



THE LABYRINTH

St. Luke & St. Stephen Review

Spring 2023

The Labyrinth Review is a quarterly publication (primarily electronic) featuring the thinking, writing, and visual arts of St. Luke and St. Stephen members and friends. Richard Rohr says the labyrinth is a powerful spiritual tool reminding us that life is more like a plate of spaghetti than a grid. If you have suggestions for features or would like to contribute, email Marcia Casey at caseymarcia99@gmail.com. If you like this issue, please let us know. Previous issues can be found on both churches' websites.

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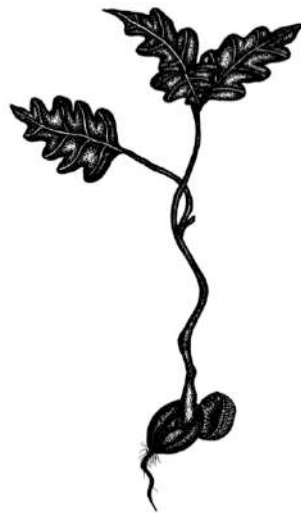
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St. Luke & St. Stephen Review
Spring 2023: On the Theme of 'Ritual'

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New Growth *By Sarah Mathieson*

O Mysterious Impulse

who knows us so intimately,
stir us out of our dormancy or stress
into the fire, and force us
to discern Your truth
so that we may courageously take the required action
with no assurance of the outcome.

In the name of dancing in the flames,
Amen

Collect for December 19, 2022 *By the Education for Ministry Class*



Bird of Paradise

By Kae Bates

Ritual

By The Rev. Dr. Judith Jones

Though we seldom think about it, rituals shape our lives. We wake, prepare coffee or tea, pray or read the news or sit quietly and watch the dawn. We eat, alone or as a family. We say a mealtime blessing, or don't. We hug our loved ones and say, "I love you!" as they head out the door. Our choice of ritual expresses who we are, what we value, who we aim to be.

Rituals give structure and meaning to the formlessness of our days. Children know this. The bedtime ritual is sacred: bath time and story time and goodnight hugs and kisses, and if necessary, some monster spray to scare away the creatures lurking under the bed. As adults we may leave the monster spray behind, but we still depend on rituals to calm and ground us. A deep breath, a yoga routine, a cigarette, a drink, a gathering of friends—our rituals are individual, but they serve a common purpose. They provide us with a sense of security, of familiarity, of comfortable predictability in a world that too often seems frighteningly dark.

Through rituals we tell the story of who we are as individuals, as families, and as communities. When we greet people with our usual "hey there" or a tipped hat or a courteous nod, we tell them something about who we are and where we come from. Our game nights and mealtimes and holiday traditions of Yule logs or Christmas stockings unite us as families and deepen our shared sense of identity. The lefse or lasagne or pollo en mole we eat connect us with our families' histories. Though my cultural heritage is mostly German and Irish, when I was growing up we frequently ate Indian food because my parents spent ten years serving as missionaries in India. Now my siblings and I have passed our love for Indian food and our favorite Indian recipes on to our children and grandchildren. Our mealtimes reflect our family story. As our family has grown, our holiday meals have expanded to include new dishes so that the story we tell through food includes and welcomes everyone who sits at our table.

When different groups participate in the same rituals, they put their own particular stamp on them. I am reminded of this every Sunday as I pass the Peace at St. Luke and at St. Stephen. The ritual is the same, but the two congregations could hardly observe it more differently. St. Luke's Peace is an exuberant round of hugs and handshakes and verbal greetings that I often have to rein in with a gentle reminder that conversations can be continued at coffee hour. St. Stephen's Peace, on the other hand, is a nearly silent affair, with most members of the congregation remaining in their pews and nodding or bowing toward others, and only a few

exchanging hugs. Both congregations love and care for each other, but the way they shape the shared ritual to express that love reflects their own personalities.

Our shared rituals unite us across time, space, and cultures. I once attended mass in the Roman Catholic cathedral in Tegucigalpa with a group of college students whom I had brought from Iowa to Honduras for a service learning course. Only two or three of the students spoke Spanish well enough to understand what was being said. Afterwards we talked about the experience. The Lutherans, Episcopalians, and Catholics said that they had no trouble following what was happening, and that they had never lost track of where we were in the service. Even the Baptists recognized the sermon, prayers, and communion. Everything was foreign, and yet the ritual made the majority of the service familiar. If we had been able to travel through time to participate in a second-century communion service in Greece or Rome, I imagine that even then we would have recognized the shape of the liturgy. Much would have been different, and yet we would have felt ourselves strangely at home.

The celebration of the Eucharist unites the people of God throughout history as we remember God's work in creation, God's faithfulness to the people of Israel, and Jesus' ministry among us. Similarly, and even more powerfully, our Holy Week rituals help us live into the story of God's love and find our own place within it. Just as Jesus' own people did during that first Holy Week, our voices hail Jesus as our king. We share in Jesus' last supper with his disciples, and we remember how he washed their feet and invited us to wash each other's feet. With the disciples we watch from a distance as he is arrested and led away to be tried. On Good Friday, our voices join in with the voices of the crowds who witnessed Jesus' trial as we taunt him and shout out, "Let him be crucified!" We stand by, watching, as Jesus dies. Then we are left to ponder what we have done, and why we did it.

The ancient rituals give form and weight both to the story of salvation and to our emotions. As we walk the way of the cross with Jesus, we grapple with the parts of human history and of our own selves that we would prefer not to see. We encounter our cowardice, our betrayals of others, the ways that we go along with the crowd even when we know that what we are doing is wrong. We confront our selfish willingness to let other people suffer so that we don't have to. Facing reality is painful, but at the cross we meet the Truth who sets us free.

The Great Vigil of Easter—one of the most ancient and most important rituals of the entire Christian year—prepares us to enter fully into Easter joy. We begin in darkness, and then welcome the new fire and light the Paschal candle that

symbolizes the light of Christ. We light our own candle from that light, then listen together to the story of God's salvation. We wrestle with the stories of violence, of slavery, of hate, and we bear witness together to God's patient, persistent love. Despite our stubborn refusal to love, God works tirelessly to redeem, free, and heal us. At last, we come to the moment of God's triumph over sin and death. We cry out "Christ is risen!" and fill the church with flowers, with bells, with light, and with music. Our Easter celebration has begun.



The Flowering Cross on Easter Morning



Bishop's Mitre

by Brother Chrysostom (aka David Olsen)

Ritual and Liturgy

by *Brian Jones*

When I was a child, we lived next door to my grandparents. I went over frequently in the morning for coffee (!). My grandpa would often wind the clock while I was there. Apparently the clock needed daily winding, though I suspect he wound it as a ritual rather than from necessity. Morning routines.

My day is bracketed and held together by routine—waken, prayer, slide out of bed, make coffee, read some news, bathroom routine, meds, email; dinner, dishes, email, read some news, bathroom routine, slide into bed, prayer, sleep. Of course this varies some according to the necessities of the day. My week is similarly bounded, mostly by preparing for and attending worship.

All around me the ritual of the universe unfolds in diurnal, nocturnal, and seasonal regularity. Sun and moon, planets and stars run their regular courses. The seasons wheel slowly by outside my window. The universe runs in rhythm, pulsates, breathes. The cosmic ritual of creation. I am old enough now to feel the pulse of the generational ritual. My parents have passed, and we are now patriarch and matriarch of the family. We will pass away as well, in due course, and my children will become the elders of our tribe.

The rhythm and rituals of life hold me together, I suspect. Outside these regularities insanity lurks. When I am depressed, I am inclined to neglect the patterns of my nearer life and ignore the cosmic patterns surrounding me. My pattern and fabric begins to fray at the edges; it threatens to unravel.

