

WILTAL

signs

THE PULSE OF SAINT LUKE'S PARISH LIFE

Volume 15 Issue 5 May 2018 St Luke's Episcopal Church Camillus, New York



The Installation of Fr. Jon, a celebration of new ministry





Ministry Fair
Saturday May 12 - Holiday Inn,
Liverpool 9am -3:30 pm -
Includes breakfast & lunch!

Mark your calendars for Saturday May 12th! That's the day the diocese will be hosting a ministry fair at the Holiday Inn, Liverpool. There will be over 20 workshops to choose from on a variety of topics touching on living the life of faith. Workshops include sessions covering Worship, Prayer, Service, Study, and Stewardship, such as Youth Ministry, Creating Websites, Stewardship, Discernment, Thriving Without Clergy, Spiritual Leadership, Ministry of the Baptized plus many more! Our own Fr. Jon will be leading two workshops, on Anglican Prayer Beads and Evangelism.

The day will also feature Dr. Catherine Meeks as the keynote speaker. Dr. Meeks is the retired Clara Carter Distinguished Professor of SocioCultural Studies and Social Science from Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia. She is a community activist whose work has been and continues to be focused upon dismantling structures of oppression and seeking paths that lead to wellness both for individuals and the community.

Something for everyone! Come: be inspired, be renewed. Cost is \$25

REGISTER NOW:
ministry-fair-2018.eventbrite.com



Dr. Catherine Meeks

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A Message from your Finance Committee

At our April meeting, finances were reviewed through March. The good news is we are a little ahead of our budget due to some pledge pre-payments. Thank you!

Also discussed was a 5 year expense projection that will be necessary to maintain our building: parish hall roof, driveway repairs, plumbing at rectory, and carpeting in sanctuary. Computer updates were also discussed. Our annual pledge dollars will not be able to pay these major expenses. We are currently gathering estimates for some of these items in order to come up with a specific game plan. More to follow.

With summer approaching and anticipated travel plans, we would appreciate your keeping current on pledge payments.

Thank you and have a great safe summer!

A Word...

Believe it or not, May marks one year since I was invited to be part of St Luke's. In some ways it feels as though I just arrived and in others like I've always been here. I think the tension between those two is probably the sweet spot where one wants to be.

It is a joy to be part of this community and to be able to serve as pastor and priest. For me, much of the past year has been about getting to know the parish; its personalities, traditions, and history. Moving forward, a lot of work together will be about looking for where the Holy Spirit is active in our communal life and where and to what opportunities the Spirit might be inviting us into.

At the end of May we will celebrate Pentecost, remembering that day when the Spirit of God that Christ had promised descended upon the disciples, empowering them to continue Christ's mission and ministry in the world.

Through baptism and our participation in the sacraments, we are inheritors of the Apostles' work; similarly empowered to continue Christ's work and the sharing of the Good News in this generation. Alleluia, Christ is risen!



Sermon from the Installation of the Rev. Jon White and Celebration of New Ministry

by the Rev. Rosalind Hughes

Yesterday, as I set out east from Cleveland, Ohio, I took a minor detour to stop by Niagara Falls. There are many ways of parlaying that experience into a theological metaphor, starting with the simplest act of wonder at the magnificence of creation, and of our Creating God, and of the insatiable curiosity and progress of people in creating stuff to build around and over and alongside. There was ice, pushing back against the idea of resurrection. And, of course, the sheer power of the rushing water, representing danger and destruction to Pharaoh and his followers, but to those of us who have drowned in the waters of baptism, the very stuff of eternal life.

Most of all, though, it struck me that until relatively recently, the idea that I could just stop by the world-famous, once-in-a-lifetime destination Falls on a Sunday afternoon, on a whim, would have been unthinkable. God moves in mysterious ways, and moves us yet more mysteriously.

Many of us found our way here against expectation, by circuitous routes, and to our own surprise. How many of you would have predicted, a decade ago, that you would be making a covenant to engage in mutual ministry, sharing the work of God with this man as your priest, this woman as your bishop? And it was a long journey for Jon, too, to find himself caught behind the altar of the Risen Christ, the one upon which he rests his body before feeding his flock.

