



2011 • #1

## KAIROS OF GEORGIA NEWSLETTER

### **Christ is Counting on You**

“Trust in the Lord with all your heart, do not depend on your own understanding. Seek his will in all you do, and he will show you which path to take. (” Proverbs 3: 5-6)

2011 brings the promise of new opportunities for those of us that choose to serve God. We may not know what lies ahead, but we know that if we trust in him and seek his will he will guide our footsteps. As we put our trust in him, he entrusts us to represent him in our daily lives. He entrusts us to share his love with others, to pray for the sick and hurting, and to be an example to those who have lost their way.

Two people who influenced my life during my childhood were my grandmother and my Aunt Esther. Both were Godly women who walked closely with the Lord. In their later years my grandmother became the primary care giver to her sister. My aunt had become blind in her old age so she would listen to the bible on records. She spent many hours teaching me how to read the Braille letters on the album covers. She would tell me Bible stories every time I visited her. I would crawl up in her lap and ask for the same story every time, “Baby



**Beth Maycumber**  
Chairman, Kairos of Georgia

in the Basket”. She never seemed to tire of telling the story. She never seemed to tire of having a rambunctious six year old invade her small bedroom and bounce around the room with wild curiosity. She and my grandmother were always happy to see me and we enjoyed spending time together. I knew that I was loved. The Lord entrusted them to be an example in my life, to share his love with me and that they did.

Thanks to these two Christian women, I now know how to be a grandmother to my three grandchildren.

In Kairos, God has entrusted us to serve the incarcerated and their

loved ones. Kairos volunteers serve in many different capacities. They lead weekends, serve table families, write agape letters and pray. They bake cookies, give talks, build relationships and listen, listen, love, love. They attend team building meetings, donate their time and their money, and recruit friends and family. None of these tasks is more important than the other. The importance lies in the fact that it is Christ who has called you to the task.

What is he calling you to do?

# Coming Home

By Kevin McCoy  
As told to Lee Turner



*The ink drawing (black markers) of "Coming Home" is a very special piece of artwork done by Kevin McCoy while he was incarcerated at Valdosta State Prison. The original, done on a bed sheet hangs prominently in our chapel during Kairos Weekends. During his time as the Inside Agape Coordinator, Kevin Daly recreated this drawing on a sheet of paper so that it could be distributed to a wider audience as agape for Kairos and other 4<sup>th</sup> Day Movement weekends.*

*I asked Kevin, "What was your inspiration for the piece?"*

In as short as I can make it, I found myself arrested for trespassing and then charged and tried for murder. The facts of the case really aren't the issue. Anyone who has been wronged by someone will feel that the offender owes them an apology.

With me, in 1990, I found myself tried, mistried, retried, convicted, and sentenced to life for murder. I knew that I was innocent of murder, as did those close to me. I just couldn't prove it. I dreamed for years of revenge. I ran various scenarios through my head of ways to dispatch my foes, so to speak. What kept me from suicide was the burning rage inside me that one day I would parole and then exact my revenge. It drove me on.

By 1994, it was clear to me that I couldn't be saved, couldn't be forgiven because I could not for-

give what had been done to me, as well as my family.

I stopped going to all Christian functions, Church, Bible study, etc., for seven years, from 1994 to 2001. Kairos began at VSP in November 2000 and I knew nothing about it because it was announced at the church services. I wouldn't have gone anyway. When it came time to apply for Kairos #2, two men were instrumental in getting me to apply. First was Marty Murphy, who explained how badly I needed to go to the weekend. I wasn't hearing it. Then second was another close neighbor, Wayne Williams, whom we know as the man accused of the Atlanta child murders. He enticed me on a more political scheme, that I could catch the ear of some outside people.

I fell for it and I was accepted as one of the forty-two to attend. During the weekend, I spoke with several men (oh how I pity them as I look back). One man finally was able to explain to me what was going on with forgiveness. I was condemning people for their acts, easy to see. I never understood that the man and the act are not the same. I could hate the act. The act is sin and God hates the act. He explained to me how we all know John 3:16. I said, "God so loved the world."

