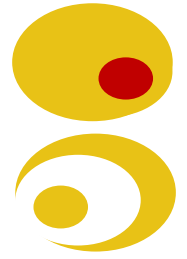
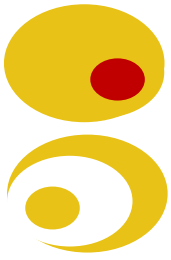


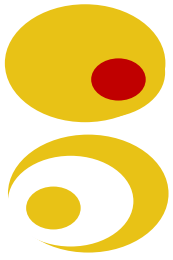


# **2018 ANNUAL REPORT**

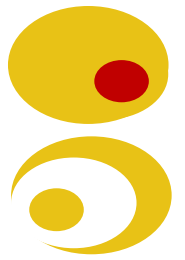
**Immanuel Lutheran Church and School  
East Dundee, Illinois**



We thank God for the Confirmation Class of 2017. Our prayer for them is these words of Jesus from John 14: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid."



# Introducing the Annual Report

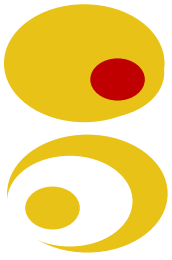


In Psalm 118 we hear these inspiring words, “This is the day the Lord has made and we will rejoice and be glad in it.” Those words remind us of the gift of today. Every single day is an opportunity to reflect on God’s goodness and His grace. Every single day is a reminder of how richly God has blessed us in the past. Every single day gives us moments to share joy—that abundant, overwhelming joy that is ours in Jesus.

In the pages that follow you will read about some days at Immanuel Lutheran Church and School. The stories that follow were written by those who love this special place. This year’s annual report shares with you a few different days in the life of our church and school from the perspective of those who serve here as church workers and volunteers. As you read their stories we are hoping that you get a glimpse of some of the ministry that takes place. We thank Chad Pieper for the stunning cover photo of our church and Mike McMeins for sharing some of his wonderful photos for us to use in this Annual Report.

We pray God’s blessings on every day of life here at Immanuel Lutheran Church and School as together we rejoice in all that Jesus has done for us even as we look forward to that eternal day that awaits us in heaven.





# A Day in the Life of the Senior Pastor

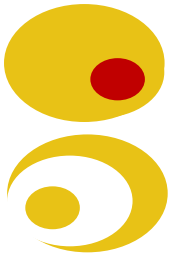
Rev. William Yonker



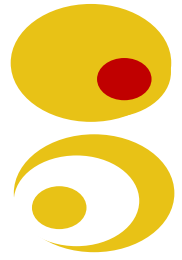
## Every Day A Satisfying Day

“Pastor, what do you do all day long?” a woman asked as I was arriving at church one Tuesday morning. She wasn’t being sassy, just curious I think. So I answered politely but it got me thinking about my days. I usually work six days during the week. Friday is my day off unless there is a wedding

rehearsal, funeral or crisis I’m called in to help calm. Certainly no two days are the same – ever. Three mornings a week I teach eighth grade religion in our school, and late Wednesday afternoons I teach eighth grade public school confirmation. Phone calls, emails and texts are ever needing to be done. Organizational meetings, counseling sessions and keeping in touch with the flock happen daily as well. Hospital visits, home-bound visits, encouragement for others over coffee, lunch or something more potent are events that happen throughout the week. Writing sermons, Bible Studies, devotionals as well as letters of recommendation, letters of support and encouragement and letters of condolences are part of my writing tasks. Officiating at Baptisms, funerals and weddings as well as pre and post family meetings for these events are highlights to the days in which they are done. Of course preparing for and officiating at worship services along with strengthening my own devotional life are the chief parts of my days. So now you know in a snapshot these are the things that fill up and satisfy my days.



# A Day in The Life of a Pre-School Student



Mrs. Julia Heinz

What? Time to get up? Okay, okaaay. Why do I have to get dressed so fast? Preschool today? Yessss! Can I wear my dino sweater and dino jacket with my dino boots? Please?? I promise I won't be hot. No, I won't be hot. It will only be eleventy degrees. Fine, I will just wear the boots. BUT YOU SAID JUST THE BOOTS! OK fine! I will put on some *clothes* with the boots.

