

BROADCASTER

news and announcements from broadmoor presbyterian church in daly city, ca

“Walking together, experiencing and sharing God’s love.”

AUGUST 2020

We never closed.

We have shifted
We have adapted
We have changed

We have struggled
We have had technical difficulties
We have extended grace

We never closed.

We have laughed
We have wept
We have wondered

We have celebrated
We have grieved
We have yearned

We never closed.

We have lost connections to some
We have found new relationships with others
We have lived the fullness of the Table of God

We never closed.

We have worshiped in new ways together
Praying together
Confessing together
Hearing together
Singing out of sync “together”
Being sent into the world to serve together

We never closed.

Someday we will gather again
Someday we will hug again
Someday we will fully rejoice in this expanding
Body of Christ that God is revealing before us.

But that day has not yet come.

So for now, we will continue being the gathered
Church
Called together
Praying together
Exploring the World together
Serving together

We are the church.
We are the Body of Christ.
We never closed.

— Rev. Bruce Reyes Chow

Reflections

Judy Burnham

Summer in My House

First of all, I am so grateful to have my dog, Paisley. She sleeps next to me at night, plays during the day, and enjoys going to the Bay Park in San Mateo with me.

Because I like to paint watercolors, I decided to paint one for Paisley. Some of you saw it when I showed it on a Thursday morning Zoom.

Finally, I thank Broadmoor for giving me my Upper Room when I use my bible each morning. Also, I thank Eunice Brabec for giving me the [Healing After Loss for Daily Meditations](#). Love and thanks be to God!

Scott Cuyjet

Hi, My name is Scott Cuyjet and I am a Nurse Practitioner at the Daly City Youth Health Center. I am Janice Asfoor's son-in-law. I wrote this poem in response to the death of George Floyd and others who have been killed because of the color of their skin.

I am a 51 year old light skinned black man and I am afraid.

I am afraid to leave my house.

I am afraid to drive my car.

I am afraid to travel in the US.

I am afraid to live.

I am afraid to protest.

I am afraid for my children, especially my boys.

I am afraid of the police.

And I am afraid to share this.

Marian Hardin

When Janice asked for stories about life during the quarantine, my first reaction was to decline because there is so little to tell. I'm already accustomed to living alone so staying sheltered-in-place presented no problems. However, while unable to attend church during these past several months, I've greatly missed the opportunity for worship, choir, Presbyterian Women, and the warm fellowship they all offer.

Instead of looking at my deprivations, let's look instead at the gains. Thanks to the remarkable efforts of Pastor Andrew with Zoom, worship and Session and Thursday morning fellowship enhance our lives. Thanks to Janet Haddox, we continue to praise God with song during worship. My not driving to church several times a week improves the environment. (I now drive only once a week to the grocery shop with the "early bird" Seniors.)

The simple joys – enjoying family and friends, walking in the neighborhood, reading, gardening, admiring bright flowers, trying a new recipe, waving to neighbors -- have taken on fresh meaning with a perspective on the things that really matter. Although the church may no longer return to what we once knew, we have an opportunity to forge ahead, find "a new thing," and continue to offer hope to all in the future.

Judith Kell

Our Finest Hour(s)
Or The Best is Yet to Come!

These past few months (without the usual church going Sundays, without attendance at the rites of passage for our loved ones, without celebrating graduations, birthdays, anniversaries or retirements of good friends) have been like no others, and have affected me in ways I will remember, but in other ways that I can't predict or foresee.

What has helped me to get through this is the abundance of love, pragmatism, selflessness and creativity that I have seen so many folks bring to every challenge.

I, and all with whom I've interacted, have had to reshape and rebuild our lives. The best analogy is that it has been like building a plane that is racing down the runway. And now, after months that have seemed like years, instead of taking a break, I am trying to think about what might happen next with our loved ones, our own lives, our state, our country and our world. I feel far from being ready to rest.

This pandemic has underscored the inequities around me. I have been made much more aware of disparities in health care, access to employment, availability of healthy foods and, just generally, untold resources that I once felt that most of us took for granted.

I am calmed to think that even now, God's light is shining through all of our challenges and will continue to guide us through.

