

THE FOURTH DAY



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GROWING
CHRIST-CENTERED
LEADERS

NC Episcopal Cursillo
P.O. Box 859
Lewisville, NC 27023
www.nccursillo.org

Sponsors, participants needed as parish-based Cursillo nears

Candidates and sponsors must be lined up soon as Team No. 104 trains for a new type of weekend in August at St. Christopher's in High Point.

Twenty-four Cursillistas are being trained as the team for the first parish-based three-day weekend in this diocese, which is less than a month away.

The crucial next step is to sign up participants for Cursillo No. 104, coming Aug. 8 through Aug. 11 at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in High Point. Because of the parish's limited space, enrollment will be limited to 24 participants.

Dave Millar of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Concord, the weekend leader, calls the weekend "a journey filled with unknowns" because of two big changes:

- The participants will sleep at the St. Mary's Community Life Center near St. Christopher's, not at a conference center.
- Meals will be prepared by Cursillistas on the team, not by a conference center staff.

Reducing the cost of the weekend is the reason for the changes. The price per person has dropped from \$175 to \$95 in an attempt to attract more participants.

"One area in which the larger [Cursillo] community can assist is in food and meal preparations," Millar said. The weekend in August will be the first in many years for which meals will be prepared by team members.

The number of participants at recent weekends has dwindled to fewer than 10. Leaders of Cursillo in this diocese thought two major deterrents to attendance were the remote location of the conference center and the high cost of the weekend. Holding the weekend at a parish will reduce the distance people have to travel and lower the price. Team members can sleep at the homes of parishioners of St. Christopher's and other nearby churches. **(Continued on Page 2)**

How you can help

Parishes or individuals that can help should call **Jeanne deWard**, who heads the kitchen and dining hall team, at **919-455-3597** or jdeward813@gmail.com.

Palanca for the weekend should be mailed to **N.C. Episcopal Cursillo, P.O. Box 859, Lewisville, NC 27023** and marked "palanca" on the outside of the envelope.

Sponsors, participants needed as parish-based Cursillo nears (Continued from Page 1)

The weekend theme song is "They Will Know We Are Christians By Our Love," and the scriptural theme is Acts 2:42: "And they devoted themselves to the apostles' teaching and fellowship, the breaking of bread, and the prayers."

Millar hopes that "all we do has the sole purpose of demonstrating God's love and grace to these special brothers and sisters in Christ." He says the verse from Acts aptly describes "our call as Cursillistas to be regularly disciplined in our Piety, Study, and Action."

The new sleeping arrangements will work this way. Participants will bring their own cot, sleeping bag, or inflatable bed plus pillows, sheets and blankets. Men and women will sleep in separate rooms. Showers must be shared; there is one for men, one for women. Someone who cannot "rough it" because of age or handicap may sleep in the home of a parish member.

Application forms for participants should be turned in at least two weeks before the weekend starts. To attend the closing, Millar says, sponsors and other spectators should get to St. Christopher's by 3:30 p.m. on Aug. 11. To keep the coming weekend in daily thoughts and prayers, use "66 Days of Prayer" found on our website at www.nccursillo.org/cursillo104.php.

The Rt. Rev. Anne Hodges-Copple, the recently consecrated suffragan bishop for the Diocese of North Carolina, will represent the diocese at the closing and will celebrate Holy Eucharist. She will also deliver the homily.

St. Christopher's is just off N.C. 68 seven miles south of Interstate 40. From I-40, follow N.C. 68 (Eastchester Drive) several blocks south of East Hartley Drive and turn right onto Johnson Street. The church, at 303 Eastchester Drive, is the first driveway on the right. From central Greensboro, follow Holden Road west until it merges into Eastchester Drive (N.C. 68).

The team assignments:

Rectors – Dave Millar, Gaynell Jennings

Spiritual advisors – The Rev. John Gibson, the Rev. Candy Snively, deacon; and the Rev. Nancy Allison

Coordinators – Sid Chadwick, Ralph Schofield

Music – Carol Corbin, Earl Barber, Mark Hill

Kitchen/dining hall – Jeanne de Ward, Julia Bush, Charles Simmons

Shepherds – Jeff Cromer, Shirley de la Canal

Secretary – Jan Millar

Transportation-housing – Craig Snively

Chapel – Jan Millar, Genny Hinkle

Table auxiliaries – Emma Edsall, Walt Joyce, Kit Reddeck, Toni Routt

Palanca – Sondra Folsom, Wendy Merrill



Bishop Greg Rickel appointed bishop liaison of Cursillo

The Rt. Rev. Gregory Rickel, Bishop of Olympia, Wash., was appointed as bishop liaison to the Episcopal Cursillo ministry by the presiding bishop on June 5. He replaces the Rt. Rev. Alan Scarfe, Bishop of Iowa, who served as bishop liaison since 2006.

