



THE Link

August 2015

The news on what's happening in the life of Cameron Presbyterian Church.

HOPE Helps Northern Moore County PreSchoolers

By Juanita Harbour

When Clare Ruggles, Executive Director of the Northern Moore Family Resource Center (NMFRC), talked with our Sunday School class this summer about the Center's work, she said that 90 percent of the children attending Robbins Elementary School qualify for free or reduced-price lunches. She also said that only a very small percentage of the children receive preschool education, and that the town of Robbins has agreed to lease a former fire department building to the NMFRC for \$1 a year for use as a preschool, HOPE Academy.

The NMFRC is remodeling the building with help from friends and churches throughout the area including Pinehurst and Southern Pines. Clare said that she thought one preschool classroom would be ready when school opens. As of mid-August, 15 children were signed up and Parent Educator Marsae Stone was making home visits to talk with parents about volunteering in the program.

Julie Pitts, who is Preschool Director and Teacher at HOPE Academy, told us later that several groups have done supply drives to provide basic school supplies. The Academy also has a Wish List on Amazon through which supporters can donate needed toys and equipment. The HOPE Academy building is adjacent to a public park that students will be able to use as a playground. The session of our church is meeting August 25 and they will discuss how we as a church can support the NMFRC.

To access the preschool's Amazon Wish List, search on Amazon for Hope Academy at NMFRC. ■

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From your Pastor



Traveling Light

I find travel relaxing. Sounds wild, I know! But as soon as I enter an airport, I give up all pretense of control over my life. My plane might take off when it's scheduled to; it might not. It's not up to me in the least. I might be delayed getting through security because I just so happen to be behind the person with their entire coin collection in their pockets, or I might sail through with barely a pause. Knowing you are not in control, and there's absolutely nothing you can do about it, is liberating. I experienced such "freedom" on a recent trip back from a family reunion in Texas.

As I waited at my gate in San Antonio to board my flight to Atlanta (and then my next flight to Raleigh), they called first for the fancy-pants travelers. You know, the "gold, sapphire, emerald, shiny-things" travelers, who have the ridiculous little carpet to walk on, as if their feet touching the same old airport carpet ours do is a disgrace. On they got, with their matching high-end luggage—and then, suddenly, boarding stopped. A plucky, expert attendant announced to us mere mortals that there was a problem with the plane, and they were sending a mechanic to check it out. Tone of voice was everything here. Had she spoken with the anxiety of a mother who'd lost her toddler in a shopping mall, we might have all panicked. As it was, she managed to crack a few jokes and lighten the mood, describing a problem with an aircraft like you might describe a grocery list.

I found myself amused by the passengers who, although she said boarding was halted, still stood stoically in line as if trying to will the plane to work properly. Thirty minutes went by. Then the fancy-pants, first-class travelers were carted off the plan again. (You do realize, of course, that I'm just kidding here. I am sure they are equally beloved children of God.) That clever attendant got right on the intercom again. "Well, no change, I'm afraid," she said, and then continued, "... however, we've ordered pizzas for all of you. They'll be here in 30 minutes." She delivered on that promise as they delivered pizzas and cokes for us all. It's amazing how something as simple as food can relax even the most anxious of people. Everyone ate pizza together, like some modern loaves-and-fishes miracle.

Eventually, another plane was brought and we did get on it—three hours after we were supposed to have left.



Gardening for Concrete Jungle, an urban farm that grows fruit and vegetables to feed the homeless in Atlanta, was among the activities of the intergenerational group from Cameron Presbyterian that recently traveled to Atlanta. Story on page 3.

Pastor (cont'd)

I missed my connection in Atlanta, was stuck in a hotel for five hours of meager sleep and then put on the red-eye early the next morning. I finally did arrive home, a little more travel-weary than I'd bargained for.

