



THE LABYRINTH

St. Luke & St. Stephen Review

Summer 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. If you liked this edition, please let us know.

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Dear Compassionate Prodder

who places the Word in our hearts
and shepherds us to work against evil,
move us beyond our comfort zones
to stand up and speak up
for our convictions
so that your love and justice
become visible.

In the name of all that is right,
Amen

by the Education for Ministry Class

Black Lives Matter!

by The Rev. Judith Jones

Black Lives Matter! It's the rallying call of a movement. But don't All Lives Matter? Why are we singling out Black lives? And what does any of this have to do with us as Christians? Aren't we supposed to focus on our faith and stay out of politics?

It's true that all lives matter. It's equally true that God loves the world, as John 3:16 tells us, and that God is the Father of us all. That doesn't prevent scripture from describing God as "Father of orphans and protector of widows" (Psa 68:5) and "the God of the lowly, helper of the oppressed, upholder of the weak, protector of the forsaken, savior of those without hope" (Judith 9:11).

Why does scripture call God the Father of orphans instead of just describing God as the Father of every person? Even though the Bible says that all human beings were made in God's image, too often our actions don't reflect that defining belief. Because society easily forgets orphans and widows and the oppressed, God singles them out for protection and care. Because people too frequently use, abuse, and discard immigrants and poor people, God takes on the role of their defender and explicitly commands faithful people to care for them.

At the heart of our faith is the command to love God with our whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. But because in practice we so often define neighbor as someone just like us, the Bible makes it explicit: "Any immigrant who lives with you must be treated as if they were one of your citizens. You must love them as yourself... I am the Lord your God" (Lev. 19:34); and "love your enemies" (Matt 5:43, Luke 6:27, Luke 6:35). Because we kept missing the point, Jesus himself told the parable of the Good Samaritan, showing us in story form what it means to act like a neighbor.

The Declaration of Independence states, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." This statement is a core principle of our nation. All lives matter. Yet U.S. citizens enslaved Black people, denied them the right to vote, prevented them from buying houses in nicer neighborhoods, even—as we

did here in Oregon—prohibited them from living within the boundaries of a city or state.

“All men are created equal,” yes, it’s true. But because we are so good at defining “all men” as “people just like me,” sometimes we need to make it explicit: Black people are created equal. Latinos are created equal. Natives are created equal. Black Lives Matter.

But what do the protests and the whole Black Lives Matter movement have to do with Christian faith? Why should we care about it or get involved? The Bible repeatedly and explicitly commands us to commit ourselves to seeking social justice as the very core of loving and serving God. As Micah 6:8 puts it, “[God] has told you, O mortal, what is good. And what does the Lord require of you, but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?”

Furthermore, according to Luke, Jesus summed up his entire ministry by describing himself as the liberator of the oppressed: “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to bring good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to let the oppressed go free, to proclaim the year of the Lord’s favor” (Luke 4:18-19).

Dr. Cornel West, a Black theologian and ethicist, says: “Justice is what love looks like in public, just like tenderness is what love feels like in private.” We can’t truly love our neighbors individually and at the same time ignore the ways that society is shutting them out, pushing them down, imprisoning them, and killing them. Loving our neighbors requires us to do all we can to prevent them from being killed because they were selling cigarettes (Eric Garner) or had a broken taillight (Philando Castile) or were suspected of having passed a counterfeit \$20 bill (George Floyd). Loving our neighbors means making sure that they are included when we say, “all men are created equal.”

So let’s love our neighbors not just in private, but in public. Let’s dedicate ourselves to building a society where every person receives equal access to resources and equal protection under the law—and that “every” explicitly includes Black people and Latinos and Native people. Let’s commit ourselves to doing justice, and loving kindness, and walking humbly with our God.



Like all the paintings I have done, there is no preplan.
I find a flat surface and start applying the paints.
Like the case of this one, she is on a piece of plywood,
And I used Acrylic paints.
At first, I followed the grain of the wood
And a path appeared and I gave it some depth.
This one a face appeared and I started working and I gave her her hair.
First, her face was white.
It did not seem to match her hair.
I painted her purple, and she did not like that.
I did not like her yellow.
One night, I looked at her and leaned her against the wall.
I laid on the floor and stared at her face.
I have become comfortable with her around.
And I wanted to know her, but her face was blank.
I took the colour black and applied it to her face.
I can relate to her now, and the darker she became the more I know her.
I could not get a smile out of her, and I tried.
Her eyes would not look straight at me
Her reluctance to look at me made me cry.
A person of colour in this small community has not been easy.
In her eyes, I could remember the pain of my own experiences.

The more I cried the more I remembered.
“You have no idea,” I said to her, “ how you’re going to be received.
And what you will hear? What they are going to say about you.”
She is now crying big tears falling from her face.
The resentments that I kept in my heart and mind came to the surface.
I felt sorry for both of us.
I began to feel angry and I said out loud.
“Colour me Blind.
Forgive me for being angry,
Take away my anger.
Let me see potential in all people.
And the beauty in all things,
For me to live out Love.
Colour me Blind.”

Immigrant

This is not a place for
Beginners. I came here

Without an inkling of who
I was supposed to be, and

Now I know even less. At
Least, when I first came

I knew where I had been,
But now I have forgotten

Even that. I only know
That it's all a bit beyond

Me, that I can only be
Who I am and not what I

Am supposed to be. You see,
This is not a place for

Meredith D.

by Meredith D.

The Invisible Man

by Dennis Moler



**St. Luke's by the Sea Book Study and Vigil
on Anti-Racism and White Privilege
June/July 2020**

by *Fran Morse*

At ages 75 and 85, neither my husband nor I can march in the streets, waving signs of Black Lives Matter. That does not mean doing nothing. In fact, it is crucial that more is done. This is the major point of Ibram X Kendi's book, *How to Be an Anti-Racist*, the subject of a study group facilitated by Brian Jones, organized by St. Luke's earlier this summer.

