

MARCH 2019

THE BELL

THE STORIES OF A PEOPLE CALLED ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

PICK UP A COPY OF *THE SHAPE OF LENT* TODAY. FAST, PRAY & SERVE TOGETHER THIS SEASON.



*Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still
Even among these rocks,
Our peace in His will*

TS ELIOT,
ASH WEDNESDAY

STORIES FOR LENT AND EASTERTIDE



Staff

Clergy

The Rev. Sammy Wood, *Rector*

The Rev. Travis Hines, *Associate Rector*

The Rev. David Wilson, *Pastoral Assistant*

The Rev. Dr. Stu Phillips, *Priest Associate*

Laity:

Carla Schober, *Director of Family & Children Formation*

David Madeira, *Director of Music*

Sally Chambers, *Director of Communications*

Hughes McGlone, *Director of Youth Formation*

Bev Mahan, *Verger & Assistant to the Rector for Liturgy*

Leslie Tomlinson, *Executive Assistant to the Rector*

Teresa Robinson, *Financial and Music Administrator*

Robert Smith, *Assistant for Pastoral Care*

Julia McGirt, *Organist*

Gaylene Latham, *Nursery Coordinator*

Allison Hardwick, *Bookstore Manager*

Kelly Hull, *Preschool & Parent's Day Out Director*

Meredith Flynn, *Homeschool Tutorial Director*

Vestry:

Pat Bowlby, Steve Heaston, Yvonne Poindexter, Molly

Cole, Gretchen Abernathy, Heather James, Phyllis

Xanthopoulos, Brea Cox, Winston Edwards, Brian

Roark, Andrea Sullivan

Andy Michel, *Sr Warden*

Gretchen Abernathy, *Jr Warden*

Beth Ramsey *Clerk*

David West, Jr. *Treasurer*

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Thanks to Margy Roark for selecting the
poetry for this edition of the Bell

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SPRING IS COMING



WORDS MATTER
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The daffodils!!!!

Thanks be to God for the sunshine-yellow daffodils that bloom with gusto at the end of one of the wettest and grayest Februaries in middle Tennessee history! This past week they seem to be everywhere. I don't even like yellow, but my soul is so glad to see them. People, spring is indeed coming!

Something similar happens in my soul as Lent approaches. All parts of me, in unison, seem to let out one giant sigh of relief. Finally, the time has come to release all that doesn't matter and turn back towards that which matters most.

For the early church, Lent wasn't a season defined by the question, "what will I give up?" Lent wasn't a rainy February or a cold and gray 6 weeks. Lent was the season of daffodils. Lent, derived from a saxon word meaning "spring," was the springtime of the church – a time when the days were lengthening as the soul was renewed with light and joy. It was understood as an opportunity to return to "normal, human life" - life restored from the fall, life lived in communion with God. ¹

With all this in mind, the pages that follow have been crafted as a gateway into the Lenten, "daffodil," season through which God invites us to return home, slow down, catch our breath, and do some spring-cleaning in our lives – I would argue that the Konmari method is as applicable to our habits as it is to our closets.²

Augustine of Hippo said, "God is always trying to give good things to us, but our hands are too full to receive them." So my prayer for us this Lent is that we would release what fills our hands (and lives) so that we would have space to receive the good things God wants to give us.

After all, daffodils are just the beginning. Spring is coming. Aslan is on the move. And God is making all things new.



1. *Thoughts inspired by the chapter on fasting in Marjorie Thompson's "Soul Feast"*
2. *See Marie Kondo's "The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying Up." or Netflix's "Tidying Up with Marie Kondo"*



THE GUEST HOUSE

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

-Rumi



FOR THE LIFE
OF THE WORLD
Fr. Sammy Wood Rector
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PRAY WORSHIP SERVE

AN INVITATION TO A HOLY LENT

The other day I read this from Nadia Bolz Weber: "Ash Wednesday is my favorite day of the church year and Lent is my favorite season."

Her *favorite*. Really? Not sure that's the first word I'd think to use about the season we enter on Ash Wednesday.

But perhaps it *should* be. Every year on Ash Wednesday, it's my duty to stand in the church and invite us all into Lent with these words:

I invite you . . . in the name of the Church, to the observance of a holy Lent, by self-examination and repentance; by prayer, fasting, and self-denial; and by reading and meditating on God's holy Word.

While we primarily think of Lent as being a time of penitence and preparation for the Resurrection at Easter, we can also approach it as an opportunity for renewal.

Christians have always assumed a variety of spiritual disciplines to renew us so we will better follow after Jesus, and during Lent, we re-dedicate ourselves to these practices, sometimes making them a bit more rigorous for a time. This year, we will again print *The Shape of Lent at St. Bartholomew's*, a little booklet with suggested readings, prayers, and practices of abstinence – or "fasts" from particular foods or activities – we will join in together as a parish family. You're invited to pick up one of those booklets or download a pdf from the website to pray about whether God is calling you to join others in living that shape of life for forty days.

Lent also coincides this year with the launch of Life Groups here at St. B's. These groups actually grow out of another small group Renee and I led a couple years ago where we read *The Restoration Project* by Fr. Christopher Martin. The premise of Fr. Martin's book is that our souls are kind of like the faces in Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the Last Supper – God fashioned us with infinitely more care and skill than Leonardo could muster in painting the faces, but our God-given beauty is obscured by layers of sin and corruption, like the faces in the painting were obscured by soot and dust years after the masterpiece was finished. We were beautiful, made in God's own image, but now we are glorious ruins. Fr. Martin concludes: "We need restoration if we are to become what God intended – and what we already are beneath the decay and grime."

Lent is an integral part of God's great restoration project. And for these 40 days, you're invited to take up three simple practices God can use to accomplish his purposes: Pray 20 minutes a day. Worship 1 hour a week. Serve 1 day a month.

Worship. Pray. Serve.

Three simple commitments for our parish this Lent, commitments to help us cooperate with God's grace in our lives and follow Jesus with abandon.

A Lenten Practice for Renewal

First, **Pray** 20 minutes a day — Prayer is how we attend to our relationship with God, spending time with him, offering our attention and energy in response to his grace in our lives. We can do this by praying the Daily Office, with the prayers in The Shape of Lent booklets, or in whatever practice of prayer you find meaningful in your own life.

Worship One hour a week — This commitment is to be at mass every Sunday, unless by good cause prevented. The Prayer Book establishes Holy Eucharist as “the principal act of Christian worship on the Lord’s Day and other major Feasts” for Episcopalians. Worship brings us together as a family to hear our stories re-told, to sing our songs and pray our prayers, and to be nourished by receiving Christ’s body and blood in Holy Communion.

And, lastly, **Serve** the poor one day a month — This is where the rubber hits the road for the Christian. Jesus cared for the poor and the sick, fed the hungry, and loved the least and the lonely. He calls his followers to do the same. And the remarkable thing is that in serving the least among us, we find that we are serving Christ himself. (Matt. 25.31-46)

I can’t say I’m naturally inclined to share Nadia Bolz Weber’s feelings about Lent, but I do love this season. And I agree Lent is incredibly important for the Church to enter wholly, willingly, and with settled intent. No other time in the church year are we as aware of our own brokenness and our deep, deep need for God. Nadia says “To me, there is actually great hope in admitting my mortality and brokenness because then I finally lay aside my sin management program and allow God to be God for me, which is all any of us really need.”

This year, may that be so for us here. Won’t you join us for this season of renewal?



Fr. Sammy welcomed Fr. Rick Britton to St. B's in February as guest preacher.

NEW SUMMER SCHEDULE FOR JUNE & JULY

ONE SERVICE AT 9:30 A.M.

NURSERY FOR INFANTS - 3 YRS.

CHILDREN'S HOMILY FOR 4 YRS. - 6TH GR.

QUESTIONS? CONCERNS? PLEASE EMAIL FR. SAMMY AT SWOOD@STBS.NET.

THE GIFT OF LIFE TOGETHER



LIFE IN CHRIST
by Fr. Travis Hines
Associate Rector
thines@stbs.net

The time has come to re-seed small groups within the life of St. B's. Most people already are aware of the importance of small groups both for individuals and for the overall health of a church. The vision for Life Groups arises out of this awareness, along with the understanding (out of Ephesians) that St. B's is a community (re)created in Christ to be a dwelling place for God experienced in our *life together*. Our hope is that each *Life Group* will provide an opportunity to experience that *life together*, revealing God's presence to each other and to the communities of Nashville.

The idea for Life Groups is simple: Groups of 6-12 people gathering weekly for deepening connections with God and each other through sharing food, conversations, and prayer.

The Vision

We are calling St. B's into greater flourishing through participation in *Life Groups*. These groups are expressions of God's purpose for the church as described in Ephesians: To be a dwelling place for God in Nashville where the uniting of all things in Christ is experienced in our *life together for the sake of the world*.

The Values

Life Groups will cultivate:

- Hospitality* through welcome and food
- Trust* through commitment and structure
- Connection* through risk and responsiveness

- Worship* through gratefulness and praise

The Format

- ★**Re-member:** People gather together in a welcoming environment and share food and drink together.
- ★**Re-orient:** The group centers in Christ through participation in a simple liturgy.
- ★**Receive:** The group listens to each other and the Spirit through sharing of conversation.
 - ★These first 10 weeks, one or two members each week will respond to the prompt, "Tell 2-3 brief stories of when in your life you have felt closest to God." Or, "Tell 2-3 brief stories of when you have experienced a strong sense of gratitude in response to a gift, a person, or an event in your life."
 - ★And discussion on how the practices of "Pray. Worship. Serve." and *The Shape of Lent* are affecting our lives.
- ★**Respond:** The group concludes with gratefulness and praise to God (through music, liturgy, or prayer).
- ★**Return:** The group returns to their calling in the world.

The initial commitment is for 10 weeks, but we are hoping that that this will be the beginning of a new season of ongoing life together in small groups at St. B's. Our desire is for *Life Groups* to grow into sub-communities of St. B's where we flourish in our worship of God, in our love for each other, in the exercise of our vocations, and in our service to others.



A MUSICAL JOURNEY BEGINS

HOW CAN I KEEP MYSELF FROM SINGING

by *David Madeira*
Director of Music
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Pay careful attention to the ways music is used to support our liturgical journey from Lent through the Easter season. Music has a powerful ability to stir our emotions and turn our attention to the various moods and postures of our liturgy, one of the reasons it has for so long been used as a ubiquitous component of worship.

For this past year’s Annual Report, I was asked to count the number of different pieces of music prepared and performed during Holy Week

last year, and was astonished to find the number to be EIGHTY-SEVEN. That’s right: 87 different pieces of music between Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday, all a part of the process of proclaiming and enacting the story of God as it unfolded in the Christ Event and continues to unfold here and now among us.

As we enter the season of Lent this year, you will notice some subtle changes to our music. The texture may be thinned - fewer instruments used to create more austere arrangements. Rather than singing a Gloria or another hymn of praise at the start of our service, we will sing the Trisagion every week. “Trisagion” means “thrice holy,” and is a prayer that repeats three times the following petition: “Holy God, holy and mighty,

holy immortal one, have mercy on us.” In Lent our music will match the focus of the season: hymns during Communion will be a bit more self-reflective and penitential, asking God for forgiveness for our sins and to breathe into us the new life of the Spirit.

Say a prayer for our choir and musicians who will be working hard to support our liturgies with all of this wonderful music! It is a big endeavor, but one that always in the end gives more life than it takes. And shouldn’t that be the case? Isn’t that, after all, the story we are telling?

I look forward to taking this musical journey with you!



IT’S NOT TOO LATE TO JOIN THE PARISH CHOIR FOR HOLY WEEK SERVICES

MORNING WORKSHOP ON MARCH 9 AND REHEARSALS BEGINNING MARCH 13 ON WEDNESDAYS AT 7 P.M.

BURYING THE ALLELUIAS



THE WONDER OF IT ALL by Carla Schober

Director of Children & Family Formation
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Put on the black cloth, bang those pans, use your best wailing voice – welcome to the tradition of Burying the Alleluias.

What is “Burying the Alleluias?” Sometime around the middle ages, the western church began omitting the word “alleluia” during Lent. Because alleluia was considered an Easter word meaning “God be praised!” This omission became a type of verbal fast, creating a sense of anticipation for its joyful exclamation on Easter.

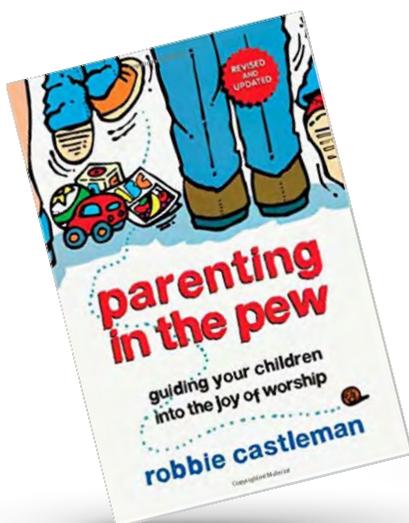
Why bury them? So that they may be dug up on Easter Sunday and proclaim Christ’s resurrection.

How do we do this at St. B’s? Last year Fr. Sammy instituted a new tradition regarding the alleluias during Lent. On the last Sunday of Epiphany, children are given Alleluia coloring sheets in their formation classes. These coloring sheets are then paraded through the parish hall building on the first Sunday of

Lent accompanied by wailing and the banging of pans. The procession continues downstairs to where the casket awaits. After a few words of blessing by one of the clergy, the children then bury their alleluias in the casket and the lid is ceremonially closed - not to be opened until Easter.

Let’s enter Lent together, burying our alleluias in anticipation of the joy of His resurrection.

BURYING THE ALLELUIAS
SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 10 A.M.
BEGINNING IN WALLACE HALL.
COME AND JOIN THE PROCESSION



Parenting in the Pew Seminar

Saturday, April 6, 10 a.m. - Noon at St. Bartholomew’s

RSVP required for childcare by April 1.
Infants - 4th grade, \$5 per child/\$15 max per family

MEET TWO OF OUR NEWEST MEMBERS

Welcome to the Church!

Alice Nichols baptized January 6
Parents: Chas and Kyla; brother, Logan (age 2)

Both Chas and Kyla started at St. B's as singles. Kyla remembers coming in late 2011. She and Chas met off-site, and in early 2013 they both started attending. They were married at St. B's in October 2014.

When Chas and Kyla were asked what the most meaningful or memorable part of participating in the Baptism of their child was, they both had similar reactions. For Chas, Alice's baptism was "getting to share the bond with not only her but God and Logan as well." He added, "Epiphany is a special time for me and our children because we were all baptized on the same day that we celebrate Jesus's baptism. I love that we share that common bond." Kyla added that Alice was baptized on Epiphany because it was also the same day two years earlier that Logan and Chas had been Baptized.

What would the Nichols like other parents to know about having their child baptized? Chas said he appreciated the love of the community that goes along with it. "The whole congregation stands behind



you and your child to support you in your life in Christ. No pressure. You don't have to do this alone."

Kyla said she was grateful to have her own family there along with St. B's Butch and Karen Burtch as godparents. She then wanted parents to know, "this isn't a moment of stress, it's a moment of joy. Don't worry about the details, or if something goes "wrong." Nothing can go wrong, really. It's just a moment when the church family is celebrating with you for this life."

What did little Logan have to say? Kyla said he kept asking if Alice was "appetized" just like he was. Sounds about right.

MARKED & SEALED AS CHRIST'S OWN FOREVER



BAPTISM BY CANDLE LIGHT? YES, PLEASE!
ON THE EVE OF EASTER, AS PART OF THE VIGIL, THE CONGREGATION
WITNESSES BAPTISMS AND VOWS TO DO THEIR PART WITH CANDLELIGHT.
INFANTS, CHILDREN, TEENS, AND ADULTS — IT'S A GREAT NIGHT TO BE BAPTIZED.

Margaret Marie Settle baptized on January 13

Parents: Zac and Meg

The Settle family have attended St. B's for approximately three years. According to Margot's Dad, Zac, they were drawn to St. B's because its community drew them in. "Getting to interact with pleasant and welcoming folks kept us coming back while we figured out the church. And then as we got invested in those people, it drew us all the deeper into the community."

And what was the most meaningful part of the baptism? Zac responded, "I'd say the most meaningful part of the baptism was actually the preparatory work and conversations that led up to the event itself. Meg, Margot, and I all met with Fr. Sammy to talk through the meaning and nature of baptism as we understand it at St. B's, and he pressed the mysteriousness of that sacrament on us. It was a really helpful conversation that spun into more conversations between Meg and me as well as broader friends and family. And it set us up well for the baptism. We got to celebrate whatever and however God was working in that moment while resting in the mystery of what we still don't understand."



WELCOME TO ALL THOSE BAPTIZED

Boram (Ku) Martin baptized on November 25.

Alice June Nichols, parents Chas & Kyla Nichols, baptized on January 6

Margaret Marie Settle, parents Zachary & Meg Settle, baptized on January 13

Marilyn Sadie Lee, parents Joshua & Lindsay Lee, baptized on January 13

THANKS BE TO GOD FOR

Etta Dowel, parents Alfred & Abigail, born on Dec. 14.

Walter James Nunley, parents Adam & Elizabeth, born Jan. 18.

SHELF LIFE AND MORE

WITH HEATHER, MORGAN, MARY LOVE, KARA, TOM, & DOC

Heather Wills

What Are You Reading? *Becoming* by Michelle Obama and *Sing Unburied Sing!* by Jesmyn Ward

Where is your favorite places to go in Nashville?

Hike/run any trail in Percy Warner Park, or hike the Ridge loop at Radnor Lake.

What helps you rest and recharge? My in-law's Monteagle Cottage, anywhere with my husband; he's the best trip planner EVER, and a silent retreat

Morgan Wills

What are you reading?

The Year of Our Lord 1943: Christian Humanism in an Age of Crisis by Alan Jacobs and *Ishmael* by Daniel Quinn

What movie would you recommend as a "must see?"

