



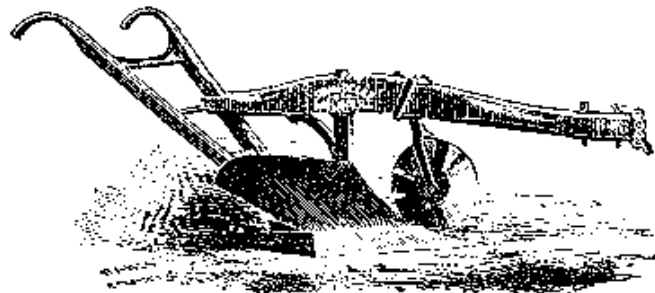
The Bells of Saint Mary's

December 2015

Christmas

Wait...how can it be December? This year it feels like it has completely snuck up on me. But this is the Bells, and there is not an Advent Bells and then a Christmas Bells...there is just a December Bells...so here it is. I will sneak in my Advent stuff in this writing.

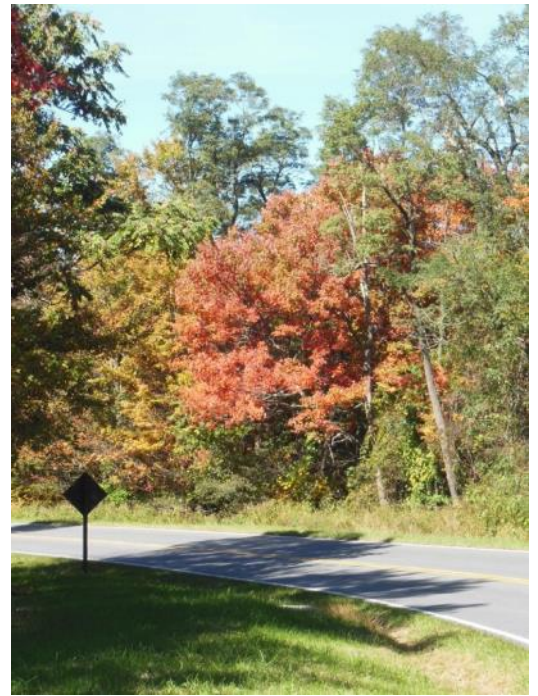
As of this writing, Rick Kendall, (God Bless Rick Kendall) has installed these links on my computer so I can go to the cloud and grab pictures I took on my sabbatical and share them with you and offer a reflection on those six weeks away from you. Garage cleaning included. And while I am on the subject, PAY NO ATTENTION TO THOSE WHO GOSSIP, I did not clean my garage because I am secretly leaving you and going to another church. I cleaned my garage because the whole focus of my time away was to “de-clutter” my life and ministry. I wanted to come back to you, leaner, stronger, and less burdened than when I left. A big part of doing that was to sort through and get rid of the clutter. Through prayer and reflection while on the road, and through endless hours of very hard work at home. Your giving me a sabbatical allowed me to de-clutter over 45 boxes of books, give away eleven bags of clothes and assorted blankets, etc, repair or discard a number of things that I always said “oh, don’t throw that away, I will fix it someday” ...which was true of two things and not true of about thirty!



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Advent is upon us, this year on the 29th of November. This means we move into Year “C” for the Lectionary of the Holy Eucharist and Year Two for the Daily Office Readings. For the Four Sundays of Advent, the 20th of December being the last one, which means Christmas Eve is on a Thursday and Christmas Day on a Friday, I have planned on a simple format for our Advent Gatherings. Advent hymns tend to be less “triumphant” and more contemplative and so will our services reflect that. Our Director of Music, Chris Bowman and I are going to offer a feeling of that with our work and our musical selections. One thing that we are going to do together is take a little time after the sermon each Sunday during the ten o’clock service for a musical reflection, from Chris, as a response to the sermon. Chris will not see the sermon in advance, and so I seek to honor his musical gifts of the Spirit by making time and space to hear him offer his own reflection and response to what he has heard and what he is feeling. I am looking forward to this and hope you will find it fulfilling to you in your worship.



This tree was one of the ‘trendsetters’ on Skyline Drive in Virginia in October.

Then four short days after that last Sunday, we will celebrate Christmas Eve. At 5 o’clock with the Family Service with the Christmas Pageant, and then the Solemn Eve of the Nativity Service at 10 o’clock. The first thirty minutes of which will be a “Christmas Concert” that Chris is presently drawing together. It is that most wonderful night of the year, and I can’t wait to get there...but Advent is all about waiting...so I will...with discipline and quiet...although I know, way down deep inside me somewhere...I will be shouting like a kid waiting for Christmas.

