



# *The Bells of Saint Mary*

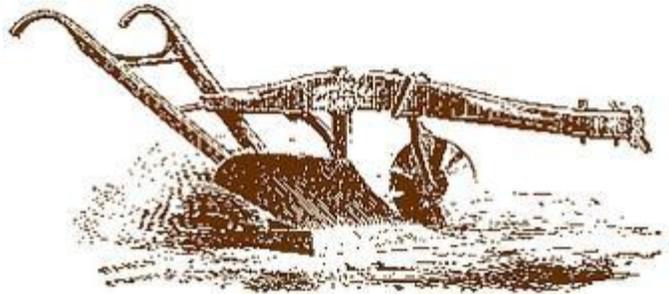
## *November 2011*

### **With My Hand on the Plow:**

Thanksgiving  
With my hand on the plow  
The Bells of St. Mary's...November 2011

On our recent trip to Nevada, Missouri to see our daughter at Cottey College for Parent's Weekend, Deborah and I encountered an event that prompts me to write about giving thanks.

Nevada, Missouri is pretty much in the middle of nowhere. You get there via a two lane highway driving east from various small, small towns in Kansas. Small towns where you better be sure to slow down to 25 mph as the sign says, because the local town police officer is waiting just behind that sign



at the local gas station waiting to catch you! In other words, the drive is through significant portions of small town America. It is a drive we love. We leave the superhighways at Tucumcari, New Mexico and stay small all the way to Cottey. I love getting off the interstate highways and onto the back-roads of America when we travel. The values and welcome of small town folks make the trip an experience of community instead of a rush down the highway to get somewhere.

We were coming to the end of the trip to Cottey and it was fairly late at night. I don't remember how late, but it was dark on the road and there was no moonlight to help us along. A half mile ahead of us a car that was travelling east, as we were, suddenly put on his right blinker three times, then turned it off as he contin-

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ued to drive down the road ahead of us. I remember thinking “now why is he doing that?” and immediately took my foot off the gas pedal and let the car slow down. As we fell from 65 mph to about 40 mph in that half a mile, my headlights lit up a very large deer, with a big rack of antlers standing about ten yards off the highway on my right. Since I was now going slow enough to not only see the deer but also avoid it should it decide to run across the highway, I was immediately aware of why that driver’s right hand blinker had been



*Fr. Michael with assistance from Jack and Howard and Peggy (back to camera) Gould.  
(Photo by Ron Pace.)*

on, and that the driver ahead of us, now long gone from where we were, had thought of us and done the one thing that would cause us to be aware of the danger lurking just off the road as we headed down the highway to see our daughter. And I was thankful. Very thankful.

I am writing this on Wednesday, the 26<sup>th</sup> of October, having just returned from another trip on the back-roads of America, this time to the village of Red Shirt for the one year memorial service of my adopted mother, Delores Two Bulls.

When you leave the interstate highway that runs across Wyoming, I-80, it is in Rawlins. The road from there is much like the roads in Kansas and Missouri. Two-lane blacktop, dark at night; small towns that slow you down to 25 mph, frequently with a town square and a local diner and good coffee and clean rest-rooms. It feels a lot like being welcomed into somebody’s home to stop there. Gas Stations where you do not “swipe” your card first...you just pump the gas and go in and pay. No cameras watching your every move...and more often than not, folks who talk with you as they pump their gas at the pump next to yours. Always... “where you heading to buddy?” (the California plates being a dead give away that we are heading somewhere) and “drive careful, now” being the send-off.

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🍷 To keep up to date on church events, please visit our 🍷  
🍷 website [www.stmaryslompoc.org](http://www.stmaryslompoc.org) often, especially 🍷  
🍷 the [calendar](#) page in the menu on the left margin. 🍷  
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From Rawlins to Casper, and then north and east to South Dakota, it is beautiful desolate country...with fields full of antelope and deer.

