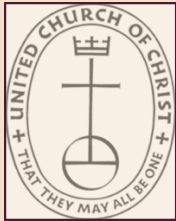


# The Parish Caller

*"No matter who you are, or where you are on life's journey, you are welcome here."*

July 22, 2016



First Congregational  
Church, United  
Church of Christ,  
Prescott

**FEATURED THIS ISSUE**

**PAGE ONE:**

- ◆ This Week at a Glance
- ◆ From Pastor Jay

**PAGE TWO:**

- ◆ From Pastor Jay continued
- ◆ Announcements
- ◆ From Julie Jaquette: Bike & Build

**PAGE THREE:**

- ◆ From Julie Jaquette: Bike & Build
- ◆ A Posted story from a Bike & Build rider/volunteer

**PAGE FOUR:**

- ◆ A Posted story from a Bike & Build rider/volunteer continued



***This Week at a Glance...***

- ◆ **Choir Rehearsal** Sunday 9:00 am
- ◆ **Worship Service and Fellowship time** Sunday 10:30
- ◆ **Jazz Vespers** Wednesday 6:30 pm
- ◆ **Bell Choir Rehearsal** Thursday 11:00 pm
- ◆ **Cabinet Meeting** Thursday 6:30 pm
- ◆ **Closet Clean Up Committee** Saturday 30th 10 pm

**From The Pastor**

Kudos to our congregation for hosting two amazing events in July:

Our annual 4<sup>th</sup> of July Parade Pancake Breakfast – we fed over 500 people and raised over \$2,000 for Community Cupboard Food Bank – thanks to John Huff and all of you who weathered the early morning storm and helped make it happen!

The Habitat for Humanity Bike & Build group of young people (28) who stayed in our church for four days and had breakfast in Perkins Hall each day – thanks to Julie Jaquette for all the hard work coordinating their visit and all of you who came early (6am) to help with breakfast!

Maybe you have noticed as I have the increase in visitors and new regular attendees at our worship services. Trying to keep up with names and faces is getting harder! But we want to keep up our extravagant welcome, so please join me in welcoming and getting to know a new person or two each week. As I have said many times, our congregation does a great job of moving from worship to fellowship as everyone gathers in Perkins Hall. Thanks for that!



We have talked about having a pictorial directory to help us all keep up with new attendees. Not the old fashioned kind with Olan Mills where everyone had to set up an appointment, etc. With modern technology, we can put our own together – maybe just names and pictures (since the website has addresses and phone numbers in the member only area). Hopefully we can get this done and that will certainly help all of us in getting to know each other.

Several people have expressed a desire to join the church, so we have set August 28 as a worship service during which we will welcome new members. Other dates can be set if this day does not work for someone. As part of our extravagant welcome, we have worked to reduce hurdles to becoming a member. There is no creed to adhere to – we are a diverse congregation with a diversity of views. The old model of church membership was to believe correctly – behave according to church policy – then you can belong. A study of Jesus’ way of dealing with his disciples reveals something different. He called disciples to him, and then they slowly came to some level of belief and

**Continued on page 2**

From the Pastor  
Continued



Announcements

discipleship as they were in covenant with him. Our members find something in the message of Jesus that draws them to worship here, and they want to be in covenant with this church family. Our Moderator, John McCurdy, meets with those wishing to join in order to share information about church history, governance, and mission. New members will be welcomed during worship on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Please let the pastor know if you are interested in joining.

In a further effort to get to know one another, Cherie and I invite you to a “pastor open house.” It will be Sunday, August 28, from 12:30-4:30 at our home. More details and directions as the time approaches.

God bless, Jay

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CCJ FAIR START BACKPACKS DEDICATED THIS SUNDAY!

With school starting in early August, we have been gathering school supplies and backpacks to help over 1200 LOCAL impoverished children (k-12). This Sunday, those backpacks,-stuffed with your donation of school supplies,- will be dedicated to helping children have a “Fair Start” to their new school year. There is a donation box located in the sanctuary with a list of needed supplies. Checks may be made payable to the Church, with the memo line, CCJ Fair Start.

DISCOVERY GARDENS PRESCHOOL

It is time to consider volunteering for Discovery Gardens Preschool for the coming year that starts in August. Please let the pastor know if you are interested.

CLOSET CLEANUP COMMITTEE

The committee will meet Saturday, July 30 at 10:00 a.m. in Perkins Hall

WOMEN’S FELLOWSHIP

Women’s Fellowship will meet Friday, August 5 at 10:00 a.m. in Perkins Hall.

