

*Good Shepherd's new magazine for parishioners by parishioners*

## *If We Just Talk of Thoughts and Prayers*

*Melody: O WALY WALY ("Though I May Speak")*

### **Hymn Note for "If We Just Talk of Thoughts and Prayers"**

*We are called to pay attention to what is going on in the world around us and to lift up concerns and tragedies in our prayers to God. God does want us to pray and to show concern for victims and their families. Yet we can never let the words, "They are in our thoughts and prayers," be a substitute for seeking laws and policies that bring us a more just and peaceful world. As Christians, we are called to follow the way of Jesus and to work for peace, justice, nonviolence, better mental health care in our communities, and sensible gun laws, such as ones that restrict the availability of military weapons to civilians.---Carolyn Winfrey Gillette*

If we just talk of thoughts and prayers  
And don't live out a faith that dares,  
And don't take on the ways of death,  
Our thoughts and prayers are fleeting breath.

If we just dream of what could be  
And do not build community,  
And do not seek to change our ways,  
Our dreams of change are false displays.

If we just sing of doing good  
And don't walk through our neighborhood  
To learn its hope, to ease its pain,  
Our talk of good is simply vain.

God, may our prayers and dreams and songs  
Lead to a faith that takes on wrongs —  
That works for peace and justice, too.  
Then will our prayers bring joy to you.

Biblical References: Isaiah 58; Matthew 7:21, 24-27; 1 Corinthians 13:1;

James 2:14-26; 1 John 3:18-24

Tune: Traditional English melody ("Though I May Speak")

Video recording: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fae9oCZisY>

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Welcome to the Seventh Issue of  
**FLOCK QUARTERLY**  
Good Shepherd's magazine for parishioners by parishioners

*When to expect it . . .*

Issues likely appearing in the latter half of February, May, August, and November

*Types of material . . .*

Essays; Humor; Bible Reflections; Interviews with Parishioners;  
Short Fiction; Original Photos & Artwork; Original Poetry & Prayers

Issues are prepared by the staff of our monthly Good Shepherd Newsletter . . .

. Graphics Editor Laura Rosato and Content Editor Richard Reid

**Remember:** You're never too young or too old to contribute . . . material from our children  
and teens as well from adults of all ages are always welcome

Guidelines for Contributors

Text submissions in Word format or handwritten - try not to exceed 2,000 words but shorter pieces are  
also welcomed

Unsure of your article idea? The Content Editor is happy to discuss it with you

Please do not send any material in the PDF format

Submit original photos and original artwork in the .jpeg format if you are able

If original artwork is 8 1/2" by 11" or smaller, it may be submitted for scanning into .jpeg

Issue Deadlines

Lent/Easter (by February 3rd)

Spring Ordinary Time (by May 3rd)

Fall Ordinary Time (by August 3rd)

Advent/Christmas (by November 3rd)

Email material to Richard Reid ([writer2363@gmail.com](mailto:writer2363@gmail.com)) or telephone (cell: 585-766-7254)

General themes for any issue to inspire your submissions

family; hobbies; your vocation; religion; the weather; people/things/places you remember; a great day;  
something/someone you're thankful for; current events (but let's avoid being overtly political)

Special issue themes appropriate for upcoming issues to spark your creativity

Advent/Christmas Issue Themes

Advent; Thanksgiving; Christmas; the new year; the old year just ending; winter; Epiphany

Lent/Easter Issue Themes

Ash Wednesday; Lent; Easter; Black History & Women's History Months; Valentine's Day

Spring Ordinary Time Issue Themes

Pentecost; Mother's Day; Father's Day; 4th of July; end-of-school; graduations; summer; vacations

Fall Ordinary Time Issue Themes

Pentecost; Labor Day; autumn; back-to-school; Halloween

*You are part of the Good Shepherd flock . . . please contribute to Flock Quarterly!*



# ESSAY

## GROWING UP IN THE STICKS IN THE 1930s and 1940s

by Jerry Smart

*Editor's Note: Long-time parishioner Gerald "Jerry" Smart's essay is best described as a memory piece, a text filled with quick-passing images of a bygone world that many readers may only know today from old photographs in books or old movies on television. For a few people approaching Jerry's age, the fragile chords of memory may strike audibly while reading this. We hope you enjoy his sketches of life in small villages and towns in Erie and Genesee counties as they once were roughly eighty years ago, little-changed from the late nineteenth century in many ways.*

I was born in Rochester in June 1931, the third oldest of eight (six boys, two girls). I lived in five different towns – Akron, Clarence, Crittenden, Corfu and Alabama and nine different homes before I was 13. I attended three different one-room schools where grades 1<sup>st</sup> through 6<sup>th</sup> were taught by one teacher. When I was in fifth grade, there were 36 of us! School hours were 9am to 4pm. Subjects taught were reading, writing and arithmetic.

