

## July-August 2022

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# Tidings



St. Thomas' Episcopal Church is an inclusive and worshipping Christian community that accepts the challenge of living the Gospel.

## The Rector's Column

### Lord, have mercy!

What a delightful return this has been! I can't believe how long it has taken to get back in the driver's seat, but I'm so glad to be here. One of the greatest gifts I've gotten in this process is the return to what being your priest means. Years ago, a Colgate student asked me what wearing the priest's collar was like, and I said it was like having a backstage pass into people's lives. As I write this, I've been officially back on the job for five days, and many of you have already caught me up on what I've been missing. There are still quite a few I'm looking forward to hearing from, but we're off to a good start!

One of my favorite poems, "anyone lived in a pretty how town" by e. e. cummings, has a great line that I've been thinking about these last few days. Speaking of the two strangely named lovers, he says, "she laughed his joy she cried his grief." I love that line! It's such a beautiful encapsulation of love, but it's also such a beautiful descriptor of what being a pastor is like.

It has been a long, long road, folks, and I am so grateful for your patience, your help, your prayers, and your well-wishes. And now that this office chair holds a rector again, I'm longing to laugh your joys and cry your griefs once more.

Brooks+

### Anyone lived in a pretty how town

--E. E. Cummings

anyone lived in a pretty how town  
(with up so floating many bells down)  
spring summer autumn winter  
he sang his didn't he danced his did.

Women and men(both little and small)  
cared for anyone not at all  
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same  
sun moon stars rain

children guessed(but only a few  
and down they forgot as up they grew  
autumn winter spring summer)  
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf  
**she laughed his joy she cried his grief**  
bird by snow and stir by still  
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones  
laughed their cryings and did their dance  
(sleep wake hope and then)they  
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon  
(and only the snow can begin to explain  
how children are apt to forget to remember  
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess  
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)  
busy folk buried them side by side  
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep  
and more by more they dream their sleep  
noone and anyone earth by april  
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)  
summer autumn winter spring  
reaped their sowing and went their came  
sun moon stars rain

(E. E. Cummings is known for his radical experimentation with form, punctuation, spelling, and syntax; he abandoned traditional techniques to create a new highly idiosyncratic means of poetic expression.)

## Words from Your Wardens

These past five months may have seemed a bit like a roller coaster ride but like any great ride, we are beginning to feel the deceleration as we head for the place where we will finally come to rest with the return of our beloved Father Brooks. Much has been accomplished by many parishioners during Father Brooks' absence, and we know he is grateful that the church and parishioners were well cared for while he focused on his much-needed convalescence.

There were many in the parish who took on additional responsibilities to ensure the parish functioned as needed, and we extend our deepest gratitude to all who helped us accomplish so much over the last five months. We wish to especially recognize Nancy and Dan Schult for taking on significant office administration tasks while we searched for a new Parish Administrator, Susan Cerasano for her liturgical expertise in preparing many of the Morning Prayer service orders and leading us in worship, Wynn Egginton and Heidi Riley who also led us in worship, Dianne McDowell who coordinated all the weekly hymns for our services, the Pastoral Care Group led by Liz Brackett who reached out to parishioners to provide comfort and connections, Amy Jerome who assisted our editor Rose Novak in ensuring our *Tidings* newsletter was prepared the last few months, and to our Parish Life Commission led by Millie Franklin and Linda Jenks who continued to provide such wonderful delicacies to feed our bodies.

As we reflect on the highlights of June, it is hard to believe that it has already come and gone. It began with great liturgical splendor as Father John led us in the marvelous celebration of Pentecost! Adding to the magnificence of the service was the spectacular music provided by our organist, Dianne, and the voices of our amazing choir. And if the service itself was not enough to lift our hearts with joy, the beautiful retirement celebration prepared by our loving Parish Life group provided us a perfect venue to gather, recognize, and rejoice the many years of service given to St. Thomas' by Nan Schmitt, our Parish Administrator.

Another highlight in the month of June was the High School graduation of our two parish seniors, Juliana Catania and Bergen Linden! In recognition of this great accomplishment, the

Vestry voted to provide each of them with a \$750 Graduating Senior Award on behalf of St. Thomas'. The awards will be presented to these students during our service on July 17<sup>th</sup>, and we hope many in the parish will be there to congratulate them and wish them well as they begin this new chapter in their lives.

Truly the blessings we receive as members of our St. Thomas' family continue to multiply and flourish with each passing day. We feel extremely grateful that during one of the most challenging times a parish could face, our family ties remained strong and we continued to be faithful to living out God's work in the world!

Love and blessings to all of you!!

Hannah McClennen, Senior Warden

Deb Barker, Junior Warden

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### Godly Play Returns in September

We are very pleased to announce that Godly Play will resume in September. It has been and is such an important part of our Sunday School Program for our children in grades K – 5 and has been sorely missed in recent months. Kathleen Catania has agreed to take on the role as Interim Godly Play Coordinator and as such, she will be organizing and preparing the materials that will be delivered in each lesson.

New this school season will be the introduction of the "Manna and Mercy" curriculum that will be used in conjunction with Godly Play. "Manna and Mercy: God's Promises to Mend the Entire Universe" is built around the twin themes of food sharing and forgiveness. It looks at scripture with imagination humor and cartoons. There are detailed lesson plans that incorporate fun activities, games and crafts to go along with the Bible story each week.

Volunteers are actively being recruited to assist with the delivery of the weekly course content as well as our search for a Co-Coordinator to assist Kathleen. The detailed lesson plans make it much easier for volunteers to help.

If you have any questions, ideas or a desire to be involved with this important ministry for our parish, please feel free to call Kathleen Catania at (315) 427-6780.

—Rose Novak

## The Bishop's Letter

*Bishop Duncan-Probe instructed clergy or wardens-in-charge to read this letter aloud during all of the worship services in the diocese on the first weekend of July. As such, the Rev. Brooks Cato read this letter during the announcements at the service of Holy Eucharist on July 3rd.*

July 1, 2022

Dear People of God,

This past week's rulings by the Supreme Court, especially *Dobbs v. Jackson*, have been deeply painful and have resulted in many of us feeling significant anxiety and emotional distress. Gun violence, women's access to healthcare, and the degradation of God's creation are emotional, complex, and for many, deeply personal realities. This is a time for compassion, understanding, mutual support and respect. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." (2 Timothy 1:7)

Who we are as the people of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York is unchanged. We are resolute in our commitment to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, fulfilling our baptismal vows:

- growing in our faith;
- seeking and serving Christ in all persons ;
- striving for justice and peace;
- respecting each person's dignity.

No one stands alone.

The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. said, "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly." I encourage you to actively support and encourage one another, and to prayerfully consider ways of supporting the well-being of people in your wider community.

