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## Good Friday

by George Herbert

O my chief good,  
How shall I measure out they blood?  
How Shall I count what thee befell,  
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes  
Number according to thy foes?  
Or, since one star showed thy first breath,  
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,  
Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?  
Or can not leaves, but fruit, be sign  
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour  
Of my whole life one grief devour;  
That my distress through all may run,  
And be my sun.

Or rather let  
My several sins their sorrows get;  
That as each beast his cure doth know,  
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write  
Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight;  
My heart hath store, write there, wherein  
One box doth lie both ink and sin:

That when sin spies so many foes,  
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,  
All come to lodge there, sin may say,  
*No room for me*, and flee away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,  
And keep possession with thy grace;  
Lest sin take courage and return,  
And all the writings blot or burn.

This issues' cover art comes from the east window of St Machar's Cathedral in Aberdeen Scotland.



## Letters from Lee

### “The Friendly Church”

I few years ago I ran across a sign on a church that I’ve thought about many times since then. Below the usual name and denominational affiliation it featured the tag line: “The Friendly Church” (yes, italicized and in quotes). At first glance it seemed innocuous enough; what church doesn’t want to be friendly? But I thought about this again. Should ‘friendliness’ be the most important quality that a church wants to be known by? After all, it had limited space to say something about itself and this was what it chose, probably thinking that this is what potential visitors would value themselves.

Many churches aspire to be friendlier, which is a good thing. Friendliness is the basic courtesy we extend to others that says “we’re glad you’re here and we invite you to be a part of what we’re about” and visitors should always experience this. Jesus was no doubt friendly in this way to many people he met.

The question remains, however, if this is a big enough goal for the church? Is this the number one quality that people should experience when they visit us for the first or even 101st time? Many would say yes. This is a relevant question because the way we describe what people should experience in the church reflects what we think the Gospel is all about.

Did Christ come, live, die and come to life again so we could be...friendly towards each other? Is God’s great call to us in Jesus Christ simply to extend basic civil courtesy to our neighbors and those who visit us? When it’s put like this the answer is easy to see.

If basic friendliness is extending an invitation to be a part of what we’re doing, perhaps a better and more relevant question is what are we doing that’s worth inviting others to? Is ‘what we’re about’ worthy of the calling of God in Jesus Christ? Is it compelling to a world that has seen it all and yet is left wanting? Or, is the invitation the church offers really to the same old stuff that people get every day anyway?

Whatever else we learn about Jesus in the Gospels, it seem clear that those who knew him probably wouldn’t use the word ‘friendly’ to describe him. It might be on their list somewhere but it seems very unlikely that it would be anywhere near the top. I can see other words getting much closer to real Jesus: courageous, intentional, servant, focused, called, joyful, missional, selfless, leader, and so on. And while none of these captures the whole, they seem to be closer to the portrait of Jesus presented in the Gospels. And, to be sure, Christ’s ‘friendliness’ was never an end in itself. No,

he intended it to be an invitation to a life and mission that was so much bigger. Some chose to accept this offer and some didn’t. The call of the Church is to do the same.



# Ordination

Sherry Vocoun



On February 6th, Sherry Vocoun was ordained a minister of word and sacrament and then on the 11th she was installed as a staff chaplain at Providence Mt. Carmel Hospital's chapel. She is one of 3 staff chaplains who cover Mt. Carmel and Providence St. Joseph's Hospitals every day and provide 24 hour coverage at both hospitals. After 40 years of nursing and a chaplain residency at Harborview Medical Center last year, Sherry is well prepared to take on this ministry and has been enjoying it immensely. She provides spiritual support to patients, families and staff at both facilities. St. Joseph's has a 40 bed long-term care unit, and she also provides spiritual/pastoral care for those residents. The pastoral care department plans services around major religious holidays. Sherry leads a men's Bible study on Saturdays in the long-term care unit, and this Spring will be leading a retreat for the women in the unit. The chaplains are called upon to provide pastoral/spiritual support for patients and families at end of life, when a patient is air or ground transported to Spokane (Providence Sacred Heart or Deaconness) and Seattle (Harborview Medical Center). Sherry's current position is a .6 which means she works 3-24 hour shifts a week. This schedule allows her and Chuck to explore their new home and community, which they are enjoying becoming a part of.



