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THE MESSENGER

January 2017, Volume 7 Number 9

All Saints' Church 51 Concord Street, Peterborough, NH 03458

Parish Office: (603) 924-3202 Office Hours M-F 9 AM-4 PM

Web: allsaintsnh.org Office Email: diane@allsaintsnh.org

Jamie Hamilton, Rector Her email: revjamie@allsaintsnh.org

Our Mission (What we do)

Our mission is to help people grow in their faith and trust in God by helping them recognize their God-given talents and to use them to serve God and their neighbor.

Our Vision (Where we are going)

Our vision is to be a community in which God's love is experienced and shared.

Attention is the ability to totally engage body, mind, and spirit
in the task at hand, and thus see the infinite playing as the finite.

Zen Rabbi Rami, a poet

Dear Parishioners,

In the new year, we awake to Epiphany, the dawning days of insight that God has blessed us with the child-yet-King, whose birth gives us new ways to explore our own births, our own journeys, and our own callings.

I love the hymn, "We Three Kings of Orient are." I find myself humming the tune in the grocery store, or in the gym, and even while I am put on hold, as I wait for some nice person from customer service to assist me. This amazing story of such risk-taking touches something primordial, deep within us.

Who are these magi: kings, priests, magicians, wizards, explorers, alchemists, astrologers, fortune-tellers, sages? Why do they leave the comfort of their own homes in the Far East to travel to a site unknown? Why do they want to pay homage to a child who is a faint cry from their own traditions and way of life?

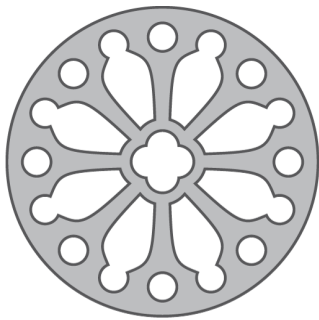
And what about *that* star? A supernova, maybe a comet, maybe Jupiter and Saturn and Venus and Mars passing each other around the birth year of Jesus. Parishioners, as we dined at the Community Supper, told me this planetary event is called a "conjunction." Whatever it was, that star lit up the universe and beckoned our magi to leave everything they knew to follow everything they did not know.

Humming "We Three Kings" evokes in me an image of standing on tippy toes as I peer into the future, and these days, it is the future of our beloved All Saints'.

We are at a turning point, magi that we are! Just as parishioners a hundred years ago had us in mind as they threw the first shovel of dirt to build All Saints', we now are blessed to imagine parishioners a hundred years from now. What gifts will we leave them, so that their faith and service can flourish just as ours has?

And to think our starting point in this journey came to us wrapped as the gift of a parking lot! Our next task is to travel together, following the star of God's dream for us, and discover again (after we have safely parked our cars), who we are as Church, as the Body of Christ. We have been given the opportunity, in this time, in this place, with each other, all of us, to travel far and bestow anointing gifts for those we will never see, but whom we love and cherish, just as those parishioners in the past loved us into being. We call this our Ancient Future.

Always,



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Jamie+

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Christian Education

Be a lamp, a lifeboat, a ladder. Help someone's soul heal. Walk out of your house like a shepherd.

The past few weeks I have been frustrated by the depth and breadth of the suffering of the world. I suppose it's disingenuous to say "the past few weeks" since obviously these things trouble me frequently. However, whether it's confronting the chronic nature of homelessness in Boston, ongoing political divisions or the harrowing images of orphaned children in Aleppo, the dire state of the world feels overwhelming, acute. There is a feeling of powerlessness, of haunting despair just on the wings of my peripheral vision, waiting to get a foothold. And yet, a still small voice whispers, "Just do something... something small."

There is no way to "fix" the problems of the world. The control freak in me wants there to be a solution, a 10-step action plan to make all the suffering go away and get a guarantee on a promising future for my children and everyone's children. But there is no such guarantee. So for 2017, the only choices I have are to succumb to despair and take no action or to claim the small spaces where I do have some power and act accordingly. Here are some places where I have found God leading me to act.