Today, in keeping with our diocesan Rule of Life, I invite you to learn and to pray. On the diocesan website, you will find a copy of this letter along with links to resources on the Episcopal Church's moral positions on gun violence, women's healthcare, and creation care. This weekend, as we celebrate the birth of our nation, praying as always for our leaders, I invite your prayers for the Supreme Court Justices, including newly sworn-in Justice Ketanji Brown-Jackson. Let us also pray for one another and all who are feeling vulnerable, that we may offer hope and reconciliation in our hurting world.

I want to close with a blessing from St. Francis:

*May God bless you with discomfort,  
at easy answers, half-truths,  
and superficial relationships  
so that you may live  
deep within your heart.*

*May God bless you with anger*

*at injustice, oppression,  
and exploitation of people,  
so that you may work for  
justice, freedom and peace.*

*May God bless you with tears,  
to shed for those who suffer pain,  
rejection, hunger, and war,  
so that you may reach out your hand  
to comfort them and  
to turn their pain to joy.*

*And may God bless you  
with enough foolishness  
to believe that you can  
make a difference in the world,  
so that you can do  
what others claim cannot be done,  
to bring justice and kindness  
to all our children and the poor.*

*Amen.*

May our world be healed by love,



The Rt. Rev. Dr. DeDe Duncan-Probe  
Bishop of Central New York

**Statement on Supreme Court  
Dobbs Decision  
by Presiding Bishop Michael Curry  
June 24, 2022**

...We as a church have tried carefully to be responsive both to the moral value of women having the right to determine their healthcare choices as well as the moral value of all life. Today's decision institutionalizes inequality because women with access to resources will be able to exercise their moral judgment in ways that women without the same resources will not.

...This is a pivotal day for our nation, and I acknowledge the pain, fear, and hurt that so many feel right now. As a church, we stand with those who will feel the effects of this decision—and in the weeks, months, and years to come.

The Episcopal Church maintains that access to equitable health care, including reproductive health care and reproductive procedures, is “an integral part of a woman’s struggle to assert her dignity and worth as a human being” (2018-D032). The church holds that “reproductive health procedures should be treated as all other medical procedures, and not singled out or omitted by or because of gender” (2018-D032). The Episcopal Church sustains its “unequivocal opposition to any legislation on the part of the national or state governments which would abridge or deny the right of individuals to reach informed decisions [about the termination of pregnancy] and to act upon them” (2018-D032). As stated in the 1994 Act of Convention, the church also opposes any “executive or judicial action to abridge the right of a woman to reach an informed decision...or that would limit the access of a woman to safe means of acting on her decision” (1994-A054).

The court’s decision eliminates federal protections for abortion and leaves the regulation of abortion to the states. The impact will be particularly acute for those who are impoverished or lack consistent access to health care services. As Episcopalians, we pray for those who may be harmed by this decision, especially for women and other people who need these reproductive services. We pray for the poor and vulnerable who may not have other options for access. We urge you to make your voice heard in the way you feel called but always to do so peacefully and with respect and love of neighbor.

—to read Presiding Bishop Curry’s statement in full

go to: [www.episcopalchurch.org/publicaffairs/statement-on-supreme-court-dobbs-decision-by-presiding-bishop-michael-curry/](http://www.episcopalchurch.org/publicaffairs/statement-on-supreme-court-dobbs-decision-by-presiding-bishop-michael-curry/)



## Tales of Long-Covid by Brooks Cato



Before anything else, I need to say thank you. To the Wardens and the Vestry, to the Pastoral Care Team, to everyone who has kept this place trucking, for the love and prayers you've shared, for the space you've made for me to heal, for the cards, the plants, the jubilant waves, the book recommendations, the dog watching, the random gifts, and on and on and on. I had initially intended on writing thank you notes, but I quickly lost track of everyone who worked to keep us going and everything you were doing. Top of the list, though, are all of you who have kept us fed. It struck me one day when I was missing being behind the altar that I spend a lot of my time feeding y'all, or trying to at least, and when it came time for you to care for me, you fed me in return. "Feed my sheep," echoed in my mind every time we'd get a delivery of some fresh cooked meal or a gift card to grab something from the store. You literally sustained me and you eased the caregiving work Becca was doing. And I am so, so grateful. Y'all are some good cooks. Oh, before I forget, we've done our best to return the mountains of tupperware, but if you're missing something, let me know. There's a bunch down in the classroom and there are certain to be some piles hiding in a cabinet or two at the house. Anyway, for all that and for all the many things I may never know y'all have been doing, thank you.

So, here's my story. Way back on December 23rd, I woke up nursing a sniffle after a long night of some pretty gross sinus stuff. So, I woke up, got ready for work feeling less than optimal, and went to the office to hammer out some final details for

our big Christmas Eve celebration. That last task that needed doing was roping off pews to make sure there'd be plenty of space to gather safely. Little did I know at the time that roping off space would define the next six months. By the time Nan and I finished, I'd gone from "less-than-optimal" to "feeling pretty cruddy." Becca and I had already scheduled some Covid tests over at Colgate for later that morning -- I'd thought it might make people feel a little more comfortable if I could advertise a negative test ahead of the service -- so, we made our way to the fieldhouse, swabbed our nostrils, and headed home. Not fifteen minutes later, I got the call: "you've tested positive, but these tests can be wrong. Best to go ahead and get another done at a pharmacy just to be sure." By the end of the day, I'd tested positive three times. There was no doubt. Meanwhile, I'd gone from "less-than-optimal" to "feeling pretty cruddy" and then to "pulling over on the side of the road to wait out the fever shakes so I could actually drive myself in a straight line the rest of the way home." I did, eventually make it back to the Rectory's guestroom where I'd spend the next three or four weeks. Becca found a can of lysol spray that accompanied me on the rare occasions I'd venture beyond the door frame, and she set up the nicest B&B a lunger could ask for.

In those days of active Covid, I had a lot of the symptoms you hear about. Cough, fever, muscle soreness, fatigue, brain fog, and so on. I definitely lost my senses of taste and smell; strange as that was, it almost turned into a game, like, what is the experience of eating like when you can't sense anything but temperature and texture? Well, it's weird, that's what it's like. The brain fog was weird, too, probably the most frustrating of all of my symptoms, still. For a time, I'd get right up to a word in a sentence and then just lose it, or I'd forget where a conversation started, or I'd wonder if I'd actually said the thought floating in my head or if I'd only imagined saying it. One day, I even forgot my grandmother's maiden name! Of all those initial symptoms, most are gone. The fatigue and the brain fog are still around, though the latter happens much less frequently. I'll



need to beg your forgiveness ahead of time for when it shows up 'cause it will.