Kendi traces his own journey out of racism in a long self-critique and confession, devoting each chapter to another facet of how racism is enacted and expressed. Rather than "review" this book, I would rather quote from his clear and candid writing. From these (sometime partial) quotes, you may get the gist and direction of his arguments:

Whiteness is considered the standard for being inherently normal. (p.38)

Race-making to create a hierarchy was the first racist idea. (p.40)

Racist power creates racist policies to justify its own raw self-interest. (p.42)

To be antiracist is to focus on the racism that shapes the mirage of differences. (p.55)

Racism is when an unexceptional black person is asked to be extraordinary just to survive. (p.93)

No individual behavior represents a whole race.... and whole racial groups don't determine an individual's behavior (p.94-95)

There is a thin line between an antiracist saying slavery was debilitating, and a racist saying Blacks are a debilitated people. (p.97)

Social scientists replaced slavery with segregation and discrimination as the oppressive hand ravaging Black behavior.... Difficult living conditions result

in a wretched internal life: crippled self-esteem, vicious self-hatred, conviction of unlovability, diminution of affectivity and uncontrolled hostility. (p.98)

Kendi warns against assimilation and integration of Blacks into White spaces as forms of subtle racism, based on the presumption that “white is better.” He details how racism appears in colorism (light is better than dark). “The lighter the skin, the lighter the sentence” is a racist feeling amongst People of Color (POC) themselves. He makes the case that integration needs to be of resources, not of bodies.

Poignantly, Kendi details the futility of individual Black people deflecting responsibility for changing racist policy by merely uplifting themselves. He emphasizes that the most effective antiracist protest is to show when, where and how racist policy is in power’s self-interest – and then seize enough power to force a change. Outcome advocacy is needed, not just demonstrations for people to make themselves feel better. (Kendi’s words, not mine.)

Another meaningful experience provided by St. Luke’s By-the-Sea in June was the prayer vigil for Black Lives Matter, organized by Michele Hogan. This was the event that triggered my interest in the Kendi book study. Through the vigil resources provided by Judith+ Jones, I realized the extent of my own white privilege, and its impact. I will quote from my collection of fragments from these resources, which brought revelations that shook me out of my complacency.

“Almighty God.... You have created all people in your image, and call us to love one another.... We confess we have failed to honor you in the great diversity of the human family.

We have desired to live in freedom while building walls between ourselves and others. We have tried to love our neighbors individually, while yet benefitting from systems that hold these same neighbors in oppression. Help us to eliminate our cruelty to these neighbors.

The legacy of slavery deforms all our lives, even today. We reject our participation in this racism and our perpetuation of it. The sin of racism is woven into our lives in small and great ways, in things done and left undone.

We have decried violence, while overlooking the inequity and frustration from which it arises. We have welcomed advantage and comfort for ourselves at the cost of injustice for others. We have grasped at the good things we have been given and blamed the poor for their poverty. We have quietly held good intentions and kept silent the message of reconciliation, which would have required our effort and our courage.

May Almighty God grant us courage and conviction in our actions to resist this evil. Stir up in us a thirst for justice. Awaken in us a humility of spirit. Help us move beyond ourselves. Make us co-healers of this broken world.

We pray to renew the ties of mutual regard which form our community life. Enable us to eliminate poverty, prejudice, and oppression, that peace may prevail with righteousness, and justice with order, and that all men and women from different cultures and with differing talents may find with one another the fulfillment of their humanity. Amen”



Sue Jenkins at Black Lives Matter Protest

Racism

by *The Rev. Dcn. Senitila McKinley*

Racism.

My husband looked at me one night and asked out loud,

“Am I Racist?”

“Yes, you are,” I answered him.

“How can I be? I am married to you, a person of color.”

I could tell he was troubled with something he was watching on television.

“The question should be,” I told him, “Why am I Racist?”

And I make light of the matter by saying. “I do know that I go to bed with a racist man every night.”

Racism was often a heavy-duty conversation in our house.

At the dinner table, and no one was allowed to leave the table,
until we come to a good stopping place.

No matter our differences and misunderstanding of each other viewpoint,
We always know that we love each other.

“Why am I Racist?” is a question I also ask myself.

One day I went to pick up our younger daughter from preschool.

As the students came out of the building, one of the students shouted to her mother.

“Mommy, Mommy, I told you, Luana’s mother is Black.”

Her Mother hurried her to the car and I got Luana and put her in the car.

After I started the car, my daughter wanted to know if I heard what the other student said?

I looked back and said to her. “Yes, I did.”

I could tell from the look on her face that she was confused and hurt.

And she was accepting me to do something.

So, I got out of the car.

My intention was to say to the other mother that we are okay.

They drove off, and all I could do was waved at them.

Later that same week while volunteering in the elementary school.

I knelt down and tied one of the Kindergartener’s shoes.

He put his hands on my head and said.

“My parents told me that people with dark skin are bad.”

“Well,” I said, “what do you think?”

“You are okay,”

“I like you to always remember that,” I told him.

He nodded his head and ran off with a big smile on his face.

A few years ago, a family came to the Literacy Center.
The mother came in and explained how hungry they were,
and they were in need of gas for the car.
We prepared them food and walked her out to the car.
I could tell she was nervous introducing me to her husband.
She opened the back door of the car.
I handed the lunch to the small girl in the back seat.
She screamed and kicked, pulled away from the bag of food, with her hands
above her head.
Her mother tried to stop her from screaming.
“Look at her,” she screamed over and over, “look at her color!”
Her mother tries to explain to her that I was okay.
“She is helping us.”
The husband got out of the car and thanked me for the help.
My friend who stood by me tapped me on the shoulder and said.
“How do you do this?”
“How can I not do this. I am not the one hungry.”
Racism is taught.
It’s the work of a lifetime to decondition oneself.
All of us have been conditioned to fear, and have a dislike.
For the future of the world and our children, I pray that we, all of us,
have the courage to face each other and have the conversation.
It is only then that we will wake up in a better place than where we are today.
New Legislation is a must.
However, we cannot legislate, Love.