Coming home the other night, we left after church on Sunday from Red Shirt and drove to Rawlins. We stopped in Casper to grab a bite of supper, drink some coffee and got back on the road to get some driving done before we lost all the light. Long about dusk, just as the light was beginning to fail, we were coming down a hill, with about ninety miles to go to Rawlins...and there it was...a BIG deer...right in the middle of the road...just standing there...caught in my headlights. I hit the brakes, flashed my lights...hit my horn...and he moved off the road in time for me to slide by him...and guess what I did? Of course you know...I turned on my right hand blinker...because that was the way the deer had gone...so that the driver coming towards me would slow down and wonder...now why did that guy turn on his blinker?

Seems to me that thanksgivings are best recognized when we extend them to others. That is the way that God works...and that is the way God intends for us to convey our thanks for what God has done for us. By giving away the thanksgivings we have been given so that others can feel it, see it, realize it, live it and give it away; and keep the circle going.

This month our Stewardship folks have organized some speakers for the Sunday services so that they can share their sense of blessing and thanksgiving. I think this is a good time for each one of us to do the same reflecting that they are doing. God has given us everything we have and only asks that we use it for as long as we need it, and then give it away so that others can have what God has given you. Eventually, your



*Stephen Ministry meeting (with five new members) - Photo by Linda Everly.*

whole life will be a matter of holding on to less and less, giving away more and more...and travelling light enough to linger with the goodness of all the people God puts on your path, and feel blessed to be with them, and understand that they, like you, are just goodness walking around on the earth. And the only thing you can say when you get to realizing that...is thank you.

So...thank you St. Mary's. Thank you for all you have given me and are giving me. I hope you know that I am trying my best to give it back to you and everybody else as fast as I can...so that you feel as blessed as I do every day I get to spend with you.

With great thanks and with my hand ever on the plow,

Fr. Michael+

## Angel is a Brat

(Note: Fr. Michael asked me to write about walking my ex-wife's dogs, and specifically recommended the first sentence, when it was the first thing that escaped my mouth after he made the request. I also got some advice from my sister-in-law, who is a freelance writer for Calvary Chapel Magazine.)

Angel is a brat. (Is that another word for 'alpha dog'?) Yes, Angel Cherubelle Howard is an AKC registered Pembroke Welsh Corgi, complete with kennel club papers, and yes, we paid the breeder five hundred dollars for what was then just a yappy little ball of fluff.



*Stephanie Bastian had some help at the  
Blessing of the Animals.  
Photo by Ron Pace.*

But all that just makes her an expensive brat whose great-grandparents' names are recorded in some computer. By the way, how can a little yappy ball of fluff possibly be worth \$500? And PLEASE don't ask me to explain the circumstances under which we were convinced to purchase her!

Putting the leashes on her and her 'older brother' Sparky is the hardest part of taking them for a walk. They never seem to figure out that regardless of all their fighting (with each other, thank God not with me), the same thing always happens: they both wind up on a leash, and out the door we go for a walk (after another round of fighting at the door). (A bit like our relationship with God?)

My ex-wife, who owns these 'little barking monsters' (my phrase), describes Sparky as 'mellow'. In some ways, this is true. But he is very stubborn about one thing: sniffing every 'marker' left by another dog, and leaving his own 'Sparky was here' in the location. Some of this dallying may be from tiring more easily than his 'kid sister' (it's a two and a half mile walk, and he is nine years old), but he is less militant about these pauses after it rains. Also, the sniffing begins less than a block after we leave the house.

Unlike his shaggy-looking sister, he looks like a typical Pembrokeshire Corgi, which is amusing considering we got him for free, from a lady who bought two horses from someone who was giving away a free Corgi with each horse. And, you guessed it, he does not have AKC papers!

I did not socialize much with my neighbors when I was married; since I still walk the dogs, and go to Bryce's baseball games, some of them probably do not realize that Lauren and I got divorced four years ago. Walking the dogs is an informal part of our divorce settlement, along with taking my stepson Bryce to baseball practice. Lauren, who brought me to Saint Mary's about twelve years ago, has a hard time handling two strong-willed dogs who can pull very hard on the leash (an advantage of having short legs), and she usually leaves the job to me, except when I am on vacation. Well, I need the exercise, and sometimes the dogs' nuttiness is a welcome break from the nonsense I run into at work. I tend to talk--or maybe I should say 'spew'--too much about what goes on at work, so I won't here.

