

Crystal Springs United Methodist Church



Spirit

Summer 2017

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Pastor's Corner

When we wake up, we cannot help but be aware of the injustice, oppression and violence in the world around us. We see it everywhere: continued war in Syria, Afghanistan, Iran, ISIS terrorism, North Korean nuclear weapons, suicide-bombing, hungers, lack of water, Immigrants issues, abuse of children and women, the great divide between rich and poor, polarizing political debates, the lack of equality in education, ecological issues, bullying in our schools and many more. It seems so overwhelming. We feel like giving in to hopelessness and despair. Sometimes we are inspired to join some projects or donate our time or money. We believe that it might seem to work for justice and peace. Other than that, what should we do as we see these injustices in America and all over the world? Is there any way we can do something for change?

Some years past I attended a workshop to encourage a prayerful self-examination in a group of people who had gathered to learn about working and praying for justice. We were asked to create a collective list of the reasons we have injustice in the world. Our list included greed, prejudice, quest for power, ignorance, poverty, and self-righteousness and so forth. We were invited to pick from the list the one reason we thought to be the dominant cause of injustice. We were asked to prayerfully consider a few more questions: Where do you see this reason for injustice, violence and oppression in the world? Where do you see it in your nation? Where do you see it in your city? In your neighborhood? In your congregation? In your family? Do you see it in your own heart? In the sharing after the exercise, one person said, "I chose ignorance." It was easy to see it out there in the nation and the world, in my city and neighborhood. It was harder for me to see it in my church and my family. And really hard to see it

in myself. But by seeing it I was able to recognize my self-righteousness as well, for that was my feeling at the beginning of this workshop when I was seeing ignorance only "out there."

I believe that this kind of prayerful self-examination is one of the practices that opens us to transformation. We cannot change something we have not seen. We can't participate to change the world without awareness or consciousness. Awareness is very important and the first for transformation! But there is another step in the process if deep change is to occur, and that is acceptance. We are called to accept and acknowledge what we discover in our hearts. The prayerful self-reflection helped us to see ourselves honestly, to be with ourselves exactly as we are. We find it difficult to see our hidden qualities of injustice. But if we can see all our qualities with acceptance, we may open ourselves to God's grace and mercy. We can allow and welcome God's healing power to be about the mystery of transformation. Looking deep within, discovering hidden parts of our internalized pattern of prejudice, fear, or greed that we know keep us from living peacefully with justice.

I am so glad that we, as a Crystal Springs family would like to learn more about our neighbors lately through "Getting to know our Neighbors Lecture series." The first one is "Getting to know American Muslims and their Faith" by Maha Elgenaidi on June 11th (Sun) at 7:00 PM. I believe that it might be a wonderful chance to learn about our own ignorance, hidden injustice, and understand better about our neighbors, their faith and lives, whom we live together with all the time without knowing much about them. May God bless us on our journey together for this direction.

Pastor Hee-Soon

Easter Plays by Esther Kim

On Saturday, April 8th, the Crystal Springs Players put on two Easter plays. The plays were “What Easter Means to Me” and “I Am: The Jesus Incident.”

“What Easter Means to Me” was six monologues about what Easter means to each of them. A few of the characters were a pastor, a grandma, and a 15 year-old student.



“I Am: The Jesus Incident” was a modern newscast covering the Crucifixion of Jesus. Some characters included Sam, an anchor; Jeremiah Gad, the front lines reporter; Mark Judah, a legal reporter; and Sanhedrin Press Secretary, an official spokesman.

The actors from Crystal Springs Players were Glen Campbell, Linda Litz, Anastasia Campbell, Ian Mackenzie, Esther Kim, Vince Kurr, Andy Coltart, Rex Castell, and Jeff Riley. The performance was a nice beginning to the Easter Holy Week.

—Esther Kim

White Sunday 2017 at CSUMC

On Sunday, May 7, 2017, Crystal Springs United Methodist Church held a Sunday service which honored the children in our congregation. White Sunday is a tradition from The Kingdom of Tonga, in which the church altar is decorated in white and the precious gift of children as stewards of God’s kingdom is celebrated.

