



Chatham
Habitat
for Humanity®



Raising Faith Stories

Andrew Taylor-Troutman, Pastor of Chapel in the Pines Presbyterian Church

There's a story about a rabbi sitting beside a small stream. He noticed how a steady trickle of water had carved out a hole in the middle of a large rock.

I am – as the song goes – the son of a preacher man. I was raised in the church, but I've never heard a voice from heaven or seen fire on the mountain. As I grew up, Dad and I volunteered once a month with Habitat for Humanity. I have never read signs written in the clouds or felt the earth tremble beneath my feet. I have hung sheetrock and painted ceilings. I hammered nails and, occasionally, my finger. I worked with men and women from my church as well as other volunteers, including families who would make this house a home.

Now I am a pastor at Chapel in the Pines, a Presbyterian congregation that supports Chatham Habitat for Humanity. I won't put any pressure on my kids to become pastors. I am looking forward to the day when they will be old enough to volunteer with me, for it was through Habitat that I learned something about myself, specifically what I value. This is like a hidden curriculum. You learn to drive a nail and run a skill saw. You get to know your teachers and you make new friends. Month after month, year after year, you give your time and energy. You realize you are investing yourself. Slowly, it dawns on you that, not only are you working on a house, but something (Someone) is working on you, too.

To return to that story of the rabbi, the holy man concluded that, if something as soft as water can change something as hard as rock over a long period of time, how much more can the Spirit of God make an indelible mark on the human heart?