

The Messenger

February/March 2021 | Volume XII, Number 1

All Saints' Church • 51 Concord Street • Peterborough, NH 03458 • allsaintsnh.org

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Dear Parishioners,

"Here we are, you and I, and I hope that Christ makes a third with us. No one can interrupt us now. So come now, dearest friend, reveal your heart and speak your mind." ~ Aelred of Rievaulx, Spiritual Friendship

Aelred of Rievaulx was a 12th century Abbot who led a community of brothers and monks in northern England by doing something outrageous. Rather than rule by force, demanding austere seclusion and burdening his "flock" with harsh penitence and remorseful shame, Aelred invited his community to trust in each other's friendship as an expression of God's love and as a path to experiencing God's love.

It's not easy for us to understand how radical Aelred's stance was, as the tradition he inherited never trusted in the capacity for humans to "do the right thing." Monks feared that if they invited each other into deep friendships, they would open themselves up to vulnerabilities, licentiousness, laziness, and greed. Yet Aelred, this soul-shepherd, persevered and created one of the healthiest communities of his day because he trusted that our need for each other, guided by the light of Christ, would lead us to the inner room of our soul.

I want us to embrace an ancient future by taking a page from Aelred's life. Is it possible to mourn the loss of life due to the pandemic, to investigate the inequities in our country, to examine the instability of our institutions, and to confront the polarization of our fellow citizens through friendship? I believe it is possible, yet we need to make friends with not only our neighbors and with those who are strangers, but also with those with whom we disagree, even maybe with our enemies.

We have two opportunities to follow in Aelred's footsteps. The Peterborough Town Library has just received a grant to train those who want to participate, how to have difficult conversations over issues like racism, gender, and politics. We need to learn how to do this good work which will take courage, honesty, and trust. All Saints' pledged to be one of the partners in the library's endeavors. I am excited by this possibility to make friends with those with whom we may disagree.

All Saints' is also exploring the possibility of starting a chapter of Braver Angels, a national organization that brings liberals and conservatives together, on a grassroots level, not to find "centrist compromise" but to find each other. How else can we move beyond stereotypes, reduce vitriol, find common ground, and form alliances? Personally, I have been a part of Braver Angels since the fall, and a few nights after the brutal siege on the Capitol building, I joined their national webinar to "Hold America Together." *More than 5,000 people across the nation joined the call.*

I listened to folks who were teamed up who had opposing views of politics, but who had become friends. We watched as they listened deeply and honored each other; they spoke about what mattered to them, with no worry about agreeing over issues. There were no "yes, buts," no arguing, no justifying, no shaming. ... Just validating, trying to understand, trying to listen fully, and hoping that all of us as a nation could tap into a "national empathy"—not to excuse behavior or hold people accountable, but to see if we could use our suffering as a way to become extra kind?

One man, who identified himself as "Red, Evangelical Christian, and conservative" shared that he had posted something on Facebook and his "Blue friend" called him to explain why it was hurtful. After listening and praying about it, he took the post down. He said, "It's much easier to see the polarization in the nation, but to confront my own inner polarization that keeps me from my best self is much more difficult."

A courageous act to confess his struggle with 5,000 people across the nation. And even though I held opposite beliefs from this man, I could identify with his struggle to be his best self, and that made me hopeful.

Can we be soul-shepherds for each other, break out of our own silos, and trust that our need for each other, guided by the light of Christ, will lead us to the inner rooms of our souls?

With the help of God, I think we can.

Blessings, Jamie+

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From the Vestry

David Jette, Vestry Member

As a result of the Covid-19 pandemic, most of us have experienced a dramatic change in the environment of everything from serving on a committee to enjoying a conversation with friends and family. By the time you read this we will have experienced our first Annual Meeting via Zoom. Although we at All Saints' have been blessed with opportunities for outdoor worship on the parish lawn, for the most part we now go to church staring at our computer screens. I give thanks for incredible technology that makes this possible, but recognize how much I miss our Eucharistic sharing as a community.