Times of unpredictability are unsettling. They don't just happen in an airport, of course. They happen in hospital rooms, in meeting rooms, in cars driving through traffic, in the confusion of our own minds and hearts. These times lead us to one of two paths: the first is the path of those who stand waiting in line for a plane that won't take off, fighting what they can't control. The second is the path of patience, of trusting that the situation we are in presently is only temporary and we will eventually make it home, one way or another. It is the path of resilience.

Psalm 130 echoes this second way. "I wait for the Lord, my soul waits, and in God's word I hope; my soul waits for the Lord more than those who watch for the morning, more than those who watch for the morning."

If you find yourself in a place of unknowing and unpredictability, let me reassure you: that place is only a stop-over, not a destination. Home will always be the destination. And God will always be with us in the waiting. Sometimes, if we're lucky, with pizza.

Peace,
Whitney

Mercy Community Church Mission Trip Reflections



Rev. Whitney Wilkinson:

When you walk into a literal wall, you know it. It hurts. You feel pain, clumsiness, and embarrassment. So, how is it that we walk into figurative walls all the time without noticing? We ask someone what they do—centering their value on their work or former work—and a wall is built. We see someone older struggling up stairs and don't take time to help—and a wall is built. We see a young person on their phone and assume they are wasting time—and a wall is built. We find out someone has different political views from us and immediately see them in a different, harsher light. A wall is built. We pass an unhoused person and assuage the guilt of our privilege by assuming they are addicted or manipulative, as if that would mean they somehow deserve to live on the street. A wall is built.

We are constantly running into the walls we've built, without embarrassment or shame, using materialism and prejudice to mask the pain of it.

13But now in Christ Jesus you who once were far off have been brought near by the blood of Christ. 14For he is our peace; in his flesh he has made both groups into one and has broken down the dividing wall, that is, the hostility between us.

What does that grace-filled demolition look like?

It looks like a man walking off the street into Mercy Community Church and kissing the filthy head of his fellow church member without thinking twice.

It looks like our church folks drinking coffee and chatting with Mercy folk, and making art with them.

It looks like eating lunch on a curb at "Catch Out Corner" (where unhoused people wait in hopes of manual labor to do). One such man told me it was his 50th birthday. When I asked where he would want to be if he could be anywhere, his eyes filled with tears, he smiled and said, "Disney World."

It looks like being told God is all you need by someone who only has the ragged clothes on their back.

It looks like picking vegetables in the hot sun, knowing they'll feed many (including you) tomorrow.

It looks like worshipping with monks at the monastery we visited, who never tire of lifting their voices to God in gratitude for the gift of life.

It looks like a complete stranger so weary from not being able to sleep safely on the street, that he rests his head on your shoulder and snores softly.

The dividing walls—those invisible hostilities that tell the lie that there is an "us" and there is a "them"—are crashing down. That is the work of Christ on the cross: a holy, graceful demolition. One new humanity. One house of God, with no walls but with Christ as the

cornerstone, with gardens and people—so many different people. Where all know rest, play, work and joy together. Yes, God is building a home. I saw it this week among the unhoused.

But what about us? What are we building? Invisible walls that God and our grandchildren will have to demolish with grace? Or a house of Mercy, with God as the master builder? We're building something, one way or another. As for me, I want to be a part of the construction of the kingdom of heaven here on earth. I want to stop walking into walls I've built. I want everyone to be brought home.

Sarah Chase:

Standing on the street, serving food and eating together, I found myself looking to see if people passing in their cars noticed us. Some were focused on the road and some were checking their phones, hopefully, in the few moments they were stopped. But some did look. Unfortunately I could never tell what they were thinking. Each time someone noticed, I would hope that maybe they figured out what we were doing. I would hope that in some way it would stick with them. Coming back from our trip I have found myself left with these questions: what makes a home, a house, and refuge? What's the difference? Where does need cross over to want?

