while. I don't remember how long my mother was hospitalized—just that it was a long time to me. And I recall that after she had recovered sufficiently, she was asked to go before a board of doctors as an example of this relatively new surgery.

After all these years, I still remember a tiny little nurse that had been assigned to care for my mother in the hospital. Her name was Mrs. Lee, and she had come from Jamaica (the island). I remember how frequently my mother used to talk about Mrs. Lee. Always saying how she was so caring, compassionate, helpful and loving, always checking on my mother to make sure she was comfortable and didn't need anything. Over time, they grew into a friendship that would last for decades! Frequently writing letters and occasional telephone calls, my mother wished for Mrs. Lee to come for a visit and asked her many times, even offering for my father to pick her up in New York. That finally happened one Summer weekend when we lived on Erskine Lake in Ringwood. Mrs. Lee took a train to Jersey and I think My father picked her up at the train station. That was a highlight for both my mother and Mrs. Lee. They continued writing and talking with each other for many more years. I think Mrs. Lee passed away before my mother did in 1983. That little nurse made such a lasting impression on my mother especially, but for my father and myself as well. To this day I remember the wonderful and exceptional care she gave my mother, no doubt aiding in her eventual recovery and beyond.

I know my mother was very thankful and felt blessed to have had the opportunity to know Mrs. Lee, and especially to be able to call her a cherished friend!

Nurses, first responders and others that care for people have a special calling that often results in their going above and beyond the call of duty. It's more than just taking their jobs seriously. It's like a "ministry." In this time of danger and uncertainty, these special people hardly think twice, they just go to where they are needed! They are our Heroes! Thanks to all of them!

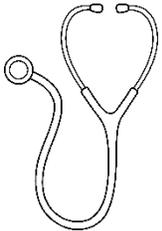


First Responder by Wayne Haussler

My father was a policeman, Clifton PD. He was part of a 2 man unit that manned the "accident car" starting back in the 1960s through the 1980s. They were the ones who were sent to all the really terrible crashes to assist the ambulance crews especially on the several high-speed highways that cross through Clifton. I was a kid who often asked Dad, "what happened today". There were a number of times he would come home from work and just say, "I do not want to talk about it". He would then just sit alone until he felt he could continue. He wasn't catching criminals, he was saving lives and protecting the first responders.

Frontline by Jackie Bush

As you all are aware my son is a Physician Assistant who works with heart surgeons so he is not in contact but must take precautions since he works in the hospital. His wife is an ICU nurse and has been taking care of patients. In fact, she had a 34 year old policeman with four daughters who was released a week ago. She said it was a blessing because he was so sick. This has made it challenging when they come home to their girls after a day's work. They have to leave their clothes and shoes in the garage and shower right away. The girls and Mom wear masks during the day and my daughter-in-law sleeps in another room. I thank God for both of them and all others that are on the frontline each and every day. May God bless and protect them.



The Special Men in My Life by Lynn Scarmazzo

Dad is a World War II Veteran, having fought in the Pacific theater in the Philippines. He has always been proud of his role in protecting and liberating those in that region. Through the years he has encountered several Philippine natives, and each time he has been thanked for his service and the benefits they enjoyed because of the service soldiers like he gave. His return to the United States was not an easy transition, and he has carried the memories of what he saw since then. However, growing up we never knew how he suffered, and there were times we saw how precious he considers life and the life of others. Dad, being a father of four daughters, treated us all with compassion and respect, and supported and encouraged us to pursue education, and whatever else we desired. He with Mom, taught us to be independent and respect ourselves. Dad has quietly mentored young people his whole life. He shared his Bible with his Army comrades, taught co-workers to read at lunchtime, championed special needs workers at Shop-rite Oakland, listened, listened, listened, and is today caring and concerned.



I also want to mention my husband, Emil Scarmazzo. He is a veteran of the Paterson Police Department, retiring as a narcotics detective. He served for 35 years including a period of time when there was much violence and unrest.