Now, I tried to keep trucking after Christmas and into January with very limited energy. I'd spend about an hour checking email and then sleep for the rest of the day. Sometime towards the end of January, the Bishop called and encouraged me to look into disability, and when I said I wasn't actually that sick, she reminded me that I'd been mostly out of commission for about five weeks by that point and asked if I'd ever been that sick before. Well, no, I hadn't, but surely I didn't need to go onto disability. Disability is reserved for people that really need it, people that can't work. If I'm being completely honest with you and with myself, there was probably some internalized abilist judgment in there, too. Like, as much as I know that being disabled is not a moral failing, something in the back of my brain felt like it would be in my case. Do y'all know what imposter syndrome is? I've heard it used mostly in work settings when people feel like they're not good enough for the position they've attained, and they're just waiting to be found out. Weirdly enough, I felt something similar about being as sick as I was. Like, I wasn't strong enough or maybe I just like being lazy or maybe, just maybe, maybe I'm faking it. When I mentioned that to my therapist, she batted that down with a helpful question. "If you were going to fake an illness to get out of work, is this how you'd do it?" Well, no, Leotha, no it's not.

I mean, I was never on a ventilator. I wasn't hospitalized. I didn't lose frightening amounts of weight...actually I gained weight, what I've been affectionately calling my "Covid 19." But the reality was, as the illness progressed and changed, as the active stuff faded and I entered the next phase, it took months for me to come to terms with being disabled. And at every step of the way, when I was faced with accepting a new kind of help, I resisted. Pride, maybe? Or a refusal to admit that I might actually need something? I don't know why, really. But filing for disability was the first of many times I felt that tension. Becca had to convince me to get a handicap sticker for the car. She also argued with me about getting a fancy rollator - those are the rolling walkers with a built-in chair. I told her I absolutely did not need one, but she ordered it behind my back anyway. And when it came, I

rolled my eyes, and just stared at her assembling it with something between resentment, anger, and disappointment in my own viability as a human being. But Becca has a way of spreading her excitement that's more infectious than a global pandemic, so when she'd finished putting it together, we took it for a test drive.

Boy was I wrong. It was a game changer. Before it arrived, I could not imagine leaving the house. Becca would ask if I wanted to go run errands with her, and I'd balk at the length of the aisles at Parry's or the distance from the best parking spot in the lot all the way to the front door of the Price Chopper. Even my favorite shop in creation, that's Tractor Supply for those that don't know, was out of reach. But with the rollator and a handicapped tag, I could at least imagine making it work. But imagining is what I was physically left with for a little longer. From December until about March, the only time I left the house was for doctor's appointments. I am very familiar now with the staff at both the Waterville and the Hamilton offices of Community Memorial.



At the beginning of February, our friend Missy came to stay with us as she started a new job over at Golden. My social sphere grew exponentially to include her, Becca, Steve, medical professionals, and my houseplants, some of which are better conversationalists than others. I read concern in Becca's face many times since December, but it wasn't until Steve and Missy started making the same worried faces that I could really accept that

some things were wrong and not getting better. I kept notes every day of what I was doing to heal and what my body was doing to resist. There were a lot of things. A lot. I was in the ER one night with a four-hour nosebleed. Y'all, I don't get nosebleeds. But I sure got that one. I napped three, four, sometimes five times a day and still slept through the night. I even had long periods of just feeling like my brain was covered in wet glue, dull and barely present and mouth-breathing to pass the day until it was time to sleep again. But the most concerning symptom that just wouldn't quit was the breath. I had all sorts of tests done, sometimes as many as 7, 8, or 9 appointments in a week. I was even radioactive at one point! My heart was mostly ok, but not completely. My lungs functioned fine, but my diaphragm and the muscles between my ribs weren't pulling their weight. I was down to something like 50% functioning of those muscles. That's not great, obviously, but the way that manifested in my day-to-day was in heart palpitations and loss of control of my breath. I'd be laying there on the couch doing something strenuous like reading a book, and my heart would start knocking weird. Or I'd get out of breath sitting in the passenger seat on the way home from a doctor's appointment. My big exercise milestone each week was to walk from the rectory to the turn-in for Madison Lane and back. That's a total of 400 yards. Even with the rollator, the first attempt took 15 minutes and 4 sit-down breaks. By the time I got home, my face and hands were tingling from lack of oxygen, and it took half an hour to get my breath back under control. Hyperventilation was a regular occurrence, sometimes a pretty awful one, too.

PT, prayer, and the God-given gift of stubbornness have made those days a memory, though not as distant as I'd like. These days, mostly, I just feel out of shape. I still need a nap each day, but now, instead of wondering whether or not I can do something, I wonder how long I'll need to rest afterwards. That's a big change. Even now, I don't think I fully understand just how bad things got this year. Steve told me the other day that there were times he wondered if I was going to die. Missy came to stay in February under the auspices of needing a place as she started that new job, but it turned out much of her presence was to provide help for Becca and a bridge to the outside world for me. Only in the past month have I really gotten to connect with friends around town, and most of

those meet ups have been taking walks to help me get back up to speed. Those walks are getting longer, finally. One of the first of those took me all the way to FoJo's. Do you have any idea how far away that is? My current record was just a few days ago, an unfamiliar route that accidentally took us on a 3.5 mile loop. Y'all, I cannot begin to express how proud I was to cover that kind of distance...and how happy I was to get home, take off my shoes, and go to bed before the sun set.

Right at the beginning of May, just as Spring really felt like it had arrived, we got some very hard and very different news. Becca's sister, Lisa, had been feeling a little weird this year, starting sometime in February. Her doctor thought she had indigestion, as her throat and chest hurt, her voice weakened, and her stomach always felt overly full. But she just kept getting worse and quickly lost 30 pounds. They did some tests and the bad news came back. It was cancer. What kind, at that point, they weren't certain, but they knew it was bad. She had a 7x7 centimeter tumor pressing on her trachea, and her liver was so swollen with tumors that it was compressing her stomach all the way over on the other side of her belly. Becca knew she needed to go down and see her family, and at first, I intended to stay behind. But as the news came rolling in over the next couple of days, two things hit me at the same time: first, there are not likely to be many more chances to see Lisa, and second, though I was still feeling poorly, there had to be a way to get down there. People travel all the time, people in worse shape than me. Now that first set of flights was tough. I had wheelchair service to navigate the airports, and one of these days we'll talk about what that was like. Suffice it to say, for now, that I've learned quite a bit this year about what it means to be reliant on a mobility device and the compassion (or lack thereof) of strangers. When we arrived in Destin, Florida, Becca's dad picked us up and I was so wiped out by the day's exertion, that I fell asleep in the backseat before we'd even left the airport parking lot.

