The Light

Cultivating Our Common Ground

How are We Doing?

St. Augustine’s in-the-Woods Episcopal Church, Freeland, WA

June 2017, issue 6
This issue of *The Light* may be viewed on-line at our website http://staugustinesepiscopalchurch.org. Click on *The Light Our Newsletter* button. For small format media, such as phones and tablets, you will find a list of current and past issues in PDF format.

*The Light* welcomes all submissions and suggestions for publication. All submissions will be considered for appropriateness, and be used as able. Written submissions should be in Word or PDF format. Images should be JPG or TIFF (high resolution). Please direct all submissions and questions to the editor, Albert Rose, email arose@albertrose.com. Deadline for all submissions is the 15th of the month prior to the posting date.

*The Light* is published ten times per year, monthly September through June. *The Light* is posted on the first day of each month published.

*The Light* is called to provide timely and pertinent information to the members of St. Augustine’s in-the-Woods Episcopal Church, and act as a vehicle for outreach to the greater community of Whidbey Island, Washington.
We might have our particular way of doing things. We probably have different interests. We think different thoughts. We certainly have different experiences. We are born and live in different times. And we find ourselves in different places. In spite of all of these differences, there is a very important common denominator. We all stand on the same piece of dirt; we have common ground.

The foundation under our feet is the same for everyone. There isn’t a single soul that has ever graced the face of this planet that hasn’t come from the corporate union of two individuals. We all have moms and dads. We start small and grow big. We consume the elements around us to fuel this growth. Our summers are warm and our winters are cold. We are nurtured with love; we deteriorate without it. The sun lights our days, just as it has for everyone since the beginning.

As a faith based community, we believe in a God who brought this whole process into being, and provides for its upkeep, for everyone’s benefit. Even without this all-benevolent creator, our source is still the same. Our bodies are a wonderful chemical mix of the same elements that form the trees that give us shade, and make up the dirt that accepts the roots of those same trees—the common ground that we stand on.

There is the old fairy tale about which side of the bed we employ upon our rising. The right side of the bed guarantees a good day and the wrong side dooms us to failure. It’s a funny story, but do I believe it? I don’t think so. Does the fact that I was born in Oregon mean that I am any better or worse than my friends who come from Russia, England, the Bahamas, Argentina, or Japan? Does it matter which side of the world you start your life from? If I have value, so do they. If I am worthless, so are they.

Where do our difficulties come from? The differences that I mentioned earlier aren’t the issue, even if we think they are. One of the elements of our common ground is our free will and our ability, even our obligation, to make choices. The sun illuminates our world, but we don’t see anything if we choose to close our eyes. Seeing is not obligatory, but the choice is. Wise choices aren’t a given either. The growth that we experience in our bodies also applies to our minds and emotions. We learn, develop and grow from the results of our choices and those of others. What kinds of choices have we made? How have we treated our common ground?

This is the last *Light* until September. May your summer be one of rest and renewal.

*Albert*
Finding common ground with others is one of the hardest things we have to do as human beings. I’m pretty sure Jesus knew this! After all, why—if other-centered relationships are easy—would he have spoken the words recorded in Luke (6:32-34; there’s a similar passage in Matthew) that call us all to reflect on the nature of relationships, and how hard they can be? What Jesus says is this:

If you love those who love you, what credit is that to you? For even sinners love those who love them. If you do good to those who do good to you, what credit is that to you? For even sinners do the same. If you lend to those from whom you hope to receive, what credit is that to you? Even sinners lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

To drive home the level of commitment that he demanded of his followers, he offered a “but” which is intended—in this context—to be understood as an implied “instead:”

But love your enemies, do good, and lend, expecting nothing in return . . . . Be [compassionate], just as your Father is [compassionate]. Do not judge, and you will not be judged; do not condemn, and you will not be condemned. Forgive, and you will be forgiven; give, and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap; for the measure you give will be the measure you get back.

There are a number of features that make this passage important:

- It calls us to take the first step. We’re not to wait for someone else to be compassionate, generous, loving first; the expectation is that we always (yes, always) are the ones to reach out, to begin the engagement, to be proactive.

- It anticipates reciprocity. We often miss this—we are, says Jesus, to act with the expectation that the response will be in kind. It can be easy to act in many situations presupposing that what we seek to achieve will not work out, that no matter how hard we try to be compassionate, generous, loving, the other will not respond in kind but with rejection.

Common Ground is not something that comes naturally—as the saying goes, we have to find it. Like anything in life that’s worth having, we have to work at it.

So how have we done this year? Read on!

Blessings to you,

Nigel
## Table of Contents

### Features

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Racism Up Close</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inside the Red Dress</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cries for Help</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wounded</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book Review</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Ewell</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s Creation</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light Lite</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OP-ED</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tail Lights</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### In-House

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Churchapedia</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personnel</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calendar/Service Schedule</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adult Forum Schedule</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MSO</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vestry Recap</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Forty-one years ago my husband and I, with our two young children, moved to New Orleans. It was a difficult move to a very different American city. In our first few months I encountered so much that was so unlike any other place I had ever lived in that I wondered if New Orleans really was an “American” city! It took me more than a year to figure out directions. Because of the curve in the Mississippi River there is no “north” or “south” here and the sun rises every day over the river’s west bank. The Napoleonic Code, upon which Louisiana law is based, allowed my husband to sell our house without my signature. What kind of a place is this, I wondered, not at all sure I wanted to stay.

Months later, with the encouragement of our neighbors, we ventured out to a Mardi Gras parade, finding a good place to view it downtown on Lee Circle. As the parade reached us, night fell and I was amazed to see African Americans carrying lighted torches with tanks of kerosene on their backs come along at the start of the parade. Before electrified floats, “Flambeaux” were a Carnival parade’s only illumination, a tradition that has continued. To my surprise, people in the crowd threw coins at the men with the heavy torches who then reached down, at their peril, to recover the money. Watching that made me uneasy; it struck me as primitive and racist.
A little while later the parade halted with several local African American high school bands waiting on the other side of Lee Circle. To pass the time, drummers began to play what sounded like African rhythms. Suddenly the whole street seemed to come alive, with the crowd, now mostly African American, dancing to the beat of the drums. Some deep root in their culture was touched by those drums. I loved it, found it exciting, but also haunting as I imagined the ghosts of slaves mingling with us on that street. That the illuminated statue of Robert E. Lee gazed down upon the entire scene was not only ironic, but also unsettling. Our friends said “That’s the charm of New Orleans. Everyone gets along here.”

