

The Well

The Newsletter of Hyaets

Hyaets Update

By Helms

The Well

Vision, Dreams, Calling, Community, Compassion, Care... The Well...

Joanie's Ode to the Little Tree...

I am a little tree recently planted with care,
 Because I am so little, I have hardly any hair.
 The hair I have is green and tickles when the wind blows,
 It blows and my hair spikes, I wonder when it'll grow.

Look at my bark, so shiny and smooth,
 It's not rough and wrinkled like the big tree's groove.
 I love me some rain, so nice, fresh, and wet,
 It's the best facial a little tree can get.

Sure, big trees have many chances in life,
 Holding play houses and swings would motivate one to survive.
 But I'm a little tree, as proud as can be,
 Unique and adored, there's only one me!

Contribute to the needs of the saints; extend hospitality to strangers.

Romans 12:13

You are officially reading a newsletter written in Charlotte, NC. We have made the move to Charlotte and are beginning to adapt to our new home. After a few weeks without fridge, stove, and hot water, Jason, Joanie, Greg, and I have finally gotten settled in and are now living in a fully functioning house! Our house is located in the Enderly Park neighborhood of Charlotte on the northwest side of the city, about two miles from downtown (or, as the locals call it, 'uptown.')

We've met some of our neighbors. There's Mr. U, Helen, and Carolyn that live next door in an apartment building. And then two houses down, there's Owen, Elizabeth, and Patricia. Across the street live Missy and Bobby and their four sons. Mrs. Minnie lives next to her. We look forward to meeting others as the days go by.

The new Enderly Park Recreation Center has recently opened. It is located only one block from us, so we walk over often. Greg, Joanie, and I have met quite a few children at the center. We've had fun playing bumper pool, foosball, and basketball with the children and some of the teens. School started for the local children August 25th. We hope to make friends with the children by going to the rec center after school, and perhaps inviting some of them to our house for popsicles, games, and help with their homework.

The Williams and The Jarrells have had a few meetings to discuss the Rule and Routine of "The Arbor," the intentional community. We are working on setting aside times for meals, prayer, and quiet times, as well as figuring out how to live with one another, how to share our resources with each other, and the many specifics that it will take to make our lives work. Community life is quite an adventure! As for "Shade for Sojourners", the urban partnership, we've scheduled the 1st and 3rd Mondays of the month for neighborhood meals. We hope that the meals will be like potlucks, where we can enjoy what each person has to offer. We are also planning to participate in neighborhood walkabouts, recreation center play, area acts of kindness and service, community hymn sings, and just hanging around on the front porch and being available and open to others.

On top of all that we are doing in Enderly Park, we have also started our jobs. Joanie's position at Christ United Methodist Church has gotten off to a great start. The staff and congregation are very supportive and are trying their best to be open to change. Jason's job at North Meck High School has been very busy. He is working hard to direct the band and teach classes. Marching Band season started the day that we arrived here, so Jason has been quite busy with the many, many tasks that it takes to make a band program run. Football

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Reflections

Michael Kellett

I often find it difficult to experience God in the midst of a crying baby, a box-filled house, a disaster of an office, and a 40-hour-a-week job. (Actually, no minister's job is actually 40 hours a week). Retreats have always been meaningful to me because I allow myself to rest, to hear that still, small voice, and to be nourished, more so than any other time in my life. The places to which I retreat are often secluded and in the midst of God's wonderful creation. I am at peace with myself, with others, and with God. Retreats are times I experience a Sabbath rest; yet, I find myself desiring and even needing Sabbath more than 3-4 times a year. As a minister with youth, I find that planning for a retreat often makes it difficult for me to actually retreat from anything. So, I'm left with this longing for retreat, for Sabbath, and all the retreats I plan to attend are ones that I'm leading. My challenge, for myself and for all of us, is to find time for spiritual nourishment on a weekly, even daily basis, and to be able to experience God's Sabbath rest in the midst of the chaos that is life. May we all allow God to nourish us, to grant us rest, and may we allow God the space to do so.

Lightening the Load
-Frances Dorff

The first thing we have to do
Is to notice that we've loaded down this camel
With so much baggage
We'll never get through the desert alive.
Something has to go.

Then we can begin to dump
The thousand things
We've brought along
Until even the camel has to go
And we're walking barefoot
On the desert sand.