First, my primary vocation is to my family. I am still the parent! I can love my children fiercely, teach compassion, model generosity and leadership and offer them tools for their own spiritual growth. I can talk about advocacy, kindness and how to join others in their vulnerability. I can teach my boys about discrimination and how to stop it, privilege and how to use it for the good of everyone, and when they're older, consent and how to honor boundaries and be sure others feels safe with them. I can pray with them and give them space to feel their own pain and disillusionment about the world they live in and their growing awareness of it.

Secondly, I can use the space and authority I am granted in my church to do good things. I can walk the streets of Boston with my youth group and look poverty in the eyes, bearing witness to the suffering of homeless men and women. I can tell ancient stories to children about the heroes of our faith who stood up to oppression, to violent kings and conquerors, to political systems which were inherently unjust. I can preach, when invited to do so, and have courage to proclaim the message God wishes me share.

Next, I can give money. With so many organizations working tirelessly to address every pocket of suffering at home and abroad, there is always a good reason to give. I may not be able to put my body on the front line like I could if I was in a different period in my life, but I can put my wallet to work, even if it isn't much. It is something small.

And last, I can choose not to look away. I think this is the biggest spiritual goal for me for 2017: be a witness. Even when it hurts, even when it's easier to keep scrolling, stay distracted, disengage, I want to remain present whenever and wherever possible. In many ways, this is the absolute core of Jesus' ministry. He shared space with those the world overlooked. He looked and listened and loved. I can choose to do the same.

Becky Goodwin, Director of Christian Education

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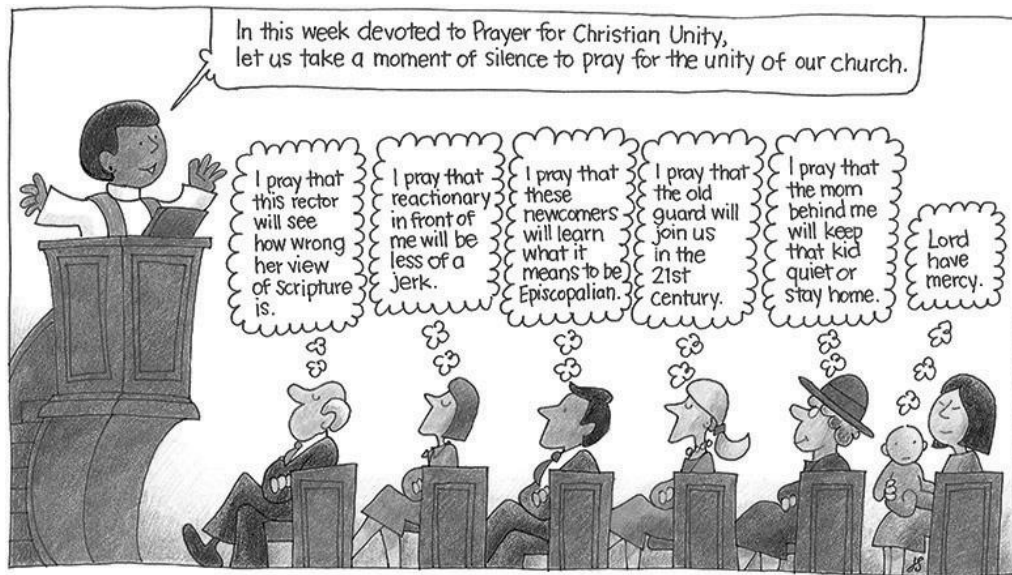
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Lara Niemela

Autumn Roberts



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Saintly News

Congratulations to:

- ❖ Montana Schultz for being chosen to participate in the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival

If you would like to share a special news item or a happy occasion with the parish, please email Gloria Schultz at glojoemointheglen@gmail.com or call 924-9489.

Alma's Poem

For 2017

All my life, I've wanted to be
Worthy of when God looked at me.
Alas, I must confess
Often, I've been a mess.
So perhaps in the New Year
Maybe, just maybe, I'll draw near
To the goal that seemed unreachable
I may be old, but I'm still teachable!

Love,

Alma

Book Release

Parishioner Linda Spitzfaden's new novel, *The Other Side of Everything* has just been published. It is available on Amazon. You may recognize the town and a memorable event mentioned in it! You'll also enjoy the witticisms and literary allusions.