Today the city of New Orleans is embroiled in controversy over Robert E. Lee’s statue and three others, one of which was erected by a white supremacist group many years ago. In 2015 Mayor Mitch Landrieu supported a group of African American and white citizens who articulated how offensive the statues are to black people and to anyone who doesn’t wish to identify contemporary New Orleans with the Confederacy. The Landrieus have had strong support in the black community ever since Mayor Moon Landrieu, Mitch’s father, forged strong ties with the African American community and delivered on promises to help make New Orleans a peaceful, desegregated city. Mitch Landrieu has the support of the New Orleans City Council while other leaders who, now that conflict over the removal of the statues has erupted, are largely silent. His suggestion that the statues be displayed in a Civil War museum has been ignored. Now some state legislators in Baton Rouge are trying to save the statues, arguing that they belong to the state, not to the city. I expect the issue will land in the courts before long.

That the statue controversy should be happening now is related to heightened racial tension wrought by white killings of African Americans in Charleston, Baltimore, and elsewhere. “Black Lives Matter” is an appropriate response to those killings, but is clearly not valued by some in the white community who are angry that they are no longer in control. Reactivity to “Black Lives Matter” has caused an uptick in activity by white supremacists with ties to state legislators, so it not surprising that the issue of New Orleans statues has reached the halls of power in Baton Rouge.

In the midst of death threats, the first of the four statues, a monument to a white militia uprising resisting Reconstruction in 1874, was removed in secret under armed guard at 2 am one night recently. Now the statues of Confederate General P.G.T. Beauregard, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis are fenced and guarded. Protesters on both sides have gathered; violence has erupted. Letters to the editors of local newspapers have been published on both sides of the issue, including one arguing that the statues have great historic value and thus represent New Orleans at a time in her history that should not be forgotten. Notably, there is no monument marking the location of the slave market where hundreds of people were bought and sold and families broken apart, all to enable a prospering white economy.

Slavery is the most difficult issue with which this country has ever had to deal. Haunting
memories of its terrible human costs linger to this day. Some years ago New Orleans public schools bearing the names of slave owners were given the names of African American leaders. There was some resistance, of course, but since public education served many more black than white students, it made sense. Down my street Robert E. Lee School was renamed Ronald G. McNair Elementary. Now, post-Hurricane Katrina, it is a KIPP (Knowledge is Power Program) middle school serving African American students who are making real progress for the first time in generations. I’m glad they don’t have to try to take pride in going to Robert E. Lee School any more.

Roman Catholic education actually preceded the founding of public education in the New Orleans. Because Catholic parishes have been racially mixed for generations, their elementary schools were integrated long before the 1950s. Catholic high school students are still segregated by gender, not by race, although some schools serve mostly black students and others, white. An ease in racial relations has long been characteristic of the Catholic community in New Orleans so it is not surprising that much of the city’s leadership, both white and black, has been Catholic. Mitch Landrieu’s family is no exception. Ministry to the poor in New Orleans was largely Roman Catholic until recent years.

Other religious communities have been slower to integrate elementary schools and to minister to the poor in New Orleans partly because of fewer resources but also because of more checkered histories of race relations. That Leonidas Polk, the first Episcopal bishop of Louisiana, took off his miter, strapped on a sword, and rode off to become a general in the Confederate army is a fact not entirely forgotten in our history, although, thankfully, not commemorated in a statue in a public place! Today all four Episcopal schools in New Orleans eagerly enroll African American students.

In a city that has been predominantly African American for years, it is useful to recall that New Orleans was settled by a succession of European and Caribbean folks who mixed and mingled with a degree of tolerance for difference that was, perhaps, unique in American history. The French Quarter was home not only to the white French founders, but also to the Spanish, Creole, and later English, Italian, and German settlers who followed. Educated Caribbean free people of color (gens de couleur libres) resided comfortably alongside white neighbors in the French Quarter. As the city expanded, the racial ease of the founders diminished, giving rise to neighborhoods with distinct ethnic identities. The medians in the middle of large streets came to be called “neutral grounds” where differences were often sorted out, not always peacefully. Yet New Orleans retained a level of racial tolerance unusual in the South. Neighborhoods are as mixed racially today as they have been for generations. In many ways the celebration of Mardi Gras that brings everyone out together onto the streets is emblematic of ongoing racial tolerance. That the black Zulu parade holds up the white King of Carnival’s float is a well-established tradition like Flambeaux, not a worry.

Yet, even as a tradition of racial tolerance has served New Orleans well, there is no question
that the everyday experience of African Americans is very different from that of privileged white persons in the city. Crime is rampant, revealing tensions of both race and class. White privilege is seldom acknowledged. Quality education and employment opportunity are not equally available. Racial profiling and discrimination happen here. The number of incarcerated young, black males is appalling. In recent years I have sensed more anger in African Americans at the post office and in stores than I recall previously. Considering the events which led to the “Black Lives Matter” movement, the anger makes sense to me.

The removal of the Confederate statues in New Orleans is an outward sign of a deeper effort that I believe is rooted not only in “Black Lives Matter” but also in the fact that historically the city as a center for the slave trade has never been fully acknowledged. Terrible things happened to black people here, things for which white people bear responsibility today. Efforts to cultivate common ground racially have born much fruit in New Orleans; but that is not the whole story... and we need to have the whole story in order to heal those awful wounds wrought by slavery as well as wounds inflicted in our own time. Those statues speak “white supremacy” loud and clear every day in this city. Today the racial common ground cultivated and cherished by many, particularly in religious communities, feels like quicksand. We must do better. Take the statues down.
Inside the Red Dress

M.K. Sandford

To Kill a Mockingbird is my favorite movie. Scout was my hero. She was brave, a tomboy, like me. My daddy was just like Gregory Peck, tall and gentle. Scout and her daddy were close, just like my daddy and me. Scout gave me permission to be myself.

I am the youngest of three daughters. Daddy was a Baptist preacher with ambitions of getting a doctorate in English. He began teaching English at Ouachita Baptist College when I turned four. When we first moved to our little college town with two colleges, we lived in a girls’ dorm. College professors’ kids were misfits. We weren’t part of the country club set; we weren’t part of the rural farming kids either. The teachers didn’t like us much and we weren’t particularly nice to them. In the beginning, I didn’t notice a difference between girls and boys.

When we first moved, Daddy had a flexible schedule, so I often went to school with him. We would go fishing in between classes in the ravine that ran through campus. I loved to hang out in his office; he liked having me around. When Dad and I would go to the Ouachita women’s basketball games, I heard players heckled and called names during games.

During kindergarten I was sent to Miss Missies School. On the very day I was proudly wearing my new cowboy boots, when I heard a booming voice, “We only wear canvas shoes at Miss Missies!” Miss Missies was big time into shaming kids. When I couldn’t tie my shoes she made me wear a sign around my neck. My stay there didn’t last long or end well.

