



## THE LABYRINTH

St. Luke & St. Stephen Review

*Spring 2020*

The Labyrinth Review is anticipated to be a quarterly publication (primarily electronic) featuring the thinking, writing, and visual arts of St. Luke and St. Stephen members and friends. Richard Rohr says the labyrinth is a powerful spiritual tool reminding us that life is more like a plate of spaghetti than a grid. If you have suggestions for features or would like to contribute, email to Marcia Casey at: [caseymarcia99@gmail.com](mailto:caseymarcia99@gmail.com). If you liked this first edition and would like another, please let us know.

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THE LABYRINTH  
St. Luke & St. Stephen Review  
Spring 2020

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## Pandemic

What if you thought of it  
as the Jews consider the Sabbath—  
the most sacred of times?  
Cease from travel.  
Cease from buying and selling.  
Give up, just for now,  
on trying to make the world  
different than it is.  
Sing. Pray. Touch only those  
to whom you commit your life.  
Center down.

And when your body has become still,  
reach out with your heart.  
Know that we are connected  
in ways that are terrifying and beautiful.  
(You could hardly deny it now.)  
Know that our lives  
are in one another's hands.  
(Surely, that has come clear.)  
Do not reach out your hands.  
Reach out your heart.  
Reach out your words.  
Reach out all the tendrils  
of compassion that move, invisibly,  
where we cannot touch.

Promise this world your love—  
for better or for worse,  
in sickness and in health,  
so long as we all shall live.

by Lynn Ungar

*(Used by permission of the author. You can read more of Lynn's poetry, and purchase her book *Blessing the Bread*, at [lynnungar.com](http://lynnungar.com). She is not associated with St. Luke by the Sea or St. Stephen.)*

## Vicar's Message



*Judith+ being filmed in empty St. Luke's for a live-streamed Sunday Morning Prayer*

“The church is not the building.” I’ve said that often enough in my sermons, but as we shelter in place I’m finding it truer than ever. As we hunker down and wait for the curve to flatten and for scientists to find a vaccine, our beautiful buildings in Newport and Waldport sit empty. We aren’t gathering in them to worship on Sundays or any other day. But we are still the church.

This era of Covid-19 is not the first time that God’s people have had to reimagine worship and find new ways to be community. When the Babylonians destroyed Jerusalem, they tore down the temple, the only place where God’s people were allowed to offer their sacrifices. The people of Judah were sent far away into exile in Babylon. Even if the temple had still been standing, they could no longer go there to worship.

We Episcopalians often begin Evening Prayer by saying, “Let my prayer be set forth in your sight as incense, the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice” (Psalm 141:2). This psalm probably dates to the Babylonian exile, when the people of Judah could not worship in the familiar ways that spoke to their hearts. Though they longed to offer sacrifices to God, they could not. So the psalmist asked God to accept their prayers and their reverent gestures as if they were incense and the daily sacrifice. For more than a generation, prayer and obedience to God were the only sacrifices that God’s exiled people could make.

Our live-streamed Sunday Morning Prayer and our daily Morning Prayer and Compline are a far cry from the rich experience of worshipping in person with all of you in our church buildings. Yet as God's people learned in Old Testament times, God is present with us no matter where we are, and no matter what our circumstances. We often end Morning Prayer with a prayer written by St. Chrysostom that includes the line, "you have promised through your well-beloved Son that when two or three are gathered together in his Name you will be in the midst of them." Our gathering may be virtual rather than physical, but God is in the midst of us. As our prayers rise up to God from our separate homes, we are the church.

As a few days stretch into weeks and perhaps months, I find myself hungering for Eucharist, missing the familiar words that speak to my heart and the body and blood of Christ that feed my soul. Yet the body of Christ is still present even when I'm not able to consecrate bread and wine on the altar and share it in communion with you. We are in communion with each other and with God, sharing our needs with each other, loving and supporting each other, offering God our praise and our prayers, and feeling the reality of Christ's presence with and among us. We are the body of Christ.

