

# Campbellsburg Christian Church

## Newsletter

A Family of Faith, Hope and Love

Volume 18 Issue 4

April 2022

### Reflections

During the weeks of April, all three religions — Christianity, Judaism, and Islam — that look to Abraham as a great ancestor in faith, will celebrate holy days. During these holy days, the members of each religion will gather at the table for meals to remember what has happened and to express hope for what is to come. We, of course, focus on the Last Supper on Maundy Thursday and the celebration on Easter Sunday of the Lord's Supper, which became and continues to be a weekly remembrance and celebration.

As we look toward Holy Week, we are aware of so many suffering from the ravages of war, violence, hunger, lack of adequate shelter, and lack of water. We live in a suffering world, just as did so many people in Jesus' day.

The incredible poet, Amanda Gorman — made famous with her presidential inaugural poem, *The Hill We Climb* — also wrote a beautiful poem for the beginning of this calendar year. The title is, *New Day's Lyric*. The first two lines, and the last two lines, say this:

May this be the day  
We come together.

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For wherever we come together,  
We will forever overcome.

We know we live in a divided world — a world at war. We know we live in a divided country — Greed seems to be our DNA. We know we live in a divided state — racism surrounds us. And, we know, the Church has divided over and over again — one group making themselves right and the other wrong.

But the message of the Table of our Lord is: It doesn't have to be this way — at the Table there is HOPE. And hope is our door to the future.

Around the Lord's Table, God invites all humanity — to come together... to remember God's love, made known through Jesus' word and deed.

At the Lord's Table, we remember... not for the sake of a divided world, but for the hope of love... and unity.

For whenever we come together at the Lord's Table, we are made ready to live in love — for at this Table we learn — there is no other way.

For wherever we come together, we will forever overcome.

Peace,  
John

### Scripture of the Month

And to strengthen Him an angel from heaven appeared to Him.

Luke 22:43

### Financial Info

As of March 31<sup>st</sup>:

Balance in the Checking Account:	\$ 36,049.66
Total Offerings for the Month:	\$ 4,320.00
Balance in the Memorial Fund:	\$ 19,435.90

### Calendar

April 1<sup>st</sup>: **April Fools' Day**

April 3<sup>rd</sup>: **5<sup>th</sup> Sunday in Lent**  
Rev. Molly Smothers,  
Acting Associate Regional Minister,  
will be joining us in Worship  
Call to Worship – Jill Bohman  
Elder – Tracy Carpenter  
Deacon – Linda Schulten  
Guest Musician – John Ball  
*Happy Birthday – Carson Douglas  
Lawrence*

April 5<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Missy Coombs*

April 6<sup>th</sup>:  
Choir Practice – 5:30 p.m.  
Lenten Bible Study – 6:30 p.m.  
*Happy Birthday – Cathy Lawrence*

April 10<sup>th</sup>: **Palm Sunday**  
Call to Worship – Tracy Carpenter  
Elder – Chet Lawrence  
Deacon – Jill Bohman  
Guest Musician – Cheri Simpson  
Easter Lily orders due  
*Happy Birthday – Amy Coombs  
& Jerry Rankin*

- April 11<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Linda Wolfe & Bayleigh McVicker*
- April 13<sup>th</sup>: Choir Practice – 5:30 p.m.  
Lenten Bible Study – 6:30 p.m.
- April 14<sup>th</sup>: ***Maundy Thursday***  
Maundy Thursday Service – 6:30 p.m.  
Guest Musician – John Ball
- April 15<sup>th</sup>: ***Good Friday***
- April 16<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Lisa Hoffman*
- April 17<sup>th</sup>: ***Easter Sunday***  
Call to Worship – Jessalynn McVicker  
Elder – Marie Mattick  
Deacon – Patricia Carpenter  
Guest Musician – John Ball
- April 20<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Cheri Simpson*
- April 22<sup>nd</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Doug Lawrence*  
*Happy Anniversary – John & Pam Ball*
- April 24<sup>th</sup>: ***2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday of Easter***  
Call to Worship – Linda Schulten  
Elder – Kim Mullikin  
Deacon – Mindy Lawrence  
Guest Musician – Marty Tollefsen
- April 25<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Karen Osborne*
- April 28<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Charlotte Macy Kelly*
- April 30<sup>th</sup>: *Happy Birthday – Robert Bush*
- May 1<sup>st</sup>: ***3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Easter***  
Rev. Carl Rucker preaching  
Call to Worship – Kim Mullikin  
Elder – Tracy Carpenter  
Deacon – Bayleigh McVicker  
Guest Musician – John Ball

### Easter Lilies



We will once again beautify our sanctuary with Easter lilies in memory and / or honor of loved ones. Lilies are \$10 each and orders must be in by April 10<sup>th</sup>. Please make all checks payable to *Campbellsburg Christian Church*. Order forms will be available in the church.