I wanted a brother, a boy to play with, so my imaginary friends were boys. I wanted to be Elvis; I loved his music. I wanted to sound like him and play the guitar. I was the youngest Elvis impersonator ever.
Because Scout from *To Kill a Mockingbird* was my hero, she made it possible for me to like the person I was becoming. I was already getting noticed for my behavior. Mama went to Betty’s Beauty Shop every week. Miss Kathleen was in the shop one day for Mama’s appointment. She started picking on me— Miss Betty says she wouldn’t leave me alone. Miss Kathleen told me I was going to end up in women’s prison because I didn’t behave. I snapped like a twig. Depending upon whose version you believe, I either kicked her in the shins with my cowboy boots or smacked her with a mirror, possibly both. I don’t remember.

In first grade my best friend was a boy whose family lived at the city dump. The kids made fun of him. Mama grew up poor so we went downtown, bought some flannel shirts and gave them to him as he was getting on the bus.

In the second grade all my best friends were boys. When I got into a sand fight on the playground, Teacher punished me: I couldn’t play baseball with the boys for two weeks. At a birthday party, a kid smacked me in the face with his plaster cast and broke my glasses. I don’t think he meant to, but I went after him anyway. Two people had to pull me off him. I bloodied many a little boy’s nose. By this time, I was a well-established tomboy.

I was in the third grade when I learned that only boys could be crossing guards. I got my own piece of dowel and my own red flag and set out to 11th and Pine. I was out there with the boys.

By this time, I was getting retaliated against. Other kids were noticing me. I wore Oxford shirts with little loops on the back— some people called ‘em “fruit loops” or “fag tags.” Walter sat behind me. One day, he showed me a box cutter and said, “Do you know what this is? It’s my fruit loop cutter.” Another time, he shoved a pencil into my butt right in the middle of cursive writing practice and broke off the lead. I’d been outed as queer. I just didn’t know what a “queer” or a “fruit” was.

As I began to spend more time with Daddy, Mama began to focus on my tomboy behavior. On Sundays, we’d go to the First Baptist Church while Daddy would do fill-in preaching out of town. One Sunday morning, I got the lecture “You’re growing up now and you can’t keep wearing your jeans and cowboy boots to church. You got to start wearing dresses like your sisters.” And every Sunday from then on, Mama and I fought. She chased me down Pine Street screaming “Put on this dress!” When she caught me I got whupped.

Mama finally took me downtown to Orr’s department store to pick out my own dress. She figured if I picked it, I’d wear it. She’d pull one off the rack and say, “Look at this pretty dress,” ‘til I finally surrendered and picked one out. I had no plans to destroy my new red dress until I was sitting in Sunday school. We were doing crafts, which I also hated. I picked up the scissors, took a tuck in the dress and snipped it. Mama noticed the hole in church. “Did you cut a hole in your dress?” I looked down at that hole and lied like sin. “Oh no!” I cried with a face full of astonishment. I had lied in church. I knew I was destined for hell
from that day on.

I was in the fifth grade when I went through a boyish rebellious phase. I cut my hair short and wore boy’s dark rimmed glasses. And Mo, who wore pretty dresses, became my best friend. Like me, she was a bit rebellious. We had the same politics and looked up to our quiet, gentle dads. Our dads were noteworthy; we were inseparable. We were different from other kids. Both our dads were English professors so we laughed at our teacher, Mrs. Wright, when she used improper grammar. We did everything we could to bring her to her wits’ end.

Mo’s mom was Irish Catholic and worked at a dress shop. One Saturday Mrs. Wright went to the dress shop to tell Mo’s mom, “You shouldn’t let your little girl play with Mary Kaye.” Mo’s mom sent her packing. “Her father and I think her friends are our business.” When Mo and I decided that we weren’t going to smile for our school photographs, Mrs. Wright got even. When she put all the kids’ pictures up on the wall, some kids called us queers. For 6th grade the teachers made sure that we were separated into different classes. I got the mean teacher.

As I got older, Dad taught me to play football on the campus fields. He wanted his kids to be their best whatever. I was a good passer and receiver and runner, the “best corner” in the neighborhood. One day during a neighborhood football game, I was playing defense when this big guy, Dick, threw a pass. I caught it and ran it back. Dick punched me in the face. I wanted my dad to tell his dad but he wouldn’t. He thought that if he did, Dick would kill me. The message was, if you’re going to play contact sports with boys, you’re gonna get hit. That is when I realized that no matter what I did, it was always harder for me to win.

Being a tomboy in the 1960s South meant I was both a warrior and a victim, a heroine and a martyr to my integrity. My parents were both supportive and fearful for my wellbeing. We do not choose to be who we are because it is easy or fun or popular. We are the only people we can be. Looking back from this far off place, I see that I shaped my reality while my reality was shaping me.
The world is experiencing the worst humanitarian crisis since World War II. The United Nation’s Under-Secretary-General for Humanitarian Affairs, Stephen O’Brien, has reported that 20 million people in four countries — Yemen, South Sudan, Somalia, and Nigeria — are in acute danger of starving.

The situation in Yemen is the most dire, as 18.8 million people (two-thirds of the county’s population) require immediate aid. Of that number, over 7 million are in imminent danger of starvation.

In South Sudan (the world’s newest nation) more than 7.5 million people are at risk, a 22% increase in a year. Over 1 million of these are acutely malnourished children.

Somalia has 6.2 million people (more than half its population) who require urgent assistance. Roughly 50% of that number face famine.

There are no hard numbers for Nigeria. However, UNICEF counts almost 1.4 million children at imminent risk of death. Widespread famine looms throughout Nigeria. The radical extremist group Boko Haram has forced more than 2 million people from their villages in northeast Nigeria, leaving crops, schools, fresh water, and homes behind.

The UN Secretary-General has said the organization needs $5.6 billion just to alleviate the suffering, never
mind the underlying causes. Some progress has been made in raising these funds, but the UN is still $4.4 billion short.

The UN’s World Food Program alone needs $1.2 billion, including $472 million for Yemen, $286 million for Somalia, $232 million for Nigeria, and $231 million for South Sudan.

The humanitarian crisis in each of these countries is primarily caused by armed conflict, where civil war and terrorism are preventing people from receiving assistance from aid organizations. Severe drought is also having a devastating effect on growing and harvesting crops. The lack of clean water and sanitation as well as the paucity of adequate medicines and medical facilities is posing as much danger to these people as starvation.

The famine situation is also creating a refugee crisis. In Uganda, for example, the country has welcomed 800,000 people escaping the conflict in South Sudan. This is creating an enormous strain on Uganda’s public services and infrastructure. It is also precipitating dissension among its citizens as they perceive the refugees are diverting resources from the native population.

