

COMPASS

DISCOVER YOURSELF IN GOD'S STORY



WINTER 2018



COMPASS VISION

Compass is a quarterly publication with the mission of sharing and revealing God's presence and work in His people's lives through story, so that we are encouraged to grow in faith and connect in community. The stories in the publication reflect Discovery's six core values.

DISCOVERY VALUES

- WORSHIP** by noticing and responding to God's everyday presence
- EMBRACING TRUTH** as the pathway to freedom
- GROWING** by stepping out of our comfort zone
- CONNECTING** with each other because together is better
- SHARING** our time, talents and treasures
- MOVING TOWARD** our local and global neighbors

CONNECT ONLINE

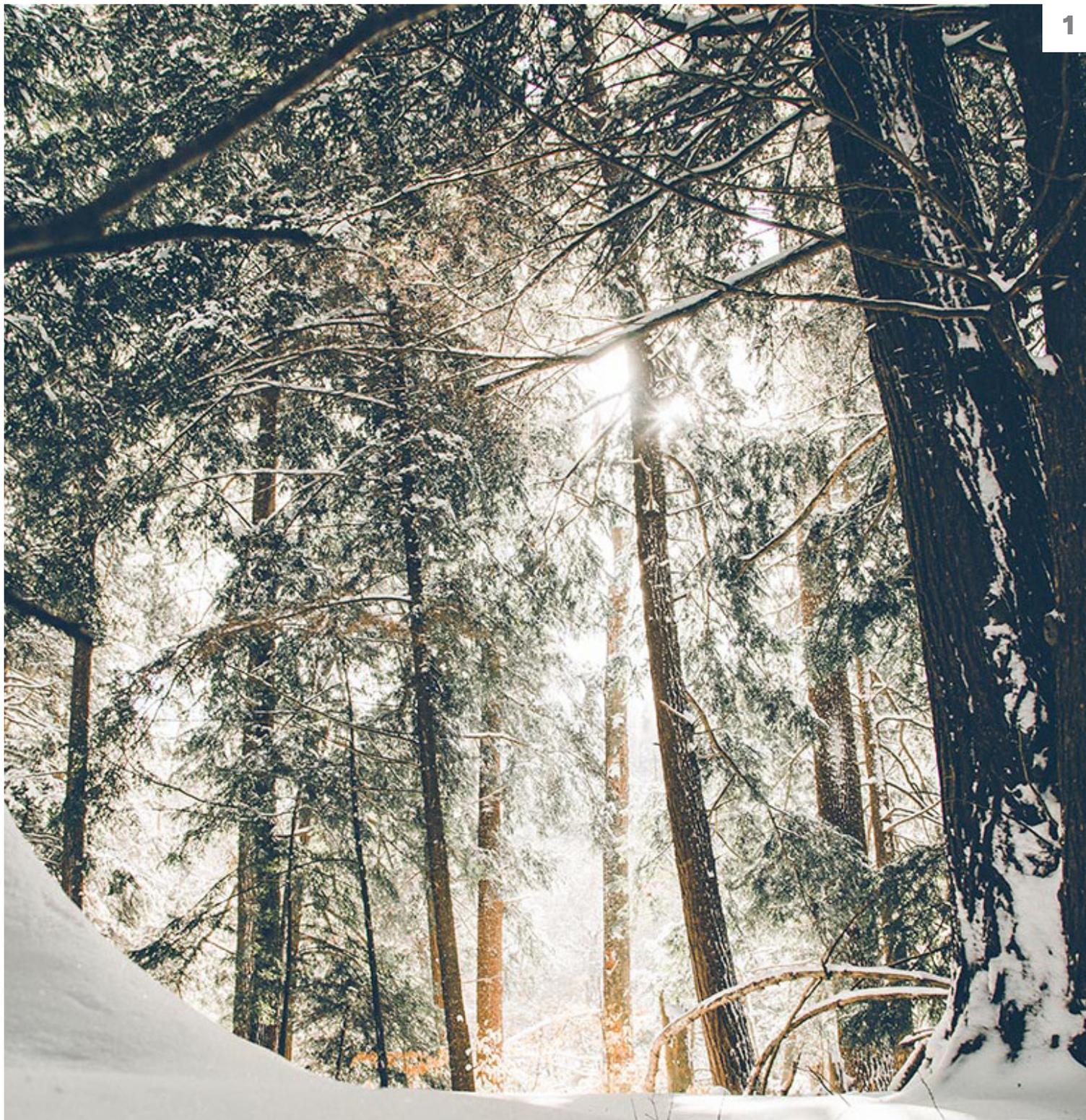
Visit our website at www.dc2.me
Be sure to check out upcoming events at www.dc2.me/events

CONTRIBUTE TIME & TALENT

Do you have a faith story, recipe, book recommendation, poem, art, photo, or idea to share? Please go to dc2.me/story to fill out the form. If you would like to be a part of the Creative Team of this publication, please contact Wendy Smith at wendy@dc2.me

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LUKE 5:26

EVERYONE WAS GRIPPED WITH GREAT

wonder & awe

AND THEY PRAISED GOD, EXCLAIMING,
“WE HAVE SEEN AMAZING THINGS TODAY!”

sharing



Kathy Williams with her late mother, Karen McGregor (September 2000)

Oatmeal Raisin Cookies

(from the kitchen of Karen McGregor)
350 degree oven. Makes 5 dozen

Ingredients

3 eggs	1 tsp cinnamon
1 cup of raisins	2 1/2 cups flour
1 tsp vanilla	1 tsp baking soda
1 cup Crisco (butter flavor)	2 tsp salt
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar	2 cups oatmeal (not instant)
1 cup white sugar	

Directions

In a medium bowl, combine eggs, raisins and vanilla. Set aside for one hour OR do the night before, cover and refrigerate overnight. Heat oven to 350°F. Place cooling racks on counter for cooling cookies. Combine Crisco, white sugar, brown sugar and cinnamon in a large bowl. Beat at medium speed until well blended, scraping sides as needed. Combine flour, salt and baking soda, then add to creamed mixture at low speed. Mix just until blended. Add oatmeal. Mix well. Mixture will be crumbly. Add egg/raisin/vanilla mixture. Mix at med low speed until a ball forms on mixing paddle. Form 1-inch balls and place 2 inches apart onto ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 350°F for 10-12 minutes, or until set and just beginning to brown. Cool 2 minutes on baking sheet. Remove from cookie sheets to cooling racks. Makes about 5 dozen cookies. To keep freshness, freeze cookies immediately.

COOKIE LADY

written by Kathy Williams

For 20 years I have been “thanking” people with cookies. Every other week I bake a double batch of chocolate chip cookies, and at least half of them are gifted away. My love of baking is from the Lord, so I do it because it’s part of my time, talent, treasure and love for Him. Each one of us is given special gifts to use for the Kingdom. It can take time to figure out how to be the light in the dark and show the love of our Lord to a hurting world.