Homes and schools in the country didn't have running water or central heat. The source of water was a hand pump outside at the well. For drinking water, a tin cup was kept at the pump. For heat in the country school, a stove was located in the back of the room. On a cold day, a farmer would have a fire going before we arrived. During the day, one of the older boys would add wood to the fire. In the evening the farmer would make sure the fire was out. At home for heat, we had a cook stove in the kitchen and a pot belly stove in the front room. In the summer, a kerosene stove was used for cooking. Some homes had a furnace in the basement with a grill above it (usually located in the front room). The upstairs of homes were not heated. The toilet was called the outhouse, located about 50 feet from the house. It had two holes cut in the seat, one for the adults and the other for the kids. The country school had two outhouses, one for the girls, one for the boys.

Going to the movies, you would dress up, wear your best shirt and pants. The first showing was from 7pm to 9pm. The second was from 9pm to 11pm. You could walk into the movies anytime between 7 and 11. If you walked in at 7:30, an usher would show you to a seat. You would then leave around 9:30, "at the pointbwhen you came in," as the saying went.

Automobiles had running boards, which cops put to good use in the city. Once when we were in Buffalo, a cop jumped on our running board and, pointing, said, "Follow that car". When we got up to the car, the cop blew his whistle and motioned for him to pull over. After giving out a ticket, he jumped on another car's running board and returned to his street corner. Cars didn't have very good brakes. When coming to a stop you would shift down to second and let out the clutch, the back pressure of the engine would slow the car down. Cars had an electric starter and a crank. If the starter didn't work, you would get out the crank, set the throttle and choke and crank the engine over. Turning signals: crank the window open. Left turn: stick your arm straight out. Right turn: put your arm straight up. Stop: put your arm straight down. In the winter most drivers didn't use the hand signals.

Dad lost his trash collection business, shortly after the depression hit. He worked part time in the slaughterhouse before returning to Akron. In 1933, President Roosevelt introduced the WPA (Workers Project Administration) and the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corp). The purpose of the WPA was to put married men back to work, and the purpose of the CCC camp was to put young men 18 to 25 to work. My dad went to work for the WPA in Akron, earning 20 cents an hour. Every morning and evening, the men rode in the back of the truck to and from work. They worked on improving Arron Park and building the viaduct over the railroad. The boys in CCC camps made \$30 a month but \$5 to \$8 went for personal items, postage and haircuts. Most of the money was sent home to help out the family.

*Continued*

Here are some of my earliest memories When I was three, we were living in Akron where Dad was working in a gypsum mine. We owned a 1928 four-door Whippet. Its back doors were referred to as suicide doors (opening into the wind). It was dark and we had just left a friend's house. About a mile down the road, mother looked in the back seat and said "where's Sally?" Sally had been sitting next to the right back door not firmly closed. My six-year-old brother, George, said, "She opened the door and got out". Upon hearing this, Dad turned the car around. We found Sally, age four, uninjured in a ditch on the side of the road. Sally exiting the car had been the wind's idea, not hers.



When I was five and six, we lived in the village of Crittenden. Mother's sister lived across the road. On Sunday, she would make sure that we got to Sunday School and church plus to any fun activities. One day, dad's brother and family came to watch the town parade. During the parade, my cousin Donald, kept running out in the road. A state trooper came over on his motorcycle and told my uncle to keep the kid out of the road. Donald still kept running out in the road. The trooper came back, picked Donald up, laid him across his lap and gave him a few whacks on the back side. After that we were all in our best behavior. At age seven us three kids rode to church in Akron in our landlords one horse buggy.

Age eight found me living on a country dirt road in Corfu. Now, with dad working in the mines, the family could afford to buy some appliances and furniture. From Sears in Buffalo, they purchased a refrigerator, electric stove, a kitchen table, chairs, studio couch, a stuffed chair and a large pot belly stove. A few weeks later my older brother got a new bike. By age nine, we had moved to Alabama, into one of ten houses located on a dead-end dirt road. The ten houses were referred to as the alley (five houses on each side of the road).

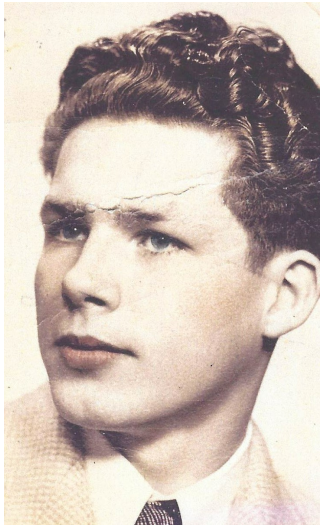
The Second World War started when I was ten. Seven of the boys from the alley went into the service. Three of them from one family had been in the CCC camp. One of the boys from that family had been killed. One other boy from another family had also been killed. Just about everything was rationed, even candy and gum. Every once in a while, a store would get in a few chunky bars. I think my sister and I got only three bars during the war. There were many ration stamps for food and gas. As the war went on, stores and junk yards had run out of most car parts and tires. At first dad used blow out patches, later he cut the enter bead from one tire and inserted it inside another tire. For piston bearings inserts, he used pieces of leather harnesses.