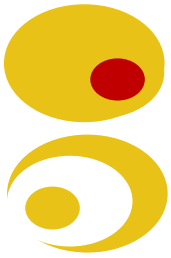
Oooh! Oooh! There's my school! I love the cross on top of that big tower. Steeple- no, it's a tower. It's like a tower on a castle and we are all princes and princesses. No, not just at playtime. For real. Our teacher said we are! Yeah-huh we are! It's because we are sons and daughters of the King, so that makes us royal too. But my teacher didn't give us our crowns yet. She said something about God giving us a crown of life someday. I just hope it is sparkly. I bet God is sparkly.



Yep. School was okay. Nope, just okay. Well, I guess it wasn't awesome because a kid took my toys away and then the teacher came over when I was growling at her. Yes, growling. What do you mean 'where did I learn such a thing'?? That's what you do when you get really, really mad and your face gets all red. Well my teacher didn't think it was 'propriate either and I had to use real words to explain why I was so mad that the little girl took her toys back. Yes, back. Well, she used her words to tell me that I should not have taken them from her first. But don't worry, we said we were sorry and we forgave each other. We don't say that's okay when someone says sorry. We say "I forgive you." Like Jesus does.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? JUST LIKE THAT? Well, how did God do that? You mean to tell me that God just made the whole world out of exactly nothing? But how? Because He is all powerful? Whoa. That sounds magical! Oh, not like magic? Right, because that is like make-believe stuff. But God is real. Um, teacher, I have a quick question. So God made the whole world out of nothing, right? Well then what is God made out of? Well, I know it is a big question! My mom says I am really gifted. So what is God made out of, teacher? And that reminds me of another question. You said Jesus took our sins away, but you didn't tell me where He put them. Teacher?

Preschoolers keep things interesting here at Immanuel! A day in the life of a preschooler here is a life learning laboratory, where our littlest learners test their hypotheses, whether that is what happens when we combine certain colors or how will a friend react to our actions. Some ideas are proven untrue, such as 'If cutting paper is this much fun, I bet cutting my hair would be better.' Some are worthy of further study; "I really like this friend and that friend so playing with both at the same time would be best." Some ideas are proven time and time again with observations and data, such as "I can make sense of letters and numbers" or "My teacher loves me." Best of all, our little learners learn the foundational truths and skills for life, that Jesus loves them so much and always forgives them and lives in their hearts. May God continue to strengthen our preschool ministry and our students as they learn and grow closer to Jesus each day!



# A Day in The Life of a Teacher

Mrs. Cena Becker

Oh, the energy I feel every day when I walk into Immanuel Lutheran School. It was a long summer of preparations for the coming year, and the hallways were so quiet. Not during the day mind you. During the day there were sports camps, art camp, Steam camp, Vacation Bible School, and Summer Theater. But at night, when I come to prepare, it is so quiet.

Then school began. I so love the faculty that I laugh with each morning before the students arrive. We meet to pray and have devotions, but always end up laughing at a joke or story shared by a colleague (usually Mrs. Leitner or my husband).



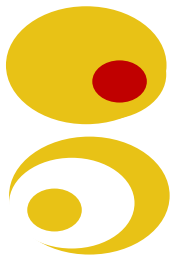
Then the students begin to pour into school and the joy they bring is contagious! They enter the building chattering about sports, homework, youtube videos, and so much more. We begin our days with prayers and pledges. We take lunch count and collect homework.

But the best thing about Immanuel Lutheran School is that we get to talk about Jesus all the time. We talk about him in Social Studies during current events and history lessons. We talk about him during religion class and chapel. We talk about him during music and recess. In the good and the bad, we are always using His words to guide our words.

