



# *The Bells of Saint Mary*

## *January 2014*

### Looking for Light

It is the 27<sup>th</sup> of December and I was just on the phone with Fr. Robert Two Bulls as he and his family were on the road down to Red Shirt from their home in Minneapolis, where it is cold, colder, and coldest. It is supposed to be minus 15 in Red Shirt tonight! Meanwhile, here in Lompoc, it is almost 80 degrees and the greens on the outside of the church have all begun to turn brown in the heat. A world of contrasts and yet the same. Bob is making his way home for a Christmas celebration with his family gathered. This weekend, all sorts of our folks will be making their way home to Lompoc from the same journey “home” to family. It is a powerful image for me...so many families re-united and gathered at St. Mary’s for the last Sunday of Advent and then, for our Christmas services. And what a set of services we had!

I was so pleased by our offerings and all the work that went into the preparation for them. Glen Newcomb’s BHAG (Big Holy Audacious Goal) was completely realized and was just extraordinary. And like all big dreams, there were lots of helpers who made it all possible. Thanks to all of you who gave so generously of your



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time, talent and treasure to make it all happen. I hope you were as pleased as I was.

I loved our Shepherds play/pageant at five o'clock. And I particularly loved having youngsters and grown-ups putting it all together for the congregation. The Music of Christmas that began our late service was just wonderful, as was the service itself. I felt like all of us together gave everything we had to give as our very best effort to glorify God with our worship. I think we all walked away satisfied and tired...which makes for very good sleep!

And now, we look forward to 2014. "The one who puts hand to plow and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of God" as the scripture says...so as we look forward...the first thing I see in 2014 is the ordination to the Sacred order of Deacons for Valerie Ward on January 5<sup>th</sup> at St. Peter's in Santa Maria at 11 o'clock in the morning. Bishop Hughes is going to take both services here at St. Mary's that day so that I can be there for Valerie. I am honored to be one of two priests to sponsor her for ordination. Bishop Bruno will be the Bishop ordaining her and I hope many of you can come. I advise you to come early. St. Peter's is not a large church, and seating will be limited.

Then, only one week later, Bishop Diane Bruce will be here at St. Mary's for confirmation, and the Rev. Deacon Valerie Ward will be the deacon serving the Bishop here at St. Mary's! Young people from St. Peter's will be joining the group being confirmed from here, and many folks from St. Peter's will be joining us for Deacon Valerie's first service as a Deacon. Bishop Diane will preside and preach at both services that Sunday; 8 and 10. Our service of confirmation will be at ten. She will also meet with the confirmands at 9:00 and the Vestry at 9:30. There is a light brunch after the service honoring those being confirmed and received, and to extend hospitality to our Bishop Suffragan, the Rt. Rev. Diane Jardine Bruce.

The Fourth Sunday in January, the 26<sup>th</sup>, will be our Annual Meeting. There will be one service at 10 o'clock. We will conduct the business of the Parish during the service, including electing new members of our Vestry and delegates to Diocesan Convention. After the service, we will gather in Fitch Hall for a potluck luncheon. Watch for sign-up sheets!

In February and into Lent, watch for another book discussion group on The Rev. Eric Law's new book, *Holy Currency*...and watch for the return of Lent Madness!

2014 looks like a busy and wonder-filled year for all of us. I am excited to see what God is doing in our midst as we go forward, Adelante! into God's future together.

With my hand on the plow,  
Fr. Michael+

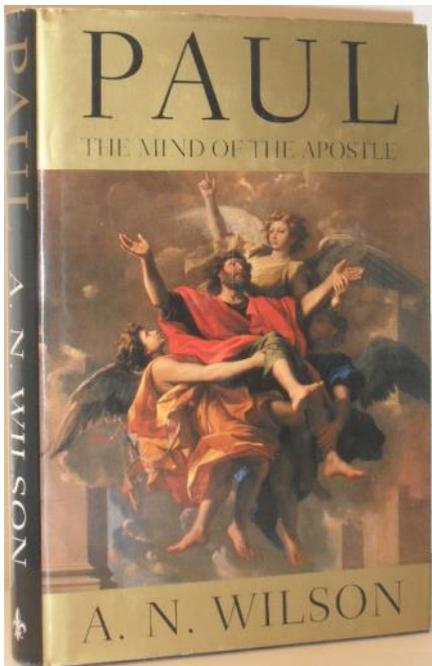
## The Bookworm Recommends:

### **Paul: The Mind of the Apostle, by A. N. Wilson Review by Kati Smith**

In his non-fiction biography, *Paul: The Mind of the Apostle*, A.N. Wilson takes on the absorbing task of revealing who Paul really was and his contributions to what we now know as Christianity. Wilson also explores how much we think we know about Paul may be myth, created by the early Church to solidify its growing power and tenuous connection to authentic first century Christianity.

As Jesus did not come to start a new religion, Paul's endeavors partly caused that result. Christianity, Wilson asserts, is the product of Judaism as well as the Roman world in which it came to be. The Empire provided Christianity with not just early martyrs, but practical opportunities needed for a growing movement: roads unique in its world, and an influx of eastern Mediterranean peoples into its capital with their eastern wisdom and mystery religions. Long and varied trade routes were established and protected, allowing a large commercial class among many peoples the Empire touched. This prosperous class had scant connection with the Roman state gods, rites, and rituals, and was an excellent prospect for believing a simpler faith without aristocratic ties or obligations that state rituals demanded.