I'm looking forward to the time when our exile comes to an end and we gather again in our buildings. We will sing and pray and pass the peace and shake hands and hug each other and share in communion together, and it will be beautiful. I can almost guarantee you that I will both laugh and cry, and I suspect that many of you will too. Until then, you are all in my heart and in my prayers, and I am here for you if you need me. Be well, dear ones, and know that I love you.

Judith+

**The Rev. Judith+, Brian, and The Rev. Dn. Annie+ Jones are collaborating to bring twice-daily worship services to St. Luke and St. Stephen communities via Facebook streaming during this time of social distancing. Join us at 9 a.m. daily (except Sunday) for Morning Prayer and 8 p.m. for Compline; on Sunday, Morning Prayer is at 10 a.m., followed by Coffee Hour via Zoom at 11:15.**

## Small Green Cup

This green plastic cup is 4” tall,  
a child’s shatterproof vessel,  
an extruded petrochemical product

about the size of the ones Betsy Nelick  
jammed her feet into  
for toe shoes when we were 3.

I wheedled till my mother too  
brought home plastic cups  
to dance in. This green one

has a blue logo with the words:

\*Jesus\*  
~ saves the world ~

arranged around a map  
of the western  
hemisphere.

by Linnea Harper



## Lent & Giving Up

by Lou Kavar

The questions begin as people look for ideas...or perhaps inspiration and support. “What are you giving up for Lent?” Candy, alcohol, time on social media, yelling at reckless drivers: the list goes on and on. We’ve come to associate the six weeks before Easter that is known among Christians as Lent as a time to refrain from things we enjoy, to fast, to deny oneself some guilty pleasure or refrain from a bad habit. For many, Lent is a time to give up something.

The word “lent” has Dutch and Germanic origins. In Old Saxon, Middle Dutch, and Old High German, lent simply referred to the season of springtime. Around the 12th Century, it began to be used in liturgical calendars for the springtime season leading to Easter. Lent was a time of new beginnings and rebirth. Lent was the coming of new life that came to fruition in Spring. As I read the history of the evolution of the word “lent,” I’m struck by how different the origins were from our contemporary practice.

Lent: a new spring and a time for the growth of something rejuvenating. Lent is a time to start over again with a hope that looks toward fullness. In this context, it doesn’t seem to me that giving up candy or coffee is at the heart of the Lenten observance. Instead, Lent may be a time to start over and begin anew. Yes, that makes sense to me.

Rooted in the Judeo-Christian tradition, a concept I hold dear is that humanity is created in the image and likeness of God. There’s something at the core of each person that is Divine. The writers of the ancient Biblical book of Genesis understood the Divine Life in us as breath. They imagined that at our creation God breathed into humanity. It was that same breath that blew over the deep, leading to the creation of the world. It’s that same breath that is the creative source of all life. Yes, there’s something Divine in each person and it’s as close to us as our breath.

Recognizing this profound and poetic understanding of our beginnings, perhaps this Lent, it’s time to begin anew. This Lent could be a time to return to an understanding that we are individuals whose essence is rooted in the Divine. If we need to give up something for Lent, then it’s time to give up thinking of self and others as less than individuals who reflect the Divine essence.

*(From e-merging blog; used by permission of the author.)*

## Sleeping Slots

by Linnea Harper



It was one of those pictures in the *maybe-it's-news, maybe-it's-not* section of the online NY Times. The image was indecipherable, but the white-socked foot, blanket and human arm mid-foreground caught my eye. Neat rows of slots appeared to be filled with people sleeping and a few belongings. I clicked on the bait.

The picture reappeared, now big enough to see clearly. The sleeping slots were pews in a San Francisco church. *How remarkable*, I thought. *It's as if they were designed for this very purpose!* And that thought led to another, a memory of Senitila two or three years ago during Sunday service, reminding us of Jesus' admonition to make the church a home for the homeless.

It was a heartfelt pitch that stunned us into silence. Did she mean *our church*? Little St. Luke's-by-the-Sea? Maybe she meant The Church as Institution should be a refuge. But bodies sleeping in our pews? Knowing Senitila, I was pretty sure she had in mind something closer to that. My head stopped spinning with the needle pointing to *Highly Unlikely*. A project like that would require a level of agreement(!), energy, oversight and organization beyond our capacities. Nevertheless, Senitila had reminded us of a fundamental truth of our faith, and I stood and spoke in support of her vision, freely admitting I had no idea how to get there from here.