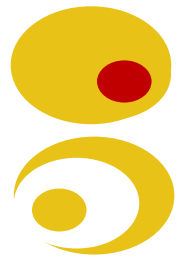
Oh, there are days when the drama of middle school takes over and we have to sit down and chat about how we can improve our relationships, but not today. Today, I heard 250 kids sing their hearts out to Jesus during chapel. I watched as my 8th graders led chapel. I listened as they talked about how they wanted to do it again, because they did such an awesome job.

Yes, I taught math, reading and writing today, but more importantly, I saw Jesus work in and through my students and that is what keeps me going. That is why I spend late nights here preparing for new lessons. I know that they may forget what they learn in class, but I pray they will forever remember these experiences. I pray that they will continue to grow closer to Jesus each and every day, and I pray that when they leave these halls, they will shine His light for all to see.





# A Day in The Life of Saturday Morning Men's Bible Study



Mr. Joe Smedinghoff

It's another Saturday morning at Immanuel, just like all the other Saturday mornings for the past 35 plus years, except when Christmas or New Year's lands on a Saturday. One of our congregation's most faithful men shows up well before dawn to start making coffee and set the tables for the expected 20 or so brothers who will be attending the weekly Men's Saturday Morning Bible Study. Next to arrive is the designated "chef" for today's breakfast. The menu includes a potato, bacon and cheese skillet, fried fresh eggs, biscuits with butter and homemade jam, and juice. As the clock approaches 7:00 AM more and more men show up, they are hungry and ready to discuss the previous night's ball games: Cubs win, White Sox lose as is the normal. Other times the discussion turns to football and some fans of the Maize and Blue brag or bemoan the action against some other team from the same state that wears green. At today's breakfast there are 20 men, who after eating their fill, pitch in to clear the tables and clean the room up in preparation for the Bible study that starts promptly at 7:30.

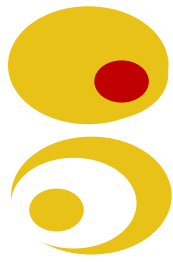


For the past few months these men have been studying the life and influence of Dr. Martin Luther. This study began back before the 500<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Reformation in 2017, it's now past the half way point of 2018 and we are still exploring the impact of this great man and what it means for the faith Jesus plants in our hearts. In the past we have studied various other subjects ranging from books of the Bible, recently Hebrews, and before that a study of creation which took us over six months to study our Lord's work in those six days at the beginning of time. Other

times we use the latest recommendation from the Men's Network of the Lutheran Hour Ministry. These studies help all who are present to examine and grow in their understanding of the faith Jesus gives to us and explore the words given to us in the Bible, God's holy Word.

This weekly gathering is a very important part of my faith journey. It is a highlight of my week. Not only do I get the privilege of learning from these men and sharing the Word, it is also friendship and bonding with those who share my love of Jesus and want to become better husbands, fathers, grandfathers, and brothers as well as better men in our community.

God's blessings to all, and stop by at 7:00 AM one Saturday to experience the Joy Jesus alone brings!



# A Day in the Life of Immanuel Comfort Dog Ministry



It is morning. I peek out from my bed but no one is up yet. I stretch and let out a yawn, nibble at a few itches on my hind leg, and gnaw my chew toy until it's time to get up. Then I'm let outside, where I can run around and chase the squirrels, do my business, and hang out until it's time to go to work.

I'm Levi, the Lutheran Church Charities (LCC) K-9 Comfort Dog at Immanuel. I am one of over 130 dogs in the country specially trained to provide comfort in the name of Jesus. Here's a typical day in my life.

My caregivers give me a good routine at home. I like routine and to know I will be fed and put to bed on a schedule. Many people tell me I am so handsome. That's because I'm a natural red head, and also because my caregivers and handlers daily brush my fur and teeth, clean my ears, and trim my nails. Every day my handlers take me to work, train or just go for a walk. When my vest goes on to work, I am happy to know I will be using my calming influence to help others feel better.