Many children at CSUMC celebrated, singing a special song and reciting prayers in the Tongan language. The congregation sang “Jesus Loves Me” as an acknowledgement of how much the Lord loves children, and said, “Let the little children come unto me.” Children’s Bibles were also given to the young participants in their honor, as the whole church prayed that these youngsters would read God’s word daily, pray, and grow to be strong in Jesus Christ, our savior.

We are so blessed here at CSUMC to have a wonderful children’s ministry run by Becky Cuthbert, with the tremendous help of Ivoni Maama. Let’s all continue to hold the children of our church in prayer, and be thankful for the joyous celebration of White Sunday, a wonderful tradition here at Crystal Springs United Methodist Church!

—Anastasia Campbell

Congratulations to Graduates

Helen Kim (Pastor Hee Soon’s younger daughter) graduated on May 25th, 2017 from Harvard’s Graduate School of Arts and Sciences with a Ph.D. in the study of Religion.

Helen is passionate about her studies in the History of Christianity and American Religions. Helen’s dissertation is entitled, “Gospel of the ‘Orient’: Koreans, Race and the Transpacific Rise of American Evangelicalism in the Cold War era.”

In Fall 2017, she begins as Assistant Professor of American Religious History at Emory University’s Candler School of Theology in Atlanta, Georgia.

Graham Burnside (grandson of Linda Burnside) graduated from Kodiak High School in Alaska and will be attending college in Arizona.

Mackenzie Burnside (granddaughter of Linda Burnside) graduated from Antrim High School in New Hampshire and was awarded a Certificate of Merit for her Photography.

Ashly Atherton (granddaughter of Linda Burnside) received her Certification for Teacher of Special Needs Children and is pursuing her Master’s Degree at St. Mary’s College in Walnut Creek.

Dianne Weitzel’s granddaughter, **Brooke**, graduated from USC on May 12th with a B.A. from the Annenberg school of Communication & Journalism. Brooke has accepted employment at Oracle.

Dianne’s grandson, **Conner**, graduated from Basha High School in Chandler, Arizona on May 31st. His class went viral with their paper shower a couple days ago. Conner will attend Johnson & Wales, a 4-year culinary school in Rhode Island.



Welcome to Scott and Sunghae Park

Scott Kim and Sunghae Park found Crystal Springs UMC through the internet.

Scott grew up in Korea until he was 13 years old and then came to California. He attended USC and majored in Entrepreneurship at the Marshall School of Business. Sunghae grew up in Korea at Kyung Nam near Busan. Scott and Sunghae met in Korea through friends.

Scott and Sunghae work together in Hayward, where they manufacture and sell Black Garlic. Black Garlic is fermented garlic which is used as an ingredient or a snack.

—Esther Kim



Welcome to Scott and Sunghae!

A Summer Blessing

A Summer Blessing

*Blessed are You, Summer,
Season of long days & short nights,
You pour forth light from your
golden orb, energizing the earth
& calling forth growth.*

*Blessed are You, Summer,
with your generous gift of heart.
your warm breath animates creation,
encouraging all growing
things to stretch toward the sun.*

*Blessed are You, Summer,
You call us into playfulness,
encouraging us to pause from work,
You renew our spirit.*

*Blessed are You, gracious Season of summer,
You surprise us with a
variety of gifts from the earth.
We, too, gaze into the earth of ourselves,
beholding gifts waiting to be honored.*

*Blessed are you, nurturing Season of Summer,
Your fruits and vegetables
appear on our tables,
changing them into altars.
tasting of your life, we are made strong.*

*Blessed are You, Summer,
host of a star that shines with passion.
Sun-soaked, we reach for your energy
that drives us upward and onward.*

*Blessed are you, Sacrament of Summer,
Nature's green season, sweet echo of spring.
You speak to us in living
color as you renew the earth
with symbols of life for
our bodies & souls.*

