



# Interfaith Inspirer

An Interfaith Center for Spiritual Growth News Publication

## Gifts from My Father and My Gift in Return

*By David Bell*

My father passed away in 1993 at the age of eighty-one. He had been diagnosed with prostate cancer, which had then metastasized. What my father taught me happened much earlier. The most important things that shaped who I am included an absolute need for integrity, the joy of helping others, and a passion for singing. Very early in my life, he taught me the need for honesty and integrity. I was not punished for fibbing, but rather shown how disappointed my parents were when I did not live up to their standards. Service to others was taught by demonstration. My father was handy with tools, an electrical engineer by

trade, and willing to help neighbors and friends. He was always fixing things for others, including television sets, tree trimming, and snow shoveling. When we were teenagers, my brother and I helped our parents assist a family of refugees who were sponsored by our church. He served on community and nonprofit boards and was the secretary of the Detroit-area GM retirees' club. Singing was a family affair. My father, my brother, and I all sang in the church choir. My mother often filled in as the accompanist. After his retirement, my father discovered barbershop singing. He was an active member of the Chorus of the Keys right up until his passing.

My gift back to my father took place during his last illness. My parents moved to Florida in 1972. When my father became seriously ill in 1992, I made monthly trips to Florida to visit. He would say, "You don't need to keep coming." My reply was that I wanted to keep coming. My father was very fearful of dying. I was beginning my spiritual journey at that time. I had read much about the near-death experience, but my understanding was somewhat limited. I explained that death was a painless change of form, leading to an eternal existence. Right near the end, he said, "I don't know, David, I sure hope you're right." I know that I was right, and I feel blessed to have brought him some comfort. I hope that when my time comes, I will meet up with him and learn that he was comforted.



*David Bell performed Vivaldi's Gloria at Carnegie Hall in May 2026, as part of the Distinguished Concerts Singers Inter-national comprised of members from different community choirs all over the country. David's local choir in Colorado is the Foothills Community Choir. Pictured above: David & Judy Bell*

## Come Forth

by Wendell Berry

I dreamed of my father when he was old.  
 We went to see some horses in a field;  
 they were sorrels, as red almost as blood,  
 the light gold on their shoulders and haunches.  
 Though they came to us, all a-tremble  
 with curiosity and snorty with caution,  
 they had never known bridle or harness.  
 My father walked among them, admiring,  
 for he was a knower of horses, and these were fine.

He leaned on a cane and dragged his feet  
 along the ground in hurried little steps  
 so that I called to him to take care, take care,  
 as the horses stamped and frolicked around him.  
 But while I warned, he seized the mane  
 of the nearest one. "It'll be all right,"  
 he said, and then from his broken stance  
 he leapt astride, and sat lithe and straight  
 and strong in the sun's unshadowed excellence.

Submitted by Mark Charles



### In This Issue:

*Gifts from My Father and My Gift in Return*  
 by David Bell.....1  
*Come Forth* by Wendell Berry .....2  
*To My Dad* by Cayla D.Tchalo.....2  
*My Dad* by Linda Gilchrist.....3  
 Quarterly Conversation in Community.....3  
*Omaha Beach* by Peggy River Singer.....4  
*Ernestly Speaking* by Janet Somalinog .....5  
*Ministerial Miscellany* by Annie Kopko.....6  
 Volunteer Corner by Annemarie Howse .....7  
 Submission Guidelines..... 7  
 June Special Events..... 8

## To My Dad, Carl D. Tchalo

(1909–1999)

by Cayla D. Tchalo © 2026

Thanks Dad for all your Love.  
 It still sustains.  
 It never lessens.  
 In fact, I find it still gains  
 even well beyond your passing.

You loved me when I was good.  
 You loved me when I challenged you  
 with my brilliant teenage sassings.

I once thought the lame jokes you told  
 were way too silly. Now I treasure them like gold.

Once we became adult good friends,  
 you loved me the same yet differently then.

All the knowledge and wisdom you gave  
 bolstered me so I'd be smart & brave  
 in the changing fate and conditions of life  
 so I'd maximize joy and better navigate strife.

Without imposing, you were always there.  
 Without a doubt, you always cared.

I wish I could call you still  
 for a great, in-depth discussion  
 or just some happy, friendly time to kill.

I love you, Dad, and I miss you, too.  
 Rest assured, I always will.