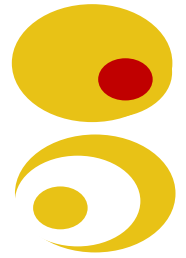
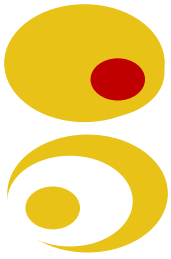
Soon, one of my ten handlers arrives to take me to my weekly visit at Sherman Hospital. After we check in at the nurse's station, I greet the medical staff and head down the corridor to visit the patients. Soon I enter a room of a patient just placed on hospice. I nuzzle her hand at her bedside while the family takes pictures. It is a special moment to be treasured by her family. As we travel from room to room, we visit young and old alike. Most don't want to be there, some are missing their own pets, and some are even Immanuel members. Even just a short chat with my handler will brighten a patient's day! It's what LCC calls compassionate



ministry, and I am part of a team that provides acceptance, comfort and unconditional love to people who are hurting, physically or mentally.

*cont'd...*





When I'm done "working" at the hospital I get my "paycheck." It's time to play the best game ever invented: fetch. Then I will rest at home until another handler comes, this time to take me to a veteran's ceremony. Wearing my green camo vest, I attend a picnic to honor World War II submarine veterans. War veterans like to talk about their experiences with our



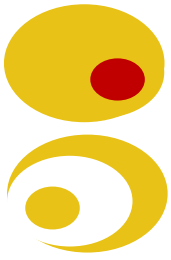
veteran handlers. Petting me can help when emotions surface as war time memories are recalled.

After another playtime paycheck, my day is almost over. I eat dinner and go to bed early if I'm not working in the evening. Sometimes, if I've had a long day, my caregivers will give me a nice massage before bed time. Curling up at the end of a busy day, I feel loved and cared for. My handler's pray that all whom they meet will feel God's love and care too! Good night!

Levi Comfort Dog (Linda Thompson)

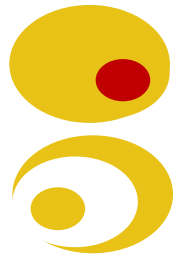
Deuteronomy 33:27: *"The everlasting God is your refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms..."*





# A Day in the Life of Feed My Lambs

Mrs. Alison Lyon



It's a warm Wednesday afternoon in August, I'm headed to church and my car is full of groceries. Today, just like every Wednesday, Feed My Lambs is making sandwiches and sweet treats to be delivered bright and early the following morning to a hungry crowd at the Vineyard Church Homeless Ministry.



After arriving at church and being met by fellow volunteers, we quickly begin to prep ingredients, because in just a few minutes an avalanche of children volunteers will be upon us! Very soon the kitchen is bursting with kids excited to help. As they rush in, they immediately ask if they can either make sandwiches or spread frosting to make graham cracker sandwiches (one of their favorite activities and snacks).

In the midst of this chaos, I notice we have a new volunteer. He is very young, much smaller than anyone here, and looking especially nervous. As he starts to slink back into a corner, attempting to hide away from this crowd of "big kids", an older volunteer reaches out to him and offers to be his partner. With a little coaxing the young volunteer agrees, and what seems like a small gesture to the rest of us turns out to be a huge help for our newest and smallest member.

As the two work together, the older volunteer patiently teaches the younger. Before long our young volunteer learns how to be helpful and is feeling confident and happy in his work. Even more so, the new pair of volunteers are laughing together and enjoying each other's compa-

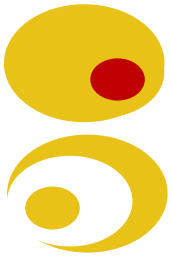
ny, and an unlikely friendship forms.

What a gift it is to watch the helpers not only complete their work but also form relationships in new and delightful ways. Isn't that always the great thing about service to others: how much it blesses and fulfills the lives of *all* those involved?

Early the following morning the sandwiches and treats are delivered to the Vineyard Church. This is an opportunity to interact with and serve the attendees at the homeless breakfast. Here, we learn the names of those we are helping and further ways we can meet their needs, which includes providing clothing and items needed for the winter, like hats and gloves.

