

THE MESSENGER

February 2015, Volume 5 Number 10

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

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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.



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From the Rector...

It's Lent. Let's spread the word: "It's Time to Stop, Pray, Work, Play and Love."

Lent is possibly my favorite time during the church year. As a young child, I remember giving up things for Lent, and strangely enough, I liked the discipline. It made me feel important; sacrificing something I loved mattered to God. I spent days trying to decide what I could give up - within reason: not fighting with my sisters and brother; not watching some of my favorite TV shows; not borrowing my sister's favorite clothes without asking her (that was difficult!) One year, I couldn't make a decision, so I copied my best friend's promise to give up chocolate. Just a small problem with that choice: I didn't really like chocolate, yet for my friend, giving up chocolate was agony. I went as far as to pretend that I was struggling, too.

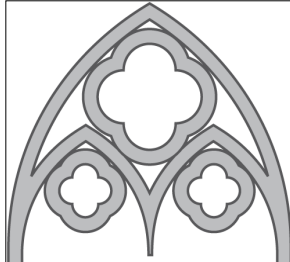
That's when I realized, "How silly." Lent wasn't just about the giving up of things, but rather it was the invitation to deepen my own identity as a person of faith. That's when I started to add things to my life: to be more mindful about praying, sleeping, dreaming, writing, eating well, and working out. I became intentional about the doing. If I didn't make it to the gym, I stopped, put things down and went because it was Lent. I wanted to fulfill my promise to myself and to God. In that way, Lent became a gift.

I am excited to share Lent with you. My Lenten practice will be to pay attention to my well-being. One way I am going to do that (besides going to the gym and giving up chocolate☺) is to join the Brothers at the Society of St. John the Evangelist in their morning meditations about the sacredness of Time. I invite you to join me, as Lenten practices shared create a beautiful tapestry.

To subscribe to the Lenten Series, go to www.ssje.org/time and put your email and name in the boxes provided. Tap "submit" and you will be enrolled. You can also download the workbook from the site. Morning videos, which you can listen to at any time, will come to your email daily. They are approximately two minutes long and then there is one question posed for the day that gives you the opportunity to further pray and reflect. The series begins on Ash Wednesday and ends the day before Palm Sunday. If a few of us participate, then over coffee hour, or in church, or at a meeting, conversations will arise, as the questions and reflections provided to us by the monks are inspiring and thought provoking.

If you are interested in knowing more, don't hesitate to call me.

May Lent be a time of opening doors for you.



THE MESSENGER

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Christian Education

*"You are not just a drop in the ocean; you are the mighty ocean in the drop." ~
 Rumi*

I was recently waiting to meet with Jamie in her office and found myself staring at a bookshelf filled with books Adrian left behind. Diane told me they were up for grabs, so being the obsessive bibliophile that I am, I began to pick through. I took home a small pile of treasures, including a tiny volume called *Let Your Life Speak* by Parker Palmer. Many of you have probably come across it or have read other pieces by Palmer. His writing is simple and elegant, and intensely thought-provoking for me as I consider all the opportunities to which I feel God is drawing me with youth, education, around the Diocese, and even as I count down to my trip to General Convention in Salt Lake City this coming June.

The book asks one essential question: "Who are you? *Really?*" Palmer outlines his own search to uncover his authentic self and to fearlessly embrace life, *his life*, as it called to him from the depths of his being. After a pretty severe period of depression, which he believes he experienced as a result of his attempts to avoid his true self, he emerged on the other side with a refreshed call to live authentically as himself.

We are equipped, when we live authentically, to serve God to great ends because we have access to "the mighty ocean in the drop." I have been encouraged reading this book to the extent that I feel God has helped me preserve some of my childhood authenticity (though I am not so arrogant to assume I haven't made some wrong turns along the way!). For example, as a child, I regularly "played church," administering communion in the form of Necco wafers to my sisters and neighborhood friends. At age 4, I once winked at a priest and said, "I'm one too!" I insisted that my Benedictine godfather request a teeny, tiny habit be made for me by the religious sisters from his home in New York, perhaps to convince the aforementioned priest that I wasn't just talk! Most famously, as I recently shared with my middle-schoolers, at about age 8, I baptized my cat out of a sincere desire for every creature in my life to partake in the sacraments.

Here I am, almost two decades later, with a master's degree in theology and working for a church. I am grateful that I haven't strayed too far...

This, I believe, is at the very heart of the "Word" which we are called to spread, the "Good News" of the Gospel. We have a spiritual home, a community, a fellowship in which we can reside and exist as we truly are, as God made us. We are called to reach out to one another from that place of real authenticity, for it is the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit and the starting point of all good work we hope to accomplish.