Gas was hard to get so dad left the mines in Akron and went to work at the Paper Mill in Oakfield, working 12 hours a day 6 days a week. The town had a prison camp and some of them worked in the Paper Mill, now back to three shifts. In the spring of 1943 mother went to work for Doehler Die in Batavia, making bomb castings. She worked from 4 pm to 11pm. Being that mother was driving to Batavia every day, we got a new gas ration stamp. Kids collected scrap metal for the war effort. Most farmers had a dump in a back field. One time, we found the body of an old car and harvested all the metal we could from it. Nails were hard to get so we gathered bent nails, and straightened them using a hammer and iron block.

Games we played during lunch time at school included mumblety-peg (played with a jackknife), jacks and marbles. Games played at home included monopoly and ante over. We also played war with rubber guns. Strips were cut from a inner tube and stretched over a board about sixteen inches long. The trigger was a piece of wood about the size of a ruler, with a wedge. A strip of inner tube was inserted under the trigger and stretched the length of the board, this was your ammunition. When my older sister caught scarlet fever, the sign on our door read: "QUARANTINE - SCARLET FEVER. No One Allowed to Leave or Enter the Premises." My dad slept in the dirt cellar. We were quarantined for at least a month, way longer than if you catch Covid today.



When I was thirteen, my folks bought a small farm in Oakfield with livestock (horses, cows, pigs, chickens, geese and ducks). When living in Oakfield, we rode the school bus. Other towns, we walked. If the bus got stuck in the snow, the older boys, got out and pushed. Buses were much smaller in the 1940's. Once we were in Oakfield, I started working for farmers, tilling the land, planting and harvesting crops. Earning my own spending money, enabled me to buy some nice clothes. Of course, I had many days off, depending on when the crop was ready.



The principal at the high school was Prof. Williams. He also was the physics and chemistry teacher. For discipline, you spent your lunch hour in his office. Each time that I had lunch in his office, I would throw my orange peels on the top of his florescent lamps. Our agriculture teacher would take eight of us to meetings with other high schools, usually on Friday evenings. One Saturday, he took us to Buffalo to visit the steel mill and the slaughterhouse. He used his own car for these trips. Our history teacher, was also the cross-country coach. To participate in races outside of Oakfield, he would drive the five of us to them in his car.

Once the war ended, the boys came home, no more ration stamps. Life is back to normal. Now, the country folks can get back to church. One of my friend's family belonged to the church in Alabama. After being back to church for a few Sundays, he asked me to attend church with them. On Sundays I would walk up to the four corners and ride to church with them. Now that gas wasn't rationed, all of us teenagers could get back to doing the things we did before the war, like tying a toboggan on to the back of a car and pull each other around on the back country roads.

Between 16 and 18, I worked for the canning factory in Oakfield (pay 82 cents an hour). When in school, I worked from 4pm to 11pm. Ten dollars of my paycheck went to my parents. If our parents went to the movies, the older kids stayed home with the younger ones. To get to the theater in Batavia, my friend and I would meet at the four corners and walk three miles to the outskirts of Oakfield then hitch hike a ride into Batavia. After the movie, we repeated the process in reverse.

Well, I hope you enjoyed reading about some of my memories growing up locally. The area's hardly "the sticks" any more but to me, the places will always remain as I knew them. At the end, I suspect the only thing we might ever hope to take with us is our memories.



## COLUMN

## A SAINT'S CORNER: LUKE AS AN OX

by Denise Junker

As noted in previous articles, from Ezekiel 1:4-11 and, again, in Revelation 4:6-8, there are four symbolisms stated. In history, St. Jerome, and others, have taken those four images and applied them to the four Gospel writers. In iconography, the writer is shown with their symbol or their symbol solely represents them. Luke was assigned to the image of the Ox.

A few notes on terminologies: The term Ox, bull, or calf, varies depending on the source of the scripture or the person doing the writeup. The NRSV uses Ox which is why I have utilized that term here. Zechariah has multiple spellings. The NRSV uses Zechariah but other sources do use Zacharias.

The Ox was a big part of the sacrifice tradition. Sacrifices in Jesus' time were made only in the temple. The priests' main job at the temple was to offer sacrifices. The Ox was one of the main animals for offering in the temple. This symbolism fits Luke's Gospel because the Gospel starts and ends in the temple. After the dedication of the book to whom Luke wrote it for, in Luke 1:5, we meet Zechariah, a priest. (Zechariah is John the Baptist's father.) At the end of Luke, verse 24:53, "and they were continually in the temple blessing God." Another temple scene is the story of Jesus being found at the temple when his parents couldn't find him but they should have known to find him in his "Father's house" (Luke 2:41-50). The temple is at the center of Luke's theology.

