

...Those who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles.... — Isaiah 40:31 (NRSV)



Wings

A FAITHLETTER FOR UNITED METHODISTS WITH DISABILITIES AND THOSE WHO CARE ABOUT THEM
Spring 2011 — Vol. 21 Issue 4 No. 84



FROM WHERE I SIT: WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT ED ANYWAY? By Jo D'Archangelis

Someone who knew I'd spent most of my life with a mobility disability recently asked me how I had been able to attend school when I was a kid. This got me to thinking about the many and various ways in which I had received a school education "way back when"—long before there were such things as an ADA or an IDEA, least of all mandated "mainstreaming" or "special ed" classes in public schools.

Formal education started for me at the age of six when I was enrolled in first grade at a small-town school in Indiana (for some reason, I didn't attend kindergarten). At that time, I lived with my grandparents in Indiana during the school year and with my parents in Michigan during the summer. I could walk then, albeit with some difficulty, so my grandmother would drive me to school, help me up a flight of stairs to where the classrooms were, and then pick me up when school was over.

The same arrangement continued through the second grade, but by the third grade I guess I was getting too disabled to navigate the stairs even with my grandmother's help. At any rate, I didn't return to school in Indiana that

year but remained with my parents and younger sister in Michigan where I was enrolled in a state-sponsored "home-bound teaching" program, a program that provided teachers to come to the homes of disabled children and tutor them on a long-term basis. I was part of this program for five years and was blessed to have one especially good teacher named Mrs. McKinney who patiently guided me through the drudgery of the multiplication tables.

Just before my 13th birthday, my parents moved back to Indiana. Unlike the more "progressive" Michigan, Indiana had no special programs for educating children with disabilities. And local school officials wouldn't allow me—and the wheelchair I now used full-time—in the classroom because of "fire laws." After some pressure was applied to the school board, however, they reluctantly agreed to provide a teacher to come to my home to tutor me through the eighth grade.

So far, so good. But when it came to my going on to high school, the school superintendent and the school board not only refused to allow me to attend school in my wheelchair, they refused

to provide any more in-home teachers. They did suggest, however, that my family send me to a county school for "mentally retarded" children (as those with cognitive impairments were known then) several miles from my home. My mother pointed out that I was physically disabled, not mentally retarded, but they didn't seem to get the distinction.

Nearly a whole year of hassling with the local school superintendent and school board passed by during which I received no formal education but instead got some high school textbooks and studied them on my own. Finally, as a last resort, my family contacted the State Board of Education and found out that state law required "all" children residing in Indiana to be provided with a K-12 education at taxpayers' expense.

Apparently, the local school board got a message from "on high" because they suddenly came up with a compromise solution to the problem: a telephone intercom system. For the next four years, I stayed at home and heard everything that went on in the classroom through a speakerphone that sat on my table. When I wanted to ask or answer a question or participate in class discussion, I flipped a switch and everyone in the classroom could hear me through another speakerphone that sat

(FWIS: WHAT'S SO SPECIAL cont. on p. 2)

INSIDE	
SERVANTS AMONG US: A MINISTRY TO CAREGIVERS	3
SATURDAY SERVANTS	3
WCC DISABILITIES ADVOCATES:...	4
"AS THE AUTHOR..."	4
LOVE AND SACRIFICE	5
"OFFER YOURSELVES..."	5
BLINDNESS DIDN'T HOLD HIM BACK:...	6
"MENTAL ILLNESS AND FAMILIES OF FAITH:..."	6
THE CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE ON DISABILITY...	7
WRESTLING WITH DARKNESS	8
WINGS HONOR ROLL OF APPRECIATION	8

(FWIS: WHAT SO SPECIAL cont. from p. 1)



on the teacher's desk and was carried from one classroom to another.

As high school graduation approached, however, I found out that school officials did not regard an intercom education to be on the same level as an in-school education. The class valedictorian had always been selected on the basis of the highest grade-point average in required academic subjects, and on that basis I was in line to be valedictorian—or so I thought. But then I received a letter from the high school principal congratulating me on being named as “honorary valedictorian” of my graduating class. I immediately shot back a letter to the effect that no way

was I an “honorary” anything.

