



HYDE PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

June 2026 Church Mouse



Dear HPPC Family,

There has been a lot in the news recently about the end of Stephen Colbert's television show. To be honest, I didn't watch much of his show because I was always fast asleep by the time he came on. Some of you may be fans and some of you may not. This isn't really meant to be an endorsement or critique of him or his show. But since he has been in the spotlight, I came across a quote attributed to him that I really like: "Be kind to people. Not because they're nice, but because you are." Now a little internet research showed that this is not actually Stephen Colbert's original quote at all. This quote, or some version similar to it, has been going around for decades. This is a good reminder that you can't always believe everything you find on the internet. Regardless of who originally wrote these words, this quote reminds me to consider our motivation and intention for our actions and interactions. Are we loving toward others because we hope to gain something for ourselves? Are we good people so we can gain entrance into heaven? Do we help a neighbor because we believe in Karma and think it will come back around to eventually bless us?

**Be kind to people.
Not because they're nice,
but because you are.**

As part of the reformed faith, Presbyterians believe that good works are a response to God's love and grace. When we come to know even a small portion of the magnificence of God's love, we can't help but share that love with others. Followers of Christ are called to reflect God's character through their words and actions...not to gain something in return, but because that is what it looks like to be a follower of Jesus Christ. It is quite literally what Jesus did. We do good, we are kind and we help others because we want to glorify God and work to build God's kingdom here and now. We are good and kind not as a means to earn salvation, but because goodness and kindness are a fruit of the salvation we have already received.

Judging by the cost of gas and groceries and the number of people coming to the food pantry each week, there will be many more among us who desperately need kindness and goodness and generosity. May we be people who meet others with hospitality, care and compassion because that is simply who we are. May we continue to glorify God through our actions and interactions. May we build God's kingdom here and now.

May it be so.

-Emily



Monthly Giving Report

Volunteer Calendar June 2026

Date	Refreshments	Liturgist	Communion
7	Ann & Gary	Ann	Set Up: Karen Serve: Kathryn and Kandy
14	Luncheon	Linda	
21	Emily Owen	Alan	
28	Emily Eyob	Emily Eyob	

Financial Report



It is through the seeds of faith that we grow.

April 2026	
Plate Income:	\$5,142.25
Other Income:	\$347.04
Total Income:	\$5,499.29
Expenses:	\$5,385.59
Total:	\$113.70



Thriving through Prayer, Service & Generosity.

Thank you for your generous contributions as we continue to build for our future.

Food Pantry

As you give thanks for God's many blessings, please remember those who are hungry and in need. Your donations are greatly appreciated as we provide groceries to our neighbors.



Between May 5th and May 26th, 28 people received groceries.

Updated Directory Coming Soon

The new church directory is almost complete and should be out soon. Should you have any last minute changes or updates, please contact Kathryn prior to it being distributed. Our directory is a wonderful way for us to keep in touch with one another and we look forward to the latest version.



JUNE



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 Global Day of Parents	2 Food Pantry	3 World Bicycle Day	4	5 World Environment Day	6
7 HOB Rob Dealy's Birthday	8 Nat'l. Best Friends Day	9 Food Pantry	10 Tony Poppelreiter's Birthday	11 Jesse & Libby Janes's Anniversary	12 Lia Eyob's Birthday	13
14 Luncheon Flag Day	15 Elsa Aleman's Birthday	16 Food Pantry	17 Henry & Emily Owen's Anniversary	18 Libby Janes's Birthday Int'l. Picnic Day	19 Anais Long's Birthday	20 Lisa Terbay's & Herbie Rosales's Birthdays
21 ASH Father's Day First Day of Summer	22	23 Food Pantry Henry & Sophia Ramirez's Birthdays	24	25	26 Take Your Dog to Work Day	27 Doris Lowe's Birthday
28	29 Nat'l. Camera Day	30 Jeff & Cara Cotham's Anniversary Food Pantry				



Take time to think of ways you can minimize waste, become more eco-friendly, and help protect and preserve our surroundings on World Environment Day **JUNE 5TH!**



Animals are known for easing stress and eliciting smiles. There's no place where they are more needed than at work, so let your dog join you on Take Your Dog to Work Day **JUNE 26TH!**



Pictures are tangible reminders of important moments, and they last forever. Snap a few to look back on and enjoy on National Camera Day **JUNE 29TH!**



Dads are mentors, friends, anchors, heroes, and role models. They are protectors, advisors, fixers of all things, and the best source of bad jokes.

Father's Day is difficult for those who have not had the fortune to have a dad and those who have lost their dads. Below are some sentiments from our members about their favorite times with their dads (past and present) in honor of Father's Day.

Anna Tapsak

From early memories on, it was clear that my father was an avid mountaineer. His weekends were preferably spent in the mountains--hiking, climbing, skiing, ski-touring (walking up mountains on skis with seal skins strapped to the bottom, then skiing down, often through pristine powder). I often joked that the mountains were his church, and I don't think I was far off the mark. While my brothers followed in his footsteps happily, I was less enthusiastic and often begged to be allowed to stay home with my mother. Still, I got to experience the majesty of the Swiss Alps up close and personal from a young age, and the mountains are probably what I miss most about the old homeland. My father instilled this love in me and I am forever grateful to him. I fondly remember one last mountain stroll I took with him and his wife shortly before his 90th birthday. While gone from this earth these past seven years, he lives on in my heart and my memories.

