



The Blawenburg Beacon

April 2010

A newsletter for the members and friends
of The Blawenburg Reformed Church

My parents moved to Port St. Lucie, Florida fourteen years ago, and I have visited them on at least as many occasions. It has become one of my favorite things while I'm down there to motor up Indian River Drive from Jensen Beach to Fort Pierce, where you might see a manatee or two warming itself in the heated inlet near the local power plant. On the way north you can look right over the tranquil turquoise waters to distant Hutchinson Island, while homes both majestic and simple drift by on the left.

In every one of those fourteen years I passed the Savannas State Park on Walton Road, but never stopped to look around – until my last visit. I'm not sure what made me turn off my familiar path, although the abysmal spring training play of the New York Mets (my primary motive for the trip) might have had something to do with it.

I was delighted to find a virtually deserted natural habitat of winding sylvan trails and even a canoe and kayak dock. The spot proved so picturesque and serene I visited it twice, snapping dozens of photos and soaking up the early spring Florida sunshine that generated a near perfect temperature and humidity. I remember most the quiet, broken from time to time by the wind rustling through the overgrown ferns, or hidden creatures great and small darting away at the sense of my approach.

I knew the Savannas would be a permanent fixture on future Florida itineraries.

So it was with considerable sadness that I listened to the message my mother left on Tuesday morning after my return, that 150 acres of the Savannas State Park had burned less than a day after my departure. How many of those beautiful palm trees, how many nocturnal inhabitants lost their lives or were permanently displaced? When would the park be fit for human visitation again? How did it happen? human error? human mischief? natural capriciousness?

“Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone?” (“Big Yellow Taxi” by Laura Nyro, I believe)

When the initial disappointment wore off I recalled some of the display plaques scattered throughout the preserve. In truth, almost every part of the Savannas has burned at some time and each time it grows back a little richer than before. Fire is almost as important a part of the life cycle as rain. Destruction and even death always yield to God's regenerating process.

Every corner of God's kingdom endures tragedy and loss, but life always prevails. God tears down to build something better. God rescues us from decay and gives us habitation in fresh green locations.

When I first learned of the fire I thought how typically it reflected life's disappointments and injuries. When I gave it more time I thought about Easter.

One more question came to mind when I heard the news. How big is this place? One hundred and fifty acres seems like an awful lot of land. A quick trip to the Internet revealed that Savannas State Park is over 5,000 acres in size. That, too, has allegorical significance. It shows how disappointment and tragedy measure up to the abundance of life. It's no contest.

Happy Easter.

(Reprinted from an earlier Beacon)

CONSISTORY MEETING HIGHLIGHTS

MARCH 2010

Consistory met on Thursday, March 18th, in Memorial Hall...

Consistory Open Seats. The Nominating Committee (Scott Magliochetti, Bill Herbert, Barb Van Liew) reported two nominations to Consistory to fill two seats that will soon be open: Gracie Johnson, for Elder; and Michael Urbanski for Deacon. These two familiar faces will stand for election in the next several weeks to fill the seats being vacated by Bob Bradsell and Scott Magliochetti. Bob and Scott must step down, having served two back-to-back terms.

A New Position...*Editor.* We appointed Barb Pavlicek Editor, following her agreement to serve in that capacity. With our increasing dependence on *web-sites* to communicate, we felt it was important to have someone oversee the content of our site on a regular – and persistent – basis. Barbara is an experienced English teacher, as well as an Elder in our church (having served as Vice President of Consistory). She will work with Church Administrator, Nancy Curtis, as well as ‘web master,’ Gregg Smith, and will be available to Pastor Rich and the rest of us as well – to offer a ‘second set of eyes’ for all manner of communications...including this *Highlights* notice.

Lecture Series...*Program 2.* We discussed the first program, with speaker George Gallup, and resolved to continue and improve the series with the second program on April 7th, featuring motivational speaker, Natalie Gahrmann. We plan to increase promotional efforts, and to encourage a greater turnout among our members and friends.

Easter Season. Pastor Rich reported on plans for Easter season services, including Maundy Thursday (an evening service with communion), and a joint service with area churches the week after Easter. We will host the service on the evening of Sunday, April 11th, and worshipers from Harlingen, Rocky Hill and Griggstown Reformed Churches will join us in a moving, music-filled event for the whole family. (*This service has since been canceled.*)

Our next regular meeting is Wednesday night, April 14th. Let us know how we're doing...and if you have questions, ask. Corner one of us over coffee – or call – or put a note in the collection box. We'll do our best to respond.