Okay, school officials countered, then you can be class salutatorian (that is, the senior with the second highest grade-point average). Huh? Later we were told that school officials had taken the grades of the senior with the second highest grade-point average, included the grades from his (elective) music courses, and voila! he was valedictorian and I salutatorian. (Although I attended my high school graduation ceremony, I—in typical Jo fashion—refused to attend the special ceremony at which awards were bestowed on the graduating seniors.)

During the next year, I took a couple of college-level courses at the Purdue University Extension Center in Fort

Wayne (apparently, those pesky “fire laws” didn’t apply there) and sent out admissions applications to several Indiana colleges. Only one, Earlham College, a Quaker school in Richmond, invited me and my parents to visit the campus to check it out. But after admissions officials checked me out, they decided I wasn’t physically up to living on campus and attending classes, even with a care assistant, and turned me down.

A major disappointment, but, once more, my family came through and we all took off for California and...UCLA. At that time, UCLA was one of the few state universities to be fairly wheelchair-accessible (mainly due to the influx of disabled WWII veterans who enrolled there under the GI Bill). I was admitted with no problems and spent the next several years happily tooling around campus in my wheelchair while engaged in a full course of undergraduate and then graduate work.

I guess you could say that education for kids like me in those days was “special” in the sense that it was not readily attainable. But thanks mainly to the efforts of my family, I was able to surmount the physical and attitudinal obstacles placed in the way of my receiving an education. Today, of course, there is much more accessibility to a basic public school education for those with disabilities. Families and disability activists finally succeeded after many years of work in getting legislation passed that removed some of those obstacles and chipped away at others.

Like it or not, you can go to school now, kid.

Note To Reader:

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Jo D’Archangelis, Editor



A non-official quarterly newsletter for United Methodists with disabling conditions and all others interested in the issues of disability, accessibility, and the church

FOUNDER/EDITOR COMPUTER LAYOUT/GRAPHIC DESIGN

Jo D’Archangelis

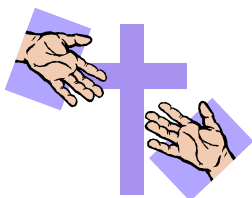
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E-WINGS Two electronic versions of *Wings* are available: 1. A full newsletter-formatted version with color graphics in PDF format, and 2. A partially-formatted text-only version without graphics in Microsoft Word Document format (screen readers seem to work best with the Word Document version). Attached files in PDF format can be opened with Adobe 6.0 or higher software which is easily downloaded from Adobe.com at no charge.

WINGS ON THE WEB Selected back issues of *Wings* in PDF format and Word Document format plus information about the newsletter and its founder/editor may be found at the United Methodist Association Of Ministers With Disabilities (UMAMD) website, www.umdisministers.org. Click on the *Wings* banner near the bottom of the home page.

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SERVANTS AMONG US: A MINISTRY TO CAREGIVERS

By Whit Elam

It has been described as "a heavy gift." Being a caregiver can be a rewarding privilege, but it brings challenges and conflicting emotions. The church can be an instrument of grace by supporting the unique needs of caregivers by providing a refuge within the family of faith.

Caregivers are those who have taken responsibility to care for a loved one. They may provide around-the-clock care for prolonged periods, perhaps even years. Even for those caregivers who are not present daily, there can be heavy demands. Caregivers often must make financial and medical decisions for their loved one. They must change their daily routines and, often, put their career plans on hold. Caregivers may assume some of the expenses for their loved one's care, and the physical demands may leave them prone to illness and fatigue.

The emotional toll can be profound. Many caregivers experience guilt over unresolved or unspoken conflict among family members. Maintaining important relationships, including a marriage, can become difficult with caregiving responsibilities. Caregivers are more than twice as likely to experience depression than others.