About a block down the street we usually meet the first of Sparky and Angel's admirers, a middle aged husband who is often working in his garage or front yard. One of the more enjoyable things about walking the dogs is the reaction from some of the passers-by, especially young women. They find these cute little Corgis adorable. I have tried to motivate Bryce (my 16 year old stepson) to walk the dogs with this, telling him that "the chicks dig the dogs", but he is still more interested in online games than girls. If only the dogs had the same effect on 30-45 year old women...

Walking the dogs is usually the first thing I do after church, but sometimes I get into a bit of a bad mood after the service, or feel tired, and I put off the walk until the afternoon, or even Monday. I also try to walk them at least once during the week, although 'Babe Ruth' baseball interfered with that during the spring. They would love to be walked every day, but I don't have the time -- or is it patience and will? -- to do that.

The other really hard part about walking Angel and Sparky is running into other dogs. Angel is especially insistent about taking on other dogs, no matter how large; I can't bring her to the Blessing of the Beasts because of this. She would also try to catch--and eat--everything else that wasn't human. Sparky is a little better about other dogs than his sister, and he doesn't try to hunt cats and other animals, but even he has to be blessed by proxy.

(I just noticed that my uncle is looking over my shoulder as I write this. We're holding my father's wake at mom and dad's home near Charlottesville, and I'm working on this article to take a break from socializing. Other ways of taking a break include seeing what my cousin's kids are doing down by the lake, and refilling the bird feeder, as Dad would certainly want hospitality extended to our feathered guests — there are more of them here than usual, as if they were sent invitations somehow.)

On weekday walks, when we get to 'V' Street and Central Avenue, we usually head west, taking a route that doesn't cross any busy streets. But on Sundays, we head east towards 'O' Street, and then we usually take the bike path that runs along the drainage channel back to 'V' Street. That means running the gauntlet of 'watchdogs' that live next to the path just west of 'O' Street. I have to draw in most of Angel's leash as she charges at the backyard fences, and sometimes Sparky tries to 'discipline' Angel for recklessly confronting them--or at least that's what Lauren thinks he's doing.

By the time we get back to 'V' Street, I'm starting to feel relieved that we are in the homestretch. The dogs are usually a bit mellower by now, and when we get back to their home, I can let them off the leash with the satisfaction of a job well done, and Lauren will also be happy.

John Beeler



## Stewardship Program: Faith Giving 2012

“Faith Giving” is the focus of this year’s stewardship program.

Please read Marno Goetsch’s letter of faith and stewardship in this issue of the Bells.

By now, you will have received, by mail, the Stewardship Committee’s letter and pledge slip. There are extra copies in the narthex.

Faith Giving 2012 begins October 23rd, and runs through November 20th. There will be parishioner talks at both the 8<sup>AM</sup> and 10<sup>AM</sup> services. The children will take the helm on Sunday, October 30<sup>th</sup> as their “Feed My Sheep: Thanksgiving Food Drive” commences.

You may place your pledge slips in the collection plates at any of the Sunday services. You may also mail them. The pledges are anonymous. The slips will be burned on November 20 and then we’ll have a potluck lunch.

