



THE LABYRINTH
St. Luke & St. Stephen Review
Winter 2024

The Labyrinth Review is a semi-annual 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 under the "Newsletter" tab.

Marcia Casey, Jeanne St John, Linnea Harper & Judith + Jones, Editors

St. Luke by the Sea Episcopal Church
1353 S. Highway 101
PO Box 422
Waldport OR 97394
541-563-4812
stluke@astound.net
<https://stlukewaldport.org>

St. Stephen Episcopal Church
414 SW 9th Street
PO Box 1014
Newport OR 97365
541-265-5251
Saint.stephens.newport@gmail.com
<https://ststephenepiscopal.org>

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Winter 2024: Finding Peace & Making Peace

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How to keep the light shining...

I sit here and stare into the distance ocean,
Dark tonight up above is bright and beautiful.
Show us, Lord, a way forward.
Lessen our desire for wealth and power,
and increase our capacity to love
as you have loved us.
Good night.

By The Rev. Dcn. Senitila McKinley

Peace

By the Rev. Dr. Judith Jones

“Grace to you and peace...” That’s the way that the apostle Paul begins most of his letters. Peace is God’s promise to us and Jesus’ gift to his disciples. Yet anxiety, resentment, anger, and grief threaten our internal peace, and every day the news headlines announce fresh horrors from wars around the world. Our nation is bitterly divided, and the fallout of those divisions complicates our relationships with our neighbors, families, and friends. How do we navigate the tension between the peace God promises and the realities within and around us?

The Jesus we see in the Gospels was not naïve about our human capacity for hate, cruelty, and war. Luke tells us that near the end of his life Jesus wept over Jerusalem, saying, “If you, even you, had only recognized on this day the things that make for peace! But now they are hidden from your eyes” (Luke 19:42). Yet despite his realism about who we are and what we too often do, despite knowing that he would soon die in agony on the cross, Jesus told his disciples, “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid” (John 14:27).

This issue of the Labyrinth reflects the many ways that we find Jesus’ promise fulfilled—in the beauty of God’s creation; in God’s quiet presence with us; in sacred places; in the assurance that God loves us in all our woundedness, and in the healing of our wounds; in the gift of community; in the depths of grief and loss, and even when we face the prospect of our own death. This is Christ’s peace, the peace that passes understanding.

But peace is more than Jesus’ promise and gift. Peace is our mission, the work that Christ calls us to do. Jesus blessed the peacemakers, calling them children of God (Matthew 5:9). He told his hearers, “When you are offering your gift at the altar, if you remember that your brother or sister has something against you, leave your gift there before the altar and go; first be reconciled to your brother or sister, and then come and offer your gift” (Matthew 5:23–24). That’s why we exchange Christ’s peace with each other before we offer our gifts of money, bread, and wine during the service. It’s not just the moment in the service when we hug each other enthusiastically (as we do at St. Luke) or quietly wave or nod to each other (as we do at St. Stephen). It’s an opportunity to heal broken relationships and to seek reconciliation.

This issue of the Labyrinth not only reflects the ways that we find peace, it tells stories about reconciliation, challenges us to name and change the practices that prevent peace, and invites us to participate in the work of peacemaking. The first time that Jesus appears to his gathered disciples after the resurrection in John he said, “Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, so I send you” (John 20:21). Peace is not a gift to be hoarded. Christ’s peace is meant to be shared. May Christ’s peace be with you all, and may Christ make you channels of God’s peace.



The Silence of Snow

By Doug Yunker

Be silent.
Be still.
Alone.
Empty
Before your God...

Excerpt from "Let Your God Love You" by Edwina Gateley



Winter's Peace By Jo Martin

Storks

On this cold night
winter's last rally
rakes across the fledgling breast
of spring like claws: the last
white bear turns, hungering,
northward.

We put on layers of sweaters again
and light a circle of lamps
deep in the heart of the house. But
we are restless, keep listening.
You are the first to get up.
You pace a few silent steps,
then go. Upstairs I find you
perched at the window,
an early stork
staring from the slender chimney
of your bones down
at icy slivers of teeth
slicing into tender garden growth.

Without thinking,
we gather the afghans
and carefully fold our long limbs
down into them.
With a soft ritual clicking of bills,
necks twining, wings rising,
we begin
the ancient migration
back to the place
of our birth.

By Marcia Casey

Bless Blue

Say it with me from your sternum

Bless these legs that strain and carry
Bless these lungs that fill with icy golden air
Bless these hands that freeze and thaw
Bless this earth that cradles and splits
Bless blue
And those pockets of yellow behind curtained storm
Bless wings gliding before a creaking sky
Bless our rising eyes
As searching turns
Into hypnotic admiration
Bless these pangs of our shared craving
To see
And to know awe

By Janey Mae



"I only want to enter my house justified"

By Dennis Moler

Awe

Rising early, I made my way topside
And stood silently
awaiting dawn
In a night pierced by stars
I feel the ocean's embrace

There in the center of creation
Standing above the ocean
where life first began
And below the heavens
Where creation continues

For a moment outside of time
I am overcome with awe
My mind captured
In the connectedness of nature
The beauty of life

With deep felt emotion
Like a possum feeling threatened
I am still, alert
Listening to the silence of God

And in such a moment of awareness
As love enfolds you,
you find true peace

A unity with the universe
A glimpse of your final completeness
And for one timeless moment
You are whole

*By Michael Rhone
January 2018*

Peace, Place and Devotion

By Brian Jones

In my days as a graduate student, I traveled for a time in Jordan, Israel and Egypt. One particular memory remains fresh in my mind... In the anteroom of the Umayyad mosque in Damascus the members of our group removed our shoes, and the women among us donned the required black robes with hoods. We were a little giddy with first-day-of-the-trip excitement. We joked and laughed loudly, but as we entered the main courtyard the tremendous presence of the place began to sink in, and our laughter hushed. The building itself seemed to say, "This is the place of prayer, the place of devotion. Here ten million people have prayed to Allah. Be still." I was filled with awe.

We padded about in our stocking feet snapping pictures of the intricate mosaics and colonnaded walkways until our guide motioned us to the door of the mosque itself. We were not allowed to take pictures inside, and we talked only in whispers as we entered. The feeling of sacred space washed over me; the building possessed a living spirit. The ceiling arches soared nearly 100 feet above our heads, and beautiful carpets covered the vast expanse of floor. Except for the supporting pillars and a central shrine, the room was completely open, and the devout walked up and down reciting prayers and pausing to prostrate themselves. People at the other side of the room were distant and small, dwarfed by the huge pillars and soaring walls. All about the room intricate designs carved in marble, carved in ivory and woven in tapestry evoked the mystery of the Holy One. And through the blue and red stained glass windows filtered a muted glow that suffused the room with an ethereal light. Nowhere else in all our travels did I find a place of worship more charged with holiness.

I was deeply impressed by two things during my travels in the holy lands. First, the devotion and piety among the Muslims struck me. The worshippers of Allah love God passionately and are possessed of at least as deep a devotion to God as any Christian. I already knew this at a superficial level, but I came to respect Islamic piety in a way I had not before.