April Birthdays

- April 1—LaFerne Keller
- April 2—Katie Mueller
 - PatrickFritzinger
- April 8—Cara Hume
- April 11—Val Reyes
- April 15—Joe Weingart
- April 29—Vickie DeLaCruz

Lost and Found

Ring
Bracelet
Gloves
Denim Jacket

Check with the church office

May in “Old” Montgomery
May 8, 2010 from 10 AM to 3 PM
Tour of historic Rocky Hill homes.
Houses of Worship will also be open.
Tour starts at the Reformed Church of Rocky Hill.
Tickets are \$18 in advance at Robinson’s Fine Candies or
by mail from the Van Harlingen Historical Society,
P.O. Box 23, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.

Outreach Lunch Menus

April 2010

April 6

Mushroom Soup, Tuna Fish Sandwiches,
Bacon, Ranch and Chicken Mac & Cheese, Jelly Roll

April 13

Vegetable Soup, Chef Salad,
Quiche, Ice Cream with Cookies/Brownies

April 20

Manhattan Clam Chowder, Egg Salad,
Baked Potatoes with toppings, Chili. Cake

April 27

Sweet & Sour Cabbage Soup, Cheese Steaks,
Lemon Chicken with Rice, Pie

Blawenburg Reformed Church
Student Aid Fund

The purpose of the Student Aid Fund is to assist, financially, the members and children of members of the Blawenburg Reformed Church who desire to further their education beyond secondary school. The assistance is also available to church members who wish to further their education after a lapse in their schooling program, regardless of their status or age in life.

Forty-two students have availed themselves of this financial assistance, making the total amount loaned, as of March, 2010 to be \$32,351.35. The financial responsibility of all of these students has been paid in full; except for two students who are still making payments toward their loans.

In June, the graduating seniors will receive an application through the mail. If further information is desired, please contact any member of our committee: Evelyn Cochran, (Chair.) Tom Skillman, Bernice Van Nostrand and Ethel Terhune.

Rummage Sale!

April 15—5:00 to 8:00 PM

April 16—9:00 AM to 3:00 PM

April 17—9:00 AM to 1:00 PM (Bag Sale)

Drop off your items: Monday April 5 – Saturday,
April 10 – 9 am – 3 pm Memorial Hall

Some tables have been set up, some hangers have been taken out of storage, signs are up around town, press releases have been sent, but we still need help!

We are in need of a few people to take charge of certain areas...

Bric A Brac & house wares

Books

Toys

Linens

Outdoor

Would you be willing to help out – in organizing and pricing these items as they come in? Please let Jean Butcher or Jean Beachell know – or sign up in Cook Hall! Thanks!

BEACON TIDBITS:

- * Don't forget our next "Help Yourself" lecture featuring Natalie Gahrman on Wed. evening April 7 in our sanctuary! Feeling stressed? This is for you! More info on page 6
- * Our joint post-Easter service with Griggstown, Harlingen and Rocky Hill, which was to be held on Sunday evening April 11 at 7 p.m., has been canceled due to unforeseen scheduling conflicts among key leaders. We will, however, worship together in the month of August and hold a joint Christmas service like last year's.
- * Worship on Sunday May 2 will include a *Service of Christian Healing*.
- * Sunday May 9 (Mother's Day) holds some special surprises.
- * 5th Sunday worship returns on May 30, Pastor Rich's last day before embarking on a 3 month sabbatical.
- * Have you ever wondered what the liturgical colors mean? Here's the answer:
 - white* Christmas Eve through the 3rd Sunday after Christmas Easter and the 6 following Sundays (until Pentecost) Transfiguration, Christ the King and Trinity Sundays *symbolizes purity and joy in observance of high holy days*
 - green* 2nd through 5th Sunday of Epiphany
2nd through 25th Sunday after Pentecost
symbolizes fertility or spiritual growth
 - purple* Lent: Ash Wednesday through Palm Sunday
Advent: four Sundays prior to Christmas
symbolizes penitence or repentance
 - Red* Good Friday, Pentecost
symbolizes passion

MARYS AND MARTHAS

Women's Book Study Group

All women of the church are invited to eat together, pray together, and to discuss a book together. On April 10th they will meet at 7:30 a.m. in Cook Hall to begin sharing their thoughts about the book, Too Busy Not to Pray, by Bill Hybels. With so much busyness in the lives of people today, maybe we can learn to slow down and enjoy our lives more. As Hybels says, ". . . get off the fast track long enough to find out what prayer is all about." So roll out of bed, pull on your jeans and sweat shirt, and enjoy the company, questions, and thoughts of other BRC women. Part 1: Chapters 1--3 will be discussed on April 10th.