Finally, I am so happy to be back home at St. Mary’s. We have a wonderful Vestry, full of dedicated folks who work so hard for our church and for each one of you. Make sure you seek them out during this month and say thanks and offer a pat on the back for a job well done...they deserve it and everybody likes a little pat on the back now and again.

With my hand on the plow,

Fr. Michael+

Lots of well known Idioms have come from the Bible. Lots came from Shakespeare as well. Let's see if you can tell which is which? I will write the idiom, you circle the source, B for Bible S for Shakespeare.

- 1) B S By the skin of my teeth.
- 2) B S You have to be cruel to be kind.
- 3) B S Go the extra mile.
- 4) B S Handwriting on the wall.
- 5) B S Wear your heart on your sleeve.
- 6) B S Wild goose chase.
- 7) B S Salt of the earth.
- 8) B S Blind leading the blind.
- 9) B S Those who live by the sword die by the sword.
- 10) B S Pride goes before a fall.
- 11) B S Milk of human kindness.
- 12) B S Brevity is the soul of wit.
- 13) B S Devil can quote Scripture for his own purpose.
- 14) B S Discretion is the better part of valor.
- 15) B S A leopard can't change its spots.
- 16) B S Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we may die.
- 17) B S Do not cast pearls before the swine.
- 18) B S Man after my own heart.
- 19) B S Fly in the ointment.
- 20) B S Wolf in sheep's clothing.
- 21) B S The quality of mercy is not constrained.
- 22) B S A drop in the bucket.
- 23) B S Physician, heal yourself.
- 24) B S No man can serve two masters.
- 25) B S Nothing is new under the sun.

Answers on pages 13-14

MISS ELLA AND THE TURKEY THIEF

Miss Ella, my Grandma, loved holidays and she especially loved major holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas. There were things that you did on those holidays that you dared not change or the wrath of Miss Ella reared its head. I think that it's one reason she loved her church so much. The colors changed with the seasons of the church and she ordered her life by the changes, and, while she wasn't particularly fond of what she called "the loooooong green season", she always knew that another color was coming and so she was content.

Because Grandma was head of the Altar Guild at the Church of the Good Shepherd, she worked very closely with its Priest, Mr. Tom Wyndham. They called the Priests "Mr" in those days and most people called him simply, "Mr. Tom". The people of Houston, who knew of his work among the immigrants of Houston, called him "the marryin' and buryin' parson". He would officiate at the funerals, often paid for by him, at the local cemetery where those who had no money and no family were buried. He found these poor people living in alleyways off Congress Avenue and he was well-known by the merchants there from whom he begged leftover food to feed his immigrant flock. His work among the poor was much admired in the city. He fed the poor and found them clean clothes and safe places to sleep and he often took Grandma's Uncle, Old Uncle Charlie, with him on his travels downtown. Old Uncle Charlie spoke only German and knew only a bit of English. He and Grandma came from a German family and she had grown up speaking only German, and when she learned English, she had a great talent for mangling the language. She probably was the original Mrs. Malaprop.

Anyway, Mr. Tom would take Old Uncle Charlie (as opposed to Young Uncle Charlie, Grandma's oldest son) with him in case he found German immigrants. Old Uncle Charlie was the translator and there were others in our neighborhood that Mr. Tom used for that purpose. The Wongs could speak to the Chinese and Papa Valenti could speak to the Italians and then there were the Greeks, who could barely understand Mr. Tom, but they loved talking to their fellow countrymen.

But back to tradition and Thanksgiving. Grandma had become great friends with Mr. Tom's wife, a tiny, birdlike woman, who was given to fainting spells and who worked very hard in the church. Grandma, of course, admired that because she was of hardy German stock with a work ethic like a dock worker. Grandma and Mrs Wyndham decided at some point in their friendship that the Wyndhams and our clan would trade Thanksgivings. One year it would be at the rectory, a very spacious house, and the next year it would be at The Big House, where my family lived -- Grandma, Grandpa, Irish Auntie, Mama, Daddy, The Uncles (four of them) and me -- and we all looked forward to the day when we were all together.

