



THE LABYRINTH

St. Luke & St. Stephen Review

Spring 2021

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 like this edition, please let us know.

Marcia Casey & Jeanne St John, Editors

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O Sophia
who shares our tears and laughter
on our path to wisdom, teach us
to have the humility
to open our hearts and minds,
and the courage to make mistakes,
as we grope toward discernment,
in order to experience a wider truth
beyond our imagination.
In the name of the Great I Am,
Amen



Collect by EfM Class

Monarch by Mary Hubert

Letters to the Editor

by Jeanne St John

Wow! I have only skimmed this but it is wonderful. Truly masterful. Not at all like a church newsletter. This is deep and so enjoyable. It gives me hope. And yes, I wish to subscribe. You have been very busy. What talent.

Dawn Pavitt-Ryan, land use planner and rancher, Seal Rock

The Newsletter looks beautiful! When I scrolled the page onto Doug's painting, I had to catch my breath with appreciative surprise! Thank you so much for taking this on and gifting it with your talents. So much joy, love and inspiration. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Jackie Wolfe, Tai Chi teacher and artist, Waldport

I know this is very late for me to finally have the time to completely read the Labyrinth, but at last, I have leisurely read and absorbed the publication. IT IS WONDERFUL, and I'm so joyful that at last we have an opportunity for our creative congregation to fill the rest of us with joy and presence of spirit. Thank you.

Betty Richard, semi-retired educator, Yachats

Oh my! This is wonderful! The spirit of Jo and Ralph's writing group lives on and grows and thrives beyond their imagining.

Nancy Jo Steetle, Annapolis, MD

Editor's Note: Nancy Jo's folks were very active in St. Luke's community from the 80's into the early 2000's. They started the Tuesday Writers group, were namesakes of the Jo/Ralf playgroup at Seashore, and were music and literary tours de force. Ralph was among the founders of PBS and a major figure in public broadcasting as well as St. Luke's Poet Laureate. Jo was a true Southern Belle and their life-long love affair was beautiful and romantic.

Thank you for the beautiful Labyrinth! I can't believe I ate the whole thing.

Linnea Harper, poet and musician, Waldport

Thank you, Marcia. What a rich and provocative issue. Thank you for the chance to read what you are putting together. I hope you and your circle are safe, as our world burns. Be well.

Kim Stafford, recent Poet Laureate of Oregon, Portland

https://video.search.yahoo.com/yhs/search?fr=yhs-trp-001&ei=UTF-8&hsimp=yhs-001&hspart=trp&p=Oregon+poet+laureate&type=Y61_F1_148993_102720#action=view&id=2&vid=1508ae040cb198c90fa6f960cdf9cea9

What a beautiful publication ~ in so many ways. I've only read a portion but wanted to say THANK YOU. Please sign me up for the next edition. Thank you again for your time and love that is so apparent in each page.

Sallie Inman, Yoga teacher, Depoe Bay

I loved reading Jeanne's piece on the labyrinth! Thank you, it has given me a much stronger perspective on its very concrete "use." Thank you too for the further labyrinth explanation and the finger template! I will be using this and sharing it as well. In this last issue I was thrilled to see Kae's photographs and was reminded of how gifted she was and what joy she brought to us thru her gifts. What AMAZING work you all are doing!

Ellen Anderson, Montessori teacher & St. Luke's alum, Boise, ID

Please add me to the mailing list to receive your fine quarterly publication. I've shared it with Pastor Brett, Earnie Bell (our monthly newsletter editor), and Ardie simply for their information. I think you'll be receiving a request from others to join the mailing list, too. I was so impressed with the poetry, art work, insights and interviews.

Liz Jones, retired clergy from Trinity Methodist Church, Toledo

Wow. I'm impressed. That's way more than I was expecting for a newsletter. This felt more like a magazine format. I'm impressed that you are able to do this so well from the writings and photography of two very small congregations.

Brent Burford, Religious Studies Group Leader, Lincoln Beach

Thanks, This is quite a magazine, *The Labyrinth Review*.

Nikki Stourmaras, Hospice Chaplain, Boston, MA

Thank you so much for sending this. I read the whole thing. It's beautiful. (Marcia's) cento is a revelation.

Katharine Salzmann, poet, Portland, OR

The Labyrinth looks fascinating...please keep me on your lists.

Brenda Wills, retired Methodist clergy, Toledo, OR

The Labyrinth Review is wonderful! Put me on your mailing list.

Sandy Roumagoux, former Newport Mayor & St. Luke's Alum, Newport

Dia de Muertos was special. We celebrated by displaying our ancestors. Thank you for Labyrinth. Happy New Year.

Milica Dedijer, architect & Brian Hanna's widow, Seal Rock

How thoughtful of you to share this inspiring and beautiful publication. Thank you so very, very much. I have been dipping into it a little at a time, and I have enjoyed seeing some very familiar names. So much creativity, and what more amazing description of you (Jeanne) and Linnea could there be than "dancing gypsy, buddhaphalian fairies"!

Deb Lyman, therapist & Enneagram teacher, Newport

I started this photographic project in 2018—a time during which I was becoming increasingly concerned about all the untruths and falsehoods flying about. It seemed the lies were growing exponentially, one on the other—reminding me of cancer cells. I wondered: How can a society function when there is no consensus on what is true and what is false? And the more a lie is told—in media, by politicians, online—the more deeply it penetrates into our consciousness, until we are no longer aware that we believe lies to be truth. Tell a person a lie often enough, and it “becomes” true—that seemed and still seems to be the *modus operandi* of many in power. And for some of the world’s worst actors, it was and remains still a chosen strategy.

So playing on the old adage —“it’s like comparing apples and oranges”— a project started taking shape in my mind. I decided to take photos of apples, and label them “orange,” and oranges and label them “apple,” as in “This is an apple.” “This is an orange.” All wrong, but repeated over and over again. I wanted the images to speak for themselves, but I felt that a quote—from personages across the ages and backgrounds—would add something important—an historical, cross-cultural vision of what telling the truth meant in the past and still means today.

This is one small excerpt of my larger photographic essay of 31 images, which has posted on Instagram and Facebook as a month-long series and is now published as a softcover book (www.cheryladen.com). In it, I offer you “the gift of truth,” an inspiration to move beyond the post-truth age, and reintegrate veracity into our lives and consciousness.

The Gift of Truth excels all other Gifts.

~ *Buddha*

This is an



orange

A lie cannot live.
~ Martin Luther King, Jr.

This is an



apple

The truth is like a lion; you don't have to defend it.
Let it loose; it will defend itself. ~ *Augustine of Hippo*

People can't see what they can't see. Their biases get in the way, surrounding them like a high wall, trapping them in ignorance, deception, and illusion. No amount of reasoning and argument will get through to them, unless we first learn how to break down the walls of bias...

Confirmation Bias: We judge new ideas based on the ease with which they fit in with and confirm the only standard we have: old ideas, old information, and trusted authorities. As a result, our framing story, belief system, or paradigm excludes whatever doesn't fit.

Complexity Bias: Our brains prefer a simple falsehood to a complex truth.

Community Bias: It's almost impossible to see what our community doesn't, can't, or won't see.

Complementarity Bias: If you are hostile to my ideas, I'll be hostile to yours. If you are curious and respectful toward my ideas, I'll respond in kind.