Perspectives from the Factory Floor by *The Rev. Martha Wallace*

When I started working in the auto industry in the late 1970's, I was the first woman to be hired at management level in a stamping plant in a major auto manufacturer. The company had done a nationwide search to find a woman with manufacturing experience and had only turned up 8 women to interview. Of the 8, I had the best background and most experience, with almost 5 years at General Electric, mostly as a first line supervisor - or foreman as they were called. I had gotten that experience at GE while I put myself through law school in the evening division of Suffolk Law School - the only accredited law school in the Boston area with an evening division. By the time I graduated the four year law school program, it was clear to me there were more women lawyers than women working in manufacturing so I set out to blaze a trail for women in manufacturing. I had no idea how difficult that was going to be at the time.

I was 29 when I began working in the stamping division of a major car manufacturer at management level - one level above what they called a foreman. There were no forewomen. In fact, there were no hourly women either, although there were a few women secretaries working day shift in the offices up front. Out on the factory floor, there was just me and a couple of thousand men.

The plant management decided to start me out as a maintenance superintendent on the afternoon shift. Why they put me in maintenance is a mystery as I had no experience in maintenance, nor with the huge presses used to stamp car parts, so I was out of my depth as well as isolated. There wasn't even a women's restroom in the plant, so I had a brisk 10 minute walk each way up to the dark deserted offices up front to use the restroom. My peers thought I was a slacker because I took such long bathroom breaks.

Because I didn't know the first thing about maintenance, I had to rely on the six foreman and 115 hourly repairmen who worked for me. It was necessary for me to develop a collaborative working relationship with the people under my supervision to be able to do my job. I will say that collaborative working relationships were not the norm in the factories of the auto industry in those days. The foremen and repair people who worked for me appreciated being asked their opinion about things - a new experience for them - so they treated

me with respect and helped me to succeed. It was because I was fair and collaborative with the people who worked for me, that things got done well and I was regarded as a success. Soon I was moved into a production position as Area C superintendent. Area C had a bad reputation. There were lots of quality problems, high scrap rates, bad cost performance, etc. Again, I had to rely on the people who worked for me both as supervisors and as hourly machine operators. I solicited lots of feedback and advice from them, and implemented their suggestions, and soon Area C had the best cost performance, highest quality and lowest scrap cost in the plant.

Being successful was a big mistake on my part because the better the performance of my area, the more my peers were out to get me. They would sabotage equipment, dump scrap in my area and charge some of their costs to my area - you name it, they did it. So in addition to working 12 hour shifts, I had to put in a lot of extra time figuring out who was doing what and getting the costs properly allocated, etc., easily several extra (unpaid) hours daily. I was still living in a motel 6 months after I started working there, because I had no time off to look for an apartment; So, in addition to the misery of my workplace, it was costing me a lot of money for the motel and eating all my meals out as I had no kitchen. I used to cry for an hour or so every night when I got back to the motel. Then I would get up, wash my face look in the mirror and tell myself, "Okay, cookie, you have to go back there again tomorrow. So toughen up! What can you do differently?" I was determined not to let them get the better of me. But every day, I was isolated, demeaned, treated unfairly, and endured malicious gossip and malicious direct comments.

When I did succeed, it was due to my reliance on the skills and good will of the people who worked for me. It was also due to my monumental efforts to win over allies and sort out the sabotage, etc. Each time I was promoted and moved to a new job, I had to start all over again because the people among whom I worked in the new assignment assumed I was only there because I was a woman, and not because I had earned the position.

I worked in the auto industry for almost twenty years, and I rose to the level of Assembly Plant Manager, the first woman in my company to do so. But it did not get better or easier. When I left to go to seminary in 1996, I was still

being subjected to unfair treatment, backstabbing, sabotage and malicious gossip, even though to the outside world I looked like a great success.

During the final decade or so of my time in the auto industry, there were more women around, and I was able to determine that there was commonality of experience among them; they had to work harder and overcome tremendous burdens to succeed. My women friends in the auto industry agreed that when women succeeded, it was considered to be because they were unique, but when women failed, people would say that it was because "women just weren't suited for this kind of work". We used to say that we succeeded individually but we failed for all women everywhere. It was my experience and that of my women associates that in order to be considered an average competent manager, women had to be twice as smart and work twice as hard as their male peers. We joked among ourselves that fortunately, that was not difficult, but it was difficult, and it was discrimination based on gender.

I will say that the discrimination I faced, however difficult, demeaning and life-consuming it seemed to me at the time, it was nothing compared to what my African American friends experienced. The discrimination I faced ended for me when I left the plant. It did not follow me into the world, as it did for my African American peers.

One of my African American friends was an Assembly Plant Manager who ran a factory with about 3000 employees. Plant Managers were hierarchically among the top 600 employees in the company. He told me about an incident that occurred when he took his college age son to buy a stereo system for his dorm room. As they exited the store and were getting into my friend's vehicle, a police car pulled in. The police made them get out of the vehicle - which was a high-end Jeep Grand Cherokee - and put them up against the wall. They were roughly frisked and told that they looked like two men who had committed a robbery. My friend's Jeep was a company car assigned to him, which was registered to the company, as were all the company cars people at that level in the auto company drove. They police did not believe he was a plant manager, even though he showed them his business card. They laughed at the very idea that a black man might manage a big factory. Because the car was registered to the company, they thought he had stolen the car. They arrested him and took him and his son to jail. It was a Saturday, so he could

not reach anyone in the corporate personnel office to clear up the matter of the car registration. He and his son were held for many hours, before the police could track down a company official to verify that the vehicle was not stolen. Finally they were released - without an apology.

When he told me this story, my friend was most upset not by the unfair treatment and the rudeness of the officer's because as he said, that happened all the time. He was most upset because he was humiliated in front of his son.

What Rough Beast

by *Dennis Moler*



what breaks

Are cries nothing?

