

# ARCHANGEL

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KATHARINE'S ANGELS

# Reaching out to do God's will

Words: The Rev. Samuel Gregory Jones, Rector

THE WAY OF JESUS, THE WAY OF LOVE, IS THE WAY WHICH DOES NOT EXIST TO DEAL WITH HUMAN NEEDINESS, BUT WHICH DEVELOPS FROM GOD'S CALL TO US. THE WHOLE BIBLICAL STORY IS ONE OF GOD'S CALL TO HUMANS: ABRAHAM, MOSES, AMOS, ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, EZEKIEL, MARY, JESUS, PAUL AND SO ON. THE PURPOSE OF GOD'S ACTING IS NOT TO MEET THE INDIVIDUAL'S PERSONAL NEEDS; ON THE CONTRARY, GOD REACHES OUT TO PEOPLE SO THEY WILL DO GOD'S WILL.

**There are** two kinds of religion. The first is based on human need and is built entirely around the meeting of those needs. The second is based on God's call to us. When our faith life is based on our own yearning, instead of discovering a healthy faith, we make a god in our image and develop a religion that is too small. The promise of such religion is that God will grant our wishes like a genie in a bottle — if we are “good.” Many people essentially see faith as a means of coping with a chaotic world and a chance at having hope that they will be rewarded.

A curious paradox develops with this kind of religion. If the purpose of religion is to solve human problems, if the sole purpose is to provide a happy, fulfilling life, then folks who have a happy and fulfilling life must be the righteous. And conversely, those who suffer must be unrighteous. A major problem for religion based on human need is the unjust suffering of good people. Such religion has difficulty accepting the suffering of Jesus and tends to emphasize salvation as life after death. It tends to de-emphasize the humanity of Jesus. Religion based on human need makes God a means to human happiness, and thus replaces God with the idol of our own human success and happiness.

The other way of faith, the way of Jesus, the way of Love, is the way which does not exist to deal with human neediness, but which develops from God's call to us.

The whole Biblical story is one of God's call to humans: Abraham, Moses, Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Mary, Jesus, Paul and so on. The purpose of God's acting is not to meet the individual's personal needs; on the contrary, God reaches out to people so they will do God's will. The goal of God's call in each case is the creation, not of a single contented person, but of a community of people who will be in relationships of love with God and each other. As God says in His call to Israel again and again, “I shall be your God and you shall be my people.” Again and again, God is the God who creates, sustains and redeems communities of people.

Of course, God knows that our responding to God's call is difficult. The very meaning of the word Israel is “one who struggles with God.” The whole book of Job is about the struggle between Job and God. Even Jesus spent weeks in the wilderness struggling with the meaning of the call he received in his baptism. Similarly, Jesus' ministry began with the call of his followers and their struggles to follow the way of Love. Jesus did not promise to meet their personal needs. Instead he called them to take up their cross and follow him. Upon his call, Jesus built a people of the way of Love, the community we call The Church. The meaning of the word Church (*ecclesia* in Greek) is “those who are called out.”

At the center of the way of Love that Jesus taught, is God, the Holy One, the ineffable glory, the one

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beyond knowing, yet who is in our midst. Before this God we empty ourselves in worship and acts of righteousness. In worship and acts of justice, we surrender our desire to have our needs met; we lose our self-concern; and we let go of the idea that God exists primarily to solve our problems. Paradoxically, as we surrender our self-concern, we find a centeredness in God and a unity that transcends our problems. As Jesus taught, "Seek first the kingdom of God and all else will be added unto you."

In the way of Jesus, the God we encounter is the God of love. Indeed, the very essence and being of love is God's essence and being. In our community with God and one another, we find that our common goal is neither "going to heaven" in the next world nor "personal happiness" in this world. No, we find that Jesus taught the goal of life is to love others and allow others to love us.

Religion based on God's call does not solve all our problems or answer all our questions, but it does offer a way of life that brings unity and wholeness to individuals and community, and peace among persons.

Being a follower of Jesus is all about being in community with others. In this issue of *Archangel*, we meet many among us who are loving others and allowing others to love them back. Katharine Cummings is one of those people. In our cover story, we explore the life of this lifelong member of St. Michael's, and of the community who supports her. We'll visit our children's chapels and discover an important community building the faith life of our youngest worshipers. We'll learn how one woman's search for the grave sites of loved ones leads her to an important discovery. And we'll take a peek into our parish Archive, marveling at the stories housed there.

*Meg Jones +*



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On the Cover:

Katharine Cummings, center, who has been a member of St. Michael's since she was a child, surrounds herself with more than two dozen people who give richness to her life. (Pictured are only a few.) In turn, she's a joy to them, too. Read her story on page 16.

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# A New Life for 2019

Words: The Rev. Robert Fruehwirth, Associate Rector

## Prayer and Almsgiving

**From the** very first days of the church, prayer and almsgiving have been essential characteristics of the followers of Jesus. It's what Jesus did; it's what we do.

In our parish life, prayer refers more generally to spiritual formation, while almsgiving refers to outreach and mission, and each needs the other. We want to have strong spiritual formation that grounds us in a Christian world view, gives us tools to practice our spirituality, deepen our prayer, and address the hurt in our lives. We also want a vigorous outreach ministry, engaging the world around us, finding Jesus in the homeless shelter, sharing our assets with those in need.

In 2018, one thing that impressed me the most about the parish has been the unplanned spillover from spiritual formation to outreach. People who have taken up the challenge of spiritual growth in one of our many programs, from the Parish Facilitators Group, to small groups, to Bible studies and Sunday Forums, have found themselves doing more outreach, and doing more to take care of the overall life of the parish itself. This is not surprising. One spiritual writer, commenting on the life of Saint Teresa of Calcutta, said it is a strange but universal law that when people have an experience of God, they start taking care of the poor. This is a truism: When we experience God, we start taking care of the poor. This is Jesus' life lived in ours. And when we experience the gift of Jesus' life, we naturally start to care more for the parish community as the place where this gift is nurtured.

As we begin 2019, with Epiphany, Lent and Easter before us, the next steps in our Christian formation, building on all that has come before, are clear to me. I see two main needs.

## I. Becoming Christian

The first call is to double-down and deepen in our fundamental Christian identity. This means understanding how our Christian faith orients us in the world in a fundamentally different way from those who do not share this faith, or who do not take their faith as definitive. Being Christian entails a radically different way of seeing the world, and teasing apart cultural norms from the norms our faith prescribes is a tricky but necessary project.

When a Christian community is healthy in the faith, it knows that it has a way of being that is distinct from the world around it. The Church discovers its reality as an embassy of God's Kingdom within the alien landscape of the secular world. Far from isolating us from the world, knowing our Christian identity in this way energizes us to go back to engage that world with more Spirit — more compassion, more love, more justice, more creativity, and care.

To the end of deepening this Christian Identity, our three-week Epiphany program, "Jesus our Way," will teach the core Christian world view, reflect on the specifically Christian purpose of human life, and present the standard Anglican spiritual practices for supporting us in this Christian purpose. We as Christians have a different way of being in the world, a way revealed to us by Jesus and inspired now by his Spirit, and our Anglican tradition has enormous wisdom in showing us how to go about cultivating what I call "Jesus Life" in the parish.

A side note: by Anglican I don't mean churches in the U.S. who claim Anglican identity apart from the Episcopal Church. I mean the immense spiritual and religious heritage we bear as Episcopalians, a way of living the Christian life that goes back to the first Christians, grows through the Middle Ages, is re-



shaped in the Reformation in the Church of England, and is given to us as part of our heritage in the Anglican Communion. Our Anglican foundation endows us with an ancient and relevant spiritual culture that forms us in how we go about living a Christian life. We don't have to invent any of this stuff: It's all right there, cared for through the centuries and waiting for us to explore.

