



The Episcopal Church
of the **Holy Spirit**

June 2025

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

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A Letter from the Senior Warden

Dear Family and Friends of the Church of the Holy Spirit

About your vestry's effort to ask you for a raise in your 2025 pledge ...

Your Vestry asked, and you are responding! We are excitedly close to reaching our mid-year stewardship goal. In fact, we're over 85% of the way there! We are so deeply grateful for your love and generosity. Thank you for helping the Church of the Holy Spirit rise to the crest for its future!

Please Be Counted! If you've responded already, I want you to know how much your sacrifices will be helping us make this happen together: we can and will welcome a full-time rector!

If you haven't yet returned your card please do so. We need to hear from everyone. One thing Helene taught us is that even when you think you have nothing to give, you still have something to offer. So even if your answer is "nothing more to give just now," please know that you are beloved, and join with your brothers and sisters in offering fervent prayer for the success of our everyone-included effort.

If you missed the announcement you can find the link in the Weekly Spirit, You can return your pledge card to the offering basket or mail it with "attn: Marcus King" in the address.

"Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to accomplish abundantly far more than all we can ask or imagine" Ephesians 3:20

Amanda Hilty, Senior Warden, on behalf of the Vestry

Lee Ballard's "Ode to Dena"

Lee gave us permission to print his wonderful lyrics, which honored Dena on her last day with us. *(Thank you, Lee, for your creativity, and to Mark Holland and Keith Pierce for bringing it to life.)*

Tune: in the sweet by and by

Dena came when we needed a hand;
Our appeal for a priest was a flop;
We expected a temp, no one grand;
We would learn that she's cream of the crop.

CHORUS

My oh my! What a gift!
She's done wonders in front of our eyes;
We have all felt a lift;
Yes, she taught us where godliness lies.

We were told that her time would be half,
Twenty hours in her week, that was it;
That restriction, we're told, made her laugh,
Half-time love somehow just didn't fit!

Her sermons rang bells from the start;
They were deep yet refreshingly plain,
So her words found a home in our heart
And she never neglected our brain.

She reminds us how we're in God's love
We are strengthened so we too can serve;
We belong to the Nourishing Dove,
Where we're blessed, nothing held in reserve.

We can all tell of dear Dena's care;
She has visited, counseled and cheered,
And our burdens of grief she has shared;
New beginning- the course she has steered.

Dena's voice, both in speech and in song,
It brings joy to our hearts and our ears;
Harmonizing or singing along;
And her laugh will resound here for years.

She is real, nothing put on for show,
Conversations with her are no bull;
"One of us," not above or below;
Dena Whalen's a woman in full!

Now it's our turn to take what she taught,
Being joyful, creative and kind,
With humility like what she brought,
Trusting God to refurbish our mind.

She'll be back, there's no question of that;
We have wheedled our way to her head;
She will smile when she sees where we're at:
How our future is full speed ahead!





MEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Debra Alexander	6/01
Jennifer Reda	6/03
Nicole Willis	6/04
Alex Sewell	6/05
Danny Wyatt	6/07
Peggy Barnes	6/09
David Sharp	6/15
Raven O'Hara	6/16
Jo Ray	6/17
Logan Woodruff	6/18
Beth Mallindine	6/20
Mark Tucker	6/20
Cristi Johnson	6/21
Sandy West	6/21
Ron West	6/24
Rebecca Sharp	6/25
Jeremy Fox	6/27
Terri Wilson	6/27
Ed McNally	6/30

June 2025 EVENTS CALENDAR

SUN	1	8 am Men's Breakfast 10:30 am Holy Eucharist
TUE	3	11 am Tai Chi
WED	4	9:45 am Centering Prayer
SUN	8	10:30 am Holy Eucharist - Pentecost (Happy Birthday Holy Spirit Church!) Potluck after the service
MON	9	6 pm NAMI
TUE	10	11 am Tai Chi
WED	11	9:45 Centering Prayer
SAT	14	12:30 pm Honeycomb Music Circle
SUN	15	10:30 am Holy Eucharist - Trinity Sunday Happy Father's Day!
MON	16	10 am Craft Workday
TUE	17	11 am Tai Chi 5:30 Vestry Meeting
WED	18	9:45 Centering Prayer
THU	19	3:30 Communication Committee
SAT	21	10 am Sisters in the Spirit meets at Camden's
SUN	22	10:30 am Holy Eucharist
MON	23	6 pm NAMI
TUES	24	11 am Tai Chi
WED	25	9:45 Centering Prayer
SUN	29	10:30 am Holy Eucharist

