

BROADCASTER

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

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

JANUARY 2021

A Season in Review

Author unknown, an inspiring message for us
ALL and ALL a good night ??

T'was a month before Christmas
and all through the town,
people wore masks that covered their frown.

The frown had begun way back in the Spring,
when a global pandemic changed everything.

They called it corona, but unlike the beer,
It didn't bring good times, it didn't bring cheer.

Contagious and deadly, this virus spread fast,
Like a wildfire that starts when fueled by gas.

Airplanes were grounded, travel was banned.
Borders were closed across air, sea and land.

As the world entered lockdown
to flatten the curve,
the economy halted, and folks lost their verve.

From March to July we rode the first wave,
people stayed home, they tried to behave.

When summer emerged
the lockdown was lifted.
But away from caution, many folks drifted.

Now it's November and cases are spiking,
wave two has arrived, much to our disliking.

Frontline workers, doctors and nurses,
try to save people from riding in hearses.

This virus is awful, this COVID-19.
There isn't a cure, there is no vaccine.

It's true that this year has had sadness a plenty,
We'll never forget the year 2020.

And just 'round the corner - the holiday season,
But why be merry? Is there even one reason?

To decorate the house and put up the tree,
when no one will see it, no-one but me.

But outside my window the snow gently falls,
and I think to myself, let's deck the halls!

So, I gather the ribbon, the garland and bows,
as I play those old carols, my happiness grows.

Christmas ain't cancelled and neither is hope.
If we lean on each other, I know we can cope.



Janice Asfoor

Every day has a story. Today is no different. I woke up in my new apartment with one mission. You see I've been eyeing a green lawn chair discarded in the trash room. Oh it had a crack but it was so shiny and I just knew it would be perfect on my little patio. I could have my morning coffee there with my granddaughter's Mickey Mouse tea table to hold the cup. I planned this for weeks hoping the chair was not gone. And so this morning I snuck down and like a thief I grabbed it. I placed it on the patio and sat and well you guessed it. The tiny crack cracked and with a loud splat I found myself sitting on the cement. And the worst insult, as I was sneaking it back to where I had found it, a custodian saw me and reminded me that dumping furniture was not allowed. Oh my!!! luckily nothing got broken except for my dignity. So this Christmas season when sadness abounds. I hope we can all find something to make us laugh even if it is at yourself.

Wishing you Peace and Health in the New Year with a reminder that kindness is everything. See you in the coming year. God's Blessings.

Penny & Gerry Manis

A few years ago Gerry and I and some friends took our annual trip to San Francisco to see Union Square, Macy's and the lights. We ate at Scoma's on the Wharf and started back over the hill on a cable car, the Powell Street line. At the top of the hill, next to Lombard Street (crookedest street in the world), the cable partly

broke! With everyone quite nervous, we were asked to get off the cable car. We then had the magical, unexpected challenge of walking down Lombard Street late at night to get another cable car on Columbus Street...then to Union Square and Macy's. Quite an experience to remember!!

Gregg Hardin

My so-called disability of paranoia has been a huge asset because it keeps me from being around large groups of people, and keeps me from getting the Covid 19 during the pandemic. I am not exchanging my germs with pretty much everyone else. I only go out when I have a doctor's appointment, need to buy something or wash my clothes.

This is just one of the diseases where isolating myself has decreased the possibility of getting it. When the Covid 19 hit the United States, in the latter part of March, I felt responsible for the quarantining as my birthday is March the 13th. I see the pandemic as if I had done something wrong, and one more thing to feel guilty about. After a while though I realized that my theory was faulty and didn't hold up to close scrutiny.

I did what everyone of us did when quarantining was necessary. I did jigsaw puzzles, tried to avoid crowds (which is easy) and took long walks through the neighborhood. Also, I penned a book for Nanowrimo, which is a 30 day contest where one writes 50,000 words; I did this in November. I have produced such works in 2017 and 2019, so I was due to write another in 2020.

What struck me about the pandemic is that a baby takes 9 months from conception to birth. I am not sure what “baby” we are expecting. I don’t want to say that the Christ child was produced this way, although that is where my mind goes at times.

I am looking forward to change. Change in leadership of our country, and hope I make sufficient changes in myself to adapt to the situations as they present themselves. I am somewhat fascinated, frustrated and repulsed by reading the headlines and the only portion of the many books written about this period of time.

I am also interested to see if I can move out. I have been in the current apartment since 2011 and it is time for me to look into moving. The rent where I live is slowly but steadily increasing every year, and the people here come and go, and it has gotten old, and too fast. The people move in and out like the changing of the seasons. There are nice moments of calm amidst the squalor and noise from neighbors.

The Covid 19 virus has given me time to contemplate my life, to grow in faith and trust that what I want out of life will come true. Those things that have challenged me the most are quite often those that have helped me to grow.

