



Voices

Journal of EMMANUEL CHURCH in the City of Boston

SUMMER 2014

BEAUTY &



HOLINESS

The Chapel Choir, with friends, offer an Anthem by Brett Johnson based on the hymn "Come Down, O Love Divine" as part of Sunday service in Lindsey Chapel.

From the Rector: Becoming Increasingly Real

I love the idea of the “beauty of holiness,” which comes directly from the biblical literature of Chronicles and Psalms. The full phrase, in our vernacular, is “worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.” It can be translated, “bow down before the Holy One in the splendor or attire of sacred dedication.” It’s a theme often repeated in our sacred texts. Think of the great chorale text “deck thyself my soul with gladness” (schmücke dich). Think “put on the garment of praise” (Isaiah 61:3); “above all clothe yourselves with love” (Colossians 3:12). The paradox here is that worshipping God is humbling – bowing down – and wearing the garment of holiness or sacred dedication is to be attired in beauty, splendor, and magnificence. But what does that look like?

What comes to my mind when I think about this is the story of *The Velveteen Rabbit* by Margery Williams, when the Skin Horse explains to the rabbit that “When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real... It takes a long time. That’s why it doesn’t happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don’t matter at all, because once you are Real you can’t be ugly, except to people who don’t understand.”

For me, the beauty of holiness is the exquisiteness, the loveliness that comes from loving and being loved – from offering our selves and our works in service to that which is greater (Love). The wisdom of our scripture teaches that our very lives depend on it. Abraham Joshua Heschel once wrote, “As a tree torn from the soil, as a river separated from its source, the human soul wanes when detached from what is greater than itself. Without the holy, the good turns chaotic; without the good, beauty becomes accidental” (accidental as in inadvertent or chance). Rabbinic wisdom is that the truest beauty comes when every aspect of one’s life is transfigured with the love of God (that is, Torah).

Emmanuel Church, it seems to me, is a community in which lives are transfigured (inside and outside of 15 Newbury Street) with the love of God – into the beauty of holiness. Many years ago a friend marveled out loud that when he first started coming to church he noticed how peculiar many of the others looked, and when he started to get to know people’s stories and share his own stories, those same peculiar people became so beautiful to him. It happens all the time. So let us re-dedicate ourselves to becoming increasingly real with ourselves, with one another, and with the Holy One, so that the beauty of holiness is not incidental or accidental, but steady and true.

– plw

Musings: Beauty of Holiness

Okay, I guess any line that appears in not one but two psalms is worth thinking about, and this one happens in 96:9 and 29:2. And I know I’ve sung it somewhere or other. But maybe it’s easier to think about the Holiness of Beauty. My mother was a strong advocate for beautiful things. It made her crazy to see things she considered unbeautiful – shabbily kept things that were inherently beautiful but not allowed to shine. She was of the opinion that God made the world to be beautiful, and anything that worked against natural, God-given beauty was to be scorned; anything that turned beautiful things ugly was to be avoided; and anything that was beautiful in the world was to be celebrated and enjoyed. It was our job, as stewards of the world around us, to see that that beauty shone. Throughout history, buildings erected for the purpose of worship have been consciously beautiful so as to express and reflect the glory of God. I’ve often railed against the opulence of houses of worship as being reflective more of man’s vainglory than of God’s grace. It galls me that people who could ill afford it gave their all to erect such places. Yet, how to inspire an appreciation of that grace in shabby, unbeautiful surroundings? And I have no problem with the extremes of beauty in sacred music written to extol that very same grace. I believe with my very soul the immortal words of Al Kershaw, “bad art is irreligious.” There is an innate holiness in beautiful things, natural and human-made. And perhaps by realizing and acknowledging the holiness of beauty we can begin to understand the beauty of holiness.

– Jaylyn Olivo

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Read earlier issues of *Voices* at
www.emmanuelboston.org

Priscilla Young ~ a Life Line for Emmanuel

When Alex and Meg were small, we used to give Priscilla Young a ride home after church. Priscilla was a very private, quiet person, but on those rides we chatted all the way to her home in Needham. We loved hearing stories about her childhood. She told us about the first time she was old enough to have dinner in the dining room with her parents—and that she really preferred eating in the nursery with her younger brother. She described their family Christmas traditions, and they sounded magical to us. I imagined her as Clara in the Nutcracker. A favorite story was of the time they adopted puppies while traveling and smuggled them home on the trans-Atlantic voyage in a basket.

“She described their family Christmas traditions, and they sounded magical to us. I imagined her as Clara in the Nutcracker.”

Sometimes we sang. She listened as the kids sang songs they'd learned in school, and she sang songs for us. There was a hymn that matched the rhythm of our car's windshield wipers, so she sang that on rainy days. She was incredibly knowledgeable about music. Her comments about the motet and cantata we'd just heard were insightful. It was obvious she'd had serious musical training, and I think she may have been a pianist. The piano in the music room that is still used today for our weekly chorus rehearsals and many concerts and recitals once belonged to her.

Priscilla had a hearing condition that made her sensitive to loud sounds. She hated it when people assumed she was hard of hearing and shouted at her, just because she was old. She loved the Symphony, but had to stop going because the sound of the applause was too much for her. One of the reasons she loved Emmanuel was because she could hear excellent live music with no applause. Craig always invited her to the dress rehearsals of Emmanuel Music concerts for that reason. She never spoke to anyone, and sat near the back of the church (probably an acoustical sweet spot since that's where Craig always sat when he came to services and someone else was conducting).

