



The Net Tender

Newsletter of St. Andrew & St. John Episcopal Church

July 2012

WELCOME TO OUR CHURCH...

One of the questions I asked last month was, “Do you remember what it was like to be a first-time visitor?” Several of you shared stories about your first time in a new church, or the first time you visited another church. What these stories brought up for me was how charged that first encounter can be between an old community and a new visitor.

Before I was ordained, I made a point of visiting many different places of worship: often as an architect or liturgical consultant, hired to evaluate the space and what was going on there, but sometimes simply as a visitor, curious about how other communities worship. As different as the liturgies and music were, that first conversation fell into several common categories.

Especially in small congregations, I would be identified as a visitor pretty quickly. I could usually tell that the community was making an intentional effort to greet visitors when someone with a “greeter” badge would take me by the elbow, make

sure I had a bulletin and hymnal, show me around the church, and maybe even introduce me to a few people by name. Other times, the process was not as formal, but unofficial greeters made sure that I was taken care of. Sometimes, the usher would even make a point of seating me next to those with experience, introducing me to them, and reminding them to assist me with the worship as I needed it.

In a few places, there was a moment in the service when visitors were asked to stand and identify themselves. I remember one place in particular, a very large church where my skin color made it rather obvious that I was a visitor. At announcement time, the pastor asked visitors to stand, an usher approached me with a microphone on a long cord, and asked me to tell the congregation my name, a little about myself, and what had brought me there that morning. As it happened, I was prepared to answer; but if I had been someone making a first tentative step into the church – or back into the church – as many of our visitors are, I would have felt singled out and uncomfortable.

A variation on this theme of “too much attention” was a few places where I felt a little like chum in a shark tank. People would swarm around me with clipboards and visitor cards, begging me to sign up for this Bible study class or that musical group or another series of new-member small-group coffees. There’s a fine line

between feeling welcomed and needed, and feeling that this community hasn’t had a live visitor since 1998, and they’re not letting this one get away.

But the sad fact is that by far the most common reaction I met as a visitor was almost complete neglect. As I stood near the door, pretending to study the bulletin board with great interest, I could see people steal glances, and almost hear them wonder, “Is that a visitor? Should I do something? But what if that’s somebody that has been coming here for years, and I just don’t recognize him? After all, I’m not here every Sunday, and that would be really embarrassing to welcome somebody who’s already a member. And besides, don’t we have greeters? Isn’t that somebody else’s job? And anyway, I really need to talk to Mrs. Vestry about the candles for the St. Blaise’s Day celebration.”

It’s kind of remarkable that we can get ourselves into such a state about the simple matter of saying hello to those we don’t know. Already since we’ve been in Maine, Bob and I have experienced people casually striking up conversations at the drugstore, the grocery, in parking lots. Why is it so hard to do at church? We live in a place that people love to visit, and in our homes or businesses we know instinctively that hospitality isn’t just a matter of offering food and drink, but is



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SENIOR WARDEN HIKES AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

“The Church is the only society that exists for the benefit of those who are not its members.” *Archbishop William Temple*

Noi eravam al sommo de la scala
Dove secondamente si risega
lo monte che salendo altrui dismala

Ivi cosi una cornice lega
dintorno il poggio, come la primaia;
e non chi l'archjo uo piu tosto piega

