

On the Way...



I am delighted to announce that Bishop Breidenthal has assigned Christopher Richardson to a two year diocesan residency at St. Timothy's. Christopher is currently a senior at Virginia Theological School and will be ordained a deacon June 13 at Christ Church Cathedral. Diocesan residents spend at least two years in a congregation as part of their formation process. Our own Heather Wiseman initially came to St. Timothy's as a diocesan resident.

Christopher was sponsored for ordination by St. Matthew's, Westerville. In addition to general pastoral and liturgical responsibilities, Christopher will be the pastor of our 7th—12th graders. He will not formally become part of the staff until July, although we are trying to arrange for him to participate in the ASP mission trip in June. Christopher's position is fully funded by the diocese as part of the residency program.

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As we welcome Christopher, we will also be saying goodbye to assistant Organist, Bryan Holten, who will begin a doctoral program this fall at the Eastman School in Rochester, New York. Bryan has been an extraordinary gift to our community for the last three years. Bryan's talent and spirit have touched the lives of many. On the second Sunday of Easter, I spoke with a visitor who has family at St. Timothy's. He said to me "So where did you get that organist? I had tears in my eyes." Music has a way of opening hearts to God that very few things can match. I would certainly be remiss if I didn't also mention that Bryan's girlfriend, April, will also be leaving with him. April has been a member of the choir and played the violin at many services. When scheduled to play at 9:00 and 11:15, Bryan and April have often made a point of also playing during communion at the 8:00 a.m. service. For their generosity to this community, I am very grateful. Bryan and April's last Sunday will be May 31.

I want once again to thank every one who helped make our Holy Week and Easter services so glorious. The choir, flower committee, altar guild, ushers, worship assistants, coffee hour volunteers, greeters, office volunteers, staff and many others serve this community so faithfully. Or to put it in the language of Maundy Thursday: They wash our feet. Jesus commanded the disciples to wash *one another's* feet. Yes, we are called to serve those beyond our community, but if we neglect one another, everything falls apart. Thank you for caring about one another. Happy Easter!

In Christ,


Outreach**A Good Lesson to Learn***by Darcy Bien*

It is much easier to give than to receive. The hard part is asking for help. Recently I was reminded of this by a fundraising party I gave for a local family in need, the Hurts.

When I asked Julie Hurt if she was open to fundraising on her family's behalf, she responded, "I of course feel strange to be having fund raisers for the kids, because I am used to being on the other side of things like this. But I do understand it is not about me and my ego and it is about my children, so I have been learning to be better at receiving. I think that is a hard lesson to learn! I always feel it is easier to give. So to answer your question if you feel moved to do that for my children then I would be grateful to accept it. I will say that if you would rather give to another charity I would be ok with that as well."

Her response resonated with me. Don't we all feel this way? It really is easier to lend a hand. Let's face it; it is difficult to ask for help. But, here is the irony of asking... so many people are just waiting to help. Helping people makes us feel good.

When I decided to have a fundraiser party – I was thinking "simple"... bounce house, food, drinks. My neighbor called me the next day, "Hey my co-worker wants to donate an airplane ride for a raffle." "Are you kidding?" I thought. And then I realized he was just waiting to be asked... And that was all the motivation I needed to "Ask others." To my surprise, a raffle list grew quickly.

Asking people to come to a party should have been easy, right...but I was really asking people for help... We are all so busy and I did not want this to be just one more list of "to do" items on a Saturday... Again to my surprise, friends at St Timothy and neighbors were just waiting to be asked. About 100 people attended the party and to my surprise, over \$2500 of donations were received.

Here's the thing, most of the time, we get to give, and boy, does that fill us up. But there will be times when we will need to ask for help. Asking is hard but, remember...people are just waiting to be asked! ♦



The Financial Crisis and El Hogar Projects

by Rich Kunz, Executive Director, El Hogar Projects, Honduras

El Hogar is by no means exempt from the global financial crisis, and we are working hard to make sure that our children and young people still receive the care and the opportunity that we have promised to them. This is not easy when our contributions are down, costs are up because of inflation here in Honduras (15% last year), and more people are in need of our services because of the surge in both unemployment and inflation here.

I have met with the staffs of each center, and repeatedly with our directors, to try to do what we can here in Honduras.

