

Pastor Tammy’s Ponderings



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Falling in Love with Jesus.... OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

As the summer months begin to fade and the fall season approaches, many of us are preparing to return to familiar routines. Vacations are ending. Children, young people, teachers, and administrators are heading back to school. Work schedules are becoming fuller. Church ministries and community activities are picking up again. Calendars are filling, responsibilities are increasing, and before we know it, our days can become very busy.

But as the seasons change and our routines become more demanding, there is one relationship we must never allow to become neglected—our relationship with Jesus Christ.

We can become so busy doing good things, necessary things, and even *church things* that we forget to spend time with the One who gives meaning to everything we do. Loving Jesus must never become something we simply talk about on Sunday morning. Our love for Him must be nurtured intentionally, consistently, and daily.

Just as any meaningful relationship requires time, attention, communication, and commitment, our relationship with Christ requires the same. We nurture our love for Jesus through Means of Grace: Prayer. Worship. Reading God's Word. Worship. Partaking of Holy Communion. We nurture it through obedience, service, gratitude, and simply spending quiet moments in His presence.

And when we make Jesus the center of our lives, we discover that the abundant life He promised is not necessarily a life without difficulty, but it is a life overflowing with His

mercy, His grace, His peace, His strength, and His unfailing love.

As we prepare for this new season, let us remember what Scripture teaches us about the love of God.

1. God's Love Is Faithful

“Know therefore that the LORD your God is God, the faithful God who keeps covenant and steadfast love with those who love him and keep his commandments, to a thousand generations.” — Deuteronomy 7:9

What a wonderful reminder: **God is faithful.**

People may disappoint us. Circumstances may change. Seasons come and seasons go. But our God remains the same. His love is not temporary, conditional, or unreliable. God keeps His promises, and His steadfast love extends from generation to generation.

2. God's Love Never Runs Out

“Give thanks to the God of heaven, for His steadfast love endures forever.” — Psalm 136:26

There are many things in life that do not last forever. Seasons change. Circumstances change. Relationships sometimes change. Our strength changes, and even our plans can change.

But **God's love endures forever.**

There has never been a morning when we awakened, and God had run out of mercy. There has never been a day when His grace was unavailable. There has never been a season when God stopped loving His children. That truth ought to fill our hearts with gratitude.

3. Jesus Invites Us to Abide in His Love

“As the Father loved Me, I also have loved you; abide in My love. If you keep My commandments, you will abide in My love, just as I have kept My Father's commandments and abide in His love.” — John 15:9–10

Jesus does not merely tell us that He loves us. He invites us to **abide** in His love.

Jesus does not want an occasional relationship with us. He does not want us to visit Him only when we are hurting, frightened, confused, or in need. He desires that we live everyday conscious of His presence and connected to Him. So, this fall, as we return to our routines, may we also renew our commitment to abide in Jesus.

And ultimately, when we talk about falling in love with Jesus, we must remember where this beautiful love story began: **“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” — John 3:16**

God loved us first. Before we ever prayed, God loved us. Before we ever worshiped, God loved us. Before we ever served Him, God loved us. Before we ever surrendered our lives to Him, God loved us enough to give us Jesus. Jesus is God's ultimate expression of love toward humanity. So how can we respond to a love so amazing? We give Him our hearts. We give Him our worship. We give Him our time. We give Him our gifts. We give Him our obedience. We give Him our very lives. As the leaves begin to fall and another season begins, perhaps this is the perfect time for each of us to ask ourselves: Am I still falling more deeply in love with Jesus? Because the more we know Him, the more we will trust Him. The more we trust Him, the more we will follow Him. And the more we experience His grace, mercy, goodness, and unfailing love, the more we will fall in love with

Jesus all over again. *Rev. Tamara Ingram, Senior Pastor*

PASTOR TOREY UNPLUGGED



Falling in Love with Jesus, One Act of Service at a Time

I didn't fall in love with Jesus in a single, dramatic moment. It happened slowly, the way most real love does through years of small, ordinary acts of service that my grandparents made sure I never skipped.

Growing up, serving wasn't optional. It was expected. If the doors of the church were open, we were there not just in the pew but doing something. Setting up chairs.

