

### And at the Last...

Mark your calendar: a seminar/workshop on end-of-life planning for faithful young adults, adults and older adults will be held at St. Timothy's on Saturday morning, Oct. 29, 9 a.m. - 12 noon. *(This is appropriate for anyone 18 or above, since that is the age when parents can no longer have legal authority over their children in a medical crisis)*

The program will include a presentation by a parish nurse about the types of Advanced Care Directives that even healthy adults should have in place. Additionally, a lawyer will address key issues in having one's "affairs in order," not only when there are known health problems or the concerns of aging, but just in case of an unexpected crisis at whatever age. At St. Timothy's we also have the opportunity to file a "Pre-Planning Funeral Form" regarding our personal wishes for hymns, scriptures and participants, etc. This form will be available at this program. Speak to Fr. Paul or Fr. Marvin for further information.

### Harvest of Hope Gala

**The summer concert is back . . . in November!**

The Harvest of Hope Gala to benefit Trinity Food Pantry will be on Saturday, November 5, 2016. The **Gateway City Big Band** will perform, as always, and all proceeds will go to Outreach, with 70% going to the Trinity Food Pantry. This indoor concert and fundraiser will feature decadent desserts, champagne and a specialty coffee bar. We'll have no weather concerns and a minimal number of volunteers will be required. Mark your calendars now for this grand event!

### Daytimers Fall Schedule

The Daytimers will take a break in August, but their September trip will be to the Laumeier Sculpture Park. Please look for more information on the bulletin board and in Worthy of Note.

## Events in August

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| <p><b>August 14</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Last Summer Bible Study session, 9:40am</li> </ul> <p><b>August 15</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Ministry of Racial Reconciliation (MORR) meeting, 5:30-7:30pm</li> </ul> | <p><b>August 20</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Have shoes and other items purchased for Refugee Shoe Project</li> </ul> <p><b>August 20/21</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Rice Bagging for Trinity Food Pantry</li> </ul> | <p><b>August 28</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Potluck Pals meals due in freezer</li> </ul> <p><b>August 29</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Ministry of Racial Reconciliation (MORR) meeting, 5:30-7:30pm</li> </ul> |
|---|---|---|

Saint Timothy's Episcopal Church  
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### Address Service Requested

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Mitzi Uyemura, Angler Editor

**Dated Church Material  
Prompt Delivery Appreciated**



August  
2016

St. Timothy's Episcopal Church

Creve Coeur, MO

## From the Rector



As I am writing this letter to you, a morning shower is falling and dangerous heat is promised this afternoon and for the rest of the week. I have learned a new term this week—corn sweat! Apparently in our Midwest region the vast fields of corn cause “evapotranspiration,” increasing the humidity in the whole region, as the plants draw more and more moisture out of the soil. It’s not the heat: it’s the humidity. Things are growing.

Year C is my favorite year in the Sunday Lectionary, the assigned lessons for each Sunday of the Church year. My favorite gospel is Luke, the main source for gospel readings throughout the year. In the center of this gospel (Luke 9:51-19:27) is a long journey section which coincides very well with the long, seemingly endless green season after Pentecost, or as most of Christendom calls it, Ordinary Time. The metaphor of journey fits well, for me at least, as a description of our pilgrimage toward the fullness of God which we call the kingdom, the realm, the rule of God.

In the beginning of this section, we set out with a destination in mind. We are bound for the Promised Land, or Jerusalem, as the Evangelist tells us at the end of chapter nine, since Jesus has set his face toward that destiny. Like the Seventy in the beginning of chapter 10, we are sent out with great determination, with resources inadequate to the task, completely vulnerable. Our only hope is to be received with hospitality; our only gift, the peace we bring in his name.

We undertake our journey only because of our leader, and we band together as his traveling companions. In his name, the healing of the world begins, the evil of the world is resisted. We hear the promise of a day when Satan falls from heaven like a lightning bolt on a hot summer day. We become neighbors as we travel, crossing the road to get one another out of one ditch after another. We find safe harbor in the welcome extended by strangers who become our most intimate friends and together we quit our cares and anxious fears and worries. We sit at the feet of the One who gives courage and peace. First, we do that most faithful thing: we listen.

We learn the language of prayer, so simple and so deep at the beginning of chapter eleven. And we learn to ask, seek and knock, until we have so bravely moved out of shame that we can receive all that we need.

