



## Living in intentional community

### *Checking in with the Seattle Service Corps*

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It's been almost six months since I drove across the country with all my worldly possessions in the back of my car, and walked into the nave of Saint Mark's in search of my new community. Six months of youth ministry, of self-discovery, of community dinners, of trying to decode Episcopal language and Pacific Northwest culture, of crying and laughing until I cry. It's been six months of falling in love.

In my application for the service corps, I wrote, "This is what I believe intentional community is: soil in which to plant roots. It's a place to grow and be filled up, but not a place to hide. It's a home to come back to, a place where people are known and loved without reservation. Community is a place where the Lord is invited in and everyone is trying to grow together around that central vine."

When I rolled up with my Texas-shaped waffle maker at the end of August, I didn't know all the ways this community would fit together. I didn't know that soon my best friends would be a future priest with a penchant for IPAs, a Canadian camp counselor, and a ukulele-playing political scientist. I didn't know that I would be in charge of a youth group full of smart, awkward, thoughtful, ridiculous middle schoolers, or how wonderful it would be to bring my roommates to youth group and watch my communities intersect.

There was a night, a few days after we moved in, where all six of us stayed up late talking and eating ice cream. Maybe I did know it then; maybe I caught the tiniest glimpse of everything this community would become. It felt like roots stretching into fresh soil.

The service corps created our community through hard work, and prayer, and more than a little bit of grace. It hasn't always been easy, or fun. We don't always do the dishes. We rub up against each other's insecurities. But every Tuesday, Jon, Hilary, Tim, and I still gather together and worship. We still welcome each other back into the home we've created.

These are the moments I will never forget: running with Jon as the sun comes up; listening to Hilary play the ukulele in our room; bike shopping with Timothy. When it snowed in December, we walked through the park at midnight. Once, I set off the fire alarm while trying to make grilled cheese and the fire department came. When two of our members left, we sat in a circle and blessed them as they went.

In Romans, it says true Christians love sincerely, hate evil, and hold fast to what is good. My roommates have taught me what it looks like to love sincerely in the quotidian rhythms of life. They are constantly teaching me that hatred of evil looks more soft, less biting and sarcastic, than I would like it to. We are learning together how to hold fast to what is good: how to lean into pain when it is easier to numb it with platitudes, how to love each other when we are tired, and how to love and serve the Lord with our whole selves.

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## Textile art connects to the sacred

### *Western Bridge brings the work of Josh Faught to Saint Mark's*

BY LIZ BARTENSTEIN, COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR  
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About two years ago, Dean Steve Thomason approached Bill and Ruth True to begin a conversation about the commissioning of an art piece. As patrons of Western Bridge, Bill and Ruth True have helped bring a wide array of fine art to the Seattle community in myriad ways. This new partnership with Saint Mark's led to the commissioning of a massive textile work to be hung in the sacred gathering space of the Cathedral Nave. The piece, by acclaimed artist Josh Faught, is titled *Sanctuary*, was installed in the Nave in January 2017.

For *Sanctuary*, Faught creates a textile that extends the length of the cathedral's massive southeast pillar. Through woven texts, sheet music, DVDs, and archival documents affixed to the textile's face, the work integrates popular and sacred music, a supernatural soap opera, and records of gay politics, sexuality, and culture in Seattle. Bringing together craft, sociopolitical, and personal histories, *Sanctuary* also links expressions of love with songs of praise and prayers.