Bishop Rickel, 50, attended Cursillo No. 41 in Arkansas and served as head spiritual director on two teams before accepting a call as rector of St. James Episcopal Church in Austin, Texas. He has been active in the Cursillo ministry since becoming Bishop of Olympia in September 2007. Bishop Rickel became the eighth bishop of the Diocese of Olympia, Wash., in 2007.

He is a trainer for the Climate Project. He has received training from the National Organization for Victim Assistance and has worked on disaster debriefing for the Arkansas Attorney General's Office.

You may follow the bishop's blog at www.bishoprickel.com.

Does Jesus still heal today?

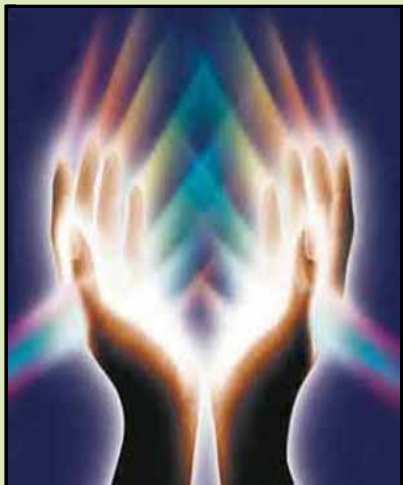
A Cursillista serves food to the team at a three-day weekend, has a serious wreck on the way home.

The healing conference was scheduled at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Concord for the weekend beginning March 8, 2013. The Rev. John Rice was our guest speaker, and the focus was on inner healing. Many of us have need to heal the hurts that are related to relationships, often abuse at the hands of a loved one, often when we are young and innocent. I was interested in attending the sessions Friday evening and Saturday, and was happy to agree to help my friend Carol with music, not that I do anything but sing along, making a joyful noise.

Before the conference began, Carol and I, along with our friend Roxanne, had agreed to serve the evening meal to 33 men on Thursday, March 7, at Camp Dogwood in Sherrills Ford, in southeastern Catawba County near Lake Norman. This was the beginning of Mid-Carolinas Tres Dias Men's Weekend No. 45, a three-day weekend similar to Cursillo but open to Christians of all denominations. The camp staff would not begin serving meals until breakfast on Friday, so we three had volunteered to bring in a meal for the team on Thursday evening. So, there we were with my new slow cooker and two other crock pots full of chili and all the ingredients to make a layered taco salad. After the meal, I loaded dirty pots into my car and began the 40-mile journey home, so tired from a long and busy day. I stayed awake for 38 miles.



Jan Millar



When I heard the sound of the tires leaving the pavement, I began to awaken. As I raised my head, my 2004 Honda Accord struck a telephone pole square on, perfectly centered at the front bumper.

I unlocked the door and heard voices. Some passerby saw the airbag vapor in the car and insisted on pulling me out through the right passenger door. The car was in a ditch on the left side of the road, which meant I had crossed the center line and gone off the road facing traffic. I was blessed that no other vehicles were coming toward me at the time. I was transported the one mile or less to CMC (Carolinas Medical Center) Northeast, where a CT scan of my head and neck showed no significant trauma despite some soreness in my neck. I was blessed to have no broken bones. I phoned Carol and apologized for calling at 10:30 p.m., explaining that I had not quite made it home. She rushed to my side in the emergency room and was there when the Concord police officer arrived with my purse and Kindle Fire, still playing my audio book. Was that what lulled me to sleep? we wondered. Carol took me to a 24-hour pharmacy, then drove me home shortly after midnight.

I was blessed once more that Roxanne came to spend much of the day with me Friday. I took a sick day myself. We went to the wrecker lot, took pictures of the totaled Honda, and cleaned my possessions out of the car. That evening, I attended the healing conference at All Saints', at which I had promised to sing. I was so grateful to be alive and fairly healthy, considering how efficiently the seat belts and airbags worked. They saved my life but were not so gentle.

As I sat listening to the speaker, I was sore and somewhat restless. Our rector at All Saints', the Rev. Nancy Cox, came to me and whispered that I seemed to be in pain. I nodded. Always the gentle and unassuming healer, she asked permission before laying hands on my neck and shoulders. When Nancy walked away, I slowly turned my head and was amazed that most of that tension and soreness was gone.