In such times, sacred ritual comforts me and sustains my sanity. Liturgy immerses me in the pattern of the sacred. It reminds me that a sacred sanity underpins the world. In his essay “The Lost Mariner,” Oliver Sacks writes of Jimmy, a severely amnesiac man, who “seemed held together when he attended Mass, by his relationship to and participation in an act of meaning, an organic unity, which overrode or bypassed the disconnections of his amnesia.” The liturgy immersed Jimmy in sacred memory and briefly restored his fractured self. It held him together. In times of whirl and uncertainty, liturgy holds me together. It knits up the “tattered sleeve” of my sanity. I am re-minded and re-membered by the story of God’s everlasting and constant tending of and love for the world, and for me. We fell... evil and sin overwhelmed us... God descended in Christ... “Christ died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again... The memorial of our redemption.” The eucharist assures me that the body of this very Christ is my daily bread. The sacred pattern holds the

world; it holds me. I am sent into the world in peace with at least a little more
“singleness of heart.”

Like my grandparents, I have a wind-up clock, a grandfather clock. It tolls hour by
hour. I wind it weekly.



My Two Favorite Rituals

By Hazel Hebert

My two favorite rituals are:

1. Morning prayer. I use Forward Day by Day.
Do the readings and then say my prayers.
2. Before bed I say my thank-you prayers.
These are prayers of thanks for the day and all of Gods gifts.



Silkscape

By Mary Montanye

Five Rituals

Linnea Harper

I. Wake Up Ritual

I drink my morning coffee
with a splash of *spiritus*
I hail the day that God has made
and aim myself towards virtuous

II. Ritual in the Pew

When Judith+ holds her right arm up
caressing altar air to shape a cross
I trace the same cross back for her -
our palms in mirrored blessing

III. Ritual for Stuckness

I turn the music to *kick-ass*
and my body starts to dance
through thickets of resistance

IV. Ritual for Aimlessness

I gather my clippers and loppers
slip into my overalls
grab the gloves of the day
and embark on a walk-about.
Some time later I return
ruddy, muddy and filled with purpose.

V. Ritual for Locating Lost Objects

I order a replacement online
and the lost object reappears

Ritual for Maternal Overwhelm

by Linnea Harper

Rituals are actions repeated. They provide continuity in a world out of our control, implicitly asserting our connection to both past and future. They contain an element of hope, a belief in something like magic~ a power beyond our own, a suspension of reason, and a marker~ a still point in our turning worlds. Rituals provide a container~ a framework~ for commemoration, celebration, griefwork, community, communion with what is most essential in our lives, and much more. Ritual is an affirmation, and often an act of transformation.

In grad school, I carried an apple for emergencies. Sudden angst? A flat tire? Toilet paper stuck to my shoe? No matter, a bite of the apple fortified me, affirming health and wholeness. It served me well. I skipped the Graduation Ritual. Instead, I wed~ the Ritual of Marriage, and soon after, entered motherhood through the Ritual of Childbirth. By the time my firstborn was fifteen, I'd abandoned apples for stronger medicine~ I needed a new ritual to address the hot mess of being the mother of an addict who chose life on the street. I needed to write to give voice to the overwhelm. And so I wrote.

~
Window left open
Last red maple leaf falling
My child's empty bed
~

Writing poems became a necessary ritual to address the massive and repeated breakages~ the loss of contact, loss of long-held assumptions and expectations, loss of the daily rituals implicit in mothering. I turned to the empty page, filling it again and again. It was a way of restoring order to my world, of honoring the loss, of communicating the unbearable and honoring both hope and grief. Here's how it goes:

Ritual for Overwhelm

Write words on blank paper.
Write more words. Line after line.
Listen for beat and melody.
Follow an image around.
Let words choose themselves.
Submit to the wisdom of rhyme.
Give it some space and time.
Reread and revise with new eyes.
~

I offer the following poems in a Ritual of Sharing, and because I am not large enough to carry this motherload alone. My hope is that you hear the ring of truth in the lines, and are inspired to honor your own deepest griefs in ways that serve your sense of wholeness. Each poem is a necessary bite of the apple~ a meditation on the knowledge of good and evil, and a healing.

~

Junkie Boy

The streetlight brightens then burns out
Come jangling home, my junkie boy

Sleep with corn cakes, lie like silk
Come mewling home, my milkfish

Birthdays grab like fraying ropes
Come braid my tail, my catnip toy

Before the moon betrays the dark
Come spooning home, my unstrung harp

Come needling through the camel's eye
Trailing ties of kite-tail tears

Before the tides suck shore from shore
Come bandage up these open sores

Outshine the beamish stars, my boy
Come double-blind my heart, my fears

You hold the keys to all the clocks
Before time stops, pray come and knock

Come as you are or as you maybe might
Come homeward, fractured arrow, stone in flight

~

The Name He Made You

The visitor's waiting room at the county jail
is the best place to meditate. Seek out
a quiet corner in the back of the room
and find your spot on the concrete bench.
Sit cross-legged and close your eyes.
Listen.

Much later but all too soon they will
call you for your fifteen minutes
of pain. You will sit at the window
and watch him approach, watch him
start to speak, his face begin to melt,
his desperation fully contained
in the vowel of one word—
Mom— which with enormous effort
he will stop and recompose.

In that moment you will both realize
that one has lost all power to protect
and the other has lost all power to be
protected. Understand that his face, his eyes
and tongue will never again speak as one,
even as he picks up his end of the phone
and casually, hopefully, calls you once more
by the name he made you.

~

Pied Piper Redux

* *Public Notice* *

*Township of Hamlin seeks
hurdy-gurdy-playing RatCatcher in
colorful garb to charm and delight
small rodents. Payment upon
eradication.*

~

That could have been your job, son.
Except for the hurdy-gurdy and garb,
then showing up centuries late, it had
your name all over it. Still, you've

caught the public eye again with your
freestyle turn from addict to convict
to vector. Now someone else will want
to keep track of you too.

For years you were willing to swallow
anything. Never lived by the clock. Now
time has turned into essence, a powder
packed in a pill you must take every day.

At the end of each tale something dies.
The way things might have been. The sacrificial
lies. I'm telling this story my way. It's earthly
care I commend to the mute with a clear

conscience who begs on the corner. For myself
I will make it a practice to step into absence,
follow songs back to their silence,
stopping both breath and belief to listen

for a clear note off in the distance
far from the cobbled streets
where the children are taken from us
and never released.

~

Writing Product Reviews for Amazon

Candleglow casts a soft light, but scent
is too strong for Sensitive Other. Wood mats
look classy covering marred shower floor.
Great little set of gizmos for multiple uses.
I lavish them all with five stars
and post to the cloud-studded sky.

Just for today, I am feeling generous.
In town, I roll down the window
and hand a twenty to the rumpled guy
on the corner, who mumbles a toothless
blessing. What I do to hear one good
intention mouthed by a junkie.

My boy jumped the monkey again,
on Day Two of his Free World Tour.
Like a moth every night, he gets caught
in the orbits of small burning moons.

I'm not mad. I'm not mad. Not
everything can be fixed. I fill a red vase
with May flowers and fiddlehead
ferns. Nice complement
to concrete block hallways
accented by subway tile walls.

~

Ars Poetica

You must speak some kind of truth, serpent-toothed
or serpentine. You must learn to tell active verbs
from passive nerves, and when to rely on each,
recalling how longing rises and falls on its own
in a great heathen heap. So too with the muse.
While doing nothing at all, her presence will offer
a line, a tether to what you have lost, a light
from the moon to soften each hardscrabble page.

Bitten by swarms of small stars in the darkest hours,
you will trail her quiet footfalls into the kitchen
to fire up the burners, intuit a trove of ingredients
from the motherlode of your inheritance, and stir
until the medicine of metaphor raises the froth of truth
in the stovetop crucible. Sweeten the bitter to taste,
and drink from the cup that stirs hope and despair into one
prepared to spend this life unknotting one tangled son.