Similar as Mark's Lion, Luke's Ox is a prominent symbol for many churches. Like Mark's Lion, Luke's Ox is also a symbol utilized by a whole town. This one is now closer to home. Instead of overseas like Venice, Italy, a statue of an Ox with wings is prominent in Grove, Oklahoma, and from the city's website, they state a slightly different take on the meaning of its symbolism:

WINGED OX (SAINT LUKE) - Luke the Evangelist, the author of the third gospel account (and the Acts of the Apostles), is symbolized by a winged ox or bull – a figure of sacrifice, service and strength. Luke's account begins with the duties of Zacharias in the temple; it represents Jesus' sacrifice in His Passion and Crucifixion, as well as Christ being High priest. The ox signifies that Christians should be prepared to sacrifice themselves in following Christ.



## PRAYER

### PRAYERS TO BE SAID WITH ANGLICAN PRAYER BEADS

Presented by Debra Nelson

#### A Prayer for Ascension

**Cross:** He has ascended into heaven and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead, and of his Kingdom there will be no end.

**Invitatory:** Grant, Almighty God, that as we believe your only begotten son Jesus Christ ascended into heaven, may we also ascend in heart and spirit and well continually with him, who is alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. Amen.

**Cruciform:** Christ is all and in all.

#### Weeks:

Through you, O Christ, all creation has become divine.  
Through you, O Christ, all humanity has become divine.  
Help me, O Christ, to know you with all my being.  
Help me, O Christ to know you in all of your being.  
Help me, O Christ, to know you in your full humanity.  
Help me, O Christ, to know you in your full divinity.  
Transform me, O Christ, as you have been transformed.

#### A Prayer for Pentecost

**Cross:** We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who proceeds from the Father and the Son. With the Father and the Son he is worshipped and glorified.

**Invitatory:** Batter my heart, 3-personed God; for you as yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend; that I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.

**Cruciforms:** O Holy Ghost, whose temple I Am, double in my heart thy flame.

#### Weeks:

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe on me.  
Come, Holy Spirit, shine in my heart.  
Come, Holy Spirit, mend my brokenness.  
Come, Holy Spirit, o'erthrow my will.  
Come, Holy Spirit, bend my will to God's will.  
Come, Holy Spirit, burn in me.  
Come, Holy Spirit, make me a new creation.

Printed in *Holding Your Prayers in Your Hands: Praying the Anglican Rosary*, by Krisitn M. Elliott & Betty Kay Seibt, Denton, Tx. 1997 and are "intended for use by every Christian who wants to lead a more dedicated life of prayer and service to God."

## INTERVIEW

## “I TRY TO DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP”

An interview with parishioner Yvonne Arnold by Content Editor Richard Reid



*Editor's Note: Yvonne Arnold has been a member of Good Shepherd's Outreach Committee for over 20 years and has headed it since 2003. No doubt many readers are familiar with the Committee's work, providing financial assistance to local, regional and national groups, sometimes even international organizations, that assist those in need. Of familiarity with Yvonne and her family, perhaps less so, despite being here since 1990, so let's correct that. The text has been edited for brevity and clarity.*

**RR:** How did you come to attend Good Shepherd? What keeps you here?

**YA:** Jeff and I came to Good Shepherd after our daughter, Jennifer, was born. She was baptized in the old sanctuary on February 11, 1990 by Father Anderson. We met Father Lance later that same year. As our children grew, we began to attend more and more regularly. Good Shepherd had and has a wonderful family focus. Our children had learning and volunteer opportunities here that gave them a lifelong appreciation of how important it is to care for your community, those around you, and to give back to help others. The need for a spiritual connection was important to our family and still is. Being a part of the Good Shepherd community keeps us connected to our church family and aware of the needs of others.

**RR:** Can you tell us something about your early life and something about your parents?

**YA:** Born in Queens, NY in 1957, we moved to the Richmondtown area of Staten Island in 1959 where I was raised. At the time, it was an underdeveloped, rural area of NYC but entering a growth spurt. I have a sister, Beth, and a twin brother, Peter. My mother, Jeanne, worked in the Civil division of the Legal Aid Society for 28 years. My father, Sidney, commuted daily to Manhattan for work. He was an Army Reservist for 30 years. Mom was a member of the executive board of the local PTA which was instrumental in transitioning and opening P.S. 23, the new elementary school in our community. At The Church of St. Andrew, our parish, she taught Sunday School, led the children's services, served in and led the Altar Guild, was a Vestry member and its Warden, and was a member of the Episcopal Church Women and many other committees and organizations at the church. Devoted servant to all. As for me, I was a member of the junior choir, youth group and served as an acolyte. I went to SUNY Plattsburgh where I earned a Bachelor of Arts in Communications in 1979. I returned to the collegiate setting in 1983, working parttime for four years while caring for our young son, James. I completed an Associates degree in Applied Science at Monroe Community College in 1987, the same year I sat for my RN boards. I worked as a Registered Nurse at the Maplewood Nursing Home in Webster until I retired from full-time work in 2014 although I continued to work per diem until 2020, completing 25 years of employment. While at Maplewood, I worked in various capacities: evening Charge Nurse, evening supervisor, Staff Educator, and Assistant Director of Nurses. I have always had an interest in older adults and the history they bring with them. Growing older in our world can be a lonely and scary time. It gave me a great sense of satisfaction to work at Maplewood. That time gifted me with many friendships, including residents, families and staff.

