

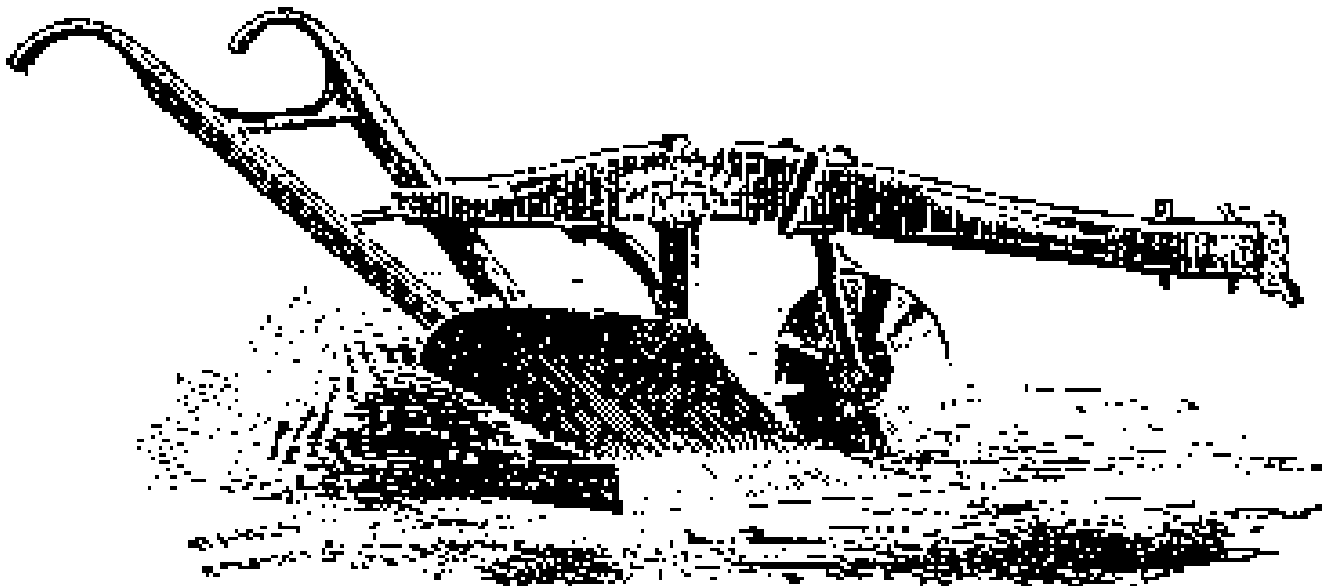


# *The Bells of Saint Mary's*

## *March 2016*

### With My Hand on the Plow

It is the 24<sup>th</sup> of February as I am writing this. It is Lent. And there are no articles in the hopper for the Bells. There is a new "Miss Ella Speaks" which my mother-in-law wrote for Lent. There is a list that the office keeps for birthdays, and sometime soon, there will be a report of finances. I wonder just what level of interest you have with the Bells. When I first got here in July of 2007, there was no newsletter and it was one of the first things I tried to restart...figuring that some way of communicating to the people of the parish would be important. And for a while, it seemed like it was a good thing...but in the last couple of years, not so much. So I am asking you to respond to this question: *Do you want the Bells of St. Mary's to continue, and if you do, why?*



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May of 2008 was the first edition of the current format. Do we need to somehow change the format, or are you just done with it?

Obviously you can get information about service times in many other places than a newsletter. But for now, here is the schedule for Holy Week and Easter:

Palm Sunday	8 & 10	
Holy Week (m-w)	5:30	Stations of the Cross followed by a simple Eucharist
Maundy Thursday	5:30	Stations of the Cross
	7:00	Holy Eucharist with foot-washing and stripping of the Altar
	8:30	Vigil at the foot of the Altar (in Fitch Hall) continues until
Good Friday	Noon	Liturgy for Good Friday
Holy Saturday	8:00	The Great Vigil of Easter
Easter Sunday	8:00	Easter Sunday service
	10:30	Easter Sunday service with choir

Please email your response to my question to [rector@atmaryslompoc.org](mailto:rector@atmaryslompoc.org) or mail it in or drop it off. We will let you know what folks are saying.

*With my hand on the plow,  
Fr. Michael+*

Rite 13 Prayer

Dear Lord,

We, the Rite 13 Group, are thankful for the life you have given us with the friends and family that we have, our congregation, the food that we eat and the home that we live in.

We forgive those who have sinned against us. Please forgive us for our sins and let those who we have sinned against forgive us as well.

We pray that you help those in need: the poor, the sic, the homeless, the hungry, and the oppressed in the world.

We ask that you help us and our families by providing knowledge of your will for us and the power to carry that out.

Help guide us and find love in your name, Lord.