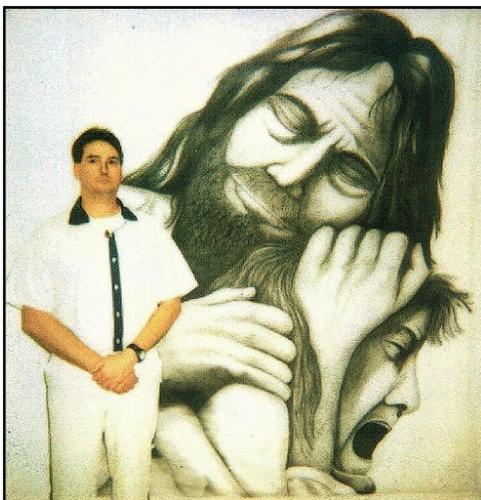
"Yes", he said, "the world includes everyone in it, you, Kevin, me, those who hurt you. God hates our acts as much and more than you do. God loves the man and wants him to come home. To sin no more. To hurt no more."

There it was, so simple that only I could screw it up. I held a price on their heads, and it was only hurting me. And I could truly forgive them. Later in the weekend, Saturday morning, nothing Earth-shaking was going on. I was in a corner of the gym with my table guys, and tears started to come to my eyes. To put this in perspective, I hadn't shed a tear, not one, in over eleven years. Not one. Now, here I am crying in front of these tough guys and couldn't stop. The more I tried the worse it got. The other five residents of my table got up and came to me, put a hand on my shoulders, and supported me. No one laughed or snickered, no one gawked. No one told me to suck it up. That made it worse. The tears came and they hurt. They were the poisons of rage, humiliation, anger, and you name it, pouring out of me. I look back and know that the three team members held back because my guys came to me first.

As anyone of the Kairos Community will know, Saturday afternoon came around and we got a bag of personal agape letters. In my bag was a crayon note that said "God says come home". I lost it.

So, to give you some sort of input or perspective on the inspiration for the piece, maybe that will give you an idea.

*LT: How long did it take to draw?*



The drawing took about a month to complete. It was in the crafts room in the gym and I was detailed to the inmate store next door. My boss would let me go over to work on it when we were done for the day, or waiting for the noon count to clear since we were all in the same building.

*LT: What do you hope people see when they look at it?*

Themselves in the arms of the Savior. At Kairos it has been the forgiveness, the coming home of the prodigal son. The drawing traveled along with "Recreation" (the potter reforming the clay pot with someone's face on it) to Biloxi, Mississippi following Katrina. They hung between a double row of cars as

people received a full Thanksgiving meal for the family, as well as FEMA supplies. There the image meant the Comforter in a time of great despair. It has meant different things to different people. That is why we know God has His Hand on it. I just held His pens.

*LT: How does this work convey the message of unconditional love?*

If God could love me enough to send those men in to just love me, how much more would you feel He loves you?

*LT: What other information would you want people to know about this work?*

Unforgiveness will follow you to your grave. It can be the cause of your grave. My father did "Tom Clancy" stuff before Clancy was writing about it. He performed covert duties as an Army/ CIA operative, of sorts. Some of this work was traumatic, up-close and personal. For over forty years, Dad was haunted by visions of the eyes of men he had "dispatched." Forty years of sleepless, haunted nights.

My parents came from Baton Rouge with my three daughters to visit me in prison. I had just gone through the VSP Kairos #2 weekend. As my girls were talking, all at the same time, I noticed that Dad kept staring at my eyes. Finally, when the girls were off doing girl things, Dad asked me what had changed about my eyes. They showed life in them when before they were dead inside. I hadn't seen a

difference, but he did. I explained the Weekend to them all. Within a month of our visit, Mom and Dad had both gone on a three-day weekend, and Dad has forgiven himself, and was freed of his haunted past. He also came home.