Jeanne Johnston  
for the Stewardship Committee

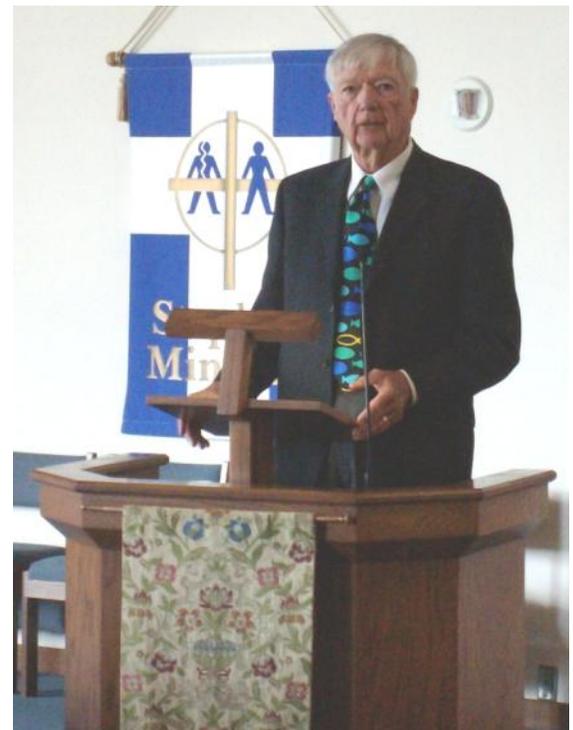
### Faith Giving 2011: Marno Goetsch

I’ve been asked to say something about my giving experience.

WHO AM I?

I grew up in a family that did not go to church, although my Grandmother (my Dad’s Mother) was a devout Lutheran, and I was baptized in the Lutheran Church as a baby. Two of my aunts were members of the Methodist Church where we lived in western Kansas, and they took me to Sunday school from about age 6 to age 10. Then we moved from western Kansas to Northern Colorado. I had no real Church involvement after that; once in a while I attended Church with one or another of my friends.

After Sally and I married, we decided we wanted to/should attend Church. We decided on the Episcopal Church, and joined All Saint’s Episcopal Church in Sterling, Colorado. In January of 1956 we were confirmed, and I remember that in 1958 we pledged \$100.00 for the year. Our first child was born in the fall of 1958, and we didn’t get to Church very often when she was a baby, so we never completed that



*Marno delivering his New Consecration  
Sunday talk last November.*

*Photo by John Beeler.*

pledge. I went to work for IBM in the spring of 1959, and we moved – first to the east coast and then to the west coast – arriving in California in the spring of 1961, and began to attend Church regularly again.

We joined St. Martin's Episcopal Church in Canoga Park, in the San Fernando Valley. While there we gradually became more involved in the Church. I got involved in work Parties and was elected to the Vestry. Sally taught first grade in the Day School. We were pledging, but nothing very significant. I worked on a couple of every member canvases – which I really disliked.

In 1969 we moved to La Crescenta (near Glendale) and joined St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Again we got involved. I was elected to the Vestry, chaired the Buildings & Grounds Committee, etc., and participated in a couple of every member canvases (and still disliked it).

### **How/When Did I Begin Giving Seriously?**

About this time we decided that, since we were both working, (she was now teaching in the Public School system) we would each pledge from our own income, and would each decide how much we would give and how we would give it (after discussing it – each with the other). We have continued to do that, so this is really MY story.

I think, at this time, we were probably giving \$5.00 a week (10% of my salary would have been over \$20.00 a week). Then one year St. Luke's hired a professional fund raiser to help us. I was asked to serve on the committee that worked with him. I didn't like him very much and I didn't like his method of running a campaign. But, I agreed to help with it anyway. His method was to take a committee made up of people from all income levels, and sit down and go through the parish list and place each member of the parish in an income range. Then, after we had made our own pledge, we each took cards for people in our income range, with a suggested amount they should be giving, and called on them. Before we actually started he gave us a pep talk, and one of the things he told us was that he personally gave one third of his income to the Church. Even through my dislike for him, what he said really got through to me. I decided if he could do that, I could tithe. I discussed it with Sally, and then revised my pledge. I found that by making my pledge the first thing I paid, it wasn't difficult, and we always had enough left for meeting our needs and more – even the year that all four of our kids were in college. I've continued to increase my giving over the years and it's been easy. I really enjoy doing it. I DON'T give one third and probably never will, but I have found that, as Norma Anderson has said, "You can't out give God".

## Where Am I Now?

It's been fun, and I've been blessed. "I'm Rich" in many ways. I have a wonderful family, great friends, and a loving Church community; I live in a great area and have more than enough in worldly goods. I'm not saying life is without its problems – the loss of Sally has not been easy, but I have a God who loves me and gives me the strength to get through the problems.

I didn't mention God much here, and a lot of what took place happened without much thought of God, but I've come to recognize He was with me throughout my life. Through the Holy Spirit He lead me and has given me special gifts to use for His glory (that's another story). I really believe that my epiphany in La Crescenta was from the Holy Spirit – else why would I have reacted the way I did to the fundraiser's sharing of his giving 30%? I believe God has directed my life and protected me even when I wasn't paying attention.