Competency Bias: We don't know how much (or little) we know because we don't know how much (or little) others know. In other words, incompetent people assume that most other people are about as incompetent as they are. As a result, they underestimate their [own] incompetence, and consider themselves at least of average competence.

Consciousness Bias: Some things simply can't be seen from where I am right now. But if I keep growing, maturing, and developing, someday I will be able to see what is now inaccessible to me.

Comfort or Complacency Bias: I prefer not to have my comfort disturbed.

Conservative/Liberal Bias: I lean toward nurturing fairness and kindness, or towards strictly enforcing purity, loyalty, liberty, and authority, as an expression of my political identity.

Confidence Bias: I am attracted to confidence, even if it is false. I often prefer the bold lie to the hesitant truth.

Catastrophe or Normalcy Bias: I remember dramatic catastrophes but don't notice gradual decline (or improvement).

Contact Bias: When I don't have intense and sustained personal contact with "the other," my prejudices and false assumptions go unchallenged.

Cash Bias: It's hard for me to see something when my way of making a living requires me not to see it.

Conspiracy Bias: Under stress or shame, our brains are attracted to stories that relieve us, exonerate us, or portray us as innocent victims of malicious conspirators.¹

¹ Brian McLaren, *Why Don't They Get It? Overcoming Bias in Others (and Yourself)* (Self-published: 2019), e-book (www.brianmclaren.net/store). Quoted in Richard Rohr's Daily Meditation, Center for Contemplation and Action, March 1, 2021, where it was accompanied by the following photo:



Image credit: U.S. Information Agency. Press and Publications Service. ca. 1953–ca. 1978, *Civil Rights March on Washington, D.C.* Two long lines of some of the buses used to transport marchers to Washington (detail), photograph, public domain.

Image inspiration (from Richard Rohr's Daily Meditation, Center for Contemplation and Action, March 1, 2021): Much of the work of dismantling systems of oppression involves a continued willingness to learn new ways of seeing. The March on Washington in 1963, where this image was taken, became a major tipping point in the United States' collective story of learning how to see. May we continue the work of our ever-unfolding ability to see, understand, and act.



Today

by Ed Gunderson

Adventure Thursday continued - To walk in grace, even for just a few steps -
Let's see if I can get all the way through this -

The thing about the down and out, the crazies - they move in random directions,
that is, until they hit a physical obstruction

(i.e. the Pacific Ocean), then they tend to pile up until they jitter off in other
directions. To be clearer, I've seen some real lunatics

working their way up and down 101 - from the sacred to the profane (heavy on the
profane). One might think it would make my hide all the thicker,
but it's made my eye more critical, or at least that's what I tell myself.

I first sighted her at 7 am on my way to get coffee - a woman standing in the middle
of the bridge with a huge rolling suitcase staring down at the river in the pre-dawn.
It freaked me out because a few years ago I saw someone at the spot right before they
gave up and jumped over. The hell of it is the bridge is not high enough to kill you,
you're going to either drown or die of hypothermia
before the Coast Guard gets to you, and that's no way to die.

Seconds after I saw her, I took that photo of the marina.

Driving back home with my life-giving coffee, I saw her at the south end of the bridge and trying to hitch hike. I never pick them up because I'm only going another mile and they are far better off getting a ride where they are.

Hours later, I head down to Darling's marina down at the Siltcoos for a glass of beer and a tub of mac & cheese for dinner, and there she is - like a recurring dream, an apparition. Except now the storm is looming, it's not pissing rain, but it will soon. It's a real shit spot to try to catch a ride, between one-way road work areas and there's nowhere to pull over anyway. It's now driving rain. I drive past her and pull over to clear out all the garbage and empty beers cans in a passenger seat and turn back. Unsurprisingly, she is still there, now the rain is really coming down. I double back again and pull over. Her only question - "Hey mister, you're not crazy, are you?" I assure her that I am, but harmless, that's good enough. I tell her I can take her down to Reedsport, the next hub she has any chance of getting a decent ride, even though it's 20 miles out of my way, fate has set this up and I'm ready to see where it goes. I think she said her name was Jessie, she didn't specify where she was going, but she had been living rough for four days heading south. By that time the rain was pouring down. "Hey Mister, can I ask a favor? I could really use a hot shower and a warm bed tonight....". I said "I already made that decision when I stopped to pick you up". So I blew \$70 putting a complete stranger up for the night, a night of warmth and comfort. To be honest, there's no fucking way I can afford this and dirt week will come much sooner because of it - so be it....

I even gave her my dinner for tonight.

While perhaps I told you this tale so you would think I'm either a fool or a decent chap, the reason I bring it up is this:

We are here to look after each other, Christ said that - Buddha said that - Mohammad said that - Confucius said it twice...

I'm out a dinner and \$70, yet I maintain I did the right thing - tell me I'm wrong....

I asked her about standing on the bridge when I first saw her early this morning and what was going through her mind - she would not answer me....

Before payday gets here, I'll rue this moment, but until then, I walked in grace, even for a few steps, and that is as much as you can ask from this life.

Jessie hugged me three times (when was the last time I hugged another human?), and kissed me on the cheek - I wish her the best of luck.



Pieces of Oregon



On Turning 80



Curtains

Would race relations in America benefit from a Truth and Reconciliation process?

by Jackie Wolfe

What is a Truth Commission?

I passed on Wikipedia's definition in favor of this one from *The Conversation*:

The goal of a truth commission – in some forms also called a truth and reconciliation commission, as it is in Canada – is to hold public hearings to establish the scale and impact of a past injustice, typically involving wide-scale human rights abuses, and make it part of the permanent, unassailable public record. Truth commissions also officially recognize victims and perpetrators in an effort to move beyond the painful past.¹

The most well-known Truth & Reconciliation Commission took place in South Africa in an attempt to heal from apartheid. There have been several T&R commissions at work around the world, as well as in the USA. In America those commissions have been established around racial injustice as well as the genocide of First Nations and indigenous peoples and usually have grassroots leadership.

The first two functions of a T&R Commission (or Truth Commission) are:

- to make sure the victims not only get a chance to speak their truths and tell their stories, but that
- they are listened to and heard by the perpetrators.

Often the resident powers make an attempt to set up these commissions, but it is imperative that the primary input is from the victimized parties, because theirs is the truth that needs to be heard. It must be led from outside the cultural standard – which allowed the situation to exist (and was often the cause) in the first place.

In America the barriers to speaking truth include fear, and also judgment, as many minority individuals and cultures have consciously or unconsciously internalized the “white” way of doing things as superior and desirable.

Our culture definitely judges them from that perspective. Just look at how we point to Black people who have attained high office in the US. They are the few who have lived up to, and worked by, our standards.

Barriers to the white majority in America hearing the truth of minorities or victims include the idea, consciously or unconsciously, that “our” culture is superior because it is the one that has been around the longest, and has been working the best for us.

We see ourselves as morally superior, and supported in that by religion and law.

“In the U.S., we very often deny things that are right in front of us and think America is the exception to many things that are occurring every day,” adds Dina Bailey, CEO of Mountain Top Vision, a consulting company that helps organizations become more inclusive.²

What the commissions do with their findings varies. In South Africa only one out of every seven perpetrators testified and received amnesty; none of the others was prosecuted. There were no reparations. There were some reparations paid to Japanese Americans who were interned during WWII, after the 1980 [Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians](#). In the 1970s the [hearings on the process of removing Native children](#) led to the establishment of the Indian Child Welfare Act (ICWA), which had virtually no enforcement.