Penny and Gerry Manis

Here are some moments experienced by us during this pandemic:

- watching grandchildren play with masks on just 10 feet from you and not being able to hug them
- not being able to celebrate birthdays in person
- realizing (unbelievably) that all the churches and schools...and most stores are not open
- reading a lot
- knitting
- playing the piano
- working on clocks
- doing crosswords
- spending more time in the garden
- not being able to eat in a restaurant
- running low on certain paper items and not being able to find them and getting groceries through "Drive and Go" with Safeway
- having wonderful family members get items we can't
- wearing a mask (we have about 5 each) most of the day
- being able to connect on Zoom with the church and family 😊
It's been fun!!!!!!



Geraldine Thompson

Remaining in the house Monday thru Friday is no problem but Saturday and Sunday is a problem. March seems such a long time ago,

especially when you cannot visit family members and they cannot visit you.

I have several meetings in San Francisco, one is at night, but during the pandemic are cancelled and I'm happy. Yes, I miss the night meeting but parking was very difficult and I had to walk at least a block to get to the meeting. My Saturday was normally lunch or walking at the shopping center with my daughter. Sunday seems strange because I was not able to go to church, shake hands or hug, I miss that. I'm trying hard to grasp Zoom. As long as it takes, I thank God for each day that I am not sick.

I wonder how long we will have to wear masks? Some health care doctors say that the virus will still be around next summer. I hope for the best and pray for all people around the world who have the virus, recovered and for the families that have lost loved ones. Stay safe.

Gregg Hardin

What have I been doing during the Covid-19 crisis? Well, I have spent even more time with myself. For those who know me that shouldn't be a big surprise. I was sheltering-in-place long before the crisis took hold of this planet, only back in the day it was called self-isolation, or just being anti-social. In my case, it was being a hermit!

For me it has been a time of great reflection on where I have been and when I am going. I don't think I am satisfied being in one place for too long and am usually in transition from one state of being to the next.

Other than all of that, I have taken on several projects, the first of which was to digitize the family slides into several slideshows, which was stressful and fun at the same time. These were photos that my father had saved into slide format and previously could only be seen on a slide projector. He had a little less than 1800 slides, so this was a major undertaking for a couple of months.

Another hobby which I have been fascinated with, and always fail at, is working on Sudoku puzzles. Meaning "one-number," these little devils are frustrating, challenging and fun when you get the occasional one done. Working on them is something akin to gambling to me. Sometimes I win, sometimes not. It seems random that 1 out of 5 of them will go right, but it is that one of five that makes me go back for more.



And then, still talking about puzzles, there is another form of puzzle that I am good at, jigsaw puzzles. I

have completed somewhere between a half to a full dozen of them--I really have lost count how many--and I enjoy building them and then using mod podge or suns out puzzle preservers. These puzzle preservers are glue that runs down through the cracks between the pieces and solidifies them into a frame-able picture piece.

I have gotten quite fond of my own cooking as a result of being my own househusband. I can cook a mean mild chili in my 5-quart slow cooker, can make spaghetti and have made meatloaf and omelets when the need arises. And when I am especially stressed about Covid 19, I clean the apartment, but I try to curtail that impulse.



Annette & Dennis Shreve

FAITH OVER FEAR

Nine weeks after being Sheltered In Place our family had an additional layer added to the current SIP. More than ever we wanted to be together. We knew we couldn't but we had technology that allowed us to see each other virtually. It wasn't what we would have preferred but it was the second best thing and it did bring a level of comfort.

We were reminded when faced with adversity that it is possible to change the past narrative that we had witnessed and we could make a change, keep positive and above all have "Faith over Fear." Faith, positivity, strength, wisdom, love and support of family and friends have been

our cornerstone. Has every day been perfect? Of course not. Have we had each other to lean on? ALWAYS.

Back to what we have been doing during SIP. I have been scratch baking and sewing and consider myself a bit of a "Pioneer Woman" ha-ha. Women who actually experienced living on a farm/ranch have told me that I may be romanticizing the situation a bit. Dennis has been gardening, and our backyard looks so beautiful. Some of our family members remind him that over the last 40 years he has moved the same garden rocks from one side to the other several times.