Alma Ruth

Writing the Cardinal

I cannot write
the cardinal
in the midst
of this heavy snow storm
that blurs
all definitions,
horizon and trees.

He sits alone
in the sumac bush,
grand, cocky
and splendidly scarlet,
utterly oblivious
of the other birds,
gray, crouched,
heads bent low, waiting
out the blizzard like stones.

He is the sudden crimson of creation,
the primal brushstroke of color
carelessly feathering this morning

Book Note

If you find yourself yearning for a little literary solace about now, at the end of this tumultuous year, you might pick up J. L. Carr's *A Month in the Country*. A small masterpiece by an author whose works were far better known than he was himself, this was first published in 1980; I read it (and suggest that you do, too) in the edition published as a New York Review Book with an Introduction by Michael Holroyd in 2000. The Introduction is a jewel in its own right, worthy of the wry, tolerant style of the work itself.

The book purports to be a reminiscence of an English First World War veteran, suffering from shellshock, who in the summer of 1920 accepts a job restoring a mediaeval wall painting in a village church in the North Riding of Yorkshire. In apparently straightforward fashion he recounts his arrival by train from London, his encounter with the vicar who is responsible (reluctantly, as it turns out) for paying him, and his developing relationships with those around him, to many of whom he is an exotic Southerner. Living in the church tower for the summer, he reveals a masterwork under layers of grime and whitewash, and a similar one in the people of Oxbodby, both the living and the dead. And bit by bit, he experiences the healing power of an ordinary community.

It is difficult not to make this sound sentimental. But there is humor and pain, and a suspicion of neat solutions to human dilemmas here. It is bucolic village life, but in the shadow of the shattering destruction just past. There is overwhelming hope, but it is seasoned hope, hope that has had a chance to build up its muscles through hardship and sacrifice. And the writing moves along like a clear stream, carrying the reader effortlessly with it. It is just what we all need. (And many thanks to our fellow parishioner Bob Kiely for mentioning it.)

Cassius Webb

Taking Off and Trying On in God's Wardrobe

You were taught to put away your former way of life, your old self, corrupt and deluded by its lusts, and to be renewed in the spirit of your minds, and to clothe yourselves with the new self, created according to the likeness of God in true righteousness and holiness.

(Ephesians 4:22-23 NRSV)

In late November, we moved into our new home. There was some downsizing involved as we transitioned from a house to a condominium in an adult community. As we prepared, we gave away bags and boxes of "stuff," recycled and consigned and let go of what seemed to be half of what we owned. (Or did those things own us? Sometimes it was hard to tell.)

We have been slowly unpacking in the new place, and it's pretty obvious that I still own way too many clothes – more than will ever fit in our trimmed down closet spaces. So I have been putting on each item before it goes into the wardrobe. If it fits, and if it makes me feel good inside and out, it stays. If those criteria aren't met, out it goes!

I'm thinking that we might apply the same methodology to the New Year's resolutions so many of us make. Making resolutions can often be a set-up for disappointment and failure, and willpower is not all it's cracked up to be. So, it seems to me we may need to *take off and let go* of a few things in our lives before we can start *trying on* more.

Lutheran pastor and writer Nadia Bolz-Weber had this reflection on scripture we are given in our Advent 1 lectionary where Jesus is depicted as a *thief* coming in the night. (Matthew 24:43) *"There's something about seeing Jesus as a 'Holy Thief'....maybe breaking in and jacking our stuff that doesn't need to be heard as bad news. Maybe instead of making lists of things we want, we might make a list of the things we need Jesus to abscond with in the middle of the night."*

What might be weighing us down that we need a Holy Thief to come and carry away? Is it time to surrender our stubborn sense of willpower and self-sufficiency? What about the busyness we believe serves us so well that truly only drains our energy and makes us impatient and resentful? Perhaps it's time to ask for help to let go of our sense of scarcity that interferes with the joyful, giving heart the Spirit planted deep within us at our birth?

