



The Trumpet

*Our Mission: To seek and serve Christ in others,
loving our neighbors as ourselves.*

Christ Episcopal Church of Cedar Park • 3.5 miles west of Hwy. 183 on W. FM 1431 • www.cectx.org

August 2008

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Dear Friends,

It's hard to believe that August is now already upon us! We are about to shake off the summertime pace and begin the transition into the coming fall season. In just a few weeks school will be starting; footballs games will be played and lots of activities will begin at Christ Church beginning with the Celebration Sunday on September 7th. Praise God from whom all blessings flow! I have several praises in regard to the many folks that our Lord has brought to serve in the various openings that we have had here at CEC. I am also thankful to each of you for your prayers over these summer months as we have sought to find the right people to step faithfully into these important positions.

The first praise is regarding our new Children's minister, Jennifer Cowles. She is a school teacher, the wife of Gregory Cowles and mom to Rachael and Casey. She will bring a lot of experience for continuing the great work in our Kid's Kingdom. One of the first things that I would ask each of you to do is begin praying for her as she begins to familiarize herself with this role of Children's Minister. There will also be many opportunities for you to volunteer in various functions within the Kids Kingdom. I want to encourage you to be in prayer for how you might do so and let Jennifer know where you might feel led to participate in this wonderful ministry. She has some great ideas for the future of our children and she will be informing you of those things over the upcoming months. If you do not already know her please take the time to introduce yourself to Jennifer and get to know her.

The second praise is regarding our youth and the Roots program. As many of you know Melissa Cox was a steadfast volunteer the entire time that Brandon and Crystal were leading our youth. Melissa will be stepping into the role of our Youth Minister and she is enthusiastic about this God-given passion toward the youth. Melissa has served as a youth

pastor in another church and absolutely feels called to this position. I also want to share with you that Kathryn and I have known Melissa and her family since she was in elementary school, she was even in our daughter Tabitha's wedding. We know of her love for the Lord and for the youth. Please lift her up in prayer as she takes the lead role in this ministry. Melissa works at a car dealership as the receptionist in Temple, will be attending Mary Hardin Baylor University and committing herself to her passion of youth ministry. Please take the time to get to know her as well, and keep her lifted up in prayer. Kyle Caffey will also continue to volunteer and is excited to share his ideas!

A third praise is Thelma Thompson, a newer member to our congregation. Thelma will also be aiding with our youth. She has served for many years at St. Timothy's, Lake Jackson as a youth coordinator. She has a passion toward youth and organizing mission events and trips. As you get to know Thelma you will discover her undeniable love of God and her the wealth of wisdom!

A forth praise is our new office administrator Donna Naymick. Our past administrator Sam, as you may know, resigned last month after accepting a job in El Paso. Donna brings many years of experience and a background in financial administration. She will be in the office Monday through Wednesday from 10:00am until 3:00pm. Please take the time to call her or write her an email at admin@cectx.org. She would like to get to know each of us!

There are many reasons I give praise to God for the blessings He continues to pour upon us! I cannot wait for Celebration Sunday, September 7 to kick off our many ministries that will lead us into the fall season at CEC. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Peace,
Bruce†

Obedience

by Fran Hart

We are called to celebrate our independence by submitting to God's law, giving Him control, and obeying His will. In Deuteronomy, Moses provided a summary of God's expectations, and the consequences for disobedience. He also conveyed the reward for obedience - "the Lord will delight in you and make you prosperous...if you obey the LORD your God and keep his commands and decrees that are written in this Book of the Law." (*Deuteronomy 30:9, 10*)

God's covenant with us is captured in the Ten Commandments: "I am the Lord your God who brought you out of bondage. You shall have no other gods but me. You shall not make for yourself any idol. You shall not invoke with malice the Name of the Lord your God. Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy. Honor your father and your mother. You shall not commit murder. You shall not commit adultery. You shall not steal. You shall not be a false witness. You shall not covet anything that belongs to your neighbor." (*BCP*)

Moses offered reassurances that these commands are "not too difficult for you or beyond your reach... the word is very near you; it is in your mouth and in your heart so you may obey it." (*Deuteronomy 30:14*) In the Old Testament, the laws are laid out in detail. In the New Testament, the laws are distilled down to two governing principles: "'Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.' This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'" (*Matthew 22:37-39*) If we love God and love one another, the rest should follow. But our nature is to stray and obedience does not come without effort.

