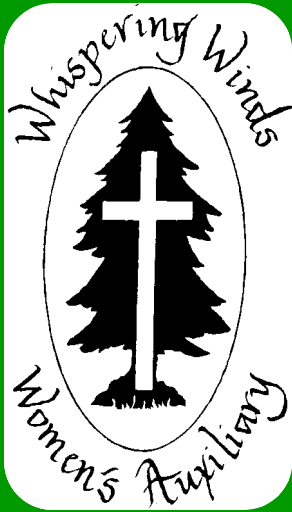


# Whispers from the Auxiliary

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## “Called to His Purpose”

Romans 8:28

Whispering Winds  
Women's Auxiliary

## Special points of interest:

- From the President
- Aunt Kathy, Second Mom
- The Way of my Heart
- The Ripple Effect
- Auxiliary's Giving
- WWA Annual Fall Brunch
- 2019 Board Members

## From the President.....

Our Auxiliary has been blessed with wonderful women that lead the way to God on our mountain. We have lost two of those beautiful souls this year. Kathy Brown, one of our founding mothers and more recently Sylvia Black. They will be greatly missed.

Sitting in prayer I used Kathy Brown's eulogy written by her nephew to reflect on God's message for me this day. For those of you that were not able to attend her funeral you will find her eulogy on the following pages. There was so much in the essay to ponder, pray and be thankful for.

This led me to wonder what does the WWA community need in this difficult time of isolation, fear and lack of communion.

The answer was simple after just a moment of silence.

*What the world needs now is love  
sweet love  
It's the only thing that there's just  
too little of.  
No not just for some but for  
everyone.*

*Lord we don't need another  
mountain,  
There are mountains and hillsides  
enough to climb.  
There are oceans and rivers enough  
to cross, enough to last till the end  
of time  
What the world needs now is love  
sweet love*

*Lord we don't need another  
meadow there are cornfields and  
wheat fields enough to grow  
There are sunbeams and  
moonbeams enough to shine*

*Oh listen lord if you want to know  
what the world needs now is love  
sweet love  
It's the only thing that there's just  
too little of.*

These words were written by Hal David. And that tune that is now in your head was by Burt Bacharach.

My dear WWA friends...the greatest thing you will ever learn is to love and be loved in return.

With great agape love.....  
Nelda McComb



# SECOND MOM



## Aunt Kathy, Second Mom

(Funeral Mass for Kathy Shaw Brown,  
February 13, 2020)

My name is Tommy, one of Kathy's many nieces and nephews. I have had the blessing of being able to call Kathy my aunt, my friend, and - to borrow a cousin's phrase - a second mom.

I am here, as are all of us today, because we share a bond: the bond of knowing Kathy and loving Kathy, and the bond of being loved by Kathy. It is a bond we have been thankful for, blessed by, and counted on; a bond we did not doubt because her love never wavered, no matter the difficulties, disagreements or circumstances.

Because of this bond that each of us has with Kathy, be it directly or indirectly, there is no mystery about why we are here. But even so, mystery surrounds us today: it is the mystery we celebrate in the mass, the mystery that accompanies our prayers, and the mystery we participate in through Communion. It is the mystery of faith, hope and love.

It is the mystery of faith that allows us, in the face of death, to claim God's promise of life that endures beyond the grave.

It is the mystery of hope that allows us, even in our deepest pain, to lay hold of the hope God gives us. Even in the depths of our sorrows, we are not without hope.

And it is the mystery of love that allows us to speak of healing, hope and victory: though death will do its worst, still it has no victory and cannot separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

And so, even though we are cut to the quick, we have healing from the sting of death through the mysteries of faith, hope and love, and strengthened by these mysteries we deny death its victory: "*Where, O death is your victory? Where, O death is your sting? ... Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!*" (I Corinthians 15:55-56). And thanks be to God for the faith, hope and love that are ours in Christ Jesus our Lord, even amid our sorrow and sadness,. And everybody said, "Amen."

I still cherish the confidence family members have in me to say a few words. "Aunt Kathy," I said in a dream the other night, "should I say just a few words?"

"Oh Tommy, don't be silly, of course not! What nonsense!" And I glowed with such unsolicited affirmation. "You still have Irish blood in you, don't you?" she continued.

"Yes'm," I said.

"And that means you have just as much blarney as the next person, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does," I said, with a little less glow. "So blarney away," she said.

The truth is, no matter how much Blarney any one of us has, still no one of us could say all there is to be said about Kathy and about the blessings we have each had in knowing her.

It takes a community to do that, the community that has gathered here today, the community of people who have reached out to Mike and the children and grandchildren over these past many days,

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# SECOND MOM

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the community that ranges from Kathy's childhood to high school years when a young man's car (a 1955 Chevy) caught her eye - and fortunately for them both and for the rest of us too - that same young man also caught her heart.