Jordan Peele's "Get Out", a 2018 Oscar nominee

What's your favorite part of the Sunday liturgy? The moment of silence after the sermon. It's a vital time to digest, reflect, and begin to respond to the ministry of the Word.

Mary Love Richardson

What Are You Reading? *Becoming* by Michelle Obama

What are you listening to? Paul Simon

What are you watching? *The West Wing*

Kara Smith

Where is your favorite place to go in Nashville? To see any performing art: Live ballet, classical music, and theater

What helps you rest and recharge? Lots and lots of laughter with people I love. Sunshine.

What's your favorite part of the Sunday liturgy? The Collect for Purity. It's always the same, a quiet and steady reminder that in all seasons, our purpose and our transparency before God are unchanging.

Tom Mahan

What are you reading? *Peace of Mind* by Joshua Loth Liebman and *Excellence: Can We Be Equal and Excellent Too?* by John Gardner

What are you listening to? *The Older I Get* by Alan Jackson

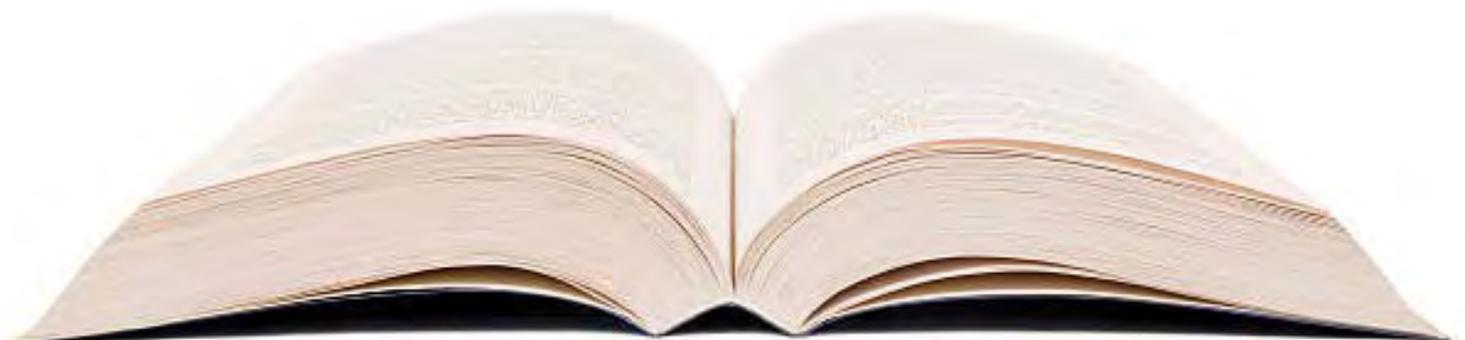
What helps you rest and recharge? Travel, reading, golf, friends, Edradour Scotch

Doc Martin

What are you reading? *Poland*, by James Michener

What are you listening to? *The Sunset Tree* by the Mountain Goats

What are you watching? Sailing videos on YouTube





CHRIST'S PART

Christ, He requires still, wheresoe'er He comes
To feed or lodge, to have the best of rooms:
Give Him the choice; grant Him the nobler part
Of all the house: the best of all's the heart.

-Robert Herrick



PASTORAL CARE by Robert Smith

Assistant for Pastoral Care
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A GLIMPSE OF GLORY

AND A GLIMPSE INTO
PASTORAL CARE

When Kirk and I were new to St. B's we joined a Supper Club. There we met Leslie Ewing. Full of life and mystery, she exuded warmth and welcome! I was intrigued learning of her upcoming extended trip to Michigan to spend time with family. I really looked forward to hearing of her adventures in Michigan. As it would turn out, adventures were the subject of many of our conversations

As the days went by, we maintained our friendship. We visited together routinely. When she transitioned to Morningside Assisted Living, I continued to visit. She was no longer driving and transportation sometimes was difficult. Routinely we would share the Eucharist, when she was unable to attend services at St. B's, and speak of issues and activities pertaining to the Parish and her everyday life.

I remember in 2015 during a visit, Leslie shared the story of a neighbor, Evelyn, who was having a variety of medical problems ... in and out of the ER, home visits, etc. She shared that Evelyn was a communicant at Christ Church Cathedral but was not receiving communion regularly. "Could we share that with her sometime when you are here?"

Thus began a regular routine of sharing Communion together. This celebration/visitation continued even when Evelyn's medical situation required her relocation to a medical facility in Ashland City. This became our (Leslie and my) pastoral care mission ... initiated by Leslie. We made a commitment to travel to Ashland City, visit with Evelyn, listen to her story, and share the Eucharist. We discussed family, church and even a recipe or two! Oftentimes Leslie and I would visit a famous local

catfish restaurant after visits with Evelyn. Here we would review our visit and share thoughts as to how to be a greater asset for Evelyn.

Our visits became more frequent when Evelyn's health declined. Chatting, sharing, praying and ... listening! It seemed to be a boon to all involved! But Evelyn's health continued to decline, even though her spirits were bright whenever we visited. Then one day we received word of Evelyn's death, shortly after one of our visits.

There is no doubt that Leslie and I were a positive point in Evelyn's day. We visited, listened and shared communion. We laughed, we cried, we prayed. We nurtured each other. There was no pressure; there were no requirements. We were a team. Pastoral care at its finest. Glimpses of glory.

Now Leslie, too, has "crossed over to Glory." Her sage spirit, her confident wit, her wry smile will be missed. But most of all, I will miss her willingness to share herself with those less fortunate, to be that beacon of hope. She personified "pastoral care" in her daily life, whether it be at book club, card games, Bible study, Supper Club or any of the other activities that she so enjoyed, she brought the Spirit with her always and shared it humbly and fully!

"Rest eternal be granted unto her... and light perpetual to shine upon her!"

TEN WAYS LESLIE EWING WAS A RENEGADE FEMINIST HERO

A TRIBUTE COMPILED WITH LOVE

BY HER FAN CLUB

1. Leslie lived and worked on a farm as a child. She weaned calves, planted gardens, and even drove a tractor, all near Marquette, Michigan. The winters in that region are not for the faint of heart!
2. Leslie graduated from high school at the age of 16, well ahead of her peers.
3. Leslie was a masterful card player. This was one way she connected with the people around her.
4. Leslie wanted to participate in the 2017 Women's March but reluctantly decided it would be too inconvenient with her walker.
5. Leslie loved a good Hallmark movie. As she said, "Every now and then you need a story that you know will end well."
6. Leslie was one of the last surviving WWII vets in the Diocese of Middle Tennessee. She served in the Waves from 1944-46.
7. Leslie worked in the transportation industry most of her life. She entered the field to show that women could do the same work as men, "and probably better."
8. Leslie visited more than 50 countries. She rode camels twice!



Leslie died on January 30 at 94 yrs. old. A memorial service was held at St. Bartholomew's on February 18.

Pictured above with Mimi Heldman (seated) and standing, Janie Hemmings (left) and Kara Smith (right).

9. Leslie chose "I'll Fly Away" to end her memorial service because she was to be flown back to Marquette for burial.
10. Leslie lived her life exactly as she felt called to live it. She never let others define her, set priorities for her, or push her to compromise her beliefs. As she said, "people worry a lot about what others think about them, but mostly the others are just thinking about themselves."



CONGRATULATIONS

Boram Ku and Andrew Martin who were married at St. Bartholomew's on January 19.



BEING KNOWN
Michelle Andrade
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AVAILABLE FOR GOD

KNOWING DEB WHITESIDE

If you have ever met Deb Whiteside you know there's something unique about her. Her bright blue eyes draw you in, and as soon as you start to talk with her you hear passion, knowledge, and love. I first met Deb Whiteside just before she was going to work with St. B's Homeschool Tutorial. I did not know her prior and was curious who was going to be working with our children. She and I met for coffee and I was instantly amazed by her stories and the work she does.

Deb came to Nashville more than 25 years ago. St. B's was considered charismatic at the time, but was also known for being a place of healing. When she first came she was shocked to see hands in the air, people speaking in tongues, and people falling out in the aisles, but she stayed and found a space of healing. She had experienced great heartache. She had lost a child in her second trimester a year before coming to St. B's. The pain of this loss was devastating in many ways. She ended up sharing this part of her story with a Sudanese friend who, in turn, asked her to be her baby girl's godmother, saying, "I will share her with you."

"Look for blessings in the everyday."

Deb's love of children brought her to a place of service in our church, in the nursery, Sunday School, and Godly Play. She was a part of the choir (as a "filler," she says)

and always loved the music "floating over us and the congregation." She also played catcher on St. B's women's softball team, "Lilies of the Field." She served with RITI, as a greeter, with Missions and Outreach, and with the Sudanese Ministry. She was a part of the International Sudanese Convention for Healing and Restoration, hosted by St. B's in 1998. At that time, the Sudanese Ministry team had people that would make home visits to newly arrived refugees (before there was a South Sudan). The Sudanese community was more integrated into our services, sharing their songs and music, and St. B's had an active group that went on



Deb teaching a Catechesis of the Good Shepherd lesson in an atrium downstairs.



Deb has always loved children and thought that she would have her own someday. A year before coming to St. B's, Deb lost a child in her second trimester. She worried about what happened to her baby's soul. God in his mercy, showed Deb a prayer vision of Jesus holding her baby, surrounded by her family in heaven. It gave her such peace. Later, Deb shared this with a Sudanese friend from St. B's and she asked Deb to be godmother to her baby girl. She said, "I will share her with you." That baby girl, Aout, just turned 18!



missions to one of the refugee camps on the border of Kenya. Deb was a part of this community, fostering friendship and shared faith.

"Do small things with great love."

Deb is now semi-retired, however she serves as Director of Catechesis of the Good Shepherd at St. B's and works as a part of St. B's Homeschool Tutorial. She says, "I love Benedictine spirituality. The contemplative nature of Catechesis of the Good Shepherd feeds my soul. It is an experience where the catechist is merely a guide and conduit for the Holy Spirit." St. B's Homeschool Tutorial affords her the opportunity to continue using her science and nursing knowledge and spend extra time with children.

"Listen for the quiet, still voice of God."

Deb loves to read, walk, hike, and kayak (her latest love). She loves art, and is a phenomenal artist. She has loved traveling since she was young. She has many stories to share about being abroad, one of which involved the rise and fall of the Berlin Wall. Her family, although scattered, is so important to her. Her nieces and nephews are like the children she never had. She is still very close with her goddaughter, Aout, and her Egyptian friends, Gigi and Mirna.

"When we fall, pick each other up."

The memorial plaque for the backstop on the softball field. "Jesus is not interested in your ability only your availability" is another one of Deb's mantras.



WE'RE BUILDING A MISSION HERE

BELOVED, PRAY FOR US -1 THESS. 5:25

VESTRY CORNER

Yvonne Poindexter
YVONNE.POINDEXTER@GMAIL.COM

In January, St. B's parishioners gathered again in Wallace Hall. Sitting in rows on folding chairs, we listened as leaders reviewed church aspirations and events from the year past; we politely looked at presenters' slides, had a few laughs, and then, the tradition continued: we trusted God in a matter of great importance—electing by lottery the newest members of the vestry.

If you've been to an annual meeting at St. B's, you know how this goes. Once the vetted vestry nominees are introduced in the front of the room, several helpers hand out small squares of paper that resemble home-printed bingo cards gone wrong, with random numbers printed in columns and rows. There's a prayer and a hush as attendees prayerfully (we trust) proceed to circle the requisite number of numbers (four this year), thereby electing individuals by their assigned number.

Having served on the vestry for two years, I've witnessed this quirky leap of faith and how it plays out first hand, and I'm heartened by its results. I'm grateful to serve, of course, but I am not talking about that. Rather, I'm encouraged by the makeup and faithfulness of the vestry as a body.

First, it seems that the vestry makeup shifts with its needs – sometimes even mid-year, when a vestry member steps down or moves away, and an alternate takes his or her place. Although the vestry is governed by static bylaws,

there's dynamism at play, too, when you consider that the church's needs change in real time. In the season of St. B's rector search, each member of the vestry, in our varied talents, opinions, resources and approaches, seemed very right for the task (dare I say, "all take a bow" in that we hired Father Sammy?). Similarly, last year, it seemed the team was again tweaked in a way that made the body especially equipped to tackle the issues at hand and lead the way to a new era (special thanks to Shannon Truss, last year's senior warden, for bringing a steady confidence and calm during this time).

Reflecting on the work of the vestry after this year's election, Andy Michel, our newly elected Senior Warden, had this to say: "For the season of each member's service, they labor in this good work so that [parishioners] might be free to worship in peace."

Practically speaking, this means that if the vestry helps keep the lights lit, the staff paid, and the rector and his family happily housed and supported (for example), Sunday mornings will probably run smoothly, and we will be able to worship without distraction.

But it also means so much more. Consider Philippians 1:6: "I am confident of this, that the one who began a good work among you will bring it to completion by the day of Jesus Christ."

The work of the vestry is ours—and yet not ours. It is the work of St. B's as a whole—and yet not St. B's. As Father

New Vestry Members

Winston Edwards has been attending St. B's since 1996, when he and Allyson were married. He has served as an usher for many years at church, and a youth soccer coach in the community, and a PTO officer at his daughters' schools.

His hope for St. B's is that it remains the same welcoming and positive church he found 20 years ago when he first started attending and that it continues to be today. By serving on the vestry, Winston hopes to develop a deeper connection to his church.

Andrea Sullivan has attended St. B's since August 2006; and has served as a member of the search committee to find Fr. Sammy "with fabulous, compassionate, talented people!!" She has also served as a greeter, scripture reader, member of youth vestry, RITI volunteer, in children's ministry, cooking Passover dinner for the youth (her favorite job!), and treasurer of the St. B's Preschool/PDO program since 2013.

Andrea prays that St. B's would be ready to move into a season of outward growth where our community knows us and our witness as believers draws others to know Jesus. She looks forward to praying together for the parish, working with and getting to know better the other vestry members, and the privilege and weight of sharing together the church's concerns.

Brea Cox has been attending St. B's since about 2004; and has served in the music ministry (singing with the Parish Choir and helping with St. B's Kids Choir), Children's Ministry (currently, the nursery), and Women's Ministry (assisting with retreats and other functions).

Brea's hope for St. B's is that we continue to love all who come through our doors and provide a space where all can learn and be connected with God's will and grace, ever, present and thriving. As a member of the vestry, she looks forward to working with Father Sammy and other vestry members, representing St. B's faithfully and prayerfully, making our church family to be the community that God has called us to be.

Sammy said at the annual meeting, "St. B's does not exist for us."

It's the vestry's sincere hope that in all we do collectively, we are led by the Spirit, and that this enables us in small but fruitful ways to help St. B's accomplish the real "good work," the kingdom-building sort. We hope for a great year ahead as we seek to make good on Father Sammy's vision: "We're building a mission here."

Let this article be a welcome and introduction to our four new vestry members (below) - and an expression of gratitude to the body of St. Bartholomew's. Dear friends, please, keep us in your prayers.



Elected new vestry members from right to left: Andrea Sullivan, Winston Edwards, and Brea Cox. Brian Roark had filled a vacancy on the Vestry earlier in 2018. He was elected in January to serve a full, three-year term.

FOR THE LOVE OF MEETINGS & CONVENTIONS



CHUMNBAWUMBA
by Hughes McGlone

Director of Youth Formation
hmcglone@stbs.net

True Confession, I love annual meetings at churches. It's a time intentionally set aside for all of the congregation to gather and learn about our church. We hear from representatives of the various ministries within our church as they report on what has happened in the year past, and what's to come in the year ahead. We elect new vestry members to represent us and support the church. We encourage all members of church to vote, and cast lots for our new vestry members. This includes our confirmed youth, ages 16 and older. We had four teens vote this year.



St. B's Annual Meeting was held on January 27 in Wallace Hall.

Much like our own annual meeting, our diocese holds an annual convention. At the annual convention all Episcopal churches in our diocese come together for two days. Each church is represented by their priest and two delegates. We hear from our Bishop who reports on the state of the diocese. We elect new members to be a

A Lenten Prayer

Last semester on Wednesday evenings, the youth studied different ways to pray. Below is one that easily lends itself to Lent.

The Jesus Prayer

Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner.

This prayer comes from the Eastern Orthodox family and is rooted in the parable of the Publican and Pharisee (Luke 18: 10-14). It's a great driving prayer; stuck in traffic prayer; taking a shower prayer; waiting on the elevator prayer; going for a walk prayer or lying in bed prayer.

The Jesus Prayer is designed to be prayed in rhythm with your breath and repeated over and over again.

How to Pray:

- Inhale while silently praying: Jesus Christ, Son of God
- Exhale while silently praying : have mercy on me a sinner
- Repeat.
- Repeat again.
- and again.
- and again.

The Orthodox tell a story about a pilgrim who set out to discover the secret to Paul's admonition to pray ceaselessly. He was told to say the Jesus Prayer 6000 times a day and then 12000 times. Soon he was able to pray without ceasing, his footsteps matched the prayer; his very breath, the force that keeps us alive, was a prayer to God.

part of the many committees that help to run our diocese. The annual budget is presented and approved. Convention is also the place for resolutions or decisions to be brought forward, discussed and voted on. Convention is also a time for individual churches to be reminded that we are part of the larger body of Christ in Tennessee and the world. Convention reminds us that we are all striving to do the same work. Convention is a chance to see the nuts and bolts of how the church works: sometimes it's messy, loud and confusing – but it is an important process to be a part of.



Youth gather for compline on at MidWeek on Wednesdays.

By the way, we're hosting it – that's right, no kidding, once again! **Delegates and clergy from every parish in the Diocese of Tennessee will converge at 4800 Belmont Park Terrace, January 24-25, 2020 for the 188th Annual Convention.**

A religious painting depicting a priest in a red robe holding a child. The priest has a long white beard and is looking down at the child with a gentle expression. The child is wearing a white garment. In the background, another figure is visible, possibly a woman, looking towards the viewer. The overall tone is somber and contemplative.

