

St. Andrew & St. John Episcopal Church

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The Net Tender

Newsletter of St. Andrew & St. John Episcopal Church

March 2016

You are Here

Lent is long. The English word for the season comes from an Old English word for *long* or *lengthen*, referring to the lengthening of daylight in the spring, but it might as well refer to the way that time seems to stretch out in this season traditionally given to contemplation and fasting. No matter how we may tell ourselves that a season of self-examination and discipline can be an exhilarating antidote to the anesthesia of mindless consumption, Lent is long.



Lent is forty days long. That's why the name of this season in Romance languages comes from the Latin *Quadragesima*, meaning *forty* (Italian *quaresima*, Spanish *cuaresma*, French *carême*). If you check your calendar, you'll see that there are actually forty-six days between Ash Wednesday and Easter, but that's because Sundays are always feast days, not fasts, and so don't count as part of Lent (even though we still dress the altar in violet and refrain from alleluias).

In a long season, it's not unreasonable to want to break it up, to come up for air. This year, the first week of March, when you are likely reading this newsletter, marks the midpoint of Lent. In many places, it's traditional to celebrate the fourth Sunday of Lent as a sort of breather. It is sometimes referred to as *Laetare Sunday*, from one of the traditional Mass readings which begins with the word *laetare*, meaning *rejoice*. Some churches switch from violet to rose-colored vestments for one day, and some of the discipline of Lent is relaxed.



In some French Canadian communities in Quebec and Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, the week before the fourth Sunday of Lent is celebrated as *mi-carême* or mid-Lent, with costumes, parties, and house-to-house carousing (imagine a sort of adult trick-or-treat). As long as winter is in Maine, one can imagine the need to blow off a little steam in Nova Scotia in March.

So we are in the middle. Halfway there. There is as much in front of us as there is behind us.

And that's where we find ourselves in our own lives: our past behind us, our future ahead of us, with nothing to be sure of but the current moment, the eternal *now*. It doesn't matter if we're five or a hundred and five, all we can say is that we are smack in the middle between what has been and what will be. We can punish or congratulate ourselves for what we have done; we can wallow in guilt and grief for where we have been. We can plan and predict how we think things ought to be; we can paralyze ourselves with worry about what might happen next. But no matter how we fuss, we can't get out of the present.

This isn't to say that the past and the future aren't real, that they don't impact our present, that we must ignore them. It's just saying that they are not where we live.

We live in the middle, halfway there, suspended in exquisite tension between the long, complicated saga of salvation history and the mystical hope of God's next word, perhaps even God's final word for creation. Even if God's Kingdom is accomplished on earth an hour after you read this, even if Christ returns in glory tomorrow to judge the quick and the dead, right now we are all exactly in the middle, with as much ahead of us as behind us.

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CHICKEN SERMON

Anne Wetzel

On Sunday, February 21, we were treated to a wonderful sermon by our rector, which I will always remember as his "Chicken Sermon." First he described the origin of the image attached to the lectern and on the bulletin cover; a mosaic from the Church of Domini Flevit (*The Lord Wept*) just outside of Jerusalem; an image of a hen with wings out, protecting her chicks at her feet. The second was a lovely blue crocheted chicken sitting next to him on the piano; a chicken made by a member of his home church in Indiana. Images of both are below.



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 April Net Tender is March 27

You are Here *(continued)*

So, what are we to do in the middle of this long season? With the darkest days behind us, but the light growing so gradually that it is almost imperceptible? With our past in ashes and dust, but our future promising both death and resurrection? How are we to live in the middle, the present, the eternal *now* from which we cannot escape?

Laetare. Rejoice. Now and always. Amen.

Philippians 4:4

Feedback? I hope you will call or e-mail me to continue the conversation.

Yours in Christ's Peace, *Tim*

During the forty days of Lent we follow Jesus into the wilderness, where we journey through the uncharted territory of our hearts and wrestle with our flesh and spirit. We're inspired. We're amazed. We get lost. We're afraid. But deeper into the wilderness we go, driven and guided by the power of the Holy Spirit. Not only do we need courage, but also some levity and humor! Even the Holy has a sense of humor! The story below is from when I lived in Ireland (a wilderness experience in and of itself)—enjoy!

Faithfully, *Mother Kathleen*

Trails from Above

One afternoon I went for a walk in a thousand-acre wood full of doves—only I didn't know that it was a thousand acres, or full of doves. What I immediately did know, however, was that the forest was kind of eerie. There was no sound to be heard: no bird song or woodland creature; no rustling of leaves or crunch of a hiker's shoe, let alone a human voice.