Our vestry represents all aspects of our wonderful parish and is rightly concerned with making sure our campus is properly maintained and furnished and that our expenses and income are diligently monitored and duly recorded. As fellow members of All Saints' you need to know that we have almost reached our pledge goal for 2021, a remarkable feat given everything we now face. A large thanksgiving to Greg Naudascher and his stewardship team for guiding the process forward. However, as we reflect on 2020, I have become more aware of how a vestry also nurtures and supports all the ministries that make up a parish, especially in times of great stress and anxiety.

It has been my privilege to serve as Clerk of the Vestry for much of 2020. As I look over the minutes of our recent meetings I can't help but notice that the record of our conversations documents the ways All Saints' makes an impact on our larger community. In addition, our ministries continue to bring pastoral care day by day to our parish community. Loving our neighbor both near and far is part of who we are. Jamie likes to remind us that despite everything, "We are still church!" I say amen to that and ask your prayers for the vestry as we begin a new year of grace.

~ David

Pastoral Care Ministry *Update from Heidi Graff*

Members of the Pastoral Care Ministry are eager to be in touch with you!

The mission of this ministry is *to provide love, care and support for our fellow parishioners in times of need and in times of joy*. One of our greatest challenges is discovering who among our church family is in need of support. If you or someone you know would appreciate contact from the Pastoral Care team, please let us know by contacting the church office. We stand ready to provide prayers, meals, greeting cards, and calls. And when we can finally safely reunite in person, we will be able once again to add visits and Eucharist celebrations to that list.

Our team mainly relies on parishioners informing us of pastoral care needs, but in the spring, when it became apparent that an extended period of social distancing and

isolation lay ahead, we decided to reach out to you.

We developed a phone tree with the goal of checking in from time to time with as many parishioners as possible. In the process of doing so, our team discovered outdated contact information for some folks and we have been making updates. We know we have not been able to reach everyone. If you have not received a phone call or email from one of us, we would love to rectify that.

Please contact the church office at (603) 924-3202 or admin@allsaintsnh.org to let us know and we will gladly be in touch.

Our Ministry in Juarez *Update from Patty Wheeler*

It has been over a year since we experienced the decline in health of Pastor Joel and the subsequent closing of Centro Victoria. It was difficult for us to get past that sadness and move forward. But we did. We moved quickly and opened up Casa Fe y Esperanza, where today five former Centro Victoria youths reside! We now focus on higher education for children born in poverty who demonstrate both the desire and ability to pursue those goals.

Let me tell you about the progress we have made, but, most especially, the progress that the students have made:

- **Lesly** was accepted and is now enrolled in the University of Texas, El Paso. Her major is International Business.
- **Angelita** is finishing her Associates Degree at El Paso Community College and has begun the application process for the University of Texas, El Paso where she will major in Computer Science in January 2021.
- **Vicki** is enrolled in a Paralegal program at Universidad Cultural, Ciudad Juarez.
- **Jair** and **Francisco** graduated from Juan de la Barrera Prep School in June. Jair is now pursuing a degree

in Systems' Analysis at Instituto Tecnologico de Ciudad Juarez and Francisco is pursuing a degree in Business at Universidad Autonoma de Ciudad Juarez.

On top of all of the newness, we have also been dealing with the effects of Covid-19. Fortunately we were able to visit our students at the end of February 2020, just before the international shutdowns began. In March, All Saints' sent \$1,500 to the students and we were able to buy three new laptops as all of their studies were put on line.

We are thrilled with their and our accomplishments. The new challenge we face is paying for the tuition that Angelita and Lesly will incur over the next two years since they attend a U.S. university. We all know the costs of college in the United States. To help meet that challenge, with the help of Jamie, we applied for and received a grant from the New Hampshire Diocese for \$3,400.

We are fortunate to have faithful donors, like All Saints', who are sticking with us through the changes and are committed to seeing our goals of saving these five bright students from the poverty into which they were born by giving them the gift of education.

Pandemic Reflection

Harriet DiCicco, Parishioner

During this time of Covid-19 aggravated by the election season, I have been reflecting on 1 Corinthians 13 — *“And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.”*

It has been a challenge to nourish my faith, to hold on to hope, to see a way to love (love? that’s tough, but to be civil is more realistic) those whose beliefs and values are so different from ours.