Tommy Wheeler

A Favorite Memory of my Dad... My father was a well-respected physician and chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at Fort Worth Osteopathic Hospital. On his time off, he loved to work in our yard and gardens. Wearing old dirty jeans and a tee shirt, he'd crawl around the property pulling weeds, appearing to passersby to be the yard man at our house. It always makes me smile when I remember watching him teach and train the neighborhood dogs how to "shake a paw" while working in the front yard, always insisting they used the correct leg to shake with!

Lisa Young

The Lord was always a very important part of my Daddy's life. He wanted it to be for us as well. His journey began at a very young age, going to parochial school, progressing to altar boy and on to confirmation. When he and mother decided to get married, he joined the Presbyterian Church. He loved to tell that part of his faith journey and his 'direct line' to God! In fact, he would tell anyone he could get to listen (and a few who didn't)! As a Deacon, he was very active in church life. Men's group, usher, taught Sunday School, session member and remained active almost until his death. As a child, I remember one Sunday morning he filled in for our regular pastor, who was in a car accident on the way to church, by delivering an impromptu sermon. Teaching his children about the Lord was very important to him. We grew up praying before meals and at bedtime. If we were sick and couldn't attend services, we had church at home. He would read a bible story followed by discussion and ending with prayer. This began in our childhood and continued as we grew up. In fact, when mother passed away on February 8, 2003, it was a Saturday. What an emotional day that was for all of us, but especially for him. Yet, as we were closing out the day, he commented, "We are going to church in the morning. It's the right thing to do." As painful as it was, as much as I wanted to stay in bed, pull the covers over my head and cry all day, we got up and went to church. That is the faith that taught and guided me through the good times and the tough times. By no means am I a perfect Christian. I'm still learning and growing every day due to the wonderful foundation laid down for me.



Why Our Dads Mean So Much Part II



Karen Laffere

My father was a wise man, and I learned so much from him. He taught me the importance of honesty, hard work, and treating everyone as an equal. Above all, he showed me how to appreciate the small things in life and to always be grateful for what we have no matter how little.

My stepdad taught me that the greatest gift you can offer another person is a smile, as you never know what someone else is going through. He went through so much in his own life, but he never complained and always stayed cheerful. He showed me that our attitude makes all the difference in life and that we can find happiness anywhere, despite the circumstances.

My grandfather was one of my favorite people. He and my grandmother lived on a farm, and some of my favorite memories were the summers that I spent there. He was a natural storyteller with a vivid imagination, and I can still remember him convincing me as a child that my great-aunt once had to sit on the roof during a windstorm to keep it from blowing away. Besides his stories, I remember riding on the cows, milking them, churning butter and being chased by roosters. He made every day an unforgettable adventure.

Elsa Aleman

August Laurel, my father, was a man of his word, a hard worker, and a true humanitarian. He instilled in me and my 3 sisters the importance of helping those who were in need. Whether it was a family in need of food, house repairs, a ride to the Dr.'s office, etc.

If a family was in need of raising money for a medical bill, help with rent, he would make calls to fellow coworkers and close friends getting donations of meat, side dishes to do a bar-b-que fundraiser. He taught me selflessness and love for our fellow sisters and brothers. And though we were a POOR family ourselves, we always somehow had enough and for that I am thankful.

Jeff Cotham

Dad was a story teller - jovial, entertaining and colorful, full of spirit, fun, joy of life. He had a way with words, and liberally sprinkled with sayings, some purposeful, and some tongue in cheek - "till the cows come home", "cooking with gas", "since heck was a pup", etc. Many don't grow up thinking "I want to be just like my Dad", especially in the 60s and 70s, but I realized one day how much he had seeped into my subconscious when in a business meeting with a programmer from another country and was maybe "fair to Middlin" with his English, I looked up to see that "deer in the headlights" gaze from the other guy and quizzing me about what I meant by things like "down to the wire" or "cutting corners" or "jumping the gun". I then tried hard to leave those kinds of things out of the conversation, but caught myself a number of times more starting to use them again. I found it nearly impossible to stop. I regrettably didn't inherit Dad's knack for story telling, but some learned mannerisms, I guess, are just "there for good". At least, I am going to attribute this particular "fault" to him. Haha. "Bless your heart", Dad ! Fun to note at times just how much of what and who we are, and how we do things, and What we believe in (thanks Dad !), can be directly related to what "those that brung us" directly or indirectly plugged into us.

(Grandfathers and uncles no doubt reinforced it, not to mention the ladies of the family, but since we're dealing with Father's Day at the moment... - standard "Texas talk" among most in San Antonio, and elsewhere in the South, I suppose.)