I grew up in a family with a mom who loved to bake. Our pantry always had the ingredients to make cookies. In the 70s, my mom baked cookies, cakes and pies. We always ate dinner at home. All of the recipes from my mother’s kitchen I use today. I stepped up to the mixer machine when I was 10 to earn a baking badge in Girl Scouts. I also learned the lesson of letting my brothers have some of the dough before the cookies were baked. We are adults now and survived eating raw cookie dough! My love for the Lord and serving came from my parents, who served at church on a regular basis. They ushered, served on leadership boards and helped at women’s ministry events, to name a few. My brothers and I were worship servers, youth helpers, Sunday school teachers and choir singers. I thought it was normal to be at church all morning helping with services, Sunday school and cleaning up after coffee hour. I saw both my mom and dad give of their time, talent and treasure for the Lord.

When I moved out and set up my own kitchen in the 80s, the first addition was Tupperware to store the brown sugar and flour. I duplicated the baking pantry I grew up with and mom copied her recipes for me. After my husband, Steve, and I married, he told me about coming home from school to three kinds of cookies freshly baked by his mom. Steve perfectly understood when I asked for my first Kitchen Aid stand-up mixer for a Christmas present in 1992. Steve is my taste tester and eats the dark brown cookies left in the oven too long, along with new recipes I have added to my repertoire.

In the early 90s I made cookies for university students, family and friends. A family in Greenfield, MA, nicknamed me “Cookie Lady.” I’ve gifted cookies to them for 25 years. In 1998 I gave my first batch of cookies away to total strangers as a thank you for helping me with a flat tire when Steve was out of town. It is a great feeling to share something from my heart. People are caught totally off guard, but enjoy the homemade treats so much. When our basement was being finished, the workers would fight over who had the most cookies. The service guys for our cars have been the largest group to receive cookies for tire rotations, oil changes and all day maintenance. Other beneficiaries of my treats are teachers, office workers and janitors at schools, and a special restaurant where we’ve traded lunch for a plate of cookies.

“It is a great feeling to share something from my heart.” –Kathy Williams

I had no idea that it would bring me to today where it is natural for me to bring cookies and other baked goods to people on a regular basis. When I volunteer at Discovery I always bring a plate of treats. Folks appreciate the thought and always say that baking cookies is a lost art. I have shared my recipes with many people for over 20 years. I am also mindful of teaching and showing the next generation how to make homemade cookies. My love for the Lord and service for His kingdom are the reason I’m the “Cookie Lady.”

When she is not baking cookies, Kathy volunteers at Discovery working at the front desk doing many tasks. She has been married to Steve for 29 years, and they have attended Discovery for about 5 years. In addition to being a baker, Kathy is a scrap booker and quilter.

written by Joan Wright

Joan Wright seated at the Butterfly Sanctuary in California

My husband and I lived with our son and daughter-in-law when our first grandchild was born. This precious little girl had four doting adults to care for her. We babysat during the day and she trained us well. The most difficult time was nap time. We started the awful habit of lying down with her until she fell asleep; and as you can imagine, she grew to depend on that. She did everything to avoid sleep, and usually whoever was on nap duty fell asleep long before she did.

One afternoon as I was fighting sleep she asked, "Grandma, where did you get all those wrinkles?" I laughed because it was better than crying. I told her how God uses a special paintbrush and He painted all the marks on my body to help me remember what a wonderful life I had. I showed her the laugh lines around my eyes and told her they reminded me of all the fun I had: birthday parties, trips with my family, friends, and even sometimes how I laughed at myself when I made mistakes. I told her that when she was born, I smiled for a whole week. We got a mirror so she could see her laugh lines. They were practically non-existent.

"That's because you are young," I explained. "As you age they get deeper and are easier to see."

Then I showed her the lines on my forehead. "These are called worry lines." I told her my worry lines were actually starting to fade because I was trusting God more and more and didn't worry as much.

"What about this wrinkle on my knee?" she asked.

"That isn't a wrinkle, it's called a scar. Scars happen when your skin is cut, burned or injured. The scar reminds you of how God healed you." I showed her a few of my scars and told her how they had happened, but mostly what a wonderful reminder they were of God's healing.

"Mom says I have freckles. Do you have any?" she asked.

I told her those were from being outside in the sun. "At my age they are called age spots." We talked about how sunscreen was not invented when I was a little girl and how those spots remind me of all the hours I spent outside playing with my friends and the wonderful vacations we had at the beach. Then I told her how I had saved my favorite wrinkles for later. I pulled up my shirt and showed her my very wrinkled tummy.

"What are those wrinkles from?" she asked wide-eyed. I explained that those wrinkles were there to remind me of the wonderful times in my life when a baby grew inside me.

I explained how her daddy was the first one, and her Uncle Jamie the second.

She was quiet for a moment, and then she said, "Grandma, I love your wrinkles, and I hope when I grow up I have even more than you do." As I laid back down I know I had a smile on my face and that my life lines became a bit deeper. *Thank you, God.*

Joan and her husband Chuck have been married for 48 years and have three children and six grandchildren. They are both retired elementary teachers. They have been at Discovery for eleven years.



Joan and Chuck's six grandchildren: (left to right) Peyton, JT, Quinn, Liam, Jojo and Becca.

worship

THANKSGIVING CANVAS

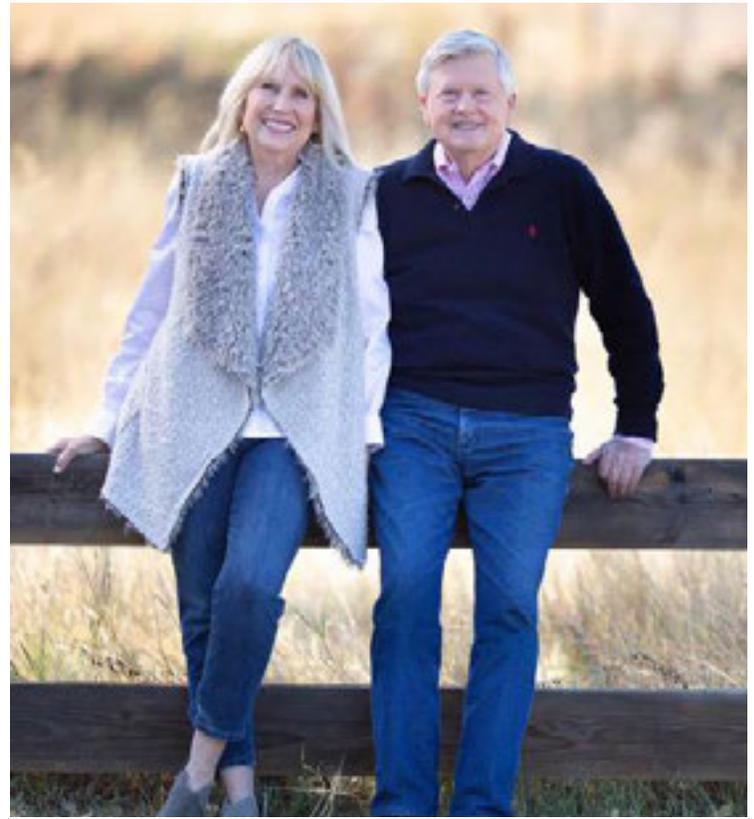
written by Jonathan Morse

Thanksgiving, cloudy and gray. The sun is there, just not prepared to show itself on this late November Thursday. Almost instantly, the memories come, flooding my senses before even having a chance to fully awake. And with them, the melancholy not helped by the gray morning.