Octavio Paz

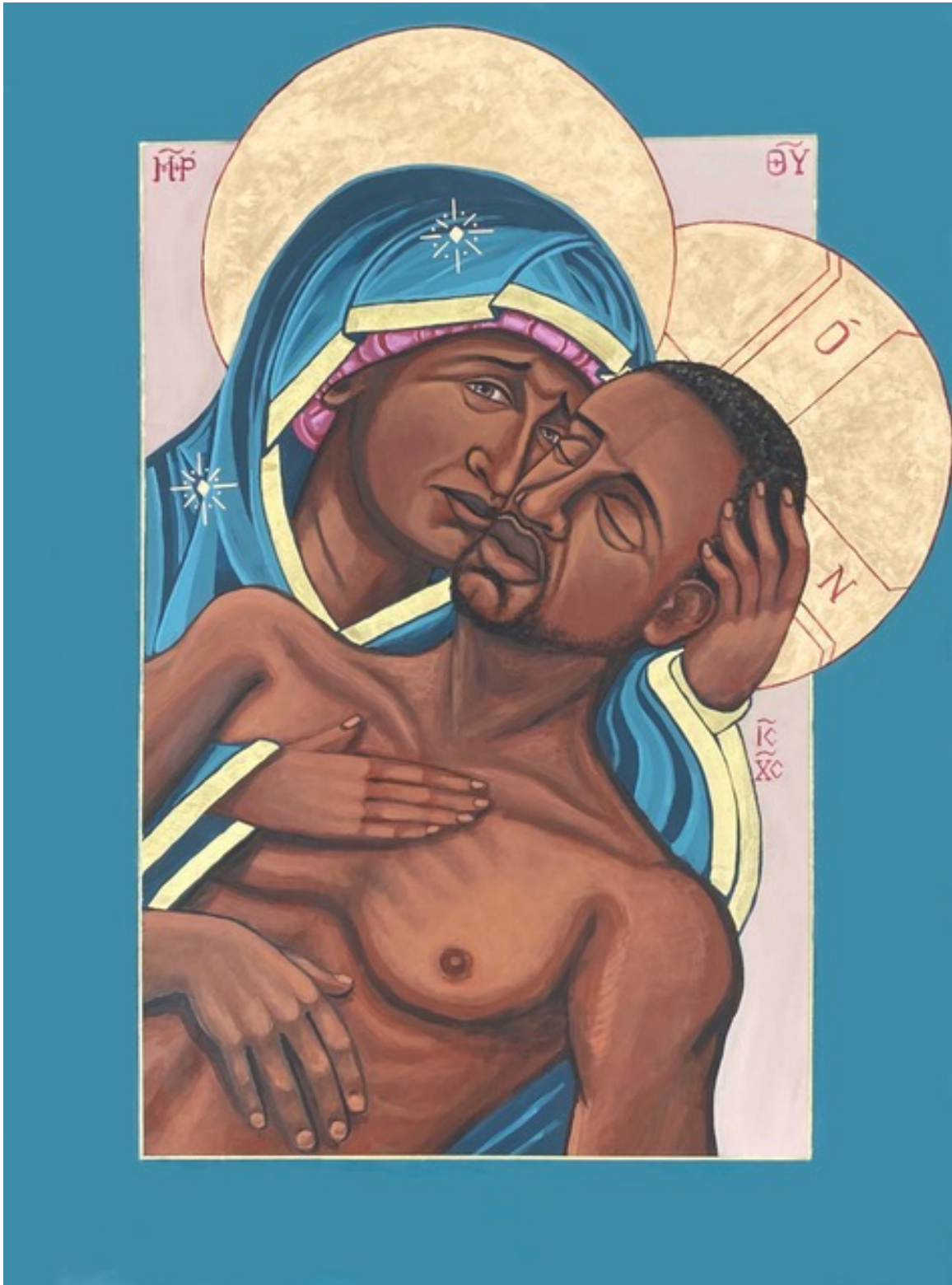
the wound breaks
what's integral
open, rends
wholeness, renders its
being
broken

speech breaks, fracturing
sentence, sense—the senselessness we
all speak breaks into
being from being
broke open

what breaks breaks
mercy open in us, new
wound for the wounded
being we tend
with what seeps
from these cracks—our serum
tears our
salve love

for LG

by Marcia Casey



(Used by permission of the artist, www.kellylatimoreicons.com)

Conversations with Conservatives *by Jackie Wolfe*

In talking about our struggles with, and attitudes about, racism I feel it is important to include points of view from the more conservative in politics and religion. I asked several people who identify themselves as conservative but are also known to be thoughtful, committed Christians, if they would agree to be interviewed about their political and religious attitudes on racism. Two men agreed to be interviewed.

Ray Gamel is a senior, a Southerner and lifelong old-school Episcopalian; Ray is college educated, coming from parents who were college educated. He was an officer and a pilot in the military, flew for TWA, then worked in sales management, then owned a business with his wife. They have only recently settled in Oregon. Ray has been a life-long Republican.

1 - Do you believe racism is widespread in the United States?

Ray believes that racism is widespread, but also that it is as much about (economic) class as it is about race. He says we are uncomfortable, as humans, with those who are different. He mentioned how our American culture discriminates against those without college educations, seeing the trades as having “lesser” value. He feels this has led to an American caste system, which is based not only on skin color, but also on the stories we have told ourselves about who really works harder and or is smarter.

2 - Where racism occurs, do you see it as a personal issue (and on whose part), or as a systemic problem?

Ray’s resounding answer was “Both!” We spoke of personal bigotry versus systemic or institutional racism. He feels liberals have a pipe dream of a world where we are all alike. Ray enjoys cultural differences, and feels that bilingualism is a great help in understanding another culture, though it shouldn’t be forced on anyone. He himself is fully bilingual in German and English and used to speak Russian fairly well. He feels that if you live in a country, you should speak that country’s language.

At the same time, Ray acknowledges that, though America’s founders were victims of prejudice in their native lands, they ended up building hierarchies,

which formed a caste system where many others suffer prejudice from the “higher” positions. Skin color is one of these systemic prejudices, and we call it racism. He states that churches also fostered hierarchies, especially the traditional Roman Catholic and Anglican/Episcopalian faiths. This reinforced the caste notions which have prevailed in American culture. In spite of this, Ray feels it is not the role of government to force equality, as the government has its own system of values, which has its basis in these hierarchical roles.

We also brought up the terms “reverse racism” and “white privilege.” Ray acknowledges he came from a privileged background, where his two closest black friends became a doctor and a lawyer. He is aware this is much a product of their environment.

3 - What do you feel Jesus’ teachings tell us about how we should be responding to the discussions of racism today?