He also is a father of daughters, 2, who with his first wife Esther, nurtured Victoria and Amy into loving and caring women.



Honoring Those that Care for Others by Patti Sue Kitchell

I have two sons as many of you know and they have both married brilliant and lovely women. They both met their wives at college. Coincidentally both of my daughters in law were from New England. They both have advanced degrees and are in medical fields where they are hands-on in the wellness care of others. Tim Jr.'s wife, Dr. Stacy Kitchell DC is a doctor of chiropractic and has just celebrated 4 years having her own practice. She is a wife, a mother of three (my sweet grandchildren) and she is active in the community and women's wellness outreach. As a family they are very active in a large church. Every part of Stacy's life is dedicated to caring for others. At her warm and welcoming office, she has motivational messages calligraphied on the wall. and inspirational music softly filling the background. She is all about connecting emotional and spiritual wellness with physical wellness. She participates in health fairs and fundraisers. She is very connected with her patients and their families and has stayed connected during this time even though her office has been closed. It is considered a small business and so she has applied for a loan to continue to pay her staff. Unfortunately, when it is your own business you do not qualify for unemployment. Yet she has continued to stay connected with all of those who need her. I'm sure she is online continuing to advance her knowledge of new skills and options for her patients as well.

Collin's wife, Stephanie Kitchell RN, MSN, OCN (Registered Nurse, Master of science in nursing, Oncology Nurse Certified). Stephanie works for Memorial Sloan Kettering which is in itself a major task each and every day. When she worked in Manhattan, she worked in inpatient leukemia and outpatient GI infusion. During her time in Manhattan she met the Maletsky family including our beloved Geneva. It is extremely difficult for her at times but she is determined to make a difference in the lives of people who are suffering so greatly. Stephanie now works in Monmouth County New Jersey for Sloan Kettering in Office Practice in Breast Medical Oncology. She has continued to work with her patients from home every day. Like many medical professionals working with patients every day, she got the coronavirus and was quite ill. The connection with her patients is extremely important to her as they continue to go through treatments and care for cancer during this epidemic. She is so knowledgeable, kind and caring. I am sure she provides a great measure of confidence and comfort for her patients every day.

I am extremely proud of Stacy and Stephanie. They have so many similar philosophies and so much in common that they enjoy being together as well.

I'm sure it goes without saying how much I love them both and cherish that they are part of our family. Thank you for giving me this opportunity to honor them as they both choose to put the health and well-being of others first each and every day.



Covid Testing by Drew Althofer

And I would like to thank Josh. Josh is married to my niece Taylor. Josh is in the National Guard. He has been deployed to assist in the various drive in testing sites in NJ. He has not been home with his family since March. He takes it all in stride as just part of his duty. May God bless him and all others who are giving unselfishly of themselves to help and protect others.

Dedication by Wanda Sachse

Alanna has been working at Target. While others have called out and not come in, she has not missed a day. No matter what hours they have given her or days, she has been there, sometimes not knowing from day to day. Full time, working five and six days a week; the week before Easter almost 60 hours. Pick up orders are so busy at times she has gone in at 5 in the morning, where it's been so busy they have to shut the system down by noon. She wears her mask and gloves. Customers will come up to her even though it's not her department and ask where the toilet paper is and not everyone will social distance. She comes home and pretty much self isolates in her room and hasn't seen her friends. I think her biggest challenge is her paranoid Mom always asking are they cleaning more, are they giving out masks, are people keeping their distance, is the elevator closed? I am very proud that she is taking all the necessary precautions and doing what she has to do without a second thought.



