



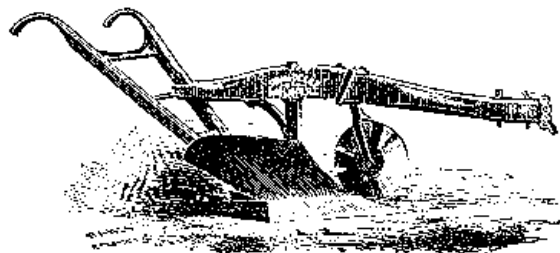
The Bells of Saint Mary's

March 2015

With My Hand on the Plow

With our Vestry retreat coming this weekend, and the number of more recently joined members who are now serving on your Vestry, I started thinking about how it is that we are who we are. I mentioned on Sunday at announcements that this Saturday our Diocese was having a day celebrating 150 years of the Episcopal Church in Southern California with a particular focus on folks who are interested in history and archives. I mentioned John Sipos and Courtney Tan and Louise Larson as people who had devoted many hours of work to our St. Mary's day observance previously, but invited all of you to attend.

When I worked at Cathedral Center, I was keenly aware of history. I first worked as the Logistics Coordinator for the completion of and the subsequent moving into, the Cathedral Center of St. Paul. My work began on January 1, 1994. It was a wonderful job and I loved doing it. The Sylmar earthquake had caused the eventual destruction of our old Cathedral, located at 6th street and Figueroa and caused our diocesan offices to locate at 1220 West Fourth Street, overlooking downtown, long before the big hotels and the Staples Center came to be. And a whole lot of the "stuff" that the diocese had was scattered throughout many churches post-earthquake. My first job was to locate all that "stuff", categorize it, and begin to push for decisions about what was to come and what to be donated and what was to be left where it was at. It was a never-ending job, as you might imagine. It ended



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up being about 17 churches that had most of everything, and the work of collecting and installing, or moving into archives was very satisfying, and gave me an appreciation of the church and its history that I had never had before. All of that stuck with me since I was one of the very few people who knew “where everything was”.

What I encountered with our history day was no less profound for me as that original work. The work that has been done since, which has involved countless hours of behind-the-scenes work, is intended as a gift to you, and to new members, and to future generations to share the remarkable history of this parish church. From its fledgling beginnings of a handful of faithful women gathering together under the watchful eye of Our Lady Mary, and with a commitment to worship God in the Lompoc Valley to our present day location and our wonderful church and property overlooking that entire valley, we have remained a group of faithful Episcopalians, under the watchful eye of Our Lady Mary, with a constantly renewing commitment to worship God in the Lompoc Valley. But how we got here...is history. I encourage you all to stop by the Library, and engage the displays and the computer presentation that is here for you. Everything is designed to make it easy for you to spend time with the pioneers of our church and gain an appreciation of how it is that we are here and still active in our service to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Gospel that we serve.

You would be surprised to know just how many times in any given month that Elizabeth will take a phone call from someone seeking copies of their baptismal records, or marriage dates, (yes...people forget them all the time!) and confirmation dates. In days gone by, everything was done with paper, and so folks are seeking copies of confirmation records from fifty or more years ago...and for the most part, we can answer those questions. It is something particular to the Episcopal Church in our country and in many parts of the world...we keep records. Always have...and I think...always will.

One of the things on the agenda for the Vestry Retreat is a review of our insurance policies and coverage with regards to our buildings and their contents. Just like at home, we need to be sure that our records are up to date and are reflected in our coverage that we maintain our buildings with. These days, insurance agents encourage folks to take pictures or videos of the “stuff” they have as an effective tool in making a claim, should anything be destroyed or stolen. In years past, here at St. Mary’s, Lee Hill was the man who did this. Lee would come around every year with his video camera and record what “stuff” we had. I would like to see this

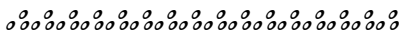
happen again. If you have an interest in doing this for your church, could you let me know? Lee Hill died some years ago now, and to the best of my knowledge, our video records have not been updated since his passing. You might just discover a passion for history that will encourage you to learn more about your church and how it is that we are here. Then you could tell others how the first stained glass window in the first church came to be hung at 2800 Harris Grade Road. Or when the Peace Pole was installed. Or when the mortgage was paid off at this location. Or how it was that we came to be here, instead of at Central and "H" street. And why it was called the Walnut Grove...when there do not seem to be any walnut trees at Central and "H" street anymore.

