



## Hey! I'm Tawkin' to Ya!– K.Shea

I got an ipod for Christmas. For you less than techy people (that would include me) it is a little doo hicky sort of the size of a playing card and maybe 1/8 inch thick or so. It has a screen on it and you plug it into your computer and with a little magic, music flows into it, like a gabillion songs, and then you can run around with this thing plugged into your head. You have your entire music collection in the palm of your hand. Remember the old days, when 50 record albums took up the space of one of those plastic commercial milk crates (on which is clearly written: "property of xyz dairy, all other uses constitute criminal activity". Well, I HEARD that 50 record albums would take up that much space. Oh, and the crate full of record albums weighed at least 50 pounds. Lots of weight to lug up 3 floors of a dorm – so I heard. For you techy junkies out there, a record album was this large plastic disc..., well, go to a museum, you will see one.

Anyway, I had a desire to own one of these ipods so I could download recordings of piano music and then while seated at the piano, I could play a little of the recording, then learn it bit by bit on the piano. Well, that was the theory anyway.

I like listening to the thing. With it plugged into my ears, I get the feeling I am seated in a concert hall. While "plugged in", it is really easy to be totally unaware of what is going on around you. Like, who is talking to you, or, who is coming up behind you on the sidewalk, or, what your husband (or wife) just asked of you. Sweet.

And then there are cell phones that you can talk on all day long, and then there is texting with which you can avoid face to face conversation forever, and there is tv which usually is blaring in the next room and ... There is noise everywhere.

Can you hear me? Can you hear anyone? Even if you are listening, do you HEAR me? The other day my husband asked if I wanted a certain kind of bread as he was doing the grocery shopping. "No," was my reply. "Okay," he says. "I am going to Dan's Market so I can pick some up." "No, that's okay, I am going to eat lettuce the rest of my life". "Oh, okay, then I will get a loaf". Critical decision point: start a fight about how he never listens to me, or, shut up, eat the bread and blame him for my inability to lose weight. I chose the latter, thought the blaming part will be in silence.

"Do you hear me? I won't scream at you," says God. How can you hear me through all the noise? I speak to you in the silence of a gentle rain. I speak to you in the darkness of the night. I speak to you when you are sitting in silence talking to me. I speak to you through your thoughts, your conscience, your "gut". I speak to you when you are marveling at my handiwork of mountains and butterflies and fields of golden wheat. If you have noise plugged in to your head, if you desire constant electronic chatter, you might miss my message. You might miss what I have to say. You might miss me saying "You are mine, and I love you."

# What's Going on?

## Find Us!

### In Dickinson:

75 3<sup>rd</sup> Street West, Just East of the Dickinson Public Library  
Office hours: Monday through Friday, 8 – 12.

### By Phone:

Church: 701-225-6150; Pastor's Residence: 701-225-2429;  
Pastor's Cell: 605-360-6752

### On the Web:

[www.dickinsonumc.org](http://www.dickinsonumc.org)

### By Email:

Pastor Dan Freed: [dan@dickinsonumc.org](mailto:dan@dickinsonumc.org);  
Newsletter Editor Kari Shea: [bighat7cows@msn.com](mailto:bighat7cows@msn.com)

## Wednesday Night Bible Study Welcomes All Ages

### Every Wednesday Night

5:00 – 6:00 pm (or longer depending on the conversation!)

### “What's the Bible All About?”

A discussion on how did the Books of the Bible get there,  
who wrote them, what is it all about???

Bring a sack lunch or sandwich.

Other goodies provided.

## Need Taped Sermons?

If you are unable to come to church and would like a cassette tape of the sermon delivered to your house, call the church office at 225-6150, or, call Kari Shea at 227-8292 and we will be happy to do so.

If you were in church and want a copy of the sermon because it touched your heart, just let Kari know and she will get you one.

You can also hear the sermons online at the website listed to the lower left.



