

The Parish Visitor

CHURCH VITALS:

- Office Hours: Monday through Thurs. 9a-noon
- Phone: 608.723.4384
- Pastor email: erikaflorsumc@gmail.com
- E-mail: lumchurch@tds.net
- Worship and Live Streaming: Sunday 10 am
- Web Site: www.lancasterumc.org
- Conf Website: www.wisconsinumc.org

Facebook Page:

<https://www.facebook.com/LancasterWIUMC/>

OUR LUMC STAFF:

Pastor: Erika Jezael Martinez-Flores

Secretary: Gretta McKelvey

Bob McKelvey, Treasurer, 608-988-6825

Peg Soden, Financial Secretary

Bev Mattingly, Music Director

Mary Rasmussen, Parish Nurse

Rev. Bob McKelvey, Pastor Emeritus

**Prayer Group: Wednesday 8:30am at LUMC or
via Zoom**

Meeting ID: 394 038 9324 Passcode: 4EkSsE



OUR MISSION:

*Seek God~
Share Christ~
Serve Others~
Sing Praises*

PASTOR GREETINGS

May the Lord Send More Workers

Jesus went through all the towns and villages, teaching in their synagogues, proclaiming the good news of the kingdom and healing every disease and sickness. When he saw the crowds, he had compassion for them, because they were harassed and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd. Then he said to his disciples, "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field.

Matthew 9.35-38

We have often wondered what we should do to keep our congregation alive. I often hear very good ideas about how we should approach people to be part of our congregation, but with the hope that someone else will do it.

In this selection from the Gospel according to Matthew, Jesus is fulfilling his mission to teach, preach, and heal throughout the Galilean region of Israel. Motivated by compassion for the people who he knew were in great need of healing and leadership and realizing that the task was too great for him to accomplish alone, he gathered twelve of his followers, representing the twelve tribes of Israel, to assist him in the job. He delegates authority from him to them.

These disciples were a diverse group of people from all walks of life and Jesus often complained about the lack of faith displayed by the apostles he had chosen, but nevertheless they were faithful enough to accept the task that Jesus had given them. Given, to the point of abandoning their previous lives and accepting suffering. Jesus, by affirming his messianism over his own people, while knowing that they were in great need of healing and spiritual guidance, made the priority of his new apostles first to the Jewish people. He would bring them healing and announce the coming of the kingdom of God, for which John the Baptist had long prepared them.

How often do you expect leaders to fulfill the mission of the church while you are not willing to actively help in this great task? Do you think that simply attending church on Sundays and perhaps participating in a Bible study session is enough of a burden in your busy life? If you offer to help, do you expect something in return?

guidance, there is an even greater need for all of us to actively help in this work. Let us be generous with our time and talent, even if we believe that our faith is insufficient for the task, and simply offer our faithfulness and allow God to act through us.

Pastor Erika Martinez-Flores

As Jesus himself realized, while there is much to do and people are in great need of healing and spiritual

Mission Committee NEWS!!

On behalf of all of us on the Mission Committee, we wish to thank everyone who donated to the 2nd Quarter Mission project: Although there was only the month of May to raise funds, the response was awesome. \$1,000.00 was raised for **Special Olympics!!!** Please hold Travis in your thoughts and prayers as he participates in the Special Olympics bowling competition in Minnesota this June.

The 3rd quarter mission project, we will again be donating to the local **Grant County Cancer Coalition**. This is a non-profit organization with all funds raised staying in Grant County to benefit cancer patients and their families. This 3rd quarter mission project will run from June through August. Please mark your checks/envelopes "Cancer Coalition," Thank-you in advance for your continued support each year of these vital mission projects.

Diane Perkins and Cheryl Austin, co-chairs



LUMC COMMITTEE SPOTLIGHT TRUSTEES

DID YOU KNOW THAT OUR TRUSTEES ARE IN CHARGE OF MAINTAINING THE CHURCH AND THE PARSONAGE? THEY MEET MONTHLY AND COMPLETE A LARGE CHECKLIST OF ITEMS AROUND THE CHURCH FACILITY TO ENSURE THAT EVERYTHING IS IN WORKING ORDER SUCH AS HEATING AND AIR-CONDITIONING UNITS, PLUMBING, KITCHEN APPLIANCES, ETC.

THE TEAM MEMBERS ALSO TAKE A ROTATION OF ENSURING THE CHURCH IS OPEN AND CLOSED ON SUNDAYS AND THEY ARE PRESENT AT ALL EVENTS AT THE CHURCH TO RUN THE DISHWASHER AND ENSURE THAT THE FACILITY IS RETURNED TO ITS PRISTINE CONDITION.