Feeling somewhat like an intruder, I was ambling along as quietly as I could, not wanting to disturb its pristine hush, when unexpectedly, from high above in the forest canopy, a great rush of wings would suddenly fracture the stillness—and completely startle me—because I had startled a whole host and dole of doves. The swiftness and swish of their flight was thunderous; yet when I peered skyward, into the towering complexity of branches and leaves, I never caught but a glimpse of their swoop to their next secret perch. Then, there was absolute silence, again.

After what I'd intended to be about an hour lunchtime walk, I found myself deep within the forest interior. The terrain had become very steep, and the dense canopy rarely opened to a view. There were a number of trails in the wood, but like the Irish roads, they were not well marked. The trail I had been following sort of petered out, and then just came to an end, leaving me in the middle of nowhere—lost. By this time, it was already getting dark, and while grateful for the marked absence of lions, tigers, and bears, I was none too happy.

A few days earlier, I had met an old man with piercing blue eyes at an ancient abbey nearby. He said to me, among many things, "Have faith and more faith. And as Jesus said when he was *here*" (pointing to the very spot where he was standing), "be as gentle as a dove and wise as a serpent." Then we said goodbye, and he strolled away into an open field, whistling as he went. When I looked back to wave again, he was gone—only there was nowhere to go. The whole encounter was strange, like with the doves.

So taking his advice, I summoned my faith, and the wise serpent within, and proceeded to hike the classic great circle back to where I began. Not just once, but three times. At which point my inner dove felt more like a harpy. Furiously waving my phone in the air, I managed to find some signal and phoned my son to let him know his mother was lost in a wood she didn't know the name of, *and* a wood that was filled with doves, *and* definitely spooky. He tried to "Google" me out, but to no avail. Then my cell phone went dead. Remembering that the number-one rule of survival is *not* to panic, I naturally did; and then Googled God: *Help!* The silence only got louder. It seemed that I was on my own.



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ALCYON CENTER

Katharine Thompson

The Alcyon Center is an experience of being welcomed body, soul and spirit into the life of a small, practicing contemplative community. The vision for the Center is rooted in a desire for bold and practical ways to meet the spiritual hunger of our times. As well as the events listed below, the Center is open for personal or group retreats.

Bible Reconnaissance on Wednesdays 3:30-5:00 pm (open to all):

March 2 - Luke 15:1-3, 11b-32;

March 16 - Luke 19:28-40;

March 30 - John 20:19-31

Quiet Day on Friday, March 4 (open to all)

Quiet is observed between 9:00 am-Noon followed by a simple lunch with conversation between Noon-1:00 pm; a second quiet period is then observed between 1:00-4:00 pm.

Soul Friends on Friday, March 4 7:00-9:00 pm

This is a gathering of women for contemplation on a particular subject using poetry, personal experience and silence.

For directions and other events call (207) 244-1060, email: office@alcyoncenter.org, or check the website: alcyoncenter.org

LEARN TO MEDITATE IN LENT

Please join us for a contemplative Lenten series *Breathing in the Spirit* on Thursdays from 3:30-4:30 at St. John's in Southwest Harbor. We will learn about breathing, the subtlest form of body work, and the prayer of the heart; how the two entwine to carry us deeper into communion with God, and both of which are ancient Christian practices and traditions. Group will meet Thursdays through March 17th, led by Mother Kathleen.

By waiting and by calm you shall be saved, in quiet and in trust your strength lies. (Isaiah 30:15)

COFFEE'S ON!



The Maine Sea Coast Mission cordially invites all MDI Senior Citizens to join them for Coffee, Conversation and Music the first and third Tuesdays of each month from 9:30 to 11:30 am at the Colket Center, 127 West Street, Bar Harbor.

REMEMBER SHARON



St. John's has sponsored Sharon Dayana Salazar, who lives in Costa Rica, since 2009. She is now 15 years old and is in her ninth year of school. We get an occasional letter from her (the last one was in October) and she is thankful for our support.

She invites us to come to Costa Rica to visit. Her letters are always filled with drawings; the latest has flowers. Children's Inc. provides children with the hope, opportunity, and education that will allow them to grow and contribute to their own communities. The cost to us is \$28 per month.



Birthdays

MARCH

5—Jackson DaCosta
14—Penelope Place
19—Becky Buyers
20—Ann Kidder
26—Jean Storage

Wedding Anniversaries

MARCH

4—Peggy and Eugene Walls

PASTORAL CARE TEAM

Joan Bromage

This note brings grateful and great thanks for all the help members of the Pastoral Care Teams have given to parishioners and friends over the past months. In addition, there are many behind the scenes quiet and anonymous acts of kindness by many people in both parishes. Meals, rides, and open ears for listening and supporting, all help sustain others – and ourselves. At this “press time” we look forward to gathering with Mother Kathleen this Wednesday for her guidance and support and to share ideas and experience. THANK YOU ALL! Stay tuned!