There's no telling what will happen then.
But I've heard that someone,
Walking in this way,
Has seen a burning bush.

"If I am to love my brother, I must somehow enter into the mystery of God's love for him. I must be moved not only by human sympathy but by that divine sympathy which is revealed to us in Jesus and which enriches our own lives by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in our hearts."

-Wendell Berry
A Timbered Choir

-Thomas Merton
No Man is an Island

Whatever is foreseen in joy
Must be lived out from day to day
Vision held open in the dark
By our ten thousand days of work.
Harvest will fill the barn; for that
The hand must ache, the face must sweat

And yet no leaf or grain is filled
By work of ours; the field is tilled
And left to grace. That we may reap,
Great work is done while we're asleep.
When we work well, a Sabbath mood
Rests on our day, and finds it good.

Write the Vision...

by Helms

Habakkuk 2:2-3

A place where one can go to be alone...a place where we can come together as one...a place of beauty and inspiration...a chance to learn and grow...a chance to share experiences and knowledge with others... a space for questioning and challenge...a place for the outcast...a people with whom you can let loose...a people with whom you can rejoice and lament... a time to have fun and play...an opportunity to work with your hands... a place of strength and renewal...a people of depth and thought....a time set aside...a place that is sacred....a holy people.....

...Little Tree...

...providing space and time for camp and retreat experiences...for the individual...for groups...for the lonely...for the seekers...for the questioners...for the content and the discontent... for the doubter...for those who need renewal...for those wanting to share....for one wishing to get away....for you.

...Little Tree...

Sharing together... Worship... Sabbath... Prayer... Play... Fellowship... Music... Laughter... Nature....
...Communion... Rest.... Service... Expression.... Welcome.... Quiet.... Devotion....

Passion, Calling, Desires...

by Greg

I told a half-lie to my kids in Church Hill one day. You know the sort of lie – the one made untruthful by omitting important information rather than altering facts. I told them that we were going mountain climbing, that I would make them a good lunch, that they would have fun, and that I did not really think they could do it. The kids were always suckers for a trip anyway, so I knew they would participate as long as I left out a few bits of information, like the fact that the trail was seven miles long, climbed more than 2000 feet in elevation, would take us seven hours, and would remove the kids from everything that resembled home. I decided that the benefits of the climb would outweigh the fact that they would not be ready—or at least they would not think that they were ready—for such an intense trip. Whether that was the right call or not, I am not sure, but the results were pretty good anyway. When the day arrived, the kids showed up early, and we left for the ride to the base of Old Rag Mountain, one of the best climbs in Virginia. The complaining started well before we got out of the parking lot in Richmond. By the time they saw the mountain from a distance, more than 2 hours later, it had reached a fever pitch. They were miserable already, and they hated the trips I took them on, and “I’m never going with you anywhere again,” and my personal favorite, “If we make it back, I’m suing!” They weren’t kidding about the *if*. Some kids really thought this was the end for them.

Despite the protests, we hit the trail, beginning our long, slow climb. For a while, everyone had a good time, but after twenty minutes or so, the bellyaching started again. “How long is this trail?” “When will we get to the top?” This continued all the way to the summit, for five hours, each new obstacle met with increasing verbal resistance. But, each new obstacle was also met with a resolve and determination that overshadowed the complaining. The closer to the peak we got, the more the kids worked together, holding hands, encouraging

one another, comforting and coaxing the friend crying from fear of making the next big leap.

God and I have met several times on top of Old Rag. Such encounters are unavoidable, it seems, along this particular climb. Previously, it was in silence and solitude, and alongside a single companion of a like mind. This time was different in several ways, not the least of which was my companionship. When we reached the top, there was no spectacular 360-degree view. There was a thick cover of clouds. Looking off the side of a cliff, there was nothing but dense fog. The bottom of the cliff and the valley below had ceased to exist. I was surrounded by children being obnoxious, whining about how much they hated this day. And there was God, despite the circumstances, or perhaps precisely because of them, hiding in the dense fog. God was a little more difficult to see that day, except by the tears, the mutual support, and the hard work that had gotten us that point. The journey down was no different than the journey up, marked by much whining and fussing, but occasionally a statement of awe at themselves and God’s creation crept through. Despite the complaining, the day continues to be of great significance to all of the children, who recall it often with a sense of pride and accomplishment, though they would never say that with me around.

