Rev. Robert (Bob) M. Barcus



Robert Barcus, 83, of East Fallowfield, went to be with his Lord and Savior on September 15, 2025. He passed away peacefully, surrounded by his loving family.

Born in Philadelphia on Oct. 21, 1941. Bob and his sister, Barb Casner, were the children of Robert and Elizabeth Barcus. He answered his call to a life of ministry early on, earning his Master of Divinity from Colgate Rochester. He was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1966 and dedicated his life to serving God and His people for four decades.

As a pastor, Bob was known for his thoughtful and biblically grounded sermons, his compassion for Christian education, and his unwavering faith. He faithfully served congregations in New York, Ohio, Michigan, and finally at First Presbyterian Church in West Chester, PA, until his retirement in 2009.

Beyond his ministry, Bob was a devoted family man. He was the loving husband of Joy for 62 years and a cherished father to Tim Barcus (Michelle), John Barcus (Amy), and Karen Hallenbeck (Dave). He adored his role as a grandfather and great-grandfather, creating lasting memories with his seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

A man of many passions, Bob also enjoyed reading, needlepoint, woodworking, camping, fixing things, and eating ice cream. He will be remembered for his gentle spirit and the incredible kindness he showed to everyone he met. His love for his family and his steadfast devotion to his faith were the hallmarks of his life.

Bob Barcus, Memorial Service, First Pres., West Chester. October 10, 2025

"Good afternoon. For those who may not know me, I am John Barcus, and I am one of Bob Barcus's sons. On behalf of my mother, Joy, my brother, Tim, his wife Michelle and their family, My sister, Karen, her husband, Dave and their family, my wife, Amy and our family, my Aunt Barb (Dad's sister), her husband, Paul and their family, we thank you for participating in this joyful celebration of Dad's life. I stand before you today not as the son of a minister, but as the son of a man I simply called 'Dad.' It is a difficult and profound privilege to speak about him and about what he meant to me and our family.

To many of you, Dad was the minister. The comforting presence in times of crisis and the steady voice from the pulpit on many Sunday mornings. Perhaps you are like me, that you can close your eyes and hear his distinctive voice. He was the one who tirelessly visited the sick, focused on Christian education, and guided our community with the deep conviction of his Presbyterian faith. And for that, our family will be forever proud of his legacy of service. His love for God's Word was undeniable, and his commitment to the Reformed traditions shaped not only his ministry, but his very life.

I loved my Dad with every fiber of my being. And he made me feel loved down to the bottom of my heart and down into the center of my bones. His big and little and constant acts of love toward me have made me feel so deeply secure and unconditionally loved throughout my whole life, and have served as the foundation of a truly happy and fulfilling life. He taught me about faith, not just through his sermons, but through his example: his integrity, his quiet strength, and his boundless generosity. He demonstrated what it meant to live a life of service. Dad and I bonded through activities in church. He would leave the pulpit to stand next to me in the tenor section of the church choir singing songs such as the Irish Blessing. I was even fortunate enough to serve as his Lay Leader when he served as pulpit supply at my church in Atglen. We also bonded through

projects and activities at his house, at my house, and at Camp Donegal. Several years ago, I needed to replace the floorboards and add a subfloor to the main floor of my 100-year-old former house in Atglen. When I was planning the project, I automatically thought about what Dad would be able to do to support and help me knowing he would do anything he could to be with me.

I know there were times when his ministry came with sacrifice, but he never let his commitment to the church diminish his devotion to his family. He always made us feel like a central part of his life's calling, not a footnote. That was his gift—he saw everyone as a person, and in doing so, he made everyone feel seen and loved. I very much enjoyed being a boy scout. I remember having a hard time when it came to father/son outings that happened over a Sunday...Dad could not attend. I was told later that Dad went to my scout master, Jim Veach, and asked if Jim could be my "father" during those times. I cherish those times because Dad allowed another to show me a different example of what a good father can be like. I have modeled my own father hood after them.

Our father believed in the resurrection and lived his life with the sure and certain hope of a glorious reunion with Christ. While we mourn his passing today, we do not grieve without hope. His joy is now complete, and he has heard the words he strived for his entire life: 'Well done, good and faithful servant'.

Dad, you did it all while being the best father a son could ask for. Your legacy lives on in the lives you touched, the faith you nurtured, and the love you so freely gave. We will miss you terribly, but we will carry your example with us always.

Thank you, Dad.

