



The Senior Scene



Love people. Know Jesus. Live Transformed.

Volume 38

October / November 2026

He Never Stops Fighting

You are not your own; you were bought at a price.

1 Corinthians 6:20

The Lord will fight for you; you need only to be still.

Exodus 14:14

As humans living in a fallen world, we often get frazzled and distressed about life... often over things that are out of our control. We are battle weary and discouraged; we have regrets about the past and uncertainty for the future; and sometimes we wonder how we are going to carry on.

But take heart—we have a source of strength and power beyond what we can imagine. We have been set free from carrying those burdens. We are free from the anxiety of relying on only our own resources or finding our own way. We are relieved of the stress of thinking we have to figure it all out on our own. We don't have to fear what's coming next or worry that we won't have enough. We can let go of the need to control things that are out of our control. We simply do not have to carry any of this any longer.

And there is one simple reason why we do not—our lives have been bought with a price, so we are under new management. Not our own, but Christ's. He who purchased us with His own blood has committed to take care of us—to supply everything we need, to be sovereign over every situation of our lives, to empower us to live victoriously.

The One who has bought us is wiser and more powerful and has greater resources than anything we could possibly supply for ourselves. We are in the best of hands—hands that are limitless in their power and love and wisdom. He will fight our battles for us. He will carry our burdens. He has the solutions to our problems. He will take our stress and cover it with His peace.

But do we let Him? Or do we continue to strive to control the outcome of a situation or fret to predict what might happen next. When we focus on the "what ifs" of the future, mentally rehearsing what we should do, we are saying that we do not need God.

We think to ourselves, "I got this," and we so much do not! We continually grab the reins and want to be in control. We just keep trying to do it all ourselves. Our minds race with all that we need to do and with the best course of action to fix things. We elevate our own minds to a place of self-sufficiency. Our attempts to be adequate without His help are sin. We are making an idol of our own self and our own resources.

And it makes us weary. We struggle to keep our heads above water. Our human nature tells us we need to keep striving and press through this ourselves. But God's word tells us that He will fight for us. And our job? Be still and let Him do it.

We need to let go... to refresh ourselves in the knowledge of His everlasting love and care. To draw strength in knowing that He has all things under control. To live fully in the present moment, depending on Him for each one. To rejoice in His abundance and sufficiency.

We no longer need to carry the burden of living by ourselves or for ourselves. We simply seek His face continually (Psalm 105:4), even when (or *especially* when) we are feeling like we can handle things ourselves.

We desperately need His Spirit to take control. To sooth us from the depths of our soul.

Every day, remind yourself of who you are and who has bought you for His own. Every day, live in trusting and confident dependence on the One who loved us enough to pay a price for us. Our Creator, Savior, and King has taken ownership of our lives, and it is good. Rejoice! He is fighting for you!



Invited Into Faith

Just like so many other stories you have heard, I grew up going to church and Sunday school – Lutheran in my case -- and I know I believed in God, but I don't truly think I understood what a true faith that is focused on what He did for me through his son Jesus meant for a *long* time. I attended a Christian college – and you would think that would have made my faith grow and become more real – but it did not. I did not participate in the many faith-based activities there. I certainly didn't deny my faith – but I didn't live it, grow it or put it into practice either. Upon graduation I moved into Royal Manor Apartments, lived there about nine years, and rarely set foot in Memorial Park Church right next door. I still went back to the Lutheran church in my hometown with my father for special holidays such as Maundy Thursday and Easter and Christmas Eve – but that was about it.

And then after ending a long-term dating relationship, I bought a house in a different part of McCandless Township and suddenly decided I should do something about church and faith. In retrospect, I think that was an **INVITATION** from the Holy Spirit. So, I attended the Lutheran church on Cumberland Road for one Sunday (figuring that must be where I belonged) and it was there that I realized I wanted to be part of Memorial Park Church!

At first, I just sat in the back of the church, worshipped, visited with a few friends I already knew in the congregation, and then left to go about my business at home or work or socially with friends. I eventually became a member and then one day, I was **INVITED** to become part of something at the church and while the order of things may not be accurate in my mind, somehow between becoming part of reviving a singles ministry at the church (an **INVITATION** from its leader) and serving as a Deacon (an **INVITATION** from the Nominating Committee which is led by the Holy Spirit) – I started to really understand what a faith in Jesus as my Savior really means. I joined a small group; I volunteered for various things and eventually served on a variety of teams including multiple terms as an elder.

All these experiences put me with people who were GIANTS in their faith compared to mine and exposed me to what a true faith in Christ looks like. The preaching and teaching over the years, the challenges met and overcome through the grace of God, and the example my now husband and children have set for me have all grown my faith – and continue to grow my faith – day by day.

Jesus became real to me because someone **INVITED** me into an experience – and that was the beginning of what has continued to be a growing faith.

I regret that I did not 'hear' an **INVITATION** much earlier in life, for I believe I missed a lot of what the Lord might have had in store for me, but it is never too late to say "yes" to an **INVITATION** to become involved in something that is part of serving our Lord and Savior, and it is never too late to grow your faith as a result! I am still working on it and pray that I don't miss any opportunity to extend a Spirit-led **INVITATION** to those who the Lord puts in my path!

