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THE MESSENGER

July/August 2015, Volume 6 Number 4

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

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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,

A couple of you, when I say, "Good to see you," reply in return, "It's good to be seen."

A couple of you, when you receive the Eucharist, and I say, "The body of Christ, the bread of Heaven," reply in return, "Indeed it is."

"Indeed it is" is a wonderful translation of "Amen." And "it's good to be seen" is a wonderful translation of the "Body of Christ." These are just two small examples of all the ways you declare how God's glory is in the midst of us always. There are as many ways to describe our relationship with the Source of all Life as there are people. We just need to trust that we will find the way to share our faith effectively.

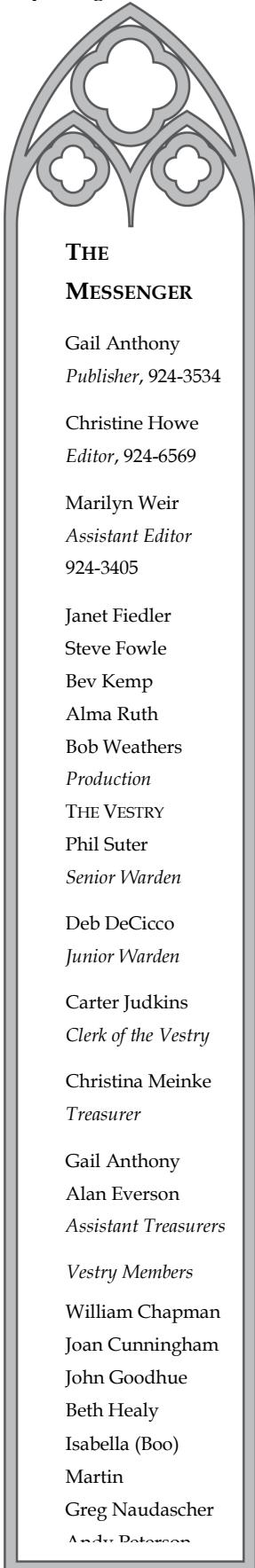
Evidently we Christians are having some trouble sharing our faith, as church membership across the country is in decline. This fact was only underscored by the Pew Report that came out this spring. The religious group that is growing with the greatest speed in America today counts those who claim no religious affiliation—a fifth of the U.S. population. A third of this group is under 30. Two-thirds of the unaffiliated believe in God, but almost 90% say that they have no interest in belonging to any church. My own adult daughters can be counted in this group.

This is disheartening. Yet, I have just finished reading Dwight Zscheile's new book, *The Agile Church, Spirit-Led Innovation in an Uncertain Age*, and he has inspired me. In his introduction, he writes that he knew intimately in his unaffiliated years what it was "like to live without the freedom and grace of the gospel; to inhabit a story in which one must try to establish one's own worth, identity, meaning and community rather than to receive them as a gift; and to be caught in a cycle of estrangement and guilt with no hope of release."

I was hooked. He had just summed up the Christian story beautifully without using any theological language. This is his main point: we have the gift of God who meets us directly wherever we are, "life in the Holy Spirit, which encompasses all that we are and all that we have, including our bodies and our material lives" to *adventure* into God's mission.

People are hungry to beckon to this call (as always), yet we in the church are not paying enough attention to how our culture is busily "colonizing" the Christian message into just one more thing someone has to participate in to have a "balanced and harmonious" life. In other words, our society presents a "moralistic therapeutic deism" as a way to advance one's "program" for life. Church membership is a nice thing on your resumé, if you need it, but of course, there are many other worthy and competitive causes.

continued from page 1



Remember that line in politics, "It's the economy, stupid." Well, for Zscheile, "it's the culture, stupid." He tells us this cultural shift is not our fault, but not paying attention to it may very well be our end. In other words we need translators, and we need our churches to cultivate new spaces for conversations, to address fears and shame, to interpret the present in light of the past with fresh language, to be present, to be innovative, to take risks, to make mistakes, and to improvise. And most of all to talk about how God is with us intimately, no matter the circumstances, in our workplaces, in our homes, among our family, friends and enemies, giving us the opportunity to share God's peace, love, forgiveness, hope and reconciliation. Transformation through Christ is the real deal.