## Mission Update



a report by Adam Reasner

Are missions really worth the effort? Many American Christians wonder about that. Some tell me it's better to just give money. While this sure seems to make sense from a pragmatic point of view, I have recently come to realize that when it comes to the Church doing the mission of God, our dollars aren't what God's most interested in. Last December I traveled with one of our elders to Oaxaca, Mexico to visit our sister church. The experience was wonderful, and one I hope you all can have in the near future. It was great because it served to remind me why it is we do missions at all. See, in Christ we are adopted into a common family (Gal. 3:26). The biblical understanding of family tells us we have an obligation to one another. Yes, sometimes that means we send money but if our idea of "missions" stops there I'm afraid we risk missing the point entirely. The truth is God might not even care if people have running water, new shoes, or abundant electricity. It is possible, in other words, that in our zeal for helping people we can easily forget that we are called to make disciples of Christ not good American consumers!

The point is, our poorer sisters and brothers have an obligation to us as well. They are to help us understand the Divine. They teach us to pray. They show us how to read our Bibles more truthfully. Below is a modern-day psalm, written from a Latin American perspective. You won't find it in your Bible, although it is inspired by the Psalms of David.



*Hear us, our God,  
you are the strength of the weak and lowly.  
Hear our clamor which is burning our intestines.  
We are the miserable of the earth,  
that's the way they call us...  
...Our children grow up naked without and within.  
They are the ones who steal food on the market place.  
Everyone condemns us and looks at us with disgust,  
and we have to swallow our black hatred in order not to  
explode...*

It strikes me how a dose of reality can turn the scriptures from stale recitations into the desperate pleas of real people. These people relate to the Psalmists' feelings of exile; to being oppressed, to frustration brought on by helplessly watching a child starve. I will read the Psalms differently because of reading this prayer, won't you? This is because

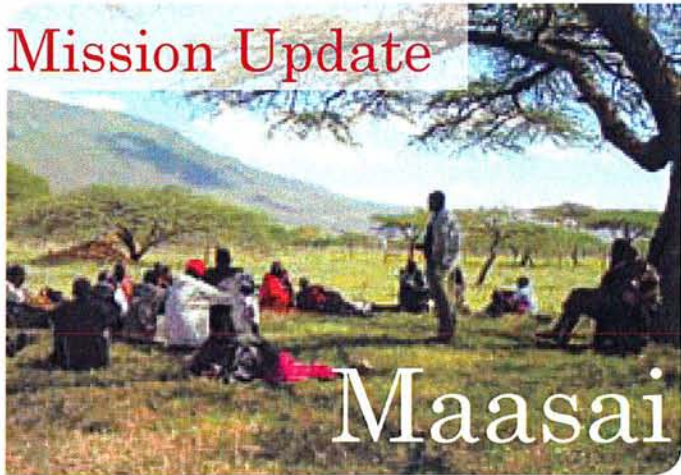


Scripture was created to be read and understood in community. As long as our community remains local (white, suburban, American, etc.) we cannot appreciate all that God has given through his Word.

In Oaxaca I prayed and sang songs next to the bedside of a dying woman. I joyfully played games with seven children, all of whom share a bedroom and a dirt floor. I talked about God and ministry with a man whose perspective on the needs and injustices of the world is completely different from mine. When part of a church does this; engages in Biblical studies and shares life (and sometimes death) with those in another culture, they return to our community changed. And they change our community. Like a key spice in a soup, just a dash creates can create an aroma worth savoring.

In the weeks and months to come, please join me in prayer

## Mission Update



# Maasai

### Student Bibles Presented

It was a beautiful, sunny day when secondary school girls and their mothers gathered at the Oloshibor, SeuSeu Conference Center. In true Maasai time, it took about 2 hours for all to arrive, since many walked a long ways. There were close to 90 People, even a few fathers.

At the end of the meeting Loanna and Jon Day presented Bibles that were donated from CKPC funds. They were able to purchase 61 NIV Student Comanion Bibles from a young Kenyan woman's online business. Each Bible had a CKPC stamp and the girl's name.