Ombra non li e ne segno che si pais
Parsi la ripa e parsi la via schietta]
Col libido color de la petraia

~~~~~

“We now had reached the summit of the stairs  
Now where once again the mountain whose ascent  
delivers man from sin has been indented

“There, just as in the case of the first terrace,  
a second terrace runs around the slope,  
except that it describes a sharper arc.

“No effigy is there and no outline  
the bank is visible, the naked path -  
only the livid color of the raw rock.”

*Dante, Purgatorio, XIII 1-9 (Mandelbaum, trans.)*

Hiking up the western side of Western Mountain with the dog this warm, clear afternoon, through bramble, spruce, bird song, roses, bay leaves, and the remains of apple orchards left behind by local farmers many generations ago, I came out onto those glorious shelves soft granite and barrens near the top that provide such expansive views of Blue Hill, Jericho, and Penobscot Bays, Isle au Haut, and the Camden Hills to the west. Tucked nearby was the St. Andrew bell tower, closer to the shore of Seal Cove Pond than I remembered, and set against an archipelago of islands and the sweep of the bays. I thought about Debbie Little Wyman's wonderful sermon this morning about how the magnificent tides girdle these islands and shape and sweep us in their ebb and flow. I also thought about the Church, in its own gyre—its people and their accoutrements of buildings—as an inviting presence (at its best), stoic witness, and diminutive participant in that larger, natural order.

In a sermon last month, Vesta Kowalski mentioned a young seminarian at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York when she was studying there who was seeking ordination as a rabbi. In Vesta's story, the seminarian had found shelter, a welcoming and affirming home in her Jewish community, her temple, and now her seminary. Perhaps she had found an antidote to the alienation and ennui one encounters at work and the social and romantic turbulence facing young adults. In the end her underlying theological doubts meant she would not be ordained. Religious communities, after all, are not clubs for the comfort

of like-minded or similarly situated people. One thing that struck home for me in her sermon was the realization that I had entered the Episcopal Church; finding shelter from an indifferent or inimical world, one that I had not found in other places. I was willing to “suspend some disbelief” for the benefit and security of these new found friends, who did not ask who my father or mother was, or what they did, or where I came from or what I did for a living, or what fraternity I belonged to, etc.

Not withstanding my suggestion last month that Occupy Wall Street had the more heroic part in its battle with the financial and ecclesiastical principalities of New York City, I also intimated that my basic instinct was to stand up for the “institutional church.”

Here is why: it has provided enormous succor, security and support to me in quiet, private times of despair and the loss of hope. I do not think it accidental that my two sisters and I ended up here, (given what you may know of our personal histories), singing in choirs, ironing linens for altar guilds, and shouldering our oars on behalf of an “institution,” with all of its imperfections, that often cannot seem to get out of its own way. Perhaps, one needs to field the confidential calls for help from the discretionary account, or have a conversation after a service with an unknown visitor facing divorce, or see in that “newcomer” that perplexed surprise as she or he begins to fathom the rich depths of the Prayer Book after a few Sundays or mid-week services to recognize just what it is that we offer through what we often dismiss as the overburden of our common, *institutional* life together.

So I confess: I see the institutional church as a glass half full, not half empty. Do we latch onto false idols and get our priorities backwards? Without question. But our disappointments also have something to do with our high expectations of ourselves and the even higher expectations placed upon us. That's not to say that we should lower our expectations, but to recognize that we must always fall short of attaining them. What other institution exists for purposes beyond its own control, beyond “business plans,” beyond profit, and beyond measure?

If you are able, do get to the top of some of the trails on this Island before the weather turns and the snows return; you will be richly rewarded. May your summer be filled with visitors and visitations — both wonderful and wondrous

*Ted Fletcher, 24 VI 2012*