THEY ALSO ARE AVAILABLE FOR EMERGENCY NEEDS AT BOTH THE CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AND CONDUCT SEMI-ANNUAL TOUR OF THE PARSONAGE.

THEY ARE ALWAYS WORKING BEHIND THE SCENES!!!

THANK YOU TO OUR TRUSTEE TEAM FOR THEIR COMMITMENT AS THEY SERVE LUMC!!!

FOOD PANTRY

“For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me” **Matthew 25: 35-37**

My sister sent this story to me, and I think it is worth sharing. Author unknown

My cat vanished for three days and came back wearing a hand-written bill like he had opened a secret tab across the neighborhood. Muffin was sitting on my porch like nothing had happened. Three days gone. No note, no shame, no apology. Just my big orange cat licking one paw like he'd spent the weekend at a spa, with a folded piece of paper tied to his collar using blue ribbon. I thought maybe he was hurt. Then I untied the note. It said: YOUR CAT OWES ME FOR: 8 TUNA POUCHES, 2 BOWLS OF CHICKEN STEW, 1 SLICE OF TURKEY AND HALF A SALMON PATTY HE BULLIED OUT OF ME WITH EYE CONTACT. At the bottom, in shaky handwriting was an address two streets over. I stood there in my socks, staring at Muffin. Muffin stared back like this was now my problem. I live in a small American neighborhood where everybody waves, but nobody really stops. Lawns get cut. Packages get delivered. Garage doors open and close like people are trying not to make eye contact with life. Muffin had been building deeper community ties than I had. He slipped past me and marched straight into the kitchen like he hadn't just returned from a criminally expensive food tour. I followed him in, still holding the note. "Eight tuna pouches?" I said. He jumped onto the counter and meowed at his empty bowl. That cat had the confidence of a man who had never paid a utility bill in his life. I should explain something. Muffin was not starving. Muffin was not neglected. Muffin was twenty pounds of "orange" opinion and every single pound of him had been fed in my kitchen. He got good food, filtered water, treats, and a heated bed in winter and better medical care than I gave myself. Still, he had left home and somehow turned himself into a furry debt collector's dream. By noon, I was too embarrassed not to go. I put Muffin in the carrier. Mostly so he could face what he'd done and drove over to the address on the note. It was a small white house with a porch swing and a row of potted plants that had seen better days. An older woman opened the door before I could knock twice. Her eyes went straight to the carrier. "There he is" she said and smiled so fast it caught me off guard. "The little mooch". I held up the note. "I came to settle his account". She laughed, soft and tired. "Oh honey, I was mostly kidding". Inside, her house smelled like coffee and clean laundry. Nothing fancy. Just neat. Quiet. The kind of quiet that feels heavier than it should. Muffin started making noise in the carrier the second she walked away from him. "Oh, let him out" she said. "He knows the place". Knows the place! That was not a sentence I was prepared for. I let him out, and that traitor walked straight to her recliner, jumped up, turned twice, and flopped down like he paid property taxes there. She introduced herself as Marlene. She lived alone. Her husband had died two years earlier. Her daughter was in another state. Nice people nearby she said, but everybody was busy. That was the word she used twice. "Busy" Muffin had shown up four days earlier around dinner time, crying on her back steps like a traveling orphan in a movie. "I thought he was lost" she said. "Then I fed him one spoonful of tuna and he looked at me like I'd healed his childhood". I laughed; I couldn't help it. She laughed too, and then her eyes got a little wet. "He came back the next day" she said. "Same time. Sat with me on the porch while I ate. Third day, he walked right in when I opened the door". I looked over at Muffin. He was already asleep in her chair. Like this had all been part of a schedule. "I know he was working me", Marlene said. "I'm not foolish". There was a pause there. Then she looked at him again and said, "But it was nice having somebody waiting for me". That line hit harder than it should have. I had come over ready to apologize for a greedy cat. Instead, I found a woman who had memorized his feeding times because they gave shape to an empty afternoon. I pulled out my wallet anyway. She pushed my hand away. "No" she said. "You keep it" "I should really pay you back". She smiled. "Then come have coffee sometime. And bring your freeloader. So that's what we did. Not every day. But

enough. Sometimes I brought muffins from the grocery store. Sometimes she gave Muffin exactly one treat and lectured him about boundaries, which he ignored. Sometimes we just sat on her porch and talked about nothing big. Weather. Back pain. Old songs. How strange it is to live in a place full of people and still go whole days without hearing your own name aloud, Muffin kept making his rounds between our houses, proud as a tiny orange landlord. I never did frame that note, though I thought about it. I kept it in the kitchen drawer instead. Because the truth is, Muffin did not come home carrying a bill. He came home carrying proof that hunger is not always about food. And for all the money that cat cost me in treats, gas, and wounded pride, he gave two lonely people something worth a whole lot more: a reason to knock on the same door twice.

