

Flock Quarterly



Good Shepherd's new magazine for parishioners by parishioners

For Lent, 1966

By Madeleine L'Engle

*It is my Lent to break my Lent,
To eat when I would fast,
To know when slender strength is spent,
Take shelter from the blast
When I would run with wind and rain,
To sleep when I would watch.
It is my Lent to smile at pain
But not ignore its touch.*

*It is my Lent to listen well
When I would be alone,
To talk when I would rather dwell
In silence, turn from none
Who call on me, to try to see
That what is truly meant
Is not my choice. If Christ's I'd be
It's thus I'll keep my Lent.*

Source: mypastoralponderings.com



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Welcome to the Second Issue of
Flock Quarterly

Good Shepherd's new magazine for parishioners, by parishioners

When to expect it . . .

Issues likely appearing in the third week of February, May, August, and November

Types of material . . .

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

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 are handwritten - try not to exceed 1,500 words

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

February (by February 4th)

May (by May 4th)

August (by August 4th)

November (by November 4th)

Email to Richard Reid (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 that look ahead to the coming three issues

May Issue Themes

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

August Issue Themes

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

November Issue Themes

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

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

PRAYER BEADS a special focus

In this issue's PRAYER section, we devote four articles to the topic of prayer beads. Many Episcopalians, perhaps even most, associate prayer beads exclusively with the rosary and Roman Catholicism.

This is hardly the case, as the historical article by Richard Reid briefly explores. You'll also find articles by Fr. Lance Robbins, Debra Nelson, and Brenda Munch which provide personal perspectives along with some short prayers which may be used with prayer beads.

We hope you enjoy this issue's "Special Focus". We invite readers to suggest other topics for future issues and to send us material (essays, original art and prayers) for it. Thank you!

PRAYER BEADS by Rev. Lance Robbins

Growing up in an Episcopal Church, I had never heard of the Anglican Rosary. Only when I got to seminary and was exposed to an Anglo-Catholic parish, was I introduced to them. Since then, I have used them on and off over the years. I found it very useful at times especially when I needed them to help me focus on particular things and people.

The Anglican Rosary is very helpful for many, not so much for everyone.

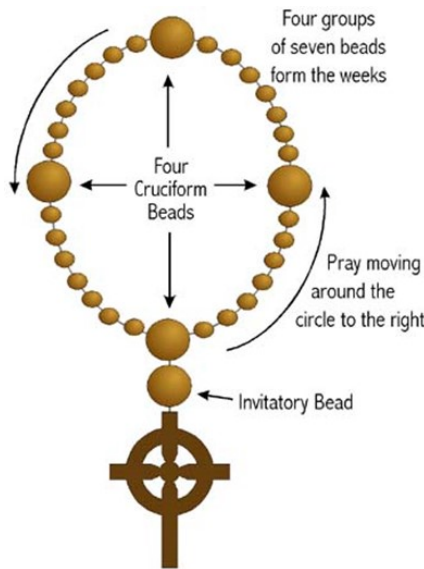
I have included a rather long quote from Margaret Guenther's *The Practice of Prayer* that more fully addresses the benefits of them as a helpful tool, as it were.

"Like Thomas, who wanted to touch the wounds of the resurrected Jesus, many of us are tactile beings for whom words are not enough. Valuing the evidence of our senses, we yearn to touch and feel as we pray. Using our hands can help us be centered in prayer. It must be a sign of God's gracious irony that Protestants are now discovering the rosary, while many Roman Catholics regard it as a pre-Vatican relic, beloved of older women in ethnic neighborhoods.

The rosary lends itself to many prayers, not just the traditional mysteries. We can use it for intercessions, naming a name and seeing a face as each bead slips through our fingers. We can use it as the Orthodox use their knotted prayer ropes, saying a Jesus Prayer with each bead. Or we can create our own categories for the decades—the groups of ten beads, separated by a single 'Our Father' bead as I did for my own prayer time a few years ago. Some of the categories were obvious. One decade for my loved ones, another for sick and suffering. The decade for prisoners helped me remember prisoners of conscience, those unjustly imprisoned, political prisoners, those undergoing torture, prisoners on death row, those who probably belonged in prison but merited prayers nonetheless, and prisoners of addiction.

Most of the prayers were intercessory, but there were also prayers of thanksgiving and confession. Holding that little circle of wooden leads in my hands opened my eyes to broader vistas in solidary prayer. I was free to shift my focus as I grew in awareness or as circumstances demanded. Nothing about my homemade system was immutable, and I often found myself wondering what new categories would suggest themselves. It was an illuminating and humbling exercise to devote ten beads to my enemies and those who wished me harm.

To pray with our hands expands our vision of prayer. It brings us in touch with God's created, tangible world, for it involves our bodies as well as our minds. It can refresh us when our prayer feels stuck and dry."



