OUR LEGACY OF DISCRIMINATION

The Light

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

May 2017, issue 5
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.
The gift of free will comes with a caveat. If it is not used responsibly it becomes a curse. Discrimination is that. It is a function of our free will. Used with care, it is a choice between good and evil and right and wrong. Used as a tool for greed and selfishness, it becomes justification for pain and suffering — not our pain and suffering, but that of others, pain and suffering that in someway might obstruct our glorification. If my neighbor has less, that in theory leaves more for me. It is in my benefit to use whatever means necessary to acquire it. And as my neighbor becomes less than me, I can feel free and encouraged to exploit his availability and value with impunity. My neighbor becomes a commodity (or an obstacle) to my benefit. This way of thinking is what happens when our neighbors are not considered with the same regard that we have for ourselves.

This, in a very real way, makes me into royalty; which might feel good in its own kind of way; but what happens when I take my shoes off and step into my neighbor’s? The view from the other side of the fence becomes quite different. Or it might look painfully familiar. I am always a neighbor to my neighbor.

Either way, the realization is that I am not your god, any more than you are my god. We (as our Declaration of Independence so wisely states) are all created equal. We all have value. We are all important to and have need of each other. The color of our skin or place of origin is irrelevant. Our genders speak to different biological capabilities, but our brains are fully functional and equally capable. Different functions, jobs, or responsibilities don’t determine any level of importance. The ship’s captain goes nowhere without a crew to set the sails and pump the bilge. The president, or king, will starve without farmers and field hands to plant, till, and harvest the crops. When wealth and prestige are gained from the suffering of others it is discrimination, discrimination in its vilest form. When position and favor are gained from the loss of others it too is shameful discrimination.

If we must discriminate, let us discriminate between love and hate. Let us discriminate between good and evil, beauty and ugliness, hope and despair, peace and war, health and sickness. As we rise up, let it be on the shoulders of others who lift us to a better place rather than on the backs of those downtrodden under our feet, which only enables us to do more of the same.

*Albert*
One of the themes that permeates all four of the Canonical Gospels is the struggle between Jesus and the movement he led (known today as the “Kingdom Movement”) and the “Powers-That-Be.”

Ironically, it was the fear of such a struggle in the Early Church that led all four gospel writers—and especially St. John—to mischaracterize that struggle, by misrepresenting the most important Power of the age: the Roman Empire.

It is certainly true that Jesus and the Kingdom Movement—reformers all—found themselves pushing against Jewish “Powers-That-Be,” primarily the group that many scholars now term the “Religious Authorities.” This group was primarily made up of Sadducees—the party who controlled the Temple in Jerusalem via the High Priest and Sanhedrin (the “High Council”) and thus, for Jews, controlled access to Yahweh.

It seems likely, though, that while the Religious Authorities almost certainly didn’t agree with the reformers, and especially Jesus, that dislike and disagreement would have been much more muted had it not been for a fear of the Roman Authorities—and especially the vindictive and brutal governor, Pontius Pilate.

Ultimately the only Power that mattered was Rome. And when Rome wanted to quell dissent, or make an example to terminate opposition, Rome crucified as many human beings as it felt necessary to make the point that no one should ever consider messing with Rome.

Rule through extreme violence—as long as you could sustain that violence—was an extremely effective tool. So extreme violence was used judiciously—you needed the right individual or group to scapegoat—therefore Rome always chose small or defenseless groups. The extermination of the early Christian community (including Peter and Paul) in Rome by Nero after the great fire in 64 A.D. makes that point: they were the easiest target—a community dedicated to peace and opposed to violence and war. All the gospels were written after that massacre, and the obvious message the gospel writers took away from it was that it was not a good idea to accuse Rome of crucifying Jesus, because such a claim might bring down Roman wrath on the rest of the early Christian community—so they needed their own scapegoats.

This is why the gospels focus so much on Caiaphas and the Council, and John in particular on “the Jews.”

The consequences of that desire to avoid the attention of the Roman “Powers-That-Be” for Judaism has been immense, with the Holocaust being only one—if the most devastating—
example of two thousand years of anti-Semitism.

For us as people of faith this should be a stark warning of the law of unintended consequences. The earliest Christians— including Jesus— were all Jews, after all. The ease with which some in the Early Church pivoted away from their heritage— even if they saw this pivot as for the sake of self-preservation— eerily echoes the words of the High Priest about Jesus’ fate: that it was better to have one person die than the whole nation (John 18:14).

The famous poem by World War II German Lutheran Pastor and concentration camp survivor Martin Niemoeller— initially a supporter of Nazism, until he saw what they were doing— makes that point:

*First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out—
Because I was not a Socialist.*

*Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out—
Because I was not a Trade Unionist.*

*Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—
Because I was not a Jew.*

*Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.*

This is not a story limited in time and space to a couple of decades in the 20th Century in Europe but an eternal story that permeates human history.

And that, of course, raises important questions for us:

- Who are the “Powers-That-Be” today, and who are the scapegoats on whom they prey?
- How are we going to exercise our responsibility as Christians to seek and support those who are “the least of these” (Matt. 25:40)— including especially any communities that, today, are being scapegoated?

May your reflections be blessed with the discerning power of the Holy Spirit.

*Nigel*
MAIL

The Light welcomes all forms of correspondence. Each submission will be edited for length and appropriateness, as well as grammar and spelling. Opinions expressed are those of the authors and not necessarily those of St. Augustine’s Church, The Light, or their respective staffs.

WOW!! The just-out April edition of The Light is yet another in a long line of amazing monthly magazines that ya’ll publish! Its role model quality is big-town, for sure!

Thanx so much for your creativity and commitment to this pacesetting ministry that produces such great results, month after month, for us all to enjoy!
Bert Speir

I loved the story on the Mukilteo school, and particularly the one on Aromatherapy. THE LIGHT impresses me each month. Could you please change my address on this group send? Don’t want to miss it in the future.
Thanks.
Bonnie Liberty, Olympia

Your newsletter, The Light, is gorgeous!
Tom Ewell, South Whidbey

MAIL

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December 7, 1941 is a day that will live long in my memory, not only because it brought turmoil into my life, but because it brought tragedy, sorrow, and hurt into many lives. War is never a good solution for nations to settle their differences.

I was ten years old and a 6th grader when Pearl Harbor was bombed by Japan and I quickly felt the difference it made in my life, because I was a Japanese American. By the time I was ten, it was already impressed upon me that I was in an unfavorable position as a member of a racial minority; but with the outbreak of the war, I was often identified as the enemy. Friendships became tenuous.

David Nakagawa


photo by Dorothea Lange
and a climate of fear and uncertainty pervaded my world. But being a 6th grader, little did I know how drastically my world would change. The bigger issues—the constitutional rights with which the founding fathers had wrestled, liberty and justice for all, and the biblical admonition to be kind to the stranger or alien—were far from my mind.

