



NOVEMBER 2024

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Happy Thanksgiving!

Table of Contents

Member Birthdays	3	Out of My Mind	10
November Calendar	3	November Programs	11
Rubber Boots and a Respirator	4	CEMENT	12
Outreach	7	The Widow's Generous Gift	12
It's Not Easy...	9	Ministry Schedule	14

Location and website:

433 Bone Camp Rd
Marshall, NC 28753

<https://www.holyspiritwnc.org>

Mailing address:

P.O. Box 956
Mars Hill, NC 28754

Church Office:

(828) 689-2517
officeholyspiritwnc@gmail.com

Rev. Dr. Dena Bearl Whalen

Interim Rector

rectorholyspiritwnc@gmail.com





MEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Gary Whalen	11/2
Annette Henry	11/3
John Wilson	11/7
Bob Byrd	11/8
June Trevor	11/10
Stephen Smith	11/12
Dena Whalen	11/14
Starr O'Hara	11/21
Crellin Byrd	11/22
Zach Smith	11/25
Nancy Whitaker	11/25
Frances Knisely	11/26
Pam Hayhurst	11/27

November 2024

- SAT 2** 10 am Installation of Bishop Sean Rowe
1pm Music Circle
(Turn clock back tonight!)

- SUN 3** 8 am Men's Breakfast
9 am Art Depicting Faith I
10:30 am Holy Eucharist
All Saints' Sunday

- TUE 5** 11 am Tai Chi
- WED 6** 9:45 am Centering Prayer
5 pm The Divine Feminine I (potluck)
- THU 7** 5 pm Discernment Committee
- FRI 8** Convention Virtual Business Session
- SAT 9** Convention Day of Service

- SUN 10** **10:30 am Holy Eucharist**
9 am Art Depicting Faith II
- MON 11** 5:45 pm NAMI
- TUE 12** 11 am Tai Chi
4 pm Coaching Cohort
- WED 13** 9:45 am Centering Prayer
5 pm The Divine Feminine II (potluck)
- THU 14** 5 pm Discernment Committee

- SUN 17** **10:30 am Holy Eucharist**
- TUE 19** 11 am Tai Chi
5 pm Vestry
- WED 20** 9:45 am Centering Prayer
5 pm The Divine Feminine III (potluck)
- THU 21** 3:30 pm Communications Team

- SUN 24** **10:30 am Holy Eucharist**
- MON 25** 5:45 pm NAMI
- TUE 26** 11 am Tai Chi
- WED 27** 9:45 am Centering Prayer
- THU 28** Thanksgiving

Rubber Boots and a Respirator

Article and photos by Amanda Hilty

It was Monday morning after the storm. I didn't question whether or not I should go into town, only where I should go. Initially I tried to enter through the south end of town. Driving as far as I could before walking, it was soon evident too much debris, downed power poles and lines weren't going to allow me through with my wheel barrow and shovels.



I explored a few minutes, noticing the WART- radio station caboose on its side, and steps that now lead only to the ghost of a building. There was no sign of life. The wreckage and mayhem before me was too much to take in.

I returned to my truck and drove around to the north end of town. The devastation seemed insurmountable and overwhelming. I trudged my way toward the center of town. The sound of heavy equipment began to ring through the streets. I started to see familiar faces. Residents and community members had shown up with whatever tools or skills

they had ready to get to work. Each new face brought another sigh of relief. It felt like I was in some sort of TV drama. It was all so surreal.

Everyday another new face appeared, some of whom had lost their entire business, or their home. Their attitude and willingness to help others when they had lost so much was inspiring. Each task carried out so as to step back and say, "There, that's a little better."

Supplies came rolling in and organizers mobilized in order to try and effectively use and distribute these efforts. Locals stepped into roles they never imagined themselves being in because they saw the need. Before long these community driven efforts were being aided by people from across the nation, military troops and various organizations.





All the judgment boxes and labels were left behind as people stepped up just to help other people. The barriers of divisiveness broke down as we were humbled and reminded of the very delicate balance of life and loss. It was beautiful and moving, and affirms what is already known but often forgotten; people are generally and genuinely good, wanting good for others. Optimism and hope began to fill buildings as the gutted drywall and trash began to fill the streets.

The cacophony of generators and pressure washers reverberated throughout the walls. By the end of the first week, pop up tents housed a medic, meals, water, and PPE. By the end of two weeks 1783 tons of debris had been taken to the landfill. In three weeks a few parking spaces and Main Street's double yellow line became visible in some areas. These are all a sign of promise, a sign of tomorrow.