Caring for their spiritual health is vital, but caregivers' responsibilities make it easy to lose important connections to their church family. Rick Gentzler of the [United Methodist Church] General Board of Discipleship's Center on Aging says, "Every caregiver, at some point, feels a sense of aloneness and isolation. That is when the church must step in, providing spiritual richness with the intentional 'presence' of the congregation."

How can your church help?

◆ Keep caregivers involved. Deliver audio or videotapes of services to their

home on a frequent basis. Some caregivers may enjoy their church tasks as a welcome break from the role of caregiver, but offer them a graceful release from duties if they feel overwhelmed.

◆ Provide them with information. For medical conditions, gather resources that aid understanding of symptoms and treatment options. Research and share information about caregiver support groups, counseling opportunities, or respite care options in your community.

◆ Invite them out of the house. Train volunteers to sit with the caregiver's loved one, so they may run personal errands or just have some time to themselves.

◆ Simplify daily chores or errands. Arrange for scheduled meal deliveries (disposable containers keep things easy for the caregiver). Offer to do routine housework.

◆ Offer spiritual nourishment. Bring devotional materials. Call frequently and remind them that prayer supports them. Arrange for Holy Communion to be brought to them at home, at a time convenient for them.

Gentzler says, "The church must be more intentional in providing care-giving ministries through compassion, love, and a willingness to be faithful to the gospel."

Adapted from website archives of *Interpreter Magazine* (www.interpretermagazine.org).

Originally published in October 2004 issue.

Elam is an associate editor of *Interpreter Magazine*.

SATURDAY SERVANTS

By Diane D. H. Kilmer

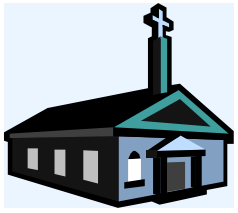
One Saturday a month members of Union United Methodist Church in southwest St. Louis, Mo., become Saturday Servants, doing odd jobs for elderly and disabled people in their neighborhood. Brian Forinash started the group several years ago, explained the Rev. Dianne Cochran. He "felt that doing small jobs, maintenance, that kind of thing, were his gifts and that it would be a really neat ministry for him."

Projects vary from changing a porch light bulb to cleaning out gutters, raking leaves, or painting a room or garage. "It runs the gamut," said Cochran, "doing things that seniors or the disabled don't really have the resources to hire out." Those assisted pay for the materials, such as paint, lift-assist bars for showers, handrails, or smoke-detector batteries. Saturday Servants volunteer their time and talent. "Though the tasks we do seem small and insignificant to us, they're very significant to homeowners who receive the benefit," Forinash said. They "help them maintain their independence."

Since 2008, Saturday Servants has been administered by Lindenwood Area Senior Ministry, an ecumenical effort of Union and four other congregations. The ministry also provides needs assessment, transportation to medical appointments, educational workshops, health fairs, social events, and home visits.

Union United Methodist Church; 3543 Watson Road; St. Louis, MO 63139-2089; 314-647-1228; unionumcstl@sbcglobal.net; www.unionumcstl.org

Adapted from *Interpreter Magazine* website (www.interpretermagazine.org) July-August 2010.



WCC DISABILITIES ADVOCATES: A CHURCH OF ALL AND FOR ALL

Disabilities advocates have challenged churches to accept that "We are not a full community without one another." A statement prepared for the World Council of Churches (WCC) Central Committee by the Ecumenical Disabilities Advocates Network (EDAN) urges a reconsideration of Jesus' parable of the great banquet in Matthew 22, and says: "When all are invited to this feast, to one church, the list will include people with physical and mental impairments and chronic illness."

The implications of this admission for worship include making certain that people with learning disabilities are not excluded on the grounds that "they do not understand", being careful over the choice of metaphors—for instance, not speaking of being "disfigured by sin"—and including a range of sensory experiences rather than relying wholly on words.

Practical issues include making physi-

cal provision for people with disabilities, such as space for wheelchairs, large-print books, and assisted listening devices for those who are hard of hearing. However, in a press briefing held after the presentation of the statement, Rev. Dr Martin Robra, WCC programme executive for ethics and ecology, warned people not to think first of the "technological fix". "The first question," he said, "is 'What would our community lose by not allowing people with disabilities to fully participate?'"

EDAN coordinator Samuel Kabue noted that making provision for people with disabilities requires others to make adjustments. "If we do not see [people with disabilities] as 'nuisances', we will be able to meet their needs."

Entitled "A Church of All and for All", the EDAN statement builds on the theological and pastoral contributions of disabled people, parents, and those who experience life alongside them. Identifying the vulnerability of disabled

people both to discriminatory social trends and manipulation by religious groups, it says that while disabled people "find strength in the care of Christ", many have found "that the church's teaching on this truth has been too limited".

The statement identifies negative perceptions of disabled people as objects of charity, sometimes based on flawed theological readings of the Bible. It urges Christians to make the link between the disabilities they may see around them today and the disability of Christ on the cross. "Often, we choose to forego or forget the Crucifixion, preferring to turn directly to the Resurrection. Christ rose from the dead with his wounds."

Pastoral concerns are underpinned by theological reflection on the notion of humanity created in the image of God. Criticizing the idea that the mind or soul alone is in God's image, the statement suggests that "This understanding of human nature is both inherently elitist and dualist. It ultimately tends to exclude those whose mental or physical incapacities profoundly affect their entire personality and existence."

According to the statement, a more appropriate theology of disability takes account of the corporate nature of being "in Christ". "Christ was abused, disabled and put to death. Some aspects of God's image in Christ can only be reflected in the church as the Body of Christ by the full inclusion and honouring of those who have bodies that are likewise impaired."

This understanding of the Image of God has implications for the church's teaching on healing and wholeness. "Jesus did not make any distinction between social restoration and physical healing. Both always happened at any given time of healing. Consequently, the integral relationship of health, salvation and healing is an imperative for a holistic theological interpretation of disability."

However, the statement continues, *(WCC DISABILITIES continued on page 5)*

As the author of the letter to the Ephesians stressed: Christ came to tear down the walls (Eph 2:14). Whenever we consider the ways in which to respond to issues of disability, we do well to remember the walls that we have set up. All of these walls are so human, yet they contradict Christ's ministry of reconciliation; walls that shut people in or shut people out; walls that prevent people from meeting and talking to others. In days gone by, people with disabilities were actually kept behind walls, inside institutions. Now we are all a part of mainstream society. It is estimated that some 600 million people are persons with disabilities. Yet people, especially persons with disabilities, still find themselves isolated. Now there are walls of shame; walls of prejudice; walls of hatred; walls of competition; walls of fear; walls of ignorance; walls of theological prejudice and cultural misunderstanding. The Church is called to be an inclusive community, to tear down the walls.

**From Introduction to *A Church Of All And For All*,
EDAN Interim Policy Statement (September 16, 2003).**

(WCC DISABILITIES continued from page 4)



"Disability in all its forms is a negation of God's good intention." Healing is "an act, event, system, and structure which encourages and facilitates God's empowering, renewing, reconciling, and liberating processes in order to reverse the negation of God's intended good for God's creation."

It also speaks of the gifts which disabled people are able to bring: "We have become skilful in areas we never intended to master. We have become accidental experts with skills and expertise to share with the wider community and church."

Appealing to churches, the statement says that disabled people "do not need pity, or mercy, but compassionate understanding, and opportunities to develop their vocations, possibilities and abilities".

Adapted from the National Organization on Disability website (www.nod.org); ©2006, all rights reserved.

The World Council of Churches (WCC) is a fellowship of churches, now 342, in more than 100 countries on all continents from virtually all Christian traditions. The Roman Catholic Church is not a member church but works co-operatively with the WCC. The highest governing body is the assembly, which meets approximately every seven years. The WCC was formally inaugurated in 1948 in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Its staff is headed by general secretary Konrad Raiser from the Evangelical Church in Germany.

The full text of the statement "A Church Of All And For All," originally issued on September 16, 2003, is available at the following URL: www.oikoumene.org/resources/documents/wcc-commissions/faith-and-order-commission/ix-other-study-processes/a-church-of-all-and-for-all-an-interim-statement/.



LOVE AND SACRIFICE

By Veronica Kelly Badowski

Not until my mother and stepfather became old and frail, needing my help to survive, did I begin to understand what it truly meant to offer myself to God.

Although I had other options, I felt sure that God had called me to watch over my elderly parents at home. God provided me with everything that I needed to become my parents' caregiver. My mother and my stepfather had already built on to our house, so there was plenty of space for all of us. They had some money in the bank, so I was able to hire an assistant when it became necessary. And I had a supportive husband who was willing to help me any way he could. Yet, this commitment, which ultimately lasted for nine years was anything but easy. I often wanted to give up and run away. But at the same time, I was learning important lessons.

Love and sacrifice merged inside my heart and mind when I would take my mother to the bathroom, change her diapers, and spoon-feed her meals. Love and sacrifice became inseparable as I would help my stepfather wash and get dressed, drive him to dialysis, and spend countless evenings with him at the emergency room. I offered myself to God and my parents as I took them to endless doctor visits and medical tests and cooked and cleaned for them.

I often felt trapped in this commitment, and the weight of this huge responsibility threatened to overwhelm

me, but God did not leave me without hope and comfort. I found encouragement through sermons, inspirational books, and in the words of friends and family. God spoke to my heart and mind. "Think positive. Stop complaining. You can do it. I am always with you. I love you."

Clearly it was not my own strength that kept me on the path of making sure my parents were safe and secure. It was God's guidance, God's power, and God's love that kept me on course. Often the Holy Spirit reminded me that I was learning the true meaning of love, becoming a more mature Christian, and growing more like my Savior Jesus.

Now that my job as caregiver is over, I miss my parents very much. Yet, I am left with wonderful blessings. I have a better understanding of how love and sacrifice become wonderfully entwined. I also know firsthand that when God calls me to offer my last ounce of strength, God gives me all I need to answer that call. As a disciple of Jesus, I must be open to the advice founded in 1 John 3:18: "Little children, let us love, not in word or speech; but in truth and action."

From *Alive Now* (September/October 2009).

Badowski was a mother and grandmother in her fifties when God called her to become a caregiver (one of the hardest jobs in the world). More of her story can be found on her blog at www.treadingwater-rb.blogspot.com.

Offer yourselves as a living sacrifice to God, dedicated to his service and pleasing to him. — Romans 12:1 (GNT)



BLINDNESS DIDN'T HOLD HIM BACK: THE STORY OF GUILFORD STREET

By Rev. Dr. Dennis Ginoza

During freshman week (1961) at William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa, I met another first year student, Harold Street of Mabel, Minnesota. He invited me to meet his uncle who was blind. As we entered the house, I heard the pounding of a hammer upstairs. I asked Harold, "Who is that?" He said, "That's my uncle." "I thought you said he was blind." Harold said, "He is!"

Guilford Street, Harold's uncle, was remodeling the attic to a make it a college room for two. He showed me his Braille measuring rule. He had the tools to work his carpentry by the feel of his fingertips. He also did all the plumbing. Guilford said, "The only thing I don't do is electricity."

Guilford was a Quaker pastor who learned to read Braille at the age of 44. He used a Braille Bible for study and preaching. He wrote his sermon outlines in Braille but preached from memory. He also wrote letters on a manual typewriter, remembering where he was in his sentences and paragraphs. To enhance his knowledge and wider interests he listened to "talking book" recordings.

In my junior and senior years of college, I lived with Guilford and his wife

Iva in the guest room downstairs. Harold and Howard Stoner roomed upstairs in the attic. When we walked into the house, he would recognize our footsteps. He would check, "Is that you, Dennis?"

At the dinner table, when we enjoyed an evening's visit over coffee and Iva's delicious cinnamon rolls, I watched Guilford as he maneuvered the coffee cup, reached for a cinnamon roll, and engaged in the conversation with ease and interest. His hearing was sharpened by his inability to see. He was aware of where everyone was sitting and could direct his conversation.

One evening, it was about 6:30 p.m., the sun had already set, and Guilford was not sitting in his usual chair in the living room. I asked Iva, "Where's Guilford?" She replied, "He's outside?" "What's he doing outside? It's dark." She said, "He's outside weeding the garden." "I don't believe it—this I've got to see," was my response. Guilford had lined each of the rows with a string tied to some stakes. He followed the string and felt for the weeds, pulling them up and leaving intact the vegetables that had sprouted.

One Saturday afternoon in the fall, Iva said to me, "Dennis, will you drive

Guilford to church tomorrow? I'm not feeling too well. "Of course," I responded. "But I need a map." "No, you don't need a map." "I don't know how to get there." Then Iva, with a big smile on her face, said, "Guilford will tell you how to get there." Guilford knew every turn, every bridge, every bump on the road to the church 50 miles away. And we returned home without missing a turn.

Iva Street was Guilford's eyes. She placed his clothes in the drawer so he knew where to find whatever he needed for his daily wear. She neatly placed his ties on one end of the drawer. The house was arranged so he could easily move about from the bedroom, down a short hall, into the kitchen, the living room, and the basement where he caned his own chairs, backrests and seats, in an intricate weaving pattern. At the table, the plates, drinking glasses, napkins, and silverware were placed so that he could map them with his fingers.

After I graduated from William Penn College, I didn't see Guilford for a few years. Iva died in 1969, and he eventually moved to Hesper in northern Iowa to be with his son Clare and his daughter-in-law Julie. After I married my wife Sylvia, I mentioned to her one day in 1973, "There is a man I want you to meet. He is blind, a Quaker pastor who is remarkable."

I called Guilford and I told him we were coming for a visit. Guilford said, "I'll have lunch ready for you." We drove up to Hesper and found his single trailer next to his son's home. After we knocked on the door, we heard him say, "Come in." He was standing at the kitchen counter preparing lunch. He had a pot on the stove boiling potatoes. He had a paring knife in his hand, slicing apples for a fruit salad. "I also baked a loaf of bread," he said.

We had a delicious lunch and enjoyed recollecting our Oskaloosa days. His beloved Iva had been laid to rest, but
(BLINDNESS continued on page 7)

"Mental Illness and Families of Faith: How Congregations Can Respond" Study Guide

Mental Health Ministries is offering a free, downloadable resource/study guide to help our churches become caring communities for persons with a mental illness and their families. *Mental Illness and Families of Faith: How Congregations Can Respond* is available in English and Spanish on the Mental Health Ministries Home page, www.MentalHealthMinistries.net. Rev. Susan Gregg-Schroeder has many other downloadable resources available to help educate your congregation on a variety of mental health issues.

From *Cal-Pac Update* (e-newsletter of the California-Pacific Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church); July 23, 2010.

(BLINDNESS continued from page 6)



her loving care, hospitality, and kind ways were never to be forgotten.

As we sat enjoying our meal, Guilford casually remarked, “Besides baking bread I’m also into canning fruits and vegetables.”

Guilford Street was born fully sighted on September 21, 1898, near Hesper, Iowa. In 1922 he graduated from William Penn College. For the next seven years he taught school, sold real estate, clerked in a store, and worked in a toy factory.

The great depression of 1929 left him unemployed, but in 1930 he was invited to serve a Friends meeting (church) in Marshalltown, Iowa. In September of that year, he took his first charge in Hartland, Iowa, where he pastored for three years.

It was at Hartland that he started to have trouble with his eyesight and was found to have a detached retina in his right eye. Four years later, as he was serving the Bloomington Church near Muscatine, a retinal detachment affected his left eye.

After Hartland, Guilford served churches in Newton, Muscatine, Eldora, and Hesper, Iowa. He and Iva also founded a Quaker church in Springwater, not far from Hester.

Guilford Street, still active in ministry, died in 1979 at the age of 81. As a young college student living with the Streets, I learned that neither blindness nor any other physical limitation need hold anyone back from learning, from relating to others, or from making a significant contribution in the lives of a larger community. And foremost, Guilford epitomized for me the importance of those inner qualities and attitudes that determine one’s character.

Abridged and adapted, with the author’s permission, from *Fielding Faith: Dennis’ Reflections On Life And Faith* (www.fieldingfaith.blogspot.com); January 8, 2010.

Ginoza is a retired United Methodist minister living in Fallbrook, Calif.



A COMMUNION MEMORY

By Richard Daggett

Daggett, who is a post-polio survivor, uses a powerchair and a respirator and is a member of the United Methodist Church in Downey, Calif. He says that the “From Where I Sit” column on Communion in the Winter 2011 issue of Wings brought back some memories to him, one of which he shares below.

At my United Methodist church I have a couple of people who sit near me to help me with the elements. We’ve been doing Communion in the pews lately, with bread first and then the grape juice which is served in small individual plastic cups. One of my Communion helpers has a supply of really short drinking straws that she keeps to help me with the liquid. I really appreciate their thoughtfulness as I never had to ask for any of this.

On the other hand, a few months ago I was invited to attend church with a good friend. Her congregation (not United Methodist) was celebrating an anniversary. As a prelude to the Communion liturgy the minister said that everyone was welcome to partake of Communion “if you are in a right relationship with the Lord.” The implication of his words was clear to all present: he expected those who lacked this relationship to take a pass on Communion.

I was sitting in the middle of the center aisle, the only space available for a

wheelchair. My friend was sitting with her family about four rows in front of me. As the elements were being passed by the ushers, my friend stayed in her seat accepting the elements without a thought. When the usher got to my location he held out his little tray expecting me to reach over and pick up the elements. Since I can neither reach nor pick up, I tried to gesture in a way that might indicate I needed help. I guess I wasn’t successful, but I wasn’t about to shout out in the middle of a church service, “Hey, I need some help here.”

The usher quickly retracted his offering of the elements. His expression was clearly one of concern—not of concern that I couldn’t handle the elements by myself but of concern that I was not in “a right relationship with the Lord.” As he came back down the aisle after finishing his Communion duties, he whispered to me, “I’ll keep you in my prayers.”

THE CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE ON DISABILITY CERTIFICATE PROGRAM— “BEYOND SUFFERING: CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVES ON DISABILITY MINISTRY”

This certificate program, comprised of four modules—Overview of Disability, Theology of Disability, Church and Disability, and Introduction to Bioethics—is designed for anyone interested in learning more about effective disability ministry. Dates: July 12-16, 2011. Place: Palm Garden Hotel, Thousand Oaks, California 805-716-4200 or group@palmgardenhotel.com. Presenters: Joni Eareckson Tada, Kathy McReynolds, Ph.D., Jeff McNair, Ph.D., Steve Bundy, M.A., James Rene, M.Min. Registration before May 31: \$299. After May 31: \$349. For registration forms or more information, contact Donna Rousseve, 818-707-5664 x1794 or rousseve@joniandfriends.



WRESTLING WITH DARKNESS By Emma Peterson

Jesus prayed, "Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me; yet, not my will but yours be done." — Luke 22:42 (NRSV)

In a tumult of darkness
I wrestle with bitter thoughts
that blind me to reason
then you break through...
streaming peace
yielding your rest
I am released...
Why then
so often
do I embrace
the turmoil of untruth
instead of living
in the liberty of shalom?

From *Alive Now* (March/April 2009).

Peterson lives in England and writes poetry, devotions, and evangelistic articles to communicate the greatness of God.



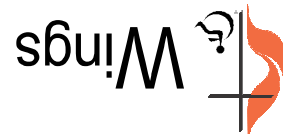
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