ONGOING MISSIONS

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Kits for CWS Baby, Student and Health

On the mission table in Cook Hall are lists of needed items for you to keep on hand as you see sales. We have lots of notebooks now. We had a donation of diapers so we have enough to make 8 Baby Kits. With the help of the Sunday School Children, we will plan to pack these kits in the spring.

Non-Perishable Food and Toiletry Items for our Township food pantry are being collected in the Sanctuary and Cook Hall.

BRC Lecture Series

We are hosting a monthly *Lecture Series* in the sanctuary. The next lecture will be “Taming Stress in Your Over-Committed Life” by Natalie Gahrman on April 7th at 7:30 PM. There will be a soup and salad dinner between 6:00 and 7:00 in Cook Hall and a free-will offering will be collected to help defray the cost of the dinner.

We Need Volunteers—There will be a time of refreshments after the lectures in the Cook Hall basement. We need people to bake cookies and bar cookies and we will need one or two people willing to act as host/hostess for the evening. The host/hostess will make the coffee, put out the refreshments, and clean up. The other dates for the Lectures will be May 5 and May 26.



“Feed My Sheep” **One Great Hour of Sharing**

“*Feed My Sheep*” is the theme of this year’s Lenten mission of One Great Hour of Sharing, the national fund-raising effort for Reformed Church World Service. We kicked off this campaign with a pancake supper on Fat Tuesday. In spite of the inclement weather we netted \$100 for OGHS. Thanks to all those who cooked, ate and cleaned!

We are urged by Jesus to provide food, clothing, shelter, clean water and spiritual comfort and healing to our brothers and sisters. We do what we can to serve locally; but through this campaign, we provide as much as we can to fund those who are able to serve globally. Coin boxes, envelopes and guides for sacrificial daily giving have been sent home. The guides provide good topics for dinner table discussion! If you did not receive them or would like additional materials, they will be available in the back of the Sanctuary and at coffee hour throughout Lent.

If you would like to learn about the work of Reformed Church World Service, check out their website www.rcws.rca.org.

Coin boxes and envelopes with cash or checks (made payable to BRC, noting O.G.H.S. on memo line) will be collected and offered up in gratitude during worship on Easter Sunday.

Croatia Update

Women soak up God's love, learn faith at retreat

By Nancy Titus

Women ministering to women. I was reminded again what a powerful concept that is as I attended a women's conference in Sarajevo last month. This conference was aptly named, "Daughters of the King," as one thing organizers strive to instill in the women of this very male-dominated culture is how precious they are in the sight of God. Many women here, perhaps most, have heavy burdens of family and household responsibilities heaped on them in such a way as nearly to break the spirit.

Whatever continent you are on and regardless of your gender, stresses of family, health, and finances eat at us all. That's one reason I'm a big fan of spiritual retreats which allow you to get away from the normal routine and take a different look at your life and perhaps pause long enough to hear what the Lord might be saying to you. A large part of the power is in relating differently with your friends and neighbors in a neutral setting. Most, though not all, of those I have personally participated in are for women. And when women get alone with each other for the purpose of sharing time in the Lord, a lot can happen for the Kingdom.

I think it is all the more important in a place where women are often demeaned by men and a culture that sees no need for the softer side of life. Rampant pornography is one symptom of this disease, which infects with the twisted idea that women are possessions for men to use or misuse as they please.

In that context, women getting away to let the truth of God's great love for them – and their husbands – soak in is a great blessing indeed.

This was the fourth Daughters of the King conference, organized by Grethe Stanley, an Australian missionary who has lived in Croatia and Bosnia. Besides the teaching component of the retreat, she also demonstrated several wise principles in how she has organized the conferences. First, she stressed her desire that the conference pay its own way.