Member Spotlight: Michael Dechane

“Word-tender and Wonder-vendor”



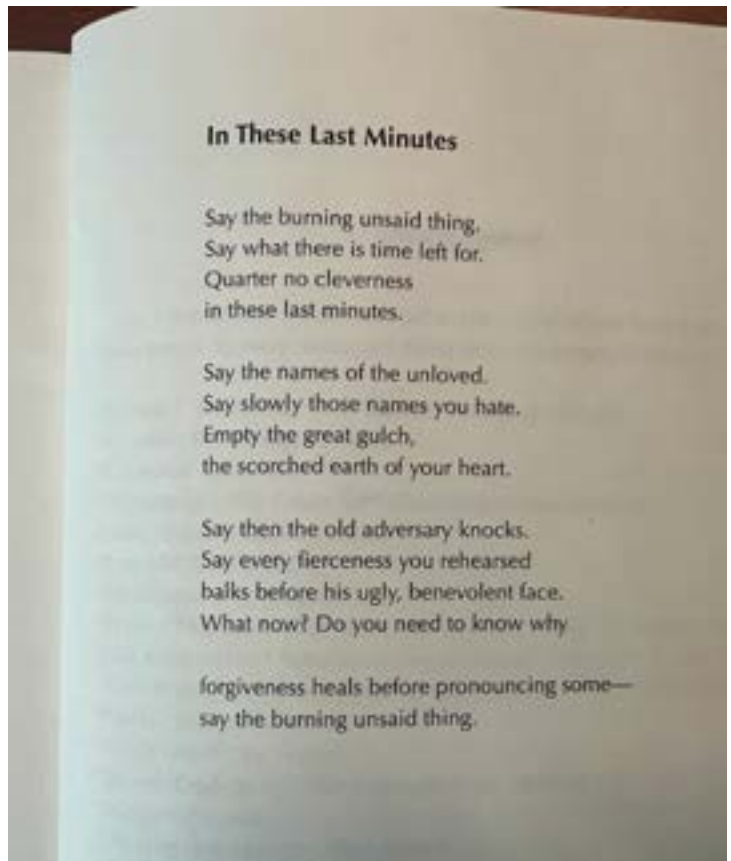
Michael Dechane has had many jobs, but his real work has always been poetry.

He’s also a content strategist, a trusted marketing mind, and a skilled video storyteller (who spent years roaming as a “digital nomad”)—but poetry is his purpose.

Michael was raised just north of Tampa, Florida, in a rural corner where family ties still run deep. Growing up, his family attended a small Southern Baptist church until the sudden death of the church’s beloved pastor. His family drifted away from church life, eventually moving to Greenville, SC area, and for decades Michael was “unchurched.”

It wasn’t until his mid-twenties, after completing college in Georgia and a time marked by poor decisions and personal struggles, that an old friend invited him to visit Grace Community Church (Presbyterian) in Hendersonville, North Carolina. For the first time, Michael began to understand faith as an adult. The community at Grace became his anchor for the next seven or eight years.

He moved to St Louis, visited the Tampa area of his youth, and got “stuck” there for a few years until his first marriage fell apart. While in Florida he met his second wife, a scientist, and they moved to Switzerland during the pandemic years. Michael smiled while admitting he would attend the Anglican Church in Switzerland “mostly because people spoke English.” The couple spent time living in Amsterdam before the marriage ended, and Michael wandered in Europe a bit before returning to the States.



*Dechane, Michael. “In These Last Minutes.” The Long Invisible, Wildhouse Poetry, 20024, p. 77.
Reprinted with permission.*

In 2022, he returned to North Carolina and reconnected with Regan, a friend from his early days at Grace Community Church. They fell in love, settled down, and are now the newest owner-custodians of the Stackhouse property, a Victorian home built in 1900 on the French Broad River between Marshall and Hot Springs.

In 2018, Michael completed his MFA in Creative Writing from Seattle Pacific University, “I’m proud that I was able to lean into and honor being a poet.” Bob Cording, his graduate school mentor advised him: “Write poetry to have a better life.” Instead of focusing on publishing poetry, he’s taken this as encouragement to cultivate those practices for engaging in a better life—a deeper, more observed life.