As more people face famine today than at any time in modern history, the World Council of Churches (WCC) together with the All Africa Conference of Churches (AACC) and a range of faith-based partners and networks have established Sunday May 21 as a Global Day of Prayer to End Famine.

The principal takeaway from the above reporting is: What can we do as people of faith to hear and respond to these clarion calls for help?

I am reminded of Jesus’ teaching in the Gospel of Matthew (25: 35–40) when he said “I was hungry and you fed me, thirsty when you gave me a drink.” Later, in response to an inquiry by his disciples, he said “I tell you whenever you did this for one of the least important of these brothers of mine, you did it for me.”

With these words bouncing around my brain I am humbly persuaded to make a few recommended answers to the question I posed above:

- We can join the WCC and offer our prayers for the people in Africa and Yemen who are currently starving.
- We can, as individual people of faith, contribute to such organizations as Save the Children, UNICEF USA, or World Food Program USA. Every little bit donated will help.
- As a parish we can recommend to the Vestry that they write to the Diocese of Olympia urging them to fiscally and vocally support efforts to relieve the suffering. Episcopal Relief & Development is currently working in South Sudan, and I am sure they could use any additional aid the Diocese and its member churches can muster.
- As a parish or as individuals, we can urge our Congressional representatives to advocate for restoring funds, particularly those earmarked for UN humanitarian assistance, that have been cut by the Trump Administration.

I will conclude by rephrasing the title question. “Can we, as Christians and Episcopalians, hear the cries for help? Do we intend to respond?”
Each person comes into this world with a specific destiny — she has something to fulfill, some message must be delivered, some work to be completed. You are not here accidentally — you are here meaningfully. There is a purpose behind you. The Whole intends to do something through you.

Osho

Life Begins When We Wake Up

I woke up the day I became conscious of a deep painful longing. It grew worse in evenings when darkness fell and when the emptiness of night mirrored the wound in my soul. It’s a part of me, belongs to me; I accept it and own it. This longing is at its core both physical and energetic. I was ripped away from the mother who created me from her very substance for nine long months. I was born from her body and until I drew my first breath, I was part of her. Until I poked my head out into our big blue world I was part of her. This is a fact. I was part of my mother’s substance and flesh and every cell in my body knows it. I grew from the material of Mater Terra, from Mother Earth. The proteins, minerals, and vitamins my mother drew into her body nourished every developing cell, tissue, organ, and continued to do so as I grew from a zygote, into an embryo, and then a fetus. I still feel the closeness at night in the dark. I still feel the placenta at my head, the walls of the womb against my shoulders, my back, and feet. My body remembers being in my mother’s
body. When her body was ready, Mother and I worked together for me to make the arduous journey down the birth canal. Mothers don't have babies; mothers make babies. The expression “a tooth for every child” refers to the calcium that is taken from the mother’s teeth into her blood stream, to the placental blood, and into the baby’s bones.

I Never Called Her Mommy

At the heart of my longing, my body craved my mother’s breast and belly. My body craved those arms, and the soft shoulder where my head should be resting. Shortly after birth I was taken away and given to my adoptive parents. I remember both my adoptive parents having very expressive, worried faces when looking at me; I always feared the faces of strangers and would cry when strangers approached. My parents were full of love; I was blessed to be in a nurturing family environment. They were constantly concerned that I feel that they chose me and loved me.

During my early childhood, the dark would bring up my soul wound. I went through a number of years during which I went to bed before my parents. As I lay in bed, panic would creep over me, and I would call out to them, “Good night, Mother. Good night Daddy,” in order to hear a response. The calm would last only a few minutes and then I’d have to call out again. This went on sometimes for an hour. They were patient until they couldn’t take it anymore, and would tell me “Enough.” We moved to our new house I was in the fifth grade. From then on, I got to stay up if they did. I no longer felt those night fears of loss.

My birth mother grew up in a community that condemned her because she was divorced and had a fetus growing inside her. The Catholic Church said “you must have this child. To end its life is murder. You must keep it or you must give it away.” My mother was not young. I was the fourth child. She was divorced and couldn’t take care of the three children she had already birthed. Her father, a pillar of the Catholic Church in Los Angeles, wouldn’t endure the shame, so he sent her to the Home of the Good Shepherd (for “wayward” girls) for the duration of her pregnancy. My mother never learned to mother; neither did I.

They Call Me Mother Earth; They also Call Me Wolf Mama

I was raised from birth to be a nun, a community healer and teacher. I have a capacity for love and compassion that is huge. I also have the capacity for anger, violence, irresponsibility, and carelessness. I have lived a long and productive life giving my talents and my life for my students, my community, the world, and the planet. That is what I was prepared to do just as mothers are mentored to be mothers.

I had entered the convent in Hollywood, California in 1959 and took a leave of absence in 1966. Before I had ever left the convent I woke up to the end of life as I expected it to be. So, I know the pain of the woman faced with the future she rejects—the pain of being the woman who does not want the life of being mother to children. Furthermore, I know the pain of being incapable of the kind of attention and responsibility that good mothers need to be good mothers. I know; after all, I am my mother’s daughter.
I Was an Unfit Mother

After leaving the convent, I was young and impressionable, homeless, penniless, and couch surfing. The first time I was pregnant, I knew the pain of feeling my body change to prepare to grow a being inside my womb. My whole being was laser focused on nesting, on finding and making a home. But there was no home, only a sleeping space in a dark lower room where I had a lamp, pillows, a blanket and sleeping bags, and a suitcase. There was no nest, no home. In order to end this pregnancy, a psychiatrist would judge me unfit to be a mother. I was not allowed to decide for myself whether to be a mother or not. The year was 1967, before Roe v Wade.

The next time was 1977. A well-known psychologist who had been my therapist, in an effort to prove I wasn’t a lesbian, proceeded to have sex with me in his office. When he found I was pregnant, he marched me down to a notary public to sign a statement that he bore no responsibility for the “products of conception” should I choose to continue the pregnancy. I was almost 40 and for various reasons again knew that motherhood was not to be. This time, I could have a first trimester abortion.

When a woman chooses to end a pregnancy, she is choosing to break a link in a chain before the damage is done. She is protecting the sanctity of the mother-child bond. It is about making sure that there is a nest for the egg, fertile soil for the acorn, a warm safe home for the child, a commitment and readiness to love and be mother to her offspring. I chose twice to break this link, because in my soul I knew it was the right decision. Even in the second case when I wanted the baby, I knew it was not to be; I had a different calling.