## “BRING ON THE BAND”!



And that is what an augmented Dog Mountain Band will be doing just weeks from now as they lead off the July 14<sup>th</sup> Quietside Fair at St. John's. In the past they have been the “honey” that brought the bees to our portion of the Quiet Side Festival right after the Saturday morning parade. (Besides helping us out, they're also available for blue grass, old time sing-alongs, dances, picnics and private parties and we'll get a generous sampler of much of their talent.)

So with Dog Mountain bringing in the crowds, we're going to need lots of help to accommodate them and help raise money for our church and the Hancock County Medical Mission. From a personal standpoint

my extended family arrives for a brief four-day visit on Wednesday afternoon, the 11<sup>th</sup>, and I'd like to have the **tents** up and ready to go before then. Thus I'm asking for helpers to erect them and the banner on Wednesday morning. Please let me know if you can help in this task.

We'll need pie and cookie bakers to deluge Margot and Dottie with goodies for the **Pie Booth** and they will be looking for helpers to sell them. Please volunteer!

Mary Mitchell, Sue Newman and Barbara Campbell will need smiling clerks to set up and sell at the **Treasure Trove** tent.

We hope you've figured out what marvelous items you are going to put in your basket that Dianne McMullan can offer at the very popular **Basket Raffle**.

Edie Stanwood and friends (you can be one!) will need a hand selling **Lemonade**, as will Karen Craig at the **Plant Booth**.

We've solicited almost one hundred firms and people for items to offer at our **Silent Auction**. We could use help now following up and collecting their generous offerings, as well as manning the tent on the big day. Please contact Ted B. if you can be part of this effort.

The recently completed Estate Sale and the QS Fair at St. John are significant contributors to our church's operating budget. Please join in making this project rewarding for ourselves and the greater community.

With anticipation and thanks,

**Mary Mitchell** 244 9951 & **Ted Bromage** 244-3227 (ted@bromage.us)

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### **Welcome to Our Church...**(continued)

also talking to people, making them feel at home, making them understand that we are honored that they have visited us.

Both of our vestries are talking about ways to be intentional about greeting visitors, and this is great. A welcome card or even a small gift is wonderful. But let's not forget the importance of the things our parents taught us: A firm handshake (and not just at the Peace!), eye contact, “Hi, my name is...,” and “I'm glad to meet you.”

This isn't a matter of marketing or increasing membership. In our baptismal covenant, we promise “to seek and serve Christ in all persons.” Think of the number of times in the Gospels when Jesus accepts hospitality from friends and strangers. Think of how those folks were blessed by His presence. Let's think about how we might want to behave if we knew that Jesus was spending his summer on MDI, and just might visit our church on Sunday. And every time we look into a new face coming through the doors, let's try to remember that this person may be the Christ we are called to serve. Or the person to who we are called to be Christ.

Peace, *Tim*

# NOTES FROM THE ORGAN BENCH

A recent message notifying me of upcoming concerts by the musical group *Sequentia* brings home the point that the music we hear and perform has its roots deep in the origins of humanity.

*Sequentia* is an ensemble based in Paris dedicated to the performance of western European music from the period prior to 1300. The group, directed by performer and teacher Benjamin Bagby, bases its performances on original research, with the goal of creating an immediate and emotional connection to our past musical cultures. The upcoming concerts, to be held in Tanglewood and Rockport, Massachusetts in July, are performances of the ancient Germanic Rheingold story, 'The Rheingold Curse', and have been reconstructed by Mr. Bagby from the Old Icelandic saga Edda. The Icelandic Edda is the earliest medieval manuscript containing ancient Germanic myths, and stories of gods and heroes; its pages reflect the pagan beliefs of the pre-Christian North as heard by medieval Icelanders. Many of these legends and characters were transformed in later centuries into other incarnations, including the music-dramas of Richard Wagner. The poems found in Edda represent the art of bardic story-tellers and singers, whose tradition extends deep into the people's pagan past. The bardic style of the singers incorporates creative meters, a diction highly appropriate for vocalization, and poetic verbiage intended more to evoke associative imaging than to deliver information. The northern people's unusual respect for worlds beyond their own is illustrated in their willingness to heed what was spoken in prophetic and poetic modes. A central poem of the Old Icelandic tradition, *Völuspá*, represents the words of an immortal female being who speaks the words of an oracle to a questioning but silent god Odinn; 'she speaks of time's flux, of the urges for growth and order, and the unconquerable forces of chaos. She tells how the world came about, and she also tells how it will end, stopping to ask her questioner: "Do you really want to know more?"'. [information is from [www.sequentia.org/](http://www.sequentia.org/) <<http://www.sequentia.org/>>]

