



MESSENGER

St. John's Episcopal Church

November 2008



MESSENGER

Rector's Message

Building on the Lives of the Saints

Dear people of St. John's,

A lot of us get a kick out of those monthly cartoons on the large Church calendar which hangs near the Sacristy. It is put out by the Church Pension Group and the artist Jay Sidebotham is a parish priest in Illinois. Every month he manages both lightly and tellingly to lampoon some aspect of Church life. This month for example (October) and overly sincere young rector is trying to get the Vestry retreat started with one of those newsprint-mission-statement-brainstorming routines, but the Vestry members have some very different thoughts which don't quite go where he wants to head.

People who know the original culture which he live and spoke in see a lot of humor in Jesus even as his words got fluffed and filtered into the Greek of the Gospels. I believe it. He would have had to have some good humor to launch a bunch like us, and a lot of love for our foibles.

Did you hear the one about the widow and the judge? She nagged her way right into the Kingdom. No mote in her eye. She hadn't lost her saltiness. And talk about camels getting through the eye of a needle!! Blessed, happy are those who laugh at themselves as much as they laugh at others.

Rejoicing in Christ,

Timothy Eberhardt

Those cartoons remind me how seriously I take everything and what a wonderfully strange outfit we are in Church. At times I have very little humor, but at least I know how valuable it can be. Children keep us light-footed and then cartoons like these make me try to imagine a few of my own; like (as happened) one of us coming into one of those tounge-twisting lists of names in an Old Testament reading and finally giving up with "and all the rest of those guys"; or like one of us in the choir mixing up our sheets as we launched into a Christmas Eve selection; or like the perfect potluck supper with only desserts.

Vestry of St. John's
Steven Eubanks, Senior Warden
Ray Mayer, Junior Warden
Susan O'Malley
Linda Nagy
Charles Scribner
Nancy Wright
Pat Mayer, Clerk
William Arnold, Treasurer
Jane Eubanks, Receipts Treasurer

Introduction to the Stewardship Edition of the Messenger

This special edition of the Messenger inaugurates our fall stewardship campaign. Our theme is “Building on the Lives of the Saints,” which Christians have always sought to do. The Saints were not all perfect people, “holier than thou,” but real human beings who struggled with the challenges of life as we all do. Their distinction came from their total commitment to love God in all they did and to love their neighbors as they loved themselves. All of us seek to do the same through the proper stewardship of our lives, the use of our time, talent, and treasure. We urge you to walk and build with us during during this time of decision, opening yourselves to God’s will in your life, just as so many have done before us.

As you read the stories from just three recent saints upon whose memorial legacies we have been literally building this fall with our painting (Will Parker), our walkways (Henry Egerton), and our landscaping (Nadia Delany), along with some other thoughts on stewardship, we hope you will join us as we “build for the future with thanksgiving and praise.”

The Stewardship Committee of St. John s

Key Steps

November 2 - All Saints’ Sunday

A time for us to remember in gratitude and celebrate the Saints of God and our own loved ones departed.

November 3 - Parish Stewardship Mailing

The Stewardship mailing to all parishioners including 2009 commitment cards.

November 16 - Stewardship Blessing

Commitment cards returned to the church with a special blessing at the service that day.

Early December - First report to parish on 2009 commitments

January 2009 - Parish Stewardship Study

The beginning of our year-round all-parish stewardship study as we learn to deepen and develop new ways to love and serve our Lord and our neighbors in each of our ministries.

Thoughts on Stewardship

I have been frequently intrigued by the ruinations of Ahab in Moby Dick when, pondering his actions, he says, “Is Ahab, Ahab? Is it I, God, or who, that lifts this arm? But if the great sun move not of himself; but is as an errand-boy in heaven; nor one single star can revolve, but by some invisible power; how then can this one small heartbeat; this one small brain think thoughts; unless God does that beating, does that thinking, does that living, and not I.”

In our relationship with God, St. John’s church, or with other groups or individuals, we must have faith

that we are guided by a hand that has purpose for us and our contributions to life. Whether we seek white whales, walkways for the church, or the wisdom to decide how much we should give of our time, money and talents to St. John’s, we should be comforted to know that we have a guide for our decisions. At this time of year, we tend to call the unseen guide “stewardship”. We would do well to remember this is only the seasonal manifestation of the hand that guides us throughout the year.