An outgrowth from "Jesus our Way" will be a six-week small group program in Lent for the creation of what is called an individual Rule of Life. The term "Rule of Life" is off-putting. It sounds draconian, but it is the classical name for the single most loving thing we can do for ourselves and those closest to us, it describes how we choose to regularly feed and support our souls, the life of God in us.

## II. Looking at Sin

During the season of Lent, we are going to respond to what I see as a second calling for spiritual formation in the parish. We are going to follow the ancient Lenten exhortation of our Church and explore the spiritual wounds and brokenness most common to 21st century Americans. We are going to reflect on envy as an unseen force that makes us serve secular idols and diminishes us in the process. We will

reflect on anger and its role in polarizing society and destroying relationships. And, biting the pastoral bullet, I am going to invite us to reflect on sexuality, our desire for intimacy, and God's desire for this part of our lives.

A shorthand way of describing this Lent program is that we are going to look at *Sin*. More precisely, we are going to explore with great care the hurts in our lives, and the weaknesses our culture creates in us, which make it more difficult to live the life of Jesus in prayer and almsgiving, spirituality and outreach. The Lent program will consist of the now-traditional yoking of our Lent Sunday Forums with Tuesday evening dinner and discussion groups.

Finally, there will be Easter — the great season of the paschal proclamation and the renewal of our Christian lives. How I look forward already to celebrating the Resurrection of Jesus once again in 2019, and exploring the new life, the raised life, that we have in Him. First however, let's explore our Christian faith, and let's reflect on what is blocking us in our desire to live for God.

Come grow in 2019! A new life awaits.

— The Rev. Robert Fruehwirth





Jeff McLamb

Chapel leader Kim Cadwallader leads Beckwith Chapel children from Big Church to chapel.

OUR CHILDREN'S CHAPELS HAVE OPERATED SINCE THE BEGINNING OF  
OUR PARISH. THE REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPT OF AGE-APPROPRIATE WORSHIP  
FORMS THE FOUNDATION OF FAITH FOR THE YOUNGEST AMONG US.

TAKE THE JOURNEY THERE WITH US,  
AND PLAN TO VISIT SOMETIME SOON.

# Going to the Chapel

Words: Susan Byrum Rountree    Photos: Susan Rountree & Jeff McLamb

**A** line of 2- and 3-year-olds walks down the hall and settles into pews just their size. Among them is George, who carries the mite-sized offertory plate, holding it up for a visitor. "It's my birthday!" he says, sliding into the pew with his friends. His parents, grandparents and older brothers all gather, too, to celebrate his turning 3.

Birthdays in All Angels are big deals, when the children drop pennies into a plastic cake, the same number of pennies as years they've been around.

All assembled, "Mr. Bob" Vevurka — a leader in All Angels Chapel for almost 30 years — squats down in front of the first pew and greets his tiny congregation with a song. They follow along, waiving arms in the air to mimic his greeting. Chapel has begun.

These same pews have been used by St. Michael's children for most of the almost 70 years we've been a parish. Handmade by the husband of our first chapel leader, Merle Dees, they're well worn from so many years of sitting.

"What I remember most are the pennies hitting the bottom of the little wooden church we used for the collection," Sandy Page recalls. Sandy and her friend Carson Ward Harden were the first children

baptized in our parish. (The baptism actually took place at Saint Mary's Chapel, before our church building was complete.)

When the current nave was built in 1956, parish leaders designated the "little red church" building to hold a children's chapel. Loyd Dees built the pews and Mrs. Dees made the vestments, flags and altar linens. She also developed a simple liturgy to introduce them to "Big Church." The current All Angels Chapel was built in the undercroft of the Beckwith Parish House. A parlor in the basement below the nave was converted to Beckwith Chapel in the 1970s for children in grade school.

"They used to think I was Mr. Beckwith," recalls Dr. Richard Saleeby, who began helping Mrs. Dees with the chapels when his children, now in their 50s and 60s, entered Sunday School.

His wife, Doris, taught 5-year-olds. "Mrs. Dees was a powerful person for her time," says Doris. "She had a mind of her own. She made it like Big Church but on a child's level. She felt that children needed to understand the messages. "She had a way of explaining (the Trinity) by using her hand. The hand equals God and is connected to the fingers, which form the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

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Susan Rountree

**Chapel leader Bob Vevurka chats with the 2s and 3s in All Angels. He's been a leader since his children were young — for more than 30 years.**

Founding member Betty Moore felt that 2-year-olds should be part of the Sunday School program, though Mrs. Dees didn't agree. In time, she saw that it was working. Pattie Moore-Boyette was in that class. (Pattie and her father, Joe Moore Sr., would later build more pews for the chapel.)

"We recited the 23rd Psalm every Sunday," says Pattie, who has taught the Sunday School since she was 12 years old. "Mrs. Dees was adamant that we kneeled straight. She was strict but loving."

Not all churches have children's chapels, says Pattie, who has struggled with church leaders in the past wanting to take it away. "It's important because it's geared to their level and it's fun. Children need to be taught how to go to church. It's a lot for young children to learn to sit."

Our chapels are important to our culture, says Greg Jones, who first saw the chapels when he visited

St. Michael's as part of our rector search. "I felt it was revolutionary to have age-appropriate worship that engaged and excited the kids," he says. "The chapels lay the foundation for raising children into the full stature of Christ."

Bob Vevurka has been a leader since his own children were young. "It's something new each and every week," he says, "so it doesn't seem that long ago. I just love working with children. I see the face of God in each and every one of them each Sunday. What a great way to start the week and see God's work firsthand! "



**Storyteller Lee Hayden spells out "salt" in sharing the Gospel with the help of Beckwith Chapel kids.**

Bob has been working with organist Diane Garner for all his years in chapel. "She has kept me in line during chapel and singing all those songs," he says. "One day we were getting ready to do the action song before the Bible story and I told them to please stand for the song and, one little boy held out his right hand with his index finger extended and said, 'Hit it, Miss Diane!'"



All Angels Chapel, then, at left, circa 1970s and below right; and today, bottom right.

On another occasion, says Bob, the kids were kneeling for prayers. "Of course they asked for their dogs, cats, fish and then one little boy asked to pray for his mom and especially for his new sister. And another boy kneeling next to him turned and said 'You want to pray for your sister? All mine does is cry all the time. She never stops. Are you sure you want to bless her?'"

And there was the day, Pattie remembers, when a little boy called Bob God.

All Angels Chapel is fun, but it's also a learning experience. "Our chapels provide an education about the church service, an understanding of the liturgical calendar, and the Church's seasons and their meaning," says Bob. "At this young age, I try to bring the story of faith with something they can relate to," he says. "When Jesus ascended to Heaven all the disciples raised their heads to see him ascend. So we went outside and replayed what the disciples did. We used balloons and when we let them go we were able to relive what the disciples experienced."

"We have a really good group of volunteers, she says. "Our children have grown and maybe some are hoping their grandchildren will come through. I'm teaching second generations now.

"This is church for me," she adds. "I study the lesson and want to be prepared to tell the story in my classroom. We have story and circle time before we even go to chapel. When I talk about coming to church, I'm studying the Bible before I get there so when that simple question comes my way, I have one clue how to answer it.

"My mother's spirit is in that chapel," Pattie says. She is now bringing her great-niece to chapel with her. "Here is a 2-year-old and she wants to sit from pew to pew. She feels how much it means to me and to (her mother) Elizabeth. Maybe she's got a little Betty Moore in there. Mom and Dad are looking down at one more generation."