Lent is a time for reflection. It is a time for discovery. It is a time for letting go of things that keep us from a fuller relationship with Jesus... and a time for taking on things that encourage us to go deeper into ourselves, and to discover what it is God is trying to help us do with our lives. So... the wisdom of Lao Tzu may be of particular help. "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step."

Go ahead. Begin. And make sure you tell us what you see.

See you in church.

Fr. Michael+



The word devil embraces letters that spell evil, vile, veil, ill, die, lie, divide and vie. The reverse of the word "evil" is "live," and with a "holy O" to "love": the Lord, ourselves and others.

A biblical bit by Bill Brown



With some updating and additions to an article which appeared last year, we are reminded that Lent has always been a time in musical history that has been a great source of inspiration for composers.

No, you won't be hearing a selection of Lenten music playing in your local store like the omnipresent Christmas hymns that seem to start in October; but the time is now! "*Lent is a wonderful reason to really wallow in some gorgeous harmonies that just don't sound right any other time of year.*"

Lent may not be the most exciting season of the Christian Year. The idea of penance is not so popular today as it was in the early church. The earliest Christians often sang of the passion and death of Christ, although their music is mostly lost. The High Middle Ages was a rich seedbed of penitential music.

These 40 days of Lent summon us to introspection and confession. The subtle tones of music in the Lenten season remind us of our humanity and the seriousness of our sin. Lent takes us to the places we least want to go but most need to. Lenten hymns have been called the soundtrack of the wilderness. We cannot have the joyful music announcing the resurrection at Easter without experiencing the passion and death of Christ.

During Lent at St Mary's you will be hearing selections from composers both familiar and lesser known.

God So Loved the World – John Stainer (1840-1901) was an English composer and organist much esteemed during his lifetime but not as well known today. *The Crucifixion* is one of his few major works still regularly performed and this piece is the chorus from that composition. As a choir trainer and organist, Stainer set the standards for Anglican Church music and made a lasting contribution to the music of Christmas in his *Christmas Carols New and Old* (1871), which marked an important stage in the revival of the Christmas carol. He was an organist at St Paul's Cathedral, and a professor of music at Oxford.

Ave Verum Corpus – Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791). This hymn, translated "Hail, true body" is a short Eucharistic hymn from the 14th century attributed to Pope Innocent VI and sung in the Middle Ages at the elevation of the host during the consecration. This version was written as a motet in D major by Mozart in 1791 for a friend and is only 46 bars long. He wrote it just 6 months before his death while visiting his wife in Vienna who was expecting their 6th child and staying at a spa near Baden.

God is My Shepherd – Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904) a Czech who composed a cycle of 10 Biblical Songs in 1894 as Dvorak's Op. 99. The first happy years of his visit to America were followed by a personal crisis, with the death of two dear friends (Tchaikovsky and von Bullow), and with the news of the terminal illness of his father back in the old country. Dvořák was deeply religious and sought refuge and comfort in his faith. He selected verses from the book of Psalms (with minor but ingenious adaptations) and produced some of his most spiritual and most beautiful music in a burst of creative energy. Remarkably, the whole cycle was composed in just 21 days!

Christ We Do All Adore Thee – Theodore Dubois (1837-1924) was a French composer, choirmaster and organist. He wrote many religious works including this piece that is actually the final movement from his *The Seven Last Words of Christ*, an oratorio written in 1867 and frequently used in Lent and Good Friday.

Teach Me O Lord – Thomas Attwood (1765-1838) was a student of Mozart and son of a musician in the Royal Band. He was an organist at St Paul's Cathedral and became a composer for the Chapel Royal. He was closely associated with the Royal Family and is buried in a crypt under the organ at St Paul's Cathedral.