When the manmade world starts to close in, eroding our attitudes and energies, Stephen and I seek out God’s natural world. The beauty of God’s creation nourishes us, lifts our spirits and rekindles faith and hope.

When we are out hiking, kayaking and camping, our minds become untethered from our daily routines and worries. That is not to say those worries go away...more that we can go away from them and see them differently with the benefit of distance. We put them in a broader context and can be less daunted by them.

While we need to be safe — masks, social distancing, limited contact, if any, with family and friends — we have had to find ways to work against feeling isolated. Zoom has been a lifeline, making such a difference by allowing us to see other people and giving us the illusion of shared company.

Equally important are the scheduled opportunities to participate in “faith refueling stations” on a regular basis — such as the weekly Bible Study and the Saturday Live at Five service and Sunday services on the lawn. Having Jamie+ reach out to us every Thursday has been an important connection. And, of course, ongoing prayer helps to ground us, to center us.

And, given the feeling that the entire world seems totally akilter, we also have drawn strength and comfort from unexpected acts of kindness. They serve as a reminder that people really want to be good and generous and caring.

~ Harriet

Alma’s Poem

For folks seeking how to live
Scripture has much wisdom to give.
I like the letters of Paul.
He seems to have covered it all.
He explains hard to understand truths.
If someone asks for your proofs,
1 Corinthians Chapter 13
*“For now we see through a glass darkly
But then face to face and we shall know
as we are known now abides
Faith and love,
And the greatest of these is love.”*

~ Alma

Pandemic Reflection

Christine Howe, Parishioner

In her book *The Alchemy of Us*, materials scientist Ainissa Ramirez discusses “how humans and matter transformed one another.” The opening chapter is about time, perception of time, clocks, and relativity. Ramirez explains that during intense times of novel experiences — childhood, for instance — the brain stores huge amounts of sensory data. Words, scenes, actions, emotions all become embedded into our brains in vivid detail. As we get older, we store fewer sensory images because not so much is unfamiliar anymore. Monotony creates few lasting impressions and days drag on one after another in a predictable way.

And here, now, today, we all are dealing with a novel coronavirus, a new disease called Covid-19, and an unprecedented pandemic. We are standing six feet away from others, our faces are masked. We don’t gather together; we stay away from our beloved activities and places.

What is this novel monotony doing to us? I’m thinking about images I first saw more than fifty years ago in Sociology 101: of children playing with sticks which were guns, bats or dolls, depending on how they were held. Kids make do with what’s available and do what children do: imagine and play. We adults, also, look at what’s available and cope by using the blessings at hand to do what adults do — live and breathe and have our being.

The start of my pandemic, as many of you know, was coterminous with the final illness and death of my beloved John. These days of social distancing are my days of grieving the loss of a love. My mourning is more hidden than it might otherwise be, but friends, family, and the beloved All Saints’ community let me know every day — gently, kindly, lovingly — that I am not alone. Three generations of our extended

family — siblings and cousins, children and grandchildren — gather weekly for our Sunday Family Zoom — more interaction than we’ve had for years! Friends who are themselves widowed reach out to me — checking in and assuring me that my feelings of confusion, bewilderment, and exhaustion are “normal.” Incredibly and wonderfully, I live where my neighbors are Saints from our church, and we exchange baked goods and stories from across the Covid chasm.

I am developing new rituals and routines and solidifying others. I attend to my morning devotions and journaling much more faithfully than in the past. I’ve been Zooming around the world for 12-Step meetings and have made some good friends in Dallas and Vegas — folks whom I will travel to meet in person when the world is a gentler place. I am more efficient in my shopping. Bridget Adams (our golden retriever) and I walk a couple of miles almost every day. Thanks to video conferencing, I continue my work coordinating care for people recovering from substance abuse.

Oh, I miss John and Symphony and the Red Sox and the Players and Music on Norway Pond. I long to be seated in the choir stalls at All Saints’ Church, looking out over the congregation and seeing beloved members of my church family. The novelty of the pandemic is long over and monotony has set in. But I can smile. As a wise woman said to me once, “Look around — there is always something to be grateful for.”

