

Special Service of Holy Baptism

**JOIN US ON THE BANKS OF THE
FRENCH BROAD RIVER!**

**WE'LL MEET ON THE ISLAND
IN MARSHALL FOR A SERVICE OF
HOLY BAPTISM SUNDAY,
SEPT. 23. AT 10:30AM.**

This service will be in Marshall instead of regular Sunday service in Mars Hill. At least one person will be baptized in the river that day as part of the service. This promises to be a beautiful and memorable service. Bring a lawn chair or blanket to sit on and a potluck dish to share. (Drinks and utensils will be provided.) Following the service will be a potluck dinner under the sprawling shade trees along the river. In the event of rain, the service will take place indoors in the Arts Center and still include water from the French Broad River.

Please contact our rector, David McNair, if you too are interested in being baptized that day. (Current word is that the Christian Formation Classes will also meet as usual, also at the Island. Stay tuned for more info.)

Singer and songwriter Allison Krauss made famous the song "The Good Old Way" which was published in **Slave Songs in the United States** (1867). The lyrics capture the spirit of our service that day, and we might be singing this song, so check them out on page 2.

The Bishop is Coming!

BISHOP JOSÉ WILL BE VISITING Holy Spirit Church on **October 7** — the first Sunday of the month. Whenever the Bishop presides at a church in the diocese, the open offering is traditionally given to the Bishop's discretionary fund.

Our normal First Sunday offering in October will move to the *second* Sunday: **Consider Haiti** will be the recipient of October's second Sunday open offering.

Plan to come to the service October 7 and help give our new Bishop a warm welcome. This is his first visit to ECHS. *(continued on page 8)*



Bishop José Antonio McLoughlin

Youth Reminders

from David McNair

BEGINNING IN THE MIDDLE is a Diocesan Retreat held at Valle Crucis Conference Center. This retreat is designed to address and respond to spiritual issues, concerns, and needs of middle school youth by focusing on topics such as who is Jesus, peer pressure, friendship, parents, and prayer.

The weekend is led by high school youth and consists of talks, skits, small group discussion, singing, worship, crafts, and games.

When? Sept 28th - Sept 30th

Register online (<https://www.diocesewnc.org/events-1/beginning-in-the-middle>) and talk with Jenna about saving a spot on the bus! If you have questions contact Jenna (jenna@stjameswnc.org)

YOU'RE INVITED! October 7 is the first official Asheville Area Youth Gathering at Grace at 1:00-3:00pm for grades 6-12. This will be a time for fun and building a strong community! I hope to see you there!

If you want to be added to the **Asheville Area Youth Ministry Newsletter**, email Jenna at jenna@wncyouth.org

September Birthdays

Cassie Larsen	1
Cole Larsen	1
Bob Dixon	3
Kent Self	7
Stephanie McCullough	8
Megan Loomis	10
Joe Penland	14
Justin "Mac" Miller, Jr.	15
Deb Carlson	16
Charlie Pfaff	17
Tacoma Reda	19
Mary Jo Sparrow	22
Suzan Bergland	23
Nick Larson	24
Kathy Huber	25
Bill Sewell	25
Esther Moriarty	26
Anna Woodruff	27
Lori Wooton	27
Ann Shiver	28
Leah Mangum	30

Jenna Sharrits will be joining us for our river service on September 23.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT is the monthly newsletter of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit, Mars Hill, NC, a parish in the Diocese of Western North Carolina. For more information about the church, visit our website at www.holyspiritwnc.org
Editor: Lorrie Cooper

Oktoberfest for Unique Boutique

HOLY SPIRIT'S LARGEST FUNDRAISER

is through participation in the Heritage Arts Festival, happening Saturday, October 6, in Mars Hill. Villager Initiative and Beacon of Hope are the chosen recipients of this year's proceeds. Holy Spirit's presence will look familiar with our food booth and our quilt booth. What isn't familiar is the placement of these booths. We will be located on College Street with all the other vendors. (Mars Hill Main Street will be closed to vendors.)

In preparation for the event, our quilters are off and running, quilting away. We will ask for help with the food booth during September, so watch for your opportunity to help with food.

Something New:

Our Unique Boutique Booth will NOT appear in the Heritage Arts festival. Instead, we're having our own Oktoberfest **right here at Holy Spirit Church!**

On Friday evening, October 26, wonderful food prepared by Tom Panek and Susan Sherard will be served along with beverages, surrounded by music, and followed by a live auction. Invite a friend, bring a friend!

After Labor Day, a sign-up/reservation sheet will be placed in the cubby and remain available through September until October 21.

The Oktoberfest committee is looking for items for auction. Here's what we want:

Art: original paintings and pottery from local artists.

Short-term Rentals: vacation cottage or beach house rental.

Gift baskets filled with an array of desirable items.

Food: custom cakes or pies.

Services: babysitting, cooking a gourmet meal for four, computer tutoring, photographer sessions — and more like this.

Cards: Concert or play tickets, gift cards.

That desirable item that more than one someone wants or needs is what makes a live auction work.