Ah, Holy Jesus - Johann Heerman (1585-1647) wrote the lyrics for this very contemplative hymn in 1630 during the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648). Initially a war between Protestant and Catholic states in the fragmenting Roman Empire, it spread throughout central Europe. Heerman wrote the lyrics from a backdrop of his own personal suffering during this time of uncertainty and trouble when many hymn writers became introspective. Heerman describes the afflictions of Jesus, and admits his own part in Jesus' death. Johann Cruger (1598-1662) composed the music in 1640. Cruger was another German theologian/musician who wrote melodies for many hymnists and composed sacred works for choral and instrumental performances.

"Ah Holy Jesus" continues to challenge Christians today; pushing us to realize it was our personal sins that put Jesus on the cross. And beyond that, Herman's hymn points us to a proper response, beautifully reminding us that Jesus' death for our salvation calls for us to adore and worship him.

Lenten music has its own particular beauty. Listen to the music, read the words, contemplate the season!

Louise Larson and Chris Bowman



Miss Ella, Me, and Peter the Bunny: A Lenten Story of Sin and Redemption

This is a sort of pre-Easter Lenten story and has about it a tinge of sin and forgiveness and redemption and a warning: you should never, ever, buy any child a live Rabbit as an Easter gift. No good can come of following this path.

The thing that started this whole series of memories about Miss Ella and Irish Auntie and the rest of the family was a post I saw about a Bunny. A few days ago, I found a post about a Bunny with herding instincts. It was very funny. Now I like Bunnies very well, but when I was a little girl, I wanted a Kitty. I was not allowed to have a Kitty because I had asthma and the doctor was certain that having a Kitty would not be good for my general breathing problems. I always suspected that the powers-that-be just didn't particularly like Kitties. I was given a Bunny instead. What is the difference between Kitties and Bunnies, you ask? Well, Kitties are frisky and will play with you and sit on your lap. Bunnies, at least the one I was given, did none of this. My Mama named him Peter the Bunny. She thought that was cute. I would have liked to call him Tyrone or some other glamorous name, but, no. His name was Peter the Bunny and that was that.

I was told to go out in the fresh air and play with Peter the Bunny, easier said than done. I was told that I must breathe in all that good fresh air. They never said anything about breathing out and so I pictured myself as breathing in so much good fresh air that I'd just explode. But I would dutifully take the lettuce leaf or carrot provided by Miss Ella, my Grandma, and go to "play" with Peter the Bunny. I would carefully lift him out of his little coop and place him on the grass in the back garden and put the lettuce leaf or carrot in front of him. Then I would sit cross-legged on the grass, chin on my hands and watch him. He would stare back at me. I would stare at him. Sometimes he would hop around in a circle and then sit back down and look at me as if to say, "Okay. I've done my bit. Now what are you going to do?" And so we sat and stared at each other. I had many stare downs with him. Then I would put him back in his cage with his lettuce leaf and he would promptly poop on it. My opinion exactly.

I longed for someone to play catch with me, but the baseball and glove given to me by one of Mama's Brothers, who was a coach at a local school, lay unused because all of the adults were too busy. Mama's Brother taught me to play catch and I got really good at it. I loved doing it and Mama's Brother said he was proud of my progress.

And so time went on until one day one of the Greek kids, Telly, from across the street in the Greek house, let Peter the Bunny out of his cage. Stupidly, he told his little sister, Sophia, who ran screaming to their Mama, who ran screaming to

The Big House to Grandma, who ran screaming to The Uncles, who formed a search party. Mama Greek came over, dragging Telly, who was also screaming, to apologize to me. I, by now, had developed quite a good throwing arm and had also depended on accuracy for my throwing, and so, I picked up a large rock and threw it at Telly, hitting him squarely between his eyes and he had to go have stitches. He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, Peter the Bunny was found cowering by the hole in the back fence that everyone climbed through and I was sent to my room to think over trying to kill Telly.

