

# THE MESSENGER

October 2015, Volume 6 Number 6

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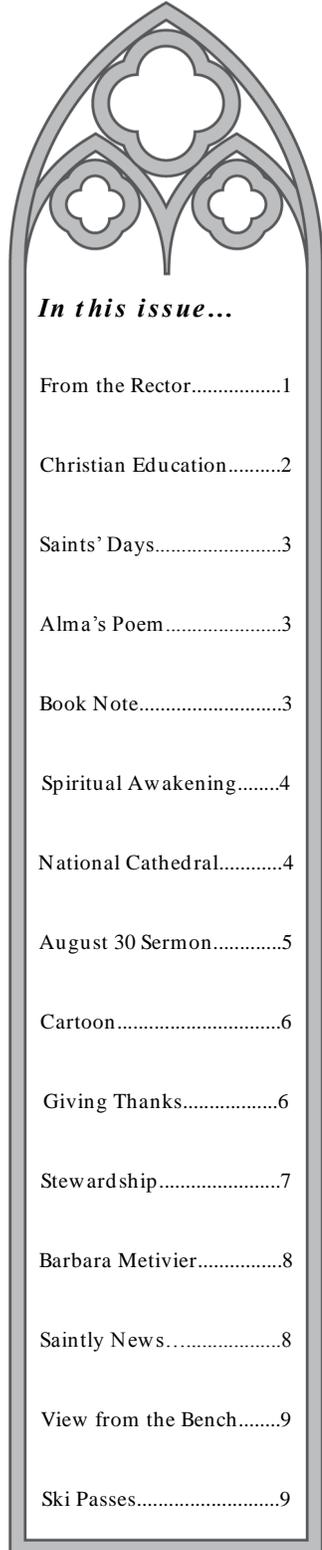
Jamie Hamilton, Rector

### **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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Dear Parishioners,

Many times throughout the years, I have heard, "Don't talk about sex, religion or politics." Of course, I've talked about all three topics and usually, if you are careful, you can at least agree to disagree, especially if all parties involved realize that sensitivities need to be honored.

Yet one topic that doesn't even make the list of "don't talk about" is the topic of money. It's so contraband, we don't even bring it up as something not to do, so revered and understood in its role as PRIVATE.

So it's no surprise when speaking about stewardship, there is often a lot of sighing. It makes us uncomfortable. It's okay to talk about the stewardship of our time and talents, but leave money out of the discussion. Let me deal with this on my own, in the privacy of my own thoughts and concerns. And as we look at our pledge card, often we are plagued with worries. Can we pay the bills the church incurs? Why are there crises around projects – didn't we plan well enough? Since there is not enough money to go around, how do we decide what receives priority? Why does the church always seem to talk about money – shouldn't our focus be on things of the spirit? How am I going to ask for money from my fellow parishioners (ugh)? I hope I am never asked to be on the stewardship committee (please God). And the list goes on.

Let's turn this anxiety upside down onto its head.

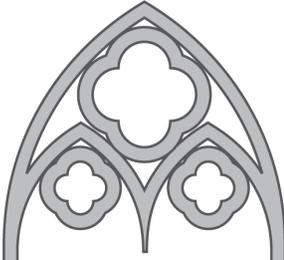
Stewardship is a form of ministry. And as a ministry, we receive God's blessings from those to whom we minister. Just ask any of the children who accompanied Patty Wheeler to Juarez. They know in the very sinews of their bones that they received much more than they gave to the children they met. What is the blessing? It is a glimpse of the face of God. Were they surprised by how much they received? Of course, because receiving the surprise of God's presence is always about abundance.

Paul states this beautifully with this reminder, "You will be enriched in every way for your generosity (2 Corinthians 9:11). The opportunity to pledge is like prayer. Both allow us to see ourselves and others as God sees us, uncovering for us our identity in God. When we claim God's truth about ourselves that "with you I am well pleased as my beloved son and beloved daughter," we gather on the one holy ground of God's generous acts toward us. By giving money, praying and serving we enter into God's blessings and experience a shift, a reorientation, a compelling draw to be in the midst of God's freedom for our lives.

Maybe the greatest gift we receive from the ministry of stewardship is to become a part of building something greater than we can achieve individually.