GOD IS GOOD!!!

Marno Goetsch

## Afternoon Tea for the Congregation

St. Martha's Guild Invites the Congregation of St. Mary's to an Epiphany Afternoon Tea on Saturday, January 14, 2012, from 1:30<sup>PM</sup> to 3:00<sup>PM</sup>. Space is limited, and reservations must be made by Wednesday, January 4, 2012.

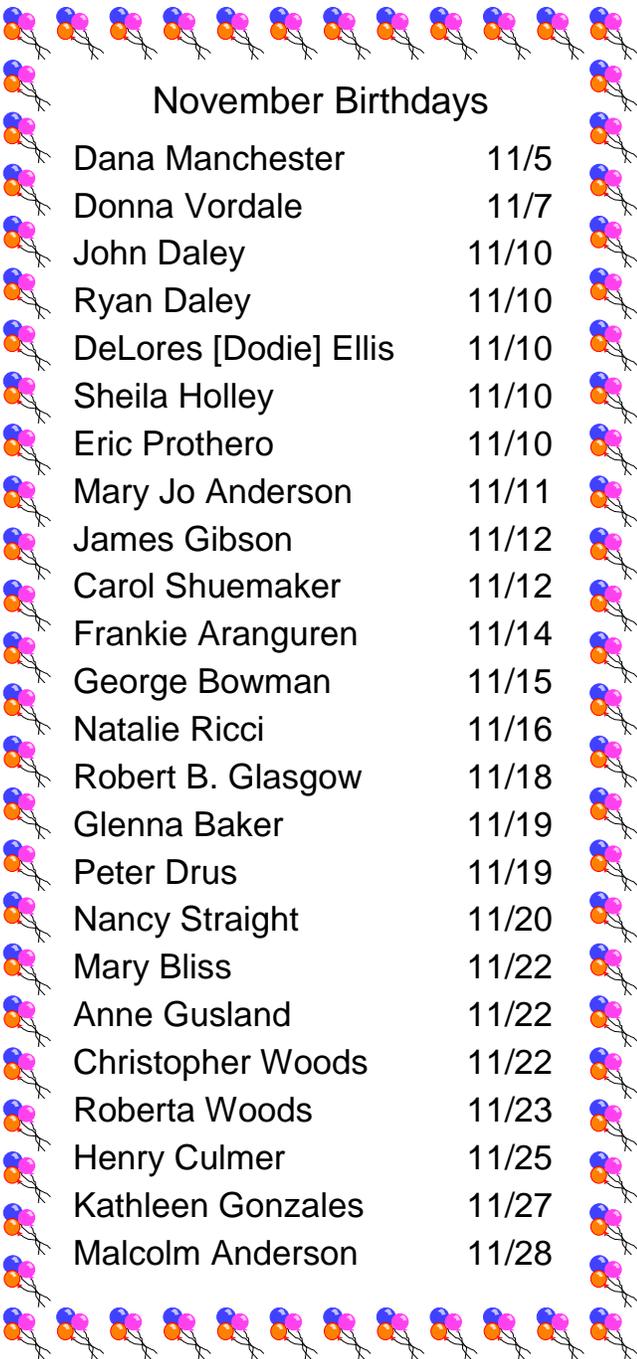
Please call Julie Sherman for Reservations and/or Information at 737-1178.

## Important Notes From the Editor

Submitted Articles or Messages concerning the *Bells*: **If you send me something by e-mail, and do get a reply message from me within 24 hours, it usually means I did not get the message.** (Or I may have missed it in the stream of junk that sometimes piles up.) Please call me at 735-8054 so we can work it out.

Holiday Photos: **As usual, I will not be here for Thanksgiving Day or Christmas.** I need at least one photographer for each; you can send the pictures to my e-mail address, and I will acknowledge them as quickly as possible.