Charles Scribner

For me giving my time and talent to St. John’s is two-fold. One, it’s a way for me to pay it forward. Two, it’s my way to pay honor and give back to the people, church, deanery, diocese, province and national church that have given me so much as a teenager and that have contributed to who I am. I wouldn’t be who I am if it wasn’t for St. John’s. It’s a privilege to work in the gardens of St. John’s I never know what someone might be giving as plants or whatever suggestions might come through along with way I continue to learn about myself with community gardening and people, all at the same time. Stewardship is constant learning.

Kate Mayer

Building on the Lives of the Saints

Meeting Nadia Delaney

In her last years before she died in January 2005, Nadia lived at the Windover House here in Randolph. At first when I visited her with communion only she and I shared. Soon her friend Ann, a staunch Lutheran, began to join us. Before long, we had a loosely knit small monthly congregation of seven or eight which included some five denominational backgrounds. Louise Clark's mother, Margaret Estlow, also joined us.

Nadia loved flowers her entire life. From her girlhood in Stanford, Connecticut, to her time in New York State, through her life in Randolph, where she and her family moved in 1959, to her days at Windover House, flowers continued to be her joy.

She had three sons: Darryl who lives in New Hampshire, Ken who died, and Gary who with his wife, Val, and their two sons, Shannon and Chad, were vital parts of St. John's for many years.

One of the long standing Delaney family goals was the beautification of the St. John's grounds. They were especially interested in reclaiming a rather forgotten weed patch on the north side of the church by the old schoolyard which lay behind the rose hedge tended so faithfully by Burt Ulrich's father, Bill.



Although I, as rector, gave little heed to their dreams for this inaccessible piece of property, things changed with the new St. John's office addition, the switch from School to DuBois and King, and the subsequent refurbishment of the entire area behind St. John's. I would kid that Nadia and the Delaneys were getting their way after all. Now the quiet entrance path to the office addition invites a garden. Much work is being done by Kate Mayer and other members of St. John's, and the promise of beautiful flowers grows.

How fitting that the Delaney family has said "Yes, we should make this her legacy with Nadia's memorial funds..." We remember Nadia as a member of St. Margaret's Guild, a lover of coffee hour, a grace to our fellowship; and we build a garden on the life of this saint!

Meeting Will Parker again

“Here is a photo of Will as he would have looked when contemplating the prospect of painting St. John’s.” (So writes Will’s mother Judith Parker in a recent note.) “He would have looked intently at the project, then plunged right in, miraculously figuring out the correct amount of paint in a few seconds of calculation, and equally miraculously, given the speed with which he moved, not spilling a drop. An interior decorator neighbor used to hire Will regularly because he was the best problem-solver and most efficient worker he could find.”

“Once when he was about nine, a highly intellectual neighbor called me a little after ten on a week night. Her exact words remain imprinted on my memory. ‘Judith, I know I shouldn’t ask this on a school night, but could you please send Will over? We just bought a sofa from Ikea, and it is in pieces on our floor!’”

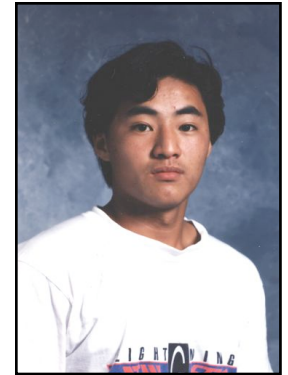
“The odd thing is that this was all true of the boy who dashed through screen doors without opening them, spilled sodas on the computer keyboard and put his fist through walls when frustrated. I think the technical term for Will’s ability to do things so right when he set his mind to it is hyper-focusing. When his attention was caught by a project he was able to concentrate more than virtually anyone I can think of, and when it wasn’t so caught, he was oblivious. We now think he was bi-polar, but because no one thought that young teenagers could get this (when last I might have been able to insist on his getting help), he was never treated.”

Born March 6, 1976 in Seoul, Korea, William SeungHo (“Worthy Successor”) Parker was baptized here with his sister Anne at St. John’s on July 13, 1983. His mother Judith again notes that “because he was always in motion, he so loved growing up in Vermont summers in Randolph Center. He could bike or run to his heart’s content, and no one told him to stop climbing trees... He understood the world through action.”