As my children leave home, I'm struck by the irony of each choosing their own rebellious path to find independence. It's ironic because we love them enough to give them their freedom, and with that we have to love them enough to let them suffer the consequences of their choices. We cannot love them and force them to do what we think is best (this has been my greatest struggle as a parent). My children seem to think that independence requires them to leave home. They don't seem to see the freedom available to them while they remain in

relative safety and comfort.

As children of God, we are independent – free to choose God and be obedient to his will or follow our own rebellious paths. What are you doing with your independence? Are you choosing obedience? What does that obedience look like? Does it mean following the rules of the Old Testament?

Obedience is found in submitting to God in a constant relationship. We can live by the Law, but without the Spirit that means nothing. In the Spirit, with the Spirit in us, we don't need the Law. We are able to make right choices by seeking and understanding God's will. I don't know about you, but in my day-to-day activities it would be cumbersome to constantly refer to the Book of Deuteronomy. And while the Commandments are good rules to live by, they don't give immediate guidance when I'm in a difficult situation.

Moses offers words of assurance and Jesus promises intercession, "If you love me, you will obey what I command. And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Counselor to be with you forever—the Spirit of truth...I will not leave you as orphans; I will come to you....Whoever has my commands and obeys them, he is the one who loves me. He who loves me will be loved by my Father, and I too will love him and show myself to him....The Counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you all things and will remind you of everything I have said to you." (*John 14:15...26*)

We show our love of God by our obedience to Him. It's not about "what would Jesus do?" but rather "what does God want me to do?" The Book of Common Prayer offers a prayer for guidance:

*O God, by whom the meek are guided in judgment, and light rises up in darkness for the godly: Grant us, in all our doubts and uncertainties, the grace to ask what you would have us to do, that the Spirit of wisdom may save us from all false choices, and that in your light we may see light, and in your straight path may not stumble; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.*

Faith Partners: A Report On Our Progress

by Robert Wren

I know that many of you in the congregation are wondering what is happening with the new mission we kicked off a few months ago: to help the people of Christ Church and the surrounding community deal with the problems of alcoholism and addiction. We have been training, and meeting regularly and developing our program as we go. We are still just beginning, but we continue to be diligent and expect to bring forth a number of valuable products in the next few months.

Here are just a few of the things we have been working on for the future:

- Developing a set of resource listings. In order to complete this we are investigating existing resources including treatment centers counseling and help groups and sources of information already active in the community. We are visiting existing 12-step meetings and establishing contacts with treatment facilities in the area so that we can help people select effective and affordable options when they need them.
- Developing our own goals, processes and procedures So that we can make consistent referrals to helping groups and agencies when individuals come to us with needs we are working to develop these.
- Creating an information center or centers in the church. These will be places where people can find helpful literature, books and information on the recovery process that they can take or borrow.

My summertime job

by David Enders

I have a career now, which is good because you can put a lot of time and energy into a goal which you have determined is worthwhile. But when I was a teenager and a young college student, I had only summertime jobs ... which are entirely different things. I was a landscaper, a dishwasher, a carpet cleaner, a construction worker and a bellman and some others which were so short a duration I can't even recall. And because I knew these jobs were only temporary (I would be going back to school soon to study for my *real* career) I looked at these jobs in a very lighthearted, carefree way.

An example: Part of my job as a bellman at a luxury hotel in San Antonio was to drive our guests in a big blue courtesy van to downtown for a night out on the riverwalk. One of my passengers was Leona Helmsley herself, the notorious "Queen of Mean" who owned all the Sheraton hotels at that time. Even as a teenager, I thought it rather absurd that a kid

• Planning activities and educational events for the parish and community. You can expect to see some of these in the month of November, which is "Recovery Month" in the Episcopal Church. We expect to have a "Recovery Sunday" that focuses our worship that week on recovery, and we are beginning planning for a special educational event for young people on Alcohol issues with a parallel event for parents to focus on the issues parents may face with their children with respect to alcohol use and abuse.

That is a selection of things we are focused on today. We are also developing plans for training and growth within our ministry for the coming year. You can expect to read more about that in future Trumpets.

Finally, one last thing. We are aware that your needs may not wait for our growth and development. If anyone has an urgent or immediate need for advice or counseling or prayer, please do not hesitate to contact us. We are not, for the most part, trained counselors, and that is not what we offer, but we can be good Christian Friends. We can listen and help you to find professional help or help you to connect with community groups that can help you, and we can certainly pray with you and for you. So do not hesitate to approach us and ask for help if you or someone you love is in need.

