



THE LABYRINTH

St. Luke & St. Stephen Review

Fall 2020

The Labyrinth Review is 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 Marcia Casey at caseymarcia99@gmail.com. If you liked this edition, please let us know.

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This beautiful coyote appeared in St. Luke's Church garden on St. Francis' Day, Oct. 4, 2009, while approximately 40 church members enjoyed brunch. Brother Coyote stayed in the garden, sipped water from the birdbath, and eventually wandered away.

A Gathering of Saints

by *The Rev. Judith Jones*

In October and early November three holy days—St. Francis’ Day, All Saints Day, and All Souls Day—interrupt our march through the long green Season after Pentecost. Our Fall 2020 issue of the Labyrinth explores themes connected with these three days.

Francis is the patron saint of ecology and of the animals. Our St. Francis Day Blessing of the Animals emphasizes this aspect of his legacy. He was known for preaching to birds and for teaching people to love, respect, and care for God’s creation. In the *Canticle of the Sun* he addressed Brother Sun, Sister Moon, Brother Fire, Sister Wind and Mother Earth as family members. But Francis, who has been called the most admired and least emulated of all the saints, focused his attention on his human siblings too. Though he was born into a wealthy family and spent his early years partying, drinking, and indulging himself like the rich young noble he was, after he felt God’s call he gave away his wealth and his belongings and lived in poverty, preaching to and caring for ordinary people and especially the poor. He established a simple rule for the religious orders he founded: “to follow the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ and to walk in his footsteps.” He called people to love their neighbors, saying, “Your God is of your flesh. He lives in your nearest neighbor, in every person.”

On All Saints Day we celebrate the way that God’s presence transforms ordinary human lives. Saints aren’t just extraordinary people like Francis. As the New Testament uses the term, saints are the ordinary people of God made holy by God’s presence and love. In his letters Paul calls the people he is writing to saints. Well-known saints such as Francis or Stephen or Luke help the rest of us to imagine what lives transformed by God might look like, but sometimes we miss the boat by focusing only on those who did something dramatic. Most saints practice their faith quietly, behind the scenes. Furthermore, most saints are not born into wealth and power like Francis was. Marcia Casey’s beautiful drawing of a homeless man sprinkling himself with basil (a herb whose name comes from the same root as the Greek words for kingdom and royal) reminds us that Jesus blessed and honored the poor and the poor in spirit, assuring them that the kingdom of God belongs to them. Saints show up in the most unexpected places. They are all around us—people from every race and tribe and language and nation. How many saints have we missed seeing because we were looking for someone powerful, wealthy, and white?

If All Saints Day celebrates the people whom God has made holy, All Souls Day (known in Spanish-speaking cultures as Día de Muertos, “Day of the Dead”) is an opportunity to honor and remember all our beloved dead. We in the U.S. have much to learn from the culture of Mexico and of other countries where death is accepted as an inevitable part of life and where children are taught early to be comfortable talking about death and are encouraged to participate in rituals of grief and mourning. Though we miss them and grieve for them, our dead are not lost to us. In the Episcopal Church we believe that the living and the dead together all share in the communion of saints, united by being held in God’s being and in God’s love. As Jesus said, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob “is the God not of the dead, but of the living, for to God all of them are alive” (Luke 20:37–38).

This issue of the Labyrinth weaves together themes of creation, poverty, and death with an invitation to open our eyes to the many places and ways that God appears among us. As you read it, may you find yourself held in God’s love.

Judith+

Homeless Man Anointing Himself with Basil*

by Marcia Casey



(*The word 'basil' comes from the Greek *basileus*, meaning 'king.')



Shopping Cart above the Ravine in the Time of Pandemic

March 26, 2020

Down there somewhere, a tent or tarp, and
a cardboard bed. Along this road, someone
saw a cougar last month. Forecast shows no sun.
After midnight, a train's wail. At sunrise, crows, and sirens.
In the cart, neighbors start leaving food and water,
sleeping bag in a garbage bag, matches and gloves.
By dawn, they're gone. Rain, moss, shadows. Only
a matter of time, some say, from a safe distance
across the fence. Every dawn provisions disappear,
and we celebrate. So far, the cart stands empty.
So far.

by Kim Stafford

(Poem & Beth Nakamura's photo published on <https://projects.oregonlive.com/kim-stafford/>)





Beyond Above & Below

Men, the mainly more
muscular humanoids,
hold tight to the ropes
that lower a casket
into corona's next grave
in Mumbai

Four of them, three
in full white PPE,
one barefoot in jeans
& no mask - a brother?

strain together
to ease the weight of a man
back into the heavy earth

Perhaps it is the angle
of the photograph

that renders his casket
surprisingly small
& delicate

wide at the shoulders
narrow again
at the head
& painted black

with a gold line
tracing its shape
and a gold cross
over his face

aligning his vision
with what he awaited
beyond above & below

by Linnea Harper 7/8/20

(Photo from New York Times)

Worry Beads

Chronos—ticking from future-to-present-to-past,
planetary cycles, pendulum swings, minutes
crawl to hours—tick-tock-tick. Who and what have
ticked a last tock, tocked a last tick? The undulating
continents, tides of seas, second hand sweeps away.

Kairos—living time, infinite and eternal—taking
back time. When was soon and not yet time, waiting
forever time, your and my time, opportune time,
the perfect time? Dreams of others elsewhere.
Time flooding treasured hours with urgent memories.

Komboloi—fingering lingering on each bead—click-
tock-click, an orchestra conductor setting life's tempo.
Tending time, purloining it, spacing it out, making it last.
Slow happy visions of old friends, click, lovers, click, family.
Capturing time from time, containing it, making it mine.

by Doug Yunker

*Kombolói is a string of worry beads manipulated with one or two hands and used to pass time in Greek and Cypriot culture.

The Funeral

by Morry Lindros

with an introduction and comments by Judith+

Recently the funerals of young Black men have dominated the headlines. Such untimely deaths are not a new phenomenon. Over 50 years ago Morry Lindros, who now attends St. Luke's, went to the funeral of a young Black man and wrote about the experience.