# The Trove of Our History

Words: Will Lingo

TUCKED INTO A BASEMENT CORNER OF OUR EDUCATION BUILDING, THE ABBIE PENWELL ARCHIVE HOUSES OUR PARISH HISTORY. YEARS IN THE MAKING, A FEW DILIGENT SOULS SPEND HOURS EACH WEEK CATALOGING AND FILING ARTIFACTS, PAPERS AND PHOTOS. MIGHT YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SHARE?

**St. Michael's** has a deserved reputation for welcoming the new and embracing progress. You can see it in the steady flow of children downstairs, and the transformation of the church campus over the years.

St. Michael's also has a less noted, but no less passionate, appreciation for its history. Church members have nurtured and curated that history from our earliest days, and it continues now, in a space most people probably aren't even aware of.

While you have likely been to one of the classrooms on the ground floor of the education wing, either for Sunday School or Parish Day School, you probably have not noticed the Abbie Penwell Archives sharing the corridor.

But look inside and you'll find a treasure trove of artifacts

tracing the years from the founding of St. Michael's to the present day. And on several days a week, you'll find Barbara Elliott and Becky King diligently organizing and digitizing the collection so it's preserved and accessible.

"A lot of churches save stuff, but it's not really curated," Elliott says.

Elliott and King are heirs to a legacy that began simply enough, but has grown into a full-blown archival operation that involves not only saving the documents of our history but also digitizing and organizing them.

"Barbara and I were in a knitting group," King says. "She started talking about computers and I said, 'Barbara, would you be interested in working in the archives?' She said she would, and here we are."

What became the Archives began as someone saving



The laying of the cornerstone of the new nave brought out the choir, the Boy Scout Troop and a host of parishioners. (Abbie Penwell Memorial Archive.)

stuff in a box, the way we all tend to do with keepsakes that we don't want to get rid of but aren't sure what to do with. Margaret Darst Smith, a charter member of St. Michael's, the parish secretary for many years and the first woman to serve on the Vestry, did just that.

When she stepped down as secretary, Margaret passed her collection to Abbie Penwell, a church member who developed a passion for preserving its history. She consulted with the Diocese and attended conferences for archivists and began an active effort to curate our history.

The result is thousands of documents, amazing photographs, physical artifacts, and even architectural renderings—some of buildings that we walk around in today, and others of projects that never came to pass.

One of the most notable artifacts is a creche made by Jim

Beckwith, St. Michael's original rector, in the 1950s. But no less remarkable are photographs from the groundbreaking for the current nave from December 1955. Beckwith presses the shovel into the ground, flanked by Bishops Edwin Penick and Richard Baker. And yes, we have the shovel, too.

The minutes for every Vestry meeting since 1950? Yes, we have those, too, save for a gap of a year or two in the 1960s. The missing minutes might actually be in the archives somewhere, but so far they have not revealed themselves.

Which brings us to one of the challenges our current archivists face: too much history. Our archives now comprise more than 150 boxes. The effort to digitize and organize the contents of the archive into a searchable database didn't begin until 2015, and for now it is just Elliott and King doing the work.

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## ARCHIVE

They estimate that they have fully scanned and entered into the database about 10 percent of the total contents of the archive. A greater percentage of the archive is cataloged, though not digitized, but many boxes have not even been fully explored. They would love to hear from members who are passionate about preserving the history of St. Michael's.

"We want help from anybody who's interested in scanning and cataloging information for the database," Elliott says, "but not somebody who's just interested in looking for curiosity."

That's because not only is preserving the information the right way important, but a lot of the information is also sensitive, whether it deals with personnel matters or financial information. Particularly in the early days, St. Michael's saved everything, down to the monthly bills.

Getting a better handle on organizing and cataloging what's already on hand would allow Elliott and King to focus on broader issues, like bringing more of what's in the archives to light, coming up with ways to make some items like photographs more accessible, and becoming more active in curating our current history. Interestingly, the more digital our lives have become, the less people have submitted to the archives.

Of course, part of that is making people more aware of the archives and the wonders therein.

"There are people who have been here all their lives who are not aware of the archives," Elliott said. "And people have to be aware of it to help the archives thrive. Going back to its beginning, if someone hadn't saved it, we wouldn't have been able to find it."



*Will Lingo is a writer, editor and founder of Helium, a baseball-focused media agency.*



Among the many photographs in our archive is this one of the groundbreaking of our current nave. Here, the Rev. Jim Beckwith digs up the ground, surrounded by bishops Richard Baker, left, and Edwin Penick, right, and members of the congregation. And yes, we do have the shovel preserved in archival paper. Below, pieces of a creche designed by Jim Beckwith, our first rector. (Abbie Penwell Memorial Archive)



# The Archive Tells a Church's Story

Words: Will Lingo

**I**f an archive is only as good as its organization method, then the Abbie Penwell Archive is truly state of the art.

When the archive began, items were loosely organized by subject matter in boxes: You had your General Box, Clergy Box, Vestry Box, and so on. Additional boxes in that subject were numbered. The contents of each folder in each box were listed on index cards, so the archive had a card catalog of a fashion.

"With what they had to work with, it was pretty good," Barbara Elliott says.

The problem comes as the archive grows, and the church becomes more complex. What to do with a document that relates to multiple subjects? Well, in many cases they would make copies and put them into multiple locations, although Elliott says, "I once found 12 copies of the same document in one folder."

Eventually when Becky King and Judy Winfree took over responsibility for the archives in the early 2000s, they realized the analog system was not sustainable. "Judy and I decided this was crazy," Becky says.

They knew they needed to move into the digital age, but their resources were scant. The first system involved listing the contents of every folder in a Microsoft Word document. "She'd read it to me, and I'd type it," Becky says.

It was a step forward – and at least somewhat searchable – but still not ideal. When Elliott started working with them in 2014, she knew they needed a database system but could not find any software that fit the bill.

Enter her husband, Paul, who had a background in programming and decided simply to build the system himself. It's a database customized to the needs of a church archive, so everything is digitized and preserved to archival standards and cataloged

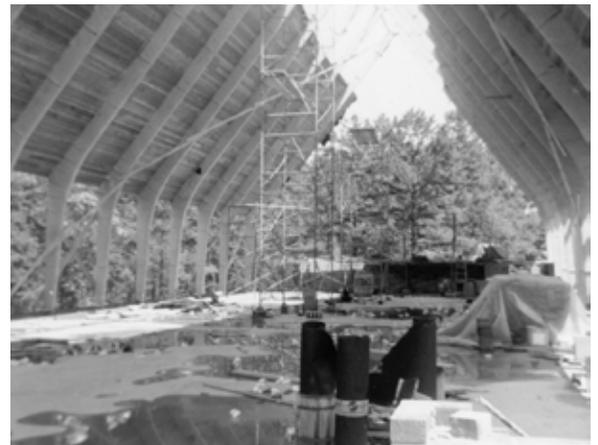
in such a way that it's searchable on a multitude of criteria, from subject matter to time period to person. Files already digital are simply saved and cataloged, while old papers or photographs are scanned and then cataloged.

St. Michael's system is so good now that parishioners are working to try to market it to a larger church audience. Elliott donated his work — intellectual property in legal parlance — to the church, in hopes that it might benefit the Holy Michael Foundation.

Will Rideout, who was chairman of the Foundation when Elliott made the donation, has worked on marketing materials for the software and hopes to get it in front of potential buyers in early 2019. For Elliott, who died suddenly in August from a heart attack, the software could serve as a lasting legacy to St. Michael's.



Among the treasures are a Sunday School attendance book from the 1960s and a photo of the church building in progress. (Abbie Penwell Memorial Archive)






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Words & Photos: Susan Byrum Rountree

**Bedridden and living in a nursing home for 20 years, Katharine Cummings looks to her church community to be her arms, legs and more.**

## It's Wednesday

morning, and Katharine Cummings rolls through the parish hall doors, waiting to start her day at church. She parks herself by the front desk and chats with friend Dale Pulley as she waits for someone to grab her a cup of coffee and a snack. Next, she slips over to the Canterbury Shop to buy a few cards and considers hiding in the library, so she will miss Bible Study.