Shrouded in the mists of tens of thousands of years of existence, humans began praying to beings greater than themselves likely when they were sick or hungry or thankful, but almost certainly when they were scared. To keep track of their prayers, some began using pebbles, perhaps tree twigs or straw, eventually tying knots on strings and then stringing beads. Prayer beads may have first arisen in India with Hindus before spreading to other nearby religions. In the West, it is known that knotted prayer ropes were used by the Desert Fathers, Christian monks in the 3rd and 4th centuries. Prayer beads are cited in diverse writings throughout the Middle Ages. One indicator of a strong demand for prayer beads was the existence of medieval guilds for prayer bead makers.

Roman Catholic tradition assigns a specific type of prayer bead, the rosary, to Saint Dominic's encounter with the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1208 but it took over 350 years for Pope Pius V to officially establish devotion to the rosary in 1569 with a papal bull. Even if many

non-Roman Catholic Americans have never used a rosary, most have heard of one. A typical five-decade rosary has five sections marked off by large beads with 10 beads between them. Usually, a Lord's Prayer is said on the large bead before the ten small ones prompt a Hail Mary prayer. Each band also has a separate strand with a crucifix and 5 more beads: 2 large and 3 small ones for a total of 59 beads.

It wasn't until the late 20th century that Anglican Prayer Beads arose in the Episcopal church in the diocese of Texas for contemplative prayers, spreading to many other Episcopal churches in the years since. Other Christian denominations have picked them up as well where they are usually called Protestant Prayer Beads. A general background on these prayer beads and how to use them, along with some sample prayers will be found at the website of the King of Peace Episcopal Church in Kingsland, Georgia (<http://kingofpeace.org/prayerbeads.htm>), although many other Episcopal churches offer them online as well.

The diagram below illustrates the typical design of Anglican Prayer Beads which shows a much different design from the traditional Roman Catholic rosary.

The symbolism of the Anglican model is neatly summarized at the King of Peace website:

The prayer beads are made up of twenty-eight beads divided into four groups of seven called weeks. In the Judeo-Christian tradition the number seven represents spiritual perfection and completion. Between each week is a single bead, called a cruciform bead as the four beads form a cross. The invitational bead between the cross and the wheel of beads brings the total to thirty-three, the number of years in Jesus' earthly life.

One begins praying by holding the cross and entering the circle through the Invitational Bead to the Cruciform Bead and then circling to the right as you pray along each bead. Making three circles in all identifies with the Trinity. Just as arriving at one's destination may be less important than the journey itself, so it is with the praying along the beads at an unhurried pace, saying the words, audibly or silently as is your preference. Remaining silent at the conclusion of your circular trek may open you to a state of reflection and meditation.

If you are interested in having your own prayer beads, please contact parishioner Debra Nelson (585-671-5581) or email her at buttler1@hotmail.com

PRAYER BEADS – A PERSONAL STORY

by Debra Nelson

Ken and I were joining leaders Julie & Johnnie Ross, and fellow Good Shepherd friends Betty Nohle, Kathy & Keisha Stokes, Roch Whitman, Marj Matsky, John Davidson, and Dianne Rehse on a visit to Jerusalem & Jordan. As the trip grew close, we started studying every spot we would visit and its correlation to Bible Studies and EFM. The time was drawing close and we were getting excited about this once-in-a-lifetime experience!

Keisha had learned to make the prayer beads during Seminary at Colgate Rochester Crozer Divinity School in her Anglican study class. A group of seminarians had made the prayer beads as an example of one way to pray. The beads are a way to center yourself and get your body and mind ready for meditation. My introduction to Anglican Beads was very basic: Marlene Allen had brought me some macrame prayer beads from the Episcopal Convention in Utah, but I didn't know what to do with them.

At the same time, visiting the Holy Land seemed so personal, we wished we knew more of the people going on the trip. We felt making prayer beads together would help us get to know our fellow pilgrims a little better. Plus, they are fun to make and nice to use in contemplation during our pilgrimage. Johnnie & Julie Ross had a set of beads we used as a model and a book, *Holding Your Prayers in Your Hands; Praying the Anglican Rosary*, we read through.

We collected the materials and a couple prayers. We took them along for our long layover at JFK. We knew that we would be excited about the trip and the time would pass slowly and we also knew once we landed in Jerusalem, we would never have a second to string beads! We wanted them with us when we got to Jerusalem. And that's exactly what we did!

I've made a few for gifts throughout the year. When Christmas came and Meal Ministry was making meals for solitary parishioners, I decided to make them as little gifts to go with the lasagna dinners. I made ten "by memory" but in the hustle and bustle of the season, I had left out some beads!

Karyn Robbins offered to help me fix them. Socially distanced and masked, we thoroughly enjoyed our bead-revising evening. As the number of meals grew from 10 to 28, we met again to make more prayer beads. We sort of got hooked on the reflective and relaxing process of making prayer beads for people in our church family. It is prayer in itself when you know who you are making them for and you are thinking about them.

We also started sharing prayers and revising those we came across to fit our needs. Then, Brenda Munch shared the prayers she had written. So, this little bead-making ministry has grown as a way of brightening the day for the recipients. It may sound silly, but from choosing the beads and crosses to fit the person, to dropping them in the mail or on a doorstep, you become very contemplative about the person and come away with a sense of being with them. Which is very comforting during this time of Covid-19.

