

THE MESSENGER

April 2016, Volume 7 Number 1

All Saints' Church 51 Concord Street, Peterborough, NH 03458

Parish Office: (603) 924-3202 Office Hours M-F 9 AM-4 PM

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Our Mission (What we do)

Our mission is to help people grow in their faith and trust in God by helping them recognize their God-given talents and to use them to serve God and their neighbor.

Our Vision (Where we are going)

Our vision is to be a community in which God's love is experienced and shared.

Dear Parishioners,

Alleluia, Christ is risen!

The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia!

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When I was working at the Sisters of Charity Foundling Hospital in New York City, we decided to take all of the children who were living on the hospital's "special needs" unit out to the park for a beautiful post Easter afternoon. Much planning went into our excursion as social workers, nurses, nurses' aides, nuns, and parents joined in to make the afternoon as smooth as possible. It's not easy to cross busy Manhattan streets with twelve children, twelve helpers, wheelchairs, walkers, snacks and a backpack of medications in case anything "happened." But we were committed, and the day we picked couldn't have been more stunning. As the Director of Christian Education, I brought colored plastic eggs, the kind that can twist open for surprise treats. In many, I had hidden away candy, but many were left empty.

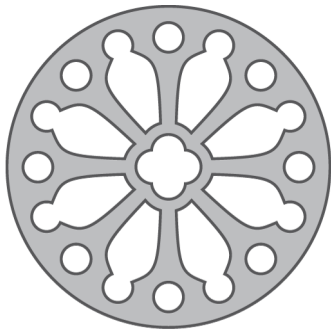
As we gathered in the park, I handed out the empty plastic eggs, talked a little bit about the stone being rolled back from the tomb and Jesus defeating death and bringing forth new life. I then asked everyone if we could gather up signs of new life in our eggs – a flower, a green twig, a baby leaf, fresh cut grass. With much glee, we all moved out in search of our signs of spring, gifts of new life. About forty-five minutes later, as we gathered back, the children were thrilled to show us what they had found. Phillip was especially excited and was jumping up and down. As we opened up his egg, we discovered that there was nothing inside. "Oh, Phillip, you didn't understand," I said, before thinking.

"You silly," he replied. "Don't you see? The tomb was empty!"

We all gasped. There isn't an Easter that goes by without me thinking of Phillip. He became the man of the hour as we laughed, slapped him on the back, gave him high fives, and thanked him for his gift. I will never forget his insight about the presence of emptiness and its power. Often rushing to the next thing, or not being in the moment, or wishing things were different, or anxious about the future, I miss seeing what's right in front of me: the tomb is forever empty and life is always full, and no matter the circumstances, God IS. Sometimes, we are so focused on the sacraments as "outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace" we ignore the "invisible signs" of grace – the emptiness of silence, of just being, of inviting, of trusting, of letting go, of not knowing, of waiting. Sometimes it takes this posture of emptiness to pray:

Take, O Lord, take me as I am.
Summon out what I shall be.
Set your seal upon my heart,
and live in me.

Blessings,



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Jamie+

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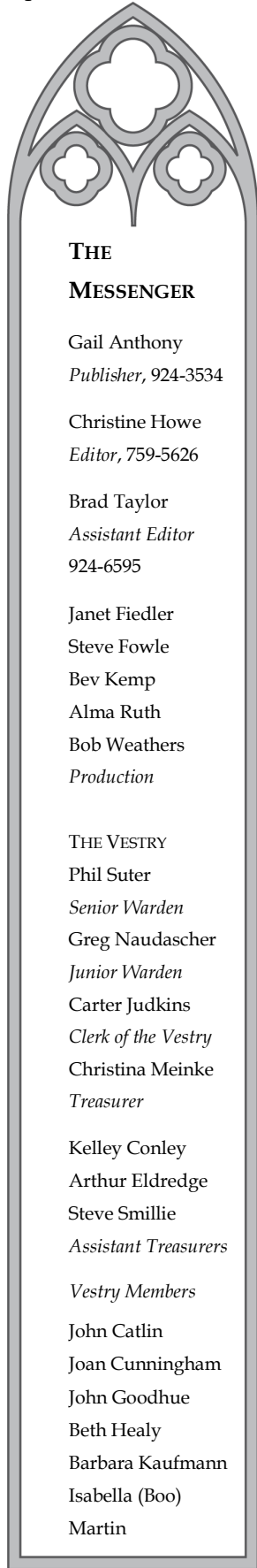
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**THE
MESSENGER**