DAY OF RECONCILIATION
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17
8 A.M. - NOON
1 - 6 P.M.

*BRING WHAT'S HEAVY & WHAT'S BROKEN.
BRING YOUR SINS & YOUR CONFESSION.
COME, BE HEARD. COME, BE FORGIVEN*

THE LENGTHENING OF DAYS

by Roger McCoy

Although Tennessee possesses a number of distinct plant community types, in the broad sense, much of the state occurs within the eastern deciduous forest region. Flowering plants within deciduous forests have a narrow window of warm temperatures yet adequate sunlight prior to tree leaf growth and forest canopy closure.

Certain spring wildflower hotspots definitely fit the "blooming garb" descriptor, and environmental factors, soil type, and historical land-use influence spring wildflower displays. Within forests with showy spring wildflower displays, small differences in habitat - as well as the role of pollinators and animals that disperse seeds - influence where species occur. Saxifrage grows directly on limestone cliffs or large boulders (the genus *Saxifraga* means "rock breaker"), sweet Betsy trillium tolerates a bit drier sites or sites that experienced some past disturbance and thus is Tennessee's most common trillium while large-flowered trillium favors more pristine locations. On the moisture gradient, gentle areas along streams provide ideal habitat for Virginia bluebells while shooting star requires sunnier slopes.

Familiar to many St. B's parishioners, Radnor Lake State Natural Area provides a good example of how differing topographic features possess different levels of floral diversity. Some of the best spring wildflower viewing at Radnor occurs along western sections of the South Cove Trail and South Lake Trail (the brilliant purple flower is dwarf larkspur). This relatively steep area helped protect it from past disturbance prior to state acquisition. It possesses basic soils, and its north-facing lower slope allows for sufficient water and protection from excessive heat. Along these trails,



FAIR ARE THE
MEADOWS.
FAIRER STILL THE
WOODLANDS ROBED
IN THE BLOOMING
GARB OF SPRING



When not serving as a verger on Sundays at St. B's, Roger works for Tennessee State Parks as the Director of Natural Areas. This includes beloved Radnor Lake located not far from the church.

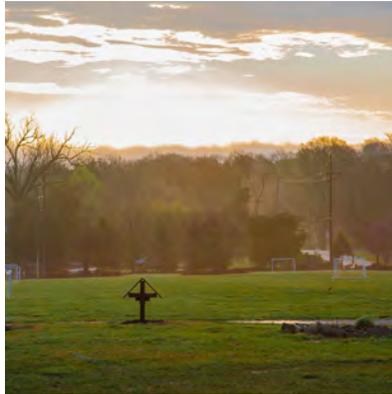
Facing page: Painted Trillium
Top: Showy Orchis
Bottom: Trail with Blue Eyed Mary

walkers enjoy early spring flowers including trout lily, rue anemone, Dutchman's breeches, large patches of spring beauty, and the stunning yellow of celandine poppy. Contrast the wildflower diversity along these protected slopes with what exists in upper portions of Radnor along the Ganier Ridge Trail.

Ecologists can explain the differences in species' assemblages and can even use computer models to predict ideal habitat for certain species. A modern understanding of plant ecology, however, does not diminish our Lord's creative hand and loving care for these species. As both the gospel of Matthew and Luke remind us, if he cares for the wildflowers in nature, how much more he must care for us.

Along with Radnor Lake, Metro-Nashville's Beaman Park located just northwest of downtown, Edgar Evins State Park about 65 miles east of town, or Short Springs State Natural Area outside Tullahoma each contains a rich spring flora. Those wishing to venture further afield will not be disappointed with Frozen Head State Natural Area near Wartburg where among other showy species, the beauty of the huge, maroon flowers of Vasey's trillium cannot be overstated. The ultimate wildflower experience is the Great Smoky Mountains National Park Annual Wildflower Pilgrimage where participants can choose from over 150 different guided wildflower hikes and nature programs (www.wildflowerpilgrimage.org). As part of our duties, my colleagues and I within the Division of Natural Areas lead wildflower walks and other nature outings and post these outings on the Tennessee Division of Natural Areas website.

If you wish to directly contact me about nice places for wildflower viewing or guided excursions, feel free to do so.



*I am the one whose praise echoes on high.
I adorn all the earth.
I am the breeze that nurtures all things green.
I encourage blossoms to flourish with ripening fruits.
I am led by the spirits to feed the purest streams.
I am the rain coming from the dew
that causes the grasses to laugh with the joy of life.
I am the yearning for good.*

-Hildegard Von Bingen

Holy Week Services

Palm Sunday, April 14

8:30 am Holy Eucharist with Nursery

9:45 am Palm Cross Making

10:30 pm Holy Eucharist with Nursery

Nursery for 3 yrs. and under. All ages are invited to participate in the procession of the palms. No formation classes

The Triduum

Maundy Thursday, April 18

7 pm Holy Eucharist with Foot Washing and the

Stripping of the Altar

Childcare for 4 yrs and under

A prayer vigil will begin following the service in the sanctuary and last through the night.

Good Friday, April 19

5:15pm Stations of the Cross

Outside, weather permitting

7 pm Good Friday Liturgy

Childcare for 4 yrs and under

Holy Saturday April 20

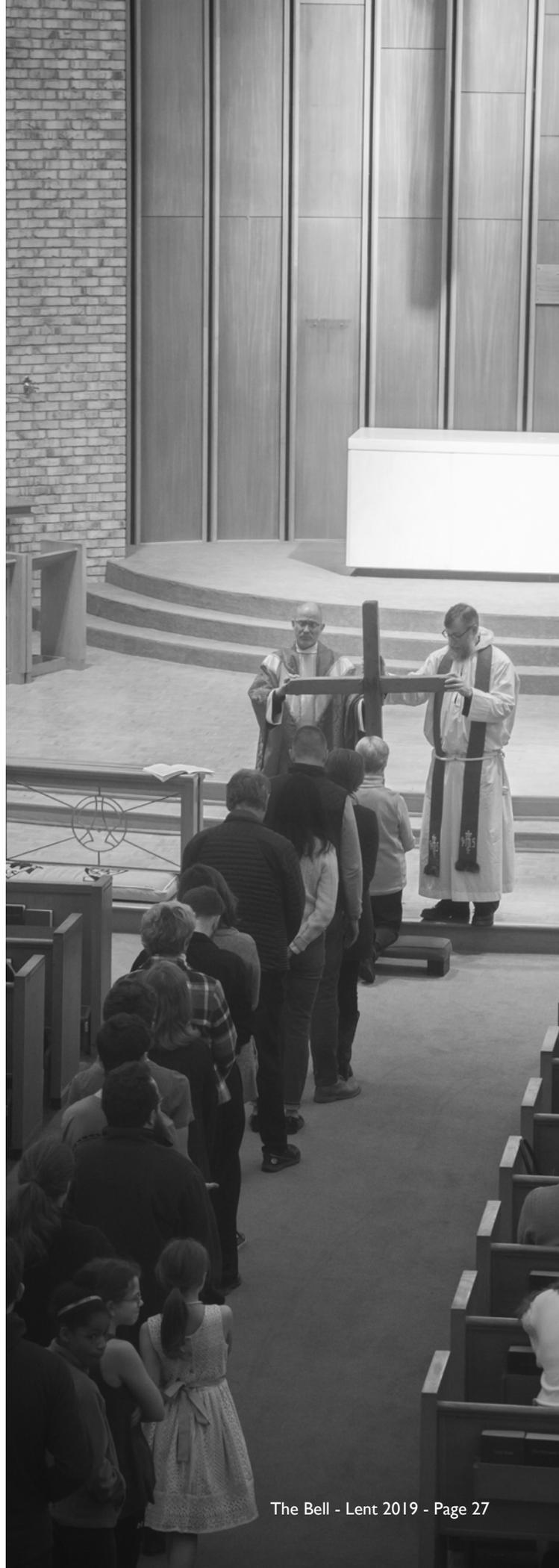
7 pm The Easter Vigil with candlelight, Baptisms, and the first Eucharist of Easter

Childcare for 4 yrs and under

RSVP for childcare by April 14

churchoffice@stbs.net.

FOR DETAILS ON EACH LITURGY
PLEASE SEE THE SHAPE OF LENT GUIDE



F O M O

FEAR OF MISSING OUT

HOLY WEEK AT ST. B'S



WALK THIS WAY by Bev Mahan

Verger & Assistant to
the Rector for Liturgy
verger@stbs.net

I have barely caught my breath from the joy, wonder, activities, and celebrations of the Advent and Christmas seasons, when peeking around the corner on the calendar is Lent and Holy Week, jam-packed with Palm Sunday, the Triduum (Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday) and Easter. It is a theological, liturgical, and emotional marathon that makes me weary just thinking about it. And yet I feel compelled to be at our church home for every special service. For me, that is the brilliance of Lent. Lent is to Easter as Advent is to Christmas, a time of preparation for the feast, to deliberately make myself ready for and available to the Paschal mystery of our risen Christ.

Every year I see members of our community participating in all the liturgies that are offered, so I asked some of them why they do it.

Maundy Thursday, April 18, 7 p.m.

Whitney Stone is a regular participant in the Maundy Thursday service. She says, "I love that it starts with all of the lights on as a regular celebration of Eucharist would. As the service continues the magnitude sets in. We remember the Last Supper and recreate the foot washing in a humbling act of service. After the Eucharist, the lights are turned off as the priests strip

the altar and clean it in a very symbolic gesture of preparing the tomb for Jesus. It is moving and powerful."

Jamieson Simpson volunteers every year to acolyte on Maundy Thursday because it is hard, physically and emotionally. He likes the challenge, and doesn't want to miss it.

Stations of the Cross, Friday, April 19, 5:15 p.m.

Matthew Sullivan and family are at the Stations of the Cross every year, with Matthew trying to create some order out of the chaos of kids carrying a heavy cross around the grounds. He loves how all ages can participate, and is so moved by the visceral experience of nailing his sins on the cross.

Good Friday Liturgy, April 19, 7 p.m.

Fr. Sammy added a new element to our Good Friday service, the veneration of the cross. So many of us who attended found that to be a new and incredibly moving experience. As Shannon Truss says, "What I will always remember was the opportunity to venerate the cross. While I've been to the cross many times in prayer, it was moving to do it in real life. It



In 2003, as a new Episcopalian I attended my first Holy Week at Christ Church of Hamilton & Wenham, Massachusetts. The events of that week would change the course of my life. Lent "is designed to funnel us right into the center of the universe. It's no accident that the event Christians believe the story of the universe centers on, is also what our liturgical year centers on. We did that on purpose. We designed the whole system around Jesus' death and resurrection, because that's where the power is – Holy Week, and specifically the three days that culminate in the Great Vigil of Easter. Those three days function as one service; it takes that long to bear the weight of what's happening. It's the heart of life, the Triduum, if you are a follower of Jesus Christ, and if you want to experience Easter as real, the Triduum is just non-negotiable." (Rev. Beth Maynard) Join us this Holy Week. See if what Mother Beth says, and what changed my life in 2003, is true.

-Fr. Sammy

was moving to do it in real life. It brought home both the sacrifice and the gift of Good Friday."

One night after dark, I saw Kyla and Chaz Nichols leaving the church with their toddler following a long Good Friday service. I asked how they could do it, and they said it was important enough to them to be there that they found a way to make it work. They made no commitment to future years, but they were present because they could and because they wanted to be.

The Easter Vigil, Saturday, April 20, 7 p.m.

I marvel that the whole Weedman family is there for the long Easter Vigil, only to return the next morning for the Easter celebration. But that is where they want to be. For Audrey, a frequent vigil torch bearer, "because we really do bring the light to the whole church!" Clara says, "It is a monumental service. In fact, it's my favorite of the weekend, because we get to go from dark to light."

The Episcopal Church in general, and St. Bartholomew's Church in particular, are communal. We pray as "we," not "I." "We believe in one God." "In peace, let us pray to the Lord." We confess that we have sinned." Jesus' sacrifice for me is demonstrated over and over as each of you come forward to venerate the cross. Washing my own feet is not humbling. It is your presence that enhances my worship. Without the community, I cannot finish the marathon that is Holy Week.

In her reflection on the Triduum published in The Episcopal Café, Laurie Gudim echoes the essential nature of community in our liturgies.

"Together we turn, facing away from the outer world, to experience once again the core of that which we profess to be true. Together we prepare to experience a mystery. In liturgy that has evolved over hundreds of

years, we will taste and smell, hear and walk through the story that defines us most profoundly.

Jesus will say to his disciples, 'be servants to one another.' And we will dare to be those people whose feet are washed and who wash the feet of our neighbors. Jesus will say, 'Eat this bread; here is my body. Drink this wine; here is my blood.' And we will risk taking that bread and that wine into our mouths, knowing full well how life-altering that act can be, how it opens us to the needs of all the world.

We will presume to shout, 'crucify him!'; even while we deny him three times, run in fear and hide ourselves, help him carry his cross, wipe his face, witness his torture, and weep as he dies. And these acts will join us with all suffering and all death...The Triduum will engulf and clarify us. For we are the people who engage in these liturgies."

My prayer for St. Bartholomew's is that we all feel FOMA, the fear of missing out. I pray we are compelled to be together during Holy Week to express our love for each other and our Heavenly Father, to celebrate the resurrection of our Savior Jesus, with the faithful expectation of a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit among us.

**LET MY PRAYER BE DIRECTED AS
INCENSE IN THY SIGHT: THE LIFTING
UP OF MY HANDS, AS EVENING
SACRIFICE. -PS. 141:40**

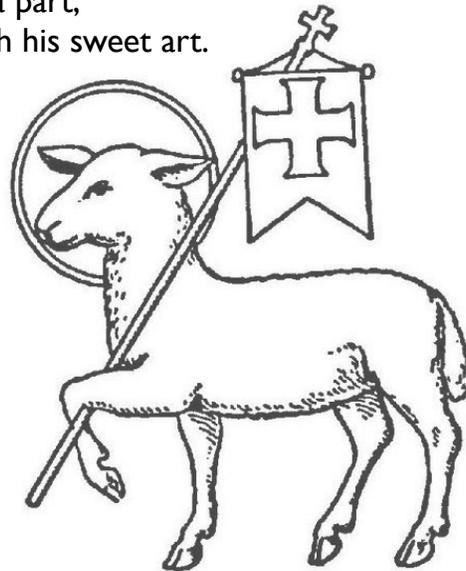
INCENSE WILL BE USED AT ALL OF OUR SERVICES DURING HOLY WEEK. . FOR THOSE WITH A SENSITIVITY TO INCENSE, WE ARE USING LESS AND ADDING SALT TO THE CHARCOAL TO HELP MINIMIZE ITS EFFECTS. THE THURIBLE WILL ALSO BE REMOVED FROM THE SANCTUARY. WE STILL RECOMMEND THOSE WITH SENSITIVITY TO SIT ON THE OUTSIDE AISLES .

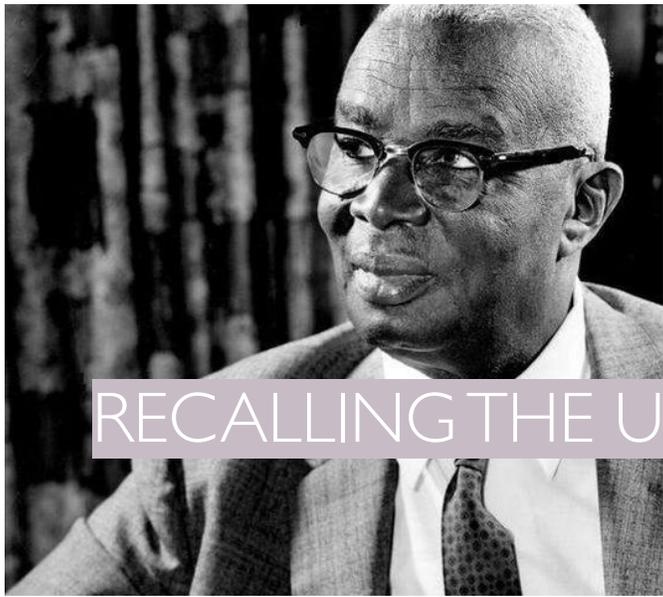
EASTER

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise:
That, as his death calcinèd thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, just.
Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretchèd sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort, both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

-George Herbert





WALK IN LOVE

RECALLING THE UNTOLD STORY OF ATTY. Z. ALEXANDER LOOBY

by *Natasha Deane*,
natadeane@gmail.com

What most people don't know about Atty. Z. Alexander Looby was that he was an Episcopalian. Some are aware that Looby and his family narrowly escaped death when their Nashville home was bombed by white supremacists on April 19th, 1960. That is the day our city recognizes Diane Nash, C.T. Vivian, John Lewis, and thousands of members of Nashville's Black communities for their peaceful march to the Public Square to confront then Mayor Ben West protest of the city's treatment of their communities. The reasons that the community marched are not often taught.

Who Was Z. Alexander Looby?

Z. Alexander Looby was a lead attorney in the de-segregation of public schools across the state of Tennessee. Looby was also a principle lawyer for the Non-Violent Student Movement in Nashville in the late 1950's. While students planned and conducted sit-ins at downtown Nashville lunch counters, it was Looby who defended them after their arrest. Before that, Looby was an Episcopalian from the British West Indies, faithfully attending Holy Trinity Church in Nashville.

In the midst of the struggle for justice that characterized his mature life, Looby donated a plot of land adjacent to his home on Meharry Blvd. to the Diocese of Tennessee to be used to erect a chapel for area students. It was in that chapel that Looby and his wife would hide on April 19, 1960, when his home was bombed in an act of cowardly terror. The chapel on that land is now known as

St. Anselm's Episcopal Church. St. Anselm's is the only predominantly African-American parish in the Diocese of Tennessee today.