Priscilla was very generous. For many years she underwrote the expense of the chorus and orchestra for our weekly Bach cantatas.

Priscilla was smart – “sharp as a tack”. In the final years that she was able to come to services at Emmanuel, the church was going through some very difficult times. In an act of incredible caring and love for both organizations, Priscilla left a legacy gift to the church, to be used for support of the cantata program. She knew then what we have come to understand in the following years – that our strength lies in our work together.

Darryl and Priscilla shared an enthusiasm for tennis, and enjoyed discussing the tournaments they'd both watched on TV the week before. Years after she passed, Darryl told me he had a dream that he ran into Priscilla in a hotel lobby in New York. He was on a business trip and was calling for a taxi. They greeted each other warmly, and Priscilla offered her car and driver to get him across town to his meeting. It was one of those dreams that you wake from believing it had to be more than just a dream – perhaps it was Priscilla's final, gracious ‘thank you’.

We all feel very lucky to have known Priscilla. I forget sometimes what a privilege it was for us to be on that car pool roster, and that many people didn't have a chance to get to know her as we did. We still miss her, and will always remember her.

– Gail Abbey

Any Good Books Lately

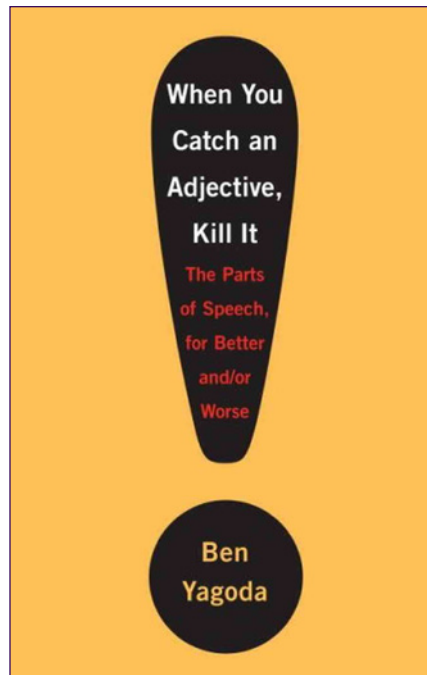
When You Catch an Adjective, Kill It: The Parts of Speech for Better and/or Worse
Ben Yagoda (2007, Broadway Books)

A book about the parts of speech sounds like it would be about as much fun as a fifth grade English class, but it's not so: your fifth grade teacher was almost certainly not half as smart and as interesting as Ben Yagoda is. As it happens, *When You Catch an Adjective, Kill It* is partly concerned with exposing some of the lies your fifth grade teacher taught you about the rules of English. (If you want to go on observing such shibboleths, it's perfectly fine with him; you just shouldn't promulgate them as the One True Way.)

Yagoda is interested in what words are, and what they're good for. He makes fruitful use of the British National Corpus, a 100-million-word collection of written and spoken language. It's now possible to know, for instance, that adjectives represent about six percent of the words used in the corpus; so why did Mark Twain think they should be killed? "The root of the problem is lazy writers' inordinate fondness for this part of speech. They start hurling the epithets when they haven't provided enough data-specific nouns and active verbs—to get their idea across." But to use adjectives creatively and resourcefully is "an indication of originality, wit, observation—the cast and quality of the writer's mind."

I'd say the same of Yagoda's use of quotations and examples, which he draws from all over the literary and cultural map. Shakespeare, John Stuart Mill, and Charles Dickens share the pages with Fats Waller, the Lone Ranger, and the Simpsons.

Yagoda is familiar with what Stephen King and Steven Pinker have had to say about language and writing; his highest praise goes to H. L. Mencken and Henry W. Fowler, two great early 20th century writers on English and its delights. Yagoda does not give much aid and comfort to prescriptivists who wish that



English would stop changing all the time. In his view, "[u]ltimately, the issue of correctness just isn't very interesting. Given the inevitability of change, the only question is how long a shift in spelling, syntax, punctuation, semantics, or any other aspect of usage should be in popular use before it becomes standard or accepted. Some people want things to move fast, some people want things to move slow (except they would say slowly,) and none of them has much of an impact on the actual rate of change."

If we can get over being nettled by them, shifts in syntax can be fascinating: "Frame started as a verb, meaning 'to form,' then became a noun meaning 'border,' and emerged as a new verb meaning 'to put a frame around something.'" To catch a word in the act of crossing the border between one part of speech and another, or to investigate those that live in the borderlands, is to learn something useful and important.

Possibly even more important is this: "I

realized some time ago that I have a tendency to divide all experience – buildings, people, movies, songs, weather, roads, hamburgers – into two categories. The first category makes me happy to be alive. The other category makes me sad, or at best neutral. And, in the realm of language, that's the kind of Manichaeic division I care about, and that you'll find throughout this book." If you're like me, in that Mencken, Fowler, and Pinker make you glad to be alive, Yagoda will too.