Forcing a woman, whether she is raped or not, to take on the life-consuming task of creating, nurturing, caring for, and binding her life to another human being is wrong. It is destructive for mothers, for children, for families, for communities, and for society. Strong supportive families create strong healthy children and adults. Our prisons are filled with the victims of forced conception: Mothers in jail for abandonment, for beatings, for infanticide, children in jail for crimes petty and grand. This isn’t about stories with happy endings, it’s about the millions of other stories that don’t work out for the best.

Fortunately, I made the right choice according to my conscience. It has taken me 50 years to have the courage to tell my story, because even though a woman’s right to choose became law, stigma and shame have been heaped upon us. I felt shame and I feared for my life. I pray that Christians withhold judgment concerning the secrets in the hearts of the countless women who have been holding their stories close, women who, like Mary, pondered these things in their hearts.

Each time my feet touched the earth, I knew my mother was there with me. I knew this body was not mine alone but a continuation of my mother, and all my ancestors. These ‘feet’ that I saw as my feet were actually ‘our feet.’ Together my mother and I were leaving footprints in the damp soil.

Thich Nhat Hanh
Ilse Smit survived a holocaust that few Americans know about—the Japanese occupation of the Dutch East Indies during World War II, where families were separated, men and young boys were forced into labor camps, and women and children were starved and brutalized in concentration camps. The Dutch were the enemies of Japan, and Ilse’s family was Eurasian—part Dutch and part native islander.

When WW II was over, a new war began, and the Dutch were still the enemy. When she was free to leave the prison camp, Ilse was thrown into a new horror—the bloody revolution that rid the Dutch East Indies of all things Dutch and gave birth to the island nation we know as Indonesia.

Ilse carried the horror in her memory, untold and unpurged until 2008, when she was invited to speak of what the holiday meant to her at a Thanksgiving Eve church service. She decided to tell how she, her mother and three siblings had been forced into Camp Halmahera, in Semarang, Java. She told of the hunger (“I learned anything that crawls, you can eat”), the horrors of witnessing torture and abuse, and finally the arrest of her mother who was put into solitary confinement in a box the size of a phone booth. She took clean clothes to her mother each day but never dared to talk or communicate in any way for fear her mother would be beaten. They learned to communicate through their eyes. No one knew where her father was or if he was even alive. Ilse was ten years old.
One day her mother’s eyes told Ilse something was hidden in the bundle of soiled clothing: a small handkerchief with a message she had embroidered to her children as she languished in that box under the tropical sun, week after week. She had pulled threads from her clothing and used a needle which she had tucked under her lapel before she was arrested.

Dorothy Read was among the parishioners that night, most of them in tears as Ilse held the framed handkerchief up for all to see. She knew she had to write Ilse’s story. She learned that Ilse had survived a third horror—a family that refused to let her talk about what had happened. “If you have bad memories, keep them to yourself,” she was told. “You must move on, not live in the past. No one wants to hear about your problems; they have problems of their own.”

The book grew slowly, tearfully, and painfully as Ilse talked and Dorothy listened and wrote. As Ilse unearthed memories long buried, she was often transported by sight or sound back to a tiny bamboo cell in a guerilla outpost or a concentration camp overseen by Kempeitai soldiers. *End the Silence* is a testament to faith and the strength of the human spirit, written in a voice that captures the spirit of the courageous little girl who lived the story and the amazing woman who told it.

But *End the Silence* isn’t Ilse’s story exclusively. It is the story of the half-million Dutch and Indo people who suffered during the war years and lost their beloved homeland. They are scattered throughout the world, their rich culture handed down by the elders who remember it. Above all, it is the story of the countless millions of innocents throughout the world who get caught in the crossfire of war.
Tom Ewell

A Voice for Peace

John Waide and Albert Rose

photo by Albert Rose

Tom represents the Society of Friends (Quakers) at the South Whidbey Clergy Gathering. He finds stimulation and inspiration among his fellow church leaders. He finds purpose in his work for peace and justice.

Just as we enjoy the company of those within our Episcopal community, so too do we enjoy our neighbors in the communities where we live. Tom and his wife, Cathy Whitmire, joined the Whidbey Island community in 2006. Tom spends his time working to make Whidbey and the world a better place to live. He spends a good amount of time in Olympia lobbying for programs that support restorative justice: correcting the wrongs of those who transgress the law, and bringing peace and closure to their victims.

There are two driving principles to Tom’s life: nonviolent action for social change, and the uplifting of those in need. There is one burning question that plagues Tom, and that is “How does one develop conversations with those who see the world so differently than we do”? His solution lies in:

1. Exploring what we have in common
2. Asking questions to enlarge the conversation
3. Using “I” statements to deal with disagreement
4. Practicing the roots and fruits of nonviolence by building trust through empathizing and seeking to understand
The Beauty of God’s Creation: Our Legacy

Painted Lady butterfly

photo by Craig Johnson

Painted Lady butterfly
When my daughter, Suzy, who was born in Korea, was about three or four we took her to the Federal courthouse in Seattle for the naturalization ceremony. It was a day in late October. People of all ages from a variety of countries were gathered in a large room anticipating their new status as citizens.

After 45 minutes of waiting the children were antsy and the judge was late. The little boy ahead of us was particularly squirmy. His parents tried to console him. “Isn’t it exciting,” they exclaimed with great exaggeration. “You are about to become a citizen.” This comment produced a long wail from the toddler. “WAAAAH!,” his chin quivered. He wailed again, “I don’t want to be a citizen; I want to be a clown!”

Alice O’Grady
A half-century ago, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. published a book entitled Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community?

The question that America faced in 1967 is very much with us in 2017. In politics, to borrow Yeats’ phrase, the center has not held. A tide of fearful faction is sweeping the country, stoked by the aggressive behavior of our 45th president in Washington, D.C., and the failure of Congress to work out society’s compromises. Democracy in America has been a product of enlightened adjustment, of response to popular movements. Now, alas, we are feeling the darker side of the American dream.

Since Dr. King wrote, a quartet of national movements—African American and Latino civil rights, the women’s movement, environmentalism, and LGBTQ civil rights—have freshened our country, pressing from the bottom for change. The progressive change we see around us, from marriage equality, to women in our U.S. Senate seats, to America’s one-and-only national historical reserve on our island.

Nowadays, however, we have a sustained effort to substitute pains for gains, and to roll back progress even where—as with weaning Americans from their fossil fuel addiction—that progress is vital to our future on planet Earth.

It goes beyond politics, which is more disturbing. Americans are seeking to segregate themselves. We turn to news programs that reinforce what we agree with. We even live amidst the like-minded. We have seen a polarization by income. When I was a kid, my dad worked as a marine machinist in a Bellingham shipyard. The owner, Mr. Talbot, earned perhaps 10-15 times what my dad made. He was a dinner guest in our home. The work force that built minesweepers was loyal to the boss, and the boss to his workers.