It is no surprise that results of these commissions vary, but the greatest challenge to the success of a T&R commission in America might be that, *“white people... want to go faster, fix faster, feel better faster... That’s just not how historical trauma works. So any cities or communities looking at similar kinds of commissions need to take a long-view time frame in anything they set up, and not get trapped in thinking people will be reconciled and move on.”*³

¹ <https://theconversation.com/do-truth-and-reconciliation-commissions-heal-divided-nations-109925>

² <https://www.politico.com/news/magazine/2020/08/16/does-america-need-a-truth-and-reconciliation-commission-395332>

³ <https://nextcity.org/features/view/what-truth-and-reconciliation-looks-like-in-practice>

This will hopefully be the first of several articles. We welcome your feedback.



Deserted Church

by Kae Bates

A family member recently asked me about similarities between QAnon beliefs and Christian apocalyptic beliefs (e.g., Left Behind books and movies or the Branch Davidians at Waco). He had noticed some parallels, and he wanted my opinion. The parallels between the QAnon and Christian apocalyptic belief systems are indeed striking. Let me explain.

First, some definitions. Apocalyptic is used as an adjective to refer to a set of beliefs that define a world view and understanding of the course of history. Apocalypse, as a genre of literature, expresses these beliefs using a variety of literary devices. Religious apocalyptic serves to explain the suffering of the righteous and the apparent triumph of evil in a world governed by God; it is a type of theodicy. Apocalyptic thinking is motivated by the need to make sense out of history in light of the firm belief that good must triumph and that the world makes moral sense. Of course, history is full of examples of good NOT triumphing and the world's moral compass spinning madly, so this belief takes some work.

The world view of apocalyptic literature and movements is characterized by a number of specific beliefs. The three most important beliefs are dualism, determinism, and an eschatological focus.

Dualism divides the world into two domains, good and evil, the righteous and the wicked, the saved and the damned. The lines are clear; there is little or no gray area. People on the outside of the righteous group are judged to be either uninformed or perversely resistant to the truth.

Determinism is the belief that the course of history is predetermined and inevitable. Events follow a set course, and the triumph of good and of the righteous is certain. It's only a matter of time.

An *eschatological focus* refers to a fascination with and single-minded focus on the end of things—of history, this age, or even the material world. The corrupt old age will soon end in a great cataclysm with much suffering (e.g., Armageddon) and a new age of peace will begin, governed by an ideal ruler, the Messiah. At the transition, the wicked will be judged and the righteous will be vindicated. The truth will finally be obvious to everyone and the insider's minority beliefs will triumph over the beliefs of outsiders.

QAnon belief is dualistic, deterministic and intensely focused on the end of the present political order. QAnon believers refer to this end as “the storm,” a violent

event predicted by the prophet Q as the certain end to the present evil order. This event will involve the exposure of the wicked deeds committed by Democratic politicians and Hollywood elites. Their participation in satanic rituals, killing (and eating!) babies and child sex trafficking will be revealed, and they will be arrested, tried, imprisoned, and maybe even executed.

This elite group of corrupt politicians and luminaries controls most of the levers of power at present and is able to manipulate the government through the mechanism of the “Deep State.” They deceive the masses through the mainstream media. The rogue’s gallery of knaves includes a number of prominent political figures; Nancy Pelosi, Hillary and Bill Clinton, Barak Obama, and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez are the leading names at the moment. George Soros is believed to be one of the most powerful figures in this cabal, and it is not a coincidence that he is Jewish. Antisemitism is woven into the QAnon belief system.

On the side of truth and virtue are many (not all) Republican politicians and the QAnon devotees. But one politician has outmatched all others as the leader who will defeat the corrupt politicians and the Deep State and lead his followers into and through “the storm.” This is the Q messiah, presently Donald Trump. His coming was predetermined and predicted, and his victory is inevitable.

In Christian apocalyptic literature, the truth, what’s *really* going on, is hidden from most people. The truth is available, but it is understood only by the righteous. Only insiders, aided by their sacred texts and inspired interpreters, understand the meaning of words and events, both past and present. Apocalyptic prophets both spoke and wrote, but we have a record only of those who, like John the Revelator, wrote their words. Apocalyptic writers revealed their truth in coded language full of symbolism. In biblical apocalypse one finds symbolic numbers such as 666, symbolic beasts, and symbolic colors. The writing is marked by vague language that hints at the truth and at the course of coming events. Apocalyptic writers draw their readers into their world by means of obscurity. This is a powerful rhetorical strategy. We all love puzzles and mysteries. Hints, codes, and symbols connected to current events attract people who are inclined to think that things are not as they seem.

The same patterns of belief are found the QAnon movement. Q him or herself serves as “the prophet” who reveals an obscure truth. Q speaks in riddles and codes, and the meaning of his or her hazy words must be discerned by skilled interpreters. Q interpretation is a popular and profitable enterprise. Q websites and blogs are replete with competing interpretations of Q’s messages and compete for subscribers and click income.

Apocalyptic beliefs and the expectation of imminent vindication create a powerful sense of belonging, identity, and purpose. There is an addictive satisfaction in belonging to an apocalyptic community of those who know the *truth*. Within such groups, there is an apocalyptic fellowship, a warmth of belonging, a sense of family. Outsiders are pitied or despised for stupidly believing the lies told by the powers that be. Apocalyptic groups are a walled city where believers gather to enjoy their prospective validation.

QAnon believers are bound to a fellowship of illuminati who, unlike the "sheeple" who trust the "lamestream media," know the Truth. They are convinced that the "storm" will inevitably come, though when is not clear. Meanwhile, they gather virtually to encourage one another and to share the powerful oneness of the despised who will soon be vindicated. After the violence of "the storm" will come a time in which they together will enjoy success and glory and see their enemies punished. The great rectification involving the judgment of media elites and Democratic politicians, the vindication of the righteous QAnon group, and the apotheosis of the ideal leader, the Q Messiah (Donald Trump, for now), is at hand. Rejoice!

I read recently some speculation about how QAnon will survive the failure of its central prophecies. The "storm" expected on January 6th did not turn out as expected. But history shows that failed prophecy, especially the setting of dates, does not destroy apocalyptic movements. They reassess, identify reasons for their failed predictions, re-examine their texts, and make new predictions, set new dates, and continue on. I speak from both personal experience and the study of history on this point. Apocalyptic groups do shed a few members when the prophecies fail, but most adherents stay. Apocalyptic fellowship holds the group together because leaving to join the outside world involves both giving up deeply satisfying fellowship and admitting you were wrong.

In sum, QAnon is a quasi-religious apocalyptic movement. Some of its members are willing to wait for the inevitable end of this corrupt age, but others are anxious to bring on "the storm" by attacking the beast in its citadel. It is not surprising that many Evangelicals with apocalyptic beliefs have been attracted to QAnon. It feels like home.

A Message from Brian Hanna



FEAR IS A LIAR, poisoning today with
fantasies of what may come tomorrow,
till every joy is clouded with a sorrow,
and dreading all, we leak our lives away.

If we have spouse or child, we fear to part,
or, longing, fear we won't attain, or,
snatching at it, even as we gain, we forfeit
the Heaven, the Harmony, the Heart;
But FEAR IS A LIAR!