Something shifted in May. I don't know if it was the climate or the family or just timing, but I started improving much more quickly than I had been. During the months leading up to Florida, I felt like sensing progress was like trying to measure time passing by watching the hour hand of a clock. It was moving, but it was damn hard to see. In May, though, I could feel progress



every few days or so. Of course, I still slept so much that Lisa's kids took to calling me Uncle Sleptown, a nickname I feel I thoroughly earned. In exchange, since I couldn't do much of the trampoline jumping or soccer playing, I had to figure some way to up my mystique as an uncle, so I learned how to do a Rubik's cube! Between naps, cubin', and reading, most of my contribution to the family was in commiserating with Lisa and refusing to let our illnesses define us. Some days, that was easier than others, but every time I had a flight scheduled to come back home, another round of bad news would arrive, and we'd punt our return flights again. I finally got back at the end of May, comfortable leaving Florida as things at Lisa's shifted from that immediate and frantic crisis mode to a more stable and newly established day-to-day pattern. Becca is still there, helping to run the house and squeezing in as much time with her dear sister as she can. As of now, she's planning on getting home in mid-July.

I navigated those flights back to Syracuse at the end of May on my own, this time with just my rollator and a very slow pace. Thank God for rocking chairs spread around the Charlotte airport and, I've never said this before, thank God for a five hour layover! Since I've been home, I've really been focusing on getting my exercise in, trying desperately to get back to fighting shape, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Becca's brother Eric is the newest occupant of the Rectory guestroom. You may have seen us walking around town, him lending an extra hand to keep me upright and me pointing out all the amazing things Hamilton has to offer while pretending like I have more breath than I really do. The last month has been, medically speaking, pretty uneventful, thank God. Improvement is coming along, and I finally felt comfortable talking about coming back to work, back home to St. Thomas' and that office and that pulpit and that altar and, most importantly, you.

Last weekend, there was one more family outing, a wedding down in North Carolina. I navigated the airports this time with no assistance at all, once again grateful for Charlotte's airport rocking chairs. Y'all, have you ever noticed how big airports are? I mean, sure, they're big, but they are not built on a human scale. Good Lord. Anyway, this was a big occasion. The last of Becca's cousins was getting married, and before

Covid disrupted all of my best laid plans, I was supposed to be the officiant. There were supposed to be premarital counseling sessions and grace-filled conversations and a growing closeness -- all those things were supposed to happen. But they couldn't happen. They didn't happen. So, you can imagine, it meant the world for me just to go and share my love with them even if I couldn't stand before God with them. Lisa and Becca were there, too, and it was a much-needed boost to see them both again. If you go on Facebook and see the pictures her family has been posting, you would never guess the year that I've had, and you'd never know from the radiant smile on Lisa's face what she's fighting. And Becca, beautiful as always, continues to carry us both.

There's one other reason that wedding trip down South was so important. From Friday morning to Sunday night, at every single meal, I got fried chicken and biscuits. Between good Southern cooking and your amazing home-cooked meals, I am fed, I am sustained, and finally, finally, I'm ready to get back to it. Years ago, I preached my very first sermon with y'all, and we covered a lot of ground. But mostly we talked about trying to sanctify the mundane aspects of life, sauntering along with God in our hearts and hope in our heels. Turns out that was somewhat prescient. A saunter is about my top speed these days, but I am so, so incredibly grateful to be sauntering with y'all again.





## Father Brooks' Top 10 Book Recommendations

At the time that I came down with Covid, I had something like 18 books I'd started to read sometime earlier and had never finished. I decided to make a point to finish them while I was recovering, and so began an intense period of reading the likes of which I haven't seen since the days of seminary when I regularly fell asleep over theology books at the dinner table. Since December 23, 2021, I have read 81 books, and the following are my favorites:

### 10 - **Thing Explainer** by Randall Munroe

From the creator of the wonderful webcomic XKCD, the book attempts to explain very complicated things, from the Constitution to the Apollo V rocket, using only the 1,000 most commonly used words in the English language.

### 9 - **The Rapture Exposed** by Barbara R. Rossing

I love this book. Rossing takes what many people, especially American Christians, see as the weirdly threatening book of Revelation and turns it around into a message of hope.

### 8 - **The Once and Future King** by T. H. White

We have Fr. Steve to thank for this entry. He remembered reading this book during a convalescence of his own and thought I'd enjoy the chance to dive into the mythos of the Arthurian legend. He was right!

### 7 - **A Gentleman in Moscow** by Amor Towles

Following the Russian Revolution, a Count is imprisoned within the walls of a Moscow Hotel. Over the course of his life of confinement, he encounters a wide array of endearing characters and finds himself thrust into several surprisingly fruitful relationships.

### 6 - **Dawn** by Octavia Butler

The first of the Lillith's Brood trilogy, Dawn is a science fiction imagination of how humanity deals with

a far more evolved alien presence. Questions arise challenging nearly every aspect of what it means to be human, and frankly, humans don't always come out looking too hot.

### 5 - **The Color of Magic** by Terry Pratchett

Is it fantasy? Sci-fi? Adventure-meets-travel guide? I'm not 100% sure how to describe this book other than to say, in the first installment of the sprawling

Discworld series, Pratchett manages to be funny, goofy, and poignant.

### 4 - **Jesus and the Disinherited** by Howard Thurman

Thurman finds hope and peace in a theological work that refuses to let the Gospel, Christians, or America off the hook. It's one part traditional scriptural application and one part liberation theology.

### 3 - **The Red Tent** by Anita Diamant

This is a beautiful story centered around Dinah, the Biblical daughter of Jacob and Leah. A familiarity with the Genesis saga would certainly enhance the enjoyment of this book, but it's not necessary. It's beautiful, faithful, and really, really well-written.

### 2 - **The Cross and the Lynching Tree** by James Cone

Cone provides a deeply challenging look at the intersection of race and religion in America. This is a must read.

### 1 - **Hagar Poems** by Mohja Kahf

This is an astonishingly good collection of poems that I think actually count as deeply honest prayers. Each imagines some aspect of the Hagar story and how that kind of deep betrayal feels.

### Honorable mentions

#### **The Mists of Avalon** by Marion Zimmer Bradley

Bradley tells the Arthurian Legend from the perspectives of the women in the story. It's a great read, and frankly, all of us Christians could take to heart her critiques of Christianity.

#### **The Princess Bride** by William Goldman

I loved the movie growing up and have probably watched it 81 times. It was every bit as fun as I'd hoped to finally read the book. There

were a number of moments where I felt transported not only to the world of the story but also to the version of our world blurred around the edges that seeps into the book.

### TV shows

#### **Bojack Horseman**

A washed-up actor struggles with depression and substance abuse while also trying to navigate the messy intricacies of relationships. It's very funny, pretty blue at times, and amazingly adept at naming the struggles of real life.

#### **Midnight Mass**

Who would've thought that a low-budget horror show, complete with a small church, a love story, and a prodigal son could be so good? Not I, but in my early days of Covid, I decided to give it a try. I've now watched the series three times and can't get enough. One of these days, we might just do an Adult Ed. class on the show, assuming folks aren't too squeamish.