*Stephen Sampson*



## JUNE YARD SALE OFFERED ITEMS FOR EVERYONE



Beautiful weather, hard work, and lots of collectibles attracted people from near and far; allowing St. John's to add \$3300 to its operating fund. Thanks to Mary Mitchell, Ted Bromage and all the volunteers.



## **WORSHIP SCHEDULE FOR JULY**

### **Pentecost 5, July 1**

8:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist at St. Andrew by-the-Lake  
10:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist at St. John the Divine  
Psalm 130; 2 Samuel 1:1, 17-27; 2 Corinthians 8:7-15; Mark 5:21-43  
The Rev. Timothy Fleck

### **Pentecost 6, July 8**

8:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist at St. Andrew by-the-Lake  
10:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist at St. John the Divine  
Psalm 123; Ezekiel 2:1-5; 2 Corinthians 12:2-10; Mark 6:1-13  
The Rev. Vesta Kowalski

### **Pentecost 7, July 15**

8:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist at St. Andrew by-the-Lake  
10:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist at St. John the Divine  
Psalm 24; 2 Samuel 6:1-5, 12b-19; Ephesians 1:3-14; Mark 6:14-29  
The Rev. Timothy Fleck

### **Pentecost 8, July 22**

8:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist at St. Andrew by-the-Lake  
10:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist at St. John the Divine  
Psalm 89:20-37; 2 Samuel 7:1-4a; Ephesians 2:11-22; Mark 6:30-34, 53-56  
The Rev. Lynn Orville

**Thursdays:** 12:30 p.m.—Holy Eucharist

## **TAKE A CHANCE ON A QUILT TO HELP LOCAL FOOD PANTRIES**

The Island Quilters, a group of quilters who meet throughout the year at the high school, has donated a quilt to the Westside Food Pantry and the Bar Harbor Food Pantry. Island Quilters from our church are Edie Stanwood, Mary Vekasi, Ida Smallidge and Michele Daley. We will be working with the BHFP to raise money by selling raffle tickets for the quilt. The raffle tickets are \$1.00 each or 6 for \$5.00. The drawing will be held on the MDI Marathon weekend in October. All proceeds from the quilt raffle will be divided between the two food pantries.

The Westside Food Pantry, which is open from November to April, has served the towns of Southwest Harbor, Mt. Desert and Tremont since 1990. Last season we were able to give out vouchers totaling \$88,000. Our fundraising goal over the next six months is to replace the \$88,000!

The Bar Harbor Food Pantry, which is open year round, serves Hancock County. Their annual budget is \$100,000. (We ask that food pantry recipients work with only one food pantry)



## Birthdays

### JULY

2—William Fletcher  
4—Ida Smallidge  
5—Andrew Pooler  
7—Mary Mitchell  
17—Karen Craig  
20—Dana Hiscock  
26—Bill Krueger  
29—Betsy Hewlett  
31—Chris Peterson

## Wedding Anniversaries

### JULY

7—Andy and Dianne McMullan  
24—Sam and Elise Felton

## UPCOMING FUNDRAISING RECITALS for The Westside Food Pantry

*Susan Buell*

**Thursday, July 5<sup>th</sup> at 4:00**

the Arthur Russell Strings Mentors and Instructors in recital

**Sunday, July 29<sup>th</sup> at 7:00**

violinist Amos Lawrence (son of Susannah Jones)  
will bring the string quartet from Brookline, MA

**Wednesday, August 8<sup>th</sup> at 7:30**

pianists Deborah Fortier and Stephen Sampson

**Friday, August 31<sup>st</sup> at 7:00**

vocalist Rosalind Gnatt and pianist, Stephen Sampson

Bunny and Sandy Watts have decided to make Bass Harbor their permanent home. They will continue their rentals at Bass Harbor Gables and look forward to being part of the year round community.



## JUNE VESTRY BULLETS

- The organ at St. Andrew's is in need of repair at a cost of \$250.
- The revenue from the yard sale was \$3300.
- This will be Mary Mitchell's last year as Quieside Chair. Her resignation was accepted with regret and gratitude.
- Our income is less than we budgeted but our expenses are down and so we are not in bad shape financially.
- The Vestry is looking into ways to make visitors feel more welcome.

