



Stefano Corazza has preached for many years for the congregation in Rome, Italy



A "Dunkin' Donut" Bible study with Roger Polanco (green shirt) held in a pizzeria in NYC

bookshelves full of religious literature Stefano's father spent years translating into Italian. And the members proudly show you two treasured visitor address books, with signatures of international guests from years gone by. The Italian singing was lively and Stefano's voice had a soothing tone and calm cadence, even when pressing a point. Bible class followed the worship period and excitement filled the air as members prepared to start another congregation in Rome near one of the airports.

GOING HOME

We flew out of Rome that evening, and on the way home we spent a day with Roger Polanco and his family in New York City. It's an easy subway ride from Times Square north to the Bronx, where they live in a spacious apartment. Roger grew up in this neighborhood and is fluent in Spanish, so he feels right at home here. We were able to attend the "Dunkin' Donut" study which now meets in a pizza place, and visited with Caleb Churchill also. You can friend Roger on Facebook or West Harlem Bilingual Church of Christ/Iglesia de Cristo on Facebook.

Two days after our return to Tampa terrorist attacks exploded throughout Paris. Here at home, less than three weeks later, a horrendous assault erupted in San Bernardino, California. Yet for almost three months we safely and comfortably navigated eleven countries and two continents without a hitch. God graciously answered our prayers. It's our challenge to mix more trust with travel, wherever our next journey may lead.



∞ Lori King

About Worthy Women's Words

The goal of WWW is for women of the TT church of Christ to share their faith and commitment to the Lord through their writings. They live their faith every day. This is an opportunity to share their thoughts about life experiences, biblical insights, parenting or spiritual concerns. Articles are written from the heart and reflect the very depths of their souls. In addition, WWW highlights the author's background with a picture that hopefully allows our large congregation to know them better and appreciate their Christian walk.

If you would like to participate, I covet your article. This is not English 101. The intention is to contribute your thoughts and ideas and show how your faith has shaped your life. If necessary, I will help you with the composition and mechanics of the actual writing. Remember the goal of WWW is to share your faith and commitment to the Lord through your writings. The elders have affirmed the importance of this work by placing it on the church website.

Following is a list of writers for 2016. Notice that there are some open months. You are welcome to participate.

WWW Writers for 2016

- January—Jean Crispell: Serving God and Others Through Hospitality
- February—Lori King: 7 Churches of Europe
- March—Beverly Hill: God's Grace and Goodness from Viet Nam to Temple Terrace
- April—currently open
- May—Annetta Hastings: Mother-In-Laws - Naomi
- June—currently open
- July—Kathi Finley: Synopsis of the April Ladies Day Speech *
- August—Phyllis Littell: Back to God - Back to School
- September—Currently open
- October— Currently open
- November—Donna Baird: Be Ye Thankful

*Other speaker's talks will also be published.

∞ Phyllis Littell, editor WWW

Spiritual thoughts from women of the Temple Terrace Church of Christ



In loving memory of our sister, Joella Pickup.

Worthy Women's Words

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7 CHURCHES OF EUROPE

As a young couple, Jim and I had a desire for full time ministry with small churches outside the Bible Belt where we had grown up. We first chose to work with a troubled congregation in New York State. Then we labored with another small church in the far eastern Appalachian Mountain region of Tennessee. Those fifteen years profoundly affected our lives, especially during our time in the North. We longed for a relationship with the generous Christians who financially supported us and not just a check in the mail. It thrilled our hearts when Christians visited the assembly. To hear additional voices singing, to have a prayer worded or to listen to comments in Bible class lifted our spirits. During the next fifteen years of part-time preaching coupled with Jim's secular job and my full-time homemaking we continued to order our lives so that if given a future opportunity, we could encourage and help churches in the States and worldwide.

God blessed us with an incredible trip to Europe last fall. A highlight of that journey was visiting churches along the way, making new friends and participating in their worship. It reminded us of the brethren in Acts 28:15 who came out to meet Paul on his trip to Rome. Luke says that when Paul saw them, "he thanked God, and took courage." The following is a sketch of our Sunday visits to "7 Churches of Europe."

