



Christ & St. Luke's

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Stewardship testimony by Dixcy Kilduff, Oct 19, 2025.

Good morning, Christ & St. Luke's,

On a dark night, and feeling desperate, Wayne Bruce Allen, scavenged in a dumpster for anything life sustaining. Without a light to see and only his hands to guide him, Wayne felt through the piles of trash and landed on something solid. When he found some light and saw what he had unearthed, Wayne discovered it was a rock with scripture painted on it. That was 20 years ago, and at lunch ministry on Thursday, he shared that story, presented that same rock which he still carried amongst his most important and limited possessions, and invited me share in the wonder of the divine love that he discovered that night. I believe he shared his story with me because he felt seen and loved that afternoon and wanted to reciprocate by offering his heavenly bounty.

In that spirit, this morning I share with you my rock, Christ and St. Luke's parish. While my husband, Mark and I have attended services here for about 25 years - many of those regularly when our children were young, less so when they became teenagers. But it was 3 years ago that I foresaw a darkness that would descend upon my life and knew that I would need to grab ahold of my rock to see me through.

I committed to attending services every week and was content to sit in the back at the 10:15 and reflect and incorporate the lessons of our amazing Father Noah, Father Jared, and Father Vince into my life. However, it was a Father Noah sermon that pulled me from the comfort of my obscurity to the light and love of the Lord and to the many blessings of this church.

In his firm, but loving homily, Father Noah implored those of us who sat in the back and as I recall him describing, those by the columns, the first to jump up to leave, to do more. Side note, I've learned that I am not the only person who thought he was looking directly at them. I followed his wisdom and began

attending adult formation-in the back, of course, volunteering with lunch ministry and the winter shelter. What blessings these ministries have been!

Here is what I have learned through feeding, sheltering, and loving our guests and fellow volunteers.

We are all on a walk on this earth. No matter our income, age, or education, each is ahead of someone who could use our guidance, love, and bounty. And each is behind someone who has love to lift us. Wayne offers his spiritual rock. Cliff his ghost peppers, love that hurts. Eri, her cat pictures and tales. Andy- shell and twine jewelry. Hereford- life lessons and those he's learned from reading Dr. Ben Carson at the Slover Library. Lee- thermonuclear dynamics textbooks. Singing from Kim, Matthew, and Brandon of the street choir. Earl tells stories of hope and opportunity. Joy shares all things colorful. And sometimes we love with no certainty that anyone is there to receive it.

My observation is that each guest of lunch ministry or winter shelter NEEDS earthly nourishment, but LONGS for more- to be seen, heard, and loved. There has not been a Thursday at lunch ministry or night at winter shelter that I have not felt the power of the Holy Spirit bearing witness to this love between guest and volunteer, and volunteers and each other.

I give to Christ and St. Luke's because I believe the greatest return of my own good fortune is through sharing my bounty in service to others. And that serving the Lord's ends is the beginning of knowing Him.