Twisted by winds, seeking rebirth from inside the dark
of his heavily vexing helixed cocoon, he waits on his fate
as he did his first birth, hearing rhythms of two beating hearts.
On a day when the orange moon's face fills with light,
you will follow the path of the muse to the darkest well,
and amid the wilds and nightbird calls, pull your hair back
and draw up the ink to your purpose, careful no mark
betrays the depth of your thrall to the solace you find
in the lap and the lull of her infinite watery songs.

~



Sunset

By Brother Chrysostom (aka David Olsen)

Mother Ocean

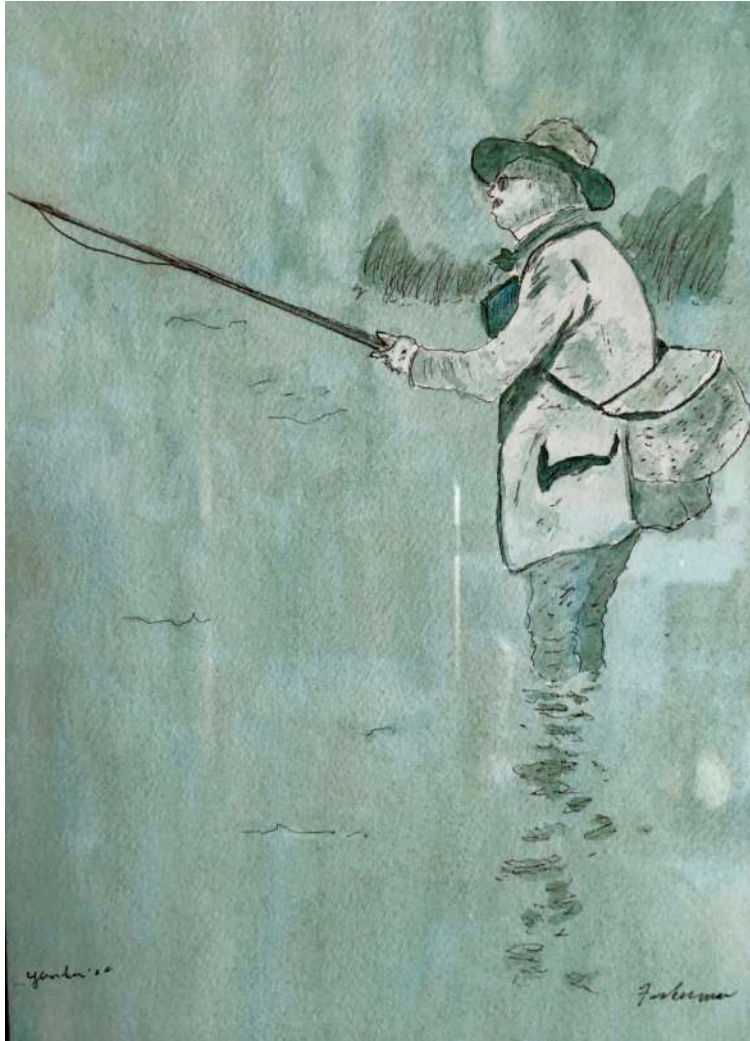
By the Rev. Deacon Senitila McKinley

Pull me deep into your womb
O, Ocean
Rock me in your belly
just for a little while.
From your mouth feed me
food mixed with yours
I will be strong and satisfied.
Enfold me and hold me tight.
With my mother's voice
Sing a quiet lullaby.
Mother Ocean, rock me
I shall sleep a deep sleep.
Tuck my spirit in.
With the rhythms of your heart
together with mine
my spirit will dance.
Mother me, softly
O, Ocean.
Enfold my soul, I will rest.
With the palms of your hands
from my head to my toes
Let my blood flow freely
make me well.
Open wide Mother Ocean
Release me gently
but not a moment too soon.
Restore me completely
deep from in your womb.
I am whole and ready
Let me out Mother Ocean
I am strong and I will live. I will live, I will live!



Morning Rainbow

By Brother Chrysostom (aka David Olsen)



The Fisherman

By Doug Yunker

Last Night With My Father 1918–2010

By Doug Yunker
Spring 2010

We stood in this same lake
over still and light-flecked water.
You and I tending lines of thought;
our separate futures, together.
If that distance we maintained
had been reeled in would I be at rest?
I had cast about in separate waters.
You letting me go, passing my test.
When we caught our new futures
each cast our old lines free.
I'm tending those lines—thoughts of then,
reflections of you and me.



Smoke Break

By Dennis Moler

Hat Semaphores

By Brian Jones

Hat Semaphores
Gone when donned
Home when hung up
Regard when doffed
Reverence when removed
Relief when pushed back
Pretense when tipped forward
Discomfort when fussed with
Hat rituals delineate occasion and space and me



Ritual

By Heather Garrett

We have a ritual where we eat dinner together as a family every night, and say grace. Iris (age 2) loves this ritual, and asks us to say grace an extra time or two (the next time, picking additional family members to bless).

Tuesday night with the boys

Tuesday night with the boys.
One of the best. We played with words.

Happy Poetry Month.

This is not a story
or a drawing.
Not folded,
or painted,
or cut and separated.
This is a poem.
And now it is over.
By,
Viliami Kilduff.

The light calls me outside.
I sat and wondered and thought of colors.
I am connected to the Earth,
so clean and, beautiful.
Friendship I have with people around the world.
The freedom to be in the midst of Earth's beauty,
loving me without any effort at all.
By,
Senitila.

One, two, three, four, five, and six.
Color dancing with a stick.
By,
Talanoa Kilduff.

By The Rev. Deacon Senitila McKinley, and Viliami and Talanoa Kilduff

Rituals are the glue...

by Michele Hogan

Rituals are the glue holding my life together. My daily journal has become the yellow arrows of life. Many years ago, I walked the Camino and each dawn of the new day I began again to walk a section. I knew I was on the right path when a yellow arrow appeared. Now each morning I read a piece of sacred text and focus my attention on the horizon. Following quietude, I write and sketch in my journal. I find the yellow arrows of my life in my reflective scratches. Those of solace, healing, and hope. This ritual is piecing the broken parts of me together. It fits my inner held experiences to outer happenings to expand my knowing. So that I can accept change and abide in the grace offered.

As I age, I find my rituals of self-care have become imperative. I am too old to give up my forty-year yoga practice. It is a sacred dance that connects body to mind and spirit. It is a practice that is memorized in each cell of the earthly me and it knows my pathway. My memory is not as sharp as it once was. My body is not as flexible as in my youth. However, my spirit is more bendable, more forgiving, and more empathic. My daily rituals are sustaining my life and offering me quality living. There are rituals I have outgrown. They no longer serve me; they have turned to bad habits. Rituals of slow methodical pausing—walking not running, not assuming or fixing—have replaced a ‘doing self’ with a comfort at being lost in a place I do not know. Rituals of solitude are doorways that help me find guidance to what is meaningful and what is not. These rituals force me to observe more closely and allow a heartfelt focus to birth. The ritual of silence helps me muster courage to overcome my fears. Rituals are my practice to see, listen, heal, and speak truth.



Ritual

By Bunny Wright

Dear Marcia,
I don't have many rituals but I do
read Forward Day by Day everyday.
Bunny

Ritual

By Doug Yunker

It's morning on this The Lord's Day,
I'm refilling chambers in my pill tray.
Again? Yes, it's how I mark my stay.

Yellow, blue, green, pink, purple, red, and grey,
another week's drugs to be swallowed away.
I'm thankful for the Fred Meyer pharmacy.

I give thanks as each Sunday does arrive
with medicine and luck, it's how I survive;
So, thank you, thank you, thank you, Lord.
I'm truly grateful to be alive.



Triple Mushroom

By Sarah Mathieson

Several Family Rituals

By Marcia Newberry

My family has several rituals we share within our circle.

Goodnight Now: we form a circle (like a group hug) and we sing “Good.. Night.. Now.” We close with a hug or two as needed. This is done not just before bed, but when we are all getting ready to go to our rooms for the night. It occasionally gets goofy with someone singing funny or seeing how long they can hold a note.