The importance of this element can be easily overlooked. People from the West are happy to give to such an event, but Grethe wants to empower the women of the Balkans by letting them know they can do this themselves through faith in God. One way she moved closer to the goal this year was that various regional women's groups supplied items for the sale table to help raise money for conference expenses and to fund scholarships for women unable to pay the 55 euro (\$82.50) fee for food and lodging for three nights.

Also last year, Grethe had encouraged the women to give to a mission of one of the speakers, who was headed to Africa. The money collected bought two sewing machines, tables and food for a year for a school. This year, the more than 450 women present got to see pictures of that money in use and the looks on faces around me as they watched this video and understood the real difference their contribution had made in the lives of an entire village was beautiful to see.

Missions giving is important for every believer, but often when the congregation is itself a mission the people can begin to think of themselves only as receivers and not as givers too. We have seen the attitude over and over that because people here are poor Americans or other Westerners must pay for everything.

It is deadly to the vitality of the church because the truth is that real change in the region will not come by outsiders. We can come along and help, but it will be indigenous believers daring to counter ungodly elements of their own societies who will ultimately win their countries for Christ. Developing the faith to stand against such pressures is a big job, and learning to trust God for finances and other practical aspects for a much-needed conference is a good place to start.

Eric and Nancy Titus are RCA missionaries in Osijek, Croatia, where they work at the Evangelical Theological Seminary and with the Reformed Christian Church in Croatia. They have three children: Samuel, 15, Valerie, 12, and Penny, 10.

Part 5

Despite Hansen's assurances, Janet called in sick to school.

"Why doesn't the demon just possess them both?" she asked as they descended their front steps.

"I don't know. Maybe there are rules in the spirit world - only one possessed soul at a time. As long as Gladys refuses to let go, the demon can't take full possession of Chucky. It fits with what I felt, anyway."

"This is too dangerous to take on by yourself, Terry."

"If it gets scary, I'll walk away. I promise."

Stepping onto the Seller's property, Hansen imagined the ground opening beneath his feet and clawed hands reaching up to drag him to the lower depths. Must have seen that in a movie, he thought.

"You're not even Catholic," Janet said.

"The denomination doesn't matter. It's the power of the words and the spirit behind them."

"Which you believe will drive a demon from this house, setting Chucky free to live a normal life . . .?"

"Yes."

"And what if you're wrong?"

"It can't hurt to try," Hansen sighed impatiently.

"You don't know that." Janet grabbed his arm and stopped him. "Maybe it *can* hurt to try."

"What's the alternative, Janet? Walk away and pretend like I felt nothing? Leave the Sellers to deal with this by themselves? I might be the only one around equipped to take this on."

"By equipped you mean . . .?"

"Armed with faith. The disciples said, 'Even the demons submitted to us in your name, Lord.'"

"Who were sent out in pairs! Who's going to help you?"

Hansen proceeded up the sidewalk, Janet following. She glanced at the badly folded sheets of paper in her husband's hand. "Can't you make your liturgy a little more official looking? That could be today's racing forms."

"What do you know about racing forms?" He reached out and pressed the bell.

Janet turned to breathe in the gorgeous spring day, the bright sunshine belying her husband's dark task. "I asked Father Glenn to stop by . . ."

Immediately, the door opened, revealing a haggard couple holding their sullen child between them. Silently, they stepped aside to allow the minister and his wife entry.

"You're sure this will help?" Marsha rasped, both she and Tom awash in skepticism.

"It can't . . .," Hansen looked at Janet and changed direction. "I believe it will. Yes."

"Why do we have to stay?" Tom asked flatly.

Hansen hesitated to talk openly in front of the boy, then quickly realized it didn't make any difference.

As Marsha closed the door behind them, the air pressure seemed to rise. "I've done a little reading on this subject over the last few days, and most of my sources agree on certain facts. Taking Chucky out of the house will not help him. The demon has his "scent" so to speak and will be able to find him wherever you go. We want the demon to associate Chucky with extreme discomfort, so it will never come back. That's why the one in the process of possession needs to be close during the rite of exorcism."

"This is all so unbelievable." Tom shook his head as if fending off a concussion, feeling anger and self-loathing for giving in to such a thing.

No one disagreed.

Hansen offered, "Well, we can *not* do it. It is your house, after all."