Time passes. Stuff happens. One day out of the seeming blue, my domestic companion proposes to build a Conestoga Hut. We are both from Eugene, and knew they were using them in a variety of shelter programs for homeless people. He built it, with assistance from Matt Harrison and Brian Jones. We offered it to St. Luke's, they accepted, and a grant to build a second Hut was funded.

A psychologist friend who volunteers leading a women’s group at Lincoln County Jail had been bemoaning the lack of housing for them after release, and jumped at the opportunity to refer her clients to the Huts. Although our current residents came to us by other pathways, she continues to work closely with Judith and the Outreach Committee, providing mental health consultation and crisis support to our Conestoga neighbors.



I don’t know a lot about how this world works, but it seems to me that at least part of the power of a Vision is that it paints a picture of Possibility. With that picture in mind, we begin to notice things that might align with the vision and further the process of recreating it in Reality. Whether we call it God’s Grace, the Power of Prayer, or How Stuff Happens, we’ve now got two women in Enhanced Pew Slots out in the parking lot, grateful for a locked door and a safe place to sleep.

## Easter and the Epidemic

by Brian Heron

Easter for us is not a specific date. It’s a lived experience and a season of life. Easter will not be on April 12... Easter this year will be when grandparents can once again hug their grandchildren. Easter will be when we accidentally brush up against a neighbor and say, “excuse me” instead of shuddering in fear. Easter will be when it once again becomes normal to sit next to each other at high school basketball games, concerts on the grass, and in a cozy theater. Easter will be when we step aside and let the elderly woman get the last package of toilet paper on the shelf. Easter will be when our doctors and nurses don’t have worry that they might die just for doing their jobs. Easter will be when we toast each other at our favorite pub or bar.

*Excerpt from 3/31/20 edition of Pedal Pilgrim blog ([www.pedalpilgrim.com](http://www.pedalpilgrim.com)) Used by permission of the author. Brian is the Pedal Pilgrim and former Pastor of Yachats Community Presbyterian Church.*

## Photos by Dennis Moler

Dennis uses his camera to help us see the world through another lens, finding beauty and meaning almost everywhere IF you're looking for it...



*Encounters in the Wrecking Yard*



*Shroud of Rust*



*Ashes to Ashes*

## The Art of the Turn

by Marcia Casey

“A Lenten Quiet Day” was the first part of the title of the retreat Judith+ offered just before Lent—I liked it; it appealed to my introverted nature. But I wasn’t sure exactly what the second part of the title—“Life Transformed: The Way of Love for Lent”—might entail. I had heard of the “Way of Love” as Presiding Bishop +Michael Curry’s signature catchword phrase for what Christianity is all about, but I didn’t really know anything about it, what was really meant by it. I have to admit I was kind of put off by how glib it sounded, but not so much that I wouldn’t go see what it was about.

So I went, but within three minutes of the beginning of the retreat, I had totally panicked: all I’d heard was that we were about to try to shape our lives around “disciplines for following Jesus together,” that what we were going to do that day was create a “Rule of Life.” My knee-jerk reaction was a blast of fear that I was being asked to accept someone else’s definition of Christianity and swear fealty to it in what sounded like an ironclad “Rule of Life.” I wrestled with this, thinking wildly, “How could I in good faith do this? Isn’t there some way I could escape (without totally disrupting everyone else)?” I knew I would have to do one of three things—bolt, sit in misery and silence in self-imposed exclusion, or find some way to make it my own. Finally I found a little toehold in myself, told myself I could do it in my own way, from the perspective of my own idiosyncratic understanding of God—I just wouldn’t tell anyone else what I was doing! I took some deep breaths and settled into a more centered and grounded place from which I could finally begin to actually listen and enter into the work at hand. That was a minor miracle!