Those who have visited us know that there is not a lot of "fat" in our budget. At the best of times, we still try to be frugal. Still, we have come up with some ways to save money. So, for instance, Claudia is sending someone to the outdoor market each week to buy food, which costs a bit less there than in the grocery stores. We are reusing educational materials, and trying to get as many donations as we can from local companies.



The government recently required a large increase in the minimum wage, which has cost us some money. But the rest of staff salaries so far have stayed the same, with the hope of a token increase later in the year. I met with the staffs of all three centers to talk about this year's challenge. For them, dealing with huge inflation yet stagnant salaries is the equivalent of a pay cut. But I was surprised by the response from the staff.

When I asked if there were any comments or questions (bracing myself for hearing distress about how they would make ends meet) I was met with the following, "I have worked here as part of this team for years, and we have been through many good times, and we believe in this ministry, and are not just doing it for the money, and of course we will remain faithful and try to get through the hard times together!" Then another staff member added that she was sad that I had said I worried about this. "Please remember that you are not alone! We appreciate so much the help we get from the US and Canada. We understand that God leads us through times of plenty, but also

(continued on page 9)


Adult Spiritual Formation


During the Wednesday Evening Lenten Program, several parishioners shared stories about how they brought their pain, loss, despair and anger to God. Following are excerpts from some of the stories they shared.

Lenten Reflection I

by Barb Ross

The Psalmist says, “I am counted among those who go down to the Pit; I am like those forsaken among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, like those whom you remember no more, for they are cut off from your hand. You have put me in the depths of the Pit, in the regions dark and deep. Your wrath lies heavy and you overwhelm me with all your waves. You have caused my companions to shun me; you have made me a thing of horror to them. I am shut in so that I cannot escape; my eye grows dim through sorrow. Every day I call on you, O Lord; I spread out my hands to you. Do you work wonders for the dead?”

Surely I was dead. This is a song of ancient Israel but it is also the experience in a modern psychiatric ward and surely the days, months, weeks and even years that lay ahead for me.

At first, I was totally bewildered by God, the God I thought I had known. I began bargaining with Him—I’ll promise you this if only you’ll return me to the way things were. I may have thought I was being punished. I know this may sound peculiar but there was a mix of rational thinking and very delusional thought going on all at the same time. I vowed to review my life and confess any little mistake I’d made both big and small. Suffice it to say, this was a very difficult time in my marriage. My husband really didn’t want to hear about all I had to say. I was pleading with God to change the course my life. As my pleas fell on what I perceived to be deaf ears, or as the Psalmist cries, “Why do you cast me off, why do you turn your face from me,” my feelings for God began to change and my concept of God began to change. If God was love and He could do anything, why was He doing this to someone who loved Him so much? Why did mental illness exist? Perhaps this is not how God worked or perhaps God was not love. Everything was on the table. I was very disappointed. I felt very let down. I felt very alone. People suggested God was with me in the pain. I rejected this. At the time, God was the source of my pain. My belief structure at the time didn’t allow me to think God had given me a mental illness, but I also wasn’t receiving any comfort from God. I couldn’t feel Him, there was no reassurance from Him, there was no sense He was anywhere close to me at the time. I quit taking communion.

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I quit reciting creeds, but at the same time I was desperate for reconnection with God.

So, when I regained some sense of equilibrium, I set out to read everything I could. The first book I picked was *The Good Book* by Peter Gomes. I read all kinds of books on religion, but in that first year, I concentrated my reading on books about the Bible. I became a lover of Mark and the historical Jesus. I developed a new passion not for Jesus the peacemaker but for Jesus the agent of change. So far, so good. Bible, check. Jesus, check. You see, I needed to create order in my world because life was chaos. It wasn't chaos on the outside. I was taking medication and it was working well. On the inside though, I just couldn't come to grips with losing everything about me that was me. . .

After years of earnest searching, I abandoned my intensive reading. All told, I'd read about 85 books. I was still wrestling with questions but there were a few things I knew I believed. I believed in the reality of God, even though I didn't fully know what that meant. And, I had a sense that God was working to make my life better even though I really didn't know how that worked.