Miriam McKinnes:

Since I was little I was taught to be humble, and that as a Christian, humility is important. I've never been selfish and I generally put people first anyways because that's how I am. But being at Mercy has taught me that even the most humble person can still be self-involved. I feel that the way I live and what I do can be simple, that I should be more appreciative and think more before I complain about something small. Also, I feel the experience at Mercy has brought me out of my comfort zone. My mom always told me not to talk to strangers. I always listened, because she was my mom, but mostly because I was shy. Now, talking to those people at Mercy was comfortable. I didn't get nervous, not even the first day. Maybe it was just their spirits or maybe something in my heart and brain just clicked.

Either way, I'm glad it happened and I wish we'd had more days to spend here. I feel there are no divisions between us any more. Honestly, in some cases they're wiser than we are and have more common sense. But in this crazy world with its defective systems, you make one mistake and lose everything. So, the point is, I feel there was some self-growth and there were some divisions, although

continued on page 8



Men of the Church Make Music on Father's Day

The choir loft was filled to overflowing with the men of the church on Father's Day (June 21) as the men of the church, accompanied by Music Director Mary Rush, lifted their voices together in "To God Be the Glory." This hymn was written by the famous blind hymnist Fanny Crosby, with music by William H. Doane. ■



Return of the Loft Dwellers! (a.k.a. Sanctuary Choir)

It is good to sing praise and make a joyful noise to the Lord! The time has come for all willing singers to come to the aid of the **Sanctuary Choir**. An invitation is open once again as *we approach the first rehearsal at 6:30 p.m. on Wednesday, August 26*. We'll be checking out our Christmas cantata, "Let the Whole World Sing"—and taking a serious look at some new anthems for worship. Join with us as we prepare for the new choir season in serving God through this opportunity for music leadership.

Inviting you as well are the *Hand Chimes, who begin their rehearsals on Wednesday, Sept. 9 at 5:45 p.m.* If you are a music reader, great! If not, still great! There is a way to read and ring—come and see!

The Sanctuary Choir and Chime Ringers are wonderfully spirited teams who work together joyfully in service through *from Music Director (cont'd)*

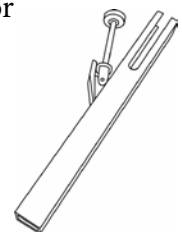
Cameron Presbyterian for the Kingdom of God. We sing, ring, and laugh a lot, and laugh some more. It would be

great to hear your joyful noise!

Our **Cameron Presbyterian Church Concert Series**, now in its fourth year, will open the 2015-2016 season on Sunday, October 4 at 4 p.m. with "Standin' on the Rock" featuring Dan Rush, lead vocals; Alan Daubenspeck, piano/vocals; Mat Ecinosa, guitar/vocals; William Rush, bass guitar, and Kurt Wuerfele, guitar/vocals. This powerhouse ensemble presents a full program of gospel and contemporary Christian music that you are sure to enjoy! Please save the date and join us in welcoming "Standin' on the Rock" to Cameron Presbyterian! ■

—Mary Rush, Music Director

You don't have to be able to read music to play hand chimes.





Come
Join Us!

Adult Sunday School

Our Adult Sunday School resumes September 13 with Rally Day, when our class will meet for breakfast starting at 9:45 a.m. Study and discussion topics for the rest of 2015 will be:

- * Sept. 20 - Four Gospels, One Story
- * Sept. 27 - Parables of the Lost
- * Oct. 4 - Parables of the Lost
- * Oct. 11 - Psalms
- * Oct. 18 - Four Gospels, One Story
- * Oct. 25 - What is Trinity?
- * Nov. 1 - Introduction to the Middle East
- * Nov. 8 - Christian Response to the Death Penalty
- * Nov. 15 - Did Jesus Always Preach Non-Violence?
- * Nov. 22 - Biblical Interpretation 101
- * Nov. 29 - How to Study a Bible Passage
- * Dec. 6 - David
- * Dec. 13 - Is There Life After Death?
- * Dec. 20 - When and Why the Bible Was Written
- * Dec. 27 - American Politics and Christian Response

Church Women Support Free Care Clinic

The Women of the Church have chosen to support The Moore Free Care Clinic in Southern Pines as a project this year. Please help us by making a donation to the clinic. (Make checks to Women of Cameron Presbyterian (WOC) with Moore Free Care Clinic on the memo line.) You can join Linda Seiberling by volunteering at the clinic. She helps at the Front Desk on Tuesday mornings.