Second, I was reminded of the tremendous force of religion in the world, ancient and modern. Religious devotion is not a force to be taken lightly. Mosque after mosque, and every Christian cathedral reached toward heaven, straining to soar to God and draw the human spirit with it. Many of these holy places took years to build; some were built over generations. What force pushed their domes and spires

toward heaven? Was it pride, aesthetics, economics? No doubt such reasons played some part, but these massive building projects were accomplished in part because of an aspect of the human spirit stronger even than pride or avarice: love for God.

Devotion to God. Religious zeal. It builds soaring buildings and commits bloody acts of holy war; it creates magnificent spirits (Saladin, Rabbi Akiba, Gandhi, St. Francis of Assisi) and inspires religious fanatics. The World Trade Center buildings lie in ruins because of the fanatical devotion—perverse and evil though it may be—of deeply religious people. How is it that devotion to God inspires the human spirit to acts of surpassing beauty as well as to acts of bloody violence?

Would we be better off without fervent religious devotion? Would it be better if we made ethics and humane politics our first concern and restrained the feelings that drive the hermit to the desert, the monastic to the cloister, the self-appointed prophet to the street corner?

T. S. Eliot's reflection on the Crusades in his "Choruses from 'The Rock'" has been on my mind of late—

...in spite of all the dishonour,
The broken standards, the broken lives,
The broken faith in one place or another,
There was something left that was more than the tales
Of old men on winter evenings.
Only the faith could have done what was good of it,
Whole faith of a few,
Part faith of many.
...Remember the faith that took men from home
At the call of a wandering preacher.

Our age is an age of moderate virtue
And of moderate vice
When men will not lay down the Cross
Because they will never assume it.
Yet nothing is impossible, nothing,
To men of faith and conviction.
Let us therefore make perfect our will.
O GOD, help us.

Fanatical distortions of faith seem always to be with us. We must oppose them. When evil intentions wear the mask of piety, our condemnation should be clear and effective. But devotion to God is the essence of faith: “You shall love the LORD your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might.” This is the first and greatest commandment for both Jews and Christians (Mark 12:30; Deut. 6:5) and a central tenant of Islam (Qur’an, Surah 73:8). Without devotion, faith becomes bland, “moderate virtue.” The second great commandment guards the purity of devotion: “You shall love your neighbor as yourself” (Leviticus 19:18; Mark 12:31). This commandment—assuming we include *all* others as our neighbors—delivers us from evil distortions of devotion. Love will not destroy others, and for Christians this includes even our enemies.



Inner Sanctum

By The Rev. Dr. Judith Jones

Bitter Seeds and Sweetness

Does a young vine grieve
When an early frost shatters its fruit?

Does it twist there,
As I do, wondering if it will get the chance
To be heavy with sweetness again?

Or does it pulse with a knowing more clear than my own;
With an understanding,
That any slow and sacrificial nurturing of sweetness
Will only ever be an attempt at an offering.
The purpose isn't dependent on the outcome.

Whether the inky violet fruit splits in the aching sun,
Or it's hastily plucked to fill another life with sunshine,
Or its unripened silver-blue skin is crushed
Unceremoniously underfoot,
The purpose is to be a part of this grand web of offering,
Arcing and disintegrating
And to practice that ancient, brave babble of living.

The purpose is to split your cells,
Bloom flowers from your soft seams,
Channel fresh drops of sunshine through you daily
And to allow the bitter seeds and sweetness to come.

May we know when it's time to shrivel and rest
Protected under the winter duvet.
May we hear the early hums and scratches calling-in spring.
May we lovingly split with new growth,
Twisting and blooming.
And may we once again bravely babble
Bravely babble our song of offering along with the vines.

By Janey Mae



My Frosty Labyrinth on a Winter Morning

Coming Home

By Marcia Casey

Dreams, like stories, give us a way of seeing into things. They tell us things, often secret things hidden in plain sight, or the meanings of things we don't see in the light of day. They can say everything in a few pregnant images. I had a dream when I was about nine years old that, over time, I came to call "the dream of my life:"

I gave birth on my mother's ironing board – this was anathema – I was not allowed to keep the baby. I ran out on the street with the baby in my arms and begged the first person I saw to take my baby – but when they reached out to take her, I could not give her away... I ran on to the next person, begging them in turn to take her, but when they reached out, again I couldn't give her away... I ran on to the next...

I see the young 'main character' as that part of me that deeply took in and believed the judgment of my mother with her absolute ironing-board approach to life, in which following the rules – *her* rules – and searing out every other impulse was the supreme goal of being and of childrearing. That little girl was utterly obedient, trying desperately, valiantly, at any cost, to do everything right so she might be deemed acceptable, not despicable. To me, the baby represents the essential kernel of my true self, the one who was not allowed to exist in my mother's world and had to be gotten rid of, expunged from the family.

My mother's view of me was so strong, and so strongly enforced, that as a child I swallowed it whole hog, believing that to be the reality, truly believing myself to be innately reprehensible. However, there were a few secret times and places where the nascent native baby showed her face: playing in the woods, far away from grown-ups; in secretly writing poetry in high school; in the true best friend I found in my second year of college. I careened back and forth between them, longing to let the inner soul grow and live, yet not able to believe that my mother wasn't right and

being undone again and again by her inescapable judgment, and near-despair. This repeatedly had devastating effects on my life, most acutely when having to do with those things most precious to me: I literally had a breakdown when my creative writing professor/advisor disparaged the senior project I proposed and gutted me personally, saying, “You’re not what I thought you were.” Even worse, some years later, when I accidentally became pregnant, I could not believe in my own acceptability, validity or worth enough to have the child. I had an abortion. I gave the baby away. And I became a ghost.

Thanks to much Jungian-oriented therapy and dreamwork with a wise and steadfast therapist, over time I found a way through life. Poetry went underground for almost 20 years, but raising the daughter I had later gave me meaning and centered me – it was challenging and illuminating by turns but grounded me in love. These two things – therapy (and my therapist) and my daughter – laid the groundwork for and made possible what came later. Yet when my daughter left for college, I had to face again into this essential split in myself, which was at the core of my life but most evident in my relationship to writing poetry: it had at times been a sacred interior experience in which I tapped into something huge, vast, deep, and true – the closest I ever came to God. But then the knife of my mother’s despising would slip in and sever the connection, or prevent me from accessing it in the first place. Try as I might, I could not by will or work bring the two parts of my life together into balance, productivity or peace; I could not write or live as myself. At age 63, I was still careening between the two disjunct sides of myself when I had another seemingly simple, innocuous dream:

A woman teacher was using a preschool flannel-board with figures made of felt to show me the Bible story of the baby Jesus...

It was the week before Advent in 2014. In no way was I looking for religion or for a church, but I looked for one to attend just to follow a primary precept of Jungian dreamwork – to explore in reflection, imagination and action what a dream might mean. I chose a church where I thought I could be anonymous, sitting in the back pew to hear the story for a few weeks, then disappearing again without notice.