*Blessed are You, Summer,
Season of roots that reach for water,
Even through the cracks in the sidewalk
the song of your seed can be heard.*

*Blessed are You, Summer,
Season rooted in reality.
Even as the perspiration collects on our brow,
We experience your earthy joy.*

*Blessed are You, Summer,
with your firefly evenings
you minister to the child in us,
You feed our hunger for beauty.*

(from "The Circle of Life" by Joyce Rupp)



**Thanks
to Rex for
planting
beautiful
flowers in
front of our
church!**



STEVE'S VIEW

A while back I was reading a Facebook entry "If you're from Chambersburg you will remember..." There was an old photo of the main square with many people lining the sidewalks waiting for a parade. A formation of planes was flying overhead.

Now Chambersburg, PA is my home town and

I knew exactly what was going on. I was there at the time. It was a WWII victory celebration that took place in late 1947 or early 1948. I even remember where I was standing, but of course couldn't see much in the photo.

Seeing that photo revived old memories of the days of WWII. Now, I was only three when Pearl Harbor happened so only a few memories of the days during the war remain. The so called Greatest Generation, those who did the fighting and those who were still here doing all the work are leaving us at an increasing rate. We have lost two of these people relatively recently from our own church; Ed Kremptz who flew C-47s to drop parachutists behind Normandy and Keith Krietman who served as a medic as the Army rolled through Europe. And of course Ned Broyles, who attended here for a while, was in the horrendous battles around Guadalcanal, flying scout planes off of cruisers. He is still with us at 101.

Now those who grew up in the late 30s and early 40s are next in line. I am in this generation and experienced the war quite differently than those who fought. I remember listening to the radio about the Pearl Harbor attack sitting at the top of the stairs in our house. I can't swear that I really remember it though. I have only selected memories of what happened during the next several years. I don't remember much until my Dad left for Navy service in 1944. He was a teacher and coach in the local high school and in his mid 30s. The Navy offered a commission program for such people to run recreation centers for the troops and my Dad grabbed the opportunity. So he was off to Hollywood, FL to get the training to become a Navy Officer. I still have some of the materials he used in that training. Once he was commissioned he was sent to Harvard for communication training in the summer of 1944.

So my Mother packed my suitcase and we were off on a train to Cambridge for the summer. It was my first train ride so that was new and fun. The transfer point was in Harrisburg, PA which was jammed with travelers, the air filled with announcements of trains arriving and boarding, and the smell of steam and smoke. The train station now is long gone.

I can remember that we socialized with other Navy families there who were doing the same thing we were. We often would sit in Harvard Yard waiting for my Dad at the end of the day. One day we took a cruise around Boston harbor and I can still see the line of DEs, destroyer escorts, waiting to go to sea. I cruised the harbor later in my own ship, the cruiser, USS Macon, when I was stationed there. I think we had coffee ice cream and Kracker Jacks as treats. Not sure why that sticks in my memory. A small toy plane was the prize.

My Mother, who liked to read, found a bookstore that lent books for a small fee. With no television we would hit the movies, the entertainment of choice in those days. Like the noise of helicopters in the Vietnam War the sound of dive bombers and air raid sirens seemed to be the sounds of WWII especially in the early days and these made their way into the movies and newsreels. One movie was based on Dr Wassell, a navy doctor who saved wounded sailors in the early days of the war in Java. My Dad and I attended several baseball games of both the Red Sox and the Braves who shared fans in Boston. Henry Aldridge was a hit on the radio.

As I recall at some point after finishing at Harvard my Dad took leave and we were back in Chambersburg. One afternoon my uncles, who were not already overseas, and one of their kids met at my Grandfather's farm for a picture taking session. It really just hit me recently, although I've seen the photos for years, that this session was done, whether consciously or not, because my Dad was heading off to the war and who knew what would happen. My Dad was in his Navy dress white uniform and my Mother was in one of her best dresses.