–CTR

Read more reviews on Carolyn's blog:
anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com

A Month in Uganda: Hospitals, Churches, Rhinos & Rapids

Prelude

Earlier this year I seized the opportunity to spend a month in Uganda visiting three hospitals, seeing mostly adult patients with blood disorders and teaching undergraduates, medical students and residents. My visit was sponsored by Health Volunteers Overseas, a non-profit organization that places doctors from the United States at medical centers around the world that are in need of educational support. I spent the first three weeks at Mulago, the teaching hospital at Makerere University in Kampala, the capital city. During my last week I visited two Catholic hospitals at Nkozi and Kitovu, towns 52 and 71 miles west of Kampala. Each weekday morning I made rounds with the residents and nurses, and in the afternoon I gave lectures and participated in small group sessions including pathology slide reviews and journal clubs. I had weekends free for visiting churches, taking a mini-safari, and rafting on the Nile.



Mulago, the teaching hospital at Makerere University in Kampala

Medicine

The range and depth of the patients' illnesses were way beyond my expectations. Nearly half of the patients we saw have sickle cell disease. I was shocked and saddened by how many of them had hemoglobin levels of 4 grams/dL, a degree of anemia twice as severe as what we see in the US. This appears to be due to a combination of illnesses: sickle cell along with malaria, HIV, TB or other infections. A large minority of our inpatients had

primary bone marrow problems such as aplastic anemia, leukemia and lymphoma. Both HIV and TB loom very large as key contributors to bone marrow failure.

Each morning I made rounds with residents and junior staff, which gave me an opportunity to grasp how medicine is organized and care is delivered. The Mulago patients are indigent; many come from rural outskirts. Few speak English. All inpatients are housed on large open wards – full of metal-framed non-adjustable beds, but no other furniture. The patients' food ration consists of one pint of milk and one hard-boiled egg per day. The progress of our rounds was somewhat impeded by the mayhem of family members sleeping on straw mats at the bedside of their loved ones and in constant attendance. These visitors were solely responsible for laundering of the bed linen. Many a visitor had a crying baby in tow. Moreover, inpatient medical records were in near total disarray. Progress notes, x-ray reports and lab data were scattered haphazardly on the patient's bed. It was rare to access records of a previous admission on a given patient. All of this notwithstanding, all the younger doctors and nurses seem to have a high level of concern and devotion to their patients.

Much of the time I took a back seat and learned much more than I taught. Occasionally I had the frustration of having insights into either diagnosis or management but realized that my recommendations were either not interpreted properly or perhaps even ignored. The latter is understandable because the resident caregivers were very busy and, as mentioned above, there were many impediments to getting even simple things done.

Church Visits

After my arrival I consulted the Internet for Anglican churches in Kampala and found one, All Saints, that offers services

in English. On my first Sunday morning, I gave my taxi driver explicit instructions for All Saints and was taken to a lovely large edifice near the parliament and national headquarters. I arrived at 9:30 during the Ugandan service but stayed through nearly the whole English service that followed. The sanctuary was packed and so a couple of hundred worshipers sat on plastic chairs outside, listening to the service via loudspeaker, entering only to take communion. Much of the music sounded like African rock, but some consisted of a really fine two or three part women's choir who did very beautiful renditions of the Sanctus and Agnus Dei in what sounded like 19th century European harmony. When I went inside to take communion, I immediately spotted Stations of the Cross and realized I was in Christ the King Roman Catholic church. Later that morning I was taken to the Anglican All Saints church where there was an equally impressive throng, again with outdoor seating spread out on three sides.

Animals and the Nile

I spent a weekend at Murchison Falls National Park, about 200 miles north of Kampala. I was treated to two "game hunts", one on the Nile and the other by land. The river trip was punctuated non-stop by herds of peaceful and lazy hippos. The five or six crocodiles that we encountered were also lethargic. The bird life was burgeoning: beautiful waterfowl and passerine birds as well as hawks and an eagle. We saw several families of elephants coming down for water but then lumbering away when they saw us. The approach to the falls up-river was of course spectacular. After lunch we boarded an open army-style transport van with four-wheel drive, thick tread tires and no windows. Our guide was very knowledgeable, but difficult to understand. It was uncanny how he could spot animals – like a black owl high up in a fully shaded tree. This time we got up close and personal with maybe 100 elephants, and even more wart hogs. These animals are

downright ugly, but the sight of a baby nursing on his mom was a tender moment indeed. Many water buffalo came up to our vehicle, while hundreds dotted the soft rises in the savannah. Upping the ante was a huge variety of birds and an even greater number of antelopes of at least five different species. That afternoon the lions did not honor us with their presence but we did see about eight giraffes, all from a distance.

The next morning we drove south to a smaller national preserve dedicated to bringing the rhinoceros back to Uganda and specifically to Murchison Falls. Rampant poaching led to the complete extinction of rhinoceros in Uganda by 1984. About five years ago this stretch of grazing savannah south of Murchison was fenced off and secured for breeding the white rhinoceros. The “white” refers not to the color of the hide, which is dusky brown, but to that of the snout. This compound now boasts 14 animals, six or so of them have been born within the last five years. When the herd grows to 30 or 40, within the next 30 years or so, they will be transported to Murchison National Park.

After a half-mile trek we came upon a close-knit gathering of six magnificent animals, much larger than the rhinoceros I remember seeing in American zoos. We were able to get within maybe 50 feet without disturbing them. All 14 rhinos have names including one called Obama. Those we visited were all rather sluggish. Apparently they fight occasionally but never seem to draw blood. These animals were indeed spectacular, but even if all of them took a day off from entertaining the tourists, the trip would have been almost as rewarding. This section of the Nile and its valley is hauntingly tranquil and muted – a setting that would have delighted Monet. Likewise the vast expanse of the open savannah with its shallow undulating hills, a variety of grass textures accented by trees of all sorts. Loveliest are the lone umbrella trees that seem designed by God to shade the overworked buffalo and feed the giraffes.