Sometimes we are so lost that our only hope is in the One who comes seeking, who always finds the wandering sheep, the lost coin, and the missing son. Robert Farrar in his book, the Parables of Grace, repeats the refrain, how God seeks the last, the least, the little and the lost. And in the finding, there is joy, joy, joy!

The point of this perilous journey is to come to know how much we are loved, how intimately we are known and how much that sacrificial love has the power to bring forgiveness, healing and peace to our sinful and broken world. It seems a paradox that when we are most afraid then we find our courage. At the moment when we feel least able and most vulnerable then we find God in one another. Then we find what we need for the day. Give us this day! Bread for the Journey!

Love,  
Marvin +



## A Party for Youth on an Uneasy Day

By Florrie Kohn

The St. Louis County Youth Detention Center looks like a concrete block with a parking lot tacked on beside it. There's no warmth. The St. Tim's group enters into the surprisingly small, tight entrance lobby. Two security guards sit at the desk, with most of the space dominated by a metal detector and an X-ray machine. A row of humorless black chairs, each one attached to the other, take up the rest of the space. The St. Tim's group clears security; it's obvious we aren't used to this place.

We hover around the black chairs, and wait to be collected. A young father comes in with a daughter and a toddler son. The daughter watches him efficiently remove his belt, watch, rings and a heavy silver pendant necklace. He places everything in a plastic mesh basket. He digs through pockets for wallet, car keys and coins. He gestures, and his daughter quietly passes through security. The toddler resists. He plays—lining up empty, stacked mesh baskets and pushing them through the X-ray machine.

The father gently pries the baskets loose from his son and the family moves on. In this barren space, it is a sweet moment. But this is juvenile hall and no one, except the toddler, really smiles—particularly not today.

On behalf of the Episcopal City Mission (ECM), the St. Tim's group is here to celebrate with detained youths the July birthdays among them. They are teens caught between childhood and being grown. They have been charged with, and/or have committed, crimes serious enough to be locked up.

And while there is no connection, on this day—Friday, July 8—my emotions reel. A young police officer fights for his life in Ballwin, five police officers lay murdered in Dallas, and two black men—one in Minnesota and the other in Louisiana—are dead at the hands of the police. Like always, piled on to it all, is the murder in my own family—a sister-in-law shot to death by a mentally ill black man. Race doesn't matter; race does matter—all the time. Violence overshadows everything, even the prospect of a party for teens, who really need something to feel good about.

I wait to be part of the presence of Christ; to be God's caring, at a birthday party for children dinged, left out and uncared for. I am the epitome of white privilege, cocooned in West County. I wonder if they will see beyond it to real caring. I wonder if, on this day, I can care about them as much as God wants me to.

The party is in the cafeteria—five tables for boys and one table for girls. We serve pizza and soda, cake and ice cream, too. Some boys are withdrawn. Others are a mix of awkward bravado and hormones. They impress with the quantity of pizza they eat, the amount of soda they drink and even with their ability to shove away the cake and ice cream—to declare that they don't want it. I sense that they miss being around girls—their mothers, perhaps, and their girlfriends.

I serve soda and then sit at the girls' table. One teen and two workers are there. The girl likes pizza. She is not much of a talker, but yes, pepperoni is her favorite, she tells me, and Pizza Hut makes the best. She starts on her fourth slice (from Dominos) and I talk with the worker sitting between her and me. The worker's long polished fingernails shine with the luster of good care and frequent manicures. She turns them this way and that for me, and even in cafeteria light, they sparkle. I sigh—my nails are stubby and worn. I throw out to the group that just last month, I ripped off a toe nail—and the pain, I say, was incredible.

The teen pauses mid-slice. Turns out, she had a fingernail ripped off, and it didn't hurt. For this girl, I wonder, how bad does a hurt need to hurt to feel it?

Bingo follows the pizza. While one boy wins twice, the girl never wins. With the party over, she leaves with a bare nod. I find that I care about her and the other teens—maybe not as much as God cares, but I am trying hard. I hope the teen girl's life heals enough to break a nail and feel it. I think again about the toddler playing with security baskets. I care about him, too. He deserves to grow up safe and loved, and to be protected by police officers. Every child here deserves that privilege.