Michael’s debut collection, *The Long Invisible*, was published by Wildhouse Publishing in 2024 (and is available through Amazon). His work has also been published in literary journals such as *Image*, *Spiritus*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Ekphrastic Review*, *Ruminate*, and *The American Journal of Poetry*. In 2020, his poem “*Gladiolus*” won the 2020 Broadside Poetry Prize from *Ruminate*,

Some standouts include:

- “Instructions to My Future Self” — *Cumberland River Review*
- “Seventh Grade Story” — *The American Journal of Poetry*
- “Cemetery Soundscape” — *Spiritus*, Johns Hopkins University Press
- “Two Carp in a Bowl” — *Ekphrastic Review*
- “The Long Invisible” — *Tar River Poetry* (also the title poem of his book)

These days, while running a solopreneur marketing company, writing poetry, and traveling the country for poetry readings, Michael spends time carving wooden spoons by hand, restoring the old bones of their house, and walking the woods near the French Broad River. He is also vice president for communications for the non-profit North Carolina Poetry Society, promoting the community that has nurtured him.

Recently, Michael has been exploring Jungian psychology and dream work. He and Regan earned certificates from the Haden Institute in dreamwork and spiritual direction, respectively. This work, centered on inner work and understanding the wisdom and guidance our dreams provide, has become another layer in his poetic and spiritual life.

“I’ve been reading Richard Rohr and James Hillman,” he commented, “exploring the reshaping of our relationship with authority.”

Michael calls himself a “word-tender and wonder-vendor,” and if you’ve ever read his work—or just heard him talk—you’ll understand why. He’s not flashy, but he’s deeply present. “Let’s do something meaningful,” he says.



Living Life as Best We Can

By Deacon Ty Jones (jtjones100@gmail.com)

It's not so surprising—or maybe even upsetting—to us, when our personal experience in the world runs headlong into the orthodoxy of religious beliefs.

My professor wife often wrote about how formally committed Christians would sometimes pick and choose selectively from what their “denomination teaches and believes.” The Women’s Ordination Movement in Roman Catholicism was the example Carol carefully explained, but every flavor of Protestantism would also seem to harbor defections from the learned and protected norms of that denomination. Every one of them seems to have their secrets!

As an Episcopalian by choice, I do feel defensive when other Christians call us a “Lite Version” of believers for some perceived defects in orthodoxy. It is true that our denomination has been very cautious and selective about calling out apostasy, and indeed, it only addresses the most egregious offenses in ecclesiastical courts.

So, sometimes it must seem to those strict interpreters that we are too lax and flabby around what it takes to be “true” Christians.

But (to state the obvious) people are still being sidelined, harmed, and killed just for being judged outsiders. I have found that for all our Episcopalian hemming and hawing, we end up standing up for Jesus in real ways in an unpredictable contemporary world.

Maybe just giving up some space to God to be the arbiter of ideas and cultural trends is not our denomination’s way to “shrug-our-shoulders.” Maybe allowing time and space for God to be God in this way helps us to present the lifesaving gift of God’s gentleness and mercy as we attend mindfully to others in an upside-down world, this place where all sorts of orthodox believers seem to have gone rogue. **Amen.**

“*Maybe just giving up some space to God to be the arbiter of ideas and cultural trends is not our denomination’s way to “shrug-our-shoulders.”*

Maybe allowing time and space for God to be God in this way helps us to present the lifesaving gift of God’s gentleness and mercy as we attend mindfully to others in an upside-down world...”



Out of My Mind
Essays by Tom Panek

Summersong

Summer arrives without fanfare. Autumn is all showy with bright splashes of orange, red, and gold across the land, highlighted with azure skies and chill breezes. Mornings are often subdued with dense fog and a coat of frost that gives way to the sunlight, once again giving brilliance to the season.

Along comes November, stripping the trees and exposing their skeletal torsos with harsh winds that sweep away all that Autumn has created. Winter has its own stark beauty in gray and brown tones. The frigid air can rob you of your breath and all comfort on those days when everything is blanketed in alabaster finery.

And Spring fights off the last vestiges of winter with warm southerly fronts bringing raging storms and much needed rains. Soon bright blossoms will dot the hills and gardens. The world is renewed with a verdant, vibrant display of new life filled with birdsong.