### Outreach & Evangelism

#### Campbellsburg Kids' Kitchen

Thanks so much to everyone that contributed food for the Spring Break bags as well as providing the much-needed weekly items! (*Fruit Grain Bars, Pepperoni Snack, Jif To Go, Ramen Noodle packets, Pringles, Pudding Cups, Individual Goldfish, Individual Cookie Packs, Cheese Dip Snacks, and General Mills Snack Bars.*) We are packing for a lot of hungry kids, so we are very quickly going through our supply of food. We need to restock to get us through the remainder of the school year. I believe the last day of school is scheduled for May 27<sup>th</sup>.

More information will be in our May Newsletter, but we will need Ramen noodle packets again for the Summer Bags when that time arrives. Large boxes of cereal will also be sent home in those bags, but we already have enough cereal.

Our church is scheduled to pack bags again on **May 4<sup>th</sup>**.

#### Easter Outreach Offering

*"Give thanks to God for God is good,  
God's steadfast love endures forever."*

Psalm 118:1

The Easter Offering supports these general ministries of the Christian Church (*Disciples of Christ*) – Center for Faith & Giving, Central Pastoral Ministries, Christian Unity & Interfaith Ministry, Disciples of Christ Historical Society, Disciples Home Missions, Disciples Women, National Benevolent Association, National Convocation, New Church Ministry, North American Pacific/Asian Disciples, Office of General Minister & President, Treasury Services.

It offers...

#### Enduring Love...

- Bible studies that challenge and inspire
- Opportunities for clergy to gather in prayer
- Spiritual care for those in prison
- Resources for mental health & trauma care
- Visionary leadership that calls the church to imagine new ways to witness to God's love

#### Enduring impact...

- Global ministry partners who work for justice, reconciliation & peace
- Colleges, universities and theological institutions that nurture Christian leaders who are transforming church, society and the world
- Collaborative response in the wake of disaster

- New congregations that worship in a variety of languages and worship styles
- Ministry grants for congregational service ministries that serve hungry neighbors

This special offering will be taken on Sunday, April 10<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup>. Please earmark your checks for **Easter Outreach**. You may also give online at [disciplesmissionfund.org/give](http://disciplesmissionfund.org/give).

### 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday Luncheon

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We will NOT have a 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday Luncheon in April due to the proximity of Easter, but we will resume our luncheons again in May.

### Among Our Own

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**Rev. John Richardson** was in Dayton, Ohio the week of March 20<sup>th</sup> working through Week of Compassion serving with the Tornado Survivors Pathway to Homeownership Project, rehabbing / building homes for renters displaced by the 2019 tornadoes, helping them to become first time homebuyers. Five days of hard work and good fellowship included yard clearing, installation of insulation, ceiling drywall replacement, stair railing repair, and even framing in a new double door!...

Many thanks to **Rev. Carl Rucker** for filling in while John was away...

**Andrew Mullikin** officially became a Veteran on January 30<sup>th</sup>. Since the middle of January, he and his wife, **Kira**, have been traveling the world! He has written several essays about their travels. With his permission, Andrew's latest essay is listed below...

#### **Lunch with Nomads**

*Our white Land Cruiser rolls to a stop. We're deep in the desert outside Merzouga, a Moroccan town known to travelers for camel rides at sunset and ATV tours across the impossibly-high rose gold dunes that line the horizon to my left. We'll trade the Land Cruiser for a pair of camels later tonight, but for now we've reached the spot I've most looked forward to on this four-day trip across Morocco—a couple unscripted hours spent with a nomadic Berber family.*

*A little girl is waving to us as we walk toward the mud brick house, and my guide Mohamed hands her a yogurt. Her eyes light up and the two of them exchange a few words as the little girl's mother emerges from the house.*

*After asking (and receiving) permission, Mohamed shows us around the small home while the mother goes about her daily chores and her daughter savors the yogurt. Life clearly isn't easy here. In the*

*first room, used primarily as a pantry and eating space, a car battery hangs on the wall with dozens of wires leading from its terminals. This is the only source of power. There's no furniture, no table or chairs or stools. Just old cans of powdered milk sitting next to jugs of olive oil and sacks of flour on the dirt floor. A row of immaculate silver teapots hangs on the wall.*