During Lent we will be collecting our parish gift to **Episcopal Relief & Development**. You may put a check in the plate with ERD in the memo line. We will also be collecting for **United Thank Offering (UTO)**. Boxes and envelopes are available at the back of the church. Return your boxes on Palm Sunday.

Another Shrove Tuesday (Community) Pancake Supper has come and gone

Ted Bromage

The one held on February 9th went very well, with over 60 fed, about our maximum capacity. This group, made up from members of our parish, all the other island Episcopal churches, and, perhaps best of all - a great number from our local community. Fred Benson, Jim Vekasi and their musical partners serenaded all, covering up the ecstasy and agony in the kitchen. So many pitched in to get the job done with relative dispatch. Not only the men of the parish, but such diverse women and Susan Plimpton who lent Mardi-Gras decorations from the Library and Acadia Senior College instructor Duane Braun's wife who swept up sand from the Undercroft floor after Wednesday's Geologic History of MDI course. Donations exceeded expenses by about \$45, and were donated to the Westside Food Pantry. Thanks to all who worked and those who graced our doors.

Thank you for a fantastic Pancake Supper...

To all who pulled together to make happen a truly joyful community event,

THANK YOU!

To the talented musicians,

THANK YOU!

To the intrepid and overheated cooks,

THANK YOU!

To the gracious and graceful table-waiters and busboys,

THANK YOU!

To the drivers who shuttled folks from The Ridge and other places,

THANK YOU!

To our indefatigable leader, His Excellency Lord Bromage,

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!



TRAILS FROM ABOVE (continued)

So I steeled myself, and took a deep breath. Determined *not* to walk a fourth circle or (more importantly) spend the night in the forest, I set off once again, daring to hope for a sign that read *Exit* with an arrow pointing *THIS WAY!* But as it was an Irish wood, I started to look for less worldly signs. Indeed, I began to notice feathers on the ground. I know, *duh*, but cross my heart: I hadn't seen any, but only heard their wing. The feathers were all small and white, and—could it be . . . they were making a trail? Like Gretel following the crumbs (hopefully not to a witch's house), so did I; without eating them of course, but stuffing my pockets full as the cool evening air settled in.

I followed the feather trail for about another half mile, when at last, *hallelujah*, I saw the light! A random hole in the forest fabric someone had forgotten to stitch up. I traipsed through its opening and across the thistled field, just thankful to be out of the woods. I found myself at a crossroads, a three-way to be exact. With no one in sight, and no idea where I was, I *eeny-meeny-miny-mo'ed* and headed down a rural lane, wondering just how I would make it home.

Still wondering, and still wandering, at long last a tractor came chugging down the lane, the day's work at an end. I enthusiastically (though a bit sheepishly) flagged it down by planting myself square in its path. Recounting my plight to its driver, a young lad with piercings from head to toe and neon red hair, he then stopped the farmer bringing up the rear in his car, who gave me a lift back to my car, a good eight kilometers or nearly five miles away. “Your man” (the farmer) also gave me an excellent tutorial on the different types of cows that we passed along the way.

With a twinkle in his eye, he reassured me that I was not the first person to get lost (or spend the night) in the thousand-acre wood: “Ah sure, wouldn't you know 'tis a wee *mazy* in there,” making the sign of the cross on himself, and confirming my suspicion that something other than doves inhabited it.

Despite my woodland woes, I returned to its thousand-acres several times, but with a much-disciplined eye; never to see or hear a thing, save for a holy Wing, whispering “*Ye are not lost but found.*”

THE LIGHTER SIDE.....

Two Little Boys

A couple had two little boys, ages 8 and 10, who were excessively mischievous. The two boys were always getting into trouble and their parents could be assured that if any mischief occurred in their town their two young sons were somehow involved.

The parents were at their wits end as to what to do about their sons' behavior. The mother had heard that a clergyman in town had been successful in disciplining children in the past, so she asked her husband if he thought they should send the boys to speak with the clergyman.

The husband said, “We might as well. We need to do something before I really lose my temper.” The clergyman agreed to speak with the boys, but asked to see them individually. The 8-year old went to speak with him first. The clergyman sat the boy down and asked him sternly, “Where is God?”

The boy made no response, so the clergyman repeated the question in an even sterner voice, “Where is God?”