On this particular Thanksgiving, when I was about four or five-years-old, we arrived at the rectory. Daddy had driven Grandma, Mama, Irish Auntie and me and the food -- a huge salad,

Grandma's famous Bundt Cake, her melt-in-your-mouth divinity and loaves of her homemade bread -- while Grandpa and The Uncles walked. We lived only about six blocks from the church. They had been warned that they must not smoke, as everyone did in those days, in the rectory, but were to use the front steps as they did at The Big House.

Mrs. Wyndham greeted us and informed us that Mr. Tom had gone out on a call, but would be back "in just a tic" and to make ourselves at home. Grandma took the food she had brought and deposited it on the dining table and Mrs. Wyndham said to sit down. We sat. The men sat on the front steps and smoked.

And we waited. And we waited. And we waited. Ten thirty turned into eleven and then to eleven thirty and then to noon and Irish Auntie picked up a copy of Liberty Magazine and began to leaf through it. Grandpa rattled the screen door. Grandma went. "When are we going to eat?" Grandpa asked. "Shut up, Pop! That's rube!" (She meant "rude", but she wouldn't have believed you if you'd told her she was wrong, so nobody ever bothered). "We're eating in a minute. Sit down and smoke and shut up!" She sat and smiled at Mrs. Wyndham, who, for the tenth time said, "He should be here any minute now." (I knew it was ten times because that's as high as I could count and I didn't start Kindergarten until January.) Mama looked at Irish Auntie and raised her eyebrows. Irish Auntie ignored her. (Mama was still a Baptist at that time and so nobody paid much attention to anything she did when she was around the "one, true church".)

Finally, Mrs. Wyndham got up and said, "Well, I'd better take that turkey out of the oven. I'm sure it's overcooked" and Grandma said, "I'll help you" and they left, and suddenly, there was a scream from the kitchen. Mama jumped up and grabbed me. (I'm sure she thought it was something I had done that had caused the scream.) Irish Auntie dropped her magazine and headed toward the kitchen and The Uncles, Grandpa and Daddy all ran in, cigarettes in hand just as Grandma and Mrs. Wyndham came out of the kitchen.

Grandma was half carrying Mrs. Wyndham and she helped to seat her in a chair, took one look at all the smoke and yelled, "Get out of here with the smokes! Dummkopfs! Don't you got it manning?" (She meant "manners") "Take those smokes and their asses and get out!" (I feel sure she meant "ashes", but The Uncles got hysterical and went out the door.) Grandpa said, "What's wrong? Why is she screaming and crying?" "Someone is stealing the turkey out from the oven. Some bad person has come in while we sat here and is stealing the turkey!" yelled Grandma. (Grandma always yelled.)

And just at that moment, Mr. Tom came through the kitchen door and into the parlor and smiled and said, "Well, here are all my favorite people! Happy Thanksgiving!" and seeing Mrs. Wyndham wailing and crying said, "Myrtle, what's wrong? What's happened?" And she got up and stamped her foot and said, "Tom Wyndham! You did it, didn't you? Didn't you? No need to

lie!" (Grandma gasped. Nobody, but nobody said the word "lie" around Grandma and certainly not to a Priest of the church!) "You took the turkey, didn't you? Where is it? Bring it back immediately!"

And then, Mr. Tom told how he felt bad because it was Thanksgiving and so many people down in the alleyways had nothing to eat, so he took it and gave it to them. He looked at the huge salad Grandma had brought and said, "I wish I'd had that, too. They would have liked that." We thought that Mrs. Wyndham might do some damage to Mr. Tom, until Grandpa and The Uncles, who had been peeking through the screen door, began to laugh and then Grandma and Irish Auntie began to laugh and Grandma said, "Well, we got it cake and salad and candy and bread. You got it some butter? What else you got in the pantry" and she headed for the kitchen.

We had tuna fish and baloney sandwiches with Grandma's homemade bread and Bundt Cake and everybody laughed and talked and Irish Auntie said a Celtic Blessing that her Mama had taught her and I think it was the best Thanksgiving I ever remember. When I think of it now, I know that even though it was during the height of the Great Depression, people helped each other and tried to make sure that others had enough to eat and friends who were there for them. I like to think that it's still the same today, and when I sit down with my family on Thanksgiving, I'll remember those who have nothing and pray that there is a Mr. Tom to help them. The whole of the city of Houston mourned the passing of Mr. Tom Wyndham and his funeral was the largest the city had ever seen. The streets around the church were filled with the alleyway people who loved him, but nobody loved him more than I did..