We witnessed this when family members, facing the murderer of their loved ones, transformed a secular court in Charleston, South Carolina into the Kingdom of God. The nation witnessed it as well:

"May God have mercy on your soul. You hurt me; you hurt a lot of people. God forgive you. I forgive you."

"We are the family that love built; we have no room for hate, so I must forgive you. And I forgive you."

Thank you, members of AME Church, Mother Emanuel, for praying for that boy's soul. There is no greater love than this.

Faithfully yours,

Jamie+

Education for Ministry

Fertile ground to grow your faith

Like the mustard seed, we need fertile soil to grow. Education for Ministry (EfM) is like that fertile soil and we are the mustard seeds. Learning about the Old and New Testaments, church history, and discovering that theology is the light shining on the soil, warming it so the seed will sprout.

Bringing the light of what we learn to share in an intimate group setting each week allows for insights and growth—new affirmations and understandings—that can sustain and support us in our lives as Christians living day-to-day in the world.

For the interested or just curious, talk to one of the experienced EfM folks at All Saints' or visit efm.sewanee.edu. There is lots of helpful information, including sample lessons on the website.

A new EfM year will begin Sept. 14. Registrations are submitted mid-August. For more information or to sign up, contact Marilyn Weir at 924-3405 or photos4u@galaxy.net

Seeking Out a Restful Place

If there is one thing I am not much good at, it's resting. I am an action person – I'm extroverted, highly motivated, curious and engaged with the world. I love to be busy with work and projects and friends. I keep chickens and goats and two dogs at home just for fun, and I spend most of the summer growing food in five large garden beds. Chuck and I have filled our property with trails we've built through the woods, mountain biking obstacles like bridges and see saws and jumps. We love to hike, snow shoe, snowboard, do archery and take the kids exploring and camping.

There is also the daily grind of life – taking care of kids, cooking, cleaning, baseball practices, drum lessons and school commitments. At a certain point, I find I can become a "human doing" rather than a "human being." I can be like a wheel with a hundred spokes, each spinning around a hub. The only thing that keeps that hub from rattling off is a solid connection to God and I can only achieve that when I leave space in my time to pray and to listen.

Since resting and having time to be quiet is not a natural inclination for me, I have to make it a conscious discipline. Prayer and meditation are vital for me, and I like to include daily readings that quiet my mind and remind me to put my focus on relying on God. I have also found that when I am open to it, there are moments of rest available throughout the day. I love to sit outside in the garden and spend time with my vegetables. Chuck often catches me hiding out there when I need a few minutes to catch my breath. Dirt and growing things are very spiritually calming for me. Whether it is because I feel God's presence in the earth or because there are no distractions, I don't quite know but it is a place where I feel the loving embrace of my Creator. Sometimes in the craziness of daily life, the best I can do is shut off NPR and drive in quiet, listening for that still small voice. While parenting is a vocation that requires ongoing effort and action, there are moments of blissful rest when one of my boys crawls on my lap and asks to just sit and cuddle. I remind myself to be still: those moments are numbered and I try to appreciate each one.

As I prepare for General Convention, which will without a doubt be a time of incredible activity and excitement, I know the importance of leaving time to rest, to let the voice of discernment and guidance speak through the noise and haste so I may represent our church, our community and the state of NH to the best of my ability. I ask for your prayers and I look forward to sharing the journey with you.

Becky Goodwin, Director of Christian Education

(Ed note: You can follow our New Hampshire delegates at General Convention at this address:
<http://nhgeneralconvention.blogspot.com>)

Saintly News

Congratulations to...

- ❖ Peggy & Jim VanValkenburgh in honor of the marriage of their daughter Betsy to Jason Lee.
- ❖ Peter DeVinne for his graduation from Northeastern, graduating Cum Laude in electrical engineering and Japanese.
- ❖ Carl Wagner Jr. for his graduation from ConVal High School. He will be attending Hobart & William Smith College in the Fall.
- ❖ Grace Bowman, granddaughter of Diane Callahan, for her acceptance to the Advanced Studies Program at St. Paul's School this summer.