Allison King

One Christmas I asked my Dad what his best Christmas was as a kid. He said he didn’t have one. It was during the depression and they had money for a home and food. That was it and it was understood.

I thought about what he said for a month. It bothered me a lot. After a month, I came up with an idea to give my Dad and Mom the most memorable Christmas ever. 🧑‍🎄 ♀

So I made a list. 600 dollars in one dollar bills for Mom so she could use them not for tipping strippers but for garage sale money. 600 dollars in change for my Dad. He would not accept cash any other way. Challenge accepted.

In February I started saving boxes and started going to the bank. One bank refused to give me change. Lol. I individually wrapped each present. If we are doing Mom math that’s 1200 individually wrapped Christmas presents.

I think I had a total of 10 huge black garbage bags full and this took 6 trips to my parents house to then hide these bags until Christmas.

11 months of planning and who knows how many rolls of tape and I was ready. So I played Santa and started with one bag. My dad's eyes were huge. My mom's eyes were hyper focused. As they both started unwrapping Christmas presents I started telling them why I did it. We opened gifts on Christmas Eve and when my parents noticed they still had about 5 trash bags each to unwrap they packed it in for the night to be continued in the morning.

The next morning I came downstairs and my dad was sitting in his chair already unwrapping some. He asked me why I did it. I said based on the story you told me the previous Christmas I wanted to give you and Mom a Christmas that was memorable. His smile was big. It was a laughing smile.

Years later when I would come downstairs for Christmas morning he would tell me that story and say it was a very memorable Christmas. I never wrapped 1200 gifts again. But I was glad I did it once. Merry Christmas.

Annette & Dennis Shreve

Shreve Family Christmas Eve Tradition

For Italian-Americans, the Feast of the Seven Fishes also known as Festa dei Sette Pesci—is a nostalgia-fueled, hours-long dinner consisting of at least seven different types of seafood— is the defining Christmas Eve tradition - and is our Christmas Eve tradition.

Our Christmas tradition actually spans over 24 hours. We have always bought live crabs whenever possible the day before Christmas Eve. Members of the family would gather at Lala's house to cook the crab. Lala would put out an amazing lunch spread to be shared after the work is done. This tradition has brought lots of laughs and stories would be shared. My favorite story is from quite a few years ago when one of my grandchildren named one of the crabs but was pretty sad when that crab got thrown in the pot. After the crabs are cooked and marinated, the lunch feast happens followed by a spirited card game of Pedro. For those of you who have cooked live crab you know there is a bit of a cry when they are put in the pot, not a happy moment for the young ones.

On Christmas Eve we all gather in the afternoon and exchange Christmas gifts. Later in the afternoon we have our Dinner in the tradition of the Seven Fishes. This has been a very special

time, of course this year we will not all be together. In 2021 we will celebrate our family tradition once again all in good health.

Buon Natale e Felice Anno nuovo.

Marian Hardin

Have you checked with Google on the origin of the Christmas tree? There is an amazing amount of information there, too much to share. Briefly, we are told that the Christmas tree is usually an evergreen conifer -- spruce, pine, or fir. There are several theories and legends as to how the evergreen tree went on to become a symbol of Christianity. Being triangular in shape, it represents the trinity, and from there came the idea that the tree should be a symbol of Christ and new life. During the past few decades, I've seen an enormous transition in Christmas trees. In my early days, there were no conifers on our ranch in Montana, so my parents purchased fresh trees for our celebrations. Without electricity, we started out meagerly, content to simply add tinsel and ornaments, and maybe strands of popcorn. Later, we added fake snow made from Lux soap flakes. In the country school, we created chains out of red and green construction paper stuck together with, ugh, library paste. Santa brought each of us an orange and a candy cane. Hmm, it was then that I became suspicious of Santa's identity, as he was wearing the shoes of one of our eighth-grade boys! From that time on, just think of the sequence of Christmas trees! Adding strings of electric lights. The development of aluminum trees mounted on

revolving stands with various colored flood lights. The production of artificial green trees, some realistically, some not so. You can add your own recollections of how the decorating has evolved. To all who read these reflections, may God's love and mercy bring you hope and peace. Merry Christmas! Marian Hardin

Haddox Relatives

Covid 19 inspired first ever Christmas letter from Dave McCully and Nancy Bachmann who live in Antioch, CA (used with permission):

The view looking out our back window: A ground squirrel sits on its haunches and munches on a leaf of lettuce; a tree squirrel sits at the picnic table eating a pomegranate; the cat (not ours, the local feral cat) is in the beach chair sleeping. Whose yard is this anyway? We decide that if we're going to share the yard, at least we can all be safe. We set two squirrel size and one cat size N95 masks in the yard (to be worn when not eating - which apparently is not a large percentage of the time). To our surprise, they declined to wear them, although they had food in their mouths when they answered, so it's hard to know for sure what they said. We remember that Gavin Newsome advises us not to be the "coronavirus police," so we didn't push the matter. We consider waking the cat to chase out the squirrels, but he looks so cute lying there asleep. Anyway, welcome to our world (and local ecosystem!) We are well. We wish you all the best this holiday season and a wonderful new year!