Morry has a wide and varied work history. Among other things he has been a Roman Catholic priest, a social worker, and a community activist. At the time of the funeral—in 1968—he was teaching at the only high school in Watts, California, as well as running an encounter group of gang members, young Black Panthers, all of whom were also heavy drug users. A member of the encounter group overdosed in his class and died shortly afterward in a nearby housing project. Morry attended his student's funeral. Since Morry was also working on his Master's in Film and TV at Loyola University, he wrote a brief description of his emotional reactions to being at the funeral. His semi-autobiographical creative writing piece, which he later turned into a screenplay, depicts the attitudes and language of a white man in the late 1960s as he encounters Black cultural expressions that are, from his own cultural point of view, unfamiliar and even strange:

The Funeral

I was mad, disgusted ... tense. If Agnes hadn't reminded me I'd still be watching *Shoes of a Fisherman* at the film director's studio. But whether it was guilt or concern, I knew I should be at Ed's funeral at 2 p.m.

The highway provided me with nothing but a blanket of mist and melancholy. Splashing past 110th and Compton Ave. I caught sight of Greater Antioch Baptist Church just as four of my students were carrying Ed's body into the dismal looking building.

Water dripped from the ceiling as the small choir intoned, *Come Sweet Jesus*. ... Only the appearance of plump Rev. Black, Bible in hand, saved us from their uncoordinated efforts.

I couldn't catch what Black was reading but it was unimportant. I was here, somber, moody, thoughtful; and all to the testimony that I as a white man did care for a young black hipe who died too young ... too soon.

Lloyd made it ... Larry, Fred, Benard, Fuzzy ~ they were all there. Seemed like every addict in the community was on the scene with his leather jacket and shades, as if to collect ... or to pay off to Ed. What a lineup! Sargent [sic] Masterson from Precinct 77 would have raised a brow or two at this gathering.

Kelly had tears streaming down his face; perpetually high ... who could blame him; deserted father, bitch mother; in and out of jail since thirteen. He shot with Ed for the last time that Saturday night.

The wailing, so characteristic at a Black funeral did not begin until the second stanza of I Believe, delivered by Hessie Jones. The little Black kid next to me stared at the solitary tear that rolled down my cheek.

Why are women so goddam hysterical? Did they really know Ed? Did they care? Were they using Ed's 'time' from their own shackles of welfare and project living? I do not know. I do not live in Watts; but I feel for them now, in their strange melodramatic way.

Only the obituary read by Sister Maebelle shook me out of my depression. "Ed Leavy Pollard. Born in Greenwood, Miss., 1952; Died Jan. 11, 1969. ..." She droned on in a pitifully low, uneducated tone.

Curley, a steady shooter with Ed was moved to bellow out, "Louder Lady, I can't hear ya." Choresetta in the fourth pew from the front responded to this abrupt remark with a deep shaking sob. The storm grew louder. I noticed at least three leaks from the roof now. God, what a depressing hole; wet, dam [sic] pictureless, peeling paint, worn, dam pews; only the cossack of Ed and us. "Only us O Lord," I thought "but what the hell are we here for?"

"I sit here white, middleclass, secure, while the goddam system rapes these poor people of every vestage [sic] of dignity."

Rev. Galine, a slick looking 'Tom' began the eulogy; Jeremiah was the scapegoat. First there was the woman in the back row. She was joined by three others; then another ... and another; soon everyone in the drama had his chance to chant a response back to the Baptist Preacher; "Oh Lord" ... "That's right" ... "I'm listnin" ... "Speak God." ... Only the periodic gasping signs (sobs) interrupted the Rev's show.

Ed would have rolled over and grimaced if he would have heard the hysterics when David, his classmate, opened his cossack for the finale. The weeping and gnashing lasted long enough for all of us to troop past Ed and glance at his ashen, black face.

I felt whipped out; this was a strange two hours; strange to a white who had no blackness in him; strange to a white who knew no such poverty and desperation; even stranger outside when I greeted a young Black in a Panther-like outfit: “White-mother-fuckin Pig.”

In 1969, a year after he wrote the piece above, Morry began teaching at Torrance High School. The all white students in his 10th grade creative writing class asked him to share some of his own writing with them. He read “The Funeral.” The concluding line shocked the school administration (though not his students), and he was fired. The ACLU took the case, which ultimately went to the California Supreme Court. In *Lindros vs the Governing Board of the Torrance Unified School District*, Supreme Court of California (May 31, 1973) they ruled that Morry had been within his rights as a teacher to read “The Funeral” to his students—even though it contains language that some find offensive.

The Court’s comments on the case still ring true almost 50 years later:

Obviously teachers are not to sanction the use of words as blatantly offensive as these in classroom discussion or even in the personal banter of students. But here the words were used by a character in a story; the story, in turn was presented as an example of expressive writing. The black character utters the words in ‘The Funeral’ as a mark of his anger and disgust at a white’s presence at the funeral; the words were employed for a definite literary objective. Thus, Lindros read the story to his students as part of a quite obvious teaching technique.

Many classic works seeking to capture the anger of blacks against a society that they consider inexcusably oppressive are peppered with epithets that express outrage in terms at least as violent as that used here.... The writer of ‘The Funeral’ could not properly convey the fury of the young black at the apparent condescension of a white man in attending the funeral except by the use of an expletive. The outrage of the black had to be mirrored in language that outraged.

On December 17, 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court denied a request to review the case. As a result, the California Supreme Court's decision stood, and Torrance's School Board lost its case.

These events from a half-century ago still raise provocative questions today. I'm reminded of the way that Tony Campolo, an ordained Baptist minister and prominent public speaker, often begins his presentations to evangelical audiences: "I have three things I'd like to say today. First, while you were sleeping last night, 30,000 kids died of starvation or diseases related to malnutrition. Second, most of you don't give a shit. What's worse is that you're more upset with the fact that I said shit than the fact that 30,000 kids died last night."