This Thanksgiving will be different than previous years. No joyful gathering with family or friends. This year, all our children and grandchildren are with spouses' families. Alone again, just my wife, Marcy, and I. We've had a few of those over the years, but today will be different. Recently, Marcy took a pet-sitting job to earn extra money. My nonprofit partnership that provides low-income housing for needy families, immigrants and the mentally ill, does not permit me to draw a salary. So, for several years we've been living on social security and a little income from a real estate business. Marcy took a pet-sitting job to walk dogs and care for cats, bunnies and parrots. She averages seven clients a day and walks about five miles a day to earn extra money to help pay our bills. I've gone with her in snowstorms, windy days and icy conditions. Today, she volunteered for holiday overtime. I'm going with her so we can be together. Our first client is set for 7:30 a.m. The schedule requires walks on and off all day until 8:00 p.m. We'll have to squeeze in our meal of packaged turkey, prepared mashed potatoes and green beans, no bread dressing this year. One consolation is Marcy's homemade cranberry sauce.

Going into an enormous 5,000 square foot mansion on a golf course for our first stop is not so much depressing, but sad. Cats, dogs and parrots need my wife's attention. She loves all animals and for her it is a joy to be greeted so lovingly. So, I do what I usually do and walk around the house before settling down in a chair to read the newspaper. The house is filled with furniture, but it seems cold. Soon Marcy takes care of the pets and we're back in the car headed to our next house. And then here comes the Christmas carols on the radio and more sadness and longing sweeps over me. Looking out the window at the gray morning, my thoughts go to my youth with my brother and parents around our Douglas fir with bubble lights next to a roaring fire. Bing Crosby's White Christmas is playing on a 78 record player. Transported, I'm happy, joyful and warm. Which was warmer, the fire or our shared affection?

My reverie abruptly ends at our next arrival. Another house, cold and empty. It will be like this all day into the evening. What I do is try and imagine



Marcy and Jonathan Morse

what it must be like for the families who live here, but have traveled to see other families for the holiday. I look at their photographs prominently displayed on a wall or console. Do they know how lucky they are? Are they grateful on this day? Some houses have no photographs, which even adds to my sense of loneliness. I am lonely for our children and grandchildren. I'm lonely for my youth. I am lonely for the past that is no more. Listening to the carols between visits is comforting, to a point. Can't the sun break free?

Finally, late afternoon, it happens. We're walking through what seems like a forest of spruce and fir trees in a beautiful neighborhood. My spirit lifts to meet the sun. *Where have you been all day?* Now, the rolling cloud formations strut onto an azure stage. Has anyone noticed that late November brings these incredible rows of rounded formations and ranks mustered for the benefit of anyone who'll simply look skyward, heavenward? Late afternoon brings an array of colors on the long rolls of clouds as only God could have imagined and created. I see every shade of pink, vermilion, magenta, persimmon, salmon, mauve and crimson. *What is going on up there?* It's God's light show.

Way off in the distance over Pike's Peak, a row of clouds moves slowly, steadily onward, but stops. This row is royal purple. It almost made it over the mountain before dimming—almost. Almost, a word that brings its own sense of melancholy, a sense of trying, but not quite making it. Then it became clear. The whole majesty of the clouds and colors were a display in the sky, up there, a canvas painted just for me. God knew how I was feeling. He knew the lonely melancholy of this special holiday.

So, you've looked up and saw what I wanted to show you. Now, it is time for you to look around on your level, in your place on the ground, today. Right next to me is my partner, the mate of my soul for almost 40 years. Constant, strong, loving and adored. I understand... He had been with us all day. He understood. He had taken each step with us. My melancholy evaporated, as did the last hint of purple on the clouds. Sadness turned to joy, a joy of knowing, believing. An acceptance. And in that afterglow, love. And in that love I found, today, my Thanksgiving.

Jonathan and Marcy Morse have been married for 38 years. They have four kids and seven grandchildren and have attended Discovery for one year.

HEART FOR WORSHIP

as told by Clay Miller to Rachael Parks

If you have been going to Discovery for awhile, you probably know Clay Miller. Clay, 14, is a freshman at Peak to Peak Charter School. He is known around Discovery for his distinct white-blond hair, his biting sarcasm and his desire to spend every waking moment at Discovery.

I met with Clay on a Thursday night in September while he was hanging out with the youth interns, as he often does. He laughs easily, can talk to anyone and has limitless energy. I distinctly remember thinking, “Wow, this kid is not shy at all.” If you have ever had the pleasure of meeting Clay, I am sure that your first impression may have been similar.

Clay has grown up in the church, and started coming to Discovery with his family when he was eight. While Clay has always felt a connection with the people at Discovery, something clicked for him in middle school when he started going to youth group. When I asked Clay, “What changed from elementary to middle school that made such a huge difference for you?” he got a giant smile on his face and started talking about his youth leaders.