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Christian Education

Journeying in the Wilderness: Reflections on Our Joint Diocesan Retreat

This time last year, I wrote a *Messenger* article celebrating the Teens Encounter Christ retreat hosted by the Diocese of Maine. I believe I allowed myself to dream out loud, saying I hope someday to bring this experience to kids in New Hampshire, in our own backyard. We began planning a year ago for an event that came together this past weekend, a truly glorious gathering in Greenfield at the Barbara C. Harris Center.

God is full of surprises – my dream had been to share this retreat with the Diocese of Western Massachusetts, since their youth missionary is a good friend from my Harvard Divinity School graduating class. My friend, the Rev. Hilary Bogert-Winkler, and I set about making arrangements, beginning by each of us hosting events a weekend apart around our respective Diocesan Conventions in November to begin putting together some youth leadership who would assist at this retreat. We were working also with Drew Courtright, the Christian Education Director at St. Andrew's, Hopkinton.

For the past few months, we developed our theme and created a schedule of prayer, fun and fellowship that would help the kids attending to identify where they are on their journey of faith, where they want to go and how they are going to get there. The theme was a beautiful complement to the season of Lent, when Jesus himself is journeying through the wilderness.

We knew from the outset that Drew would not be joining us for the retreat itself as his wife Alice was due with their first child days before the event. What we did not know is that Hilary, herself expecting, would deliver her baby at 34 weeks and would also be unable to attend. We praise God for the safe arrival of her first child, Luke, who is doing very well indeed despite his early appearance!

So that left me suddenly in a position to lead a retreat for 60 teenagers primarily by myself! I couldn't overlook the interesting opportunity for leadership that God was providing me after boldly announcing my discernment for ordained ministry from the pulpit the weekend before! To my great delight, friends generously gave up their weekend to join me. What resulted was exactly what God intended.

It was beautiful. We sang together, prayed together, sometimes by candlelight in the outdoor chapel beneath the stars. We made bracelets, took hikes, wrote our troubles on rocks which we cast in the river. It was cathartic and meaningful and above all – it was fun. Really, really fun. If there is one thing that can be said about middle and high schoolers, they know how to be goofy and make you laugh! We are so blessed by the energy and faithfulness of the teens in this diocese and in our neighboring one. Teens from All Saints' LEM'd at our morning Eucharist, read at our prayer services, made new friends and kept their youth leader sane (thank you, thank you)!

There is always more work to be done. I have my eyes set on this coming weekend, Palm Sunday, when Jamie and I will gather with new families to talk about programming for younger children here at All Saints', and perhaps in collaboration with neighboring churches. The Spirit is at work in our young people and I am so very blessed to be a part of that process. May God work in us and through us as we raise up a new generation of creative, enthusiastic and energetic Episcopalians.

Becky Goodwin, Director of Christian Education

Book Note

I have been revisiting an old friend: *The Temple*, a shortish book of poems by George Herbert, written during his all-too-brief career as a country parson in England in the early 1600s. In his early life, Herbert had made rather a splash in academic and political life. The younger son of a noble Welsh family, he possessed the gifts and the tastes that might have led him into an eminent position at the court of Charles I. But through choice or disappointed aspirations, he settled on the life of a priest in the Church of England, ending up in the parish of Bemerton. After three years of a ministry remarkable for its dedication to his parishioners, fuelled by a transparent and attractive piety, he died, leaving behind him a kind of handbook for parish ministry, *The Priest to the Temple*, which has terrified generations of ministerial candidates by the extremely high bar it set for their behavior. But what he preached, by all accounts he lived to the full.