The Link needs your news! Please send items of interest to our church community to Sandy Leiby (sclleiby@yahoo.com) or call 910-245-2535.



Shan Chase (left) was a member of the intergenerational group who made the Mission and Outreach trip to Atlanta in July. Read her reflections on the experience on page 8.



August

Shan Chase	8-8
Mack Womble	8-13
David Seiberling	8-16
Doris Keith	8-21
Phillip Keith	8-25
Traci Keith	8-27
Karen Keith	8-31

September

Jim Cameron	9-14
Ed Thomas	9-15
Tonya Keith	9-16
Larry Wojcik	9-17
Ginger Douglas	9-20
Alex Bereznitskiy	9-21
Ginger Keith	9-21
Paul Rizzi, Jr.	9-24
Charlotte "Char" Wojcik	9-24
Mark Hildreth	9-27
Tyler Hendrickson	9-30

October

Flora Childress	10-1
Jim Paul	10-6
Peter Madsen	10-7
Andrey Bereznitskiy	10-10
Judy Kerr	10-11
Dot McDonald	10-13
Dawn Barber	10-15



Upcoming Events for Presbyterian Women

August 26: Officers of the Women of the Church will meet at 6 p.m. at the home of Juanita Harbor for their yearly planning meeting.

September 13: All the Women of the Church are invited to Culdee Presbyterian for a covered dish supper and the first Bible study of the new year, beginning at 6 p.m. We are to take either a salad or a dessert.

September 15: Women of the Church for Coastal Carolina will have their fall gathering at Galatia Presbyterian Church (near Fayetteville). The women of our church who plan to attend will meet at Laura Younts's house at 8 a.m. to car pool. The gathering will include workshops for the new Bible study and training sessions for each officer.

Phillips Park Project Update

The park committee has acquired a permit to build the picnic shelter from the Town of Cameron. We have a builder that has agreed to help some volunteers build the shelter and have estimates on building supplies. The location has been chosen at the park with a view of the pond, near the parking lot and bathrooms. Hopefully the shelter will be built this fall. We plan on another fund-raiser soon and would appreciate donations.

A maple tree and three benches donated by the Cameron Antiques Association are now at the park. The benches were placed in honor of Sue Phillips, Jean Hillmer and Isabel Thomas. Members of our church who are on the park committee: Mack Womble, Juanita Harbour, Laura and Mike Younts, Bruce and Peggy Phillips and Linda Seiberling.

Mission & Outreach Report

The Mission and Outreach Committee, along with Pastor Whitney, sponsored and organized the annual mission trip for a group of our youth and young adults to Atlanta's Mercy Church for homeless people.

The trip took place July 12 through July 17. During this time our group participated in preparation and distribution of lunches for homeless on streets of Atlanta. Our group be stayed in Mission House at Redeemer Lutheran Church, which is located practically downtown and—most importantly— near a Starbucks cafe. So we were all set up!

- Andrey Bereznitskiy, Mission & Outreach Chair



Rev. Whitney Wilkinson (left) and Andrey with Maggie Leonard, one of two pastors at Mercy Church. For participants' reflections on the mission trip, see p. 3.

Our Vision

In response to feedback from our growing and changing congregation, we envision fulfilling our mission by:

- Enhancing our facilities
- Expanding our programs
- Attracting and inspiring through worship
- Serving faithfully through our missions

Elders

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Egg/ Prosciutto Breakfast Pizza

By Whitney Wilkinson



I have always been a big fan of scrambled eggs. Until, that is, I lived in Northern Ireland, when breakfast out with a friend was a rude awakening: I ordered scrambled eggs

with wheaten toast and those gloriously thick rashers of Irish bacon. When they arrived, my eggs were the definition of runny, what I would call a game of Russian roulette with salmonella. When I asked my friend if this is what scrambled eggs are like in Belfast, she replied, "Of course!" It turns out that Ireland and the U.K. like soupy scrambled eggs and consider our American version to be dry and rubbery.