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### **A Prayer**

O Lord grant that each one who has to do with me today may be the happier for it.

Let it be given me each hour today what I shall say, and grant me the wisdom of a loving heart that I may say the right thing rightly.

Help me to enter into the mind of everyone who talks with me, and keep me alive to the feelings of each one present. Give me a quick eye for little kindnesses that I may be ready in doing them and gracious in receiving them. Give me a quick perception of the feelings and needs of others, and make me eager-hearted in helping them. Amen

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### **Scripture Lesson**

Likewise, the Spirit helps us in our weakness, for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but that very Spirit intercedes with groanings too deep for words.

--Romans 8:26

## **St. Thomas' Episcopal Church**

### **Vestry Minutes**

**June 22, 2022**

*Present:* Debbie Barker (presiding), John Bowen (Treasurer), Jana Laxa (on Zoom), Erin Loranty, Hannah McClennen, John Orr, Heidi Riley, Dan Schult

*Absent:* Brooks Cato, Susan Beattie, Valerie Morkevicius, Anne Perring, Deany Wood

*Visiting (in person):* Wynn Egginton, Rose Novak, Lynn Staley

*Visiting (on Zoom):* Janice Frutiger

#### *Opening Devotions*

The meeting began at 7:06 p.m. in person in the parish hall. The person designated to offer prayer was absent so the clerk offered the Prayer of St. Francis to begin the meeting.

#### *Clerk's Report*

The minutes of the May meeting were presented for approval. One change, from "May" to April," was cited by John Orr. He then stated that he would be making a friendly amendment to a passage at a later point in the meeting. John Orr moved that the minutes be accepted with his alteration. Heidi Riley seconded the motion. The motion was approved.

#### *Treasurer's Report*

John Bowen presented the following report for the June 2022 meeting:

The treasurer transition from Rick Geier to John Bowen is in progress and expected to take several months. The church audit is in progress and should be ready for presentation to the Vestry in August. Disability payments to cover costs incurred by the rector's absence have been coming in. The end May total is **\$15,166.55**. Another **\$4,333.30** is expected for June.

Dan Schult moved to receive the report; John Orr seconded the motion. The Treasurer's Report was received as submitted. John Bowen left to attend another meeting.

Continued from Page 10

*Rector's Report*

Fr. Brooks Cato is on medical leave so there was no report.

*Wardens' Report*

As per the usual format, the Senior Warden was asked for comments first. Hannah McClennen had nothing that she wanted to report independently at this time.

The Wardens' Report turned to the Junior Warden, Debbie Barker. To begin with, Debbie Barker noted some general points. Services have been going well for the past month. Leah Schmitt started working in the office on June 16<sup>th</sup>. Many individuals have lined up to do training with her. This week she is learning how to put together the weekly "Notices." Rose Novak will be working with her on putting together the *Tidings*. Little by little, everyone is working on orienting Leah toward the many tasks that she has to take on. On a different subject, Cat Catania is going to be in charge of youth education in the Fall. She will be introducing a new program—"Manna and Mercy"—that should be a good program moving forward. She is recruiting some individuals to assist with the program which will be offered on Sunday morning.

Debbie Barker then offered an update on Brooks Cato, stating that she and Hannah McClennen had met with him on Monday. What came out of that discussion was that "he felt that he is now at 75% of his full stamina." He wished to return to work on July 3rd, "beginning by performing weekly services, attending to all pastoral emergencies and holding part-time office hours, gradually increasing his involvement until he could be in the office full-time." Debbie added that his progress, once he begins back to work, is expected to be gradual. Debbie then explained that Brooks would no longer be on medical disability, but was hopeful that he would receive his full pay. (Hannah McClennen had no further comments. She and Debbie Barker had met prior to the vestry meeting to go over the basic details concerning the arrangement that Brooks Cato was seeking for his return as rector.)

Debbie Barker then opened the floor for discussion, asking what the sense of the vestry members was concerning this proposed arrangement.

John Orr asked whether Brooks had been cleared by his doctor. Debbie stated that he had been cleared on Monday evening after the meeting with the wardens. John then, acknowledging that he was very pleased to hear of Brooks's medical progress, wondered why the rector had met only with the wardens. It was appropriate to meet with the wardens, he said, but the decision to return to work is ultimately one that requires the approval of the entire vestry. Additionally, he wondered about the compensation arrangement that offered full-time pay for part-time work. Heidi Riley commented that it is difficult to calculate what a part-time position would look like. Dan Schult and Erin Loranty agreed. Hannah McClennen recalled that in his conversation with the wardens, Brooks had concerns about receiving full-time pay before he was up to full-time work on the job. Debbie Barker reminded the vestry that there is some precedent for the part-time work/ full salary arrangement. She recalled that in the past, in some situations the parish has paid the full salaries of persons while they were out on medical leave. John Orr repeated that his concern was primarily one concerning procedure. It might have been better, procedurally, he suggested, if the vestry could have met with Brooks and spoken with him directly. Erin Loranty stated that, in her view, it is the job of wardens to be a go-between between the rector and the vestry. Some discussion ensued amongst members as to how this might, or might not have an impact on the Bishop's upcoming meeting with the vestry on the 28<sup>th</sup>. John Orr wondered if Bishop Dede might have some wisdom to offer on precedents for matters such as this. Jana Laxa commented that offering full pay, from the beginning, would be an act of good faith. Dan Schult stated that he would prefer for Brooks to return part-time in July than to wait until later to return. Debbie Barker stated that the parish needs to extend the same fairness to Brooks as it has to others in the past. John Orr responded that he wished to be fair in every way, but he remained concerned with the way in which matter had been handled in procedural terms. Heidi Riley moved that Brooks should be allowed to return on July 3rd

Continued on Page 12

with the expectation that he will perform weekly services, attend to all pastoral emergencies, and hold part-time office hours, being paid at full pay, with the assumption that he would gradually increase his involvement until he could be back to work full-time. Dan Schult seconded the motion. There followed a vote at which 6 vestry members voted yes; 1 voted no. (4 members were absent from the meeting.)

### *Commission Reports*

*Parish Life:* Millie Franklin and Linda Jenks had submitted a detailed report for members to read in advance of the meeting. Friendship Inn continues. Both Millie and Linda are serving an extra Monday every month through November while one of the usual participants continues her battle with cancer. Nan Schmitt's retirement party was very successful; the parish gave her a gift of **\$1800**. Millie has met with Ed Page and others concerning the new lighting in the kitchen. The Food Bank certified St. Thomas' for another year, and we are now waiting for new certification from the NYS Department of Health. Linda and Millie continue to serve coffee and treats on Sunday mornings at coffee hour; however, they would like to ask others to contribute both time and food.