In my little world I saw my father and mother worried about what was going to happen. My mother packed a suitcase for my father and left it by the door because she heard that the FBI was rounding up Japanese alien males and placing them in detention centers. My father was not a leader in the Japanese community, so he was not detained. But he did have to take our radio and have the shortwave band removed so we could no longer listen to Japanese programs. And I remember how in fear he took his shotgun to the creek on our farm and threw it into the woods, lest somebody report him to the authorities as having a weapon. This kind of atmosphere pervaded our family life for two or three months as we lived under a shroud of rumors and uncertainty about what the future held.

The rumors were fed by news articles suggesting that all Japanese should be shipped back to Japan (even though most of us were citizens of the United States), because we would be a fifth column threat during the war. Many people digested such rumors and repeated them as truth. But in actual fact, the FBI stated that there was not a single incident of sabotage or any other such act committed by Japanese Americans or Japanese aliens to undermine the U.S. during the war.

During this time of rumor and uncertainty it was difficult to make decisions about the future, but we knew that some disastrous thing was going to afflict us. It was in the air, hanging all around us like a dense fog. Some were pulling up roots and moving inland, others selling their property, equipment, and possessions as rapidly as possible. Then it happened! Posted on electrical and telephone poles were the signs: “INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY.” We were told where to assemble and what we were allowed to take—only what we could carry and what we would need: personal clothing, blankets, linens, toilet articles, eating utensils, plates and cups, etc. A place was designated from which we would be transported to the assembly center, and after a few months, on to an internment camp somewhere in the inland United States. In Los Angeles the notice was posted on May 3, 1942; those affected were given six days to take care of personal matters and report to the departure point. The Japanese living on Bainbridge Island, Washington was the first group to be evacuated according to this procedure; but the first group of Japanese forced from their homes was the fishing colony living on Terminal Island in Los Angeles Harbor. They were not transported to an assembly center; they were simply given 48 hours to depart, because they lived too close to a Navy base. In my case, my family was living in Arroyo Grande, California. We were evacuated to Tulare Assembly Center and thence to the Gila River Relocation Camp on the Gila River Indian Reservation south of Phoenix.

As a 6th grader, though the experience had several unsettling aspects, I thought that the whole thing was a kind of adventure. The people saying goodbye to us as we were boarding the bus for the journey to Tulare were nice people, waving farewell, giving us candy and snacks for our trip. Our landlord was also there. He was a man who made a difference in our lives at this critical time. He took the car
that we drove to the assembly point back to his home, put it up on blocks, and said he would make it available to us if and when we returned to our home. Little did he know how important that kind deed was to our very survival when we did return, because in a farming community you definitely needed a car to find a job and get to work! I don’t know what my father did with his farm equipment, such as the truck, tractor, horses, etc. Being a youngster kept me from knowing or being involved in such difficult and painful decisions. I say “painful” because I later learned that many Japanese suffered, as they had to sell their belongings in the short time they were given between the order and the actual evacuation date. They were forced to sell for pennies on the dollar, and farmers like my dad had to abandon the crops they were raising, leaving the harvest to who knows who. How do you give up your life’s accomplishments with nothing but uncertainty about the future?

I spent the next three and a half years in an internment camp, surrounded by a barbed wire fence and guarded by armed soldiers, adjusting to a new form of life: First in the hot Central Valley of California during the summer of 1942, then transported by train to the desert in Arizona— living in barracks, no furniture but iron cots, eating in mess halls, and bathing in a common bathroom. My address was 40-10-A, Gila River, Arizona— meaning Block 40, Barrack 10, Unit A. Each family unit had a space of about 20’ by 25’, with four units per barrack, 14 barracks per block. Our camp had a population of about 10,000, making it the third or fourth largest community in Arizona. The camps were administered by the War Relocation Authority (WRA), first headed by Milton Eisenhower, followed by Dillon Myer, both of whom tried their best to make life more comfortable and humane for the internees.

Within the camps we were allowed to organize a semblance of community life. We had sport teams and games, festivals, dances, celebrations, and other events which would bring sparks of joy to our lives. Our schools were organized with many of the fellow internees serving as teachers, along

June 16’ 1942 – San Bruno, California. Families were housed in converted horse stalls. 8000 people of Japanese ancestry were assembled here.
with people from the surrounding communities teaching as employees of the WRA. Some internees were employed within the camp, getting paid $12, $16, or $19 per month according to employment category: unskilled, skilled, or professional. The money, meager as it was, allowed some of the internees to buy personal items. But the only store in the camp was a little canteen. Otherwise, there were the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs.

As we approached our first Christmas in camp, people started to wonder how we would celebrate the holiday. We didn’t have ornaments or any of the other things that you normally bring out for Christmas. For me it was all about buying and giving presents, because I wasn’t a Christian at that time. It was a fun time to receive little toys and candy, decorate homes, and have parties. I thought: No Christmas this year! But I was mistaken. One day as Christmas approached, the Block Manager announced that we were going to have a party in the mess hall and invited us all to attend. I thought, “Maybe we’re going to have a special meal and some music and singing.” As I entered the mess hall on Christmas Day, I saw a huge pile of wrapped presents on the floor! What a wonderful surprise! Then the Block Manager announced that these gifts were sent to us from Christian churches across the United States. And in my happy, confused mind, I asked, “Who are these people called ‘Christians’ who see fit to send us gifts when all the other people are calling us enemies?”

In December, 1944 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the detention of Mitsuye Endo was unlawful, and therefore by implication that the Japanese in internment camps were also being unlawfully detained. She was employed by the State of California and summarily dismissed shortly after the war broke out. Her particular case was chosen by a group of lawyers who sought to help the Japanese as they faced many unconstitutional restrictions. Because she was born in the U.S., could not speak Japanese, did not attend a Japanese language school, was raised a Methodist, and had a clean record, she was an ideal candidate to sue the government. Her lawyers appealed all the way to the Supreme Court, along with three other cases with male appellants; it was her case where the judges ruled that she was being unlawfully confined. As a result, the WRA announced on January 2, 1945 that all the internment camps would be closed at the end of the year.

Prior to 1945, there were people who were being released from the camps, but not to their homes in California, Oregon, or Washington. Now the whole camp population had to decide: Where shall we go? How will we make a living? Most thought of returning to their former hometowns, as we decided to do. In retrospect, I felt sorry for my mom and dad facing these questions at their age. My dad had the problem of starting over at age 60. We had no farm to return to because we had been leasing land; Japanese aliens were not allowed to own farmland in California. I don’t know with whom he communicated to make arrangements for our return, but in September, 1945, we left Gila River (Mom, Dad, myself and two younger brothers. My older sisters left earlier to resettle in Chicago). The WRA gave us bus tickets home and $25 each to help us get
We rode the bus to Los Angeles, spent the night in the Greyhound station, then got on a bus to Arroyo Grande. When we arrived, a man met us and arranged transportation to the Japanese language school which would be our lodging for the next year. With the help of the language school, farmers who gave us jobs, the county welfare system which gave us food help, our former landlord who kept our car for us, and most important, my mom and dad who did not give up hope and worked in the fields daily, we began to get on our feet again. And God’s creation—the rivers, the beaches, the fish, the clams, the seaweed, the parks, and the beautiful days—was there to help us to enjoy life.