Below is a short prayer for people to try out. Even taking your time, it only takes about ten minutes



Continued

Prayer

A Meditation on the Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

The Cross:

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Spirit, as it was in the Beginning, is now and
ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

Invitatory Bead:

Make in me a clean heart, O God
Wash me and I will be whiter than snow
For Your power is great
And Your mercy endures forever.

Weeks beads:

Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace
Where there is hatred let me sow love
Where there is injury, pardon
Where there is doubt, faith
Where there is despair, hope
Where there is darkness, light
and where there is sadness, joy.

Cruciform Beads:

Jesus, Son of God, make me a vessel of light
Jesus, Lamb of God, make me an instrument of peace
Jesus, Savior of the World, pardon my sins.

After using traditional prayers and those found online for a bit, you might want to occasionally create your own prayers or modifying existing ones to suit your own needs at the time. Brenda Munch, in the accompanying article, has done this with two prayers for Compline, or an evening prayer before retiring.

Continued

PONDERING PRAYER

by Brenda Munch

I believe there are as many ways to pray as there are people. Some people say grace at meals, some say prayers before bed, some have a specific prayer hour and even prayer place, some meditate, some just pray as the thought comes to mind. Ultimately prayer is an attempt to communicate with God. I will admit that I am better at some forms of prayer than of others. For instance, saying Grace before meals is automatic. Even if grace is a silent prayer, I find I can't eat without at least a quick "thanks God". Meditation on the other hand has never come easy and admittedly is not my chosen way to pray. Quieting the voices in my head is just so hard. The random prayer throughout the day is easy. When someone comes to mind, I say a quick prayer, for healing, for blessing, or just thanksgiving of that person.

I feel that my prayer life is pretty good and that speaking with God is part of my day. But lately I have felt that I needed to add something to my prayers, a structure perhaps, or a reminder to pray. I wanted to find a way to remember to start and end each day with a prayer. It seemed that no matter how hard I tried to pray I would just forget. I'm always rushing to get my day started (probably because I tend to sleep late) and at bedtime, sleep comes before I remember to say prayers. So that is what has led me to prayer beads.

A short while back, Karyn Robbins asked if I'd like a set of Anglican Prayer Beads that she and Debra Nelson had made. I said yes and picked out a set that appealed to me along with a list of possible prayers. I hoped that these would "do the trick" of reminding me to start and end my day in prayer. It worked! There are many prayers to choose from and it's easy to create your own. I keep my prayer beads in my nightstand with my lists of prayers. I try different prayers most days depending on my mood. These prayers are not very long and since you are repeating a prayer phrase on most beads the repetition is soothing, like a mantra. I like to use some of the "week beads" to go over my thanksgivings and to lift up the people on my prayer list. The two versions of the Compline prayer accompanying this article came about because I have always loved the prayers in the Compline. "Keep watch dear Lord with those who wait or watch or weep this night...". I feel God's presence when I say these words.



Prayer

Compline Prayers by Brenda Munch for use with Prayer Beads

Compline Version 1:

The Cross:

The Lord Almighty grant us a peaceful night and a perfect end. *Amen.*

The Invitatory Bead:

May the Almighty God grant us forgiveness of all our sins, and the grace and comfort of the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

The Cruciform Beads:

Guide us waking, O Lord, and guard us sleeping; that awake we may watch with Christ, and asleep we may rest in peace.

The Week Beads: (Read one on each bead or repeat entire prayer for each bead)

Keep watch, dear Lord, with those
who work, or watch, or weep this
night, and give your angels charge
over those who sleep.

Tend the sick, Lord Christ;

Give rest to the weary,

Bless the dying,

Soothe the suffering,

Pity the afflicted,

Shield the joyous; and all for your
love's sake. *Amen.*

I often take one of the weeks and use it to name all those that I am praying for.

Compline Version 2:

The Cross:

The Lord Almighty grant us a peaceful night and a perfect end. *Amen.*

The Invitatory Bead:

May the Almighty God grant us forgiveness of all our sins, and the grace and comfort of the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

The Cruciform Beads:

Keep watch, dear Lord, with those who work, or watch, or weep this night, and give your angels charge over those who sleep. Tend the sick, Lord Christ; give rest to the weary, bless the dying, soothe the suffering, pity the afflicted, shield the joyous; and all for your love's sake. *Amen.*

The Week Beads:

Guide us waking, O Lord, and guard us sleeping; that awake we may watch with Christ, and asleep we may rest in peace.



BEHIND THE CAMERA: *The Day Lucy Came to Town* by Chris Nuccitelli

In 1987 I was working in New York City as the director of a news interview show for CNN called “Freeman Reports”. I was blessed to work for Sandi Freeman, an Emmy-award winning journalist, who was considered at that time to be the “best interviewer” on television by many of her peers. She broke the glass ceiling for female journalists by being the first woman to host a prime-time news show. Sandi was an important mentor to me, and I credit her skill as an interviewer for contributing to my success as a documentary filmmaker later in life.