*Buildings:* Susan Beattie, as vestry liaison, had submitted a written report in advance of the meeting. She highlighted the plans being made for new lighting in the kitchen and noted that a second estimate for painting the church will be submitted soon. The water line to the Memorial Garden has been installed (with thanks to Lynn Staley who assisted in this venture). Other issues have been reviewed by a contractor who is interested in doing the work and has to submit suggestions and an estimate for the work. Finally, another bat was found in the church. The commission met with a professional exterminator who noted that work needs to be done on the church to stop bats from entering. He is currently preparing an estimate for the cost of the work that needs to be done.

### *Old Business*

*Graduating Senior Awards:* The vestry voted to

award **\$500** each to Juliana Catania and Bergen Linden. The wardens plan to write a note to accompany each check.

*Strategic Plan:* This is tabled until further notice.

*Lights in the church:* Further action is being held up by supply chain issues.

*Video-recording update:* Delivery is being held up by supply chain issues.

*Sign:* Action is being held up by supply issues.

*Land sale:* This is on hold.

### *New Business*

*Friendly Amendment to the May Vestry discussion regarding response to urgent investment advice:* At the May meeting the Vestry passed a motion appointing a subgroup composed of the Rector, Chair of Budget and Finance, and Treasurer to evaluate future "urgent" investment matters to determine the need the need for emergency Vestry action. John Orr proposed the following friendly amendment: "The Senior Warden should cover for the absence of any of the three named persons." Debbie Barker seconded. The friendly amendment carried.

*Summer Meeting Schedule:* The next meeting will be on August 24th, in-person, in the parish hall.

*Prayer Leader for August meeting:* Hannah McClennen

Dan Schult moved that the meeting be ended; John Orr seconded. The motion carried.

The meeting ended at 8:05 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Susan Cerasano, Clerk

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## **Scripture Lesson**

For we are co-workers in God's service; you are God's field, God's building. By the grace God has given me, I laid a foundation as a wise builder, and someone else is building on it. But each one should build with care.

--1 Corinthians 3:9-10 (NIV)



## Sermon for the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost:

June 3, 2022

The Rev. Brooks Cato

Phew. Hi. It's, uhm, it's been a minute. Good Lord, is it good to see your faces, to be back in these robes, to grab 'hold of this pulpit, and to just be with y'all again. You know, there've been a lot of Sunday mornings that I've heard that St. Thomas' bell tolling at 9:00 o'clock. Some of those mornings, I've imagined what's happening next door, some I've felt tears well up, and some, if I'm honest, some of those mornings, I've rolled over and put a pillow over my head so I could get back to sleep! But most of those days, I've been aware of what's been missing. What's been missing while I've been away, it wasn't God. God wasn't going anywhere. What's been missing was you. These rafters. That choir. Those windows. The chill of a winter wind when someone opens the doors and the stagnant heat when somebody shuts 'em.

At Christmas, I was reminded of Murphy's Law. "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong." After Christmas, I tried, y'all, I tried to keep trucking. I'd even done myself a favor in the lead-up to Christmas and written a couple of weeks' worth of sermons ahead of time. Easy enough to pop on Zoom, read those, and then go right back to sleep after everyone logged off. But the Ordinary Time that followed was anything but. Rather than celebrating the arrival of the magi, I mostly slept, and I mostly prayed. That line from Psalm 9 was a regular companion: "weeping may spend the night, but joy comes in the morning."

In Lent, we say the sick are exempt from fasting, and I took that to heart. I ate mightily, and I rested, and I tried and tried to get back to health. And you know what's weird? I missed the fast of Lent. Usually, when Lent rolls around, I'm aware of the absence of some thing I've given up. But this year, I became aware of the absence of an absence. I hungered to be fasting alongside all y'all and to be taken to the places that only Lent takes us. But the absences I had not chosen stood between me and the rest of the world, and during Holy Week, especially, I was grateful for the depths that my faith has accompanied me to in the past, as though when the abyss loomed deep and yawning, I had a safety line stored up, tied around my waist to hold me true.

And then came Easter morning, and those bells rang, and I stood at my kitchen window and listened to the music pouring out and your proud voices and your jubilant alleluias. It might be strange to say this, but even though I wasn't in this building, there was something about that moment, wearing pajamas and sipping coffee, that confirmed my sense of calling. Yes, I really am a priest, and yes, I really am this place's priest. Down in my bones, I felt that. Down in my bones, I still feel that. Weeping may've spent a lot of nights, but joy sure came that morning. And since then, it's just been a duel between illness and stubbornness, time, and faith. Along the way, I know where my struggles appeared. I'm gonna share some of those later this morning, but I also know y'all had a couple come up, too. This church has endured so much in the past six months. I know some of those things, but there are many I'm sure I haven't heard a peep about just yet. I want to. That's what I'm here for, and I've got a lot of catching up to do. Y'all've had some weeping nights, too, and I'm hopeful that joy already came or will come yet.

Also, there've been a few things happening beyond our church, beyond my convalescence, beyond your steadfast faith. I would be remiss if, in my first chance back with y'all I didn't address at least some of 'em. In a moment, I'll be reading a statement put out by the Bishop's Office. But before that, I'd like to sneak in a word or two myself. We all know that churches have limitations on involvement in politics, at least in theory. As someone who tries to play by those rules, it's immensely frustrating to see parts of American Christianity getting a pass. I've been told on many occasions that I shouldn't be so political and that I really should do a better job of upholding "the Middle Way" of Anglicanism.

First off, in my time as a preacher, and maybe even more so, in my time of recovery admittedly spending a bit too much time scrolling through news articles and social media posts, it seems to me that when people say "don't be so political," most of the time, what they're really saying is, "don't say so many things I disagree with." This is the same thing that got the prophets, Jesus himself, and a long line of preachers in trouble. Now I don't want to say that

my word is right up there with Jesus', but I do do my best to take what Jesus says to heart and apply it.

Second, that whole "Middle Way" is a core concept of Anglicanism. It's the result of a compromise that brought Protestants and Catholics together after a dangerous time. The point of the Middle Way was not to drop ourselves down right exactly in between any two opposing sides. It was to blend what was good and true and right and live together from there. For you scholars of the era, I'm oversimplifying this greatly, but I hope you'll let this pass, just this once, I promise...maybe. There's a dark joke that goes, "Meet me in the middle," says the evil man to the good man. So the good man meets the evil man in the middle. The evil man takes a step backwards, smiles, and says again, "Meet me in the middle." Our Middle Way, correctly applied, is a gift. Our Middle Way abused silences our calls for justice, peace, forgiveness, and grace. You see, as is becoming more and more evident, the sicknesses of our society are borne by every member of society. None of us escapes the erasure of rights, none of us escapes the collective sins of our country, none of us escapes the weeping that spends the night. So we fight for the joy to come in the morning and for that joy to come for every last one.

