



The Bells of Saint Mary's

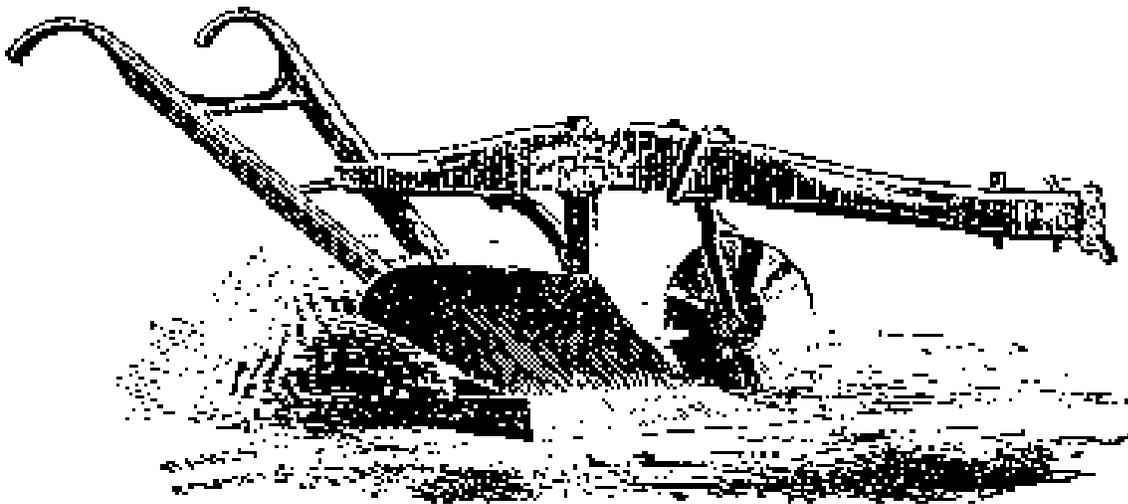
May 2016

Musings and Ramblings

Welcome to May...as in April showers bring May flowers...I remember that from my childhood. Now if we could just get some rain...

Pentecost is coming. This year it falls on the 15th of May. That day, also known as “The Birthday of the Church” we will celebrate together as one congregation with one Festival Eucharist at 10 o’clock. As in years past, if you speak a second language and are willing to participate in the service, please let me know. I love the offering of many languages and cultures on that day. After the service, there will be a big potluck in Fitch Hall. Please consider bringing a dish to share that represents the culture and people you come from. We will celebrate our differences on this most important day of the Church year.

Red Shirt Project is coming. And it will be happening earlier this year; we will leave



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from St. Mary's on July 3rd and return on the 19th. I am very excited, as we have four of our young people, Allison, Megan and Clara Swart and Stephen Bastian making the journey to Pine Ridge Reservation. Joining them, and coming to our church to spend the night on the 18th, will be young people from Los Angeles, the village of Red Shirt, South Dakota, Pasadena, Ventura, and New Zealand. As of this writing, we have five young people from New Zealand joining us through the work we have been doing in relationship with the Diocese of the Anglican Church in Aotearoa, New Zealand and Polynesia, and their Archbishop, The Most Reverend William Brown Turei, and one of his priests, my friend Don Tamihere. All five hail from the Diocese of Aotearoa, which is the homeland of the Maori people. How exciting for our church!



Last year, Bishop Mary Glasspool blessed the pilgrims to Red Shirt at the July 19th service.

Two years ago, on Christmas Eve, a former Red Shirt participant, the Rev. Chris Douglas-Huriwai, celebrated at our Altar and brought us greetings and an invitation to explore ministry we could share in together from his Bishop. Now, less than two years later, the hospitality you extended to Fr. Chris and his wife Sharlene, has produced the next phase of that growing relationship between the Church in New Zealand and our parish of St. Mary. You are such awesome people! Never doubt what good things can happen when you practice Radical Hospitality and welcome every new person as you would welcome Christ!

I would like to ask you to please help me raise the money necessary to make this year's trip. If you will, please make out a check in support of our annual mission to S. Dakota. Make it out to St. Mary's and include on the memo line, RSP '16 and it will go towards the goal of helping our young people and those who join us in the great work of seeking the Christ in all persons that Jesus sends to us...and those we go and seek out. Next month, once the project list is finalized, I will tell you all of our plans for our kids. It will include the 3rd Annual Red Shirt Community Pow-Wow...which our young people work so hard on each year...and our Adult Mentors, now looking like six of nine from our church, and three who have gone with me on almost every trip since we began 16 years ago.