Currently our team consists of the following individuals: Elizabeth Burba – Jan Halstead – Tish Rogers – Robert Wren

of 17 (who barely had his driver's license and whose driving skills were, and still are, questionable) should be chauffeuring around this multi-millionaire who said she wished to go to a downtown restaurant to dine. She and a small entourage all in dark suits piled in the back of the courtesy van and began asking me questions...a lot of questions. Were the clay tennis courts being used regularly? How many roomservice orders did I deliver each night? What about the nine-hole golf course? There didn't seem to be anybody playing golf today and it was good weather. I was still such a kid that I was not impressed with social status and answered Mrs. Helmsley's questions as if she were my mom. "I've been here a month and a half and I've never seen anybody on those tennis courts. Who plays on clay, anyway?" "I can deliver roomservice as many as 12 times a night." It was one of my favorite things

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Medical Mission to Honduras sows seeds of hope in the fertile ground of faith

by *Randall Holahan*

The Sunday before we left, Father Sid gave us (Nancy, Jo Ann, and I -- and Jerry in spirit) a blessing for our mission trip. For a year Jerry has been talking about the trip and last Sunday after the blessing we were asked to say what we would be doing. I spoke up and said we would be part of a medical mission and would take four medical teams to a different location each day for five days, and in doing so, would see 20 villages in Honduras and *WE* did just that. In fact, the medical teams saw just shy of 3,000 Hondurans. But if at the same time you would have asked me what *I* was going to do, I am not sure what I would have said. In fact, I was not real sure why God had called me to this mission trip, I was not a medical person, I was not a musician, I did not speak Spanish, despite all this the message was clear, I needed to be there.

So how does it work? We would send teams which consisted of two to five providers (nurse practitioners, oncologist, pediatric oncologist, sports doctors, etc.) each with an interpreter, if needed. Some of which had medical background, many of which did not. Additionally, we had a RN who ran the pharmacy, an interpreter for the pharmacy, pharmacy workers, piper(s) who kept the kids entertained, sometimes a priest, minister or other religious person and an administrator of the day. We set up and began passing out the prescription pads; basically, we would see a family (regardless of size) for 10 Limps; the exchange rate is about 19 limps to the dollar so just over \$0.50 per family to see a doctor. There were a number of families which could not afford this, but we had a quiet way to help them out. The money raised goes back to the Episcopal dioceses of Honduras to be put back into the community. Each family would be given a family pack per person; these usually contain some basic items, soap, shampoo, toothpaste, toothbrush, aspirin and vitamins. The provider would see the families and prescribe medicine as needed and as available. Additionally, they were able to prescribe shoes and food (rice and beans) to the more needy families. On occasion they would refer them to a local doctor for a procedure that needed to be done. So we did that for just under 3,000 people in five days. And has been done, by this group, for just shy of 30,000 people in the last 10 years, delivering about 2 million dollars of donated medicines.

Each person that was there could tell you any of hundreds of stories in which they saw God working, any of a hundred

faces in which they saw our Lord. They might tell you of the Sunday morning service in which not a word of English was spoken, but the Spirit flowed and the message was received loud and clear. They might tell you of having spent time with individuals and, despite not have a common language, a beautiful conversation happened. They might tell you of the beautiful children, full of energy and life, who found great fun in the simple things in life (playing soccer with a blown up plastic grocery bag for example). They might tell you about seeing poverty filled with love and joy at what little they had and willingness to share all of it.

I saw so many things ... I think I will still be processing them for quite some time, maybe until I go back next year, what a glorious cycle. Let me share one story, which to me made the entire trip, all 78 people, all the thousands of dollars, in both cash and supplies donated worthwhile. I will tell the story in retrospect so you can get the whole picture. On our fifth day, we were in a very small village, which this group had not visited in the previous ten years ... so we were not sure what to expect. We arrived and began setting up our pharmacy and doctors stations. We seemed to be getting off to a rough start, then we called everyone together and gave the day to God and that did the trick. We had three providers and a smooth running pharmacy and beautiful weather. I was the admin and as it turned out the lay minister as we didn't have an official minister. In the early afternoon, a young lady asked one of the interpreters if we could come to her house to see her father. It was just around the corner, she said. Two things of which people in Honduras don't have a good concept: time and distance ... so we didn't know how far around the corner it actually was.