Do we get upset about the things that really matter? Are we more concerned that someone used profanity in front of teenagers, or that a whole community is suffering from an epidemic of drug addictions and that young people are dying needlessly? According to a study published this October in the *Journal of Epidemiology and Community Health*, during the last five years in the U.S. unarmed Black people were killed by police at three times the rate of unarmed White people. Are we more offended that buildings are being damaged when protests spin out of control or that, on average, every week and a half the police shoot and kill an unarmed Black person? What outrages us today, and why does it outrage us?

St. Francis among Forget-Me-Nots

by Kae Bates





The Praying Church Ladies

One of them took my hand at the altar rail
and tugged me toward the back pew.
Girl, I see your aura is black with sorrow,
your heart is heavy,
come back and pray with us.
Let us hold you, invited the
dancing gypsy, buddhapalian
fairies.
You are loved,
can you feel our warmth dear
Girl?
Feel our prayers,
dare to let them touch the pain.
You are brave and loved.
Feel our prayers,
dare to let them touch the pain.
You are brave and loved.
We will not leave you here,
cold and curled up, your heart
crying the deepest darkest sorrow of colors.
We will hold you, warm you,
until you believe again.
Until your spark has returned;
your Sonlight shining.

by The Rev. Annie Jones

Sheltered in Her Underwing

by Marcia Casey





“I Will Hold Your People in My Heart” *by Michele Hogan*

Worldwide this has been a year of change resulting from several uncontrollable forces all intersecting at once. There has been the birth of Covid-19, devastating natural disasters, and the uncovering of undeniable systemic racial violence in our country that has been festering for over two hundred years. No matter what we do or believe it is impossible to behave as we did before. The jig is up! Change has created unrest in our lives and souls. I find my heart opening and feeling so many emotions as some people move towards acceptance of a new reality while others rebel against it. My eyes fill with tears of fear, confusion, and sadness at loss. My hope lies in the promise that the Kingdom of God reigns, and in the thought that it is possible for humanity to find a deeper level of consciousness bringing us together to love our neighbor.

I am left thinking I do not know how God is going to use me, but I do know that we as women are to be a major part of the healing in our nation and the world—we who are carriers of life, we who tend to hurts and wounds to bring healing and comfort in children and people of all ages. I want to truly be able to see others also as my children, my brothers and sisters in the world. Each life is sacred and we, as moms and as those who have been mother figures to so many, know this in a real and undeniable way.

The Holy Spirit hovered over the creation of every one of us, not just some of us; God did not just knit some of us together in our mother's womb, we were all knit together in our mother's womb, and in the greater Womb of all Life we are all knit together as One in God's beautiful creation. I do not want our grandchildren—yet another generation, whether black, brown, or white—to have to deal with racism and other inequalities in this world. I am praying that we will give them a better, more loving, more healing world. Healing is so needed. Where are the healers—the healing voices—the healing hands? Where are the healing agents of God in places of power and authority in our government, churches, our education and health systems, and the world at large? I am praying that God will call them forth, call them out in this Pentecost season of Jesus sending His disciples out as His Shekinah.

I remember the hymn from years ago that I had taken to heart then and need to again, “Here I am Lord.” The people are crying and there are darkness and tears in this time of the unknown. Violence and fear are assaulting the human spirit. Many have been wounded and we are lost to ourselves, unable to trust in others, not secure enough to risk being creative. We feel cut off from the commitment to do what is best for the common good by fear and suffering. It feels like there are no definitive answers but to slow down, wait, observe, tend to each other, and pray. In one way or another we are being forced to look to the One who made the stars for guidance to find our way.

In all the places we inhabit, in our homes, churches, and workplaces, we embrace violence and become desensitized to pain. Parker Palmer defines violence as “any way we have of violating the identity or integrity of another person.” This is the violence that makes others turn away and turns the loving heart to stone.

By embracing violence towards our neighbor, home, and self as normal, people are passively assenting to its dominance. We continue to perpetuate division by seeing others and the creation as separate rather than as part of ourselves. The Lord calls us

to selfless love, to become our better nature, to honor, not violate, the identity or integrity of others.

How do we bear witness to the others within us, between us, and beyond us? Is it just some idyllic dream of Jesus that we can learn to relate to ourselves and to each other with love? What does a love greater than our fears and mistrust of love feel like? What does it mean when someone steps on our toes not to fight and meet violence with violence, not to flee, putting private sanctuary ahead of finding common ground? How does it look to be committed to the Lord and honor the souls of all people, even those whom we judge as misfits as well as those who do not treat us well or who don't do it our way? These seem to be timeless questions.

The repeating verse in the song “Here I am Lord”—“I will hold your people in my heart”—is a response for being committed to agape love, standing beside others, showing up, and allowing unity and mutual respect to grow. It is healing for me and for so many others when we simply open ourselves to listen to others with full presence and everyone is heard, remembering we are all children of God.