Ray says Jesus defied the state, then paid for it with his death. However his words, “This is my body... This is my blood, to be given for you” is the highest level at which we can follow Him; to be willing to offer ourselves for our fellow human. “This makes our job here very difficult, does it not?”

4 - Do you feel called to respond to racism in any way? If so, how?

Ray feels at his age there isn’t much he feels called to actively do, though one never knows. He feels he has already come a long way from his previously held beliefs, and is comfortable with there being many things he simply doesn’t know. He is willing to ask and discuss the hard questions about both racism and faith. Some of these questions: How can/should the church struggle to show God as more universal? (considering that referring to God as a white male has elevated the status of white males as closer to God than the rest of us.) “We can quit trying to portray God as human.” Why do we fight allowing God to be even bigger/greater? How does/can the church be a guide to show us all as equal children of God?

Barry Bruster is a long-time Oregonian with a wife and two young sons. His parents were migrant workers, and he has been a blue-collar worker. He retired after fifteen years as a Sheriff’s Deputy in Lincoln County. After years

as a political independent he registered as a Republican because he was frustrated with Independents not being allowed to vote in primary elections.

1 - Do you believe racism is widespread in the United States?

Barry feels we are uncomfortable, as humans, with those who are different. He makes the distinction of saying “people we are unfamiliar with, not so much about skin color.” Barry spoke of the age-long conflicts between locals and fishermen and loggers. He does acknowledge that we don’t have many Black people in Lincoln County, so we tend to get our ideas about them from media reports, rather than personal experience.

He has no doubts that there are great injustices perpetrated upon people of color, especially Blacks. He recognizes that there are people who treat others differently because of the color of their skin. “Racism is wrong. There’s just no justifying judging someone by the color of their skin.”

He feels there is a disconnect when we compare rural areas with urban ones, because the news stories come primarily from cities, which has not been his own experience of race or crime. Barry says he understands that jail/prison does little, if anything, to address the underlying causes of crime and often exacerbates those conditions. He feels it is up to communities to address the conditions which lead to crime. He considered the economic disadvantages of many communities trying to do this, the corruption that often comes with political power when it does come and, in Black communities, being expected to do things like White people do them.

Barry gracefully conceded that he just doesn’t know the answers to these questions, which are outside of his experience. He finds issue with White people taking up causes like *Black Lives Matter*, which has nothing to do with them, when they really have no idea what it’s like to be a Black person. Speaking up when you see it is more appropriate.

2 - Where racism occurs, do you see it as a personal issue (and on whose part), or as a systemic problem?

Barry feels many people who consider themselves liberal or progressive want everyone to be the same, which means “like them”. He feels many believe

egalitarianism means we are all the same. He suggests learning to treasure differences and developing relationships to overcome our fears of cultural strangers. He continually says, “Relationships are everything.” They are where we see ourselves mirrored. Barry feels most conflicts between cultures come from the need of one or both to be right – which itself comes from fear of the unfamiliar. He recognizes how important cultural identity can be and spoke of the generational trauma that exists among some Native Americans who have been stripped of their culture.

We also brought up the terms “reverse racism” and “white privilege.” Barry, who for much of his youth lived in a pick-up truck with his family, really questions the use of the term “white privilege.” He was much more comfortable seeing the “benefit from being a product of the dominant culture,” and including that as part of the conversation. Sometimes labels and terms take on a life of their own, instead of helping us to talk about what may be unfair or unjust.

Barry spoke of the economic basis of systemic injustice and racism. He tells of his personal experience of wanting to build affordable housing, but being stopped by the exorbitant fee charged before even building a house. This fee is charged to improve old infrastructure, but it prevents affordable housing to be built. Allowing people to live on their own property in fifth-wheels would be housing, but it would keep the property in a lower tax base, so it’s not allowed. “It’s money. The whole thing with racism is money.”

3 – What do you feel Jesus’ teachings tell us about how we should be responding to the discussions of racism today?

Barry feels that God has set up conditions to challenge us into taking personal responsibility for the consequences of our actions. He feels God calls us to forgive, and anger makes all things worse. We must practice forgiveness, as holding onto blame says more about us than about others. He feels Jesus teaches us to be confident in who we are, not to force change in others.

4 – Do you feel called to respond to racism in any way? If so, how?

Being a young parent, Barry doesn’t feel he has the time or energy to do much concrete in terms of addressing the issue of racism. He acknowledges there is

often a fear of retribution if you open the can of worms that is dialog on racism. That makes having conversations with people who believe differently, be they Black or White, especially fraught with negative expectations. He feels our leaders condone violence as the appropriate response to that difficulty, so citizens feel justified in doing the same. We are afraid there will be a violent response if we talk about these difficult issues. Conversation is so difficult because we all try to change others, rather than listen to their experiences and the bases of their ideas. We need to ask questions, look for understanding. That takes a lot of time and energy, more time and energy than many have.

Barry feels that acting as if all our behaviors have consequences is paramount to responding to any conditions we find unacceptable. Being confident in who you are, is important, not being swayed by conditions. He feels this confidence is radical, and maintaining it allows us to speak out against injustice. He has found that taking *fervent effective actions*, like going through channels, has been a good way for him to do this without alienating himself from those who he needs to be in relationship with. As he says, "Relationship is everything." That is what God wants from us.

GROWING TOGETHER

Everything falls toward the earth.
Skin changes texture, becomes thicker, finer, gains colors.
Yes, this is true for aging humans.
We are less conscious of keeping ourselves company
with small sounds, talking, humming, grunting to ourselves.

When we are new babies we look much like other babies.
We grow through our youths, becoming more differentiated.
Then, as we age beyond procreation, toward other purposes,
we again grow to look much like one another.

Without the painting, plucking and shaving
our gender is often less discernible.
As our skin gets ashier, drier, sun-changed,
our eyes focus differently, our lips become thinner, less toned,
our ethnicity seems to meld with that of many others.

As the wrinkles and lines in our faces form
to permanently broadcast our most frequented expressions,
we see ourselves readily in others,
who may have responded in similar ways
to their lives.

And as our parts migrate toward the earth,
having stopped resisting gravity so much,
we might recognize that we are also,
and have always been,
closer to earth, nature, stardust,
in the beginning and the end,
than we ever dreamed.

by Jackie Wolfe



Yachats River Road

This meandering river diffusing light—
a hazy brightness tinting fields—
blue, gray, jittering white.