DUBLIN, IRELAND

It was the kind of neighborhood where sidewalks were full of people walking to Mass on Sunday morning. Our taxi driver stopped, crooked his head out the window and secured directions from one of the helpful worshipers. A minute later, we were greeted by a group of fifty or so chatting Christians preparing to worship in a bright comfortable building on Knocklyon Road.



Angela Darmody, a friendly Dubliner, kindly offered to escort us to our downtown hotel via the local bus after the assembly. We became fast friends. She would love it if you contact her on Facebook and make a new friend.

The Bible study and worship service was very similar to what we're accustomed to at Temple Terrace but with pleasing Irish accents, a reminder that we were no longer in the States. The local minister is Steve Kearney; however, on that particular day a visiting preacher from Wales delivered the sermon.

LONDON, ENGLAND

The King's Cross congregation meets in a small community center near the British Library and St Pancras train station, where the Eurostar embarks on its quick journey to Paris. It is an excellent location, since many travelers come to this neighborhood and it's familiar to locals.

As we stood on the sidewalk next to a black iron gate waiting for someone to open the door, a young couple approached with much luggage. Chris and Katherine Callahan were from Mississippi and believe it or not, I had known his father thirty-six years ago when I was a member of the University Heights congregation in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. We also reconnected with Brownie Lee and Nancy Reaves from Georgia. They are all on Facebook as well.

An interesting aspect of this congregation's worship was that they use only one metal-stemmed container during the communion service. After a person sips the fruit of the vine, the attendant wipes the cup with a white napkin. I became obsessed with the potential germs on that napkin and fervently wished for the wiping to stop, to no avail. It was my turn. After an embarrassingly long period of time, and a handing back and forth of the vessel, I can attest to the fact that you cannot drink from a cup without it touching a portion of your lips or teeth. I was unwilling to attempt to pour the juice into my mouth, even though I did contemplate the idea. Another difference was that a beautiful velvet pouch attached to a long wooden stick was floated in front of each person to collect the contribution.

PARIS, FRANCE

We learned Roland and Rose Mohsen's fascinating story when they graciously invited us to dinner one Sunday evening in their home above the church building. Roland is an Arab from Yemen who emigrated to Pennsylvania as a child. His family owned a bakery and he has owned and managed bakeries at various times throughout

his life. While in Pennsylvania, he met and married Rose and was converted by the gospel. They attended Freed Hardeman College and began working with this church in the 1970's. His fluency in Arabic, French and English has been extremely helpful in this large multi-cultural city.

Located a short walk from the metro and the University of Paris Sorbonne, this very friendly congregation of 150-200 people, most from Haiti, squeezes into the all-French Sunday morning worship service. It's amazing how much you can understand even if you don't speak a word of French. And you'd better be ready for a lot of "French



Some members of the Lord's church in Paris, France

kisses." They are really not a kiss at all, but more like touching cheeks while making a kissing motion into the air. I frequently forgot to start on the right side then the left...oops! They really took Romans 16:16 to a new level! An afternoon service was conducted in the African Twi language, then a night service in English. One Sunday evening we met Miranda Nichols, a young woman that I had known when she was a baby in Middle Tennessee.

PADES, ROMANIA

Navigating a compact car through dirt trenches on a treacherous mountain road where years of neglect and erosion had washed the pavement over the cliff really ignited our senses for worship! However, it was a small price to pay for delivery to the beautiful mountain village of Pades. Its setting was postcard perfect. Ionut Corlan and his sons Soarine and Muriel share the preaching for this small congregation. This is their hometown even though they now live 50 miles away in Severin. A donated garage just off the main street and next to an idyllic babbling brook was remodeled to make a comfortable worship area for the small church here. The unheated basement bathroom was outfitted with a bath tub baptistery. Later a top floor was added for a classroom. However, to reach the top or bottom level, you must climb an outside staircase. Nutsa Corlan, Ionut's wife, had recently fallen down the the ice covered stairs and injured her back. She teaches an amazing early morning class in the upper room before the Bible class and worship begin on the main level. Five local girls regularly attend, even though their parents do not come to services. Though I could not understand the words they spoke or sung, I could see and feel their strong bond of love and affection.

A narrow lane in front of the meeting place serves as its reception area. Before and after services, everyone gathers in the middle of the street amidst the neighborhood dogs, cats, and chickens, to visit, hug and kiss. Romanian kisses are the same as French kisses and there are lots to be had!