Katharine is all about cards, whether it's her annual Christmas letter sent to a hundred of her closest friends, or birthday and anniversary cards bought from her favorite shop in town to send to people celebrating milestones within the church.

When the cards come, they might bear the sender's cramped, slanted handwriting or the script of a friend. Katharine has almost given up writing in her own pen these days, as multiple sclerosis creeps into her once nimble fingers. Her left hand is already paralyzed, and her right hand tires easily. But that won't stop her from sending out her missives. She knows all she has to do is ask for help, and it will come.

The signs began when she was 38 — numbness, fatigue, dizziness — and she lived with them, despite her challenging schedule teaching English and Social Studies to seventh graders. She visited a rheumatologist and found few answers. The disease, which has now taken over her body but not her mind, took seven years to diagnose.



**Katharine Cummings has been challenging the Rev. Greg Jones to feisty Scrabble competitions for years.**

She was born with a sharp, sometimes acerbic wit and it has served her well in the years since her diagnosis.

"God doesn't love people who don't like cripples," she says, sitting in her motorized chair in the church library, surrounded by books her namesake, Aunt Katharine, donated to create the resource for parishioners.

"I never feel crippled," she says. "Walking is greatly overrated."

And there are dozens of reasons for this mindset — her "angels," she calls them — people in our church and community who surround her and serve as her arms and legs on an almost daily basis. Some, like Roberta Clarke Smith, have known Katharine since she was a young mother, before the MS diagnosis. Others, like Kate Rivers, have known her only a few years. And as they've provided Katharine with enriching moments, she's been a gift to each of them, too.

"You have a history with people," says Roberta, who has served as Katharine's medical power of attorney for 20 years. "She helped me write thank you notes for two months when my husband died." They were also raising daughters the same age. "I lived closest to her," she adds, "and she took my daughter to dance school. She ran the Bible school."

Roberta and Mimi Keravouri have been Katharine's legal and medical support team for all these years.

"They are always here in case I need them," Katharine says. "If one is out of town, the other one stays here."

"Mimi and I never really said yes," Roberta recalls of when she and Mimi found themselves in charge of Katharine's care. Katharine was divorced, and neither of her two children was able to care for her.

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**THE MS WAS MANAGEABLE FOR A TIME, BUT IN THE LATE 90S, STRENGTHENING TREATMENTS CAUSED A BLEEDING ULCER THAT REQUIRED SURGERY. THE OPERATION LEFT HER UNABLE TO CARE FOR HERSELF, SO SHE MOVED TO RALEIGH REHAB. WHEN SHE ARRIVED, SHE WAS SO SEVERELY DEPRESSED SHE WOULDN'T EAT.**

"It was a natural thing," says Mimi. "Roberta was a nurse, and I managed an arts non-profit, so I was used to handling money."

Mimi met Katharine after her diagnosis, though she was still driving. They formed a singles group together at church that was so popular, singles from other churches came to their events.

"It was hard (to ask for help) at first," Katharine says. "It gets easier and easier as I get older. At Christmas we want to spread the light. I'm an easy ministry. I'm always appreciative."

The fourth floor of Raleigh Rehab, Katharine's home for the past 20 years, is often crowded with residents sitting in wheelchairs or moving so slowly it's barely noticeable. TVs blare from room to room. Down the hall on the right is Katharine's room, a bright space decorated for Christmas.

Carolyn L'italien teaches at the Parish Day School, and because of Katharine, she created a special Wednesday lunch bunch with her class last year, bringing the children upstairs, lunch boxes in hand, to break bread with the senior members of the church. On this day, she's brought some hand-colored ornaments from her students to hang on a bulletin board in Katharine's room. Katharine, she says, has changed her life. One Wednesday, Carolyn, who also helps manage the facility, found Katharine sitting in

the Parish Hall, waiting for her transport home.

"I sat down, and she said, 'tell me your story,' and I did. And then she told me her story." They've been friends since.

The MS was manageable for a time, but in the late 90s, strengthening treatments caused a bleeding ulcer that required Katharine have surgery. The operation left her unable to care for herself, so she moved to Raleigh Rehab. When she arrived, she was so severely depressed she wouldn't eat.

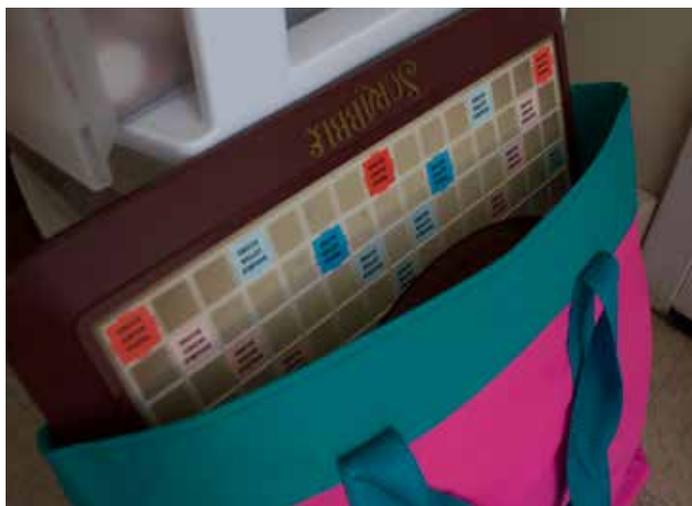
"I'd wake up in the night and think, 'What am I going to do?'" Katharine recalls. "But that feeling wasn't working for me. I knew I had family at the church."

Mary Smith organized a group of friends to visit her and feed her each day.

Mary has known Katharine since the 1970s, when they began attending Bible study together. "To this day she and I continue to be with five others who had attended the Bible study, go to lunch once a month."

Over the weeks, Katharine gained strength. And her friends stayed.

"We realized it had become more social than feeding," Roberta recalls. "There's just something about Katharine. It's amazing that this one person has





Carolyn L'italien, who teaches at the Day School, arranges a Christmas bulletin board in Katharine Cumming's room at Raleigh Rehab. Carolyn and others have been keeping the bulletin boards fresh and seasonal for many years.

attached all of these people. She is such a fun person to be with."

Katharine loves the residents of Raleigh Rehab. "It's her home," says Mimi. "She's so good to the other residents." She knows their stories, buys prizes for Bingo. "She took that on as her mission," Mimi says. "She gives of herself to them. Everybody is equal in her eyes."

"She has become one of my very best friends," says Kate Rivers, who helps her friend with correspondence and whatnot. Katharine has a rich, active life, attending rehearsals for the NC Symphony and going to lunch with friends, but she's restricted by transportation, which the city of Raleigh provides.

She's addicted to the show, "Chef and the Farmer," and when she shared that with Kate, she and her husband John rented a van and drove Katharine to Kinston to eat at the Boiler Room. It was the first time Katharine had been out of Raleigh in more than 20 years. Another day trip took them by train to Burlington, where they had a picnic in the new station. Opposites politically, they table their differences in favor of talks about books.

And the group keeps growing. Friends wash her hair, bring her food, help her sort through papers and trinkets, cleaning her room for her.

The late Nell Finch was one of those friends. Though they'd known each other through St. Michael's for years, serving on many committees and even the Vestry, the two women didn't really care for each other. Yet Nell felt called to help Katharine when she moved to Raleigh Rehab.

"She came on Mondays at 5 o'clock. And she didn't like me at first," Katharine recalls, "but she got on her hands and knees and cleaned my bathroom." As they grew older, they shared stories of difficult children and grew to love each other. "Nell had a very special way of letting people know she loved them," Katharine says. "She told me once, 'You know I didn't used to like you.'"