The gauzy shoreline down below
reflects the depth and clear shadow
of golden-green willows' subtle glow.

Lazy August day slather me
in your sweet alfalfa four-leaf clover glaze.

by Doug Yunker

High school student Kimber Miner was the Grand Prize winner in the Waldport Public Library Young Writers' Competition for 2020. The theme of this year's Young Writers' Competition was "Imagine Your Story." Kimber's story, "Frankenstein, Prince of the Pastures," was so well-written, original and compelling that all three judges gave it exceptionally high scores. Kimber wrote from her imagination and reality, as Frankenstein is her farm pet and friend

Frankenstein, Prince of the Pastures

by Kimber Miner

At the beginning of every year animals, like humans, raced to have their offspring named as first to be born in the new year. The year 2019 was no different and two ewes were contenders, each confident that their lamb would be born first. Frankenstein came in both first and second. He came in second to Nutmeg the ewe lamb who was born on January 2nd. But Frankenstein, born on January 9th, was the first ram lamb born and revered as such by his flock of fellow sheep.

Steinerella, Frankenstein's mom, knew he was different from the other lambs. Large knobs on his forehead framed beady, yellow tinted eyes, his ears were gigantic, and his body was long and skinny. Frankenstein was weird looking but cute and Steinerella couldn't get enough of her new lamb.

Frankenstein was friendly. He made friends with other lambs almost immediately. He started a lamb pack, a small group of lambs, to run and play with. Members of the lamb pack included lambs named Nutmeg, Coconut, No Name, and the Pepper twins. Munching on grass, Steinerella would watch Frankenstein and his pack race alongside the river as fast as their little legs would take them. She would observe them hop and run the whole length of whatever pasture they had wandered into. At dusk all the sheep watched Frankenstein and his friends jump and climb up and down over and over the farm's huge compost pile. At night, the lamb pack would each find their mom and snuggle as close as possible to her woolly side.

Each morning Frankenstein, would see a lamb named Holly Rose. She was a lamb that liked to stick close to her mom, Clover. Holly Rose didn't have any friends. Frankenstein wanted to be her friend and include her in his lamb pack. He would get nose to nose with her every morning and ask her to play. After days of saying no...one afternoon shy Holly Rose said yes to

Frankenstein's invitation. Nutmeg, Holly Rose's cousin, came with Frankenstein and asked her to play. They took turns hopping over each other to entice Holly Rose into wanting to play their game. Holly Rose watched with curiosity and then hopped towards them. Nutmeg's mouth dropped open and Frankenstein fell down. Holly Rose had never paid attention to them before. The two lamb pack members quickly got over their surprise and ushered Holly Rose into their game before she could change her mind.

The lamb pack, which now included Holly Rose, was more daring and playful than ever. Nothing seemed to faze them and each day they ran faster, jumped higher, and came up with new games to play. One day No Name and Frankenstein were playing and eating alongside a shallow creek's bank when a girl approached. This human girl was no stranger to the lambs but her presence usually caused all lambs to scatter and run. Frankenstein decided to change that. He boldly stood his ground as the human girl approached. No Name had already run away. The girl crouched down and Frankenstein walked right up to her and sucked on her nose. No Name, watching from afar, gasped. What would happen now? Would the girl be rough with Frankenstein out of fear? No...the girl laughed and Frankenstein gave a shake of his head and walked to No Name. He had shown the other lambs that humans were friends not enemies. Steinerella watched her young ram lamb and felt proud. She knew he was special and now saw that he excelled at bringing lambs together and bridging gaps between sheep and humans.

Late spring arrived with high temperatures and the sheep all took refuge in the barn during the day's hottest hours. The human girl couldn't get enough of Frankenstein with his unusual appearance and gentle yet playful nature. One day, while the sheep were resting inside the barn, the girl approached Frankenstein with a smile and an outstretched hand filled with something that smelled delicious. Frankenstein, with his large roman nose, was starting to look like a moose. This made the girl like him even more. The young ram ate his treat and let the girl pet him. He heard her say "Happy four month old birthday." He didn't know what that meant but now knew the girl had treats. From then on when he saw the girl he would trot up to her to see if she had a treat. She always did. They became fast friends. He noticed the girl watching him every day and heard her tell her brother that his eyes were brown now and not yellow. He often saw her pointing a box at him and

wondered what she was doing. He didn't realize she was taking his picture. He only knew and cared about the treats and pets she gave him.

The human children loved to play with Frankenstein and he loved to play with them. The little boy always wanted to ride him like a bull and one day he got his chance. Both kids, the boy and the girl, would straddle him without sitting down and pretend to ride him. They were playing this game and taking turns when suddenly the girl left. She mentioned needing to tether some goats. The little boy immediately straddled Frankenstein. Suddenly, Frankenstein started walking and the little boy lost his balance and fell onto the 'stein's back. Frankenstein jolted a bit but then calmly walked on. He was being ridden like a horse and felt very proud of himself. The other sheep watched in awe. Was there anything Frankenstein couldn't do?

Summer's long days with warm nights came upon the farm. The sheep always enjoyed lounging in the pasture during this season and Frankenstein was no different. He loved feeling the warm, soft grass and took long naps between grazing times. Birds loved to walk around on his back while he napped. One warm, sunny day the 'stein was napping soundly in the sun when he felt sharp tugs on his back. It really hurt. He jumped up and looked back. A bird's foot was stuck in his wool! He went to find Steinerella for help but couldn't find her. Suddenly after a very sharp pull the bird was free. The human girl saw what had happened and raced over to give him a treat and some comfort. Frankenstein gladly accepted both and went back to napping.

Later in the summer, Frankenstein noticed the humans talking seriously among themselves. They were pointing at sheep and writing things down. He wondered what they were doing but wasn't too worried. Suddenly the girl and boy raced towards him and gave him big hugs. He found out from the kids' excited chatter that he wouldn't be sold like some of the other lambs his age would be. He felt content as there was no place he would rather be than on this farm.