*Back outside, the mother leads us to the only other room in the house, maybe ten square feet and built mostly of bamboo and blankets, which Mohamed explains is the bedroom for the family of six. As she opens the door a baby goat escapes from its makeshift pen and darts around the corner of the house. The little girl, laughing, chases the goat and tackles it, then cuddles it like it's an overgrown kitten with hooves.*

*We see the family's kitchen, a separate low building, again built of mud and bamboo and blankets, where a pair of clay ovens and a propane stove provide the main methods of cooking. As the mother starts a fire to bake the daily bread, Mohamed leads us to a low-slung tent a short distance away. The fabric and ropes of the tent, like most of the other textiles the family uses, is woven from camel hair. It is made in a loose weave for airflow, Mohamed explains, but on the rare occasions that it rains, the fibers swell, essentially making it waterproof.*

*It feels about ten degrees cooler in the shade of the tent, and we sit on colorful Berber rugs and drink mint tea. The mother brings us a mug of goat's milk and hands it straight to me to try. It's so fresh it's still warm, and thick in the way that only raw milk can be, like heavy cream. I smell the sourness before I taste it, but I take the biggest mouthful I can handle and swallow it down. I can't help but be reminded of the time in Afghanistan, on my third deployment, that I was clearing a room and one of my teammates spilled an entire bowl of goat's milk on my leg. My pants stunk of sour milk for the rest of the night and my working dog wouldn't stop trying to lick them. I was pissed then, but it's fun to laugh about now. Unfortunately, I still haven't exactly learned to enjoy goat milk. So, I choke it down and smile to our host. "Shukran, shukran, it's very good," I say as I pass the mug to Hassan, our quiet driver. I quickly rinse my mouth with more tea and wish I'd learned a few words of Berber before our trip here.*

*The mother shares some of their bread with us, still warm from the coals of the fire, and I sense that it's almost time for us to leave. Remembering a box of dates we have in the Land Cruiser, I jog back to the truck and bring them back to the little girl, who*

immediately opens the box and starts counting them, a huge smile on her face.

As we pull away, the little girl sits cuddling her goat with one arm and waving with the other.

Mohamed tells me later that when he was a kid, growing up in a nomadic family like this, he always loved seeing cars driving through the desert. Twenty years ago, he says he usually only saw one vehicle per week, a truck that would bring staple goods from the nearest town for his family to purchase. Those memories are why he always brings something for the kids when he visits here, and as we continue our trip through the desert, he passes yogurts out to a half-dozen more kids that smile and wave as we pass by their homes.

We drive deeper into the desert and stop under a gnarled old tree. The four of us start gathering wood for a fire and I realize we're about learn how to eat like nomads.

The fire hasn't been burning for long when an old Berber man comes into our camp. He saw the white Land Cruiser sticking out in the stark brownness of the desert and wandered over to see who the visitors were. Mohamed and Hassan tell him to stay to eat with us, and in a way, it reminds me of home, with this man helping to prepare the food between munching on fresh chicken kebabs and drinking mint tea made with water boiled on the coals of an open fire. Despite the language barrier I laugh because I know the old man is chiding Hassan as he struggles to flip over the Berber pizza (or, more correctly, madfouna) that's baking on the hot coals. I'm sure the old nomad is saying he could've done it better, but he's enjoying himself as he reclines back in the sand, sipping tea while flies buzz around his sandals.

The five of us eat together sitting on a blue rug, gathered around the massive stuffed flatbread, gorging ourselves on the incredible food that tastes simultaneously familiar and unlike nothing else I've eaten in my life. It's hot and doughy, and streams of grease run between my fingers and down my beard as I struggle to fit bites of the thick pizza in my mouth. The soft texture and sweet flavor of the inner part of the flatbread mixes with the crunchy, slightly bitter exterior that's been charred by the fire and I wash it all down with long drinks of water and I think that life really can't get any better than this. Certainly, there is no way to get closer to the culture of the nomads than this. We're eating, not talking but all smiling, using our hands the same way and sitting more or less the same way, and this—this right here—this is why travel is amazing.

When the meal is finished, we clean everything up using sand as soap and send the old nomad off with a plastic bag full of leftovers and one of our big 1.5-liter bottles of water. I wish I had something to offer him, to maybe make what I'm sure is a tough life a little easier, but I have nothing in the truck that would be useful for him. The best I can do is to hand him another bottle of water, which he refuses. The look in his eyes says what words can't—he has enough. He doesn't need a lot.

I watch him fade back into the desert and I wish I could've gone with him. I'm sure he knows a lot more that I could learn.