We are now in a far more stratified society, with a vast income disparity bottom to top. Our
democratic institutions are equally frayed. Politics and government have now become pay-to-play businesses. Last fall I watched my state senator, heavily supported by corporate dollars, voice offense at a League of Women Voters meeting at encountering (politely) critical questions and supporters of her opponent.

I’m painting a bleak picture, even as I stay working in hopes of making it brighter. The hope for doing so is at the local level. Whereas Washington, D.C., was a font of social change when I was growing up, now progressive change must come from the bottom up. The hope is also rooted in faith. In these parts, people of faith play a vital role, as I see from the “March for Science” to the Sanctuary service at St. Mark’s Cathedral.

Why? Because faith will not let us permanently despair. We believe in a loving God, and are surrounded (wonderfully in these parts) by his creation.

I still turn for hope to a night of tragedy, the speech Sen. Robert Kennedy gave in Indianapolis, to a largely African-American audience, on the night of Dr. King’s assassination: “Let us dedicate ourselves to what the Greeks wrote so many years ago: to tame the savageness of man and make gentle the life of this world.” Amen.

Robert F. Kennedy by John Lent for the Associated Press
While glassmaking has been known since at least 3500 BC, the Romans were the first to use glass for windows, around 100 AD. Stained glass—“illuminated wall decorations” which controlled light rather than simply admitting it—with its thousand year history, has been almost exclusively used in churches, mosques, and other significant buildings.

Early church windows followed an iconography originating in the Roman catacombs, itself a repurposing of pagan imagery. The oldest complete Christian stained glass windows still in place are in Germany’s Augsburg Cathedral, five images dating to the late 11th or early 12th century depicting David, Jonah, Daniel, Moses, and Hosea. Biblical figures, Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the saints were most often the subjects of stained glass. Iconography became more sophisticated in the Gothic age, with symbolism based on bestiaries (“unnatural history”) and on typology, in which Old Testament stories symbolized New Testament events.

The coming of the Reformation saw Protestantism generally hostile toward elaborate church art and decoration. In England, Parliament ordered all images of Mary and the Trinity removed from churches. The 19th century saw a renewed admiration for the medieval era, with the Gothic revival period and the Oxford Movement leading to a restoration of high church ideals. The “lost art” of stained glass made a comeback with increased demand and production.

The stained glass windows at St. Augustine’s in-the-Woods Church were dedicated in 1992. They are the work of Tacoma artist Mark Eric Gulsrud, and are based on the Canticle of the Three Young Men (“A Song of Creation”), an apocryphal passage from some versions of the Book of Daniel. In the words of the artist, the series of eleven windows (some with crystal medallions depicting elements in the canticle) “[call] up suggestions of God’s gift of creation to us all . . . . The artglass is conceived . . . as a continuous environment merging with the architecture, enhancing the space within, and enveloping the viewer. The goal is to provide a calming, healing, meditative environment,
one conducive to worship and personal growth.” Mark Gulsrud’s words and works— along with panels in the church undercroft created by long-time St. Augustine’s parishioner Wren MacLean— echo the timeless purpose behind the art and craft of stained glass in the Christian tradition.

Sources:


Window-- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Window

History of Stained Glass-- http://stainedglass.org/?page_id=169

Augsburg Cathedral-- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Augsburg_Cathedral

CHURCH STAFF

The Rev. Nigel Taber-Hamilton  
**Rector**

Molly Felder-Grimm  
**Parish Administrator**

David Locke  
**Parish Musician**

Rob Anderson  
**Bookkeeper**

Sheila Foster  
**Childcare**

Trisha Mathenia  
**Custodian**

CHURCH STAFF

The Rev. Nigel Taber-Hamilton  
**Rector**

Molly Felder-Grimm  
**Parish Administrator**

David Locke  
**Parish Musician**

Rob Anderson  
**Bookkeeper**

Sheila Foster  
**Childcare**

Trisha Mathenia  
**Custodian**

Molly Felder-Grimm  
**Parish Administrator**

David Locke  
**Parish Musician**

Rob Anderson  
**Bookkeeper**

Sheila Foster  
**Childcare**

Trisha Mathenia  
**Custodian**

VOLUNTEER LEADERSHIP

Frank Shirbroun  
**Senior Warden**

Elaine Ludtke  
**Junior Warden**

Nancy Ruff  
**Treasurer**

VESTRY

Dick Hall, M.K Sandford, Bob Dial, Marilyn Hill, 
Frank Shirbroun, Elaine Ludtke, Celia Metz, Bert Speir, 
Mic Kissinger, Susan Sandri  
**Clerk**

CONVENTION

Diane Lantz, Dick Hall, Arnelle Hall, Dann Jergenson  
**Delegates**

Brian Reid, Maureen Masterson  
**Alternate Delegates**

TABULATORS

Br. Richard Tussey  
**Lead Tabulator**

LECTORS

Nancy Ruff  
**Coordinator, Rebecca Reid Scheduling**

EUCARISTIC VISITORS

Albert Rose, Margaret Schultz, Diane Lantz

WORSHIP LEADERS

Margaret Schultz 8:00, Rebecca Reid 10:30  
**Scheduling**

ALTAR GUILD

Frank Shirbroun  
**Contact**

CHOIR

David Locke  
**Parish Musician**

SOPHIA SINGERS

Melisa Doss, Carole Hansen  
**Coordinators**

EDUCATION FOR MINISTRY

Rob Anderson, Melisa Doss  
**Mentors**

CHRISTIAN FORMATION

Open  
**Director**

GREETERS

Brian Reid  
**Contact and Scheduling**

USHERS

Art Taylor 8:00, Trevor Arnold 10:30  
**Scheduling**

ANIMAL MINISTRY

Margaret Schultz, Brian Reid  
**Contacts**

ARTS & AESTHETICS

Susan Sandri  
**Chair**

GARDENS

Diana Klein  
**Contact**

COLUMBARIUM

Beverley Babson  
**Coordinator**

ENDOWMENT FUND

Kate Anderson  
**Chair**

EPISCOPAL PEACE FELLOWSHIP

Dick Hall  
**Contact**

GREENING

Ted Brookes  
**Chair, Grant Heiken Secretary**

SUNDAY COFFEE HOUR

Pat Brookes 8:00, Open 10:30  
**Coordinators**

INTEGRITY

Mic Kissinger  
**Convener**

MISSION SUNDAY OFFERING

Brian Reid  
**Chair**

STEWARDSHIP

Meade Brown

QUIET TIME

Chris Lubinski  
**Convener**

SCHOLARSHIP

Joan Johnson  
**Chair**

ADULT FORUMS

Ted Brookes
## June, July, & August Calendar

### Birthdays

1. Craig Johnson
2. Meade Brown
3. Shirley Bauder, Yvonne Werttemberger
4. Paul Louden, Narcotics Anonymous 7P
5. Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
6. Dorothy Taylor, Vestry Meeting, 4:30P
7. Kathleen James, Trevor Arnold
8. Barbara McKinnell, Joan Johnson, Otto Luginbill
9. Rebecca Reid, Arnelle & Dick Hall, Kevin & Dr. Susan Sandri
10. John Waide, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
11. Dr. Kathryn & Gary Rickert
13. Dallas & Shirley Viall, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
14. Salish Sea Concert 7P