Meets  
Wednesday, February 8  
5:30 PM

# What's Going On?

## Shoes for Peru

If you have gently used shoes in smaller adult sizes and any sizes for children, please consider sharing them with people in Peru. Kay Werremeyer will be continuously collecting shoes for this project. There is a plastic tote in the church lobby for the shoes. The only thing we ask is that you NOT share athletic shoes as gangs will commit murder just to take them away from someone. Thank you for sharing God's love in this simple way.



## Daffodils

The Cancer Society is taking orders for daffodil bunches. A sign up sheet will be in the church lobby. The daffodils will be delivered March 18 at the church. If you are interested in participating in this fund raiser, plus getting a blast of spring, see Connie Ladbury.

## Oilpatch Outreach

We have started reaching out to those who are employed in the oil field. These folks work long, hard hours in extreme conditions and often do not get a chance to come to church or to realize that others really appreciate their efforts. We started with serving coffee and rolls to the workers as they were going off to work. This was at the Oasis Motel on February 2. Please watch the announcements as we continue to find ways to minister to these workers. Contact Pastor Dan or Sheila Freed if you want to offer a hand.



## Caring Bridge

Mark Greenwood continues to be at Mayo struggling with an unknown illness that is causing blood clots and kidney problems. You can go to [www.caringbridge.com](http://www.caringbridge.com) and put markgreenwood (no spaces) for the page. You will have to sign up if you have never been to Caring Bridge before. You will be able to read about Mark's struggles and progress as they try to figure out this baffling disease and treat him properly. Pray for Mark as well as his family who stays by his side.

# From Pastor Dan's Desk



Midwinter greetings to you on this frosty day. To begin, Sheila and I want to thank you all for every kind gift you sent our way at Christmas. Some were thoughtful, some were generous, some were delicious. All of them were very much appreciated. For each of your gifts, and from our hearts, we sincerely want to say thank you.

I hope you are finding a warm place to read this. Yesterday the temperature here rarely seemed interested in getting much warmer than -9. The wind seemed so upset by this that it threw a temper tantrum, thrashing a -30 wind chill into everyone's face for most of the day. But as they say, "Change is good;" next week it's suppose to get into the 40's. Perhaps a good time for ice fishing?

Last year about this time a friend and I went ice fishing. One of our other friends in the church had an abandoned sand pit that some years ago he allowed to fill with water and then stock with pan fish for his grand kids. The pond was about a block and a half square, so when you fished in it, it felt a bit like filling your bathtub with water and then dropping your line. My friend and I struggled against a cutting afternoon wind to get all our equipment onto the pond and set up. My black canvas shelter, once pitched over a few holes and zipped up, is quiet, and warmly comfortable. We got the heater going and were soon peeling jackets and gloves. I don't know if you have been in an ice fishing dark house before. During daylight hours, the sunshine beams down onto the ice through any part of the ice sheet not covered over by snow, diffusing light into the ice and water of the pond. When all the windows and doors of a dark house are closed, the only light inside comes from the floor of ice, luminescent with a soft, light-green glow. Compared to regular fishing, ice fishing is more subtle. The baits and lures tend to be smaller, often painted with somewhat more subdued colors. Though bobbers are commonly used in all kinds of fishing to indicate a strike, those used for ice fishing need to be smaller so that even the smallest of nibbles can be detected. Fish are cold blooded, meaning their body temperature is the same as the water in which they live. As the water temperature drops to just above freezing, their metabolism, stamina, and strength all diminish as well. There is also less oxygen in the water for them to breathe since the ice sheet separates the air above from the water below. They move much more slowly and deliberately, almost carefully.