St. Tim's assists with various ECM programs. We help fund the ECM chaplains who minister to—and worry over—youth in serious trouble. The July birthday party was coordinated by Tina Warhover, and Carolyn Moore, Holly Wilson and Steve Crock helped with the event. Debbie Smith delivered the ice cream, which was provided at no cost by Ted Drewes.



St. Tim's members, clockwise from back left: Holly Wilson, Tina Warhover, Steve Crock, Carolyn Moore and Florrie Kohn, who attended ECM's Youth Birthday Party in July

## Help Needed: Refugee Shoe Project

### Refugee Shoe Project

Many of our friends from the Diocese of Lui in South Sudan have moved to the Kiryandongo refugee camp in Uganda, fleeing the civil war in South Sudan. While life is calmer in Kiryandongo, our Moru friends have encountered a new problem: jiggers.

Jiggers (*not* chiggers) are chigoe fleas (*tunga penetrans*) that live in the dust in Uganda. Jiggers burrow into exposed skin to lay their eggs. When the brood hatches, it produces an open ulcer on the skin of the foot, which can become infected. This leads to severe pain, and if untreated, gangrene. In their home in Lui, Moru children and adults often do not wear closed-toe closed-heel shoes, making them particularly susceptible to jiggers. Preventing jiggers is as simple as wearing shoes and washing with soap, but the people in the camps have no money to buy these items.



### If every family in the Diocese of Missouri bought five pairs of shoes and a few of the other items, we would meet our goal.

The Companion Diocese Committee is collecting shoes to ship to the Kiryandongo refugee camp. We are also collecting antibacterial soap, Vaseline, hydrocortisone cream, triple antibiotic, and gloves for the nurses who are treating the infections. We've made arrangements to ship a whole container of these items to the refugee camp.

We are asking the people of the Diocese of Missouri to begin collecting these items. **We have set a very ambitious goal.** We would like to collect a minimum of 10,000 pairs of kids' shoes and 5,000 pairs of adult shoes, and lots of the other items. **Please begin collecting these items at your church.**

### How you can help:

#### 1. Purchase items in the store.

Go to the customer service counter at any Walmart<sup>†</sup> store and ask for the registry for *Veronica and Sosthen Amin*. We've entered needed items on the registry. **All items must be exactly as shown on the registry, because tariff numbers in Uganda must match the items to be allowed into Uganda.** Items that do not match the tariff numbers cannot be sent to our Moru friends, but will be donated to local closets. The registry shows only one size of shoes for men and women, but we need ALL sizes: they must be the same brand as shown, but can be any size and any color.

#### 2. Order online.

Go to Walmart's wedding registry (<http://www.walmart.com/cp/Wedding-Registry/1229486>) and enter names **Veronica Amin** and the state of Missouri. Have items mailed to *Advent Episcopal Church, 9373 Garber Rd, Crestwood, MO 63126* and we'll get them to the packing site.



#### 3. Donate money

Go online at [www.diocesemo.org/donate](http://www.diocesemo.org/donate) to use a credit card OR send a check made out to the Diocese of Missouri and mail to: 1210 Locust St., St. Louis, MO 63103, writing "Refugee Shoe Project" on the memo line.

Our goal is to get the container on its way by August 20. The need is very great! If you have any questions, contact Deb Goldfeder at 314-484-9940 or Dan Handschy at 314-843-0123 and we will be happy to clarify any confusion if we can. images.

<sup>†</sup> We understand not everyone likes to shop at Walmart, but it is one store with all items in stock that is close to everyone in the diocese.

**"The King will reply, 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.' Matthew 25:40**

## Food Pantry Garden: Summer Update

The Food Pantry Garden is packed with plants after Vacation Bible School! With a theme of food, meals together, and helping the hungry, our garden was a highlight and a beehive of activity during the week!



The older group planted more tomatoes, green peppers, and cabbages while the younger group harvested **49 pounds** of carrots, onions, squash, cucumbers, peppers, and tomatoes. The youth also added to the compost pile with orange peels and watermelon rinds from dinner. Everyone should check the garden on Sundays to see what is growing.



If you would like to help, join us Monday mornings at 8:30 or if Saturday morning works better, contact Nancy Setzer at (314) 341-3069.

## St. Tim's Summer Bible Study

Have you ever wondered about the fact that the Old Testament was Jesus' Bible? That foundation led Jesus in His life of faith – might it work for you as well? This summer's Bible Study program begins to help us sort that out—and with the same dynamite leaders as this previous year, the Rev. Sue Eastes, Linda Lawless and Chuck Agne.