A tense silence followed. "Maybe the power of suggestion will help . . ." Marsha began, tailing off because she knew all else had failed. Chucky did not need help, anymore. He needed a cure

To their surprise, it was Tom who said, "Let's do this."

Marsha looked at him questioningly. In answer Tom said, "We all saw the same thing. If there's any chance we can get rid of it . . ."

"OK, the four of you go into the living room, sit down and start with these responsive readings."

"Whoa! You mean we're taking part in this, too?" Tom asked, on the verge of belligerence.

Hansen stepped back. "Well, yes, unless you feel uncomfortable about it. The rite has more power the more people who participate."

Reluctantly, Tom took the sheet from Hansen's grasp. The minister and his wife exchanged worried glances.

"This is supporting liturgy. I'll go up to Chucky's room and conduct the actual exorcism, that being the epicenter of the house." And also the place where Gladys died, Hansen surmised.

With that he turned and climbed the stairs, the three adults intoning Psalm 53 by the time he reached the top.

Chucky's room had changed little since the previous Friday night. The same toys littered the floor, the bed had not been made, but the pictures on the wall of animals and clowns took on a sinister tinge.

Might as well get right to it, Hansen thought. He raised the remaining liturgy and began to read, "I command you, unclean spirit, whoever you are, along with all your minions now attacking this servant of God, by the mysteries of the incarnation, passion, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the descent of the Holy Spirit, by the coming of our Lord for judgment, that you tell me by some sign your name, and the day and hour of your departure. I command you, moreover, to obey me to the letter, I who am a minister of God despite my unworthiness; nor shall you be emboldened to harm in any way this creature of God, or the bystanders, or any of their possessions."

At first, he felt foolish, but that quickly gave way to foreboding, then gut-clenching fear. Janet was right. This was not a good idea.

His tongue thickened and his throat constricted. His breathing became labored as if the oxygen had been sucked from the room. He struggled to continue, but soon fell silent.

The demon - or something - was making it impossible for him to continue.

Even worse, his hands and feet went numb, and he could no longer move his legs. He fell back against the wall as if pushed and pressed hard against it. An invisible hand grabbed him by the throat and lifted him from the floor.

And this, he sensed, was only a fraction of the demon's power.

Suddenly, a scream erupted from below. "Chucky! Come back!"

He heard little feet ascending the stairs, followed quickly by heavier ones.

Hansen saw Chucky bolt passed him into the room and dive onto his bed to burrow under the covers.

Then, the door slammed shut behind him - and not from the wind, because the windows were firmly shut.

A second later the Sellers and Janet reached the door, but could not budge it. Hansen and Chucky were now closed off and in the unprotected presence of something truly terrible.

Suddenly, the door bell rang. Hansen could hear Janet say, "Stay here! I'll get it!"

Muffled voices rose from below, then more steps.

Terry!" Janet cried. "It's Papa Duke!"

The voices sound garbled now as tears wrought by choking streamed down Hansen's cheeks.

"Hey, Rev," Father Glenn O'Ryan spoke in his characteristic soothing voice. "How about opening up? These are not the days to be alone in a bedroom with a five-year-old. Trust me on this."

Hansen could not make a sound, except for intermittent gasps. He tried to pound on the wall, but his arms felt like dead fish.

"Chucky! Chucky!" Marsha cried, "Are you all right?!"

"Let's call the police!" Tom shouted. "Who knows what he's doing in there!"

But the arrival of the police meant failure. Even if he survived, and Chucky was taken from the room safe and sound, the paramount problem remained: a demon possessed this house and would stop at nothing until it had stolen the soul of Chucky Sellers.

And there was nothing he could do about it.

Alone.

The liturgy, Papa Duke, Janet - they were all right. Never try this alone.

And he had not listened. Now, with his heart nearing explosion and a vision of his own obituary racing through his mind, Terry Hansen understood the depth of his arrogance and the feebleness of his faith. He had attempted to face down an eternal being from the pit - by himself. And he would shortly die for it.

He prayed silently, "I lift up my eyes to the Lord. From whence will my help come?"

At that moment he felt another presence in the room. Sorrow and despair briefly supplanted rage and hatred. The pressure in his chest eased slightly.

It was the ghost of Gladys Timms.