Again the boy made no attempt to answer. So the clergyman raised his voice even more and shook his finger in the boy's face, “WHERE IS GOD?”

At that the boy bolted from the room and ran directly home, shutting himself in the closet. His older brother followed him into the closet and asked what had happened. The younger brother replied, “We are in BIG trouble this time. God is missing and they think we did it.”



FROM THE ORGAN BENCH

Stephen Sampson

Greetings with a poem as we head towards spring.

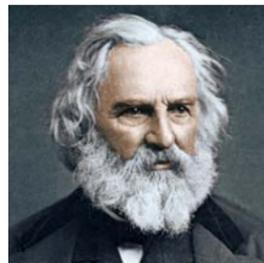
The Arrow and the Song

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 – 1882)

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.



The Arrow and the Song was written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on October 16, 1845. The poem was composed and written while Longfellow had his back to the fire and was preparing for church. He described the poem as coming to him as fast as an arrow.

FUTURE FORUMS

Responding to our brainstorming forum on January 31, here is a sketch of upcoming forum programs:

During Lent we will be on a sabbatical pilgrimage with Brother Albert.

The first two Sundays after Easter will be devoted to music: first, an introduction to the role music plays in our worship, and the resources available for selecting it; second, a “practicum” on how to learn a new hymn and how to sing out, coupled with an opportunity to sing some of our favorites.

Following our musical interlude, we will devote three Sundays to the larger world. We hope to have a speaker familiar with efforts to support refugees in Maine. We will use one forum for an overview of Islam, with an opportunity for more in-depth discussion in the future. And we will take a look at our own congregational relationship to the larger world – in a word, our mission.

The last three Sundays before St. Andrew opens will be devoted to worship. First, we will take a close look at the instructions for “Rite III” in the Prayer Book. The following week, we will design – as a community – a Rite III Sunday service to be used the following week as our principal service. Finally, following our community-designed service, we will talk about the experience and consider what role similar experiences might play in our future common worship.

Can you be a fall forum coordinator? It can be a rewarding job, there’s plenty of help available, and fixed-term agreements (i.e., October-Christmas) are acceptable. If you can see yourself in this role, speak to Tim.

WORSHIP SCHEDULE FOR MARCH

Sunday, March 6, Lent 4

9:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist

Psalm 32; Joshua 5:9-12; 2 Corinthians 5:16-21; Luke 15:1-3, 11b-32

The Rev. Timothy Fleck

Sunday, March 13, Lent 5

9:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist

Psalm 126; Isaiah 43:16-21; Philippians 3:4b-14; John 12:1-8

The Rev. Kathleen Killian



March 20, Sunday of the Passion (Palm Sunday)

9:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist

Psalm 31:9-16; Isaiah 50:4-9a; Philippians 2:5-11; Luke 22:14-23

The Rev. Timothy Fleck

Maundy Thursday, March 24

5:30 p.m.—at St. Mary and St. Jude, Northeast Harbor

Psalm 116:1, 10-17; Exodus 12:1-14; 1 Corinthians 11:23-26; John 13:1- 7, 31b-35

Good Friday, March 25

7:00 p.m. — at Church of Our Father, Hulls Cove

Psalm 22; Isaiah 52:13-53:12; Hebrews 10:16-25; Joh 18:1-19:42

Holy Saturday, March 26

7:00 p.m.—at St. Saviour’s, Bar Harbor

Psalm 31:1-4, 15-16; Job 14:1-14; 1 Peter 4:1-8; Matthew 26:57-66

Easter Sunday, March 27

9:00 a.m. — Holy Eucharist

Psalm 118:12-, 14-24; Acts 10:34-43; 1 Corinthians 15:19-26; John 20:1-18

The Rev. Kathleen Killian

Morning Prayer

8:00 a.m. each day in Holy Week, and on Holy Saturday and Easter Monday

Thursdays at 12:00 p.m.—Holy Eucharist

March 3 — 3rd week of Lent

March 10 — 4th week of Lent

March 17 — 5th week of Lent

March 24 — Maundy Thursday

PRAYER AND SUPPER ON MDI IN LENT

Tuesdays (and one Wednesday) in Lent, gather with MDI Episcopalians (and others!) for a quiet, contemplative evening worship service at 4:30 followed by a light supper.

March 1: at St. Saviour, Bar Harbor

(Note that this coordinates with the March on Mount Desert Community Progressive Dinner in Bar Harbor)

March 9 (Wednesday): at Church of Our Father, Hull’s Cove

March 15: at St. John, Southwest Harbor