Amen

## Christian Formation:

Frederick Douglass said, “It is easier to build strong children than to repair broken men.” Every day, I thank God for the families I have been given to work with. I want to thank you all for the care and love you have taken with your children. Each time I work with our youth, I see evidence of your care and, most importantly, your respect for your children. I see children who are not afraid to voice opinions and exchange ideas. They ask questions and sometimes we have to scramble to answer those questions. Sometimes, we can only respond with “I don’t know.” They grapple with big ideas such as what God is like and how we can best respond to violence. They have hope for the creation despite all the mistakes we have made, and they are very aware of humanity’s mistakes towards each other and the rest of the world.

In the Rite of Baptism, we say, “We receive you into the household of God. Confess the faith of Christ crucified, proclaim his resurrection, and share with us in his eternal priesthood.” (BCP, p. 308) As a congregation, you have made a space for our children. And they rise to the challenge and invitation to confess Christ’s crucifixion and proclaim His resurrection every month. It is gratifying to see how many people come out for the monthly Youth service. On those days, our kids are an integral part of the worship service: they read the lessons and help to celebrate communion. We attend to their voices, and we hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church.

I opened this meditation with the quote from Frederick Douglass because I believe that we as a community are working towards this goal of raising up healthy, whole individuals whose faith will sustain them and inspire them through and beyond the challenges and pain life brings with grace. Everyone is tested in some way, and everyone has experienced some kind of trauma in this life. This is inescapable, but it does not have to break us irreparably. If we cannot shield ourselves and each other from pain, we can give each other the tools to not allow pain and fear to be the sole deciding factors in our lives. We can love our children in all their particularity, and allow ourselves to be loved. Comfort those who grieve. Help those who struggle. Share each other’s joys. The Episcopal Church website states “the royal priesthood of the people of God consists in the offering of ourselves repeatedly in daily obedience in the world...” We know the greatest commandment is to love. Every day you choose to let our children know that they are valued for who and what they are and can be, you live out a portion of that love. This is our part of the eternal priesthood. This is how we live out our obedience, imperfectly though it may be. And that is a great work and a great blessing. Thank you for sharing in this great charge.

*In His Peace*  
*Michelle*

# MISS ELLA AND THE SUBSTITUTE

DEDE DUNN-WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 2016

We are once again in the Lenten Season. To some, like my Grandma, Miss Ella, it was a time for what she called “intonement” (she meant “atonement”). She took it very seriously. To Irish Auntie, even though it was a solemn time, there was always the thought that at the end of the time of atonement and solemnity, there was Easter, a most joyous time, and she preferred to dwell on that. The Uncles, who laughed at everything, refused to give up smoking even though Grandma badgered them day and night to do it and Grandpa kept his beer. I was made to give up cookies Lent isn’t always fair.

There was one particular Lent that I recall with a smile. It was one that the family never forgot and told with great relish every Lent. It had everything: sadness, darkness, hysteria, anger, physical injury, hospitals, nurses, loss and in the midst of all of this stood Grandma doing her best Miss Ella. It happened this way:

As I have told you, our Rector, Mr. Tom Windham, spent much of his time ministering to the poor people who populated Congress Avenue in Houston, Texas. In all weather, there he was, begging food from the restaurants along Main Street to find the hungry. The weather was awfully bad this particular year and Mr. Tom caught a cold that became a very bad chest cold and he ended up in St. Joseph’s Hospital where one of the healing angels was Mama’s sister, my Aunt Sweetie, who, because she had graduated at the top of her class in the nursing school, was hired by the hospital. We depended on her for reports on Mr. Tom’s progress. He seemed to be doing well, but Grandma soon received word that he wouldn’t be able to be at the church for the first Sunday in Lent. That was Holy Communion Sunday and we always looked forward to that. Since Mr. Tom wouldn’t be with us, he was sending a Substitute who would meet with Grandma. She was head of the Altar Guild and Mr. Tom said he depended on her to keep things in her usual apple pie order. The Substitute was a retired Priest and he would meet with Grandma on the Saturday before at her usual Altar Guild work day.

Grandma, who said she had what she called “presentments” or “omens”, didn’t like any of this. She told Irish Auntie and Mama, who were her team members, “Ist not good. I am telling you this now. You are hearing me. Not good.” And off we went to the church, where the Substitute’s car was parked in Mr. Tom’s parking place and Grandma shook her head and said in a whisper, “You’re seeing this. The nerve of him. I’m saying to you again, this is bad.”

We headed inside and Grandma headed for the office to speak with the Substitute. Mama and Irish Auntie hovered nervously in the kitchen and I went to my usual place on one of the front pews where I would swing my legs and wish I could be any other place but here. I'd like to be at the North Main movie watching the new horror movie, but there was no escape. I listened to the loud voices in the office and, once in awhile, Mama would give a nervous little cough and Irish Auntie would sigh.

(Before I go on, let me tell you about the church. If you were standing at the Altar and stepped down from it, there was a narrow hall and if you took a hard left, you were in the sacristy where the wine and vestments, etc. were kept. To the right was a small bathroom and as you traveled down the little hall, you would find yourself in the kitchen that led into the Rector's office. Lining the remainder of the hallway there hung pots and pans and huge vats and things that the cooks of the parish used. It was dark even during the day. Now. Picture that and listen to what Grandma and the Substitute discussed.)