I promised I would try to tell you a little bit about how I've changed and how I feel God is changing me, so here goes. Change is deep and it's from the inside out. I see things differently. I feel things differently. Things matter in a different way. I love and accept myself in a new way. I am more honest with myself and with others. Time passes more slowly. I'm much more comfortable with uncertainty in a lot of things. I am far more capable of registering hopelessness and despair and connecting in relationship with those who suffer. I place a higher value on community and on giving back. I treasure my friends and family like never before. I am completely different in ways that I cannot even articulate. I dare to say I am a better person. I feel more whole. While parts of my life story are sad, I'm not speaking out only so that you'll feel sorry for me. My motivation is to give you hope if you're that person who wonders, is my faith strong enough, who wonders why can't my beliefs be more typical or if you currently don't feel much comfort from God. I'm here to say, be brave; soldier on. While reflecting on his life with Parkinson disease, Michael J. Fox said, "I've had an amazing life." He went on to clarify, "I've not had an otherwise amazing life; I've had an amazing life." I'd say the same thing.

At the end of all of my relentless searching (well, if I'm honest, my searching isn't really over yet), what I'm left with is a God that eludes me but one in which I stand in awe and reverence. The Psalmist in #88 asks, do you work wonders for the dead? I'm here to say, He does. ♦


Adult Spiritual Formation
**Lenten Reflection II***by Debbie Ballinger*

Sudden Cardiac Death, March 29, 2003, at age 38. My husband was running in a charity 5k that morning and experienced a fatal heart arrhythmia.

Later that afternoon, I had to do the unthinkable, tell my children their Dad was dead. We sat on the couch together and I told them... their Dad had died... imagine seeing the looks of disbelief on your children's faces. Your 9-year-old daughter screaming. Your 8-year-old son asking if I meant Grandpa. We sat on the couch hugging each other among the teddy bears and pillows and tears.

My grief journey had begun and I was not ready! Little did I know, God was ready and waiting and willing to travel this journey with me.

The funeral and first week passed by, the visitors left and I was alone with my kids trying to survive day by day, the weeks of numbness, the never ending tears, the anger at God, the world, Chris, myself and the unending sadness... and a feeling of aloneness that was unshakeable.

I was slowly comprehending my new life and its' new challenges, I was trying to do all the right things and embrace my grief, to come to terms with it. To somehow put grieving on a "to do" list and check it off and be done. Only to soon realize, grief didn't work that way. It was never ending. It would be a lifelong journey.

Nothing in this world prepared me for the actual physical pain of grief. It caught me off guard; it took my breath away, as if I had been punched in the gut. The heaviness on my chest and shoulders felt as if I was carrying the weight of my loss everywhere I went. I remember thinking this is where the expression of "dying from a broken heart" came from; I felt as though the pain in and on my heart was so great I might die.

One Sunday in church as I was looking at the man sitting ahead of me with this beautiful gray hair, I was overwhelmed with the realization that Chris would NEVER have gray hair. We would not be growing old together. Who could understand the pain or depth of my sorrow? The answer was waiting for me to find it...

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It was 7 months since Chris had physically died. It was a lonely and quiet Saturday afternoon, no planned activities to distract me from my grief. My never ending thoughts of "I am a widow." I needed to cry. So I went into my bedroom, closed the bedroom door, and then went into my master bathroom, grabbing a bath towel, as I had long ago learned that no box of Kleenex was sufficient for my tears, and then finally entering my walk-in closet and closing that door. There, I had effectively shut out the world, and surely the kids wouldn't be able to hear me crying. I remember sitting on the closet floor looking up at Chris's half of the closet, clothes still hanging, shoes still on the floor, I remember the smell of dog urine emanating from the carpet, and I remember crying until I was gagging and coughing, the gut wrenching cries of grief. My eyes swelled shut from the tears. I lost track of time. I didn't care if I stayed in there all day. Frankly, I didn't care about anything except making this roller coaster ride of grief and pain stop. My thoughts raced through my mind; I can't go on feeling this way, I can't do this anymore, nothing I'm doing is working, I can't go another day living this way, I was alone....help.

I found myself praying, or rather screaming at God in my thoughts and out loud as well, talking to myself and talking to God... I surrender. God I am giving it all to you!

My answer had been there all along. Why in the world was I trying to do this myself? At that moment, I realized I wasn't ALONE. I felt the love of God as never before. The heavy heart and pain were gone. It was such a relief to let go and trust in God!

