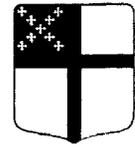


KEYNOTES

March 2017



The Quarterly Newsletter of St. Peter's Church, Lithgow

Catskill Jazz Factory at St. Peter's

On Sunday morning, February 26, at 11:30 a.m. parishioners were treated to a concert from the Catskill Jazz Factory entitled "Liberating the Bird – Honoring the legacy of Maya Angelou through song." Through the artful song of the talented Sara Elizabeth Charles, we heard seven of Angelou's poems transfigured into songs to music written and sung by Ms. Charles to the guitar accompanist Gilad Hekselman.



Sara Elizabeth Charles

Maya Angelou was a giant figure in the civil rights movement, whose life and work is recounted in her own biographies and in her poetry. Seven of her poems, all having a biographical element, were transformed into song by our soloist who injected her own vitality into her work. We felt we were in the presence of two personalities, one historical and the other living and standing before us. This was most appropriate for the Sunday dedicated to the Transfiguration.

We learned snippets of Angelou's life, just enough to appreciate the poem and the song that was based on that poem. These poems are not just sung, they are reenacted. Charles steps into each

poem and becomes not just its proclaimer, but its reincarnation. She becomes a bit of Angelou herself. This is a deeply emotional experience for the singer and the listener. We were all touched.

Each poem has some relationship to Angelou's life as a black person who feels she is newly escaped from slavery, that she has to re-establish her freedom, whose life is shaped by the history of slavery and the illusion or disillusion of justice. The words are plain, direct and speak of truth. Pain, sometimes

wrenching pain, fill these poems. Suffering is endured. It is what makes this woman a powerful figure. She had relations with men. Her poetry recalls the men..."they went home." In the end, however, she sang "Still I rise": "You may write me down in history/With your bitter, twisted lies/ You may trod me in the very dirt/Bit still, like dust, I rise."

Sara Elizabeth Charles has a long page on Wikipedia. She is an accomplished artist, as is her guitarist whose music was always in sync with the song, always supportive and worth a close listen for its subtlety. We can be thankful to Lucy and Piers Playfair for bringing this program to St. Peter's.

Stephen Kaye

Deadlines for Keynotes

May 20

August 20

November 20

February 20

Please send submissions to: acgillis@optonline.net



Quarrying Within

Dear Parishioners,

As the church universal takes its annual retreat for the 40 days of Lent, we all have permission to filter the din of our addictive

media and simply “quarry within.” Rev. Jim Cotter, English theologian and liturgist, once said that when we find ourselves in the deserts and wastelands, where nothing *out there* gives us inspiration or helps to motivate, the antidote is “to quarry and dig within.” In doing so, we invariably discover in our own fragments of memory those diamonds in the coal mines of our own history.

For nearly a decade, I served a Californian congregation where I saw this process working miraculously. Unfortunately, the blight of clergy sexual misconduct tore this community apart. For years, all the parish could think about was this trauma—so for most of my time there this narrative dominated everything. The priest involved (who was finally unfrocked) was such a total narcissist that much of the rich history of the parish and its generations of service to the wider community became buried under one dominant, egocentric narrative. “Father” not only knew best; like the sun, he expected everything to revolve around *his* needs. The congregation became enablers of his projections upon and distortions of reality. Any kind of trauma can damage our ability to remember the good times. It fixates us, forcing us to look at only one or two scenes, while the rest of the movie is forgotten. Part of my ministry was to help the congregation uncover other parts of our story, and slowly things began to heal. Last Sunday, I preached about transfiguration / transformation as a change in perception rather than a change in anything outside us. It is our perspective that changes as we see our journeys blessed by the golden ribbon that runs through all our lives. As the hymn reminds us:

*“Who from our mother’s arms
has blessed us on our way,
with countless gifts of love
and still is ours today.”*

It was wonderful to see a parish and school find the strength and courage to move through these difficult years and into a place of health and vitality. Together we worked on a kind of theological and sociological “archaeology” where, as one of the first Episcopal congregations in Orange County, the church had been home to many immigrants and refugees over the years. Native American, Basque, and Mexican connections were also fostered, and Orthodox Jews held their first services in the original clapboard building (not unlike St Peter’s) as did the Greek Orthodox and even the Baptists! This was a very different culture and history than those of then-dominant organizations like the John Birch Society, founded in Orange County. The parish *quarried within* and found out who it was collectively, and, having gone through that process, it was able to see the golden ribbon of blessing. All the hours of weeping and gnashing of teeth over a tragic, formative experience in the congregation’s life were reduced to a few sentences. In their place came the invitation to shape a future rooted in who we are.