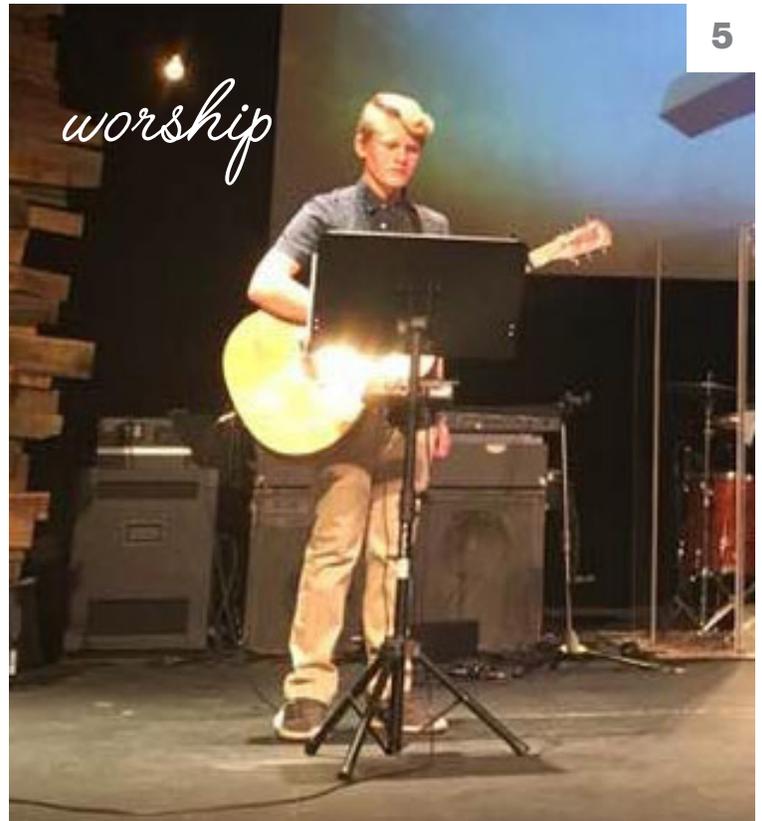
“I started going to youth group and I just felt like people knew who I was. You see the youth leaders every week and you know they want to be there. You feel like they’re there for you and they want to get to know you because they choose to be there. It’s fun hanging out with them and getting to know them. I can talk to them because I trust them, and I feel like they really care about us.”

I smiled when he said that because I know how loved Clay is by the youth leaders at Discovery. As we talked, Clay told me how the messages he hears at youth group help connect with his everyday life and help him with the experiences of high school and how to navigate them in a godly way.

After hearing Clay praise the youth group and leaders for about 10 minutes, we started talking about his involvement in children’s ministry and his love for worship.

“One day, I was watching Emilie (Knauss) play guitar and I thought it would be cool to learn guitar. I was already interested in singing, so I borrowed my neighbor’s guitar and started practicing. Later, I bought Emilie’s guitar and started working with her on worship, music, leadership and life skills. I already loved worship music and thought “Why don’t I start doing this? I auditioned and was welcomed on the youth worship team.” At this point in the conversation, I am so blown away by Clay’s ambition, I stop asking questions and let him talk about Jesus and his love for ministry.

Clay’s passion for worship overflows into children’s ministry. He helps lead children’s worship, in addition to youth. “I don’t know how I got so involved with children’s ministry. I guess because I was working with Emilie and she was starting a new children’s program. I remember one day she



Clay Miller on Youth Sunday

was doing motions along with a song for the kids, and she invited me to come watch her, so I did. She was so excited about starting the children’s program and asked me if I wanted to play. I started with her, and now I lead by myself.”

If you are already impressed with Clay, you’re in good company. Clay went on to talk about his love for global missions. He traveled with Discovery’s youth group on a mission trip to Costa Rica last summer. “My mom and I did an immersion program where we learned more in-depth Spanish, and we stayed with a host family. During the mission trip I could really feel and sense Him through the locals, who don’t take Him for granted. They really rely on Him for their everyday needs. I loved feeling that. It made me feel closer to Jesus.”

Clay has a deep rooted love for Jesus, and it is evident in how he spends his time—serving in any way he can at Discovery. Besides helping with youth and children’s worship, I’ve seen Clay show up early to youth group on Wednesdays to help set up. When I dropped Clay off at his house, I joked with his mom, Adrienne, about how excited she must be for when Clay learns to drive so she doesn’t have to make several trips a day to Discovery.

Clay wants to go into ministry in the future. He isn’t sure if he wants to be a missionary, a worship pastor, a lead pastor, or all three, but he knows he

loves serving in the church and that he wants to dedicate his life to Jesus. Clay’s story is a beautiful testimony to what Discovery desires for its youth. His commitment to serving others and finding community, is a great example to people who walk through the doors of Discovery. Clay, your church family can’t wait to see what your future holds.

Clay lives in Broomfield with his younger brother Jordan, mom, Adrienne, and dad, Brett. Their family has been attending Discovery for 6 years.



UPCOMING EVENTS

Visit www.dc2.me/events to see more details

Planning ahead financially for your special needs kids

Monday, January 7th, 6:30-8pm

Sign up at dc2.me/plan

First Steps into Community Starting Point

Thursday, January 10th, 5:15pm and Sunday, January 13th, Noon

Sign up dc2.me/startingpoint

Ministry Tasting

Sunday, January 27th, 9am

Sign up dc2.me/ministrytasting

Overcome Group for Mental Health

Saturdays, beginning January 12th, 9-10:30am

Sign up at dc2.me/overcome

Women's Ministry Bible Studies

Ruth: love, loss, and legacy

Monday evenings, beginning January 14th, 7-9pm

To sign up, email Sue Pence at grandysue69@gmail.com

Nehemiah: a heart that can break

Thursday mornings, beginning January 17th, 9-11am

To sign up, email Nina Taylor at ninatay.86@gmail.com

Juvenile Justice Ministry Orientation

Tuesday, January 22nd, 6:30-9:00pm

Sign up at dc2.me/juvenile-justice

Holy Yoga at Discovery, 6-week class

begins Saturday, January 12th, 9:30-10:30am

Additional classes: January 19, 26 and

February 2, 9, 16

RSVP to debp989@gmail.com

Unfinished Season Event (Read about on pg. 12)

January 26th, 10:30am - 11:30am

Email steve@dc2.me

Life Group Speed Dating at Discovery

Sunday, January 27th, 3-5pm

Sign up at dc2.me/life-group

Growing Home Week at Discovery

January 27th - February 3rd

Fill out our volunteer form at dc2.me/growinghome

Camp Elim Grade School Winter Camp

February 1st-3rd

Sign up at campelim.com

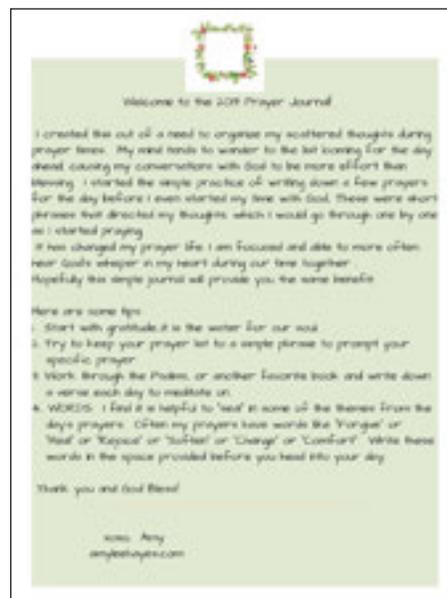
Barn Curators Team Information Meeting

Saturday, February 2nd, 9-10am

RSVP to brendan@dc2.me

PRAYER LIFE

Are you looking for a new way to engage your prayer life? Amy Hayes, from Discovery, has created these spiral-bound prayer journals. They were designed to create structure and keep you focused on your prayer time. She will be creating a new version each year. They are a perfect size to sit on your nightstand, on the table by your favorite chair in the morning, or to drop in your purse. The cost for a journal is \$15, which includes shipping. Purchase online at <http://www.amylechayes.com/2019-prayer-journal/>





embracing truth

HEALING JOURNEY

My name is Matt and I am a member of Discovery Church. I have always believed in God, but I have come to find that there is a difference between belief and faith. I would like to share about a change and spiritual experience that affected me deeply and has proven to be the stronghold in a new way of life that I have been given.