Now as those immediate needs have been met and the necessary steps of survival have been taken there is a shift into the next phase; thinking long term about rebuilding, getting through the winter, and storage. Downtown is quieter. Electricity and water are gradually getting restored. One by one people must return to their lives.

Time doesn't stop even though many days it feels as though I'm stuck in September. The helpers return home, return to work, return to their regularly scheduled programming. In some ways it makes the days harder. The comradery and bond of being in this together wanes as the need to return to the demands of daily life continue. But, life does go on. Now, there will always be before Helene and after Helene. I see with one eye how far we've come, while the other eye sees how far we have yet to go.



Yet, the progress in this short time has been remarkable. I am reminded of the good Samaritan in Luke who stops without expectation or obligation to help. The Samaritan, who saw a need and chose to act. Family, friends, neighbors and strangers all stopped to act. Whether they were making phone calls, caring for others, offering donations, making food to share, driving skid steers or slinging shovels full of muck, they showed up only by the requirement of the intrinsic need to love thy neighbor. They showed up as Samaritans.

As followers of Christ we are called to be the body of Christ. And there, among the muck and the stench I realized I was working beside Christ, dressed as a Samaritan in rubber boots and a respirator.



Get ready for the Holidays!

On December 7th, the Outreach Committee (along with many church members) will host a Holiday Bazaar Fundraiser to support the work of Community Housing Coalition and Beacon of Hope.

The poster for the event is on the next page, but here are the details:

- **December 7 9am-3pm**
- **Crafts, silent auction items** (including an ebike, fabulous art and photography by our church

members, pottery, stained glass and on and on and on.

- **Music in the afternoon** to enjoy (we are still working on details, but Mary Jo's brass band will provide us with some holiday spirit.
- **Soup and chili to enjoy at no charge**, and perhaps to take some home, Or make a donation!
- **Baked goods**

There will be a sneak preview of the silent auction items the Sunday before for all you early bidders!



Update on Outreach Committee from Susan Sewell

Hurricane Helene Relief:

All I can say is wow, wow and wow.

Donations have been coming in from all over the US thanks to the outreach by church members, promotions on the website and Facebook. **To date, over \$13k has been raised** for Beacon of Hope, Community Housing Coalition and direct support of those who need our help.

We set up a distribution center in the church with food, diapers, fresh fruit and veggies and water. Clothes have been coming in and going out. It has been a very busy time. So many of our church members are volunteering with Nanostead, the extension center, taking items to Barnardsville and Pensacola.

Upcoming:

The Outreach Committee made the decision to approve First Sunday open offering designees on a quarterly basis for 2025. The first three nonprofits are World Central Kitchen, La Esperanza and Beacon of Hope. The committee also approved collecting gift cards for the Holidays for the foster children and adults in DSS custody.



Benefitting
Madison County's
Beacon of Hope
&
Community
Housing Coalition



433 Bone Camp Rd.
Marshall, NC
828-689-2517
www.holyspiritwnc.org



Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit Holiday Bazaar

"Warm Hearts, Full Plates & Cozy Homes"



Saturday
December 7, 2024
9 a.m.--3 p.m.



Crafts

Gnomes, Cork Ornaments, Nativity Scenes, Wood Ornaments, Crochet Hats, Scarves, Dog Bandanas and more!

Silent Auction

Pottery, Fabric Art, Paintings, E-bike and more!

Food

Enjoy a cup of soup or chili on us
(Take out-donations accepted)



Snow Date—Dec. 14





It's Not Easy...

By Deacon Ty Jones (jtjones100@gmail.com)

Remember how in sixth grade boys pretty much voted for boys while girls voted for girls?

People of all ages vote in ways determined by cultural norms as shaped by their personal history and canny messaging. In recent times it's partisanship, labeling, and toxic memes in media of all sorts which have played a role in weaponizing norms, and as my ancestors suggested, "Katy, bar the door!"

I hate how We-The-People have made an especially ugly noise around masculinity. Sometimes I shake my head to imagine the on-going battle for a boy's soul. Surviving my own boyhood and youth in the sixties and seventies—then struggling to be perceived as something of a success in the world of work—I am reminded how growing-up-male today includes pop culture chatter about toxic masculinity, parental fear and loathing of incels, constant reminding about privileged male entitlement, and ambitious expectations for maintaining six-pack abs!

If *this* boy struggled way back when to come out from behind his defenses and anxieties, I can only imagine how today's kid wastes a whole lot of spiritual energy tilting at the windmills of confusion, frustration, dismay and self-righteous anger.

Maybe you remember the sparkling quarterback who led the Michigan Wolverines to the National Championship last year? In early childhood, J.J. McCarthy (born 2003) had an extraordinary aptitude and all the natural gifts

as a leader and a football player. But then too, his mother and dad supported and encouraged him in wonderful ways—ways that allowed this unique kid to experience ordinary freedom in becoming an extraordinary young man, even before he went pro.