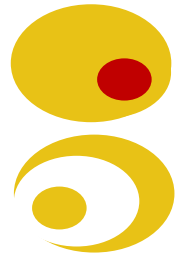
In two different places, in the span of one day, we have the unique opportunity to be wrapped up in the love of God as we witness His gift of joy through service. We see the joy of the little children whose small hands are able to help in such concrete ways. We watch the joy of the older children discover how useful their encouragement of the little ones can be, and we share in the joy of those who receive the food we prepare. Ultimately, in response to the love and sacrifice of Christ, we find that His joy can overflow to us and through us even in the midst of the smallest acts of service, the seemingly insignificant gestures of kindness, and the important moments where care and patience win the day.





# A Day in The Life of Kairos

Mr. Joel Schiltz



Words are insufficient to describe today. It will be like trying to explain a sunrise to the blind. I am humbled to be here. To have the opportunity to see men change. Not just get comfortable, but really change. There is no reasonable explanation for this outside of God.

First off. Not every inmate is open to change. They all walked in guarded and skeptical. Some (not many) are too closed off, not willing to consider anything other than what they have always known and done. Some of those men came back today. They participate as little as they can, happy for a break from the same day over and over. Others of this type just didn't return. One such man was in my table family. He was 'content' with his life and didn't see how anything we shared was of use to him. I missed Aaron today and hope that he does not allow his pride and ego to keep him alone for the rest of his life.

Other men broke through that attitude quickly (the experience is intense). They reluctantly began to participate only to do so willingly if not enthusiastically as the weekend has continued. These men are experiencing new things and learning about love and Jesus (really learning, not the topical Christmas/Easter stories most everyone knows) for the first time. Some are growing for sure. As men. As friends. As a community. Maybe as true believers too. I pray that these men continue and do not end up lukewarm. I pray that the journey from head to heart (knowledge to relationship with Christ) continues. It is the longest journey of our life. I pray that these men return tomorrow (after a searching and restless night) ready to set aside their ego and die unto themselves. David and Anthony are in this spot. They hear it and understand. But they don't quite (and may not) get it.

And then there are the miracles I mentioned earlier tonight. These men can be described in no other way. And I don't think I really believed I would witness something this powerful and unexplainable. But I did. The accounts need no exaggeration.

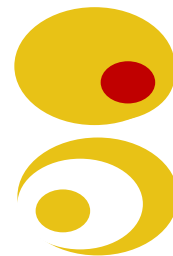
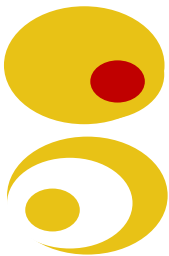
First, the Spirit. Shawn did indeed have a restless night. He woke up in the middle of the night (3:04 he told me), and he spent time writing a letter. He is a thoughtful individual that keeps to himself. He shared with me his letter; it was to an inmate he lost a friendship with. He wanted to reconcile, to say he was sorry. That is not easy in here.

Shawn was different this morning. He opened up. He shared his life. I asked him if he wanted to pray we me. He did. We prayed. We talked. When we got back to the table there was some song time. Shawn sang. Not loud, but not hiding either. He spoke first and often during discussion time. He cracked jokes with me and the others at the table, with whom he had not yet talked. Some might say he was just getting comfortable with the people around him. But there is more going on.

Shawn also met with another kairos brother. They too shared and even cried a bit. At some point, Shawn got up the courage to go talk to his lost friend. Something was different. Later, in a prayer circle, Shawn passed me a note (he is not one to share amongst a group) and told me that he and Miguel had talked. And that they shared. And that Miguel was happy to connect. Shawn was smiling.

I kid not nor am I exaggerating. It was a miracle beyond human control. God has a plan and all power to carry it out. And He uses His disciples to make it happen. I will never waver on that again. Later on, listening to a talk, Shawn passed me a piece of candy. Now, we have 21,400 cookies here, we did not need the sweets. But he had brought it from his cell and wanted to share it with me. It was all he could offer. It was touching.