The Substitute said, "Remember, Miss Ella, I want it dark in here. No lights. No acolytes. I alone will occupy the Altar space. No music. No singing. No flowers. No candles. I want it dark. Remember how solemn this is. The ushers will conduct the congregation, two pews at a time, to the front of the Altar where I will give them the wine and bread. Is that understood?" Grandma said, "But what if you are running out of wine and no Altar Boys to getting you more? Who will hand you the big cup and the bread plate and the little box with the extras in it? Who? And what about the dish towels and those wash rags to wipe with? What?" Grandma was never much one for words like chalice and paten and purificator and corporals and that sort of thing. Actually, I suspect she didn't know the correct words.

The Substitute said, "Under my direction, you will set things up and then you will leave. Remember no lights and no one is to be at the Altar but me. Understand?"

Grandma nodded, the team set things up and we left. All the way home, Grandma had that look that everyone who lived in The Big House knew. Trouble was coming and we should find a place of safety.

The First Sunday in Lent arrived and with it the inhabitants of The Big House. We entered the church and the lights were on. Grandma walked over to the switches and turned them off. Someone rose and groped their way to the switches and turned them back on. Grandma said in a loud voice that rattled the windows, "The lights are being off. The Substitute person wishes it to being so. Not touching the lights again or there will be many troubles. Are you

hearing me?” There was a faint murmur that meant that they had heard. And the Service began and all responses were mumbled until one latecomer opened the door and seeing the gloom inside, yelled, “Miss Ella, what the hell are you trying to do, kill us all?” There was a chorus of “Shhh’s” and the door closed with the late comer on the other side locked out.

The Service continued with people receiving what was, in those day, called “Holy Communion” and that Service was held only once a month. It was also a time of great happiness and joy, and so this dark and gloomy Service was a surprise even if it was Lent and you were supposed to be a bit more solemn. People struggled to find their way to the front of the Altar rail and then sort of groped their way back to their pews, sometimes entering the wrong one, which made for a fair amount of grumbling and things like, “George, for God’s sake, look where you’re sitting!”

And then, it happened. We were never quite certain HOW it happened unless the Substitute missed the step down from the Altar, or if he ran into the door of the little bathroom that someone had left open and it was so dark that he didn’t see it, but suddenly, there was a thud and a sound like an “ooofff” and then the very loud and unnerving sound of the clanging of pots and pans and everyone stood up. Someone thought to turn on the lights and two of the men ran to the hallway and there, on his back, lay the Substitute. He was obviously in pain and then they were helping him out to one of the cars and taking him away. Grandma and the rest of the team cleaned things up and we went home.

Later Aunt Sweetie called from St. Joseph’s and said that the Substitute had broken his arm and was on the same floor as Mr. Tom and he asked if someone could take his car to his house and bring him his briefcase and jacket from the office. The Uncles, when they could stop laughing, said they would. In fact, nobody at The Big House could ever mention that Sunday without laughing. Lent was still a time for “intonement”, but there was a small ray of light, unlike Good Shepherd Church that Lenten Sunday.

When Mr. Tom was told what had happened, he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. I always wondered what happened to the Substitute. He never came back to the Church of the Good Shepherd on Parkview Street in Houston, Texas.

My wish for you is a blessed Lent that leads to a glorious Easter. God love all of you.

*copyright Ella Chapman Dunn  
Lent 2016*

## 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, Gwinnie Howard,  
Shelie Jackson, Stan Sheldon, Richard Newcomb,**

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, and Virginia. 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 Courtney Tan at [courtneyannurquhart@gmail.com](mailto:courtneyannurquhart@gmail.com). Thank you!

*“Whenever two of you on earth agree in prayer,  
it will be done by My Father in Heaven.”*  
Matthew 18:19



Good bye to Bishop Mary  
Clericus 0301

### Financial Summary As of January 2016

	<b>As of 01/31/2016</b>
Undesignated checking & savings	\$142,009
Designated Checking	\$26,373

	<b>Actual Jan '16</b>	<b>Budget Jan '16</b>
Bequests	\$13,343	
Income	\$29,104	\$27,272
Expenses	\$27,443	\$28,532
Net income/(loss)	\$15,004	-\$1,260

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 Bells Editor:  
 john.beeler@verizon.net

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

Church Office Hours  
 Monday - Thursday 9 AM - 5 PM

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www.stmaryslompoc.org  
 www.redshirtproject.org



Isla Hill	03/02
David Heinbaugh	03/07
Scott Coe	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
John Daley	03/20
Louise Larson	03/20
Steve Aranguren	03/26
Colleen Moser	03/26
Robin Ghormley	03/27
John Free	03/28
Kathleen Clarke	03/29
Nancy Faragan	03/31
Irene Cunningham	03/31



**Many Hands Make Light Work**

**Please join us for a Work Party on Saturday, March 12<sup>th</sup>, at 8:30<sup>am</sup>.**

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