The community was not as friendly as we remembered it. We had to choose our stores carefully when we shopped because some had signs up saying in bold letters, “NO JAPS ALLOWED.” Fortunately, they were not the majority. After a few years of working on various farms, my father learned of a program run by Driscoll Farms. They were recruiting Japanese workers to enter a sharecropping arrangement, growing and harvesting strawberries. We moved to Watsonville, California to participate in this venture. It was a wonderful deal for someone in our situation. Driscoll would provide the land, housing, plant the berries, set up the irrigation system, provide a tractor, provide the crates and shipping of fruit to the market, and split the sales income 50/50. We, in turn, would grow the berries, take care of the plants, and harvest the fruit for a four year period. It was good for us because we did not have to make any capital investment, just our labor for a four acre plot for four years. With this opportunity, my parents were able to buy a house in Watsonville within four years, and entered into another four year arrangement with Driscoll Farms. There were other entities which provided job opportunities for the Japanese after internment ended: Seabrook Farms in New Jersey, Curtiss Candy Co. in Chicago, a Mennonite seminary, the Quakers, and many churches across the nation. A kind act, a helping hand, is a wonderful gift in a hostile environment. Thanks to many helping hands and kind deeds, we felt restored! SURSUM CORDA!

Shortly after we were resettled in Watsonville, I was invited by a couple of teenagers to attend a church youth fellowship meeting. Being a newcomer and friendless person in the community, I gladly accepted. That night, the pastor started the meeting by saying, “Tonight our topic is ‘What is the meaning of life?’” As I listened to several of the youth share their answers, I thought, “Wow, this is the first time I’ve heard young people talking like this! What I’ve heard until now are things like, ‘What do you want to do when you finish school?’” So impressed was I that I continued going to the youth fellowship meetings and to the church. I said to myself, “No wonder those Christians sent gifts to us in camp for Christmas.”

That was the beginning of my Christian journey which has brought me a new and joyful life.
It happened at Fred Meyer one afternoon as I was putting my rambunctious one-year-old into a shopping cart. The day had not started well: Stephanie was cranky and I, as a new mother, didn’t have the experience to recognize that this was the usual prelude to a major developmental advance—in this case, starting to walk. But after a nap my daughter was all smiles and so I decided to risk going to the grocery store.

“What a lovely baby,” an older woman cooed. It had been five months since my husband and I had adopted our daughter from South Korea, but I still enjoyed hearing these words, even though they were sometimes followed by praise for our compassionate act of international adoption. Though well-meaning, such expressions made me secretly wince, for in elevating our particular choice to form a cross-cultural family, it also seemed to relegate our child to the status of a “poor unfortunate.” But even as I was preparing to be cast in the role of Lady Bountiful, I was astonished to hear the admiring woman declare, “You are so lucky. Your daughter will be quiet, and polite, and sweet—Oriental girls always are.”

Could this woman actually be describing my child, whom a later boss would call “The Little General” because of Stephanie’s propensity to phone the office before she left for kindergarten, demanding that my supervisor put me on the line? Did this admiring elder have any idea how much yelling and screaming my daughter was capable of, day in and day out (and nights too)?

I had, through this brief and unexpected conversation, experienced with my daughter a double-whammy: not only was there the gender-based labeling of females as quiet and submissive, but unbeknownst to her at the time, Stephanie had her first encounter with racial profiling. No matter that she was being assigned to membership in a “model minority”—Stephanie was being put in a box. The fact that it was pretty and tied with a bow did not change the injustice.
Women around the world, young and old are playing decisive roles in public life, changing their world, developing new lifestyles. What is significant about this new power for women is not that it will always be for the good, nor that it will always edify, but that there can be no reversing of it now. Women who want to serve and are capable of service have already given evidence that they can no longer uncritically accept the judgement of others as to where and how that service ought to be extended.

*Anita Caspary, President of the Immaculate Heart Community, Los Angeles (2003)*

For years now you have been disobedient to me and to my office. You’ve continued to have your speakers without my approval. Your sisters can
be seen at all hours of the night attending, or even speaking at public meetings in public auditoriums, and on topics with non-Catholic speakers. I get calls night and day about what the Immaculate Heart Sisters are doing now. And only last month, you, Reverend Mother, went scurrying off to Rome for another one of your consultations with more experts, I presume!


A n ecumenical council, the highest authority in the Catholic Church, was convened in 1962 by Pope John the XXIII to open a window of renewal. One of the documents of the Second Vatican Council, Perfecti Caritatis, directed orders of nuns around the world to become more relevant to the community of the faithful, taking the authority for renewal out of the hands of the hierarchy and placing it with the governing bodies of the orders themselves.

Cardinal James Francis McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, was in attendance at the Council; along with most of the Roman Curia, he was in opposition to the renewal called for by the pope. McIntyre was a financial expert; before becoming a priest he had been a Wall Street financier. In the 1950s he was building churches, convents, and schools to meet the needs of the burgeoning population in the Los Angeles basin. Each year nuns were sent from the novitiate directly into the classroom with no preparation for teaching. Many taught for ten or more years, attending college classes on weekends and summers to meet credentialing requirements.

At the start of the Vatican Council, Anita Caspary (then Sister Humiliata) was president of Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. She was subsequently elected Mother General of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart. The order was growing weary; nuns were becoming ill and/or leaving due to the stress of large classes, no preparation, and attendance at college. Both communal life and spiritual life were suffering. For the next nine years Mother Humiliata led the order in a fight for its life and its integrity against the patriarchal authority of the Roman Catholic Church.

In describing the need for change, she wrote, “The person’s fitness for the life was measured by fixed external criteria . . . . We have come to see that certain customs and conventions of convent life led to the overextension of our sisters, leading to personal tragedy, failure, and the desire to abandon religious life.”

I entered the novitiate of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart in 1959. The years of formation were rigid and oppressive. We were being socialized by an institution and its culture of conformity to the
rules and customs of the order. Every month we were called into the office of the Mistress of Novices and criticized for our lack of decorum or our inappropriate behavior. Our walk, our dress, our work, and our behavior towards one another were scrutinized constantly. While charity and compassion were expected, personal friendships among us were discouraged.