We are so blessed at St. Peter’s and, because of healthy lay and clergy leadership over the years, we do not have to deal with healing the kind of trauma I have just described. We have created a safe space where boundaries are respected, and we have a deep sense of our history and traditions, which we want to pass on to future generations. We are not fixated on needing to heal the past; our challenge is to use the past and its lessons to shape our response to the present reality and to our future.

As Socrates said, “The unexamined life is not worth living.” Lent gives us a collective opportunity to reflect with true intention on the blessings of our lives and of those who love us and helped to shape our values. This is quarrying within. And it is perhaps even more important for healthy communities like St. Peter’s to do this right now, providing in the best sense a counter-cultural message of hope within the gloomier context of our national and political lives.

This is not a retreat from reality. Far from it. I see how many of our women in St. Peter's are taking once again to the streets to express their concern for human rights, and this too is a form of quarrying. By going back and remembering how we got here, we remind younger people that our freedom and enjoyment of life and liberty were hard won. Amnesia and entitlement ("Haven't things always been like this?") make us complacent; it's so much easier when someone else does the work we all need to share in. I see an important role for grandparents: to tell grandchildren who appear shocked or confused by the direction of our world right now about how we got to this place. We need to quarry within *and* share what we unearth.

On May 7th, the retired bishop of Ohio, Rt. Rev. Clark Grew, will be one of our guest preachers at St. Peter's. He is a successor of Philander Chase, who founded Kenyon College and became one of our presiding bishops. That weekend will mark the anniversary of an important meeting in 1801, when Bishop Chase presided, in a home on Tower Hill Road, over the creation of St. Peter's Lithgow. For that reason we are naming May 7th Founders Day. Bishop Grew will share his own insights into the legacy of Bishop Chase and this congregation.

I am working with David Greenwood, our local and parish historian, to devise an exhibit to prepare us for this weekend. We have many extraordinary artefacts and photographs that most parishioners have never seen, and I recently discovered two wonderful collages of photos taken when Brewster Beach was vicar. I recognized many of you! The exhibit will also be an occasion for parishioners to bring in personal photos of people who contributed enormously to the life of our community—people like Marta Green, who was instrumental in the kneeler project, and John Whitworth, a Warden for many years, who oversaw—and contributed to—St. Peter's landscaping. In this way the fragments of our common story can form a whole. We intend, too, for the exhibit to liberate 200 years' worth of vicars from the isolation of the sacristy, allowing them to look into the eyes once more of a congregation they helped to

form. They are a key part of our great story. If you have photos or memorabilia that we can add to this exhibition (as David thinks through how he wants to lay it out in the parish hall and the old rectory), then please let us know.

I love the photo of this year's confirmation class with the bishop and clergy which is now hanging in the parish hall. I love the photo of Faith Tompkins holding her dog at her last "Blessing of the Animals," as well as the picture of the grandmother holding her grandson's hand as they walk to the Memorial Day service in St Peter's cemetery. These images are all inter-generational expressions of who we are, and when someone new comes into our parish hall, these tangible memorabilia will instantly convey more about us and what we value than anything we might say or try to describe.



Lillian Corbin

Last week, I spoke about the Transfiguration as a moment when Jesus, Elijah and Moses are seen differently by Peter, James and John on the holy mountain. The disciples saw three men whose work was not finished. In different ways, these leaders all had to leave space for the future and trust others to continue what they began and what they valued most. It was not about each one of them either (the antidote to narcissism) but something happens when we see ourselves as part of a golden ribbon of blessing and we are not fixated on one or two frames of the movie that we all have a part to play.

I hope you will enjoy this dynamic invitation to quarry within and look forward to seeing the story being literally "fleshed out" this Lenten season.

Blessings

Rev. Canon Albert Joy Ogle
Vicar of Lithgow

Thank You, Chris Mann



If you “Google” Chris Mann, you get a look at the Sullivan & Cromwell website, and even though you also get a nice photo of Chris, you could easily think you got the wrong guy.

His resume is very serious and terribly long, replete with hard-to-digest concepts like “Global Infrastructure,” “strategic structure and refinancing” and other complicated phrases that are, frankly, far from the usual *Keynotes* topics. Way too exceptional and international for a tiny little wooden church in unknown Lithgow! This must be the guy you’d hire if you want to create a whole new country!