The interpreter came and told me that this gentleman was bed ridden and had fallen down a hill about three months ago, and had recently made it to the doctor but was still having some difficulty seeing and was not able to use his arm. I said sure and asked one of the providers, Kay, if she would mind accompanying us. Looking at it in retrospect, that was God's doing. Kay had just seen the young lady and so had a connection with her and as it turns out the next patient Kay saw upon her return was the man's wife so we got the whole story. The man had been having seizures since he was about ten years old, now in his 60s he was working in his garden about three months ago, when he noticed a brush fire down

Climbing the hilly terrain between rural villages is all part of the charm in Honduras.



the hill from him, so he started trying to put it out by tossing buckets of water. While doing this he had a seizure and blacked out, then fell 20 meters down

the hill, unconscious, into the fire. Luckily his daughter noticed he was missing and found him at the bottom of the hill. She managed to drag him, still unconscious, back up the hill out of the fire and clean his wounds as best she could. As it turned out he injured his right shoulder and broke his ocular bone below his left eye. Eventually he made it to the hospital where they cleaned out his eye and told him it was best not to read, they did nothing for his arm.

So Kay, Nancy the interpreter, and I made our way “around the corner” ... as it turned out this truly was a short distance. We walked into their one-room house, which contained two beds and a dresser to house three generations, the man, his wife, their daughter and husband, and the granddaughter. The man was lying across the bed. He attempted to get up, but Kay assured him it was not necessary. He was having double vision when he looked left and up and normal when he looked right and down, Kay assured him this was normal due to the muscle damage as a result of the broken eye (upper cheek) bone. She explained that this may or may not improve over time. She then asked him to take off his shirt so she could look at his arm and shoulder, I am not a medical person, but I knew as soon as I saw it he had not used his arm for over three months, as it turned out it hurt too much to move it, his left arm and shoulder were very muscular his right side however, was very flabby or atrophied. Kay examined his shoulder and after a couple of minutes determined he simply had a rotator cuff injury. And as God would have it, our interpreter, Nancy, spent a number of years as an occupational therapist, she and Kay were able to fill an empty water bottle with water and show him a few exercises, in addition to show him how to walk his hand up the wall, and ensured him that in a no time he would be able to fully use his arm.

This seemed to make him happy but there was still something bothering him, we were finishing up when he said he

had one other question: the doctor at the hospital said because of his eye injury he should not read. Kay said, of course you can read! Nancy told him it was okay to start reading now and it would be good exercise for his eye. At this point, I truly saw happiness come over both him and his daughter, but I couldn't understand why. He was obviously a strong man, and working was important to him. Knowing he would be able to use his arm was good, knowing the double vision might correct itself was good, but learning he was going to be able to start reading again moved him to tears. Why? He then, though Nancy, explained to us the he was the pastor of the local evangelical church and had not been able to minister to his people or open his church doors since the accident because he could not read the bible. Praise God, he went on to say, for not only sending us to his village and ministering to their needs, but sending us specifically to his house to heal him so that he could again take the good news to his village. Praise God indeed! We were then able to pray with them and headed back to the clinic. That is a day I will never forget. As it turned out, the gospel reading that evening was the parable of the seeds. That day I saw seeds land on fertile land. Praise God!

So, what did I do there? I am still not sure how to answer that, I drove a truck, I had fun and made new friends, I helped where I could and I spread seeds. More than anything ... I was blessed. Will I go back again? Try to stop me. Is it enough? I don't know. I know we are not the only group that goes. I know that this group is doing more than just taking medicine once a year. They are setting up health guardians, locals who are trained in basic medical checkups, blood pressure, glucose, etc., and have a network of resources to help people get help when needed. They have set up a scholarship to help students get an education. School is government sponsored until the 6th grade and then the students have to pay for it and find a way to get to it. It costs about \$160

Villagers gather at one of the provider stations for medical assistance and supplies.



(US) for a student to attend a year of school, they then have to walk as much as two hours through the hills to catch a bus for a 30 to 45 minute ride to attend school then repeat the trip back home ... provided their family can afford for them not to work. The group is working with a school to use their campus on the weekend so that students can work at home during the week and then attend school all day Saturday and Sunday, affording them the ability to provide for both their family and their future. They started with enough money for a few students about four years ago, the number has grown to almost 100. Many of the student are asking about the possibility of college. Praise God! They are also working with the local churches to provide books of common prayer, bibles, altar settings (candles holder, plates and vessels), musical instruments etc.

So what can we do? The one thing everyone can do is pray. Pray for their education and pray for their safety ... with

poverty comes crime. Pray for their health and their ability to grow and become independent. Pray for them to not need us to come back. Pray about how God is calling you: Not at all? To go on the next mission? Somewhere in between? There is no wrong calling. Additionally, the three Ts (Time, Talent and Treasure) are another way you can help. Your treasure may be as simple as some of your old clothes and shoes, the kids old toys (happy meal toys were a big hit), over the counter medical supplies, or, if you are in the medical field, prescription drugs. Or perhaps you are called to sponsor a child's education. Your time and talent might be to go on the next mission. It might be to raise awareness. At a minimum, pray and be open to God, and take a few minutes to talk to Jo Ann, Nancy, Jerry or myself. We will be happy to share any our hundreds of moments closest to God.