That did not happen. On the first Sunday, the priest had asked my name as I sidled by her at the end of the service to escape before anyone spoke to me. On the second Sunday, as she placed the communion bread in my hand, she said, “Marcia, my sister, the body of Christ,” and a deep well of longing gaped open in my chest. At the end of Advent, to my utter shock, I stayed! I was suddenly immersed in a welter

of activities, images, and snatches of language that gave me entry into this unknown world of Christianity: the liturgy of Holy Eucharist on Sundays; adult education classes, where I first heard the names and thoughts of writers and thinkers like Marcus Borg and Christian Wiman; someone somewhere said, “Thank God I don’t have to judge others, I give it to Jesus;” community dinners, parables, snippets of hymns sung in Tongan, an Easter retreat, the story of Maundy Thursday as Jesus holding our feet in his hands, knowing all the dirt, *everything* about us, and still accepting us; “God Talk” on Thursdays at Alder Bistro, where once the priest held me as I cried in the bathroom after someone in the group vehemently growled, “I loathe, loathe, loathe abortion...” When I was officially received by The Episcopal Church by the bishop on September 25, 2016, I felt so completely and profoundly accepted – good and bad, body and soul, reprehensible or not – I stopped careening and just stood still for the first time as dumbfounded tears of relief and gratitude rolled down my face. I had never known such acceptance was even possible!

Two other experiences completely changed me. First and most acute, was that, after talking with the new priest about my unassuageable feelings about my long-ago abortion, she offered me the grace of a personal service of lamentation and The Reconciliation of a Penitent. Writing a confession and giving it to her was terribly difficult, as was kneeling before the altar and confessing it to God. But the hardest moment was lifting the little effigy I made of my lost child onto the altar – I almost couldn’t do it; the thought of having to give her away again, stop holding her tight in the morass of horror and grief in my heart was terrifying. But I did it. I gave her to God. And I gave my unforgivable sin to God. And for the first time I was no longer deemed despicable – I was re-deemed, re-seen as human, flawed but longing for God, standing still in that moment of intense tension. I was utterly changed in my understanding of what it is to be human – not, as my mother had seared into my soul, either irrevocably good or bad and always fanatically pursuing the good, but something more non-binary, for lack of a better word – being seen and held and deemed a wholeness, a thing at once both agonizing and healing – and becoming one with Christ, himself both God and Man-of-Sorrows, who came to us, to learn what it is to be us and to teach us his love.

After that, I had another crucial experience – that of learning to live out what I had come to understand, to “come down from the mountain” and carry that peak experience forward into the long, slow, four-year initiation into living in Christ that is Education for Ministry (EfM). To be oneself in a group, in front of other people, had always been nearly impossible for me. But here, under the tutelage of mentors Betty and Michele and each other member, I became an integral part of the group

and learned for the first time how to speak in front of others, without fear of their discovering how loathsome and worthless I had always felt I was. It was hard, especially at first, yet it was wonderful in the end. I worked my way into and through the study of Old Testament, New Testament, Christian History, and Theology; we wrestled together in theological reflections every week to come to a spiritual understanding of some aspect of life; and I became bonded to these particular people in hearing and sharing our stories and our ways of faith with each other – we grew together. I came to love them and to be loved by them, each and all. And then we brought that into the wider church in myriad ways.

From out of the past 10 years of deep, immersive learning at St. Luke's, one special story, as deep and eloquent as a dream, speaks most profoundly to me to this day – Matthew, Mark, and Luke all tell versions of it – this is my wording:

There was a woman who had been bleeding unstoppably for twelve years. She suffered greatly and tried everything she could think of, went to many different doctors, and spent almost all her money on seeking a cure, but nothing worked. Utterly desperate, she heard that Jesus was coming to her town. She thought, "If I just touch his clothes, I will be healed!" She went to where the crowd was gathered and, as Jesus walked by, surreptitiously reached out and touched the hem of his robe. Jesus felt the power go out from him and searched the crowd for the one who had touched him. Trembling with fear, she fell at his feet and told him the truth. He said to her, "Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace and be freed from your suffering."

This story is my story: after decades of trying desperately to find wholeness, wellness and peace, I touched the hem of Jesus' robe at St. Luke by the Sea, and I was healed.

* * * * *

Perhaps many of the attendees at the 'Blessing of a Home' service held at my house in Seal Rock on July 27, 2023, didn't know how deeply this was also a celebration of my own coming home to myself and to the body of Christ in them. *Gaudēte!*



Learning to Breathe Underwater

By Helen Peck

For the first time, I went to a support group as a member, not as the therapist. When I went to my first breast cancer survivor support group, I chose not to share what I did for a profession – I was a clinical psychologist for 40 years. Here, I was just one in a whole sea of people who were feeling scared, confused, disoriented, not knowing which direction to go, and overwhelmed, like they were drowning! I felt very present with them, in full participation, not merely an observer, as I would have in the past.

After the group sharing time was over, the facilitator closed our group with a brief meditation. The group grew quiet and each person tuned in to their breathing. What came to my mind were the breathing exercises I'd learned at fifteen when I got my SCUBA diver's license in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. After the meditation was over, I offered to the group that where I learned to breathe was underwater!

The cardinal rule in diving is to watch our air bubbles – they will always go to the surface, which is what gets us back to air, to life. The fundamental understanding is that when we get frightened and start hyperventilating, we get vertigo, suddenly not knowing which way is up, what to trust, or how to save ourselves. Divers have literally drowned in 3 feet of water because they mistakenly swam parallel to the surface, not following their air bubbles up.

So I shared with the people in the group why breathing is as crucial to our physical and spiritual peace in our cancer surviving challenge as it is essential for a diver, for getting back to what sustains life itself. The fundamental principles are the same: in diving, in a crisis, in meditation, and in life itself, when you stay with your breath and either literally or metaphorically 'follow your bubbles,' you are granted the gift of a deep sense of clarity, agency, safety, and peace.

And then there was this...

By Mary Montanye



Over the last four and a half years I've learned to navigate widowhood – somewhat, and most of the time. But there is one situation that is still difficult for me to maneuver without George. That is going to a medical center for tests. Because of a long history of chronic illness, medical centers, hospitals, and doctors' offices are frightening for me. I do not take visits to them in stride.

During our 40-year marriage, George always went with me to these appointments. He'd sit in the waiting room, go into the appointment with me if he could or, at the very least, wander the halls until my appointment was over. But he'd always be back in the waiting room by the time I came out. I could count on seeing his expectant smile the minute I opened the door. And, on the drive home, he listened while I

explained everything to him. With his dry sense of humor, he could cajole me into a good mood even if it had been a painful or embarrassing event.

Earlier this year, I had a medical procedure that was not fun and quite embarrassing. On the way home I ached with loneliness and grief. *Where was he when I needed him? Why did he have to die so young? How would I ever manage these visits that would only get more frequent as I aged?*

My grief eased somewhat when I caught a glimpse of the sunset over the mouth of the Yachats River. I stopped and snapped a few photos without paying much attention to what I was doing. I figured with my minimal photographic skills; I wouldn't do the view justice anyway.