**3rd Annual Meditation Retreat  
Fundraiser for ICSG**

Triple Crane Retreat Center  
 Chelsea, MI  
 June 5 & 6

*Nourishment for Mind,  
 Body, & Soul*

\$250 includes retreat activities and three meals  
 Overnight accommodations available for \$45/bed  
 To register email [delyth.balmer@interfaithspirit.org](mailto:delyth.balmer@interfaithspirit.org)  
 or visit <https://interfaithspirit.org/special-events/#retreat>



## My Dad

by *Linda Gilchrist*

My father was only in my life for a short time. He was a troubled soul, and his troubles spilled out into our family and his marriage, resulting in divorce when I was 6 years old. I didn't see him much after that, and by the time I was 12, he was totally gone from my life.

But I have a few good memories that I can share. First, and foremost, I remember his art. My siblings and I would beg him to "draw us a picture" almost every night. I remember sitting in his lap many times while he drew us a silly, funny caricature, and afterward we would all laugh with delight. Other times, I watched as he worked, totally engrossed in his beautiful pastel paintings. I think his artistry is what inspired me to develop my own creative skills.

He was playful. I remember how much he loved to tickle my sister and me! We giggled and laughed and screeched and pleaded for him to stop all at the same time.

When he passed away, my siblings and I went to his funeral even though we had not seen him or even been in touch for more than 30 years. It was odd to speak to people at the funeral who knew him better than ourselves. He had a life, I realized, a life without us in it! This realization brought forth some very mixed, unpleasant, even angry feelings. But I do remember that every person there at the gathering told my siblings and me how much my Dad talked about his kids. So that's something, and time does heal those wounds.

I think he did the best he could. Isn't that all you can ask for?

Thank you, Dad, for instilling my love of art-making and the playful times.

Some day I'm going to learn pastels!



Join Us!  
**Father's Day**  
**Social Hour**  
 after the service with  
 Sweets & Healthy Treats

Hosted by the  
 Caring Committee



## Quarterly Conversation in Community

will be on

**June 28**

**1:00 - 3:00 pm**

**Open to all!**

This is an opportunity to freely  
 express your concerns, present  
 ideas and ask questions

Lunch will be provided  
 for a donation

Join us on zoom via

Sunday Service link:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/440540886>



## A Conversation with the Oversoul of Omaha Beach

by Peggy River Singer

**Background:** Omaha Beach was one of the five main landing areas during the Allied invasion of German-occupied France on June 6, 1944 (D-Day). It was the most heavily defended and deadliest of all landing sites, with roughly 2,400 U.S. casualties out of 34,000 troops. Today, it is a place for reflection with memorials and the nearby American Cemetery.

**Oversoul:** We are a collective of angels, fae, and guardian spirits of earth, sky, and sea who are helping to restore health and balance to this place of apocalypse. This work will take millions of years on many different levels, and there is no designated "end date". There are still many lost souls wandering the area who don't understand where they are or what has happened; many are looking for their lost comrades. Some are trapped in time loops where they replay a particular experience over and over.

*[I am shown a horrifying slow-motion sequence of a soldier stepping on a land mine and exploding into glory, which immediately starts at the beginning again.]*

**Oversoul:** We do not interfere with those who are experiencing such distressing memories. It is not our job to change or "fix" their soul-contract choices. Instead, we remain benevolently neutral and support what they need and want to accomplish without asking intrusive questions or judging.

**Peggy:** It took years to plan the invasion. I expect that angels, fae, and other beings knew ahead of time what would take place on that day?

**Oversoul:** Yes, not in great detail, but an overall vista of infinite potential events. Our team was prepared for all possibilities well ahead of the actual invasion.

**Peggy:** Does this restoration work extend to other timelines?



Omaha Beach

**Oversoul:** Yes, certainly. Similar "teams" are at work on countless disaster sites on many different timelines and realities, including natural disasters like Mount Vesuvius destroying Pompeii in AD 79, the San Francisco earthquake in 1906, and the impact zone of the "dinosaur-killer" asteroid that landed in the Yucatan 66 million years ago.

Our support and restoration system includes "tiny disasters" such as a breath of wind moving a grain of sand in such a way that it disrupts the local micro-environment and all living things associated with it.

Every square inch of this world has experienced changes and upheavals, right down to the molten core. Eventually, all such events and locations will be restored to complete, healed perfection. Humans with pure intentions can access and collaborate with this endeavor to achieve this ultimate expression of grace. This conversation is complete.