What I started to hear after I got free of my assumptions and preconceptions was encouraging: that the Way of Love is not a program or a prescription, but rather a process of personally entering into reflection, discernment, and commitment on a set of seven cardinal spiritual practices to follow Jesus: Turn, Pray, Learn, Worship, Bless, Go, Rest; and that a “Rule of Life” is not a list of rules one is bound to follow, but more like “a rule of thumb,” what one does regularly, a habitual practice to keep you on your chosen path or, as Judith+ so aptly described it, like a trellis which offers support and guidance for a plant, helping it to grow in a certain direction.

As a group, we started with the first practice: “TURN: Pause, listen, and choose to follow Jesus.” We began by meditatively imagining God’s grace and life-giving breath upon us, asking for the gift of memory, and inviting God into our hearts and minds. Together we read Romans 6:3-11, about how anyone who is baptized is united with Christ in both his death and his resurrection, “dead to sin and alive to God in Christ Jesus.” We dispersed, each to our own solitary spot, to consider some crucial questions about this passage: What in your life is keeping you from truly living? What do you need to die to so that you might live? We thought and felt and wrote. We reread the passage, by ourselves this time, then imagined our own baptism, thought and felt and wrote the sensations of the water, the hands, the words, what it felt like to be a new person.

From these endeavors we tried to formulate for ourselves what kind of actual practice might help us personally turn away from what keeps us from living and toward what calls us, toward love. What came to me was the image of the woman bleeding for 12 years who, after having tried endless doctors and having spent all her money seeking a cure, touched the hem of Jesus’ robe and was healed. Just imagining the moment of her seeing him, her turning, her desperate grasp to reach his hem, brings me back to center instantly, frees me to turn away from all those lifelong entanglements that have kept me from truly living and back to life and love. That became Item #1 of my Rule of Life.

Then I had a “Eureka!” moment—I realized I had just experienced a sort of instinctive TURN at the beginning of the retreat and it totally transformed the situation from one of frozen panic to one of possibility, enabling my engagement in the workshop at all. If that could happen randomly in a moment of need, how much more could be transformed if one cultivated the art of the TURN as a regular practice! I began to get a sense of the power and wisdom of having a personal Rule of Life to turn to daily (or hourly, for that matter) as a sort of centering device, with Christ as the touchstone. Definitely a miracle!

We were called back to the group by Judith’s+ gong to share some of our findings. We had another scripture reading and then proceeded on to consideration of the next spiritual practice. Over the course of the day we delved into finding ways to remind ourselves to center ourselves in each of these additional practices:

TURN: Pause, listen, and choose to follow Jesus.

PRAY: Dwell intentionally with God each day.

LEARN: Reflect on scripture each day, especially Jesus' life and teachings.

WORSHIP: Gather in community weekly to thank, praise, dwell with God.

BLESS: Share faith and unselfishly give and serve.

GO: Cross boundaries, listen deeply, and live like Jesus.

REST: Receive the gift of God's grace, peace, and restoration.

The day was made up of these repeating cycles of contemplation in community and in solitude, interspersed with prayer, a period of meditative activities for the hands (prayer bead making, walking a finger labyrinth, coloring, etc.), and two times of worship. After the last returning to the group, our final act was to name someone with whom we would share our Rule of Life and reflect on its practice.

At the end of the day we each had the bare bones of our own Rule of Life. We placed them on the altar and Judith+ blessed them. I don't know about anyone else, but I spent the next two days turning mine over and over in my mind, deepening it, making it more personal, taking into account such things, for instance, as the fact that spiritual learning for me comes from several other sources as well as scripture. I reconsidered every part of it. In the end, my Rule of Life grew out of my own Christianity and became what would specifically support and further it. That was crucial and miraculous to me.

Thank you, Judith+ and Presiding Bishop +Michael!





Chartres Labyrinth from 1210 AD

## **The Labyrinth - Tool for Navigating the Twists and Turns of Life**

excerpted from [www.Veriditas.com](http://www.Veriditas.com) by Rev. Lauren Artress

by Jeanne St John, Trained Labyrinth Facilitator

The labyrinth is a walking meditation, a path of prayer and an archetypal blueprint where psyche meets Spirit. It has only one path that leads from the outer edge in a circuitous way to the center. There are no tricks to it and no dead ends. Unlike a maze where you lose your way, the labyrinth is a spiritual tool that can help you find your way. Labyrinths evoke metaphor, sacred geometry, spiritual pilgrimage, religious practice, mindfulness, environmental art, and community building (*from labyrinthociety.org*).