But when I brought the photos up on my big computer screen, I experienced what can only be called an ah-ha moment, an epiphany of sorts. In an instant, I knew I was not alone; that George, unseen, was still very much present.

George was in that sunset. And the sunrises and sunsets of each day. He is in the hugs and laughter of our sons and his infant great-grandson. He is in the eyes of our loving friends. He is even in the waiting rooms of whatever medical center I might need to visit. And knowing this, I can meet whatever comes in peace.

Sunset Walkers | Nye Beach

There's a reverence that comes with the sunset walkers
They roll in as graceful fog
Settling into the sand
Static shuffles, soft whispers, joined hands
Some come heavy, loaded down by supplies
But all you need
On a windless September night like this
Are eyes ready to be warmed by ochre,
Bare aching feet ready to be anointed
And a soul open to the splendor.

We all watch the ceremony together,
Silently united
By the archaic call of the sun
By a death
A death that even the fearful know as glory.

By Janey Mae

Making Peace with Life and Death

by Fran Morse

My late husband used to call me a "drama queen," but of course, he was wrong. I was just more passionate about everything than he was, I would answer. (Both views in a conflict can be true, as we know....)

I come from rural farming people, who could be described as "raconteurs," who knew how to tell a story, and how to make drama out of everyday life. So now, I consider it part of my legitimate heritage, to make a good story out of my somewhat-impending death. Why not?

My late husband also used to say, "My life is not for other people's entertainment!" I was gob-smacked with surprise the first time I heard that statement. "Well, what else is a life for?!" I asked.

Having been an ex-Catholic priest, he was tired of the prurient interest shown by most people in his experience. Being an extreme introvert, he knew how to defray questions that he considered too "personal."

In the Magpie & Mole marriage we had, I took on the task of drawing him out, which led to his comment, "Since I met you, my life is an open book!" (Not meant as gratitude.)

This little character history is presented to explain (or justify) my willingness to share my existential issues of this moment. Another statement, supporting my approach, was relayed to me as a Zen koan: "There is really no reason to say anything. Then again, there is no reason not to."

Last month, I was given the second of two diagnoses, both of which can lead reliably to my death. First in line is End Stage Renal Failure, unless I want to go on dialysis, which I don't. The additional threat is a failing aortic heart valve, which I am told needs to be replaced a third time. That surgery cannot be done, because the kidney function is too low.

This puts me "between a rock and a hard place," as the saying goes. How does one make peace with this?

Is peace found by doing everything medically and technologically possible to hang on to life? For whom (and by whom) is such peace sought? For, and by, the doctors, who may not have yet read Atul Gawande's book, "Being Mortal"? Gawande is clear that what medicine can do is often not what it should do. In my case, is dialysis not inconsistent with my medical directives, which have been in place for the past 20 years, and which state that I want no "heroic measures" to continue life?

Is peace found in adopting a victim's stance, and blaming the fates? Kierkegaard, and other existentialist writers like Sartre, say this is the cowardly approach: taking refuge from our unavoidable personal responsibility to make a choice. The choice itself is heroic, no matter what it is.

Is peace found in the "right" choice? Again, right for whom? Herein lies the communal question: For whom do I live? My nephrologist said, to me, "You have to live for your family!" May I not also die for my family? To spare them the exhaustion and suffering that comes with over-extending my natural expiration date?

I won't try to answer these questions, since you, the reader, must answer them for yourself. I will tell you where I have found peace; it was in a quote from Heidi Friese, which reminds us of how many deaths we have already experienced of our old selves. For me, this can be just one more.

To love someone long-term, is to attend a thousand funerals of the people they used to be. The people they are too exhausted to be any longer. The people they grow out of, the people they never ended up growing into. We so badly want the people we love to get their spark back when it burns out; to become speedily found when they are lost.

But it is not our job to hold anyone accountable to the people they used to be. It is our job to travel with them between each version and to honor what emerges along the way. Sometimes it will be an even more luminescent flame. Sometimes it will be a flicker that disappears and temporarily floods the room with a perfect and necessary darkness.



Crossing Over

By Dennis Moler

Walking with Grief

In the garden, come evening
you walk, accompanied
by grief – weighty, unwieldy
like a child in your arms who lurches
to reach for some
leaf – flicker of bird – rupture of light
then settles back
for a liminal moment – as a heart might
pause to restore its own rhythm – only to turn
and plunge abruptly
into the hollow
of your chest, where this
ungovernable being
grips you with its twist of beauty
so fervently you're held – healed – for a moment...
then move on, bound
through the quiet
channel of evening
which draws you
together beneath
the dark branching
of trees.

By Marcia Casey

Honey and Hope

Today, can we not comb through this raw, luxurious
And weary mess of learnings, feelings, healings
And weave them into something beautiful
Something concisely meaningful
Something with an aftertaste of honey and hope.

Today, can we simply rest alone
Atop this great pile of life
And know that we have climbed up it.
With valuable calluses on these delicate hands,
We have reached this place to rest.

By Janey Mae



At Rest

By Dennis Moler

in the studio: life drawing

*This is what we do
when we do what
we are...*

Matthew Shenoda

1 convening

we shed all
coats, conceits, connections
the usual tangles
at the door — here
we enter the spare
studio, its single
endeavor a fuse
lit, transfixing
beholder beheld

2 conundrum

his inwardness
centers us — pegged
as human
by the clench in
the crux of his
brow, the model
yet stands forth as
object, sans
person — we, too, cede
ourselves find ourselves
gathered in the remote
cosmos of his face

3 scope

we pore over
arc tic knuckle
this structure of reach, twist
angle and splay, which
turns on some unseen
axis: in each between us shadow
and sheen are tenderly
rendered — seer and seen, we
school ourselves in
being a thing
inexplicably
pinioned with doing,
this seeing and making
kindle combustion
encumbered sprung

4 inflection

the difficult
draws us — the oblique
task of arresting
what moves us *a singular*
arc of wrist this
infinitesimal gesture inflected
in draft upon draft, a sheaf of small
fidelities deepening at moments
opening the body suddenly
come true

5 notch

into the flare and lift
of clavicles, the neck's
strong descending tendons
countersink lock the crucial
notch anchors the scaffold
from which the body elaborates,
the platform from which the ponderous
head considers yet at its root
blossoms a small cleft
where the sturdy body stands
ajar — in its hollow quiver
flickers of breath the quick
leaps that impel
our work sheer prayers
of ache and amaze

By Marcia Casey



Study of Adolescence

By Thais Graham

Five Bird Prayers

Blue Jay squawks, I talk.
Big Daddy takes Baby J to task
for backsquawk.
Baby J prays for forgiveness.

Owl hoots, I howl.
Pain before tooth and tooth
before jowl.
Mama Owl prays for healing.

Grosbeak gobbles, I grab.
Beaked one speaks in tongues
and snarls.
Big Beak prays for plenty.

Hawk screeches, I screech.
Seven wars later, tatters
and teardrops.
Hawkeye prays for peace.

Chickadee chirps, I cheep.
Egg cracks open
high in a tree.
Little Bird prays for me.