When he died, however, he entrusted to his friend Nicholas Ferrar, founder of the community at Little Gidding, a collection of poems he had written, which he described as “a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom.”

Ferrar saw to the book’s publication in 1633, and its simplicity of direction combined with a subtle use of language, striking imagery, and a variety of poetical forms, commended it not only to other poets, but to ordinary Christians and seekers. Its influence on other poets has been deep and wide, from Donne and Vaughan to Hopkins and Eliot. There are prolonged meditations and exhortations, some very powerful; but most accessible are the brief, vivid flashes of illumination that explore our relationship to nature, to other people, to God. Four have found their way into our Hymnal.

This is a book that the reader can peruse with pleasure in no particular order. But toward the beginning of the book is a series of poems (from “The Sacrifice” to the fancifully-arranged “Easter Wings”) that lend themselves particularly to this time of year, to Passion Week and Easter. But these crafted works of struggle and love, available in many editions, can refresh and stimulate mind and soul in any season.

Cassius Webb

Alma’s Poem

Easter Memories

We'd wake up at dawn
To see if the Easter bunny had come
Sure enough our baskets were overflowing
With chocolate eggs and sweets
{But my sisters and I were knowing
My mom had provided the treats}
Then she'd send us to Sunday school
To hear the Easter story
Church going was an unbroken rule
Where we learned about a new life in Glory.

Alma Ruth

Radiance

O thou whose power o’er moving world presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
‘Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end!

Anicius Manlius Severinus Boëthius (c. 480–524 AD)
Translation of this fragment by Samuel Johnson c.1739

(Suggested by Andy Peterson)

April Saints' Days

2	Carol Walsh	12	John Koch	27	Hayden James
	Sylvia DeVinne	14	Jana Kiely		Nina Gatto
3	Nick Morris		Betsy Fowle	28	Jeff Fuller
6	Alexandra Catlin	15	Anna Graff		Colin Fuller
7	Chris Tourgee		Elizabeth Graff		Greg Naudascher
	Caitriona Row	16	Rylan James	29	Mike Steere
9	David Clinkenbeard		Bria Frehner		Lisa Koziell-Betz
	Bill Gill	19	Morgan Humphrey		Charlie Beyer
	Sam Hulbert	20	Sarah Scott	30	Joseph Schultz
11	Natalie Sanderson	21	Alice Weir		Grace Phillips
12	William Finlayson	22	Jo Wheeler		
	Cassius Webb	27	Steve Smillie		

*If your name is missing from our Saints' Days lists, PLEASE let us know so you can be remembered!
Just call or email the Church office: 924-3202 or diane@allsaintsnh.org*

Saintly News

Congratulations to...

❖ Eric Bowman, son of Diane Callahan, for beng named New Hampshire Social Studies of the Year!

Gloria Schultz

If you would like to share a special news item or a happy occasion with the Parish, please email Gloria Schultz at glojoemointheqlen@gmail.com or call 924-9489

Altar Guild Changes

The Altar Guild is very pleased to announce that Chris Tourgee has accepted our invitation to join us. This means, of course, that we are losing someone. As many of you know, Nancy O'Neill is getting married this summer and will be moving away to Oregon. We are delighted that Nancy has found love and happiness, but very sad that she will be moving so far from us.

Nancy joined the altar guild in 2012 and immediately jumped in with both feet, covering the former Saturday evening services, attending to her monthly team duties and always taking the extra duties of Christmas and Easter in stride. Her wonderful eye for color and composition has been a great asset to our seasonal decorating. We are so very grateful for Nancy's dedication, enthusiasm, outstanding work and good cheer. Thank you, thank you. We will all miss you!