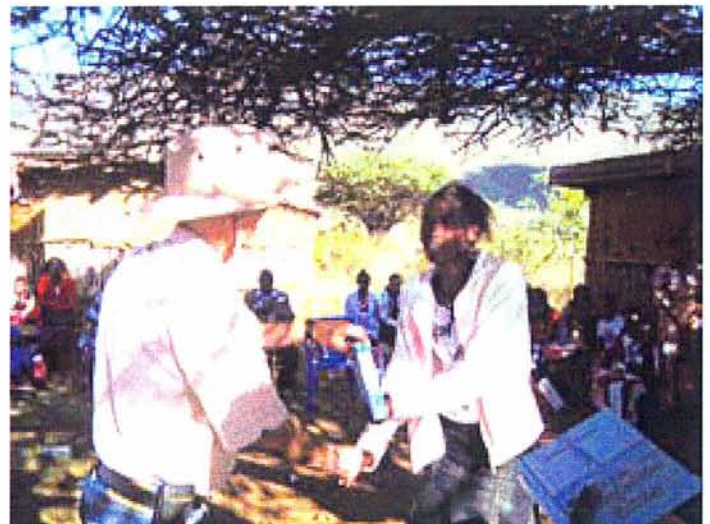
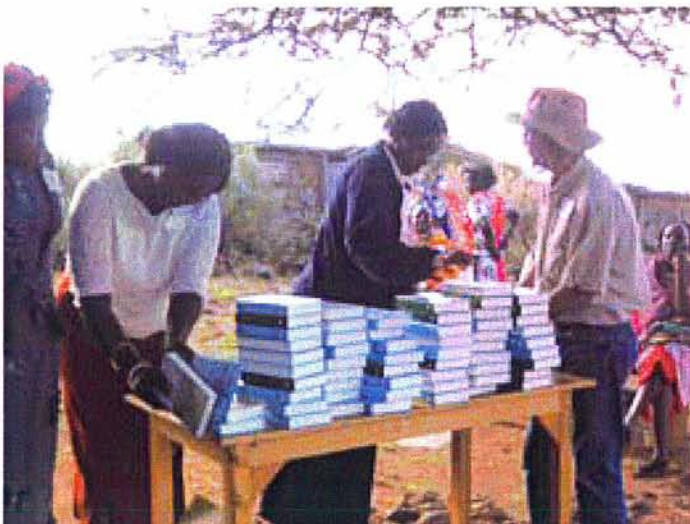
Jon shared with them that a former Harvard University President had said that you are not truly educated until you have read the Bible.

### Community Watershed Education

CKPC provided funding for educational workshops where community leaders from 6 villages in the Rift Valley in Kenya learned about watersheds, over grazing, and deforestation. Then they discussed solving watershed probems.



The leaders had an opportunity to learn from the Ngong Hills Watershed DVD (funded by CKPC in 2009), Kenyan speakers, each other, and Jon Day. They appreciated having a chance to share their ideas about changes for their region. They are now preparing to plant half a million trees within the watershed. More community meetings are planned for the near future.



# Living Inside of Change

Lenten reflections  
by Kathy Kettenring

The phrase, “A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief”, used by the prophet Isaiah (53:3) to describe the promised Messiah, has captivated my thoughts this Lenten season. After years of counseling with families in crisis, living through our own, and vicariously experiencing what we see in the news...I am comforted just in knowing that He understands.

God the Father, who never changes, delegated his Son to do the changing necessary to reach us right where we are. Jesus surrendered all of the freedoms that were his in eternity and stepped into the constraints of time to bail us out from our prison of sin and set us free for all eternity. (That’s right! We’re in “time out!”) In this world where time rules, everything is in constant change. Every day is all about attaining and letting go of each successive moment and then embracing the next. It is a predictable process that moves along at a pretty fast clip until something rivets our attention to the moment and we get stuck. Jesus experienced these locked-in moments of time where pain of every kind willed itself to be the ruler, but the path of grief, the predictable process of letting go, he chose instead. He knew the way out, he knew the ropes.

The predictable process of grief is not a stranger to us. Initially we are shocked by it, sometimes deny or protest that a painful or otherwise pivotal event has occurred in our lives. Abrupt changes in our thoughts and actions are required immediately, but we are not usually up to it. These emotions give way rather quickly instead to blaming and/or bargaining with someone to end our pain or return things to the way they were before the “event” occurred. (Ironically these emotions are usually aimed at the person nearest to us, the one we trust most to hang in there with us.) Then anger comes and settles in

and may stay a long while. This is due to the physical adaptations occurring in our amazing brains, developing new neural pathways for each new thought and action required to accomplish the necessary changes. Environmental adjustments may also be needed. Retraining is difficult and exhausting and is naturally followed by despair, a kind of enforced rest. This is usually the longest phase.