Un-Birthdays: We only get one birthday a year, but a gift or thoughtful act at anytime is an un-Birthday present. It is just a way to show that you care and think about one another the other days of the year. Gifts can be as simple as a basket of berries that one person likes that you pick up for them at the store while shopping. Simple gifts or doing a chore for someone. Ex. Caroline had been wanting a hummingbird feeder. I saw a cheap one while shopping for birdseed for my feeder and picked it up for her and then fixed it so that she could hang it outside where she could see the birds coming to the feeder.

Family Fun Night: One night a week that we come together as a family to watch a movie or series that we all choose. I started it as a replacement for the church group that met at Caroline’s church in Washington on Friday nights. Potluck and games. We don’t have enough people for games, but TV shows (Star Trek) and movies that are family appropriate have taken their place and Caroline didn’t miss her group anymore.

Thanksgiving: Since I was a member of Christ Church Episcopal in Las Vegas, every Thanksgiving is a special opportunity to share the gift of a meal with others. Some years I have taken meals to shut-ins, sometimes invited people without plans to come to my home, sometimes I have prepared a feast for a church Thanksgiving for parishioners without family (there were more than 50 people who attended). This year we (I drafted Caroline and Aaron into helping) made go boxes to take to the homeless at Grace Wins. The ritual aspect is to do something to share God’s bounty with someone who otherwise might not be able to enjoy the occasion and to spend the holiday in love and service.

An Enduring Family Ritual

By Jeanne St John

A favorite Burress family ritual is holding hands while “saying Grace.” Dad started this mealtime tradition early in my childhood. When we were all seated at the table, no one touched a knife or a fork before we had joined hands while my father said a brief prayer.

One memorable occasion for this ritual was a Thanksgiving family gathering at a buffet restaurant where our extended family included 35+ members. Our family took one corner of the large restaurant where we waited until all had arrived, then we stood and joined hands as Dad, now in his late 80’s, spoke a heartfelt prayer of gratitude for the love of family as well as the bounty of food.

Although he’s been gone for 12 years, the ritual continues in family gatherings, even when only two are gathered in His name. Kae and I always joined hands before sharing a meal. Recently when we shared a first meal with brother Paul’s new girlfriend we introduced her to this family ritual. Last month when we gathered at my brother’s home to celebrate his 70th and my 80th birthdays, no one moved toward the trays of food until all 22 of us stood and joined hands while Bill “said Grace.”

This family ritual has become a legacy from my father, binding us together across time and generations. It feels grace-filled.



Rituals or Traditions?

By Karin Bigler

One of our discussions during our engagement 58 years ago was how we would celebrate Christmas, obviously by combining the traditions of each family. Both families opened gifts on Christmas Eve and did stockings and brunch Christmas Morning. So we placed our parents on an alternate year schedule and drove the 3 plus hours each year on Christmas Eve. After 6 years with the arrival of our first child Kristin we needed to establish our own traditions.

We really extend the season. I have two Advent candleholders on my dining table; one with the German Angels that match the Angel Band displayed on our grand piano, and the other a star purchased in Seifen on one of our trips to visit Elizabeth. We used the readings and lighting the appropriate candles each Sunday dinner.

Lille Yule Aften, December 23, is the first family get-together and may be a formal meal or less elaborate one shared with Eric's brother from Eugene and our children and their families and close friends who are single. Each child gets to choose one gift from beneath the tree. Usually we play games such as Penny Drop and Sleeping Queens or work on a Christmas-themed jig-saw puzzle.



This past year I helped Vera make Lefse, a potato pancake served with sausage, brown sugar and butter or jam. We used my Grandmother Rohe's hand-carved rolling pin and iron griddle.

Standard on Christmas Eve has become French Onion Soup with either home-made broth or vegetable broth for Elizabeth, our vegetarian. A simple meal

means enjoying the carefully selected gifts at leisure and calling Leslie, Eric's sister, and Tasha, my sister, Carol Young, my cousin, and Bree Machado, my deceased brother's daughter and family.

Stocking brunch includes Dresdener Stollen and often Aebelskiver, a round pancake filled with grated apple and topped with Aunt Vera's Butterscotch syrup. For my wedding shower long ago, I received 3 aebelskiver pans because my mother's friends wanted me to be able to keep up Danish traditions.

While we were in Tulelake, Christmas Dinner was Canada Goose, but when we moved to Oregon City it became Beef Wellington. After moving here we make the easier ham/turkey dinner. We always have lots of desserts, some provided by guests and the past two years, some created by our granddaughter Vera.



On New Year's Eve, we each write our hopes for the year on slips of paper and insert them in a decorated log for the Christmas fire. This year it was Magnus, our 9 year old grandson, who searched the woodpile for the perfect log, found paper for us to write our notes on and built the fire. He often builds a fire when at our house.

We close the season on Twelfth Night or Epiphany. Since the 70's we've held a fondue party serving chocolate, meat and cheese fondues, and Glogg, a Scandinavian wine punch. Friends bring appetites and side dishes and musical instruments. Lots of carol singing and we close with a sometimes naughty limerick contest. Winners are chosen by acclamation.

The Ancient Liturgy of Maundy Thursday by The Rev. Martha Wallace

On the Thursday evening before Easter we will engage in an ancient liturgy recalling Jesus' last meal with his disciples. Two wonderful liturgical innovations came out of that meal. One of them, the Eucharist or communion is familiar to us all. We share this symbolic meal every Sunday. But the other liturgy only takes place once a year - on Maundy Thursday.

The term Maundy Thursday traces its origin through old English and French to the Latin phrase "*Mandatum novum do vobis*" (a new commandment I give to you) which were the words spoken by Jesus after he washed his disciples' feet. You can read about it in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John. Jesus goes on to say "*For I have set you an example, that you also should do as I have done to you. . . I give you a new commandment, that you love one another. Just as I have loved you, you also should love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another.*"

The foot washing we do on Maundy Thursday is an ancient practice in the church, and it was more widespread than people think, as witnessed by the early church writers. It occurred in North Africa (as witnessed by the writing of Tertullian), Egypt/Palestine (Origen), Asia Minor (Timothy, John Chrysostom and Polycarp), Italy (Ambrose, Augustine) and Gaul (Caesarius).

In the Johannine community, foot washing was the main liturgy performed on the first day of the week when the people met together, in place of the Holy Communion. A description of the Maundy Thursday service including foot washing in the fifth century in Jerusalem is contained in Baldovin's *The Liturgy of Ancient Jerusalem*. Foot washing seems to have been performed as a gesture of hospitality, as a gesture of humility, and in conjunction with the Lord's Supper and with Baptism. In the Western church, the spread of the Roman Liturgy gradually caused it to disappear, but it continued in use in monasteries as a service to the brethren and to the poor. It was ordered by the council of Toledo in 694 for the Churches of Spain and Gaul to be done on Holy Thursday.

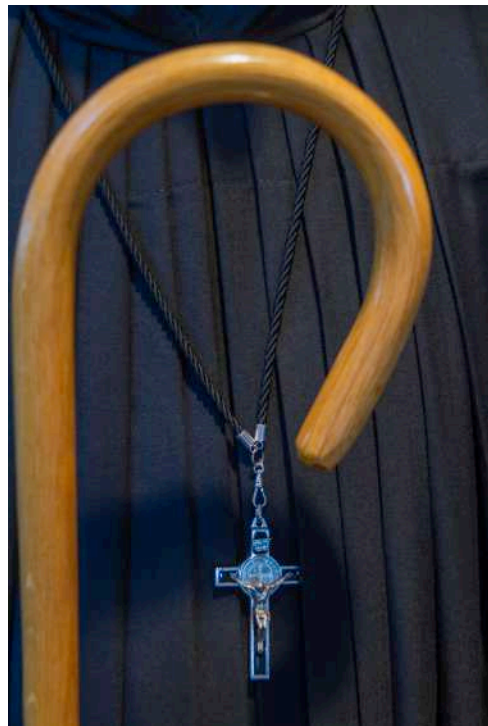
The act of foot washing eventually became part of the Eucharistic celebrations of various Protestant groups such as the Church of the Brethren, some Pentecostals, some Baptists, and Seventh Day Adventists. Since 1955, it has been recovered in the Maundy Thursday services of many churches, including the Episcopal Church. (You will note that it was not in the 1928 Prayer Book, but was added to the 1979 Book

of Common Prayer). The liturgy has variations: sometimes, the priest washes the feet of the people and sometimes people wash one another's feet.