By Linnea Harper



Rusty Blackbird *By Kathryn Funk*

*Artist Kathryn Funk is Linnea's close friend of 50 years and her co-grandma.
Her sketch, Rusty Blackbird, inspired Five Bird Prayers.*

“If You Want Peace...”

By Brian Jones

You have doubtless heard the slogan, “If you want peace, work for justice.” Easy to say, but social justice has a steep cost. No more cheap products built by oppressed and abused workers. No more cheap food grown, harvested, and processed by undocumented immigrants who have no legal protections. Higher prices in restaurants and retail shops. Higher taxes to pay for good schools and teachers in all neighborhoods, universal health care, a more robust safety net, subsidized housing, fully funded government watchdog groups that are immune from corporate influence (FDA, USDA, OSHA), and, most expensive of all, truly just and fair trade with other nations. No more cheap bananas, and, if you think coffee is expensive now... The means of domestic and international peace are expensive, and we have not been willing to pay the bill, or even to notice the human cost of our cheap luxuries.

A prominent ideology in our country holds that the common good should be based on individual consent and effort, not on the consent of the whole and on collective effort, especially government-organized effort. But the collective disintegrates without a central authority empowered to organize and enforce the common good. The “tragedy of the commons” takes hold, and inequity rises. The rich take more than they need; the average citizen tries to do the same but typically has just enough; and the poor suffer. Inequity is now at an all-time high in this country and elsewhere. Predictably, we are not at peace with one another. Peace and severe economic stratification are at odds with one another.

Farmer, poet, and essayist Wendell Berry has written repeatedly about the causes of violence and the means of peace. He traces the overt violence we see around us to the covert violence of our economic practices. “An economy based on waste is inherently and hopelessly violent, and war is its inevitable by-product” (*In the Presence of Fear*, p. 9). By “waste” Berry means the unsustainable and inequitable use of resources—of water, of fuels, and of food. Berry’s solution is to live close to the earth: sourcing our needs locally, taking only what we really need, resisting consumerism, acting with neighborliness, and building strong local communities. According to Berry, the U. S. economic system is “inherently and hopelessly violent”; peace will require surgery, not a Band-Aid. How we grow our food, how we make and sell products, how we organize labor, how we trade with other countries are all part of a pattern of economic injustice and violence, and they must all change. Berry’s

proposals do not fit the traditional liberal vision of society. He is a bit of a libertarian. He doesn't trust the government to act for the common good. He doesn't trust organized movements. He once wrote an essay entitled, "In Distrust of Movements." Movements, he believes, lack a sufficiently comprehensive understanding of the causes of the maladies they seek to remedy. Creating a healthy and peaceful world requires a far deeper analysis of the problem and a greater willingness to promote fundamental change than is typical of organized movements.

For example, Berry believes that industrialism is a primary cause of inequity and of violence both here and abroad. The idea that we could change our industrial paradigm is indeed radical, and most of us believe it regressive and hopelessly impractical. But what if he's right? What if a robust and lasting peace will require such radical change?

So where do we go from here? Supposing that peace depends on justice, and justice depends on radical changes in our economic practices—changes that many people would resist—is there any hope for peace? To be honest, I'm not hopeful we will make radical changes. But I am convinced that if we have a common understanding of the causes of violence, we can at least begin to form a common plan to pursue peace by resisting what we identify as the real causes, the root of the problem. We can get together to think about the causes of violence, form doable plans, and act locally. Yes, peace depends on big changes, but big changes often start with small actions. They start with me and with you living mindfully for the sake of peace.

White House Weighs Request for Military Socks

The op-ed editor suggests America should get its war socks on a better footing, or forget about Ukraine. No knitting. Unsanctioned warmth at the extremities might fuel a feud over fuels, leaving Europe cold. Compassion - the mother of militiamen - threatens to upstage a grizzly war. Wherefore & post-haste, my President, I pray you send those wooly socks with double toes and patriotic prose to boot, before the shoe is on the other foot and talk is moot.

By Linnea Harper

The Music Under the Bridge

We are the spectacle of American society.
They pass us by day after day.
We do not have jobs and we do nothing all day.
The sounds of our music only turn them away.
They often looked sophisticated.
Walking slowly their heads turn away.
As if being homeless will spread their way.
They have a feast on our behalf
Trying to remove us from their way.

We are the spectacle of American society
Our music only turns them away.
Hey, hey, hey please look our way.
We have no home and did not want it this way.
The pain of not being connected will never go away.
We too used to walk in that sophisticated way,
Until the check did not come in the mail one day.
American society rejected us right away
We took our music and we are finding our way.

By The Rev. Dcn. Senitila McKinley



Graceland

By Dennis Moler

Peace is the Pause Between Battles

*Blessed are the peacemakers
for they will be called children of God. Mat 5:9*

Children of God, pray tell - what
speeds your noble quest and will
you please get here in time?

If not Love, self-righteousness or pure
self-interest might suffice for battling
Battle. Your motives are between you

and your God. But ponder, in the lull
between the killing spree, the pulsing melodies
of *Love Supreme*, *Love Love Me Do!* -

the Beatles' scream - or *One Love's* rasta
rhythms - all more popular than Jesus
hymns. In the lull between bombings

the ghosts of musical strains are almost
visible. There are many songs.
There is only one message.

Shalom & Salaam.

By Linnea Harper

Wild & Sweet!

by Evelyn Archer

The hymn “I Heard The Bells on Christmas Day” brings peace to me each time I hear it. I began taking piano lessons at the age of five and I began playing hymns in upper elementary school.

The first time I played “I Heard the Bell on Christmas Day” I was sold on it. I loved both the melody and the harmony, and the words were beautiful! As I said, it brings peace to me each time I hear the song and in I my head I hear the ringing of the bells.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote the words to the poem on Christmas Day in 1863. His wife had died after being severely burned two years earlier and his eldest son in the Union Army was seriously injured in November of 1863.

In 1872 John Baptiste Calkin, an organist, took a tune he had written in 1848 and used it as the melody for the poem.

Read the words of this stirring hymn and see if you can hear the “ringing singing” of the bells in and through them, as I do:

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Has rolled along the unbroken song
O peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:
“There is no peace on earth,” I said,
“For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
“God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
O peace on earth, good will to men!

I hope “I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day” brings **Peace** to each of you!

Can We Solve Difficult Conflicts Peacefully?

By Sandra Gangle

One of the most basic principles for making and keeping peace ...is that there should be an honest attempt at the reconciliation of differences before resorting to combat. Jimmy Carter

Lawyers have a fiduciary duty to serve their clients' best interests. The lawyer must represent the client aggressively with the goal of winning. However, in many civil matters, including family disagreements, neighborhood disputes, and business conflicts, the parties' on-going relationship would be seriously affected, even destroyed, by a "combat" in court. The best approach is often to seek a peaceful compromise. A lawyer's fiduciary duty allows such an approach.