Gloria Schultz

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

July/August Saints' Day

JULY

7/2 Ewan Finser
 7/3 Gail Wilson
 7/5 Amédine Bella
 7/6 Tracy Wagoner
 Matt Weddle
 7/8 Karl Betz
 7/10 Beth Healy
 Robert Kiely
 David Rowell
 Bob Weathers
 7/11 Eleanor Erickson
 Philip Miner
 7/12 Barbara Eckert
 Nancy Drogy
 7/16 Linn Perkins
 Sam Abbott III
 7/17 Addie Catlin
 7/19 Carl Wagner III
 7/23 Peter DeVinne
 Sydney Hutton

7/24 Cindy Engelhardt
 Barbara Metivier

7/26 Susannah Parish
 Lora McClintock
 7/29 Boo Martin
 7/30 Sam Scheinblum
 7/31 Jennifer Davis

AUGUST

8/1 Bev Kemp
 8/2 Olivia Krommes
 8/4 Steven Nelson
 8/5 Marilynn Hill
 8/7 Ivy Vann
 8/10 Barbara Clinkenbeard
 8/11 Kathryn Dodge
 8/12 Mary Liz Lewis
 8/13 Jack Lewis
 Lily Juarez-Rivas
 Winnie Skeates

8/14 Linda Lapham 8/15 Peter Row 8/16 Alistair George Armstrong Eloise Catlin Jay Hale Anthony Gatto 8/18 Eleonore Bayles Haley Spitzfaden 8/20 Ellie Peterson 8/23 Dorrie Richmond Mark Lapham Dee Thomas Jean Gogolin Arthur Eldredge Swift Corwin Sally Steere Emily Smith 8/31 Evan Wagner Hadi Lancaric

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

All Saints' Vestry Update

The ASC Vestry meets monthly to discuss and celebrate the spiritual, physical and financial realms of the church. This month our focus was on buildings and grounds and stewardship. In addition, Treasurer Christy Meinke reported that the income from pledges is tracking close to our budget. Expenses are slightly higher due to increases in heating costs over the long and very cold winter. Christy and Jamie are meeting with the diocese to discuss bookkeeping and financial management in preparation for our next audit.

The Vestry approved the request from parishioner Nick Morris, for him to become a Eucharistic Minister.

Greg Naudascher has generously agreed to head the Stewardship Committee this year. We are in the planning stages now (never too early to start thinking about Stewardship!) and will be inviting folks to be part of this exciting work. Thank you, Greg!

Dick Wilson and members of the Building and Grounds ministry, Jack Lewis, Carol Walsh and Sally Steere, attended the meeting and brought a report on projects they are working on between now and the end of 2015, as well as a list of items they are considering for the next year. Additional members of this ministry are Don Scott and Sonny Tavernier.

Current projects include: lighting in the church, repairs to the wall and window in the lower level choir room, church bell maintenance, parking lot repairs and striping, white garden upgrades (this is next to Reynolds Hall and worth a visit to sit on the bench and enjoy the flowers!), drainage around the church and other various ongoing repairs. The Vestry expressed their appreciation for the group's obvious love of the campus and continued dedication to our many buildings and lovely grounds.

The Vestry members are involved in many other ways in the church and are always glad to hear your questions, concerns and compliments. Please feel free to contact us at any time.

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Phil Suter, Sr. Warden, Deb DeCicco, Jr. Warden, Christy Meinke, Treasurer, Will Chapman, Joan Cunningham, John Goodhue, Beth Healy, Boo Martin, Andy Peterson, Patricia Row, Carl Wagner IV.

Deb DeCicco, Junior Warden

Book Note

Summer is a season for stories. There are many good storytellers out there clamoring for our attention. But it is sometimes worth picking up one that has stood the test of time. Victorian novelists, in particular, can refresh us in ways more modern ones do not, in part simply because of the more leisured pace of life they both describe and live. You can settle down into Dickens or Thackeray, or Mark Twain or Hawthorne, and give them the chance to let the tale unfold.