But it's bigger than that. We are judged by both God and this world not by how good we are at being Episcopalians, but in the very way Jesus said we would. How do you suss out the true prophets from the false prophets? If y'all know this, call it out! You will know them by their fruits. So, what are our fruits? What does God and the world see and know about us? And what they see...is that what we want them to see? If our fruits do not point to the all-embracing, non-judgmental, ever-expanding, unconditional love of Christ, then we have no leg to stand on when we ask folks if they've ever thought about coming to church. And that, my friends, that would be a long night of weeping, indeed.

So, how do we do that? How do we preach the Good News of Jesus Christ in a way that doesn't involve a football field or an act of religiously fueled legislation? Folks, we start by loving our neighbor. I know, that's gotta be some Pollyanna conclusion we can chalk up to the preacher's lingering brain fog. Truthfully, though, it's not.

Loving your neighbor is where we start, but we've got to make a practice of expanding our idea of who those neighbors so in need of our love are. And let me just stop you before you go to the place where "love" gets contorted into a means of control. That's not love. That's a perversion. If we have to justify to ourselves that what's really abuse is love, if we just turn around three times and squint, then we're in the wrong church, we're in the wrong business. That love's a poisoned fruit. But this love, this love is not poison and it's not a cop out. This love is a revolution! This is the kind of love that cares enough to name what's wrong, to name blood on hands, cruelty in hearts, arrogance in faith. No, love your neighbor.

Really love them. Love your neighbor.

Love your Christian neighbor.

Love your Muslim neighbor.

Love your patriotic neighbor.

Love your neighbor.

Love your straight neighbor.

Love your gay neighbor.

Love your trans neighbor.

Love your neighbor.

Love your homeless neighbor.

Love your neighbor that just cleaned their great-grandpa's gun or changed their grandmother's diaper.

Love your neighbor that just got an abortion and love your neighbor that's worried what'll happen when the abortion they had 30 years ago gets found out.

Love your neighbor that sits in the Supreme Court or Congress or the White House.

Love your hungry neighbor.

Love your weird neighbor.

Love your difficult neighbor.

Love your neighbor.

Love your neighbor.

Love your neighbor.

I can't say it enough, love your neighbor! Because when we love our neighbor, when God's love wins out -- and make no mistake, it will -- when God's love wins out, weeping may spend the night, but joy comes in the morning.



### Peonies at Dusk

*White peonies blooming along the porch  
send out light*

*while the rest of the yard grows dim.*

*Outrageous flowers as big as human  
heads! They're staggered  
by their own luxuriance; I had  
to prop them up with stakes and twine.*

*The moist air intensifies their scent,  
and the moon moves around the barn  
to find out what it's coming from.*

*In the darkening June evening  
I draw a blossom near, and bending close  
search it as a woman searches  
a loved one's face.*

--Jane Kenyon (1947-1995) was an American poet and translator. Her work is often characterized as simple, spare, and emotionally resonant.

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## Garden News

Our team of gardeners — Wynn Egginton, Hannah McClennan, Rose Novak, Sally Orr, and Lynn Staley — worked hard last summer weeding and maintaining our gardens.

If you take a walk through the side yard of the church and back into the Memorial Garden, you will find a garden that, we hope, will be flourishing for years to come. Take a look at our young Redbud trees, which John Novak nurtured as seedlings and gave to St. Thomas's. The larger are in their third summer and looking very much like promising trees; the younger are in their second summer and are healthy and growing rapidly. Four are in the side yard, mixed in with two Fringe Trees and one Tree

Hydrangea. As they mature, we should have a lovely group of trees that bloom in the spring and turn beautiful colors in the fall. All are still relatively young and therefore need care and gentleness.

The plantings in the Memorial Garden are perennials growing into established plants. The fence is planted on both sides with Daffodils, Astilbe, and *Itea Virginica* (Sweetspire). The larger plantings — False Mock Orange, Star Magnolia, deciduous Holly, Hellebore, Clethra (Pepperbush), Hydrangea (one, the gift of the Orrs), a Cornus, and two Service Berries — are filling out. If you remember ten years ago, when we first planted the garden on a budget so lean we ordered the smallest of plants, you will see how valiantly they have grown. The Cornus is not well, and I expect it will not last, but, despite some winter-kill and those north winds, the rest are growing. I am spraying the Arbor Vitae with an organic non-toxic deer spray, and they seem to be filling in, as the Bartlett's representative said they would. Our venerable, protected, and vaccinated Elm presides over all.

If you want to sit and enjoy the peace of the garden, you have a choice between stone benches, one donated by Elizabeth Gillett, the other by Chuck and Maureen Fox. Cathy Shenkel donated the swing.

We now have a water line that is independent of the water softener for the church and rectory. The new spigot on the back of the church near the cellar entrance is a wonderful addition for those of us who have spent time toting water in buckets during summer's dry days.

Finally, we are exploring landscapers who will help us fill in the gap on the south side from the Memorial Garden fence to the beginnings of the property that neighbors us. We would love to complete that project this year.

If you want to join our band of weeders and planners, you are very welcome. Let me know at [lstaley@colgate.edu](mailto:lstaley@colgate.edu)

—Lynn Staley

## General Convention

Every three years (usually...thanks, Covid) the General Convention of the Episcopal Church meets to do all sorts of business. General Convention is a bicameral legislature made up of the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. The House of Bishops, as the name suggests, consists of all the bishops in the Episcopal Church; the House of Deputies consists of four clergy and four laypeople deputized by election to represent every diocese in the church. For any business to be passed by General Convention, it must pass both houses with exactly the same wording. Things like changes to the church calendar, stances on hot button issues, even evolving theologies will be discussed, debated, and voted on at General Convention. This time around, the meeting will be held in Baltimore, Maryland, and will be significantly shorter than in years past, meeting from July 8-11. If you'd like to stay up on what the church is getting up to down in Baltimore, check <https://deputynews.org/> for daily updates!

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### Surprise

God's activity is not confined to what we do when we assemble to worship, not confined to what goes on inside church. The Spirit of God will not be confined, controlled or contained. Stay alert and full of prayerful expectancy, so as to recognize the activity of the Spirit, to see the Kingdom of God at work in unexpected places.

--Br. Geoffrey Tristram  
Society of Saint John the Evangelist

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### Ponder This

My humanity is bound up in yours, for we can only be human together.

--Desmond Tutu

## Special Coffee Hours



In July, we're celebrating a whole lot of people and using the opportunity to say "thank you."