Frankenstein now reigns supreme over his farm. He provides plenty of entertainment to humans and leadership to other animals. His story is far from over and his role as prince of the pastures is secure.



Kimber and Frankenstein



The Lamb and the Good Shepherd

Hi guys,

I made (needle felted) this lamb, inspired by Kimber Miner's little lambs and sheep. When I made the humanoid, I felt a particular affection growing for its character. (I wonder if this happens with other creators?) The lamb seemed to bond with the critter and vice-versa, so now we have *The Lamb and the Good Shepherd*.

Love & Blessings,
Jackie

Dr. Seuss Body

Brown spots
white spots
many spots new,

hanging skin
rolling skin
tight skin too,

crooked fingers
crooked toes
crooked knees
I've got those!

Every old part of me,
when I take a look or feel,
surprises me
with something new,
Is this great person
really REAL?

Hanging skin
that's crepey soft
shows when I hold
my arms aloft.

Jiggly rolls
around my waist
and on my legs
have me encased
in flesh that clothes me
neck to knees
and it's all moving,
if you please.

Growing up was lots of fun
but growing old
has got me won!

I don't worry
if I fit
into someone else's
IT.

This body really houses ME
and lets me be
all I can be!

Guess what I learned
from my MD...?
I'm inches shorter
but who can see?

I don't care,
what's the fuss!
I can still
get on the bus!

Now I wear
the clothes I like
for how good they make me feel
So you see me as I am
I'm all about
ME being real.

All those crooked parts of me
every soft and crooked part
Never stopped me, even once,
from sharing me
and my BIG heart.

By Jackie Wolfe

Oh, To be 90 Again!

90! Not rare, living here in this place
I can't imagine where else to be.
Nothing has changed; I'm still making new friends.
Just one of the crowd! And soon, 93!

To all youngsters of 60 or less:
Do not be afraid of what lies ahead;
Reaching the 90s is not to be feared.
It is a blessing, much better than dead!

Good morning to me: I see I'm still here!
A little wobbly, legs all aquiver.
The face in the mirror ain't what it was.
Each day is a gift with joy to deliver.

These knees of mine are still holding me up;
A little ungainly, I've lost some speed.
Laughter and love are still here in my life;
I'm not in a rush, speed's not what I need.

A Blessed Good Night to me while I'm here;
I wonder now where tomorrow will be.
Bless all my loved ones wherever they are;
God is by my side and God blesses me!

Hear the bell toll! Shall I answer the call?
Just one more time to be 90 again!
Another glimpse of those gone-by days;
Then I'll be ready to say my AMEN!

by Ethel Myers



Steph Annie Ruth Jones Is Ordained a Priest

by *The Rev. Annie Jones*

My heart is overflowing with gratitude for the members of St. Stephen and St. Luke! You all have opened your arms and your hearts to me as I found myself displaced and yet home in my last semester of seminary. Truly a blessing and a gift you have been. Bishop Michael gave me permission to serve as your deacon while I finished school. Because of our online nature I coined myself the "digital deacon" and found many new ways to help us feel connected in our pandemic socially isolated world.

At noon on Saturday, July 18, I was ordained by the Diocese of Oregon on behalf of the Diocese of Iowa. The pandemic made it so that we were limited in some ways while in others we were gifted with getting to do new and different things. There were 14 of us present and socially distanced in the building, but because of the skills that you all had helped me hone over the past several months, we were able to live stream and pre-record to include so many more.

Not getting to have you all in person that day was bittersweet, but your kind messages were welcome and made Sunday morning such a gift. Thank you for allowing us to have a parking lot Eucharist on Sunday, July 19! When I

started to think about what my first Eucharist celebration as a priest would look like I can promise that in no way did I imagine anything that looked like our reality! Outside in a parking lot, with excessive amounts of hand sanitizer, face masks and face shields, plus the wind. No I didn't imagine any of that, but being able to celebrate the Eucharist with you all who have become so dear to me, side-by-side with my mom, being supported by my dad and Kevin. All a gift and I think it was absolutely perfect. Thank you for supporting me on my journey to ministry!



The Rev. Steph Annie Ruth Jones Weds The Rev. Kevin Gore
at St. Luke's *by The Rev. Annie Jones*

With the pandemic causing such upheaval on plans it was challenging to get major events on the calendar. As soon as I had received an ordination date, we also put a date for the wedding on the calendar. July 26 at 5:00 Kevin and I were married. Our day was full because the date is also my parents' 40th wedding anniversary. In the morning we celebrated them at church with a renewal of their vows and a special lunch. All nine of us were able to be together and share in their joy.

In the afternoon we got ready for our wedding. It had never occurred to me that we would have to get married in masks, but that is indeed what happened. There were 9 of us physically present at the church, Tim+ presided, Gavin+ ran tech, Kevin's niece Skylar was our photographer, my parents, Kevin's parents, and the two of us. Entirely different from the big wedding we had planned but lovely in its own way. I would have to say that I am a fan of live-streamed weddings now. In the middle of the reception and after the live-stream had ended, we were once again joined in the parking lot by many members of St. Luke and St. Stephen where we shared our first dance and the father-daughter dance. I know that we are not very good at dancing and yet I am so grateful that you all joined us to share in our special day. You warmed our hearts! Thank you also to those that helped by loaning us things, listened as I panicked, tolerated my giddiness in daily office services, and to the altar guild that helped with extra services.



(Wedding dance photos by Jeanne St John)

The Rev. Judith and Brian Jones Celebrate 40th Anniversary

by Jeanne St John

It was a huge day for the Jones family as Judith+ and Brian celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on the same day as Annie+ and Kevin's+ wedding at St. Luke's. They were able to enjoy an anniversary lunch before the young couple's wedding that day. Gavin+ Shumate got this great shot of the two couples dancing (and kissing) in the parking lot.



Dear Folks of St. Stephen and St. Luke,

Greetings from Eastern Oregon! I read in a recent e-mail that you were looking for material for your joint newsletter and I thought perhaps it would be a good time for me to check in!

I've been gone 2 and ½ years now. You are a part of me and I think of you often. I still read the mailings from both churches in order to be there with you in spirit and in prayer. I was saddened to hear recently of Judith's mother's passing. I know you will be a great comfort to her and Brian.