TRUTH IS, God moulds our days in love
and with the same precision as
He makes wings for flight, or
petals fold within a sheath, or
shapes an eye for vision.
So, He makes us yearn for What is Right,
Then swift and sudden, hurls us our Delight.

by Garth Lean

Here is the backstory behind Brian's love of this poem as told by The Rev. Judith Jones at his memorial service:

God is love. In scripture we encounter the God who promises to comfort those who mourn, who blesses people with the gifts of writing and music, who gives people the oil of gladness, who brings joy and delight. The message that God speaks, over and over again, is "Don't be afraid. Don't let your hearts be troubled, agitated, in turmoil. 'Perfect love casts out fear.' Trust me, trust my promises, and know that I love you."

Brian knew and loved this God.

The turning point experience in Brian's life was an encounter with this Holy Love who casts out fear. When Brian was in his early 50s, he had triple bypass surgery. It was in the context that Brian first read THE POEM, which he told me about in December of 2017, when I interviewed for my position at St. Luke and St. Stephen. Later he sent me the text by email, writing:

“Twenty-eight years ago I was lying full of a preop injection in a Vancouver BC [hospital] when my mother called me from northern Ireland and read THE POEM out to me. All anxiety left. It has become a sort of mantra.”
[Upon waking, Brian remembered it perfectly!]

As 1 John tells us, perfect love casts out fear. Brian believed with all his heart in the God who “moulds our days in love.” And Brian believed in and did his best to follow the God who calls us to love our brothers and sisters because God first loved us.

At the end of that email to me, Brian wrote,

“Another little sideline. My surgeon was a Japanese doctor whose family had been interned in Canada during the Second World War. My mother had lost her younger brother in a Japanese prison camp in Borneo. BUT HER SON GOT TO LIVE.”

There in the hospital, Brian saw God at work, bringing reconciliation, revealing divine love. He saw God overcoming evil with good, and bringing life, where death had reigned. Brian’s encounter with the truth of God’s love changed his life.



Serendipitous Labyrinth on the 804 Trail Just After Brian’s Memorial Service

Photo by Chris Shaffner

The Death That Defined Our Family

by *Jeanne St John*

I grew up living in an apartment above a small mortuary, later in a house adjacent to another~ because they belonged to my father. And here's the story behind that...

My Dad, Howard, was 16 and ready to start his junior year in high school-all summer he had been anticipating this trip to visit his older sister. Life on the Brown Ranch east of Denver was hard but good-in the depths of the Depression his father, Walter, was the Ranch Manager giving the family a secure income, a place to live, a new car, and even a little prestige.

His mother, Helen, cooked for the crew, raised a huge vegetable garden, kept chickens, and made her own butter. In fact, she had saved the butter and egg money to buy Howard the trombone that he played in the high school band.

Walter was a demanding, hard, angry man-feared more than respected. He was rough on his ranch hands as well as his family-Helen, Howard and his younger sister.

That late August morning was filled with anticipation-he was taking the afternoon bus to his sister's for two whole weeks. Then, the unthinkable happened-when his Dad was late for lunch Howard found him, nearly dead, in the field where the bull had gored and rolled him repeatedly. The trip back to the house was almost unbearable. He was sickened and frightened, and totally exhausted from the nearly lifeless weight he carried.

When Walter died a few hours later, the horror of his death settled on the family, deepening their grief. But the Funeral Home took Walter's torn and battered body and transformed it into the person they remembered. The almost-magical process of cosmetic restoration returned Walter to his normal appearance and gave the family a final image that lessened the trauma they had suffered.

This experience had a profound effect on Howard. He resolved to learn that kind of restoration and to make it his life's work to help other families in this way. He learned about the education and training needed and turned his life toward that distant goal.

The path from the Brown Ranch through mortuary school was daunting. Of course they had to leave the ranch. He and his Mom ran a boardinghouse where Howard cleaned, helped with the cooking and laundry, and did other odd jobs. He missed much of his senior year, confined to bed-rest with rheumatoid arthritis, frequently a

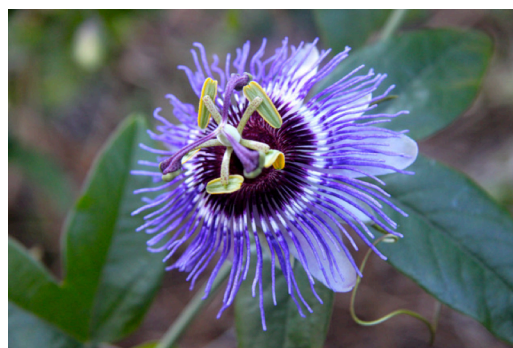
result of trauma and grief, but he earned enough credits to graduate on time in 1934.

He moved to Kansas City and the closest mortuary school. To pay for his education, he worked in local mortuaries, and played his trombone in weekend dance bands. He was dedicated to the work and specialized in cosmetic restoration. He returned to southern Colorado at 21, and with a loan from a family friend, he bought a small-town mortuary. For many years his skills were in great demand and he traveled to nearby towns, restoring the appearance of victims of accidental and traumatic deaths. Families were deeply comforted and expressed their gratitude in heart-felt letters.

I didn't fully appreciate the impact of this death on our family until I was nearly fifty and took courses in Grief & Loss where we examined our own grief history, beginning with the deaths we remembered from childhood. After processing several deaths—my 4 yr. old friend's father, my grandfather, and my mother—I began to see that my entire childhood was colored by the death of someone I had never met.

Because this death influenced my father so deeply and inspired his life's work, our entire family lived in the wake of the violent death of Walter Burrese—and the transforming effect it had on his youngest son. In addition to his choice of a profession, Howard consciously chose to tame and manage his own anger. He became a model of humane and loving relationships with family, friends, and employees. Leadership in Rotary International and its programs for peace, good will, and world-wide understanding was his primary avocation for over 70 years.

Who could have known that the tragic death of a violent man would open the door for his son to become a man of great compassion and peace. And that I would grow up in the daily presence of death and learn to accept its ordinariness.



Passion Flower *by Kae Bates*

Salvage

Pandemic loss in the now casts
shadows over then and when.

In dark nights it is three
in the morning, day after day.

Skin hunger—unsatisfied by
hair, nail or massage salon.

When, like a Swiss Army Knife—

“The peace of the Lord be with you.”
“And also with you.”

The embrace.

by Doug Yunker



The Trinity

by Kelly Latimore

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

Answering a Higher Calling

In 1989, Diana Akiyama, BS '81 (human development and performance), was the first Japanese American woman to be ordained an Episcopal priest. In 2020, she was elected the first Asian American woman bishop in the Episcopal Church, overseeing 70 churches in western Oregon in the Episcopal Diocese of Oregon.

Born in Wheeler and raised in Hood River, Akiyama is the daughter of a Japanese American father and Caucasian mother. Her father's family was held in internment camps in WWII.

She came to the University of Oregon in 1977 to study dance but switched to counseling and social work—a specialization in the human development major—and cultivated her empathy, understanding, and spirituality. “I wanted to be a dancer, but I realized I needed something more practical,” Akiyama says. “But even today, my time as a dance major really informed the connection between spirituality and one’s sense of being embodied.”

As bishop, she envisions supporting voices in the church calling for equality and inclusion. Issues of race, gender, and human sexuality align with the direction of the Episcopal Church and energize her belief, she says, that “in order to move forward we need to heal.”