Chorus for a Poetics of Matter

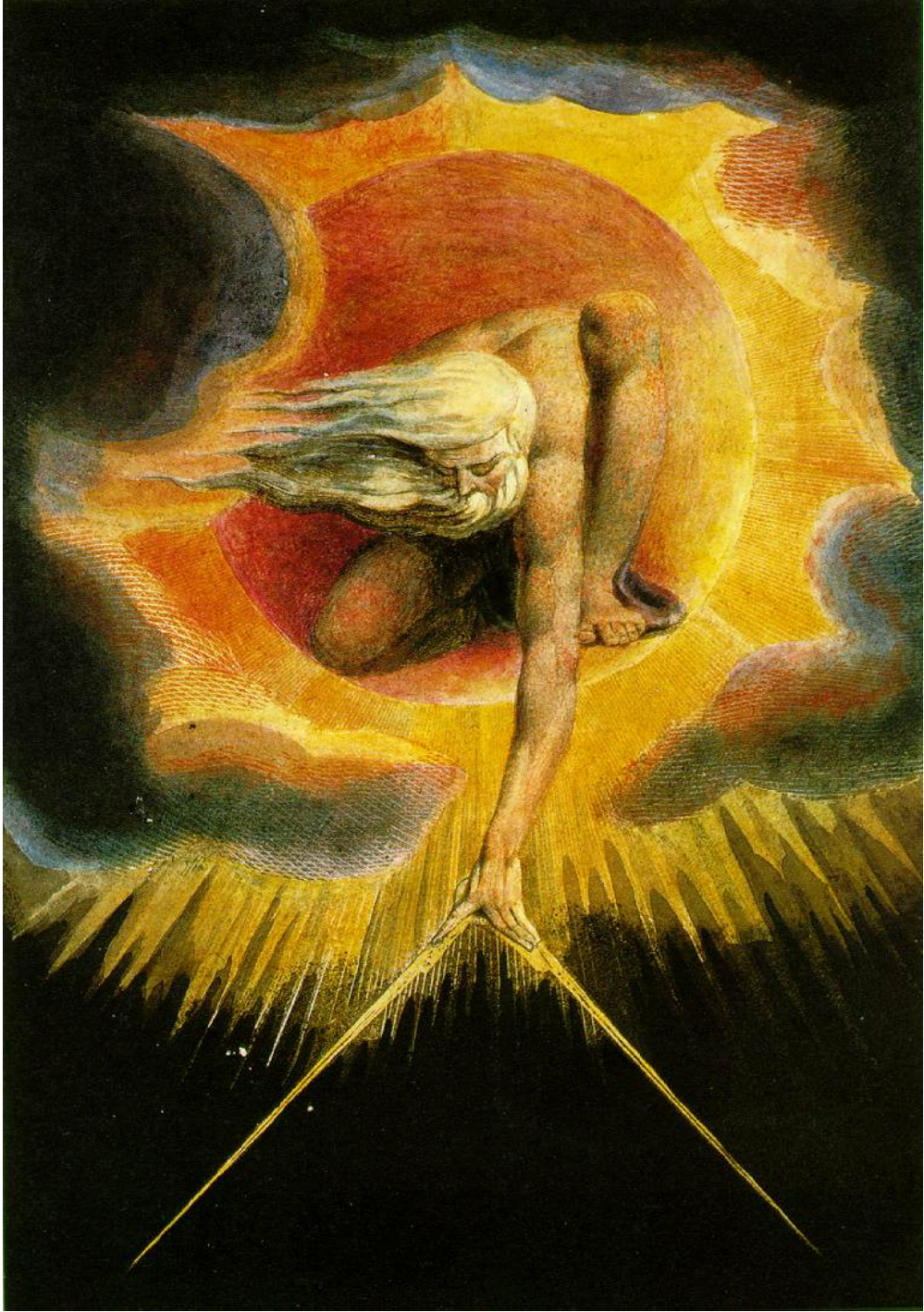
WSMerwin	I have to trust what was given
WSMerwin	to me... the stars
WSMerwin/AnnieDillard	over the shadowless mountain / Being
AnnieDillard/MartinHeidegger	itself / beings... flung free into nothing other
MartinHeidegger/CharlesDarwin	than a drawing toward the center / an instinctive
CharlesDarwin	tendency
CharlesDarwin/EleniSikelianos	to acquire an art / to travel the deeps of air
EleniSikelianos/CeciliaVicuña	with no fear / listening
CeciliaVicuña/WSMerwin	to matter / what does it
WSMerwin	not remember
WSMerwin	in its night
WSMerwin/MartinHeidegger	and silence / the soundness
MartinHeidegger	of worldly existence – this
MartinHeidegger	is what is
MartinHeidegger/EleniSikelianos	to be said / to stir words
EleniSikelianos/CeciliaVicuña	into thoughts like things / sacred
CeciliaVicuña/CeciliaVicuña	things I had to arrange / the weaving
CeciliaVicuña/CeciliaVicuña	of words / to follow their
CeciliaVicuña/RainerMariaRilke	wishes / what's your urgent charge, if not
RainerMariaRilke/WilliamBlake	transformation / the eyes of fire
WilliamBlake	the nostrils of air, the mouth of water
WilliamBlake	the beard of the
WilliamBlake/WB/RainerMariaRilke	earth / Infernal Genius / speak
RainerMariaRilke/WaltWhitman	and testify / who goes there
WaltWhitman/WSMerwin	hankering, gross, mystical, nude / more beautiful
WSMerwin	after every wound /
JulianaSpahr	one
JulianaSpahr	and another
JulianaSpahr/RainerMariaRilke	and another / whoever
RainerMariaRilke/JulianaSpahr	we finally may be / we
JulianaSpahr/MartinHeidegger	build and we come and we reach / but
MartinHeidegger	the saying is hard – the hard thing
MartinHeidegger	is to accomplish
MH/MarciaCasey/RainerMariaRilke	existence / we say its name / oh...
RainerMariaRilke	in a way that
RainerMariaRilke	things themselves never
RainerMariaRilke	dreamed of /
LaurieGudim	just so /
JulianaSpahr	so it might
JulianaSpahr	matter

a cento by Marcia Casey

**A cento is a poem composed of passages taken from other authors & put in a new form or order.*

The Ancient of Days

by William Blake





Oregon Dawn in Spite of the News

April 8, 2020

Before I can get to our statistics – so many stricken, so many dead – I’m summoned by the bird raising a ruckus outside, crows and jays in festive outrage, trill, chirrr, and aria

from the little brown birds, the mournful dove, the querulous towhee, rusty starlings in their see-saw mutter, and a woodpecker flicker hammering the gutter staccato.

On the porch, I’m assaulted by the merciless scent of trees opening their million flowers, as I inhale the deep elixir of hazel, hawthorn, maple, and oh those shameless cherry trees.