*Peggy River Singer is an all-beings communicator, faery ally, and lifelong writer. She dwells in a funky little apartment on the enchanted shores of Ford Lake in Ypsilanti, where she teaches fae folk how to use and share Reiki to help bring more joy and healing into the world. More of her articles are posted on [angelsfairiesandlife.wordpress.com](http://angelsfairiesandlife.wordpress.com). To request a communication session, please call 734-548-0194.*



**ERNESTLY SPEAKING**  
**Fathers, Flowers, and  
 the Creative Principle**

*by Janet Somalinog*

Hello, friends of the Science of Mind philosophy developed by Ernest Holmes as a compendium of all the world's religious thought, ancient texts, shamans, pagans, kahunas, and Nature itself. The reason it resonates with me so much is that the line of thinking always condenses into a natural law in Nature and the Universe. Those same laws can be extrapolated to explain how to access the infinite possibilities swirling around us at all times, on this stage of life where we are actors, but more importantly, scriptwriters. And for June, here is my shout-out to all fathers and the masculine principle that underlies a particular Law that Ernest Holmes based his Creative Principle on.

Let's begin with what occurs in Nature for life to always continue, adapt, and express. Not the 'birds and the bees' story, but in the plant world, where the prolific pollen floating everywhere (giving some of us those messy allergy symptoms) is exactly what the showy blossom parts of petals, pistils, and stamens need in order to complete the fertilization. Ah! Mahalo to all the worker bees! A new potentially replicated plant, with all the exact genetic information of its parents, is forming. Our thought seeds are also made up of all the information we give them from our history, our emotions, our beliefs... all the good, bad, and unhealed.

Then another phase of that seed is set in motion as it must get to the soil to be warmed and nurtured and coddled into sprouting its tiny body into the world of expression (see my May article). What

helps that seed reach the soil is a variety of methods, from wind, rain, and other animals to our very own loving hands and fingers that oversee the many details of germination, although this spring, my fidgety fingers were too impatient with Nature, and I pushed the dates of planting instead of checking the temperature of the soil.

So, what does this mean for fathers and 'fathering' and the masculine principle? Well, everything! Not just contributing pollen and sperm, or strength and protection, but a collaboration with the whole creative process, having a sensitivity to know how, what, where, and, in the human world, with whom. There are so many places in the pollen-to-plant journey or the thought-to-manifestation journey where masculine or fathering energy is needed.

So, in this month of June, I honor the masculine and the father in us all. I commit to embracing and creating a more peaceful planet with my thought-pollen fertilized with Peace. I release these ideas into the ethers to be nurtured and distributed by others of like mind. I acknowledge all fathers and the father principle for the masculine energy present in this web of Life, which is always under construction. We are all worker bees, gorgeous, colorful flowers, warm soil that welcomes the peace ideas into it, and all the other necessities of creativity, like the wind, rain, and sun. We do make up one beautiful, reciprocal, collaborative, and infinite system of creativity, where every moment, every interaction, every thought is part of a greater Life unfolding. We must stand in this knowing of how lovely, how powerful, how important our contributions are for a new world to emerge, even if they appear to be tiny seeds.

And so it is!!



**Ministerial Miscellany**  
**Mindfulness**

by Rev. Annie Kopko

We are encouraged by spiritual teachers to do all things mindfully. This means with awareness, attention, and presence in each moment. This is impossible, right? Okay. It may seem impossible, but that doesn't mean we can't practice this as part of a daily goal to learn to be more openly peaceful and spiritual.

Mindfulness goes along with a sitting meditation practice, which is better and easier for me, I think, because it is an active meditation practice. It is challenging to quiet my mind at any time in a busy life, in my busy world. It is hard to breathe consciously and deeply in meditation practice. I began this kind of mindfulness when Larry, my husband, was living through his last few days five years ago. At the time, it felt very peaceful and nurturing, and I had no clear idea what was happening or when his body would give up, but I was aware of a change, and I became very alert in a very timeless way.

If I am doing something small and simple, it is quite easy to widen my awareness to include the movement of my hands or my feet, as long as I let my mind relax. I follow every movement carefully. I may follow a thought, but not hold on to any thought. It doesn't feel as if I am forcing myself to do a practice; it feels as if I am allowing a practice to happen through this body. This is not stressful,

**Happy Birthday**  
**June**

- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Staci Haarer     | 10 Laurie Knerr    |
| 3 Fritz Sauer      | 10 Paul Jurgensen  |
| 4 Marlena Studer   | 18 Lu Evergreen    |
| 5 Melanie Fuscaldo | 23 Max Jones       |
| 6 Dawn Swartz      | 24 Layla Ananda    |
| 7 Den Carbonell    | 24 Jean Balenti    |
| 8 Ted Poprafsky    | 24 Annie Kopko     |
| 9 Mary Sapienza    | 24 Nooshin Sobhani |
|                    | 27 Heide Kaminski  |

as a conscious breathing meditation can sometimes be. I often fall asleep trying to keep my body still.