Wilson's deep investigations into contemporary writings, as well as Paul's own, bring a wealth of detail and reasoned conjecture where sources are silent. But it is Paul's context in the Roman world that particularly fascinates Wilson and adds to his discoveries, greatly enhancing the reader's engagement with the book. The reader is able to understand some of the how and why of Paul.



“And the extraordinary thing from the point of view of world history is that (Paul) turned away from Asia and towards Europe...if the Faith had not been European, and Europe had not adopted the Faith, there would have been some other story. But it would not have been our story.” (p.136 – 137)

This splendid biography succeeds because Wilson is a well-trained researcher and historian, in addition to being a top notch writer. The book may be enjoyed over time, chapter by chapter, or read in conjunction with Paul's letters. Either way, it is well-worth the reader's time and thought.

## An Interview With Our Elder Members

### **Evelyn Rosemary Adams (Ellis) Willis.. as told to Glen Newcomb**



Evelyn Willis has been going to St. Mary's Church since she moved to Lompoc in 1952..that's 61 years! Born Evelyn Rosemary Adams on April 8<sup>th</sup> of 1924, she lived in Port Orchard, Washington with her parents until she married & moved to California. In school Evelyn was a cheerleader and a "Drum Majorette". She and her parents lived in the area because her father was working in the ship yards of Bremerton after World War I. Evelyn's high school boy friend, Jim Ellis went into the Army Air Corps after graduation, and Evelyn waited until he got out of the service. When Jim came home, he wanted to go to college. His father and mother had retired and moved to Morro Bay, California where his father was the Harbor Master. Evelyn wanted Jim to go to the University of Washington, but his parents convinced him to come to this new, small university, California Polytechnic University at San Luis Obispo (CalPoly).

So Evelyn and Jim were married and moved to Morro Bay where he worked on his Mechanical Engineering Degree and she worked in the office of the San Luis County District Attorney. When Jim graduated in 1952, he had several job offers, but accepted a position as Mechanical Engineer for the Johns Manville Company in LOMPOC. "Where and what is LOMPOC?" said Evelyn. When they first came to town, the only entrance into Lompoc was over the Harris Grade (and it was a LOT more difficult than it is now) Jim stopped at the top of the grade and said: "There is Lompoc, our new home". "WHAT, I don't see anything!" said a shocked Evelyn. Lompoc at that time was under 5500 people. When they went into town, there was a horse tied to the flag pole at the center of H and Ocean. Needless to say, Evelyn was not happy at first. "And yet, I've never left", she mused.

Husband Jim heard that the Payroll Manager at the plant was looking to hire some more women, and Evelyn got the job right away because of her experience with the District Attorney in San Luis. She has many fond memories of working for Ray (Pooley) Jacobs. She does not have fond memories of her split with husband Jim. She and Jim had begun going to the old St. Mary's Church on Chestnut Street, and she remembers the time when a visiting priest from Solvang came over once a month for the Eucharist. Evelyn remembers when Deacon Arthur Batty, who was still connected with the Federal Disciplinary Barracks (now USP) held services in the family area of the prison for them. She also re-

members the arrival and leaving of Fr. Phillip Schuyler.

One of her fondest memories of St. Mary's was when the parish moved to the Central Avenue church and Fr. Stu Fitch first came. "I loved Stu Fitch" says Eveyln. "What you saw was exactly what you got, with Stu Fitch".

After a number of years being alone, Evelyn met the love of her life. Don Willis was a Marine retiree and a business man in Lompoc. He swept Eveyln off her feet. Evelyn said: "He asked me to marry him a number of times before I said yes, because I wasn't sure I wanted to handle another man!" They were married in 1976. Their relationship was one that grew and became a joy to them both. They moved into Don's home on South H street. The home is #12 on the Lompoc Historical Society list of historical buildings. Don always said that it was Evelyn who took over the decorating, remodeling of the home, and planning of their beautiful back yard garden. Situated on the East side of the home, it is protected from the wind and is a wonderful space to spend time. Sadly, Don passed away after 34 years of happiness together in 2010. Evelyn spends her time with friends, playing golf, and volunteering in Lompoc. As she said earlier: "I didn't like Lompoc when we first came here, and yet, I never left!" We at St. Mary's are glad that she stayed all this time.

Tamales anyone



*Lisa Johnson and Anita McManigal  
making tamales.*

*Jane Longley took this picture*

## Miss Ella

*Dede Dunn explains: Last month in "The Bells", you read an essay called "Hello, Goodbye and Everything In Between". It was one of a collection of essays about my childhood in Houston, Texas during the Great Depression. It gave a glimpse of my family, but to really know something of this remarkable group of people, it's best to begin at the beginning and so, let me introduce you to my Grandma, Miss Ella, and the way we were in the 1930's.*

I had often thought of writing something about my Grandmother. Everyone called her "Miss Ella" and she was larger than life and a force of nature. I had mentioned her on Facebook and in emails and just in passing conversation. Finally, a group of friends began to urge me to tell them about her. At first, I thought it wasn't something I wanted to do, and then the memories began to surface. They were memories of when I was a little girl and living in a Big House with my Grandparents, my Mama and Daddy, four Uncles and a wonderful woman we called "Irish Auntie".

