



## Monthly News & Updates

Important upcoming dates:  
KPST 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Golf Scramble Saturday,  
August 9, 2025  
**9:00am – 3:00pm**

Register here:  
[https://secure.fundeasy.com/ministrysy  
nc/event/?e=30128](https://secure.fundeasy.com/ministrysy nc/event/?e=30128)

### 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Banquet Update

First, we want to thank all of you that came out to this year's banquet. Your presence meant more than you know – not just to Kingdom Pillars the organization, but to the brave women whose lives are being rebuilt because of the work YOU help make possible. A huge thank you to all the underwriters and volunteers, Cornerstone Church for hosting, the worship group and harpist and all the KP team members that made this event a success.

When KPST began, the mission was simple but



Register



**Kingdom Pillars Board  
Members**

Left to right – Eric Clark - Treasurer, Laurie O'Hara - Secretary, Linda Brucker - Chair/ Advisor, Julie Strickland -Chair, Angel Kennedy, Board President, Jennifer Pettet- Chair, Quinten Swartz- Chair.

profound: to walk alongside women with very uncertain futures, including those who had survived the unimaginable, and to offer them safety, dignity, and a real path forward. Over the years, we've seen what happens when compassion meets structure – when safe housing, trauma-informed care and resources, and sustainable job training come together. **LIVES CHANGE! FUTURES ARE RECLAIMED! HOPE BECOMES REALITY!**

To date, we've served and helped three dozen women not only escape the cycles of exploitation, but thrive in independence and self-worth. These are not just success stories. These are legacies of resilience, of healing, and spiritual growth.

Everything that has occurred these last five years, the facility, the programs, the partnerships, the outcomes have ALL laid a foundation. A strong, tested framework that we are now ready to scale. The need goes beyond central Ohio and it does not stop at the state line. Human trafficking shows no geography. Three of the KPST survivor leaders spoke on a panel this year, joined by the board president, case manager lead, and program partners. The survivors spoke their truths as questions were asked, these women are so brave! Through tears at times, they shared pieces of their journeys and how YOU have helped get them to where they are today in their journey. Thank you! Here is the link Cornerstone Church provided to this year's banquet if you'd like to watch it <https://youtube.com/live/bRvC01TETxo?feature=share>

We set a goal for this year's banquet to cover costs for housing, feeding, and the programs of the ladies we serve. We need to build back up our education fund that helps the women expand their education. The Kingdom Pillars property also has some plumbing and electrical needs that need to be repaired, all of which come with an expense. Would you help us reach our goal that hasn't been met yet? Would you help us continue the work we do with the women that so bravely enter the KP program? We must come together to stop the exploitation of women and children, we must stand firmly on helping those that emancipate out of the foster care system so they too do not become targeted for trafficking purposes.



KPST Survivor Leader/  
Panelist Makayla &  
Darcey McCampbell -  
Founder/ED



KPST- Gabby, Nelly  
(Graduate, Survivor  
Leader/ Panelist & her  
daughter, Ananda KPST  
Survivor Leader/ Panelist

There is still time for your gift to go towards this year's banquet. You can click the QR code above or you can mail a check made out to Kingdom Pillars and mail it to PO Box 108 Newark, Ohio 43058.

To make a gift using a trust or IRA please contact Darcey McCampbell at 740-641-5098.

-Bob Brooks – KP Advisory Team and Darcey McCampbell– KP Founder/ED

### **From Darcey McCampbell – Founder/ED**



As a former foster Momma, I relate to this entire writing. Very powerful and yes this is the place I met and truly fell in love with Jesus, I saw Him in those babies and children's eyes, I saw Him sobbing when they hurt. This is beautifully written from a former foster parent.

Oh God, I used to trust You so easily. I truly thought following You would mean safety, a clear path devoid of profound suffering. I believed that if I just did the right things—prayed, obeyed, believed with enough conviction—You'd unfailingly protect the ones I love. That goodness would simply follow me like the verse said, a constant companion.

That justice would always show up on time, delivering swift resolution to every wrong.

I thought hurting kids would be immediately comforted, their pain swiftly alleviated. That You'd come quickly, a divine intervention, and that healing would feel like soaring worship music and instant miracles, a visible testament to Your power. But that's not how it happened. That's not the reality I encountered.

I walked into the world of foster care with open hands and, in hindsight, dangerously naive hope. And then I saw, with my own eyes, what evil could truly do to a child. What sin could steal—not just innocence, but a fundamental sense of safety. What chilling silence could cover up, allowing abuse to fester unseen. What the very system meant to protect could ultimately fail to fix. And in those moments, I wanted to scream, "Where were You, God?"

Where were You when she was left alone in that crib for days, her cries unheard? Where were You when his tiny body was bruised and no one, absolutely no one, noticed for far too long? Where were You when the reunification plan was signed, and I knew—I knew with chilling certainty—it would only hurt them further? I cried out to You in desperation, and I didn't get thunder or fire, no dramatic sign of intervention. I got silence. And the agonizing sound of my own heart cracking open, breaking into a million pieces.

And still, somehow... I stayed. I kept showing up, day after painful day. I kept rocking babies I wasn't meant to keep forever, knowing goodbye loomed. I kept holding space for the mamas who broke them, offering compassion I barely

understood. I kept praying prayers I didn't feel anymore, words that felt hollow in my mouth.

But then, slowly, unexpectedly, I saw You there. Not in the quick fixes I had demanded, but in the steadfast act of staying. You were there in the sterile courtroom where no one seemed to say the child's name but me. You were there in the raw, guttural trauma scream that finally gave way to sleep, a small mercy. You were there when the story didn't resolve tidily, when the healing didn't come fast, when I felt like I was completely falling apart, and still—You held me, a quiet, unwavering presence. And I know You are good. Oh, I've seen Your goodness in ways my tidy theology never allowed. I've seen it in the pure belly laugh of a child who used to flinch at every touch. In the profound moment a little girl bravely used the word "safe" for the very first time. In the fierce, unexplainable love that rises within me for babies I didn't birth but would die for without blinking.

You are not the God I used to preach about—the one who magically fixed everything if I just had enough faith, the easy, comfortable God of my youth. You are the God who stays. The God who weeps alongside us in our pain. The God who doesn't always rescue in the way I desperately want or expect, but who absolutely never leaves me alone in the fire.

Foster care wrecked my theology. It tore down the neat, tidy God I thought I knew, dismantling every comfortable assumption. But in His place, amidst the rubble, I found You—real, raw, truly present. Not the God of fairy tales and easy answers. But the God of Gethsemane, of raw human suffering.

The God of the wilderness, of doubt and endurance. The God of the cross, of ultimate sacrifice and profound presence in pain.

You didn't promise ease. But You promised presence. And in every broken hallelujah, in every quiet miracle, in every raw, unfiltered emotion I've experienced, you've kept that promise. So, I'll keep wrestling with the hard questions. I'll keep trusting, even when I don't understand the purpose of the pain. Because I know, with a certainty forged in the trenches, that You are still good. And You are still here.

Kingdom Pillars | PO Box 108 | Newark, OH 43058 US

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