Thank You, Mike! By Jo-Ann Sisco



When my Mom was in Chilton for the last time, she was transported to Lakeview Nursing Home for therapy. She was only there for two days when I received a call at midnight stating that my Mom was having chest pains and they were transferring her back to Chilton. I quickly got dressed and drove to the nursing home as it is only five minutes from our home. When I arrived, I saw the ambulance and paramedics were there. I ran into the nursing home and who did I see but Mike DeBlock. When I saw Mike, I was so happy because I knew Mike and I knew my Mom would get the best care. Mike is an excellent paramedic. But he also has several other strengths which makes him very good at his job. He has excellent communication skills. He can take a difficult subject and explain it in such a way that anyone can understand it. That is not an easy thing to do. Especially when most of the time he is dealing with very emotional people! I was very upset because the doctors kept asking me if my Mom should be resuscitated if she passes on. As you all know I was very close to my Mom and this would be the hardest decision I ever had to make. So Mike explained to me what happens when they resuscitate someone and how it affects someone my Mom's age. Because I talked to Mike, I knew there was only one decision to make. Thank God I didn't have to make that decision. But because of my talk with Mike I was ready to make that decision if I had to. Another strength Mike has is he cares about his patients. You can tell by the way he talks to them and to the families. Mike knows when to talk and when to listen. He doesn't talk just to talk. When he speaks the information is very important and you should listen to him. Although my Mom and I knew Mike he treats all of his patients the same way. I do believe that God sent him there that night to help my Mom and I get through a very difficult time. I thank God for Mike and all of the other first responders who risk their lives for strangers and show compassion for people in their darkest hours.

Thank you to all essential workers!



Celebrations



Very Happy Birthdays to long time members of PRC

Dorothy Doland 6/2

Jim Doland 6/6

Dorothy and Jim are turning 92 and 91, respectively. If you would like to send wishes, cards can be sent to: Jim & Dorothy Doland

7 Hawthorne Road

Wayne, NJ 07470

Stan and Elinor Connor celebrate their birthdays on June 5 and June 13, respectively.

Cards may be sent to the Connors at 533 Cannella Way, Riverdale, NJ 07457

AND Congratulations to the Carroll family. Lorna's brother, Colin, whom many of you know, recently became the proud grandpa of an adorable little girl. His oldest son Kyle and wife Kate greeted the newest family member yesterday. They named her Willa for Lorna and Colin's mom, Wilma McKechnie. ❤️



*In Our
Thoughts
and Prayers*

Condolences

To Lucas Spann and family on the passing of his mom, Renee Rucker.
Renee attended services regularly before we went virtual.

Continued thanks to Tina Thompson for her efforts for essential workers. Tina continues to collect and distribute snacks and drinks to local hospitals and emergency responders.



Blood Drive at PRC



Pompton Reformed will host a blood drive on June 15 in Fellowship Hall in an effort to support our local communities. By appointment only, please access

https://donor.cbsblood.org/donor/schedules/drive_schedule/52518

to schedule a donation.

On a personal note: When I lived in Clifton, a local Catholic church always hosted a Good Friday blood drive. I always felt I was making a small sacrifice in honor of Jesus' sacrifice for me when I would donate at that drive. I am no longer able to donate blood but what a worthy sacrifice if you are able.



Prayer of St. Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring love.
Where there is offence, let me bring pardon.
Where there is discord, let me bring union.
Where there is error, let me bring truth.
Where there is doubt, let me bring faith.
Where there is despair, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness, let me bring your light.
Where there is sadness, let me bring joy.
O Master, let me not seek as much
to be consoled as to console,
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved as to love,
for it is in giving that one receives,
it is in self-forgetting that one finds,
it is in pardoning that one is pardoned,
it is in dying that one is raised to eternal life.



The Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Christ Has No Body but Yours

*Christ has no body but yours,
No hands, no feet on earth but yours,
Yours are the eyes with which he looks
Compassion on this world,
Yours are the feet with which he walks to
do good,
Yours are the hands, with which he
blesses all the world.*

*Yours are the hands, yours are the feet,
Yours are the eyes, you are his body.
Christ has no body now but yours,
No hands, no feet on earth but yours,
Yours are the eyes with which he looks
compassion on this world.
Christ has no body now on earth but
yours. — St. Teresa of Ávila*

July/August Newsletter submissions

Are due by June 28 To khuysers@msn.com