Along with Thurgood Marshall (our nation's first African-American U.S. Supreme Court Justice), Looby was a principle lawyer defending African-Americans who were arrested and tried following the deadly 1946 "Mink Slide" race riot in Columbia, Tennessee (a riot instigated by an attempted lynching). It was Looby who rescued his colleague at the banks of the Duck river where Marshall was forcibly taken to be lynched following his successful defense of those who had been accused in that trial, held in Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. At a 2017 dedication service, I witnessed the unveiling of the mural "Justice Served," by Summertown artist Bernice Davidson, at the Lawrence County Courthouse. The mural depicts Marshall defending African-Americans accused of instigating a riot, and the unveiling was attended not only by city officials and family of the defendants, but by our own Bill Gittens, a West Indies Brother-in-Christ from St. Anselm's Church, representing Looby, Marshall, and the common thread of Episcopal tradition through the Islands cum Nashville.

And so it was that I became involved in the remembrance of this brave Episcopal brother, who gave so much to the city of Nashville by his faith and action, only to be rewarded with a bomb and a vaguely regarded historical oblivion.



WALK IN Love

THE 4TH ANNUAL SILENT MARCH

April 20, 2019

2 - 4:30 p.m.

From St. Anselm's Episcopal Church
to the Nashville Courthouse

 WALKINLOVE2019@GMAIL.COM

Remembering Alexander Looby: The "Walk In Love"

Joining with Chaplain Mary Murphy of the Center for Contemplative Justice and others from the community, we recognize the life of Z. Alexander Looby in an annual interfaith commemorative prayer walk. The "Walk in Love" is a 2.2 mile walk beginning at St. Anselm's church, leading up Jefferson Street, through the middle of the Bicentennial Mall, up the hill past the "Witness Walls" at the Courthouse and ending in the Public Square.

Since the original "Walk" of 15 or so participants, the event has grown to about 50. It now commences at Tennessee State University, stops briefly and joining with others at St. Anselm's as dictates historical record, and continues on to the courthouse steps. Many from St.

Bartholomew's have supported the march in the past. It is our prayer that many will again participate as we witness to the city our high regard for our brother in Christ, Atty. Z. Alexander Looby, remembering his full story, not just the parts that give us comfort.

As it happens, this year April 19 falls on Good Friday. Because of this, the "Walk in Love" will be held on Saturday, April 20th, at 2pm. We pray that you will join us. If you have questions or would like to make a financial contribution please contact walkinlove2019@gmail.com. Contributions go to educational efforts and outreach, including t-shirts for youth groups and students at TSU and Fisk who participate.



THE HANDS OF JESUS

SETTING THE TABLE
Thorunn McCoy, Altar Guild
tmccoy@usn.org

On Easter morning four years ago, Vic Meyer, my next-door neighbor throughout my childhood, died. He was preceded in death by his wife Joan, who died on All-Saints' Day. Jesus doesn't mess around with being subtle about his servants; he sent as strong a message in their lives as on the dates of their deaths.

Simply put, Vic and Joan Meyer were the hands of Jesus to me.

Mrs. Meyer's firm but gentle fingers taught mine to knead flour, milk, yeast, and butter into dough and then roll it into small balls for Joan's famous cloverleaf rolls. "A sign of the Trinity!" she would exclaim as we dropped them into slightly dented muffin tins. Our impromptu baking lessons generally happened when I'd wander over after a tough day at school, the kind where I never felt smart enough or quick enough, and in the solace of that kitchen, I felt special. Joan hugged me tightly to her, her floured hands marking me as loved and welcomed. Each year at Christmas, a bag of freshly baked rolls appeared on our doorstep. Their yeasty flakiness tasted of acceptance and love—the gifts of Joan Meyer's hands.

Mr. Meyer, her husband, spent his days as an engineer with Gulf and his weekends digging in the Virginia clay, making their suburban yard a wonderland of plants. Unlike many adults, Vic Meyer would stop what he was doing to speak with children, and his earnestness in asking me how I was doing was genuine. He really meant it; he really wanted to know what I was reading, feeling, experiencing, and waited for an honest answer. And, in turn, I was rewarded with his. He told me about pachysandra (a type of ground cover), Roman aqueducts, his sons, and always how God was the architect of all of it. There was a marvel in his voice and eyes when he'd think about the wonder of it all.

As Greeters, Joan and Vic's hands were the ones you'd first shake at Truro Episcopal (now Anglican) Church in Fairfax. Although both would eschew such a formal greeting for anyone they knew, preferring instead the bear hug, resplendent with a noisy smackeroo kiss from Joan. But, with them, people weren't strangers for long. They used this gift at the Lamb Center, sharing God's love and food and care and showers with the homeless in Northern Virginia, and in our home group Bible Study. They carried meals to the homebound with Meals on Wheels and, dressed as Fric and Frac, their clown alter-

egos, brought happiness to those in the hospital or nursing home. Their hands created, served, held, and blessed countless people.

Even after growing up and moving away, time spent back at the Meyer's home was special. Before Roger and I came to Nashville, Joan and Vic and their Bible Study group laid hands on us and prayed for God to find us the right church home, a place where we would bloom. At the end of the prayer, someone said, "You need to go to St. Bartholomew's."

Our hands are miraculous—27 bones, 3 different types of nerves, muscles that help us move digits in tandem or individually. They work, cup, caress, grasp, snap, pull, and wave, allowing the work of God to happen here on earth. Caked in mud or flour, holding a steering wheel or another person's hand, grasping us in hugs, or holding a pencil to communicate ideas on a page, our hands serve God's purpose here on earth. As Vic and Joan taught me, we just need to reach out in love. Jesus will do the rest.



Thorunn with her neighbors, Vic and Joan.

This Lent and Eastertide, I'm thinking about how Jesus offered his calloused hands on the cross for me. And, although He isn't here any longer, through the Holy Spirit, Jesus continues his ministry, working through our hands, not just Vic and Joan's but countless others. My prayer is that we look at our hands and offer them up to God to use for His purpose—to bless, to create, to help, to hold, and to work.

At the end of each day, Vic and Joan asked themselves two questions. Where did you see Jesus today? Where did you need Jesus today? I never got to tell them that, for me, I saw Jesus and His love in their kindness in their hands. But, somehow, I think they know.

EASTER FLOWER REMEMBRANCES

DONATIONS TOWARDS THE EASTER FLOWERS CAN BE OFFERED IN MEMORY OF A LOVED ONE OR IN THANKSGIVING FOR A BLESSING OF THIS LIFE AND WILL BE LISTED IN THE EASTER BULLETIN.

DONATIONS AND WORDING SHOULD BE SENT TO CHURCHOFFICE@STBS.NET OR PLACED IN THE COLLECTION PLATE WITH A NOTE INDICATING EASTER FLOWERS BY WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10.

Easter

— with us —

Sunday, April 21

8:30 & 10:30 Choral Eucharist

NURSERY FOR INFANTS - 3 YRS.

Egg Hunts at 10 a.m.

TODDLERS - 2ND GR.

AUGUST 2019

THE BELL

THE STORIES OF A PEOPLE CALLED ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

BACK COVER: DESCRIPTIONS FOR
ADULT FORMATION CLASSES



*And all of us are being
transformed from one
glory to another*

II COR. 3:18

STORIES FOR LATE PENTECOST



Staff

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The Rev. Sammy Wood, *Rector*

The Rev. Travis Hines, *Associate Rector*

The Rev. David Wilson, *Pastoral Assistant*

The Rev. Dr. Stu Phillips, *Priest Associate*

The Rev. Charlie Hall, *Deacon*

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Carla Schober, *Director of Family & Children Formation*

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Sally Chambers-Rhea, *Director of Communications*

Hughes McGlone, *Director of Youth Formation*

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Andy Michel, *Sr. Warden*

Gretchen Abernathy, *Jr. Warden*

Beth Ramsey, *Clerk*

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A Note from Sally Chambers-Rhea,
editor-in-chief.



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GLORY BE



WORDS MATTER
Sally Chambers-Rhea
Director of Communications
schambers@stbs.net

School is in full swing. September is just a week away. The church calendar is packed. And although the heat is still overwhelming, the light of summer is starting to dwindle. To catch the sunset at Radnor Lake takes a little more effort, even though it is only half an hour earlier. Autumn is nearing. Soon we will see the green world around us transform into golden hues.

If there is a running thread or an invitation through this edition of *The Bell*, it is that of *transformation*, not unlike what we will witness in the coming months. My mind still reels to know that the beauty of fall--those vivid orange, yellow, and red leaves--happens because the leaves are dying.

As this edition came together, a phrase we sing at the graveside kept turning in my mind: "Even in life, we are in the midst of death" (BCP p. 492). Even in the midst of new life at St. B's, death, i.e. change, is present, too. These pages were certainly the place to talk about that new life: Fr. Sammy's invitation to be formed and all the spaces (literally, in some cases) that have been carved out for God to do just that. But these pages were also the place to talk about the transformation that happens through death. (Thank you, Heather Wills, for your courage to stand daily at the graveside. p. 22). Death may not be the end of our story, but transformation can't happen without it. The leaves on the trees in autumn give me hope that dying can still be beautiful, a reminder that we are all being transformed from glory to glory, from beginning to end.

As Paul writes to the church in Corinth, "And all of us . . . are being transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to another" (II Cor. 3:18 NRSV).

All of us being transformed-- that's the plan for the year ahead and that's my prayer for you as you read the stories on the pages that follow.

Glory be.





WALKING ON WATER

Matthew 14

Always the same message out of Matthew.
The water Jesus walks on is life's turbulence.
He calms our trouble and lifts us up again.

To walk on water? That's what's puzzling—
that feat of antimatter, defeat of physics,
those beautiful unshod feet of cosmic truth

for whom the whole performance is child's play.
And unless one becomes as a little child
the kingdom's inaccessible by any route.

That water, then, its broken surface tension,
collision of fracturing waves, apparent chaos,
its fractals turning infinite and weaving

the netted skin between worlds, that web
of light and gravity which underpins our faith,
water, a substance, stormy or pacific,

we know a myriad ways to get across it.
But simply walking on it? Literally?
How far do you think you'd go before you fell

through that convergence between time and space?
The water Jesus walked on wasn't water
only. It was the storm that made it rock.

by Mark Jarman

From *The Herony* by Mark Jarman, Sarabande Books, 2016. Used by permission of Sarabande Books..



FOR THE LIFE
OF THE WORLD
Fr. Sammy Wood Rector
swood@stbs.net

THINK
WITH THE MIND OF JESUS
LOVE
WITH THE HEART OF JESUS
SERVE
WITH THE HANDS OF JESUS

Dear St. B's Family –

As summer winds down here at St. Bartholomew's, the New England part of me is ready for some cooler temps. But the Nashville part of me is even more ready for our program year to begin!

When Renee and I made the rounds of listening parties just after I became your rector, one thing we heard again and again was the desire for more Christian formation opportunities in our parish. We've long known we have a wonderful program of children's formation at St. B's, but adult formation was a place we could expand and grow together. The dream of a redesigned 2019-20 program year began back in those listening party living rooms, and I want to tell you about where we're going.

First – **Why Christian formation for all?** Fr. Alexander Schmemmann, one of my heroes, calls the Church the "sacrament of the Kingdom of God." That means wherever we are, God's inward and spiritual reign should progressively extend over the whole of our lives in an outward and visible way for the world to see. Thankfully, our Anglican heritage provides much to assist us – the Sacraments, the liturgy, our common life, classic ascetical practices, service projects and small groups all work together to make us more like Jesus, more visibly the sacrament of God's kingdom. But other narratives and

forces compete to form us – we're tempted by consumerism, individualism, nationalism, every -ism the world can imagine.

St. Paul exhorted: *"Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is . . ."* (Romans 12:2 NIV). To become what we are – the continuing incarnation of the body of Christ in the world, a community that glorifies God in worship, work, and witness – takes a whole life long, and none of us is (yet!) sufficiently like Jesus.

We need transformation.

Christian formation helps transform us into a community with Jesus at the center, a family empowered to:

- Think with the mind of Jesus
- Love with the heart of Jesus
- Serve with the hands of Jesus

That's the why. Next – **What will Christian formation at St. Bartholomew's look like?** In designing our new program of Christian formation, we asked a particular question: "If someone attended our church for three years, what content would we want to be sure was presented in some significant way to her?" These central

CHRISTIAN FORMATION FOR ALL AGES

BEGINS SEPT. 8

8:30 A.M. HOLY EUCHARIST

NURSERY FOR INFANTS - 3 YRS. & CHILDREN'S

HOMILY FOR 4 YRS. - 6TH GR.

**10 A.M. CHRISTIAN FORMATION
(ALL AGES)**

11 A.M. HOLY EUCHARIST

NURSERY FOR INFANTS - 3 YRS. & CHILDREN'S

HOMILY FOR 4 YRS. - 6TH GR.

topics or themes we call "St. B's Essentials," and the framework for teaching them is a three-year cycle of "core" and "elective" classes that fall within one of five areas:

- Christian Foundations
- Christian Practices
- Relationships
- Vocation/Work
- Culture

Within each area are different courses of study, with different methodologies (from lecture to praxis to discussion and reading groups). Each "course" will be held to a singular standard: *Does it make us think, love, and serve like Jesus?*

One last point – **How will we do this together?** The first stage has already begun, whether you know it or not. We've worshiped together all summer – getting used to worshiping as one big family, people of all ages. And on September 8, we move into the next phase of our life together. Sunday mornings will include an hour of Christian formation for all ages at the same time.

During the formation time, all of us will disperse to different areas of the campus for whatever course we choose. And the slate of classes will differ for each of four 6 to 8 week "blocks" between September 8, 2019, and May 17, 2020. We're also changing from a community with a few "authoritative teachers" and many learners, to become one where more and more teachers, lay and ordained, exercise their gifts to instruct each other in the faith once and for all delivered to the saints.

You'll read more about the first block of classes in this issue of *The Bell*. I know things may get get chaotic as we navigate all the schedule changes and a new campus layout these next few weeks. We'll probably make some missteps along the way. But we're at the beginning of a long, exciting journey together, and I can't wait to begin it with you. I'm also eager to hear from you, so please give me feedback when you can.

Pray for me and for your church staff and vestry as we enter this fall. Pray as well for everyone involved in formation, those who lead and those who learn. And know that I pray daily for you. May God grow us in the gospel and its implications for doctrine, devotion, and delight!

Your Rector,



FORMATION IN OUR LIFE



LIFE IN CHRIST

by Fr. Travis Hines
Associate Rector
thines@stbs.net

As you'll read in Fr. Sammy's article, we're entering into a new season of "formation" at St. B's—*transformation* "into a community with Jesus at the center, a family empowered to think with the mind of Jesus, love with the heart of Jesus, serve with the hands of Jesus."

This fall's classes and studies are intended to be opportunities for such transformation to continue in our lives—teachings and conversations opening us to the work of the Holy Spirit, drawing us into the life of Jesus. Formation, however, happens within the context of community, as we *live together* at St. B's here in Nashville.

Recently I've been reminded that all of Scripture is written to communities being (trans)formed into the people of God. Each history, each prophesy, each letter, each story, each poem is spoken by God into a specific situation where a specific community is learning to *live together* in a specific context in such a way that they reveal the heart of the Father to each other and to the world. In our *life together*, we are being formed into a unique place where the living God--Father, Son, and Holy Spirit--is known.

For through [Jesus] we have access in one Spirit to the Father. So then you are no longer strangers and aliens, but you are fellow citizens with the saints and members of the household of God, built on the

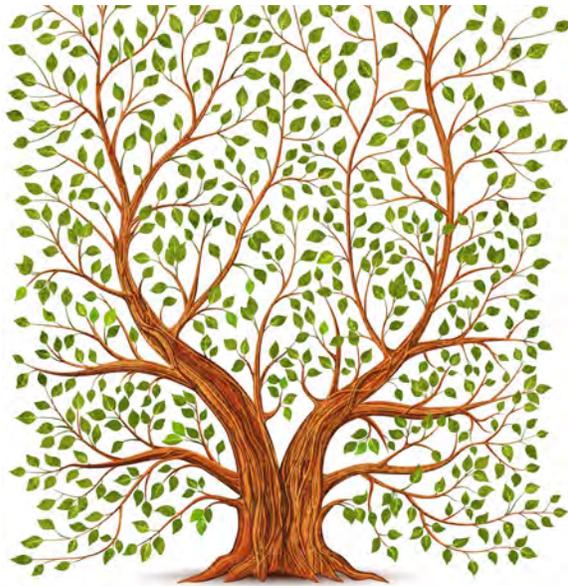
foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the cornerstone, in whom the whole structure, being joined together, grows into a holy temple in the Lord. In him you also are being built together into a dwelling place for God by the Spirit. (Ephesians 2.18-22 ESV).

The information imparted in the classes, therefore, is only one ingredient in transformation. *How* we teach, listen, talk, and learn *together* also is essential to our formation. And, of course, this flows into all aspects of our *life together*.

As you make your plans for the next nine months, we encourage you to pursue *life together* with the family of St. B's:

- Reorienting together to Jesus by worshipping at our Sunday services, and praying at church and in homes through the Daily Office offered each morning and evening
- Serving together on the altar and flower guilds, with our youth and children, as a lay eucharistic minister or acolyte, and in homes with the pastoral care team, on the vestry and the many committees that undergird our community

TOGETHER



- Coming together at formal and informal gatherings—participating in the Christian Formation offerings and hanging out in the new Gallery, attending weekly bible studies and going to lunch after church, joining a Life Group and sharing meals in each other's homes.

The creativity and conflict, the joy and grief, the conversation and silence, the unity and disagreement that happen in our *life together*--with Jesus at the center, the Spirit filling us, the Father embracing us--form us into the people of God. Join us.

Life Groups:

The idea for Life Groups is simple: Small groups of people gathering weekly for deepening connections with God and each other through sharing food, conversations, and prayer. The hope is for *Life Groups* to grow into sub-communities of St. B's where we flourish in our worship of God, in our love for each other, in the exercise of our vocations, and in our service to others.

The Vision

We are calling St. B's into greater flourishing through participation in Life Groups. These groups are expressions of God's purpose for the church as described in Ephesians: To be a dwelling place for God in Nashville where the uniting of all things in Christ is experienced in our life together for the sake of the world (Ephesians 2.1-22).

