
July 2024: Outlaw's Bridge Universalist Church

Welcoming Congregation

The Bridge

You are encouraged to join us for 11:00 a.m. church services.

No Sunday School programs and no childcare.

The playroom is clean and open for parents who wish to use it.

July 7: Services with Jimmy Merritt

July 14: "Self and Other: Who is Who?" – Reverend Brian Clougherty – I've had a psychology book on my shelf for years, "Self and Other" by R. D. Liang. When I tried to read it about 35 years ago, I couldn't understand it. I'm trying again and enjoying the challenge this time. Here's what I'm learning: when we first meet someone, we know them by what we see and hear from them, right? Well, it also depends on how much we know about ourselves, about how conscious we are of how and what we think. Let's look at who we are and how that determines how we see and relate to others.

July 21: "Friendship" – With Linda Jones

July 28: "Summertime Hymn Fest" – With Ann Malpass



Dates to Remember

July 11: AUV Meeting after quilting at 10 and going for lunch at 11:45.

July 14: Covered-dish lunch and Board Meeting following services.

Quilting Dates to Be Announced



“What a Life! True Value of Life Found in Marbles”

Reverend Wilmer L Todd

I hope you enjoy this woman’s story: During the Great Depression in a small Idaho community, I used to stop by Mr. Miller’s roadside stand for fresh produce. Food and money were still extremely scarce, and bartering was used extensively. One day when Mr. Miller was bagging some potatoes for me, I noticed a small, slim-framed boy, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I couldn’t help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller and the young boy.

“Hello Barry, how are you today?” “H’lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus’ admirin’ them peas...sure look good.” “They are good, Barry. How’s your Ma?” “Fine. Gittin’ stronger alla’ time.” “Good. Anything I can help you with?” “No, sir. Just admirin’ them peas.” “Would you like to take some home?” “No, sir. Got nuthin’ to pay for ‘em with.” “Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?” “All I got’s my prize marble here.” “Is that right? Let me see it.” “Here ‘tis. She’s a dandy.” “I can see that. Hmm, this one is blue, and I prefer red. Do you have a red one like this at home?” “Not ‘zackley, but almost.” “Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip let me look at that red marble.” “Sure will. Thanks, Mr. Miller.”

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, “There are two other boys like him in our community, all are very poor. Jim loves to bargain with them for fresh produce. When they come back with their red marbles, he decides he doesn’t like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for another color marble.” This man impressed me. A short time later, I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot this incident. Several years later I returned to Idaho. While I was there, I learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were viewing his body that evening and my friends planned to go. I accompanied them. When we arrived at the funeral home, we got in line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer our condolences. In front of us were three young men. One was in an Army uniform and the other two wore dark suits and white shirts, very professional looking. They greeted Mrs. Miller, hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. They left the funeral home wiping their eyes. When I met Mrs. Miller, I told her who I was and mentioned the story she had told me about the marbles. Eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket. “Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim ‘traded’ them. Now at last when Jim could not change his mind about color or size, they came to pay their debt.” “We were never wealthy,” she confided, “but right now Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho.” With loving gentleness, she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three, exquisitely shined red marbles.

WE WILL NOT BE REMEMBERED BY OUR WORDS, BUT BY OUR KIND DEEDS.