**RR:** Anything about how you and Jeff met, and something about your children and grandchild?

**YA:** We met in undergraduate school. We were married almost 43 years ago in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church the same one I grew up in on Staten Island. Our son, James, and his wife, Carolyn, live in the Pacific Northwest, in Kent, WA. Our daughter, Jennifer, and her husband, Zachary, live in St. Paul, MN. They have the most adorable daughter, Audrey Elizabeth, aka Ellie, who is 22 months old. It is our hope that Ellie can be baptized by Father Lance at Good Shepherd.

**RR:** What have some of your activities been at Good Shepherd over the years?

**YA:** My roles at Good Shepherd are eclectic. I am an Education for Ministry graduate. The time reading, discussing and exploring your spirituality in this setting is life-changing. When I see or hear of a need, I try to do what I can to help.

*Continued*



I was a member of the Vestry from 1999 to 2001. My assigned oversight was Hospitality. With the help of Sarah Feaverayear, another Vestry member who has since moved away from the area, we oversaw the weekly coffee hours and other events that involved hospitality. This included the reception following the dedication of the new sanctuary and narthex in September, 2000. After I left the Vestry, I started to attend the Outreach meetings that were then held on Tuesday evenings. We eventually moved our meeting time to Sunday morning between 9 and 10am. Ellen Bastain was the lead person of the committee. When she and her husband decided to move out of state, I volunteered to fill the vacancy. That was about 2003. Been living the life ever since!

**RR:** As a long-time Outreach member, I have a fair idea of what you mean but for those readers who don't, tell us something about your Outreach work and how it has evolved over the years.

**YA:** The fund-raising process for Outreach has probably seen the greatest evolution. Selling barbequed chicken dinners evolved into a less labor-intensive process when the vendors who supplied the food sold took on more of the work we did. This enabled us to expand BBQ fundraising from three events a year to six. Unfortunately, the vendor we were using just before the pandemic, Heintzelman's BBQ Pit, discontinued his food truck option. During the pandemic, we tried selling a new meal – tacos – but the new vendor we engaged found the process not feasible for his business and we have not scheduled any food fundraising events since. We never limited ourselves just to food. What was originally a Servant Auction, where parishioners donated time or items to be auctioned slowly morphed into, The Night of the Heart, and then, The Afternoon of the Heart. This was our largest fundraiser. It took many volunteers to solicit donations and organize this event. It provided not only a way to gather money for Outreach, but offered an opportunity for socialization as well. The current allocation of Outreach fundraising monies is divided between Outreach and the general fund in a 60/40 split. Successful fundraising is a group effort. When we do resume fundraising activities, I would love to have more people involved in the process; organizing, set up and clean up, with all aspects in-between.

**RR:** As Outreach leader, what is the job like and do you find a biblical basis for this work?

**YA:** I bring my heart to everything I do. I feel we should humanize every assistance request we receive as best we can. (When you truly give of yourself and are able to personalize the "giving" it changes you. A light is turned on. It clears the way for everything else that follows.) I create calendar meetings for the Committee, reach out to members for any ideas they would like to include and create a meeting outline. I keep us organized, regularly discussing disbursements and fundraising ideas. We vote on everything we do. Many times, I search for supportive scripture for either a newsletter article or request for funds. When I am moved by the Spirit through something I have read or heard, I try to use that moment to share an encouraging thought. Recently, Fr. Lance's homily on Easter Sunday caught my heart: "Love will prevail."

**RR:** Has Good Shepherd ever surprised or disappointed you in its response to Outreach?

**YA:** This spring, the parish response to the request from Episcopal Relief and Development for donations to support the current crisis in Ukraine overwhelmed me. I addressed the congregation initially for funds, and then again at the conclusion of the collection. Their hearts spoke volumes with their generosity – over \$5,000! Our son, James, designed a prayer card as a thank you. It features the common lectionary prayers we pray every Sunday for peace in Ukraine. In 2021, the Vestry voted to transfer to the Outreach Committee the unused pandemic funds the church applied for and received from the government. I appreciate the Vestry's support of Outreach. We will do our best to be good stewards of the funds and give generously. Outreach can always use more members. A better representation of our congregation would certainly widen our outlook of where we can do the most-good for others.

**RR:** Any hobbies, interests or passions beyond the religious?

**YA:** Currently, I enjoy sewing, quilting, knitting, photography and gardening. I love the outdoors. Jeff and I are road warriors, frequently traveling to visit with our family.