We'll listen to particular voices from foundational Old Testament passages: calls, promises, commands, and assurances. And we'll look at responses evoked by those voices – responses that can be useful for us **today** – as *invitations to our own discipleship*. What might we learn from other people of God about their growing understanding of God, and what might it mean for us, today?

We will be meeting at 9:40 a.m. in the South Parish Hall. All are welcome to these stimulating discussions.

### St. Tim's Bible Study Summer Schedule: (Remaining Dates)

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|--------|---|
| Aug 7  | Exile for God's people<br>(Readings in: <i>Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Ruth, Jonah</i> ) |
| Aug 14 | Vision for the future<br>(Readings in: <i>Isaiah, Ezra, Haggai, Daniel</i> )    |

**Get ready for the Fall Bible Study Program—  
more information coming soon!**

### ERD's "Keyhole" Gardens

**YOU DID IT!** St. Tim's has started an amazing ripple of green by raising \$1,400 which will build **EIGHT** gardens for the Keyhole Gardening project of Episcopal Relief and Development's *Gifts for Life Initiative*. These gardens are used as a means for increasing diet diversity and food security, and for battling hidden hunger.



## Getting to Know... Georgia O'Brien

### Georgia on Our Minds

By Florrie Kohn

"Joyful performer" aptly describes longtime St. Tim's parishioner Georgia O'Brien. She has a passion for music and dance that goes all the way back to the day she was born. Here at St. Tim's, we enjoy O'Brien's talent as a choir member, bell ringer, and player of the recorder and piano. On occasion, she fills in as organist, too.



When little Georgia Smith arrived, she was named in honor of her father George. Then her mother Bobbi gave her the middle name of Melba, having heard the world famous opera soprano Nellie Melba sing in St. Louis. "Melba went well with Georgia," recalls O'Brien. "And intended or not, it gave me a musical start."

O'Brien grew up with piano and violin lessons, voice lessons, and her favorite—dance lessons. Her mother started her on dance when she was three years old, and O'Brien took to the lessons like a duck to water. There was ballet, jazz and tap. O'Brien had a talent for all of it and audiences loved her.

"I danced in St. Louis all around town," she says. "My mother went with me. We'd go to these little taverns that had floor shows. I'd throw the baton, dance for the military, tap dance. I did all sorts of dance." O'Brien dreamed of dancing in New York City, but her family couldn't afford the cost as New York was just as expensive then as it is now. Then she injured her leg and had to set aside the dancing. Music filled in the gap.

"I sang with the original St. Louis Chamber Chorus; studied organ with Ronald Arnatt, the organist at Christ Church Cathedral, to prepare me for playing for the family service at Ascension Parish on Goodfellow Blvd.," says O'Brien. When as a young married couple, she and her husband Bill moved to California for 13 years, she met three women at church and they pulled together a classical singing quartet, The Cantores Gloriam, which performed all over Orange County and with the Orange County Symphony. Bill, who died about four years ago, always supported his wife's love of music—it is a passion passed on to their daughter, St. Tim's Jane Wyland.

O'Brien is a lifelong Episcopalian, and has served the Church in many ways: she was Secretary to the Vestry at all parishes she has been involved with, and also served as Vestry Member at two of the parishes she attended. She was the secretary to her priest in California, and he recommended her to the Bishop when she and Bill returned to Missouri in 1980. She served as Coordinator for the Lichtenberger Society, arranging for retreats at Thompson Center and other events to encourage a life of prayer. She also worked in the Diocesan Offices at two different times, the last after her retirement from Mallinckrodt. That time she worked as receptionist for five years, retiring to be available for the arrival of her first grandchild.

"We started at St. Tim's when we came back from California," recalled O'Brien. "I have lots of good friends here, and the church is literally someone I can always call."

A few years ago, O'Brien woke up dizzy at her home and the only phone number she could remember was St. Tim's. "I knew that my daughter would be on her way to knitting group. I called St. Tim's and asked them to turn Jane around when she arrived and send her to my house. Then I called 911," she says.

Everything worked out on that topsy-turvy day. O'Brien laughs about it now, but it's clear that St. Tim's means a great deal to her. And the feeling is mutual. Here at St. Tim's, our Georgia Melba Smith O'Brien can always please a crowd— just like Miss Nellie Melba did years ago.