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For all of you—from Miss Ella. . . Here is your Christmas Present



MISS ELLA: MASTER CHEF

Grandpa said that Miss Ella, my Grandma, was put on this earth to feed people. He might very well have been right. She always seemed to be in the kitchen doing something at The Big House where we all lived, Not only that, there always seemed to be people seated at the table eating. And they weren't all family. People just seemed to drop in and Grandma would say, "Did you having breakfast this morning?" and if they said they hadn't, she gave them eggs and bacon and her famous biscuits and coffee from the big urn inherited from her Ma-ma. It was huge and only Grandma knew the mixture of water and coffee that made it the kind that people always asked for a second cup. If the visitors said they'd had breakfast, Grandma would say, "Are you sure? I'm making extra, so there is being plenty. No? Okay. Sitting down and I'm getting you coffee. You taking cream and sugar?" and nobody ever re-fused the offer.

A typical morning would look something like this: all of the family, several of the Greeks from across the street, would be seated at the breakfast nook table. Our Cantor friend from next door to the Greeks, would be drinking coffee as he leaned against the drain board. (By the way, we didn't call them counters in those days. The slightly slanted boards that surrounded the sink were called "drain boards" and we called ranges "stoves" and the cold box on the back porch was called an "ice box", not a refrigerator or the oh so chic sounding word, "fridge".)

Anyway, the Cantor and Artistic Uncle would be talking about music. His kids would be seated with me at my little table and we would have disposed of the dreaded oatmeal when Grandma wasn't looking and were busy with biscuits and jelly and milk. Irish Auntie would be eating at the breakfast nook table between two of the Greeks from across the street and she would be teaching them new words. They adored her and hung on her every word and often kissed her hand when they left to go home. Then Mrs.. Wong would appear and shyly ask if there was any of Irish Auntie's "good tea" left? And Grandma would appear with a cup and saucer and teapot and Mrs. Wong would smile and drink her tea and talk for a few minutes to Irish Auntie. Soon everybody would leave for work if they had jobs to go to. This was the Depression, remember, and only Grandpa, who was a railroad engineer, and Irish Auntie, who was a telephone operator had regular jobs that paid real money. Young Uncle Charlie had recently been hired as an usher at one of the movie houses and was later made manager. The rest did odd jobs and sometimes Artistic Uncle sold a painting. At any rate, everyone scattered to the winds and Grandma was left alone except for me.

Usually on a Wednesday afternoon she expected her weekly visit from the Bishop. Bishop Clinton Quin was a tall, imposing man who wore a Stetson hat and cowboy boots and had once played baseball and was a great favorite at The Big House. He was plain spoken, loved jokes, and was known for turning his Bishop's ring so that the stone in it stuck out, and if

you were being confirmed by him, you might have a knot on your head for a few days after he had placed his huge hands on your head. It wasn't unusual for one or two of those being confirmed to utter an "ouch" when being so blessed by the Bishop.

However, even if this was a Wednesday Bishop's visit, there was a sort of ritual that usually took place late in the morning. The Depression had brought so many hungry people to the back doors of houses in our neighborhood. I feel sure that it was happening all over Houston and, indeed, all over the country. There were few jobs to be had and no money for them to spend on food and so it was a case of sharing what you had with these men. Some called them "tramps" and some called them "hobos". Grandma addressed them as "friend" and "sir". Grandma said her heart hurt for them and so my heart hurt for them, too. But then she said that when she could help the people who were hungry, her heart felt full and so my heart felt full, too. For a long time I watched what Grandma did with the leftover biscuits and bacon and jelly and anything else that nobody had eaten at breakfast. In time, I was allowed to help butter biscuits and wash apples and get oranges from the back porch. Then Grandma would take bags from the market, some of them stained with oil or other liquids and she would put two biscuits, a bit of bacon, an apple, an orange and some hard candy leftover from Christmas in them. Sometimes she set out plates with leftover scrambled eggs and biscuits and jelly and then she waited. She didn't have long to wait.

There would be a knock at the back door or a rattle of the screen door and Grandma would answer the knock or the rattle and a voice would say, "Missus, I seen the sign on the house post. Have you got just a bit of bread to share? I haven't eaten in two days." And Grandma would say, "Yes, sir, I might be having something in here. You are going to sit at the table out there in the yard and I'll bring you something. You liking cream and sugar in your coffee?" He would go and sit down and sometimes there were two or three of them together and so I would help to carry things out. When the leftover breakfast eggs were gone, she started on the bags. Each man got a bag and left. Some of them cried when she handed them a bag and when they thanked her, she would say, "You are being welcome, my friend."