**RR:** Thank you, Yvonne, for sharing some of your life story with us, and, especially, for your stewardship, leading Good Shepherd's Outreach Committee, now approaching 20 years. You constantly remind us all how we can more closely follow Jesus' words about loving our neighbors as ourselves.

# ART

## MORE OF DIANE CASTLE BABCOCK'S LINOLEUM BLOCK ART

*Editor's Note: In the third issue of Flock Quarterly (Spring 2021), Diane showed us some of linoleum block printing art. In this issue, she shares some of her new creations. For those interested in seeing more of her works, she has included the dates of upcoming shows at which she will be exhibiting.*

“My new work this year includes mixed media pieces that integrate three-dimensional materials with my prints. This is my favorite. It's a linoleum block print with real Birch branches.”



*Continued*

Summer is approaching quickly and it's time for the art festivals. Several of you have inquired about my show schedule so here is an update. I will be at two shows in the Rochester area this season. On June 4th and 5th I will be at Fairport Canal Days. I don't have a booth assignment yet. I believe the show runs from 10 am to 5 pm both days. I have applied to Artist Row which is September 18th from 10 am to 4 pm at the Rochester Public Market.

Along with my linoleum block print landscapes, I sell notecards and Birch bark frames. Below are photos of the frames and cards.



I hope to see you this summer!





**ESSAY****STUDYING THE BIBLE**

by Richard Reid

“The Bible is shallow enough for a child not to drown,  
yet deep enough for an elephant to swim.”

--- Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, Doctor of the Church (354 - 430 C.E.)

I haven't really studied the Bible very much in my life. Like a reference book, I generally dip into it only when I have a particular reason or need which has varied from a little to a lot over the years, depending on the circumstances. I'm bemused to discover that I'm writing an essay called, "Studying the Bible." The one time I actually gave the tome a deep dive was when, as an undergraduate, I took an elective course in college, "The Bible as English Literature." As it was just a semester long, the professor focused exclusively on the Old Testament. We examined its many characters and stories, not for their religious teachings but for the background of how the various texts came to be, the relation of the story or book to history, and also for what they could tell us about story construction, character development and the like. It was easily one of the most enjoyable and useful courses I ever took in college. When it was over, I wished the class had been a full year of study.

Nevertheless, it didn't make me a regular Bible reader although it did motivate me to get back to weekly attendance at my parish church in the Bronx after three years of disinterest, largely prompted by a congregation bickering with an intractable rector who eventually left and a lack of any programs or activities for older teens. My return marked the start of a continual involvement at any church I regularly attended so you might say that my sole (soul?) study of the Bible paid, and continues to pay, beneficial dividends. Yes, I know Good Shepherd has offered a weekly Men's Bible Study on Tuesdays at 4pm, in person or on Zoom (there's a similar program for Women at 10am on Wednesdays) and we have the Education for Ministry (EFM) program, a four-year course that includes at least two years of Bible study. I know . . . I know . . . and maybe, one day . . . perhaps.

This personal digression serves to introduce the principal reason for this essay, to tell you about a relatively new Bible study program that Father Lance instituted in the fall of 2021. What's that, you say? Never knew there was a new program? You weren't meant to, until now, when our rector invited me to attend the class on May 4<sup>th</sup>, with the intention that I write something about it for the parish. First, a bit of background. In 1986, Good Shepherd sold for one dollar a parcel of land just to the east of its parking lot off State Road to Heritage Christian Services (HCS), enabling them to construct a home for people with developmental disabilities. Over the years, we've tried to be a good neighbor, sharing some of our parking lot with them during the week, and donating unsold BBQ chicken dinners to them from when we used to sell them to raise funds for Outreach, among other ways. Yet, surely, we could do even better. Prayer led to an answer.

Fr. Lance has been working with Diane Sturmer, a veteran of nearly 35 years of work at Heritage Christian Services, using a program of Bible study geared for adults residing at group homes or enrolled in local day programs. They drew upon Friendship Ministries' TOGETHER Curriculum, "Jesus: Face to Face," from the All Belong Center for Inclusive Education. They started with an 8-week unit of study, "Together Belonging," aimed at people with varied abilities in community.

One of the attendees for this series was Pat, from the local Heritage Home adjacent to Good Shepherd. In an article posted on All Belong's website, Pat's success with the program was chronicled. The resident manager at Pat's home observed, "Since joining, she has learned of a family member's illness, and having this group to support her and keep her and her family in prayer has eased her worry." Attending Bible study made her feel welcomed at Good Shepherd and she comes regularly now to our 8am Sunday service. Another attendee is Paul, son of long-time parishioners Bob and Carol Markham. Paul resides at the group home near 12 Corners in Brighton and has joined his parents in church and at parish social events for many years.

