

THE SAINT TIM'S TIMES



Finding Community

by Gabby Decker



Moving to Greenville in July 2022 was an exciting time for our family, yet one of change. Our daughter, Lillie, had just been born two months prior, and up until a week after her birth, my husband, Ty, and I still didn't know where we were going to land for his medical school journey. Thankfully, the Lord's plan was for us to end up in Greenville, NC.

I was excited for two main reasons – one, we would be in the same state as our families and two, we knew we would be living here for at least four years, so that gave us the opportunity to make this town our home. One of the first things on my list was to find a church family. During our first visit to St. Timothy's, Ty and I both knew that this is where we were supposed to be. Between being welcomed with our then three month old daughter who would often decide to get vocal during an important time of the service and meeting friends in similar life stages as us, St. Timothy's quickly became a key part of our community in Greenville.

In addition to St. Timothy's, we've been able to find our community in various ways such as neighbors who dropped cookies off during move-in weekend and quickly became friends, as well as medical school friends who very intimately understand the challenges that come along with this journey. I also personally have been able to expand my community by finally getting back into horseback riding after about a seven-year break. All in all, our first year in Greenville has been wonderful thanks to finding our community.

Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their labor. If either of them falls down, one can help the other up. But pity anyone who falls and has no one to help them up. Ecclesiastes 4:9-10

Life, and death, in Christian Community

(a retelling) by John Porter-Acee

I asked my friends if I could share their story. I hope it will mean as much to you as it does to me. It is a tough story but ends well and I don't know if there is a better story about what it means to be a church family, functioning as the body of Christ for the world.

Jane and Carrington Coulter were pregnant with twins. In utero, the doctors were able to diagnose one of the twins with a heart defect that would require immediate surgery and more than likely a heart transplant. Jane and Carrington would spend the end of her pregnancy and nearly a year after their twin's birth at the Medical University of South Carolina. During that time, Henry underwent several operations and finally received a heart transplant. The clergy from our church supported them as best we could but the most important support came from the Anderson Family.

Tommy Anderson had been born 16 years prior to Henry. Tommy had also needed a heart transplant at birth. Tommy and his parents Bird and Virginia went from "people at church" to primary support for Jane and Carrington. They were with them every step of the way, sharing wisdom, comforting nerves and witnessing to the hope of the future. Henry made it home. He had strolls in the neighborhood, visits with grandparents and even a few trips to church. Having been born with a body that could not last two full days, Henry lived two years.

When Tommy Anderson made it to Henry's parents at Henry's funeral, Jane fell around Tommy's neck and burst into tears. Tommy represented the hope she had carried for her son and the unmeasurable gift of organ donation they had received.



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Jane would continue to stay connected with the Andersons. Tommy went to college at the University of Colorado but began having health problems. All of the medications that he had taken over the years to keep his body from rejecting his heart, took their toll on his kidneys and they were shutting down. Tommy needed a new kidney.

Tommy's family did not match as donors, but Jane did. Many felt Jane, as a young mother, had been through enough and did not want her to put herself at risk by donating a kidney. Jane wasn't listening to anything but her own heart. It is hard to imagine a way Jane and Carrington could have made it through all of Henry's struggles without the support of the Andersons. It is equally hard to imagine what it felt like for Bird and Virginia to have Jane move from "the lady at church" to a dear friend, and then their son's life saving hero in just a few years.

Tommy's body would return to full strength after receiving the free gift of Jane's right kidney. Through no planning of their own, the surgery took place on the fourth anniversary of Jane's son Henry receiving his heart transplant. It is impossible to imagine a better way of understanding what it means to be ALL IN.

My prayer for our congregation in this stewardship season that often gets trivialized as begging for money, is that we see ourselves in Jane and Tommy's story. We are as committed and giving as any congregation you can find. There is no need to beg but the Gospel compels us to invite everyone to wade deeper into the waters of baptism where we are knit together to make one body. We each have our own part to play and just as sure as no one can play all of the parts, we are surely better with everyone choosing to be a part.

We want you to be ALL IN because stewardship has more to do with saving and sustaining lives than it does filling out pledge cards. Stewardship is a response to the recognition that we can not make it through this life on our own. It is how we recognize that we are dependent on grace from God and from each other to receive the gifts that give us life.

Connection and Love through Needlepoint

by *Martha Whitesides*

My first memory of needlepointing is around five or six years old, and a kit we picked up from a local toy store. I imagine at the time my mom was working on the stocking for my soon-to-be aunt, which was certainly piquing my interest. My mom has made a stocking for every member of our family over the years... I can't wait for my new sister-in-law to get hers this season. Over the years, I graduated from that toy store kit.

Needlepoint is one of many fiber arts disciplines, each with their own distinct features (for goodness sakes, don't call it cross stitch!). One of my most favorite things about needlepointing is that it's really just paint-by-number with threads. It is one of the most mindlessly productive tasks I can do, and that's a brain break I relish. I have made many a Christmas ornament as wedding gifts while watching Carolina basketball. I love the plane conversations it begins: people are shocked that anyone is doing something so old school, let alone a young person.

I love thinking about the perfect canvas to represent a couple. I love knowing it hangs each year in their tree, wherever their home may be. The summer before middle school, I met friends in my summer camp cabin who were also needlepointing; we still compare notes about projects today. I once took a friend's husband to the needlepoint store to shop for a first set of projects, and while the staff thought it was a little odd, it's fun to share as her trove of completed pieces grows. It might be an individual task, but it's a connective community.

One of my favorite continuous projects is a yearly nativity figure canvas from Tucker. He started this when we were engaged, and we're slowly building a scene that we get to enjoy each Advent and Christmas season. I've also ventured off into designing my own canvases... which takes away the paint by number ease, but draws in a level of personalization that is a great joy.



a wedding gift for friends, ft. their dog Bear



a wedding gift for Tucker's sister and her wife



The beginnings of the nativity



Cotter gets his own stocking this year!



these are some of my earliest projects, probably middle school camp era!



Below is the progression of a hand-charted project, a wedding gift for friends of the church we were both married in (Christ Church, Raleigh).