We hooked on minnows, and ran our lines through the ice. My friend unpacked his thermos, a couple cups, and a couple baggies of homemade cookies, and soon the warming air in the shelter swirled with the aroma of fresh, hot coffee, and the sound of relaxed, friendly chatter. The fishing was pretty slow that day, but we didn't care. My friend's bobber finally stirred and then submerged into its hole. He burst out laughing as he pulled out a 3 ½ inch bluegill. Unlike me, he was used to catching lots of fish, and often times big fish. A few minutes later, I caught one that wasn't the same one that he caught, but could have been. Shortly after that I got another one that was even smaller. It was a perch that was about 3 inches long. In fact it was so small I could only wonder at how it managed to get its tiny face around the girth of my minnow it had tried to eat.  
***(continued page 5)***

**(continued from page 4)** I refitted my line with a lure that looked like a minnow only a bit larger, figuring that even though I would be less likely to actually catch something with it, if I did, it would at least be bigger than the bait we had brought. Its balsa wood body required me to give it a little life with occasional light jerks. Very soon after that I got a hit that was anything but subtle. My short ice rod dipped suddenly toward the hole, and soon my light action reel started into a high pitched buzz as whatever it was on the other end of my line swam away with power and determined will. With one hand I clutched my rod, which very desperately wanted to jump into the hole, and with the other fumbled to adjust up the drag of my reel so that if the fish was going to strip all my line, it would at least have to work a little harder for it. Perhaps in its weakened winter state it would tire out before breaking the last wrap of line on my reel. How thrilled I was when the buzzing of my reel slowed then then stopped. As I worked to bring it in, sometimes the fish was winning, at other times I was winning. I figured it had to be a decent sized fish by its powerful pull, but since the pond was so small, I couldn't imagine it being VERY big. As I finally got it close, I saw it swim across the bottom of the hole. It did seem to be decent sized, but then I noticed that in the process of the fight, it had rolled into the line, entangling it around one of its front bottom fins. This meant that as I pulled on the line to bring it up through the hole, it came to the bottom of the hole belly first, catching its chin and tail on the bottom edges of the hole and preventing it from coming up through. I thought that if I lose a nice fish because I can't get it out of the ice, I will be officially upset. After a few gentle tugs to get it pointed upward, the fish suddenly disentangled its fin from the line. Immediately it slipped straight up and out of the hole. We could tell it was perhaps a couple feet long, but because the only light in the house was coming from the glow of the ice on which it was laying we couldn't tell what kind of fish it was. My friend clicked on his cap light and directed its beam to give us a first good look at what turned out to be a 5.8 pound, 24 inch Walleye. We were stunned. How could there be such a nice sized fish in such a bathtub sized pond? How indeed. And yet there he was.

Jesus compared the work of the Kingdom of God to the enterprise of fishing. Sometimes I sense that we see our little corner of the Kingdom of God here in Dickinson as a rather small pond in which there are a great many fish, but few of them worth the time and energy required to gather our equipment and friends, go to the pond, grind a few holes through the ice, and drop our lines to the fish below with something worth striking. Historically, most churches begin their life cycle very much interested in the catch. In spite of the conditions ranging from breath-takingly beautiful to life threatening, or the equipment issues they must untangle, splint, or resolve as their adventure unfolds, their focus is definitely directed outward from themselves, and toward the "catch." Unfortunately, as time passes, more and more of a church's energy gets turned away from the catch, and is instead directed inwardly toward themselves. Those who used to find any excuse to load the trunk, pick-up a friend, head to the lake, and get their line in the water, now content themselves with friendly banter with other anglers at the bait shop with adventures of big ones back when, or else staying home reading articles in fishing magazines about the latest and greatest fishing equipment, or rumors of newly discovered hot spots.

Yet while there are similarities between fishing and the work of the Kingdom of God there are also significant differences. Perhaps the greatest of these is that when you catch a fish to serve for dinner, it dies. When you catch people for the Kingdom of God they get to live for ever. Over the course of the last seven or so months of living in Dickinson, I **(continue on page 6)**