The first time my parents saw the drawing was after my parole when I spoke at Christ Fellowship Church in Valdosta. As I spoke to the congregation, I had pictures of ripples in a pond on the screen. I explained that someone had cared enough to toss a cookie the size of a mustard seed into my pond. You have no clue how far the ripples will go or what they will impact. God knows. All we need to do is toss a pebble into the pond.

*Kevin spent 16 1/2 years in prison and was paroled from the transitional center in Savan-*



*nah in 2006. He has remarried and, combined with his wife, Anna, has five daughters and five grandchildren. His parents, though in their 70's and of frail health, are doing well in Baton Rouge. Kevin restores homes as a restoration carpenter in the Riverside-Avondale historic district of Jacksonville, Florida. Kevin and Anna are active members of a church in Jacksonville, and are active in outreaches. He also bakes as many as 50-dozen cookies for Valdosta Kairos week-ends, though sadly, he couldn't bake for VSP #21.*

*When Kevin and Anna checked into a motel in preparation for his speaking engagement, they were given a card, signed by nearly a hundred men of Valdosta Kairos. "Those men are my Brothers. I wear their shoes in freedom out here, as my heart is with them. That card reminds me that I'm not alone. I am loved, indeed."*



## Long-time Kairos volunteer dies

'Pete' Barcomb, Augusta, Ga. — Entered into rest on Monday, January 3, 2011, Mr. Roland H. (Pete) Barcomb, 83, husband of Margaret (Peg) Delaney Barcomb. Mr. Barcomb was a native of Ellenburg, NY. He was a resident of Augusta for the last 30 years. He was a Full Covenant member of the Alleluia Community, Secular Franciscan Order and Kairos Prison Ministry. He was also a member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church. The Kairos community extends its condolences to all Pete's family and fiends. May perpetual light shine upon him.

### HEARD AT CLOSING...

I came in angry, unforgiving, with a lot of anger in me. Honestly, a lot of anger. It's a huge step for me to forgive my parents. I was very angry at my mother, but now I understand that it is my fault that I am here. But I also know that God is here with me and I can assure you that the difference in me will be noticed in the dorm.

—Metro #11

## Kairos Outside #26

My First Kairos Outside Weekend: The After-glow

by Marilyn D. Byrd

When my friend and spiritual mom, Fern Gentes called me on the telephone to hear of my experience after serving on my first weekend, all I can remember saying was that “I am still aglow.” What an illumination, what a light, what a lamp, what a revelation!

Please bear with me as I try to express the experience of serving on the fall weekend. For me, it physically started with my arrival at 7:35 pm to hugs and smiles from Kathy Huggins and Lori Hannah who were sitting not in the seat of the scornful as we are warned against, but they were seated in the grace of hospitality. At first, my appearance was awkward to them as they had never seen me without contacts but now, with glasses instead, so they had to quickly search for my identity. Thank God for the Holy Spirit who brings all things to our remembrance – they both said, “Oh Marilyn, and threw their loving arms around me.” I had my daughter and granddaughter with me so

they allowed them to help me with my bags and gave them time to say goodbye. They also told me that I could join the team who was having dinner in the dining room. I was famished and hurried along. There, more smiles and waves of encouragement came from my sisters. “Finally,” I thought, “we are here, and we made it to the throne room of God.”

As I looked around to acknowledge familiar faces, one that simply stopped me in my tracks was that of Vanessa Velez-Cruz. I was so pleased to see her. She doesn’t know it yet but I love her strength. From the very beginning of meeting her, God told me that her heart was pure. So, we caught each other’s spirits and stepped into the glow of our weekend. Everyone was in their places, Alice, Jeanenne, Sister Marilyn, Chaplain Gayle, Sheila, Linda, Rosa, John D. Jr., Ruby — I mean the whole team was there! Then I asked about Angie’s surgery, and they said, “No, she’s in the chapel.” I al-

most lost it because I could see God’s plan unfolding right before my eyes. Sisters, I won’t slight you in the least bit, I looked in every one of your faces that weekend and I told God, “thank you for your love.” Remember? I was the one who waltzed into that first meeting asking, “Can somebody tell me what love is?” Yeah, that was me, and boy did I find it. It was in the touches, the silence, the smiles, the songs, the honesty, the tears, the laughter, the pain, the anger, the forgiveness, and the prayers. I believe as my conjoined sister, Rita said, “You won’t be able to keep me from another Kairos Outside unless you don’t tell me where it is.” A couple of my favorite memories are receiving the pictures of the loved ones and placing them carefully on the mantel and praying with the guests as they prayed for their loved ones. God shared himself with a group of people whose fervent prayers availed much. What a mighty God we serve!