I had four uncles on my Dad's side. Two of them had some physical problems and couldn't go into the service. One became a SeeBee and was in the South Pacific. Not sure whether he ever met up with my Dad or not. Another married my aunt, had a one day honeymoon and then shipped off to India where he flew missions as a crew member over the "Hump."

My Grandfather did his part earlier before the war started. He sold the old family farm on land which would become Letterkenny Ordnance Depot. This was a large Army base used to store munitions, repair equipment, etc. I've been on the base in later years, but never got to my Grandad's old farm area. My son, who was taking a course at the nearby Army War College a few years ago, was able to get a tour of the area and saw some of the old graves there. The farm house is long gone although some photos and a painting remain. During the war Letterkenny was a busy place employing many people.

The government at one point built housing, dubbed Cardboard City, in one part of town to house some of the workers. They were basically slapped together, but survived for a number of years. An Army officer and his family who worked at Letterkenny lived in the house behind ours. One of his daughters was about my age so we were playmates.

One of the other uses of Letterkenny was to house Italian prisoners of war. I don't think the security was all that tight. I'm sure the Italians were glad to be out of the war. They built the chapel on the base. There were rumors too that they left a few half Italian kids around town as well. I vaguely remember seeing men with POW on their backs around town.

After the war I was able to get on the base to use the swimming pool at the "O" club. Boy the spring water they used to refill the pool periodically was really cold. My uncle, the Police Chief, was able to get us on part of the base to do some hunting.

Today the work done there is much less than during the war years. I suspect that they still store nuclear weapons there though.

My Dad hopped a train, I believe in late 1944, and headed to San Francisco where he spent some time before boarding, the USS General H. L. Scott (AP-136), a new transport ship, to head for the South Pacific. He talked of eating at Omar Kyam's in SF. I ate there myself when I was out here on business. At some point on their journey to Hollandia, New Guinea they were attacked by a Japanese sub, but the torpedoes missed. My Dad and his friends saw the wakes and informed the Captain. I assume they took evasive action.

He was stationed in New Guinea and worked at the rear area recreation center for the troops and sailors out there. We heard from him only through the thin paper letters that were used at the time that served both as the letter and the envelope. Often they had strips of paper cut out by the censors. But Uncle Sam made sure we got the allotment check every month so we could survive.

Naturally the folks at home wanted to know where their loved ones were, but often couldn't say. My Uncle Kenny got around this when he was stationed in New Caledonia. He just casually mentioned that he missed going to the local state park, which happened to be called Caledonia.

My Dad worked for George Halas, who was the coach and owner of the Chicago Bears. Halas told him at one point that, while my Dad thought he was a good guy, he ought to see him on the football field.

Interestingly Paula's Dad who was also a teacher and coach, had a similar position in the Navy as my Dad. He entered the service earlier, helping to get pilots in physical condition. He ended up in Guadalcanal and I believe later in New Guinea. While he was there he met some of the iconic pilots such as Joe Foss who later became governor of South Dakota.

Most people know about Rosie the Riveter, the ladies at home who took over the vacated jobs as the men went overseas. However, most people don't realize the major efforts undertaken to prepare the country for war. The civilian production had to be revamped to make the new ships, planes, tanks, etc. needed. So called dollar a year men, men with tremendous planning skills, pulled things together to get the job done. For example, Kaiser had almost a Liberty cargo ship a day coming off the line out here to haul all the war materials overseas.

A major accomplishment was that of training all the men, literally many raw off the farms, to handle the modern weapons of war at that time. Instructors had to be trained, courses had to be developed and schools set up. A massive effort. Ronald Reagan used his movie making talents in this training effort. One characteristic that the American at that time had was the desire to tinker, especially with cars and trucks. This served the war effort well.

Back here at home many things like sugar, butter, meat, gas, etc., were rationed. We received stamps indicating how much we could buy. Not many supermarkets at that time; I believe A&P was all we had. Much of the shopping was done in local stores, which seemed to be on every other corner of our town. Kids often were used as delivery boys on bikes to take orders to people who phoned in to the store for goods.