**(continued from page 5)** have encountered several people who have openly confessed that if they wouldn't have found Jesus, they would be dead, or that meeting Jesus has literally saved their life. The desperate places and bondages from which they have been rescued were beyond the capacity of their own or any other human help. And yet, our uneasy reserve to reach out, not just to the worst of the worst, but even the best of the best, is by now embarrassingly legendary. If people are friends, we hold back, worried that they will feel embarrassed, judged, or bothered. If they are people we don't know, we feel they might believe we are trying to "cram religion down their throat." We have based these beliefs on every lousy example of sharing God's love and mercy we have ever encountered. But think about it. If you and I am talking about root beer recipes, and you say to me, "Say, have you ever tried adding a little extra vanilla to the batch? It really adds a delightful creamy taste." and then I reply, "What is it about you root beer people, why are you always trying to cram vanilla down someone's throat?" Such a response would make it sickeningly clear that my real issues go much deeper than anything having to do with root beer, vanilla, or recipe enhancing suggestions. At the end of the day, our reserve in sharing God's love and mercy is much less about our friends feeling embarrassed, or that we fear they will feel we are judging them, or that we are a bother to them. The issue is much more likely that WE are the ones that feel embarrassed, that WE fear being judged with a negative and pejorative label of "religious," "Christian," "intolerant," "Jesus Freak," "do-gooder,:" or "hypocrite." WE are the ones who feel "bothered," annoyed that God hasn't somehow by now worked out a fishing method by which the fish simply jump into the boat, leaving our lives unencumbered with inconvenient commitments to God's work.

It seems that the little pond of people in which the Dickinson United Methodist Church for so many years has fished, has been flooded with a downpour of new people to our area. Thus our little pond has breached its banks, covered over quiet waving wheat fields, and even submerged land in neighboring states. That we stagger at all the new issues surrounding the uncountable number of fish there are, where they are gathering, what they are biting on, and how we might then rig our lines to bring them in, is understandable. But one option that right now I don't believe God would smile on, would be for everyone to sit around the bait shop and assure ourselves into paralysis that this unprecedented influx of people is daunting beyond our belief, memory, and ability to positively effect, and then pour another cup of coffee and talk about how good it was when we could fish in our own little pond. We are not talking about notches on anyone's belt, or trophies on anyone's wall. The work of the Kingdom of God is a thousand miles in the exact opposite direction of such self obsessed pride. Remember? Unlike regular fishing, in which the fish that you catch dies, when you fish for people, the ones you catch get to live.

Has there ever been a time in your life when God did something for you that you so deeply appreciated? Is there something God has brought you through that left you with a powerful nugget of wisdom about life, and about God? Is there someone you know, with whom you are often in friendly conversation, who could benefit from any such gemstones that God has given you? If you are unsure, just ask God to bring someone to mind. Then ask God to help you see them with the value in which God sees them, and then show you how to proceed. When you know and care for someone well enough to want their best in life, and when you sense some piece of your story with God could be received by them as the gift that it is, then offering them that life nugget almost certainly will be experienced by them as the valued gift it truly is. In a court of law such a

**(continue on page 7)**

**(continued from page 6)** person is called a “witness,” that is, someone who simply tells the court what they saw and experienced. We don't have to have the answer to every question, we just need to have the answer God revealed to our question. We can't predict what everyone's experience of God will be like, but we can relate what our experience of God is or has been.

Into this time in our history, God is gathering people from every state of our union, and pouring them into the Bakken and Williston Basin oil plays. Two important questions come to mind: What if each one that we catch gets to live ( I did not say gets to come to our church)? And what if God actually believes we are just the right people to do this?

With You Baiting a Hook,  
Dan



### **Miriam Circle**

February 13<sup>th</sup>

2:30 p.m

At the Church

Hostess & Program: Lynda Rustand

### **Ruth Circle**

February 1

9:30 a.m.

At Norma Newton's House

Hostess: Norma Newton

Program: Nancy Clark

### **United Methodist Men**

Wednesday, January 11<sup>th</sup>

5:30 p.m.