“One of my hopes and dreams for the Diocese of Oregon is to help the faith communities understand what it means to come together across differences,” Akiyama says. “One of the primary calls of the Christian faith is to be a community, despite differences, unified around understanding that God’s love surpasses the disagreements we may have.”

—Sharleen Nelson, BS '06 (journalism: magazine, news/editorial), University Communications



from Oregon Quarterly, Winter 2021, 'Class Notes,' photo by Sarah Anderson Photography



BirdWise

While all around him, wrangling
for purchase, the fractious world
turns, *he* turns
counter to it. His boy's-body
capering bird-wise
crooks its elbows haphazardly up... and the opening
ambushes him! Sweeps him into
an involution so profound
his dabbling spins into dance
and the Wild Bird
spirals free!

by Marcia Casey

Slough Spirits

by Linnea Harper

Across this brief backwater swale
druids' beard mosses flutter and wave
from the trees. Nimble white wraiths
dance breezes down branches
leaving their lichen-tongued songs
draped over the weathered limbs
like flames in repose.

It is not ethereal here
where the waters come in twice a day
to tidy up, and deep clean on the full moon.
It is not ethereal
when the columns of wind-whipped rain
sweep through the slough like tall Kokopellis
bent to their flutes, parading their legions—
wave after wave of them skimming the waters—
blowing their tunes toward the bay.

What it is— this dark ecumenical slough—
is thorny and physical and very very
wet. Spirits inhabit these trees—
the vine maple, alder and oak. Adepts
of the great religions, they practice *leafing*,
dancing, *decay*— and honor the circle of life
every year by adding new rings in the spring.

In autumn the great winds gather
and scatter their canopied wisdom,
swirling the air alive, leafleting neighborhoods,
raining down bright golden vessels
that float on the waters and bob out to sea—
leaving me where I stand at my window,
light pouring through newly bared limbs
and sparkling back from the water a dance
from the spirits of stark naked trees.

Goat Story

by *Elena Ryan Jimenez*

My goats have seven brothers. Their names are Ziggy, Buster, Blaze, Blanco, Trekker, Sam, and Uncle Derek. They are pack goats. They are fun. They are all fun to play with.

Blaze hurt his foot. And we put medicine on it and a booty wrap. Then he was relaxing in his pen. I read to him and I gave him cuddles.

Blanco had a bellyache. He ate too much of something that upset him. Maybe it was a fern. His stomach swelled up and he had bubbly, green liquid coming out of his nose and mouth. He was staring into space and very sick. We gave him hay and some medicine. I gave him a gentle belly rub. Both goats are better now. They are playing with their brothers and they hike with me and Poppa.

Ziggy is black and white and he is sweet. He is my favorite goat friend.

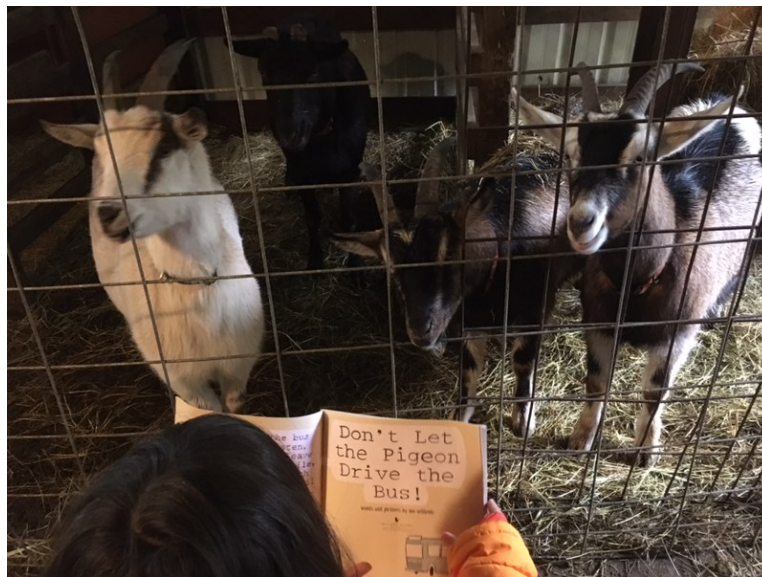
Buster has a small, white heart on his forehead. He is brown and he eats ferns.

Sam is aggressive sometimes with the goats but not with me. He wants to be the goat boss.

Trekker is a talker. He is brown with a black stripe. He likes to hike with us.

Derek is old and a black goat. He has lived here more than all of my life. He is 15 years old. Derek hangs out with Blanco.

Blaze and Blanco fight a lot for dominance. Blanco picks on Blaze.





The Crone Booth at Sloughville

by *Linnea Harper*

I had a redwood tree. A few years ago, the top 40 ft blew off in a storm. Last summer, the heavy new top limbs began breaking, damaging more limbs on the way down. Suddenly, I had a hazard tree. I told the faller I hated spending money taking down trees I love. "I know a carver if you want a totem pole," he suggested.

I didn't want a totem pole. What I wanted. . . was an interactive tree where you could sit inside, next to the Old Crone I met on a Vision Quest in the 70's. She was sitting on a log laughing, and I asked how she could be so carefree when she had so many children. She cackled some more and said, "Honey, I just give birth to them. After that, they belong to the world."

Today the wood carver finished sealing the Crone Booth. There wasn't room for both of us in the nook, so she's leaning in. A small owl inside whispers in her ear. Should you sit, you will hear an indoor wind, a bit like putting a conch shell to your ear. For only 10 cents, she will listen to all you have to say, and may even reply. Answers are free, though the very best answers may cost a little more.

Carving by James Lukinich of Lincoln City. Design by Committee of Crones.

Photos below...



Before the Fall



Redwood Between the Worlds



The Crone Booth

The Jesus Cabinet of Curiosities

by Doug Yunker

Corn School is a festival and one of few rural street fairs still in existence that takes place in downtown LaGrange, Indiana, in the first week of October every year. Begun in 1906, it was originally started as a one-day festival for boys in the local corn growing classes to show off their products. They received prizes for their corn and a day was designated in their honor. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Corn_School_-_cite_note-/Corn_School-1 Notables such as the Governor of Indiana, Frank Hanly, and the State Secretary of Agriculture were speakers for the event for the first couple of years.

Since 1909 Corn School has opened on Tuesday and continued for a week. Its premium list was increased to include livestock, poultry, farm products, needlework, fruit, pastry and for a time, 4-H Club work. Then came the Corn School Week parades and prizes for the various events soon rose to a total of \$3,000 a year. In 1938 the LaGrange County Corn School, Inc., was established as a non-profit corporation. My grandfather taught corn growing classes and my father was one of the boys who competed to win a prize for his corn growing skill. Fortune telling, games of chance and entertainments became popular at the fair and parades did as well. They are led by the presiding Corn School Queen, a tradition started in 1950.

The festival has gone from a simple harvest awards day to a week-long celebration with carnival rides, games like Corn Hole, talent shows, food vendors, parades and still the traditional vegetable awards. Crafts and canned goods are displayed in the public library. The Corn School Queen is crowned every year and local businesses still contribute prizes.

By the time I was ten years old and able to roam Corn School unattended, it had become mostly a carnival. Cotton candied and caramel-corned, I rode the merry-go-round, bumper cars and Ferris wheel. I won my first live duck by skipping a nickel onto a plate. At Corn School I visited a small wax museum depicting various atrocities, including a woman who had been stabbed in her naked breast. I also perused *The Jesus Cabinet of Curiosities*.