As Kermit sang to each of us (yes, so long ago!) "It's not easy being green!" So, let's try harder to celebrate those gifts and passions around letting boys enjoy boyhood. I suspect boys are born with an aptitude for explorations and adventures, with some curious hunger and an appreciation of life's possibilities. Some boys-to-men manage to become good lovers—and though this takes time—each one of us takes some life experience to get in touch with our best selves.

Boys-becoming-men—and kids of all sorts and varieties— feel better about becoming their best selves. Let's help them escape being captured by the extremes, and encourage them to blossom as unique creatures, and help them steer away from imprisonment by all those fearful "should's" and "ought's."



An Early Visit

Old Man Winter knocked on the door this morning. When Autumn groggily rose from the cozy nest where she slumbered and opened the door, Jack Frost snuck in and whitewashed the canvas on her easel.

“Out, you little imp!” she scolded, as she shooed him out the door. “And you,” she added, looking the old man straight in the eye, “are several weeks early! Go away and let me rest! I still have work to do.”

“A little cranky this lovely morning, are we?” he retorted. “I only came by to let you know I’m in the neighborhood. And Jack is such a lovely little boy. He admires your work greatly, you know.”

“Which is why he ruined my latest landscape! Now everything is all frosted and unclear. By the time the sun rises, it will be dripping wet! As it is, everything is falling faster than I can paint it anew. It’s becoming a colorless, naked mess...” With that, she closed the door and turned away, too weary to do anything but crawl back into the warm bedclothes.

Winter smiled to himself. “It won’t be long before I cover it all in a pristin silken blanket and send it into dreamland, my love. There will it bide its time until once again the Sun returns to paint it anew in fresh, bright hues. She knows this, petulant woman. I don’t understand why she gets so testy.”

There was a tug on his coattail. “Can we come again tomorrow?” Jack asked. “I like her.”

“Of course, child,” He patted him on the head. “We’ll have plenty of opportunities to see her before she turns in for our time.”



First Sunday offering this month benefits

Consider Haiti

**Consider Haiti is an Asheville-based nonprofit organization
promoting children’s health and welfare in Haiti**

NOVEMBER PROGRAMS

Art Depicting Faith

Deacon Ty, Facilitator

Sundays November 3 and 10, 9 am

Part I: “Inside the Frame of Faith” (November 3, 9 am)

How have we found spiritual joy and meaning in Christian art through the centuries? In our first Sunday morning session, we’ll “cruise the subject” with simple examples from the catacombs to splendid works famous the world over. All of you are welcome on this artsy fun and interactive cruise!

Part II: “The Face Inside the Frame of Faith” (November 10, 9 am)

How have we understood the image of Jesus through the centuries? In the second of two Sunday morning sessions, we’ll look into the depictions of the Christ through the centuries, from early renderings of the Good Shepherd to Christ the King, from stiff representational two-dimensional renderings to the more contemporary Laughing Jesus.

The Divine Feminine

Pat Mahon, Presenter

Wednesdays November 6, 13, and 20

Potluck at 5:00pm, presentation from 5:30 to 6:30pm

The concept of the Divine Feminine has taken on new significance in our day. In three sessions, participants will deepen their understanding of the divine feminine. We will explore the universal understanding of the divine feminine by way of PowerPoint, art (primarily icons), and literature.



Happy Thanksgiving!

CEMENT

A “Bad Guy” in Global Warming

Cement is not a glamorous topic, in fact it’s about the most unglamorous topic I can think of. First, let me explain the difference between cement and concrete.

Cement is an ingredient in concrete, it’s a fine powder made from limestone, clay, and other materials. Cement is a binding agent. Concrete is a building material.

Greater than 8% of global emissions come from cement production. (Aviation’s contribution amounts to 2%). Why is concrete a “carbon-emissions nightmare?” To make cement, limestone (a natural rock with high levels of calcium carbonate) is heated in 2,500 degree kilns. The firing process emits carbon dioxide (the bad guy in global warming) and the byproduct of heated limestone is also carbon dioxide.

Humans make 4.5 billion tons of cement every year.

At the current rate of production, the total mass of concrete of earth will exceed that of all living matter in about 15 years. Look for concrete on a walk, sitting in your house, driving to work. It’s everywhere.

Solutions include:

- Using electrochemistry to break down calcium silicate instead of using limestone.
- From iron waste to mushrooms, the world of concrete alternatives is exploding with innovation. In short, either finding a source other than limestone, and/or finding a means of separation other than superheating.