And, a huge "Welcome" to Chris !

Carol Walsh, for the Altar Guild

Our Food Pantry Needs Drivers

Three or four days a week

Pick-up at

The New Hampshire Food Bank (in Manchester)

Roy's, Shaw's, Market Basket

Can be truck, SUV, or large car!

Call Meredith White or Gary Armstrong for more information

at 924-0111

Meredith White



Prayer and the Tender Mercies of Listening with Our Hearts

The Vestry's retreat with David Vryhof from the Society of Saint John the Evangelist

The first thing one is likely to notice about Brother David is his gentle smile, a calm and easy assurance that invites you to join him in the smiling.

As we gathered in fellowship the evening before our recent vestry retreat, he invited the group to prayerfully lean into awareness of God's presence with a photograph he shared. It was of a young child with slicked-up bubble bath hair beaming at the viewer, while in the background, her father gazes at her with tender and amused love. It was easy to see, even to feel the power of this image as a depiction of God's loving gaze upon each of us.

The next morning Brother David led us in reflection upon that most important and sometimes elusive element of prayer as dialogue...listening with our hearts as well as our heads. We pondered what it means to approach our daily lives in community with a listening heart. Listening to each other, listening to our inner knowing, listening for what God is inviting us to learn, listening for His intention to work Love into every encounter.

What a timely pause this was for me. In my scurry and stumble as of late, I have not been listening as closely as I could. I needed this reminder to slow down and feel God's tender gaze upon my soapy head, to be on the lookout for his responses to my often one-sided communiqué, and to listen to my fellow travelers not just as a kindness, but also as an opportunity to discover.

Participating in community can be a messy business. And Brother David assured us that monastic life is no different than any other place of this human attempt, including church vestries. But he helped us remember that when we gather in faith community, we bring our individuality together with a conviction that the Holy Spirit is an active leading presence. He shared wise advice and practical guidelines for cultivating spiritual discernment and of course, he gave us his smile. What a blessing!

Joan Cunningham, for the vestry

To learn more about Society of Saint John the Evangelist, visit ssje.org



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Editor's Note

Today is Monday in Holy Week and as I sit at my desk and look out the window, I see neighbors scrape snow off of windshields, take trash to the dumpster and walk their dogs. It's an ordinary day in an ordinary week.

But it's not an ordinary week, is it? This is Holy Week. Yesterday in church the Passion narrative was read out loud by members of the parish and in many places there were parades as communicants marched through the streets waving palms and shouting, "Hosannah!" And we head on towards Maundy Thursday, the Night Watch, Good Friday, and finally the Easter Vigil and then the Day of Resurrection. We are so very blessed at All Saints' to have each other, to share our beliefs and our commitment to learn to listen and support each other.

In this issue, Joan's description of the Vestry Retreat is profoundly moving as she writes how Brother David Vryhof encourages us to listen to each other with our hearts. Cassius reviews a short book by his "old friend" the 17th C. priest and poet George Herbert, who (among other things) gave us the poem, "The Call," (Hymn #487.)

Once again, in her opening letter, Jamie shares her gift for theological reflection – her ability to see God's love in daily life. Becky's tale of an amazing weekend at the Barbara C. Harris Camp with youth from many parishes is inspiring.

When I started to read the poem Andy sent me this month, I thought, "Goodness, his style has changed – is he playing with different forms?" but then realized he was sharing one of favorites, not one of his own!

We join the Altar Guild in saying, "Thank You and Best Wishes" to Nancy and, "Thank You and Welcome" to Chris. Alma writes a whimsically profound Easter poem.

News of the Saints and their birthdays, as always, remind us that as community we celebrate with each other. And let us heed the call for help for the Food Pantry.

The deadline for the May *Messenger* is April 20. The theme will be "Spreading the Word of the Risen Lord." Please send your contributions to me at chow6569@gmail.com.

With much gratitude and affection