I lost my father to a heart attack during my first year in training; I fell into a great loneliness and lost 50 lbs. In June 1962, I made my first vows and entered the scholasticate, my only year of full-time college. The cardinal demanded that the community provide unprepared teachers to staff his schools. My friend Kathy and I were sent to a parish school in Artesia, California. I had 60 seven and eight year olds and no teaching assistants. I remember vividly standing in front of the classroom feeling that I would pass out and the floor open to swallow me. I experienced brain-fog when I tried to write lesson plans. I had no idea how to teach fractions. I assigned the brightest students to tutor the slower readers. In January, my mother was diagnosed with cancer and I was pulled from school to be with her. Six weeks later she died and I returned to the classroom. The death of JFK and an automobile accident along with my mother’s death challenged my mental health. With my parents gone I had no immediate family. Criticism left me feeling unsure and vulnerable; I became so fearful that I was afraid to speak.

As a child and teenager the lively bright women of the order had been my friends and mentors; now I was feeling lonely and isolated. Kathy, seeing my pain, came to me one evening. Her words are burned into my memory: “I’ve known many sisters who are as passionate as you are, and they have all left; I’m leaving too.” I always knew I would be a nun; as a child these women had been my surrogate mothers, my confidants, my best friends, my protectors. The thought of leaving what was now my only family had never crossed my mind, not once, ever. But today it was more than a thought— it was a spell. Kathy’s words made the unthinkable possible. My psyche was shaken to its foundations. I went back to my room and lay on my bed, listening for hours to the springs grinding as my body rocked, gripped with terror. I was coming apart; I was San Francisco in a 9.0 earthquake and I was crumbling. Although there were six women in the house, it never occurred to me to wake any of them. What would I tell them? I had no words to explain what was happening. As dawn neared, I rose from bed and stood before the mirror. I spoke softly to myself: “Do not be afraid, I will always take care of you. Whatever we must do, we will do. I’ll lie if I must, but I will never put you in harm’s way. We can stay here until we are ready to go.” The convent was no longer my home; I secretly became a guest, a wayfarer taking refuge until the storm passed and until I could gather provisions for the journey ahead.

The next five years were tumultuous. The patriarchal Church was on our backs as we struggled to become more relevant and they fought us every step of the way. I was moved out of the L.A. archdiocese to San Mateo where my friend Ann and I walked with Cesar Chavez as he and the United Farm Workers made their historic march from Delano to Sacramento. We worked with the migrants in the fields in Gilroy in the summer of ’64. In 1965, Sister Patrice, the superior of our convent, joined the Selma march with Martin Luther King, Jr. We wrote our final vows in 1965 in a
private ceremony received by our superior. When the Vatican’s Apostolic Delegate received our formal vows the next day he had no idea the ceremony was a pageant for his edification only. We had matured as an order; we knew who we were, what we wanted, and what we had to offer the world. Mother Humiliata summarized our growth:

We have come to live in a more human fashion, to allow human relationships to deepen and broaden, to seek to worship and pray in a way that makes community meaningful, to develop a personal loyalty to Christ that makes solitude rich and loneliness rare. We are developing a new respect for each other, a new allowance for each other. We are seeking to make each person aware of what she contributes to the community not by what she does but by what she is . . . . Each person is evaluated by her honest attempt to create Christian Community which demands self-sacrifice.

For six more years of wrangling with the cardinal, the nuns stood their ground; when they refused to bend to his wishes, he fired every sister teaching in his archdiocese. Three hundred and fifty women had no place to live, no work, no money, and no credit. Many had never written a check. We knew we were the guests of the patriarchy but we were unprepared for such a vicious eviction.

Although they had been deprived of their canonical status as nuns within the Catholic Church, the sisters decided to stay together. They became the Immaculate Heart Community, an ecumenical group open to all Christians of any gender, marital status, or sexual orientation. Anita Caspary became their first president.

By the time the new community formed, I was no longer a member of the order. I had been given a dispensation from my vows and was searching for a new spiritual home and for new rules to live by. I was in nursing school in Chicago when I learned of the fate of the others from the convent. I went on, struggling to find my strength and vitality.

The Immaculate Heart Community is alive and well. A couple of years ago I went back to spend some time with these amazing women. They were older, yet still as vivacious and happy as I had remembered. “You have always been one of us,” they told me. Indeed, I have been one with these women of great heart.
The questions and comments I got when I adopted two Korean children almost always surprised me. The day in 1977 when we brought Susan home from SeaTac Airport, my neighbor came to see her. She asked if I planned to “fix” her eyes. “They have surgery, you know,” she said, “to fix the fold in the eyelid.”

When Susan was in preschool another four-year-old child said to her, “Go back where you came from, gook.”

Several years later, when he was in third grade in the Everett School District, my son was blessed with a fantastic teacher. So I was stunned when she commented at a parent/teacher conference about his ability. “It’s no wonder he’s so smart,” she said, “he’s Asian.”

These comments (and many more) sometimes revealed racism or ignorance or thinking in stereotypes, but more often an inability to honor “the other.” Even after my experiences, I found the disrespect during and after the 2016 presidential election toward non-white ethnic groups shown by American citizens to be shocking. Despite—or maybe because of—the fact that demographic studies indicate that the white majority will soon be a minority, irrational fear of non-white cultures exists. I hope those people who fear “the other” will learn to embrace facts and not fear.

The reason we vote is because we want a better world for our family, friends, and community. We want all people to be able to enjoy the American dream of being able to love whom you want, to worship where you want, and to be free to speak up when you see injustice.
In December of 1999 I attended the state AA high school football championship game between Prosser and Sammamish. Prosser was no stranger to state football championships and there was a large contingent of Prosser fans in attendance. The Prosserites were a diverse group. Interspersed in random seating were Anglos and Latinos, professional and business people, farmers and farm workers, monolingual Anglos and bilingual Latinos.

It wasn’t always this way in Prosser. In 1965 I was a new teacher at Prosser High School. In addition to teaching U.S. History I was the head wrestling coach. In the Yakima Valley wrestling was dominated by Mexican American wrestlers. In my second year of coaching my best wrestler, Juan Plata, was Chicano (Mexican American). His parents had come to the U.S. from Mexico as braceros. The family had migrated between the Rio Grande and Yakima Valley following the crops before “settling out” in the Prosser area. The team captain was chosen by a secret ballot and Juan won out by a very close margin over an Anglo wrestler. A parking lot skirmish occurred a few days later after practice.

The high school student leadership in 1966, with the exception of wrestling, was almost entirely Anglo. In town, teenage jobs such as supermarket box boys were held by Anglo males. The same was true of adult employment in local businesses. Mexican nationals and Chicanos worked in the fields.
In the 1960s migrant farm workers and their families followed the crops to the Yakima Valley. Mexican Americans for the most part lived out of town in labor camps or low income housing. This was not by choice. I recall a realtor stating “there would not be a brown person in the town if I could help it.”