“Freeman Reports” was a weekly, live broadcast. From CNN’s Manhattan studio in the Promenade of One World Trade Center Sandi interviewed many famous personalities and world leaders including Steve Martin, Anthony Quinn, Shimon Perez, Frank Zappa, Hosni Mubarak, Rodney Dangerfield, and Jesse Jackson. While mostly originating from this studio, we occasionally had guests stay in the adjacent Marriott Hotel, where we would tape the week’s installment in their room for later broadcast during our Thursday evening time slot. Years later, in the aftermath of the collapse of the twin towers and the Marriott on 9-11, I can still recall the surreal feeling of walking through the areas where these structures once stood, many times losing my way in the now unfamiliar landscape.

That week in 1987 we had scheduled Lucille Ball to appear on the show. Her husband Desi Arnaz had died the year before and she was once again in the news with all kinds of gossip surrounding her career and her marriage to Desi. Despite her own struggles with heart disease, Lucy agreed to come on the show, knowing Sandi’s reputation as a fair interviewer. Everyone in the studio was giddy with anticipation. I was certainly excited and starstruck, having seen most of her movies and every episode of, “I Love Lucy”, “Here’s Lucy” and “The Lucille Ball Show” multiple times!

The guest would usually arrive about twenty minutes before our 10pm airtime. This week’s guest was no different. Lucy arrived with her publicist and person-

al secretary and introductions were made. Usually, our audio engineer would seat the guests and mic them for the show. But not this time! I pulled rank and told him I would take care of Lucy’s mic. Sandi and Lucy were seated on the set and Sandi was starting to go through her usual, pre-show orientation. She always had a way of putting her guests at ease, having learned that a relaxed subject resulted in the most successful interview.

Trying not to intrude, I threaded the audio cable through Lucy’s jacket and affixed the lavalier mic to the inside of her jacket collar. It was then that I noticed the tension. Lucy had begun to recite to Sandi a list of subjects that were going to be off-limits in this interview. Most notably, she reserved the right to not answer questions she felt inappropriate regarding her marriage to Desi. I could see a surprised look in Sandi’s eyes, yet she proceeded to explain very calmly to Lucy that, when the interview was booked several weeks earlier, the rules of her show were made very clear. There were never any off-limit questions on “Freeman Reports”!

Lucy sat silently for a moment and then, with ten minutes to air, she stood up and abruptly walked off the set, dragging her microphone cable behind her! Sandi and I looked at each other in stunned silence. After a few seconds that seemed like an eternity, I asked Sandi what show she would like to rerun to fill our time slot. Back in those days, our archive of past programs were on large 1” videotape reels that were filed away in the back room on rows of moveable shelving. I sent a



Essay Continued

production assistant to find the program and get it on a playback machine so we could thread it up to run. We now had only eight minutes to airtime!

To this day I cannot remember what show we pulled. But I do clearly remember my disappointment in watching someone whose work I had admired for most of my life, behaving badly. Sandi was still sitting in her chair on the set with her jaw firmly set and eyes staring straight ahead. I had seen that look before and, at extreme personal risk, approached her to see if I could help smooth things over. Sandi looked up and was about to say something when her eyes looked past me to the studio doors. With five minutes left to air, Lucy strode back into the studio. She walked immediately over to her chair on the set, sat down, and apologized! She said she had talked with her publicist and realized that, many weeks earlier, she had agreed to the ground rules. With that famous “Lucy” smile she asked if we still had time to do the interview.

I quickly re-attached Lucy’s microphone while simultaneously whispering a list of orders through my headset, attempting to get engineers and camera people back to their posts. Back then, directors in the CNN-NYC bureau wore two earpieces (IFP’s) – one that communicated with the studio crew in their left ear, and one that communicated with the main studio in Atlanta in their right ear. All the programming that originated from the various CNN bureaus around the country had to pass back through Atlanta where they controlled what went on the air. I recall the senior director in Atlanta (a very mischievous redhead named Beth) loudly counting down the time to air in her attempt to distract me. Sort of an in-your-face challenge to get the show on air, on time! My left ear was filled with the noise of the crew reemerging from the break room and taking their positions.

Amazingly, the show ran as planned. Lucy was totally mesmerizing, with her deep blue eyes and trademark red hair seeming to glow in the lights of the TV set. She related stories of her life that were sometimes funny, and at other times heartbreaking. It is one of the few times directing a live tv program, that I became more engrossed with the interview than the technical job of calling the show. As we went off the air there were the usual applause and “thank yous” from the crew and Sandi. However, I, sat silent for a moment and then walked over to Lucy to remove her microphone, and simply whispered, “thank you”.

“Freeman Reports” continued on CNN for another year. By the time Sandi’s contract came up for renewal she had accumulated many awards. Her groundbreaking interviews as the only woman to interview Moammar Ghaddafi and Yasser Arafat on their own turf in the Middle East and only months before the first Iraqi War (Desert Storm) commenced, contributed to the show becoming the highest rated program on the network. At the time she was paid a ridiculously low salary that was the remnant of her original contract. In asking for a raise as a condition to her contract renewal, she was rebuffed by Ted Turner (a notorious tightwad!) and told she was free to leave.