Sometimes these visits by those who were hungry went on well into the afternoon and even the Bishop would come to the back door and rattle the screen door and say, "Missus, have you got a cup of java for a weary Bishop?" and Grandma would say, "You are a silly one, Clint. You are coming in and I'm getting coffee and cake for us." And so she did. But I was puzzled and finally asked, "What is the sign, Grandma? The man said we have a sign on the house. I don't see a sign," and she took me by the hand and we walked outside and she pointed to a drawing of a Cat on the house post. I thought that Artistic Uncle must have drawn it, but she said that one of the hobos had drawn it and it meant that a "good and kind lady lives here". Grandma said she was proud of the Cat picture. She said that we are put on this earth to love and help each other and that just as we are fed each month at Holy Communion, this was her way of doing Holy Communion every day. I didn't always under-

MISS ELLA AND THE ROWBOAT

Looking out the window at my parched back garden, it's hard to believe that I grew up in a city that regularly flooded. Sometimes the floods were caused by heavy Spring rains and sometimes by one of the frequent hurricanes that visited the city. Now I'm not talking about gentle showers. I'm talking about drenching, wet you totally to the skin in a minute, torrents. The flooding of Houston, Texas, my home city, was not helped by the bayous that dotted the city. Three major ones were Brays, Buffalo and White Oak. Those of us who lived in The Big House knew that the bayou that was about two miles away could easily flood at the drop of a hat and did with alarming regularity. We had an elderly Uncle who lived very close to White Oak Bayou and when the rains came, The Uncles went down to his house and put all the furniture on the second floor and made him come with them to sleep in Grandpa's tool shed.

The flood I remember the most happened in December of 1935. I was four going on five and loved to play in the rain, but this time there was so much of it that I wasn't allowed to go outside.

But let me begin at the beginning of this memory and tell you that early morning was a thing to be dreaded in The Big House. It wasn't that we knew we had to rise and shine. It was the manner in which we were awakened. We were awakened by Miss Ella, my Grandma, whose idea of an alarm clock was a baking pan and a heavy spoon. She would travel through the house, stopping at each bed and whacked the pan with the spoon very close to the sleeper's ear. It rendered the person deaf for the better part of an hour and then she would say a little poem that I had taught her. The poem went this way: "a birdie with a yellow bill hopped upon my window sill, cocked his shiny eye and said, 'ain't you shamed, you sleepy head.'" Now in Grandma's still touched by German English, it went like this: "the bird is having yellow bill and is hopping on the window sill. He is cocking his shiny eyes and is saying to you, get up, all you dunderheads." And she would go off to the kitchen to cook breakfast, singing a Hymn very loudly.

Cooking breakfast involved preparing the dreaded oatmeal. We all hated that oatmeal. I don't know what she did to it, but it had small very hard balls in it that , even if you soaked them in milk, you couldn't dissolve. They resembled small marbles. They just weren't colorful like marbles. They were sort of grey. Then she would sit down and eat her own breakfast while the rest of us, grumbling as we came, struggled downstairs to the kitchen. But this morning was different. As we were entering the kitchen, we heard Miss Ella say, "Ow! Vat iss?" Irish Auntie went to Grandma and said, "Ella, what is it?" And Grandma said, "Mine tooth. Iss mine tooth. It is hurting like anything.""

Everyone took turns staring into Grandma's mouth and the consensus was that she had lost a filling. By now, Grandma was moaning and Grandpa, ever the practical man, said, "Well, this is

a mess. She needs to go to the dentist, but we can't take her to the dentist uptown. I guess we could take her to the one over by the Church, but we can't even get out of the house to go anywhere. There have been flood warnings up for hours. Maybe if I give her a good belt of whiskey, it'll take her mind off her tooth." Grandma recovered enough to say, "Dummkopf! You know I am never drinking the spirits. Ow!"

Youngest Uncle said he had an idea. He had been out wading around while the rest of us tended Grandma. He said that there were lots of people out in rowboats and why didn't we take her to the dentist in a rowboat? Everyone thought that was a wonderful idea until somebody remembered that we didn't have a rowboat. And then, another of The Uncles said that he knew that the Greeks from across the street had one. The Greeks believed they were the finest fishermen in the world and often fished in White Oak Bayou. So Youngest Uncle was sent across the street to the Greek house to ask if we could use their row boat. Better than that! THEY would row Grandma to the dentist!