Generally there are three stages to the walk: releasing on the way in, receiving in the center, and returning when you follow the return path back out of the labyrinth. Symbolically, and sometimes actually, you are taking back out into the world that which you have received.

The labyrinth is an ancient pattern found in many cultures around the world. Labyrinth designs were found on pottery, tablets and tiles that date as far back as 5000 years. Many patterns are based on spirals and circles mirrored in nature. In Native American tradition, the labyrinth is identical to the Medicine Wheel and Man in the Maze. The Celts described the labyrinth as the Never Ending Circle. It is also known as the Kabala in mystical Judaism.

One feature labyrinths have in common is that they have one path that winds in a circuitous way to the center.

There have been two major ways to use the labyrinth. The most popular way is meditative walking and the second is ceremonial—or ritual—use. A third way is emerging—individuals and groups using the labyrinth to heal and transform.

The labyrinth image is symbolic of the twists and turns of life, how we adjust to change, to pursuing our path, to moving toward a deep center. It appears in many, many cultures and is used by many Christian churches to help members and the larger community to follow that path to the center... and then back out into the world again.

The labyrinth is a perfect metaphor for what one faces when confronted with the end of life: whether it is the anticipation of one's own death; anticipation of the death of someone close, working with and being present to dying persons or grieving significant loss. All of these life experiences are, in essence, unfamiliar "journeys" ~ places of mystery, roads never travelled, voyages without clear direction to guide you. All of these life experiences present potential pathways to new insights, deeper awareness and new perspectives.

**WHO'S NEW:** *We have many new parishioners since our last newsletter in December 2017. This is the first in a series of interviews with newer members to introduce and welcome them into our midst.*

**Welcome, Ethel Myers!**

Interview by Jackie Wolfe

Ethel recently came to us from St. Stephen in Newport. How, why, and what has her journey been like? Glad you asked!

Ethel was born in Mt. Vernon, NY in 1927 and grew up there. Mt. Vernon is just north of NYC and Ethel spent a lot of time in the city. Her first job was in NYC. Ethel got her spirit from both parents. Her father was a successful businessman in the family burlap bag company (used for sandbags in the war).

Unfortunately he died when Ethel was nine. Through bad advice from insurance reps the family lost everything, including their house. Ethel's mother was a tiny powerhouse for Ethel and her three brothers and soldiered through. (It's clear where Ethel gets her indomitable spirit!)

Ethel married and raised three sons. She was hired as National Sales Manager for a semiconductor company, which took her all over the country. She was then offered a job in California as VP of a company started by Raytheon's founder. That first company turned out to be short-lived, and Ethel continued to work in other computer start-ups as they came and went. She knew pretty much everyone who eventually became successful in Silicon Valley, and traveled the world in the business.

At age 60 Ethel worked for the Family Fitness Corporation. There she developed and implemented programs for contract administrators and club managers. She went all over the country opening new clubs, so by the time she retired at 71 the number of clubs had grown from 32 to 500.



When she retired Ethel and one of her sons looked into purchasing a home together near San Clemente, but the cost was beyond what they were willing to pay. So in 1972 she moved to Oregon where she had spent time with another son at his home in Yachats. With him, she bought a house in Newport - because Newport had the amenities she wanted.

A lifelong Episcopalian, Ethel found a home at St. Stephen where she took on many roles, including those of lector, poet, and newsletter editor. She loved to drive for those who couldn't and, only recently, gave up her license. Family had insisted that, at the age of 92, Ethel should start letting others take care of her, so she gave up her car and moved into Sea Aire Assisted Living in Yachats. The facility wasn't a good match for her silky terrier, Tommy, so he was adopted by Ray Winward and Jackie Wolfe, who just happened to be looking for the perfect lap dog (who now goes on mile-long walks). Now St.