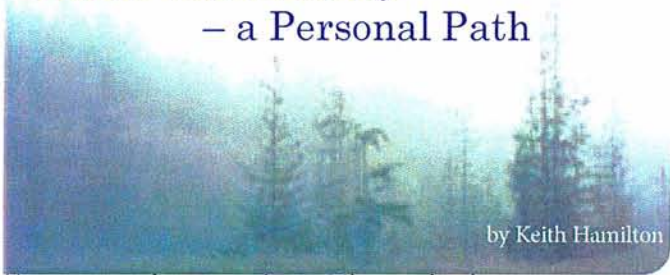
Then, one day we wake up to the realization that we are in one of two places. We have arrived at the place of acceptance with our new situation and life begins to move along again. Or, we realize that we have detached and consequently are stuck in some negative emotional mindset along the way. The problem with detachment is that the next time we need to grieve changes or losses we tend to jump the track at the same emotional spot and find it even more difficult to move ahead. I am encouraged when I realize that even Jesus, the man who understands, was provided with a helper to carry the cross.

A few weeks ago Pastor Lee gave a sermon about the Trinity. Afterwards, I saw a commercial about a new spill-free snack bowl for toddlers. Three parts nestled inside each other, freely moving in a gyroscope-like fashion with a carry handle and lid. The overall effect is that the inner cup is always suspended and level (unchanging), never spilling the contents, no matter how careless or bumpy the ride. This is made possible because the inner section is always rotating and compensating for tipping of the outer container being held in the child’s hands. It has given me much pause for thought. Living inside of change really requires all three persons of the Trinity working together in our lives to keep us stable and safe as we travel through each day.

Blessings to you,  
Kathy Kettenring



## Church and Ministry – a Personal Path



by Keith Hamilton

Many months ago, Lee Riley asked me to get up in front of the congregation and do a minute for ministry. As you can see by me writing this article, my ever changing schedule and my commitment to Children's Church never allowed that to come to fruition. When I was asked to do a piece on my ministry, I saw this as a great opportunity to tell my tale.

When Lori and I arrived at CKPC in 2003, we were looking for a church home. I myself had not been a Presbyterian for very long as I was raised Catholic and had left the church during my senior year of high school. I had discovered that I had too many ideological questions that were not being answered. I drifted for many years until I met my wife, Lori, who brought me back to church. As we were going to marriage classes, we discovered that the associate pastor of our church in Pittsburgh knew my wife's pastor in her hometown in California, who was going to marry us - what a small world (actually even smaller as Jim Davis, the pastor of CKPC when we arrived knew both as well)!

When we walked in the doors of CKPC, it just seemed all to click. The nursery opened their arms and their hearts to our daughter, Emily. The congregation was warm and welcoming. We stayed. Lori quickly got in involved in choir as it is obvious God gave her talent there. But what about me? I wondered. What gifts that God had given me would or could I use in our Church? But I just sat and listened.

Thankfully, God did not wait for me. Our former nursery supervisor, Kelly Dobson, asked me one day to assist in a skit for the 3rd/4th Kingdom Kids class. All I had to do was wear a shepherd's costume and say a couple of lines. I could easily do that, and I did. And I did it a few more times as well. Diane Layton, former Director of Children's Ministry, asked me if I would consider becoming a teacher. I did and I love it. Kelly again asked me if I wanted to be the male chaperone for the junior high retreat. I had a blast and I saw how much I loved with working with youth.

When the Church had to move in the direction of an all volunteer staff, I guess I fell into the cross hairs of Associate Pastor Eyde Mabanglo. She asked me if I would take on a larger role and become her right hand in children's ministry. I followed my calling. Then, out of the blue, I was asked if I would ever consider being an elder. That was quite shocking for me as, at that point, I considered myself too young in my faith and honestly I also thought I was a little young to be an elder. Then the phone call came. Elder Kathy Lockwood asked me officially to consider the position. I took almost two weeks of reflection and prayer to come up with my answer. God was calling yet again. I agreed. I was concerned with my Naval work since I had no idea how long I would be in the area. I will never forget Kathy's words to me: "Give as much as you can, for as long as you can."

I joined session during a very tough time during the transition period. I learned a lot from that experience and grew as leader and a believer. I became the Elder of Children's Ministry and in that position I have had the pleasure to see our Church's children grow with the spirit of God and his word. I am so fortunate to have listened to God and heeded his desires for me.

