

from the
Pastor

It doesn't happen often but occasionally we drive down a street, only to be confronted by a barrier and a sign that reads "dead end." It's frustrating and in those circumstances there is only one solution. We must turn around and drive in another direction to reach our destination.

Dead ends, big and little ones, pop up unexpectedly in everyone's life. Sometimes we are too stubborn or lazy to go back and try again. We spend our time lamenting what might have been and life becomes even more frustrating. If we back up, learn by our mistakes and try again in a new direction, our "dead ends" can be profitable experiences. Someone once expressed pity for Thomas Edison when he said he'd unsuccessfully tried over 200 substances for the filament in the incandescent light bulb. He responded, "Don't feel sorry for me. I now know over 200 materials that won't work."

God sets many opportunities before each one of us. God also gives us the strength to start over when we hit a "dead end." People who find satisfaction in life do so in spite of and even because of their frustrations. With God's help, they have persevered and overcome life's hardships and learned from them.

November 24th is our national day of Thanksgiving. Perhaps we can be especially thankful for the many opportunities God gives us to learn and to start over.

Pastor Brandon



Thank You
Notes

On behalf of the entire staff and Board of Directors at Joint Neighborhood Ministry, I would like to say "Thank you" for your generous in-kind donation of school supplies during the month of August, 2011. It was very thoughtful of you to remember JNM. We greatly appreciate your kindness and support. Through your donations, our programs are able to continue assisting

families in the community with much needed food, clothing, utility assistance, medical support, and numerous other services. Your donation makes a difference!

Thank you again for your generosity, and we look forward to your continued support! If you would like to learn about volunteer opportunities, obtain information on our programs or schedule a visit, please feel free to contact us at 314-771-3987.

Sincerely,

(signed) Cindy Kohlman, Family Advocate

Received another letter thanking us for the school supplies, sandwiches and red beans and rice during the month of September, 2011.

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A big THANK YOU to all who supported us on the Walk to End Alzheimer's. With your help, our family collected \$1,962.00!

Linda and Bob Kammerer

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KEEP IN YOUR PRAYERS



Please Pray for:

Our shut ins – Helen Wright, Vernon Hornung, Jacque Walker, Elvira Rebiene, and Oscar Wenk. Ann Davis is a patient at St. Anthony's, continue to keep in your prayers Jay Williams (Paula's and Joe's son) where they are still trying to figure out what's wrong, and Nancy Beaman (our infant care giver) in Day Care who is still having chemotherapy.



"EACH ONE BRING ONE SUNDAY"

There will be a potluck luncheon on Sunday, November 6th after worship. It is in support of the Mission I project of the UCC. We have

entitled ours "Each One Bring One Sunday". We are asking you to bring a friend and a canned good for the food collection. We hope you will consider participating in this event and bring a potluck dish for the lunch and stay for the food and fellowship.

FOOD DONATION SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6

As a part of the UCC Mission I Project, we will have a one day food collection for area pantries on Sunday, November 6. Many pantry recipients have health related problems, and healthy food items are appreciated. Examples include: fruit canned in juice, dried beans, low salt or salt-free canned vegetables, "light" soups, and tuna packed in water.



Outreach Committee

MISSION: I

Mission I is a UCC program designed to feed the hungry and confront food related injustice. (For more detailed information go to ucc.org/mission1)

The program has 3 basic components:

1. Contributing to Neighbors in Need (we did it on Oct. 2)
2. Contributions to local food banks and pantries. To meet this goal, we will have a food drive on Sunday, November 6 (see related article)
3. A letter writing campaign to ask U.S. Senators and Congressional Representatives to reform foreign aid to make it more effective in reducing hunger and poverty. Sample letters are available on the table in the gathering area. Or you can contact your senator or representative's office at <senate.gov>.

Your letters will make an important difference for people who are hungry and poor.

Outreach Committee

LUNCH BUNCH

The next meeting of the Lunch Bunch will be on Wednesday, November 9th at noon. Please let Sandy know if you plan to attend.

50+ GROUP

50+ Group will meet on Saturday, November 19th for a chili lunch. Be sure to sign the sheet on the bulletin board so our hosts will know how much chili to prepare. All are welcome to join them.

Also, the 50+ Group will have their annual Christmas Lunch Party on Saturday, December 10th from noon – 3 p.m. at Helen Fitzgerald's on Lindbergh. The cost is \$18.00 per person. This includes the meal, dessert, tax and gratuity. The choice of entrees is:

1. Chicken Mudego (rolled in Italian bread crumbs, char-broiled w/wine sauce, topped with provol cheese, ham and mushrooms.
2. Eight ounce Strip Steak
3. Baked Cod Fish

Served with – house salad, roasted red potatoes, vegetable medley, bread and butter, coffee, iced tea and water. Dessert will be provided. Each person is to bring a \$1.00 wrapped gift for Bingo.