**July 24:** Fr. John Crosswaite sends his love and his gratitude for the opportunity to serve at St. Thomas' throughout the Spring. On Sunday, July 24th, we will gather immediately following the service in front of the church for an all-parish picture. Bring your smiles and your waves to share our love with a lovely priest

**July 31:** Thank you to Fr. Steve White (Deviled Egg-stravaganza!)

**August 28:** 10:00 AM Service & Parish Picnic

**September 25:** Save the Date - Annual Meeting

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## Mailing List

As we continue our transition to the updated version of Church Windows -- the parish management software we use in the office -- we've discovered some kinks that need to be worked out. One of those has made the printable mailing list, as my grandmother would've said, "all whomper-jawed." We're working on it and will return to mailing out hardcopies of the *Tidings* as soon as we can get it all straightened out.

In the meantime, if you'd like to make sure we have your correct information, please send a message to [stchurch@cnyemail.com](mailto:stchurch@cnyemail.com) with "Mailing List" in the subject line, or call the church office at 315-824-1745.



## Prayers of the People

**For those in need:** Fr. Brooks Cato, Melanie Chant, Pam Cristiano, Aster Dinku, Teddy Engle, Jerry & Roseann Fitzgerald, Danny & Anne Foust, Mary Frances, Francine Garrison, Lisa Gee, Daniel Ghent, Donna Hayes, Marlene Houck, the Hubbard Family, Charles Huppert, Danielle Jones, Janna Keser, Susan Leclair, Michael McArn, Dianne McDowell, Rob McKinnon, Liam Meyer, Allison Mihalik, Glee Moore, Anthony & Vincent Pacillo, Joni Resnick, Nancy Rivington, June Schaupp, Candace Schult, Colin Slafkosky, Mark Spearing, Keith Stage, Carol Strozyk, Sandy Van Dyke, Deb Willis, Ryan Wilson, Joan Winkler, Roberta Winsman, David, Janice, John, Kayla, Kirsten, Lantz & Family, Lee Anne, Lauren, Marshall, Nancy, Nick, Rebecca, Sandy, Scot & Terry.

**For the departed:** Sheryl Scott, Dr. Zelenko

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## On The Lighter Side



## Thanksgivings

**Birthdays:** Vivian Phoenix (7/1), Marieke Kuiper (7/1), Elinor Wilson (7/5), Amy Jerome (7/6), Caitlyn Frost (7/6), Rocco Catania (7/11), Deborah Klenck (7/12), Valerie Morkevičius (7/13), Matthew Keller (7/19), Luke Marshall (7/21), Helen Kababian (7/23), Elizabeth Brackett (7/24), Terry Monty (7/24), James McDowell (7/26), Irene Brown (7/27), Daniel Schult (7/27), George Weaver (7/28), Jake Knapp (7/28), Barbara Frost (7/29), Edward Vantine (7/29), Patricia Tayntor (7/30), Catherine Shenkel (7/31), John Bowen (8/1), Nancy Rivington (8/1), Sierra Barker (8/1), Sheila Catania (8/3), Constance Harsh (8/5), Evelyn Hart (8/7), Jamie Rivington (8/8), Adriana Catania (8/10), Jeffrey Knapp (8/14), Erik Geier (8/16), John Novak (8/17), Joan Fales (8/18), Melissa Davies (8/19), Thomas Brackett (8/20), Martha Berry (8/21), Stanley Dakosty (8/27), Rose Novak (8/28), Kerry Linden (8/31).

**Wedding Anniversaries:** Linda and Douglas Jenks (7/1), Jessica and Stanley Dakosty (7/9), Elizabeth and Edward Vantine (7/12), Evelyn Hart and Adger Williams (7/13), Jane (Scheinman) and James Hughes (7/14), Maureen and Daniel Ghent (7/22), Rebecca and Brooks Cato (7/24), Joan and James Ford (7/26), Barbara Frost (7/27), Kathleen and Lucien Catania (8/11), Nancy and Daniel Schult (8/13), Loxie Davie (8/17), Irene Brown (8/18), Elizabeth and Thomas Brackett (8/31).

**Baptisms:** Anna-Marie and Robin-Lucie Kuiper (7/ ), Maureen Fox (7/2), George Geier IV (7/18), Janet O'Flynn (8/1), Erik Geier (8/4), Kennedy Gilgan (8/4), Catherine Shenkel (8/9), James Balakian (8/13), Charles Wickert (8/19), Nancy Rivington (8/28).

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## A Prayer

May we never grow weary of reaching out to one other.  
--Sojourners

**St. Thomas' Episcopal Church**  
**Scheduled to Serve**  
**July 2022**

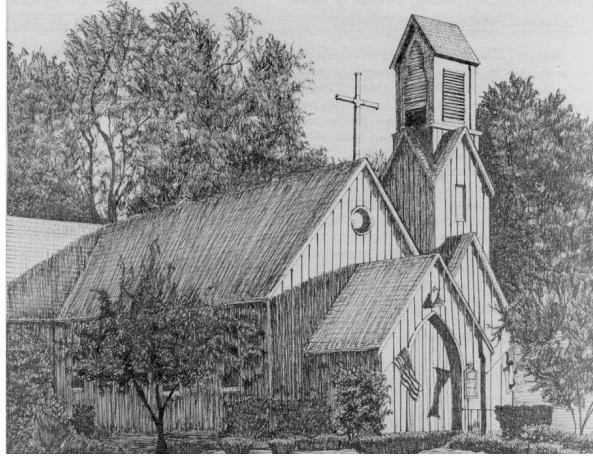
DATE	LECTOR	LEM	USHER	ALTAR GUILD	FLOWER GUILD
July 3	Maureen Fox	Susan Cerasano	Ed Page	Jane Welsh	Rose Novak
July 10	Linda Jenks	Maureen Ghent	Ed Page	Emily HH	Rose Novak
July 17	Hannah McC'lennen	Amy Jerome	Ed Page	Emily HH	Liz Brackett
July 24	Lee Anne Miller	Barb Bowen	Ed Page	Susan Beattie	Rose Novak
July 31	Tom Brackett	Susan Cerasano	Ed Page	Wynn Egginton	Rose Novak

**St. Thomas' Episcopal Church**  
**Scheduled to Serve**  
**August 2022**

St. Thomas' Episcopal Church  
 12 1/2 Madison St.  
 Hamilton, NY 13346

Telephone/Fax: 315-824-1745  
 E-Mail: stchurch@cnymail.com  
 Website: stchurchonline.org

DATE	LECTOR	LEM	USHER	ALTAR GUILD	FLOWER GUILD
August 7	Emily Hutton-Hughes	Susan Cerasano	Ed Page	Ellie Weyter	Rose Novak
August 14	Lynn Staley	Debbie Barker	Ed Page	Susan Beattie	Rose Novak
August 21	Luke Marshall	Maureen Ghent	Ed Page	Ellie Weyter	Rose Novak
August 28 Service at 10:00 AM	Everett Egginton	Amy Jerome	Ed Page	Wynn Egginton	Rose Novak



## ST. THOMAS' EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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