Why Our Dads Mean So Much Part III



Jack Owen

My favorite memory of my dad is watching Spurs games together. The best piece of advice my dad ever gave me was, "Work hard, have fun and help people." When I think of my dad, I always picture him smiling. Something funny about my Dad that makes me smile is his Dad jokes! What makes me most proud about my Dad is his leadership.

Ross Owen

My favorite memory of my dad is fishing together. The best piece of advice my dad ever gave me was, "Nothing in life is free." When I think of my dad, I always picture him smiling. Something funny about my Dad that makes me smile is watching him try to play video games! What makes me most proud about my Dad is his work dedication.

Emily Owen

My favorite memory of my dad is going out for breakfast on Saturday mornings at the Bellaire Snack Shop. It was just Dad, my sisters, and me every Saturday. Now that I am older, I realize what a dream this was for my mom...a couple of hours with the house all to herself! He introduced us to poached eggs, and we got hot chocolate in diner mugs with whipped cream and had some great conversations. The best piece of advice my dad ever gave me was, "Do well and don't smell." He said this every time he dropped us off at school. When I think of my dad, I always picture him reading or researching something. He loves to learn and passed that love onto my sisters and me. I am proud of my Dad for his work ethic, his ability to solve problems and for his love of family.

Monique Paisley

When I think of my dad, I will always picture him fishing in a beautiful body of water somewhere. My dad has been a fisherman his whole life, my whole life. I remember as a child during family camping trips or vacations watching my dad prepare and then patiently fish, It was such a different view of who my dad was as a person, but also such a perfect and accurate picture. My dad has never been a man of many words, he is calm, careful with his words before speaking on something important, and he is smart so much smarter than I think many realize. Growing up I was always so eager to be a mermaid, and I was obsessed with the ocean, to me it was my silent connection to my dad. I will always think of my dad as fisherman and remember all of the bodies of water in life that I watched him fish with patience, calmness, and such skill. I love you, Pops.

TK Paisley

I love hugging and playing with my daddy, he is the best at turning on the tv for me, and taking me outside to play outside!

Steven Navarro-Paisley

My dad may not always say how or what he is feeling, but he always shows it in the most loving, most caring, and biggest ways. He is also the best cook and has the most insane work ethic



Why Our Dads Mean So Much Part IV



Esther Rosales

What made me most proud about my Dad was what a hard working man he was, and how he always did everything he could to protect us kids. Especially after my Mother died, he did the very best he could.

What makes me smile is when he would pack us all in the car in the middle of the day, just to go get cold drinks at a little country store in Skidmore. We really had a lot of fun and laughter.

Emily Emob

When I think about my dad, the first word that comes to mind is: "Showtime!"

My dad was a born performer. He has a natural star quality that draws people in, a warm smile, an incredible sense of humor, and the gift of Irish storytelling.

I would beam with pride watching him perform and went to his shows every chance I got. Because of his band, everyone in El Paso seemed to know him, and more importantly, he treated everyone like a dear friend. We could never go out to eat without someone stopping by our table to say hello.

Beyond the stage, he was also the very best girl dad. He showed us exactly how we deserved to be treated, taught us to be independent, kind, and think for ourselves, and always made sure we knew he had our backs. He is empathetic, hardworking, and endlessly creative.

I'm lucky to know him and even luckier to call him my dad.





Why Our Dads Mean So Much Part V



Lindsey Laffere

When asked how to describe my dad, the first thing that always comes to mind is the simplest phrase that says nothing to anyone else, but to me, says absolutely everything about him. That phrase is “He was my dad.”

I learned many lessons from my dad, not from his words, but from his actions. He never talked about his job once he came home from the office other than to say, “If work were fun, it would be called play,” but he showed me the value of working hard, especially when things seemed challenging. I was shown the importance of giving to others without being asked, and when no one noticed. I can promise, aside from what he did for strangers, the Westminster Dog Show was always recorded for my mom to watch before she knew it was on. National Lampoon’s Christmas Vacation was also re-recorded every year for our annual Christmas family viewing.

My dad had an infectious laugh, and we would giggle until we were gasping for air over the silliest things. Sometimes, my mom would watch and wonder (likely rightfully so), but we were having the best time. He was beyond tolerant of the puns and childish jokes I’d send him and would say, “Bean, I’ll give that one a C-,” but he’d still laugh. His laughter put into perspective what seemed like chaos as he had an innate way of finding humor in almost everything making all that was wrong immediately okay.

The word “No” was not in his vocabulary when it came to making others happy, especially me, Reid, and Mom. Not only did Dad do things he didn’t particularly want to do, but he would also surprise you with his sense of humor while doing so. Many of my favorite times were being pulled behind the boat at the lake and fishing with my dad. He said, “The worst day of your life is when you buy a boat and the best day of your life is when you sell a boat” but he took us out without fail. He always put the worms on my fishing hook, took the perch, tires, and occasional actual fish I caught off, never complained, and would sit with me for hours having wonderful conversations while I tried to catch anything.

“He was my dad” remains my best response. The actual translation is “I wouldn’t know where to begin, and you don’t have all the time in the world.”