I am so very grateful for my work here at All Saints' with our children, adolescents, and teens, perhaps because they remain so close to that natural state of being truly themselves. It is where I feel most alive, most in touch with my own true inner self. The work ahead of us in the world is great, but the Good News is that God has empowered us with His presence, His life, His Spirit and with that



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Alma's Poem

Our faith is spread in words unspoken
 Reaching out to those whose lives are broken
 Knowing that someone cares
 May be an answer to their prayers.
 Look around, find someone in need
 Your Christian faith they will read
 Not in your speech -
 But in your outreach.

Alma Ruth

Spreading the Word

What word? Hello, I love you? Let's say *Spreading the Word of God*. Same question is, what word? In different times, it was a different word. With Moses it was "Belief," with Abraham it was "Trust," and with Noah it was "Faith." God has always loved us, collectively and individually, but at times has been angry, sad, disappointed, astounded or happy. It seems to me that the word should encompass all of the faces, feelings and manifestations of God's love, every single one. So what is that word?

I thought on this phrase *Spreading the Word* and I was stumped. If I were going to advertise God today, how would I do it? He already has the edge on our major holidays - Christmas and Easter. People are already aware of God: he has been branded. His word to some may seem corny or overused to the point of having no meaning at all. Maybe that's the point. Not to spread the word but to refresh and renew the word.

Our mission as believers and practitioners is to reapply God's word to our device-driven, fast-moving, oversensitized expletive society. I think of when my youngest son and I are out in a crowd. I shout his name; I have lost sight of him. I know he can't have gone far, he is loyal and a little fearful of being lost and yet he strays. I call his name; he does not look or respond. Funny, everyone else looks in my direction. I want his attention. I try again. Still he does not look my way. Could it be he doesn't recognize his name or my voice? I call again but this time in a whisper. No one else hears, but he does. He looks at me and runs back to me. He says, "I didn't hear you...I was preoccupied...I am sorry...I love you...were you worried?"

Maybe spreading the word means to make The Word personal. Maybe the statement "It's not personal" has desensitized us to the word. As the New Year beckons to me, I vow to make it personal, with my family, friends, co-workers, and acquaintances. Maybe the work is simple, our name and how we say it. Not shouting, but the whisper in crowd.

Lynne Betz

Saintly News

Congratulations to...

- ❖ Ed Despres on his retirement.
- ❖ Becky Hudson and Paul Freeman on their recent engagement.

❖ JoAnn Munro and David Simpson on the completion of their beautiful new home.

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

February Saints' Days

2/4	Sue Piscopo	2/13	Cindy Naudascher	2/18	Diane Callahan
2/12	Gerry Hallgrimson Gail Anthony	2/15	Anne Marie Warren	2/19	Carl Wagner IV
2/13	David Simpson, jr. Steve Fowle	2/16	Nancy Ripley	2/20	Tony Anthony
		2/17	John Ross Deb DeCicco	2/24	Elizabeth Smith
				2/27	Louise Bryant

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

Monadnock Area Food Pantry 2014 Report

Number of:	2014	2013
Requests	3,586	3,406
People	11,202	10,623
Children	3,897	3,796
Senior Citizens	503	384
Veterans	263	169
Pounds of Food Distributed	74,707	72,686

Some notes from our Christmas cards:

"Thank you for our Thanksgiving and Christmas meals. People like you make a blessed difference in other lives."

"Thank you for your compassion, understanding, and acts of kindness."

"I greatly appreciate your friendliness and the packages the pantry provided to my family in our times of need."

"Through prayer and the grace of God our situation is much improved; we wish to share our blessings with the pantry to help you continue your works of charity." (A \$20 bill was enclosed).

"One of the nicest parts of Christmas is remembering special people like you." (A \$5 bill was enclosed).

"Thank you for all you do!"

Meredith White

(Ed Note: The Monadnock Area Food Pantry is located in the basement of the Old Parish House and is open Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays 10 AM-12 Noon. There are no costs or requirements to obtain food. Donations and volunteers are always welcome. Call the church office 924-3202 for more information.)



Reflections on a Year on the All Saints' Vestry

It is with great relief and a good measure of joy that I can say without hesitation that I have loved my year as a Vestry member. When I stepped up to join the Vestry, I admit to some fear and reluctance because I worried that my love for my church of many years might in some way be tarnished or diminished. I worried that I would feel like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz pulling that curtain back only to find the wizard frantic and frenzied trying to pull the levers to make the magic.

Not only did this not happen for one moment, but instead I found genuinely sincere people making organized, clear, calm and correct decisions on behalf of our church and its members. Additionally, I found a group of good thinkers and planners who tended to the maintenance of our church and its campus so it could be ready at a moment's notice for anything like my family's funeral, a wedding or a baptism, in addition to being warm and clean for our Sunday services or Community Supper. Listening intently, I also found out how hard it was to preserve the infrastructure of our old buildings, to preserve their beauty and serenity long into the future. I am moved and impressed.

