



# Saturday Night Alive!

Volume 12, Issue 3  
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## At a Glance: Upcoming Events

**Friday—Sunday, June 21-23 Randy Guliuzza and others—Creation Conference. Free!!**

**Saturday, June 29 @ 4:00PM Hike and 5:30PM picnic @ Rhudy's.**

**Saturday, July 13 @ 6:00PM @ Robyn's. Potluck picnic and Bible Study.**

**Saturday—Sunday, July 20-21 @ Memorial Park—Hills Alive.**

**Saturday, August 10 @ 6:00PM Hawaiian Luau @ Darcie's.**

**Saturday, August 24 @ 6:00PM potluck picnic @ Hausmann's east of Sturgis, SD.**

**More information on page 3.**

## Creation Conference, Hills Alive, and SNA Fall Retreat

**Black Hills Creation Conference** located at Rapid City Christian School begins Friday, June 21st at 8:30AM and runs through Sunday, June 23rd. This conference is hosted by the Institute for Creation Research. Speakers are Dr. Randy Guliuzza and Dr. Tim Clarey among others. This is a free conference with an offering being taken to defray costs. Find more information and registration on Facebook. Or contact Rapid City Christian School or Institute for Creation Research at <https://www.icr.org/event/1937>.

**Hills Alive** is a FREE Christian music festival in Rapid City, SD, located at Memorial Park near the Civic Center. This festival has a preview at Main Street Square Friday evening, then resumes at noon on Saturday until evening, running Sunday noon through Sunday evening. The artists this year include Big Daddy Weave, For King and Country, Matt Maher, Carrollton, JJ Weeks, and more beginning Friday, July 19th through Sunday, July 21st. Besides the music, there are numerous opportunities for volunteerism, selling merchandise, helping with parking, picking up trash, overseeing kids and the inflatables, etc... For more information please see [www.hillsalive.com](http://www.hillsalive.com).

**SNA Fall Retreat** will take place September 13-15, 2019, at the beautiful Camp Judson, located near Keystone, SD in the Black Hills. The cost for this great weekend of fun, food and fellowship is \$90.00 per person IF registered before August 24th, 2019. \$100.00 per person if you wait until after August 24th to register. Your cost includes two nights lodging, breakfast, lunch and dinner Saturday and breakfast Sunday. We will be sending out the registration packet soon. Our speaker and worship leader is a young man by the name of Sam Bonnecroy who is a member of Freedom Riders, (a Christian motorcycle group), a registered nurse, singer, musician, and speaker who is also single... at least at this time. Our theme for the weekend is REST—Refresh, Energize, Seek, Transform. Activities including hiking, shopping, sight-seeing, etc.. will be offered and may include an extra cost.

# Being Patrick

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By Janice D.

A cloudless periwinkle blue sky over Schenectady, New York in the early spring of 1976, signaled a green-light day to be out romping about praising the fair-weather gods. While waiting to cross the heavily trafficked street downtown, I thought I recognized across the way and down the block, the short masculine figure leaning cross-legged up against the entrance to Proctor's Theater (formerly a vaudeville house). That fellow partier was dubbed Crazy Pat because of his outrageous antics, but this young man oozed coolness, and the nearer I got, the surer I became, it was Crazy Pat clean-cut sporting a pressed button-down Oxford shirt. Evidently, Patrick ditched his grungy leather fringed jacket for that new gold leafed leather bound Bible he clenched by his side.

Patrick smiled big and extended a pumping handshake politely inquiring with an upbeat swing to his full voice, "What have you been up to lately?" Shying away from his inviting gaze, I shuffled and scuffed the heels of my shoes acting all distracted by the swarm of shoppers parting to the left and to the right of us, partly because I was too blushing embarrassed to fess up how my miserable life plummeted to the lowest level of self-depreciation. "Not much," I said, adding a girly swivel-hip and a shoulder shrug. Never one lost for words, Patrick held up the conversation until the interruptions got to be a bit much before suggesting we continue our chat over coffee at Carl's Restaurant.