Also, in auto-accident and slip-and-fall cases where liability is unclear, an injured party might risk losing any recovery for medical expenses, pain and suffering, if the case were to proceed to a courtroom trial. In such cases, it is appropriate for the injured party's lawyer to recommend seeking an agreeable settlement out of court, through negotiation with the opposing party. In many such cases, the lawyers advise their clients to use Alternative Dispute Resolution or ADR, rather than attempt to negotiate settlement by themselves.

Mediation and Arbitration each involve the intervention of an impartial third-party professional with legal knowledge who is trained to work effectively. A mediator does not make the final decision in a case, but an arbitrator does.

Mediation is a facilitation process, where the mediator asks questions of each party to understand that party's needs and concerns, including the party's initial demand for resolution of the dispute. The mediator may talk to each party separately or meet with the parties together to facilitate a discussion. As a result of the mediator's involvement, each party becomes less committed to their initial demand and ultimately grows willing to reach a compromised outcome, known as a Win-Win solution. The mediator then drafts their compromise and the parties sign it. Mediation is used in most domestic relations or family-related conflicts, business disputes and small claims including landlord-tenant disputes.

Lawyers trained in mediation are often appointed by judges in appropriate cases. In other matters, the opposing attorneys can jointly agree on a qualified mediator who

does not know either party or any of the witnesses and can be impartial in assisting the parties to reach a mutually acceptable result, without involving the court at all. The mediated settlement can then be filed in court as a judgment and will be enforceable if either of the parties attempts to back out.

Arbitration is similar to a courtroom trial but is private and less formal. The arbitrator may be appointed by the court or mutually selected by the parties' attorneys. The arbitrator hears each party tell his/her story, asks them questions for clarification, and acts essentially as a judge who privately decides who wins the case. Unlike a judge, however, the arbitrator sometimes crafts a creative solution which awards each party some of what they were seeking, based on the facts the arbitrator has found. The arbitrator's Award determines what is fair and reasonable under the facts and circumstances. It can then be filed in court and will be enforceable in the event either party attempts to back out.

When I was a child in the 1950's, ADR services were not available for solving disputes. My parents' marriage ended and they disputed custody of me and my brother, as well as child support and property ownership issues, in court. The judge interviewed me, a seven-year-old, in chambers on my preference for which parent should win custody of me and my two-year-old brother. He then followed my wishes, granting full custody to my mother. Most judges at the time would simply have reached such a decision by themselves.

When I was ten years old, I was injured as a passenger in an auto collision. Liability for the accident was disputed. Neither driver's insurance would cover my medical costs until a jury decided which driver had caused the accident. It took five years before the trial was conducted. I then had to testify before the jury and the experience was very embarrassing, because I had to raise my skirt to show the jury my injured leg. Had private arbitration been available at the time, I could have been relieved of the public embarrassment I suffered in court.

In each of those 1950's cases, I saw no women judges or lawyers in the courthouse. I thought that was unfair and needed to change. So, at the age of fifteen I decided I would become a lawyer – and ultimately a judge – myself.

Eventually, when I was 34, I had the opportunity to realize my goal. I was able to start law school because Congress had passed the Civil Rights Act in 1973 and

women were entering Willamette University Law School. I joined the program, with four other women in a class with over 200 male students.

Dean Carlton Snow of the law school was serving as a labor arbitrator on the side. He hired me as his law clerk during my second year and taught me about the benefits of arbitration and mediation for resolving conflicts outside of court. I learned that labor unions and management usually used arbitration, rather than court, to resolve their grievances and other contract disputes. I subsequently learned about the process of becoming an arbitrator and mediator myself and became certified to practice both processes in my legal career.

So, pursuant to my childhood commitment, I was able, not only to practice law by representing clients in court, but also to conduct hundreds of ADR cases throughout the Pacific Northwest, until my retirement at age 74 in 2017. More details of my career are available in my 2021 memoir, “Madam Arbitrator.”



In the midst of winter comes the hope of spring...

By Jo Martin

Finding Peace

By Jackie Wolfe

I find peace in unexpected places and surprising conditions. Some kinds of peace feel familiar; others look unlike any I have known. In fact, it may be that finding our usual kinds of peace can keep us from actually experiencing a different, deeper or truer kind of peace.

I'm pretty much known for being an active, doing-things kind of person. I experience life mostly through my physical body, but that can take different forms. Some things I do just need to get done, like care-taking, errands, keeping things orderly. I thrive on physical exercise – weight lifting, kayaking, rowing. Walking brings me an expected, familiar peace – the peace I find within myself. Doing these activities with others who are pursuing the same goals brings a feeling of communal, and hopefully shared, peace.

But sometimes I resent doing the *need to get things done* things, and I wonder if they really need doing by me! I have not yet made peace with that question!

I truly enjoy doing projects with others. The sense of sharing communal goals and working towards them together with open hearts, and achieving them in a spirit of cooperation, pleases me and brings me yet another kind of peace. At times, when I get aggravated, I might identify the peace only in retrospect. I'll give a recent example.

I'm a "helper" who steps in at a moment's notice (mine or another's). On the day appointed for the Christmas greening of the church, I showed up with a plethora of varied live greens I had gleaned with great pleasure, looking forward to this "party of souls" that would accomplish the task together.

I arrived to find that no one had organized or planned the activity. I got stressed and judgmental, and aggravation was souring my mood. Several parishioners volunteered to help. I found the ribbons and bows in the basement, and had brought what fine wire I had for tying, along with nippers. I was being outwardly gracious, but inwardly, I was still grumbling.

I began to notice that the volunteers were each challenged in their own way – by lack of experience, by physical challenges with uncooperative hands, by lack of physical height to place the swags, and, perhaps, some inner grumbling of their own. But

somehow, with caring honesty, release of expectations of perfection, and with open hearts, we made the church fragrant and beautiful. We cleaned up, too! In the end, all was well.

Even then, I continued my inner grumbling and judging about not finding what I had expected. I allowed myself to stew a bit about having to go through it. But in my retrospective musings, I realized that the best part wasn't what we accomplished, though that's what we often focus on, but rather the hearts we finally felt compelled, consciously or not, with or without reservations, to open in order to allow real sharing. That's where the peace settled with me. Without this unusual situation, the greening would have been another pleasant accomplishment. I found my peace by forgiving, perhaps even welcoming, my dark inner mess. In later contemplation about the day, I made a peculiar sense of the machinations of my mind, recognizing my needless expectations, my judgments.

At the same time, I was aware that I *needed* to go into the dark, because it is what my human self does. And there is a kind of peace in knowing that sometimes finding it comes only by slogging through the darkness. I thank God for communities that encourage open hearts.



This last summer a group from the Diocese of Oregon spent two weeks studying Spanish in Cuernavaca. When we visited the Anglican Cathedral of Saint Michael and All Angels (la Catedral Anglicana de San Miguel y Todos los Ángeles) for Eucharist on our first Sunday there, we learned the story of this mural. Recently some gang members had defaced that outside wall of the cathedral with hateful, threatening graffiti. Rather than simply whitewashing the wall, the cathedral commissioned a local street artist to paint a mural over the graffiti. We met the artist, who told us that he had chosen to paint Christ at the center, flanked by an ear of corn and a dove with the hope that the gangs would be unwilling to deface these images. Christ is the most sacred symbol in Mexico (with the possible exception of the Virgin of Guadalupe). The ear of corn, representing Mexico's staple food, is also a highly respected symbol. The dove represents the Cathedral's commitment to the path of peace. Thus far the mural has been left untouched.