I also have watched our team grapple with the money, time, commitment and care for all our Outreach Ministries. Hearing the moving stories from Juarez, or the therapy dog group, or the trips to the Boston Common to give out coats to the homeless, or gathering toys for inmates to give to their children or the tons of food we give to veterans, old people and single parents – the list of what our little church does right in Peterborough all the way to Mexico is astounding. Prior to joining the vestry, I had no idea of the deep sense

of responsibility to give and give generously felt by so many members of our church. I realized we truly do "put our money where our mouth is!"

As I looked ahead on my calendar each month, I realized how timely the financial reports would come from Christy, how completely the minutes would be done by Walter, how clearly the agenda was set by Pam, Deb and now, Jamie, and how promptly the meetings would start and end. I marveled. As a Founder and Executive Director, perhaps I – more than most – realize how hard this is to accomplish with a big group of diverse people. A leader wants this diversity and strong people with opinions so that the right decisions get made. However, it can be a fine balancing act to run such meetings with people who are genuinely invested. Somehow both Celeste and Jamie pull this off. Pam and Deb are quiet, strong leaders who know where they want to lead. What a privilege to watch them work. What an honor to be on their team.

However, I knew the final test would be to build the budget. By the time I arrived last year, this work was done. We all know that money is where the "rubber meets the road." To my great joy and delight, this process led by the Wardens, Clergy, and our sainted staff of Diane, our Administrator, Jeff our Choir Master, Becky our IT person and Christian Ed, and Tere our buildings manager, appeared seamless. We hit the right balance between responsible stewardship of our grounds, and outreach to those in need. We stepped up the stewardship so that we could attract someone of Jamie's caliber. We balanced the need for heat and boilers, with flowers on the altar and ice melt for the steps. We planned our fair share to the diocese, and we met our local obligations.

So, from a “newbie” on the Vestry, I shout from the mountaintops that our congregation is in good hands. The present and future of All Saints’ is being thoughtfully, carefully and consistently managed by a team of people who believe in team

work, creative thinking and collaboration. It is my pleasure indeed to serve on the Vestry of All Saints’.

Boo Martin, Vestry Member

FRIDAY FLING!

6:30 PM, February 13 in Reynolds Hall

Fun for the whole family! Supper provided (not a potluck!)

Book Note

Ever since returning from a ten-day trip to China several years ago, I have looked forward to reading *New Yorker* articles by Evan Osnos, its China correspondent based in Beijing. Osnos has now returned to the U. S. and has produced an enthralling account of how China has changed since the Cultural Revolution of the 1970s. *Age of Ambition: Chasing Fortune, Truth, and Faith in the New China*, a National Book Award winner published in 2014, derives much of its eloquence from the stories of individual Chinese men and women. These are not just vignettes; many of these people are woven into the narrative as the author considers different aspects of life in this complex society. He moves from often-hilarious accounts of the new entrepreneurs who emerged after the ban on private businesses was lifted, to the struggles of farmers and urbanites to deal with a legal system that is ultimately whatever the Communist Party says it is. An economist who defected from Taiwan to the mainland in 1979, when most defectors were heading in the opposite direction, is followed as he makes his way through the shifting currents of a bureaucracy that views him with suspicion, wonder, admiration, and tolerance.

The struggles of journalists, artists, and others to ferret out truth in a society that has been managing public opinion since the third century BC forms a bridge between the ethos of getting rich quick and the ethics of individual and social behavior. Osnos interviews the principled, the wily, and the victimized, and produces a nuanced understanding of the ways in which the propaganda apparatus is able to loosen or tighten the reins on a public thirsty for information.

For our purposes, the most compelling section of the book is the last, “Faith,” dealing with the spiritual void left by Mao’s discrediting of not only Western religion and philosophy but also Confucianism, Daoism, Buddhism, and folk religion, followed eventually by the collapse of Communist ideology as well. Osnos contends that the years since 2000 have produced a wave of interest in and adherence to all of these faiths (there are now 80 million Christians), plus a more general Chinese nationalism and belief in free market economics!

The attraction to Western ideas and the determination to stay clear of them form a constant theme in this engaging, witty, compelling account of one enormous, partly traumatized, resilient nation to find meaning.

Cassius Webb

Fire Inside

In the coldness of winter
In the darkness of night
In the soul of this sinner
Came a Heavenly Light...
Came a Heavenly Light!

Wonder how such beauty
Had come down to despair
By whatever route we...
Find each other there...
We find each other there!

Tell me why...
Why we deny...
The fire inside!

Inside hears a whisper...
A cry and a hue
Oh my brother and sister
It warms my heart just like you...
It warms my heart... like you!

Tell me why...
Why we deny...
The fire inside!

In the coldness of winter
In the darkness of night
In the soul of this sinner
Came a Heavenly Light...
Came a Heavenly Light!