But Summer? It's as if Spring has spent its energy and quietly yields to a gentle torpor, resigning itself to the inevitable cycle of Nature. The change is so subtle as to be hardly noticeable. Gone are the refreshing showers soaking the earth. The soft afternoon zephyrs are stilled now by a radiant glare that drives into the cooler refuge of artificially cooled environments. Relief comes with the thunderstorms that boil up from the hollows and ridges and lasts only until the maelstrom passes. The aftermath is often a steamy, stifling terrain drip-drying as evening approaches. The evenings are spent on porches situated to catch cooling breezes, downing icy beverages in dripping tumblers, seeking comfort before retiring for the day.

The bright blossoms are gone, replaced by the richer hues of a more mature season – dahlias, gladiolus, bee balm, and day lilies, take the place of more vivacious tulips, daffodils, and iris. Trees and shrubs have traded their limey coats for a deeper, denser garment to soak in the sun's nutrients. Streams, once rushing torrents, have been reduced to tinkling ripples and solitary pools in shaded canopies where trout silently glide by like ghosts and water striders skate erratically in the film. Junebugs crash aimlessly into screen doors and late season insects hum and buzz overhead in the approaching dark. There is a subdued, complacent manner to Summer, as if Nature has paused to collect itself.

This year? This year has brought a phenomenon that visits us once every other decade – CICADAS!

Their sonorous monotone fills every moment of our waking hours. Some find their constant shrilling annoying. I think of it as Summersong, a privilege I've experienced only twice in my life. I sit on the porch and drink it in, for I know it may be the last time this rarity will grace my life. Cicadas are everywhere! Shed skeletons are glued to trees, buildings, sidewalks...and collected in wonderment by young children seeing this strange happening for the first time. The bugs fill the trees, bumbling from one limb to another and cruising through the air like some strange, motorized blimp with wings. Birds, fish, and other animals gorge on this plentiful buffet. Friends collect them in containers, even freezing them, and tell me their chickens go crazy over them. I can't begin to imagine how many millions there must be.

It's a strange life they live, too. The adults will sing for four to six weeks to find a mate, living off the tree sap. The females then lay their eggs in the new growth at the end of the tree's branches. When the larvae hatch, they feed on the sap, eventually eating through the slender branch. You may notice in a few weeks that the trees look like all the branch tips are falling off, and that's what they finally do. The larvae ride the detached limb to the ground. They exit their "taxi" and burrow into the soil, where they will remain and live for the next 13-17 years. And one fine, late spring day, they will make their entrance and amaze another generation.

Though Summer isn't as splashy and showy as the other three seasons, it celebrates in another way, one we all revel in. It's a time of picnics, hiking, water sports, fireworks, baseball, cookouts, beach trips...while Nature takes a break, we humans pick up the slack and adorn Summer in our own way.

That makes Summer an extravaganza indeed!





Each FAQ (Frequently Asked Question) column will focus on a different question brought to the attention of the Welcoming Committee.