Nile Rapids

A week later I had the opportunity to go rafting on the White Nile, near its source at Jinja, near Lake Victoria. The day started out with dark cloudy skies that precisely matched my mood because none of what we planned would be fun if the weather did not cooperate. I was greatly looking forward to the rafting. The only other time I had done it was about 15 years ago when Betsy and I went to Costa Rica soon after our son George and his wife Yamila were married. I remember it was an exciting, indeed hair-raising experience – dueling with untamed nature in a beautiful setting. So it was on the Nile. The rafting agency offered a choice between a two-hour ride (which two sources told me was gentle enough for septuagenarians) and the full four-hour ride which was much more challenging. I was the only one in our party of 25 who opted for the former. As we arrived at the river’s edge the sun came out fulsomely both in the sky and in my countenance. I was really looking forward to the rafting until our Ugandan guide with a characteristic soft voice and thick accent started enunciating safety tips that I could not hear, followed by instructions on what to do if or when the raft capsizes. I then learned to my horror that my two-hour ride contained class 3 and 4 rapids. To my total relief we got through the first of these intact despite being tossed about like so much flotsam. Only a 17-year old pre-Oberlin student was thrown overboard. When we got to the next set of rapids, our guide asked us to vote on whether we wanted the more or the less challenging route. All four of my raft mates voted for the more challenging, but, happily, they acceded to my minority vote. Despite this being the easier route the whole raft capsized. During this brief but seemingly endless period of travail, I looked and acted like I was well into my eighties and I sensed that the rest of the rafters would be quite relieved when I retired at the half-way point. Despite these qualms I am very glad I did the rafting. It was scary but fun. Having said all this, I promise Betsy and the rest of my loved ones, there will be no encore.



Rafting the Nile

Postlude

I embarked on my first visit to Africa with minimal knowledge of its complex geography, history and multilayered cultures. Moreover a four-week stay was not sufficient to provide more than fleeting impressions. Nevertheless, it was a mind-bending experience. The vast majority of people seem well nourished, productive and happy despite pervasive poverty and deprivation of creature comforts. Unlike many other African nations, Ugandans are at peace with their neighbors and with themselves. Nevertheless, despite a recent steady improvement in the nation’s gross domestic product, the vast majority of Ugandans realize that their government is corrupt and that any improvement in the national economy does not trickle down to them. Still, I was imbued with a strong sense of optimism and contentment among the people I encountered. The Ugandans seem blessed with happiness genes. They were wonderfully warm and welcoming, especially the children. Maybe I was a bit of a curiosity to them, but I was certainly beguiled when, on so many occasions, toddlers would run up to me and hug my knees. I hope that I have the energy, health and wherewithal to visit Uganda again.

– Text and photos by Frank Bunn



Boys and girls (with short hair) returning from school in the afternoon

Suddenly, I'm History

Last week the young gum chewing girl in the movie ticket booth charged me senior rates without even asking. This isn't sudden, of course. It's been coming a long time.

I first noticed it some years ago as I watched the Oliver Stone film of *Nixon* with my sons, three well informed, state of the art young adults. As white male followed white male

across the screen of shame, one or another would ask, "Who was he?" I'll grant that one looked pretty much like the next, and the levels of

mediocrity were similar. They'd heard of G. Gordon Liddy, but John Dean, Jeb Stuart Magruder, and Alexander Haig were faceless and nameless to these youngsters. The events that I had watched with amazement that became disgust were, to them, history.

Looking at family scrapbooks a few days later, one son called to his brother, "Hey, George, come look at this! Look at Momma. Isn't she adorable? She looks so fifties."

I mustered all my dignity. "Excuse me, that's no costume. I was the fifties." They laughed and I laughed too. But it gave me pause. Suddenly I'm history. I remember...

I remember the first time I sensed that grown ups in charge of the world felt unsafe. December 7, 1941. My family sat around the radio. We heard over and over, "The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor." Later, there was a voice so strange to my southern ears that I barely took in the words. They made no sense to me anyway. "A day that will live in infamy." Where was infamy? And how could a day live there?" I wondered. I didn't ask because the grown ups looked so serious that I was afraid. Momma said that the owner of the funny voice was the greatest man alive, and Daddy said that not everyone thought so. It was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and the voice was to become very familiar in the months that followed. I didn't understand what had happened to the world, but I knew that my parents were mad and scared. So, I was scared too.

We had green shades at every window for black out drills, and each of us was responsible for a room when the siren went off. I got the living room where everyone came to wait until the all clear sounded. I was glad I didn't have to run through the dark house all by myself. We kept those shades for years after the war ended. Momma pulled them most of the way down when we had the measles, so our eyes wouldn't get weak. Most children don't get measles any more. Or polio.

I remember polio. All the playgrounds and pools were closed because of contagion. We went to church though. I wondered why church was okay because there were lots of people there too. So I guessed God had purified the building. Then I decided God had failed because I got polio anyway. In spite of all the offerings and hymns, the prayers and preaching, and even memorizing the books of the Bible, I got polio

and had to wear braces and horrible shoes for ages. It was the beginning of my uncertainty about God.