Andy Peterson

View from the Bench

Farewell to Alleluia

Did you ever go on a scavenger hunt at a birthday party or holiday gathering when you were younger? Each individual or team received a list of things to find (usually outdoors, out from under foot). The best scavenger hunts provided clues to a riddle or puzzle you needed to solve in order to know what to find.

The season of Epiphany can be a little like that. In each Sunday's readings and music there are interesting clues that help connect Epiphany to Advent, Christmas, Lent and Easter. Some years offer more clues than others, since Epiphany season can range from five to nine Sundays (depending on the timing of the first full moon after the Spring equinox, which determines Easter Day, and by counting Sundays backwards, when Epiphany season ends.)

Five Sundays or nine, there is *always* a Last Sunday after the Epiphany. It's the Sunday before Ash Wednesday, and more than any other Sunday in Epiphany season, the music and the lessons are all full of clues that help move us intellectually and experientially from Christmas, through Lent and Holy Week to Easter. For instance, there is a line in the gradual psalm appointed for this year that says, "Our God will come and will not keep silence." It's an interesting connection to the gospel appointed for the Last Sunday after the Epiphany - every year - an account of Jesus' Transfiguration. In the Transfiguration story, the voice of God resounds from the clouds or through blinding light, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; listen to him!"

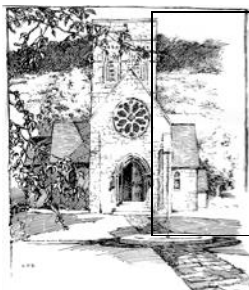
On the Last Sunday after the Epiphany, hymns and anthems replete with "alleluias" drill into us what we all know: the rubrics of our prayer book direct that 'alleluias' should be omitted during Lent. It's as though it's our last chance for a while and we're going to say it as often as possible on this Sunday before Lent. Even at the close of the service, every verse of our recessional hymn ends with "alleluia."

In the medieval church, the use of "alleluia" was forbidden beginning not on the last Sunday but on the three Sundays before Lent. What arose in many locales were rites of Farewell to Alleluia. (Some of our young people may recall burying the Alleluia banner in the crypt here at All Saints' some years ago as a way marking the beginning of Lent). The 11th C. sequence hymn traditionally appointed for the Last Sunday after the Epiphany, *Alleluia, dulce carmen*, became the focus of these farewell ceremonies. As late as the late 16th century in northeastern France, there is record of a ritual burial of a manuscript copy of the hymn (in a wooden coffin) with a full Requiem Mass. Such rites ultimately died out and so did the use of this hymn, until it was translated into English by John Mason Neale in 1851 and subsequently appeared in several hymnals.

On the Last Sunday after the Epiphany this year (February 15), the All Saints' Choir will sing "Alleluia, Song of Gladness," the Farewell to Alleluia hymn in its English translation, in a choral setting by Henry Purcell (1659-1695). The final stanza of the hymn reassures us as we "bury Alleluia," that it will reappear at Easter:

Alleluia, we deserve not here to chant forevermore;
 Alleluia, our transgressions make us for a while give o'er,
 For the holy time is coming bidding us our sins deplore,
 And at last, to keep Thine Easter; Alleluia, evermore.

Jeffrey Fuller, Organist and Choirmaster



Lenten Morning Prayer in the Lady Chapel
All Saints' Church
51 Concord Street
Peterborough NH 03458
7AM, *Weekdays*
Thursday, February 19 - Thursday April 2

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Editor's Note

When I read Becky's article about how she was aware of her calling to be a minister when she was young, I immediately thought about my nursing career. I became an RN only five years ago, after decades of teaching English to students at every level from third-grade to first year in college. But when I was little, I was a nurse. My mother made me a white uniform (complete with a cap and a blue cape) and at the age of six, I would walk through our neighborhood, alert to injury or illness. I remember once stopping a pick-up baseball game in the sandlot across from our house, holding my hands up like a traffic cop as I strode across the infield to check the knees of a boy who had slid into third base. When things don't go my way or I start to fret about the state of the world, I think of the grace that was bestowed upon me to be able to answer the call I first heard when I was a child. That grace, freely given, is available to

There are many articles in this month's newsletter about how many of us have responded to God's call. Lynne asks us to reflect on the Word and how we share it. Boo writes with joy about her service on our Vestry. Cassius intrigues us with his review of Osnos's book about the "New China," and Jeff invites us to "say farewell to alleluia."

Alma's poem urges us to reach out to those in need, and Andy's poem reminds us we each have a "fire inside" that is the Heavenly Light.

The deadline for the March *Messenger* is February 18, which is also Ash Wednesday. The theme will be "Observing Lent." Please send your contributions to me at chow6569@gmail.com.

With much gratitude and great joy,
Christine