“My name is Matt and I am an Alcoholic.” I have said that sentence thousands of times and I do not deny or fight the urge to not admit it. Many years of my life were consumed by the powerful diseases of alcoholism and addiction. I am not ashamed of this, though I carried a lot of guilt during the active years of my disease. They say that addiction is a disease that affects the body, mind and spirit. For me this was quite true. I became physically dependent on alcohol. I was no stranger to having the “shakes” or cravings. That is the physical side. Further, my mental state was neither rational nor consistent, “the insanity of the drink” some say. Not a pretty sight.

As a kid growing up, I always believed in God but belief was about as far as that went. My family was active in the church. We attended an Episcopal Church in Denver. I served as an acolyte for many years. My mother is even an ordained Episcopal Reverend. We were raised to believe in the Word of God. However, I can’t say that I felt like I had much of a relationship with God. I believed that He had created the earth, the stars and even me, yet I did not acknowledge that He has an active part in my life. I saw God as an all-powerful bystander. As I spiraled down in my disease, I grew further and further away from Him. My focus was completely on how I would get my next drink.

In the summer of 2009, I hit bottom. I found myself hopeless and alone. I had pushed away all of my friends and most of my family. I had a particularly bad spree of drinking that ended me up in the hospital (certainly not my first time for this). I stayed at the hospital for several days and when I had the gumption (and physical fortitude) to walk, doctors released me. By the grace of God, I made it into the rooms of Alcoholics Anonymous. Something started to change. My mind foggy for a few weeks, all I could do was get to an AA meeting each day, not drink and pray a lot. I got a sponsor and started to work the 12 steps of AA. As a result, I started to string a few days of sobriety together... my mind began to clear and my body began to heal. This made it possible for me to consider my spiritual sickness.

I believed in God but I had never put faith in God. What I mean to say, is that I was not willing to accept the notion that God interacted in this world

“I feel now that I have been given a second chance on life.” –Matt

or my life. That is a lonely and difficult way to trudge through life... hopeless and broken. It was in this bottom that I became willing to ask for help from God and others. The first step of AA is to admit one is powerless and an alcoholic. The second step is to come to believe that a power greater than oneself can restore sanity. In the third step, speaking “We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to God as we understood him” I had a powerful experience. After much work and writing, step three is concluded by saying a prayer with one’s sponsor. Here is the prayer: “God, I offer myself to Thee—to do with me as Thou wilt. Relieve me the bondage of self that I may better do Thy will. Take away my difficulties that victory over them might bear witness to those I would help of Thy Power, Thy Love, and Thy way of life. May I do Thy will always.” This prayer represents an agreement that I made with God. I would do the work that I think He would have me do and He would take care of the things that I could not. Within a few minutes of getting on my knees and saying this prayer with my sponsor, I had an overwhelming sense of peace that I had never known. I was no longer alone. The ease and comfort that I sought unsuccessfully in the bottle had been released upon me and I was no longer “fighting a losing battle.” God removed the compulsion to drink.

I feel now that I have been given a second chance on life. The opportunity to have God enter my world was always there but I had to become willing to seek Him. I live one day at a time in faith. I do what I think God would have me do and He takes care of the rest. I no longer need to avoid life or numb my mind and body to escape the fear and loneliness that is addiction and today I get to share this hope and solution with others. Thanks be to God.

MORE INFO

Alcoholics Anonymous

Discovery hosts a weekly Alcoholics Anonymous meeting every Friday evening at the church from 5:30-6:30pm. Contact AA@dc2.me for more information.



COMFORT FOOD

at Comfort Cabin

What could be better than a group of women gathering to learn, laugh and eat samples of homemade treats?

On December 1st, women gathered at Comfort Cabin to watch and learn as Carol Hill and Sue Pence each prepared one of their favorite recipes that they have been making for many years. Carol Hill made toffee, which has been a Hill family tradition since a friend taught her in 1984. Sue Pence made a cinnamon tea ring, which she found in a Southern Living Annual Recipe cookbook given to her as a gift in 1983. After instruction, good smells and sampling, the group sang Christmas carols to ring in Christmas cheer.

Learn more about Comfort Cabin, a nonprofit in Thornton, it's mission and class offerings at www.comfortcabin.org



Good friends and bakers Carol Hill and Sue Pence (aka Paula Deen and Ina Garten) at Comfort Cabin.

Carol's Toffee

Equipment

Tall sided pan (candy expands as it boils and can boil over)
Long handled wooden spoon (taller than your pan)
11 x 17 pan on heat protected surface
Measuring cups
Small spatula

Ingredients

2 ¼ cups sugar
1 cup water
1 lb. salted butter, unwrapped
2 ¼ cups almonds (finely chop the ¼ cup and reserve for topping)
1 ½ cups semi-sweet chocolate chips or large Hershey bar (dark or milk chocolate)

Directions

Put sugar in a heavy, tall pan. Add water. Loosely cover and set on high heat for 8 minutes. After 8 minutes, check sugar for a thread (a long, thin line of sugar) When it forms a well-developed thread, add butter one stick at a time stirring until it is melted before adding another. When all the butter is melted, slowly add 2 cups of almonds. Stir constantly until darker color develops (from yellow to amber) and candy reaches a hard ball stage. It will just begin to smell like it is burning. Pour into the pan on a heat protected surface and spread evenly. Cool enough to thicken so it will hold the chocolate chips - about 10 minutes. Sprinkle with chips, let them melt and spread them evenly over the top. Sprinkle with finely chopped almonds. Let set until chocolate cools. Plan on several hours. Break up and enjoy.

* You can also make a batch of toffee and pour it over popcorn.

Sue's Cinnamon Tea Ring

Dough Ingredients

1 pkg. or 1 Tbsp. dry yeast
1 cup warm water (at about 115 degrees)
3 Tbsp. sugar
2 Tbsp. shortening
1 egg
¾ tsp. salt
3 ½ cups flour (sifted)

Filling Ingredients

2 Tbsp. melted butter
1 cup sifted powdered sugar
½ cup raisins or cranberries (optional)
⅓ cup sugar
1 ½ Tbsp. milk
½ cup chopped walnuts or pecans (optional)

Directions

Dissolve yeast in warm water in a mixer bowl. Add sugar, shortening, egg, salt and half the flour. Beat at low speed of electric mixer until smooth. Stir in enough of the remaining flour to make a soft dough. Place dough in a greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover, and let rise in a warm place (85 degrees) for 1 hour or until dough has doubled in bulk. (Can cover and refrigerate for 5 days). Punch down dough. Roll out dough into a 21 x 7 inch rectangle on a lightly floured surface. Brush melted butter evenly over dough, leaving a 1 inch margin. Combine sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle evenly over the dough. Sprinkle fruit and nuts if using. Roll up dough, jelly roll fashion beginning at the long side. Pinch edges to seal. Use kitchen shears to make cuts in dough every inch around, cutting half of the way through the dough at each cut. Gently turn each piece of dough on its side, slightly overlapping. Cover and let rise in warm place 45 minutes or until dough doubles in bulk. Bake at 375 degrees for 15-20 minutes. Combine powdered sugar, milk and vanilla. Drizzle over warm bread.