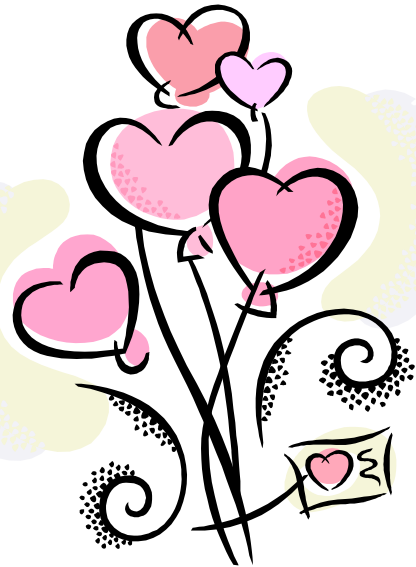
At the Church

### **United Methodist Women**

Thursday, February 9<sup>th</sup>

At the Church

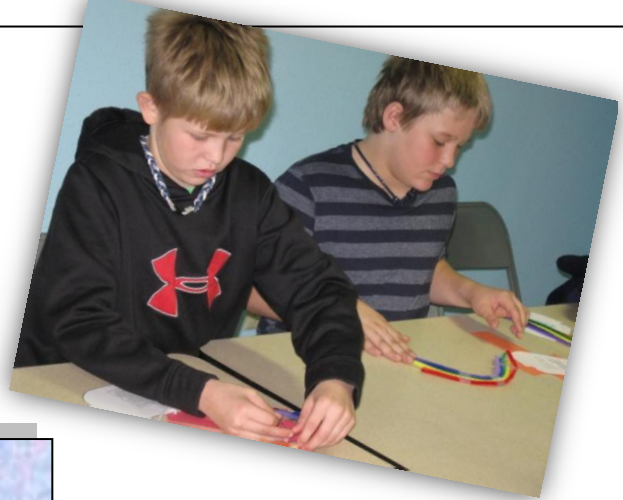
Hostess: Robyn Nadvornik



# More

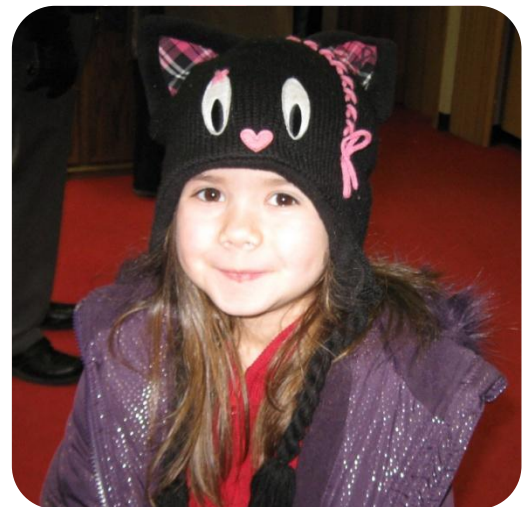


**CHILDREN'S CHURCH** meets weekly after the Children's moment in the sanctuary. This special time is just for the kids with stories and activities to keep them busy and learning in special ways. Thank you to all the teachers who help out. If you have a special interest in kids, you are welcome to join us! For more information, call Sherrie Gunsch 701-483-4973.



## Altar Committee

We have an opening on the Altar committee. If you would like to help decorate the altar for a month in the year, please see Eloise Leggate for more information



# Celebrations & Stuff

## Birthdays

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Joe Mosbrucker
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Sally Herauf Lee Mehrer
4 <sup>th</sup>	Shelly Fleck
5 <sup>th</sup>	Katharine Dalton Darryl Heim Jarri Newton Erin Pirkl
6 <sup>th</sup>	Grant Lundberg
8 <sup>th</sup>	Deb Grenz Kaylynn Volesky
9 <sup>th</sup>	Delores Ackerman Florence Bergman Dean Oe Lynda Rustand
10 <sup>th</sup>	Angela Cole Sheila Hannum
11 <sup>th</sup>	Cora Duck Teghan Hoff
14 <sup>th</sup>	Lucille Pier
15 <sup>th</sup>	Dawn Dewey Mandy Burman
16 <sup>th</sup>	Rick Hutchens Billy Rase Briggs Wanner
17 <sup>th</sup>	Deja Lawrence
20 <sup>th</sup>	Abigail O'Brien
21 <sup>st</sup>	Jackson Diede
24 <sup>th</sup>	Rod Burman
25 <sup>th</sup>	Ryan Diede Geoff Greenwood
26 <sup>th</sup>	Bill Herauf Mercedes Porter
28 <sup>th</sup>	Andrew Heckaman Jim Weber