One of our visions is to be part of a place that can provide these sorts of experiences to the urban people with whom we now share our lives, as well as to others who want to join us as we encounter God together on mountaintops and in valleys, in the natural environment as well as in the built environment. We hope to be a bit more forthcoming about the plans for doing so than I was with the Church Hill kids (e.g., it will be *cold* in Boone the first weekend of November), but we also look with anticipation to the surprises that God has for us along the journey.

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Hyaets is a faith-based nonprofit organization covenanting to enrich inspire and embody community. The ministries of Hyaets include The Arbor, an intentional community, Little Tree camp and retreat experiences, Shade for Sojourners, an urban partnership, The Well, a ministry newsletter, and Seed Exchange, connections with congregations.

Little Tree

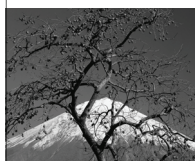
Join us for our first ever Little Tree Camping and Retreat Experience!

“Lift My Eyes”

November 4-6th, 2005

Boone, NC

See brochure for details

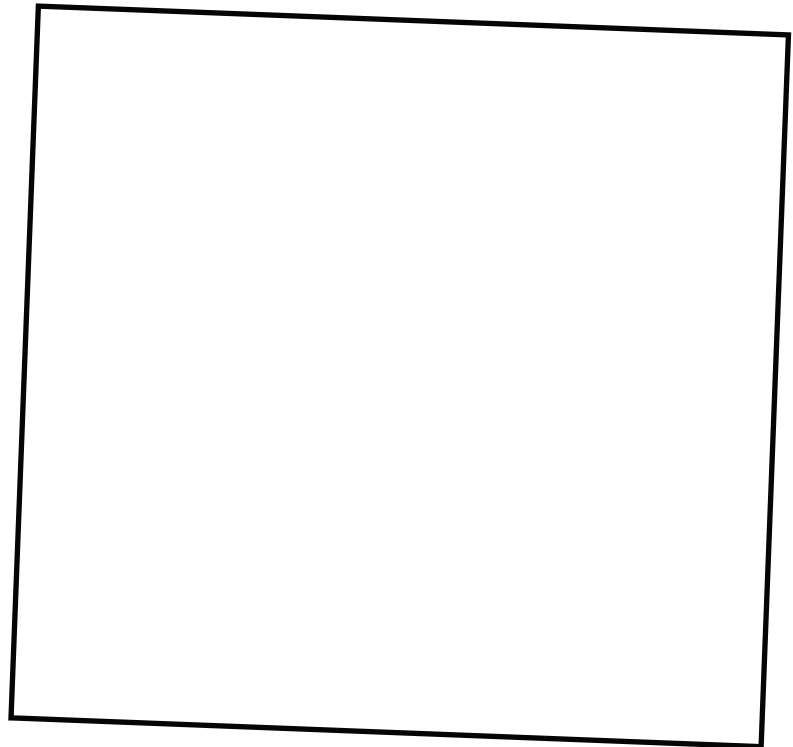


The Well

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**Vision, Dreams, Calling, Community,
Compassion, Care... The Well**



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games have already started, and competitions are just around the corner.

After helping Jason out with band camp, Greg went on a search for a job. He quickly found one as a bicycle courier, which sounded neat, but he found a better position working with the after-school program at the neighborhood rec center. This is an exciting opportunity! As for me, I have started my position at the Baptist Student Union at UNCC. I'm trying my best to get to know names and faces and remember them! The students seem happy that I am working with them. I am excited about all the activities that they have planned and am looking forward to spending this year with them.

These past few weeks of moving in and getting settled seem like a whirlwind of events, emotions, people, and places. Someone asked us recently if we felt like this place was home yet. We're getting there. It's going to take some time. Pray for us that we might have the patience and strength to wait for this to become home.

Interesting Spots We've Found:

- **Good restaurants, including home cookin' at Gardenia, Charlotte Café, and Lupie's, and great vegetarian options at the Dilworth Neighborhood Grille**
- **Pastor Talk Back at Myers Park Baptist**
- **A huge, 2 story Cokesbury store**
- **The Enderly Park Recreation Center**
- **Paul Hanneman's shower (he was kind enough to let us use it while our water heater was broken. It's immaculate.)**
- **Christ United Methodist**
- **Mount Carmel Baptist**
- **Jazz Jams at the Double Door Inn**