*cont'd..*



At the end of the day we had a forgiveness ceremony. Shawn has people he holds grudges against. I also have unforgiveness in my life. We wrote down these names on rice paper to later dissolve in a bucket of water. While we listened to meditation and scripture I kept looking over at Shawn who always sits right next to me, and he was trying to hide his tears. We stood up to sing Amazing Grace and he was struggling. I put my arm around him and we sang. And then we sat together as brothers, silently participating and letting God work.

Shawn is different today. And he will be different tomorrow. He will struggle tonight with giving up his grudges and old life. He will walk in tomorrow with red eyes from a long night of crying and struggling with his choice. Make no mistake. The Holy Spirit had changed this man while he was sitting two feet away from me. I do not recognize him as the same hard and unhappy person he was when he first walked in. I cannot wait to see the man that he becomes by tomorrow.

Now the miracle. And this one really requires a conversation because it is too much to believe. I saw it with my own eyes and I am still trying to comprehend. One of those hard and unwilling men walked in on Thursday. He was the same way on Friday. Actually, he was scary. Angry. At everyone. Ready to jump over the table (literally) for a perceived slight. When he left Friday we did not think we would see him again.

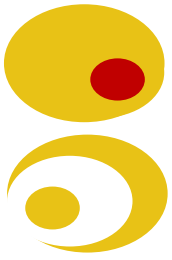
And sure enough, Saturday morning he didn't show up. He just sent a note saying he would not be there. Well, to our surprise he did show up 30 minutes later. But it wasn't him. It kind of looked like him, but different. He was visibly, physically different. And instead of meeting every conversation with hesitation and anger he started sharing. He was not just physically different. He was different.

This guy didn't use his given name. He went by his gang name and he identifies himself that way. However, that was about to change. During small group prayer this man let it go. He began to weep. Not cry. Weep. Think about how unusual and difficult that must be for someone in a gang lifestyle. His group (not my table) all put their hands on him and prayed for him. I heard it was a supernatural experience.

Later we had an open mic opportunity for any resident to stand in front of everyone and share their experience thus far. To the amazement of all this guy stepped right up. See, he is not just in a gang, but he runs it. And he has spent hard years in solitary due to all the choices that go with that. He stood in front of all of us and spoke with authority and conviction. He told the other inmates he was no longer the same person and he would not go by his gang name anymore. He was Joshua.

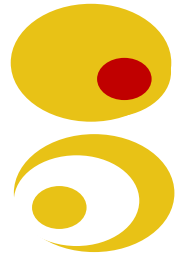
It was an amazing testimony, and one that is just not possible without God. God has a plan for this man. He is a leader. And while he has been a negative leader his whole life I am certain God intends to use him as a positive leader going forward. Joshua will be tested (he immediately was). But this mission is building a brotherhood of Christians inside the walls. He will have brothers. He will have support. He will succeed.

And we sat front row and witnessed. This man changed the same way Jesus changes water to wine. God has a plan for him and he used this ministry to bring Joshua to life. Joshua was smiling, so big and so bright that the entire room was changed from that point forward.



# A Day in The Life of Dorcas Society

Mrs. Dorcas Meissner

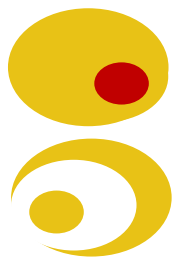


Our Lutheran Women's Missionary League motto, "Serve the Lord With Gladness," really came alive for us on a recent Thursday afternoon while visiting Immanuel members in nursing homes. Each was happy to see us and receive a small bag of treats. One woman asked what she was to do with the luggage tag included as she saw no use for it herself. We explained to her that we each had one to remind us to share the joy in Christ we have for others. She still wasn't sure that meant her. I asked her to look around where she was and to notice the people with her in the hall where she sat in a wheelchair. I told her they were the people she could share her joy in Jesus with each day - that she was just like us, members of Immanuel, who no matter where we were, had the opportunity to share our joy in Jesus with others. She turned the tag over wondering what was on the back. She began to smile when I said it was a prayer reminding all of us at Immanuel, including her, to share His love with those around us each day. Her smile became larger when we left her with the words that, as a member at Immanuel, she was one of us in sharing God's love with others.