Put your donated items in the back left classroom down the hallway at church. (Old Kindermusik room) Please tag your item with your name or fill out a donation sheet. Take the top copy for yourself and tape the yellow copy to your item. Cut off date for accepting items is October 7.

Auctioneer for the evening will be Travis Wilson of Broken Arch Auction Gallery, keeping things fun and lively.

Bottom line: let's get the mostest for Villager Initiative and Beacon of Hope. If you have any questions, call me, Peggy Wilson at 713-7596 — I'm open to any and all questions about Oktoberfest auction items.

And finally, don't despair if, like me, you have things that don't fit into the auction line up listed above: My Sister's Place is always in need of items to sell. So . . . it's all good.
— Peggy Wilson

The location of Terry O'Keefe's LCF class on September 23 will be in the Fine Arts Building on the Island. Right next to the River!



2018 Heritage Arts Festival Quilt Raffle Tickets

Here's when you can purchase or pick up your tickets to sell: beginning August 26, every Sunday in September after church — in the Narthex.

Tickets are \$1/ticket or 6 tickets for \$5. Please turn in money, ticket stubs (with buyer's name/phone #), and any unsold tickets in the envelope provided to the church office by Sunday, September 30.

The drawing will take place at the Madison Heritage Arts Festival on Saturday, Oct. 6 at 4:00pm. The Beacon of Hope and Villager Initiative, both serving Madison County, will be this year's recipients. Thank you to all our ECHS Fabric Artists!

Questions? Contact Peggy Barnes at 828-423-4037, peggybarnes2486@gmail.com or Barby McQueen, bmcqueen05@frontier.com.

(Photo courtesy of Peggy Barnes)

The Heritage Arts Festival Fundraising Quilt

Fit for a Queen!

Here's a Fabric Frolic full of bright and bold prints, many with gilded edges, in a "Square in a Square" pattern. Corners of the larger squares, sashing and borders accent the prints with an array of appealing grays.

This quilt finishes at 84" wide x 100" long, perfect for a Queen-size bed, though can also cover a King. With the gold flecks on gray in the borders and center frame, this entirely hand-quilted creation is truly fit for a Queen and/or King.
—Peggy Barnes

This Appalachian Life

by Carolyn Ogburn

I'VE HAD THIS STORAGE UNIT for about three years now, more or less, a nondescript metal construction on poured concrete. I stop by every 4-6 months to put something in or take something out. It's...well, it's hard to justify having more things that will fit in your own house. Even if it is a VERY SMALL HOUSE. So I have feelings about it, the unit, but for the most part I rarely think about it.

So today was a day when I needed to put things in. I drove down the highway a while, took a right onto a narrow two-lane road, a quick left onto the gravel of the storage unit lot, turned in between the 2nd and third buildings, parked in my regular spot. And then looked up at the number painted on the building. THIS WAS NOT MY NUMBER. Like, not even close. Like 20-something numbers off.

Looked to the left. To the right. To the units facing mine, or what used to be mine. No, these numbers were totally different. Maybe they renumbered, I reasoned. I'll try the key.

The key did not work. The number was not right, and the key did not work.

I went to the unit beside mine, because when I had my old number (I'm already thinking of it as my old number) I used to sometimes get confused. Was it 25 or 26? Maybe it was the next one down.

But no.

I got back in the car, drove around, found the number that used to be mine. I tried my key on that lock — feeling like a crazy person, because who would be this wrong?

The facility is under new ownership, with the same manager. Could they have changed the numbering system, but moved our stuff to the new locations? Unlikely, I muttered. Probably out loud. I tried the lock anyway, because, after all —my number. But no.

I'll be honest, I was feeling a little lost even before the day took this particular turn. At this point, I'm pretty much convinced that the new ownership has cleaned out the place, even while my autodraft continues its monthly bleed of my bank account. Even while this makes ZERO sense, this is what I'm sure of. Because the numbers. Because the key hasn't worked. The key, to be honest, is a little dodgy anyway, what with all the "press in, jiggle a little, turn either to the left or right, whichever way it will turn and then immediately forget what I did to open it because it's open now so...

I'm writing this to amuse myself, because what happened next was I left. Forget it, I said. It's gone. I tried to summon, briefly, the thought of all that had been lost. Boxes, I remembered. A chair or two. A lamp. What is it worth? I made plans to stop the payments. It would be a terrible phone call. I went to visit a friend, and I talked cheerfully of things other than the gigantic inexplicable absence of a 5 x 8 space filled with things that had once been mine. The locks changed, like a brutal divorce that had slipped my mind.

Driving home, I recalled that in fact I had talked on the phone with the guy, José, just last month. They'd charged me twice, the autodraft, and I wanted to see if this could be undone. Not exactly, he said, but we'll make sure you don't get charged this next month. It was all very civil, but I often miss subtext. Maybe there had been subtext?

