

THE SAINT TIM'S TIMES

My Mother and Me

by Marie Cooper

How do I describe someone who lives in my memory? It's hard to choose just the right elements of someone's life to paint their picture. My mother was a unique person and lived a life we often only see in old black and white movies. She was born in Kentucky in 1914, a time when food was often hard to come by. But mom's grandmother, being full-blooded Cherokee Indian, had taught her daughter many tribal survival traditions which she then passed on to her daughter, my mother.

Mom was ¼ Indian and had been taught much about life, nature and survival. She was determined that I and my siblings learned too. Mom could identify every tree or plant, and did so every time we were roaming fields or woods, foraging for plants, roots, nuts, leaves, mushrooms, berries and so on. She used these for both food and medicine. If I got stung by a bee, Mom would grab a leaf here and a leaf there, from what looked like weeds to me, and squish them in her fingers until they were mush, before spreading it onto my swelling red spot. The pain instantly went away. Dad also contributed to the food supply by raising/butchering beef and pork, hunting squirrels & rabbits plus fishing, hopefully for a big catfish!

When she wasn't foraging or making our clothes, she could be found rendering lard from the hog Dad just slaughtered or washing clothes on an old washboard from water heated over an open fire, which was then pushed to me and my sisters to drag to the clothes line to drip dry. The chicken yard was Mom's domain too. She often showed me how to set a broody hen to incubate and hatch chicks to add to our supply, or use an ax to start the process of cleaning a chicken (defeathering it) which would later be on the supper table. If you've never had to clean a chicken you don't know how to fully appreciate buying one from the grocery cooler! There was always something that needed to be done and Mom kept us busy. It was a lot of work but I now long for the simplicity of those days.

Neither Mom, her sister or my full-blooded uncle talked much about our ancestors or what they learned. There's a native saying, "Listen, or your tongue will make you deaf". So we listened and learned to live in harmony with nature. I also think of my ancestors who were forced to travel the Trail of Tears with thousands of other Native Americans and how my life could have been so different, or even non-existent, if my 4th great grandfather, named "White Eye", had not managed to escape from that horrible death march. Thank you Mom for all you taught me and for all the memories.

Happy Mother's Day!





Whirlwind Out West

by *Malcolm Williams*

Earlier this year, Nancy and I joined Tommy and Judy Tucker to go on a bus tour called “Great Trains and Grand Canyons”. It was a tour sponsored by “Our State Magazine” going out west to the beautiful Sedona, AZ area and the Grand Canyon! Nancy and I have been wanting to visit this area for many years.

We flew into Phoenix where our tour bus, tour guide, and “Our State” leaders picked us up. We headed north to Sedona. I had flown into Phoenix other times on business trips, but I had no idea of the beauty in this part of the world. We spent five nights in Sedona and traveled the surrounding areas each day.

The first day we took a trolley ride to see the spectacular views of the Sedona area featuring the Chapel of the Holy Cross, various rock formations, and learned the history of this remarkable area. The next day our tour bus took us to Williams to board the Grand Canyon Railway for a two-hour train journey to the awe-inspiring South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park. I was blown away when I first saw the Grand Canyon. Six million years in the making with dynamic colors and textures. This made me stop and think about God’s creation and how we are just a moment in time.

Day four we visited Montezuma Castle National Monument and saw the cliff dwellings of the 12th and 13th century Sinagua Indians. Then we took a beautiful train ride around the Verde Canyon with more spectacular views, and so rich in the history of our country.

This Arizona area averages seven inches of rain a year. That night we got eight inches of snow. That is unheard of in this region. Nancy had to go to Arizona to get her snow and such beauty. The good Lord was looking after us.

It was an amazing trip with breath-taking views at every turn. Our tour guide made it even more interesting by giving us the history of each area that we traveled. This trip made me appreciate even more the beauty of God’s World, and how many reasons that we have to be thankful to be a part of his creation.

New and Noteworthy: A Dinner Group Story

by Cecelia Scott and Martha Whitesides

Cecelia and Martha sat down to chat about dinner groups, which spread into the welcome for newcomers Cecelia experienced. Below is the transcript.

Martha: Let's start with you sharing a bit about yourself. How did you come to St. Timothy's and how long have you been here?

Cecelia: I retired and sat around for a year and my brain turned to mush! So I started working at clinical skills at ECU. So many St. Tim's people are there and they had been suggesting I join. Kristine was a driving force. Then I went to a picnic and JPA walked by with flamingo shorts on. They are my absolute favorite, I thought that must be a sign. I started coming here. As soon as I walked in it was peace, welcome, love, community. For years I went to another church and it was just too big. When I started I knew 90% of the people here! I had been doing things with some people already. The warmth and fellowship, everything I was looking for in a church. Grew up Baptist, then I was Methodist for a long time, this was a big jump in church. Kristine said this is what you do, read this, bold letters tell you what to say etc.

What prompted you to get involved in a dinner group?

I thought it would be a good way to get to meet even more people. I've got "the Tribe" but been trying to branch out. It's so open, if you hear about another group going another time, you're totally welcome, which makes it nice.

Tell me some details about your dinner group.

We meet after church and go to restaurants. Just easy to go after church now. And we get out at a time where you're not in the crowd!

How many people in your group did you already know vs. were brand new to you?

Several I knew and have just gotten to know better. Others were much newer, I might have recognized them but not known them as closely.

What are 3 takeaways you'd like to share or reflect upon related to your dinner group?

It comes back to welcome: you come in, people come up and welcome you, you get that they are sincere, as opposed to other places where you can tell it is their job. We have gone to different restaurants which is fun. And it is a small group so you get to know each other a lot better.

What else would you add or want people to know about your experience?

For dinner groups, we just are casual, come join us! You'll hear other people say that too and it's the more the merrier. At church in general, Stations of the Cross was very impactful to me during Holy Week. And I have to mention, all the outpouring of love and everything when they found out I was sick. People offering food and cards and rides to doctors. Everything you could ever ask for. Lots of love and comfort.

Real, Live, Fairy Godmothers

by John Porter-Acee

In fairy tales we read about three fairy godmothers who can make extraordinary things happen with their magical wands. Today, I would like to tell the story of three human 'godmothers' who have made, and will continue to make, extraordinary things happen with their hearts. The ladies I am writing about did not live in a land far, far away. They did not fight dragons or have tiny wings that made them fly. In many ways you may have mistaken them for being average, but they completed one act of love so mighty that it is still changing lives decades after they ended their own life's journey.

Just this week, I watched as their love drove back the cold wind and rain. I witnessed their power to keep people warm and dry and noticed that they had a particular interest in caring for children. You may have heard of them, though they are often only known by their last names: Perkins, Wells, and West.

The legend of Mamie Perkins, Mildred Wells, and Vivian West is not shared nearly enough. As they neared the end of their lives they decided to give an incredible sum of money to their church, St. Paul's Episcopal in Greenville. After a discussion with Rector Pat Houston, the decision was made that so great a gift of love did not belong to only one place but should be shared with the whole community. The work was done to set up charitable trusts for Perkins, Wells, and West to serve the larger community and the grace is still raining upon us today. Grace, but not rain!

St. Timothy's received \$40,000 from the Mildred Perkins Trust this year to replace the old and leaky roof on the Education building. Work began during the preschool's spring break, and the finishing touches were completed just days after. The leaks are gone, and the water damage has subsided. For most in our church and in our community, the new roof will never be noticed. Even those who have noticed couldn't possibly have known where it came from. It almost seems like magic.

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