After High School, with no openings at that time in the Police Academy, Will joined the Army and went to Europe before returning for a short college stay (before the fraternities discovered him and he them). Several employments later, he took a job with Southwest Airlines in Las Vegas. When the economy sank that position, and after several security jobs and a bad marriage, Will found himself down and out with HIV/AIDS before his death in September of 2007. A list of misfortunes, some Will would confess of his own making, never helped— and Las Vegas was not Vermont. As his mother puts it “the city sucked him into its greedy maw.”

Judith writes that “during the last months of his life, and with all the good care and support we with the state were able to set up, Will asked me to mail him box after box of maple candy and syrup. I thought he was craving the candy and syrup, but it turned out that he wanted to introduce his Filipino and southwestern caregivers and therapists to the delights of real maple from Vermont.”

When, after Will’s funeral here, we mentioned some of the projects we were working at around St. John’s, Judith and the rest of the family immediately jumped at the idea of dedicating memorial funds to our Church painting project. It was just what he would have jumped into, the perfect legacy. And so we do indeed build, or paint, on the lives of the saints. There is a certain energetic sweetness about it. We are Will Parker’s “worthy successors”!



Meeting Henry Egerton Again

“Henry and Margaret Egerton first came to Randolph in 1955, when they came east to ski at Stowe.” So opens a paragraph in an article celebrating Margaret’s 90th birthday eight years ago (!!!) in the Herald of Randolph. “Henry wanted to stop over in Randolph to find where some of his ancestors were buried. They didn’t locate any ancestors during that trip (though they did later), but they did find a home.”

That article then continues by quoting Margaret directly: “We drove along the Ridge Road and there was the most gorgeous sunset and I just wanted to live here. We bought a piece of land for \$4,000. There were no buildings on the property, so we built a two-car garage, which is now the middle part of the house. We’d come here for vacations and then we moved here full-time in 1975.”

(continued)

Meeting Henry Egerton (continued)

Searching out his ancestors, whose graves they found in Randolph Center, and taking in that view, Henry Egerton was then 41. Since their meeting and marriage in Cleveland in 1941, Henry served first as a captain in the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps, 1941 - 1946, and then began working his way up to executive positions in several manufacturing companies. A 1956 Palm Sunday bulletin which Margaret has saved from Christ Church, Grosse Pointe, Michigan indicates Henry's confirmation there (with 41 others!), while another bulletin from June 1970 lists the Egertons' transfer into membership at St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, where they had just moved. Margaret meanwhile had returned to college and, with a Master's Degree in social science from the University of Detroit, had continued her social work in Michigan and Hartford, Connecticut working with unwed mothers.

With Henry doing the building, over the years the garage on Howard Hill evolved into a home. Unfortunately, his death to cancer in early 1979 left too few years for him to enjoy the fully retired life he had sought— where he could exercise his love for music with oboe and guitar, building, reading and continuing the huge gardening project he had started out front. Margaret now notes that there was always a wistful side of Henry. Although he had excelled through his dedication to his work, he never felt comfortable in the corporate world with all its buy-outs,

conglomerations, and big business egos.

Instead Henry Egerton searched out and found his ancestors where a Vermont sunset meets the ridge line. And now, as Margaret has bequeathed his memory with financial support for our new walkways, we down here at St. John's can follow on the solid pathway of another saint. In a way, we too become his ancestors, as we build, we walk, on the lives of the saints.



Egerton House, 1969

Almighty and everlasting God, you made the universe with all its marvelous order—its atoms, worlds, and galaxies, an infinite complexity of living creatures - and finally, in your image, you created mortal human beings to be the stewards of your creation. Grant that, as we probe the mysteries of your creation in our work together, we may grow in our reverence of creation, and may come to know you more intimately, and each other more wonderfully. Lead us we pray to use our gifts and knowledge to fulfill our role as your stewards in your eternal purpose that all creation might be reconciled to you. This we pray to the honor of your Son, Jesus and through the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Thoughts on Stewardship

Stewardship and Painting, or What is good for the Church is Good for the Soul

We generally think of stewardship as the giving of money, but a broader definition would include taking care of, supporting, protecting, or sustaining. On the one hand the physical church needs maintenance, while on the other I have an abundance of time, and in the giving of it (a few hours helping to paint the exterior of the church) I gain a measure of satisfaction. I claim no expertise and apparently little is required as my efforts have been received without criticism, but with generous thanks.