I will freely admit that I am not as outgoing as I would like. My childhood forced me to stay within myself as a defense mechanism and that has stuck with me into my adulthood. Luckily, my position of Chief Petty Officer in the Navy allows me an outlet on the professional level because you have to be outgoing or you will fail. My family even considers me anti-social as I hardly ever stay in touch with anyone. It is all true. I felt like a turtle in the shell when I started attending CKPC, but members started drawing me out. Children's Ministry and the Session are where I am able to express myself. This Church has helped me grow as a person and believer in God due to our wonderful congregation not because of the institution, or the "cup" as Pastor Lee Riley would say. It is what is inside the cup that is important and that is where our members are who have helped me so much of the years that I have had the opportunity to worship here at CKPC.

I hope that when God calls for your talent, you answer. It may be as simple as talking to someone about your faith, assisting with the maintenance of our facilities, or making a meal for a sick member. The opportunities at CKPC are endless. I never expected to be where I am at today but God did. I do not know what else God has in store for me but I am excited to find out.



# His Grace Rocks Women's Retreat

St Anthony's House



On the first weekend of the new year around 40 women met at St Andrew's House outside Union on the shore of Hood Canal for a time of fellowship and learning about God's grace.



They enjoyed opportunities for quiet reflection in nature, delicious food, morning and evening worship, and free time spent crafting and watching a movie together.

There was a communion service on Saturday night, and a worship and commissioning service on Sunday morning. Everyone looks forward to returning next year and hope more women can join in.





## A Journey up Mt. Rainier

by Lee Riley

**Step...Pause...Breathe...Step..Pause... Breathe...Step...** This was our mantra as 11 of us from CKPC attempted to reach the 14,411' summit of Mt. Rainier last June. At this elevation the air has one-third less oxygen than at sea level, making an otherwise brisk hike into a six-hour slug fest with snow and gravity. Beginning from Camp Muir, our high camp at 10,000', we began our summit push at 2am. To our benefit, we had a full moon, meaning that we could begin our climb without headlamps. Two thousand feet higher the wind picked up and the temperature dropped—as physically challenging as it was, we had to keep going just to stay warm! By 5am we were experiencing the glow of a beautiful sunrise and the promise of a much needed warmth.

Our adventure had begun two days earlier as we set out from the Paradise parking lot with all the gear and food needed for our expedition. Plastic boots, crampons, ice axe, ropes, as well as all our food and camping gear gave us packs in the 60+ pound range. We spent our first night just over half way to our high camp to give us more rest and time to acclimate to the high altitude.

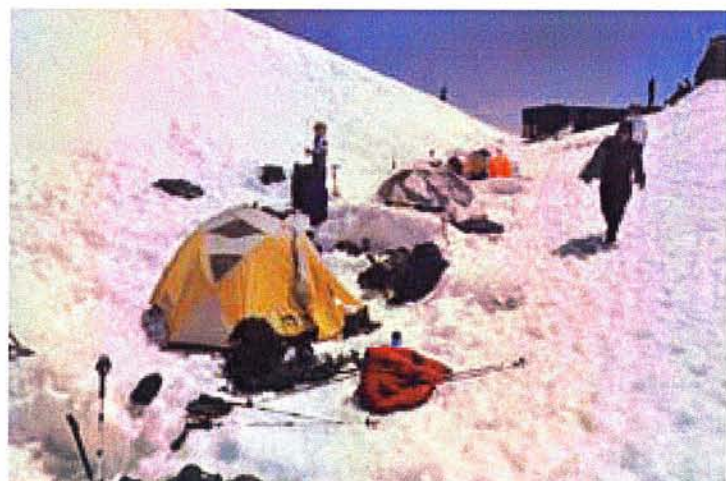


From here, we broke camp and made our way to the famous Camp Muir, the very popular high camp on Rainier. We established camp again and prepared for our summit attempt the next day. Eating and drinking and staying out of the hot (really!) sun was the sole agenda. We would make for the summit early that morning.



Though we didn't reach our objective that day (our team was stopped just short of the summit by altitude sickness) we all experienced what this

mountain has to offer: a rare chance to feel the bigness of Creation, to experience the camaraderie of suffering with one another, and to learn something about what it means to 'run the race set before us.'





## Join us for Holy Week    April 17-24

**Palm Sunday** 9:00 & 10:45 am

*Promise Fulfilled*

Potluck and Party following the second service

**Maundy Thursday** 7:00 pm

*An Evening at the Table*

**Good Friday** 7:00 pm

*Behold the Darkness*

*Tenebrae cantata by the chancel choir*

**Easter Sunday** 9:00 & 10:45 am

*True Life Among Us*