Would she, could she help me? He would have thrown himself on his knees and begged, if it were possible, but the cold hand of death held him fast. Besides, Gladys - like the demon - had no particular fondness for clergy types. Of this he was certain.

In a voice barely a whisper, Terry Hansen pleaded what he knew could be his final case.

As the handle rattled and a body slammed heavily against the wooden door, Hansen appealed to a betrayed soul, murdered by her husband a hundred and sixty years ago.

"Gladys, I know what he did to you. I know he poisoned you. Constance Sharp left proof. I swear I will tell your story to the world. I will vindicate you! Please help me!"

The demon's grasp weakened - but not enough. Gladys could not do it alone, either.

Then Hansen reached down into his soul and appealed to the only power that could finish the job, the power that gave meaning to the words. Suddenly, he was able to raise the liturgy to his eyes: "I cast you out, unclean spirit, along with every Satanic power of the enemy, every spectre from hell, and all your fell companions; in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Begone and stay far from this creature of God. For it is He who commands you, He who flung you headlong from the heights of heaven into the depths of hell. It is He who commands you, He who once stilled the sea and the wind and the storm. Hearken, therefore, and tremble in fear, Satan, you enemy of the faith, you foe of the human race, you begetter of death, you robber of life, you corrupter of justice, you root of all evil and vice; seducer of men, betrayer of the nations, instigator of envy, font of avarice, fomentor of discord, author of pain and sorrow. Why, then, do you stand and resist, knowing as you must that Christ the Lord brings your plans to nothing? Fear Him, who in Isaac was offered in sacrifice, in Joseph sold into bondage, slain as the paschal lamb, crucified as man, yet triumphed over the powers of hell. Begone, then, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Give place to the Holy Spirit by this sign of the holy cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, who lives and reigns with the Father and the Holy Spirit, God, forever and ever. Amen."

As he read, an enormous weight crushed against him until his head pounded and his nose gushed blood. Then, finally, as if the house itself exhaled, explosive energy shot from the room, shattering the window that overlooked the church across the street. The draperies fluttered madly, then fell limp. As the door opened behind him, Hansen ran to the window and looked out. He would never know if what he saw was a physical reality or merely a projection in his mind's eye, but he knew it represented truth - and finality.

Speeding away from the house, wing to wing, a crow and a dove seemed bound together by an unseen force - until the crow veered left beyond the church and the dove disappeared to the right beyond the trees.

His ears popped in time to hear a little boy cry, "Mommy!"

Then another voice. "What did you break the window for?" Papa Duke chided, a strange combination of amusement and fear filling his face at the bloodied sight before him. "We can still make our tee time - after you clean up, that is."

Once the police were dispatched with apologies, and stunned goodbyes were said by all, Hansen and Janet made their way back to the parsonage. Neither spoke a word, but they walked arm in arm.

On entering, they turned, sliding both arms around the other's waist. She looked at him with worry and awe. His expression read little more than shock.

"Well done, hero," Janet whispered.

"I had practically nothing to do with it," he whispered back.

"I've got the rest of the day off, and I really can't go out . . ."

"Give me a couple of minutes, and then come up when you're ready. *If* you're ready."

"You know my answer to that," she smiled, tilting her head for the long kiss that followed.

When he woke his computer from hibernation there appeared on the screen the beginning of a resignation letter. He looked at it without emotion, but was soon distracted by a sound he could not recall ever hearing from the yard next door - a little boy's laughter. He rose, walked to the window and looked down. Below, a few yards away, Chucky kicked his feet out in front of him in a joyous swing that might have caused other mothers concern. But Marsha stood calmly behind the boy, occasionally raising a handkerchief to her eyes.

On returning to the computer, Hansen closed the letter with the intention, perhaps, of finishing it another day. Today, however, he had a more pressing task to fulfill. Today, he had a promise to keep.

He closed his eyes, prayed, and began to type.

"It began as an amusing conversation piece, eliciting a smile, an occasional chuckle among those who claimed to see her, and a barely perceptible shake of the head from those who listened with gentle mockery . . ."

End

The Blawenburg Beacon

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Dated Material

The Blawenburg Reformed Church is a covenant community of God's people united in Christ through the Holy Spirit. We commit our gifts to worship, hospitality, life-long learning, serving those in need, and proclaiming the good news of salvation in Jesus Christ.