I don't remember doing without certain foods. I'm sure the rationing affected us, but we survived ok. I vaguely recall gathering milk weed pods for their "silk," which I believe was used in life vests.

My Uncle Byers used our car most of the time while my Dad was gone. So we walked a lot. The movie house, the Capitol Theater, wasn't too far away so we occasionally went there. I can't remember anything we saw. I do remember that an organist played to entertain us before the show. We had programs like Jack Benny on the radio. In the spring we would walk along the Conococheague Creek, a stream larger than most so called rivers in the Sierra's to see the violets in bloom. We would walk in fields that were loaded with "blue bells" that were so plentiful you could smell them from afar. It was only later that I learned that they were grape hyacinths that had gone wild.

We did have a lot of relatives around to give us support. My Granddad had a farm so I think we got to share in the bounty. I remember one time that my aunt and Grandmother, who were both rural elementary school teachers, took me along to spend the day at the school. That would have been before I started first grade in September 1944. Once in a while my Aunt Peg would pick me up to spend the day, which included lunch and a movie.

I liked to throw stones. Unfortunately, I chose to throw them at another kid across the street and was accurate enough to cause some damage to him. My Mother later, after chastising me for doing something dumb, took me out in the fields to throw stones to get it out of my system. Speaking of the briar patch.

Christmas's were not very big. I do remember getting a plastic bugle one year. Also got a toy consistent with the times. It was a box that had a mirror that you looked at which allowed you see the target below. Then you could drop darts with sharp points, shaped like bombs on the Nazi target. Try to have a toy like that today. Speaking of bombs, periodically a block buster bomb would be displayed in front of the post office as part of war bond drives.

My Dad was transferred to Leyte, Phillippines after it was secured to again set up recreational facilities. He like his duty there. He also sent back souvenirs from there including canes, bow and arrows, and other items used by the local people there. He also picked up a Japanese rifle that he got from an Aussie soldier. They all came back in a nice cruise box. I have some photos of the fireworks that were used there to celebrate after the war ended.

When VE day happened in May 1945 I was home from school with one of the many kid illnesses I had that first year of school. I remember the adults around were very happy, but they knew the war wasn't yet over.

I still have somewhere the newspaper that announced the dropping of the first atom bomb. We, of course, knew very little about the new weapon. A few days later we local kids were outside playing. We did a lot of that. One day in early evening of August 1945 we were under a beautiful elm tree about a block from our house in an open field. A pair of Baltimore Orioles, the bird, not the baseball team, always built a nest in this tree every year. Sadly, the tree eventually succumbed to the elm

disease that has decimated our elms. Anyhow, all of the sudden our Mothers started shouting hysterically for us to come home. We quickly learned that the war was finally over. We all piled into a neighbor's car and, with horns honking, joined the many others to cruise the main streets to celebrate.

There was a cost to the war, of course. I remember people pointing out one man who had survived the Bataan Death March and a POW camp and how the experience had affected him. One of my Mother's Aunt's sons was lost in Europe. One of the sons of a very athletic family, who had been a high school star, died in the war. The family was well known because all the sons were stand-outs in high school. One was the Captain of the basketball team at Penn State when I was there and I played on a high school team with another of the family. The kid across the street was in the unit that first crossed the bridge at Remagen, Germany. He showed me the wounds he suffered in his foot. There were many others that didn't make it home either.

Not long after the war ended the local families had a big picnic in our backyard. People had a good time after all the stress caused by the war. Fortunately, some photos of this celebration remain. I later learned that the Army Officer who lived behind us had imbibed a little too much and made passes at the ladies present.

My Dad didn't make it home until early 1946. There was a period of readjustment as he went back to his old job at the high school. The government made sure that returning veterans were able to return to their former positions in their civilian life. While I was in second grade my Dad did a show and tell with the souvenirs that he had picked up in the Philippines to the class.

