



Shiloh Notes & News October 2026



A Word from the Pastor

Greetings,

October has always meant Halloween to me. And when I was a kid, Halloween set into motion something of an annual tradition. First came, *It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown*. A few weeks later came the Charlie Brown Thanksgiving special, complete with Snoopy serving a Thanksgiving dinner of toast, popcorn, pretzels, and jelly beans. And then, of course, December brought *A Charlie Brown Christmas*. Those three television specials carried you from Halloween right through Christmas.

The funny thing is, I never really stopped watching them. Even as an adult, if I knew one of them was going to be on television, I would watch it. Maybe it was nostalgia. Maybe it was tradition. Or maybe, for half an hour, it was simply a chance to be a kid again.

Then a few years ago, they disappeared from regular television. Apple had acquired the rights, and suddenly something that had simply been there every year for most of my life wasn't there anymore in the same way. I remember thinking, perhaps a little more dramatically than the situation warranted, "Where has my childhood gone?"

Of course, Charlie Brown isn't really my childhood. But that little television special represents something much bigger. It reminds me of a time when Halloween meant deciding what costume to wear, going from house to house with a bag in my hand, and coming home to see what kind of haul I had collected. It reminds me of a time when the distance between Halloween and Christmas seemed like years instead of a few weeks.

The older I get, the more I realize that some of our most treasured memories were being made when we weren't paying any attention. Nobody stopped us in the middle of an ordinary October evening and said, "Remember this. Someday you're going to miss it." It was just life. We were kids being kids. We didn't know that the ordinary things happening around us were quietly becoming memories we would carry for the rest of our lives.

And maybe there's another layer to that now. We're the adults helping create those childhood memories for another generation. Shiloh's Trunk or Treat is a perfect example. Some child will come through our parking lot dressed as Spider-Man or a princess or something none of us over 50 can identify, collect enough candy to medically concern their parents, and go home.

And the funny thing is, those children probably won't realize they're making memories. We didn't either.

Years from now, they may not remember exactly what costume they wore. They probably won't remember which car gave them the Reese's Cup, or which one had the best decorations. But perhaps they'll remember coming to the church. Perhaps they'll remember people smiling at them and calling them by name. Perhaps they'll remember that it was a place where their family was welcomed, where they laughed and had fun, and where they knew they belonged.

There is something wonderfully sacred about that. Faith isn't passed from one generation to another only through sermons, Sunday school lessons, and Bible studies. Sometimes it is passed along in much quieter ways, through relationships, traditions, ordinary moments, and people who show the love of Christ without even realizing how much of an impression they are making.

Psalms 145:4 says, "One generation commends your works to another; they tell of your mighty acts." Sometimes one generation speaks to another with words. Sometimes we do it simply by opening the doors, filling the candy bowls, decorating the trunks of our cars, welcoming the children, and giving them a place where they know they are loved.

So where has my childhood gone? Well, most of it lives in memories now. And that's okay. Because now it's our turn. We get to help another generation make memories of their own.

And who knows? Fifty years from now, maybe someone will find themselves thinking about an October afternoon long ago, a church parking lot filled with decorated cars, entirely too much candy, and people who made them feel welcome.

They may even wonder, "Where has my childhood gone?"

And somewhere, I hope Linus is still waiting for the Great Pumpkin.

God Bless,
Pastor Fred

Activities and Announcements

Please join us for:

Sunday School - 9:45 am

Worship Service – 11:00am

Bible Study – Tuesday's 7:00pm

Methodist Men's Breakfast – 2nd Sunday of each month

Our Food Pantry items for the **October** distribution are **Breakfast Items**.

Saturday 10/10– 8-10am Pancake Breakfast fundraiser at Julian Lions Club

Sunday 10/11 - 7:30am Breakfast

Sunday 10/25 – 4-6 pm Trunk or Treats – Please join us for family friendly trick or treating, games and fun. We need volunteers to decorate cars and to help with games and activities.

Saturday 11/7 – 9:30am–2:00pm Blood Drive at Shiloh

Please sign up or contact Lori for an appointment time.

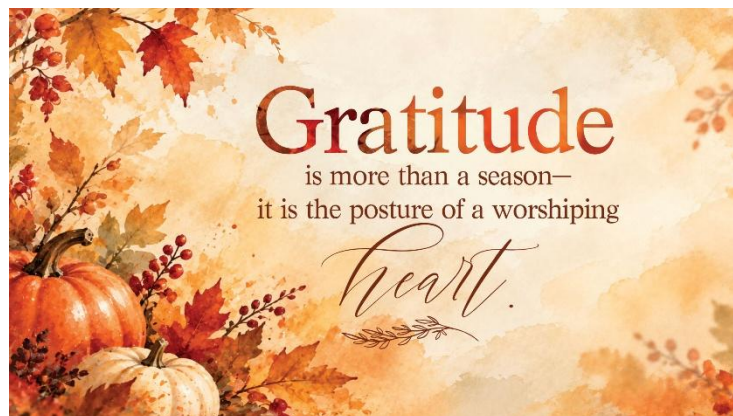
Make Your Blessings Count

Years ago, a newspaper shared the story of Mr. and Mrs. Davis Illingworth, an elderly Christian couple known for quiet, faithful service. Early in their marriage, they decided to use the gifts God had given them to bless others.

Through the years, they served through their church and in life-care retirement homes, offering time, kindness and generosity wherever they were needed. When a foundation later honored them for their caring philanthropy, they shared the motto that had guided their lives: “Count your blessings, and make your blessings count.”

What a wonderful reminder that God’s gifts are meant to be shared for his glory.

If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to each other.
—Mother Teresa



Charging Forward in Stewardship

Rhinoceroses are remarkable creatures. Strong, sturdy and surprisingly fast, a rhino is built to protect. When it senses danger, especially near its herd or its young, it does not hesitate. It moves with focus, strength and purpose.

There may be a stewardship lesson for us in that.

God has entrusted each of us with gifts, time and resources to use for his kingdom. When opportunities come to serve, give, encourage or help, faithful stewards do not stand still and wait for someone else to go first. They respond with willing hearts and steady faith.

Stewardship is not passive. It calls us to move with purpose, give with conviction and serve with the strength God provides. May we be quick to answer God's call, bold in putting our faith into action and faithful in caring for the people and work God has placed before us.

Seeds of Victory

Months before the U.S. victory at the World War II Battle of Midway, important work was happening far from the ocean. Code analysts were quietly studying Japanese messages, using early tools that came long before the computers we know today. Their careful work helped crack a code and gave American forces the warning they needed to avoid an ambush.

It makes you wonder what those long days felt like. Did the analysts ever grow tired of searching for answers? Did they wonder whether their efforts mattered? Did they feel discouraged when the breakthrough had not yet come?

We can understand that feeling. Christians sometimes grow weary, too. We wonder whether teaching children about Jesus is making a difference. We wonder whether small acts of kindness, quiet prayers or faithful service will ever bear fruit. We see sin, sorrow and brokenness around us and wonder how victory will come. But God sees what we cannot. No faithful work done for him is wasted. The Spirit who helps us plant seeds of truth and love is also able to bring the harvest. And because of Christ, the final victory is already secure.