During the long, hot, shade-down summers, most of our world existed under the dining room table. Momma helped us map out the Hundred Acre Wood on the worn carpet under the table, and she made stuffed piglets and rabbits and

a Tigger and an Owl and an Eeyore out of scraps of fabric. The carpet was once a deep red, but it had faded and spotted until Momma said

it looked like the floor of a forest. She didn't let us take food under the table, but sometimes we sneaked it and called the dog to eat up the evidence.

I was usually Pooh, the silly old Bear, and my older brother Jerry was the resourceful Christopher Robin, who directed the stories and got Pooh out of scrapes. Sometimes Jerry would get bored with the game and wander off, leaving me in the pit of the Horrible, Horrible Heffalump or stuck in Piglet's house until I howled for him to come back. Momma said I could get out all by myself, but I knew that the story didn't go that way.

I remember the day the war ended. We children had been sent out for a penny walk. I don't think children go for penny walks any more. My older sister Meg was twelve, and she was in charge. She was always in charge of everything. My brother and I took turns flipping the penny at each corner. Tails, we turned left; heads, right. It looked like chance, the way the coin flipped. So I used to wonder why we always ended back at home on time. Why didn't we ever flip ourselves too far away to ever get back? I suspected my brother or sister of cheating, but I couldn't figure out how they did it.

Anyway, that day we were almost home, just turning right on heads with only a block to go if the flips went right. I could see our house. All of a sudden the church bells started to ring. I heard a wailing. High pitched. Scary. I looked over toward the sound and saw Herculine our day helper sitting on the front porch. She had thrown her apron over her head and was howling. A solid lump of noise right there at our house! Momma ran up the street toward us and caught us up with hugs and tears, saying over and over, "The war is ended, the war is ended." I didn't understand and I was scared because Momma was crying. I'd never seen Momma cry.

All of this happened over half a century ago. We're at war again. I don't feel like I'm history most of the time, but I am considerably shorter and more wrinkled. And when I'm tired, my left leg drags.

— Betsy Bunn

The Development Committee

The past two years have witnessed remarkable progress in your continuing strong support for Emmanuel Church and its financial needs. We have had considerable success in three important endeavors: Emmanuel's sterling participation in the Diocesan *Together Now* Campaign, a strong showing in funding our Annual Campaign needs, and being awarded grants from various foundations to undertake vitally needed repair and maintenance work on our building, to fund our Rector's sabbatical, and to pursue "green" environment initiatives at Emmanuel.

The participation by many parishioners in the *Together Now* campaign was nothing short of spectacular. Under the leadership of Jim Bradley and Gail Abbey and their campaign committee, we received over \$700,000 in pledges. Our share of these funds will make a huge difference in our ability to carry forward many projects including the all-important Back Wall renovation. Hand-in-hand with this outpouring of support for our longer-term needs, the Annual Campaign in 2013-14 has shown continuing and strong contributions to the day-to-day expenses of the Parish. Most notably, and with heartfelt thanks for the leadership of Frank Kelly and Tom Barber and their committee, we have received more than 40 first-time pledges and are within a few thousand dollars of our \$250,000 goal. These funds are vital to the work of keeping Emmanuel in sound condition and able to do so much for so many.

Now let's speak briefly about how we propose to address some of the future needs of Emmanuel. The Development Committee of the Vestry is quietly initiating a program to reach out to those in the Parish who wish to ultimately consider a legacy gift for Emmanuel. This is a long-range effort to assist those who wish to consider supporting our church well beyond their time, just as our forebears did as they built Emmanuel and sustained its many wonderful programs through legacy gifts. If this important initiative interests you, we would welcome a chance to help in any way we can. There are many ways to approach the process, just as there are many levels of financial wherewithal and family objectives to balance. Our goal is simply stated: How can we help, and what information can Emmanuel provide that will make the process easier for you?

— Jim Bartlett



*Top right: Scaffolding on the North wall of the Sanctuary. Photo by Julian Bullit.
Above: Part of Emmanuel's "kitchen team" poses after preparing and serving lunch for children in the Diocese's B-SAFE summer program. Photo by Matt Griffing*



Together Now

We watch a lot of Sci Fi at our house. It seems a common assumption that a post apocalyptic world would be decidedly unbeautiful and unholy. Apparently, without people to regularly maintain them, the physical structures that generations of human civilization have built would crumble. The 'concrete jungles' of the world would eventually become – jungles. Libraries, museums, monuments and yes – churches would disappear in a relatively short time.

Emmanuel Church seems beautifully solid. Emmanuel's founders built it to last, using durable stone and brick for its construction. But even brick and stone require maintenance, and I am so proud that our Emmanuel community, in our time, is taking responsibility and doing what needs to be done to preserve our beautiful sanctuary, Lindsey Chapel, the Emmanuel's Land window and our other stained glass artworks for future generations to enjoy and be inspired by.

The first phase of the masonry work on our north wall, made possible by *Together Now* donations from so many Emmanuelites and support from the Massachusetts Historical Commission is nearly complete! Visit the alley to view the scaffolding some Sunday after church. It is indeed a beautiful thing.