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Moroccan tourism seems purpose-built for the social media generation. Given that I'm a daily user of the platform, and that you probably found this essay from the link I posted on my Instagram feed, I understand the irony in that statement. And I'm not saying that's a bad thing. I'm just saying that it's almost shocking how perfectly curated so many places here seem, from the blue doors in Chefchaouen to the tanneries in Fes to the zellij mosaics in Marrakesh. Morocco is a photographer's dream.

The problem is that, in a world dominated by social media, it can be hard to find authentic experiences. In a landscape of perfectly curated places, ready to be framed in a photograph, I've found myself seeking moments that are organic, that I can use to learn more about a place than what you can read online or in a guidebook. And when people ask why Kira and I are traveling right now, that search for authenticity and that desire to learn about a place are my reasons. I found that in Merzouga, thanks to Mohamed and Hassan.

I learned that a lot of what you read about predominantly Islamic cultures is dead wrong. The nomadic Berber man that we shared lunch with ate with both hands, and didn't blink an eye at Kira's tattoos. In fact, we learned that it's actually traditional for Berber women to tattoo their faces and hands, largely based on their marital status. And unlike what guidebooks and blogs might try to get you to believe about traditional people in Middle Eastern countries, at the end of the day they're people, a lot like you and me, and they don't get offended by little things like which hand you eat with or use to hold a cup of tea. They're mostly just happy to see you.

As I've said before, it's hard to write about deeply moving experiences, and the day we spent in the desert with the Berber nomads was, and still is, incredibly moving for me. I think that ability—the skill

to capture a moment and convey its emotion to readers—is what defines truly great writers. I'll never claim to be a great writer, and while I hope I've done a decent job of telling the story of our travel over the past few months, I'm sure what I've written is average at best. But as I've said over and over again on social media, I hope that my decision to share these experiences inspires others to seek them out too. And I hope that you find them.

Note — I owe a lot to a lot of people, and I'm realizing that more and more on this trip. I'm not embarrassed to talk about those that I look up to, from childhood idols that inspired me to travel (some real, some not, like Indiana Jones), to adult icons that have helped me learn how to do it (some that I know, and some that I never will, like Anthony Bourdain). And of course, I owe more than I can explain to my parents, whose decision to look after our dogs has made this extended adventure around the world possible. But for this specific trip, I owe an incredible debt to Mohamed and Hassan for showing us the best parts of their country and culture. Mohamed, thank you for answering my endless questions; Hassan, thank you for your impeccable driving skills and for the hug when you left us in Marrakesh. Thank you both for your hospitality, and for what I hope you also now consider friendship. I hope I can see you both again soon. In the meantime, if you're interested in taking a similar trip across Morocco as the one I've written about here, reach out to Mohamed at <https://moroccofabuloustravel.com> and he'll set you up.

**Andrew** and **Kira** have traveled to Belize, Tulum, Columbia, Peru, Morocco, and are now in Jordan. You can find more of Andrew's essays at <https://andrewmullikin.medium.com/>.

## Prayer Concerns

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PLEASE SEE NEWSLETTER IN CHURCH  
FOR SPECIFIC PRAYER CONCERNS  
DUE TO CONFIDENTIALITY

All our military personnel

Our Church

Our Search Committee

Our Nation

The Situation in and the People of Ukraine

WORLD PEACE

## The Colors of Easter

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### Purple

Purple is associated with Lent, the religious period of fasting and prayer that begins on Ash Wednesday and lasts 40 days as it leads up to Easter. The symbolism of the color purple in this context has to do with penitence, remembrance, royalty, and spiritual wealth.

### White

At Easter, the color white symbolizes purity, grace, and, ultimately, the resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is the joyful culmination of the Easter season.

### Red

The color red represents the blood of Jesus Christ, which, in the context of Easter, is shed for the sake of humanity. It signifies love, suffering, and ultimate sacrifice.

### Pink

At Easter, rosy pink hues are also symbolic. Pink symbolizes jubilant new beginnings and joyful hope. It's reminiscent of the pink found in the sky at the dawn of a new day.

### Black

Black is used as a symbol of mourning and has associations related to fasting, mercy, and penance, which are especially appropriate during the Lenten period. Sanctuaries are often veiled in black on Good Friday, a somber day that marks the suffering and death of Jesus on the cross.

### Green

Green represents rebirth and the promise of eternal life, symbolism that is especially apt during the Easter season, when themes of sacrifice, resurrection, and new beginnings abound.

### Gold

During the Easter season, glimmering gold represents glory and triumph, specifically Jesus' resurrection and triumph over death, which is celebrated during the Easter season.