Over the years we have had a love/ hate relationship with technology, probably some of you might agree. Having said that through this SIP, technology has allowed us to keep in touch with family and friends. Virtual worship and Thursday meditation has been so important and it has allowed us to see and worship with our church family. We have had Zoom get togethers with our family on Sunday nights that brought laughter during a time when it was so needed. We also join our friends virtually on a weekly basis enjoying a virtual dinner date sharing our joys, triumphs and fears. We are grateful for our neighbors John & Jane who share the bountiful harvest from their garden, fresh vegetables on our plates most nights.

I would like to leave you with a quote passed onto me by a very wise woman of our church. "Every day may not be good, but there's something good in every day."

Blessing to all.

Stephanie McDonald

Covid, Covid, Covid...You're a thief and a bully and you've stolen from all of us. Never mind your cute, tight, pink curls atop your round, purple head. We see you clearly now. You're a criminal.

Your first egregious crime was stealing life. You rolled in armless and legless and sucked the breath out of the grey hairs, the infirm, the vulnerable. Then you hid inside the young and the healthy and used them like freeways conveying you to your next location. Eating, eating, eating. Glutton.

You waited outside our doorways, knowing we were inside cowering. We've been forced to go to ground by a larger predator. Usually we are the predators on this planet, but not this time. We've always been able to fight back at the darkness. We've always been able to prevail. Not now. Not this time. You eat and eat, nibbling away at our confidence, our joy, our aliveness. We zombie walk, faces masked, afraid to inhale a deep breath in the presence of another.

We thought you would tire of your macabre game. Then you revealed your friend - Despair, waiting in the wings in full black regalia. The stage was set for her dark persona to emerge, sweeping aside hope and leaving unrequited longing in its place. We want our old lives back.

Even when we thought we were rebelling, gathering in great hordes as if there was safety in numbers, you laughed behind your hand. Silly humans. You waded in among us with the ease of a lawnmower. You sneaky thug. Put up your

dukes and fight fair.

This will be your undoing: you underestimate us. The same energy that produced you produced us, and we have survived millennia. You're an upstart who has been hiding out, waiting to squeeze through an opening. Yeah, you're virulent, you're strong, but so are we. Just look how we populate this earth.

See who has the last laugh.

Inspiration

AIM SO HIGH YOU'LL NEVER GET BORED

The greatest waste of our natural resources is the number of people who never achieve their potential.

Get out of that slow lane.

Shift into that fast lane.

If you think you can't, you won't.

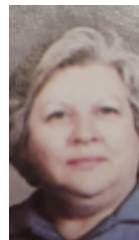
If you think you can, there's a good chance that you will.

Even making the effort will make you feel like a new person.

Reputations are made by searching for things that can't be done and doing them.

Aim low: boring. Aim high: **soaring**. —MJH

Church Family Update



Condolences for former BPC member Meg Cummins King, who passed away recently. Prayers for her daughter Vicki and their families.

Although he was not a BPC church member, Roy



was certainly BPC family.

**Roy (Bud)
William Oakley,
Jr.**

May 28, 1948
-June 11, 2020

“Playing music has always been for everyone, and we must remember that there is and will always be joy in making music and the minute we think it is only for professionals to make the music, we will have lost a great gift.” — VSF parent

The world lost a dear, sweet generous and talented man when he succumbed to complications following emergency surgery. Bud was born in the town of Ross in Marin County, California. He started piano lessons with his mother and then switched to violin when he was six.

Bud’s extensive training served him well. He was a member of the Oakland and Marin Symphonies; subbed in the San Francisco Symphony; was concertmaster of the Lamplighters orchestra; and he was an elegant chamber musician and soloist his whole life!

He and his violinist wife Lynn started their own violin studio in 1975 and in 1995, they formed an association with other instrumental teachers’

studios to establish a 501© (3) non-profit organization called the Villa Sinfonia Foundation, which just celebrated its 25th Anniversary in January.