Love, John"

Memories of Robert Barcus written by John Barcus

Parkminster Presbyterian Church is in Chili, New York which is a suburb of Rochester. The Reverand Bill Thompson had been associate minister there for a few years and wanted his best friend, Bob Barcus, to join him as the second associate under Rev. Dr. Bill Showalter. Parkminster was Dad's first church outside of seminary. He then served at Youngstown, Ohio and then Caledonia, New York. Dad and Mom (who married the day after graduation in the chapel of Westminster College in Pennsylvania) decided to go to Colgate Rochester for seminary (a seminary that is not Presbyterian...Dad had been part of the Presbyterian Church his entire life and thought to broaden his horizons at a Baptist seminary). Bill Thompson visited our house with his wife, Dorcus, and his daughter, Becky...who just happened to be my age, to convince Dad and Mom to come back to Parkminster. They sweetened the deal by promising to build a new manse. A manse that will happen to have four bedrooms, one for Mom and Dad, one each for my brother Tim and sister, Karen, and myself. I was just finishing second grade so did not understand any of the nuances associated with the decision other than moving away from my friends. We moved into our new house just a few months later. You may not know this about me, but color is not that important to me. I remember the Foreman asked each of us kids to choose a color for our bedroom walls. Mom and Dad encouraged us to make decisions from an early age. I have no idea what Tim and Karen chose, but I chose a god awful yellow from the tiny samples he had in a booklet. Not a nice pastel yellow but a mustard color. I remember cringing when we first moved in but did not say a thing for, I did not want to admit I made a mistake. Dad said, live with it for a while and we can paint it a different color later. We never painted. Dad knew it did not matter to me and he did not once mention the color of my room (at least to me). A year or so later, Mom and Dad gifted me an electric blanket. I have a vivid memory of Dad, coming into my room to tuck me in and told me how an electric blanket worked and that I should not roll around when sleeping too much for it might fold the wires that are inside the blanket causing them to break and electric cute myself...I remember falling asleep on my back and waking up the next morning in the exact position. I unplugged that electric blanket and used it as a regular blanket but did not tell anyone in the family (until now) I was too scared to plug it in and turn in on. Dad was a very organized, sequential person. I, like Mom, am random. Dad, however, never showed that my randomness bothered him. I love that he was able to encourage and support me even thought he did not always understand me.

During the summer that I graduated 6th grade we moved to Redford, Michigan. Dad was the head of staff at Village Presbyterian Church, just outside of Detroit. He was there until I was a Freshman in College. He was then called to a rather large church in West Chester, Pennsylvania. Amy and I visited when Dad and Mom were staying at Dr. home. I remember thinking, "Wow, if all the homes around here are like this, he has moved on up like Geroge and Wheezy. He thrived under the leadership and friendship of Rev. Dr. Bill Hess and friendship of Chris. Isn't it

interesting that all the male ministers that were most influential in his life was/is named Bill? Dad specialized in Christian Education and was very happy there until his retirement in 2005. Since then, he very much enjoyed his relationships with his three children and their spouses, seven Grandchildren with four spouses (soon to be five) and six Great Grandchildren.

Some of my fondest memories of Dad is when we worked together on projects and signing together. We are both Tenors and I loved signing next to him in the church choirs. He helped me replace two of the hardwood floors in his house and then two floors in my 110-year-old house. We painted together; we build things together. We worked together at Camp Donegal both as chaplains and repairing things around the camp. We did so many things together that many times we did not have to talk to each often, we anticipated what the other was thinking and planning. We built trust and enjoyed being in each other's company.

Dad, you have made a difference. I am very proud of you. You have been my role-model ever since I slept like a statue under that new electric blanket. You did not have to say I love you. We knew that you loved us to the core of our being. I love you. We love you. Until we meet again...

John

Rev. David Bergstrom



Rev. David P. Bergstrom passed away into the arms of Jesus on Sunday morning, September 21, 2025, at his home at 12:34 AM, surrounded by his family.

Born in Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware, Dave was the son of the late Daniel Bergstrom and the late Esther Vigneulle Bergstrom. He graduated from Brandywine High School in 1967, obtained his B.S. in Bible Studies from Philadelphia College of Bible in 1971, and his Master's in Divinity from Bethel Theological Seminary in 1974. He pastored churches in Wisconsin, Warren, PA, Kennett Square, PA, Kemblesville, PA, and Avondale, PA. He loved to sing in praise bands and lead singing in all his pastorates. Dave led mission teams to the Dominican Republic during his pastorate at Kemblesville United Methodist Church. He was a faithful, humble servant and loved the Lord with all his heart. Dave always devoted his time to those in need. In his community, Dave served on the Avon Grove School Board, West Grove Borough Council, Pastors Council for Avon Grove, and the Avon Grove Ministerium. He loved to play golf, loved the beach and ocean, but his favorite times were swimming in the pool. His grandchildren fondly remember him tossing them in the pool when they were little. And as they grew, they just tossed the footballs to them as they dove off the diving board. He was an avid Philadelphia Eagles and Phillies fan and never missed a game if he could help it. His greatest joy in this life was just being with his family. He will be deeply missed by all who knew him and all the lives he touched.

Dave was the beloved husband of Jeanette Clark Bergstrom for 54 years; adored father of Renee Zimmerman (Rich), Krista Simmons, and Kerri Ricketts (Jason); grandfather of Austin Ricketts (Maddie), Tyler Ricketts (Keri), Dylan Ricketts (Alexis), Morgan Zimmerman, McKenna Scibek (Matt), Caydee Zimmerman, Riley Zimmerman, Avery Zimmerman, Morgan Simmons, Riley Simmons, and Anna Simmons; brother of William Bergstrom (Cari) and Steve Bergstrom (Leslie); great-grandfather of Peyton Ricketts and Chandler Simmons. Also survived by many sisters and brothers-in-law, nieces, and nephews.