The need for farm labor increased during the ‘60s and ‘70s and immigrants from Mexico—many undocumented—filled the labor shortage. This increased immigration created stress within the Prosser community. There existed a symbiotic relationship between the grower and farm labor. The grower needed the Mexican farm workers, but also exhibited ethnic prejudice toward them. While growers would often speak in positive terms of their permanent hired hands, who were usually Mexican or Chicano, they would use very derogatory and at best patronizing language toward the Mexican migrant workers who harvested his crops. In an attempt to address this situation the priest at St. Matthew’s Episcopal church held meetings to discuss the issues of assimilation, ethnic prejudice, and poverty. There was push-back. A proposal for Bienvenidos a Prosser signs to be placed on stores was met with considerable debate—to many even this symbolic gesture was considered controversial.

In 1965 most Chicano students dropped out of school by the 6th grade. They were needed in the fields. Many middle school and high school age youth could be found in the fields, not in the classroom. The school district was not overly concerned. However, change was coming.

By the 1970s federal and state programs brought bilingual education and an impetus to educate all students. The bilingual program installed in the Prosser elementary schools had a classroom model with both English-speaking and Spanish-speaking students. The Spanish speakers learned English and English speakers learned Spanish. A bilingual aide assisted the classroom teacher. This pilot program was an alternative to the pull-out approach where monolingual Spanish speakers were taught in a separate class. The program was funded for only one year. Most school districts dropped the program when the funding dried up, but Prosser continued the program even without federal funding. My wife Arnelle was the 4th grade bilingual teacher under this program and all three of our children were in the bilingual program.

In the high school the faculty was overwhelmingly Anglo with only one Latina classroom teacher. Most of the teachers lacked an ethnic understanding of their Chicano students. However, there were steps taken to address this problem. Spanish, in addition to French, was added as a language offering. A bicultural/bilingual counselor was hired. In 1972 I was able to establish an Ethnic Studies class which I taught for over 20 years. A Culture Week/Celebrating Our Diversity school-wide event began in 1985 and continued for over ten years as an annual event. The high school staff reaction to the Celebrating Our Diversity event reflected classroom teacher attitudes toward an increasingly diverse student body. About a quarter of the staff were strongly supportive of the event, a quarter opposed the concept, and the remainder accepted the event. There were staff members who had prejudicial attitudes, but not openly displayed. However, students of color have good antennae toward prejudice and knew who they were. These prejudicial attitudes were not hidden in the privacy of the faculty room.
Many churches were, and some still are, guilty of an emphasis on a white or European norm. Angels are often pictured as blonde and blue eyed. On many church walls there still hangs the famous painting of a Nordic Jesus knocking on the door. Stained glass windows tend to feature Biblical figures with European features. Finding an interracial Nativity creche or children’s picture Bible is a challenge.

On a personal note, our son Lee joined our family through adoption from Korea. This gave a personal insight into prejudice. In raising a child who is not European or considered “white,” one is constantly aware of the blonde, blue eyed norm on TV, in school books (e.g. Dick and Jane readers), Barbie and Ken dolls, and in European folk tales. Arnelle and I felt it was very important to maintain some Korean culture in our household. We read Korean folk tales to Lee, cooked Korean food, participated in an adoptive parent organization where the children were Asian and African American. Lee went to Holt Korean Culture Camps—a week-long camp of Korean adoptees—where in addition to Korean culture he was exposed to other Korean youth. In Prosser he was shielded from prejudice, but when he left Prosser to attend college he would be perceived as an Asian with the accompanying positive and negative stereotypes. Having a good understanding and pride in who he was would be important.

With a child whom society judges as non-white, you are always concerned about how authorities will treat him. As parents, this was an issue that concerned us. However, this was not a concern with our biological children and in fact Lee did experience different treatment. He attended school briefly at Western Washington University in Bellingham and was employed there after graduation. At the border crossing on a trip to Vancouver, BC, he was selected and pulled aside for “random” questioning. He was directed to a large room where other “random” selectees were. Nearly everyone selected was a person of color. A Latina high school teacher colleague in Prosser had a similar experience with her son. Two carloads of college students from Eastern Washington University headed to Canada on a skiing trip. The first car with Anglo students went through customs without any difficulty. The second car with a mixture of Anglo and Latino students was stopped for intensive questioning.

Most people don’t think of rural Eastern Washington towns as being ethnically and racially diverse. However, these towns are much more racially and ethnically diverse than most Puget Sound suburban communities. Although prop-
erty values may be affected in some class-based neighborhoods, small rural towns do not have gated communities. Our Prosser neighborhood was both ethnically and economically diverse. Across the street from our Prosser home were apartments housing farm workers. Down the street were a local business owner, a teacher, and retired professional people. The neighborhood store, well-stocked with Mexican food products, was owned and operated by a Korean American.

Among the advantages to being a small diverse rural community is that there is usually only one high school. In Prosser, with a single high school and elementary schools organized in such a manner that nearly all the students attended the same school, Latino, African American, Asian, and Anglo students had to learn to coexist.

Much has changed in Prosser. A current Benton County Superior Court judge is a former student of mine. His family entered the U.S. from the Mexican state of Jalisco. When I left teaching, the Prosser HS wrestling coach was a wrestler whom I had coached. His older brother, whose choice as wrestling captain upset some of his fellow teammates, returned to his alma mater as a high school counselor. Prosser now has several Mexican restaurants and other local Latino-owned and operated businesses. Many of my Mexican American students have administrative positions with wineries and vineyards. St. Matthew’s has a bilingual priest and maintains an active Hispanic ministry. The image of the Virgen de Guadalupe is displayed prominently in the church.

Despite these advances, barriers still exist. While my Chicano students have become assimilated Latinos/as, new immigrants from Central America and the impoverished Mexican state of Michoacán face ethnic prejudice. Latinos are disproportionately represented in Valley politics. In the mid-1990s the Clinton Administration made a public policy statement threatening to seal off the Mexican border and to round up undocumented workers. This resulted in a national sanctuary movement and much anxiety in the Yakima Valley. Fortunately, government actions under the Clinton Administration did not match the rhetoric. Today, derogatory terms have been directed toward Mexico and Mexican Americans. There has been an appeal to hate and fear from politicians and what’s most disconcerting is that actions may match the rhetoric.

This behavior is contrary to the Biblical theme of welcoming the stranger — “We were strangers in a strange land,” and Jesus’ identifying with the marginalized — “When you do this to the least of my [family] you do it unto me.” As a society we would be wise to follow these commandments.

Notes regarding terminology: In the 1960s and '70s the Mexican American community referred to themselves as “Chicano” or “Mexicano”; today “Latino/a” is more common. In the Yakima Valley the term “Anglo” was used in place of white. Anglos would refer to Mexican Americans as “Spanish” or “Mexicans.” “Spanish” had the same paternalistic connotations as the Southern U.S. use of “colored” for Negro or black.
When I was asked to write an essay on the topic of discrimination, I believed the understanding was for me to address my experiences of discrimination as a lesbian. I have had a few such experiences, but not many. For example, a colleague once tried to prevent my promotion to full professor by making this accusation about me. My committee chair however, dismissed this and said “I don’t care what you think she is,” and I got the promotion. I did however, live a careful and circumspect life during my more than 30 years in education, never frequenting local gay hangouts certainly, and energetically participating in “normal” community, church, and university activities. At that time the idea of true gay rights was still far off. I accepted that I was part of an underground culture: gay and lesbian rights were really not part of my thinking. Instead I was far more interested and active in civil rights and later feminist issues. In the 1960s I was on the picket line for CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) and years later, was lucky enough to be in a huge abortion rights march for freedom of choice in Washington, D.C.