Thanks,  
John Beeler



November Birthdays	
Dana Manchester	11/5
Donna Vordale	11/7
John Daley	11/10
Ryan Daley	11/10
DeLores [Dodie] Ellis	11/10
Sheila Holley	11/10
Eric Prothero	11/10
Mary Jo Anderson	11/11
James Gibson	11/12
Carol Shuemaker	11/12
Frankie Aranguren	11/14
George Bowman	11/15
Natalie Ricci	11/16
Robert B. Glasgow	11/18
Glenna Baker	11/19
Peter Drus	11/19
Nancy Straight	11/20
Mary Bliss	11/22
Anne Gusland	11/22
Christopher Woods	11/22
Roberta Woods	11/23
Henry Culmer	11/25
Kathleen Gonzales	11/27
Malcolm Anderson	11/28



*Sunday Eucharist*  
8:00 AM and 10:00AM

Church Office Hours  
Monday - Thursday 10 AM - 4 PM

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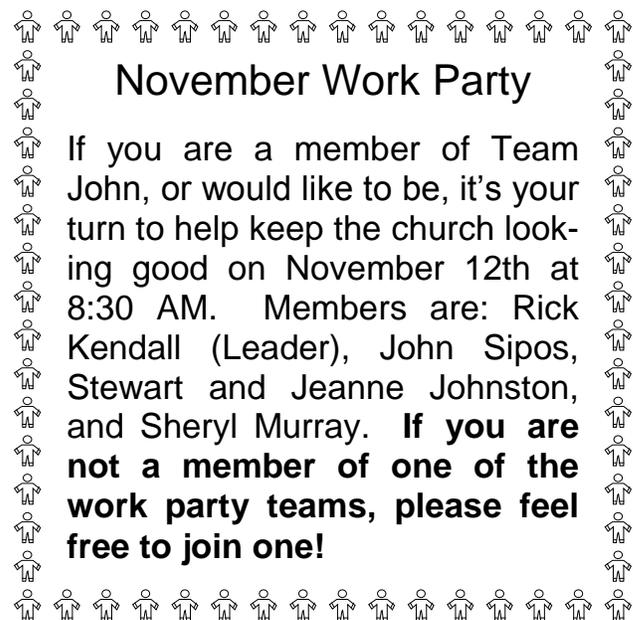
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**November Work Party**

If you are a member of Team John, or would like to be, it's your turn to help keep the church looking good on November 12th at 8:30 AM. Members are: Rick Kendall (Leader), John Sipos, Stewart and Jeanne Johnston, and Sheryl Murray. **If you are not a member of one of the work party teams, please feel free to join one!**

## Financial Statement

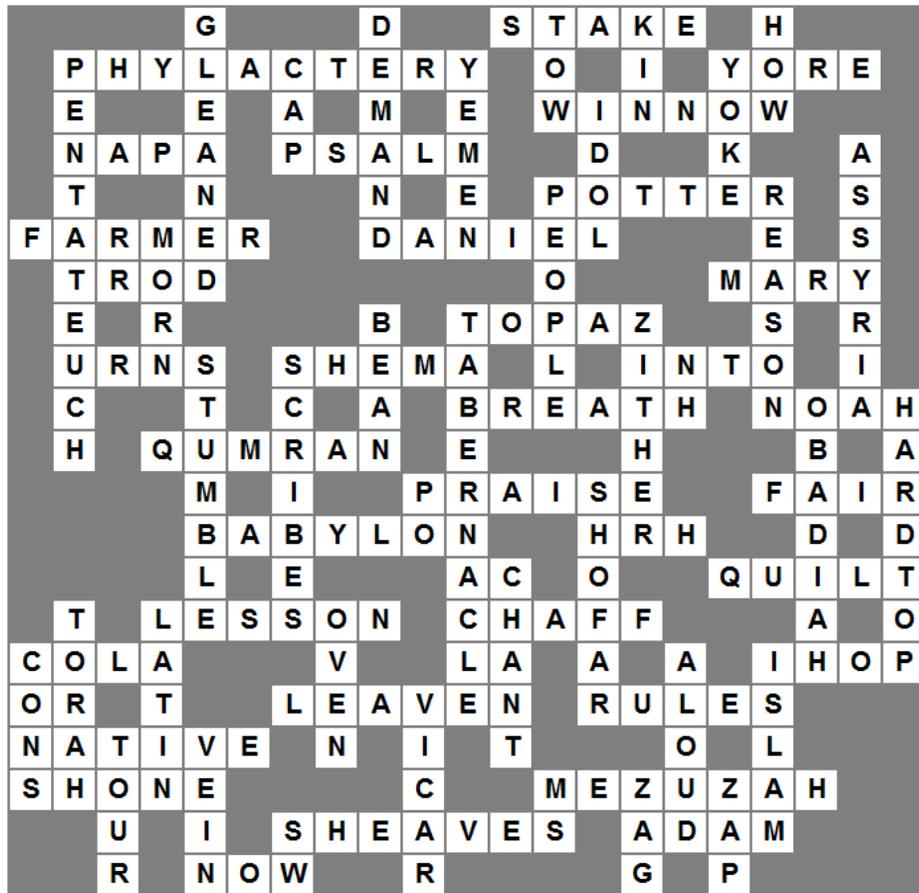
(As of September 30th, 2011)