Grandma didn't much like the idea, but the tooth was beginning to really hurt, so Irish Auntie helped her put on warm clothes and the Greeks showed up with the rowboat. They were thrilled to be party to an adventure and, since they couldn't go outside and sing and dance on their lawn and disturb everyone in the neighborhood, this was the next best thing. Umbrellas were found and Grandpa picked Grandma up and deposited her in the boat. The Greeks yelled something in Greek that sounded like, "Yippee!!" and they pushed the boat with Grandma in it into the street. Fortunately, our street was on a sort of an incline and they floated down to Houston Avenue and away they went while we all stood on the front porch and waved goodbye.

Irish Auntie went into the living room and called the dentist to tell him that Grandma was on the way. And we all went into the kitchen and threw away the dreaded oatmeal, while Irish Auntie made pancakes and bacon and eggs.

About two hours later, there was a knock at the front door and my Daddy went to answer it. In came Grandma supported by the two Greeks and all of them were soaked. Grandma managed to mumble that one of the Greeks had tried to wave at a girl he knew and turned the rowboat over and they almost drowned and then she had a fit because everyone was dripping on her prize carpet. Irish Auntie helped Grandma to the wash room to take off her wet clothes while Mama went to get dry clothes for her. When they put her to bed to rest, we heard her tell Grandpa, "I'm taking that belt of whiskey now. I think I'm needing it."

And so, when I look at my parched back garden and wish for rain, I see Grandma in the rowboat, holding her jaw and looking miserable and I think that maybe we'll get rain someday, but maybe just not that much.

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stand what Grandma meant until much later and this was one of those times.

As I move on my path through life, I want my life to mirror hers. I want to feed those who have nothing and there are so many today. I don't know a church today that doesn't have a food program of some kind and yet there are some cities that arrest people for feeding the hungry. I'd love to have seen someone try to arrest Miss Ella for feeding the hungry. She'd have given them what for. I know that your church feeds the hungry and that you are a part of it. It's sometimes called "stewardship" which is just a fancy name for doing what God wants us to do: feed the hungry as He feeds us. "Feed My sheep" means many things and is more important today than it ever was. Thanks to Miss Ella, I learned one of the greatest lessons ever. She also believed that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver" and I'll bet she's smiling now knowing how well I learned what she taught me.

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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:

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, Ericka, James, Jason, John, Josh, Kevin, Kimberly, Matthew, Michael, Nicholas, Paige, Patrick, Robert, 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 urquhart_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

African Team Ministries

A special thank you to all of you who purchased items from the African Team Ministries.

Among the programs it supports:

1. A new vocational training school at the orphanage founded by Archbishop Nkoyoyo in Uganda.
2. A Radio Ministry to proclaim the Gospel in Tanzania.
3. An inexpensive drip irrigation system known as the "Bucket System" in drought-stricken areas of Kenya

St. Mary's was able to send African Team Ministries: \$823.00.



Financial Summary As of October 30, 2015

Undesignated checking & savings	\$90,440
Designated Checking	\$26,398

	Actual Oct '15	Actual Jan - Oct '15	Budget Jan - Oct '15
Income	\$20,661	\$244,311	\$258,090
Expenses	\$26,632	\$251,466	\$256,730
Net income/(loss)	(\$5,971)	(\$7,155)	\$1,360



Advent brings the opportunity to join the Outreach Team in providing needed/wanted items for children affiliated with Domestic Violence Solutions (DVS) and the Good Samaritan facilities (Marks House, Bridge House, Hope House, and

Recovery Way Home). Angel cutouts placed on the Christmas tree in Fitch Hall will contain information about each child: gender, age, something a parent knows the child needs, and something the child wants. Children's ages range from unborn to 18.

The recommended expenditure for each angel on the tree is \$30-\$50. Outreach members will be in Fitch Hall to make sure angels selected are noted on the sign up sheet near the tree, so that Outreach has an accurate record of gifts.

The project runs from November 29th to December 20th, when the gifts will be brought to the altar, blessed, and prepared for pickup by DVS and Good Sam leadership.

For more information, please contact Molly Gerald at 737-1809 or mollyfgerald@gmail.com.