Katharine has a deep faith and reads her Bible so often that when it started falling apart, another friend, Jan Anderson, put it back together for her. The granddaughter of an Episcopal priest, it was never a question in her home about having faith.

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"She has a deep faith," Mimi says. "She never feels sorry for herself and her faith has a lot to do with it. She's never given up. St. Michael's has always been her center, and she always makes new friends."

Katharine is the daughter of two wordsmiths — her parents met in journalism school at Carolina — and she loves to write herself. When Mike, a volunteer at Raleigh Rehab, asked her to play Scrabble, Katharine was intrigued: She'd played as a child but not in many years. It just might be her kind of game. "He beat me every time," she recalls, "but I got better." Mike got married, had a family and moved on, but Katharine loved the game, so she put out a plea for players.

Lynda Atkins answered. "Katharine put a blurb in *Chronicles of Canterbury* more than 20 years ago asking for someone to play Scrabble with her, and she got an enthusiastic 'game on' from me." Lynda says. "We've played weekly (when possible) since then.

"I won for the first five or six years," Katharine says. "But losing doesn't affect my condition."

"Katharine's cheerful disposition to the staff and residents at her resident-home is such an inspiration," Lynda says. "She lets the helpful aides know how grateful she is for their kindness to her and they — in turn — truly care for her. Likewise,

she is always thoughtful of the other patients on her floor. I'd be a much better person if I would follow Katharine's lead."

When a mutual friend learned of Greg Jones' call to St. Michael's, Lynda wrote to Greg and invited him to play Scrabble with Katharine as a way to get to know people in the parish. "I beat him the first three times we played," she says. Their mutual love of wit and sarcasm translates at times into a bitter rivalry.

"We're not really playing," Greg said on a day recently, when setting up the Scrabble board for a photograph. "We're pretending to play." He put a few words down on the board and handed Katharine her shelf of letters.

"But I have a triple word score!" she spat back, and he set the word up on the board.

"Well, we're not really playing," he says again.

"Isn't he so easy to love?" she says.

She plays her hand anyway, just as she has her life, and it's clear that with the help of her angels, Katharine herself is the prize.



Left, Carolyn L'Italien brought a bulletin board from the Day School to brighten the room. Katharine's bookshelf includes her Bible, prayer book, a Scrabble dictionary and for every wordsmith, *The Elements of Style*.

Susan Byrum Rountree is director of communications for St. Michael's. She is an author and regular columnist for the *News & Observer*.





# To the Rescue

St. Michael's is sending teams of missionaries to eastern North Carolina to help families whose homes were flooded by Hurricane Florence. In the early stages, most volunteers worked hard at clearing out damaged insulation, flooring and even HVAC systems from crawl spaces. But as some learned, listening to stories, rather than wielding a hammer, is the most important work of all. The one-day missions are ongoing.



Photos: Jeff McLamb and Alan Sibert

# Be Strong in the Lord

*Be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his power. Put on the whole armor of God so that you may stand against the wiles of the devil.*

—Ephesians 6:10-20

**Words:** Jane Cooley Fruehwirth

**I**'m a peaceable person. I hate conflict. I'm an expert in soothing bruised egos, blaming myself whenever possible. Peace at all costs.

Yet, I'm coming to the uncomfortable truth that as I age and step into leadership roles in my work and step into motherhood at home, as I claim more and more of my own truth and power to direct my life, increasingly the world feels like a battleground. In my leadership roles, I find myself in conflicts I never intended. As an advisor and teacher, I find myself having to speak difficult challenges to my students. Even with gentleness, kindness and all good intentions, I feel the pain I cause in those moments. As a mother, I have to be disciplinarian and nurturer. Even in shaping my life into something life-giving for myself and others, I have to say no to things so that I can say yes to the things that matter. I feel in conflict with the world as I try to be a person who lives deeply and is not defined by busy-ness, by what I own, or by my children's successes.

*"Be strong in the Lord and the strength of his power. Put on the whole armor of God so that you can stand against the wiles of the devil."* Our struggle is not against enemies of blood and flesh, but against the... cosmic powers of the present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places.

What is this evil I am struggling against? For me, it's primarily about untruth. It's

about hiding the truth of what I believe and who I am in order to get along or get ahead. It's about the pressures of work and society that would lead me into a way of being that is not of God. It's about a culture that seems to find its worth in busy-ness while the life is sucked out of living. It's about the constant drumbeat to get ahead, to be a better mom, academic, citizen, person, the better version of self the world tells me I should be.

*Therefore take up the whole armor of God so that you may be able to stand on that evil day...*

Can the armor of God help me to face into this darkness, this battleground, in a way that is truthful and self-giving, vulnerable without being consumed? Can I be self-giving in a way that is true to my deepest self and God, standing in my own truth in the face of conflict? How can the armor of God support me in this?

*Stand therefore and fasten the belt of truth around your waist...*

The belt of truth reminds me to live from my core. When I fasten the belt around my waist, it's like the moments in yoga where I put my hands on my lower belly and breathe. This takes the energy down from the head where thought rules, down from the heart where emotions rule, to the core, where something more primitive and instinctive rules. I find it to be the place from which the spirit of God can speak. As such, I experience it as the place where Jesus resides within me. I remember those early days when I found out I was pregnant with my first child. I was constantly putting my hands on my lower abdomen in wonder of the miracle of life growing within me. Now, this simple

act is a reminder of the miracle that Jesus would choose to reside in me and is waiting to speak in the still, quiet moments I choose to pay attention and put on the breastplate of righteousness.

I was told once that righteousness means right ordering. I like that translation because I can be empowered to order my life around what is most important to me. This includes serving others and my community, but it also involves caring for my family and caring for myself as a necessary part of that—with Jesus at the center of it all. The breastplate of the knowledge of that right ordering protects me when the world tries to impose its own priorities and expectations on me. Instead of being guided by guilt or a desire to please or by what I see others doing, I can step back and evaluate the choice in the context of my own priorities. I evaluate it in the full sense of my daily free time and the sacrifices required if I say yes. I evaluate it in the awareness of the present and the future — "no" now may not mean "no" forever. What I say yes to now, when my children are young and what I can say "yes" to in 10 or 15 years is different. With this way of deciding, I tend to be slower to respond than most people, as I need that time to be grounded in my own truth, the breastplate of righteousness.

*As shoes for your feet, put on whatever makes you ready to proclaim the gospel of peace.*

This reminds me to walk tenderly. In walking tenderly, I experience the ground as a living thing that gives life. I walk not as a conqueror, not as a person rushing from point A to point B, not as someone who takes for granted the ground that propels me forward. In walking tenderly, I acknowledge the

*continued on the next page*

gift of the ground that meets me. And when I acknowledge this gift, the world takes on more vibrant hues, my eyes open to life all around me. The shoes are awareness of the sacredness of the world around me, of creation. It is only with awareness of the sacred other, that I become equipped to proclaim the Gospel of peace.

*With all of these, take the shield of faith, with which you will be able to quench all the flaming arrows of the evil one.*

Faith is the knowledge that God loves me. Even when I feel attacked and judged by others, I have that love to protect me. Faith is also the knowledge that God is Lord and I am not. It reminds me what I can and cannot control. I am mortal, the shield is impenetrable. I can do my best to act according to the knowledge and love of God, but I still fail. I can't control how others receive me. But, the shield of faith helps me to be bold under the onslaught of flaming arrows of meanness, judgment, disrespect and disregard. By drinking in the knowledge of the love of God and the otherness of God through experience, through prayer, through reading the Scriptures, through a supportive community, my shield of faith becomes strong and impenetrable. I feel safe, and out of that safety I can act more boldly and wisely.