Peace Village

By Jeanne St John

I learned a lot during my years as leader and consultant for Newport's Peace Village between 2011 and 2018. This important program, which was temporarily halted by Covid, is hoping to return in August, 2024.

Peace Village was established by the Rev. Charles Busch of the Congregational Church in Lincoln City in 1996. He had returned to his office after a visit to the local high school where the principal had described the problems the school was having with violence, fighting, and threatening behavior.

Busch pondered what would make a difference, what would give students the skills and experience to solve problems without resorting to threats or acts of violence. A plan emerged to provide education and experiences in peaceful living and active peace-making. Charles Busch agreed with Mahatma Gandhi, "If we are to achieve real peace in the world, we must start with the children."

Thus began the first versions of Lincoln City's Peace Village, a week-long experience for children in 1st through 6th grades that focuses on conflict resolution, ecology, and media literacy.

In 2011 Newport joined a growing number of Peace Village programs that had now spread across the state. Interfaith Community for Peace & Justice (ICPJ), composed of members from several area churches, planned and conducted the first year's program held at Newport's Presbyterian Church. It's also been held at Sacred Heart Church and Oregon Central Coast College.

My experience as a school principal led to being appointed Director that first summer--and it was like opening a new school in a new facility with new staff and a new curriculum. The stress was matched only by the reward of seeing the joy of the students and parents after that first week. In evaluations parents were grateful for the lessons their students learned in conflict resolution and communication. Several parents reported that their homes were much more peaceful now that sibs had learned to settle their differences peacefully.



The morning program had students divided into three groups according to grade level, (1-2, 3-4, 5-6) so that age-appropriate lessons could be presented. Adult leaders were assisted by teen leaders recommended by local high school teachers. The teens were assigned to one age group where they got to know each child.

Conflict Resolution included practice with listening and speaking respectfully, recognizing when a conflict occurs and having the tools to de-fuse and redirect the exchange.

Media Literacy gave students experiences in detecting deceptive advertising, bias, and manipulation targeting children. They began to watch for deceptive TV ads aimed at kids their age, for cereal boxes and other products they should learn to crave.

Nature Studies classes were led by local naturalists who helped them understand the local environment and what it needs to stay healthy and productive. Field trips added to their guided outdoor experiences.

After students and teen leaders enjoy a lunch time break, they return for fun-filled afternoons of peace-related activities. Once Chandler Davis, Newport's leader of drumming, brought a variety of drums and gave the students some instruction and hands-on practice in expressing themselves with rhythmic drumming.

Afternoon sessions included multicultural speakers, learning about peace heroes, body/mind awareness, non-competitive indoor and outdoor games, as well as a variety of peace-themed arts and crafts.

Music has always been an important part of Newport's Peace Village and our talented leaders have included music teachers Sarah Ball and Chris McKinney, and professional composer and musician Rand Bishop.

Families are invited to each week's Closing Circle where students demonstrate some of their new communication and media literacy skills, some of the movement practices, and lots of the peace-oriented music. Their ecology projects and crafts, sometimes including quilted pillows, are on display after the final session.

Adult volunteers are needed to help staff the week-long program and to participate in the planning team. Peace Village is recruiting teen leaders who will receive a small stipend for their participation. Children from 1st through 6th grades are welcome to participate at the cost of \$50 for the week, with scholarships easily available.

If you are interested in participating or know a teen or elementary age child who might be interested, please contact Bob Riggs at eagle19500@gmail.com or 541-264-8864.



Peace is not still!

By Michele Hogan

Peace is not still!

It is the fluid movement of the alive

I find peace when I listen with my body-mind-and spirit.

Peace comes to me when the voices in my head stop talking.

Then I am free to become a bird song.

Peace comes to me when I stop willing my own agendas and I listen and follow what is happening in the moment to be so. It is when I rely on the grace of God to carry me through my unrest to a quiet place in my heart.

I feel peace plodding along at my own pace. I become strong and secure in the heel-toe earth dance of touching the earth. I know peace when I row with the current of the waves and walk in the direction of the wind.

I observe peace when I see the horizon clearly. On those days when the fog and clouds cover the sky I rely on my faith, a deeper knowing that the horizon is hidden—not gone. Peace is remembering Love is always present in the mistiness of my blindness and alienation.

I find peace when my hands become gritty in the garden soil planting seeds waiting for spring to come.

I find peace when I change the messy diaper and the crying ends, and the giggles begin.

I find peace when I am merciful, praying, forgiving, and grateful. I can find peace when I have the courage to voice the truth of my own dignity. Then I become one with the choral voices of the singers.

Peace is when I stir the pot filled with a broth of steaming adventures. This spiral motion integrates my life experiences with the present. Stirring cools the flame of fear, softens the heart, and blends all the flavors into new way of being.

Peace is the cool breeze that whispers I am!

Thoughts about the ocean and peace

By The Rev. Melodie Kimball

Each day here is a new experience.

It is said if you don't like the weather here on the Newport Oregon coast wait five minutes!

What I do notice is that we are all fascinated by the seashore. When the sun is setting we cannot help ourselves, we are all drawn to look at it.

Each evening gives us a new picture. Looking at the ocean brings a peace for all of us.

Is it the waves?

Is it the memories?

Is it the creation it holds?

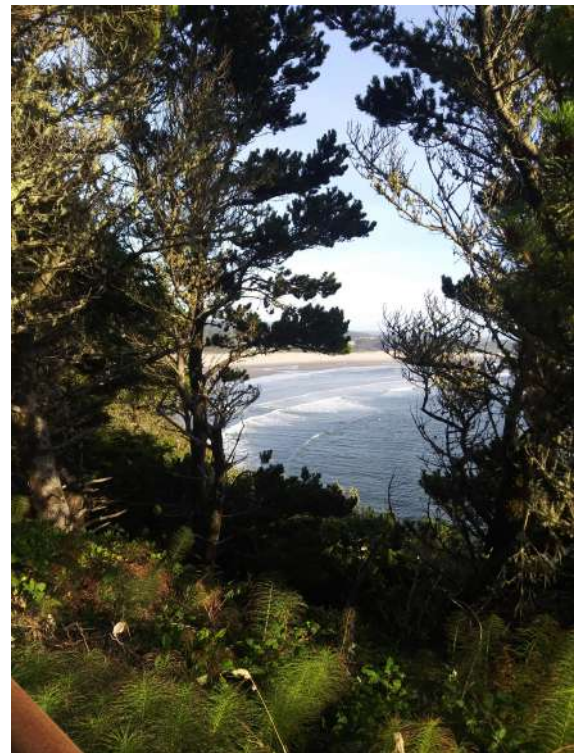
The Ocean gives us rest from what is literally behind us.

When we look at the ocean we are free for that moment in time, this is what brings us peace.