The church service here was familiar, except there was no break between the class and sermon. In fact, I didn't even realize there was a class until after the worship was over. I just thought Ionut was giving a long introduction and announcements. Then he asked Jim to deliver the



The church building in Pades, Romania

sermon, with Soarine serving as his translator. No collection plate was passed but a box was mounted on the wall for offerings. We took a longer but safer route back to Severin.

DROBETA-TURNU SEVERIN, ROMANIA

On one of the busiest sidewalks in town, we passed through a sturdy wooden gate and entered a tranquil courtyard of flowers, trees, fruits and vegetables lovingly tended by ladies of the congregation. A traditional Romanian house where the church assembled was to the left and a cute little matching garage containing the toilet and baptistery was to the right. In a few days we would all be scrunched in that tiny space, poking our heads in the door and window to witness the baptism of seventeen year old Adelina Stanclulescu.



A baptism in Severin, Romania



She loves to practice English and would enjoy some Christian Facebook friends, along with her sixteen year old brother Daniel Stanciulescu.

Many of the families who live and worship here on Sunday evening are actually members of little churches in surrounding villages. On Sunday mornings they go out to preach and teach in their small home congregations where many have small farms and family, then assemble here on Sunday night to help the church grow. Bible studies in Romania are quite animated, as the Christians interact with a barrage of scriptures, exchanging points and counter points, and the sound of the Romanian language makes it seem even more aggressive. But these interchanges are simply part of their normal Bible study. The singing was excellent and it was amazing how quickly you could sing in Romanian if you tried. Many of their hymns were to the same tune as ours, so that was helpful. Ionut Corlan preaches here for now, but they are looking for a full-time worker in this growing city.

Romanian Christians have a knack for making you instantly feel at home and they have the gift of hospitality in abundance. After a full day of worship, Nutsa fried fresh trout for about fifteen of us in their fourth floor apartment home. The women's strategy for feeding such large groups in a very small living room was to place a table in front of the couch and to add chairs on the other sides. When I first saw Nutsa's small (normal seating for 6-8) but well appointed table (pretty matching china, set formally), I thought there was no way we could all fit. But somehow we did and this happened over and over again, as groups this large were daily invited into other members' similarly sized apartments. I don't know how they afforded to feed so many but I have long realized that hospitality was more about heart than money. I can not even accurately convey to you the deliciousness of their meals but their mashed potatoes and fresh tomatoes have no equal.



Jim addresses the Lord's church in Bucharest

BUCHAREST, ROMANIA

When Kerry assured us that everyone in town knew the location of the German Cultural Center, how could he know that our taxi driver would be the only exception? He carelessly dropped us off in a deserted, graffiti-covered alley. After being paid, the driver suddenly could not understand a word of English or Romanian 101. We were naive to get out of the cab not knowing the exact location of the building, but out we got into a driving wind and drenching rain. Our umbrellas were useless, as they flipped inside out immediately and there was no shelter in sight. Just after Jim started knocking on doors, we spotted an open pharmacy in the distance. The pharmacist healed our soaked spirits and directed us to the nearby Cultural Center.

When we opened the huge ornate doors to the historic building, it appeared empty. We began to shout "buna" around the cavernous room. Jim walked upstairs and returned dumbfounded. We continued shouting till an elderly gentleman appeared and pointed upstairs. We ascended the steps to an empty landing with many sets of sound proof doors. Fortunately, a young boy appeared from behind one of the doors and led us to the assembly. In spite of the weather and misdirection we arrived right on time. The worship service was familiar, the singing was good and the Christians were warm and welcoming. Jim was privileged to preach that morning in place of Marian Otvos. Years ago, Kerry Keenan and Buddy Payne worked with this group.

ROME, ITALY

Thirty-eight years ago I met Stefano and Antoinella Corazza as classmates here in Temple Terrace. Roy Cogdill and H. E. Phillips called them "our Italian Connection."



The church that meets in Rome, Italy

Stefano has preached many years for this congregation conveniently located on the south side of Rome, where his parents have been a driving force for so many years. Antoinella is the sister of Gianni Berdini of Trieste, Italy, whom we help support. The back of the building has