Let me say a little more about that shared ministry, and then a little more about Jon. Moses would not have predicted much of what happened to him. Talk about a strange journey, full of mysterious ways, from his unlikely origins and survival story, through his fairytale rescue. There was that difficult period, a crime of passion and exile, and a moment, a pause in which it seemed as though Moses would settle down, married, with children, working for his father-in-law, talking to the sheep and the vegetation. It was the vegetation, that burning bush that set him off again. Back to Egypt, back out of Egypt, heading towards a land he didn't know and would never reach, the land of his ancestors and all of their closest neighbours. By the time we meet Moses in this passage, entertaining a visit from his father-in-law, who had brought Moses his wife and children to remind him what they

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A Joyous Evening Service and Reception





looked like; by this time, Moses has been through all of the above, and in the wilderness has led his people through famine and drought, battle, sustained only by the ever-present Providence of God. No wonder he is weary.

Jethro is not concerned for Moses alone. This focus on one man, one mortal source of authority is not good for his people either, Jethro asserts, because they will always, that way, be waiting upon him. Better, his father-in-law suggests, to share the leadership, the burden of discernment, the blessings of wisdom, understanding, and the prayerful appeal to God's guidance.

There are many vocations calling out to one another across the camp, across the congregation. We are the elders, lending our wisdom willingly for oversight and accountability within the community. We are John, preparing the way for repentance and baptism, making a path between Jesus and the people. We are Jethro, offering avuncular advice. We are Miriam, leading the people in songs of praise to almighty God. We are Zipporah, interpreting God in the darkness. We are Aaron, serving at the altar of the Lord. We are Silvanus, Peter, Mark: good friends. The Providence of God is not narrow. There are many vocations spread across the camp, and drawn together for the good of the people.

The point hardly needs belabouring. You know what it is to live in community with God and with one another. But in weary times, which always come, it might be worth remembering Jethro's advice that this sharing of the work of prayer, of discernment, of decisiveness, even of prophecy is not for the good of one man, nor even for one man and his family, but for the good of all the people gathered, for the health of the whole camp.

Of course, there will be times, Jethro tells Moses, when you will need to shoulder the burden of the blessing with which God has set you apart: that voice from the burning bush, those long negotiations. Moses will not escape his call to lead, to guide his people through his own relationship with the living God, his own conversations, and sometimes reluctant, often courageous pursuit of the divine.

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Outreach News

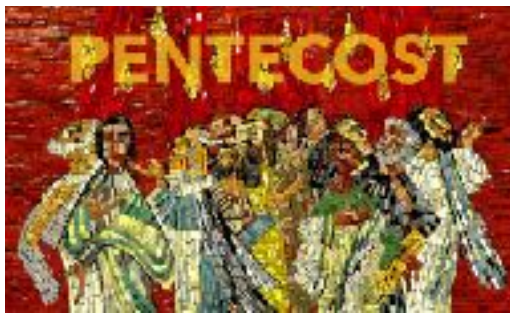
We have completed our collection of sample size personal care items for the Samaritan Center. Last year we collected 580 items; this year we collected 790 items including 288 soaps, 208 shampoos, 80 conditioners, 80 dental care items, 80 lotions, 18 deodorants and 36 miscellaneous items. Thank all of you for your generosity!

The date for our annual Bake and Treasure sale is Saturday, July 14, 2018. Sign-up sheets will be posted in May for volunteers to bake and work the sale. Please consider giving 2 or 3 hours of your time to help



make this event a success. We will begin accepting donations for the sale on May 21. The last day for donations is July 9.

As always, if anyone has new ideas for Outreach opportunities contact Eileen Robertson at 315-673-4324.



Sunday, May 20 is Pentecost when we celebrate the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles. Remember to wear red to church!

The St. Luke's Lasagna Dinner on March 10 was a great success - wonderful food, great fellowship, and a very successful fundraiser. Well over 100 people were served by our enthusiastic volunteers. Thanks to all who helped. The drawing for the clock and decorative bowl created a lot of interest and many tickets were sold. The winner of the clock was Diane Goldych and the winner of the bowl was Rich Conley.





May is
Mental Health
Awareness
Month

In 1949, May was designated as Mental Health Awareness Month. The 2018 theme is "Cure Stigma" of mental illness. Let us keep in our prayers the millions of people who suffer from anxiety, depression, eating disorders, dementia, and other forms of mental illness. Amen



Sympathy

Our sympathies to **Fred** and **Carolyn Muratore** on the death of Fred's sister, **Catherine Soccocio**. May her soul and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

THANKS & PRAYERS

may

We Ask Your Thoughts & Prayers for...