This year, you are invited to have your feet washed, even if you have never done it before. Sometimes people feel uncomfortable about this. The disciples, especially Peter, did not want Jesus to wash their feet; it was too demeaning a task, a task reserved for slaves. When Peter protests, Jesus tells him "If I do not wash you, you have no part with me" so Peter relents. I urge you to relent and engage in the whole liturgical experience of this ancient liturgy. Think of Jesus kneeling at the feet of his disciples, and what it must have felt like for the disciples to look down at him. Put yourself in their place.

If having your feet washed is nothing new to you, I invite you to consider washing the feet of another, and especially, someone you may not know well. After you have your feet washed, you may kneel and take the place of the one who washed your feet, to wash the feet of the next person in line. In that way, each person will be able to experience liturgically what Jesus experienced, as well as what his disciples experienced. We can experience what it is like to serve and be served.

Following the Eucharist and foot washing on Maundy Thursday, we will engage in another ancient and solemn ritual: the stripping of the altar in preparation for Good Friday. The Stripping of the altar, the removing all ornaments, linens, and paraments, is an ancient custom of the Roman rite, where it was thought to symbolize the humiliation of Jesus at the hands of the soldiers who stripped him of his garments. In some places, it is customary for the altar to be washed after the stripping is concluded, symbolizing the washing of Jesus' body, in preparation for burial.



Cross & Crozier
By Brother Chrysostom
(aka David Olsen)

By Michael Rhone

I entered in the darkened doorway
Smelled the smoke of sweet grass
A cleansing of spirit
Greeted, I was welcomed in

Asked to sit,
 greeted again
I am Mark, please bare your feet
Bare your soles

Mark washed away the dust from my soul
The love in his heart
Working thru his hands

He bade me enter further
Sit with my family
Be welcomed



Washing the Feet of a Haitian Neighbor *By Michele Hogan*



Kevin's Hand By Dorothea Derickson

On the dark side of the lake,
When the winds of spring blew chill,
I made a nest in Kevin's hand
Beside the forest hill.

I gathered twigs and lichens soft
To line this warm flesh bed;
And since he was so still I plucked
A few hairs from his head.

My sisters cawed and clucked at me:
What kind of tree is that!
A safe and steadfast one I said,
Then on my nest I sat.

I laid an egg just like a pearl
That glistens in the sea.
Then I sat still for days and nights
Upon this human tree.

The cold winds blew, the rains came down,
But Kevin did not waver.
His fire and mine did grow my chick,
The blessing of God's favor.

He made this sacrifice for me
Because he knew the light
In my heart, and as well in his
Were both by God made bright.

My little chick was hatched one morn
When days were growing longer.
The Paschal fire in Kevin's soul
Had made us all much stronger

And now as years have tumbled on,
My many children fly
Above the lake and through the trees,
As spirits of the sky.

A note from Dorothea about the preceding poem:

In 2005, I was privileged to be part of a group pilgrimage to several ancient holy sites in Ireland. Glendalough, one of our first stops, is home to one of the most important monastic sites in Ireland, founded by St Kevin in the 6th century. St Kevin is the patron saint of Dublin (and, of course, Glendalough). There have been many stories told of his legendary way with animals. This story begins with Kevin standing with his arms outstretched in prayer when the bird comes and nests in his upturned palm. Some have suggested that the story of Kevin and the blackbird may have originated as a teaching on asceticism, or as symbolizing the Holy Spirit coming to nest in our hearts in our stillness. When I wrote this poem, I was not aware of Seamus Heaney's poem about the blackbird from Kevin's perspective. It's worth checking out! St Kevin's day is June 3. The sculpture in the photo is by Timothy P. Schmalz.



Ritual

By Caroline Miller

There is a ritual which I have observed most of my life. It may not seem important or significant, but it helps me to maintain stability, as well as assisting me in focusing my mind on my heavenly Father. Almost every day, I set aside some time for prayer and scripture reading. When I was a child, each night at bedtime my mother would read a chapter from the Bible to me, and we would pray. When I was a teenager, I began to do that on my own. All of my adult life I have continued that practice. I have found that I can focus on prayer best by having a prayer list. For a number of years I have read the Bible through each year.



Birch Grove in Spring

By Doug Yunker

“This Source Is Called Darkness”¹

by Marcia Casey

Put your ear down close to your soul and listen hard.

Poet Anne Sexton's advice on writing poetry

Looking back, it seems I've lived my inner life by a ritual of opening myself to the darkness. It's been “my old friend,” as Simon and Garfunkel named it, since early childhood, when I felt the only place it was safe to be my ‘real’ self was out in the woods and swamp around our southern Wisconsin home. Home was the center of a circle of warmth and light and belonging, but I felt I had been cast out into the darkness and loneliness of the hinterlands, which held and welcomed me in their own way. In high school, after being forbidden to play outside anymore and enjoined to “become the young lady (I was) supposed to be,” I found respite and a secret place to be my true self in writing poetry. But it wasn't until college that these beginnings in darkness matured into the first form of the ritual that would sustain me all my life.

At the University of Wisconsin, most of the daily business of the main campus library took place on the upper daylight floors, but Memorial Library had five little-used subterranean levels where the bulk of older volumes were stored. In these sub-basement levels there were a few study carels scattered sparsely among the rows of old books, and it was preternaturally quiet down there. On days when I had no outer obligations and some odd word or phrase kept turning over and over in me, I would steal into the library's nether regions and shut myself into a bare, windowless, metal carel; in utter solitude I would put earplugs in and descend into the darkness of myself in search of the poem I felt implicit in the niggling word. The ritual began when I would step back and down half a step in my mind, into what I only later came to know as the realm of the soul, and do what I then called “dangling in language:” bringing the totality of myself and my life, my interests and my abilities, into contact with a deeper stream of reality in the context of language in this slightly different dimension, and wait to see what would happen. By circumambulating the word, its incipient image and attendant feelings... allowing magnetic attraction to have free rein between that word and its image and other words and images that surged up from the depths... steering by intuition in an ocean of sounds, rhythms, rhymes and patterns of words... the poem would slowly begin to build itself. Meanings I hadn't suspected would slowly coalesce in the pool of the poem; intensity would crescendo in me as I began to tap into something bigger, something deeper; on rare occasions, I might even stumble into God... It didn't occur always, or predictably, or by will, but at times in offering myself in that way I would connect

with something profound and true, and a poem would form itself at that juncture. It was an electrifying experience, a sacred interior encounter.

Ultimately, however, my efforts to write poetry as a way of life did not go well. I suffered some crippling psychological setbacks later in my studies, and because they struck at the core of who I was—as a person and as a writer—suddenly I could no longer even access the depths in myself—I had lost poetry, my true self, and my soul.

The dream is a little hidden door in the deepest,
most secret sanctum of the soul...