We have celebrated Gwinnie Howard’s birthday (now well into her 90’s) and Isla Hill’s 90th birthday and my mother, Irene Cunningham’s 90th birthday. We have also lost a number of our “Mighty 90’s” during the year just past. We, as a congregation have experienced the deaths of six of us since I returned from Sabbatical on November 1, 2015. It has been a rough six months for sure. Through it all, we gather the circle, light the fire and tell the stories. That is what the people of God have always done. Gather in community, light the candles that signify that this is not the world outside...but the world inside...and tell the stories...of Jesus and the Last Supper, of how he died for us and set us free to serve him as we go about the business of being God’s People in the world.

Last but not least, remember the old Irish Proverb: *It is in the shelter of each other that the people live.*”

May this month of May provide you with the shelter that you need and the love of the people who share it with you.

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

Financial Summary As of March 31st, 2016

Undesignated checking & savings	\$135,328
Designated Checking	\$29,585

	Actual Mar '16	Actual Jan - Mar '16	Budget Jan - Mar '16
Bequests		\$13,343	
Income	\$30,621	\$78,393	\$81,816
Expenses	\$29,000	\$83,413	\$84,212
Net income/(loss)	\$1,621	\$8,323	(\$2,396)

St. Mary's has a policy of transparency, open and full disclosure. If you want more detailed financial information, please ask a Vestry member, attend a Vestry or Finance meeting, or visit the office during normal business hours.

Praise Camp 2016

I will praise you, Lord my God, with all my heart....

Psalm 86:12a

This year we are transitioning from the traditional VBS format with its focus on a specific Bible story to a no cost Summer Arts Camp. The Summer 2016 theme is PRAISE. Using art, movement, song, and worship, we will explore why, when, and how we praise God; and, most importantly, what is worthy of praise. Camp will meet **June 20th through the 24 from 9 am to 1:30 pm** and campers *will take part* in the **10 am Youth Service on June 26th**.

This Summer Camp is based on an established program used by St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church in Denver for over a decade. Parishioners with skills in music, creative movement, sculpting with air dry clay, fabric painting, tie-dye, and making musical instruments from upcycled materials will lead the sessions. The camp will culminate in a Sunday Youth service where campers will lead worship making use of what they have learned and created during the week.

In addition, our youth will again have the opportunity to serve as counselors. Much of the success of last year's VBS was directly due to the enthusiasm, energy, and dedication of our youth. They helped make it fun.

Our summer program is an opportunity for the youth of our parish and children from the community to come together in fellowship to learn about our relationship with God and creation while having fun. What better way to begin to learn about loving God than by praising Him for the gifts we've been given?

Needed Praise Camp Supplies

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 1 package 3/16" round dowels | 1 roll duct tape |
| 20 pieces 9 x12" Felt for cut outs | 20 medium t-shirts |
| (assorted colors) Yarn | 2 boxes gallon zip bags |
| 15 fat quarter fabric bundles (white) | 100 count non-latex gloves |
| 6' by 2'-3' foot cloth for banner | 2 milk crates |
| Cording for banner | Plastic tub |
| 20 Wrapping paper tubes | 2 Tarps |
| Package of Balloons | |
| 25 Assorted clean dry oatmeal/food canisters or plastic cans for drums | |
| 30 gallon bottles of water | |
| Snacks: chips, fruit, granola bars | |
| We will provide 5 days worth of snacks for approximately 25 kids. | |

Miss Ella and the Wedding Hat: Part 1

As usual, I sat at the breakfast table, trying to avoid eating the horrible oatmeal that Grandma made and listened to the conversation between my Grandma, Miss Ella and Irish Auntie. I was always puzzled as to why the oatmeal that Grandma made was so inedible. She was one of the great cooks and everything she made was wonderful. And then there was the wallpaper paste oatmeal. I pushed it around in the bowl and, when nobody was looking, I put more sugar on it, but nothing helped. It was still just a bowl that was full of cold little rocks. It didn't really matter that I wasn't eating it this morning. Nobody was paying any attention to me. They were too busy yelling at each other

There was always a spirited exchange, but this one was different. Grandma was being more stubborn than usual and Auntie was being more insistent. My dreaded oatmeal got cold as I listened and wondered why Grandma kept raising her voice with each retort and why her German showed more and more.

Auntie yelled, "You listen to me, Ella Maria Wilhelmina Bertha! You'll get a new dress and a nice hat to go with it. This is your son's wedding and you'll look nice or I'll know the reason why. What do you plan to wear on your head? You think you'll wear the black beanie that you wear for Altar Guild? You are not going to look like a washer woman on Artistic Uncle and Louise's wedding day. You won't wear a hat? Over my dead body."