~ Christine

Pandemic Reflection

David Jette, Parishioner

One of the things that first drew me to the Episcopal Church was the essential public nature of our traditional worship. The words, the actions, the music of our liturgy are wrapped up in community. We have now been largely removed from this public expression of our faith owing to necessary changes to our behavior as a community. The public celebration of the Eucharist binds us together as the Body of Christ; we gather to hear the words of Scripture, sing God's praise and finally to join at the Table of the Lord. I admit to you freely how much I miss this sacramental connection with my brothers and sisters in what our presiding bishop refers to as the "Jesus movement." And yet we are clever people who never fail to use our God-given brains to find new ways to express our communion with God and each other.

I've always been somewhat reluctant to embrace too much technology when it comes to liturgy but I confess my thankfulness for the many ways we have re-connected through the internet. Via Zoom we see each other's faces live, hear our voices, pray the words that encompass the incredible beauties of our language. Many aspects of this new way to worship I am sure will continue once we return to live, in-person liturgy within the walls of our magnificent church building.

I am also thankful that we've been able to gather together for worship in creation itself; our beautiful grounds surrounding the church and the Cathedral of the Pines have been the settings for the kind of public worship we all miss.

The new church year began on Advent Sunday, a time to renew our commitment to God's call to serve in God's name knowing that our offering of praise and thanksgiving continues without pause. This past Christmas, while always a wonderful time of the year in New England, required a fast from most gatherings, and reduced many of our traditions. As we now live into the Epiphany season and await the holy season of Lent, perhaps we can carry with us our quieter, slower, simpler celebration of the birth of Jesus as we walk with him in the desert. We are together in union with the one who came not to be served but to serve.

~ David

Crypt-ic Compline

Ever since I read *Adam of the Road* as a fifth grader in 1957 (the 1943 Newbery Award winner for “the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children”), I have been fascinated by all things medieval. As we look toward Lent in these Covid-remote days, we are going to take an opportunity to marry the modern technology of virtual worship with a medieval aesthetic by offering Compline on weekday evenings during Lent from the Crypt of All Saints’ Church. (I know of nowhere in New England that feels more medieval than the crypt of All Saints’ Church).

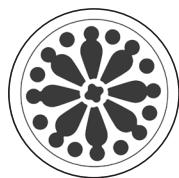
Compline, one of the seven canonical hours or offices, has been sung in monastic communities since the 4th century, originally at sunset. But as the office evolved through the centuries, at whatever hour it was sung, it was the final liturgy of the day and, in cloistered communities, preceded the “Great Silence.” Today it is a liturgy shared in common among Anglican, Lutheran, Roman Catholic and Orthodox Christians. (The order we use in the Episcopal Church may be found on page 127 in the *Book of Common Prayer* 1979).

Compline is a relatively short service (15-20 minutes). During Lent, when members of the All Saints’ Choir would typically sing Evensong (Compline’s close cousin), they will instead, observing Covid-19 protocols, sing Compline virtually. A simpler, less imposing and less variable liturgy than Evensong, Compline’s musical settings will differ, and a new Compline YouTube “link” will be posted on the All Saints’ website each day.

You are invited to share Compline this year as a daily Lenten ‘discipline.’ When your daily work is completed, observe a time of silence in the midst of beautiful music, candles, and the darkness of the Crypt. As the quietness of evening settles over you, take time to be thankful for the day that has passed as you anticipate God’s gift of another new day. Step away from the ‘busy-ness’ of your life and the stress of pandemic isolation to experience a glimpse of the cloistered life, contemplative and serene in a few moments of prayer and devotion.

Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, February 17th. Additional information about Compline will be forthcoming through Saints’ Alive each week.

~ Jeffrey



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Ministries Coordinator: Gail Caron, admin@allsaintsnh.org

Projects Coordinator: Gretchen Rae, gretchen@allsaintsnh.org

Our Mission (What we do)

Our mission is to help people grow in their faith and trust in God by helping them to recognize their God-given talents and use them to serve God and their neighbor.