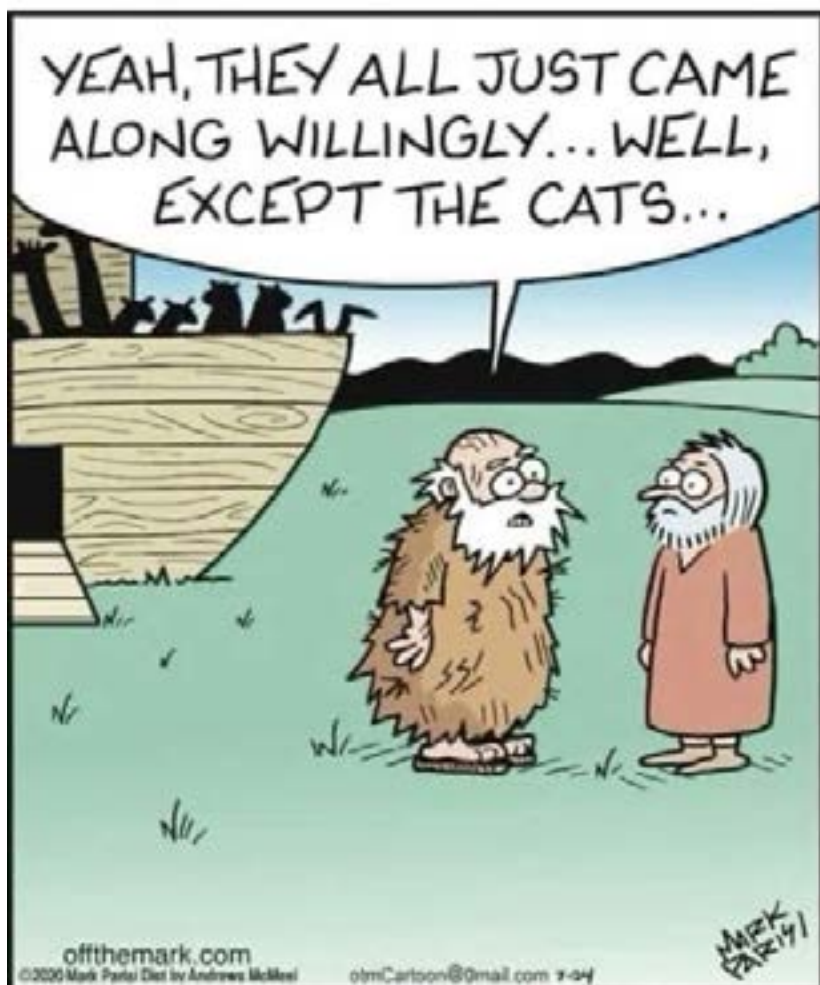
By Susan Sherard

Q: How do I become a member of Holy Spirit?

You become a member of the Holy Spirit family by showing up and participating in the ongoing life of the congregation. You can participate through worship and service and giving; you can request pastoral care; you can help us as we assist our neighbors – just by being present and engaged.

We understand that people are drawn to faith communities for many different reasons, and our hope is to get to know you well enough to know what spiritual path you are on to accompany and support you. Eventually you might want to make a formal commitment to the church. In the Episcopal church this takes the form of baptism (for those not already baptized in another faith tradition); confirmation (for those not already confirmed in another faith tradition); or reception (for those already confirmed in another faith tradition).

We can give you more information about any of these options, upon your request. If you are an Episcopalian from another church, you simply need to request a transfer of membership.



BATS!

I know many people find bats to be creepy, but I love them. They make me happy, especially when I see them swooping around in the evening sky catching bugs. They are amazing creatures, and their presence signifies a healthy mountain ecosystem.



Navajo folklore holds bats as the earliest of the world's creatures, created while the whole world was in blackness, flying in the company of 12 insects through the newborn unlit earth. There is no darkness too dark for bats, due to one of the finest pieces of evolutionary finesse: echolocation. It took centuries (and many scientifically mutilated bats) to appreciate how bats can navigate just as swiftly and skillfully in darkness as in light. At night, the bat sends out a screech of high frequency (up to 200 kilohertz—200,000 cycles per second): far faster and higher than what humans can

appreciate. The echo bounces off anything in range, and the sound image returns to the bats' ears, forming a precise picture down to details of passing insect's leg count and hairiness (much finer than a human hair)—all corrected for air temperature and humidity. The bat's initial pulses are slower, as she scopes for prey, but when the target is located, the calls become a blur of high intensity ultrasonic pulses. They are such connoisseurs of darkness; it is insulting to think they would blunder into your hair.

There are over 1,100 species of bats in the world: more than ¼ of all mammal species. There is the painted bat of Thailand (pictured above), with a body so orange it is luminous, known as the “butterfly,” and the smallest bat in the world, Kitt's hog-nosed bat, known as the bumblebee bat and smaller than your thumb. Sadly, sixty-six species of bat are critically endangered, endangered, or vulnerable. The most common species around us are the big brown bat and the small brown bat. They are adorable up close with mink-soft fur covering their bodies. (Ask Claire!) So, when the treetops are dark and the sky is still light, just look up, and wait a moment. Soon you will see their silhouettes as they twirl and swoop in their aerial dance.



Honduran White bat



Big Brown bat

Edited from an article in Scientific American, March 11, 2025

“Go to the place called barren. Stand in the place called empty. And you will find God there.” Joan Sauro

Still Water

Patricia Fargnoli

What times are these when a poem about trees is almost a crime
because it contains silence against so many outrages? ~Brecht

And why not silence?
Ahead of me, Goose Pond parts pale water
and my canoe slides through into June sun, cathedral quiet,
soft plums of cloud.
A thin gauze of rain stalls over Mt. Monadnock.

This is the way I drift
from each skirmish with the world
to the diplomacy of light
as it flares off the water,
flickers among the flute-notes
of birds hidden in the leaning birches.

Would you condemn me?