I continued to welcome prayers and had some medical and chiropractic follow-up visits for the next few weeks, but that Friday evening – less than 24 hours after I hit a telephone pole head-on – one thing had become clear to me. We know that Jesus performed many miracles of healing in the Bible, but I used to wonder whether He still heals today. On Sunday, when the Rev. John Rice asked our adult class that question, I believe I surprised a few people by shouting, "Oh, yes, He does! He did Friday night!" Jesus used the rector's hands, I explained, but He still comes today and heals when asked.

I am also convinced there was divine intervention in keeping me alive in the crash.

Guide us waking, O Lord, and guard us sleeping; that awake we may watch with Christ, and asleep we may rest in peace. – Compline, p. 134, The Book of Common Prayer 1979

Jan Millar made Cursillo Weekend No. 35 in the Diocese of Upper South Carolina in 1986 at Camp Gravatt in Aiken, SC. She worships at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Concord.

GOOD GRIEF

'To be nearer suffering brings God nearer, too'

A priest writes of the courage it takes to confront loss and failure

My children, who happen to be teenagers, often remark that my job seems “depressing” and “weird.” When visiting the office, they used to comment about my books: “They are about death, grief, depression, prayer, God — what’s up with *that*, Mom?” Now, they know better than to search the shelves for something “fun.” Thank goodness for kids — they make me smile and laugh (that deep down belly-kind of laugh) every day. Meanwhile, I know a secret they do not yet know: that to be near suffering brings God nearer too. Every Monday night lately, I am privileged to be in a Grief Group [at Christ Church, Raleigh], among those who mourn.



The Rev. Jennifer C. Brown

'[In grief counseling] I witness broken hearts full of love. I witness courage and hope. I witness sacred tears that long for God and cling to God's promise of new life. I witness bonds of connection — new friendships being formed. There is a kind of honesty and authenticity that . . . is refreshing: for loss is a part of our human journey.'

“Blessed are those who mourn,” says Jesus, “for they will be comforted.” And every Monday night I witness broken hearts full of love. I witness courage and hope. I witness sacred tears that long for God and cling to God’s promise of new life. I witness bonds of connection — new friendships being formed. There is a kind of honesty and authenticity that you find here, and it is refreshing: for loss is a part of our human journey. I think we need to claim this more and more, and not be afraid to talk about our losses, our failures and our griefs.

As the writer/minister Fred Buechner writes:

What we hunger for perhaps more than anything else is to be known in our full humanness, and yet that is often just what we also fear more than anything else. It is important to tell at least from time to time the secret of who we truly and fully are . . . because otherwise

we run the risk of losing track of who we truly and fully are and little by little come to accept instead the highly edited version which we put forth in hope that the world will find it more acceptable than the real thing.

'We are called to be like him: loving one another, holding each other's broken hearts, and sharing the hope to which we are called: hope for new life on the other side of the crosses we bear, hope for meaning as we share our stories; hope that loving again — after we've gotten off the floor and brushed ourselves off — is the answer.'

Jesus never explains *why* there is suffering, but he promises to be with us in it. We are called to be like him: loving one another, holding each other’s broken hearts, and sharing the hope to which we are called: hope for new life on the other side of the crosses we bear; hope for meaning as we share our stories; hope that loving again — after we’ve gotten off the floor and brushed ourselves off — *is* the answer. Love in the beginning, love in the middle, love in the end. That’s the call. That’s why we meet and share what’s true. That’s why I have the best job in the world, even if my kids disagree!

The Rev. Jennifer C. Brown is associate rector for pastoral care, Christ Church, Raleigh. Reprinted from The Epistle.

Listen, love, share

Reunion group is the crucible of community

The processes that the Cursillo Movement uses in forming teams for weekends, for Ultreyas and for many other tasks share some special aspects. It is not unusual within our church to call groups of people together to accomplish a task. What is unusual is when we gather a mixture of friends, acquaintances, and strangers and ask them to work together by first loving one another, and then, in that context, accomplishing the task. This special approach to community is a core strength of our movement.

In group reunion meetings, each of us learns important lessons about building community. The reunion group is the smallest 'unit of community' that we have in Cursillo, and it is where we each have the most opportunity to interact and grow in community.

First, we listen. Always listen for the voice of the Holy Spirit, not only inside you but also in the voices of those around you. Listen for when it is there. And also listen for when it is *not* there.

Second, we love. Be aware of your emotional responses. Find where and how you love those around you. See their hearts and minds in action in the group and see what's admirable in them. Get to know the best qualities in those around you. As time goes by, you'll also see less-than-perfect aspects of them, too. We're all human, and none of us is perfect. Understand their unique combination of strengths and weaknesses – and how they intertwine.