NEW MEMBERS RECEIVED SUNDAY, AUGUST 28 DURING WORSHIP

Please let the pastor or John McCurdy know if you are interested in joining the church.

PASTOR OPEN HOUSE

In a further effort to get to know one another, Cherie and I invite you to a “pastor open house.” It will be Sunday, August 28, from 12:30-4:30 at our home. More details and directions as the time approaches.

PASTOR-PARISH RELATIONS COMMITTEE

The committee will meet Sunday, August 7, after worship in the sanctuary.

From Julie Jaquette: Thank you all for your help with the Bike and Build Team



Working with the Bike & Build team that stayed here at the church this last week was a very moving experience for me! Early Thursday morning last week, I got a call from Christine Mack from Habitat for Humanity telling us that there was an accident on one of the Northern Route Bike & Build teams. A young woman was hit by a car and killed, and another was in critical condition. I quickly scrambled to get a support network in place so when the

Continued on page 3



From Julie  
Jaquette  
continued

group arrived much earlier than scheduled, we could have counseling and spiritual guidance available, and in place. Mostly, we wanted be a loving, safe and welcoming presences for the group when they arrived. Rev. Gary Gard, Rev. Shirley Williams and Rev. Bob Bradstreet came in and became part of our greeter team. It was a comfort to have so many available to greet them.

Several of you came in early for the next three mornings to prepare a hardy breakfast for them before they went to the Habitat for Humanity build site to work on a home for a family in Chino Valley. Thank you so much for being here early with me to make them feel welcome and loved. They stayed here several days sleeping on the floor in the sanctuary. They hung out in Perkins Hall, decompressing, relaxing and processing what had happened. They got to enjoy many of the regularly scheduled activities we have here, like the Song of the Pines rehearsal, our Bell Choir rehearsal and the Peace Dancers.

They left Monday morning early after leaving the place in excellent condition, taking the food we had purchased and prepared for them with them. They left a thank you note which you can see on the bulletin board in Perkins Hall. I am so grateful that we were here to give them a safe place to stay where they said they felt very welcome and revived. They also said that the food was excellent!

Message from  
Emi Foss

Below is a message written by Emi Foss, one of the Bike and Build riders/volunteers. I wanted to share it with you because it is very moving. She wrote it the day before they arrived in Prescott. Julie Jaquette

### The post I never wanted to write. (Grand Canyon, AZ to Williams, AZ)

As a child I was never told a beautiful tale behind what the stars meant or where they came from, but I always imagined it was something more than purely science. They just always brought a sense of serenity to the uncertainty of darkness.

I remember waking up abruptly as the cold crept up my spine and settled in the back of my neck. It was 4 am in the Grand Canyon. Still dark, but with the promise of dawn at the canyon edge. I readjusted my sleeping bag to further cocoon myself in my Eno only to glance up and see a sea of light. I grew up in the mountains of NC where I thought light pollution was hardly a concern, but I have never seen an abundance of stars shine with such intensity than in the canyon. It was breathtaking.

As the morning went on I drifted back into a deep slumber only to be comforted by the sound of my groggy teammates stumbling from their tents at 6 for a day of riding after the day off. We only had to push through 55 miles into Williams, AZ. I was sweep with the one and only Ryan Bush. It was crazy because we had talked about our sweep day and how far off it was at the beginning of the trip, yet there we were so close to our arrival in San Diego. Our first stop was at a cafe in the national forest for coffee as other groups got their caffeine fix for the road. The first half of the day was as one would expect: small hills, desert land, and long conversations about what we missed about our “real” lives and what we would come to miss after this journey ended. Throughout this trip I came to find that Ryan was one of those people that made conversation extremely easy. This allowed sweeping to feel less like a chore and more like a Sunday stroll in the park. Our first lunch was at a gas station where Popsicles were available and readily purchased.

The rest of the ride proceeded with ease and after a hilly dirt road (not a fan) we arrived at our host, HA Clark Memorial Fields Airport. We were then shuttled to showers downtown at the Williams Aquatic Center. Once returning we had a plentiful meal of spaghetti and garlic bread. With happy bellies and full hearts some, including myself, shuttled back in to town to explore the shops and inquire about a cafe, Pine Country, with the best pie in all of Arizona. Most shops were Route 66 themed, but after some walking I found a little shop with Baja sweatshirts (aka drug rugs) which I decided to purchase after my sleeping experience in the cold the day before. I then joined Chris, Lynette, Buff Daddy, Saw Dog, Jessie, and Sam at the pie shop. I personally went with the Lemon Meringue route once I heard they were out of coconut cream pie, but others delved into Grasshopper Mint, Raspberry Lemon, peanut butter chocolate, cookies and cream, and German chocolate.