With the end of the war civilian goods were much in demand and the economy boomed as war production disappeared. Veterans, thanks to the GI bill, were flocking back to school and buying houses in new developments like Levittown. My Dad used his to get an MS in guidance counseling. "South Pacific" became a big hit on Broadway, with Ezio Pinza the lead male singer. While the story was set during the war, the themes developed by James Mitchner were much broader than the war. Our neighbor who had originally come from Italy was very proud that an Italian was the lead male singer in the show. The series of "Victory at Sea," with its award-winning musical score by Rogers, became a big hit on TV, which now was becoming an entertainment marvel. A melody from this score later became "No Other Love Have I" used later in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Me."

Army and Navy stores sprouted and in our town, a business to sell jeeps, trucks, and other war surplus material opened.

While I'm sure we suffered some hardships during the war, we kids who were growing up in that period had a relatively good childhood experience. No bombs were dropped where we were. So for us it was an adventure without the danger. Not sure how all that experience affected our outlook on life. It certainly was not the traumatic time that our parents had with first the Depression and then the war itself.

—Steve Schlichter

Kurt Schlichter's New Book

Kurt Schlichter, Steve Schlichter's son, recently published a book—"Indian Country." Here is more information on the book, which is found on Amazon.com:

"It's all-out war for ruthless red state special operator Kelly Turnbull when he returns in this blockbuster prequel to "People's Republic," Kurt Schlichter's top selling novel of America after the polarized politics of blue versus red have split our country apart. "Indian Country" finds Turnbull sent back into the blue states to help those trapped inside resist a politically correct police state. As the progressive government ratchets up the violence, Turnbull must mold regular Americans into a fighting force capable of resisting the People's Republic Army, led by his former US Army Special Forces mentor."



Kurt's background is he worked as a television commentator, a Senior Columnist for Townhall.com, and is a retired Army infantry colonel. The book, "Indian Country," seems to draw on Kurt's past experiences.

Congratulations to Kurt on publishing this book!

Support Group for Caregivers

Taking care of a family member is sometimes difficult. Communication with others that have had similar experience can help. Our support group meets every 3rd Monday at the Crystal Springs Church at the bottom of Bunker Hill Drive, 2:00–4:00 PM in the Fireside room. A caregiver is available to take care of your loved one while we talk. Our goal is to assist you in finding help, equipment and support.

In addition to the monthly meetings, we send information about available classes and helpful caregiving tips by e-mail.

Dianne Weitzel 867-7298 kona_caves@juno.com



Little Dresses for Africa

The Third Thursday, 1–4 p.m.

Join Linda Litz to make dresses for children in Africa. You don't have to know how to sew to help.

Samaritan House needs: disposable diapers, baby food, nonperishable foods, personal hygiene products, toys, games, blankets, towels, used automobiles and trucks in good condition. Put food, etc. in the barrel in the Fireside Room.

STEWARDSHIP

Prayers, Presence, Gifts and Service

Prayers



Araceli Martinez, Jamie & Eric, Foa & Family, Epi & Family, Frank Coltart, Kathy Fanning, Inger Aadahl, Happy & her family, Ned Broyles, The Potts Family, Scott & Vivian Seago, Anthony H., William Orecchia & Family, Kelly, Paula Schlichter, Lois Scott, Lillian Boyles, Chris, Florence Chan, Lexi Saelua, Samuelu Family, Becky Allen, Flints, Shari Sedam, Stuart Hoffman, David Campbell, Margaret Alley, Shoups, Lois Scott, Judy Riedy, Darlene MacDonald, George Hobbs, Nancy Tamburello, Diane Musgrave, Priya & Johan, Loni Maama Jr., Frank Saelua, Gwendolyn Barnhart, Charlie G., Jim Morrissey, Don Diehl, Henri Rabb,

Jen & Bill, Dick Algire, Jan Brase, Julie Duffy, Paul Nebel, Roberto Avila, Kate Musgrave, Scott & Deb, Dolores Roscoe, Annie Jefferson, Amelia Landsman, Karen G., Laura Peterhans and the family of Mike Peterhans, Fergusons, Esther Kim, Bill, Carl, Middle East, Our Troops, Our Government, North Korea, Refugees, Syria, Turkey, France, Germany, Victims of Natural Disasters, the Immigrants.