C. G. Jung

Broken, empty, adrift, I began working with a Jungian-oriented therapist. Slowly she began to help me face the tangled darkness in myself, the roots of the logjams in the trauma, dissociation, brokenness and failure that had fractured my life. I see her now like Helen Keller's teacher Annie Sullivan, spelling the letters of the word 'water' over and over, year after year, again and again into my mute palm, trying to help me find my way back to my soul. She remained a saint of steadfastness and hope. As I gradually began to understand and to come back to life, paradoxically, we shifted from shedding light on the circumstances and events of my life to focusing on the cryptic, mysterious, dusky world of dreams. Here was a daily source of profoundly meaningful, centering and healing images that rose up out of the darkness of the unconscious and spoke directly to my life. They opened the world of the numinous to me. In a return to my old ritual, I began to sit with them, to bring my whole self to them and face openly into the darkness of their mystery. Many who enter the world of their dreams through what Jungians call "active imagination" do so by exploring them in writing, or transcribing conversations they have with their inner figures; but because writing was so fraught for me, I had to get close to and grapple with the enigmatic images and their elusive meanings by taking them in hand and drawing them. I had to make something of them—not only art but meaning: I would step down and back in my mind once again, bringing all of the person I currently was—myself, my life, my understanding, my experiences—face to face with the dark radiance of the stories and symbols in the dreams. It was not only gaining insights and learning to enact them in my life that I found, but a whole horde of persons and animals and trees and stars that became my inner companions and guides, a sort of soul-family. I absorbed the essence of each dream through the palms of my hands, and each making of a drawing became a sort of prayer by which I communed with what was beyond me.

I've been doing dream work for several years now, and I'll likely continue to "go on walking endlessly in" to it (as I read in an unknown poem years ago). For me it has been and will always be a path incredibly rich in depth, significance and wisdom. But recently I read something that turned me to thinking there might be something beyond it; Ann Ulanov, professor of psychology and religion at Union Theological Seminary, wrote:

Depth psychology... (t)o work with dreams, for example, to meditate on their meaning and try to fold that meaning into the heavy stuff of one's daily life, is a process as delicate and decisive for the outcome of the whole as folding stiff, aerated egg whites into a soufflé; it is a task requiring practice, finesse, and luck. If it works, it develops in us the life of the spirit, our capacity to commune with the unseen. But it is not the same as, nor does it even substitute for the most crude and childish efforts to pray to the source of unseen reality, which is to say, the source of the psyche.

The audacious work of religion is to try to establish personal relation to the center. The center is that which not only acknowledges our small selves but loves and cherishes them... ²

This rings true to me. My experience seems to corroborate it. Just before Advent in 2014, a dream led me to church – I only went to understand the dream more fully, not to join a church. But through St. Luke by the Sea Episcopal Church, its then-priest Susan+ Church, and its wonderful people, I was drawn ineluctably into the life of the spirit. I hadn't really understood how all of this fit together before, but now I'm beginning to get an inkling of it. On the cusp of the retirement of my long-time therapist, I'm wondering how I will go forward. I suspect I am now only on the threshold of stammering out "the most crude and childish efforts to pray," but I wonder if facing with my whole self into the dark and luminous enigma of the Holy in prayer will become a new and deeper form of the pivotal ritual of my life?



"Martin Goodman"

Dream 10-9-2013

By Marcia Casey

¹The title of this piece comes from Stephen Mitchell's translation of the *Tao Te Ching*, Chapter 1.

²Ulanov, Ann Belford. *The Wisdom of the Psyche*, Cambridge, MA, Cowley Publ., 1988, p. 111.

The Ritual of the Collect

By Marcia Casey and the EfM Collective

The culmination of every week's three-hour Education for Ministry class is the communal creation of a Collect (CÓL-lect), a prayer that somehow weaves together and epitomizes all that has happened in the class that day. It may include matter from our opening prayer, our intimate check-ins, as well as our deeply personal and passionate reactions to, and discussions of, scripture, Christian history, theology, and our theological reflections on all manner of material. All find a presence in the succinct, cohesive, one-sentence prayer that rounds out our weekly work.

The Collect has a long history. It originated with the first Christians in ancient Rome; its style and form grew out of the literary and devotional traditions of pagan Rome. It seems to have had two divergent meanings early on, both arising from the Latin verb *colligere*, to gather or collect. Early documents of the Latin Mass called this prayer *oratorio ad collectam*, or 'prayer at the gathering,' and referred to the prayer said over the group of early Christians who met at a fixed place before going together to where Mass would be said. This prayer was said at the beginning of the ritual of going to Mass together or, later, at the end of the entrance procession. Over time this prayer came to be known merely as *collecta*. In Gallican (early French) services, however, what was called *collectio* meant a prayer that drew together several strands of thought or meaning from a preceding devotion, not the gathering of people. This collect would appear at the end of the service (like our EfM ones).

In contemporary Anglican usage, collects are used in both of the original senses (as well as some new ones!), but are primarily now defined by certain formal characteristics. Originally, collects were free compositions, and improvisation was acceptable until at least the sixth century. But now they are structured in the following form:

- 1) **Address:** the prayer begins by naming the God of our worship, usually one of the myriad names (an old or a newly minted one) of God the Fount, the First Person of the Trinity;
- 2) **Acknowledgement:** a quality or characteristic of that aspect of God;
- 3) **Petition:** we ask for a specific thing we need from God, such as help, guidance, forgiveness, etc.
- 4) **Aspiration:** the result that we hope to come out of the granting of our petition;
- 5) **Mediation:** "In the name of..."
- 6) **Amen**

The manner of the emergence of the Collect from the raw material of three hours of praying, thinking, feeling, dialoguing, considering and reconsidering, and seeing into others' points of view is mysterious and profound! When I asked the EfM group to help me describe this process, there was an exuberant eruption of voices:

"It's community brain-storming!"

"Through the process we become one mind!"

"We're formulating a communal attitude!"

"We build on each other!"

"It reflects the formation of our relationship with the Holy!"

"Each year is slightly different, has its own preoccupations and take on things!"

"It requires personal engagement and love of the subject!"

So here is a smattering of the fruits of our labor, which have a certain meaning for those of us who were part of the making of them, but also, we believe, may speak deeply and in a lively manner to and for others.

Lord of the Least Among Us

who never loses sight of
the invisible outcasts everywhere,
help us to search without
and within our hearts
for the common ground
that allows us to be vulnerable,
and to risk ourselves so that we can
recognize and serve the God
in each and every
one of us.

In the name of Holy Tears,
Amen

Collect for December 18, 2020

Dear God of the Shadow of Death

who walks with us
even when our fear
blinds us to your presence,
give us the eyes to see you everywhere
—in others, in nature, in music, in ourselves—
so that we can trust that
you are sustaining us, no matter what,
as we reach out
to our hurting world.

In the name of Hope,
Amen

Collect for March 27, 2020

Dear God of Joy

who created laughter for our delight
and offers us our carefree moments,
lead us to cherish our opportunities to contribute
to the Commonwealth of Love and Mercy,
so that we can restore balance to a broken world.

In the Lightness of Being,
Amen

Collect for April 29, 2022

Sources:

Jones, Cheslyn, Geoffrey Wainwright, and Edward Yarnold, eds. *The Study of Liturgy*. Oxford Univ. Press, rev. ed., 1992.

Price, Charles P., and Louis Weil. *Liturgy for Living*. Harrisburg, PA, Morehouse Publ., 2000.



Bird

By Vera Kyei

Ritual space

Unease is a serving of warm ice cream
from the soul
An itch you can't reach
A lumpy pillow working with the sheets
To insure a fitful sleep
Your soul quietly crying for healing

Eventually you concede
And admit the need of change,
of renewal
You've become aware of an unhealthy habit
The cause of your discomfort
You accept your need for healing

Having done this "soul healing" before
You know the process,
yet you hesitate
You know healing will only come
With your complete acceptance
And a symbolic sacrifice to accompany an inner dying

Ritual space is where the rite is observed
The cleansing and renewal of soul needs sacred space
Where the manifestation of your intent
Can be brought forth and strengthened
A dying and being born again,

Old ways bringing forth new life
Renewed joy
Peace

by Michael Rhone



The Druids' Wind Farm

By Dennis Moler

Heart shaped Stone

Open handed a stone is placed in my palm.
Beach labyrinth I step.
Spiral of my own breath
gifted to me.