As Paul tells us, *"it is God who works in you, both to will and to work for his good pleasure"*. (Philippians 2:13) With us and our willpower, Jesus says, change is impossible, *"but with God all things are possible"*. (Matthew 19:26)

With anything that we decide to "try on" for the New Year, let us do it with a measure of loving kindness to ourselves. Let us pay attention to the Spirit working in us. May God give us patience and a willingness to fail and to learn, even more than we desire to succeed. Let us be satisfied with doing less better, and accomplishing

more. *Above all, clothe yourselves with love, which binds everything together in perfect harmony. And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to which indeed you were called in the one body. And be thankful.* (Colossians 3:14-15)

Come as a Holy Thief Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

Sandi Albom, Intern

Meet your Vestry Nominees



PAM EVERSON

Pam lived much of her life in Webster Groves Mo and graduated from the University of Missouri, with dual BS degrees in Elementary Education and Music Education, followed by graduate work at Webster University in Music Theory. While her sons were small, she developed and taught a "movement and reading readiness" program for three area preschools. In 1980, she began a 20-year career in healthcare administration in St. Louis, Kansas City, and Cincinnati. Following six years in Santa Fe, employed as Executive Director for both the Santa Fe Desert Chorale and The Wildlife Center of New Mexico, Pam retired to Sharon NH in 2006. Pam has served the Touchstone Farm and Monadnock Music Boards. While a member of All Saints', Pam has served the church as a Eucharistic Minister, Sunday reader, choir member, Vestry member and committee member. Pam was Senior Warden during our priest transition. Pam and her husband

Alan have four sons and six grandchildren.



PHILIP HUCKINS

I live in Keene. I served in the United States Air Force. I was educated at schools in Chestnut Hill and in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I have been a teacher all of my life, and while that has been a satisfying career, my most rewarding role has been, and continues to be, as father to my daughter, Sarah. Though not a cradle Episcopalian, I am grateful for all the church has done for me. In joining All Saints' I have been blessed to be a member of an incredibly nurturing community. I am fortunate to serve as a Lay Eucharistic Minister, and was pleased to be able to lead a conversation about Fredrica Thompsett's book *We Are Theologians* for Adult Christian Education. I look forward to the possibility of continuing my contributions to All Saints' Church by serving as the Vestry clerk.



MADELYN MORRIS

My husband Nick and I moved to Peterborough three years ago when we decided to come back to NH to be closer to our family after 21 years in Wyoming. I was received into the church at All Saints' in Sept. 2014 and have found my spiritual home. After 35 years as a surgical Registered Nurse, I retired this year in order to pursue other healing ministries. I am currently involved in Pastoral Care at All Saints' as a Lay Eucharistic Visitor and also as part of the newly formed Health Ministry team I have been a volunteer of the Food Pantry at All Saints' and am now at the Peterborough Food Pantry. I look forward to joining the vestry.

SALLY STEERE

I have lived in Greenfield since 2002 with my husband of 47 years, Mike, and two Labrador Retrievers and two cats. We have two children and four grandchildren who live in the area. I was born and raised in Glastonbury, Conn. and graduated from St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in New York City. I served two years in the Army Nurse Corps., where I met my husband. We moved to Swanzey, NH in 1976 and attended St. James Church in Keene for



many years. I've worked in several different nursing fields, retiring in 2010. I have attended All Saints' for 14 years, and have been active on the Altar Guild and Building and Grounds Ministries. The first time I walked into All Saints' Church I knew I was 'home'. I look forward to serving on the vestry.

CHRISTINA MEINKE



Christina holds a degree in Business and Management and has worked in both very small businesses and large corporations, in addition to owning her own consulting business. She is currently working as the Operations Manager for the Peterborough Chamber of Commerce after nine seasons at Monadnock Music. She has a strong civic commitment, having donated her time as Troy Planning Board clerk, founding publisher of the Troy Town News, Service Unit Manager for the Swift Water Girl Scout Council, and eight years as Deputy Commander for Cadets with the Civil Air Patrol NH. She lives in Jaffrey with her husband, CJ Joyce and has been a parishioner at All Saints' for seven years, including two years on the Reynolds Hall altar guild.