Reservations and money due any time, but no later than November 27th. A sign-up sheet is posted on the bulletin board. Please pay Jan Freese.

CHURCH WEB PAGE

If any member of the congregation has a St. Philip's related announcement, perhaps for an upcoming event, a recent event etc. that you would like placed on St. Philip's web page, please send it and/or pictures to Jim Caldwell via email (averickm@swbell.net). He will review them and forward them on to Bob Kammerer to post on the web page. Jim and Bob are not responsible for creating the announcement but will be glad to review and post them.

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact Jim at 314-894-0760.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING !

Hats, mittens and underwear are always needed at St. John's Community Pantry. Since their cookies with Santa program is scheduled for Saturday, December 10, we'll need to start shopping soon. Look for the mitten, hat, scarf (and underwear) tree in the gathering area on Sunday, November 20. All contributions are warmly appreciated.

Are you dreading Christmas shopping for people who really don't need anything? There is an easy alternative provided by Church World Service. During Advent, check out the "Best Gifts" catalog located in the gathering area. Selections vary and include: a pair of rabbits (\$10), bees (\$25), blankets (\$5), or a pair of pigs (\$140)

Outreach Committee.

ST. LOUIS METRO SINGERS

If you are looking for some place to go to hear holiday music you might be interested in the schedule that the St. Louis Metro Singers have. They will have their annual Christmas concert at the following locations:

Sunday, November 27 – 7:00 p.m. – Southwest Baptist Church
6401 Scanlon Ave. 63139



Sunday, December 4 – 3:00 p.m. – St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church 3140 Meramec St. 63118

Saturday, December 10 – 7 p.m. – Eppinger Foundation Concert – St. Paul UCC – 127 St. Paul St. - Columbia IL 62236

They will also participate in the December Holiday Pops! With the Compton Heights Concert Band on:

Thursday, December 22 - 2:00 & 8:00 p.m. at Powell Symphony Hall - 718 N. Grand 63103 – Call (314) 534-1700 for ticket information

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CANDLELIGHT DINNER

You might want to mark your calendar now for Friday, December 2nd, which is the night we will be having our candlelight dinner. This is always a very special occasion and know you won't want to miss it.

COMING EVENTS FOR NOVEMBER

- 4 Vendor Night/Spaghetti Dinner 4-7 pm
- 5 Sr. High Youth Lock-in Party/Laser Tag 7:30 p.m.
- 6 Communion

- “Each One Bring One” Sunday Potluck Lunch
- Youth Sunday
- Learning Ministry Team after worship
- 7 Church Council 7 pm
- 9 Lunch Bunch – noon
- 13 Birthday Sunday
- Spiritual Life Mtg. after worship
- Sr. High – Steak ‘n Shake 5:30 p.m.
- 15 Women’s Fellowship – St. Nick’s packages
- 19 50+ Chili Lunch – noon
- 4F Club 6:30 p.m.
- 20 Avon orders due
- 21 Crier articles due
- 24-25 Church Office closed – Thanksgiving holidays
- 27 Advent begins
- Hanging of the Greens

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

- | | | |
|----|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1 | Olivia Witte | |
| 3 | Chris Siewing | |
| | Scott Remmers | |
| 8 | Amy Balzer | |
| 9 | De’Ana Holdener | |
| | 23 Brigitte Mittler | |
| 13 | Tricia McCabe | 27 |
| 15 | Sarah Shelton | Matt Kelly |
| | Jan Freese | Mason Wodicker |
| 16 | Gary Karcher | 28 |
| | Bryan Hickman | Shirley Jennings |
| 20 | | Dorothea Holdener |
| | | 30 |
| | | Jamie York Schubert |



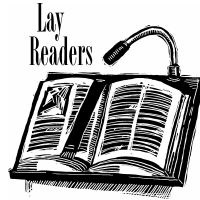
COMMUNITY EVENTS (see bulletin board for more info)

Tuesday, Nov. 1 – Volunteer Appreciation Breakfast for Neighborhood Houses – 2828 Caroline Street – 7:30 a.m. – 9:00 a.m.
rsvp to Billie Thurmond at (314)773-1107 by Oct. 26th
(Sandy Stevenson will be honored)

USHERS, ACOLYTES AND CHILDREN'S TIME FOR NOVEMBER

Liturgists

November 6	Youth Sunday
November 13	Ellen Disseler
November 20	Gary Karcher
November 27	Sandy Stevenson



Welcoming Teams

November 6	Youth Sunday
November 13	Susan Cochran, Dolores Zikes, Joan Schumacher
November 20	Joy Lopez, Betty Moore, Sandy Stevenson, Shirley Nottelmann
November 27	Richelle Fischer, Tom Nottelmann

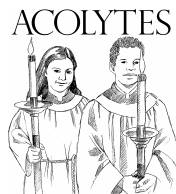
Children's Time

November 6	Youth Sunday
November 13	Pastor Brandon
November 20	
November 27	Sandy Stevenson



Acolytes

November 6	Grace Williamson
November 13	Harrison Fischer
November 20	Madeline Williamson
November 27	Jordan Lewis



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I know that November has the Thanksgiving holiday in it but it also has Veteran's Day so I thought this would be appropriate. It is a little lengthy but well worth the reading. Ladies – have a Kleenex handy.