Passing out bulletins. Singing in the choir when I'd rather have been anywhere else. My grandparents didn't ask if I wanted to be involved; they simply involved me. Looking back, I understand what they were doing. They weren't just building a habit of church attendance. They were building a heart that would eventually belong to Christ.

I didn't serve because I loved Jesus yet. I served because that's what was expected of me, and somewhere in the doing, the loving caught up with the doing. That's the part I want you to hear this month: love for Jesus isn't only discovered in quiet devotion. Sometimes it's discovered with your hands full, stacking hymnals, cooking for a repast, walking alongside a neighbor who needed help with something as simple as yard work.

I remember the community service days most of all. My grandparents and my pastor made sure we didn't just serve inside the walls of the church but carried that same spirit into our neighborhood. We showed up for people who would never step foot in our sanctuary. Visiting pregnancy shelters, repairing homes, community clean ups, and offering free community gatherings. I began to understand something about Jesus that no sermon alone could have taught me: that His love doesn't stay contained. It moves. It shows up at doorsteps. It gets its hands dirty.

By the time I was a teenager, I couldn't separate my faith from my service anymore, and I couldn't separate my love for Jesus from my love for the church that had shaped me. The two had become the same thing. That's what falling in love with Jesus looked like for me, thousands of small moments of being handed a broom, a hymnal, a casserole dish, or a task, and being told, "This is how we love people."

This September, I want to invite you into that same kind of love. Not the kind that waits for a feeling, but the kind that shows up. Find a place to serve, in this church, in a ministry, in your neighborhood, in your school, wherever you sense a need. I promise you, the love will come. It came for me. It came through folding chairs, singing off-key in the note choir, ha-ha, and mowing a stranger's lawn on a Saturday morning with my grandpa. Jesus meets us in the serving. He always has.

Come fall in love with Jesus again, one act of service at a time.

Rev. Torey Haynes, Associate Pastor



Falling in Love with Jesus through Community Volunteerism

Through community volunteering, one learns to give oneself to benefit others. Just last week, August 15, the Sigma Kappa Omega Chapter of Kappa Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Incorporated, of which I am a member, suggested that we bring school supplies to our annual retreat to benefit the school children of Guilford County. I donated pencils, pens, tape, folders, notebook paper, glue sticks and scissors. We have another opportunity to donate at our annual cookout on Saturday, August 22.

Another initiative that I have participated in is the Childhood Hunger Initiative Power Pack (CHIPP). This program caters to elementary school aged children in Guilford County, NC, and in other states. Once a month on a Friday, I gather with other members at a designated elementary school in the Guilford County School System. My group organizes, packs the packaged food and canned goods and delivers them to the selected students in PreK through fifth grade. These students take those items home to share and enjoy!

I have also donated school supplies to United Way of Greater Greensboro on behalf of GCS; we pack like items together and group them to be picked up by designated personnel from GCS.

As a community volunteer, I have also tutored, served in the Media Center during Book Fairs, and served as a test proctor during End of Grade Testing. "Today I will pay attention to opportunities to serve others." THE UPPER ROOM. August 17, 2026. page 58.

Jean Brown

Hands to Build, Hearts to Give

By hands that tend the common ground,
A quiet strength and grace are found.
No task too small, no effort vain,
To shield another from the rain.
In giving time, we find our store,
And standing together, we become far more.
For work that's shared in open light
Turns ordinary days bright.

The Work of Our Hands

We do not walk this path alone,
Nor live for self and self alone.
A neighbor's lift, a quiet guide,
Restores the hope we keep inside.
With every hour willingly spent,
A fragile spirit grows content.
The thread of service, woven tight,
Binds the community in light.

The Quiet Flame

It takes no riches to impart
The steady kindness of the heart.
A simple gift of labor done,
A heavy burden shared by one.
In every town where helpers stand,
Hope takes root across the land.

Poem by Rabindranath Tagore: I slept and dreamed that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted and behold, service was joy.

Another Poem

Hands that serve with selfless grace, Reflect the light of God's own face in every heart you help to heal. A quiet, holy love made real.

To give your time, your strength, your care, is turning humble work into prayer. For when you lift the ones who fall, You answer God's most sacred call.

Celebrating the Wisdom and Warmth of Our Grandparents



Grandparents hold a special place in the heart of our church family. They are the keepers of our stories, the foundation of our faith, and a steady source of unconditional love. As Grandparents Day approaches, we take a moment to honor and celebrate the incredible blessing they are to our community.