Mindfulness is intentionally focusing on the present moment, no matter what thoughts, feelings, or bodily sensations come and go. There is a softness in our awareness and a lack of judgment of any kind. We are not reacting to our thoughts; we are allowing them to come and go. We can be aware of all our thoughts, without judging what we say internally. We might realize that we love ourselves and others with a great deal of compassion. We might even remember that we are not our thoughts, our bodies, or other parts of us that attach us to this world. We are so much more, beyond all these ideas; we are the clear light of spirit, generating energy that is healing our planet.

Love and Blessings,

*Annie*



## Volunteer Corner

by *Annemarie Howse*

Many of us recognize the Board of Trustees and Caring Committee members because they're listed in our monthly bulletin and on our website. Those who participate in Sunday services are acknowledged each week. But many others quietly respond to requests on groups.io or step in when they see a need. Here are a few examples I'm aware of:

- In April, Lindsay Passmore had surgery for a detached retina and needed to limit activities for a couple of weeks. Marilyn Alf, Layla Ananda, Holly Makimaa, Alaura Massaro, Norah Reilly, and Jim Windak provided meals during her recovery.
- Gretchen Leonhardt and Norah Reilly provided transportation for members of our Interfaith community.
- Lance Clark helped Annie Kopko with a plumbing issue.
- Marice Clark and Lance Clark responded to the April newsletter request for snacks for our social get-together, delivering beverages and snack bars.
- Vicki Davinich collects recycling at Interfaith and takes it to the recycling center.
- Norah Reilly washes the tablecloths after potlucks and other special events.
- Ted Poprafsky volunteers every Sunday by making coffee, setting out snacks, and helping with cleanup. Although he is employed as our building maintenance person, he volunteers his time on Sundays.

We learn about many of these acts of service through requests sent to our Interfaith groups.io email, as well as through verbal expressions of thanks. If you know someone who deserves recognition, please email me at [ahowse21@gmail.com](mailto:ahowse21@gmail.com) for possible inclusion in the Interfaith Inspirer Volunteer Corner.

Requests to the Caring Committee are kept confidential unless you indicate otherwise.

## Haiku from Dexter

by **Barb Fisher, Sandy Hill,  
Cooper Holland**

A log in the river  
3 brown shells sunning  
1 neck stretched watching



## Submission Guidelines for the Interfaith Inspirer

**The submission deadline for the  
July newsletter is June 10**

Please send your contribution to  
[newsletter@interfaithspirit.org](mailto:newsletter@interfaithspirit.org).

We will confirm receipt once it has been received.

Suggested article lengths are 150 words for a quarter page, 250 words for a half page, and 600 words for a full page.

All articles are subject to minor edits by the editorial team, including edits for length.

Please let us know if you would like to review the final version before it is printed.

Possible July content ideas include Independence Day (July 4), World Chocolate Day (July 7), National Ice Cream Day (July 19), Christmas in July (mid- to late July), and vacation or summer plans.

# JUNE SPECIAL EVENTS



## Interfaith OpenMic

Thursday, June 4  
7-9pm

Doors Open at 6:30 pm

Sign up in person the night of the event

Suggested donation for performers and audience members is \$5.00

Questions? Contact  
Don Digirolamo at  
[dondidge@gmail.com](mailto:dondidge@gmail.com)



## Drum & Dance Jam

with  
**Curtis Glatter**

Saturday, June 6  
7-9 pm

(Also August 1)

\$5 Suggested Donation

## Community Sing with Matt Watroba



Wednesday, June 10  
7-8:30 pm

\$5-\$10.00

suggested donation

Your donations allow us to support this event

## Cafe 704

Interfaith Center for  
Spiritual Growth

704 Airport Blvd, Ste.1

A2 48108

Tickets \$10-\$20  
(sliding scale)

Doors open at 6:30 pm

## “Mary and the Huz”

Saturday, June 13, 2026  
7-9:00 pm

In Person, pay at the door  
To purchase Zoom tickets go to  
<https://interfaithspirit.org/cafe-704-coffeehouse/>

Info contact Delyth: 734-657-5384



## Summer Solstice Pagan Chants Sing Along

with Nora Farley  
Thursday, June 18  
7-8:30 pm

Donations appreciated.

## Drumcommunity Drum Circle with Lori Fithian

Saturday, June 20  
7-8:30 pm

(Every 3rd Saturday,  
July 18, August 15, etc.)



Donations to the Center are appreciated