She did, and worked on PBS’ Frontline program for a while before retiring from television. She was replaced at CNN by a then little-known radio personality named Larry King, who took over her 10pm interview show. I also did not stay on and left CNN shortly after that to form a documentary film company in Baltimore, MD with a producer friend of mine. Lucille Ball passed away a couple of years after our interview, not able to escape the heart disease that plagued the last decade of her life. Despite much of the negative blather that filled the airwaves in the aftermath of her death, I felt I got to see Lucille Ball as the classy, funny, beautiful, and kind woman I believe she was. To this day I can still say “I Love Lucy”!



Editor's Note: When Chris sent this to us, he wrote, "This experience prompted a few other stories so we can keep it going for future issues if you think that would work." If readers enjoyed this essay, do let Chris and the FQ editors know and perhaps we'll be lucky enough to receive another of his terrific reminiscences for an upcoming issue.

HELPING THE UNDERSERVED

An interview with parishioner John Kaemmerlen by Content Editor Richard Reid



Editor's Note: In the November 2020 issue of the Good Shepherd Newsletter, John wrote an open letter to Good Shepherd parishioners thanking them for their collective support of the Rochester soup kitchen, A Meal and More, over the last twenty years. That's about how long John and his wife, Susan, have been attending Good Shepherd and almost as long as John has been a volunteer with this organization which has been serving free, hot, nutritious midday meals Wednesdays and Sundays since 1979. Let's get to know John and his passion for helping the underserved a bit better.

RR: Congratulations on becoming the Board President of A Meal and More. How long is your term?

JK: Thank you, but the position isn't quite as structured as that. It feels more like a co-presidency with Lois Jones who, with her husband, Alan, and a few others founded A Meal and More over 40 years ago. After I retired from RIT last June, Lois shifted some of her responsibilities and the title to me so she could focus more on coordinating the volunteers and other duties, but both of us are still serving

meals alongside our volunteers and doing whatever else needs to be done as well as members of the Board for the soup kitchen.

RR: How did you come to get involved with A Meal and More?

JK: I started volunteering about 20 years ago, when Good Shepherd was staffing the soup kitchen one Sunday a month. Fr. Lance's support of outreach became very visible to me at that time as he usually was there with us on those days. I've always believed that a key principle of one's Christian faith should be helping those who for one reason or another at some point in their lives are underserved by their community. Food insecurity is an example of that. Feeling that I've been blessed in my life, I have a desire to serve others.

RR: How did you come to be at Good Shepherd?

JK: I'm a cradle Episcopalian. My grandfather was an Episcopal priest, and coincidentally, Bishop Jack McKelvey as a teenager attended one of the churches where my grandfather was the rector. About 20 years ago Susan (my wife) and I were attending another church. Susan had met Father Lance, through Habitat for Humanity as I recall, and we switched to Good Shepherd based largely on the focus of the parish on outreach.

RR: Besides A Meal and More, what other Good Shepherd activities have attracted your interest?

JK: I've worked on helping to build houses for Habitat for Humanity. For a three-year period, I helped to do the annual financial audit. I've also conducted some strategic planning sessions with the Vestry. I was one of the many parishioners who painted the sanctuary when it was built. And I have helped fund raising – selling food at Frontier Field, and chicken barbeques.

RR: Let's switch gears. Tell us a bit about yourself.

JK: I grew up just outside of Albany. I have a brother who lives in Buffalo. As a teenager, I worked at McDonald's, where I learned how a restaurant works. I attended the Rochester

Interview Continued

Institute of Technology in the early 70s. Susan and I met there. We have two sons who are both in their 30's now, and two new cats. I began work as an industrial engineer at Eastman Kodak in 1976. After 31 years there, I moved on to RIT where I taught in the College of Engineering until last June.

RR: Any hobbies?

JK: I walk, bike, swim a lot, and (rarely) play golf. Funny story: I've had just one hole in one in my life, but since I was playing with Fr. Lance and he signed the scorecard, it's legitimate, which I find kind of cool. When my sons were younger, I coached baseball with the Fairport Little League. I did that for eleven years plus I was a member of its board of directors for 14 years. I was also a swimming coach for nine years at the Pittsford YMCA.

RR: Returning to A Meal and More, would you say your involvement is primarily as a result of your religious faith?

JK: Spiritual aspects constitute a part, but I think my occupation as an industrial engineer also plays a role. Hunger is a problem and finding solutions to problems is what engineers do. Even at RIT, almost ten percent of the students are food insecure (I learned this doing a project with students in the RIT food pantry). When I started volunteering at A Meal and More, I became more interested in this issue. We serve meals on Wednesdays and Sundays and haven't missed a day that I know of in many, many years. In the first quarter of 2020, we served about 700 meals a month. In the last three months, we averaged more than 1,000 monthly meals. Prior to the pandemic, we had sit-down dining where people could gather and commune while eating. When Gov. Cuomo ordered restaurants closed, we followed suit. In three days, from a Sunday to a Wednesday, we switched our business process from a sit-down to a take-out format, without missing a day of service.

RR: That is impressive.