My exposure to various forms of social discrimination was gradual. As a child I became aware of the stigma of poverty first. But I did not observe poverty head on until in high school I saw a number of families in a poor neighborhood sharing an outside water spigot. The same was true for racial
discrimination. I knew it existed, but more in the abstract since I had never really confronted it. But then I heard that all the eating establishments along both sides of my city’s commercial corridor refused to seat “colored people.” They could however, come in a back door and be served in a back room but they could not eat out front. Why? “Because the white customers would leave.” It was a commonly expressed fear at the time. I was very uncomfortable with this.

Here is another experience with racial discrimination, one that prompted an unexpected realization. A group of us met with an older girl we knew who was a freshman at the nearby state university. She was black. We did not care about that, we were excited to know what it was like to be a student in college. She told us that she and her professor met in the university commons to drink a Coke and continue their classroom discussion. She told us she had been anxious about going to the commons since she wasn’t sure she would be admitted, but she went inside anyway and ordered a Coke at the counter. And then she just stood there afraid to look for a place to sit down. A few minutes later she and the professor sat at a table and had a nice discussion and she had not been asked to leave! She was thrilled. We were stunned by her story. It had never occurred to us that we wouldn’t be able to drink a Coke on a college campus. Actually, we felt ashamed.

More about the stigma of poverty: Do you remember when people said that folks on food stamps shouldn’t be buying bacon? Do you remember when California Governor Reagan declared war on “Welfare Queens”? I never knew a welfare queen, though as an art professor I had a few students who were on welfare. The California State welfare laws were very strict. Because these students had almost no cash I bought their required art supplies myself. I turned in the sales receipts and a print-out of needed supplies to the local welfare office. I would be repaid in about a month. Once, one of these students, an older woman, decided to open a savings account. She only brought a peanut butter sandwich from home every day for lunch and at the end of the month she had saved $10. When she had saved $20 she opened a savings account at the bank. The welfare office found out, and not only did she have to repay the $20 to the state of California, but her welfare check was reduced by $10 per month. I watched her march in the graduation carrying a purse. I believe the purse was a symbol for her future.

How about issues of gender? A direct experience of discrimination for me personally occurred when I was in the finals of a high school oratory competition. There were six or seven of us and I was one of two girls. The first part of the competition was a five minute oration; the second part was a one minute extemporaneous speech on a topic to be selected from a list of ten. The real competition in the first part was known to be between one fellow and myself (we were friends). I felt my content was better but that his style of delivery was better (he was free to move about the stage)— and as the orations were given this became apparent. A few kids stumbled and one just quit and sat down. For the one minute speeches I felt mine was the best. I loved extemporaneous speaking; I knew my subject and spoke for exactly one minute. My coach was pleased. When the judge gave his results, my friend and true competition was indeed ranked number one in oratory. He was followed in order by all the rest of the boys— even those who forgot parts of their talks and the one who sat
down — and then I and the other girl were ranked last. When the judge came to extemporaneous speeches he turned to me directly and said I was disqualified and placed last because it was clear that I had lied and had actually memorized my talk! He went on to say that public speaking should only be done by men or boys and women and girls should remain in the home. I went home and was sick for two days. The parents of the other girl pulled her out of high school and she entered the University of Chicago at age 16. That was my first real experience with gender bias. Because this bias came out of the blue, as it were, and because it was unearned, the experience was an eye opener. It allowed me to see and feel the damage we do to others, sometimes unthinkingly, sometimes because we can.

Was I aware of religious discrimination? Yes, but not much during my youth, and that would have been mainly about Catholics and Jews. I did not know many Catholic kids, but I did have Jewish friends all through grade school and high school. I am sure discrimination against Jews existed but it was never apparent at my home. In fact, during my high school years the modern state of Israel was established and I and my friends were very excited. We wanted to go to Israel to live and work on a kibbutz. A few of us even organized a Hebrew conversation class at the Reform Temple and it was a wonderful experience. We attended Friday evening Temple services and fellowship at members’ homes afterwards. And then came this shocker: a friend who was valedictorian of our class of 429 students (with a 4.0 GPA) was denied entry to Stanford. Her rejection letter said simply that their Jewish quota was filled. So her higher education and Ph.D. in Statistics is from the University of California, Berkeley instead.

These few anecdotal experiences which I have mentioned here are far from comprehensive — for example, there is no discussion of immigration as it was not an issue then — but they were keenly felt and personally instructive. From such experiences I could see that any position of power/control/cultural correctness not only wants to stay in power but will do almost do anything to remain there. To say that cultural beliefs and institutions resist change is the mother of all understatements. A belief system surrounds all positions of power which asserts that these positions are right and any other positions are wrong. To challenge these belief systems is to bring on the very real fear of change. To challenge, to stir up fears of change can be very high risk. The early challengers risk martyrdom, but even the resisters risk the loss of their world view. For example, one summer I was a student at a California State University campus. After a class I was chatting with another student, a black man. When we had finished, a male student, apparently from a southern state, shouted at me “How come you were speaking with a nigger? Why, he cain’t hardly even talk!” Clearly, he had moved to a locale which was destroying his secure place in the world.

I mentioned earlier that I was not active in gay/lesbian issues when I was in education. This was not only because I never dreamed of the possibility of such “rights,” but also I feared the loss of my career. However, there were other things to occupy me since the social changes and upheavals of those years were tremendous. Think about it! Every college and university campus was experienc-
ing student unrest and challenge to authority. There were student and civil rights demonstrations, sit-ins, draft resisters and draft card burnings, returning vets on campus (many with symptoms of PTSD), refugee students, and, with the passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act, many more students requiring specialized accommodations. There were also group counseling retreats and “love-ins”— remember the influence of Esalen? And there was constant awareness and activism for the female faculty.

Then, wham! AIDS happened. AIDS was called the gay disease. Because it was the gay disease, research on AIDS was slow to be funded. An entire generation of gay men died before the HIV virus was controlled (not cured). I lost many friends during this time. But because of AIDS the lesbian and gay cultures came closer together. Because of AIDS and the perceived indifference to the plight of gay men (“they deserve to die”), plus the long simmering feuds between gays and the police, the gay rights movement began: First at the now famous riot at the Stonewall gay bar in New York City, and then the gay pride parade in San Francisco’s Castro District. When San Francisco’s gay councilman Harvey Milk was shot and then his murderer, Dan White, was acquitted (the “Twinkie Defense”), the gay world exploded. The long steady march of LGBTQ rights was underway.