Welcome to the Kingdom of God here on earth.

Blessings to all of you,



**THE  
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## Christian Education

### *Tiny Graduations*

Every summer, my family and I take a camping trip to Bear Brook State Park. It's a family tradition and one that my children begin asking about months in advance. This year, like every year, offered numerous, wonderful family moments and Chuck and I remarked on the number of "tiny parenting graduations" we experienced this year. We had a moment, for example, where all four of us stood on the edge of the pond and fished together. No one had to spend the whole time untangling lines, or helping to cast, or pulling weeds off of hooks. All the hours of patient instruction forgoing actually fishing yourself so that your child can fish came to fruition in a few moments of peaceful, quiet time side by side at the water's edge. It was magnificent.

Several times during the week, the kids, who know every square inch of the campground at this point, ventured off with a small cohort of their friends and disappeared. Chuck and I sat by the fire with coffees in hand and had – uninterrupted – conversation. It felt like a graduation indeed: we had earned this moment of peace after years of constant supervision, patiently watching and holding hands on the playground, teaching about bike safety and stranger danger and how to mediate with. Off the boys went, only to return for meals and band-aids. It was beautiful.

However, this freedom, our reward of having reached this stage of parenting, signals yet more mystery, more growing edges with new challenges and reasons to lie awake in the night. Parenting, like any aspect of one's spiritual journey, is a constant balance between endings and beginnings. Even by joking that we had reached a "tiny graduation," we are acknowledging a commencement, a beginning of some new stage of letting go where our children become more interested in their friends than in us. At the campground it felt like a relief. I am not so naïve as to think it won't eventually feel painful in its own way.

The ever-changing landscape of faith can feel the same. Each time we feel we have "graduated" from some rough patch of self-doubt, loneliness, confusion or instability we find ourselves confronted with a new stage of the journey where once again everything feels unfamiliar. The real reward comes from settling into the pattern of letting go, of learning to trust God through the transition into the next phase of the journey. The reward is stability in the midst of constant change. My parents have modeled this beautifully for me, as have my husband's parents, each couple in their fourth decade of marriage and parenting. All we can hope for is to celebrate the moments of achievement, whether in parenting, in our careers or in the quiet of our spiritual lives, and forge ahead, trusting that God will give us what we need for whatever lies ahead.

*Becky Goodwin, Director of Christian Education*



## October Saints' Days

10/1	Otto McLaughlin		Linda Walsh
	Ted McLaughlin	10/18	Heidi Graff
10/2	Bruce Larsen		Dhanesh Airi
	Berkley Bates	10/19	Augusta Law
10/3	Bobbie Coffin		Stanley Szydlo
10/5	Julie Crocker	10/19	Roxane Weddle
10/6	Judy Vance	10/20	JoAnn Munro
10/10	Kaliegh Row	10/28	Matthew Guinard
10/12	Connie Oliver		Tricia Burt Masterson
10/14	Alma Ruth	10/29	Sally Larsen
10/15	William Ricuarte		Kaleb Guinn
10/17	Joe Hale	10/30	Jean Ellston
10/18	Nathaniel Pierce		Liam Armstrong
		10/31	Emily Twitchell

*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](mailto:diane@allsaintsnh.org)*

### Alma's Poem

#### *Happy Harvest Time*

Has the summer past?  
I knew it wouldn't last  
But still – so fast?  
But wait, it is now fall  
Things are good after all.  
Don't give in to post- season pall:  
It's almost time to "Deck The Hall"  
Happy Harvest Time!

*Alma Ruth*

### Book Note

*The Supper of the Lamb: a Culinary Reflection*, by Robert Farrar Capon has been almost continuously in print since 1969. I can only suppose that this is not due to a steady supply of new readers of Anglican theology so much as a steady supply of people who like to cook, and even more who like to eat.

Capon was a parish priest and dean of a (Long Island) diocesan school of ministry for many years, as well as, clearly, an opinionated cook, husband and father, musician, tinkerer, and writer. This was his second book; there were to be several dozen more. But this is the one that seems to have retained a following through the years.