Evolving heart shaped stone
Twinkling salt tasting light
Streaks of shading trapped within
Transparent-translucent-solid pink, purple
tinged feminine divine.
Mirroring images of hidden.

Interrupted smooth surface
exposes eroding scar.
Sand settling in
illuminating inner chamber.
Disrupts dull perfectly round attention.
Seeing unrealized particle prisms.

Stone cradled as one.
A ritual of holding
Resting in fractured roughness
Longing to see more clearly.
A quiet tenderness arriving.

Comfort in discovery
The stone is not changing.
It is the way I see it.

By Michele Hogan





The Center of the Circle

By Dennis Moler

THE WISPERING WIND

Evelyn Archer

The musical score for 'The Whispering Wind' is written for three parts: Voice, SX/SM (Soprano/Alto), and B/BM (Bass/Bassoon). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems of three staves each. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

As you hear the mu - sic on the wis - p'ring wind. Ti - pi tink - lers sing - ing make the spe - cial blend.

Go to sleep, all is well. Lis - ten to the mu - sic on the wis - p'ring wind.

As well as playing the bassoon, I have loved and been involved in music most of my life. I taught elementary music for most of my teaching career. I became involved in writing music for the Orff method in the summer of 1999 beginning with Level I of the Orff-Schulwerk Certificate Program and completed Level III in 2002. We wrote or borrowed poems or sayings and set them to melodies; accompaniments were for mallet and rhythm instruments with added movement and improvisation. Carl Orff's goal was to develop lifelong musicianship in children. I hope that aim is what spiraled out of my 'Whispering Wind.' I wrote the words and music, they were sung and played by the children in my classes... and who knows what paths the living current of music-making took from there?

Midday Musical Meditation

By Jeanne St John

"In March of 2020 at the beginning of Covid, three song leaders began to share their voices via Zoom. These are chants, also known as songs of devotion or sacred song. Some are very old and the songwriter is unknown. Some are in another language. Some songs are seemingly "brand new," coming in to be sung right now.

"I became inspired to learn guitar in order to sing these songs every day. What a blessing in my life. Singing every day has touched me deeply, at the cellular level. I am not sure if it's the messages in the music or the act of singing, but my whole being is grateful." Terry Jordan, Portland

Responding to my friend's invitation, I was deeply touched by the strong sense of presence that comes through despite the limitations of Zoom. The informality and spontaneity of these spirit songs makes music accessible, even to a musically challenged old lady with moderate hearing loss. The thought that we are all "song receivers" intrigues me and creates new possibilities. Several of the songs touched me deeply.... and I am still singing their refrains silently, embedding them in my mind, body, and heart.

I found myself first humming, then quietly singing along with some of the songs--and that never happens. I have a history of bothering others when I attempt to sing and was even asked to leave a church choir --at only 13. I truly cannot carry a tune, so I rarely experience the pleasure and body resonance of participating in music-making. Today I sang along knowing that I was muted and free to sing alone in the privacy of my living room.

This is your invitation! You are more than welcome to join in anytime or any day, Monday through Saturday from 12:00 to 12:45. There is no fee. You can come and go with your video on or off. All participants are muted except for the song leader. Everyone is invited to unmute at the end to participate in the closing prayer and healing Om. To get the Zoom link, send an email to terryloujordan@gmail.com



Enlightened

By Sarah Mathieson

WELCOMES!

An Interview with Kathy Madnick

By Marcia Casey

Kathy Madnick and her husband Randy have been in Oregon for 30 years. She grew up in Modesto, California, and started a career in banking with a part-time job as a bank teller in 1980. Much of the rest of her work life was spent in the banking business. The couple wanted to leave California and Randy decided to strike out in a new direction. He took a seminar on how to farm mushrooms, and they bought property in Seal Rock to pursue that in 1993. Randy moved here in June of that year, and Kathy joined him in November, when she found work at a local bank. Though they found the mushroom business was more than they could handle, they liked Oregon and stayed. Kathy worked in many different capacities in banking and sometimes traveled for her work, which she found exciting.

Randy, who was a finish carpenter by trade, also settled in for the long run. Over the years, one part of his life that had troubled him finally came to resolution. He had been adopted as a baby, and after receiving the gift of an Ancestry.com account, was contacted by a potential biological relative. Through that man, Randy discovered he had a sister who had also been adopted—incredibly, as it turned out, by Kathy's childhood pediatrician! At age 67, Randy met the sister he had never laid eyes on—they felt a deep connection and found they were very alike. It was a long healing journey, which ended in a place of peace for the entire family.

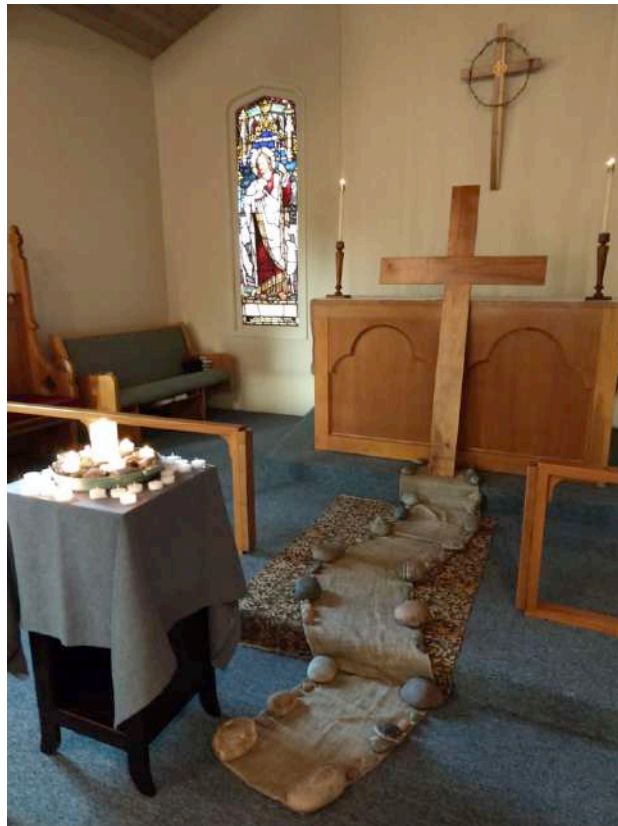
Kathy is a believer. She was raised Baptist, made a profession of faith at age twelve and was baptized. She felt deeply called to follow Christ. Her first husband was in the ministry, but the marriage fell apart. A strange time of disillusionment and uncertainty followed their divorce and she left the Baptist Church. Later, she was married again, this time in the Methodist Church. This was followed by a period of attending the Presbyterian Church. When she got to Seal Rock, though, Kathy was deeply drawn to St. Luke by the Sea Episcopal Church—its spirit, its priest and its people. She started attending here in 1994 and it had a big impact on her life. She felt again that she was—and still is—a Christ follower, that she wanted—and still wants—to be someone who calls Christ Lord. The one drawback about St. Luke was that they didn't have a youth group. Kathy and Randy had five children between them and finally decided they needed to find a church with a youth group.

The family joined the Community Presbyterian Church in Waldport. Kathy became very active there, serving as a deacon, an elder, a member of the session (the

governing body) for 10 or 11 years, and when the financial secretary left, Kathy volunteered to take over that responsibility too! She had to get up at 4:00 a.m. to do the church finances, plus working full-time. She finally resigned and pulled away from all church involvement for a while. But, having been in church all her life (literally since she was a baby), being away from it made her feel disconnected—there was no community. She prayed, “Lord, show me where I need to be!”

A couple of months ago, she tentatively decided to return to St. Luke’s. As she was driving here, her favorite hymn came on the radio and she felt it was a sign that this was the right direction. She finds a kindness and a sense of true Christian love here—the Holy Spirit is here. She believes people are drawn to St. Luke’s because they want to follow the Lord: “You can feel it when people are struggling and when they are at peace in a house of worship,” she said, “and people here really desire to follow Christ and do things to show it.”