*The basic dough can also be used to make dinner rolls.

GREAT HONOR

written by Greg Herivel

I grew up the son of a Denver independent contractor. My father worked on and built residential houses. In our house it was normal that we fixed and built everything we needed, which encompassed home and automotive projects. My youth is where my love for working with my hands began. I carried that knowledge into shop class in school where I flourished and learned more skills. Now as an adult I feel blessed that I grew up in an environment where I discovered my gifts from God. I was able to take my passion and make it a career. I currently own a company in Denver that designs and builds custom automated packaging machinery.

In 2007, my family and I were on the hunt for a church home. We visited some churches over several months, but none felt like home. One Sunday morning, we were running late to another church that we visited a couple times, when we saw a small sign pointing into a neighborhood for a church called Discovery. The church was meeting out of Aspen Creek School. The service at Discovery started later than where we were originally headed, so we thought we would check it out. The first sermon we listened to was by a guest pastor and the message was about money. He did a great job on a touchy subject, and he kept talking about the Australian Lead Pastor that is usually at Discovery. We had to come back to see for ourselves. Once we heard Steve Cuss speak, we knew our search had ended.

My wife, Christine, and I got plugged into Discovery quickly. I began helping with mixing sound while Christine got involved with worship arts. Blake Hill took me under his wing and showed me the ropes on the sound board. I was enjoying this, but I started to seek out some other projects that involved using my hands. The cabinets that we stored all the gear in was the perfect start. They were showing wear from years of use. I brought together a few other handy guys to make some repairs and add a fresh coat of paint. It felt good to serve at the church by getting my hands dirty. As Discovery grew, we needed a new space. The decision was made to move to Legacy High School—and with that, came more projects. We outfitted a couple trailers to haul gear around since we were no longer able to store gear on site. My first big project was designing and building a portable sound cart, which we needed. Yet again, another way to enjoy using my hands to create something that helped others.

Discovery grew even more, and it was time to build. What a crazy time that was—so many people contributing to help the building become a reality by working evenings and weekends. I was asked by Steve if I could build a cross to hang in the window above the stage. I worked with the architects to get scale drawings of the auditorium. I took those drawings and recreated them in 3D modeling software at work. Once I modeled the auditorium, I met with Steve to get some ideas of what he wanted in a cross. The main element was that the Discovery logo was used. I used the same 3D modeling software I use to design machinery to come up with a few designs. Once a design was picked, I was able to show the cross hanging in the rendering of the auditorium. It gave us a feeling what the finished product would look like. Once the design was agreed upon, we decided to build the cross from solid pine. I didn't have the right size tools to cut the pieces, so I found a local lumber company that cut large beams into the shapes I needed. They also were able to give the surface a rough finish—something fitting for a barn. I found a local shop to fabricate the steel features that gave the cross some character and a place to hang it from. I took the raw pine timbers and used the same stain that was used on the interior trim in the barn. Tying it all together was important. Once all the pieces were completed, I did the final assembly in my shop in Denver.

The next step was transporting it to Discovery. I borrowed a small trailer, from a neighbor, with the help of a forklift to load it. With a few hands at the church, we managed to get it into the church onto the stage. From there, Tom Morris and I had to erect scaffolding that would reach the ceiling from the stage. We were not able to use a lift because the stage wouldn't support it. It



Christine, Hope, Lauren, Spencer and Greg Herivel

was time for a little sweat equity. Tom and I used a manual chain hoist to raise the cross into position. The hoist would only raise it six feet or so at a time. We would raise it as far as we could, secure it with straps, reposition the hoist and start again. Once in position, we secured everything with steel cables. It took us over six hours to get the cross into position and secured.

It was a great honor that I was asked to do this project. I was able to leave a mark on something that many can enjoy for years to come. I still love driving by at night and seeing the cross all lit up. I got to use the gifts God gave me to honor him. It doesn't get any better than that.

Greg and Christine Herivel have been married for 16 years. They have three kids—Lauren, Spencer and Hope. Their family has attended Discovery for eleven years.

DISCOVERY CROSS CONSTRUCTION



2019 DISCOVERY'S 20TH

written by Steve Cuss



Steve Cuss

In March 1999, a handful of households launched Discovery, A Christian Church, after relocating across states and across town. Their vision? Launch a Jesus-centered community for people already on the path, and people wondering about getting on the path. Fast forward twenty years, several schools and borrowed spaces, and a number of obstacles, and here we are heading into 2019 with exactly that same impulse.

The paragraph above is one of the most understated I have ever written in my life. The people that launched Discovery gave hundreds of hours and hundreds of thousands of dollars to make

this dream a tangible reality. Many of those early pioneers are still at Discovery today and are hardly coasting along remembering the good old days. If you sign up to repair a bike or serve a child or volunteer in a global or local outreach, you're likely to bump into an 'Original.' Not only that, but church planting is incredibly difficult, as is moving from being a portable church in borrowed space, to buying land and building on that land. About 80% of all church plants end up closing within 5 or 10 years because of how difficult it is to establish and prevail. By the pure grace of God and through the commitment and tenacity of a lot of God's people, we are thriving today.

The vision is far from fulfilled and stronger than ever. Discovery exists to Love God, Serve Others and Share the Reason for Our Hope. Now more than ever, more people need to know the life transforming way of Jesus and need to be invited into it.

Following Jesus is rarely a linear journey—our following usually happens in fits and starts and occasional coasting and stepping up in a significant way. Discovery has had occasion over the years to step up our intensity of commitment to God and to the church. It has been through these more committed seasons that we've seen God honor our faithfulness and sacrifice and do some truly miraculous things. The church land and building are two tangible examples of that.

In 2019, we will have another opportunity to step up our commitment through our Unfinished Campaign. Unfinished describes each of our spiritual journeys as well as our church's master plan. God has another step of faith and growth for every one of us and we will be taking those steps together as a congregation. Through this campaign, we believe God will use each of us as part of God's overall plan to share hope through Discovery into our community and around the world. We will all take steps of faith, follow along the journey of Abraham, learn the power of generational impact, and we will learn how we can invest into generations to come. God willing, part of the Unfinished campaign will allow us to begin construction on a new building, just off the barn behind the playground, that will house our next generation ministries as well as some professional counseling and co-worker space. It will also launch more paved parking and a remodel of our Barn to allow a much better lobby space and auditorium experience.