— Gail Abbey

Wait a Minute: Reflections on Time, Love, & God

Upon one sunrise, while barely awake, I attempted to coherently express what I'd been ruminating on just before going to sleep. The everyday geocentric expressions – minutes, seconds, hours, days, years; sunrise, night, winter, spring, summer and fall – are all we have to express Time and its passage, even though over 400 years have passed since Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler established beyond any reasonable doubt that the Earth is NOT the Center of the Universe. Cosmologically Earth is a Johnny-come-lately; a mere four billion years old. The post-Big Bang Cosmos had been plowing along some 10 billion years before our home, Earth, and the Sun around which it orbits “showed up.” Our Sun isn't even close to being the center of our Galaxy, the Milky Way, let alone the center of the Cosmos. Our Earth —by whose movement around the Sun we measure and quantify all the above and Time itself—is, compared to the vastness of the Cosmos, an insignificant speck. An insignificant speck in a remote corner? Perhaps. But it is the only home we probably will ever know and so, the center of “our” Universe.

We – Homo sapiens – who didn't arrive on the scene until just about 500,000 years ago, seldom have life spans much greater than the Biblical Three Score and Ten. War, disease, poverty, cruelty, hatred – Evil – cut most lives short. History and Literature are, to a significant degree, accounts of tragically foreshortened lives. Even when Death comes naturally, the dying and those who are near them will most often apprehend it with a certain fear. Fear, even though the ravages of pain and disease will be relieved.

Despite our seeming insignificance for a seeming insignificant period of Time in a seeming insignificant place in the Cosmos we “matter”. Why? Well... each and every one of us is “here” because of Love. No other reason. Absolutely NO other Reason! In even the most dire life stories there is Love. Love exists no matter how vehemently it is denied. It is the Act that negates Evil. When Death comes, no matter how it comes, the person who dies can live on in the memories of those who have loved that person. But we “love” to celebrate Love. We “know” –“believe in”– Love. It is tangible. We feel it, taste it, embrace it.

What is the source of this Love? Is it merely encoded in our DNA? Is there a “Love” gene? Being bold, but hardly original: before the 14 billion (in “our”) years ago when the Cosmos “began” there must have been a “place” even if that “place” was a void – a non-place – where it could “happen”. To “happen” implies “Time” yet in this non-place since there was only non-existence there was no Time either. But something – or some One – was “There”! We cannot “Know” that for “Certain”. But we can choose to Believe it for Certain! That is a choice we can make because of Love. This Love which we cannot “Know” but which we can Believe is possible because the One who was there before the Creation of the Cosmos Loved us First! Love is this Act – an often self-sacrificial act – between Beings. And this Other Being is the One I call – name – God.

– *John Mears*



Photo by Jaylyn Olivo of an Iris in her garden.

SPIRITUALITY

is the effort of the conscious mind to overcome the feeling of separateness that consciousness engenders, by exercising curiosity about the intangible, that which cannot be observed empirically; or the emotional, instinctual and intellectual phenomenon which, while strongly felt, can not be seen or measured. Its objective is to integrate one's sense of a separate self into a unified concept of existence as a whole, and the nature of the environment which that self inhabits. It attempts to reconcile the world that one knows and understands with the world that one is aware of but does not understand.

When that understanding is sought through observation and experiment it can become science; when the seeking is replaced by a dependence on past opinions we have religion; and when the understanding is recognized as already existing within oneself we have the beginning of art.

ART

An artificial and deliberate construction which is used by the constructor to organize a group of features and aspects of its subject in such a way that there is conveyed from the person creating to the person observing a unique understanding, or comment upon, or proposal for a commonly held experience. *Oddly, this also defines falsehood.*

BEAUTY

A thing that is beautiful is completely itself. What can have beauty that is not exactly what it appears to be, for if it is other than it appears, what may sign for beauty is only a reference to something else.

What can have beauty that is not complete, for in being incomplete a thing can only promise, but not yet possess beauty.

What can have beauty that is not in balance? For a thing out of balance will topple and fall, then becoming other than it was, and changing.

If beauty is only in the eye of the beholder then what of ideas, or of music, or of actions, and how does it come, that certain objects are universally revered across centuries of time and the borders of many warring cultures.

I think when a thing is perfectly itself, honest of its materials, manufacture and intent, stripped of all that is extraneous and including all that is necessary, existing in balance and harmony with the world, that it creates a sense of resolved peace, and we call that sense Beauty.

FROM MICHAEL SCANLON'S BOOK OF CONUNDRUMS

El Flamboyán (*Delonix regia*)

Ecclesiastes 3:11 *He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end.*

We saw it in a field
At the end of the dry season.
The grass was brown and yellow,
Close cropped by goats
And a rangy cow,
Except by the water hole
Where mud and dung clotted
Between shoots of greener blades
And clumps of vegetation.

This tree is just itself:
No needs, unblest.
It exists, thanks be –
No more, no less.

– Tom Barber

It stood alone on higher ground,
Flat domed and graceful,
Branches bending down,
Capacious, balanced
Like a spinning bowl
Inverted on a tilted stick.
This bowl is still.
You see its chips and crazes,
The wear of weather, time,
Cool nights, the cracking sun
And drought. There are no leaves.

The bones of this transparent dome
Are delicate: the draping limbs
Hung with seedpods
Dry and rattle; a glyph
On the page of this field, and –
I've been waiting to tell you this –
A herald – miraculous!
A signature of genius, a radical
On the tips of branches,
Dipping down and lifting up –
Flowers: vermilion!
A flaming corymb,
An annunciation.