If you had a chance to read Kathy's obituary, then you know that Kathy's community embraced Our Lady of Peace and the University of San Diego Women's College; San Luis Obispo and North Park;

Jamul, Portrero and Kensington, and I don't know where all else,

a community including a class room at St. Patrick's and a classroom in Otay Mesa at the Donovan Correctional Facility, a community that included running a tree farm and keeping up a deft hand of bridge, of raising her children and all the rest of us too who could call her "Second Mom,"

A community rooted in faith and active in the Cursillo movement, Whispering Winds, Catholic Charities and the International Relief Team, extending far out into the world through Friendship Force and through an exchange student by the name of Juan Carlos, as well as the people they met on their many travels,



a community that also stayed close to home with their children and grandchildren.

It was a community without walls or borders, since with Kathy it was a community of the heart.

*"Love the Lord with all your heart, mind, soul and strength, and love your neighbor as yourself"* (Mark 12:30-31). For the ways in which Kathy modeled that for us, and for the ways in which we were blessed through her and this love that guided her, we give our thanks to God today and, I pray, for all the days we are given.

In an email this past week I mentioned to someone that I would be attending my aunt's funeral, and the one word that came to mind for me was "connector." Kathy had the gift of connecting and of wanting us to keep up our family and community connections.



She had us connecting through events with friends, family gatherings, holiday meals, and making sure - in a teacherly and loving way - that at Thanksgiving and other times people stuck to the theme, or at least tried, in their sharing and talking at these gatherings.

Being a connector is not for someone who is easily swayed or gives up easily. You have to put up with a lot; you have to persevere through dry seasons; you have to tend to parched souls in need of attention; and you need to draw on

the well of patience and kindness, especially when you are sure that the well has run dry.

And so, whether or not we are connectors like Kathy, when we come upon those dry spells we fall back on what we have been taught and what we

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# SECOND MOM

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aspire to, namely that *“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails.” (1 Corinthians 13:4-8)*

When remembering Aunt Kathy, the two words I land on are ones I have often heard these past days: Second Mom. This is a title that my siblings and I got to confer on a select group of people, namely our aunts.

My siblings and I were richly blessed in aunts – five in all. They saw us at our worst and they loved us anyway, and they pulled the best out of us too. When our mom died it was a terrible blow - those of you who were there 52 years ago in 1967 know that. But in God’s mercy and in God’s grace, God had a plan, you could even call it a secret weapon, and that plan, that secret weapon, was aunts -

aunts who had their own families and their own lives, their own commitments, their own obligations and their own children too, but aunts who took us into their hearts and their lives even though it had not been a part of any of their original plans.

They fit us into their lives and into their hearts and that made all the difference. They became and stayed our second moms. Thank you Kathy. Thank you to our second moms. Thank you to our aunts. Thank you to all.

I want to close with the obvious: I haven’t even come close to scratching just the surface of saying all that could be said. Instead I leave that to each of you in your remembrances, in your conversations, in sharing the blessing you have had of having Kathy in your lives.

Finally, I leave you with words we lifted up at Aunt Mary Helen’s service just over four years ago and that have been handed down to us over generations. As with Mary Helen, so too with Kathy: it is an apt and fitting description. Listen for the word of the Lord as it comes to us from Proverbs 31:25-31, paraphrased.

*“Her children arise and call her blessed ...  
She is clothed with strength and dignity ...  
when she speaks, her words are wise  
and she gives instructions with kindness.  
She carefully watches everything in her household ...  
Her children (and nieces and nephews) arise and call her blessed ...  
A woman who fears the Lord will be greatly praised.  
Reward her for all she has done.  
Let her deeds publicly declare her praise.”*



# The Way of My Heart

There is a trail I ride in the forest. My horse knows the way as I do; it winds and turns and takes us in and out of shadows. It is a glorious way to go through life following trails in the woods. This particular trail leads to another pathway that brings us to a small, clear watering hole where my horse takes long, slow slurping drinks and fusses with the bugs that hover near his ears.

Where the two paths meet a bird might have dropped an acorn some fifty years ago and from that seed an Engelmann oak grow. Its canopy was elliptical and its bark was thick, furrowed light-gray in color. The leathery leaves reminded me of a rider's sun baked hands. The tree, always a welcoming sight, was home to many and offered a respite to all.

The oak seem to be its own Farmer's Almanac. It told the rainfall by the color of its leaves or how low its boughs hang. It measured the heat of a wild firer by the dark, blacken branches that were singed and appeared painful. Years would pass and the tree would wither; another year would come and the leaves would glisten with health and moisture. The tree always reflected the truth; all times, good and bad, are passing; life is ever changing.

There came a point, perhaps in the dark of night or engulfed in furious, bark shredding wind the tree lost her grip on the earth and gave way to gravity. She had withstood fires, stood firm while beetles devoured her tender core, shaded others from the blazing, blood boiling sun, offered hope during droughts and gave until there was nothing left. There are times, that I fear my heart is following her path.

My horse and I still journey those paths; lost in the void of being so alone, engulfed in the silence. Yesterday, as we passed, we stopped, reviewed the down timber, broken pieces of the once strong trunk. It was then that I noticed the slender light green stock; announcing the promise of new beginnings. While spellbound by the tender sapling it became clear-- my heart was following the tree's path--opening again to fresh tomorrows.