*Take the helmet of salvation...*

God is my ultimate judge and He is my salvation. I am saved by my faith, through Jesus' action and not my own. After making a difficult decision, I often find it hard to disconnect. My mind keeps cranking through the different angles—if I do this, then... if not, then, so and so will be disappointed or I might let so and so down. Consciously putting the helmet on my head helps quiet the thoughts and helps me to let go. I can return to my heart center where I know I'm loved and in that love, I am saved. I might make a mistake, but the best I can do is weigh the choice carefully, invite God in through prayer, and step forward in confidence, letting go of the rest. The confidence comes not from the rightness of the decision, but from the confidence that God knows my intentions. The helmet is protection from over-thinking, self-doubt and making myself equal with God and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

How can I speak the word of God to those in need? It is all the earlier practices and protections—the breastplate of righteousness, the belt of truth, the shoes of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation—that enable me to be in touch with that core from which I can speak and hear the word of God with boldness and courage.

It's about practices that lead me into a deeper knowledge of God, of self as a place where God abides and of mysterious and sacred otherness. For me these practices include breath awareness, meditation, reading the Scriptures, yoga, exercise, reflecting on my day and life. It means making pauses between activities in my day so I do not lose sight of who I am and what matters. It means fighting against busy-ness. And, more than anything it means cultivating a spirit of prayer, turning to God in those difficult moments of decision and inviting him to lead and guide me.

Pray in the Spirit at all times in every prayer and supplication.



*Jane Cooley Fruehwirth is associate professor of economics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She is the wife of Associate Rector Robert Fruehwirth. The Fruehwirths have two young children.*





The grave of Emily Dickison sits next to her sister's in the family plot in Amherst, Mass.

Photo via Google archive

# VISITING DEAD PEOPLE

Words & Photos: Anne Crawford

I read Robert Frost's poem, "Into My Own," which to my mind expressed my father's and Robert Frost's shared sentiments about having a "lover's quarrel with the world."

We closed the grave and walked away.

But my father came with me.



**A**t 12:15 p.m. on Dec. 11, 2004, my father died. With his last breath, he joined forever an estimated 108 billion people who had ever lived on Earth. My brother built a box for his remains out of a plank of American chestnut. The Masons dug a 900-pound rock out of a local farmer's field, one that they knew my father had been eyeing for some years. They loaded it onto a flatbed truck, and lowered it onto his grave site as a monument to his willingness to share his knowledge of Great Lakes' geology. The VFW installed a plaque commemorating his service during World War II. I read Robert Frost's poem, "Into My Own," which to my mind, expressed my father's and Robert Frost's shared sentiments about having a "lover's quarrel with the world." We closed the grave and walked away.

But my father came with me.

In Arthur Clark's classic, *"2001: A Space Odyssey,"* he states that "behind every man now alive stand 30 ghosts, for that is the ratio by which the dead outnumber the living." In 2018, the Population Reference Bureau, a Washington think tank that studies such things, agreed adjusting the estimate downward to 29. My father is one of the 29 ghosts, assigned to me. They are always at my elbow encouraging, cajoling, and gently navigating.

In the 14 years since my father's death, I have sought out others and visited many of their graves. There is a spate of relatives among the ranks whose DNA I share. Mary Perkins Bradbury, tried and convicted of witchcraft in a Salem court in 1692, reminds me daily how difficult it is for people to defend themselves against accusations of witchcraft or racism. My husband, children, and grandchildren located her grave in Salisbury, Mass., one spring day to sympathize and share her story with a younger generation. A later relative, Melzar Coulter withstood the slings and arrows of his Ohio neighbors during the 1850s for being a staunch abolitionist. My husband and I cleaned his gravesite in the summertime shadows of the Presbyterian Church his father founded when Melzar was a child.

Authors enter into my small cadre of saintly mentors as well. Emily Dickinson, Ayn Rand, and Annie Dillard stand in the front row, but William Shakespeare, and John McPhee peer out over their heads. Who but Emily Dickinson could write, "I had no time to Hate – Because the grave would hinder me – And life is not so ample - I could not finish – Enmity." Emily instructed her sister, Lavinia, to destroy all her poems upon her death. Lavinia could

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Granddaughter Lydia Crawford washing a family grave.



**Anne Crawford's father's grave. He died in 2004 but remains an important "ghost" in her life.**

not bring herself to do it and we are all grateful for her disobedience. I love and honor both and visited their side-by-side graves in Amherst last summer.

I never read *Atlas Shrugged* or *Fountainhead*. I do not know who John Galt is, but I did write an amateurish, "close-reading" paper on "The Virtue of Selfishness" the year it came out for an advanced English class in high school. Ayn Rand admonishes me daily to be an independent thinker, to be self-sufficient, and not to join too many groups. I have carried those values with me throughout life like a scepter and naively expect others to do the same. My husband and I recently visited Rand's grave just outside Tarrytown, N.Y., and found the flat, top edge of her gravestone covered with small pebbles left by prior visitors. She is "ghost" to many.

In all honesty, Annie Dillard and John McPhee are still among the living, but they are such important masters of who I am and how I think, I wanted to include them. Dillard came into my group a little late – after I was full grown and able to deal effectively with complex ambiguity. She and John McPhee are pioneers of a genre called "creative non-fiction." Today, many historians model their examples. McPhee has spent much of his career writing

about nature over time. I spent one whole summer buried in his 700-page *Annals of the Former World*. Dillard focuses on nature, as well, but her examinations contemplate the infinite. In *Holy the Firm* she struggles with finding God in a world that serves up both beauty and pain.

Each Sunday at St. Michael's, the separate worlds of the living and the dead are transcended through memory and its ritual enactment which is both beautiful and painful. Jesus Christ of Nazareth is chief among my "ghosts" because he saved me, not just part of me as others have, but all of me. His conception was immaculate, His time on earth was without sin. His resurrection is never ending. He is seated at the right hand of God in Heaven where there are angels perpetually on fire all around him fanning their wings. Perhaps, I will visit Him there one day.



Anne Crawford coordinates St. Michael's Words & Wisdom book group and studies historical geography



# A Place To Lay Their Heads

Words: Betsy Wray

*And Jesus said to him, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head." Luke 9:58*

**I**t was 1990, and St. Michael's parishioners, charged up by the completion of their first Habitat for Humanity home, looked around the community searching for what more they could do. The Raleigh population had recently begun to boom. With new companies choosing to relocate here, new subdivisions sprouted all over the area.

But the lack of affordable housing was grave. Families on waiting lists for subsidized housing in Wake County by 1991 had grown to 4,000. St. Michael's members stepped up to meet a new challenge by creating the Episcopal Housing Ministry with the help of the Diocese of North Carolina.

According to a December 1992 article in the the News & Observer, "Members of the congregation laid the groundwork for the ministry with money and enthusiasm left from building a Habitat for Humanity house for a Montagnard refugee family."

A 1992 article in The Communicant, a publication of the Diocese of North Carolina, reported on the problem: "In recognition of this desperate situation, the seeds for the EHM were first planted in the fall of 1990 . . . at St. Michael's."

One of the planters was parishioner Robert A. Henley, "Bob," a local real estate developer. He used his contacts and his expertise in real estate, taxes and grants and launched the Episcopal Housing Ministry, Inc. in 1991 as way to provide affordable housing for families in need. In fact, it became his personal mission to find places for Raleigh's underemployed to live.

EHM was chartered with the help of St. Michael's and our Diocese. Under the careful stewardship and faithful service of many people the past 25 years, EHM recently was able to use some of the funds it had accumulated to make a \$100,000 contribution to support the Diocesan Hurricane Relief Fund.