God was there showing me his love no matter how hard I resisted.

I had indeed lost my best friend, my sense of security, but in return I had found the true meaning of faith. The realization that I was not alone.

God loves me. God listens to my prayers.

My life would go on with God beside me, to guide me, if I would just listen and follow and trust him.

"When the righteous cry for help, the Lord hears, and delivers them out of all their troubles. The Lord is near to the brokenhearted, and saves the crushed in spirit." (*Psalm 34:17-18*) ♦


Adult Spiritual Formation
**Lenten Reflection III***by Brian Wildman*

My brother passed out at work and was rushed to the hospital. The news was bad. There's a tumor. Diagnosis: Adrenal Corticosteroid Carcinoma – a one in a million diagnosis.

WHAT? This doesn't happen to my family... this is not the natural order of life. This can't be.

Eight months of surgeries, doctors' visits, radiation and chemo followed. The news kept getting worse with each passing day. In the meantime, I'm trying to hold my life together and still search for a job. Oh yeah, still no job. At this point, with my parents, I am a primary care giver. May 21st, 1997 it's time to stop all treatment, we need to call hospice. May 23rd, I get to tell my parents that my older brother, their first born is dying. 5am, my brother dies.

I don't know how to do this. I shouldn't be planning a funeral for my brother, neither should my parents. Again, what have we done WRONG? Why is this happening? I have no faith to hold onto, nothing to guide me. I'm alone.

I kept my self occupied. I ran away from GOD, all the time, unknowingly, seeking GOD.

I filled my life, not with the things that mattered, with food, with material things, with trips and frivolous activities. Anything I could to avoid dealing with my true feelings – the feelings of fear, guilt and anger. I was angry at GOD and GOD didn't care. Why hadn't GOD given us the miracle that we were so desperate for?

I tried to understand. I went to psychics; I went to book signings of people who claimed to be able to contact the dead. Hoping for a glimpse, anything that would indicate my brother was OK.

My friends and co-workers recognized the longing and knew what I needed. They would periodically invite me to church with them – various religions and types of services. Oddly enough, it didn't matter what denomination, there was a strange calm that I felt when attending services. But how can this be? I am still so angry at GOD. How could GOD “allow” all these other “bad” people to live and he “took” my brother?

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Regardless, church made me feel better. I came to St. Tim’s and I knew it was home. I was afraid, nervous, what was I doing. I’m not religious – “I’m spiritual” or at least that’s what I told myself to justify not having a relationship with GOD and Jesus.

So, I came to St. Tim’s and learned that like every relationship, a relationship with GOD takes work and communication. After about six months here, I finally told GOD everything. About the anger, about the guilt, about the fear and about the sadness. And I told GOD, I couldn’t handle it anymore, GOD had to take it from me and carry the burden. I finally had MY miracle. The burden was lifted.

There are many things I still don’t understand. For instance, why a child has to suffer. But, I have to remember that GOD’s ways are not our ways and to GOD, we are all his children. But, I guess the bottom line to what I’ve learned is that during every relationship, there will be times when there is anger, there will be times of tears, there will be times of triumph and there will be times of great joy. Including my relationship with GOD and there is no “natural order” to life. Only GOD’s order. ♦



(El Hogar Financial Crisis—continued from page 3)

through the desert sometimes. You are not alone. We are all praying for you and for our supporters. The important thing is that God is with us as we go through this."

As if that was not enough, the staff has organized two local fund raising events for the next few months. This is in addition to their normal work. At the Institute they are talking about making some things they can sell to increase their income. The farm is planting more food to use for the three centers. I am moved and motivated by the way the staff has drawn together to meet this challenge.

It reminds me that we have a very special group of people that make up the staff of El Hogar Projects. No one is getting rich financially from their work here, but I feel very blessed to be able to work with people of such vision, commitment and love. ♦




Environmental News
**Green Team Update***by Patty Carr*

Our St. Timothy's Green Team donated "Love God Heal Earth" to the library in April. The Rev. Canon Sally G. Bingham, founder of Interfaith Power and Light, edited this volume of 21 leading religious voices speaking out on the spiritual importance of the creation care movement.