Phil Plumb

As St. John's is my house of worship, I do feel the need to support this household like my own. Being a steward not only involves sustaining this house of worship on a day to day basis, but also assuring that this house can and will be passed on in the future. We have all been blessed with unique gifts, talents, and skills. I always thought "tithing" was to give 10% of your income; but to "tithe" is to give "one tenth". So I try to tithe time, talents, and skills in addition to financial support of St. John's.

Ray Mayer, Junior Warden

Disturb us, Lord, when we are too well pleased with ourselves; when our dreams have come true because we have dreamed too little; when we arrived safely because we have sailed too close to shore. Disturb us, Lord, when with the abundance of the things we possess, we have lost our thirst for the water of life. Stir us, Lord, to dare more boldly, to venture on wider seas, where storms will show your mastery; where losing sight of land, we shall find the stars. We ask you to push back the horizons of our hopes and to push us into

Sunday ministries

November 2, All Saints' Sunday: 8 & 10 a.m.

Ushers: Ellen Baker

Intercessions:

Readers:

Eucharistic Minister: Pat Mayer

Altar flowers: Jim & Judy Gardner

Coffee Hour: Anna Dustin

November 9, Pentecost 26: 9 a.m.

Ushers: Jackie Wilder

Intercessions:

Reader:

Eucharistic Minister: Gay Gaston

Altar flowers:

Coffee Hour: Mary Ellen & Ginny Cantlin

November 16, Pentecost 27: 8 & 10 a.m.

Ushers: Anna & Lee Sease

Intercessions:

Reader:

Eucharistic Minister: Bob Sparadeo

Altar flowers:

Coffee Hour: Louise Clark

November 23, The Last Sunday after Pentecost: 10 a.m.

Ushers: Pat & Ray Mayer

Intercessions:

Reader:

Eucharistic Minister: Linda Runnion

Altar flowers: Anna & Lee Sease

Coffee Hour: Linda Runnion

November 30, Advent 1: 8 & 10 a.m.

Ushers: Susan O'Malley

Readers:

Eucharistic Minister: Pat Mayer

Altar flowers: no flowers

Coffee Hour:



MESSENGER

St. John's Episcopal Church
15 Summer Street
Randolph, Vermont 05060
stjohnstrandolphvt.org

Our Diocesan Convention

This year in celebration of the first convention of the new Episcopal Diocese of Vermont 175 years ago at Trinity Church in Rutland (before that Episcopal Churches were part of the Northern Diocese including Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts) our Diocese will return to Rutland for Convention, November 7th and 8th. Delegates from St. John's include the Rector with Nancy Wright, Jackie Wilder and Ellen Baker, and Marcia

Stone, Steve Eubanks and Susan O'Malley as alternates. With a theme of caring for the earth and sustainability, a forum on climate change will be offered with acclaimed author and environmentalist Bill McKibben on Friday afternoon, 3 to 4:30, at Trinity Church (tickets required). The Saturday morning Eucharist at 8:30 a.m. will include our past bishop, Mary Adelia McLeod.

Services: Sunday - 10:00 a.m. | 8:00 1st & 3rd Sundays
Sunday School: 9:45 AM Sundays
15 Summer Street, Randolph, Vermont 05060
802-728-9910 info@stjohnstrandolphvt.org

Story Hour

Each of us has a story which describes where we've been and where we're going; and thus who we are. In that spirit and in the spirit of our All Saints stewardship theme this year of "Building on the Lives of the Saints," Ellen Baker as chair of the Ministry Discovery Team invites all of us parishioners (children included) to a pot luck luncheon on Sunday, November 9th after the 10:00 a.m. Eucharist, where we will get just a

taste of our stories in this St. John's congregation. The tone will be light (and fun), no one will have to make a speech (or "bare all"), and we will eat and digest our stories in no more than an hour and a half (11:15 to 12:45). We are more than we eat- or in the words of St. Paul, "when I was a child..." See you there.

Tim & Ellen

"Building for the future with thanksgiving and praise."

Birthdays

- Barbara Bonney - 6
- Linda Runnion - 8
- Myrt Seymour - 15
- Gay Gaston - 29

*Next Messenger deadline is
November 23rd*