The Values

Life Groups cultivate: hospitality through welcome and food; trust through commitment and structure; connection through risk and responsiveness; worship through gratefulness and praise.

The Format

Re-member: Members gather in a welcoming environment and share food and drink.

Re-orient: The group centers in Christ through participation in a simple liturgy.

Receive: The group listens to each other and the Spirit through conversation arising from guided questions and the study of Scripture or a book.

Respond: The group concludes with gratefulness and praise to God through music, liturgy, or prayer.

Return: The members return to their calling in the world.

Each season lasts 8-10 weeks and includes space to discern whether a group is to continue meeting, and whether members want to continue participating.

Signups for Life Groups will begin on September 8 and groups will begin meeting the first week of October.

REMEMBERING & ANTICIPATING

Twenty years ago this month, I began the journey as St. B's director of children's and family formation. I've served under three rectors and a few "supply" priests. I survived everything from a major church split to the more minor upheavals of Sunday morning scheduling changes. I remain amazed each year that the pageant in the Christmas Eve service, using the same script unchanged all these years, always provides surprises: the camels now poop Tootsie Rolls, the Star of Bethlehem started dancing down the aisle in 2015, one year tall Mary could have picked up the kindergarten Joseph and swung him to the rafters. This familiar and moving service has become, to many, a family tradition, each year shining God's love for His children.

Through all these twists and turns throughout the years, I still consider this place as one of the best churches my family could have chosen as home. Each change, easy or difficult, has helped to return many of us to Jesus and remember what we have in common.

Over these past months, people frequently ask if I am concerned about how the change in the Sunday morning schedule will affect our families. At first, yes. I was perplexed, not because I didn't believe in the concept of a formation hour, but because the programs in place appeared to be working. Change means the unknown. I was comfortable with what I knew.

It wasn't until the spring that I began to see how God was putting things in place for a new season. Change can be good. I made the decision to anticipate God's moving instead of being anxious about it. Doing this allowed me to see the parts fall into place. And they certainly have! We've had a successful introduction of the children's homily this summer and more purging and rearranging in our downstairs classrooms than I've seen in decades. Check out the new Catechesis rooms!



THE WONDER OF IT ALL *by Carla Schober*

Director of Children &
Family Formation
cschober@stbs.net

Some other meaningful changes include moving the Children's Formation command post from the copier nook to what will be an actual office, and, close to my heart, providing nursing mothers with a room that is upstairs, more convenient and closer to the action. This summer has been incredibly busy, full of God's grace and direction.

Read on for a general overview of what to expect from Children's Formation this fall. For more details, please feel free to contact me or pick up the latest brochure about our children's formation program.

Thank you for the blessing and privilege of serving your families!

Carla

Christian Formation for Children

Nursery *for infants - 3 yrs*

In the nursery, we show God's love to our youngest parishioners through rocking, holding, reading, and playing! Four paid staff work in the nursery and toddler rooms every Sunday morning. Additional volunteers assist during each service. We use texts to keep in contact with parents on Sunday mornings. During services, children are picked up at the Peace. During Christian Formation the nursery is staffed for infants. Two and three-year-olds engage in Bible lessons that follow the church year and involve activities, games and crafts using Spark Lectionary

Catechesis of the Good Shepherd *for 3.5 yrs - K at 10 a.m.*

A Montessori approach to the religious formation of children based on the conviction that God and the child are in relationship. At the heart of the curriculum is the recognition that each child responds to God through loving relationship, Scripture, and liturgy. Please note that *Children must be toilet-trained to participate in catechesis.*

Weaving God's Promises *for 1st - 6th grade at 10 a.m.*

A three-year Christian formation curriculum, developed and written exclusively for the Episcopal Church. Using a standardized approach, it provides basic exposure to church teachings through Holy Scripture, and the Book of Common Prayer. It offers ways to apply Christian principles to a child's daily life through prayer and service to others. Classes are separated into three groups: first and second graders; third and fourth graders; and fifth and sixth graders.

Right: children gather around the tables for the prayers of the people during the children's homily.



MARKED & SEALED AS CHRIST'S OWN FOR EVER



ABOVE: ETTA DOWELL BAPTIZED ON MAY 5 DURING EASTERTIDE

Traditionally, the church offers baptisms on four feast days through out the year: The Baptism of Our Lord, the Easter Vigil, Pentecost, and All Saints Sunday. Please contact the church office if you are interested in baptism on November 3, All Saints Sunday.

MEET OUR NEWEST MEMBERS

Reflecting on our Spring Baptisms



Mae Alice Cromwell
Parents: Clint and Lymari
Baptized on Pentecost

Two families experienced the joy of baptism on the Sunday we celebrate Pentecost. The Cromwell family started attending St. B's this past year, but their newness hasn't kept them from stepping right in to help with some of our special events, workshops, and the Children's Homily. Lymari says, "Mae was baptized surrounded by a flurry of joyful noise and red balloons! It was such fun to have her baptized in the midst of our Pentecost celebration. A day we'll never forget!" Mae's sister Nora liked "seeing Mae all dressed up because she looked so cutie-wootie."



William Isaac Taliaferro
Parents: Justin and Corrie
Baptized at the Easter Vigil

The Taliaferro family also found baptism at this service meaningful. "We all together observed and experienced the light of the risen Christ breaking into a dark world. . . . to have this tied to William's baptism is something that will remain with us forever." To other families preparing for their children's baptisms, Justin, a member of our vestry, noted that "William's baptism was 'church' in the best and fullest sense of the word. Our St. B's family literally stood alongside us, prayed with us, and made promises with us, and that sense of community is absolutely priceless." Newly baptized William, a first grader, loves being able to participate in

the Eucharist. He feels more like "part of the family." If other children are nervous, he advises that baptism isn't scary at all and that the salt was tasty. He says baptism made him feel "NEW"!



Claire Elizabeth Kinard
Parents: Jay and Ellie
Baptized at the Easter Vigil

Ellie reflects, "Both of our children were baptized at Easter Vigil services. The beauty of this service is the intimacy you receive with God and your community [in the liturgy] prior to the baptism. I love that the beginning of the service started in the dark with candles and we ended in light symbolizing Jesus' rise from the grave. Having our children baptized at night in

candlelight surrounded by our community was so special."



Hadley James Poag

Parents: Matt and Annie-Hayley

Baptized at the Easter Vigil

Annie, at the urging of Father Sammy and others who spoke of this time historically being a special season for baptism, and in spite of

fears of "meltdowns" from all three kids at such an hour, was intrigued. She says, "We entered into the darkened service, all of our senses engaged--the smell of smoke from the back of the church, the feel of our own candles, and the light of the Paschal candle being carried with the proclamation of "The Light of Christ . . . Thanks be to God" growing in clarity and volume. All three of our children . . . went from excitement to wonder as darkness shifted to light. " "Our child was baptized as faces were illuminated by candles. There was a vulnerability standing in front of a group of friends and family . . . and yet there was an overwhelming sense of what community is at its best: a room full of individuals saying, 'We will support you as you

raise this child, as you struggle and as you rejoice, we will be present.'" Annie continued, speaking of seeing her child, in many ways unknowingly, entering this covenant: "We long for Hadley to know and see and feel the Love of our Savior. We long for her to live a life that is fuller when she not only acknowledges her Savior but has a relationship, a friendship, a daughter-ship with our Lord. We are thankful for the picture baptism provides and that experience of participating in this act with our community."

WELCOME TO ALL THOSE BAPTIZED

Claire Elizabeth Kinard, parents Jay & Ellie,
baptized March 20

Hadley James Poag, parents James & Anne-Hayley,
baptized on April 20

William Isaac Taliaferro, parents Justin & Corrie,
baptized on April 20

Etta James Dowell, parents Alfred & Abigail,
baptized on May 5

Mae Alice Cromwell, parents Clint & Lymari,
baptized on June 9

Morgan Lynn Noel-Lambrecht, parent Lynleigh
Noel, baptized on June 9.

THANKS BE TO GOD FOR



Samuel Starnes, parents Hannah
& Brock, born May 17.

A CATECHESIS NOTE

FROM MEREDITH FLYNN, DIRECTOR OF CGS

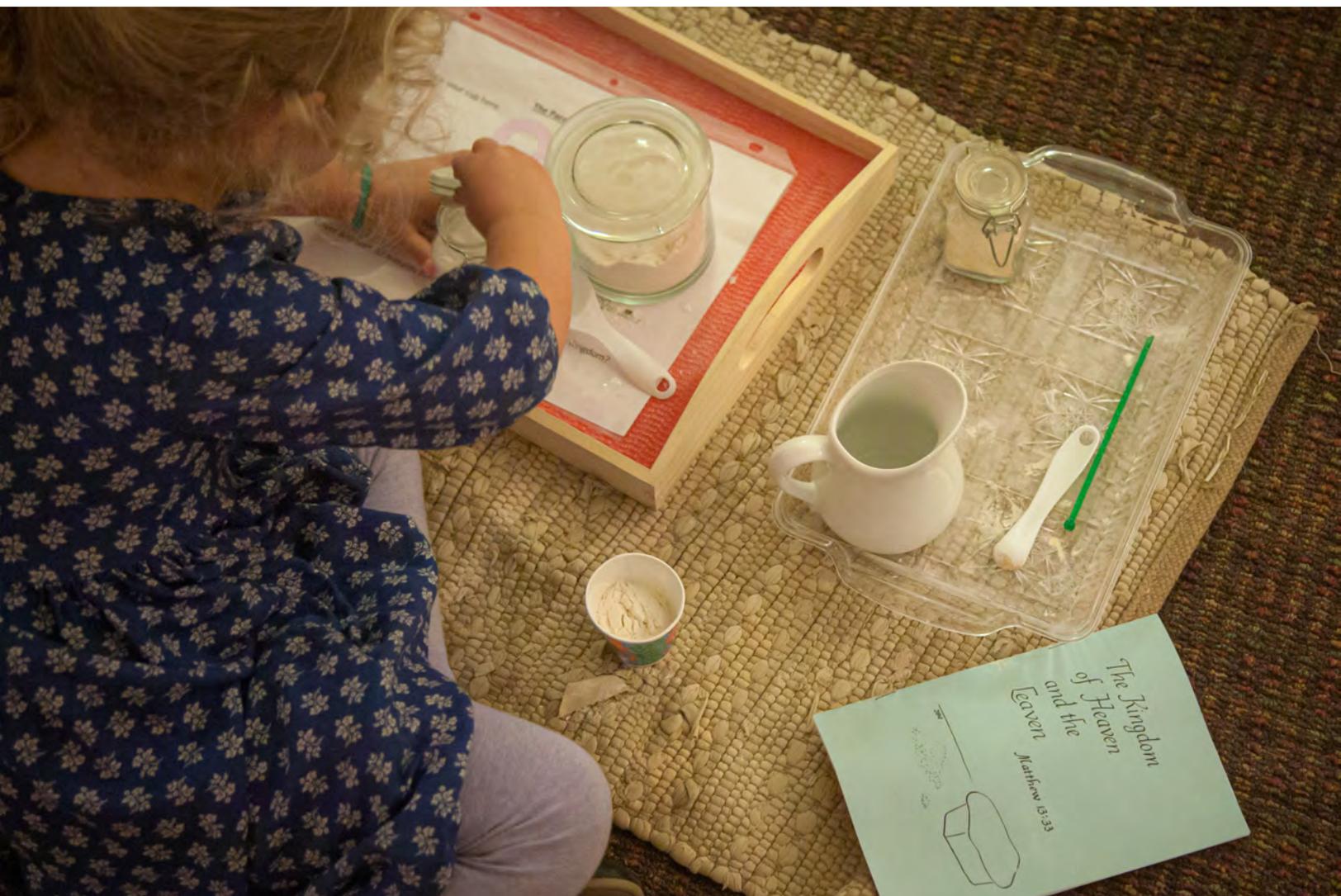
We had a wonderful response to our Catechesis Child/Parent Visits on August 4 and 11. Thank you to those who were able to come! If you have a child who will be in Catechesis this fall, or if you are a curious parishioner and want to know more, we would love to have you come downstairs for a visit.

In a busy and performance-based culture, there are few places left where one can go to just "be". The atrium is a place of wonder and contemplation – a period of time set apart, as well as a physical space prepared, so that the child can meet with God. Rather than indoctrination and memorization of ideas, Catechesis is a time of wonder

and prayer, of hearing and reading the Scriptures, and of growing together in our family of faith. Over time, we observe children who are deeply engaged and quietly joyful. They recognize beauty in biblical or liturgical presentations. Their insights and drawings remind us of what we have known all along – that the Good Shepherd knows his sheep by name, and that they recognize his voice!

Please contact Meredith Flynn if you are interested in this program or in volunteering in the atrium.

catechesis@stbs.net



A child learns one of the Kingdom parables by playing with yeast in the Catechesis atrium

THE LITURGY IS THE BEGINNING



WALK THIS WAY by Bev Mahan

Verger & Assistant to
the Rector for Liturgy
verger@stbs.net

I have discovered another truth about our liturgy, and I am once again astounded by its richness and fullness and divinity. Whether St. Bartholomew's is the only Episcopal Church you have ever attended, or you have worshipped in many Anglican churches around the world, you will have noticed the same thing that led me to this truth: celebrants or presiders do not lead their congregations through the liturgy in exactly the same way. They don't say the same things; they don't invite the congregation to say the same things. They don't vest in the same way, make the same motions, or move about the worship space in the same way. How is this okay, when we have a liturgy that always includes the same elements, a prayer book that includes rubrics or rules for how each liturgy should be conducted?

As it turns out, the liturgy, as outlined in the BCP, is just the beginning. There are many things left to the discretion and preference of the celebrant. In fact, Leonel Mitchell writes in *Pastoral and Occasional Liturgies: A Ceremonial Guide*, that there is "no one 'correct' way to celebrate the rites of the church." What? Likewise, Dennis Michno, in *A Priest's Handbook: The Ceremonies of the Church*, instructs priests that his way of celebrating the liturgy is not the only way. Moreover, Daniel Stevick says in *The Crafting of Liturgy*, that there are few liturgy-related acts by the

clergy or the congregation that are required or forbidden.

So this means that in each liturgy, choices must be made, by both the officiants and the people. Will you raise your hands in praise? Will the celebrant chant? Will you pray aloud? Will the Gospel be read from among the people or from the chancel? Will the altar team process in from the back of the nave or enter from the sacristy? Will you enter the nave early and take a moment for private prayer?

The liturgy is only the beginning. It allows for choice and variety as we all praise God, reconcile with each other, and celebrate the sacraments. The only requirements are that the liturgy is anchored in the word of God, that it celebrates God's presence among us, and that it points us toward God's kingdom (Michno, 1998), or as St. Benedict said, "that in all things, God may be glorified."

The liturgy we follow in the church building is the beginning. It becomes the choices we make, what we do with our lives when we go forth into the world, rejoicing in the power of the Spirit.

CONVENTION CORNER

The national church requires every diocese to hold an annual convention, during which the business of the diocese is conducted. The bishop is the presider over the convention. Lay delegates assigned by their parishes and clergy are elected or appointed to various committees and commissions. Votes are cast for resolutions and budgets. Reports are given by the ministries of the diocese. Holy Eucharist is celebrated.

In the Diocese of Tennessee, the convention is hosted by a church in the diocese. There are only a handful of churches in our diocese with the facilities to accommodate around 275 guests, and the convention rotates from year to year through those churches. The next convention is scheduled for January 24 and 25, 2020, and St. Bartholomew's Church is the host.

The last time St. B's hosted the convention was in 2011, and 2008 before that. Many of you worked on those efforts, and many of us will be needed again. Work is already underway on our physical plant to make it as welcoming as possible. The youth recently completed a deep clean of our church building. There is a parish-wide work day scheduled for Saturday, November 16, and if needed, again on Saturday, January 11, 2020.

WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL TO BEV MAHAN FOR CHAIRING THE WORK OF HOSTING DIOCESAN CONVENTION IN ADDITION TO HER OTHER RESPONSIBILITIES AT ST. B'S. TO HELP WITH THE CONVENTION, PLEASE EMAIL BEV AT VERGER@STBS.NET

During the convention, Holy Eucharist will be held each day in the church. The Friday service will be a typical St. B's worship service, a chance for the diocese to experience how we do Holy Eucharist. The Saturday service is hosted by the diocese, but mostly staffed by St. B's folks. The business meetings and lunches will be held in the gym. There will be a wine reception on Friday evening after the business in concluded, held in our parish hall.

Already, there are St. B's volunteers in place to lead registration, the reception, the lunch service, recycling, and the Eucharists. Each of these leaders will be recruiting their own teams of helpers. There will be many hands needed to serve, clean up, set up, give directions, and basically act as ambassadors from our church to the diocese.

I am so proud of our community of faith, and anxious for our guests to see how the Spirit moves among us. All who are willing and able will have the opportunity to help. Watch for updates and instructions on how to volunteer in the various St. B's publications, under the heading Convention Corner.

WHAT HOLDS YOUR ATTENTION?

WITH ELIZABETH, JUSTIN, & MAGGIE

Elizabeth Madeira

What Are You Reading? On Audiobook: *Becoming* by Michelle Obama. On Paper: *Christian Meditation: Experiencing the Presence of God* by James Finley

What are you listening to? Music: *The Lion King*, *Hamilton*, Audrey Assad; Podcasts: *Today Explained*, *UpFirst*, *The Weeds*, *The Daily*, *News in Slow Spanish*, *Word of Life Church* sermons, *Wow in the World* (for the kids)

What are you watching? *Arrested Development*, *Veep*, & *Queer Eye*

Favorite Part of the Liturgy/service? The music, of course! And watching everyone go up for Communion

New Favorite restaurant? Big Shakes Hot Chicken or Zushimaki's in Franklin

What are you excited about at St. B's in the coming year? Continuing with our Life Group

Justin Taliaffero

What are you reading? Books: *Desert Wisdom: Sayings of the Desert Fathers*, translation and art by Yushi Nomura. *Beowulf: A New Translation*, by Dick Ringler. *Origins: How Earth's History Changed Human History*, by Lewis Dartnell. Blogs: *Lost Art Press*, *Internet Monk*, *Covenant/The Living Church*, *Ancient Faith Ministries: Glory to God for All Things*.