Adapted from Sierra Magazine Fall 2024, p. 40
(Submitted by Gail Kase)

The Widow’s Generous Gift

Meditation for Mark 12.38-44

By Michael Hudson

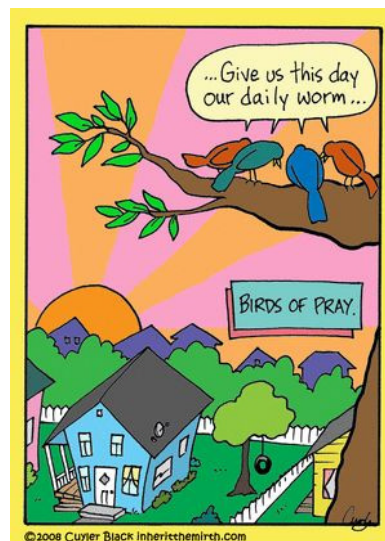
Simple gifts of faithful people
splashed like raindrops on the sand,
one by one and all together
spread refreshment through a land.

Willing hands of mindful people
linked and pressing palm to palm,
like a reef around an island,
still the waves and aid the calm.

Liberal love of caring people,
given both to foes and friends,
makes in time the sea of difference
that the grace of God intends.

From Songs of the Cycle; Church Publishing Incorporated. © 2004 by Michael Hudson.

(Submitted by Kathleen Phillips)





World Central Kitchen in Asheville after Hurricane Helene

**"I don't believe in higher walls,
I believe in longer tables..."**

Chef Jose Andres, World Central Kitchen

The Discernment Committee presents an abbreviated version of the Holy Cow! Consulting survey results.



Third Thursday Dinner at Twin Willows

NOVEMBER MINISTRY SCHEDULE

	11/03/24	11/10/24	11/17/24	11/24/24	12/01/24
Vestry	Carol Van Voorhis	Gail Kase	Bendik Clark	Amanda Hilty	Mike Robinson
Acolyte	Peggy Wilson	Amanda Hilty	Gail Kase	Ann Smith	Peggy Wilson
Offertory Musician	Mike Robinson	Jan Mallindine	Ann Smith	Jennifer Reda	Mark Holland
First Reader	Ruth Van Sickle	Peggy Wilson	Barbara Schauer	Jan Mallindine	Claire Gillespie
Second Reader	Bendik Clark	Amanda Hilty	Beth Mangum	Beth Mallindine	Dick Jordan
Prayer Leader	Ron Pell	Pam McNally	Carol Van Voorhis	Barbara Schauer	Ingrid Diederer
Greeter	Harold Toney	Pam McNally	Bendik Clark	Mary Jo Sparrow	Peggy Barnes
Ushers	Teresa Matthews Amanda Hilty	Dick Jordan Susan Sherard	Teresa Matthews Adam Reda	Amanda Hilty Bendik Clark	Peggy Barnes Dick Jordan
Eucharistic Minister	Pam McNally	Loraine Hilty	Tom Panek	Gail Kase	Pam McNally
Coffee Hour Host	Ann Toney	Claire Gillespie	Danny Wyatt	Ginny Lentz	Sewells
Sunday Cleanup	Rod Vestal	Loraine Hilty	Starr O'Hara	Ann Toney	Peggy Wilson
Altar Guild	Colleen Boll	Nancy Whitaker	Peggy Wilson	Smiths	Loraine Hilty
Bulletin Folder	Colleen Boll	John Doran	Nancy Larkin	Mary Maupin	Loraine Hilty
Healing Prayer	Gail Kase	Ann Smith	Nancy Larkin	Barbara Schauer	Gail Kase
Camera	Teresa Matthews	Carolyn Homra	Barbara Schauer	Starr O'Hara	Teresa Matthews
Supply Stocker	Danny Wyatt	Danny Wyatt	Danny Wyatt	Danny Wyatt	Pam McNally
Trash	Bobby Wilson	Bobby Wilson	Bobby Wilson	Bobby Wilson	Bill Sewell

STAFF

Rev. Dr. Dena Whalen,
Interim Rector
Martie Carson, Parish
Administrator
Teresa Sumpter, Parish Musician
Rebecca Sharp, Executive Director,
La Esperanza, and Parish
Custodian
Ana Gaspar Lara, Co-Director,
La Esperanza
...and many, many volunteers!

VESTRY MEMBERS

Gail Kase, Senior Warden
Peggy Wilson, Junior Warden
Debra Carlson
Bendik Clark
Claire Gillespie
Amanda Hilty
Mike Robinson
Carol Van Voorhis

TREASURER
Sam Shiver

CLERK
Deidre Soileau