Fifty cents, paid to a priest-looking man, purchased entrance into a darkened semi-truck trailer with long tables covered in purple velvet. Candles and hanging lanterns lit the space and from somewhere organ music purred *Ave Marie* and *I Walk in the Garden with Him*. Here there were faces of religious notables—the Virgin Mary and Jesus, and symbols—crosses, rosaries and other manifestations of miraculous origin!

Large photographs displayed the Mary and Jesus apparitions:

- a) The Clearwater Virgin, where an image of Mary had appeared in the glass façade of a building in Florida; as well as a fence in Coogee, Australia, an underpass in Chicago, Illinois, a hospital in Milton, Massachusetts, and a felled tree in Passaic, New Jersey.
- b) The Veil of Veronica, showing Christ's face and The Shroud of Turin showing a front and back view of a man with his hands across his groin.
- c) Lighted cases displayed other curiosities with the face of Jesus and Mary, Calvary Hill and Leonardo DaVinci's "Last Supper":
- d) Things depicting Mary and Jesus: a lump of firewood, a discolored skillet, a pebble, candle wax dripping and a broken mirror.
- e) Food depicting Mary and Jesus: a jar of Marmite, a Cheerio, a slice of toast, a grilled cheese sandwich and a cinnamon bun.

As I approached the exit at the far end of the trailer a nun-looking woman urged me to purchase a crucifix or myrtle wood cross, perhaps a Bible or a sachet of frankincense for mother. It was Catholic intimidation of this Protestant that accounted for my payment of fifty cents for a booklet, *'The Way of the Cross'*, the only exit gift I could afford.

As Lent and Holy Week religious observances approach these memories emerge. I recall my own curiosity about what I saw that night at Corn School. Even then I thought the displays were far-fetched. I was a 'Doubting Thomas' early on. Now I know The Jesus Cabinet of Curiosity was not some bizarre isolated phenomenon, but a part of a larger cultural phenomenon introduced to me when I was just a kid in rural Indiana.

I now know The Jesus Cabinet of Curiosity was filled with some of the historical religious imagery and symbols found in natural phenomena, sometimes called simulacra. They are sightings of images with spiritual or religious themes of importance to the perceiver. The original phenomena of this type were acheropites: images of major Christian icons such as Jesus and the Virgin Mary. Acheropites is roughly translated to mean 'not created by human hands.'

Scientifically, such imagery is generally characterized as a false perception of imagery due to what is theorized as the human mind's over-sensitivity to perceiving patterns of a human face, in otherwise random places. From cultural and psychological perspectives, perception of an image, icon, or symbol of religious or spiritual import to the perceiver is mediated or filtered through his or her politics and worldview. All are said to have spiritual powers.

Fortunately, there is a more satisfying aspect to religious iconography:

- a) Saint Agatha, the Patron Saint of bakers, was martyred when her breasts were cut off by infidels. St. Agatha's Breasts are round fruit filled buns with a cherry on top,
- b) Unleavened bread and wine, the two eucharistic elements,
- c) Hot Cross Buns, with the vacant cross depicted on the tops, only available near the Christian's Good Friday,
- d) The British Easter Biscuit, a crunchy round current studded cookie made with Cassia Oil, believed to be used in the embalming process to clean Jesus after his crucifixion,
- e) Fanesca is a soup traditionally prepared and eaten by households and communities in Ecuador during Holy Week. The ingredients of Fanesca, a rich soup made of twelve different kinds of beans, for the twelve disciples, gourd, pumpkin and milk,
- f) Baklava is traditionally made with thirty-three layers of dough in recognition of the thirty-three years of Christ's life,

Pretzel's unverified lore locates its origin at a monastery in the borderlands of Southern France and Northern Italy, where monks baked up an austere and frugal form of Lenten bread in approximately 610 C.E. Since pretzels, first called *pretiola* or "little rewards," contain none of the forbidden agents of the pre-Easter fast (eggs, milk, butter, lard) they became the perfect Lenten snack. It is said that the shape of the pretzel was meant to mimic the crossed hands of a child in prayer, or perhaps to be Trinitarian in its likeness.

Think of the religiously inspired Holy Week foods you can enjoy. Bon Appetit!



You might as well answer the door, my child,
the truth is furiously knocking.

~ Lucille Clifton

I recently read Cynthia Bourgeault's new book, *Eye of the Heart, A Spiritual Journey into the Imaginal Realm* (Shambhala, 2020), in which she offers a new map for understanding consciousness and energy inter-exchange, based on G.I. Gurdjieff's Ray of Creation, and Bruno Barnhart's chiasitic* presentation of the Gospel of John.ⁱ This is not to be a review of the book; however, the thoughts it generated did start an interesting train of associations for me. It helped me draw together some of the many threads that make up the tapestry of my own faith journey.

As I read, I started to suspect that in the chiasitic and Ray of Creation schematics there might be correspondences to that of the Kabbalah, a subject I studied many years ago from the Western esoteric approach. I pulled out my copy of *The Mystical Qabalah* by Dion Fortune, taking me a few decades back to a period in my life filled with mystical, magical, and theurgical inquiry. (Theurgy is defined here as a system of beneficent magic practiced by Neo-Platonists and others; in my experience it was directly related to Judeo-Christian and Kabbalistic practice.) Interestingly, the design on the cover of this book looks suspiciously similar to some of the diagrams in Cynthia's book, and not just a little bit chiasitic. In the back of this book, I had noted a reference to Faith which read "...in the light of [mystical] consciousness we may define faith as the conscious result of superconscious experience which has not been translated into terms of brain consciousness, and of which, therefore, the normal personality is not directly aware, though it nevertheless feels, possibly with great intensity, the effects, and its emotional reactions are fundamentally and permanently modified thereby."ⁱⁱ I was a bit surprised that this spoke to me as long ago as the early 1980s, as I was then a neophyte in mystical studies. It was not until recently that I was introduced to the idea that "all has been present from the beginning." (I will refer to this idea further on.) I did not think of myself as a mystic, but in the absence of conscious mystical experience I found the quote somehow validating and reassuring. Reading it today, it confirms the progression of my faith journey with the understanding that there is much more to consciousness, as well as faith, than meets the eye.

In young adulthood, after discovering that my spiritual beliefs no longer fit into the theological paradigms and practice of mainstream Christianity, I felt disillusioned by the institution that had so comfortingly nurtured me through an unstable childhood and teenage period. During those years, as with so many people of my generation who came of age in the late 1960s and early 1970s, eastern thought began to

penetrate my nascent ideologies. My first exposure came through the Theosophical Society, and the church founded by some of the society's early members, the Liberal Catholic Church. Later it was a deep encounter with Buddhist practice that led me to a deeper, more satisfying, contemplative approach to the Divine. Periodically, I attempted to return to the church of my childhood, always hoping to find the missing links that I was now discovering elsewhere, usually to no avail (however, I always enjoyed the music!).

Perhaps it was when my cousin handed me a copy of Cynthia Bourgeault's *The Wisdom Jesus* (Shambhala, 2008) about ten years ago, that I began to see that indeed I might be discovering for myself a new understanding of the Christian way. This new personal vision would incorporate those missing links of mysticism and contemplation that I could not find in the mainstream; this came along with a parallel plunge into a new interest in the evolution of consciousness. Cynthia led me to others, including Bede Griffiths and Bruno Barnhart, and through them, to the New Camaldoli Benedictines with whom I am presently an Oblate-postulant.