What are you listening to? Allen Stone, Anthony Hamilton, Chris Cornell, Lyle Lovett, NPR

What are you watching? *Parks & Recreation*, *Good Omens*

Favorite part of the liturgy/service? Holy Communion / post-communion prayer

New favorite restaurant? Mamma Mia's, The Fainting Goat Coffee Co. (Spring Hill)

What are you excited about at St. B's in the coming year? The new Sunday morning schedule and expanded opportunity for Adult Formation.

Maggie Sullivan, Senior at Harpeth Hall

What Are You Reading?

The Secret History by Donna Tartt (delicious dip into dark academia) and *Sweat* by Lynn Nottage (Pulitzer Prize winner in 2017 for Best Play, focusing on racial and class tensions in working-class PA town)

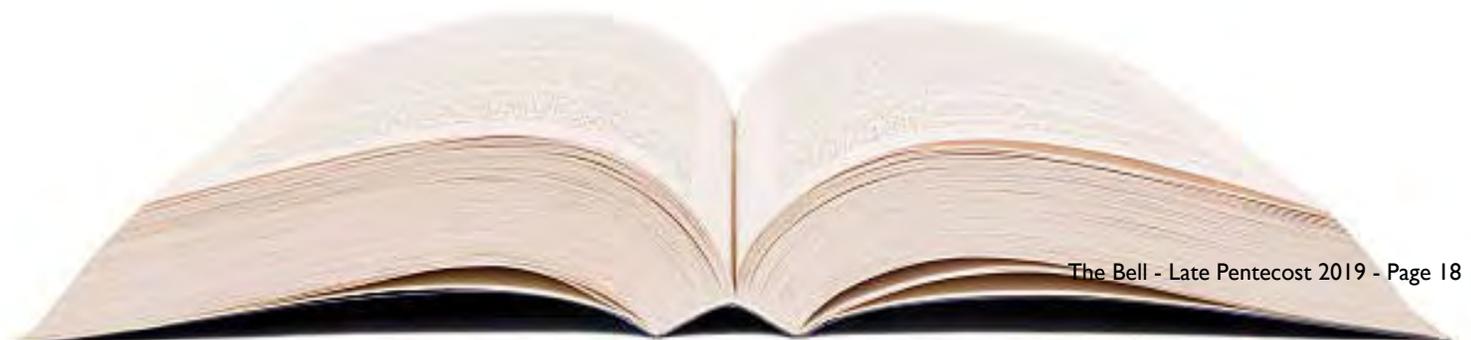
What are you listening to?

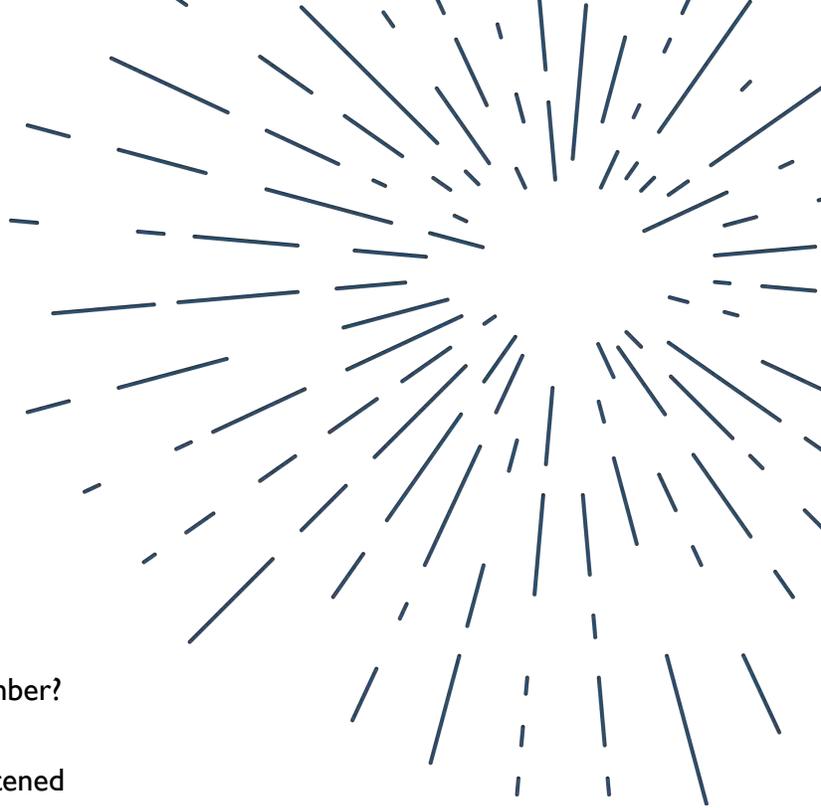
Sufjan Stevens (whose perspective on his own faith and history is always worth a listen), the cast recording of *Applause* (Lauren Bacall as an aging star, with a Charles Strouse score), Lydia West; Podcasts: *The Moth*, personal storytelling recorded live; and *99% Invisible*, a look into the design of everyday things

What are you watching? *Derry Girls* (endlessly hilarious, about teen Catholic girls growing up in Derry, Northern Ireland during the Troubles of the '90s), *Patriot Act* (exciting and well-reported perspective on specific current issues)

Favorite Part of the Liturgy/service? Serving in it! I love being the crucifer or a reader. It makes the whole experience so meaningful for me.

New Favorite restaurant? Vui's Kitchen isn't exactly new, but it sure is under-appreciated!





YOU READING THIS, BE READY

Starting here, what do you want to remember?
How sunlight creeps along a shining floor?
What scent of old wood hovers, what softened
sound from outside fills the air?

Will you ever bring a better gift for the world
than the breathing respect that you carry
wherever you go right now? Are you waiting
for time to show you some better thoughts?

When you turn around, starting here, lift this
new glimpse that you found; carry into evening
all that you want from this day. This interval you spent
reading or hearing this, keep it for life—

What can anyone give you greater than now,
starting here, right in this room, when you turn around?

by William Stafford

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PASTORAL CARE by Robert Smith

Assistant for Pastoral Care
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BE PREPARED

A STORY OF CARE BEYOND
BELMONT PARK TERRACE

I spend my Thursday mornings as a volunteer chaplain at DeBerry Special Needs Facility, the hospital for Department of Corrections inmates needing medical care. On a visit five or six months ago, I noticed a gentleman I had not seen before, settling in to his new space. I introduced myself as a chaplain and asked if I could assist him with anything practical, since it often takes up to 60 days for the transferred prisoners to get their belongings. We shook hands, our eyes met, and he told me he was Muslim. He had a question about observing an upcoming Muslim religious day. I told him I would check on this, that I would get him the hygiene kit he needed, and that I would be back the next Thursday morning. I accomplished his simple requests and we began a regular interaction.

One Thursday he was gone. I learned that he was undergoing chemotherapy for cancer and had been moved to the first floor of the hospital, where patients with six months or less to live are placed. I began to visit him there, more frequently and for longer periods of time. Our conversations were about his hopes, desires, feelings, nothing "religious". I responded to his requests for gift cards, envelopes, and stamps, etc. His chemo sessions continued. Our backgrounds were dissimilar—mine a protected middle-class Christian upbringing and his of a lower economic status with limited opportunities for youth, ridden with challenges from all angles.

I recently encountered an anonymous statement: "Buddha was not a Buddhist. Jesus was not a Christian. Muhammad

was not a Muslim. They were teachers who taught Love. Love was their religion." Struck by this, I decided that next Thursday I would research more about Muhammad through conversation with my new friend. I was moved by how he spoke with openness, frank dialogue, and a sincere desire to share. Our visit lasted longer than usual. He shared that he had been "in the system" for over 25 years and that he had never, in any institution, spoken with a chaplain. I stated that I was not there to preach or evangelize. He stopped me. "But you are . . . you are of God," and he pointed upward. "You listen to me," he said. "I live for Thursdays."

We all make decisions daily that seem insignificant at the time. Several years ago, in conversation with Father Travis, I learned of a need for someone to assist another parishioner in the ministry at DeBerry. Little did I know that when I volunteered to help, I would become the primary chaplain from St. B's. This was never something that I would have thought of or sought out to do, but I love it! In many ways, I live for those Thursdays too. I am making a difference in my own small way and find it spiritually rewarding.

When I was in Boy Scouts, years ago, the familiar mantra was "Be Prepared" . . . for medical emergencies, for storms, for almost any occurrence. We studied our Boy Scouts Handbook, earned merit badges, took courses, went on campouts, all to learn how to Be Prepared. At a St. B's staff meeting recently we began with a reading from Luke: "You also must be ready, for the Son of Man is

coming at an hour you do not expect.” (Luke 12:40 ESV). For me, as a chaplain, being prepared means being ready. Being ready, as it says in Luke, means a willingness to open your heart to whatever God asks of you. It means opening your eyes to follow that faint light, opening your ears to hear that soft voice, the Spirit within you, and

listening to it. I am grateful that my openness to hearing that small voice brought me to a place where I could share God’s Love, through listening, with someone who needed it.



CONGRATULATIONS

TO THOSE WHO WERE CONFIRMED IN JUNE

Ethan Franklin Allen
Elena Grace Goss
Greta Jane Goss
Red Gourley
Racheal Moore

Jacob Newton
Charles Nichols
Lynleigh Noel
Gary Parker
Catherine Pressnell

Cain Robinson
Rebecca Sullivan
Harry Sullivan, III
Charity Voiles

Confirmands pictured above with the Bishop on June 2. Interested in being confirmed next year? Email Fr. Sammy at swood@stbs.net and plan on taking *Intro to Anglicanism* on a Sunday morning during 2020.



BEING KNOWN
Margy Roark
margaret.roark@gmail.com

SECOND CHILDHOOD

HOSPICE, FORMATION, AND HAPPINESS

I have a new app on my phone called “WeCroak”. The icon is a delicately drawn red frog on a black background. The sole purpose of this app is to remind me that I am going to die. Five times a day my phone dings and I receive this notification— “Reminder: Don’t forget: you’re going to die.” I then open the app to get a death-related quote. This morning’s is from Mahatma Gandhi: “Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you will live forever.” Wise. At noon, an excerpt from a poem by Donald Hall: “You think that their dying is the worst thing that could happen./Then they stay dead.” Wrenching. The creators of the app explain their motivation: “In Bhutan they say contemplating death five times a day brings happiness.”

If this is true, who could be happier than a hospice nurse? And Heather Wills is so happy. By happy I mean fully alive. It is a complicated happiness, hard-won, clear-eyed, and, in many ways, it is fruit of her work as a hospice nurse. So many of us spend a lot of energy pretending we aren’t going to die. In other words, we lie to ourselves. Those who work in hospice know the truth that, in this life, we will lose each other, sometimes brutally, unfairly, untimely. Such awareness can, with willingness, bring about acceptance. It can also drive us to our knees. Dwelling in the truth of our finite lives, our failing bodies, and the certainty that it is not if but when our lives will fall apart—these are prerequisites for adult spiritual formation. “I’ve been formed spiritually by the work I do,” says Heather.

Heather describes her work not only as paying attention to practical needs, but also as creating a holding space for the dying, one without judgment or denial of physical and metaphysical pain. She gives them permission to die in their own way, for their deaths to unfold as they will. For everyone’s dying is as different as everyone’s birth: messy, unpredictable, painful, and, for many, an exhausting drawn-out ordeal. She tries to create this space by bearing witness, allowing things to be as they are, honoring suffering by sometimes keeping silent. She knows that words of sympathy and pity can diminish. Hospice patients don’t need bleeding hearts. “We can’t all collapse,” she says. “How is that helpful?” (Note: a good sense of humor helps in hospice care.)

“I don’t know how to do [this work] without formation.” She says she must daily anchor herself foremost in her identity as a child of God. The pain is unbearable without that “daily infusion of beauty, truth, and goodness”. She has been shaped by a regular practice of reading the St. B’s daily scripture, asking the Holy Spirit for guidance, then allowing it to attune her to what each patient needs. This gives her a lightness and freedom otherwise inaccessible. When one spends a lot of time with someone who has lost so much, the smallest details light up. Heather notices and is grateful for what is—cicadas singing, breeze from an open window, Van Halen playing in the background as we

Death is not waiting for us at the end of a long road. Death is always with us, in the marrow of every passing moment. She is the secret teacher hiding in plain sight. She helps us to discover what matters most

Frank Ostaseski



Above: Heather, with husband, Morgan Wills

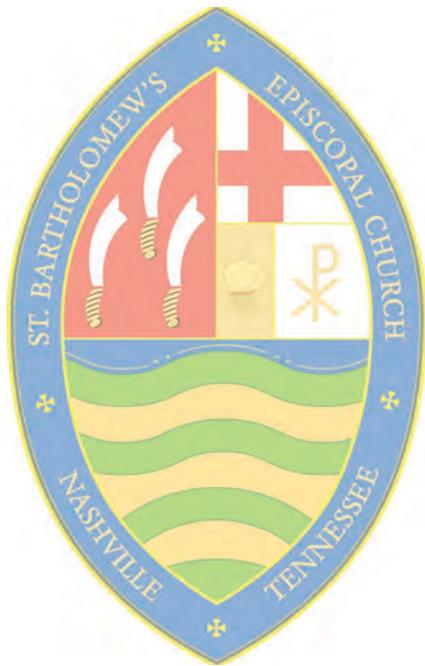
talk. The habit of “cultivating what is good,” she says, “that doesn’t leave us.”

What does this mean for those of us who aren’t at literal deathbeds? Where do we confront dying, where do we create a sacred holding space? In my experience, just as in hospice work, we first must tell the truth. We acknowledge the truth of our failures to love, the ways we are vulnerable to pride, lust, self-pity, and fear. We acknowledge and allow these failings to be as they are, holding them in love. We don’t shy away from the suffering our own separation from God has created. Then we let those things die. Flannery O’Connor prays, “Give me the courage to stand the pain to get the grace.” (WeCroak, I thank you for that one.) It takes courage to face the death-dealing habits and beliefs in our lives. When we do, if we do, we are in a position to receive God’s grace.

It helps me to think of God’s grace as what holds us in a loving embrace as we continually die to ourselves. Like the space Heather creates for the dying patient, God cradles us like the children we truly are. Our Eucharist liturgy puts it like this: Jesus “stretched out his arms upon the cross, and offered himself in obedience to [God’s] will, a perfect sacrifice for the whole world.”

Children, before they learn that it is dangerous to move in this world without protection, intuitively respond to a mother’s love with delight, exuberance, curiosity. They are powerless and most vulnerable to harm, fallible at times, and yet, when they sense they are held in love, they are fearless, resilient, irreverent. They revel in puddles, candy, lightning bugs. They wear themselves out and then return to the safety of their parents. I believe formation means returning and resting in the safe space of God’s outstretched arms. Held fast in this, we also may embrace this world in love. We are given a second childhood, born of suffering and death, delivered back to God where there is freedom and peace within His Will. The boundaries have fallen for us in pleasant places.

“I do not occupy myself with great matters, or with things that are too hard for me . . . I still my soul and make it quiet, like a child upon its mother’s breast” (Psalm 131:2-3). David suffered. He knew death, betrayal, bitter recrimination, and the harshest consequences for his actions. He also knew that his strength lay in returning to where he belonged, to that holding space of God’s, to where he was first found, in a meadow happy just singing and playing, tending his flock.



VESTRY CORNER
Gretchen Abernathy, Junior Warden
jrwarden@stbs.net

I've mentioned before that, to me, serving on vestry is like doing God's laundry. Somebody had to wash, dry, and fold Jesus's robes throughout his earthly life. In tending to the current physical expression of his body, the church, there are *loads* of details to tend to.

It's a mixed laundry basket: some of the items are delightful like lovely little hand-smocked dresses, some are like foul undies that were left forgotten too long in the bottom of a locker, and most are just run-of-the-mill khaki pants that simply need somebody to fold them and put them away. To flesh out the metaphor, the delightful clothing articles are things like being blessed by the spiritual autobiographies written by individuals in the discernment process regarding pursuing priesthood (vestry votes on whether to commend them or pause the process) and collectively discerning a path toward getting the church's mission and vision into a digestible written form. The troublesome pieces of laundry can be tricky interpersonal dynamics or challenging financial decisions we're at a human loss to resolve. And the daily shirts, skirts, and socks of church laundry are things like counting the offering, locking up the building after services, approving facilities repairs, and staying in touch and responsive to our church's various ministry areas. None of us are lonely at the washboards: it's a 12-person team effort to get this job done. And the clerk and treasurer

WHO SHOULD SERVE?

WHAT EXACTLY IS VESTRY?

play crucial support roles, not to mention the rector, who's a de facto vestry member.

Let's address the mechanics: Four new vestry members are elected every January at our annual meeting (through our wonderful Spirit-led casting lots approach). They serve for a term of three years. Each January, the four outgoing members roll off and four new members roll on. Historically, the congregation has provided nominations for new vestry members in November. We're pulling the time frame back this year to allow more time for the discernment process.

Starting in **September**, you will hear announcements requesting nominations for people to serve on vestry starting in January. Please **send those nominations by email to jrwarden@stbs.net**. You can nominate yourself or someone else. The nuts-and-bolts requirements are that nominees be confirmed members in good standing, demonstrate a meaningful walk with Jesus, be at least 18-years-old, and be contributing meaningfully with time/treasure/talent to St. B's.

Ideal vestry candidates:

- Know they have problems and they need help, that is, they are humble and realistic
- Need Jesus and are open to him, however he may show up, however he may want to use their strengths and weaknesses
- Love St. B's and want to nurture our community.



HAVE YOU MET DEACON CHARLIE YET?