But this is no proud banner,
No phoenix, no peacock,
No caballero.
There's no need for shade
Or greenery, though both will come;
No emblem, post card,
Painting on the wall,
No pretty words or poetry.

Emmanuel News
[PROVISIONAL TITLE]

Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury St, Boston, MA 0
Volume 1, number 1

**Emmanuel
NEWS**



Volume 1, Number 3
November 1994

Emmanuel Church
15 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02116
617-536-3355

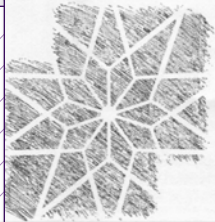
Emmanuel News

EMMANUEL CHURCH IN THE CITY OF BOSTON • VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1 • SEPTEMBER 2001

Stewardship Commission
Prepares
Fall Campaign

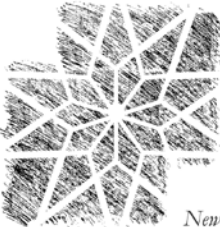
September

September again! Although we are well into the calendar year as well as the ecclesiastical one, to many of us it has the feel of a New Year.



VOICES

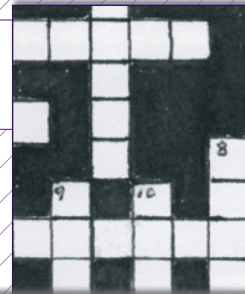
NEWSLETTER OF EMMANUEL CHURCH IN THE CITY OF BOSTON
DECEMBER 2001



Voices

Newsletter of EMMANUEL CHURCH in the City of Boston
FALL 2009

Crossword puzzle
from 12/2003



1. Hark the _____ angels
4. "Hail thou long _____"
5. Mary's song
11. Not urban
12. Jesus' birthplace
13. Calvin's chosen few
14. First season of liturgical year
15. Jesus' home-town
19. Julian of Norwich is one of _____
20. _____ Peattie
21. 3rd Gospel
22. Akshay's sister

DOWN

2. Jim Weiss' Harry Potter r_____
3. Writ in _____
4. Mary's cousin; our warder's sake.
5. Let us _____
6. Elizabeth _____, au

Dear Abbé from
12/2003



Dear Abbé,

In recent months I eagerly followed the announcements regarding the formation of the new Chapel Choir, wishing that I had the

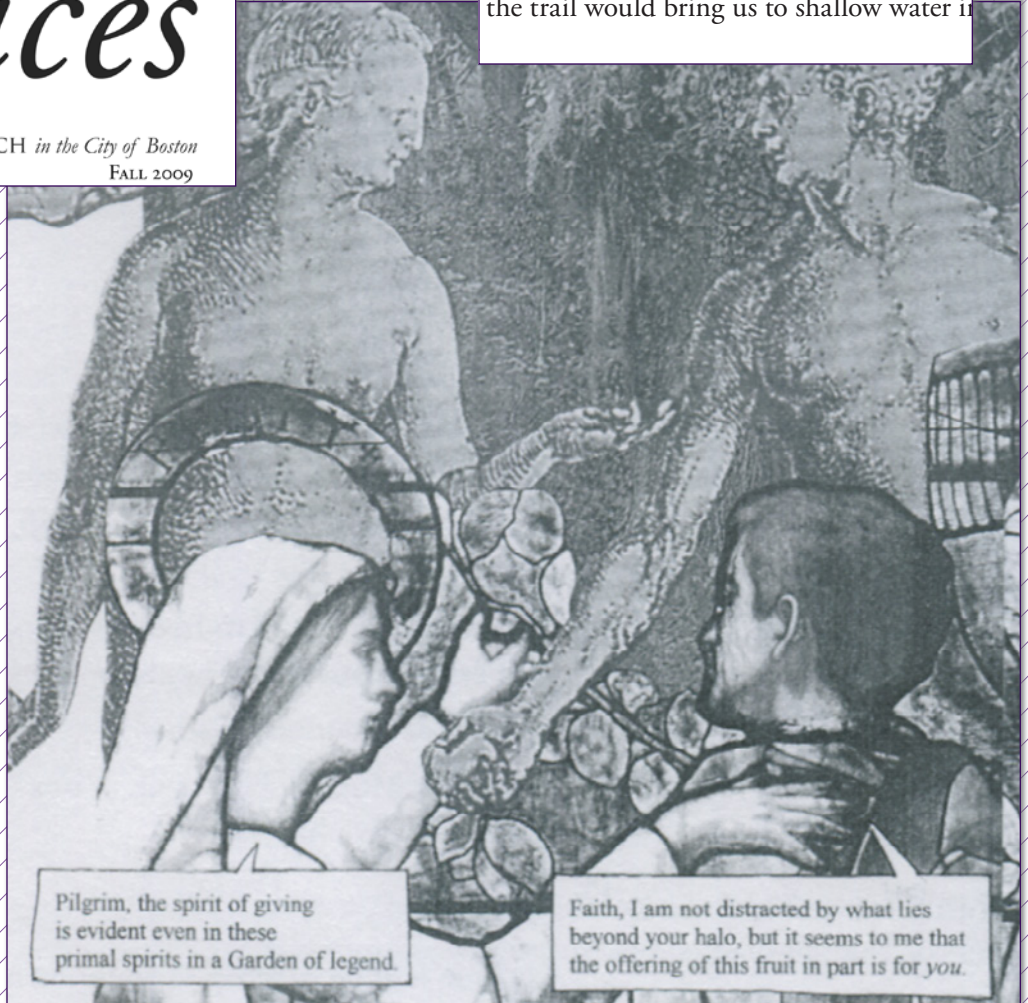
nerve to volu
a marvelous
Although
to sing, and
get some sym
embolden m

The Considerate Robber



iry tale day. Tall, tall trees going straight up
e. Sunlight shafting through them to the gr
pt for the occasional bird call and answer. A
the trail would bring us to shallow water in

Cartoon from
1/2004



Pilgrim, the spirit of giving is evident even in these primal spirits in a Garden of legend.