Anthony Trollope is not as well known as any of those, but has maintained a steady hold on admirers ever since 1847, when his novels began to be published. The best known, at least in America, are probably the ones dedicated to the Palliser family and their associates in the world of Parliamentary politics, seen on PBS in its BBC production of *The Pallisers*, and the *Chronicles of Barsetshire*, which revolve around the life of an English cathedral city.

Of the Barsetshire novels, the first two were *The Warden* (very short, really a novella) and *Barchester Towers* (which were also made into "The Chronicles of Barset" by the BBC). In these, American Episcopalians may at first find themselves confused by a churchly world that seems very familiar in some ways and utterly foreign in others. They deal not only with the Church of England, an established national Church in which the government appoints all bishops and cathedral deans, but also with that Church at a time when open clashes were constant between

Evangelicals and Anglo-Catholics, with pockets of old "high-and-dry" Tories and substantial numbers of conventional churchgoers who simply didn't want things to change too much.

But Trollope is spinning out stories of human nature – of righteousness and self-righteousness, of competition and power, of avarice and hypocrisy, and of love, principled action, and faithfulness. The Church is a stage on which much of the struggle is carried out, but many have happily read these stories simply as studies in the difficulties of being human (with satisfactory endings). Trollope, whose day job was as a civil servant in the Post Office, had a fascination with human institutions and how they shaped lives. He found the Church an institution well worth mining for its nuggets of human foible and magnificence.

And yet, the Church is more than just an institution in these works. From time to time, Trollope indicates the enormous stakes in the faithfulness, or lack of it, of the Church to its Lord. There is a memorable passage in *Barchester Towers* depicting the mental and spiritual struggle of a young clergyman at Oxford when John Henry Newman, his mentor and a leader of the Anglo-Catholic movement, left the Church of England for Roman Catholicism. The author here displays boundless sympathy as well as acuity in depicting these flawed but admirable characters, as well as the less admirable ones. There is great satisfaction to be

In the Stillness

In the stillness that follows
 The prayer we speak
 Aloud or in silence
 A bright promise we keep
 It shines through the darkness
 And blesses our soul
 With the truth of our being
 That sages extoll
 Heath harmony joy
 And the freedom to express
 Our rightful dominion
 O'er the earth we bless
 The mystery of love divine
 To offer up all we are as thine
 Not only the bad, but the good too
 And receive it all back again anew
 In the stillness that follows
 The prayers we speak
 Aloud or in silence

Alma's Poem

65th anniversary 7/1/15
To Charlie with love

Now that we're both in our 90th decade
 We celebrate the choice that we years ago made
 Two young kids from the Bronx and Philly
 Who fell in love, willy-nilly
 Since it was at a bible camp
 (Chief speaker, Billy Graham, the champ)
 I was sure it was meant to be
 That the Lord had sent you to me
 We vowed "in sickness and in health"
 Through poverty or wealth
 Amazing how quickly the years went by
 The four young'uns helped them fly
 To sum up, I've enjoyed our life
 We were smart to become husband and wife

View from the Bench

The Sounds and Sights of Summer

Maybe it's your impression that organists lead relatively uneventful lives. Especially in the summer. Maybe. But our lives are not uninteresting. I have stories. I witness things from the bench that you wouldn't believe. And believe me, you can't make this stuff up. All of the tales I am about to share are true. All of them!

You'll Never Walk Alone. Things were moving along on schedule. The groomsmen were seating wedding guests. I was playing prelude music. The bridesmaids were making final adjustments in the parlor. The groom and the best man were waiting with the rector in his study for me to "buzz" them to come into the church (yes, from the organ console I could ring a buzzer in the rector's study.) From the organ console I could see straight down the aisle to the west door of the church. When the bride's limousine arrived at the appointed hour, the Sexton was to close the west door, assemble the bridesmaids and groomsmen in processional order, and I to buzz the rector. When all was well, the sexton was to re-open the west door and the processional music to begin... Only the bride's limo arrived five minutes early and the west door hadn't yet been closed. A nervous bride stepped out, left her father standing under the porte-cochere, and proceeded down the aisle unescorted and well in advance of the best man, groom, and wedding party and the processional music. At the foot of the chancel, she stopped briefly, turned to the guests, and said, "Oops." She retraced her steps, the west door was closed, order was restored to the universe, and the wedding proceeded without further incident.