But not yet in the military. Gays and lesbians in the military were closeted and were at high risk of exposure and personal danger. Once, Grethe Cammermeyer and I attended an interview with a Navy mother whose gay son had been beaten to death. She said she could only identify his body by a tattoo—his face had been destroyed and his eyes had been pushed to the back of his head. Initially, a few gay enlisted service members challenged the military anti-gay policies. Leonard Matlovich was the first highly visible gay service member who fought to remain in the military but ultimately lost his career despite heroic service in Vietnam. Grethe’s statement in a security interview, “I am a lesbian,” was significant because it was unsolicited and not the result of an accusation or a breach of conduct. She was the first officer to make this statement. When I asked her later why she had done this, she said simply “An officer always tells the truth.” She was discharged from the military through an Army administrative hearing, but won reinstatement through U.S. District Court. She was ultimately one of three gay service members to serve in the military during the period of the “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” policy. This policy was finally rescinded in 2011, after another 14,000 service members had been discharged because of sexual orientation.

Grethe is the most truthful person I know. And that is the whole point isn’t it? To fight discrimination we have to help those who are being hurt. We have to fight on behalf of what we know is right. We cannot remain silent. And we always have to speak truth to power.
Well, here we go into this new year of the very uncertain era of the Trump administration! The initial shock of the election has now subsided somewhat, and we are most likely looking for next steps in preparing ourselves to cope with the coming months ahead. The primary purpose of my Whidbey Island Fellowship of Reconciliation Saturday Evening Post has been to encourage a practice of nonviolence and to provide a moment of uplift for the spirit, especially for times like these. That continues to be my goal in the post below and in the weekly posts that follow.

The approach I am developing for myself to cope with this era has three components:

One is to recommit to my practice of nonviolence — seeking ways to resist injustice through a practice of disciplined compassion while also offering alternatives and aspirations that support justice and peace. An excellent example of these type of aspirations is provided by the Friends Committee on National Legislation’s “We Seek” statement:

We seek a world free of war and the threat of war; We seek a society with equity and justice for all; We seek a community where every person’s potential may be fulfilled; We seek an earth restored.

The second is to nurture community. In order to cope with the uncertainties and potential dangers ahead I need to foster and deepen relationships with people I know well and trust; people who know where each other are most of the time; people who share my values. I need to have strong reassurance that these people will be there for me and each other when we are in danger. I need them to be able to honestly share our truths together — our hopes, fears, visions, and what we can expect from our common life together. And I want us to be able to reconcile with forbearance our conflicts and differences. Some of these communities will be among intimate and immediate close friends such as my Quaker meeting, my book group, my men’s group, my local clergy lectionary group, and family members. Some will be the wider Quaker fellowship I enjoy in the state and across the country. Still others will be my professional groups and coworkers. I will make an effort to maintain and strengthen these communities to the best of my ability and availability of time. And I will encourage my own communities to support lesser known people and communities who are threatened.

A third component is to engage ever more deeply and regularly in my faith practice. I need to have a sense of the transcendent in my life, especially at this time. I need to believe there is a “force more powerful” at work to bring justice and peace beyond my ability to recognize and understand how it is working and to find my place in the historical moment I am living. Toward this end I will strengthen my faith through prayer, common worship, and the regular practice of awe and joy.

You will have your own set of aspirations. I have appreciated the opportunity for this assessment,
and perhaps you would benefit from the same.

We simply don’t know what to expect personally, socially, or politically in these coming months. We don’t — and we may not know for some time yet. But we do know we are going to need to live with a new level of vigilance for ourselves and others while also living as courageously, hopefully, and fully than ever before in our lives.

I want to close with two additions to my post. The first is a quote from Thomas Merton that perfectly expresses a timely reflection on the topics I have shared above: “In a time of drastic change one can be too preoccupied with what is ending or too obsessed with what seems to be beginning. In either case one loses touch with the present and with its obscure but dynamic possibilities. What really matters is openness, readiness, attention, courage to face risk. You do not need to know precisely what is happening, or exactly where it is all going. What you need is to recognize the possibilities and challenges offered by the present moment, and to embrace them with courage, faith, and hope.” - Thomas Merton, Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander

And the second addition is a short video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V4f_1_80RY about starling murmuration, a phenomenon which I just learned about this week. Although we humans are not capable of this amazing capacity for synchronicity, when we experience moments of deep trust and graced engagement with one another we engage in what has often been called “flow,” or a kind of “murmuration” of unity of purpose and soul with another person, or a whole group, that I find to be one of the most gratifying, transcendent moments of my life. May we find and recognize these graced “murmuration” type moments in our personal and communal lives even amidst these tumultuous and chaotic times!

*Tom Ewell is a Quaker writer and peace activist with the Whidbey Island Chapter of Fellowship of Reconciliation (WIFOR) in Washington State. The above reflection is republished from Tom’s WIFOR Saturday Evening Post.*

http://www.tomewell.com/blog

Announcing

All are invited to join Cindy Philistine and Tom Reuland as their marriage is blessed on Sunday May 7th at the 10:30 service.

A Hawaiian-style lunch reception will follow. Dress in your favorite Hawaiian fashions!

Thank you to the St. Augustine’s community for your support.
I grew up in a church at a time in which a community celebration — the Mass — had essentially become a time for private (silent) prayer. This was due to the use of Latin as the primary language of the liturgy, and to a theology which considered the priest as acting *in persona Christi*, “in the person of Christ,” alone worthy to offer prayer on behalf of the laity.

A renewed theology of the church stresses that our Eucharistic celebrations are essentially communal in nature; we, the priesthood of baptized believers, are “co-celebrants” with the priest, offering prayerful thanksgiving to God through the Son in the power of the Spirit.

While our Eucharistic celebrations are not primarily venues for contemplative prayer, silence has a place during our communal worship. In certain settings, we’re not always comfortable with silence, especially if it lingers; we expect things to move along briskly in church on a Sunday morning. The most extreme example — verging on pathology — of this discomfort was the parishioner who
objected to the silence following the priest’s invitation to pray: “That’s when the devil gets in.”

The Book of Common Prayer cites several times during the Eucharist where silence is encouraged or expected: following the Lessons, within the Prayers of the People, before the Confession of Sin, and during the Breaking of the Bread.

Other times when silence during the Eucharistic celebration is appropriate:

- Before the opening prayer— In the Book of Common Prayer, the opening prayer is referred to as “The Collect of the Day.” It is, in other words, a collecting or gathering of the intentions we have brought to church. When the priest says “let us pray,” it’s an invitation to each member of the community, not a command which implies that the “official” prayer issuing from the priest’s mouth has pride of place.

- Following the homily— The most effective homilies help us connect the scriptures to life in the world; quiet reflection then allows us to begin contemplating how we are to help realize the promises of the word in our daily circumstances.