Blessings,  
Marty

# The Ripple Effect

Dear Sister in Christ,

When planning our 2020 Lenten Mini-Retreat, our Spiritual Events Committee had no idea that we were all about to embark on the 2020 Extreme Lent Challenge, also known as the COVID-19 Stay at Home Order...talk about having a time in the desert!

Since our last public Mass was celebrated on March 15, 2020, and the No Gathering statement was made, my emotions have been a combination of numbing shock and striving to accept our new normal and use this time to cultivate alternative ways to live my life as a Catholic woman.

This scripture has been comforting me:

*"I consider that the sufferings of this present time are as nothing compared with the glory to be revealed for us." Romans 8:18*

In this time of challenge, be inspired by this ripple effect...because of Whispering Winds, 65 families in Solana Beach received food from the La Colonia de Eden Garden Foundation on April 15, 2020.

Here's the "Reader's Digest" version of how this is because of Whispering Winds:

Larry Sheehan was on the camp's board of directors. Larry recently married Rebeca. Because of Larry, I became friends with Rebeca.

Rebeca grew up in Chula Vista and posted on Facebook that Chula Vista Food Services is selling fresh produce packages at a great price due to the pandemic.

La Colonia de Eden Garden Foundation brought their summer youth program to the camp, met me, and later invited me to consult for their youth program.

While brainstorming ways to provide assistance for the families that recently lost their jobs, I told the Foundation about the produce packages. Then, instead of just telling the families about the produce packages, the Foundation decided to conduct their own food distribution drive thru. They contracted with Chula Vista Food Services to send a truck to St. Leo's Mission and gave the food to the families...because of Whispering Winds—with all the glory and honor

Where are you finding comfort in getting to know our new normal?

What is your Whispering Winds ripple effect story?

Share your stories on our Whispering Winds Women's Auxiliary Facebook page or by emailing [wwindswa@gmail.com](mailto:wwindswa@gmail.com).

With love and special prayers,  
Annie Korn



ANNUAL GALA

FALL BRUNCH



Whispering Winds Women's Auxiliary gives to Whispering Winds Camp all year long through its prayers, service and fundraising. At the 38th Annual Whispering Winds Gala in February Vicki Youngers, WWWA Woman of the Year, blessed the camp with a \$30,000 check. This gift will provide scholarships to families and young people to attend camp who could not afford to otherwise. Thank you for your continued love, prayers and support of WWWA and our beloved camp.



Sweet sisters of faith; a gentle reminder (and heartfelt prayer!) about our annual General Meeting and Fall Brunch.



**Saturday, October 17, 2020**

**San Diego Mission de Alcala**

10818 San Diego Mission Rd  
San Diego, CA 92108

We will start with mass at 8:30 with our brunch following.

Looking forward to a especially delightful Silent Auction (won't it be nice to shop again?!) and wonderful program. Please continue to pray for all ladies of the auxiliary and especially our beloved Whispering Winds Camp. Be safe, be well, and God bless.

Mattie Scull

# 2019 Whispering Winds Women's Auxiliary Board

	<b>ADMIN TEAM</b>	
<b>President</b>	Nelda McComb	nsm3359@sbcglobal.net
<b>Vice-President</b>	Mattie Scull - interm	mjscull06@gmail.com
<b>Recording Secretary</b>	Kesa Waddell	kesa1@cox.net
<b>Finance Manager</b>	Lisa Moritz	lamoritz619@gmail.com
	<b>SPIRITUALITY TEAM</b>	
<b>Spiritual Advisor</b>	Marty Fowler	martyfowler93@gmail.com
<b>**Spiritual Events Chair</b>	Annie Korn	anniekorn@gmail.com
<b>Spiritual Events Co-Chair</b>	Judy Lehm	judylemm@cox.net
<b>**Hospitality Chair</b>	Gloria Rosales	gloriarosales1@me.com
<b>Hospitality Co-Chair</b>	Marla Carter	marlacarter77@yahoo.com
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<b>Fundraising Co-Chair</b>	Val Spooner	sv4grls@cox.net
<b>Fundraising Co-Chair</b>	Michelle Tompkins	michelle@apple-tours.com
	<b>COMMUNICATIONS &amp; PUBLICITY TEAM</b>	
<b>Communications Chair/ Prayer Chain</b>	Joni Deiters	jdeiters@san.rr.com
<b>Newsletter/ Graphic Designer</b>	Tammy Knapp	knapptnt49@gmail.com
<b>Corresponding Secretary</b>	Andi Finch	momfinch4@gmail.com
<b>Board Liaison</b>	Karen Goodman	goodmank619@gmail.com
<b>**Membership</b>	Marie Hickey	Marie.hickey@cox.net
<b>Membership Co-Chair</b>	<b>VACANT</b>	
<b>**Historian/Photographer Co-Chair</b>	Chris Villalobas	chrisvillalobos5@gmail.com

**Please consider volunteering for a committee.  
We especially need help on committees marked with \*\***

## **Purpose of the Auxiliary**

As women united by faith in Jesus Christ and by a common interest in Whispering Winds Family Camp, we propose to contribute to the growth and development of the Camp through prayer and fellowship, assisting in fundraising, disseminating information, and providing support of functions held at the Camp, providing monies for scholarships and projects.