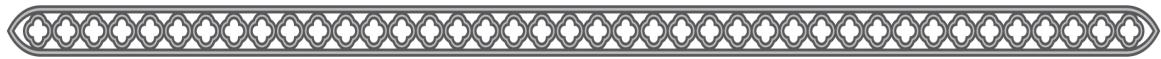
Entreat me not to leave thee. The very first wedding I played was only the second wedding I had ever attended. I had no expectations. I had been asked by the parents of the bride, casual friends of my parents. The wedding was in a conservative, evangelical church - I had been given clear instructions about what I could and could not play, and was provided specific music for the bridal procession, a "gloppy" setting of a Perry Como hit (as I said, I had no expectations back then.) At the appropriate moment I began the processional music, only to realize that I was accompanying the bride (not a trained singer) as she walked down the aisle warbling Perry Como's words...er... Ruth's words to Naomi: "Whither thou goest I will go, and whither though lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people..."

I remained composed; the groom and the guests were stunned. These days I know that a "singing bride" is not typical.

It's Too Late, Baby. 350 guests in their summer finery... Twelve bridesmaids in exquisite dresses and twelve groomsmen in cutaways... Flowers that bespoke connections to the Philadelphia Flower Show... Two wedding consultants... The rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest as the guest celebrant... The soloist, the bride's college roommate, missing in action... Twenty minutes before the appointed hour, a note passed to me as I sat at the console... "Soloist arrived at Newark International - *en route* - should be here before wedding begins." I was already thinking about Plan B. Just before the processional music, a petite young woman slipped some music to me. She said, "It's Ave, Maria in the key I sing it in" (as it turns out, not a key I'd ever played it in.) "I'm really nervous. I've never sung in public before." WHAT? Oh, well... At the appointed moment I began the Schubert, page 1, page 2, page 3... followed by two more page 3s, followed by page 6... I stopped briefly, took the soloist's copy, gave her mine - "I hope you know the words" - and began again.

Edelweiss. I was newly appointed organist-choirmaster to preside over a five division, 60-rank Aeolian-Skinner organ in the church that, in 1955, Look Magazine had dubbed "New Jersey's country club set on its knees." It was a Saturday in late August - I hadn't even played my first service yet - so I wasn't surprised that I hadn't been asked to play for what was clearly a very large and quite important wedding to take place that afternoon. But I was surprised that there would be no organ music at all! Nor would there be a brass or a string quartet. That seemed out of character with the place I was in. I asked the rector about the wedding, remarking that it seemed curious for such a large wedding to have no musicians. He suggested I go upstairs and sit in the Nun's Gallery (there weren't any nuns - just an architectural affectation) and listen. "The bride is one of the Von Trapp children, and the Von Trapp Singers are providing the music." It was a beautiful and musically rich wedding.

Jeffrey Fuller, Organist and Choirmaster



A Life Changing Experience

It is not too often that an event occurs that changes one's perspective on life. I've experienced scary things before, but nothing like what happened to me on October 11, 2014.

It was a Saturday and I was to participate in the Town of Peterborough's 275th anniversary celebration with my 1901 Lane steam car. The day was gray, but not raining, so I set out for town in my antique car and made an uneventful trip to the parade staging area at the Peterborough Elementary School.

The parade was great fun and the car ran very well. Shortly after the end of the parade, I set out for home, as I wanted to beat any rain that might fall and get the Lane home so I could drain it for the winter.

I stopped at the fire station to take on water and then headed home. All went well until I was past Old Street Road on Sand Hill Road. Shortly after I started up the first grade on that stretch of road, disaster struck. I was struck from the rear. I remember nothing of being hit or what happened after that until I woke up in the Emergency Room at UMass Medical Center in Worcester, Massachusetts.