The Big House was in Houston, Texas and when I was born, I was taken there to live for the next six years of my life. When I was born, the doctors asked my Daddy if he'd like to come into the delivery room and watch. He said he didn't think that was something he'd enjoy and so Grandma grabbed the sterile gown from the doctor's hands and said, "I'll go! Get out of my way! I want to see my granddaughter being born!" My Daddy said, "How do you know it will be a girl?" Grandma yelled as she ran down the hall, "I know! God told me!" Everybody believed her. Even the doctors. She had that way about her -- forceful, determined, contentious and often hilarious.

I was named Ella after her. Her full name was Ella Maria Wilhelmina Bertha Helmke Chapman. I never much liked the name Ella, but I guess it was better than Wilhelmina or Bertha. Now Maria I could have lived with, but Ella it was to be. Grandma once told my Mama that she never called me Ella unless she was ready to kill me. "I find it insulting!" Grandma said. Actually, Grandma found lots of things insulting. There were certain words she refused to have said in her presence. "Nasty" was one. "Lie" was another. And she never used the word "war". She called WWII "the recent unpleasantness". Grandma had a slight problem with language and never admitted that she used the wrong word or didn't pronounce something correctly.

That was probably because she was a very solid and sturdy product of a German Lutheran home and spoke only German until she was thirteen. Grandpa, of course, spoke English and when they had major disagreements, she yelled in German and he yelled in English and it could get very loud. Grandpa claimed to be a member of the Church of England and everyone in The Big House laughed about that because nobody remembered that he ever attended church of any kind.

Grandma, on the other hand, became a mover and shaker in the Church of the Good Shepherd Episcopal Church. And this is how it happened: during WWI, someone must

have taken offense that someone in The Big House spoke German, and so, one night a person or persons unknown threw a brick through one of the downstairs windows. The next morning at breakfast, Grandma declared, "No more are we Lutherans in this house. Irish Auntie, you will no more be Catholic. From this time on, we are Episcopalians!" Everyone nodded and continued to eat their pancakes.

And so, she became the most Episcopal of all Episcopalians. Her good friend, Bishop Clinton Quin, vowed that they put her in place and built the church around her. In our front hall, there were three pictures: our current Priest, the Bishop of the Diocese of Texas and President Franklin Roosevelt. The Bishop once presented her with a picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury and it hung there for awhile and then disappeared. We never knew what he did to merit being struck from the Wall of Honor, but it must have been something terrible. Grandma could hold grudges.

Life in The Big House was never dull. It was filled with noise and laughter. Being the only child in that group of adults was something I'll never forget and the neighborhood we lived in was like living in the United Nations. It was filled with wonderful people and I learned so many great lessons from them.

I hope you'll allow me to take you on a journey with my Grandma and the rest of those who lived in The Big House. I think you'll like them and I know you'll like Grandma. She was brave, outspoken, talented and ruled the house and the neighborhood with love and caring. I used to be upset when I was called by her name -- Ella. I'm not now. I hope I'm like her. I hope I stand up for what I believe as she did. There's much more to tell about her and our neighborhood and those who lived in The Big House. I hope you'll come with me and be a part of that time so long ago. Next time I'll tell you about Grandma's adventures in the Church. You might have known someone very much like her. 1930's here we come. See you next time. Blessings from me and Miss Ella.

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Denise Laufer	01/06
Jenna Daley	01/10
Audrey Bowman	01/11
Barbara Holt	01/16
Anita McManigal	01/20
Barbara Wilson	01/20

Many Hands Make  
Light Work

Please join us for a **Work Party on Saturday, January 11th, at 8:30 AM.** You can help with the gardening, vacuuming the sanctuary, changing lightbulbs, or many other things that help keep the church going!



"I thought you invited me to be a Premises Keeper!"

***Yes, we did...every second Saturday of the month at 8:30 AM!***

## Financial Statement

*As of November 30th, 2013*

Undesignated checking & savings	\$80,193
Designated Checking	\$32,997
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$113,190</b>

	Actual Nov '13	Actual Jan - Nov '13	Budget Jan - Nov '13
Income	\$26,347	\$280,944	\$284,683
Expenses	\$24,540	\$266,644	\$286,761
Net income/(loss)	\$1,807	\$14,301	(\$2,078)

### 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:*

**George Bowman, Gisele Boyd-Snee, Isla Hill, Sheila Holley,  
Shelie Jackson, Stan Sheldon, and Rachel Williams.**

And those serving in the armed forces remembered by our parishioners:  
**Alana, Allan, Bill, Carl, Carlos, Eddie, Ericka, Gustavo, James, Jason,  
Josh, Kevin, Kimberly, Matthew, Michael, Paige, Patrick, Robert, Simon,  
Ryan, Virginia, and Whitney.**

*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