I've already held the old bodies of grief
long past morning; leave them
to the ministrations
of the dirt-borers
who work what is finished back into the earth.

Some atrocities are beyond redemption-

you know them already —
the world will be the world no matter.
I want the blinding silver of this small pond
to stun my eyes,
the palaver of leaves to stop my ears.

*From Necessary Light; Utah State University Press.
Copyright © 1999 by Patricia Fargnoli.*

The Outreach Offering for June Benefits BeLoved Asheville

BeLoved Asheville is a unique and compassionate community-based organization that provides much needed assistance to underprivileged and underserved people of Asheville. BeLoved embraces people of all ages, backgrounds, and social status. BeLoved provides critical support such as food, housing, medical and mental health care. They strive to reach as many people in need by going out to the streets with free food and medical treatment. Beloved Asheville, using volunteer labor, is close to completing a small village of low-cost housing. Residents will be chosen from an applicant pool based on demonstrated need, an income level around 15-50% AMI (Area Median Income), and other criteria. A village council will be formed, and residents will write the rules. Beloved Asheville volunteers (including health care professionals), provide healthcare to homeless and underserved populations.

JUNE MINISTRY SCHEDULE

	06/01/25	06/08/25	06/15/25	06/22/25	06/29/25	07/06/25
Vestry	Mike Robinson	Deb Carlson	Claire Gillespie	Gail Kase	Jennifer Reda	Keith Pierce
Acolyte	Ann Smith	Peggy Wilson	Crellin Byrd	Ann Smith	Gail Kase	Amanda Hilty
Offertory Musician	Robert John Gillespie	Nancy Larkin	Bill Sewell	Mark Holland	Ann Smith	Keith Pierce
First Reader	Kristen Pierce	Carol Van Voorhis	Jan Mallindine	Tom Panek	Bendik Clark	Michael Smith
Second Reader	Keith Pierce	Gail Kase	Beth Mallindine	Barbara Schauer	Ruth Van Sickle	Bill Sewell
Prayer Leader	Patty King	Barbara Schauer	Carol Van Voorhis	Peggy Wilson	Ingrid Diederer	Pam McNally
Greeter	Barbara Schauer	Pam McNally	Mary Jo Sparrow	Ruth Van Sickle	Susan Sewell	Harold Toney
Ushers	Dick Jordan Susan Sherard	Teresa Matthews Amanda Hilty	Bendik Clark Adam Reda	Mary Jo Sparrow Bill Sewell	Kaye Carson Adam Reda	Dick Jordan Teresa Matthews
Eucharistic Minister	Peggy Barnes	Tom Panek	Loraine Hilty	Crellin Byrd	Pam McNally	Patty King
Coffee Hour Host	Sewells	Gillespies	Ann Shiver	Crellin Byrd	Deidre Soileau	Tom Panek Susan Sherard
Sunday Cleanup	Bill Sewell	Toneys	Rod Vestal	Peggy Wilson	Crellin Byrd	Ed McNally
Altar Guild	Smiths	Peggy Wilson	Colleen Boll	Jennifer Reda	Loraine Hilty	Ginny Koranek
Bulletin Folder	Loraine Hilty	Mary Maupin	Colleen Boll	Pam McNally	Carson/ Doran	Nancy Larkin
Healing Prayer	Barbara Schauer	Pat Mahon	Gail Kase	Ann Smith	Crellin Byrd	Nancy Larkin
Camera	Peggy Barnes	Teresa Matthews	Carolyn Homra	Barbara Schauer	Peggy Barnes	Teresa Matthews
Supply Stocker	Claire Gillespie	Claire Gillespie	Claire Gillespie	Claire Gillespie	Claire Gillespie	Pam McNally
Trash	Kathleen Phillips	Kathleen Phillips	Kathleen Phillips	Kathleen Phillips	Kathleen Phillips	Bill Sewell

STAFF
 Martie Carson, Parish Administrator
 Teresa Sumpter, Parish Musician
 Rebecca Sharp, Executive Director,
 La Esperanza, and Parish Custodian
 Ana Gaspar Lara, Co-Director,
 La Esperanza
 ...and many, many volunteers!

Amanda Hilty, Senior Warden
 Ron Pell, Junior Warden
 Debra Carlson
 Bendik Clark
 Claire Gillespie
 Gail Kase
 Keith Pierce
 Jennifer Reda
 Mike Robinson

TREASURER
 Marcus King

VESTRY CLERK
 Deidre Soileau