--Chris O'Rourke

Every time I am
just hanging on
by a thread, I
imagine that the
thread is coming
from the hem of
His robe.

And my grip becomes
more about peace
than desperation.

More about staying
connected to the
Good Shepherd
than begging Him
to answer me.

More about holding
on to His plan for
my life than clinging
to what I thought
my life was supposed
to look like.

More about Him –
and less about me.

ullie-kaye



In The Garden

C. Austin Miles

I come to the garden alone
while the dew is still on the roses,
and the voice I hear falling on my ear,
the Son of God discloses.



Refrain:

And he walks with me, and he talks with me,
and he tells me I am his own;
and the joy we share as we tarry there,
none other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of his voice
is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
and the melody that he gave to me
within my heart is ringing.

(Refrain)

I'd stay in the garden with him
though the night around me be falling,
but he bids me go; thru the voice of woe
his voice to me is calling.

(Refrain)

This hymn was written in 1912 by Charles Austin Miles. He trained as a pharmacist, but his real love was writing poetry and songs to the glory of God. After achieving some success as a songwriter, he became a full-time music editor and writer. In the Garden is his most well-known hymn.

The song is a personal song of faith in Christ and tells a glorious story of meeting Jesus in a quiet place. It has become one of the most popular hymns in Christian circles and has been recorded numerous times by prominent vocalists. But there are also many people who do not like this song— seeing it as apparently meaningless.

The words of this song are written from the perspective of Mary Magdalene in John 20. The Scripture tells of her arriving at the tomb very early in the morning. She is distraught because the body of Jesus seems to be gone. A voice speaks to her, who she assumes is the gardener. When He speaks her name, Mary realizes that it is Jesus, and everything changes for her. The song speaks of what Mary might have seen and felt although not directly given in the Scripture text.

Miles wrote this about the origin of the song:

One day, I was seated in the dark room where I kept my photographic equipment and organ. I opened my Bible to my favorite chapter, John 20 that describes the powerful meeting of Jesus and Mary. As I read it that day, I seemed to be part of the scene. I became a silent witness to that dramatic moment in Mary's life when she knelt before her Lord and cried, "Rabboni!"

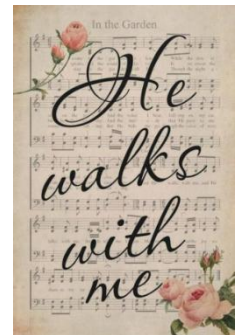
I stared at the light blue wall, my hands resting on the Bible, and as the light faded, I seemed to be standing at the entrance of a garden, looking down a gently winding path shaded by olive branches. I saw Mary, with head bowed, hand at her throat as if to choke back her sobs, walking slowly into the shadows.

As she came to the tomb, she bent over to look in and hurried away. Then John appeared, looking at the tomb. Then came Peter, who entered the tomb, followed slowly by John. As they departed, Mary reappeared, leaning upon her arm at the tomb. She wept. Turning, she saw Jesus standing—and so did I. I knew it was He. She knelt before Him with arms outstretched and, looking into His face, cried, "Rabboni!"

I awakened in full light, gripping the Bible with muscles tense and nerves vibrating. Under the inspiration of the vision, I wrote as quickly as the words could be formed the poem exactly as it has since appeared. That same evening, I wrote the music.

We can only imagine the joy of Mary at that moment. The imaginative words of this song are intended to express what is lived by every person who confronts the risen Christ and realizes His presence in daily life. We too can "walk and talk" with Jesus and be assured that we belong to Him. For some, this hymn helps them visualize His presence.

And then, "He bids me go" from stanza 3 can be understood as a call for us to leave the quiet of meeting Him in a quiet place to go out and do the work of God in the world. Once we've been encouraged by Him "in the garden," we are strengthened to go out into our broken world... and He still walks with us and assures us we are His own.



Don't Forget... The Thursday Lunch

Join us on November 12, 2026 for the new "[Friends, Food, and Fellowship Lunch](#)." Lunch at noon followed by...[Meet the pastor](#). Pastor Chris Eatough will share his story with you and then will field questions from the audience. Register online or call the church office. Prepaid registration of \$10 is due before **November 5th**.

It's Football Season - The leftover letters reveal this month's Scripture



A	N	D	S	T	H	S	L	E	W	O	T	E	L	B	I	R	R	E	T
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O	O	H	U	R	R	Y	U	P	O	F	F	E	N	S	E	T	H	E	R

AUDIBLE

BLITZ

CENTER

COIN TOSS

DEFENSE



DELAY OF GAME

EXTRA POINT

FACE MASK

FIELD GOAL

FIRST DOWN

FUMBLE

GOAL POST

HAIL MARY

HALFTIME

HELMET

HUDDLE

HURRY UP OFFENSE

INCOMPLETE PASS

INTERCEPTION

JERSEY

JUMBOTRON

KICKOFF



LATERAL

LINEBACKER

NICKELBACK

OFFENSE

OFFSIDE

ON-SIDE KICK

OVERTIME

PENALTY

PIGSKIN

PUNT

QUARTERBACK



RED ZONE

RUNNING BACK

SACK

SAFETY

SPECIAL TEAMS

SUPER BOWL

TACKLE

TERRIBLE TOWEL

TOUCHDOWN

TWO MINUTE WARNING

WIDE RECEIVER