Continued

The present unit of study tackles the subject of courage in a six-week course, "Together We Belong." Permit me to describe what the session which I attended was like. It was held in the Narthex before the TV screen surrounded by chairs in a circle, as you can see in the attached photo. Besides Paul, there were three women, Suzanne, from the resident home at Jackson and State; Erin, from a Penfield group residence; and Tnisha, who lives locally with her family. After an opening prayer from Fr. Lance, Diane distributed cards so the attendees could write the names of people to pray for during the week. This was followed by a song downloaded from the Internet, "You Never Let Go," performed by Christian singer and songwriter Matt Redman.

Fr. Lance presented the session's theme: God gives us the courage to trust him even when it appears hard to do so. This tied in with the Bible passage under study, from Numbers 13:17 to 14:9, concerning Moses sending spies into the land of Canaan, among them Joshua and Caleb who saw the possibilities of the new land and were not afraid of its challenges. This led Diane to ask we consider times in our lives when we were afraid which led to discussion for about ten minutes. Then it was time for a short video. Over the course of six minutes, we watched as Bruce Olson related his experiences as a younger man in bringing the good news of Jesus to an aboriginal tribe in a remote section of Venezuela. Overcoming physical hardships through a courage arising from his faith, he was able to bring them not only the Christian religion but also modern medicine and improvements in hygiene and agriculture. A discussion of the concept of courage was followed by an exchange of prayer requests for the week. Fr. Lance concluded the program with a prayer.

This study program about courage will conclude June 22<sup>nd</sup>, but there will be other topics scheduled in the months to come. If you are interested in joining a future session, check with Fr. Lance. The Narthex is large with plenty of room for more people to come for study and to meet some seldom-seen neighbors from Webster and the surrounding communities.





## TRAVELS IN EUROPE DURING CHRISTMASTIME

by Jeff Taylor

*Editor's Note: On April 19, parishioner Jeff Taylor presented a program to the Tuesday Morning Adult Forum about his 2018, 2019 and 2021 trips he made to European cities at Christmas time to experience the famous Christmas markets, which have been held in the city's main central squares for decades and even centuries in some cases. Depending on the city, some Christmas markets could draw 100,000 people on any given day. An article about his talk appeared in our May Newsletter but without any photos. In this issue, please enjoy this brief sample of photos from his travels. The first five photos depict main square Christmas markets and the final three show the inside of some historic structures.*



Syntagma Square in Athens, Greece



A street in Bruges, Belgium



Advent Square, Zagreb, Croatia



Skanderberg Square in Tirana, Albania

*Continued*





Ljubljana, Slovenia, Triple Bridge by the Franciscan Church of the Annunciation



Vienna, Austria, inside St. Stephen's Cathedral



Inside a modern addition to the British Museum, London, England



Budapest, Hungary, inside St. Stephen's Basilica

**ESSAY****A MEAL MINISTRY STORY***In memory of Jeanne Wasmuth*

By D.B. Nelson

Every month, I write an article for the Good Shepherd Newsletter about the Meal Ministry. I encourage people to cook, explain who we serve, or print thank you notes received. I try to come up with a creative way to catch your attention about this great ministry that we have at Good Shepherd to take care of members of our church family who have been injured, had surgery, or are ill.

This time, I have to tell you about someone who has ministered to me. The definition for “minister” I am referring to is: *3. a person or thing used to achieve or convey something. “The Angels are ministers of the Divine Will.”* This definition only brings lots of questions to my mind: During my time here at Good Shepherd, what have I “achieved” or accomplished? Have I conveyed any message to others? How have I grown? Maybe those topics will be part of my eulogy after I serve our community for another 20 years or so.

However, the example provided gives so much clarity to my thinking. The angel who is the minister of Divine Will for me is JEANNE WASMUTH. At first, we in the Meal Ministry started to minister to Jeanne, to help her through her recovery. When recovery in this realm was not forthcoming, she ministered to --- me. TO MANY of us.

Jeanne wrote this a couple years ago:

*Dear Meal and Ministers,*

*I would like to say a very, very BIG thank you ... for all the wonderful meals brought to my home while I have been on twisting and turning road to recovery. They are very, very appreciated. Also, thank you to those who stayed for a visit when you have delivered the meals. When I feel up to it, it makes my day to sit and chat about church and old times! It makes up for the time I am here alone. You have been so thoughtful bringing little gifts like the precious little violet, the warm prayer blanket, and all the tulips reminding me of Holland.*

*Take care & God Bless,*

*Jeanne Wasmuth*

Jeanne became a second mother to me or like my favorite aunt, or truthfully, my angel here on earth, encouraging me to use my gifts, be my own person, and grow into my retirement – and ministries. I had just lost my parents when I first met Jeanne. She had just started using a walker and we had two fancy brand-new ones with brakes, seats, and baskets (to keep precious things inside). So, she followed us home one day and we packed them into her daughter’s car.

My Mom’s was the right size and she used to carry her sewing from here to there, move knickknacks from room to room, deliver the folded laundry to its rightful home, and so on. Unfortunately, she didn’t have Necco wafers in the basket like my mom did. But Necco went out of business, or so she told me. My father’s tall one she used in the garage, to push her watering can around the yard, transplant things on the seat, store her gardening tools in the basket, and so on. It was fun to see the walkers used for walking and so much more! Those walkers served to bring us closer together in so many ways as time went by.