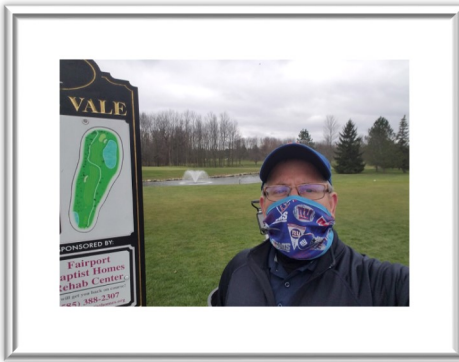
BK: And so is what Good Shepherd does for A Meal and More. In any given month, we serve eight or nine days. Three of those days (usually two Sundays and a Wednesday) are staffed by volunteers from Good Shepherd (Deb Nelson does a great job coordinating the Good Shepherd support). In addition, parishioners regularly give us monetary donations, plus food and supplies. Good Shepherd is an exemplar among our many fantastic supporters. The Episcopal Diocese of Rochester also supports our program as do individuals in the community, groups like Foodlink, banks, businesses, and foundations. We can always use new volunteers, but if you can only donate food or money, that is just as important.

RR: Thank you, John for chatting with us, and for showing us one vital way to help the underserved in our nearby Rochester community.



GOLF AND THE PANDEMIC

by Michael Rosato



For those that know me, it is no secret that I LOVE the game of golf. So, when the Content Editor asked for someone to pen an essay about golf in the pandemic for the spring edition of *Flock Quarterly*, I jumped at the chance. You see, golf was one of the key things that has gotten me through the shutdown nature of the Covid-19 era. It was also what had me flirting with breaking the law when the golf equivalent of the “Day the Music Died” happened on March 20, 2020.

It’s important to understand that for me, when the calendar flips to March, my yearning to play golf hits obsession levels. Fortunately, as the world started to shut down last March, the snow had left the ground and I

knew golf would be my outlet. And as I happily bundled up and went out to knock balls around on the muddy and not quite green or lush fairways, I commiserated with the pro at Eagle Vale that it was a good thing they didn’t include golf courses in the shutdown; but then again, why would they?

Then the unthinkable happened--golf courses were ordered to be closed on March 20, 2020!! How could this be? The ultimate social distancing sport?!! What was the governor thinking?! Then, like Dr. Seuss’ Grinch, an idea came into my head--a terrible, awful, wonderful idea . . . How can they really CLOSE a big open plot of green like a golf course? Besides, didn’t the pro *kind of* imply that he didn’t support such an idea? Wasn’t he essentially giving me a wink to say, “if they close, you go ahead and play anyway”?

So, with a plan, a purpose, and a little trepidation, I ventured out to Eagle Vale. Seeing no visible signs saying “Golf Course Closed” or “No Trespassing” and only a small paper sign on the door of the clubhouse announcing the new regulations, I took this to be a wink and nod from my golf pro friend to discretely enjoy some free golf. So, with a handful of clubs and bagful of balls I took a “walk” out to a part of the golf course where no passerby would see me and enjoyed a delightful day of sub-mediocre, pre-season practice. And then I came back the next day, and the next day. I enjoyed the magnificent private practice facility so much that, believe it or not, I was actually disappointed when 8 days later, the government saw the error of their ways and re-opened golf courses--with a host of new restrictions, of course.

Now while we had all these new restrictions, none of them really took away from the joy of the game, and in fact, in some ways enhanced it. Tee times were spread out so there we weren’t playing on top of each other. Carts were limited to 1 person so walking was encouraged or even required (so I got a good push cart and really began to enjoy walking over riding). We kept the flagstick in, and a little foam insert in the cup made it easier to get the ball out of the hole.

Most importantly, we could still play with a group of friends. Sure, we’d fist pump instead of shaking hands or high fiving, but none of that took away from the fun, laughter and joy of sharing a round with friends. We were even able to hold the Good Shepherd Golf Tournament (Bruce Mason Memorial) in August. It was a fabulous day, and it was really the ONLY Good Shepherd fellowship opportunity we have had since this all started.

Golf not only became a personal outlet, but it also became a great business solution. As a salesperson, I struggled with how I could meet with clients that don’t want to meet in an office or even a restaurant. Golf gave me the opportunity to build rapport with some key clients in a very safe and socially distant environment.

Of course, now that we are deeply in the clutches of winter, golf seems like a distant hope (which is one reason I am anxious to go visit Shannon in not-snowy North Carolina this spring . . . and of course, we miss her!). Spring can’t get here soon enough!

Funny: a game so frustrating that someone once called golf “a good walk spoiled” can really be such an oasis in the midst of this scary pandemic. So as soon as this snow melts away, regardless of how cold it is, you will find me back out there! Fore!

SHARE YOUR REFLECTION ON BIBLE PASSAGES IN OUR NEXT ISSUE . . . MAY 2021

Sharing spiritual insights is something we regularly do as members of the Good Shepherd family in our annual *Lenten Meditations* booklet each spring. Thanks to our magazine, *Flock Quarterly*, for the first-time, parishioners have the opportunity to share their spiritual insights for the non-Lent seasons of the church year. If you have written for the annual *Lenten Meditations* booklet, then why not also write a reflection for our upcoming issues this year?