And just when I’ve almost recovered my serious moment, I gasp, helpless to see the full queen moon sidling down through a haze of blossoms.

by Kim Stafford

(Poem previously published on <https://projects.oregonlive.com/kim-stafford/>)

Our Central Coastline is a hymn
that writes itself and sings a song
where fertile farmlands, forests, birds
and hillside flowers all belong.

by Ethel Myers

Beach Stones

Today is a wonderful day on the beach!
As I walk along
my eyes run along the sand at my feet,
at the edge of the water
looking at stones.
Oh, I know the ocean is out there.
It's incessant.
It's infinite.
But I can't take my eyes off the stones.
Who knew there were so many colors
and shapes
and textures.
Today I find myself drawn to the tiny smooth ones
and the perfectly oval ones.
I find agates that the light shines through.
Those are more rare...and can be nice.
There are places I go especially to find smooth stones
with a hole worn through...
Holy stones!
I find a fine holy stone unexpectedly today,
but I find myself reaching for one stone, and then another,
feeling their texture
wiping the sand off on my pants leg to see if they look
and feel
the same
in my hand
as they do from a distance.
Many I toss back.

No offense,
just not right for me today.
Some simply look more right with the ocean washing over them.
Maybe that's what they need.
Several remain in my pocket to take home
to stack in the dish in the foyer,
or to pile on my bedroom bureau.

I just like having them around.
They remind me of the beauty of small things.
And there is always the sand
and the water to send them back to
when that time comes.

by Jackie Wolfe

Lucky Day at the Beach! *by Marcia Casey*



God Bless

Under rain rusted Rhodys
sit a pit bull and a scruffy guy.
Curbed. He holds a tattered
cardboard sign: Out of Gas.

Homeless, between shelter stays,
fed by coastal churches' generosity,
my companion grouses, 'these
guys are richer than you and me'.

I, grateful for the guy's familiar con
reminding me of my very own—
cons and lies since I was born,
give penance cash to send them on.

by Doug Yunker

Haiku

The moon seeing its reflection
in the pond
believes itself the sun.

by Philip Kuepper

More Haikus

by Philip Kuepper

A frog slips into the silk
garment of water.
Ripples fold the pond.

A spider threads the air
with a web of light.
Dusk wears a mantilla.

Autumn, oaks rise
in a quiet roaring of gold,
earth's celestial lamps.

Autumn Leaves

by Kae Bates





The Finger Labyrinth

by Jeanne St John

Many seekers are finding the finger labyrinth a powerful tool to use while “homebound” and unable to get to an outdoor labyrinth. Many have never used a full-size walking version, but have been intrigued by the ancient symbol. The finger labyrinth is a gift of spirit that increases right-brain activity and gives us access to our inner wisdom. “Let your fingers do the walking for you,” the Yellow Pages ad was right. A master copy of a finger labyrinth is included as the final page of this publication. You’re encouraged to print and copy for ongoing use.

Many who use the labyrinth regularly observe three stages to the walk: releasing on the way in, receiving in the center and returning to share with others when you follow the return path back out of the labyrinth.

When you're ready to start the Labyrinth Journey, ask an important question, ponder a change, or request guidance for a problem. Starting at the entrance, move your fingers slowly and deliberately along the pathway to the center. Notice the twists and turns, the quick changes that are required. When you reach the Center, drop your virtual backpack and burdens and sit quietly while you are being replenished, answered, cared for by the Great Spirit, by the Universe, by God. When your spiritual energy tank feels replenished and ready for the return, when you're received your answer or guidance, thank the Source and head back along the same path to the Outer World. Notice the increased energy and vitality, the increased clarity and focus, and the knowing how to share this back in "real life."

We encourage you to make it a useful tool for transformative growth if that's what you're called to do. You may want to use different colored crayons for the different parts of the path or you may want to jot words down as reminders of the journey. You may want to make several copies to use at different times, with color, with words, as an art project. We would love to hear how you are using finger labyrinths...we'll share your ideas and experiences in the next edition. Send responses to caseymarcia99@gmail.com.

Links to information on finger labyrinths:

<https://labyrinthociety.org/download-a-labyrinth>

<https://devozine.upperroom.org/spiritual-practices/praying-with-a-finger-labyrinth/>

<https://www.relax4life.com/download-paper-finger-labyrinths/>

OASIS

by Ethel Myers

- 1: a fertile or green area in an arid region
- 2: something providing relief from boring or dreary routine; REFUGE

Arab tribes in Africa spent time in an oasis to get out of the heat and also to meet and discuss their differences and try to win over other tribes.
They all had camels!

Here are some topics that we could pursue:
You tell me your thoughts and I'll tell you mine.
How do you feel about what I oppose?
And also, just maybe, where do we agree?
Liberal, far right or perhaps in between?
Are you upset when a woman is boss?
How about sending your toddler to school?

COVID-19 has arrived, it's spreading so fast,
Is it the flu... or something far worse?
Is freedom gone if you must wear a mask?
Be sure your neighbor is six feet away!
Marching, protesting police in your town?

Is immigration a sore spot for you?
Are Dreamers safe or are they in danger?
See skyscraper boulders dotted with seals?
Red moons and comets have also been seen!
Are you ignoring this real climate change
while clean water and air are provided for you?
We must have a camel ! One hump or two?



Camel by Jo Martin

Environmental Mindfulness

by Jackie Wolfe

If you're concerned about living responsibly in stewardship of the earth, and solar panels or an electric car aren't in the stars for you, what can you do?

You can fit "Reduce, Reuse, & Recycle" into your life. I add "Recognize" to this list as a primary piece. There is a lot that is NOT recyclable and our recycle bins are often filled with wishful thinking.

REDUCE what you use:

- Bring cloth and mesh bags to stores for food. Make it second nature to bring bags into stores with you. Bag your own groceries and wash the reusable bags.
- Minimize buying products packaged in plastic or cardboard.
- Rather than bringing plastic bags home for "other uses" find substitutes for them.
- Reuse plastic bags that food comes in (especially zip-lock types) for incidental wet garbage so you don't need to change your garbage bag as often. Milk cartons can also get dual use as wet-waste receptacles.
 - Reuse plastic bags from frozen food and other products to pick up pet waste instead of buying fresh new bags. Better yet, if your pet poops in your yard, have a scooper available and either a disposal bag for quantity, or a disposal site.
- See <https://www.thezerowastepet.com/how-to-dispose-of-dog-poop/> for more info on this.
- Frequent second-hand and thrift stores to give and buy before looking for new things.
- Refill healthy water bottles, rather than buying bottled water.