Blessed Advent and thank you - The Outreach Ministry Team

Hello,
I'm writing to remind you that advent is coming. We will be holding our first meeting for the pageant on November 22 after the 10:00 service. At that time we will assign parts. Sunday mornings throughout advent are dedicated to rehearsal of the pageant. However, we will provide lessons for any youth unable to participate in the pageant. Miss Sara's primary class will continue to meet until the last Sunday before Christmas.

In His Peace,
Michelle



Answers

- 1) **B S** *Job 19:20* I am nothing but skin and bones; I have escaped only by the skin of my teeth.
- 2) **B S** *Hamlet Act 3 scene 4* I must be cruel to be kind: Thus bad begins and worse remains behind
- 3) **B S** *Matthew 5:4* If anyone forces you to go one mile, go with them two miles.
- 4) **B S** *Daniel 5:5* Suddenly, the fingers of a human hand appeared and wrote on the plaster of the wall, near the lampstand in the royal palace. The king watched the hand as it wrote.
- 5) **B S** *Othello Act 1 Scene1* I'm just serving him to get what I want. If my outward appearance started reflecting what I really felt, soon enough I'd be wearing my heart on my sleeve for birds to peck at.
- 6) **B S** *Romeo and Juliet Act 2 scene 4* Now, if our jokes go on a wild-goose chase, I'm finished. You have more wild goose in one of your jokes than I have in five of mine. Was even close to you in the chase for the goose?
- 7) **B S** *Matthew 5:13* You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again? It is no longer good for anything, except to be thrown out and trampled underfoot.
- 8) **B S** *Matthew 15:14* Leave them; they are blind guides. If the blind lead the blind, both will fall into a pit.
- 9) **B S** *Matthew 26:52* Then Jesus said to him, "Put your sword back into its place; for all those who take up the sword shall perish by the sword.
- 10) **B S** *Proverbs 16:18* Pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall
- 11) **B S** *Macbeth Act 1 Scene 5* Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full of the' milk of human kindness
- 12) **B S** *Hamlet Act 2 scene 2* Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
- 13) **B S** *Merchant of Venice Act 1 Scene 3* Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. An evil soul producing holy witness is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

- 14) **B S** *Henry IV Act 5 Scene 4* The better part of valor is discretion, in which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead.
- 15) **B S** *Jeremiah 13:23* Can Ethiopians change their skin, leopards their spots? As easily would you be able to do good, accustomed to evil as you are.
- 16) **B S** *1 Corinthians 15:32* If I have fought with wild animals in Ephesus from merely human motives, what do I get out of it? If the dead are not raised, "Let's eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."
- 17) **B S** *Matthew 7:6* Do not give dogs what is holy, and do not throw your pearls before pigs, lest they trample them underfoot and turn to attack you.
- 18) **B S** *Acts 13:22* But God removed Saul and replaced him with David, a man about whom God said, 'I have found David son of Jesse, a man after my own heart. He will do everything I want him to do.'
- 19) **B S** *Ecclesiastes 10:1* As dead flies cause the perfumer's ointment to stink, so also does a little foolishness to one's reputation of wisdom and honor.
- 20) **B S** *Matthew 7:15* Watch out for false prophets. They come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ferocious wolves.
- 21) **B S** *Merchant of Venice Act 4 Scene 1* The quality of mercy is not strained. It drops as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed: It blesses him that gives and him that takes.
- 22) **B S** *Isaiah 40:15* No, for all the nations of the world are but a drop in the bucket. They are nothing more than dust on the scales. He picks up the whole earth as though it were a grain of sand.
- 23) **B S** *Luke 4:23* And he said to them, "Doubtless you will quote to me this proverb, 'Physician, heal yourself.' What we have heard you did at Capernaum, do here in your hometown as well."
- 24) **B S** *Matthew 6:24* No one can serve two masters. For you will hate one and love the other; you will be devoted to one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and money.
- 25) **B S** *Ecclesiastes 1:9* What has been will be again, what has been done will be done again; there is nothing new under the sun.

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Veronica Gasca	12/03
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Kathleen Sipos	12/21
Rebecca Larson	12/22
Heather Roell	12/22
Trina Larson	12/24
Joel Robles	12/24
Donato Ricci	12/27



Many Hands Make Light Work

Please join us for a Work Party on Saturday, December 11th, at 8:30^{am}.

You can help with the gardening, vacuuming the sanctuary, changing light bulbs, or many other things that help keep the church going!