While the public phase of this movement starts in March, we will have some quieter events in January and February that we invite everyone to



join. Please mark your calendar for January 26th, 10:30 - 11:30am on the land. This family-friendly event will launch our Unfinished season by us walking the outline of the new building and learning how it will serve not only our students and children, but also people on the margins of society. We'll also have a Labyrinth open house, a prayer walk along the frontage of 144th, and an opportunity to hear via video from people who have gone before us and are now spread around the country. People who our student ministry and children's ministry has served and now have kids of their own, people who served on staff in the early days. This will be a historic time to reflect, give thanks to God and prayerfully join God in what is next for Discovery. You can RSVP right now simply by emailing steve@dc2.me. All ages are welcome.

Make no mistake. We are all unfinished. We all have more in our journey and this two year initiative will not make us finished. But it is our unique opportunity to join God in something historic that will impact generations to come, both at Discovery, in our city and around the world.

written by Heidi Marinelli

moving towards



Heidi Marinelli in Kenya in October of this year.



I felt God was asking me to go to Kenya because He had much to teach me. However, I wondered why? and what for? As we left for Kenya I still didn't feel like I had a clear understanding of why, but instead of trying to figure this out and control it, I just went. I want to share some of the things He taught me while I was there:

- It became evident the moment we met our hosts for the first time, that many Kenyans know the secret of contentment. They have genuine joy and hope despite their circumstances.
- The sense of community and sharing are abundant at Hope Discovery International Church—which is Discovery Christian Church's "sister" church—where we had the opportunity to worship with our brothers and sisters in Christ, Kenyan style. A worship service there is usually about three hours long. They don't have childcare, but take turns holding the babies, passing them as they dance and sing.
- I won't complain about Denver traffic anymore! Kenyan driving gives a whole new definition to "controlled chaos!"
- Poverty in Kenya is broad and deep, no matter which neighborhood, unless it's near the embassy's of other countries; then it's swept over (most trash is not picked up—except in the city center or business district.)
- There aren't window screens, and windows don't close completely—hence mosquito nets around the beds—which need to be shaken out vigorously each night before bed. Mosquitoes over there leave very large bites. Thankfully the nightly smack down that Mac Fleisch and I engaged in was quite effective as long as we washed the blood from our hands before bed!

• In Kwanjenga, the slum we were in for two days, the buildings are made from corrugated steel sheets or metal—one room with bed and couch or chair—\$15/ mo, \$3/mo for electricity—no private baths.

- Toilets are often a hole in the ground or floor. Squats are a good thing to practice before going!
- Kwanjenga has one million people. We traveled there after it rained and had to wear "gum boots" due to mud, trash and raw sewage running in pathways between houses.
- Gifted Prince school has 360 students in eight classes and babies (2-3 yr olds.) Light Up Hope sponsors several kids at this school by paying for their school uniforms and fees.
- The playing field behind Kwanjenga is an old landfill that has been leveled out. Kids loved the jump ropes and soccer balls we brought. Before these balls were provided,

kids played with balls made from rubbish. Broken pieces of glass are strewn about in the field, but this doesn't bother them; these kids are resilient.

• Light Up Hope sponsors eight kids at Gifted Prince School as well as 16 high school students and 15 college/university students. We got the privilege of feeding the children at Gifted Prince school both days we were there—a simple meal of rice and beans/lentils. This was the only meal that most of these children received each day. One of the boys that I met, who took us to visit his home, took 2/3 of his bowl of food home to share with his mom and little sister, who otherwise would not have had any food that day.

• At Kibingoti, we visited a state run school and sponsored a medical camp, where we partnered with a Kenyan doctor. They were able to provide medication for the children who needed antibiotics or treatment for ringworm, which was a current problem for many of the children. Those of us who don't have any medical training played games and sang songs with the kids while they waited for their turn to see the doctor. Edward Mwangi's mother graciously hosted us for lunch one day. She and her family made us a beautiful extensive meal from many of the local foods. She even provided us fresh avocados from the trees on the farm where she works.

• Dowries are still required for a marriage proposal, paid for with cows. An average dowry is 12 cows.

• God's strength is sufficient for my needs. It was truly amazing to experience his strength and energy in ways that we don't here in America. Our days were long, some 18 hours and yet, none of us ran out of energy. Praise God! Thank you all for praying. We definitely felt the effects of those prayers.

• I CAN drink black coffee (if made in an Aeropress!)

I so appreciate all that God taught me! I would encourage you to check out the Light Up Hope facebook page to see the interviews that were taped of our team while in Kenya.

MORE INFO

Light Up Hope, www.lightuphope.org
Global Missions, Contact Renae Loring at renae@dc2.me for more information.

CONNECT AND COLLECT

as told by Jennifer Gorrell to Wendy Smith

In September, Discovery gave 23 refurbished bikes, along with 23 new helmets and bike locks, to Adams 12 Five Star Schools' Whole Child Initiative Program that serves their homeless students. An additional 28 bikes were donated to A Precious Child for families in our community in need of assistance. Discovery has donated 51 bikes so far - probably about \$8000-\$9000 in bikes. The bike clinic effort involved several contributions of time and resources from people of Discovery. One of those contributors was Jennifer Gorrell.

In 2006-2009, Jen Gorrell and her family lived in Amsterdam for their jobs. In Amsterdam culture, the main mode of transportation is biking. It isn't necessarily the poor that ride bikes, it is just the way of life in Dutch culture. Cars are generally used if they are provided by the company you work for, or are required for work purposes (multi-city commutes). It wasn't unusual to see men in suits riding a bike to work, or a carpool of several children on a bike with their parent on their way to school (on a "Bakfiets"). Jen felt she was on the outside looking in—observing this culture of biking, since she had never used a bicycle for everyday transportation. While in Amsterdam, the Gorrells attended Christ Church Amsterdam (South) and their church once hosted a large bicycle repair clinic, primarily benefiting college students and adults. Jennifer was impressed by the impact of this clinic and also how much work was involved by the clinic coordinators.

In September 2018, during the The Contentment Project transportation week, Steve Cuss mentioned the bike clinic from the Discovery stage. Jen recalled the memories of the bike clinic and bicycle lifestyle in Amsterdam. One particular evening, she felt a challenge to get involved in The Contentment Project by finding at least 5 bike donations from neighbors. She posted on Facebook for donations and received responses immediately. She also posted on a popular Erie Facebook page and received about 81 comments of interest the next day. All of a sudden, she became a bike collection coordinator, with a notebook full of bike donor names, addresses and collection points.