Beginning Anew

Let me begin by thanking Christine Howe, our editor, for the invitation to share some thoughts on “beginning anew.” This year at the end of September my husband, Tom Cowan, and I moved to Peterborough after retiring from work in New York City. For 32 years I served Trinity Church, Wall Street as head verger, a full time staff position with responsibility for all aspects of liturgy, including the training and supervision of approximately 75 parish volunteers. Tom was a construction coordinator for a private company responsible for coordination of highway projects throughout New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Vocation can take many different directions!

Although I’m originally from northern Vermont, Tom is a native New Yorker and together we decided to retire to a less stressful environment. Tom always enjoyed our journeys to Vermont to visit members of my family so choosing to relocate to a smaller community seemed to make a lot of sense. We began our research several years ago visiting many places from western North Carolina to New York’s Hudson Valley, southern Vermont and southwest New Hampshire. In the end we kept returning to Peterborough. The beautiful location, proximity to great hiking trails and the opportunity to enjoy year round theater all contributed to our decision to set down roots here. We found a house bounded on three sides by pristine woods, ample space for gardening and only seven minutes to town. Our offer was accepted and here we are! We really appreciate the vibrancy of the local community, the friendliness of the people and convenience to the eclectic small businesses that form part of the heart of Peterborough. I’ve discovered that I can run five distinct errands in under an hour when in New York I would need two days!

Connecting with a church family was an important objective for me. Having worked at Trinity Church for a long time and being a parishioner at the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, also in New York, I knew that a change in location would have to include involvement in parish life. My first encounter with All Saints’ Church, was an email exchange with Jamie Hamilton, informing her of our planned move to New Hampshire. She promptly responded, warmly welcoming Tom and me to Peterborough with the invitation to worship on our first Sunday in town. Upon entering the building I paused in the narthex to observe one of the most beautiful churches I had ever seen. It was a “wow” moment. I was welcomed by a super team of ushers who knew how to observe what I call friendly restraint. The liturgy was formal and inviting at the same time, truly a beautiful expression of what the Episcopal Church does so well. Jeff Fuller and the choir provided a musical offering rare today...and the congregation really sings! During the liturgy at the exchange of the Peace and after the service I was greeted by many people who somehow recognized a newcomer without overdoing it, assuring my return.

I haven’t missed a Sunday since and know I’ve arrived at my parish home. As time goes on I, too, have come to realize the variety of ministries our parish offers the wider community. I thank the people of All Saints’ for their warm welcome and the invitation to serve as a member of the Body of Christ in Peterborough. God bless you all.

David Jette

The New Jim Crow

Our third Adult Education forum starts on January 5 at 7 PM in the Old Parish House. For four Thursdays, we will discuss Michelle Alexander’s provocative and disturbing book *The New Jim Crow*, which suggests that mass incarceration in our country serves the same purpose as slavery and the Jim Crow laws: the subordination and control of black and brown men.

This is not an easy book to read. The facts are shocking. The sense of shame and outrage we folks of good intent experience as we read are real. We need each other’s support and compassion as we face some truths and plan some action.

If you haven’t read the book please join us for the discussions anyway. Our plan is to talk about the Introduction and Chapter One on January 5, Chapters Two and Three on January 12, Four and Five on January 19 and Chapter Six – The Movement, Where We Go from Here – on January 26.

City Reach

We arrived at the Cathedral of St. Paul at about five o'clock. It was about 20° F as we piled out of our car, our muscles sore and legs stiff as boards. We were greeted immediately by the City Reach volunteers. A man named Benny approached me, gave me a high five, and then asked my name. He appeared to be one of the homeless volunteers for the event and was extremely friendly and seemed like a fun person. Even though he didn't stick around long, he is the one volunteer I remember the most because he made such a positive impression on me.

After unloading clothes from the cars of other churches my youth group began setting up our sleeping areas. I wasn't looking forward to resting on the tiled floor of the church, but I knew that the people we would be serving tomorrow had done worse, so I didn't complain. Afterwards we all congregated in the center for some icebreakers. We discussed our hopes and fears for our weekend in Boston and then changed into warm clothes for our tour of the streets. Our tour guides names were Ken and James. They told us stories of their homelessness while we walked down the frigid streets. We wandered by places Ken had slept before and James showed us rehab facilities and shelters. All the while I carried Ken's backpack, understanding what it must be like to carry all of your possessions on your back. I've never explored a city in such depth as I did that night.