## Anniversaries

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Frank & Louise Pearson
14 <sup>th</sup>	Bruce & Lucille Pier
24 <sup>th</sup>	Howard & Melissa Gordon

## Thoughts to Hang On to:

1] Prayer is not a "spare wheel" that you pull out when in trouble; it is a "steering wheel" that directs us in the right path throughout life.

2] Do you know why a car's WINDSHIELD is so large & the rear view mirror is so small? Because our PAST is not as important as our FUTURE. So, look ahead and move on.

3] Friendship is like a BOOK. It takes few seconds to burn, but it takes years to write.

4] All things in life are temporary. If going well enjoy it, it will not last forever. If going wrong don't worry, it can't last long either.

5] Old friends are like Gold! New friends are Diamonds! If you get a Diamond, don't forget the Gold! Because to hold a Diamond, you always need a base of Gold!

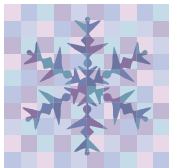
6] Often when we lose hope and think this is the end, GOD smiles from above and says, "Relax, sweetheart, it's just a bend, not the end!"

7] When GOD solves your problems, you have faith in HIS abilities; when GOD doesn't solve your problems HE has faith in your abilities.


8] A blind person asked St. Anthony: "Can there be anything worse than losing eye sight?" He replied: "Yes, losing your vision."

9] When you pray for others, God listens to you and blesses them; and sometimes, when you are safe and happy, remember that someone has prayed for you.

10] WORRYING does not take away tomorrow's TROUBLES; it takes away today's PEACE.



# February

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			<b>1</b> <b>9:30 Ruth Circle</b> <b>5:00 PM Adult Study</b> <b>6:00 PM Choir</b> <b>7:00 PM Youth</b>	<b>2</b> 5:30 PM Worship Team	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>5</b> <b>8:30 AM Prayer Worship</b> <b>10:00 AM Sunday Worship</b> Children's Church	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> 9:00 AM Bible Study <b>6:00 PM Trustees</b>	<b>8</b> <b>5:00 PM Adult Study</b> <b>5:30 United Methodist Men</b> 6:00 PM Choir 7:00 PM Youth Group	<b>9</b> 5:30 PM Worship Team <b>7:00 PM United Methodist Women</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>12</b> <b>8:30 AM Prayer Worship</b> <b>10:00 AM Sunday Worship &amp; Children's Church</b> <b>11:15 AM Potluck Dinner</b> <b>Committee Meetings</b>	<b>13</b> <b>2:30 PM Miriam Circle</b>	<b>14</b> 9:00 AM Bible Study	<b>15</b> 5:00 Adult Study 6:00 Choir 7:00 Youth	<b>16</b> 5:30 Worship Team	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>19</b> <b>8:30 AM Prayer Worship</b> <b>10:00 AM Sunday Worship</b> Children's Church	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b> 9:00 AM Bible Study	<b>22</b> 5:00 Adult Study 6:00 Choir 7:00 Youth	<b>23</b> 5:30 Worship Team	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>26</b> <b>8:30 AM Prayer Worship</b> <b>10:00 AM Sunday Worship</b> Children's Church	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> 9:00 AM Bible Study	<b>29</b> 5:00 Adult Study 6:00 Choir 7:00 Youth			





# Need a Valentine?

If you want to experience  
True Love  
Pure Love  
Genuine Love that never fails  
Come meet God  
At His House  
Sundays at 10:00  
He is waiting for you!

Dickinson United Methodist Church  
PO Box 368  
Dickinson ND 58601  
Return Address Requested

Sending Greetings to: