

Heart & Hand

Quarterly Newsletter of the **Spiritual Care Support Ministriessm**

Reaching for a hand, and touching a heart

Vol. 13, Ed. 3, September 2018

Issuing four times yearly - March, June, September and December

Greetings from Chaplain Liz

Greetings from the Spiritual Care Support Ministry Center where we sing praises to God as we know that He can heal the brokenhearted and He can bind up their wounds. He determines the number of stars and calls them by name. Great is the Lord and mighty in power. His understanding has no limit. He covers the sky with clouds, supplies the earth with rain, and makes grass grow on the hills. He provides food for the cattle and for young ravens when they call.

The Lord delights in those who fear Him, who put their hope in His unfailing love. That is the God we believe in here at SCSM. He is a personal God, and He cares about every detail of your life. Our part in God's plan is to remind you that when you feel hopeless because of illness, grief or any personal loss you may be experiencing, that there is hope in Him. We are His hands extended here on earth.

We are here to help you finish well in whatever season of life you are in. Children, teens, young adults, adults experiencing mid-life and our senior adults are loved by God. There are times in all of our lives when we need someone to sit with us and listen to our pain and show that we care. We provide God's perspective in supporting those who are ill, dying, grieving and experiencing personal loss, and those who journey with them. We are also here to train others so they can be effective in giving support wherever they are, here in Virginia or in other parts of the world. Technology has made a way for us to reach others wherever they live.

We are excited for the new fall programs



that we will be offering. We will have a support group for Step Families as well as continuing our class for Alienated Parents of Children and Grandchildren. In September, we will be offering a special dinner event for bereaved parents and are making plans now for our Family Grief Camp. We hope to offer a class for married couples and a support group for those left behind by suicide. The inspirational studies, bereavement groups, and DivorceCare groups will begin

again. Just go to our website for the dates and times when we are offering them (www.scsm.tv).

We are so blessed to have over 100 volunteers who help us to be able to offer so many programs. If you live out of our area or state, you still can help us as a volunteer. The one requirement for our volunteers is that they must volunteer at least once a year to do one project or one event. If you are a volunteer who works with people, you will need to attend our bereavement group. If you live out of the area, you will need to attend a bereavement group in your area or have had special training already. For example, a counselor would have had training. There are so many opportunities for you to serve others from where you are. If you are interested in becoming a SCSM volunteer, please contact our Volunteer Coordinator, Angie Wilson (540-349-5814). If you need training, we are here to give training from wherever you are.

I am also available to come and speak for your special event that may be coming up in the fall. The calendar fills up quickly so please contact me as soon as you can if you are interested in me coming to your event. I love speaking at teas, breakfast and lunch events, for seminars, training events, retreats, mission

conferences, preaching at churches, etc. I also enjoy speaking to people individually and getting to know them and hearing their story.

We are ready for the fall season and are excited to know that we have been included in God's plan to help others in our community, our country, and around the world.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me at the Center.

Chaplain Liz Danielsen

Chat with the Chaplain Early Morning Hours

I love the early morning hours before the hectic pace of the day begins. I sit out in my gazebo and hear the birds sing. I watch all kinds of different types of birds eat from our bird feeder. It's almost like they know I am here and want to say to me, "Good for you, you took time to enjoy the early morning blessings of being able to hear us sing



Cont'd page 3, Col 1

Brave by Amy Furr

“Say what you want to say and let the words fall out honestly I wanna see you be brave with what you want to say and let the words fall out honestly I wanna see you be brave...” (Sara Bareilles, *Brave*)

I popped the bathroom door open just enough to see Avery singing into his hairbrush in front of his mirror, belting out our new anthem for his invisible audience. I was caught between tears and laughter. It was one of *those* moments.

I’ve always loved this song by Sara Bareilles, but recently it’s taken on a new meaning for us. I was singing it in the car a few weeks ago, and something made me turn it up. This is our anthem! Then I started casting funny face glances at Avery who was sitting in the backseat. I started dancing a little in my seat as I drove (*yes, this embarrasses my children to no end as they say, “MOM, other drivers are going to SEE you!”*), and twirled my finger at him as I pointed and continued my funny faces. I want to see *YOU* be brave! Show me how big *YOUR* brave is!

Naturally, being 8 years old, he rolled his eyes, crossed his arms, looked out his window, refusing to even look at me, and just could not believe his mother would behave this way. *What-ever.*

For the record, I have no idea where my children get their sass from. But, I digress.

To my maternal delight, I knew I had gotten through to him when I heard him in the bathroom that night. *Yes!*

You see, Avery’s had a rough patch this year. Through testing for something else, we inadvertently discovered he’s having “no see-um” seizures (*official diagnosis is right side temporal lobe seizures*). Because we were not expecting a seizure diagnosis, I made them check the paperwork three times to be certain they were telling me about my child and not someone else’s. I was horrified when they told me in front of Avery. Isn’t this something a parent should hear on her own? After the appointment, I sent my oldest son to the car with his little brothers and fell



apart in the lobby, right there on the floor. It was horrible. I vaguely remember two women, strangers to me and to each other, coming to my aid. One prayed over me, and both held me as I sobbed.

The second shocking call came while I was getting my hair cut, from one of the neurologist’s interns, who was later disciplined for the way he handled the call. When we first saw the neurologist, based on the exam, the EEG from the sleep study, and family history, he didn’t think we had much to worry about. After the first EEG the neurologist did, we found out we had a lot to worry about, and that was the phone call I received, in front of all three children again. Keeping it together in front of my kids is not my forte. I sent my oldest next door with the littles for frozen yogurt, and fell apart again. *The stylist received an extra large tip that evening.*

We call Avery’s seizures “no see-ums” because he does not exhibit symptoms, so we don’t know when, or even if, he’s having them. I cannot see this enemy, and I do not know how to fight it. I’ve been angry, bitter, and frustrated. I’ve cried and yelled. I have sobbed during worship and prayed on my knees at the altar with my pastor’s wife and husband at my side. I have laid on the floor, wailing with maternal agony, gripping my husband as he held me, scared out of my mind before we received the official diagnosis, wondering how bad it was going to be. There are nights I’m afraid to go to sleep because I don’t know what is happening to Avery. I watch him like a hawk. Every activity he’s asked to be part of, I overthink because of this new diagnosis. My child already has ADHD, anxiety, and is on the Autism Spectrum. Isn’t that enough? He’s begun having migraines, which is not a good sign for a child with seizures. Can we please just stop? When is enough, enough? As Avery’s mom, this has been the most frightening thing for me to go through. As a family, we’ve seen too much of God to look elsewhere, to lean on anyone else, to believe anything else, so we are relying heavily on Him in this. I’ve wanted to yell at

the doctors, “FIX. MY. CHILD.” I know it will do no good. Instead, I yell at the One whose shoulders I know can handle it, and, in His time, will fix our child, as He sees fit. There is so much the doctors cannot tell us because of Avery’s lack of symptoms. They cannot treat him due to the lack of symptoms. There has been one thing they have been able to tell us, though; our son will get worse.

And there’s one thing we tell Avery’s doctors; our son has God. Our son’s conception was God’s miracle, and God is not just going to walk out on him.

In all of my fear, I have watched Avery hold his shoulders high, as I have tried to not let him see my own panic. Through all of the testing, he walked bravely. His only fear of the MRI was the needle that would help him sleep through it. I, however, sat in the waiting room with my husband, grasping his hand until he no longer had any feeling, while he did his best to stay strong for me, struggling with his own feelings and emotions, as I sniffled either into my tissue or his shirt. Avery complained a few times about the itchy EEGs, but you would too if you had to wear them for 24 hours and carry a video monitor around with you. I was the one who had to take period breaks in my “crying closet” so my son wouldn’t see me break down, unable to handle what he was having to deal with. One morning, he announced, with complete confidence, “When God heals me, I want the world to know, because I want everyone to know that God still does miracles, and I want people to believe in God.” *Just like that, out of the blue. We hadn’t even been talking about God. The car had been completely, unusually quiet, and after Avery’s pronouncement, it remained that way, a stunned silence.*

We’ve researched the brain until we’re both blue in our faces. Avery knows everything you could possibly ask him. I think he wants to know why his brain is sick. What, when, and how did it happen? Why doesn’t he exhibit symptoms (*we’re finding this type of “no see-um” seizure is being seen as more and more typical in kids like him on the spectrum*)? The truth is, there aren’t any answers right now. I asked him one morning how he feels about all this seizure stuff because he doesn’t always have to be brave. He explained to me, shattering my heart into pieces, that

Newsletter Editor - Dorothy Slaga;
Associate - Cheryl Reynolds

he wants to be brave so I won't be scared. If he's scared, then I will be scared (isn't this supposed to be the other way around?). So, we agreed it's okay for him to be scared, and even angry. We fist-bumped and agreed to try to be brave together but to also remember we don't always have to be brave. He didn't ask for this, but the important thing is to move on from the anger and learn to carry it with grace. He may not have asked for it, but he has it now, and there's not much we can do about that part, aside from praying for healing, understanding, and God's will. Even though we do not understand it, there is a reason for this diagnosis. *I have to believe that, or I won't survive this.*

I know in my heart everything is going to be okay. Getting there is a long, hard journey. But Avery is going to be okay.

Chat - Cont'd from page 1

and watch us eat." Everything is so beautiful and there are no distractions. My flowers outside are bursting with color. I feel God's presence as I see God's creation all around me and feel the cool breeze. The sun has come out and is shining on some of the trees as if to say, "Wake up, it's a new day. Enjoy!"

I love the early morning hours as God speaks to me through His Word, and today He shared Proverbs 3:3 with me. I read from the New International Version. "Let love and faithfulness never leave you, bind them around your neck, write them on the tablet of your heart." Sometimes it is hard to show love and to be faithful to the things God has asked you to do. It is hard to be faithful to the relationships you have because of challenges that we face through chronic illness or personal loss. I know it is not impossible because through the strength of the Holy Spirit, God has made a way for us to achieve this. He is there to help us. So today, I choose love and faithfulness. I thank God for the early morning hours with Him. When He speaks, I feel refreshed. How about you?



Each Day is a Gift from God

He has given us morning,
brightness, and sun,
Laughter to share,
and work to be done.

He has given us rainbows,
flowers, and song,
And the hands of our dear ones
to help us along.

He has given us prayer,
with its wonderful power
To lighten our hearts
in a troublesome hour.

He has given us blessings
to brighten our way,
And always --- the gift
of another new day.

(anonymous)

**SCSM is on
AmazonSmile!**
Select
**Spiritual Care
Support Ministries**
as your charitable organization

Peace in the Storm by Patricia Slaga

I sat in my car in the parking lot of the elementary school where my two youngest daughters attended. My car was facing the route of the afternoon transit bus that was due at 3PM. The dashboard clock was approaching 3:12PM when I see the big bus rounding the curve in the road and pull to the curb. I watch as the passengers disembark one by one. Some headed toward their parked cars, others crossed the road walking home. The driver closes the door after the last passenger. I jump from the car as the bus moved on. "Where are my children!" I screamed. Panic rose in my chest. I was holding my breath to keep from hysteria as tears filled my eyes. My heart was racing. The year was 1976.



Now, my faith was challenged! I reminded God of my trust in His protection over our children and thanking Him daily for so many blessings.

My mind kept replaying the apprehension I had felt when our sixteen-year-old daughter, Caryn, asked her dad if she could take her sisters Michelle, age eight, and Nancy, age seven, to catch the bus to Santa Cruz and go shopping at the "five and dime store". She said, "Afterwards, we could get milkshakes

at the soda shop across the street where the bus stops. Marcie and her friends go every Saturday." She walked over behind her dad, placing her arms around him. "Please dad, I'll be very careful, and I will call as soon as we get there and when we leave." Aptos, where we lived in California, was about 13 miles from Santa Cruz.

I didn't think to wait for her call. I knew they would be on the last bus of the day as we had looked at the schedule together. My mind flashed to the scene of my fishing out the quarters for the phone calls from the jar in the cabinet where change from purchases was tossed from time to time. Caryn had saved her allowance in her piggy bank so she could go shopping.

Wiping my face and blowing my nose, I again glanced at the clock. Only a few minutes had passed when the bus had pulled out, but it seemed like a whole lot longer as my mind continued to race!

Trying to pull myself together to go for help, I started the engine. Squeezing my eyes closed, I again cry for help to the Father. "Dear God, please help me find my children!" A strange calmness came over me. I opened my eyes and a luminous bright light was shining right at me! At that moment, I saw a giant hand in the light, coming toward me. I recall it was a very strong masculine arm and the fist was clenched. I was breathing deeply, and I could feel my mouth was ajar as in a "wonder" or shock-like surprise. I stared in awe as the fist slowly began to open one finger at a time. As I sat mesmerized by this vision, I saw all four of my children in the palm of this hand! An incredible sense of peace washed over me and I knew they were safe. (Amazing factor: All four children were there in His safe keep-

ing, but only three were in jeopardy.)

Driving home, just a few blocks away, my heart felt as if it would burst! Breathless, I ran inside yanking the house keys from the wall hook and shouting to my husband to hurry and grab our four-year-old son, Robert. "The girls have missed the bus," I yelled. Rushing outside, we jumped in the car. On the way, I told Bob about the vision as we hurried toward the highway. He laughed and cried. Pulling in the parking space at the soda shop, we saw three worried faces staring out the window.

A diner had noticed their restlessness and asked if anything was wrong. He was told they had laid their coin purse down and it had disappeared. He gave them a quarter to call home, but there was no answer. They said they watched and waited – they knew Daddy would come!

Then they cried to the Lord, in their trouble, and He brought them out of their distresses.

He caused the storm to be still.

Psalm 107:28, 29 NAS

I don't recall exactly when Christ became a strong focus in my life. I was brought up in a home where Daddy would sometimes preach, when not working in the tobacco factory. Mama sang her gospel songs as she ironed our clothes or sat at the sewing machine cutting up fabric and discarded garments to make new clothes. My earliest recall were the years folks were recovering from World War II after it had ended. Times were "lean". At our home, at every meal, we prayed and thanked God for the abundance He had provided, even when in short supply. The prayers always ended with, "...and bless all the poor and needy that they don't go hungry, or lack warm beds or clothing when cold." It was much later in life when I learned that the prayer we prayed at the end of saying grace could have applied to us!

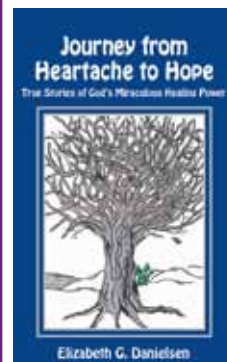
Celebrating Christmas with SCSM

SATURDAY, December 1, beginning at 3 pm at the Warrenton Community Center with the tree lighting ceremony following at SCSM. We hope you will plan to celebrate this special Christmas season with us!

Save the Date!

Early Christmas Shopping?

Journey from Heartache to Hope
\$12



Add \$3 postage for mailing for 1 or 2 copies. Call if ordering more.

SCSM is looking for

INTERNS!

If you would like to intern with SCSM, we'd like to talk with you!
540/349-5814

I'll See You in the Morning by Daisy Catchings

As our son, Danny, walked down the hall to his room, he yelled back, "See you in the morning." That was his usual goodnight to us. Little did we know that those would be the last words we would ever hear him say.

Danny's dad went to his room the next morning to tell Danny he had a phone call, and found that he had passed away. The coroner confirmed that a heart attack had taken the life of our handsome, 28-year-old, 6'3", blonde, blue-eyed son from us at approximately 4AM.

There is no explanation, no words in the dictionary that can define the feelings of unbelief, shock, pain and grief of losing a child. Danny was a youth pastor at a local church in Palm Springs, CA, and to see the shock and disbelief on the faces of those young people, who had been with him the evening before, was an experience I'll never forget. Forty years later, some of them are still my dearest friends. (Danny's dad has now joined him in heaven.)



One of the most memorable things I remember of that experience was my husband taking me in his arms and gently saying, "Either we believe what we've always said we believe, or we don't believe any of it." What we believed after asking Jesus to come into our lives when we were in our twenties comes from John 3:16. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son that whosoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life." We chose to believe.

I was so grateful when a grief group contacted me, until in the middle of the conversation I was informed that we were not allowed to talk about God. I then said, "What good can it do? How can they possibly help me? God is the only one that can get me through this."

I would pray. I would cry. Sometimes I wanted to die. Then one day our loving God brought to mind a journal I had kept after Danny's death. Early on, my husband men-

tioned that maybe one day it would be a book, and he gave it the title *Under God's Umbrella*.

January 1, 1996, as I was praying, God spoke to my heart about the journal. He brought a dear friend, Donna Luke, to mind, and she compiled the journal into the book *Under God's Umbrella*. The rest is history or I should say His Story. Umbrella Ministries, a faith-based grief ministry, was founded.

What I thought would be a small group of moms in the Palm Springs, CA, area has gone to Uganda, India, and across the United States. We have sent out thousands of *Under God's Umbrella* to grieving mothers throughout the world.

God is faithful. He loves us. He, too, gave up His son so that we could experience being absent from the body and present with the Lord.

I'll not hear Danny say, "See you in the morning," but when I and other moms get to heaven, we will hear our children say, "Mom what took you so long?"

The Bible says in Jeremiah 29:11 that God has plans for us; His plan for me is *Umbrella Ministries*.

Spouse Loss Support Group: The Next Chapter by Liz Shaw

It has been my pleasure to co-facilitate Spouse Loss for the past nine years.

Spouse Loss is a group for both men and women whose life partners (husband or wife) have died. We discuss various topics of interest such as how to get appliances repaired or replaced, how to buy a car if you have never done that before, and how to continue with positive life experiences.

We have become friends and have shared meals together at various restaurants in Warrenton. We have enjoyed bowling together.

Some of us have enjoyed going to a dinner theater at Riverside in Fredericksburg, VA.

It has been heart-warming to watch our participants be able to smile again and to relax and enjoy their lives once more after their spouses have died.



I wanted to express my appreciation to you all. Thank you for opening an appointment for me ... and praying with me.

I have felt lighter ever since and I feel that the oppression of past events has lifted. Of course, memories and emotions still rise up, but they don't overtake me like before. I am now able to see with a lot more clarity and approach things with the Word.

I believe that you all are truly doing God's work and blessed by Him. I thank you that you allow the Holy Spirit to freely move through you and reach others like me.

I feel very privileged to have found you in my time of need. If there is any way that I may assist your ministry, please contact me.

With much love through Christ,

Patricia J.

Counseling and support are given by Chaplain Liz in Warrenton and Manassas. Call for an appointment.

Back row: Charles Stone, John Killinger, Gloria Killinger, Harvey Chase, Debbie Dallesandro, David Price, Marilyn Lunsford, Front row: Barbara Taylor, Liz Shaw, Shirley Lester.

Introducing Anna Hansen, Receptionist

Hi! I am Anna and I am so excited and blessed to join the SCSM family as the new receptionist. I've enjoyed getting to know all the wonderful people who walk into our doors. Everyone has been so welcoming and inviting.

I grew up in Spotsylvania County, just outside of Fredericksburg. I was heavily involved in my youth group at church, swim team, and theatre arts. I was on a swim team from middle school to high school. I am very much a water girl and loved the thrill of racing in it. Reaching new goals and pushing myself to become stronger became a foundation to how I live today. During my senior year of high school, I was nominated to be Captain of our team, which also allowed me to encourage my other team mates and helping them meet their goals.

Theatre and acting has always been the number one passion of mine. I love being creative and have been blessed to see a lot of my visions come to life. Growing up I always knew my life would revolve around stage theatre. I was involved in community theatre from elementary school to high school. I also served as Drama Club President my senior year in High School. I have acted, stage managed, directed, and built sets. Once I graduated high school I became a teacher for a theatre company, Christian Youth Theatre (CYT), in Fredericksburg. It allowed me to teach kids to expand their creativity and imagination, as well as further my education for my craft. I also joined a program called Actors, Models, and Talent for Christ (AMTC) where I studied in New York for nine months and then performed in a showcase in Orlando, Florida, in front of big casting directors and VIPs of the entertainment industry. This lead me to a wonderful production company, Kingdom Bound Productions, based in Maryland. I have performed with them off and on for the past 4 years.

I eventually moved to Harrisonburg to go to the community college just outside of



Rockingham County. There I studied acting and general studies. During that time, I was able to continue teaching theatre classes to kids in the summer time. My roommates went to James Madison University and were all a part of the swing dance club there. So naturally, I was able to sneak in to learn the wonderful and fast pace dance of swing! This is also where I met the love of my life and now husband, Patrick.

Patrick and I married during his senior year of college, where he majored in Physics from JMU. Soon we had two wonderful and crazy kids, Riley and Chance. I started teaching at a Christian Preschool and Daycare to have my kids close by and to continue being creative and pour God's love into young children.

Eventually, we decided to move closer to Patrick's family and relocate to Culpeper. We found a great church family to help us transition to a new place and made us feel like God had us where we needed to be. I was able to become the director for the Christmas plays, help create amazing decorations for various events, and to truly be aware of what God has planned for me.

After a few years in Culpeper, we felt lead to move again. This time to be closer to my family in Fredericksburg. Since living there, so many doors have opened for us. I am teaching at CYT again, the kids are going to a wonderful and positive new school, and we have found great friends and mentors to help us achieve our dreams and goals. Patrick and I now travel to several leadership conferences a year, up and down the east coast, to help ourselves grow into the type of leaders God has called us to be as young entrepreneurs.

One thing was missing though. I needed to find a part-time job while the kids were in school. I was searching for a loving and warm environment that would keep me growing spiritually, that would still allow me to be home for my kids, and a place that was making a difference in the community. That is why I think God lead me to SCSM. It had all those things and so much more. I have made so many great friends, I have been able to stay creative, and have been able to learn new

things! I can't wait to see what SCSM has in store for me in the future!

Praise and Prayer Requests

Praise the Lord...

- For God's grace that empowers us to do what we do.
- For all the people who pray and intercede for this ministry and give in so many ways.
- For all the new volunteers that are coming to help fulfill the vision that God has given us to accomplish.
- For the new SCSM Center that is being built and for all the people that are willing to help with the construction.
- For the privilege of serving others.
- For the volunteers that work behind the scenes to make ministry happen here locally, throughout the USA, and overseas. We appreciate each and every one of you!
- For our staff who truly care to give their best and it shows.
- For those who support us financially. It would be impossible to do what we are doing to help others without their help. Thank you so much!

Pray...

- Pray that we will use wisdom in all our decisions that need to be made each day.
- Pray that the new SCSM Center will be completed soon so we can move in and have the extra space we need.
- Pray for those who are suffering every day from chronic illness.
- Pray for those who are grieving the loss of a loved one.
- Pray for caregivers who are caring for their loved ones on a daily basis and are exhausted.
- Pray for those who have lost loved ones to suicide.
- Pray that people will have the courage to ask for help so they can find healing.



Fauquier Ministerial Luncheon

All clergy and ministry leaders are invited to the SCSM Center

1st Tuesdays, Noon

New SCSM Center Update!

by Jim Presley

In February, staff and volunteers of SCSM came to the new Center and wrote scriptures on walls, floors, rafters, support beams, and places I probably haven't seen. I know that building is blessed, and there is already a lot of love that flows within.

HVAC installation is nearing completion. Electrical wiring has been completed (a very big job and kudos to Dan and Gray for their long hours and hard



work). Camera and networking cabling is completed. Fun fact: We have installed over 3,500 feet of networking cabling and even more electrical wiring than that!

Underground cabling for electrical power service to building has been run. The water heater is installed, and we're waiting on electricity and underground propane tank installation.

The porta john has been serviced! Let's all say, "Amen!"

Fire blocking is completed and insulation on outer walls and basement has been completed with the exception of the attic, as that has to be done after the drywall is completed. Front porch ceiling has been started. It's going to look really nice! The next couple of steps will be drywall and then siding.

Some of the outstanding projects inside include painting, installing flooring, wood trim and doors, plumbing, interior lighting, installing network and camera equipment, kitchen cabinets, counters, and appliances. Some of the exterior projects include finishing the front porch, site work to include

drain field, buildup of New Hope Lane, property grading, paving, ADA ramp and entrance platform installation, and outside lighting. There is lots more that I am sure I left out, and that's because my old mind just can't keep up!

Gray and Debbie Coyner are examples of patience, perseverance, strength, and they hold the highest regard for the Lord. They, literally,

are putting their blood and sweat into this building.

Please continue to pray for this building, Debbie and Gray Coyner, volunteer workers (Dan, Dave and Jim), more volunteers, and a speedy completion.

Please contact Gray Coyner at gkcoyner@msn.com or Debbie Coyner at 540-423-8232 to let us know if you can help complete some of the outstanding projects! Many hands make light work. God bless.



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Thank You!

Bobby Delach for cleaning the Center; The Orthopedic Center for use of their parking lot; Diane and Jim Fritz for donating coffee; Warrenton Bible Church for funding for our Clergy and Ministry Leaders luncheon each month; Liz Shaw for a one-year subscription to AllCreatures by Guideposts; Jim Presley for computer networking equipment for the new building; Wanda Turner for snack foods; Vicki Smith for the bench; Matt Slaga for Windows 10 Pro upgrades.

SCSM Honorariums and Memorials

In Memory of Omar Lee Barnes III, given by Connie Barnes, Midland, VA; Nicholas Daymude, given by John and Debra Daymude, Copper Hill, VA; Donald Rodis, given by Elaine and James Soya, Vienna, VA; Rob Christiansen, given by John and Ann Marie McCarty, Catlett, VA; Jimmy Reynolds, given by Tony and Dorothy Slaga, Nokesville, VA; Rob Christiansen, given by Anne Marie McCarty, Catlett, VA; Scott Neth, given by Jack and Joyce Neth, Flower Mound, TX; Sgt. Jason A. Shaffer and newborn Jennifer Nicole Shaffer, given by Roger and Gwen Shaffer, Huntly, VA; Lisa Stone, given by Charles Stone, Marshall, VA; Carylon Alexandria, given by Sarah and Daniel Sheehan, Culpeper, VA; Ray M. Young, given by Doris Young, Warrenton, VA; Clayton Robert Finch, given by Louise Finch, East Freetown, MA.

In Honor of Pastor Lanny Horton, given by James and Toni Russo, Sumerduck, VA.

In Honor of Arvid and Liz's 50 Anniversary: Evelyn Latham, Amissville, VA; Julie DeWitt, Orange, VA; Linda Winstead, Manassas, VA; Frank Conti, Sparta, NJ; Barbara and Ron Willis, The Plains, VA; Stanley Ramsdal, Brooklyn, NY; Marianne and Walter Nigreville, Manassas, VA; Don and Cynthia Martz, Dalmatia, PA; James and Mary Henry, Locust Grove, VA; Marvin and Sharon Strauzer, Sparta, NJ; Karen Snuffer, Culpeper, VA; Bethel Ministries, Savage, MD; Linda Ross, Norwalk, CT; Helen Danielsen, Roseland, NJ; Louise Finch, East Freetown, MA; Carol and Dennis Acotto, Manassas, VA; Dorothy Crowder, Lake Ridge, VA; Chaplain Ron Anastase, Burlington, NJ; Rev. Gordon and Naomi Beahm, Meadville, PA; Marlina Schetting, Sparta, NJ; Ethel Alexander, Franklin, NJ; Kryne and Audrey Prol, Sparta, NJ; Helen and Neil Maloney, Beach Lake, PA; Peter and Ingrid Johnson, Saranac Lake, NY.

Be sure to read
Chaplain Liz's blog.
www.scsm.tv/blog



Spiritual Care Support Ministries, Inc.
 Reaching for a Hand, and Touching a Heart
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Dear Chaplain Liz

Dear Chaplain Liz,

My son just died, and I have no idea how to even cope with all that is happening in me and around me? What do I do? Can you help?

Your pain and confusion are real. In those early days it is important to take one step at a time. The funeral home, if you are using one, will be very helpful in guiding you through the process of making those difficult decisions in regards to the funeral arrangements. If you attend a faith community, your minister can give you the support you need, or you can call on a Chaplain at a hospital near where you live who can help you. Do the next thing, whatever that may be. Nothing is going to feel normal. You will be making a lot of decisions, and there will

people who will want to help you and it can be overwhelming. Tell people what you need or don't need if you can. Sometimes we don't even know what that means, but in time you will know and be honest with those who care. Remember to eat and sleep when you can but that may be difficult at first. Express your emotions. Cry if you need to. Find someone you can talk with and allow them to let you share your story about your son. Get support through family and friends and early on join a grief group which will give you an understanding of the grief journey. Lean on God to get you through those weeks when you feel no one understands. Talk to Him about your pain and your need for direction. He is only a prayer away. If you need more support, please call our office at 540-349-5814.

Do you have a question for Chaplain Liz? Send your question to "Dear Chaplain Liz", SCSM, 76 W. Shirley Ave, Warrenton, VA 20186. All correspondence needs to include your name, address and telephone number to be considered. All correspondence becomes the property of SCSM and receipt of the same constitutes writer's permission to publish any portion of the material in the H&H Newsletter or any other media, at the sole discretion of SCSM. Only first names (or an alias if you so indicate) will be included in the use of the material.

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SCSM Mission Statement

Providing support, education and a Biblical perspective to those who are ill, dying, grieving, and experiencing personal loss, and to those who journey with them.

SCSM Values: God's Word, Prayer, Value Every Human Life, Integrity, Confidentiality, Excellence in Everything We Do

SCSM Vision

To establish a local, national and international resource center to provide ministry, training and a retreat for those who are ill, dying, grieving and experiencing personal loss and to those who journey with them.