I remember reading this with great pleasure in the early '70s, both for its take on food and for its way of insinuating

musings on life and God into very specific contexts of everyday life. The voice is both extravagant and practical, and always hospitable, taking the reader into his confidence; it strikes me as somewhere between Walt Whitman and G. K. Chesterton. He begins with the ingredients for four recipes, titled collectively "Lamb for Eight Persons Four Times", followed by "Permit me now to wipe my hands and introduce myself." And you're off. Off on a wild, unpredictable ride, for which the preparation of these four meals using one large leg of lamb forms the structure. Along the way, you will be required to contemplate an onion in great and mystical detail (as you prepare it for inclusion in the first recipe), discuss knives, pots and pans, and ingredients, and experience the author's joy in the Creation as the work of a loving and involved Being Who hopes His creatures will also be loving and involved in creating and rejoicing.

Note "His." This book does show its age in various ways. The masculine self-assurance is one; the unabashed carnivorousness may be another. And certainly, the available foodstuffs in 2015 America, and the sensibilities of American palates, are a long way from where they were in 1969. But the rewards of its vision are still rich and many.

This is not just metaphysics. There are many recipes, some within the chapters, many others collected at the end. I vouch for the Ratatouille Niçoise (but not for the Tripe Niçoise), for the Cuban Bread, the Steamed Ground Beef, the Zabaglione, the Crème Chocolat. I would vouch for others if I could remember them, but it has been a while since I turned my hand and mind to the treasures in this romp of a book.

I have to go now; I don't have anything in the oven.

*Cassius Webb.*

## Signs of Spiritual Awakening

- ❖ An increased tendency to let things happen rather than to make them happen.
- ❖ Frequent attacks of smiling.
- ❖ Feelings of being connected with others and nature and having willingness to confront injustice.
- ❖ Frequent overwhelming episodes of appreciation.
- ❖ A tendency to think and act spontaneously rather than from fears based on past experience.
- ❖ An unmistakable ability to enjoy each moment.
- ❖ A loss of ability to worry: to let go and let God.
- ❖ A loss of interest in conflict.
- ❖ A loss of interest in interpreting the actions of others.
- ❖ A loss of interest in judging others.
- ❖ A loss of interest in judging self.
- ❖ Gaining the ability to love unconditionally.
- ❖ Seeing people as individuals rather than as stereotypes: more frequent use of “us” rather than “them.”
- ❖ Less interest in blaming.
- ❖ Being quick to listen and slow to speak.
- ❖ Not taking those closest to us for granted.
- ❖ Remembering the five essentials: I love you, I’m sorry, Thank you, Please forgive me, I forgive you.

From the *RiteNow* discussion on August 30

## Visit to the National Cathedral

A few weeks ago I visited my daughter and her husband in Virginia and we went to the 10 AM service at the National Cathedral. It was my second time to the Cathedral but my first time with them. What a treat!

In addition to the beauty and grandeur, there were two things that struck me. The first was that my church, All Saints’ where I worship every week, is the same church as the National Cathedral. The service is the same, the welcoming of all people is the same, the open Eucharist is the same, the prayer book is there, the feeling of deep faith and worship of God is there. The National Church is my church. Wow.

The second thing I realized was the same thing that made such an impression on my first visit. This Cathedral was built over a span of 80 years with donations from people all over the country. There are 3 x 5 cards with the names of people from across the United States and the amount they donated. People who sent even \$5 are recorded and remembered. Those people believed in what was being built; “A house of prayer for all people”. They wanted to give so they could be part of that house of prayer, even if they knew that they would never have a chance to see Cathedral. They had the long view.

Henry Yates Satterlee was the first Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Washington and in 1896 he wrote, “I shall never forget the sensations with which at the board meeting I took up the pen to sign the contract for the purchase of the Cathedral property. It required as much nerve and courage as I have ever put forth.” The foundation stone was laid in 1907 but actual construction did not begin until 1910.

For eight decades, the drive to build a Gothic cathedral in the nation’s capital continued through historic and financial forces that halted construction for five different periods. Periods of struggle – two world wars, deaths of bishops and architects, the Great Depression, crippling inflation, the rise of secularism and severe debt – were balanced by moments of celebration and progress was driven by the optimism, patience, perseverance and the faith of thousands of cathedral

supporters. The final phase of construction began in 1981. The last stone was set atop the St. Paul Tower on September 29, 1990, eighty-three years to the day from the laying of the foundation stone. Master mason Billy Cleland said, "It was like putting the last gem in Christ's Crown".