In the May, August and November issues of *Flock Quarterly*, up to five reflections on Bible passages will be published in each issue. Parishioners who wish to participate should notify Content Editor Richard Reid (writer2363@gmail.com or cellphone: 585-766-7254) of their intention to prepare a reflection for a certain date for the next upcoming issue. Once it is determined that no one else has already asked for that date, you are ready to work on your submission.

TO FIND THE READINGS

Go to the website, *Daily Prayer*, which is an Episcopal Church ministry resource of the Forward Movement.

[https://prayer.forwardmovement.org/
daily_readings_anytime.php](https://prayer.forwardmovement.org/daily_readings_anytime.php)

Once there, fill in the month, day, and year from the pulldown boxes and click “Get the Readings”

The full text of several readings for that day from the Old and New Testaments will appear. Decide if you wish to focus on a single reading or multiple ones indicated for that day. List the Biblical readings you write about at the beginning of your reflection then write your reflection. Please limit your text to no more than 600 words. There is a limit of one reflection per writer per issue.

Covered dates for reflections for the May Issue

Select any date between May
23, 2021 and August 22, 2021

**All submissions for the third issue (May 2021)
should be sent to the Content Editor by May 4, 2021.**
If you have any questions about this process, please contact the Content Editor. Thanks for sharing!

A NEW SERENITY PRAYER



God, grant me the serenity
to accept the people I cannot change,
which is pretty much everyone,
since I'm clearly not you, God.
At least not the last time I checked.

And while you're at it, God,
please give me the courage
to change what I need to change about
myself,
which is frankly a lot, since, once
again,
I'm not you, which means I'm not perfect.
It's better for me to focus on changing
myself
than to worry about changing other
people,
who, as you'll no doubt remember me
saying,
I can't change anyway.

Finally, give me the wisdom to just
shut up
whenever I think that I'm clearly
smarter
than everyone else in the room,
that no one knows what they're talking
about except me,
or that I alone have all the answers.
Basically, God,
grant me the wisdom
to remember that I'm
not you.
Amen.

— James Martin, SJ

COVID ANXIETIES

by Marlene Allen

We know about pandemics from history, but not here. As I reminisce these days, which I have plenty of time to do as I am in the winter-years of my life, I remember my mother talked about the two brothers she lost a bit over a century ago. Mom was very young at the time, but we researched symptoms the boys had and determined their death were caused by the 1918 flu pandemic. Never did I imagine a pandemic would happen in my lifetime. You hear about serious viruses all over the world, but never did I expect it to happen here in the United States.

When I first heard of the novel coronavirus, I thought of it as far away in China – not here in the U.S. As weeks passed and I listened to Governor Cuomo every day, it was evident we would experience a pandemic. In late February 2020, I lost a 62-year-old cousin, a supervisor at Rikers Island in New York City. He had a young son and was getting ready to retire early.

Then came the SHUTDOWN, and the rush to stock up at Wegmans and secure potentially protective masks to reduce the chance of catching the virus. I became very apprehensive about a future. The more I listened to leaders in our country, the more discouraged I became. For months it appeared to be nothing but politics. Can we compare this chaos with Bible times? Have we done this to ourselves? Where is God in this mess?

During the many months of uncertainty that followed, I noticed the change in my behavior. I had difficulty focusing on anything meaningful. I tried to bring some organization to my life without much success. I walked my dog every day and walked trails but with no other meaningful significant activities. I did grocery shopping, that's it! As the summer and fall came and passed, I began to realize and know I had an appreciable church community. We met and still do via Zoom. We have read several books and have Bible study and Morning Prayer every week. The feeling that I would sit here and pass away alone was not true. Earlier, I asked the question where is God in this mess? Better phrased, I needed to ask myself where am I in this mess? Where is my faith? I know that faith is important when the world around us is scary and uncertain.

"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen."

Hebrews 11:1

By early winter we began hearing of several vaccines. I continue to remained anxious. Who will get the vaccine and when? Will there be enough for everyone? Will it be effective? Will the world get better? Who knows! None of this is in our control. What we do have control of is our faith.

We still have a long way to go. I'm still anxious, but my plan is to work on my anxieties through prayer and love for my church community. This is a way to strengthen my faith.



TRESPASSING

By Richard Reid

Yes, I'll tell you why. When I was nine years old in 1921 in the Bronx. I was playing with my friends at a construction site along Blondell Avenue near Eastchester Road when the local patrol cop, O'Toole, turned onto the street riding his chestnut horse. All of us kids feared him something awful. I had my back turned to him, so I didn't know why all my friends were suddenly yelling and running away until I looked over my shoulder and saw who was coming at a brisk trot. I was too scared to run. All I could think to do was to duck down where I was behind a stack of bricks, hoping he had not spotted me.

It was less than half a minute, but those were some of the longest seconds of my life. O'Toole, you see, was known for using his nightstick. We all had seen the bruise an older teen in the neighborhood had said he received for talking back to the cop. We had all heard the neighborhood stories about him cracking the skulls of people who resisted arrest. He was a tall man, probably six foot four. When he rode that horse, he towered over us like some giant from a fairy tale.