Undesignated checking & savings	\$68,852
Designated checking *	\$104,059
Parish mortgage	\$349,338

	Actual September '11	Actual Jan - Sep '11	Budget Jan - Sep '11
Income	\$25,281	\$232,060	\$240,346
Expenses	\$27,970	\$239,148	\$239,894
Net income/(loss)	(\$2,689)	(\$7,088)	\$452

BURN the MORTGAGE fund:	\$113,342
Transfer to General Fund in 2010	\$36,000
* BURN the MORTGAGE Designated Acct.	\$77,342

*Solution to last month's crossword.*



## Bede the Bat

Hi! It's me again! I'm way up here in the St. Mary's Belfry! You need to wave once in awhile!

Time flies, doesn't it? Here we are on the verge of another Thanksgiving. It's hard to believe that another year has passed. I've been thinking very hard about this Thanksgiving season. I'm always thankful for all my blessings, but this year I've been thinking harder and looking deeper, and I think that might be a very good thing, because I need to take a wider view of the world.



I've been thinking that most of the time, we think only about how God has blessed us personally. He has given us every good and perfect gift and we are grateful for all these gifts. We're thankful not only for our own personal bounty, but for our spiritual wealth that is centered around St. Mary's. Our wonderful church community -- the choir, the servers, the people young and old, the Senior Saints who come for lunch and are treated to the homemade pies baked by Norma Anderson and her helpers and the Feed My Sheep Children's Thanksgiving Food Drive, the Stephen Ministry, the folks who work hard to keep things clean and neat and our beautiful church home -- so many fine things done by the people of our church family that make our hearts glad and make us proud to be Episcopalians and children of God. I am thankful for all of this and for my own personal food and safety.

However, I said that I had thought harder and looked deeper during this wonderful season. When I look out from my home in the belfry, I have a very good view of what is happening below. I see those who come to the church and the cars and the flow of humanity. There are people who are going to the stores in Lompoc and those who are taking a shorter way to get to the hospital and medical buildings. I wonder a lot about all those people. I wonder if they're happy and well and have jobs or if they are sick or hungry or unemployed. There are so many of them and so many stories they could tell.

So this Thanksgiving, I've made two Lists. One is a happy and contented one with entries that speak of creature comforts. I am so grateful for each and every one of those: a safe and secure place to live, friends who will help me in case of trouble, good food to eat and everything I could ever want for a happy life.