Thank you to all who helped get us there this year and for all you have done. Your seeds landed on fertile ground! Praise God!

Kay (far left) and Nancy (far right) with one happy Honduran father and daughter. The father (and local pastor as it turned out) was treated for an injured shoulder as well as an eye socket fracture that was preventing him from reading his bible.



AUGUST MINISTRY SCHEDULE

Aug. 3

10:30 a.m. Sarah Martinez/Charlie Cole: **Lectors**
Jan Buntebart/Sarah Martinez: **LEMs**
Jobie Guzman/Kathy & Cindy: **Altar Guild**
Travis & Joel Holliman: **Ushers**
Brittany Alvarez/Elena Martinez: **Acolytes**
Travis Hart: **Geek at the Wheel**

Aug. 10

10:30 a.m. Burl Judy/Carolyn Dupy: **Lectors**
Burl Judy/Carolyn Dupy: **LEMs**
Martha McEver: **Altar Guild**
Katie Scanlon/Travis Hart: **Ushers**
Rachel Holliman/Elias Martinez: **Accolytes**
Suzie Scanlon: **Geek at the Wheel**

Aug. 17

10:30 a.m. Jan Buntebart/Jan Halstead: **Lectors**
Jerry & Jan Halstead: **LEMs**
Cathy Valusek: **Altar Guild**
Tony & Elias Martinez: **Ushers**
Alex Rogers/Zach Holahan: **Acolytes**
Fran Hart: **Geek at the Wheel**

Aug. 24

10:30 a.m. Jeanette Holahan/Cindie Scanlon: **Lectors**
Jeanette Holahan/Cindie Scanlon: **LEMs**
Mike & Jonah Reeh: **Ushers**
Tony Alvarez/Adam Uthoff: **Acolytes**
Kathy Ashlock: **Altar Guild**
Randall Holahan: **Geek at the Wheel**

Aug. 31

10:30 a.m. Bill Sterling/Randall Holahan: **Lectors**
Bill Sterling/Randall Holahan: **LEMs**
Jonah Reeh/Gianna Gordy: **Acolytes**
Cindy Wells: **Altar Guild**
Katie Scanlon: **Geek at the Wheel**

Vestry Person for Month of August: Jerry Halstead
Offering Counter for Month of June: Tony Martinez

My Summertime Job (continued from page 3)

to do. People love it when you bring them food...they would joke with you and say funny things about what they ordered...or *when* they ordered. And the tips were always good, too. The golf course, I told her, I couldn't understand either. It was a beautiful, little nine-hole, chip-n-putt course, with a little pond on one hole. "If I were a guest, I'd play every day," I said, but the sad truth was hardly anybody ever played.

When I picked them up later that evening, they were all in a good mood and asked me what I'd been doing all evening. Mrs. Helmsley was not mean at all...although a bit of a cheap tipper. I know, I know...how do you think she got so rich?

Back at the hotel, the hotel manager bid his honored guests goodnight and then with a frantic look on his face, took me aside and asked me what happened? What did she say? She would not meet with him at all, he said. I told him how she mainly asked how the hotel was being used (or not being used) by the guests. I did have the diplomacy to throw in how she asked if the managers treated the employees well. I told her (and him) they sure did...we got to eat free in the hotel restaurant every day! This seemed to settle him down some, but I could tell he was a bit mystified at how fickle fate had allowed his career to be put in the hands of this loose-lipped kid who was going back to school in six weeks. He looked at me with my courdroy, bellbottom pants and my white hotel smock two sizes too big and then he just laughed. A sincere, calm and contented laugh.

The hotel was sold not many years later. I didn't know it then, but the truth was it catered to a hotel guest that did not exist anymore -- at least not in that part of town which was obviously on the decline. The nature of hotels, like everything else in the 70s, was changing. In retrospect, I think the manager already knew that even once-grand, luxury hotels have a life cycle -- but this was his career and so it was his job to worry. He was a good man with a Brooklyn accent, one of those cheesy 70s mustaches like Butch Cassidy, and a lively sense of humor (which is probably why he hired me) and I am sure he moved on to manage other hotels just reaching their glorious bloom.

Maybe all jobs *are* summertime jobs.