But, YES, this is our own Chris Mann, the guy who runs the pub on yet another dirt road, our own Chris Mann whose pleasant presence has been a feature of our pews on Sundays, along with 4 beautiful women.

Sadly, Chris Mann is ending his long unwavering service at St. Peter’s, after serving six years as Warden, steering the vestry through problems large and small, listening with great care and diplomacy to each and every voice.

Although we have highly competent Vestry and wardens going forward, we will sorely miss this leadership, topped by wonderful characteristics of positivity, quick response, intelligent inquiry, attention to detail, and sense of humor.

Many very good things were accomplished un-

der Chris’ leadership as Warden, but for me, his help to Woody and myself when we were co-chairs of the Search Committee was a highlight.

Through more than a year and a half Chris steered the parish through a revision of our Parish Profile, which was accomplished by having a questionnaire distributed to the entire parish, and revision-writing by various committee members, but always with input by Chris.

Then, armed with the new Parish Profile, Woody and I, and our very involved committee, set out to investigate and interview potential new vicars.

All of this was accomplished with the back-up of Chris, despite his carrying on a very successful legal career, and the raising of the three lovely Mann girls.

Chris (and Claire) always offered their home for hospitality to various candidates, whenever asked. As a result of the high level of cooperation between the Vestry and the Search Committee, we now have Albert as our Vicar, and are moving ahead with St. Peter’s community, maintaining our wonderful past history as we also move on into the future.

The fact that St. Peter’s is positive and solvent is in great part due to Chris Mann’s leadership.

For me, the incredible attitude he has always displayed, and the hospitality the Manns have always exhibited, has made St. Peter’s friendly welcome to new and old members continue in an elevated way.

There have been times when I marveled at Chris’ acceptance of difficult issues, and his ability to move to solutions with alacrity and humor!

Perhaps in the end, it is his calm smiling personality that has carried the day!

Let’s all hope and pray that we will continue to see that in the days to come! Thank you, Chris, for a job very well done. Our gratitude abides.

Betsy Shequine

Scenes From The Sunday School Pageant

December 24, 2016



*Elliot Florack starts the Pageant Service with his solo –
Once in Royal David's City*

The Cast

Narrator 1 Sebastian Cynn
Narrator 2 Sadie Wilson

Mary Clemmie Morlock
Joseph Jackson Crisp

Angel Gabriel Scarlett Kuit
Joseph's Angel Scarlett Playfair

Angels Katherine Florack
Gloria Gundlach
Lorelei Kuit
James Playfair
Beatrice Saint-Amand
Sofia Scagnelli
Allegra Tapia

1st Shepherd Florence Morlock
2nd Shepherd Rose Morlock
3rd Shepherd Grace Bellin

Shepherds Lachlan Heaney
Georgina Playfair
Henry Saint-Amand
Teddy Wilson

Wise Man 1 - Melchior Christina Bellin
Wise Man 2 - Caspar Emmeline Heaney
Wise Man 3 - Balthazar Brenton Cynn

King Herod Quentin Cynn

Tax Collector John Heaney

Sheep George Saint-Amand



all photos by Lillian Corbin

A Few of my Favorite Things

As some wild swings in temperature tease us with the prospect that spring and summer might not be so far off, I am reminded of a “few my favorite things” about summer in Dutchess County, with the dulcet tones of Julie Andrews from *The Sound of Music* ringing in my head, albeit with the Catskills substituting for the Alps. Herewith a few “Kodak moments,” (or are they “Apple bites?”) from last summer, to whet the appetite. As they say, absence makes the heart grow fonder, and it reminds me of something that my father taught me: namely, that “the best things in life are free.”

Will Morlock



Macroglossum Stellatarum - aka the hummingbird moth. A regular visitor to my pot plants last summer, and not as fast as it's feathered cousin, which helped the photographer.



Lythrum Salicaria - aka Purple Loosestrife - One man's weed, another man's flower. It's natural beauty distracted me whilst beagling very early one August morning, off Flint Hill road, above Amenia.



Mmm - not quite sure what this one is but, it attracted me to the Millbrook diner one Saturday morning – as if I needed an excuse.



The Pretty Hungry Caterpillar visiting Buttercup Farm – one of our favorite family walks.