Scripture reminds us in Proverbs 17:6 that "Grandchildren are the crown of the aged, and the glory of children is their fathers." Across generations, our grandparents pass down valuable lessons, offer quiet prayers, and model a lifetime of devotion to God. Their quiet encouragement helps shape the faith of our youth, offering grounded guidance through life's changing seasons.

Whether through sharing a meal, teaching a simple grace, or simply offering a listening ear, our grandparents make a lasting impact. Take time to express your gratitude.

Celebrating Grandparents Day does not require extravagant gestures; meaningful connection is at the core of the holiday. Simple moments like sharing a home-cooked meal, flipping through old photo albums, working together on a craft or garden, or simply sitting down for an intentional conversation can create cherished memories. For families separated by distance, a video call or a handwritten letter can carry just as much warmth. Ultimately, the day highlights a vital truth: honoring our elders enriches the entire family, ensuring their legacy of love continues to thrive across generations.

Let us pray for their continued health, strength, and joy as they guide the next generation in God's love.

National Grandparents Day takes place on the first Sunday after Labor Day. This year, it falls on **Sunday, September 13, 2026.**



SEASON OF CREATION by Karlah Burton



The Season of Creation starts each year on September 1st, the Day of Prayer for Creation, and ends on October 4th, the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, the patron saint of ecology! In 1989, Ecumenical Patriarch Dimitrios I proclaimed September 1st as a day of prayer for creation for the Orthodox. (The Orthodox Church starts its year on that day with a commemoration of the creation story, **Gen 1.**) Later, the World Council of Churches became instrumental in making the special time a season, spanning from September 1 - October 4 that we might renew our relationship with God and creation. In 2026, the theme is ***Living Water*** (***Scripture Reference, Ezekiel 47: 9. 12***). We join our sisters and brothers around the globe in prayer and action for our common home!

The first of September (especially in the Eastern Orthodox tradition as referenced above), is recognized as the *actual date* of the "beginning,"; the onset of both creation and time. Many churches, including **The United Methodist Church** have two opportunities for observance, the day of September 1, and also the first Sunday following. Regarding some dates on the calendar, the "day of" does not always fall on a Sunday like Epiphany/Epiphany Sunday or All Saints Day/All Saints Sunday.

The United Methodist Creation Justice Movement has developed a worship series for the Season of Creation featuring themes related to the Feast of Creation/Creation Christ Sunday (follow links):

- **[Worship Series Coming for Season of Creation | UMC Creation Justice](#)**
- **[Creation in Christ Sunday and the New Feast of Creation | UMC Creation Justice](#)**

Creation in Christ Sunday/Feast of Creation is a unique holy observance for the church universal—the first in over a hundred years! The last new holy day was Christ the King Sunday, established in 1925! Although the Feast of Creation is NOT the same as the Season of Creation. The Feast of Creation/Creation in Christ Sunday is a Christian *holy day* such as Christmas, Pentecost, or Epiphany. As Christian disciples, we are invited to stand in awe and remember when the wind sweeping over the salty water of the first seas!

These are the Christian feast days and holy days recognized by and celebrated within the United Methodist Church: Christmas Epiphany, Baptism of the Lord, Transfiguration Ash Wednesday, Palm/Passion Sunday, Holy Week, Easter Ascension, Trinity Sunday Pentecost, NEW Creation of Christ Sunday, All Saints Day, & Christ the King Sunday.

And so, Christians worldwide have embraced the Season of Creation as part of their annual calendar. Praise of the Creator is right for its own sake! For current and future generations, when the harms to the planet from human activities are threatening so many and so much, we must return to the core teachings of faith and remember that in the beginning was the Word, and all things are created through God. *Let everything that hath breath praise the LORD Psalm150:6.*

REMEMBERING A HOMECOMING

By E.A. McGirt | Submitted by Peggie Horton

Yes, HOMECOMING is religious and more. The 19-20th century (post emancipation families and those during the Great Migration) remained deeply connected to the Southern hometown churches they left behind. Driven by a desire for a better life and to earn income for their labor, millions of Americans of African descent fled the South. Yet, like clockwork, thousands would return home every early fall for "Homecoming" at their traditional "Home Church."