REUSE:

- Visit the bulk section and refill your own bags, reusing twist ties as well.
- Often food co-ops and health stores (Oceana does) will allow you to weigh your bottles and jars, then refill them.
- Use rags to clean with, rather than paper towels. Instead of disposable wipes, make your own with rags.
- Use old washcloths on your Swiffer instead of disposables. All these can be washed and reused.

- Wash, dry and reuse zip-lock bags. If they're too far gone, use them for garbage or pet waste.

RECYCLE:

- Observe and honor what your own sanitation company recycles.
- Both North and South Lincoln county allow, in co-mingled bins:
 - CLEAN paper, newspaper and cardboard
 - CLEAN foil, pie tins and cans
 - CLEAN plastic jars and bottles where the neck is smaller than the bottom (#1& #2).
- Recognize that the recyclable symbol means nothing in itself. Other plastic is mostly junk and won't be reused. CLEAN glass can be collected and delivered to the transfer site. Some stores (Fred Meyer) collect CLEAN plastic bags and plastic wrapping for shredding and reuse. (At least in non-COVID times).
*I stress CLEAN because food, oil and other fluids contaminate the whole stream. I ask you to think like this: If your third grade granddaughter's class was storing these things in a closet to make crafts from, you would want them CLEAN.
- Used paper plates, napkins, tissues and cups are a no-go. Plastic wrap is a no-go. Styrofoam and clamshell containers are a no-go. Milk cartons and soup containers are a no-go. Shiny register receipts are coated with Teflon® - can't be recycled, and they pollute the paper recycle stream. That's why REDUCING is so important. There is a lot that isn't recyclable.
- Compost yard waste, or use your Sanitation company's yard waste bin instead of burning paper and woody debris. With the recent fire season most of us have a renewed respect for fire.

The pollution from improper disposal of waste affects us much more than the "germs" of handling our own garbage. The information to help is all around us.

Please, both at home and at church, observe and honor these guidelines.

Riley

by Doug Yunker



Three Part Harmony

My dog Riley, a Great Blue Heron, and I meet
creek-side. Dog in the Salal, bird perched
on a scraggy-grey tree branch, and me on the
French Bench. Tattered reflections of rushes,
pines, and black willows are stitched together
along the bank. Golden alder leaves, swollen
like biscuits in hot tea, float in the stillness.

I raise my glass of cheap red wine—a dismissal
benediction for home-bound boats, trailers, and
motor cycles rumbling across Ten Mile Bridge.

Riley chews the last few berries found during these
quiet moments. I sip my wine while the heron preens.
The endless sky fills with clouds of unraveling lace.

by Doug Yunker

Parishioner Profile: Wendy Pickell

by Jackie Wolfe

Police are much in the news these days. Emergencies are always in the news. What may come to our minds when we think of these things is informed by our own experiences and opinions.

Imagine what it's like to send these First Responders out on calls, to decide who goes where, and what information is pertinent to both the caller and the responders.

Wendy Pickell was gracious enough to share with us what this experience is like for her. Most of us know Wendy as a dear friend of, even family to, the Fortmeyer family - a mentor to Madyson. Wendy spent 26 years working for Walmart, which usually allowed her a steady schedule and time to join us at St. Luke for services and events.

How did she end up as a 911 dispatcher? Many of Wendy's family were police or served in the military. Her father was in the Marines and her sister was in the navy. Wendy always thought she would follow in those footsteps, but life didn't lead her in that direction. She met Sherri Fortmeyer when they both worked at Walmart and became fast friends. The office work she was doing was consistent, had benefits, and allowed her time with her father. That is important because her mother, sister and brother have all passed. Eventually, when Walmart placed her in jobs where her skills were under-utilized, she began looking elsewhere for work.

Wendy became aware of the job opening for 911 dispatcher in Toledo and thought, "I could do that!" It ticked off a lot of boxes for what she wanted in a job: she could work where she and her father live, she would have good training and benefits, it



could be a challenge, there was a good chance of longevity in the work. And it was sort of in her blood.

She excelled at the academy, earning honor and respect from both her classmates and instructors. When asked if this work was a “calling,” Wendy says maybe... though after two years it still feels new to her.

Dispatch handles Police, Fire Emergency Medical and Code Enforcement services, so Wendy starts with talking about the “little calls.” These are what we might not often consider emergent issues, but they need to be treated with respect and compassion, while still accomplishing the goal of resolving the issue. Some are repeat callers, where Dispatch, and often the Responder, is familiar with the caller and the issue. Then there are the medical and police emergencies, often full of anxiety and tension. There are often calls involving mental health needs, with a need for different considerations. She sends First Responders to these too but, as for all calls, can also call on a supervisor for input.

Wendy appreciates that she sees calls from both the caller’s point of view and the First Responders’. She is often on the phone with the caller to keep them calm and heard, while listening to several other inputs as the situation plays out. When the First Responders arrive on location her job is usually over, and she sometimes finds it difficult to deal with that open-endedness. She doesn’t always get to know how a call plays out.

How does she take care of herself amid all the stress? Wendy admittedly feels the weight of it all, so she makes it a point to take extra care of herself. “Because First Responders have no choice,” she can choose to be at her best for them. She gets enough sleep, often at the expense of a social life. She and another dispatcher have a relationship of being able to unload with each other, without violating confidentiality. Her Academy class has a private Facebook page where members can share and get input and feedback...and empathy. She says, “I compartmentalize it for now, and unpack it later.” Having learned from a martial artist father, Wendy uses her Ki, or life force, to center herself. She can see both sides without compromising herself.

The COVID epidemic has necessitated changes. Friends who might have sat in as observers, support, and graveyard shift conversationalists, can no longer be in the Dispatch Center. Family can’t drop in for a visit. Dispatchers pay even more

attention to the situations of First Responders and do more status checks. They are quicker to send more backup.