When I was studying theosophy, theurgy, and magic (the latter understood as “the art of changing *consciousness* at will”), I had a very limited sense of the meaning and significance of consciousness, as it is being discussed and explored on the quantum level today. Today I would say that my primary spiritual pull or calling is coming from the field of evolutionary consciousness, where I suspect also lies the matter of Christ consciousness. Bede Griffiths wrote, “Life and consciousness are already present in matter from the beginning, but there were no organs through which they could act.”ⁱⁱⁱ It is the unfolding of Cosmic time that has produced these organs, and continues to evolve them. As we have come to discover and begin to understand the expanding and evolving universe, so too are we humans expanding and evolving in consciousness. Paraphrasing evolutionary cosmologist Brian Swimme, all that is, and all that continues to unfold in the universe and in consciousness was present in the fireball that we call the Big Bang. The universe now is coming into being in consciousness, and *we are the species in which the universe becomes aware of itself.*^{iv} This is the eternally new wine that has always been there, that for which we are called to create and be the new wineskins, and embody the new wine, now that we begin to have the organs to do so. This is good news for me because it opens the eyes of my heart to a path of return to the center. In the words of T.S. Eliot:

“With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling
We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started

And know the place for the first time.”^v

- i. Barnhart, Bruno, *The Good Wine: Reading John from the Center* (Paulist Press, 1993) p.40
- ii. Fortune, Dion, *The Mystical Qabalah* (Ibis Books, 1979) p.146
- iii. Barnhart, Bruno, ed. *The One Light: Bede Griffiths' Principal Writings* (Templegate Publishers, 2001) p.288
- iv. personal notes on *Canticle to the Cosmos* DVD series, (Center for the Story of the Universe, 1990)
- v. Eliot, T.S., *Four Quartets*, (1942) Little Gidding, Lines 238-24

*Editor's note: *Chiasm* is a literary/artistic form that pairs events that reflect each other around a central story or theme. A very short example that Cynthia Bourgeault uses to demonstrate this is the story of Jesus and Zacchaeus in Jericho (Luke 19:1-7). The paired events are (1) Zacchaeus climbing the tree to see Jesus better, and (2) Jesus, seeing Zacchaeus in the tree, invites him down and they proceed to Zacchaeus' house.

Evanescent

My gardens are kin to mandalas,
the vibrant patterns, painstakingly
laid down by Tibetan Monks over
long, backbreaking days, only to
be ritualistically brushed away—
life is ephemeral, I am told,
eternal transit.

Yet, every dawn I stroll outdoors
to view the depredations of night's
creatures, to learn acceptance of
resisting thoughts of their
unmaking.

by Doug Yunker



An Interview with Helen Peck

by Jackie Wolfe



Though she's been with us for three years, Helen Peck is one of the "newer" members of the St. Luke congregation. She lived her earliest years in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, then the family moved to the West Coast for a healthier life.

Helen was baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal church and, like many of us, inquired into various religious traditions and also spent time away from traditional religion. As she says it, "My religious training was rich and vast."

She attended Arizona State University for her undergraduate training then, post-grad, attended seminary in Portland for a year. She also had rigorous intellectual training and skills, and that did not bode well for her in seminary – as a woman back then. She received her masters in Clinical Psychology from University of Portland, then her PhD at Pacific University.

For thirty years Helen had a successful private practice in clinical psychology in the Lake Oswego-Tualatin-Portland area. She was content. Then she got a call from a headhunter telling her about a position at the Job Corps in Yachats for two nine-hour days a week.

Her fantasies of walking the beach in search of agates, writing, and other spare-time recreations told her this was a gift from God. Alas, the paperwork and investigation and rules from all the government organizations involved with Job Corps contrasted immeasurably with her history of working on her own. By the time they were set, she never got to do any of the real work she loved.

So... walking by the Waldport Library one day she saw a "For Rent" sign in the old C.P. Carlson offices. Of course, that was something she knew she could use, and her private practice began anew in Waldport.

Helen was a "seeker," so when she saw a notice for "Grist for the Mill" Bible study she knew that was something she wanted. Judith welcomed her at the door, Brian Hanna was in his own inimitable form, the steel cut oats were warm and she was where she wanted to be! Helen has found her faith home at St. Luke's. At the annual meeting we elected Helen to be one of the 2021 Diocesan Convention Delegates, and we have chosen well.

An Interview with Ray & Uschi Gamel

by Jackie Wolfe

Ray and Uschi Gamel first came to St. Luke's in the winter of 2019. Ray is a "Southern Boy," having moved around the southern US until his family settled in Memphis, Tennessee. Uschi (short for Ursula) grew up in Hanover, Germany. Though they both identify as German, their lives show up like a Celtic knot.

Ray went into the Air Force after high school and, while stationed in Darmstadt, Germany, became friends with Uschi's uncle. Ray returned to Germany in the early 60's and married a German woman, who was Uschi's cousin, and with whom he fathered two daughters.

Meanwhile, Uschi had married and had two children, a boy and a girl. She was widowed when the children were young and, when both children were in school Uschi returned to school herself - to become a cabinet maker. The first couple of weeks were interesting, being in class with children the age of her children, but soon enough the age difference was forgotten.

Ray & Uschi saw each other at large family reunions once in a while. He became a commercial airline pilot for TWA and, when they closed, found work at a publishing fulfillment house, for which he traveled a lot. As Uschi's father and husband were both pilots (she had her first solo flight at age 14), but she loved being a woodworker and furniture designer and builder.

Uschi's daughter visited the US while she was in University, staying with family (guess who?), and Uschi visited the family in America as well. Ray had developed his affinity for Germany and used Uschi's address as his European business contact. Meanwhile Ray's marriage ended.

In spite of the 14-year difference in age, Ray and Uschi had plenty in common.

They came back to the US and were married in Nebraska where Uschi worked in a wood shop near Ray's brother's home. Ray still traveled with his work. They moved to Loveland, CO where Uschi worked in the design department for Home Depot. Still looking for the Peaceable Kingdom, they moved to Wyoming, where, after being disillusioned with working for others, they opened a dog boarding facility.

They tired of the high plains and, since Uschi had always been drawn to the North Sea area of Germany, they visited the Oregon Coast a couple of times to see what it felt like to them. It suited them both, so they moved to Waldport and built a house in Bayshore, which was ready for their furniture in May of 2020, and somewhere in

there, Uschi had a knee replaced. Those projects distracted them for a while from full community participation.

What brings them to St. Luke's?

Ray was a cradle Episcopalian who at one time was moving towards the Episcopal priesthood. He had lots of Roman education, but saw differences in the literal and interpretive aspects of the faiths and the liturgies. To him, the visual manifestation of the word is important. His personality demands a constant and, for him, the two constants are Faith and Uschi.

Uschi grew up in the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, but unlike Ray, Uschi has not been a regular churchgoer. She might be seen as more the searcher. People, relationship and community are most important to her. They both found a home at St. Luke, but by the time their Bayshore home was finished and Uschi's knee replacement was done, churches were closing for the pandemic, which put their relationship with St. Luke's on simmer.

Ray has agreed to bring his talents and skills to the BAC as our newest member. Uschi wants everyone to know that their house is always open. There is always a pot of coffee and a glass of water to welcome you, along with two gentle dogs and a contented cat.