Patricia Smarzo, Helen, Mark, Paul, Annalise, John, Elizabeth, Pat, Bob Shields, and Eileen Mitchell

(Note: Call the church office to add anyone to our Sunday prayer list. However, the name will stay on for only one month. You must call each month to have the name put back on the list.)

Also Members of the Armed Forces:

(Note: We will continue to pray for our loved ones serving in the military, but only for those who are deployed in harm's way. Please call the church office to submit a name.)

Happy Birthday

- 1 Father Edward Caldwell
- 2 Debbie Kaszubinski
- 4 Audrey Lunson
- 8 Jennifer Downey
- 15 Fred Muratore
- 18 Lillian Catalano
- 20 Bob Herold
- 29 Vladimiro Hart-Zavoli
David Hoare,
- 30 Ronald Caldwell

Happy Anniversary

- 4 Bob & Cathy Martin
- 23 Donald & Mary Jane Olson

Food Pantry

This is an easy ministry to support. No meetings to attend no phone calls to make. All you need to do is buy something extra at the grocery store and put it in our grocery cart. One item from each person would fill our basket each week. The pantry is always in need of our help. Thank you.

Hymnal Markers

Fellow parishioner **Mary Jane Olson** is looking for attractive greeting cards from which she will make markers for our hymnals in the pews. Please look at cards you may have been saving (e.g. birthday, Mother's Day, Easter, etc.) and donate them to Mary Jane to give them a second life. Place them in the wicker basket located on the table near the sanctuary door.

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One of the risks of inviting an old classmate to preach is that she may, like a mother or a sister, decide to tell some of the stories of when you were younger; the ones you would prefer stay in the family. But I am only going to tell one story about Jon, and I think he'll forgive me.

It is the story of how we first met at seminary, which is not the story of when he arrived in Bexley, or when we first knew one another's names and faces. It happened a full year later, after a summer each of us had spent engaged in Clinical Pastoral Education, a kind of immersion or aversion therapy for those who think God might be calling them to a pastoral life. I had spent the summer in a hospital near Cleveland, and Jon was a chaplain intern at a large children's hospital in Columbus, Ohio.

In the hospital, as some of you may know, you encounter all of life; everything that life can throw at you, everything that sticks comes through those hospital doors. Pain has no respect for privacy curtains, and grief will not stay on the gurney. Humour haunts the corridors, hushed as though at a funeral; and when all else fails, as in foxholes, there are few atheists out in the surgery waiting area. With parents, with their children, with their hearts hung from drip lines, Jon met family after family that summer and offered, if nothing else, to pray with them.

That Providence with which God attends the people in the wilderness takes many forms. Sometimes, it is manna from heaven. Sometimes, it is water from the rock. Sometimes, it is the raising up of a serpent on a stick, foreshadowing the cross, hoping to take away the sting of death, even while it is still biting, carpeting the floor with shadows of the valley of death.

At the end of the summer, as we sat on the porch of the seminary house, finding our way back slowly, someone said, "Oh, you took CPE this summer? Tell me some of your hospital horror stories!"

For a moment, I caught Jon's eye. In that moment, I saw the stories that he would not be telling for our entertainment. I saw the faithfulness with which he held the grief of a father, the love of a grandmother, the life of a child. I saw the last laugh of a baby going home. I saw the fierce protection which he slung around their stories. I saw a prayer scroll across his brow, someone remembered. I saw the dull echo of anger, but I saw, too, the weary gentleness of spirit with which he steered our new friend, who was only making conversation, off the sacred ground which he had accidentally trampled with his hobnailed sandals, onto safer territory. And I thought, "Who knew it? Jon White is for real." And in that moment, I trusted him.

I trusted him to be faithful, to all that he holds sacred: his family, his faith, his friends. I trusted him to pursue God for answers on behalf of the questioning, for comfort on behalf of the sorrowing, for God's blessing on those crowned with joy. I trust him to be prayerful, in his foxhole of faith and the bunkers of ministry. I trust him to stand firm against those who would use others for their own entertainment, or profit, or sport. I trust him to be kind to those who tread on his toes by accident. I trust him to do right by this congregation, this community. I trust him to be human.

Being human, I trust in the continuing mercy and Providence of God, who moves mysteriously and sends us on strange journeys, always ready to remind us that the love of God is at hand, the kingdom of God within reach, the Christ of God eternally forgiving, the Spirit of God ever present, ever living. As you continue on this new leg of your journey in ministry and in faith, may God go with you. Amen.



A vibrant community bringing all to God's healing embrace.