## NOTES FROM THE CAMINO

I started in Porto Portugal, to walk north about 200k to the Cathedral of St. James in Santiago, Spain, where he is buried. Tradition is that the brother of Jesus came to evangelize Spain, returned to Jerusalem where he was martyred, and his body returned to the city named for him. Santiago became a pilgrim site within several hundred years.

Routes lead to it from all of Western Europe and beyond. I have walked from Le Puy in France to Santiago, and I'm back, drawn to the ancient and spiritual "Way" much of which is on Roman roads and blessed with Romanesque churches. This time, I longed to get to Finisterre ("lands end"), a three day walk west of Santiago which was considered for millennia the edge of the earth. It's a rocky outcrop which few pilgrims reach, at the end of a peninsula covered with pre-Christian sacred circles.

I try to get my backpack within 13 pounds. I have one change of clothing, 3 pairs of socks, flip flops for nights, vitamins, rain suit, pack cover, a down vest. At the end of a day of walking I stand under the shower and strip off my clothing, soap and stomp on it, and after much wringing hang it on whatever surface is available. Much of the weight is tubes of arnica, sunscreen, antibiotic cream, etc. and equipment for blisters, bandaids and tapes for feet. I have a water bladder if I'm going to have a day without enough fountains. I carry the pilgrim's "credencial" and will have it stamped at each town.

Some journal entries:

- My diet consists of all the major food groups, or close enough: caffeine, sugar, sardines, cheese sandwiches with tomato, plus a lot of fresh orange juice and the daily croissant.
- I'm displaying extraordinary strength to myself. My legs and heart are just a matter of saying 'yes you can' but the feet are unrelenting in their cries for attention.
- Walking for great lengths makes room for whatever needs to arise.
- With just sky and weather and footing and yellow arrows to attend, time for good house cleaning. My spiritual director says walking is clearly a way of praying for me. And singing and a bit of dancing, matching my steps to the rhythm of my song.
- The walking day is divided into fountain locations, cafes, shade trees, a Roman bridge, a river with a sandy bank, stretches on highways. Few churches

are open, but they offer a pause in shade.

- Mostly I walk with the birds and crickets, dogs barking, wind, the sound of my feet crunching the stones. Plus smells of plowed earth, manure, and ripe oranges and lemons, jasmine, brume, heather, camellia.
- It's 7:30 pm and it seems all Spain is on the street. They won't eat dinner for hours. I want to start at dawn because it's cooler. Several stare (my attire? eating at this hour?). But I'm for bed. A 31k day tomorrow.
- The Camino is marked by yellow arrows, mostly; occasionally a scallop shell, the emblem of Santiago. The arrows are often not obvious, or they're worn down, painted on the road, trees, sidewalks, sides of buildings, fences, standing stones, power poles. It's a bit of a game except toward the end of the day when every step feels like it has to count. Once I missed one and it cost me 3k.

When I got to Santiago, I just stood in front of the cathedral, staring, so exhausted, proud of myself, drawn to the connection of this place with my own pulse and centuries of pilgrims. I went to show my "credencial" and receive, in Latin, my "Compostella" certifying my Camino and its spiritual benefits. I left for Finisterre.

The last day was beautiful, walking along a ridge, looking toward Finisterre. But it got very hard. I developed a new muscle pain in my ankle, and actually walked the last 4k in my socks! And you know the song I heard myself sing as I crawled into Finisterre? "Slip sliding away ... you know the nearer your destination, the more you're slip sliding away"!! At the pilgrim office, I received my "Finisterra", and left my boots and poles. Someone will need them. I headed back to Santiago (and Deer Isle) by bus, in flip flops.

I still had the baggie full of prayers entrusted to me. Back in Santiago I tucked them into the cloister of Santa Clara convent, with a note of thanks for the sisters' care of them.

*The Rev. Debbie Little Wyman*



# The Net Tender - July 2012

## St. Andrew & St. John Episcopal Church

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**Office Hours:** Monday · Tuesday · Thursday, 8:30 a.m.—2:30 p.m.

### Priest-in-Charge

Timothy Fleck

### Music Director

*Stephen Sampson*

### Parish Administrator

*Michele Daley*

### Editors

*Jayne Ashworth*

*Anne Wetzel*



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If you no longer wish to receive the Net Tender or prefer to receive it by e-mail, please call the church office.

Deadline for articles for August *Net Tender* is July 29