As a young person I remember first to fourth cousins came from places not heard of: "News Yorke," "Jerzee," "Phillie," "Ball-tee-more," "Boss-ton," "Dee-trot," "Marie-land," "Chikcargo-o," etc.? They teased us small town folk for talking country because they claimed to speak "Prop-per Englishe". Really!?! There was plenty of mutual misunderstanding between the city and country cousins. Admittedly, their clothes were very different: colorful and stylish dresses and/or sharp suits. Their mother's shoes and pocketbooks matched tighter fitting dresses. They wore fancy hats over hair styles that Cousin Eva Mae could not duplicate from her hairdresser-kitchen with a single straightening comb and a one size curling iron heated on the stove. Meanwhile, we small town girls and boys wore black skirts or pants and white blouses or shirts. The men showed off their cars and had a roll of cash in their pockets-sometimes flashing three to five 100-dollar bills wrapped deceptively around two hundred 1-dollar bills. Come Sunday morning, we all piled into Uncle June's shiny car, which we proudly thought was his. Forget ownership stuff, we were riding down dusty roads and not walking as usual to Cedar Grove, our family church. Because so many people were fed and had to dress, we arrived after the Sunday school lesson wrap-up. That was a one bathroom miracle and worse for families without indoor facilities.

HOMECOMING Worship Service started with testimonials as families, visitors and friends filled the pews from one end to the other. Elders stood to tell how God had healed them or a loved one. Working members testified how God found them a job or helped them find a spouse or escape a bad marriage. Soon the sanctuary was filled with singing, handkerchiefs waving, hands clapping, heels tapping on the floor as our choir marched down the center aisle swaying to an upbeat spiritual. Once singers were set in the choir loft they changed rhythm, sang softly and suddenly a gentleman from the Amen corner fell on his knee and prayed and shook until drops of sweat fell.

Parishioners shouted back answers to his prayer until a piercing scream broke the dialogue, and holy shouts erupted like a sudden thunderstorm. As a child this service could be frightening or entertaining--**but it was HOMECOMING.** Rev. Sawyer and the guest minister entered from the side doors as the holy spirit ran high. Standing erect in a black robe our pastor shouted hymn words for metered singing. Parishioners sang a familiar song in more than 4-part harmony. ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL! Call and response singing evoked emotional tears then a calmness blanketed the sanctuary. Next, it was time for Sister Mary B.-the shapely lady wearing a flower garden on her head-to read announcements and ask visitors to "**stand and have a word.**" Most family members obliged except children (they were to be seen and not heard). Preachers sat back patiently because they knew those dressed-up city folk wanted to walk down to the offering table just to show off their outfits one more time. They watched attentively as they peeled off a hundred-dollar bill, tossed it proudly into the basket, and strutted or switched away without ever asking for change while the choir sang their absolute best numbers. The offering basket remained on the front table, exactly as it should. **For It Was Homecoming!**

Two and a half hours into the service, the minister finally read the scriptures. He turned to the pages of Luke 15, preaching on the joy, restoration, and celebratory feast of the Prodigal Son, before weaving in Ruth chapter 1 to remind us of the sacred beauty of returning to one's ancestral land during the harvest. Finally, the preacher announced, "After the choir sings, the next voice you will hear will be our guest speaker." That country choir stood up and sang a new song they practiced for weeks because **It Was Homecoming.** By the time the fierce sermon ended, the service had lasted nearly four hours, and everyone was starving.

When we finally walked outside, churchyard tables were Spread and Sagging under the weight of meats, vegetables, casseroles, salads, rice, breads, pickles, preserves, and every kind of dessert imaginable, alongside giant jars of sweet tea and lemonade. There was enough for everyone to eat their fill and pack heavy bags of leftovers to take home. But oops—we couldn't actually go home. Revival service was scheduled to start in thirty minutes. Just enough time for us kids to run and play, celebrating the fact that we were finally back together simply **Because It Was HOMECOMING!!!**

Celebrate our 160th Church Anniversary
September 20, 2026 & Beyond
"Remember, Rejoice and Renew"
Visit our Exhibit in the Bethea Chapel

First day of Autumn begins September 22!





● **Vallerie Boger-Bass** on the Tailored Group Team has been selected to receive the 2026 RHA Care Excellence Award as our NC BH winner! An honor made even more meaningful because Vallerie was nominated by peers. Vallerie's team was able to celebrate her achievement this past Friday. Vallerie is also invited to an award ceremony in Atlanta, GA in September!