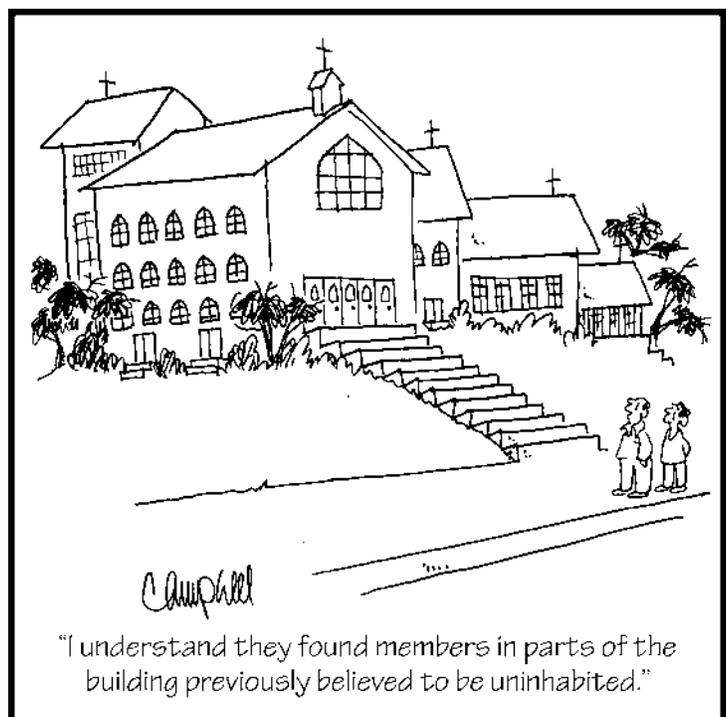
Now we come to the second List. We all know what the economy has done to our country. It has been going on now for a number of years -- we are not even certain when it began -- five, six, ten years ago? Who knows and, at this point, who really cares? The fact is that many, many of God's creatures are in trouble. They do not enjoy even the most basic necessities that many of us at St. Mary's take for granted. And so, here is my second List. These are things

I'm NOT thankful for. The only thing on the List that I know for certain something could be done about is that I believe people should be more observant of what is going around them. They shouldn't be so blind. You've heard the old expression "blind as a Bat"? Well, my Creator gave me very clear vision and has made me see these things: children who are hungry and have no adequate medical care, people who have no jobs and so have lost their homes and cannot adequately care for their families, people who have no place to even take care of their own cleanliness and returning veterans and their families who are being ignored and not being properly cared for. These are only a few of the problems that we have and the one thing that could fix them is being ignored.

Charities can't do it all. Churches can't do it all. Only when we make a List this Thanksgiving and decide that we can all work together to take care of our fellow creatures will our Thanksgiving Lists make us proud. (My Dad was always very fond of talking about the Great Depression and how everyone pulled together because we were all children of God and citizens of a great country. Those stories used to bore me, but when I look back at them now, I know he was trying to impress upon me how united they were then and how thankful we should all be that we came out of it stronger and better for the struggle.)

Our personal Lists are filled with good things and reasons to be happy and to praise God for his goodness to us. The other List should be given a good hard look and a plan that works so that soon we can look at it and feel proud that Thanksgiving truly means what it should -- that all God's children are as blessed as we are. It should be a call to action! What's on YOUR List?

Thanksgiving Blessings from  
Bede the Bat in the St. Mary's Belfry!



## Prayers of the People

We ask that you hold these persons in your Daily Prayers.

*Lord, open our hearts to Your perfect will, that we may faithfully intercede on behalf of those we bring to You now in prayer:*

**Lou Hodges, Isla Hill, Stan Sheldon, Shiela Holley,  
Tom Welch, DeDe Dunn, Shellie Jackson.**

And those serving in the armed forces remembered by our parishioners:

**Travis Kendall, Robert Smith,  
Jason D, Tim C, Ed M, and Nevin Taylor**

*AMEN.*

Please Note:

**Prayers of the People will be updated monthly.** If you would like to add or continue a name to the POP, please fill out a Prayer Request slip or Pew card, submit via our website [www.stmaryslompoc.org](http://www.stmaryslompoc.org) call any of our Prayer Ring members, or email Stephanie Bastian at [jeffnsteph95@msn.com](mailto:jeffnsteph95@msn.com). Thank you!

*“Whenever two of you on earth agree in prayer,  
it will be done by My Father in Heaven.”*

Matthew 18:19



*Christmas Flowers*



*Although Christmas is more than 6 weeks away, it's not too early to contribute to the Christmas Decorating Fund--all donations would be welcomed! Please designate all checks and monies to St. Mary's CDF. Many thanks, Jeanne Kendall and Kay Rowland*



In Our Next Issue:

**Advent**