



PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH CARY, NORTH CAROLINA

A Letter From The Rector

St. Paul's Weekly Update

July 31, 2020

Dear Friends,

Having just returned from vacation I'm catching up on all that is continuing to happen at St. Paul's. But let me tell you today about our guest homilist this Sunday, as well as a thank-you to last week's homilist. I also want to share a story of Congressman John Lewis.

Megan Laney

This Sunday our guest homilist will be Megan Laney, daughter of Frank and Anne Laney and sister of William Laney. Megan will be sharing with us her

experience this past year with the Seattle Service Corps. (The work of the Seattle Service Corps is described in the box on the left.)

During her year with the Seattle Service Corp, Megan served the Seattle Seafarers Center. Go to this link to learn more.

<https://www.mts-seattle.org/post/thank-you-laney>.

SEATTLE SERVICE CORPS

Deepening lives through volunteer service, social justice, spiritual practice, and intentional community.

VISION:

Empowering servant leaders to be grounded by resilience, deepened by prayer, motivated by justice, and inspired by prophetic imagination.

A YEAR WITH THE SEATTLE SERVICE CORPS IS A COMMITMENT TO:

- Living in intentional Christian community
- Serving 32 hours per week at a partner non-profit or church
- Engaging in regular spiritual practice, learning, discernment and formation
- Participating in the life of Saint Mark's Episcopal Cathedral
- Building relationships and having fun on retreats, group service projects and special events
- Enjoying immediate access to Seattle's dynamic cosmopolitan environment as well as nearby natural wonders!

Sunday Facebook Live

Please join us this Sunday on Facebook Live for worship at 9:00 a.m., or any time after. You do not need a Facebook account to join us. Simply [CLICK HERE](#) for the livestream, or see past services and other videos anytime [HERE](#).

Rev. Cathy Deats

I want to thank Cathy for being celebrant and homilist this past Sunday. I've heard from so many of you delighted to see Cathy with us. And her fluency in sign language during the liturgy was such a special gift to us all.

John Lewis – Beloved Community

About a year or so ago my wife Mary was waiting for a flight departing RDU when she noticed Congressman John Lewis standing nearby. She could not resist going up to him and thanking him for all he had done for our country. She will never forget his reaching out and holding her hand with both his hands and looking into her eyes while they spoke for a few moments. It is a moment Mary treasures.

As we mourn the death and celebrate the life of John Lewis, a saint and mystic who walked among us, and described as the “Conscience of the Congress,” I'd like to share this favorite story of his, a story filled with wisdom and challenge to continue forward forming the “Beloved Community.”

From: *Walking with the Wind: A Memoir of the Movement*

On this particular afternoon – it was a Saturday, I'm almost certain – about fifteen of us children were outside my aunt Seneva's house, playing in her dirt yard. The sky began clouding over, the wind started picking up, lightning flashed far off in the distance, and suddenly I wasn't thinking about playing anymore; I was terrified...

Aunt Seneva was the only adult around, and as the sky blackened and the wind grew stronger, she herded us all inside.

Her house was not the biggest place around, and it seemed even smaller with so many children squeezed inside. Small and surprisingly quiet. All of the shouting and laughter that had been going on earlier, outside, had stopped. The wind was howling now, and the house was starting to shake. We were scared. Even Aunt Seneva was scared.

And then it got worse. Now the house was beginning to sway. The wood plank flooring beneath us began to bend. And then, a corner of the room started lifting up.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. None of us could. This storm was actually pulling the house toward the sky. With us inside it.

That was when Aunt Seneva told us to clasp hands. Line up and hold hands, she said, and we did as we were told. Then she had us walk as a group toward the corner of the room that was rising. From the kitchen to the front of the house we walked, the wind screaming outside, sheets of rain beating on the tin roof. Then we walked back in the other direction, as another end of the house began to lift.

And so it went, back and forth, fifteen children walking with the wind, holding that trembling house down with the weight of our small bodies.

More than half a century has passed since that day, and it has struck me more than once over those many years that our society is not unlike the children in that house, rocked again and again by the winds of one storm or another, the walls around us seeming at times as if they might fly apart.

It seemed that way in the 1960s, at the height of the civil rights movement, when America itself felt as if it might burst at the seams – so much tension, so many storms. But the people of conscience never left the house. They never ran away. They stayed, they came together and they did the best they could, clasping hands and moving toward the corner of the house that was the weakest.

And then another corner would lift, and we would go there.

And eventually, inevitably, the storm would settle, and the house would still stand.

But we knew another storm would come, and we would have to do it all over again.

And we did.

And we still do, all of us. You and I.

Children holding hands, walking with the wind. That is America to me – not just the movement for civil rights but the endless struggle to respond with decency, dignity, and a sense of brotherhood to all the challenges that face us as a nation, as a whole.

That is the story, in essence, of my life, of the path to which I've been committed since I turned from a boy to a man, and to which I remain committed today. It is a path that extends beyond the issue of race alone, and beyond class as well. And gender. And age.

And every other distinction that tends to separate us as human beings rather than bring us together.

That path involves nothing less than the pursuit of the most precious and pure concept I have that has guided me like a beacon ever since, a concept called the Beloved Community.

That concept ushered me into the heart of the most meaningful and monumental movement of this past American century. We need this concept to steer us all where we deserve to go in the next.

—John Lewis, *Walking with the Wind: A Memoir of the Movement* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1998), xvi–xvii

John Lewis wrote something he asked The New York Times to publish the day of his funeral. In that article he said: “Together, you can redeem the soul of our nation. Though I am gone, I urge you to answer the highest calling of your heart and stand up for what you truly believe.” I pray that we of the St. Paul's faith community may heed that call and continue the movement towards a Beloved Community.

George

Join us **Sunday Mornings at 9:00 a.m.**
for a live stream of the Holy Eucharistic service at
www.facebook.com/stpaulscary.

You do NOT need a Facebook account to join us on Sunday morning or for Morning Prayer.

And join us M-F at 8:00 a.m. for Morning Prayer on [Facebook Live](#).

See past services and other videos anytime [HERE](#).



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Even though the building is closed because of COVID-19 and the need for physical distancing, our services and mission continue.

The office phone is still being answered.
Call 919-467-1477 to learn more about St. Paul's.