Some of this also has been stepped up because of the awareness of civil and racial unrest in our nation. Personally, Wendy speaks of changed conversations with family and friends where, “I just don’t go there.” She is aware that opinions are more polarized and discourse less civil. She hasn’t put any law enforcement stickers on her new car because she is aware they might bring unwanted attention – or even vandalism.

When asked how her faith informs her in her work Wendy responded, “On every call my first thought is “God protect them and bring them home.” She also speaks of what she calls “moments,” which occur every day and all day long. These are the times she finds herself connected to the “oneness,” whether it be nature, people, timing, or being with her dog Daisy. Daisy is her favorite support to share moments with.

Wendy misses the inherent support of St. Luke’s and the sharing at coffee hour, but both her schedule and COVID prevent participation in these.

The Police Chief recognized that Wendy has extensive skills and has assigned her to handle Property and Evidence. The collection, cataloging and all that goes along with this has always intrigued her, so Wendy feels fortunate for this added assignment. It keeps her work varied.

Wendy admits that, ultimately, her job is helping people – “I enjoy it! It’s a good fit.”

P.S. With Wendy attending, **Madyson Fortmeyer** got her driver’s license! You go, girl!



The Rev. Gavin Shumate, MD, Opens a New Practice in Newport *by the Rev. Gavin Shumate*

When I first moved to Newport, it was to start a new life, a new adventure, a new chapter in my life. My wife Amy and I previously lived in the Seattle area. Tired of the traffic, I chanced upon this opportunity to practice medicine in a way that was more in line with my own personal beliefs about health care (which focuses more on taking the time to listen to people, to develop the relationship between provider and patient, and also on my role as teacher), so we decided to move to Newport.



Amy and I have thrived in this community, as have our children. While I enjoyed my time working for the hospital, after almost nine years it was becoming abundantly clear that my path was leading me elsewhere. We did not want to leave Newport – this has been our home for longer than anywhere else since either of us moved away from our hometown, we have beloved friends here, a home, and a church community.

After much prayer and discernment, I decided to go into private practice. I knew there was a need for compassionate care in this community from my time at the hospital; people are looking for a provider to listen to their concerns, answer their questions, and provide them with the information they need to make intelligent, informed decisions about their health. In part because of my dual calling as priest and physician, I feel particularly equipped to respond to this need.

At Integrity, my new practice, we provide the full spectrum of office/clinic-based gynecologic services. As the new specialty provider of choice, we are dedicated to serving our community with justice and integrity; delivering high quality, personalized care to every patient we encounter; and treating each individual with dignity and respect in all aspects of care.

Another need I have recognized in this community is for a health care professional who will provide a safe, respectful, welcoming space to the LGBTQIA2S+

community in our area. When I worked for Samaritan, I provided care to a handful of LGBTQIA2S+ individuals, but without much support from the hospital. Today, I am proud to say that Integrity Women's Health & Wellness is the only medical practice on the central Oregon coast offering specialty health services specifically to trans individuals, and is committed to providing this safe, respectful, welcoming space to the LGBTQIA2S+ community.

Again, this has arisen in part due to my dual calling: as a priest, I feel that this is a very unique way in which I can fulfill the charge I was given at my ordination: "As a priest, it will be your task to proclaim by word and deed the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to fashion your life in accordance with its precepts. You are to love and serve the people among whom you work, caring alike for young and old, strong and weak, rich and poor... In all that you do, you are to nourish Christ's people from the riches of his grace, and strengthen them to glorify God in this life and in the life to come."

When I was in process for ordination, I was at times cautioned to keep my vocations separate. Nearly four years have now passed since my diaconal ordination, and what I have learned is that my vocations inform and form each other; I can no more close off the "priest" calling in the office than I can stop being the "physician" in the church sanctuary.

I have been fearfully and wonderfully made, and am called to fulfill both roles throughout the whole of my life. To me, this means being the hands and feet of Christ, bearing the Light of Christ, and embodying the love of God wherever I find myself, and that includes my role as physician. This need not look like proselytizing everyone I come across; it is the gentle touch, the kind word, the holy presence that I carry with me into every human encounter. It is seeking and serving Christ in all persons; it is loving my neighbor as myself; it is always working to love as Jesus did, to see as Jesus did, to touch, teach, and care as Jesus did. As priest and physician, this is my passion, my calling, and my joy.

EfM Graduation Celebration

by Marcia Casey

Education for Ministry (EfM) is an international program through the School of Theology at the University of the South in Sewanee, TN. It is a mentored program that helps small communities understand their lives and shape their actions as they deepen their Christian faith. It is a 4-year program which studies Old Testament, New Testament, History and, lastly, Theology, Ethics and Interfaith Encounter. Each week's seminar has a short worship, a brief check in, discussion of the readings, a group theological reflection, and composition of a closing Collect. Enrollment is open each fall and all are welcome. Betty Richard and Michele Hogan are co-mentors of St. Luke's EfM group.

St. Luke's is proud to announce the graduation of five EfM students this year: Michele Hogan, Marcia Casey, Sue Niddrie, Julie Pearce and Bunny Wright. They have completed all four years of study, and mentors Betty Richard and Michele Hogan are delighted to share our graduation celebration on Zoom:



Each student was asked: What did you like best about being in EfM? What stayed with you?

Julie Pearce:

Bonhoeffer!!!

I also really enjoyed the weekly struggle to get to the Collect. We worked hard together to get said what we wanted to say. Everyone contributed. We had the freedom to disagree in the process & agree at the end. Most groups don't do that

very much, work toward consensus & actually get there! At the end the words were always just perfect.

I miss it SO much, both the chit chat & the important stuff.

Bunny Wright:

I enjoyed the group most of all! I really learned a lot about the Bible and Christian history. I had never read the whole Bible before.