- Before the prayer after communion— Silence following our sharing in the Lord’s Supper is a further opportunity to reflect that the Bread of Life and the Cup of Salvation nourish us not just for the moment, but for lives of contemplation in action.

The written, recited prayers of the priest and intercessor then are not meant as a replacement for (or to be considered as superior to) our individual prayers, but as a summation of the hopes and concerns of a people gathered in praise and thanksgiving.
Personnel

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

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

QUIET TIME
Chris Lubinski Convener

SCHOLARSHIP
Joan Johnson Chair

ADULT FORUMS
Ted Brookes

VOLUNTEER LEADERSHIP

Frank Shirbroun
Senior Warden
Elaine Ludtke
Junior Warden
Nancy Ruff
Treasurer

DIETMARIUM
Beverley Babson Coordinator

CONVENTION
Diane Lantz, Dick Hall, Arnelle Hall, Dann Jergenson
Delegates
Brian Reid, Maureen Masterson
Alternate Delegates

LECTORS
Nancy Ruff Coordinator, Rebecca Reid Scheduling

LEOSTIC 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
May Calendar

BIRTHDAYS
2. Art Taylor, Dann Jergenson, Kristin Schricker
3. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
4. Marianne Tuttle
5. Seth & Laura Luginbill
6. Celtic Worship 10:30A
7. Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
8. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
9. Marlene Angeles, Ann Fruechte & Mic Kisinger, Vestry Meeting 4:30P
10. Max Corell, Concert: Baroque Trumpets 7P
11. Celtic Worship 10:30A
12. Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
13. Salish Sea Concert 7P
14. Narcotics Anonymous 7P
15. Anita Roe
16. Dick Werttemberger, Maureen Masterson
17. Lena Mann, Mary Vaughan, Maylin Steele, Gordon & Kaycee Stewart
18. Carol Ryan, Michele Anderson, Dr. Frank Shirbroun & Teresa Di Biase, Celtic Worship 10:30A
19. Women’s Bible Study 9:30A
20. Martin Payne, Narcotics Anonymous 7P
22. Katie Reid
23. Celtic Worship 10:30A
24. Jincey & Dann Jergenson, Women’s Bible Study 9:30
25. Lisbeth Harrie
26. Narcotics Anonymous 7P

EVENTS
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)
May is finally here! Let’s all stand up and cheer. The birds are chirping, the flowers are blooming, and the trees are sprouting their leaves. It’s a great time to be living on Whidbey Island and enjoying every aspect of God’s creation. From a spiritual perspective, May is an important time for St. Augustine’s parish. During this month, we are pursuing our unique religious heritage in learning about Celtic Christianity while immersing ourselves in Celtic Spirituality through liturgy, prayers, sermons, and music. Our intrepid leaders on this amazing journey will be Dr. Frank Shirbroun and Teresa Di Biase. The Sunday adult forums for May will reflect the same theme as we review the Trinity Television DVD titled “The Celtic Way.” This DVD takes us on a virtual adventure in Celtic Spirituality, guided by Herbert O’Driscoll and Esther de Waal, two of the world’s foremost thinkers and writers on Celtic literature and spirituality.

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

7 May - My Personal Journey in Celtic Spirituality. In this enlightening and fascinating program, our hosts Herbert O’Driscoll and Esther de Waal will share their deeply personal views on how they came to the Celtic vision. The entire four-part series will cover a variety of issues and symbols, such as ancient places, the crucifixion, monasticism, and the Book of Kells. Ted Brookes will present each forum. Your questions and comments are welcome and encouraged.

14 May - Prayers In Daily Life and the Oral Tradition & The Islands at the Edge of the World. Esther de Waal will discuss the former subject and Herbert O’Driscoll will handle the latter.

21 May - Dark and Light In Celtic Spirituality, Part 1. Esther de Waal and Herbert O’Driscoll will share the discussion of this subject.

28 May - Dark and Light In Celtic Spirituality, Part 2. Esther de Waal and Herbert O’Driscoll will share the discussion of this subject.
Special Requests: Carol Hansen and Elaine Ludtke made a request for funds on behalf of Fr. Alexander Tkachenko and the Cathedral of the Descent of the Holy Spirit in St. Petersburg, Russia. The Cathedral is currently under construction and in need of donations. The Vestry directed Hansen to ask the Diocese about how best to establish a fund for donations.

Eileen Jackson and Elaine Ludtke, representing the Caring Committee, made a request to assign $1,000 from the Discretionary Fund to a new fund to help parishioners who need minor assistance to stay in their homes through South Whidbey at Home. Designation of the new fund was approved.

Pastoral Care: Updates were given on several parishioners.

Annual Parochial Report: The 2017 report was approved.


Endowment Fund Trustees: Stephen Schwarzmann and Celia Metz will succeed Kate Anderson and Bev Babson.

Endowment Fund Investment Mix: The COO of the Clergy Pension Fund reported on the mix of their fund, which is the same as our endowment fund mix.

Trash & Treasures: The T&T sale is scheduled for Saturday, April 29 and the Vestry approved a $1,500 budget.

Godly Play: Parishioners are invited and encouraged to attend Godly Play on Sundays.

Policies & Procedures: The Vestry approved revisions in the Clerk duties in the P&P, submitted by Vestry Clerk Susan Sandri.

Correspondence: A thank you letter for the Newcomers Dinner and Kate Anderson’s resignation letter from the Endowment Committee were read.

Upcoming Events: Dr. Frank Shirbroun and Teresa Di Biase will lead Celtic Worship at the 10:30 services April 30 - May 21. The Newcomers event will be held on May 20, site TBA.

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

The next meeting of the Vestry is Thursday, May 11, 2017 in the Parish Hall.

Meetings of the Vestry are open to all parishioners.
Island Senior Resources is the new name for Senior Services of Island County and there are other changes afoot.

- Weekly, Tuesday Lunch & Learn programs began at Island Senior Resources (Bayview) on April 4th.
- There will be a monthly insert in the Whidbey Weekly and a twice-yearly newsletter. The quarterly Guide will no longer be published.
- The Information & Assistance and Family Caregiver Support programs will provide in-person and phone assistance to individuals, families, and caregivers under a new name: Aging & Disability Resources.
- As the staff focuses on providing essential resources, activity classes previously offered by the Island Senior Resource Center (Bayview) are changing structure.
- Social opportunities such as Bingo, Bridge, Mah Jong, Quilting, and Dancing to the Fun Band will continue, as well as local and regional travel opportunities.

As always, there are many opportunities to volunteer or become engaged with Senior Services. I worked for a brief time with the Time Together Program and my favorite day was Friday when we all danced with the Fun Band. Lovely older women whose memories had faded still retained the ability to dance gracefully; what joy! The Time Together Program is also expanding to Oak Harbor.

Check out the webpage for more information:

As we are busy trying to get our ducks in a row, this Barrow’s Goldeneye at Crockett Lake is looking over his shoulder to make sure all is in order.