Luke will have the benefit of Ethel's talents, she knows Tommy is in a great home, and we're still one big, happy family.

Drawing on her lifetime of experience as an Episcopalian and a musician, it's not surprising that one of Ethel's hobbies is writing hymn histories:

**Hymn #490: A History**

by Ethel Myers

### **I Want to Walk as a Child of the Light**

From the 1700's to modern times, women have played a rich role in the writing of many hymns we love to sing. Some of these impressive female writers include Charlotte Elliott (*Just as I am without one plea*), Sarah Adams (*Nearer my God to Thee*), Cecil Frances Alexander (*All things bright and beautiful*), Elizabeth Clephane (*Beneath the cross of Jesus*), Katherine Hankey (*I love to tell the story*) and Kathleen Thomerson, the author of this month's hymn, *I want to walk as a child of the light*.

Kathleen Thomerson was born in 1934, and is an example of the many contemporary composers who write their own lyrics. The writing of the words to *I want to walk as a child of the light* began in the summer of 1955 in St. Louis during a heat wave and an airline strike. Thomerson's mother had been visiting, and unable to fly home, her daughter decided to drive her back to Houston. Kathleen Thomerson, joyfully looking forward to returning to Houston, family and close friends at the Church of the Redeemer, was inspired to write this hymn.

She later wrote of the experience, "it was at that point that I started hearing the words and melody of this hymn. I remember walking around the house with paper and pencil in hand humming and writing while my mother said, 'Kathleen, if we are leaving soon, shouldn't you be packing?' We drove to Houston, during which time I began to work out harmonies in my head. I finished the harmonization at my parents' piano."

The text was introduced in the summer of 1966 at the Church of the Redeemer and has since been published in several hymn collections. It first appeared in an Episcopal collection, *Songs for Celebration* (New York, 1980).

The music was named *Houston* by Thomerson to honor that city, her family's home and the location of the Church of the Redeemer, where the hymn was introduced. The tune was first published in *Sound of Living Waters* (London, 1974).

*I want to walk as a child of the light.  
I want to follow Jesus.  
God set the stars to give light to the world.  
The star of my life is Jesus.*

*Refrain: In him there is no darkness at all.  
The night and the day are both alike.  
The Lamb is the light of the city of God.  
Shine in my heart, Lord Jesus.*

*I want to see the brightness of God.  
I want to look at Jesus.  
Clear sun of righteousness, shine on my path,  
and show me the way to the Father.*

*I'm looking for the coming of Christ.  
I want to be with Jesus.  
When we have run with patience the race,  
we shall know the joy of Jesus.*

## FAREWELLS

by Jackie Wolfe & Jeanne St John

*St. Luke's has lost some long-time and well-loved members on this earthly plane, for whom we pray that they are now "resting in peace". We wanted to acknowledge their loss, their service, and their connection to St. Luke's, where they continue to be part of our very extended family. An old Jewish tradition says that people die twice—once when the body dies and again when no one speaks their name. It's good to speak their names and remember their beings.*

## LEW HAGELAND

Lew Hageland, a very long-term member of St. Luke's community passed away at the end of October last year. Lew and his wife, Doris, were very involved in the Cursillo movement, as well as the Kairos prison ministry through the Episcopal church. Lew cared for his wife in illness until she passed in 2007. Lew's daughter, Carol, worked in the Kairos ministry as well and met her husband, John, through Kairos.



Lew was retired when he came to St. Luke, but he was always busy. For many years he made up the server and lector schedules, served on the BAC and as Eucharistic minister, collected the paper recycling, retrieved the church mail and constructed anything the church needed (as long as it was made of wood). Lew also enjoyed brush cutting and maintaining the grounds with power tools until he was nearly 90.

He carried a small notebook in his breast pocket, which he used to keep and take short notes. But his favorite use for that notebook was to record jokes. When we saw him reaching into that pocket we knew what was coming!

When Lew's hearing and memory were failing him Carol and John took him to Washington State to live with them. They kept in touch and John drove down to St. Luke from time to time so Lew could visit his young and old friends. His presence and smile lit up the room and filled our hearts. We miss him, but he is still with us.