Presence

(Attendance at church service)

2/5	70	3/19	50	4/30	40
2/12	59	3/26	43	5/7	87
2/19	55	4/2	43	5/14	46
2/26	43	4/9	56	5/21	53
3/5	47	4/16	75	5/28	59
3/12	41	4/23	45		

Please! Use the Buckets!

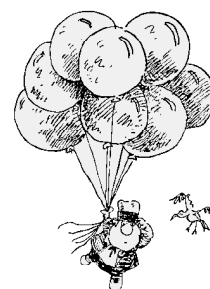
At each door at the end of each service, you'll find a small bucket (small so you can fill it!). The idea is to bring your pocket change to church to put into the buckets for Apportionments. While "small change" will in no way pay our Apportionments, it will go a long way toward reminding us of our share of A-Portion-Meant for others.

Our Purpose

To be a caring Church family that nurtures creative spiritual growth within ourselves and the community.

June, July, August Birthdays and Anniversaries

Jun. 2	Ann Weber & Karl Pope (A)	Jun. 30	Connie & Charlie Mobley-Ritter
Jun. 6	Inger Aadahl	Jul. 1	Laura Johnson
Jun. 7	Dick Madden	Jul. 13	Inger & Jorg Aadahl (A)
	Steve Mattes	Jul. 14	Paula & Steve Schlichter (A)
Jun. 8	John Musgrave	Jul. 17	Pat Leake
Jun. 10	Andrew Norman	Jul. 26	Jennifer & Steve Mattes (A)
Jun. 12	Tamara & Matt Rodney (A)	Jul. 28	Sarah Crane
Jun. 13	Jeanette Hobbs	Jul. 30	Elizabeth & Vince Kurr (A)
Jun. 15	Paula Schlichter	Jul. 31	Jenny Franklin
	India & Jay Gay (A)	Aug. 7	Steve Schlichter
Jun. 16	Jorg Aadahl	Aug. 8	Lynda Traves
	Bruce Heiman		Teresa Chung
Jun. 17	Maloti Veamatahau	Aug. 12	Elizabeth Kurr
Jun. 18	Judy Riedy	Aug. 19	Brigitte & Peter Shearer (A)
	Lavinia Orecchia	Aug. 22	Sharon & Joseph Garcia (A)
Jun. 20	Eni & Mele Veamatahau (A)	Aug. 26	Diane & John Musgrave (A)
Jun. 22	Benjamin Kurr	Aug. 27	Fehoke Tae
Jun. 24	Kahalley Anton	Aug. 28	Bev Madden
Jun. 25	Burce & Dede Heiman (A)		Jenny & Bob Franklin (A)
Jun. 29	Janie Conrad	Aug. 29	Ivoni Maama



Benefit Music Concert by Esther Kim

Crystal Springs UMC hosted a benefit music concert on Sunday, March 19th, 2017. The proceeds from the concert went to an organization called LifeMoves, which helps displaced people break out of the cycle of homelessness. The grand total raised at the concert was \$1560, which will help many individuals and families who are in need.

The music director was William Alley and the pianist was Kathleen Nelson.

The musicians included Joseph Duggan, Elisa Siasoco, Rebekah Rylant, Jeanette Sacco-Belli, Juan Castro, Antoinette Kauffman, Beyond Boundaries, Graduate students from Notre Dame de Namur University, Gloria Ting Wang, Yumi Kim, Michael Strelo-Smith, Chelsea Robinson, William Alley and Eric Ribeiro.

Some of the songs performed were “Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring,” “Saint James Infirmary Blues,” “I Wanna Thank You, Lord,” “The Butterfly,” “Once Upon a Time,”



“All of Me,” “I’m Alive.”

The concert was a huge success and we look forward to hosting another benefit concert such as this in the future.

—Esther Kim

CRYSTAL SPRINGS

United Methodist Church

2145 Bunker Hill Drive

San Mateo, CA 94402

Summer 2017