Mama Greek, who had as many problems with English as Grandma did, came over to The Big House later for coffee and cake. She said she was so sorry that Telly "was a rot boy and made to escape Pisser the Rabble." Who? One of The Uncles, who was passing by to get a piece of cake, nearly choked because he was laughing so hard. I heard him tell one of The Other Uncles about "Pisser the Rabble" and they both laughed and one said, "You can say THAT again! That Rabble's a pisser for sure!" And so, The Uncles always called him "Pisser the Rabble" after that and laughed. I was glad to call him that because I never felt he was a fun Bunny like the real Peter Rabbit.

One of The Uncles told me that Peter the Bunny was probably looking for "little girl Bunnies" to be friends with. I pictured him racing down Main Street downtown looking for "little girl Bunnies" and creating havoc -- causing a huge traffic jam with the streetcar crashing off the tracks and people screaming and running for their lives as he ran just ahead of the local constabulary led by Uncle Will and his service revolver and the whole bunch of them -- Peter the Bunny and all the "little girl Bunnies" being hauled off in the paddy wagon and locked up forever. Peter the Bunny would be weeping because he was sorry that he didn't do anything but stare at me and cause me to be a felon for trying to kill Telly. I had a fertile imagination for a five-year-old. I think it was because of too many Dick Tracy Big Books.

I still had to "play" with Peter the Bunny (I was not allowed to call him Pisser the Rabble, only The Uncles did that), and he still stared at me, although I thought he secretly smiled or smirked at me. I think he knew I had always wanted a Kitty. Anyway, as always happened in The Big House, Irish Auntie found a way out of the misery. She was put in charge of my punishment -- sort of a keeper, if you will. But Peter the Bunny was the reason for my being an accused felon who waited everyday for Uncle Will and his service revolver to arrive to take me to jail. But Irish Auntie always found a way and she didn't fail this time. She must have had something up her sleeve. She did. I'll tell you what she did some other time. Meanwhile, I hope ALL your Bunnies are Pissers. :)

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Isla Hill	03/02
Boyd Bonnell	03/08
Scott Coe	03/09
Richard [Skipp] Frenk	03/09
Heidi Holdsambeck	03/09
James Aranguren	03/12
Kiara Ricci	03/12
Catalina Bowman	03/14
Edythe Ortiz	03/15
Dan Unrue	03/15
Roger McConnell	03/17
Christopher Hutton	03/19
Vern Johnson	03/19
Lara Schmeiser	03/19
John Daley	03/20
Louise Larson	03/20
Steve Aranguren	03/26
Alexia de Alba	03/27
John Free	03/28
Kathleen Clarke	03/29
Nancy Faragan	03/31

**Many Hands Make
 Light Work**

**Please join us for a Work
 Party on Saturday, March
 14th, at 8:30 AM.** You can
 help with the gardening, vacu-
 uming the sanctuary, chang-
 ing light bulbs, or many other
 things that help keep the
 church going!



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:

**Beverly Anderson, Gisele Boyd-Snee,
Irene Cunningham, Ruth Hicks, Isla Hill, Sheila Holley,
Shelie Jackson, Stan Sheldon, Richard Newcomb, Gerry Pittenger,**

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

**Alana, Allan, Bill, Carl, Carlos, Ericka, Gustavo, James, Jason,
John. Josh, Kevin, Kimberly, Matthew, Michael, Nicholas, Paige,
Patrick, Robert, 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 call any of our Prayer Ring members, or email Courtney Tan at urguhart_tan@hotmail.com. Thank you!

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

Matthew 18:19

2015 Vestry Liaison

**Worship---Glen Newcomb
Formation---Dave Heinbaugh
Communications---Jeanne Johnston
Pastoral Care---Courtney Tan and Leah Olsson
Finance---Jeanne Johnston
Outreach---Linda Everly
Radical Hospitality---Nancy Straight
In-reach---Glen Newcomb
Administration---Bill Brennan
Stewardship---Steve Aranguren, Nancy, Dave, and Leah.
Buildings and Grounds---Jan Cooksey**