With increased interest in donations from the Anthem and Erie areas, she realized she could use some help. God answered that call when Jen heard from Kevin, a member on the Erie Facebook page, who responded to her post. Kevin resonated with Jen's effort, since his father was a bike collector and tinkerer. Kevin offered up the use of his trailer to help collect bikes. Jen believed Kevin's interest was a nostalgic way to help and feel close to his dad at the same time. Although the effort was fun, it became busy. There was lots of Google mapping for collections, and lots of trips back and forth to deliver bikes at the barn on Discovery's land. As much as it was fun, there was soon the reality check of the mission. There were other things to collect such as helmets, bike locks and tax receipts. She believes a lot of donors responded because they had bikes just sitting in their garage that were either broken and in need of repair, or that were genuinely loved and well cared for, but no longer used. Many people have things they want to donate to people in need, but don't have time to see the donations through, or have a challenge in finding the right organization.

Jen believes that God has given her the gifts and talents of connecting people. She feels she is sometimes the 'glue' that connects people together, whether it be her neighbors, or her business network. Aided by her business background and project management experience, she was able to connect people in the mission for collecting bikes for this clinic. With Tom's vision and her trust in his connection with bike repairers and local partners, she knew she could just focus on the collection details. In her efforts, she received confirmation and conviction of talents that she had taken for granted, and could use these talents for God's purposes. With a previous job, she didn't have time to connect with others outside of Sunday morning services. This effort became one of her first ways to connect at Discovery outside of Sunday mornings.



Jennifer Gorrell with a child bike donation.

Jen said the bike drop-off at *A Precious Child* was especially satisfying, since the staff was super excited to receive the donations. Jen realizes too, the joy of receiving a bike when you are a kid. Knowing, that in reality, this bike might be the only Christmas gift some of these kids get.

To think it all started with just 5 bikes! Jen feels her part in the bike clinic was truly a gift of timing, her business experience and acumen and gifts of connecting people. She felt it was fulfilling a spiritual need as well, restoring a gap between the change in her career and needing connection. This project was a diversion, and something she could jump into as a contributor. In the beginning, she only hoped to collect 5 bikes. From September to December, she could never have known how fun the project would be and where it would go. She's humbled that God asked her to be a part of it and the Discovery bike clinic team.

Jennifer Gorrell is married to Scott, and they have two kids: Maddy and David. She and her family have attended Discovery for 3 years.

There are still more bikes to fix up and give away. Stay tuned for the next bike workshop after Christmas.

DRIVE VISION

by Tom Morris

The idea for a bike drive came up in a meeting where several of our staff were brainstorming to determine what our 2018 Fall Kickoff would look like, especially in light of the fact that we were going to be launching the Contentment Project series in the Fall. Nancy Movick brought to our attention, the need some of our local partners had for bikes. It tied in so naturally to the Transportation Challenge element of the Contentment Project. I agreed to handle the logistics of collecting and fixing the bikes and Nancy agreed to find homes for them with our local partners. We initially thought in terms of collecting 30 bikes and distributing them. Steve Cuss thought we would get more like a hundred bikes. Turns out he was more right than we were. To date I believe we collected 80-90 bikes and have found homes for 50 of them.



heart
hope to die
only defense
the wilderness

Karafun



KARAOKE CELEBRATION

written by Kaity Moller

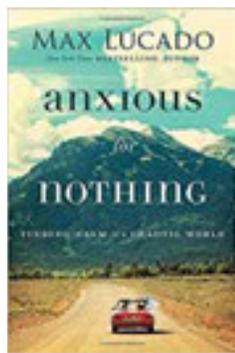
On December 14th, Discovery partnered with Crossroads Church to host our second annual Karaoke Party for adults with intellectual or developmental disabilities. The sanctuary was decked out with a dance floor, decorated tables and carnival games. The lobby was festive with a photo booth, cookie decorating station, make your own hot chocolate (and cold chocolate) bar, catered dinner and a variety of desserts. Even Santa made an appearance. The balcony and conference room were filled with caregivers getting to watch their loved one rock out on the stage and then get to relax with a chair massage. Volunteers left with full hearts, big smiles and new friends. Our guests left feeling loved, special and welcomed.

The goal of this night was to elevate and love a population who is often undervalued and overlooked. We know for certain that God sees this population as honored members of the body of Christ and our volunteers were blessed to reflect that love and value in a tangible way. We had near 80 guests, 100 volunteers and 30 caregivers at the party. We can't wait to repeat this again next year as well as partner with Crossroads this summer for another karaoke night. If you are interested in learning more about the special needs ministry for adults and/or children at Discovery, feel free to contact Kaity Moller at Kaity@dc2.me. For more information on The Avenue Support Group meetings, email AvenueSupport@dc2.me





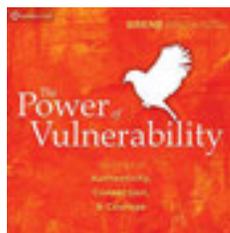
reading room



Anxious for Nothing
by Max Lucado
Recommended by Whitney Gabbert

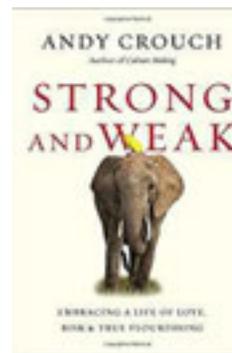


With
by Skye Jethani
Recommended by Emilie Knauß

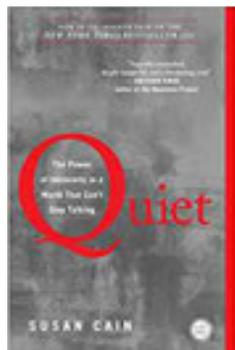


Audiobook

The Power of Vulnerability
by Brené Brown
Recommended by Emilie Knauß



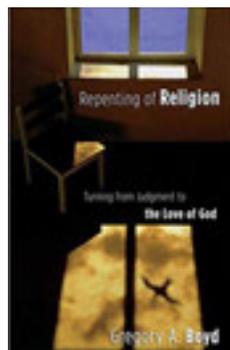
Strong and Weak
by Andy Crouch
Recommended by Jimmy Carnes



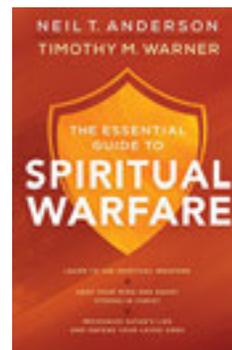
Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World That Can't Stop Talking
by Susan Cain
Recommended by Tom Morris



Misreading Scripture with Western Eyes
by E. Randolph Richards
and Brandon J. O'Brien
Recommended by Drew Rawlings



Repenting of Religion
by Gregory Boyd
Recommended by Randy Larson



Spiritual Warfare
by Neil T. Anderson
and Timothy M. Warner
Recommended by Randy Larson