Sometimes, mild friction will arise. Don't ignore it. Do keep focused on the feeling of love, and use that to guide you in resolving the friction. Maybe the friction points to something inside you that needs attention. Maybe it points to something outside you to which you can choose to respond differently. In any case, it is an opportunity to learn and grow.

Third, we share. Listen to others prayerfully. Respond from your heart, gently. When it is your turn in group, share your own discoveries joyously. Whatever inspires you, share the joy and energy of that as well as the content. Others may get inspired, too! Never forget that this is where we each learn and improve how we 'walk the walk.' The 'Love in Action' aspect of community within the Cursillo Movement is something special we bring with us throughout our walk in life. Focus on God's love and let it shine through you, always!

– from *The Colors, the Diocese of Olympia, Wash., Cursillo newsletter*

Welcome Morning

by Anne Sexton

There is joy
in all:

in the hair I brush each morning,
in the Cannon towel, newly washed,
that I rub my body with each morning,
in the chapel of eggs I cook
each morning,
in the outcry from the kettle
that heats my coffee
each morning,
in the spoon and the chair
that cry "hello there, Anne"
each morning,
in the godhead of the table
that I set my silver, plate, cup upon
each morning.

All this is God,
right here in my pea-green house
each morning
and I mean,
though often forget,
to give thanks,
to faint down by the kitchen table
in a prayer of rejoicing
as the holy birds at the kitchen window
peck into their marriage of seeds.

So while I think of it,
let me paint a thank-you on my palm
for this God, this laughter of the morning,
lest it go unspoken.

The Joy that isn't shared, I've heard,
dies young.

– from *The Complete Poems of Anne Sexton*.
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[Submitted by Bruce Nash, who made Cursillo No.101 and
worships at St. Clement's in Clemmons.]

Fourth Day Thoughts No. 8

Bittersweet reflections on a difficult relationship

Though Mother's Day is passed, I'm still reflecting a bit on it. My mother passed away some eight years ago, just a few months following my dad's passing. Though it was a tough time, it was also a relief for me, being an only child charged with the care of two ailing parents in two separate care facilities. My relationship with my mother was difficult. She was bipolar and that, coupled with many physical problems, made her a very demanding person to be around in her later years.

'[W]e should show our Christian-ness... by how we love and by how we accept love.'

Though I'm sometimes asked about it, I never place flowers on my parents' graves, not for birthdays, not for Mother's or Father's Day. Maybe I'm just lazy, but I don't like to think of my parents as "being there" in that cemetery. So I don't see the point of leaving flowers there. I prefer to think of them as being with God and I think any flowers I might get would pale in comparison to Him.

But Mother's Day has become a bittersweet time now. I prod my kids to remember their mother (much as my dad used to do with me). My wife and I consult with our daughter over how to handle her roommate, who will be without her mother for the first time this Mother's Day. We juggle schedules to make sure that my wife gets her day *and* my mother-in-law gets *her* day. But all the time I'm thinking about my mom and the ups and downs of our relationship. I have much to be thankful for about my mom. But unfortunately, the more recent memories seem to block out those good times and the guilt I feel about that sometimes overwhelms me.

God understands that. I guess that's why he says so often, "Don't worry, don't be afraid, don't feel guilty, just accept my love and wrap yourself in it."

This is how we should show our Christian-ness, by how we love and by how we accept love. It's harder than it sounds and more wonderful than we can imagine.

Submitted by Walt Joyce, Cursillo No. 100, St. Clement's Episcopal, Clemmons, NC

How Cursillo reshapes lives

Last year Cursillistas in Arkansas told the state diocesan convention about their Cursillo weekends and how their walks with Christ changed:

Cursillo No. 35 was the most profound experience of my life. I strongly believe in the Cursillo Movement and the incredible difference it made in my walk with Christ. It opened my eyes, my heart and my spirit. I fell deeply in love with Jesus during my Cursillo and my life was changed forever more! It is my prayer, that others may have their Cursillo Experience and it mean as much to them as it has me.

— Mel Davis, St. Margaret's, Little Rock, Ark.

I went to my Cursillo weekend thinking this might be a nice, harmless, lukewarm, Christian retreat. It turned out to be a weekend workshop on how and why to become an open-hearted, seeking, purposeful Christian committed to prayer and study and action. It was facilitated by a team of folks who intentionally modeled a loving Christian community. I have never been the same since, thanks be to God.