I'm thrilled to be part of the National Cathedral and I admire this long view : the perseverance and patience and the faith of many thousands of people. During the same years, we here at All Saints' have been nurturing, growing, sustaining and living our faith. For over 100 years we've been supporting God's work, in God's house. We also have the long view.

*Deb DeCicco, Junior Warden*

## A Sermon delivered on 30 August 2015

### *The Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost (Proper 17)*

(Ed. Note: A parishioner visited visited St. Francis' Chapel on the Stone Pond in Marlborough on the last Sunday in August and came to me saying that Cassius had preached an extraordinary sermon that all the Saints should hear. I asked him to send me a copy, which he did, and then I asked our rector if it would be okay to break precedent and publish this whole sermon in *The Messenger*. She agreed with the other parishioner and me that this sermon contains a compelling and vital message for all of us.)

There they were, the five of them making their way onto the stage, two with some difficulty. The fifteen-year-old whose life Jonathan Daniels had saved by pushing her out of the way and taking the shotgun blast himself. The Catholic priest who had taken the second blast in his back, and had survived. The seminarian friend who had been with Daniels in Alabama for that whole spring and summer of voter registration. Two local workers for SNCC, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. It was now fifty years later, but these five witnesses were together again, at the Colonial Theatre in Jonathan's home town, ready to reflect not only on the film we had all just seen, but on the events themselves and their meaning now. All of them had continued in the civil rights struggle in their different ways. They had good and important things to say. But their presence alone at that event a week ago gave me a sense of tremendous privilege. It was like seeing the Apostles.

They are ordinary people, from different backgrounds, two white and three black. A refrain from the film about Jonathan Daniels in 1965 was "he didn't have to be here." Actually, none of them had to be there. The Northern whites were, in fact, putting themselves in the way of ferocious hatred for that very reason. But the African-Americans, too, could simply have chosen to lead lives as quiet as possible, putting up with oppression, not attempting to change things, ceding power to the white community so accustomed to holding it all.

But it seemed to each of them, as to Jonathan, that that choice was no real choice at all. Justice, righteousness, truth, true community: a hundred years after the Civil War, it was time. There were words: the words of the Constitution of the United States; the words of the Bible; the words of such as Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. Du Bois, Sojourner Truth; the words of old hymns and new, to heed and to gain strength from. And there was experience: their own and their ancestors', of avoidance, guilt, heroism, suffering. The whites, who could have remained in ignorance, had chosen to come and live with the black people of Alabama, to observe their day-to-day lives and the sources of wisdom that sustained them, the exploitation that could destroy them. They could not leave.

Moses the Lawgiver (Deuteronomy 4) addresses the people of Israel who have left Egypt with him to wander in the wilderness of Sinai until they are ready to reënter the Promised Land. He charges them to "give heed to the

statutes and ordinances that I am teaching you to observe." Their continuance depends on obedience to the One who had brought them forth. "Keep the commandments of the Lord your God." It is implicit that these commandments are worth listening to, that the God of Israel is a god of wisdom, not of caprice, whose commandments are intended for the people's good. "What other great nation has statutes and ordinances as just as this entire law that I am setting before you today?"

But there is a second part to Moses' admonition. Obey the Commandments of the Lord, but also – "watch yourselves closely, so as neither to forget the things that your eyes have seen nor to let them slip from your mind all the days of your life; make them known to your children and your children's children." God speaks to you not only through the word, the Law that is to be obeyed, but also through your experience, what you have witnessed. It is Word and history together that shape us, temper us, help us to stand in the world around us and be the people God has in mind.

From time to time, I suppose, all of us look at other people's heroic lives and feel inadequate. How did they do it? Why didn't I? But it takes nothing away from their courage and integrity to point out that people do, at best, that which they themselves can do. They come from particular places and families, at particular times, and some task shows up. And they take it on. Jonathan Daniels did not need to be in Alabama in 1965; that is true. But it is also true that he could be. He was a young, attractive, male seminarian from a good background with caring parents, unmarried, charming, with a special knack for dealing with children. If Martin Luther King wanted people like him to come to Alabama, there was no reason for him not to do so (aside from ignorance and blind terror). While there, he found a new (black) family, with whom he stayed, at great peril to them, but where he was loved and appreciated. There was pain and suffering, but there was also joy and usefulness.