Geraldine Thompson

During the day at home is not unusual for me. I can't remain in bed late in the morning so, anytime after 6:00 am I'm up, maybe reading a passage in the bible, on my stationary bike, or on the floor doing some stretching.

During this pandemic, I know I can't just drive to the store to pick up a few items or to Ross to look around. Now, while sheltering in place, I have to be more inventive during the day. I love plants but I cannot keep them alive. Cactus is fine because you can forget to water for weeks. There has been an empty large planter in my backyard for at least 4-5 years. Ace is about five minutes from my house. I bought a large bag of potting soil, filled the empty planter and placed my one and lonely cactus inside it. There are about three more smaller plants to be planted. This tells me that when you have time, you don't always accomplish new ideas, but I have not given up.

Now, to tell the truth about what I love doing - is watching the Hallmark, Food Network and the Property Brothers on the television. All in all, some work is being done. My most hurtful time is not being able to be with my family and my church family. With the help of God and the vaccines, our prayers of normality will surely come.

A Note From

Carol Jordan

Holiday greetings to all at Broadmoor. Robert and I are sheltering up here in Lake County. Miss seeing the family in Daly City, but know we are doing what needs to be done to keep us all safe. Wishing everyone a blessed christmas and a happy and healthy new year.

Inspiration

The Alabaster Box

Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and friendship sealed up until your friends are gone. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go.

– George W. Childs

Broadmoor Memorial Fund

Acknowledgments for December 2020

In Memory of ***Douglas Cobb***

Contributions made by:

Margie King
BPC Presbyterian Women

In Memory of ***Judith Blackburn***

Contributions made by:

Marian Hardin
Gerry & Penny Manis
Pat Saunders

Broadmoor Memorial Fund
Honor or memorialize loved ones - print this form and submit it to the office.
<http://bit.ly/BPCMemorialFundForm>

"Focus on the LOVE and TRUST the process"

Broadmoor Church Officers

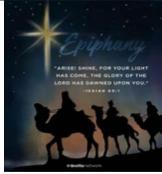
	Elders	Deacons
Class of 2020	Joan Anderson Janice Asfoor	Richard Murray
Class of 2021	Perla Ibarrientos Judith Kell Geraldine Thompson	Gerry Manis Lina Sana Dennis Shreve
Class of 2022	Martha Espinosa Margie King David Pajarit	Riyad Asfoor Ruth Cruz Ray Haddox

Clerk of Session: Marian Hardin

Contact Information

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Pastor Andrew P. Quick

January 2021

broadmoor presbyterian church, daly city broadmoorpres.org		Church Calendar: http://bit.ly/BPCOfficeCal		* Facilities Calendar: http://bit.ly/BPCFacility		
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Sunday Morning Worship via Zoom 10:00 am			National Blood Doner Month		 ERIC JOHN GRAVEM BD	
Communion ³ Rev. Karen Guest Preacher Pastor Allie Utley Worship Team 11:30 am JUDTH KELL BD			 Epiphany of the Lord	Meditation Group 1:00 pm Finance Team 2 pm		GERRY MANIS, JR. BD
Baptism of the Lord Deacons 11:30 am			GERRY MANIS, SR. BD	Meditation Group 1:00 pm		
Ordination & Installation of Officers	Martin Luther King, Jr. Bd	Fellowship Night ¹⁹ 7:00 pm JOAN ANDERSON BD RUTH CRUZ BD MARK MARQUEZ BD		Meditation Group ²¹ 1:00 pm Session 7:00 pm Naional Hugging Day		ASHLEY POGUE BD GLADYS SMITH BD
Mission Team 11:30 KAREN GRAF BD		ERIC DONALD GRAVEM BD		Meditation Group ²⁸ 1:00 pm 	XAVIER PEREZ BD	Officer's Leadership Retreat PASTOR ANDREW QUICK BD
Annual Congregational Meeting		<p style="text-align: center;"> Peace is contagious, it's so easy to share Being nice is not outrageous, it's a life beyond compare Peace is the greatest power, it's been here since the dawn of time It can be found in the smallest flower It begins in the universal mind - unknown </p>		Worship Services and all Meetings conducted via Zoom Contact the church office for the Zoom link	Follow/Like us on  http://bit.ly/BPCdcFB	

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