### HEARD AT CLOSING...

I arrived broken, very broken, and through these ladies God reminded me that he loves me. I found unconditional love. Even if I don’t see you, I know you love me.

—Metro #11

# A Satirical Look at a Kairos Recruiting Experience

By Ham M. Bone

Hey, Bob, I've been meaning to ask you about something. Would you like to come next weekend and work a Kairos with me?

*Kairos, what's that?*

It's a great experience where we go into prison for 3 days to get 42 of the inmates to accept Christ.

*Sounds interesting, tell me more.*

Well at our prison, we do a lot of things to show them how much we care. Thursday afternoon, we anoint the doors, the chairs, the tables, everything! We want to cover all the bases. We have a serenade on Saturday night and we have a couple of hundred people that sneak up to the fence and start singing to the inmates.

You may hear some talk about our training meetings. The Weekend Leader scheduled 6 of them, but I only made 2. I've done this so many times, just stick with me and you'll be fine. Most of it is just common sense anyway, so you didn't miss much.

Our communion twice per day during the weekend and our healing services where we anoint the participants with oil, lay hands on them and then wash their feet are particularly moving. But the best part is when we pray the Rosary while we do the Stations of the Cross and the music team softly sings "Kumbaya" in the background. It's a big hit!

Our preachers usually give about 3 sermons per day. They can get rather long-winded so we usually just leave the convicts at the table and we go to the kitchen, and drink coffee. It's also a good place to get caught up on phone calls; it is just about the only place we can get good cell phone reception.

I'll get you one of our Kairos shirts and our rainbow colored pants for Saturday, just wear a suit and tie on Sunday for the deliverance service. We make quit a show of it. Several of our preachers usually don't show up on Sundays because they have to preach at their churches, so if you need to catch a football game that day, it's no big deal. Most of the guys carry large print editions of the KJV Bible and you might even hear some of the guys talk to each other in tongues.

Make sure you wear some slip-on loafers. Most of us take our shoes off when we go into the chapel.

*My wife might like to do something like this too! Do y'all have a place for women in Kairos?*

Oh absolutely, we have women on the team. We try to encourage husbands and wives to serve together. It demonstrates loving relationships that we hope they will develop when they get out. We try to have one woman at each of the tables.

*What happens after you get done with the weekend?*

Well, 4 or 5 of the team go back in and do some other stuff, but I haven't ever done that. It's mostly just a rehash of the weekend. I can't miss 2 Saturdays in a row with my regular foursome. 2 or 3 guys go back in every month or so, but I don't do that either. They probably got all they are going to get during the 3-day weekend.

*Well, as long as I don't have to touch any of them or hug them, sign me up!*

# GIVING BACK

by Vida Ellis

This past weekend, 10/14-10/17, I had the privilege of serving the Kairos Team for Burrus CTC #1. My home church, Christ United Methodist, Forsyth, GA was the home base for the team. I felt so humbled being able to serve these servants of God.

Some of the men on this team have served on the kitchen team of Kairos Outside and served us so well. My son had gone through Kairos #12 at Hancock and he was able to help serve the team on Thursday night and also help grill the hot dogs for the inmates on Friday.

My family has received so much from the Kairos ministry that I could never do enough for these willing men of God as they continue to minister to inmates and bring them to Jesus or return to the Lord.

My daughter, Dawn Fleming, drove down from Lawrenceville on Friday and we were at the church at 4:45 am to cook breakfast for the team and prepare the food to go into the prison that day. The

men on this team were so appreciative. I was also privileged to be the Kairos Outside speaker for Closing. There were so many friends there.