We, too, are charged with obedience and with remembering. The remembrance of who we are and whence we come has the power to narrow us, dig us into channels where we only truly encounter people like us, unless we realize also that at no point in our journey were we alone. With us, in the pillar of cloud and fire, in the sound of silence, in our own thoughts, went the One into Whom we were baptized. We were never on our

own. That presence guided, chastised, grieved, rejoiced, with us and for us all the while.

Continued on next page

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And so, as we confront evil and injustice in our own times and places, we do so in obedience to that One, that constant Presence, that giver of clear words of compassion and justice. We do so as people who have made our own particular journeys through the wilderness, with our own equipment and experience.

None of us can do everything. But each of us can do something, perhaps many things. It is a matter of openness to possibilities, and wise reflection on what they involve. For Jonathan, the push came from Evensong in the seminary chapel, singing the words of the Magnificat, the Song of Mary, echoing Israel's hymns through the centuries: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour; for he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden. For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call *me* blessed; for he that is mighty hath magnified *me* (and Holy is his Name)... He hath shown strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He

hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away."

That, you see, is tradition: living tradition. The God who brought forth an oppressed people from Egypt has an eye out for the oppressed, the ignored, the powerless, the ones on the fringes, the ones who make others uncomfortable and resentful just by being around. It is a tradition that has outlasted overweening ambition and pride through the centuries. It is still here, as fresh as ever, as fresh as Jonathan Daniels and Francis of Assisi and, for that matter, Justine Frances Kershaw, who brought refugees and New Hampshire teenagers to this very Chapel. It is a tradition that embraces us, and at the same time gently pushes us out the door. For there is much to do.

*R. C. L. Webb.*

A GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES



### Giving Thanks

Way back in April  
The sun's lengthening rays  
Brought us hope.  
Emerging seedlings.  
Prophesying harvests  
Sustained us.

Waning days of sun  
Signaled summer's sure end  
As we harvested  
From our gardens  
Apples, pumpkins, potatoes.  
Praise the Lord!

*Bev Kemp*



## **A Letter from the All Saints' Stewardship Committee**

*"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy and peace." Galatians 5:22*

Stewardship offers each of us a sense of meaning, joy, and spiritual growth in our relationship with God like nothing else does.

Each of us is blessed in many ways by the Lord's gifts. Among these gifts we share, is the spiritual joy and Christian fellowship that our All Saints' community offers. We invite you to renew your stewardship, and ask yourself the question, "What is God calling me to give to support God's work?" Only through your generosity, will All Saints' continue to spiritually thrive and actively pursue God's work in our parish and community.

We share this goal: We hope that every member of our parish will become a proportionate giver. This involves deciding what percentage of our income we will give to support God's work, through the ministries at All Saints'. We believe that proportionate giving, provides each of us with spiritual richness, as well as offer new and exciting opportunities to, "Say Yes to God's work."

Our stewardship campaign will also emphasize our coming together as a community of faith, to consider and celebrate our stewardship. On October 25, Consecration Sunday, we will hold our annual 'Ingathering'. On this day, our All Saints' community will join in worship at 8 AM and 10 AM, and submit our new pledges near the conclusion of each service. Following each of the worship services, we will gather together in Reynolds Hall for a catered Celebration Brunch. During worship services, in advance of Consecration Sunday, you will receive and be asked to complete a reservation form indicating your intention to attend one of the brunches. The Celebration Brunches will offer us the opportunity to share Christian fellowship and celebrate as we say, "Yes, to God's work!"

The Stewardship Committee and Vestry of All Saints' ask you to prayerfully consider what percentage of your household income you will give to support God's work and the ministries at All Saints. We sincerely hope, that after determining the percentage your current pledge represents of your income, you will consider increasing the percentage. As you give thought to increasing the percentage of your new pledge, consider how fully it represents your thankfulness to God for all the blessings you have been given.

We are looking forward to seeing you on Consecration Sunday.