Being an introvert I never feel comfortable in a group but once I started, I was determined to stay the four years no matter how hard it was for me. I feel that it was an accomplishment, even though I never felt "spiritual," and I did learn a great deal about the Bible and Christian history. The group kept me sane through the final years of Patrick's life and I will be ever grateful to that wonderful group of women I now feel are best friends.

Sue Niddrie:

For me personally, it was a real lifesaver because of the things I was going through during these past 4 years. It was a safe place to be myself.

It made me develop not only spiritually but also personally. It pushed me to grow & I watched others grow. It was a rounding way of growing—my whole soul has flourished from it. I never expected to still be growing at 72!

You don't know what you're getting into when you sign up for EfM. They say, "There's lots of reading," but you don't get it. It was hard work. For me, though, it often had to take second place to all the other things I had to juggle in my life (taking care of my mom, her falling, getting her to accept going to assisted living, my cancer, my mom's dying). The group was very flexible. It was really important to me that the group said, "Even if you have to be gone, you're still part of the group." I needed the group & that caliber of female friends. It's amazing what people do for each other! I see God's plan in it.

The important thing in EfM is honoring every person's value. You can be honest & people will honor it even if they don't agree with you. At work (most of the jobs I've had were for the government), it's political. That's one reality. But there's this other truth... In EfM we were very intimate & very honest with each other. People must be yearning for that. I was surprised—who knew we would find it there?!

I was happy to be in it the first year it started—we were the core group & that was special!

Marcia Casey:

Two things really stand out for me from the whole 4-year whirlwind that is EfM. The first is the slow, incremental deepening of trust, respect, & compassion among the people in the group. Over time, we saw into each other's lives & souls, & truly came to love each other, however different our personalities or positions. Discussing texts, working together on theological reflections, agreeing, disagreeing, telling & listening to stories, laughing, crying, & especially (as Julie said) somehow almost miraculously forging a Collect at the end of every session melded us into this deeply alive & dynamic body. I would not have believed that ever could've happened for me, the one who had always shrunk down to nothing in a group! My life had been profoundly changed by my coming to St. Luke's at the tail end of 2014—by the unprecedented sense of acceptance I felt here & by my real encounter with Christ; inside of that beautiful container, EfM sort of became another working entity centered on the same hub, a small, integrated almost church-within-the-church.

The second crucial thing EfM gave me was a way to work out what I actually believe about God. Partly it happened through all the readings of scripture, history, & theology, & seeing what they meant to me specifically as well as hearing how others in the group understood them. Partly it was the habit of theological reflection—coming to look at the world & see theological implications everywhere. But the precipitating factor was my bringing a question that was posed in Judith's+ Inquirer's Class (which I was also attending in the fall of 2018) to EfM: "What is the Good News, the Gospel, for *you*?" It became a thread that ran through the substratum of EfM for the rest of the year, popping up again & again. At the end of the year, we decided to do a project at our final retreat in which each of us could formulate our own answer to that question in visual art & words on several cardboard panels. Having to sit down & work through basically all the stuff in my life that had meaning to me & refine it down to 6 small panels was incredibly hard & yet, somehow it came together! I found out what I believed, something I had never known before. That was probably one of the most important & grounding things I've ever done in my whole life.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you, Betty & Michele! We love you!

Michele Hogan (Student and also Co-Mentor):

It was a 4-year pilgrimage. I'd looked at the materials—the Bible, Christian history, theology—in the past, but not comprehensively. You go to different terrains: the Old Testament was a BIG mountain! You might've heard the Creation Story in Sunday School but in EfM you really look at the words. You grow into a deeper

understanding of the human spirit & the growth of humanity—you see it through their eyes. As on a pilgrimage, it takes a sense of commitment & endurance; you have to prepare, you have to pace yourself.

It's not just study, though—EfM also involves prayer, doing theological reflections, writing collects. It's experiential, it's creative. It offers a brave space for authentic exploration, a space for contemplation & deep listening to others' stories as well as telling your own story. It's a process-oriented class—you'll never finish it—it's an opening into a continuing process & growth.

Some of the highlights for me were: the bonding of the group at our year-end retreats; shared responsibilities—there was not just one teacher talking at you, but rather collaborative sharing; the reading was not just memorization but an exploration of where you fit into the spectrum, which takes you into a deeper way of looking at things; and the 4-year commitment that gives you stability for ongoing, sustained learning. I also liked doing the projects we came up with & I enjoyed the diversity of people, prayers, & ideas found within the Christian faith.

I think everyone in the group grew—we became more compassionate, more open, more understanding of who we are, each & together.

Betty Richard (Mentor):

What a joyful blessing in my life it is to have a group of friends that are so intimate, loving, caring and fun. This program is a wonderful opportunity for exploring your convictions, which possibly, seeing it in another person's eyes, might create change or depth. I never want to give it up! To see others transformed, as well as myself, is a true gift. The graduating class of 2020 is a marvelous group. Thank you all for being willing to go on this journey and let me tag along.

WELCOME to the world, Little Ones!
Congratulations, Families!

Iris Garrett
was born to
Heather & Matt Garrett
on October 7, 2020!
She joins sisters Eleanor & Mary Jo!



Anthony Aaron Williams
was born to
Rita Muñoz and Matt Williams
on October 27, 2020!
11 lbs., 15 oz.
He joins sister Gígi!

FAREWELL: JOAQUIN VARO DAZA

St. Stephen's member Joaquin Varo Daza died peacefully in his sleep on October 21. He leaves behind his wife Maria and children Martha, Joaquin, Katia, and Blanca. Joaquin and Maria were the housekeepers for St. Stephen's for a number of years. We will have a more complete remembrance of Joaquin in the next edition of the Labyrinth.



The beautifully decorated altar in the Varo home is part of the Día de Muertos/Day of the Dead tradition from Mexican culture. The scent of marigolds, the beautiful flowers, and the candles all serve to remind Joaquin that he is loved and to guide his spirit home to visit his family. The elaborate paper cutouts symbolize the permeability of the barriers between life and death. The Day of the Dead traditions are a beautiful way to celebrate the close connections between the living and our beloved dead. We are all part of the communion of the saints.