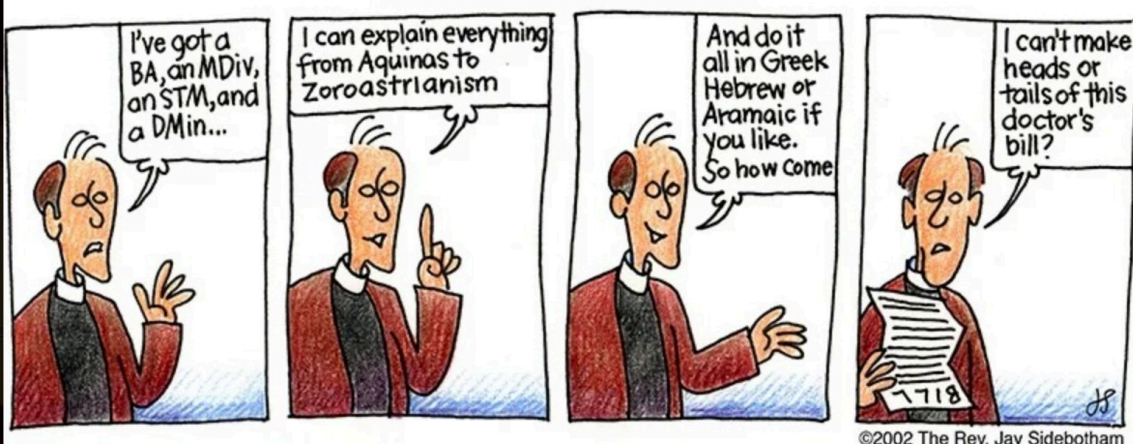
Our Vision (Where we are going)

Our vision is to be a community in which God's love is experienced and shared.



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We invite you to send articles, letters, poems, pandemic reflections, or printable artwork, to deborahwaldo18@gmail.com. The submission deadline for the APRIL ISSUE (which will be a single month) is FEBRUARY 22.

“The Gift of Hope”

From Brother Curtis Almquist, thanks to Deb DeCicco

There has been a lot of talk of hope these days and certainly there's a lot of pressure on the year 2021 to bring better times in many ways. In thinking about the nature of hope, I read a chapter in the book *The Twelve Days of Christmas* by Brother Curtis G. Almquist, Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Below is an excerpt from that chapter, “The Gift of Hope”:

“Hope is there in your life, if only in a seedling form. How can you nurture these seeds of hope in your soul? Nourish the gift of hope from your own memory. What can you learn from looking backward in your life that will help cultivate the seeds of hope for the unknown future? There's a charming passage in the writings of Lewis Carroll in *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. Speaking to Alice, the queen says, ‘And that's the effect of living life backwards... It makes one a little giddy at first... but there's a great advantage in (your) memory working both ways.’ Alice, rather dubious, responds with caution. ‘I'm sure (my memory) only works *one* way. I can't remember things before they happen.’ The queen retorts, ‘It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards.’

Draw from your miracle memory what you already know about sailing uncharted waters. How in the world have you faced what you've had to face to get to where you are? You are a walking miracle. You are also an experienced navigator. Hope is an anchor amidst the storms of life. (ROMANS 5:1-5)

Last of all, notice a subtle but important distinction between hopes and hope. They are like cousins, but they're not exactly the same. Hopes are glimpses of things we wish for and see or can imagine, and they

grow out of hope. Hope is anchored in things we cannot see. Saint Paul writes, ‘For in hope we are saved. Now hope that is seen is not hope. For who hopes for what is seen? But if we hope for what we do not see, we wait for it with patience. (ROMANS 8:24-25) If you want to find the difference between hopes and hope in your life, I suggest you try something quite drastic. Make a list of three different things about which (or in whom) you have hopes for change. They can be related to yourself, your family, your work, your future. Three things you can see or imagine — these are hopes.

Now draw a line through these things. They're not going to happen. (Of course, I could not know for sure what will happen with your list, but go along with me here and suppose that none of this will come to be.) See if you can pry yourself from these three things on your list. Are you still there? What is left, after you've seen your hopes come and go, is hope. Whatever sense there is that we can go on, that we will make it, that there is somehow sense and purpose and a future — though your hopes be dashed — is hope. What's left is, I think, what Saint Paul calls ‘abiding hope.’”

~ Brother Curtis Almquist



illustration: Elena Michaylova

SAINTS' DAYS 2021

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Happy Birthday!