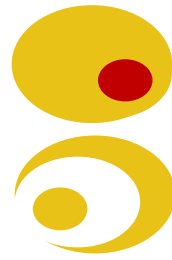
Funeral lunches for us are also great times to Serve the Lord With Gladness, not only in preparation for the meal, but with interactions by those coming into the church. Greeting them as they enter, letting them know where to go for the service, and after inviting them to come in Luther Hall to enjoy a cup of coffee and to stay for lunch - all times of sharing God's love with them.

This past December I had an opportunity to see how God's love worked in the life of a five year old girl who was at a Lutheran Child and Family Services Christmas party for foster children and their parents. She was not sure she wanted to do any of the various activities provided for her. When I asked her what she liked to do best, she said, "dancing", and began dancing to the music in her head. Then she asked me to dance with her! So I did, soon smiling too while we were dancing to the music in our heads. Finally I begged to stop because I needed to sit down. She then said, "what can we do next?" I suggested activities she might like and she decided to try face painting. She returned to me smiling while growling to scare me as she was attacking me like a tiger. With her and others at the party, I had opportunity to say why I was there, to share the love of Jesus with them and to keep them in my prayers.

Our 'serving the Lord with gladness' continues in so many ways.



# A Day in The Life of Immanuel



Rev. Phillip Baerwolf

On that Wednesday morning during the last week of school I worked on completing grades for the seventh grade confirmation class that I am privileged to teach during the school year. As I wrote an encouraging note to the parents about each of the students that I got to spend some time with this past school year, I marveled at how much we had grown together and all the Bible verses we studied and all the time we shared learning of the love of Jesus and all He did for us by dying on the cross and rising from the grave. I thank God for these wonderful students and pray that every day the Holy Spirit works in their hearts and continues to draw them closer to our Savior Jesus.

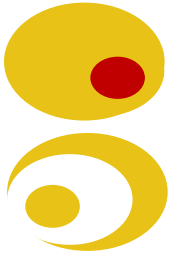
In the afternoon I was able to visit with some homebound members of our congregation bringing the Lord's Supper to them. I visited with a lady who loves doing puzzles—she enjoys the challenge of trying to figure them out and completing each one. We also thanked the Lord for the gift of family who planted flowers for her on Mother's Day and continually check up on her. I got to visit with a widow at an assisted living center who is far from her home church and hadn't received the Lord's Supper in a few years. The tears in her eyes and the joy on her face as she feasted on the Lord's body and blood was a moment I will not soon forget.

I thought that was going to be the highlight of my day but then I pulled into the church parking lot and as I was getting out my car, the first graders and some of their parents were returning from a field trip where they had just visited six different parks, walking nearly five miles across the villages of East and West Dundee. As I stood there watching them, a first grader staggered up to me clearly tired and she said to me, "did we miss chapel?" Her voice was pained, her cheeks were red, sweat was on her brow but she clearly did not want to miss chapel. She was so excited when I told her that because it is the last week of school, chapel is on Friday; she jumped up and down all excited because she could still go to chapel one last time this year.

Wow—it was breathtaking; to see her joy—to experience her desire to be in the Lord's house—to celebrate with her in the fellowship of brothers and sisters in Christ joining together to hear God's Word and sing the praises of Jesus.

It was just another day at Immanuel.





Congratulations to the 2018 Graduates of Immanuel Lutheran School.

From a boys' state volleyball championship to the girls' basketball team competing at the national tournament; from riveting performances in musicals to amazing science projects—each of you has left a mark on this special place. As you leave the classrooms of our school we are praying that the Lord leads you back home to Immanuel again and again as He blesses your every day with His forgiveness, His life and His goodness.





# Immanuel Lutheran

## CHURCH AND SCHOOL



## Contact Information

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