We are so glad to have you back! A loving welcome to the Madnicks!



Taizé Evening Prayer at St. Luke by the Sea

An Interview with the Faber Family

By Jackie Wolfe



Matt and Rhiannon Faber, and their daughter Helen are becoming regulars at St. Luke's. In Dec. 2021 they moved to Newport from Lakewood, Colorado. Matt works as a projects manager at Georgia Pacific in Toledo, while Rhiannon works from home as an environmental engineer. They met online and hit it off pretty much right away when they started meeting in person.

At the time Matt was a mechanic (yes, cold metal tools in the winter of Colorado). He served ten years in the Navy (where he got his tattoos), then the Army National Guard for six. He went to college and got a degree in mechanical engineering, but Rhiannon says he would have been happy studying philosophy, as that's the direction his mind goes in conversation.

Rhiannon works for her own company, ARCADIS, where she does a lot of environmental remediation work - cleaning up environmentally-messy sites. Right now she is one of many working to clean up a large river on the east coast. She likes doing crafts to balance out the rational side of her brain. Matt collects chain saws, but both of them love being outdoors with their daughter tent camping and doing day trips like Oregon Coast Quest. They have studied Tae Kwon Do together as a family, but right now the scheduling of adult classes and the children's classes restrict their choices, so Helen wins...for now.

Though Rhiannon's dad was Catholic, and she was raised Catholic, her mom was Episcopalian, but not active in the church. Matt wasn't raised particularly religious, but his dad's family, raised by a single mom, was taken in and pretty much saved by the Episcopal Church in Pueblo, Colorado. When it came time to choose a church they were drawn to the Episcopal Church, and are comfortable with the emphasis on loving God and your neighbor, not so much about sweating the small stuff. Matt served as junior warden at their church in Lakewood. Good to know!

So on to the big questions?

-If they live in Newport, why did they choose to attend St. Luke? That's easy. They're early birds. They get started on projects early and often would be too involved to stop and get ready for the later 11:00 service at St. Stephen.

-Was Rhiannon named after the Fleetwood Mac song? Actually, no. Her mother liked the name from Welsh mythology.

- What is something they like to laugh about? When they were getting to know each other Rhiannon mentioned she was going to a conference on mines. Matt said, "Me too!" Then he realized they would be addressing two very different kinds of mines. His had more to do with military ordnance.

They are happy to be in Oregon and we are happy to get to know them. Welcome to the Faber family!



New Contributors to the Labyrinth:

Sarah Mathieson is a first-year participant in Education for Ministry. This bold twenty-eight year old artist and massage therapist has breached our old-lady bastion and brought 'New Growth' and 'Enlightened' perspectives to EfM! (The next youngest member is sixty-five).

Michael Rhone is a new-ish member of the Grist for the Mill discussion group. He walked in off the street one Tuesday last fall, looking for the Writers Group (which had ceased meeting during the pandemic). Finding just the kind of deep conversation and camaraderie he was yearning for, he has since kept coming back for our meaty weekly discussions of the Gospel and beyond. He usually brings his big notebook of poems with him and shares a pertinent one with the group, deepening our understanding of the matter at hand.

FAREWELLS

St. Stephen and St. Luke have lost some longtime and well-loved members on this earthly plane, for whom we pray that they are now “resting in peace.” We would like to acknowledge their loss, their service, and their connection to St. Stephen and St. Luke, where they continue to be part of our very extended family. An old Jewish tradition says that people die twice—once when the body dies and again when no one speaks their name. It’s good to speak their names and remember their beings.

Karin Ellison

St. Luke’s and St. Stephen’s longtime webmaster Karin Ellison was born on April 12, 1951, and died peacefully at home on June 22, 2022. She had a bachelor’s degree in



mathematics and a master’s degree in information sciences. She traveled widely and worked many jobs in editing, publishing, marketing, and management. She came to Seal Rock in 1990 to care for her ailing mother and never left. In addition to volunteering and donating her time on web design for many Oregon and Lincoln County organizations, her passion was animals! She could often be seen walking her multitude of rescue dogs on Seal Rock beaches.

The following tribute to Karin was posted on Facebook by Kris Plummer last June:

On June 22, 2022, Karin Ellison died of cancer at her home. Words cannot tell how much we miss her. She was the most unselfish person I’ve ever known. She was our “Neighborhood Nanny” and was always there for anyone in need. She would drive them to medical appointments anywhere, even Portland. She would bring you groceries if you had the slightest need. She did so much free website work for any organization, small business, or individual who needed it. She kept our community together with a neighborhood email list, letting us know of everything from emergencies to lost pets. No one was ever alone with Karin around. She would just show up lifting your spirits and easing your load. She never thought of the effort or cost to herself. She just thought of others. The world is a poorer place without her. We do not often find someone with her cheerful spirit and giving heart. (Used with permission).

Jim Mounce



James Earl Mounce was born in Portland, Oregon, October 18, 1937, to Earl Ivan Mounce, a truck driver, and Lois Katherine Brady, a housewife. He passed away on January 8, 2022. His father died at the age of 30, and Jim always spoke proudly of the upbringing his mother had given him and his older sister, Jean Ann. He is survived by his wife, Joanne Wieman-Mounce, his daughter Kelly Mounce, and his son Doug Mounce.

Jim attended Roosevelt High School in Portland, Oregon, and graduated from Lakewood High School in Jefferson County, Colorado, in 1955. He served in the US Navy as an electrician from 1956-58, remaining in the reserves until 1963, times he recalled fondly. Jim also served in the Oregon National Guard, and in 1982-83, earned a Meritorious Service Medal

and a letter of appreciation stating he performed his duties professionally and conscientiously while helping maintain a high level of morale in his section. Those who knew Jim can easily believe it was an honor well deserved.

Jim married Gerry Mounce and they had son Doug in 1961, and daughter Kelly in 1963. He worked briefly as a pipefitter in Montana, where he enjoyed his time on the road. The family returned to Portland, where his first marriage ended, and Jim started a business with Tom Kearns called The Drafting Department.

At a Roosevelt High School reunion, Jim got reacquainted with Joanne Wieman Hendricks. They had attended school together in the St. John's neighborhood of Portland. On April 20, 1996, Jim and Joanne married at St. Luke's by the Sea, Waldport, Oregon, with Rev. Susan Church officiating. They found their true Waldport home on the Alsea River, where both loved to observe the wildlife from their living room window. Jim even trained to be a guide at the Oregon Coast Aquarium.

Jim and Joanne were active members of the Episcopal Church, and volunteered

feeding the homeless and other good works at St. Luke's. They loved traveling up and down the Coast and spending time with their grandchildren. They both enjoyed classical music. Joanne played the violin in the Yaquina Chamber Orchestra and her quartet, the Sea Strings. Jim was a devoted attendee of her concerts. He loved to play jazz on the bass, and played and collected harmonicas. Jim was given a carving set as a very young boy, and he enjoyed the craft all of his life. Many of his friends and loved ones have his intricately carved canes, which he also sold.

Jim and Joanne moved from Waldport to Gig Harbor, Washington, then to Bellingham, and on to Seattle, always near family. They were loving great-grandparents to Emily's daughter Naomi, and lived with Emily until Jim passed on January 8, 2022. He was 84 years old.

Everyone who met Jim found him to be a sweet, funny, and kind gentleman. His relationship with Joanne was also remarkable. People saw right away the close connection between them. Joanne misses him deeply, and his family and friends also miss his presence in their lives.



Details on a walking stick Jim carved for Kempton Hewitt, including the Hebrew letters that spell Yahweh, the tablet of the Ten Commandments, a Chi-Rho, the circles of the Trinity entwined, a crux ansata, fish, praying hands, and a flourishing vine!

Inclusion

By Brian Jones

Mr. Roger's slippers and sweater
Marked the time we were together
And when he changed to jacket and loafers
I knew my neighbor time was over