They told me the big black Lab's name was Reggie, as I looked at him lying in his pen. The shelter was clean, no-kill, and the people really friendly. I'd only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street.

But something was still missing as I attempted to settle in to my new life here, and I thought a dog couldn't hurt. Give me someone to talk to. And I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did.

But at first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things, which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys almost all of which were brand new tennis balls, his dishes, and a sealed letter from his previous owner. See, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks (which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home). Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for the tennis balls – he wouldn't go anywhere without two stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes. I guess I didn't really think he'd need all his old stuff, that I'd get him new things once he settled in. But it became pretty clear pretty soon that he wasn't going to.

I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew, ones like "sit" and "stay" and "come" and "heel," and he'd follow them – when he felt like it. He never really seemed to listen when I called his name – sure, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back to doing whatever. When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey.

This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple shoes and some unpacked boxes. I was a little too stern with him and he resented it, I could tell. The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was in full-on search mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remembered leaving it on

the stack of boxes for the guest room, but I also mumbled, rather, cynically, that the “d--- dog probably hid it on me.”

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter’s number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter...I tossed the pad in Reggie’s direction and he snuffed it and wagged, some of the most enthusiasm I’d seen since bringing him home. But then I called, “Hey, Reggie, you like that? Come here and I’ll give you a treat.” Instead, he sort of glanced in my direction – maybe “glared” is more accurate – and then gave a discontented sigh and flopped down...with his back to me.

Well, that’s not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number. But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that, too. “Okay, Reggie,” I said out loud, “let’s see if your previous owner has any advice.”

“To Whoever Gets My Dog: Well, I can’t say that I’m happy you’re reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie’s new owner. I’m not even happy writing it. If you’re reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my Lab after dropping him off at the shelter. He knew something was different. I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip, but this time...it’s like he knew something was wrong. And something is wrong...which is why I have to go to try to make it right.

So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you.

First, he loves tennis balls. The more the merrier. Sometimes I think he’s part squirrel, the way he hordes them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn’t done it yet. Doesn’t matter where you throw them, he’ll bound after it, so be careful – really don’t do it by any roads. I made that mistake once, and it almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands. Maybe the shelter staff already told you, but I’ll go over again: Reggie knows the obvious ones – “sit,” “stay,” “come,” “heel.” He knows hand signals: “back” to turn around and go back when you put your hand straight up; and “over” if you put your hand out right or left. “Shake” for shaking water off, and “paw” for a high-five. He does “down” when he feels like lying down – I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows “ball” and “food” and “bone” and “treat” like nobody’s business.

I trained Reggie with small food treats. Nothing opens his ears like little pieces of hot dog.

Feeding schedule: twice a day, once about seven in the morning, and again at six in the evening. Regular store-bought stuff; the shelter has the brand.

He’s up on his shots. Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours; they’ll make sure to send you reminders for when he’s due. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet. Good luck getting him in the car. I don’t know how he knows when it’s time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time. I’ve never been married, so it’s only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He’s gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn’t bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially.

Which means that this transition is going to be hard, with him going to live with someone new.

And that’s why I need to share one more bit of info with you ...

His name’s not Reggie. I don’t know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie. He’s a smart dog, he’ll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. But I just couldn’t bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I’d never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything’s fine. But if someone else is reading it, well...well it means that his new owner should know his real name. It’ll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you’ll even notice a change in his demeanor if he’s been giving you problems.

His real name is “Tank.” Because that is what I drive.

Again, if you’re reading this and you’re from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn’t make “Reggie” available for adoption until they received word from my company commander. See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could’ve left Tank with...and it was my only real request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone ... call the shelter...in the “event”...to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he’d do it personally. And if you’re reading this, then he made good on his word.

Well, this letter is getting downright depressing, even though, frankly, I’m just writing it for my dog. I couldn’t imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family...but still, Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me.

The unconditional love from a dog is what I take with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things...and to keep those terrible people from coming over here. If I have to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He is my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another good-bye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth.

Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight – every night – from me.

Thank you,

Paul Mallory

I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Sure I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid, killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer.

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog.

“Hey, Tank”, I said quietly.

The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright.

”C'mere, boy.”

He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted, searching for the name he hadn't heard in months.

“Tank,” I whispered. His tail swished.

I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time, his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

“It's me now, Tank, just you and me. Your old pal gave you to me.”

Tank reached up and licked my cheek. “So whatdaya say we play some ball?” His ears perked again.

“Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?”

Tank tore from my hands and disappeared in the next room. And when he came back, he had three tennis balls in his mouth.