

Story of Faith: Jean Wolverton

As I write this, I am looking down at beautiful Lake Norris. What a wonderful weekend with family here in Tennessee. Watching grandsons surf behind the boat (how do you do that?) with sparkling water and the beauty of the mountains is good for the soul. What does that have to do with a faith statement? The love of family and friends is such a comfort in times of stress.

I recall a sermon given by Steven Barnes while he was our interim pastor. He was explaining the trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit saying that each is an equal part of the trinity in explaining our God. For me the Holy Spirit is very meaningful.

It is that emotional experience that can be explained by the spirit of God.

My faith began in my youth by going to Sunday School, youth groups, and camps. As a 6th grader I went to Dunkirk Conference Grounds in New York. I can still picture the evening vesper services help facing west on a high bluff overlooking Lake Erie. The Spirit moved me at this place of God. Then there was Jumonville in Union Town Pa with its 70-foot-high cross that could be seen for miles around, especially when lit up at night. Camping in the beauty of nature with morning watch and singing after all meals, with religious lessons sets one's faith early in life. Music over my years has also strengthened that spirit in my soul. Many choirs, bell choirs, organ music is something that now we all miss.

So, for me, it is that Spirit that I feel when surrounded by family and friends, the beauty of nature, early camp experiences, and music that bring the Holy Spirit to me.