Farewells

St. Stephen & St. Luke have lost some long-time and well-loved members on this earthly plane, for whom we pray that they are now “resting in peace.” We would like to acknowledge their loss, their service, and their connection to St. Stephen & St. Luke, 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.

Ethel Myers (9-14-1927)

On December 8, 2020, Ethel Bell Myers—who lived in and brought joy to whomever she touched in Newport, OR, and its surrounding areas for the past 15 years—passed peacefully away at age 93. Ethel was often seen walking in and out of the shops in Nye Beach with her little silky terriers, who got to know all of the shop owners. Most especially, however, Ethel was a dedicated member of St. Stephen Episcopal Church and its sister church in Waldport, St. Luke by the Sea. She played many roles in the church from reading scriptures on Sunday, to writing poetry and newsletters, to serving on the vestry and countless committees. The members of the church gave support and comfort back to Ethel, especially in the past year, when her health began to fail and she was forced to give up some of her determined independence and move to assisted living at Sea Aire in Yachats.



Despite some early tragedies in her life, primarily her father dying of cancer when she was only nine and her family suffering financially and emotionally afterwards,

Ethel maintained an indomitable and optimistic spirit throughout her life. She approached every problem and setback with a positive spirit and just moved on to the next challenge.

Before coming to Oregon, Ethel lived and worked for many years in Southern California – always near her favorite beaches from Corona Del Mar down to Del Mar. She would often park her car after work on a promontory overlooking the ocean and watch the sunset.

Ethel was born and grew up in Mt. Vernon, NY, where she was a fierce high school athlete, running races against boys, playing baseball and basketball. She once played basketball against a barnstorming team of off-season Brooklyn Dodgers, and was invited to play baseball with the all-women teams during World War II.

Despite being one of the smartest people around, limited family funds kept Ethel from attending college, but she never let that hold her back. After high school, she went to work in a bank in New York. Although this was a disappointment to her, she often regaled her family with stories of her train rides into NYC, waiting on famous people and lunches at the automat.

Over many decades, after moving to California in 1972, Ethel worked in sales and marketing in the nascent semiconductor industry. She made friends wherever she went, from Europe to Australia, in the numerous countries she visited on sales calls. She proudly embraced her Irish heritage, visiting her ancestral homeland many times and celebrating St. Patrick's Day with a vengeance.

More important than her business activities, Ethel's most important role was as a mother. She provided wisdom, compassion, guidance, and most of all, love to her three sons, Chris, Tom and Jim. She was a fun-loving, supportive, sprightly presence. When her sons became adults, she remained a fixture in their lives. She got to know and befriended their friends. She included her sons and their families in virtually every aspect of her life. She opened her home to visitors, including strangers, and many of them became part of her family too.

Ethel is survived by her sons, Christopher, who lives with his wife, Christine Haynes Myers, near Charlottesville, Virginia, and James, who lives in the Los Angeles area with his wife Susan Rice Myers. Sadly Tom passed last year, but Ethel remained close with Tom's ex-wife, Kathy Myers of Dana Point, California. Ethel is also survived by eight grandchildren: Jason, Andrew, Caroline, Byron, Christopher, Nicole, Matthew and Sean and four great-grandchildren, Chelsey, Piper, Danielle and Olivia.

Allan Preece



Allan Eugene Preece died on Monday, January 11, 2021, feeling the love and support of his family and friends. He passed away from cancer at the Samaritan Pacific Community hospital in Newport.

Allan was born in Los Angeles, California to Jack and Virginia Preece in 1941. Allan was the loving big brother to his sister, Marilou. Jack Preece was a conductor for the Southern Pacific Railroad and often shared his love of the job with his children. Over time, Allan grew a passion for anything and everything having to do with trains, which stayed with him until the moment he passed away.

In 1963, Allan joined the military and had the distinct honor of becoming a Morse Code operator. Allan had the pleasure of being stationed in Lecce, Italy. Allan not only loved trains but had the wanderlust bug, and while he was in Italy he was able to enjoy both of his favorite pastimes. During his weekends he would travel all around Europe by train (of course!).

After Allan's honorable discharge from The United State Army he returned to California and was in love with the Italian culture. Allan was fluent in Italian, wore all Italian clothes and shoes, and even had the beloved Alfa Romeo he purchased in Italy shipped back to the States. Allan tried to decide on a career suited for him. His first job back was at the water department, where he realized the job did not match his career goals. Soon after, he started working for Sears Roebuck, Inc., in their computer program division. The career fit Allan, and soon he was the Western Regional Manager—which, if you knew Allan, might be a surprise, because of how quiet he was in all aspects of his life.

While at Sears, he met his ex-wife Loretta. They had two children, Jeff Preece and Cari Boyd. After 25 years with Sears, Allan retired and moved to Illinois to be with Marilou, her family (husband Gary and daughter Lea), and his mom, Virginia. As Virginia's health started to deteriorate, the family decided Allan and Virginia would relocate to Newport, Oregon, and Marilou and Gary would follow in a couple of years. Allan got to Newport and fully immersed himself in the coastal community.

He loved volunteering and soon became an integral part of the Yaquina Pacific Railroad Historical Society (YPRHS), Newport's model train club, Stone Soup Supper, and St. Stephen Episcopal Church.

Sadly, in late August 2020 Allan was diagnosed with an aggressive cancer. After testing and researching options, Allan started chemotherapy in late December of 2020. In the first week of January, Allan and his family found out the chemotherapy had not worked. Allan was taken to the hospital on January 9, 2021 with the goal to get him comfortable and release him to hospice to be cared for in his own home.

Allan Eugene Preece passed away peacefully January 11, 2021, with loved ones around him. He is survived by Marilou and Gary Kesselring (sister), Jeffrey and Sheila Preece (son), Cari and Chris Boyd (daughter) and nieces Lea and Gina. Allan will be missed by his grandchildren Alyssa, Kealy, Mackenzie, and Kavan and one adorable great grandson, Walker.

The Stone Soup Supper describes their mission as "...At Stone Soup we serve hot meals with plentiful food, delicious desserts, and often appetizers to stave off hunger while our guests wait for dinner to begin and/or sandwiches for our guests to take home with them after dinner. Our dinners are served family style, with the guests seated at tables set with real plates, glasses, and flatware. Local musicians often provide live music before and during the meal..."

One of the members of the supper recently told Allan's family, "...Allan led his mission and served the guests from his heart. Almost every Monday, for 15 years, Allan was seen sitting down and sharing his meal with the guests and not just behind the counter."

Allan was always giving to his community and those less fortunate. He was never judgmental but always kind, peaceful and humble. He was a quiet man who would give his shoes and clothes off his back for anyone in need. Allan will be missed by many in the Lincoln County area, immediate family, extended family in California and Illinois, and SO, SO many more. We were all lucky to be a presence in his life and celebrate him. Allan's family appreciate the outpouring of love and support. At this time, in lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to the Monday night Stone Soup Supper (at St. Stephen Episcopal Church) and the Yaquina Pacific Railroad Historical Society in Toledo.

Twenty-twenty Vision

These days, weeks, months curl in parentheses
closed off from the whitewater current
even from the peaceful stream. No dailyness
to rely on, no boulders to hop from this to the next—
No next.

And not much then. Past seems irrelevant,
shifting, unstable . . .

Take my hand.
Today rely on this grip.
We have our now.
Breathe.

by Ruth Harrison