EHM began with Wes McClure as board chair and Bob as president. Charter members from St. Michael's included then rector Larry Brown, then associate rector Dwight Ogier, Bob Henley, William Pahl, Jr., Michael Patterson, Steven Techet and Bonnie Woodruff. Other parishes have had members serving on the EHM Board, including Christ Church, Good Shepherd, Church of the Nativity, St. Mark's, St. Timothy's in Raleigh; St. Paul's in Cary, St. Christopher's in Garner, and St. Andrew's in Rocky Mount.

"Bob was the 'staff' and the progenitor of this volunteer group," says Hugh Stevens, who has served on the board since the mid-90s. "He was versed in the financial workings of city, state and federal agencies, as well as in tax credit policy."

Bob scouted locations for new apartments, submitting grant requests for tax credits and finding locations for partners who were ready to fund affordable housing.

The first fruits of the efforts of Bob Henley and others came in 1994, when Bob, along with other parishioners and representatives of the Episcopal churches in the diocese, witnessed the opening of the first apartment community, Walnut Woods, comprising 36 apartments on a four-acre site near Sunnybrook Road in Southeast Raleigh.

"We are providing affordable housing as a ministry of concerned Christians working in the secular world," Bob said at the time.

"We're taking a small step," Wes McClure

added. "We had faith that it would happen."

And this was only the beginning. Over the next decade the EHM constructed other affordable housing apartment communities, including East Haven in southeast Raleigh (48 units); Fox Haven in North Raleigh (48 units); West Haven in Apex (84 units); and the Carriage Court Apartments in Rocky Mount, which were constructed in two phases with a total of 80 units.

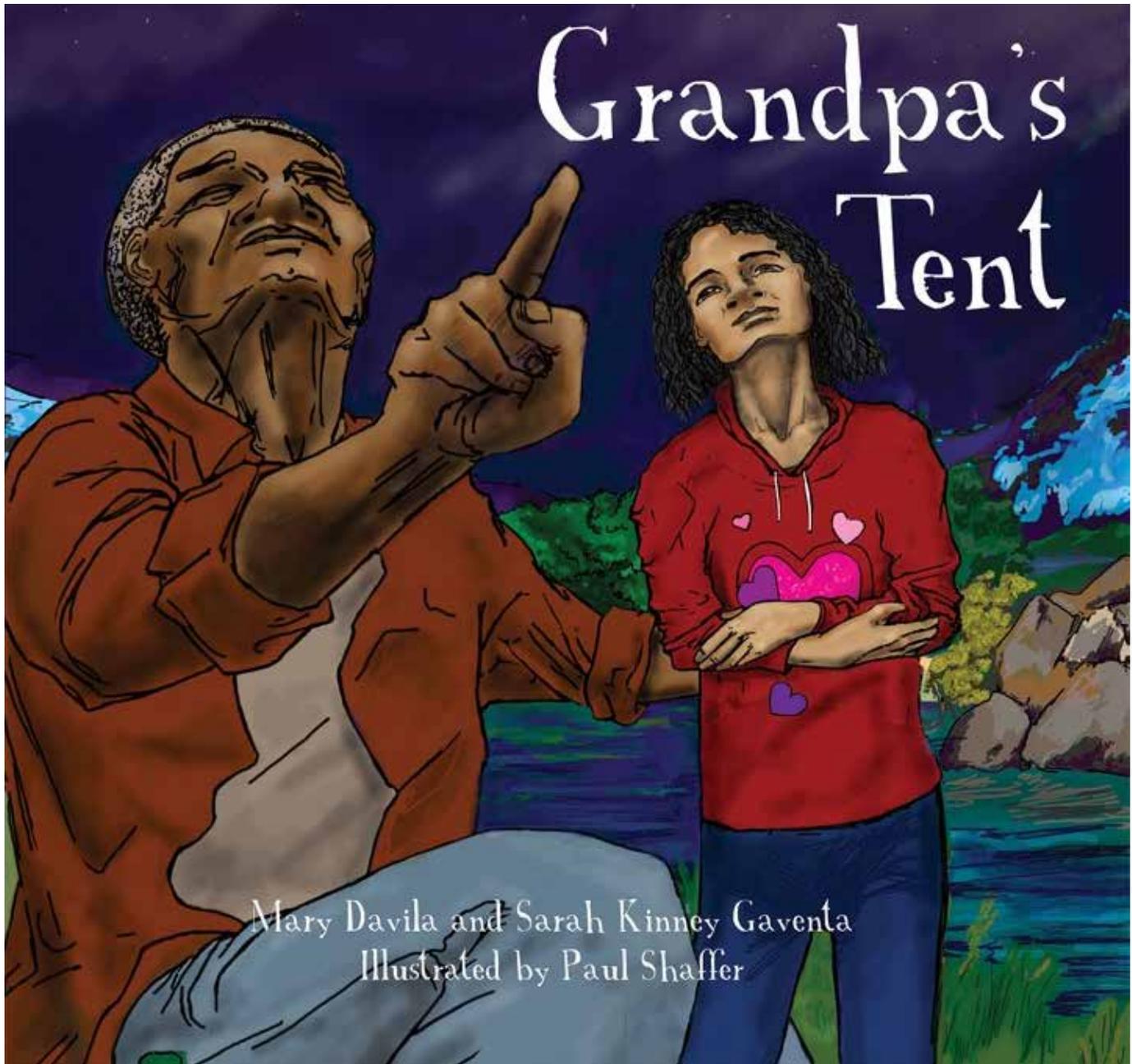
EHM developed Walnut Woods and the other apartment communities under the Federal Low Income Housing Tax Credit Program, in which a tax-exempt company like EHM serves as the general partner in the partnership that owns each property. An institutional investor, which serves as the limited partner, contributes funds needed for development and obtains the majority ownership interest in the partnership, and also receives tax credits for a 15-year period.

Along the way, there were frustrations and challenges: Neighbor opposition stymied one development on a site where EHM had an option to build; and the River Haven Apartments located on U.S. 1 fell into foreclosure when a combination of factors, including competition from other housing in the area, led to low occupancy.

Bill Shenton, of St. Paul's in Cary, became Board Chair and President in 2004, and shortly afterward EHM had to furlough its staff because of financial constraints. "We were fortunate that they all were able to find jobs," Bill says, "and several were placed with Excel Property Management, an excellent local property management company that has responsibility for the ongoing management of EHM's apartment communities."

"We have enjoyed a long-standing, mutually beneficial relationship with Episcopal Housing Ministry, which spans

*continued on page 30*



Words: Valerie Jackson      Photo: Mary Davila

AUTHOR AND PRIEST MARY DAVILA USES PAUL'S ANALOGY OF THE BODY AS A TENT TO CREATE A STORY TO HELP PARENTS TO EXPLAIN DEATH TO THEIR CHILDREN. SHE WILL VISIT ST. MICHAEL'S ON SUNDAY, JAN. 20, DURING THE ADULT EDUCATION HOUR.

“We wanted to equip parents with the vocabulary and the comfort level of going there with their children,” Mary said. “Your child’s going to bring it up at some point. Do you change the subject? Or do you go there?”

## When Mary

Davila was starting out as a priest, she was struck by how frequently she was asked for help explaining death and grief to a child, and how few resources she could recommend.

So she decided to write her own.

She enlisted the help of Sarah Kinney Gaventa, a friend from seminary, who, like her, was a young parish priest and mother.

They quickly settled on what they considered the simplest and most vivid description of death in the Bible – Paul’s analogy of the body as a tent, a dwelling inhabited only temporarily before going home to “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” (2 Corinthians 5: 1-4)

Together they wrote *Grandpa’s Tent*, the story of school-aged Hannah and her love for her grandfather before, and after, his death. The book was illustrated by Paul Shaffer, a retired priest, and published last summer by Forward Movement, the 80-year-old Episcopal publishing house best known for the Forward Day by Day devotion booklets.