For the rest of my time in Belfast, when I ordered eggs out at breakfast, over-easy was the way to go. I'm happy enough to adapt some things from my time in that lovely wee gem of a country. I'll make mashed potatoes the way they do. I'll enjoy a nice cup of black tea with milk most afternoons. I'll swoon over British/Irish-style bacon when I can get it. But, I will not compromise when it comes to my scrambled eggs! They'll always be fluffy and well-seasoned, cooked until nearly firm. This prosciutto pizza is a continental compromise – I take the inspiration of the thinly-sliced Italian ham that I first tasted in Northern Ireland, but then pair it with good ol' American scrambled eggs, atop a buttery crust of crescent roll dough. It doesn't get more simple, or more satisfying.

Egg and Prosciutto Breakfast Pizza

Serves 2 generously.

5 eggs

¼ cup whole milk

1 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon pepper

1 can of crescent roll dough

6 slices of prosciutto (found in deli section), thinly sliced or torn into small pieces

2 tablespoons butter

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Roll out crescent dough on a parchment-lined baking sheet, pinching together the seams and patting gently to form one large, rectangular crust. Bake for 6 minutes, until beginning to brown, but not entirely cooked. Heat butter in a medium-sized nonstick skillet over medium heat, until melted. Whisk together eggs, milk, salt and pepper and add to skillet. Cook, stirring frequently until nearly set, about 6 minutes. Spoon scrambled eggs over the crust evenly and scatter prosciutto over the top. Bake about 15 minutes, until crust is brown and prosciutto is crispy. Serve with a frosty glass of milk.



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Mercy Community Church Mission Trip Reflections

(cont'd from page 3)

small, that were broken down. This has also made me curious about maybe being a Young Adult Volunteer [PCUSA Mission Program] in a different city or even a different country. I feel everyone needs a life-changing experience to be a better person.

In closing, I'm going to go home and self-evaluate. Try to humble myself even more and share my experiences with my family.

Shan Chase:

It's been a good experience for me, but sad because I will be back home tomorrow night, God willing. I will go back to my family's home, my home. It makes me feel somewhat guilty. We met so many homeless people at Mercy and saw probably twice as many on the streets. Maggie [pastor at Mercy] quoted a number like 20,000. I heard a sarcastic remark from Keith, one of Mercy's more permanent residents: "Do you think you're sure that number is correct?" insinuating there were more. Also saying he's a resident is incorrect. He's there from the opening, early AM until around noon when the doors are locked again. They get morning coffee and some bread that is donated. There are two bathrooms, no showers. There is a clothes closet, and I mean like a small walk-in closet, of some donated clothes. I'm told that if the temperature is down in the 20s in the winter, Mercy will open the doors for a warm place to sleep; when it is colder than that they will be provided more space in another church

There's a place that offers showers for women on one day and men on another. And I mean one day a week for each. The Salvation Army offers a place to sleep for \$7 a night. Since water costs money, there is no place to wash any clothes and no place to dry them. Any belonging can be stolen if you fall asleep. You can be robbed at any given time. You can be arrested and put in jail for trying to sleep in the park. And what about inclement weather? That bush, or alley way behind a restaurant, where you can be arrested as well, has no roof. One has to carry all belongings with them.

Many of the homeless have mental illnesses or drug and/or alcohol addictions and if they have family, they've been booted out. Once a diagnosis has been made, meds have been given that might last a month. Where can more be obtained? It costs money, and the money's not there, so back to square one again. There needs to be follow-up for all. Then there's normal illness, surgeries that need to be followed up on—but no funds for that either. Many people fall through the cracks never to be helped consistently or ever again. We need to find a way, a solution to care for all God's children. Love thy neighbor, thy homeless neighbor, those in need