Straddling the fifties style restaurant stool, Patrick plopped the open King James Bible on the lunch counter and briskly thumbed its wafer-thin pages. Then, every so often, Patrick would strategically stab with his stubby forefinger at a scripture verse of great significance and zealously rattle it off. I sat there stupefied. To my ears, those archaic thees and thous weaving throughout the old English verbiage he spouted resonated like mumbo jumbo. Diligently, he flipped back and forth through the crinkling pages searching for that elusive life altering verse that would seal the deal and secure my salvation. Two cups of coffee later, Patrick and I made plans to attend Sunday Service together.

As fast as five year old legs can my spirited little girl skipped alongside of me, her mop of curlicues bouncing carefree with each hop, step, and jump she made as we hurried up the gradual mile slope to Patrick's bachelor pad to catch our ride to church across town.

At the tip-top of the hilly avenue, the church goers parked their vehicles bumper to bumper along an unattended corner lot bordered by an aged spindled wrought iron fence, the magnificent nineteenth century stone-masonry Cathedral, stood where once a funeral home, it presently accommodates a small independent Pentecostal church. Wary of what might be beyond those creaky Gothic arched doors, I gently squeezed April's teeny hand, and with trepidation, I followed Patrick's manful lead through mahogany paneled entryway into a spacious open room. Over to our right they placed a basic makeshift sanctuary constructed of unfinished plywood with approximately forty metal folding chairs arranged in a semicircle that faced the Pastor's podium, and to the left of the podium, two long-hairs were fingerpicking a folky intro on acoustic guitars to a distant youthful congregation caught up in socializing. April and I took a seat in the vacant last row. Keeping herself amused, April scissored her legs and click-clacked her princess patent leather shoes on the hard surface, while I pouted because Patrick wandered off to mingle leaving me to navigate alone in this unconventional church. Much as I now regretted accepting his invitation, I became intrigued by the svelte young ladies swishing about in their unflattering peasant skirts accessorized with drab bandannas covering their silky tresses. By far their eccentric style was smothering in contrast to the leg exposing hip fashions of the freedom loving Seventies.

One by one, the stragglers claimed their seats. Patrick, the last of gibbers to stop gabbing, clumsily squeezed by a row of knees to claim the seat I saved for him. Gradually, with Patrick sitting beside me and hearing their worship songs with catchy lyrics, I felt better about being there that is until they dismantled the fun sing-along.

Patrick sprang to his feet drilling his padded palms like a booming bass drum rhythmically helping to drive the hysteria sweeping the entire congregation. Everybody joyishly joined in the mishmash of sound. Some rattled maracas and some jingled tambourines, while others loudly expressed their adoration of God with exhilaration and enthusiastic shout outs, while three sopranos babbled on in a singsong voice.

By and by the bizarre fever subsided and everyone settled back into their seat and listened as their nicely suited Pastor delivered the congregational prayer similar to a dreamy lullaby until he spiced up the prayer and incited a frenzy.

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May be placed on your refrigerator for easy access. (Or in your pocketbook or glove box!)  
Go to [www.saturdaynightalivesingles.com](http://www.saturdaynightalivesingles.com) for more information, or call Darcie @ (605) 209-6677.

## June 2019

**Friday, June 21-Sunday, June 23** Black Hills Creation Conference hosted by Institute for Creation Research and located at Rapid City Christian School, Hart Ranch, 23757 Arena Drive, Rapid City, SD. To register, go to [InstituteForBiblicalAuthority.org](http://InstituteForBiblicalAuthority.org). Refer to front page for more information. For more local information, contact Darcie @ (605)209-6677 or call Rapid City Christian School, (605)341-3377.

**Saturday, June 29 @ 4:00PM and 5:30PM** Hike and picnic at Keith and Carol Rhudy's. Those who wish to hike the great trail to Keith and Carol's, please meet at 4:00pm at Stonewalls, 5955 Mt. Rushmore Rd., south of Rapid City. Keith will meet hikers there and guide the hike. Those who wish to eat, please contact Keith for directions @ (605)593-6343. Hot dogs and hamburgers will be provided. Please bring a dish to share to accompany the meat, a friend or two and a desire to enjoy the great outdoors. (Weather permitting, of course!!)