“Our society tends to celebrate youth and hide hints of aging, illness and death,” say Mary, an assistant rector at Christ Church in Raleigh. “But our ability to talk about dying is extremely important, especially with families living farther and farther apart and people simply living longer.”

“We wanted to equip parents with the vocabulary and the comfort level of going there with their children,” Mary said. “Your child’s going to bring it up at some point. Do you change the subject? Or do you go there?”

The book begins by describing the family camping trips that Hannah and her grandfather take each summer. Over time, Hannah’s grandpa becomes too frail to camp and moves to a nursing home.

Hannah visits her grandpa as his condition is deteriorating.

“My tent isn’t as strong as it used to be,” he tells her, “and I’m not sure I will be able to go camping again. But oh, how I have loved camping with you.”

The story walks through the process of Hannah saying goodbye, attending her grandpa’s visitation and funeral, and grieving the loss over time. The book focuses on what the Bible says about death, and life after death, with a resource guide for parents and grandparents at the end.

Mary said it was important that the book be direct and honest in its language, and encourages parents to do the same.

When talking with children, point out that you don’t bury a person, you only bury their body, she said. If a child asks what will happen to them if you die, be both truthful and comforting. “You could say, ‘Most people live for a very,

very, very long time, and you are always loved, and there will always be someone to take care of you.’ ”

In writing the book, Mary says it was important that heaven be inclusive, as our baptismal covenant promises that we are sealed as Christ’s own forever, without having to do anything to earn it. It was also important that the characters be multi-cultural. Mary and her husband Chris, a third-grade teacher, are the parents of two children, Arri (10) and Etta (5), whom they adopted from Ethiopia and South Africa respectively.

A favorite moment for Mary was when Arri, a graduate of St. Michael’s Parish Day School, saw the book and said, “The girl looks like me!”

Mary says she is grateful that people, including a classmate of Arri’s whose father died, have found the book useful.

Her hope is that *Grandpa’s Tent* will be there on a child’s bookshelf, read by parents and children long before the death of a loved one, and read again one day when it is needed.



Valerie Jackson, Senior Warden, is a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* and the mother of two.



**Sunday, Jan. 20: Mary Davila will lead the adult forum at St. Michael’s**

## EHM, continued from page 27

three decades," says Rita Blackmon of Excel Property Management. "It has been a most enjoyable working relationship, thanks in large part to EHM's Board of Directors."

In the past several years, the investor-limited partners announced their interest in selling the apartment communities, and four complexes have been sold to date; so at this point, the only the apartments in which EHM continues to be involved are the Carriage Court Apartments in Rocky Mount.

However, because all the communities were developed under the federal tax credit program, there are covenants attached to the deeds requiring the new owners to continue to operate them with affordable rents.

Bob Henley died in 2015, and a stone marker near the St. Michael's labyrinth commemorates his service to EHM, but his vision for affordable housing will remain a reality.

"We wanted to honor the commitments made by he and others who launched EHM," Bill says, "and to make sure the properties were sold to new owners who could invest the resources needed for upkeep and repairs. The new owner who purchased Walnut Woods and Fox Haven submitted successful grant applications to the Federal Home Loan Bank with EHM's help.

"They are now in the process of applying those funds to make significant improvements at each of those communities," Bill says. "We also wanted to continue to be involved in supporting service programs like the after-school programs operated under YMCA auspices at two communities and the Angel Trees that provide Christmas gifts for children in the communities. We have continued those important programs."

Our relationship with the families in these communities continues. In December for the past couple of years, the St. Michael's community and other

parishes in the Triangle and in Rocky Mount helped to warm the hearts of families served by the Episcopal Housing Ministry. Parishioners selected angels from the Angel tree and bought gifts and donated grocery cards and made cash donations to support the families during the holidays. The "Angel's gifts" were delivered to the families in the week before Christmas.

With hearts full of hope and good intentions made manifest in their work, a group of Episcopalians has helped make affordable housing a reality, and to make a difference in the lives of hundreds of families.

The challenges continue. As Raleigh's population grows and affordable housing in the area is being squeezed out to make way for expensive high-rise apartments, the EHM will continue to support these families in need.



*Betsy Wray is graduate of the University of Georgia School of Journalism. She worked in the newspaper industry and in the nonprofit sector for many years.*



Each year, our Angel Tree supports families living in Fox Haven apartments in northeast Raleigh. Families receive gifts from the wish lists and grocery cards.



## SUNDAY FORUM

### Jan. 6 Wise Women and Men, Seeking the Lord. with the Rev. Robert Fruehwirth

It is the feast of the Epiphany: traveling wise men, holy camels, and dancing stars. But the Epiphany is more than just this feast celebrating the Wise Men coming to worship Jesus. As a liturgical Season, Epiphany extends all the way until Lent and is about the showing forth of Jesus' divinity to the world. In this Sunday forum The Rev. Robert Fruehwirth will reflect on the ancient imagery of Epiphany and lead us in reflection on our personal epiphanies — moments when God has been absolutely clear to us — and what they mean for our lives.

#### THE WAY: Living Jesus in a Secular Age.

In this three week series the Rev. Greg Jones and the Rev. Robert Fruehwirth present the essential Christian world view, explore the purpose of Christian life, and offer core spiritual practices from the Anglican tradition that support us living Jesus in our lives today. Theological, spiritual, and practical.

### Jan. 13 The Way I — What time is it and where are we? Orienting ourselves in God's working in creation. with the Rev. Samuel Gregory Jones

Join Greg as he explores the essential Christian worldview. We live in an in-between time, a time between the Resurrection of Jesus and the Second Coming, when Jesus will be, as Paul says, all in all. We live, that is, between the inauguration of God's Kingdom in Jesus and Spirit and its final realization. In this in-between time, the Christian community is an embassy of God's Kingdom in the world, and Christians are ambassadors of Christ. As a famous theologian once said, the Church is a tree with its roots in the future and its leaves and fruits in the present.

### Jan. 20 Grandpa's Tent — Explaining death to children with the Rev. Mary Davila, associate rector, Christ Church.

Talking to children about death is one of the most important — and most difficult things a parents has to do. Join Mary, the mother of two young daughters, as she talks about her new book, Grandpa's Tent, and her journey to find a way to answer this difficult question.

### Jan. 27 The Way II: Where are we Going? Likeness to Jesus, Community, and Witness with the Rev. Robert Fruehwirth

Why are we here? Why does God let history run on and on? What is the God-given purpose of all this time, and our purpose in the time we have left to live? The Rev. Robert Fruehwirth will look at St. Paul's understanding of the purpose of the present time. Namely, this God's call to us to grow into the likeness of Jesus so that we can share in his Kingdom, growing a community that reflects God's Kingdom now, and growing in our witness to God in the world.

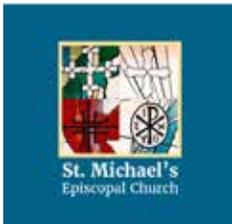
### Feb. 3 The Way III: How do we get there? Practical Wisdom from the Anglican Spiritual Tradition with the Rev. Robert Fruehwirth

Drawing on wisdom from the Anglican spiritual tradition, The Rev. Robert Fruehwirth will explore the most venerable and effective spiritual practices for supporting our life in Christ and guiding us on our journey into Him. As the final seminar in this three week series, this presentation aims to help people discern spiritual practices for themselves and invites them into an in-depth, small group exploration of the same.

# ARCHANGEL

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Among the many treasures found in the Abby Penwell Memorial Archive is a photo of one of St. Michael's first Christmas pageants. Writer Will Lingo explores this treasure trove of artifacts on Page 12 of Archangel.