Faith, I am not distracted by what lies beyond your halo, but it seems to me that the offering of this fruit in part is for you.

**20
YEARS
of Inspiration**

Over the past 20 years, Emmanuel's newsletter has changed. What will the next version look like?

LARGER IMAGES

A Month in Uganda: Hospitals, Churches, Rhinos & Rapids



1.



2.



3.

- 1. Mulago Hospital - showing patients' bed linen drying in the courtyard
- 2. All Saints Anglican Church, Kampala
- 3. Rafting on the Nile
- 4. Kids on their way home from school



4.

^ Return to article

1st + 2d
sunday of
month

3 Sund.
of month

graphics?
good b+w?

LIGHTS

Christopher
Roos
M-Th.

Emmanuel News

[PROVISIONAL TITLE]

Emmanuel Church, 15 Newbury St, Boston, MA 02116 617-536-3355

Volume 1, number 1

September 1994

Jaylyn Olivo, PROVISIONAL EDITOR; Nelina Backman, Eleanor Hammill, Susan Larson, Christopher Roos, Ruth Tucker, Bill Wallace, PROVISIONAL EDITORIAL STAFF

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to the first issue of the new Emmanuel newsletter. As you can see, there is quite a lot that is provisional about this venture, not the least of which is your Editrix. (Her arm is still quite sore from earlier in the summer when the Rev. Wallace applied his persuasive powers to it.) My sincere thanks to the Provisional Staff for rallying to the cause of the first issue. Perhaps a brief explanation of what we're about will help begin to dispel some of our provisionality.

Many of us have long thought that Emmanuel Church needed a regular forum of communication among the congregation. I believe that such an item should not be the sole responsibility of the Administrator, but should be generated within the community by a "staff" of regular contributors on assigned topics of community concern and interest, supplemented by occasional contributions from members of the congregation as they are so inspired. So, here's what the provisional staff has come up with in its first organizational meeting, just to get things going.

We plan to have regular columns from the clergy, Mission Committee and other standing committee correspondents (Liturgics, Finance, Building, etc.), someone involved in adult education, someone working with the church school, a reporter on the arts at Emmanuel, someone who keeps up with the more personal side of the community (i.e., noteworthy events in our individual lives, or the community gossip, if you prefer), and a special events reporter. In addition, we welcome correspondence from Emmanuelites abroad in the world, even if you're just out of town on vacation; poems, essays, meditations that have bearing on the life in the Emmanuel community (see CosmiCorner); notices of the special needs of community members or of ad hoc outreach opportunities. I'm sure I've forgotten some, but you get the picture. This should be a medium of communication by, about, and for the Emmanuel family here and far away.

We need to get out of provisional status, and soon. So here's what we are looking for:
A NAME FOR THE NEWSLETTER. Submit your suggestions to Christopher or to any member of the provisional staff -- in writing, by phone, anonymously in the collection plate. The method of selection has yet to be determined, but we'll take suggestions for that, too. (Gene Schwabb, keep your puns to yourself!)

YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE NEWSLETTER. Please let us know what your think of the idea in general, what you think of the plans so far, what you would envision for such a community forum.

YOUR SKILLS AND TALENTS. We are going to need more "permanent" staff to cover all the departments we want to cover. We will need to firm up our roster of regular contributors for the play-by-play and begin to enlist occasional contributors for the color/flavor of life at Emmanuel. If you want to write, edit, type, design, photocopy, collate, fold, label, or stamp, please do not be shy about saying so. If you just want to help but aren't sure how, we'll be glad to find something for you to do.

It's time to stop complaining that we don't know what's going on at Emmanuel and start communicating, on a regular basis. To work, the newsletter needs to come from all of us. So, keep those cards and letters coming.

90% OPENING DAY POTLUCK LUNCH

Sunday, 18 September, is opening day -- our return to the "big church," the first cantata of the season, an excuse to celebrate. Bring a dish of your choice (anything, soup to nuts, homemade or "boughten"), greet old friends, meet new ones. Bill Wallace and members of the Mission Committee will be on hand to report on events and progress over the summer.

over blank
pics ✓
male ✓
salle ✓
E. Bach ✓
Fash. ✓
Leann ✓
@ Church ✓
Capote ✓
Shanta ✓
N. Atlantic ✓
Belle ✓
CO. ✓
Burris ✓
@ Thur. ✓
night ✓
(Bry) ✓
X
Person ✓
Vote ✓
From the ✓
Clergy ✓
Newcomer ✓
Gathering ✓
@ rectory ✓

420

Sept 21st

Deb
Wells -
Ministry
13) Harmon
Request
14) History of
Emm.
Movement
15) Film
column
16) Sarah
Peck
17) Choir
robes
Pilgrim

23rd of
Oct