Rev. Donald Black



Rev. Donald Francis Black, 77, of Plainfield, NJ, died Wednesday, January 15, 2025, after a long journey with Huntington's Disease.

Don was born on September 15, 1947, in Oklahoma City, OK. He graduated from Glen Rock High School, Glen Rock, NJ, in 1965; Hartwick College, Oneonta, NY, in 1969; and Princeton Theological Seminary in 1978.

He was ordained by the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) in 1978. He became pastor of the Cincinnatus United Presbyterian Church in Cincinnatus, NY, in 1978; First Presbyterian Church of Santa Maria, CA, in 1984; and Donegal Presbyterian Church in Mount Joy, PA, in 1989.

He was a dynamic preacher, and his pastoral career was marked by creativity in worship. In 1992, he left full-time ministry to pursue writing, publishing "Do Something Different This Sunday," a book of short dramas for worship, as well as a book of short stories. He wrote several novels and books that were never published.

Don is survived by his sons Tim (Kelly) and Matt, and grandchildren Micah, Liam, Vivienne, and Titus. He was preceded in death by his former spouse Judy Wilson Black, his brothers David, Joseph, and Timothy, and his parents T. Donald and Frances (Greenan) Black.



Rev. Frank Muse

Frank Kelly Muse, 73, of Leola, passed away on October 4, 2025, after a lengthy illness at the Hospice Inpatient Care Center in Mount Joy. He was the son of the late Arthur and Betty Lou Muse.

A native of Fort Worth, TX, Frank was a graduate of the University of Texas (B.S.), Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary (M.Div.), and Neumann University (M.S.). Ordained by the Presbytery of Donegal in 1990, he served congregations in Columbia, McConnellsburg, and East Waterford, PA. Before retiring in 2013, he ministered to the Presbyterian Church of Orange and Third-Westminster Presbyterian Church in Orange, NJ. After retiring from pastoral ministry, he continued his service to others as a drug and alcohol addiction counselor for True North in York.

A skilled carpenter, Frank worked for several construction companies between pastorates and even ran his own home improvement business for a time. A talented guitar player, he loved listening to music, especially blues and jazz. He also enjoyed landscaping projects and was an avid reader with a lifelong curiosity. In his later years, he was particularly interested in fostering Jewish-Christian dialogue and advancing reparative justice for African Americans.

Frank was an active member of Community Mennonite Church of Lancaster and frequently attended First Presbyterian Church of Lancaster.

He is survived by his wife, Dr. Sandra Reed; his mother, Betty Lou Muse of Dallas, TX; his sons, Austin Muse and Caleb Muse, both of Austin, TX; and two brothers, John Muse of Dallas, TX, and Mark Muse of Celina, TX. He was preceded in death by his brother, Tom Muse.

A service of witness to the resurrection in memory of Frank was held on October 26 at Community Mennonite Church of Lancaster.

Rev. John (Jack) R. Maisch



John Robert Maisch (Jack), age 88, went to be with God on September 10, 2025. Jack was a loving husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather who dedicated his life to his family and serving God. Jesus said in Matthew 23:11, "But he who is greatest among you shall be your servant." Jack was a true servant to his congregation and to his family. Jack was ordained a Pastor in May 1962. He served as a Pastor at New Harmony Presbyterian Church from 1962-2001 and at Guinston Presbyterian Church for 31 of those years and served on numerous church boards, including as Moderator of Donegal Presbytery in 1971 and various Presbyterian committees. He also served for 3 years on the York County Mental Health Board and the White Rose Hospice Board.

After retiring from his official ministry position, he continued to serve as needed in many local churches. He also volunteered as a school tutor and at a local community service center until Parkinson's hindered his ability to serve.

Jack celebrated 34 years of marriage to Jean A. (Warner/Tompkins) Maisch (1991- 2025) and Carolyn (Tomlinson) Maisch from July 1962 until her death in 1989.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by two sons, David Maisch and his wife, Arlene, of York, and Stephen Maisch and his wife, Suzette, of Red Lion, step-sons, Steven Tompkins and his wife, Correna, of York and Matthew Tompkins and his wife, Stacey of Mt Joy, PA, a step-daughter, Kathy Huber and her husband, Jeff, of Norrisville, MD, a sister, Joan Kellam and her husband, Jeff, of Owego, NY, and grandchildren, David Maisch, Josiah Tompkins, Luke, Jacob, and Grace Huber, Jonathan and Matthew Triantafyllou, and great-grandchildren Vasilisa, Frida, Atlas and Poppy Triantafyllou.

Jack has touched all of our lives in very special ways. We will be with him one day, in Heaven with our loving God. Until then, we will miss him.