### Events

16. Robert & Ashley McConnaughey, Salish Sea Concert 7P
17. Grant & Michelle Anderson
18. Lance & Mary Lidral, Diane & Jack Wallock
19. Women’s Bible Study 9:30
23. Barry Haworth
24. Salish Sea Concert 7P
26. Dallas & Shirley Viall, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
27. Arnelle Hall
28. Molly Felder & Mickey Grimm, Narcotics Anonymous 7P
29. Pat Brookes
30. Cooper Jones

### Anniversaries

1. Seth Luginbill, Barry & Jody Levit
2. Charlene Wagner, Amanda Stanwood
3. Shantina Steele, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
4. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
5. Dr. MK Sandford
6. Brian & Rebecca Reid, Dr. MK Sandford & Dr. Eileen Jackson
7. Arnelle Hall
8. Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
9. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
10. Wren Maclean, Joe & Kim Jones
21. Joe Jones, Ted & Pat Brookes
23. Karen Fay, Ron McKinnell, Combined Service Rite II - Bishop Visit 9:30A
24. Diane Divelbess & Dr Grethe Cammermeyer, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
26. Marv Idso, Narcotics Anonymous 7P

AUGUST
1. Mary Ann Speir, Rob Castleberry, Art & Dorothy Taylor
2. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
3. Janet Holland
4. Whidbey Island Music Festival
5. Caitlyn Anderson, Whidbey Island Music Festival
6. Bridget Scott, Joan & Sherm Wortman, Whidbey Island Music Festival
7. Marcia Middel, Shantina & Nate Steele, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
9. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
10. Vestry Meeting 4:30P
11. Joan Wortman
14. Christina Parker, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
15. Rev. Fletcher & Elizabeth Davis
16. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
18. Gail & Glen Corell
19. Craig & Joy Johnson, Robert & Ellen Cromley
20. Emily Reid
21. Kate Anderson, Margaret Schultz, Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
23. Mickey Grimm, Narcotics Anonymous 7P
26. Tom Hanify
28. Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
29. Kathryn Beaumont & Jeff Rogers
30. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
31. Jim Scapple, Melisa Doss

SERVICE SCHEDULE

Sunday
8:00 am Eucharist Rite I (followed by coffee/fellowship and Adult Forums)
10:30 am Eucharist Rite II (with music, church school & child care, followed by coffee/fellowship)

Monday
5:30 pm Solemn Evensong (with incense)

Tuesday
7:00 pm Quiet Time Meditation

Wednesday
10:00 am Eucharist and Holy Unction (prayers for healing)
Are we ready for a Whidbey Island summer? I know that Pat and I are overwhelmingly ready to soak up the sun’s rays, enjoy shirt-sleeve hikes on the forest trails, dip our toes in Puget Sound waters, and maybe catch a crab or two off Langley beaches. June has emphatically arrived, and I hope we will not have to wait until the traditional 4th of July celebration to herald the true arrival of summer in these parts. As a salute to June and the long-awaited summer, we are offering a warm, enriching, and inspiring set of Sunday adult forums this month. First, we will conclude our long-running series on the New Testament with a discussion about the original documents versus the thousands of copies that have been translated and published in several languages. Next, we will be treated to a wonderful pictorial and narrative on the yearly, long-distance journey of the endangered monarch butterfly. Finally, we will return to our environmental series “Saving the Ocean” with two amazing episodes that demonstrate how conscientious human initiatives and sweat equity can literally save endangered species. King salmon and leatherback sea turtles are the stars in these two stories.

Specific forum dates, subject matter, and presenters are provided below.

4 June - Do We Have the Original New Testament? Before the New Testament authors published their writings, the books were copied by hand, one word at a time, by literate Christians in the communities in which they originated. These copies multiplied over time until the originals were lost or destroyed. Today, we have thousands of copies of the New Testament in Greek. Most of them are many centuries removed from the originals, none of them is exactly the same as the other, and all of them are filled with mistakes. Modern textual critics use a set of rigorously reasoned criteria to help evaluate the evidence for the original text whenever the manuscripts indicate differences. Sometimes the evaluation is quite simple, while in others it is a highly complex matter and often open to debate. Some of these latter instances of textual variation prove to be significant for interpreting the documents in which they were found. Ted Brookes presents.

11 June - The Incredible Journey of the Butterflies. Every year, 100 million monarch butterflies set off on an incredible journey across North America. These beautiful creatures fly 2000 miles to reach their remote destination in the mountains of Mexico. Scientists still puzzle over how the butterflies achieve this tremendous feat of endurance, and how they navigate their travels with such
pin-point precision. We will virtually fly along with the monarchs to spectacular locations they call home while witnessing dangers they encounter along the way. Sadly, the monarchs are threatened and their numbers are declining precipitously. Loss of habitat, eradication of their primary food source (milkweed), and pesticides are all taking a toll on the population. **Ted Brookes presents.**

**18 June - Saving the Ocean, River of Kings (Part 2).** In this episode we will return to the Nisqually River to see how the efforts of the Nisqually tribe are bringing back the wild king salmon that were once so prevalent in the river. A National Wildlife Refuge has been carved out of the mudflats that are now being transformed into a saltwater estuary that is a wildlife paradise. This estuary consists of 175 acres of “surge” forest which is an ideal habitat for salmon. The farmland dikes have been removed to create a saltmarsh. A long boardwalk has been built on the footprint of the old dike system. Several channels have been opened up to supply saltwater to the estuary. Young salmon have plenty of eel grass, surge forest, and insects for their survival as they navigate the river to Puget Sound and out to the Pacific Ocean. Even the nearby town of Eatonville has joined in the conservation effort. Its citizens have built numerous rain gardens to absorb contaminants in rainwater that flows into the river. **Ted Brookes presents.**