And Grandma yelled, "I am being on Altar Guild for his wedding. So are you and Ruth being on duty that day. And yes, I'm wearing my beanie. It is being proper to do it. So should you and Ruth be wearing your beanies. Was ist? You'll be wearing that hat with the flowers. I hate that hat! You're looking like a flower pot is falling on your head! NO HAT! We are closing the manner!" (She meant "matter".)

First of all, I had no idea that Artistic Uncle was going to marry my beloved and beautiful friend, Louise. Nobody ever told me anything until it was an accomplished fact or I found out for myself by listening at a door or peeking through keyholes. I decided I was brave enough to ask a question. Now this was a dangerous thing to ever interrupt any adult especially Grandma, but I decided it was worth it this time. I was soon to find out that it wasn't the best idea I ever had, but at least I got the information.

And so, in a tiny voice made even smaller because of the terror in my heart, I heard myself saying, "Grandma, is Uncle going to marry Louise?"

And Grandma, in her usual gentle way said, "Better you should be eating the oatmeal. This is being grown up business and you are not needing the inflammation!" (She meant "information") Yes, he is marrying with Louise and it's not being any business of yours. You will be scattering the rose petals and behaving like a good girl or you don't even get to go! NOW! EAT and Auntie is walking you to school. Hurry and EAT!"

Auntie rescued me as Grandma stomped out of the room and Auntie yelled after her, "You can resist all you want to, but you have to wear a hat. It's a wedding and it's your son and you WILL wear one! Fight it all you want to. Dig your heels in, you hardheaded German, but that's just the way it will be! Bet on it!"

And Grandma turned at the door just before she slammed it and yelled, "NEVER! I tell you NEVER! I am hating the hats and I am not wearing one for nobody!" And Auntie yelled back, "Yes! You will! It is proper! It is ALWAYS done! You WILL go to shop with me tomorrow! It is TRADITIONAL!!!"

At the word "traditional", the door opened a crack and Grandma's disembodied voice said, "It is being traditional? You don't lie to me?" Now "traditional" was one of the words that Grandma always paid attention to. Tradition was a sacred thing unless, of course, Grandma decided to change it. She said once, "The worst thing about the tradition is that it is lasting too long." But then, she whispered through the crack in the door, "I maybe MIGHT go looking at a hat, but I will NOT BUY a hat. I'm telling you now. You're hearing me?" and the door closed, quieter this time.

Auntie smiled and said with a wink at me, "I hear you, but you WILL go and you WILL buy one," and we started off to school. On the way there, because I could always ask Auntie anything and be sure of getting an answer, I asked, "What was Grandma so mad about? And when is Uncle going to marry Louise? Will he take her away? I don't want him to take her away. Why does Grandma hate hats? Everybody wears hats. I even wear hats at Easter. What's the matter with her?"

And Auntie said, "Uncle is marrying Louise in a month at the church and they'll live in The Big House with us until they find a place of their own and then you can go visit them. Won't that be fun? You'll see them a lot. Your Grandma is being stubborn as usual. She doesn't like hats because she thinks she doesn't look good in them, but this is a wedding and Uncle is her son and she WILL wear a hat. I promise you. Tomorrow we'll all go shopping and we'll buy your Grandma a hat."



All morning at Kindergarten, I could think of nothing else. I did begin to feel a bit uncomfortable when I thought about any kind of unpleasantness and this was shaping up to be a battle. I tried to think of pleasant things because when I didn't my stutter got worse. And the pleasantest thing I could think about was what Grandma said about scattering rose petals. Would I get a new dress? I thought I might. And maybe new Mary Jane shoes. Maybe even patent leather. Well, Auntie said we'd go shopping tomorrow and that was nice. Still, when Miss Ruffin, my teacher, asked me a question, I began to stutter.

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Patti Balcena	05/02
Nate Caplinger	05/06
Patricia Baker	05/08
Jazz Kazianka	05/08
Stephanie Bastian	05/10
Rob Holdsambeck	05/13
Nevaeh Garcia	05/15
William Cady	05/18
Louise Hodges	05/18
Nemesio Balcena	05/19
Amanda Sherman	05/19
Judy Lin	05/20
Ann Glasgow	05/21
Michele Pittenger	05/22
Samuel Ricci	05/24
Dan Hayes	05/25
Jeanette Daley	05/27
Emilio Roell	05/28
June Ryan	05/28



Many Hands Make Light Work
Please join us for a Work Party on Saturday, May 14th, 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!