After we returned from our walk we talked, ate snacks, and got ready for bed. After a night of tossing and turning, we woke and began to prepare for our guests. Chairs were set up in the Sanctuary and clothes were separated in the basement. At about nine o'clock people started entering the church. My friend Evan began handing out numbers so that the guests would know when it was their turn to enter the basement and find garments. I was in charge of dispersing a pair of socks to each person. That job might sound easy but the guests are allowed only one pair so there'd be enough to go around. Many of them tried to take more. I had a hard time telling people to put socks back because with a huge mountain of socks, can't we afford to give out a couple extras? What really got me mad is when a group of elderly ladies came in and began sneaking socks into handbags and baskets on their walkers. I had been warned that the women liked to sell the socks.

For the most part our three hours of service was uneventful. At one point a man started babbling incoherently at a fellow volunteer. He seemed mentally unstable and had a severely swollen hand. He harassed the volunteer, left, came back and yelled again, left and then came back. By his third return, our event was over and the doors were locked. He gestured outside the glass doors and then wandered off. We took the next two hours to reflect on our day of service. My father and Evan had caught a purse thief. We all had left our comfort zones in order to help others. Several of us had the opportunity to pray with our guests, some of us even cried. I was grateful for the opportunity to serve the homeless community and I hope to go back next year.

Jude Roberts



January Saints' Days

1/1	Andrew Goss	1/12	Mary Weis		Finbarr McCullough
1/3	Lucas Gregory		Susan Sarles	1/25	Judith Pratt
1/5	Peter Oliver		1/14 Emily Manns		Bailey Guinn
	Ryan Betz	1/10	1/17 Martha Raymond		Elisabeth Foecking
1/6	Jerry Branch		Libby Twitchell		Catherine Pendleton
	Beth Krommes	1/18	Susan Gill	1/26	Lily Beyer
	Tommy Goodwin	1/19	Heather Peterson	1/28	Elsbeth Pendleton
1/7	Lilianne Tullio	1/20	Louise Lawrence	1/31	David Boothby
1/8	Charles Richmond	1/23	Isabella Zielie		Naomi-Claire Praul
	Megan Graff		Claire Marlar		
1/9	Christine Kelly	1/24	Laura Campbell		

If your name is missing from our Saints' Days lists, PLEASE let us know so you can be remembered! Just call or email the Church office: 924-3202 or diane@allsaintsnh.org



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Editor's Note

The theme for the January issue of *The Messenger* is "Beginning Anew," as you will easily discern when you read the variety of reflections. Jamie speaks of exciting change and opportunity for All Saints', likening our journey together to that of the magi. Becky G's message is beautifully written and profound in its call to each of us to take heart and move forward with love and courage.

Gloria tells is of an exciting opportunity for Montana in "Saintly News," and we have two poems this month - one from Alma and the other from Becky S. Cassius suggests a chance for both comfort and entertainment in reading *A Month in the Country*.

Sandi compares the down-sizing, weeding and letting go she and Bob did when they moved to a condo to what we can do, with God's help, as we look at New Year's resolutions.

Short biographies and photos of the five Vestry nominees are included, and each one of the candidates would welcome your introducing yourself. Annual meeting is on January 29, immediately after the one service that day.

David introduces himself to the parish as he writes of moving here from New York City last fall. You've heard David chant portions of the liturgy and read lessons.

John and I have been talking about "Beginning Anew" as we discuss *The New Jim Crow* and plan for the Adult Ed discussion group on four Thursdays in January. It seems that a crucial part of 'beginning anew' is to look at where we've been and where we are and to accept ourselves with love and compassion.

Jude writes of the experiences he had when he went to Boston with our youth for City Reach. He and other participants reflected on what they saw and did and look forward to going again next year.

The deadline for the February *Messenger* is January 18. The theme will be "Spreading the Word." Please send your contributions to me at chow6569@gmail.com.

With much gratitude and great joy,

Christine