My update is simple: Life for Jeff and I is very good here in Eastern Oregon. I have served at St. Thomas for over 2 years now. The people are wonderful, but there are still enough challenges to keep me on my toes, especially with the coronavirus shutdown. We are concerned for our health and others, but are fortunate that Grant County has had only one confirmed case so far. Concerns here are mostly for those we know that are losing loved ones in different parts of the states and world, and for economic steadiness for those who need support locally. I make it a priority to have my ears in the community to find out ways we can help, and to minister to our oldest members of the congregation (who you know have unique challenges even without the coronavirus). Before the shutdown, I was active with a puppet ministry here with 3 young puppeteers! I am also fortunate to have Ethel Myers' puppets, so I have quite the variety! We at St. Thomas have gone to livestream worship, as I know you have. I join you occasionally.

I spend time gardening, on home upgrades and repairs, my ministries through St. Thomas, walking dogs with Susan Church, sewing, reading, and being available to help Jeff's family members who live "nearby". And, of course, I see any of our 19 grandchildren whenever possible!

Thank you again for helping to form me through education (especially Kempton) and experience (all of you)! It has served me well so that I can serve others. Praying for your health in all ways.....

With love and gratitude through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Joyce

The Rev. Dcn. Joyce+ Atchley

deaconatchley@gmail.com

FAREWELLS

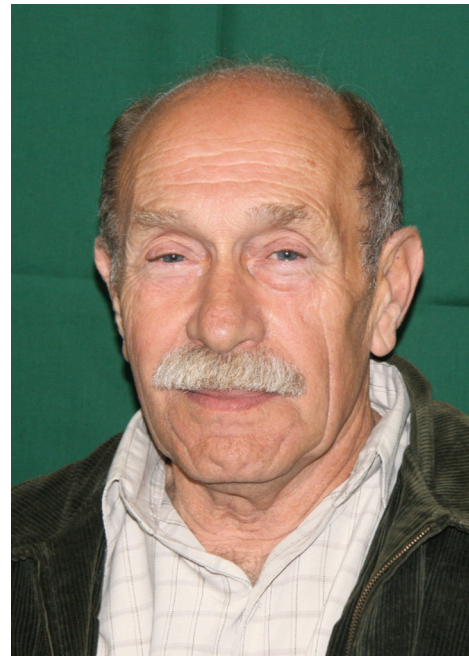
by Jackie Wolfe & Marcia Casey

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.

JOHN KELLNER

John Kellner was a long-time, faithful member of the St. Luke family. He was a quiet man with a mischievous smile and shining eyes. He often seemed shy, but was a fascinating conversationalist. Several of us regularly received cartoons in our inboxes from John, on very topical, and often very Episcopal, humor.

John was widowed three times and cared lovingly for all three wives as they lived with, and later succumbed to, their health issues. Susan Church+ remembers him as being very patient with their autistic foster son, loving to his twin grandsons and ...last but not least, how he loved his dogs!



John had heart surgery just before the pandemic hit and was doing well, being supported by his family. Unfortunately he died in July. Deacon Senitila McKinley had an ongoing relationship with him and his grandsons, as John faithfully volunteered for many years at the Literacy Center. She performed the funeral service for him and his family.

John is buried in Yachats Memorial Park.



Dorothy at her 100th birthday party!

DOROTHY NIDDRIE

Dorothy Niddrie was born on July 29, 1919, in Montreal, Canada. She came to the U.S. in 1956, when the family moved to southern California. She came to the Oregon Coast in 1988 to be near her daughter Sue, who'd moved here in 1980. A life-long Anglican/Episcopalian, Dorothy joined Sue at St. Luke's as soon as she arrived. Dorothy chummed around with St. Luke friends Verne & Billie; they especially loved going to a park up the Yachats River Road with a picnic in the summer, so much so that Sue went there on July 29th this year to celebrate her mom's 101st birthday!

Dory was always a member of the Altar Guild and also belonged to St. Martha's Guild, the women's group that ran the church's outreach program back then. Each year they would decide how much money they hoped to make by putting on a rummage sale, a Christmas bazaar, and Dorothy's favorite, the summer Ice Cream Social. They voted on which groups in the community they'd like to donate the money to, had a big party at the end of

the year when they made their goal, and then distributed the funds at the beginning of the new year. They met every month all year long, working together to get an early start on producing a wealth of hand-crafted items for the Christmas bazaar. The work of this close-knit group of women was a way of deepening their faith and their love for one another. St. Martha's Guild also made food for every funeral and sponsored Soup Suppers every week before the classes that were offered during Lent each year.

Dorothy loved to serve food! She participated in anything that had to do with feeding people—she volunteered at Meals on Wheels every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for 18 years (!) and she was always at Sue's side helping to serve Saturday Breakfasts. She also helped Sue with St. Luke's Thanksgiving and Easter dinners—every year Dorothy, Sue, & Peg Fulkerson would invite all the older people who had no family gatherings to go to for the holiday; Sue cooked the turkey and everyone else brought potluck side dishes to the church for a festive holiday dinner. Even when Sue moved to Washington from 1993-2000, she came back for these wonderful gatherings every year! Dorothy hadn't worked outside the home in California until her children were older as her husband preferred her to be a full-time homemaker, but when she finally got him to say OK, of course she worked in the cafeteria/bakery at a middle school! As with St. Martha's Guild, the ladies at the school had a strong women's group and had lots of fun doing things together, something that seemed to be second nature to Dorothy.

Dorothy passed away on June 3, 2020, at the age of 100! She is survived by her loving family: son David, his wife Jackie, grandchildren David and Rachel, and her soon-to-be-husband Matt; and her daughter Sue, granddaughter Heather, her husband Casey, and great-granddaughter Andiah.

As an integral part of us for 31 years, Dorothy, you are dearly missed by everyone here at St. Luke's! We pray you are resting in peace in a place overflowing with food for body and soul!



Dear God of New Vistas

who lifts us like feathers
on your breath, in your time—
remind us to let go of our oppressions
so we can be surprised
into joy!

In gratitude,
Amen

by the Education for Ministry Class