## July 2019

**Saturday, July 13 @ 6:00PM** Potluck picnic and Bible Study at Robyn's backyard. Please bring a dish to share, your Bibles, and a friend or two. Robyn has volunteered to host this potluck picnic in her backyard. For more information and/or directions, please call Robyn @ (605)342-0613. Come and enjoy food, fun and friends.

**Saturday, July 20-21 @ noon** Hills Alive, Memorial Park, Rapid City, SD. FREE Christian music festival. Please refer to first page of this newsletter for more information and/or [www.hillsalive.com](http://www.hillsalive.com). Darcie is the contact for this festival. Please call her for information and/or directions @ (605)290-6677. We do try to sit together if possible for more fellowship and fun!!

## August 2019

**Saturday, August 10 @ 6:00PM** Hawaiian Luau at Darcie's. This is the traditional backyard party hosted by Darcie and SNA for an evening of outdoor food and fun. Entrée will be provided so please bring fruit, salad, dessert, or vegies to share. You are welcome to come with a little Hawaiian "flare". Activities and a devotional will be shared. For more information and/or directions, please call Darcie @ (605)209-6677. What a fun way to celebrate summer.

**Saturday, August 24 @ 4:30PM** Meet to car pool to a friend of SNA who lives on a ranch east of Sturgis. She has invited us to her and her husband's ranch for a potluck picnic and fun. Meet at Knecht's in Rapid City to car pool @ 4:30PM. We are aiming to be at Lori's by 6:00PM for the picnic. Please bring food that can travel well, money for gas to car pool and a friend or two. For more information and/or directions, please call Jackie @ (605)391-6407. What a chance to enjoy the ranch life for an evening!!

**The printing of this newsletter is compliments of Freedom Church, 4813 S. Canyon Rd., Rapid City, SD.**



**Saturday Night Alive!**  
**A Fellowship of Christian Singles**  
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**Mission Statement:** Singles building relationships with God and others.  
**[www.SaturdayNightAliveSingles.com](http://www.SaturdayNightAliveSingles.com)**

**(Continued from page two)** Jubilantly, the Jesus fanatics sprung from their seats waving their hands above their head like palm branches swaying in an Island breeze as they shouted their exultation to their God with a chosen few proud parishioners standing chins up praying what to me was gibberish. *"Holy moly, Lord (sardonically rolling my blues heavenward), get me the hell outta here!"* was what I was thinking.

After church service ended, and the "hypnotized" believers formed a slow moving single line out the crowded exit. Trying to appear inconspicuous, I nonchalantly stood to the side and waited to ease into the mix, but the instant I made a beeline toward the crowded exit, a nettlesome churchwoman blocked my path harping on the necessity of the elders praying for me. Afraid of repercussions if I denied Beverly's ridiculous request, I complied.

Beverly's unassuming husband lead me into a small office framed by an over-sized picture window jam-packed with church members whispering among themselves behind Pastor Mike's stately desk. Accidentally, Beverly's husband muscled the solid office door shut, which in turn, violently rumbled the over-sized glass sounding a silence shattering echo that sent shivers racing up my spine.

Rushing in, the overly eager elders encircled placing their hands all over my stiffened shoulder and back. One after another they passionately offered their lofty and incoherent prayers. Having no knowledge of or experience with the Pentecostal way of laying on of hands and praying in tongues, I wanted to run in holy terror, but they all clung on!

At that time, I believed these church goers were unwittingly possessed by demons and that hordes of those underworld conniving creatures must have infiltrated their ranks. No doubt, I would need to be skillfully diplomatic to escape their clutches and not raise suspicion that this young lady would not voluntarily join their exclusive fraternity.

Once the church members concluded their bid for my soul, I began my charade. Each and everyone present was dutifully acknowledged with a put-on smile and a nod until April and I were safely outside of the gated property and standing on the city sidewalk. I curiously glanced back at those lingering outside of the magnificent Cathedral and was profoundly touched by the warmth of their genuine smiles shared privately among themselves. That was my first introduction into a group that steered me onto the path of Jesus and His redemption.

*Then spoke Jesus again unto them saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John 8 v12*