## WENDY WILLIAMS

Wendy and her husband Bill (Professor William Appleman Williams) were long-ago members of St. Luke, and Wendy remained here for a few years after Bill's passing in 1990 before returning to her home in England. Wendy endowed an annual lecture series in his name at OCCC, as he was a well-known academic in the field of American History.

The Narthex was a gift of the Williams' and has become the beautiful home of our Columbarium as well as the prayer bench.

Jackie and Jeanne (and surely others) maintained a correspondence with Wendy who continued her membership at St. Luke's till her passing last year. Jeanne remembers, "Wendy was very welcoming to Kae and me when we arrived in 1990, and we were grateful that she included us in social gatherings. Wendy was an appreciative reader of our newsletter and sent responses to many of the issues and articles. Her love for, and continuing support of, St. Luke's was greatly appreciated. She was a great fan of 'Brian's Musings' and she and Brian became friends when he visited her home in England."

In a note to her sister Rosemary, Jackie wrote, "I hope my last note reached her in time to answer some of the questions she had about how things were going here. We had hoped to visit England, and Wendy, but that's not to be. We send our deepest condolences and, at the same time, our deepest joys for a life well lived. Whenever an announcement is made about the William Appleman Williams lectures being held here, I think of Wendy. They have both left quite a legacy."

Rosemary responded to our condolences with these thoughts: "St Luke's was a very important community in Wendy's life, so it's hardly surprising that she continued attending after Bill's death and included you in any social gathering. Especially as you were the editor of the newsletter! She loved responding to articles and issues and continued to do so when she returned here..."

At her funeral service, our Unitarian minister said that he had looked up St. Luke's website, and that your welcome to people was what Wendy was and what we as Unitarians try to be - open to all who come within our doors - and hopefully in our relationships too."



## MARTHA WENGER

Martha Wenger quietly passed from this life on Saturday, November 3, 2018, with her family and friends at her side, including St. Luke alums Susan Church+ and Ellen Anderson.

During her years in Waldport, her welcoming spirit allowed her to shine as the office manager of the Newport, Oregon, Chamber of Commerce. She cherished living on the Oregon coast, sometimes taking multiple walks each day on the beach, and she learned to paint the beautiful grays, blues, and greens of the sea and shore. For a woman who was naturally full of life, living near the ocean filled her with even more life.

Martha was generous and kind, and was always up for a rip-roaring, irreverent good time. She loved dressing up for fun and always had a perfect hat for celebratory lunches and teas with her women friends. In August, 2017 her age and health took her back to Idaho to live there with her daughter Sue.

Martha's faith was very important to her and she often celebrated it with a quiet reverence by praying much and often. On the day she passed, the eve of All Saints Day, she was listening to Matthew's account of the resurrection. Our favorite memory of Martha is of her dancing and clapping in the pews to *her* song, "Open Your Ears, O Faithful People".

## Earth and All Stars

by Jackie Wolfe

I know this is a primitive piece of art. It is made of rustic wool. I used a process called wet felting. I'm new at this and, as I was working at it, spreading wool, soap and water over the counter, massaging the piece with mesh to make the fibers catch, I realized what hard work creating can be.

The base is short-fiber brown wool. Over that is a slightly longer fiber white wool. The brown shows through and reminded me of earth. The white, of sky. I thought of the creation of the earth... and the sky... and all that is on, under and over it. By the time I added the images I was tired, but the song "Earth and All Stars" was firmly planted in my being. I've thought of touching it up, modifying it, I may still do so, but rest is important too. Meanwhile I'm in awe of the process of greater creation - and of rest.



## God in the Midst...

...stay inside, find God in the midst of everything, reflect on your own desires, never fail to dream and live in hope. Life always seeks more life. After 13.8 billion years of life in the Big Bang cosmos and 4.2 billion years of earth life, do we really think God will wipe this slate clean? Absolutely not; God is doing new things and it is time to rediscover this God who is in the pandemic crisis with us and who will not fail us; for God is beyond us. God is the power of the future. (*Excerpt from Ilia Delio's Omega Center*)



Cretan Labyrinth, approx. 540 BCE