Thirty-four states have now joined Interfaith Power and Light to offer energy efficiency education and conservation. Ohio Interfaith Power and Light

hosted a workshop for training in energy efficiency for our congregation. The resources and materials will help St. Tim's get involved in making improvements to our facility. ♦

Outreach
**Hunger Walk & 5K Run: May 25**

St. Timothy's and its parishioners have made a strong commitment to end hunger in our community by its long-term support of Inter Parish Ministry (IPM) and, over the past few years, CAIN-Churches Active in Northside. This year, we have set a goal of raising \$4,000 for CAIN through the Hunger Walk on Monday, May 25 at 9:00 a.m. Every dollar from your registration, donation or pledge goes directly to provide food and assistance to those in need in the Northside community. We need to sign up 200 walkers/runners at \$20 each to achieve our goal. Please join St. Timothy's team for this wonderful event and invite your friends and families to join us. Not only are you providing much needed food for the hungry, but you will also have a great time at the event. For more information or to sign up, please see Shawn Fishbaugh. Thanks for your support! ♦



Budget Report

Income & Expense Report			
1st Quarter Ended March 31, 2009			
	<i>Actual</i>	<i>Budget</i>	<i>Difference</i>
<u>INCOME</u>			
Pledges	\$135,295	\$127,800	\$ 7,495
All Other Income	13,362	14,385	(1,023)
TOTAL INCOME	148,657	142,185	6,472
<u>EXPENSES</u>			
Personnel	104,514	102,681	1,833
Insurance, Maintenance, Utilities	27,384	29,908	(2,524)
Office Services	11,204	9,350	1,854
Altar Guild, Fellowship, H&W	156	1,401	(1,245)
Programs	5,214	3,957	1,257
Outreach Budget	7,877	9,500	(1,623)
Diocesan Assessment	31,988	31,988	0
Other	0	38	(38)
TOTAL EXPENSES	188,337	188,823	(486)
OVERALL TOTAL	\$ (39,680)	\$ (46,638)	\$ 6,958

Leaving a Legacy

Would Like to Help? Can't Afford it Now? Would Like to Lower Estate Taxes? Then Leave a Legacy to St. Timothy's. The simplest way to leave a legacy to St. Timothy's is through a bequest in your will. The transfer of funds for something you value highly is deferred until after your death, so a bequest does not decrease your current assets or income. Here are several ways you can do this: Give a percentage of your assets or a fixed dollar amount, say \$10,000, or more or less. Give a specific asset, i.e., stocks, real estate, etc. Give a portion of your IRA or retirement plan (percentage or fixed dollar). Give a residual bequest – what is left of your estate after other inheritance designations. Consult with your attorney when writing a new will or amending one already in place. For more information about gifts to St. Timothy's call (513) 474-4445.

Parish News and Announcements



On January 25 we welcomed into the church **Kelly Ruth JinZheng Knodel**, daughter of Sherri Knodel, **Taryn Rosa Waddell**, daughter of Amy Waddell, and **Marin Joshua Buder**, son of Beth Buder. On February 15 we welcomed into the church **Michael Doyle**. On February 22 we welcomed into the church **Elizabeth Rose Versteeg**, daughter of Emily Versteeg and Andrew Smith. *Welcome to the household of faith!*

Baptisms

Congratulations to **Zach Fester** (son of Cindy Fester and grandson of Gene and Ruth Bay) and **Kerianne Brose** who were married at St. Timothy's on February 14.

Weddings

On January 21, parishioner **Scott Firth** died. A celebration of his life and witness was held at St. Timothy's on January 24. On March 9, parishioner **Margaret Leshner** died. A celebration of her life and witness was held on March 12. On February 19, parishioner **Donald Adams** died. A celebration of his life and witness was held at St. Timothy's on March 21. On March 26, **Mary Harness**, mother of parishioner Edward Harness, died. A celebration of her life and witness was held at St. Timothy's on April 4.

In Memorium

Vacation Bible School 2009



June 15 - June 19
9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon

at
Anderson Hills

Sponsored by:
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church
Lutheran Church of the Resurrection
Anderson Hills Christian Church

Volunteer forms and Registration forms on the Children & Youth bulletin board. For more information, contact Judy Gardner (churchschool@sainttimothys.com)