Linaria Vulgaris - colloquially known as “Butter and Eggs,” for obvious reasons, and abundant in my rockery. How it got there, I am not quite sure. It is a European refugee that has prospered in the US. There is hope for us all.



Toad of Toad Hall - probably as poisonous as he looks pretty - was a regular companion as I grilled “beer can chicken.” I hope that he survived the winter.



The Catskills from Grieg Farm, near Redhook – where I take the girls apple picking every August, in part to reconnect with their roots, as their grandfather was a Kentish apple farmer.

Auden as a Guide

What do we make of the idea that God made us in his own image? This question has bothered me for some time. Since we are so fallible, is God also? We, that is man, are so completely untrustworthy, so error-prone, so tending to self-destruction, that we are hardly god-like. Is God really subject to emotions, as we are? The Psalms say He is quick to Anger, but the evidence was circumstantial.

I have been reading W.H. Auden, a poet who occupies a large place in the poetry of the 20th century. In *Friday's Child* he says

*What reverence is rightly paid
To a Divinity so odd
He lets Adam whom he made
Perform the Acts of God?*

And a few stanzas later:

*Since the analogies are rot
Our senses based belief upon,
We have no means of learning what
Is really going on.*

And towards the end:

*Meanwhile, a silence from the cross
As dead as we shall ever be
Speaks of some gain or loss,
And you and I are free....*

to guess the meaning of it all.

The god-like man image is chosen as a perpetual challenge or mystery; it may be a comfort to some to know we enjoy a God-like likeness; for others it is terrifying, for while we may not create the way God can, we can destroy. Now, we can destroy all life on earth, which is indeed a god-like power. Auden suggests that knowing ourselves is god-like although we may not know ourselves as God does. It comes down to loving, both ourselves and our neighbor. That Auden says, is what Christianity is all about.

Neither Auden nor the Bible talk in terms of Creation (a unitary idea) as being the work of God and Man being the product of biological evolution that took millions of years that happened once the creative processes on earth were unleashed. That notion is my way of squaring God as creator with evolution as described by Darwin. The difficult part comes when we assign to God the kind of consciousness that we suppose we have as humans. That idea comes from the Biblical notion that God made us in his own image, to me a troubling idea. I hope God is a lot better than are we, and that his powers of forgiveness vastly exceed our own.

I am guided in this brief essay by *Auden and Christianity* by Arthur Kirsch.

Stephen Kaye

Vicar's Wish List Updated March 2017

Many thanks to Pat Stensrud for the donation of chairs and table which the confirmation class are now using in the parish hall basement conference area.

We are still looking for:

*Computer and printer for the parish
office*

Carpet

Sofa or loveseat

Room / office dividers

Armoire (for robes)

Storage racks for the basement area

*Television with HDMI connector for
use in the basement area*

Rabbit for Dinner

An excerpt from the book *A House in the Country*

by Thomas W. Keesee

On the buffet in our dining room is a pair of grape scissors, appropriately enough with an oenological motif. These were a present from my godmother, Alice Furlaud, or "Aunt Allie." Aunt Allie was one of my mother's closest friends. Both had attended Radcliffe College in the 1940s just after World War II, although they actually first met in New York City in the early 1950s.

Aunt Allie grew up in Baltimore during the winter and Cape Cod during the summer. Her father, Frederic Nelson, was a journalist for the *Baltimore Sun*, before moving the family to Philadelphia when he took a job for the *Saturday Evening Post*. After graduation, Aunt Allie married Max Furlaud, a half-French, half-American playwright and something of a bohemian, who among other things will always have a place in my heart for having named a character after me in one of his plays. The play was about a rabbit named "Woodfin" and starred Sam Waterston. It was something less than a smash hit, running for all of about two weeks before closing, but will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to have seen it. Furthermore the play may have launched Waterston's career as he went on to a number of starring roles in movies and television.