I was told what happened and it didn't quite sink in how fortunate I was. All I knew at that point was that my back hurt. Happily, I could move my arms and legs. As my mind cleared, I began to realize that I was very, very lucky not to have suffered more serious injuries. When I was told I had a neck injury and skull fracture, I knew I had dodged a bullet. After treatment at UMass for a few days, I was transferred to Cheshire Medical Center in Keene for rehabilitation. The therapists got me walking, which I did pretty well, and also taught me some other exercises. I met a wonderful therapy dog named Mozart while I was there.

Once home from the hospital, my dearest friend Steve

Smillie, stayed with me for three weeks until I started to do things for myself. One day I was grumbling about having to arrange for rides to appointments, especially to Worcester. I just wasn't comfortable calling people and I was resisting what I knew I needed to do. Steve (who agreed I could report this conversation to you) set me straight by saying to me, "Think about what I have to do all the time." He reminded me that, because he cannot drive, he always has to get rides from others. I realized right then and there that I had it easy compared to him.

From then, the recovery went well and I began to think about what happened to me. Given the neck injury I sustained, I could well have been paralyzed or worse yet, dead. The more I thought about it all, the more I realized that God was watching over me. God protected me from worse injuries than I sustained and God has been with me throughout my recovery. I have had people comment to me about how I have stayed positive throughout this whole ordeal. I never have felt depressed since the accident, just positive that I would get well.

There is no question that God has sustained me throughout and got me through one fearful period. When I first got home from the hospital, I was very fearful of being alone in my house. The mere suggestion of that frightened me. But I did get over that thanks to God, my daughter, and Steve. After a few weeks I started spending a few hours alone and, as I gained confidence that everything would be okay, the fear went away. Again, I see this as God working in my life to get me over a hurdle.

I now know that, without a doubt, I wouldn't be writing this, but for the grace of God. God protected me, helped me to heal, helped me to stay positive, has blessed me with a wonderful employer, and brought many wonderful people into my life. I want everyone from All Saints' who helped, visited and prayed for me to know

With Gratitude

With profound thanks for her unerring eye, solid support and abiding faith,

The Messenger bids farewell to

Assistant Editor Marilyn Weir

who remains as Education for Ministry mentor, Altar Guild Member, and in many other roles at All Saints'.

AND

With joy

We welcome

Assistant Editor Brad Taylor



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Editor's Note

Today, The Rt. Reverend Michael Curry was elected to be the 27th Presiding Bishop of The Episcopal Church. Praise God. I read in a release from Episcopal News Service that soon after his entrance into the House of Deputies, the crowd stood and sang, "Lift Every Voice and Sing." I wasn't there, but I can hear that resounding melody in my heart. Here's a version you might enjoy listening to:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=feeUVUo5xBE>

Becky's article about leaving space and time in her life to pray and listen is a good reminder to us all in the midst of our busy lives. We are so happy that our Becky the 1st Alternate Delegate from the Diocese of NH to General Convention, and so is in Salt Lake City participating in historic events.

Becky's message straight from the Convention floor is, "We've done nothing but sing! The energy is indescribable...today I'm on the floor as an active deputy...the schedule is crazy, but God is good...off shortly for a march against gun violence."

In her opening letter, Jamie calls us to translate the message of God's transforming love into a language heard by contemporary ears. Deb brings us up to date on Vestry News while Gloria lets us in on the doings of other Saints.

This month Cassius recommends the Barchester novels by Anthony Trollope – delightful Victorian novels, perfect for summer reading.

Arthur lets us in on his thoughts and feelings during his long recovery from the accident last October – and his gratitude to All Saints' friends for help along the way. Both Andy and Alma's contributions this month are love poems...

And finally, Jeff's "View from the Bench" has to be one of the most delightful columns ever published in *The Messenger*. Enjoy!

The deadline for the September *Messenger* is August 19. The theme will be "Working for the Lord." Please send your contributions to me at chow6569@gmail.com.

With much gratitude and great joy,