This recognition reflects Vallerie's dedication, professionalism, and commitment to serving our members and supporting our team. Through consistent hard work and a passion for excellence, Vallerie has made a meaningful impact and exemplifies the values that this award represents. Congratulations, Vallerie, and thank you for all that you do!



Vallerie was celebrated at work on 8/14/2026 for going above and beyond her job description as a Tailored Care Manager with RHA Health Services. They are flying her and a guest to Atlanta Georgia on the 16th of September 2026 to receive the award. She will be representing the state of NC as other states will also be represented. They will have a brunch and a dinner for the honorees and a day at the spa. That is our executive director standing beside me Tormeica Allison. My supervisor, Cassetta Scott is adjacent to me. I am in the middle.

Vallerie Boger-Bass



- We celebrate our **new members** who have joined us at St Matthews UMC to praise the Lord. If you see them please welcome them to the Church.



Charles Evans



Kimberly Crite & Grandkids



Terence & Vicky



Charma Courtney

- Three extraordinary members of Bennett College's Class of 1961 recently visited Acting President Dr. Ronald L. Carter, bringing with them a living connection to one of the most pivotal chapters in our nation's history. Dr. Iris Jeffries Morton, Dr. Linda Brown, and Roslyn Smith-McLean are among the Bennett Belles whose courage, leadership, and documentation helped shape the story of the Woolworth sit-ins and the broader Civil Rights Movement. Their contributions are part of the often untold history of Bennett students who helped plan and advance the movement for justice and equality. Their legacy is beautifully preserved in Linda B. Brown's book, *Belles of Liberty*. As Bennett College celebrates its Centennial as a women's college, we are especially honored to recognize these remarkable women whose lives embody the courage, scholarship, leadership, and social activism that have defined the Bennett experience for generations. We are grateful for their enduring legacy and the path they helped forge for Bennett Belles who continue to change the world. 🧡💛
Pictured: (l-r) Martina Gibbs-Dowdy, MBA '11 (Bennett College Director of Alumnae and Donor Engagement), Dr. Iris Morton, Dr. Ronald L. Carter, Dr. Linda Brown. Seated: Roslyn Smith McLean
[#BennettCollege](#) [#Bennett100](#) [#BellesOfLiberty](#) [#CivilRightsLegacy](#) [#BennettBelles](#)
100YearsOfBennettWomen



IT IS HISTORY

"Let America Be America Again"

By Langston Hughes * Submitted by Archives & History
Ministry

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers
dreamed--
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants' scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.
(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.
(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?
I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek--
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today--O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.

O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home--
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

THE FREE?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay--
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again--
The land that never has been yet--
And yet must be--the land where every man is free.
The land that's mine--the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME--

Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose--
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!
O, YES,
I SAY IT PLAIN,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath--
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain--
All, all the stretch of these great green states--
And make America again!

Langston Hughes presents America as a promise that has been advertised, celebrated, and repeatedly denied. The poem begins with an urgent wish for the nation to become the ideal of freedom and opportunity it claims to be, but almost immediately that wish is undercut by the repeated confession that America has never truly existed in that form for many of its people. This tension drives the poem forward: the language of national dream and patriotic HOPE keeps colliding with the lived reality of exclusion, labor, poverty, and racial injustice. (A.I.)

Hughes' voice from the past (1935), reminds us that "*The more things change, the more they stay the same*" (Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr-1894). Embrace SMUMC 160th Anniversary so
"REMEMBER, REJOICE AND RENEW."

9/2026/E.A.McG

Fall in Love with Jesus... and With Caring for the Body God Gave You

Submitted by Jennifer Lewis, Health & Welfare Coordinator

As we enter September and embrace our theme “Fall in Love with Jesus,” we are reminded that loving Christ is not only a spiritual commitment—it is a holistic one. Scripture teaches us that our bodies are temples of the Holy Spirit, crafted with intention and worthy of care. When we nurture our physical health, we honor God, strengthen our ability to serve, and deepen our connection to the One who created us.