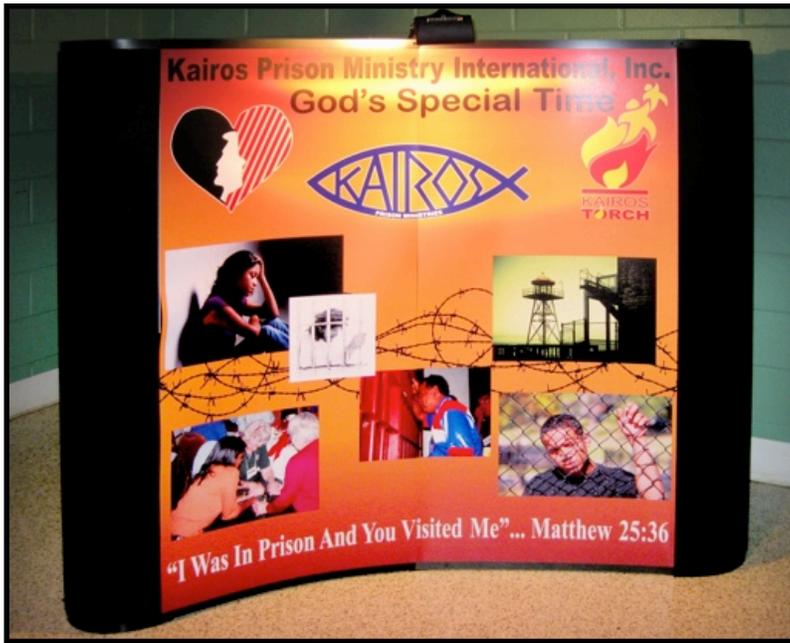
I had been kind of short on hugs but I've sure had my share now. It meant a lot to these Kairos Brothers on the inside to know that "one of them" who is on the outside was accepted to help with this. It was so encouraging to the 42 men who had just completed their weekend to know that we do have a program for the women who they love and that God can restore the family.

In getting to know some of the wives of team members I have volunteered to help on the kitchen team for the next Burrus #2 which will be in March. All I can say now is "My Cup Runneth Over". The last time I was touched by the spirit of God this mightily was when I was Leader of Kairos Outside #18.

GOD IS GOOD - ALL the time.



Lee Grider (Coastal SP, Savannah) recuperates after successful surgery to replace both knees. Coastal #3, however, will have to struggle along without him



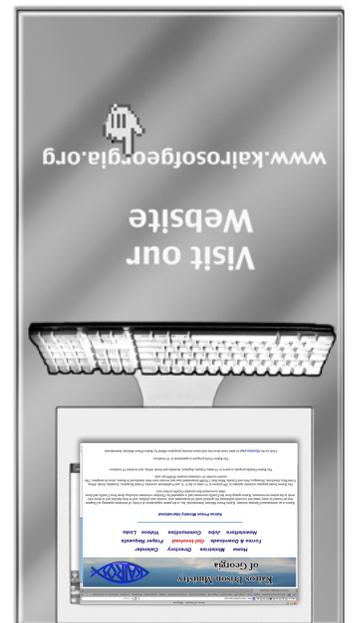
Georgia will soon have two professional display boards which advisory councils may check out and use to publicize Kairos in a convention or ministry fair-type setting. We envision keeping one display unit for primary use north of Macon and the second unit for use in the rest of the state, but we'll always try to meet needs whenever and wherever they occur. For the time being, please continue to e-mail me with your scheduling desires. Lee Turner will be posting the confirmations on the Kairos calendar on the web site. These are great tools for getting the message out in a large meeting hall or auditorium site.

Mike Jones mandgjones@mchsi.com  
229-924-0120

**MOVING???????????**

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**TO:**

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ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Carol Crankshaw  
102 Ashley Marsh Drive  
Brunswick, GA 31523

*Amen, I say to you, whatever you did for one of these least brothers of mine, you did for me.*  
Matthew 25:40

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