Diane Perkins, LUMC Food Pantry Coordinator
Don't be a stranger, be a friend!!



Congratulations to Russell Shaben

High School Graduate

LUMC is happy to congratulate **Russell Shaben** on his high school graduation and his amazing achievements during his high school career.

Russell has been accepted into the Marine Corps. and will be sworn in on Monday, June 22. He will then be going to Oceanside, CA to Camp Pendleton for 13 weeks of boot camp. He will be back home for 10 days after boot camp then report for duty for a 4-year assignment in Hawaii or Japan to serve our country. His education will be in mechanics.

Our thoughts and prayers go with Russell on this new and exciting chapter of his life's journey!

SERVING US IN JUNE 2026

	LITURGIST	USHERS	COFFEE HOUR
June 7	Becky Yager	Mike & Becky Yager	UMM
June 14	Stuart Harper	Cindy Schindler & Diane Perkins	UWIF
June 21	Pastor Bob McKelvey	Mike & Sandy Kabele	Trustees
June 28	Chris Zabel	Cecil & Janice Landon	Choir

MULTI-MEDIA MINISTRY June 2026

Sponsorship \$25 per Sunday

June 7	John & Cinda Schindler in memory of Cinda's sister Marcy Pohl Thronson for her birthday on June 10
June 14	Mike & Sandy Kabele in honor of their fathers' birthdays Gerald Knapp and Ernest Kabele
June 21	OPEN
June 28	OPEN



BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

June ANNIVERSARIES

Chris and Crysti Prange- June 11
Chuck and Mary Rasmussen- June 11
Earl and Lisa Tranel- June 12
Stacey and Nancy Murdock- June 20
Ted and Robin Schacht- June 21
Richard and Sandy Taylor- June 24
Tim and Susan Lickel- June 25

BIRTHDAYS

Nathan Tranel- June 1
Mary Lou Bausch- June 8
Margaret Yearous- June 11
Dan Case- June 20
Dorothy Wetter- June 22
Charles Ramshaw- June 24
Merlin Breihan- June 26



SNACKPACKS FOR BACKPACKS

By the time you read this, Snackpacks for Backpacks will have just completed 7/12 years of providing food for Lancaster Community School District students experiencing food insecurity. Throughout this time, no organization, company or individual has been as generous and loyal as the United Methodist Church.

Once again, we say THANK YOU for the donation from the February Pasty Sale. Your donations helped us stay afloat in the beginning and helped us stabilize the program as we moved forward. However, it's not just the money that has helped us. Many of you have helped bag and distribute food, given donations of food and used bags and, most importantly, supported us with your encouragement, kind words, and prayers.

Yes, we will be back at the LHS Arrow Café and sending weekend bags home to Winskill Elementary and Lancaster Middle School kids in need in September.

***Thank you from the bottom of our hearts.
SNACKPACK for BACKPACKS COMMITTEE***

FINANCIAL REPORT

April Giving \$10,159.26

April Expenses \$29,720.72

Year To Date Giving \$51,019.85

Year To Date Expenses \$ 66,649.99

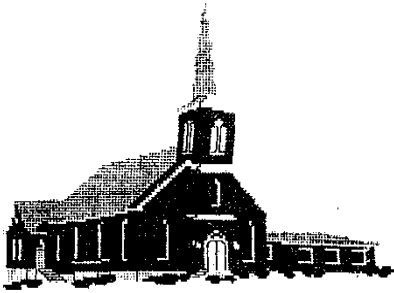
Thank you for your continued generosity in giving!!!

June 2026

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1	2	3 7:00a UMM Breakfast McDonalds 8:30a Prayer Group 10:00a Prayer Shawl	4 UMC Annual Conference 6/4-6/7	5	6
7 10:00a Worship	8	9 8:30a Care Committee 6:00p VBS Booth at Library Summer Nights	10 8:30a Prayer Group	11 6:30p ALT	12	13
14 10:00a Worship	15 VBS 3P-6P 	16 VBS 3P-6P 	17 8:30a Prayer Group 10:00a Prayer Shawl VBS 3P-6P 	18 VBS 3P-6P 	19 VBS 3P-6P 	20
21 10:00a Worship	22	23	24 8:30a Prayer Group	25	26	27
28 10:00a Worship	29	30				30

PARISH VISITOR June 2026

Lancaster United Methodist Church
PO Box 186, 216 S. Monroe Street
Lancaster, Wisconsin 53813-0186



Live Streaming service on Facebook at 10 am
Video broadcast posted on LUMC YOUTUBE channel