On August 1, we welcomed the Rev. Charles Hall to our staff! Deacon Charlie is a diocesan placement to be with us part-time (he also serves part-time as chaplain to the Episcopal School of Nashville) for at least the next year. Bishop Bauerschmidt ordained Charlie a transitional deacon in June, and we anticipate his ordination to the priesthood December 5.

Charlie studied at Trevecca, Vanderbilt Divinity School, and Virginia Theological Seminary, and he has served in a range of ministries in Eastern Europe, urban neighborhoods, and hospital and prison settings. Charlie aspires to Navy chaplaincy in two years, and during his time with us, we hope he will be involved in all aspects of our parish life together. A native of Smyrna, he was a two-time all-state soccer player, and is a lifelong supporter of Vanderbilt athletics, which he admits was a contributing factor to his enrollment there for divinity school!

- Are not lone wolves. That is, they value teamwork and being in dynamic processes with a group of other well-intentioned people, even if that stretches them
- Have the time to fulfill vestry commitments and responsibilities (see below)
- Have the headspace to mull over the ins-and-outs of church business
- Have the heart-space to pray for each other and all the church's people and activities
- Are responsive to email: You gotta check it, gotta respond – it's not a text-run organization

Vestry time commitments:

- Monthly meetings: 6 - 8ish p.m. 2nd Monday of each month
- Counting the offering and locking the building after services with a vestry partner, roughly ten times per year
- Quarterly fellowship meals: once a quarter, an evening meal, usually potluck
- Two retreats: one full-day Saturday in early spring, one half-day Sunday after church in the fall
- Feast day help: once a year, set up or clean up at one of the feast day congregation parties
- Reading/responding to emails
- Tending to relationships and tasks that fall under each person's liaison role
- Be available for special opportunities as they arise (for example, lunch with the bishop)

EXPLORING QUESTIONS & QUIETNESS

ST. B'S YOUTH MINISTRY



CHUMNBAWUMBA
by Hughes McGlone

Director of Youth Formation
hmcglone@stbs.net

This fall, our youth group will dive into some deep waters. On Sunday mornings, in our "Messages" formation hour, we will grapple with the uncomfortable topics of death, judgement, heaven, and hell, voicing questions, airing doubts, and learning what the Episcopal/Anglican Church has taught about these things. My aim is not only to educate about our faith tradition but also to validate our kids' questions and create a safe place for discussion. This discussion will be done within the context of praying and worshipping together.

Serving others is such an important part of formation for our teens. They get to take action and sometimes see immediate benefits from their work. We will have a



Twenty-four teens and five adults participated in the rafting retreat Aug. 16 - 18

Monthly Mission, usually the second Saturday of the month, when we participate in local mission opportunities such as RITI, Open Table, Church in The Yard, Parish workdays, Mountain T.O.P., and the 615 Experience that was held in the summer.

On "Sabbath Sunday" gatherings we will meet on Sunday evenings, before the momentum of the week begins, to share a meal, pray the compline, play games, and explore some contemplative practices such as journaling about scripture. Here are a few restful hours to set aside from the demands of homework, soccer practice, social media, all the pressure to perform and achieve teens.

I am especially excited to pray compline with the kids. Praying compline offers a way to learn about the power of liturgy: how it unites Episcopalians and Anglicans all over the world, and how we find ourselves and others in different ways each time we pray these familiar words. This is a time to be vulnerable, honest, and introspective and to listen to the God who speaks in a still, small voice in the silence. (1 Kings 19:11-13).

Here are the words from one of the collects in the compline: "Be present, O merciful God and protect us through the hours of this night, so that we who are wearied by the changes and chances of this life may rest in your eternal changelessness; through Jesus Christ our Lord." All of us, but especially our teenagers, need to hear this kind of comfort.

FORMATION FOR YOUTH ON SUNDAYS

MESSAGES

Sundays, 10:00 - 10:50 a.m.

Sunday mornings between services we gather together in the youth room to discuss issues relevant to the Episcopal Church, the Bible, and our lives. The time includes music, prayer, conversation, and, of course, doughnuts, muffins, and bagels.

Both Messages and Sabbath begin Sept. 8

YOUTH SABBATH

Grades 7 - 8 | 4:30 - 6 p.m.

Dinner for all | 6:00-6:30 p.m.

Grades 9 - 12 | 6:30-8:00 p.m.

Our lives move in what seems like a hundred miles an hour in a hundred different directions. School, sports, friends, drama, dance, family, all compete for our time and attention. Beginning this fall, step out of busyness and into *Sabbath* at St. B's this year. *Sabbath* is a safe place for all 7th through 12th graders to rest and recharge, away from our overcrowded lives, to be with God and each other. Here we will talk, eat, play, sing, pray, and consider what it means to be a follower of Christ in the community and the world.

Each poem in this issue offers a way to be present to what is. "Walking on Water" (p. 5), collapses time, dropping us into a familiar story in a new way. I find it a slippery riff on living water as the changeable atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. "You Reading This, Be Ready" (p. 19), dwells in this moment. It reminds me that "God has given us everything we need for living a godly life" (II Peter 1:3 NLT). Be awake, be ready to accept, with "breathing respect", your daily bread. Rilke's poem, "Only as a child am I awake" (p. 29), returns us to our true identity as children of God. It is a lullaby for the faint-hearted. Keep circling back to God, it says, where abundance is found. Our sacred work becomes encircling others with the same love in which we've been held. What holy face can I hold in my dark hands today?

Thank you to Doug Hester for suggesting Mark Jarman's poem in the context of formation. If you are interested in submitting or suggesting poems for the next edition of Advent & Christmas issue of *The Bell* email me at margaret.roark@gmail.com.

ABOUT THE POEMS

BY MARGY ROARK
margaret.roark@gmail.com

The Music Ministry kicked off a new program year by launching *Live At St. B's* on Sunday, August 18! Bethany Bordeaux offered her time and talent as a professional violinist to benefit the music ministry. She was accompanied by friends on vocals, guitar, keys, percussion and winds. What a fabulous evening.

Now is a great time of year to join one of the choirs! Our children's choirs meet on Sundays from 5 to 7 p.m. beginning on Sept. 8. The Chamber Singers rehearse on Wednesdays from 7 to 8 p.m. beginning on Aug. 21.

We are also actively seeking instrumentalists for the loft and sound engineers on Sunday mornings. Both serve once a month.

For more information, please contact David Madeira at dmadeira@stbs.net.

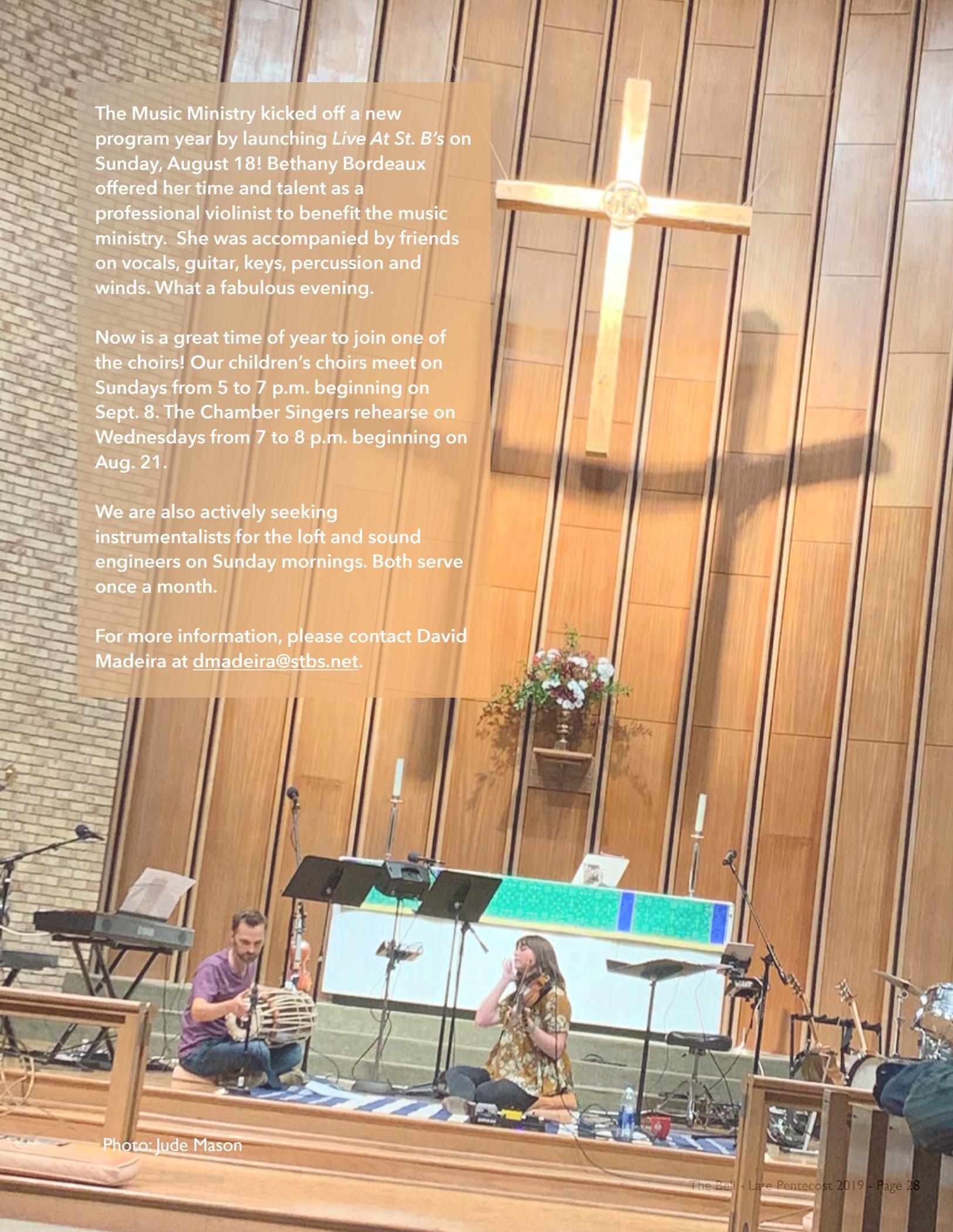


Photo: Jude Mason

Only as a child am I awake
and able to trust
that after every fear and every night
I will behold you again.

However often I get lost,
however far my thinking strays,
I know you will be here, right here,
time trembling around you.

To me it is as if I were at once
infant, boy, man and more.
I feel that only as it circles
is abundance found.

I thank you, deep power
that works me ever more lightly
in ways I can't make out.
The day's labor grows simple now,
and like a holy face
held in my dark hands.

by Rainer Maria Rilke



From RILKE'S BOOK OF HOURS: LOVE POEMS TO GOD by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by Anita Barrows and Joanna Macy, translation copyright © 1996 by Anita Barrows and Joanna Macy. Used by permission of Riverhead, an imprint of Penguin Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC. All rights reserved.

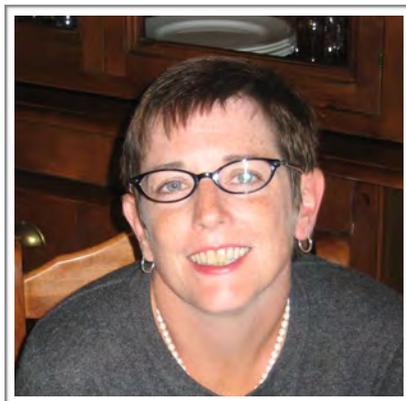
SOLVITUR AMBULANDO

In Altar Guild, there's a rhythm that guides our work of when to change altar hangings and how to set the altar, but the tempo of my own life is not so orderly. Despite my prayers to seek and serve God in all things, work, friends, chores, illness, family, and obligations fill the calendar. I'm ashamed to say, life gets in the way of truly looking for God in all things.

When I push Jesus into the margins, it's a lonely and broken place with me as the center of my own world.

So, I head to the forest.

Trees reset my rhythms back into a God-centered cadence. Oaks, magnolias, dogwoods, cedars, and maples. Alders, ash, fir, and birches. Pines, hackberries, hemlocks, cherries, and crepe myrtles. Trees root me back into the wholeness of God, a God who created the world and formed me in His image. Under gnarled and twisted limbs straining upwards in praise, my soul is restored. Because, like those trees, God sees my imperfections and leaf spots—and loves me still.



SETTING THE
TABLE
Thorunn McCoy
Altar Guild
tmccoy@usn.org

To be sure, this is not a hike, and in fact, it's not much of a walk, really more of an amble. I'm here for my heart to check in with God and not to check a heart-monitor app. Instead of plugging into a podcast, I'm attune to the rhythm of a butterfly's beating wings, a sure sign of God's peaceful joy. Among the lichen-covered bark, I leave me, my ordering, my management of life behind; in this space, God presses my reset button, putting Him, not me, at the center. Little things matter.

Trees shift my perspective. In the woods, I exist as a small and unusual thing. Looking up into the canopy, I feel like I'm a snorkeler bobbing on the surface as life swirls around me--heart-shaped redbud leaves, wrens' chattering, startled deer with wide eyes as dark as molasses, small hands of red efts after the rain, ants' orderly march. I lose myself in the curiosity of ordinary things. If God had a plan for all of this, then surely there is something important afoot in my own small pool of life. I can rest in this, even if I don't actually understand it.

I don't bring an agenda to the forest; I just notice things. There are no wrong answers here and no need to know all the Latin names. This is a time to be inquisitive, to be awed. If this oak tree stretches 70-feet towards the sky, how deep and wide do its roots go? How many years ago did the acorn fall to the ground and begin growing? How many insects, birds, fungi, mammals, and reptiles live in this tree? Leaving with questions is part of the plan.

Inexplicable wonder is part of God's power. In my life, I feel the need to understand things, to have information,

to ask the Google. Walking beneath the spreading arms of a sycamore tree that has grown from a tiny seed that rides the wind on fine hairs strengthens me to be okay with not knowing everything. This mystery of bark and leaf and wood, where light and water are converted into energy exists as an outward sign of God's grace extended to all. The light filtering through its leaves gives the hush of some ancient cathedral. But unlike the stone edifices with their flying buttresses and stained-glass, this place grew from a seed less than a millimeter, nurtured with rain and earth, creating a chapel of respite for all of God's creatures. Why that seed? Why that place? Why that species of tree? When I think of all the things that had to be in perfect alignment for that specific tree to grow in that specific place, it comforts me. God doesn't do random. There's a plan.

In Presiding Bishop Michael Curry's "Way of Love: Practices for a Jesus-Centered Life" podcast series, he discusses how rest, one of the seven rules of life for walking a more intentionally Christ-led path, is an active concept meant to root us back to the heart of Jesus. Rest isn't indolence or sleep but a restoration of knowing God's grace and peace. For me, walking in nature, noticing trees and plants and bugs restores my soul and reorders my thinking. I know that I'm again marching to God's tune, a loved and restored daughter of the King. This fall, as school begins again and St. B's shifts into a new schedule, exciting opportunities will fill my calendar. I also know that amid this busy-ness my spiritual tank will become empty. That's when I'll head to the woods. *Solvitur ambulando*, which is Latin for "it is solved by walking." In Radnor Lake State Park or Beaman Park or

Shelby Bottoms, as leaves turn amber, golden, and drift down to the forest floor, my heart will fill with grace as Jesus again claims my full attention.



Thorunn enjoying a wildflower hike led by her husband Roger this past spring.



THE WAY OF LOVE: PRACTICES FOR A JESUS-CENTERED LIFE

The Way of Love is an invitation from Presiding Bishop Michael Curry to intentionally commit to following Jesus through the practices of turning, learning, praying, worshipping, blessing, going, and resting. Resources, including the podcast referenced above with Bishop Curry can be found at www.episcopalchurch.org/way-of-love.

TASTE AND SEE

Recently, a few readings and podcasts reminded me that my goals and dreams are not about reaching the finish line, but about the process of getting there. If the proverbial genie were to grant my wildest dream or magically completed my most challenging goal, would I be happier than I am now? Probably not.

God has placed goals and dreams in our hearts. Maybe you want to get healthier, read that book, run a marathon, own a business, or get out of debt. Your goal may be worthy of pursuit, but the process, struggle, and growth are what transform you from who we are into who you were created to become. Ephesians 4:1 says, "I urge you to live a life worthy of the calling you have received." Don't be afraid to challenge yourself. Set a goal and pursue it with gusto! The journey itself is the key to your personal growth.

Setbacks and unexpected stumbling blocks are inevitable when pursuing a goal. Instead of bogging down, reflect on why you started your journey and who you hope to become through it. For example: If you set a goal to limit sweets, don't feel ashamed about the cravings you experience. Don't give in to the belief that you will never change. Instead, allow the urges to come and go, reminding yourself that you are worthy of change and health. The success or failure of your goal should not depend on "getting it right" 100% of the time, but rather on your ability to change yourself by respecting yourself and your goals.

When I work with clients on their nutrition and health goals, I help them shift their focus away from nutritional logistics (carb and calorie counting), and toward general food choices that will help them live a healthy lifestyle. Developing strong nutritional habits is better achieved by following the spirit instead of the letter of the law. I coach beyond basic nutrition principles and emphasize the mindset that helps support healthy food choices. If you want to try something new, check out this easy cauliflower stir-fry recipe.



LIVING SATISFIED
by Ellie Kinard
ELLIEKINARD@GMAIL.COM

CAULI- FLOWER STIR-FRY



Cauliflower stir-fry

Serves 2

Ingredients:

2 eggs
2 cups fresh or frozen riced cauliflower
1 handful green beans
2 tablespoons sliced almonds
1 cup broccoli florets
2 tablespoons olive oil/butter
2 tablespoons coconut aminos (or soy sauce)
Pinch of chili flakes
1/8-1/4 teaspoon ginger
Salt to taste

Directions

In a large skillet on medium-low heat add a tablespoon olive oil.

Crack 2 eggs into the pan and lightly scramble. Remove and set aside.

Add another TBS of olive oil begin to heat up your cauliflower for a 2-3 minutes.

Roughly chop-up your green beans and broccoli. Add your other veggies to the skillet and turn heat up to medium.