When we close our eyes in meditation our vision is often drawn to images of the ocean and its moving soothing waves.

What a true blessing it is to live near the ocean. This picture is of my place of peace visited often during the pandemic and long after.

Until the end of September (when she passed) my little rescue companion and I would sit, walk and watch the surfers from here every week.



Finding Peace

By the Rev. Dcn. Senitila McKinley

At the end of this beautiful day, a quiet dinner alone by the sea.

Hearing the birds talking to each other. Watching the waves, ever so calm and gentle, touching, teasing the rocks. A romantic feeling in the sound, the silence in the air, love overflowing.

The sun turning the sky red, and slowly disappearing into the distant ocean.

Deep peace within me,

And the love surrounding me makes me smile. I am loved, I am loved. A delightful way to end the day.

Life Together in Community

This past year our congregations at St. Luke and St. Stephen gathered to support members of our community through a wide variety of life transitions: birth, marriage, reception into the Episcopal Church, and a funeral.

At St. Stephen, Judith + baptized Maile Gonzalez, the daughter of Carlos Gonzalez and Tiffany Stewart-Gonzalez. On All Saints Sunday we gathered with the communion of all the saints to welcome the newest member of the body of Christ. Some of the candles from our All Saints commemoration are visible on the table at the bottom right of the photo below.



Maile in her christening gown, with her proud aunt, Lili Muñoz

On June 1, on a gloriously sunny day, Judith + celebrated the marriage of Richard Quin and Sherry (Moonbeams) Beard at Cape Perpetua, with Brian Jones and Elizabeth Pflibsen-Jones as witnesses. On the following Sunday the whole congregation at St. Stephen joined in congratulating Richard and Moonbeams on their marriage.



Richard and Moonbeams



Ross Littlehailes with Richard Quin, Judith +, Bishop Akiyama, Gavin +, and Deacon Senitila

On October 15, during her visit to St. Stephen, Bishop Akiyama received Ross Littlehailes into the Episcopal Church. Ross has been worshipping at St. Stephen since just before the pandemic began. He became a member of the altar guild shortly after we resumed worshipping in person. The congregation at St. Stephen welcomed him with joy as an official member of our community.

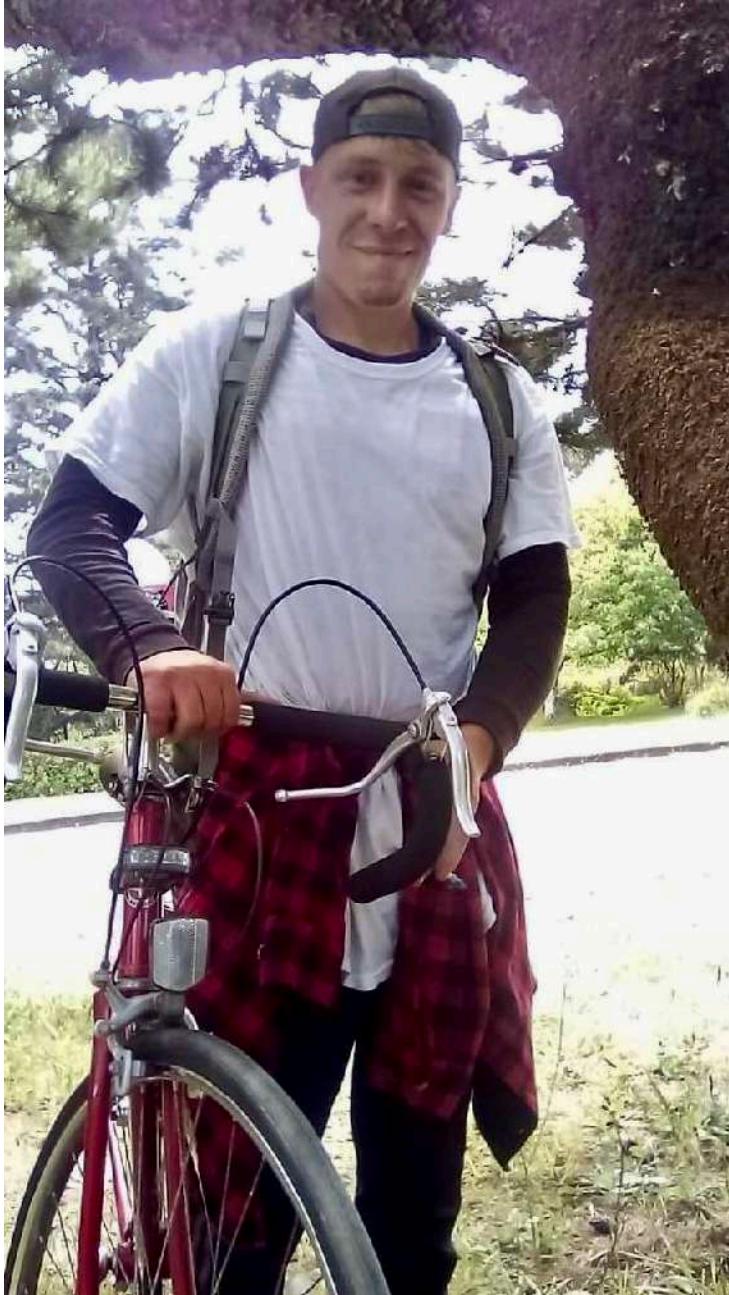
Bishop Akiyama also visited St. Luke on October 8 this year, including a lively coffee hour with her in which each person shared the story of how they came to St. Luke.



St. Luke sponsored a free Community BBQ on July 15th. A rollicking good time was had by all! Ray Winward served as the BAC's advisor in planning the menu, & as chief cook, preparing enough of his famous pulled pork with coleslaw to feed the whole neighborhood. Mary Montanye made a huge pot of hearty vegetarian chili, which was complemented by an array of potluck desserts made by the congregation. Classic folk music was provided by Harper, Annie & Dan; and a whole raft of old favorites were played by the Seashore Literacy Ukelele Group Singers (popularly known as the SLUGS), under the direction of Deacon Senitila. The large, lively crowd sang along with a number of tunes, and there was even some dancing! What a beautiful, spirit-filled celebration of community!



In loving memory of
Matthew Clayton



On November 2, St. Luke's had a funeral for Matthew Clayton. Many members of St. Luke's congregation gathered to pray for Matt and commend him to God and to surround Matt's girlfriend Joelden and Matt's brother with love and care as they grieved Matt's death. The funeral was live-streamed so that Matt's family and friends in Alabama could participate as well. After the funeral we gathered in the fellowship hall as Matt's loved ones shared some of their memories of him.



Days End

My feet remember the soft green moss
Where the forest stream bubbles over smooth rocks
My brow remembers the mist
Carried on the waterfall's breeze
The shadow from the mountain's cliff
Shields me from the sun

At day's end I watch shadows
Climb the mountain slope
The last rays of sun
Fall upon scarlet flowers
I sit in meditation
Inside the fragrance on the wind
And wait to catch the dream
When flowers sleep

I have had my bowl of rice
I have had my hundred years
I am content to pass my prayer mat on

Michael Rhone
February 2013