— Gail Kirkland, St. Peter's, Conway, Ark.
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How Cursillo reshapes lives (Continued from Page 6)

... My weekend was a pivotal point in my life. I had suffered from chronic depression, poor self-esteem, and anger. Although I grew up in church, I had not had a personal relationship with Christ before the weekend. During the time of reconciliation, I was finally able to release my past. I call myself a "born-again" Episcopalian. This was a beginning of true spiritual growth.

I have participated in four reunion groups. Each was very different and brought new life to my journey. Groups helped with reflection and study. I now read from the Bible regularly and have completed it at least twice. Books on Grace and Love shed new light on the message of Jesus. My relationship to resources changed drastically. One talk during the weekend asks us to reflect on our use of resources such as time, energy, and money. I found a freedom from worldly things and dramatically changed my allocation of money and time. Tithing became intentional and increased dramatically. I have made large contributions to building funds and projects, even when income was challenged.

I began to actively share the message and love of Christ with friends, co-workers and even veterans who were in my clinical care. I observed some very dramatic responses from combat veterans who had been locked in a state of grief and guilt. Wearing symbols of Christ, such as a cross, conveys to others an openness and willingness to discuss spiritual issues . . .

– Carol Phillips, St. Thomas, Springdale, St. Paul's, Fayetteville

I resisted attending Cursillo for twenty-five years until a loving church member gently overcame my concerns. On my weekend I made numerous friends who were grounded in Christ and led me to participate in future Cursillos. Their examples and my renewed understanding of Christ's work in the world have been instrumental in my service to others in our local church and community.

– Larry Shoffner, St. James, Eureka Spring

I attended Cursillo in Oklahoma in the mid-1980s and consider that experience the turning point in my spiritual journey. The weekend helped anchor me in a discipline of prayer and service to others that has continued to this day. I walk more intentionally with Christ and have been sustained, comforted, and by my Cursillo reunion group.

– Laura Shoffner, St. James, Eureka Springs

For me Cursillo was the message of Good News. Good for everybody and new because it renews us. The ability to feel the unconditional love and friendship of Jesus Christ. This is a gift for all of His everyday people, everywhere. The mission here is not only to live the Good News, but to become the Good News for another person, right where they are at the moment. I feel we are called to be apostles each new day, 24/7 and 365. We don't have to do this alone. God sends companions to journey with us whose paths would never have crossed ours had it not been for Cursillo, and yet they become so important to our journey of faith that we wonder how we would make it without them. By our love and our actions we can have a positive effect on those we meet every day, some who have never felt welcomed, understood, listened to, let alone loved.

I do feel that God is counting on me, to live out my baptismal covenant, to be all that He created me to be, to be a blessing to others as I am blessed by others and to honor all persons. My ongoing spiritual development grows when I help others understand their callings to be Christian leaders through different parish ministries. Through outreach, pastoral care, welcoming the stranger, inside and outside of our church, I have a chance to be a light in a sometimes dark world. I try to look longer, deeper and harder to see the face of Jesus in all those that I meet. . . .

– Cheri Lacock / St. James, Eureka Springs

'Although I grew up in church, I had not had a personal relationship with Christ before the weekend. During the time of reconciliation, I was finally able to release my past. I call myself a "born-again" Episcopalian.'

'By our love and our actions we can have a positive effect on those we meet every day, some who have never felt welcomed, understood, listened to, let alone loved.'

(Continued on Page 8)

How Cursillo reshapes lives (Continued from Page 7)

Cursillo changed the focus of my life and provided new meaning. For the first time, I felt the presence of God in my daily life and found the need to serve him in service to others. A day at the food bank helping provide food for the hungry or attending a Kairos Prayer and Share meeting with prison inmates became more rewarding than a round of golf. Christian leadership in my parish and in Fourth Day movements, such as Cursillo and Kairos, now take precedence over other activities. The ministry of Cursillo for me is one of empowerment, transformation, and joy.

'For the first time, I felt the presence of God in my daily life and found the need to serve him in service to others.'

– Charles Hood, Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Hot Springs Village
[Editor's note: Charles Hood is now the president of National Episcopal Cursillo.]
Reprinted from <http://www.cursillo-ar.com/news.html>, the website of Arkansas Episcopal Cursillo.

North Carolina Episcopal Cursillo Secretariat Calendar 2013**Meeting Schedule:****July 20, 2013****September 14, 2013****November 16, 2013**

Note: All meetings will be held at All Saints in Greensboro, NC. Meetings are expected to start at 10:00A.M., and be concluded by 2:30P.M. Secretariat meetings are always open and Cursillistas are encouraged to attend.



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