Now I knew he was there, just beyond my hiding spot because I could hear his horse panting but since he was saying nothing, I thought maybe I was going to get away with it. Fat chance.

"I know you're there."

Those simple words cut into me like a knife but I still didn't move, hoping he wasn't sure anyone was actually behind those bricks, that maybe he was just trying to bluff me out.

"You dumb Mick. If I have to get off this horse, you'll wish I didn't."

It was then that I knew the jig was up. Standing, I saw a little smile cross his lips. I didn't like the look of it. Still on his horse, he ordered me to follow him to the street. He was Irish like me, but he called us all Micks.

"Can you read, Mick? Tell me what that sign says."

No Trespassing. He had me say it several times, each said louder than before. With one arm, he scooped me up like a milk bottle, put me on his horse in front of him, and said I had to direct him to my house which wasn't very far.

Spying one of my older sisters, he asked her to get my father who came out right away. After the cop put me down, I ran to her on the porch, clutching her tightly while my father went over to speak with the dreaded policeman. At that point, I was more afraid for my father than I was for myself. I was very familiar with his oft-told tale about leaving Ireland to avoid arrest because he had badly beaten a cop. That was how my family came to be in America, a few months before I was born here, at least that was the family story I always knew. Now he was confronting a Johnny Law who had apprehended his son and was known for freely using his nightstick when given any guff. I was terribly afraid for my father.

Bending low on his horse, O'Toole and my father spoke quietly for a bit. Then my Dad camover to me, looking and sounding quite scared.

"I tried to reason with him, Charlie. I told him you were a good boy led astray by your bad companions, but the law's the law, he said. You were trespassing on private property. There's nothing I can do for you now. He has to take you to jail."

Although I was relieved to learn that my father hadn't come away smarting from O'Toole's nightstick, those were words I did not want to hear. I was sobbing as my father led me back to that terrifying giant who pulled me once again up on his horse.

Fiction Continued

As we set off at a slow pace heading to the Westchester Square station house, we passed neighbors who looked at me in amazement. A little girl followed us, gleefully saying in a singsong as she skipped along for half a block, “Charlie got pinched! Charlie got pinched!” on and on. It was awful.

O’Toole talked about the judge likely sending me to reform school. I found out later on that they wouldn’t have done this to a nine-year old for what I had done, but at the time, I believed him. After a few more blocks, the horse suddenly halted. That’s when the cop commanded that I look straight at him. Turning, I saw a face colder than any my father had ever shown me. I’ll never forget the intensity in his dark eyes. Had they been knives, they would have cut me to shreds.

“You know what you did was wrong, don’t you?”

I nodded silently. In response to his stern directive to say it, I blurted that trespassing on private property was wrong. He insisted I say it three times. That was when he lowered me to the street.

“I’m letting you off with a warning this time. But if I ever hear of you doing anything bad again, I’ll hunt you down and arrest you. Got that, Mick?”

I assured him I had. But he wasn’t quite yet finished with me. With the barest hint of a smile, he leaned down toward me. In a softer voice, he said something I’ve never forgotten.

“Remember to say your prayers tonight, son.”

That evening, I knelt next to my bed for my usual nightly devotions. About halfway through the Lord’s Prayer, I froze up when I realized what the next word was. In a flash, I was back there on O’Toole’s horse, his big hands gripping me. For several months as a child, I couldn’t say that prayer, couldn’t say that word, “trespasses.” I always believed it was O’Toole’s sadistic parting gift to me, making sure whenever I said my bedtime prayers, I would remember him. It wasn’t until I heard he had been transferred about five months after our encounter that I ever felt at ease in my neighborhood again.

A day after that news, I finally told my parents what had been bothering me all those months. My mother said it was just the officer’s way of telling me not to worry, that my trespassing that day would be forgiven by a merciful God who loves all children. My father thought telling kids to say nightly prayers would help keep them on the straight and narrow, adding that surely O’Toole never meant it to be a source of torment. It was then that my father, upset to hear of my pain, apologized to me, explaining that he and O’Toole had arranged the whole thing on the spot to put a scare into me, to teach me respect for the police and the law. Dad said his father had done something similar with him when he was little, that I was never really going to reform school. But he knew nothing about O’Toole telling me to say my prayers. Wondering what O’Toole meant has dogged me my whole life. I’ve also always wondered whatever happened to him.

“Officer John Patrick Aloysius O’Toole passed from his earthly life on the afternoon of June 28, 1924. When he was walking his beat in Brooklyn, he saw a tenement ablaze and ran to help. He got five people out safely before he went back for a little girl glimpsed at a fourth-floor window. Neither of them made it out.”

I never knew that. I guess he wasn’t such a bad guy after all to do something like that. Well, I expect this has been a rather long-winded answer to your question about why I always wanted to ask you my question which is this: Lord Jesus, what did O’Toole really mean that day when he told me to say my prayers?

“John’s not far from here, Charlie, just down that path over there by the pasture. He’s expecting you. Why not get reacquainted?”