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This Appalachian Life

(continued from page 6)

It shouldn't matter if there were subtext, my rational mind yelled. I know, I acknowledged. So I stopped thinking thoughts that I would be yelled at for having by my rational mind. It's especially disappointing when you can't even have a conversation with yourself.

I went home, the car still rattling and clanking with random objects I'd decided to put into the unit that distant morning, back when I was a practical, pragmatic person, not one, to be sure, who might be said to be throbbing with optimism, but surely one who appeared to have a certain amount of capability. That morning, before everything changed.

Let it not be said that I did not milk this burgeoning despair for all it was worth. Let it not be said that I handled this with aplomb.

I went home, because it was there I could confess the extent of the situation to another person. "My things," I said, "and the numbers..."

"But why didn't you call? The guy...what was his name again?"

"José," I said, miserably. I was checking my email for any indication that they'd tried to let us know that our numbers had all been changed. Just as I suspected: nothing.

"Listen," MW said. "The simplest explanation is almost always the right one. Are you sure you were at the right unit?"

I glared at her.

"Let's go try it again. And if it doesn't work, I'll help you call José."

And, reader, this is how I remembered that it's always a little tricky to get that key to turn in the lock, and how there's really no sign that the lock will turn until it actually does —which is after you push it in just the right amount, and turn it, either to the left or to the right, I forget which, because it opened, and there were all the things that I was fully prepared to let go of: the boxes, the two chairs, the lamp. Some baskets, and just enough space for the new boxes I needed to add.

I'm writing all this for who knows what reason. Mostly, as I'd mentioned, to entertain myself. But what I can't stop thinking about is the way that parents who'd fled homes and towns and cities filled with violence, who'd brought their children along with them despite what they knew from countless stories was sure to be an incredibly dangerous trip. Children sometimes as young as 18 months, two years, or three. A seven-year old, a nine-year old. Children. And when they got to the United States, they were assaulted. They were trapped in cages. Parents were told their children were going to be taken for a shower, and then never saw them again. Some of them have been reunited now — four, five, six weeks or longer apart. Without explanation, without apology.

They changed the number on my storage unit, and my key jammed in the lock. The stories I imagined made sense of things as a child would. What stories are these children telling themselves as they fall asleep tonight?

[Editor's note: My gratitude to Carolyn O. for allowing us to print this story. She shared it first on Facebook, so it might be familiar to readers who are her Facebook friends.]

The Bishop Is Coming ... bringing these possibilities

(continued from page 1)

Confirmation of Common Prayer

In the sacramental rite of Confirmation, persons who have been baptized are “confirmed” in the Christian faith with the laying on of hands by the bishop. In confirmation “we express a mature commitment to Christ, and receive strength from the Holy Spirit through prayer and the laying on of hands by a bishop” (**Book of Common Prayer**, p. 860). Many people choose to be confirmed as a way of affirming their baptisms and of ritually acknowledging a deeper, more mature faith commitment.

Reception

Those who have been confirmed in other denominations by a bishop in the historic succession (Roman Catholic, Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, or Eastern Orthodox) may be received into the Episcopal Church by the bishop. Many people choose to be Received as a way of affirming their baptisms; of acceding a stronger affinity with the spirituality, ethos, practice, and sensibility of the Episcopal Church; and of ritually acknowledging a deeper, more mature faith commitment

Reaffirmation

Those who have been baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal Church (or any member church in the Anglican Communion) and wish to recommit themselves to the Christian life of faith may choose to reaffirm their baptismal covenant with the bishop.

A New Bible With Perforated Pages

~Really?~

GRAND RAPIDS, MI—Stating the new edition of the Scriptures would allow Christians to remove doctrines, verses, and entire books of the Bible they find unpopular or inconvenient, Zondervan Publishing announced a new Bible with micro-perforated removable pages.

“Don’t like some of the heavy-handed calls to repentance, whether in the New Testament or Old? Now you can just rip that page right out,” a representative for the publisher said in an over-the-phone interview. “If you’re reading through an epistle and the author calls you to the carpet on one of your pet sins, you can just crumple that page up and toss it right in the trash.”

According to the rep, the Bible will also ship with a quick-start guide for Christians of different theological persuasions, indicating which pages they should remove right away.

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If you want to see the full version of this article, here’s a link to the internet page of **Babylon Bee**, which featured the story above in March of 2017:

<https://babylonbee.com/news/new-bible-perforated-pages-announced/>

[**Editor’s Note:** I’m trying to decide if this is a serious article or a tongue-in-cheek joke. What do you think?]

The Cheshire Cat Reacts to the Solar Eclipse (2017)

... wait, that's not the Cheshire Cat, that's Michael Smith!



*And right behind him, Terry O'Keefe.
Photo courtesy of Michael Smith.*



*Ann Smith ate a Moon Pie
while listening to
Bonnie Tyler singing
"Total Eclipse Of The Heart."
Photo courtesy of Ann Smith.*



Remember how excited we all were last year about the Solar Eclipse? Here are a few memory photos from last year's September issue. Next eclipse: 2024.

The McNair Family in their colorful eclipse glasses. Photo courtesy of David McNair.