Bud was preceded in death by his parents, Roy and Margaret Oakley. He is survived by his loving wife Lynn Oakley, his son Lt. Col. Thomas Oakley and daughter-in-law Angela Zapior Oakley and beloved grandchildren Genevive and Thomas Oakley, his sister Joanne Sith, nieces Debra Long and Kelly Smith and cousins Linda Champion, Laura Duggan and Bob Ritter.

The family had a private funeral in South Lake Tahoe and as soon as Covid-19 restrictions allow, they will have a celebration of Bud’s life. Please let Lynn Oakley know if you wish to be notified of the date.

Please consider donations to St. Jude or to the Villa Sinfonia Foundation, in Bud’s memory.

May you rest in Heaven.



Harmony Park | All Are Welcome
“Make a joyful noise to the Lord”

This cute little park sits behind the Mill City Presbyterian Church, Mill City, Oregon

Broadmoor Memorial Fund

Acknowledgements for July 2020

In Memory of ***Holy Hing***

Contributions made by:

Riyad Asfoor
CVS Pharmacy Family
DPR Construction Team
Fay & John Fung
Eric Hing
Marilyn Hing
Grace O. Hing
Lisa, Glenn, Tod & Paul Hing
Robert & Alice Hing
Margie King
Helen Lin
Geraldine Thompson
Paul Wen
David Wing for the Soho C. Wing Family
A. Soho Wing

In Memory of ***Jackie Hon***

Contribution made by:

Ricky & Flora Hon

Broadmoor Memorial Fund

Honor or memorialize loved ones - print this form and submit it to the office.

<http://bit.ly/BPCMorialFundForm>

Compost - Recycle - Garbage

Compost Bin

ORGANICS ONLY - Dirty paper ; paper plates, cups, and napkins. Dirty cardboard; pizza and donut boxes. Food scraps and bones.
NO PLASTIC, NO METAL, NO GLASS.

Recycle Bin

CLEAN ONLY - Clean paper, clean cans, clean glass and plastic bottles; aluminum foil and pans.
NO DIRTY PAPER - paper plates, cups or napkins.

Contact Information








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August 2020

broadmoor presbyterian church, daly city broadmoorpres.org		Church Calendar: bit.ly/BPCProgram		* Facilities Calendar : bit.ly/BPCFacility		
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Sunday Morning Worship via Zoom 10:00 am		PLEASE WEAR  A MASK				1 <u>HELEN NICELY BD</u>
Communion 3 Rev. Karen Thistlethwaite Worship Team 11:30 am via Zoom Friendship Day		4 <u>CHRISTINA</u> <u>ROBLES BD</u> Fellowship Night 7:00 pm Zoom Bingo.	5 MIG <u>IBARRIENTOS BD</u> <u>JULIAN CUYJET BD</u>	6 Meditation Group 10:00 am via Zoom	7	8 <u>DOUG</u> <u>SNODGRASS BD</u>  National Clown Day
Guest Preacher 9 Ashley Reid Deacons 11:30 am via Zoom Book Lovers Day	10 <u>MATTHEW</u> <u>HADDOX BD</u> Al-Anon District 25 7:30 pm TH	11	12	13 Meditation Group 10:00 am via Zoom Left Handers Day	14	15
16 Tell A Joke Day	17	18 Fellowship Night 7:00 pm Zoom Bingo	19	20 Meditation Group 10:00 am via Zoom <u>LIANA HARTANTO BD</u> <u>JACKSON SNODGRASS</u> Session 7:00 pm via Zoom	21 <u>AILEEN</u> <u>SNODGRASS BD</u>	22
23 Mission Team 11:30 via Zoom <u>EVAN SNODGRASS BD</u>	24 Be Kind to HumanKind Week	25	26 	27 Meditation Group 10:00 am via Zoom Global Forgiveness Day	28	29
30	31	Bless us, Lord, this year with quietness of mind- Teach us to be patient and always to be kind. Show us that in quietness we can feel your presence near, filling us with joy and peace throughout the year. -Helen Steiner Rice		CR - Calvin Room GR - Geneva Room TH - Tweedie Hall WR - Westminster Rm	Follow/Like us on Facebook 	

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