S o m e -
time after this period, Max and Aunt Allie moved to California, where they became involved with a counter-culture spiritual movement of the 1960s called EST, in Big Sur. After spending a number of years in meditation and getting to know their inner beings, they moved



Allie Furlaud and the author's mother at Allie's house in Switzerland

to Paris, where Aunt Allie became a stringer for National Public Radio. She made her debut by doing a piece on prostitutes in the Bois de Boulogne in which she interviewed a number of the ladies in question and ended with an imitation of a Frenchman saying "Yes, they get girl and make love in the car." After the piece ran, listeners threatened to stop donating to NPR, and the host of "All Things Considered" labeled Aunt Allie "the den mother of iniquity." But her sense of humor was not lost on others, and she soon became a regular feature at NPR, developing a weekly radio program entitled "Postcards from Paris." She even authored a book called "Air Waves" based on excerpts from the program. While sometimes serious, her reporting often had an element of tongue in cheek to it. In fact, Aunt Allie may have been the first purveyor of "fake news." An example of this is her description of a visit to the midget cemetery in Paris in which she stumbled across the tombstone of none other than Charles de Gaulle. In this vein, I will always remember boarding a TWA jet to Paris in the days when I covered France as an investment banker for CS First Boston. To my surprise, while we were awaiting take off, Aunt Allie appeared on the television screen at the front of the cabin. She was

doing a news segment about a cold wave that had hit the city. Always one for drama, she appeared in her bed in her nightgown under a pile of blankets, describing how hard it was to stay warm and how desperate the people of Paris were becoming. So desperate in fact, she said, that

they were beginning to break up their furniture for firewood – which she then proceeded to do on screen for all to see. Not knowing whether to take this seriously or not, as soon as my plane landed in Paris, I called her to invite her to dinner.

By this time Aunt Allie and Max had separated, so it was just the two of us. She gladly accepted but imposed one condition – that we go to a restaurant that served *lapin*, or “rabbit” in English. The reason for this was that she was doing a special for NPR on rabbit. This being France, the condition was not hard to fulfill. After a consultation with the concierge of my hotel, La Tremoille, I was able to make a reservation at a very nice place only a few blocks away that, according to the concierge, served an excellent rendition. The restaurant was in fact quite elegant and offered a variety of fine cuisine on its menu. Having finished our main course, Aunt Allie informed me that I would have to excuse her for a moment. It was time for her to go to work. With that said, she extracted a huge microphone from her handbag and proceeded, unannounced, to the kitchen.

Fully expecting that this was a precursor to our being unceremoniously asked to leave, it was to my

great astonishment that after several minutes Aunt Allie reappeared with the chef by her side. He was not only smiling proudly, but happily talking into her microphone. As if this wasn't enough, Aunt Allie then proceeded to make the rounds of the tables and interviewed several of the poor unsuspecting diners about their views on rabbit.

After leaving the restaurant, we spent the rest of the evening visiting various parts of Paris, including the Place des Vosges, where Victor Hugo had lived, and ending up in the bar of the Ritz Hotel on the Place Vendome. What moved Aunt Allie to send me silver grape scissors, I do not know, but perhaps it is the recollection of the amount of wine that we undoubtedly consumed that evening in Paris.

After leaving Paris, Aunt Allie returned to the US and took up residence in a cottage in Truro, on Cape Cod. She eventually reconciled with Max, and they lived together until his death in 1999. After that, she lived with her beloved cat, Pierre, who passed away several years ago. Aunt Allie died last December, but she is survived by a new cat, Catharine, whose favorite dish reportedly is rabbit stew.

19th Annual Bonhoeffer Lectures

Union Theological Seminary's contribution to the worldwide commemoration
of the Protestant Reformation in 1517

The 19th annual Bonhoeffer Lectures in Public Ethics will be held at Union Theological Seminary (3041 Broadway, NY, NY 10027 – 121st & B'way) on April 7 & 8, 2017. This year's theme is *Re-Forming the Church of the Future: Bonhoeffer, Luther, Public Ethics*.

The two-day program of lectures and panels will look back into history (April 7) and forward to the future (April 8).

If you would like to attend these lectures, please go to: <https://myunion.utsnyc.edu/bonhoeffer-lectures-tickets?erid=2858911&trid=41875686-14de-45c2-864a-148136ffc83b>.

To see the full schedule and list of speakers: <https://myunion.utsnyc.edu/bonhoeffer-lectures-in-public-ethics-schedule-and-speakers?erid=2858911&trid=41875686-14de-45c2-864a-148136ffc83b>

(If you would like to have these email addresses sent to you digitally, so that you can simply cut & paste, please send a request to stpeterschurch@optonline.net.)



St. Peter's Church, Lithgow
PO Box 1502
Millbrook, NY 12545
(845) 677-9286

I Am in Need of Music

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!
There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Elizabeth Bishop, 1911 - 1979
submitted by Mary Jean Winkler
via Claire Reid