Faithfully, yours in Christ, the All Saints' Stewardship Committee

*Jamie L. Hamilton, Rector*  
*Greg Naudascher, Chairperson*  
*Ellen Avery*  
*Joan Cunningham*  
*Susan Ernst*  
*Beth Healy*  
*Boo Martin*  
*Deb Rogers*  
*Brian Tourgee*

**Remembering Barbara Metivier**

(Ed Note: These are excerpts from the homily Jamie preached at Barbara's funeral service on September 12.)

We remember, honor, celebrate and to lift up to God the glory of Barbara Marie Metivier's life. We are giving her to God with gratitude, gratefulness and hope. She is with God.

Holy Communion was a centering point for Barbara's identity. She believed fully in Christ's indwelling, not only through the sacrament of bread and wine, but also through the sacrament of life. Barbara saw deeply the spark of divine love residing in all whom she met. She engaged with all of us at that level. She knew that she was experiencing God's Kingdom of Heaven on earth through you, each one of you. I think that was the source of her love, her unending energy, her delight and her hope. I also think it was the source of her compassion. Barbara was more than empathetic. She was willing to carry a little bit of your own suffering. She held it for you. She had a great capacity to suffer passionately side by side with all whom she met. How many of us have received cards from Barbara, just at the right moment, or a baked good, or a small gift that expressed how well she knew you? She was in touch with the Spirit in such an unassuming way.

We were her saints. All Saints'. The first time I met Barbara was sometime last October and she was getting out her car, to walk over to the parlor to make sure that the breakfast prep for 9 AM coffee hour had been completed. It wasn't until much later that I learned that Barbara singlehandedly prepared breakfast for the Rite 1 service for many years. Fellowship was key for Barbara. She ran an exercise class that was legendary and her commitment to the Serendipity Shop long lasting. She had a fun sense of humor too as she would model for me some of her great finds at the Dip. I loved the twinkle in her eye, as she pretended to walk down the runway, modeling her new hat or purse or shawl.

Barbara also contributed to the needs of her neighbors. She was quick to volunteer to take care of her neighbors, either through covering meals, taking pets for walks, doing errands or providing rides. She and Dick rescued many pets that were left behind, abandoned, sick or unwanted. I think part of Barbara's sensibility to connecting with others came because she herself was orphaned and adopted by loving parents. She wanted to return the gift and be the blessing, just as she had received a family who loved her.

Barbara also contributed to the needs of strangers. There wasn't a stranger whom Barbara didn't want to embrace. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels." She saw the angel in you and in all. This year, a young man began to come to our Thursday Eucharist, searching for an understanding of God in his life. He worked on weekends so Thursday's service was perfect for him. The ten of us regulars embraced him immediately. There were a couple of Thursdays where Lorenzo was not present. Barbara called me to ask if he were all right, "You have to call him Jamie and check in." As many of you know, Barbara could also be very bossy.

So I called Lorenzo, and of course he was fine. But he was so moved by Barbara's concern, they formed a special bond, looking after each other and Barbara became his sponsor for baptism.

The last Thursday of June, Lorenzo and his daughter were baptized. Not much later than that, Barbara fell ill and began to wane. I like to think that her last act of ministry was bringing someone to the Lord. And as she made her walk to the Lord in the last week of her life, she carried her acts of faith with her. I read many psalms to her, and even in and out of consciousness, she recited with me words that have always given her consolation and strength.

And so we know that Barbara will go from "strength to strength in the life of perfect service in thy heavenly kingdom." AMEN.

*Jamie Hamilton, Rector*

## Saintly News

### *Congratulations to:*

- ❖ Jamie in celebration of her recent Birthday.
- ❖ Gloria and Joe Schultz in celebration of their 25<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.
- ❖ Libby Fuller in celebration of being the grand prizewinner of a Mini-Cooper automobile from the Peterborough Players.

*Gloria Schultz*

*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](mailto:glojoemointheglen@gmail.com) or call 924-9489*

## View from the Bench

*Here I lie. I have had pleasure enough. I have had singing.*

Some years ago I wrote a column about the epitaph above. It captures well how I often feel about the role of music in my life. Whether or not you're a trained musician, you may well feel the same way, because we almost always feel unabashed joy when we sing together.