When Mo returned to shuttle us back I was pretty content with the success of the day and the joy I found in the simplicity of it all. The lifestyle we live is truly one of appreciation and love that can be found in the simplest of days. As a popular vote, we all got into bed and began watching Holes from the projector on the ceiling in honor of our future rides through the desert. Maybe halfway through the movie the leaders emerged from the heat outside and quickly announced an impromptu family meeting. Their faces were so calm and collected in that moment, but I imagine their heads were exploding inside.

The next few moments are stored in my memory as a blur. I recall moving to sit next to Natalie and asking her

Continued on page 4

what it could be about. I recall concentrating on the curves of Chris's face and the fidgeting of his hands as he told us the news. "There was a fatality today near Idaho Springs. Anne Davis and Laura Stark were in an accident late this afternoon. Anne Davis passed away and Laura Stark is currently in critical condition, but that is all we know at this moment."

Have you ever been stuck underwater because of a current or your canoe flipped and your heart freezes and your mind releases a sense of panic because you begin struggling to breathe? I was underwater and breathing was a chore for the next 5 hours. Throughout the night everyone stayed mostly hand in hand as we processed at our own pace and started to see what is considered "the best of bike & build" and the support system it created. I think that was the shocking part. On this trip you don't fully know how to put into words the bond that is formed between riders when you go through the physical, emotional, and mental battles we do daily. You see people at their very core in the most raw, organic way. It is the nature of who we are in that present moment with no bias of the past and no intention of the future. We all feel a deep caring for one another. One that I know the Central route knew all too well. My heart ached for them because we all understood the love felt between all of them. We understood the journey they had taken thus far and the bonds they had formed. We all understood. But we didn't. We didn't know the pain they must have felt when they arrived to the host to find that two were not in yet. We didn't know the love of Laura and Anne that Central was blessed with. We didn't know. The whole situation was a whirlwind of frustration and sadness and confusion of why this had to happen and why it happened to them. Its hard to explain the emotions of so many individuals, but an alumni rider posted a poem that I felt embodied the connection between routes and the pain we felt for central, Anne, Laura, and their families. It was posted as followed:

I don't know you.

But I know you.

I don't know your pain,  
but I know my pain,  
and I know pain, and I know you.

I don't know your family,  
but I know my family,  
and I know of family,  
and I know pain, and I know you.

I don't know your team,  
but I know my team,  
I know of team,  
and I know family, and I know pain, and I know you.

I don't know your love.  
I have never heard it voiced;  
I have never felt your embrace, your arms wrapped  
around me encompassing my pain to keep it from  
enveloping me;  
I have never felt the warmth of your hand clasping  
mine in support;  
I have never breathed in the physical presence of your  
love hovering besides mine in solidarity and empathy-  
I have never felt that space between skin so close but  
not touching,  
but if I closed my eyes I would know  
that I don't know your love  
but I know my love,  
and I know of love,  
and I know family  
and I know pain,  
and I know you.

I know you know pain,  
And that you don't know my love.  
But I hope you know of love.  
I hope you know of family.  
I hope you know of team.

And you don't know me.  
But you know pain.  
And you know love.  
And you do know me,  
and you know my love.

Eventually we all moved outside and huddled in a circle where we read Anne and Laura's Bike & Build bios while lighting sparklers in Anne's memory and for Laura's



recovery. Songs were introduced and poems recited. You could sense the overwhelming sadness in the weight of the air. But then again, you could feel the shoulder to shoulder weight-bearing support of love from each teammate.

The whole night was filled with long silent pauses that spoke like a thousand screaming mothers calling for their lost children. I finally walked out to the tarmac to escape from it all. There I decided to stay with my flannel as a pillow and my head propped towards the stars and Farewell Transmission by Songs: Ohia playing on my phone.

Somehow in that moment I found the serenity in all of the uncertainty of darkness.

I want to end this post by saying that all of NC2SD16 sends their love to CUS16, Laura Stark, and the Stark and Davis families in this time of uncertainty. We all hope to move forward as a small part in a huge network of support for all of you and know that we are always here and you will forever be in our thoughts.

With all our love, NC2SD16 (North Carolina to San Diego 2016) (Written by Emi Foss)