It was amid selling my parents’ home and moving “things” to homes that would continue to carry on their love, that Kenny & I moved my mom’s dollhouse to our house. When Jeanne walked in, she was enthralled by the miniature Buttler home – complete with tiny quilts on the beds my mother had sewn. We started to put the little furniture my parents had built where it was supposed to go in the little house. Then, I showed her some of real-size replicas around my house, talking about our memories, and realizing the creativity Jeanne and my mom had in common.

*Continued*

You can just imagine what happened after that - the hours I spent visiting Jeanne at her home, filled with her prize-winning quilts and the dollhouse furniture she and her husband, Ken, had built. She was a dollhouse builder, dollmaker, gardener, Angel gatherer and quilter. Jeanne was a creative genius! (Just like my parents) ... and she loved her family, her friends, her church, and showed that in every collection she had and every day she lived.

My father once said, “we are collectors because we treasure our memories.” Dad started every family member with special collections to commemorate their lives - every accomplishment, life change, and stage. Not because of the “things” but because of the commemorating and the token to show his love and memory of our landmark occasions. (For example, the ride-around lawnmower he gave Ken & I for a wedding present.... Huh? Well, if you know Kenny, you must admit...)

Jeannie was a collector, too! We both had collections of Jim Shore, Department 56, dolls, Willow tree angels, Fontanini figurines – many of the very same pieces. And they meant many of the same things: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. Yup, the fruits of the Spirit. (P.S. we both have a little trouble with that last one).

Because we had so many collections in common, we shared many memories in our long conversations. You see every piece represents something – Jeannie’s daughters, my first house, our love of flowers, making a pie, important people in the Bible, my babies, Jeannie’s great-grandchildren, and so on. What we love the most and what we want to remember.

Honestly, a 5-minute visit from Meal Ministry could turn into a three hour visit of memories. I loved every minute of it and I grew to love her. I knew every child, grandchild, and great-grandchild, before I ever met them from her description. And realized I already knew a few! When you share memories, it is easy to share secrets, troubles, hopes, dreams, happy stories – and love.

And to get bossy. Jeannie was so bossy! We’d laugh and laugh over the gentle correction she would give me over making soup. Sometimes she would call me four times during the making of one pot of split pea soup (I had made it only once years ago to impress my husband - & didn’t). She would call to ask: was the water cool? Was the ham diced? Maybe it should be minced? (She was having trouble swallowing by then). NO HERBS! Did you soak the peas? How long? But, when it was done, it was perfect (or so she said). I modified it to meet her needs and fed it to her, spoon by spoon, until her last week on earth.

She cherished the Meal Ministry! Delicious food our meal ministers made, long visits and talks of her homeland with Cheri, paper valentines delivered by a handsome young man named Tom Curtin, Lenore’s tuna salad (with a tomato grown from seed by her friend Tom), Annie’s chicken salad, (I know she is yelling at me – please tell us your memories & meals in the next newsletter), OH – and Betty’s ..... discovery. OOPs. Jeannie was losing weight, but eating so much, praising every meat loaf made by Richard and each lentil in Georgia’s soup, but still losing weight. Then another angel opened the freezer and found a gazillion containers, all labeled with contents & some with chefs, with maybe 1-2 tablespoons of food missing. We were losing Jeannie but she would never tell us.

This article was going to be a couple minutes about Jeanne’s influencing Meal Ministry and then a few about her support in my becoming a healing minister. And Jeanne’s wisdom, direction, and advice. Well, I’ll have to cut the CHM part short. Because I keep crying. Oh, well.

When she heard I wanted to be a healing minister, guess what she did? She laughed! And then I laughed. I didn’t even really know why I was laughing. We laughed so hard we both needed her oxygen!



Then – guess what she did? She volunteered to be my guinea pig. I prayed. I tried memorization. Nope. Spontaneity. Yikes. She gave advice. She helped me with my homework. She encouraged and loved my prayers with her. She changed them. She corrected them. We prayed for people we didn't even know. Then, she would tell me their SINS, not like gossip, but how their mistakes were – mistakes! And like she KNEW they were already forgiven. Thanks be to God.

And then she told me I was a healing minister before the four levels of Christian Healing Ministry classes I took. (Or I even paid the Mastercard bill that paid for them). She tricked me! (She taught me). She said I had a call to ministry. EVERY ONE OF US HAS THIS CALL TO A MINISTRY. And I was there every day until she was healed. Truly healed. Thanks be to God.

I am so blessed. Jeannie Wasmuth was my friend. Now, she is my angel. She has already showed me her love from above. Thank you, Jeannie. I love you.

*We are not defined by the things that make us separate and distinct, but by the moments that we share and the memories we make. We are shaped by the hands we hold in ours and cherish and gently let go.*