By the time you read this, you will either have attended or missed the Ninth Annual Hymn Sing on September 27. I don't recall anyone ever leaving that event (or any other community singing event) asking, "What was all the singing about?" Coming together to make music, or even coming together to listen to music, is a mystery. It has a profound effect on us. Often, it is pleasure enough.

I want to highlight some opportunities to sing and to hear some wonderful music this fall right here at All Saints'. Do take advantage of these wonderful opportunities.

### CHORAL EVENSONG for the Feast of St. Luke

*Sunday, October 18, at 5 PM, followed by a reception*

The All Saints' Choir will present Evensong music drawn from the works of living British and American composers, including Martin How's **Trinity Canticles**, a Rite II setting of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*; Rick Sowash's introit **Be still and know**; and Howard Helvey's setting of John Henry Cardinal Newman's hymn text, **Lead, kindly light**.

**ORGAN RECITAL: William Trafka, Organist and Choirmaster, St. Bartholomew's Church, NYC**

*Friday, November 6, at 7 PM, followed by a reception*

William Trafka, a graduate of the Eastman School, presides over the largest church pipe organ in New York City (yes, larger than that at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.) He will play a program of music by Johann Sebastian Bach, Dietrich Buxtehude, Antonio Vivaldi, César Franck, contemporary jazz composer George Shearing, and (Henniker) New Hampshire native and MacDowell Colony denizen, Amy Cheney Beach.

**FESTIVAL OF NINE LESSONS and CAROLS**

*Sunday, December 20, 5 PM., followed by a reception*

All Saints' Parish and the All Saints' Choir will present the church's annual Christmas musical offering to the Monadnock region. In this traditional service, modeled after the annual Christmas service at King's College, Cambridge, the entire assembly will join in singing the carols of Christmas interspersed with choral settings by composers Elizabeth Poston, Karl Jenkins, Howard Helvey, Otto Goldschmidt and others.

This fall there are wonderful opportunities to sing and lots more to sing about!

Jeffrey L. Fuller, *Organist & Choirmaster*

## Time to sign up for your Crotched Mountain Ski Passes

Junior Pass prices have rolled back to \$299!

Here are the details. The deadline to sign up is **October 11**. If you pay by check, you will receive a 7% discount off the group pass rate. Go to the website <http://www.crotchedmountain.com>, click on the headline "Groups and Clubs" and follow the link. Our club login is All Saints Parish Ski Club. Our club password is aspsmember. If you have questions or problems, please call Holly Wilson in the Group Sales Office [603-588-3668 ext 232](tel:603-588-3668), or Chris at [christourgee@gmail.com](mailto:christourgee@gmail.com) 924-2289



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## Editor's Note

Welcome to cool days and crisp nights! I write this on September 21, just two days away from the Autumnal Equinox, and the beautiful season of fall foliage, settling into familiar routines and full calendars. In Jamie's opening letter, she reminds us what stewardship is – ministry; being a part of building something greater than we can achieve individually.

Soon after Becky sent me her article about "tiny graduations," I got a call from a friend who was distressed about a challenge she had encountered in her daily life. I was able to paraphrase Becky's wonderful words: "The real reward comes from settling into the pattern of letting go, of learning to trust God through the transition into the next phase of the journey. The reward is stability in the midst of constant change," and my friend said she felt no longer alone or singled out: she knew all was well.

*Supper of the Lamb* is the book reviewed this month, and reading it will make you long to cook, reflect and have dinner parties!

Deb's words about her visit to the National Cathedral are both beautiful and inspiring. August 30 was a busy day: "Signs of Spiritual Awakening" come from the RiteNow service at All Saints' and Cassius' sermon is from St. Francis'.

Jamie's beautiful homily from our dear Barbara Metivier's funeral is included here, giving words to our longing to express our gratitude for the life of our dear friend.

Jeff tells us about upcoming musical events here at ASC. Poems by Alma and Bev, a letter from the Stewardship Committee, Sainly News, Saints' Days and a reminder to sign up for your ski pass round out this month's issue.

The deadline for the November *Messenger* is October 21. The theme will be "Gratitude Month." Please send your contributions to me at [chow6569@gmail.com](mailto:chow6569@gmail.com).

With much gratitude and great joy,

*Christine*