The Spiritual Practice of Caring for Your Body

Falling in love with Jesus means aligning our daily choices with His teachings. One of the most overlooked spiritual disciplines is **wellness** - the intentional care of our physical, mental, and emotional health. Just as we nourish our spirits through prayer, worship, and Scripture, we must nourish our bodies through movement, rest, and mindful living. When we care for ourselves, we show gratitude for God’s craftsmanship.



Seasonal Shifts: Preparing Your Body for Fall

September brings cooler mornings, earlier sunsets, and the beginning of a slower rhythm. These changes offer a perfect opportunity to reset and recommit to healthy habits:

- **Refresh Your Routine:** As schedules shift, build in time for walking, stretching, or gentle exercise. Even 20 minutes a day can improve heart health and reduce stress.
- **Boost Your Immunity:** Fall marks the start of cold and flu season. Strengthen your immune system with colorful fruits, leafy greens, and adequate hydration.
- **Prioritize Rest:** Shorter days remind us of the importance of sleep. Aim for 7–8 hours each night to support mental clarity and emotional balance.
- **Reconnect with Nature:** Cooler temperatures make outdoor activities more enjoyable. A simple walk can become a moment of prayer, reflection, and gratitude.

Love Jesus by Loving Yourself

Self-care is not selfish—it is spiritual stewardship. When we care for our bodies, we increase our capacity to love, serve, and show up fully in ministry, family life, and community. Jesus calls us to abundant living, and that includes wellness in every dimension.

A Call to Action for Our Church Family

This month let’s commit to one intentional act of wellness each day—whether it’s a morning walk, a healthier meal, a moment of quiet meditation, or simply drinking more water. Let it be an offering of love to Jesus, a reflection of your desire to honor Him with your whole self. As we “Fall in Love with Jesus,” may we also fall deeper into caring for the precious gift of health He has entrusted to us. Let this season be one of renewal, gratitude, and holistic devotion-body, mind, and spirit.

160TH ANNIVERSARY HOMECOMING CELEBRATION

Saturday, September 19th

Adopt-A-Street Clean Up, 8:30am – 10am Starts at CHJ Fellowship Hall Parking Lot

Community Block Party Extravaganza, 3pm – 6pm CHJ Fellowship Hall Parking Lot

Sunday, September 20th

Morning Worship Service 10am (dinner immediately after service) Evening Worship Service 3pm

Guest speaker: Rev. Dr. Darryl Aaron, Pastor of Providence Baptist Church

Monday - Wednesday, September 21st – 23rd

Annual Revival nightly at 6:45pm

Monday (9/21) – Rev. Kim Foster (Bethel UMC & Liberty Grove UMC) w/Greensboro Cluster Choir
Tuesday (9/22) – Rev. Pam Blackstock (St. Paul UMC, Winston-Salem) Wednesday (9/23) –

Rev. Russell Alexander (Memorial UMC, High Point)

Liturgical Arts Ministry

The.Glory.Train has been burning up the tracks in 2026! To date we have performed six times and currently have two dates on our September calendar. It has been our honor to grace the stages for audiences in different settings: Senior facilities, Church Women’s Group luncheons, Church Revivals, a Celebration of County United Churches, and a Cancer Survivorship gathering. The Glory Train carries such a poignant message that encourages believers and non-believers to do some soul searching and make life choices that are pleasing to God. The last stop for the Train was at Holmes Grove UMC, Greensboro, NC. Our FirstFruits Drama team represents us well.



As we are fast approaching our annual Homecoming and Revival, the Liturgical Arts members assist in getting the word out by presenting vignettes to keep the upcoming events on the minds of our people. Enjoy!!



Submitted by Gwendolyn Poole

8/20/2026



Saint Matthews UMC
Men’s Annual Labor Day Barbecue
September 7, 2026 – 11 am – 4 pm
Pork/Chicken/Turkey Barbecue or Fish Plate
Baked Beans, Slaw & Rolls
Take Out \$14.00

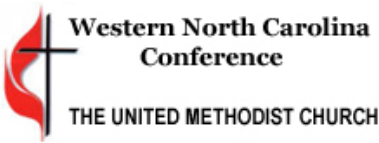
Back 2 School Bash Thanks to all who helped make it a success!



Deadline for October Newsletter articles is September 20, 2026. Theme is “Harvest Time: Celebrating God’s Provisions.” Send all articles & photos to Media Ministry at smumcgreensboro@gmail.com.



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