**25 June - Saving the Ocean, Trinidad’s Turtle Giants.** In this episode we will travel to Trinidad in the Caribbean to see how local communities are converting the plight of giant leatherback sea turtles into a national treasure. Leatherbacks are in trouble all over the world, but in Trinidad they are making a comeback. Leatherback populations have plunged in recent years, and they are now critically endangered. Each year, these maritime giants journey thousands of miles from northern waters to the Caribbean to lay their eggs. They brave jellyfish, sharks, rough seas, and frigid waters to make the journey. During the ‘70s and ‘80s, poachers killed large numbers of leatherbacks and raided their nests for eggs. Hunting for these turtles has since been banned by the government, and they are an officially protected species. Today, the leatherbacks have become an eco-tourist attraction with many turtle-watching tours conducted at night. This activity has significantly lifted the local economy in several villages. Another problem for the leatherback population is gill-net fishing, with fishermen stringing out their nets one mile long and up to 100 feet deep. Up to 3000 turtles are snagged in the nets every year and of those, 1000 are killed. New fishing methods are being introduced and implemented which will reduce the turtle deaths and still maintain the fishing catch. **Ted Brookes presents.**

*Note: I will be taking my normal sabbatical July through August. In addition, I will be making the Celtic Christianity pilgrimage in September. Therefore, and regretfully, there will be no Sunday adult forums during that time-frame.*
Good Cheer Food Bank

Maureen Masterson

Good Cheer Food bank is our Mission Sunday Offering recipient for June. It was started in 1962 by a small group of St. Augustine’s in-the-Woods parishioners wanting to help their neighbors have a better holiday. Good Cheer has grown from providing Christmas gifts and food to a few families to serving over 850 families per month. South Whidbey has been able to depend on Good Cheer and its volunteers for food and other basic needs for over 50 years.

Today the community benefits from a model food bank set up as a positive shopping experience for clients. Families can choose food keeping in mind special needs such as food allergies or diabetic diets. Good Cheer has its own gardens that provide fresh produce for them. Through community gleaners the food bank also benefits from fresh locally grown fruit. Local gardeners also contribute portions of their harvests and eggs from generously productive hens. The BIG ACRE garden is a co-operative project with local classrooms and provides fresh produce to the food bank and the South Whidbey Schools.

Though Good Cheer’s primary focus is on providing food for the community, the Good Cheer Thrift Stores have provided $16,200 in gift certificates to local charities, such as Helping Hand and the Family Resource Center. These help families in need with clothing, household goods and furniture.

Each Sunday we have the opportunity to express our gratitude for what we are so abundantly given by filling up the food donation baskets at morning worship. This is a wonderful way to both support the food bank and keep us mindful of our own blessings in a hands-on way. But financial donations are also needed. The food bank can purchase food through the regional food bank network at a rate of $1 to $9. That means that every dollar that you donate goes to purchase nine dollars worth of food. Please join me in providing your financial support for Good Cheer. Mission Sunday Offerings for the food bank will be collected Sundays in June. If you are writing a check, just put MSO or Good Cheer in the memo line. Thank you for your continued generosity to this vital community resource.
Fresh produce from the Good Cheer garden
Cathedral of the Descent of the Holy Spirit, St. Petersburg, Russia: Carol Hansen presented a Fiscal Sponsorship Agreement from the Diocesan Chancellor, representing a formal agreement between St. Augustine’s and the Cathedral of the Descent of the Holy Spirit to raise funds on behalf of Fr. Alexander Tkachenko. The Cathedral is currently under construction and in need of donations.

Pastoral Care: Updates were given on several parishioners.

Monthly Financial Review: The Vestry approved motions to apply various funds to achieve balancing the 2015 and 2016 budgets and to allocate the 2015/16 and 2016/17 Endowment Fund distributions. The Vestry also approved payment for the irrigation system. Treasurer Ruff also reviewed the 3/31/17 budget report.

Caring Committee: Dr. Eileen Jackson has volunteered to chair the Caring Committee.

Kudos to Art Taylor: Thanks for extensive power washing!

Font: Progress has been revived by the Arts & Aesthetics committee on a custom baptismal font.

Letter to Diocesan Board of Directors: The Vestry approved submission of a letter urging fossil fuel divestment from all Diocesan stock holdings.

Trash & Treasures: The Vestry approved allocation of the profits—up to $5,000—from the Trash & Treasures sale to be divided evenly among Time Together, Mother Mentors, Mobile Turkey Unit and Soup’s On. Profits above $5,000 will go to WAIF.

Honeymoon Bay Road Church Sign: The Junior Warden will ask Albert Rose to assess what is needed to freshen the sign.

Policies & Procedures: The Vestry approved revisions in the Altar Guild P&Ps relating to the flower policy, submitted by Vestry Clerk Susan Sandri.

Electrical Issues: Discussion is continuing on addressing problems with the lighting control system and compact fluorescent light ballast units. Jerry Beck is preparing a quote for a new system and conversion of fluorescent lights to LEDs.

Upcoming Events: Dr. Frank Shirbroun and Teresa Di Biase will lead Celtic Worship at the 10:30 services April 30 - May 28; combined Rite I service and brunch April 23; noxious weed clean-up on Honeymoon Bay Road May 13, 10A; newcomers’ event May 20 (later changed to a later date).

More detailed minutes are posted in the hallway off the Narthex after Vestry approval.

The next meeting of the Vestry is Thursday, June 8, 2017 in the Parish Hall.

Meetings of the Vestry are open to all parishioners.
“The Giveaway”
*(from The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley, New York, Viking Press, 1957)*

Saint Bridget was
A problem child.
Although a lass
Demure and mild,
And one who strove
To please her dad,
Saint Bridget drove
The family mad.
For here’s the fault in Bridget lay:
She *would* give everything away.
To any soul
Whose luck was out
She’d give her bowl
Of stirabout;
She’d give her shawl,
Divide her purse
With one or all.
And what was worse,
When she ran out of things to give
She’d borrow from a relative.
Her father’s gold,
Her grandsire’s dinner,
She’d hand to cold
and hungry sinner;
Give wine, give meat,
No matter whose;
Take from her feet
The very shoes,
And when her shoes had gone to others,
Fetch forth her sister’s and her mother’s.
She could not quit.
She had to share;
Gave bit by bit
The silverware,
The barnyard geese,
The parlor rug,
Her little niece-‘s christening mug,
Even her bed to those in want,
And then the mattress of her aunt.
An easy touch
For poor and lowly,
She gave so much
And grew so holy
That when she died
Of years and fame,
The countryside
Put on her name,
And still the Isles of Erin fidget
With generous girls named Bride or Bridget.
Well, one must love her.
Nonetheless,
In thinking of her
Givingness,
There’s no denial
She must have been
A sort of trial
Unto her kin.
The moral, too, seems rather quaint.
*WHO* had the patience of a saint,
From evidence presented here?
Saint Bridget? Or her near and dear?

Submitted by Eileen Jackson