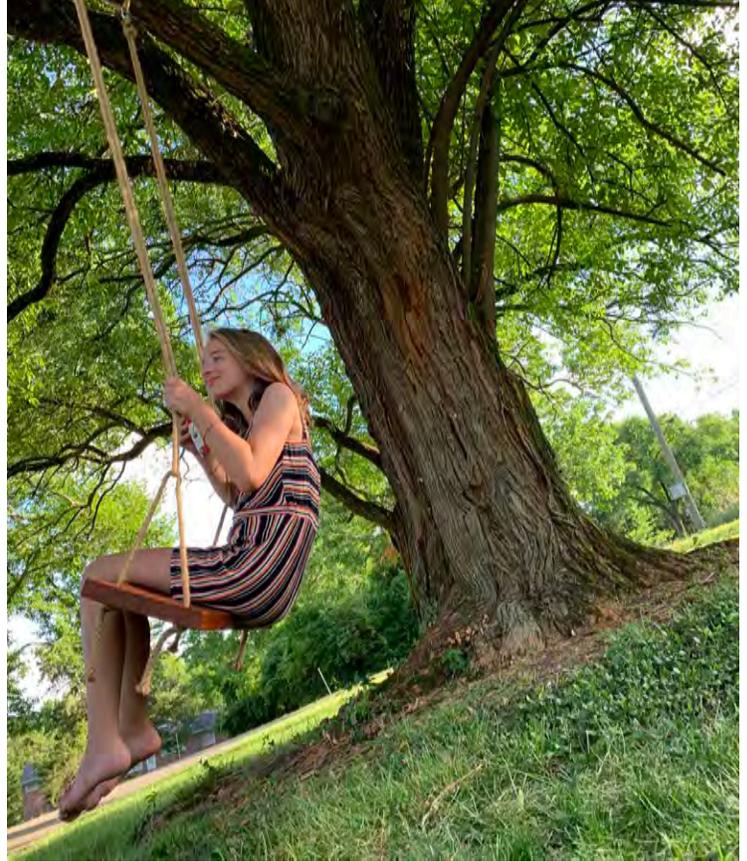
Continue cooking until your veggies begin to brown. Don't want to stir too often, just enough so that the cauliflower doesn't stick.

Once your veggies begin to brown, add in your almonds, coconut aminos, chili flakes, ginger, salt and your scrambled eggs.

Stir until well incorporated and serve hot.

THIS OLD HOUSE

TRANSFORMING THE MINISTRY HOUSE BACK INTO A RECTORY



Flannery Wood enjoying the swing at the rectory

I wanted to take a moment to reflect on the many accomplishments of the past year, including so many fantastic updates to the Ministry House (now known as "the Rectory!").

If you're not familiar with the project, the Ministry House has been used for several years as a general meeting and gathering space, as well as office space for the Youth and Music Directors. Last year, Fr. Sammy and I approached the vestry about converting the Ministry House back to a Rectory, a residence provided for priests and their families to live on the church campus. The decision was in part financial. St. B's would save money by no longer having to provide a housing allowance. We would save money by reducing housing costs. The decision was also theological. As Fr. Sammy put it, "proximity allows us to strengthen both our community and our call to daily prayer."

Once the conversion was approved, the vestry and the facilities committee used the opportunity to make some needed and aesthetic improvements to the Rectory. Inside they updated HVAC ducting, improved bathrooms, and added a bedroom closet. A contractor was hired to repair a long-standing foundation leak through the

by Renee Wood
RENEECWOOD@GMAIL.COM

functional addition of a front porch. The exterior was also greatly improved with the addition of a back patio, fencing, painting, and landscaping. Funding for the conversion was provided through the Nehemiah Fund, to be replenished over the next couple of years through housing-allowance savings.

The final stage of the conversion involved volunteers. And, oh, were there many! Staff and parishioners spent months moving furniture, relocating offices, purging years of accumulation. Volunteers painted, scrubbed grout, lined cabinets, polished floors, wired media, you name it! On move-in day, entire families showed up to help me and the kids while Fr. Sammy was out of town. They packed and put away dishes, unloaded and reloaded bookshelves, hung pictures, relocated closets, stocked food, and provided emotional support. Others donated great additions to the house: lamps, gift cards, basketball goal, porch bench, cherry tree, gas grill, patio furniture. One person commented that it felt like a traditional barn-raising. Indeed, it took a community.

On the following page is a list of just some of the volunteers who gave their time and resources to the project. From all of us here at St. B's, especially the Wood family, we say "THANK YOU!"

PROJECT: RECTORY



Project Coordinator Extraordinaire

Mimi Heldman

Jack-of-all-Trades

Brent Lawrence

Volunteers

St. B's Staff

Janie Ward-Hemmings

Anne Dobbs

Matt Chambers-Rhea

Meredith, Parker and Mitch Flynn

Robert Pullen

Russ Heldman

Tim Villager

Judson Abernathy

The Pregont Family

Pat and Bill Bowlby

Rick Wood

John Andrade

Chad Moore

Micah, Claude and Kathy Pressnell

The Beard Family

Jim Pichert

Bob Langriden

Keith Bordeaux

David Edwards

Nancy Cason

Ruth Wassynger

Rev. Mary Anne Akin

The Goss Family

Andrea & Maggie Sullivan

Rachael Moore

Kaci Allen

Nancy Pollitt

Ty Sparks

Ralph & Tracy Kennedy

Donations

Brian McMurray - Gas grill

The Heldmans - Lighting & cherry tree

Sammy & Renee Wood - Pool and decking

Greg & Leora Allan - Patio furniture

Eric & Lisa Goss- Basketball goal & porch bench

Nancy Pollit- Area rug

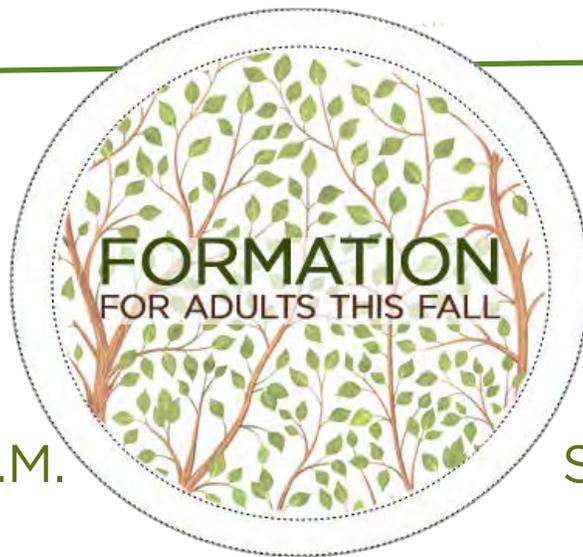
David Edwards- Tree swing



Top:Volunteers enjoying lunch together on the old steps after painting all morning in the rectory.

Middle Left: Brent Lawrence Middle Right: Mimi Heldman

Bottom:The finished rectory



SUNDAYS
10 - 10:50 A.M.

FIRST SESSION
SEPT. 8 - OCT. 27



Opening The Bible with Fr. Sammy, Fr. Travis, & Manuel Cruz in Wallace Hall

Archbishop Cranmer, in the preface to the first Book of Common Prayer (1549), ordained nothing to be read [in the Church's worship] but the very pure word of God. If the Bible is our primary authority, then how are we to read it as a community today? This class surveys the Bible's development and function, and explores a particularly Anglican way of reading Holy Scripture.

Hosted by our LifeBuilders class.



Centering Prayer with Rick Wood in Fr. Travis's office

Centering Prayer intentionally carves out quiet space in our noisy lives. This historic, contemplative prayer style has been at the heart of Christian Formation for centuries. The class is open to everyone, including newcomers and experienced contemplatives alike. For more information, please contact Rick Wood at rwood@ssr-inc.com.



Why the Mystics Matter Now: Contemplative Prayer that Forms Contemporary Life with Greg Voiles, downstairs in Rm. 99

What is a Christian Mystic? Who are these Christian Mystical writers and how might their wisdom, gleaned from a life of deep union with God through contemplative prayer, speak to us today? "Why the Mystics Matter Now" will introduce the Christian Mystical tradition, such as Meister Eckhart, Catherine of Sienna, Julian of Norwich, and Thomas Merton, and how the questions and wisdom of these mystics intersect with our contemporary Christian discipleship in surprising and powerful ways.



We Are St. B's with Sally Chambers & Guests, downstairs in Rm. 109

Have you ever wondered what it means exactly to be part of the St. B's family? What's the vestry do? How do I become a member or find community? Why all the parties and the sign-ups? Come ready for an exploration of who we are, what we do, and how you can be a part of this beautiful, weird family known as St. Bartholomew's. This class is a precursor to Intro to Anglicanism with Fr. Sammy and is great for newcomers and old-timers alike.

SECOND SESSION BEGINS NOV. 3 - DEC. 15 | CLASSES INCLUDE OPENING THE PRAYER BOOK, THE ANXIOUS AGE, AN ADVENT READINGS PRACTICUM.

NOVEMBER
2019

THE BELL

THE STORIES OF A PEOPLE CALLED ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

HELP DECORATE THE
TREE IN THE NAVE AT
10 A.M. ON DEC. 22



Scatter the darkness

STORIES FOR ADVENT AND CHRISTMASTIDE



Clergy:

The Rev. Sammy Wood, *Rector*

The Rev. Travis Hines, *Associate Rector*

The Rev. David Wilson, *Pastoral Assistant*

The Rev. Dr. Stu Phillips, *Priest Associate*

The Rev. Charlie Hall, *Deacon*

Laity:

Carla Schober, *Director of Family & Children Formation*

David Madeira, *Director of Music*

Sally Chambers-Rhea, *Director of Communications*

Hughes McGlone, *Director of Youth Formation*

Bev Mahan, *Verger & Assistant to the Rector for Liturgy*

Leslie Tomlinson, *Executive Assistant to the Rector*

Teresa Robinson, *Financial and Music Administrator*

Robert Smith, *Assistant for Pastoral Care*

Julia McGirt, *Organist*

Gaylene Latham, *Nursery Director*

Allison Hardwick, *Bookstore Manager*

Kelly Hull, *Preschool & Parent's Day Out Director*

Meredith Flynn, *Homeschool Tutorial Director*

Vestry:

Pat Bowlby, Andrew Smithen, Yvonne Poindexter, Molly Cole, Gretchen Abernathy, Heather James, Phyllis Xanthopoulos, Brea Cox, Winston Edwards, Brian Roark, Andrea Sullivan

Andy Michel, *Sr. Warden*

Gretchen Abernathy, *Jr. Warden*

Beth Ramsey, *Clerk*

David West, Jr. *Treasurer*

The Bell Curators & Editors:

Sally Chambers-Rhea & Margy Roark

4800 Belmont Park Terrace
Nashville, TN 37215
615.377.4750
www.stbs.net



4 WORDS MATTER

Editor and Director of Communications, Sally Chambers-Rhea introduces this edition of the Bell

Acolytes light the congregation's candles during last year's Advent Lessons and Carols.



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WALK THIS WAY

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WE DO. IT IS.

I refuse to deck my halls until the first day of Advent.

But as soon as that sacred threshold is crossed, I am full-on. Give me all the lights, 24/7 Christmas music, concerts, decorating, baking, toasting, gathering, and shopping. I love December and all its "busy" because I love the stillness and silence that underlies it all.

As the days shorten and the dark sets in, these things bring comfort and joy, and let loose shimmers of light from Jesus, our Emmanuel, who was and is and is to come. Since Advent is a sacramental season, I choose to believe that we do all these things outwardly in the hope that Jesus will come once again and do things inwardly; and let's be real, the outside world could use some tending, too.

As this edition of *The Bell* came together and I pondered another Advent, one song has been on a continuous loop in my car and on my mind. The verses in Q&A format point to a reality that whispers in the darkness of this holy time.

Do you feel the world is broken? *We do.*
Do you feel the shadows deepen? *We do.*
But do you know that all the dark won't stop the light from getting through? *We do.*
Do you wish that you could see it all made new? *We do.*

Is all creation groaning? *It is.*
Is a new creation coming? *It is.*
Is the glory of the Lord to be the light within our midst? *It is.*
Is it good that we remind ourselves of this? *It is!*

So through the sacraments of Advent, may Jesus remind you of your heart's cry, our unfinished world, and the beauty still found in the dark. And may this edition of *The Bell* crack open the door into Advent and carry you all the way to Epiphany with stories of darkness, light, gifts, maps, *hygge*, greens, music, convention, chalk, and chalices.



WORDS MATTER
Sally Chambers
Director of Communications
schambers@stbs.net



1. Songwriters: Andrew Peterson / Ben Shive. Is He Worthy? lyrics © The Bicycle Music Company, Music Services, Inc

CAROL

Flocks feed by darkness with a noise of whispers,
In the dry grass of pastures,
And lull the solemn night with their weak bells.

The little towns upon the rocky hills
Look down as meek as children:
Because they have seen come this holy time.

God's glory, now, is kindled gentler than low candlelight
Under the rafters of a barn:
Eternal Peace is sleeping in the hay,
And Wisdom's born in secret in a straw-roofed stable.

And O! Make holy music in the stars, you happy angels.
You shepherds, gather on the hill.
Look up, you timid flocks, where the three kings
Are coming through the wintery trees;

While we unnumbered children of the wicked centuries
Come after with our penance and our prayers,
And lay them down in the sweet-smelling hay
Beside the wise men's golden jars.

by Thomas Merton

"Carol" by Thomas Merton, from THE COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS MERTON, copyright ©1946, 1947 by New Directions Publishing Corp. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp



FOR THE LIFE
OF THE WORLD
Fr. Sammy Wood Rector
swood@stbs.net

ADVENT BEGINS IN THE DARK

The nights are getting longer, the temperatures are (finally!) dropping, and we're turning the calendar to a new leaf, a new season. In Nashville and throughout the church in the northern hemisphere, a growing dark is the telltale sign that the end of the church year has come again.

I wonder sometimes if I'm alone in sensing a growing dark in the world around us, as well as in the shortening days? Like the smoke from wildfires that darkens the sky in California as I type at my desk, the steady rumble of politics as bloodsport leaches light from our collective American sky.

But there's hope. As I once heard Rev. Fleming Rutledge say –

Advent begins in the dark.

This issue of *the Bell* invites us again into the season of Advent – the period at the head of the ecclesiastical year, beginning on the Sunday nearest the feast of St. Andrew (30 November) and spanning the four Sundays before Christmas Day. As we say every year, Advent is a time of anticipation, of waiting, of watching. At the turn of the first Christian millennium, St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153) described Advent as the "sacrament" of God's presence in the world – the liturgical embodiment of a mysterious truth: That the concrete reality of Jesus' "already" victory over the powers of death exists alongside all our brokenness and darkness in a hidden, all-too-often unseen, "not yet" way. Every Advent, the Church ponders these things in her heart.

Advent is so much more than what it's been reduced to in the western Church – simply the "get set" before the "Go!" of Christmas, a season of preparation for the coming of the Christ child, and a time when Episcopalians smugly declare to the less enlightened of our Protestant brothers and sisters that it's "not Christmas yet!" More than any other season of the church year, Advent forces us to reckon with the darkness that gathers around us and ask anew whether the gospel has anything important to say to our world.

I, for one, am more convinced than ever that the gospel is the *only* important word we can ever say. Important because it recognizes that things are not as they should be, and it promises that God *will* do something about that. In the meantime, friends, we have our own work to do.

St. Bernard famously preached about the "three comings" of the Lord at Advent:

In the first coming he was seen on earth, dwelling among men In the final coming all flesh will see the salvation of our God, and they will look on him whom they pierced. The intermediate coming is a hidden one: in it only the elect see the Lord within their own selves, and they are saved.

The intermediate coming is *to* and *through* us! Jesus himself said "Anyone who loves me will obey my teaching. My Father will love them, and we will come to them and make our home with them." (John 14.23) This coming to us happens in our hearts when we love and

COMPLINE

From the Book of Common Prayer
Sunday - Friday during Advent
9 p.m. on Facebook Live

*Guide us waking, O Lord, and guard us sleeping; that awake
we may watch with Christ, and asleep we may rest in peace.*

trust Jesus. And the coming *through* us happens when we act to combat the darkness we encounter in the world. In her book of sermons, *Advent: The Once and Future Coming of Jesus Christ*, Fleming Rutledge uses this military metaphor for the Church:

We are paratroopers who secure a place behind the enemy lines. We are God's commandos, guerrillas, and resistance fighters in the territory occupied by the enemy, who participate in establishing "signs and beachheads" signifying ultimate victory.

Over the course of the season of Advent, there is lots of to do around the parish – Lessons & Carols, Family Christmas (try to resist the urge to judge the misnomer, seeing as how "it's not Christmas yet!"), decorate our Paradise Tree, Compline live on Facebook and come to the pageant – but don't neglect the other activity the season calls us to. We're called to wait and watch, to be sure, but we're also called to the work of resistance, both in our own homes and in the world around us. Resist cynicism; resist the achievement narrative; resist

the desire to accumulate and hoard, as well as the instinct to blame. Bravely hold the light of Christ in the gathering dark.

We do not keep Advent simply "to get ready for Christmas." But we can only really keep Christmas if we have first passed through Advent and really heard its messages of judgment and hope. This year, I invite you to enter Advent fully with my family and me.

Prepare to celebrate the anniversary of Jesus' first Advent as God's love incarnate.

Prepare for his last Advent as judge at the end of time. And prepare for him to be born in our own hearts and homes.

O Come, Emmanuel.

Your Rector.



SPACE FOR GRACE



LIFE IN CHRIST

by Fr. Travis Hines
Associate Rector
thines@stbs.net

On the wall across from my desk hangs an etching created by a friend of mine. A person, painted blue, sits hunched over in despair, in grief, in prayer—I'm not sure which. My interpretation changes depending on the day. Unseen by the person, and probably unfelt, the green hand of God gently reaches down, two fingers entering the body from behind. The fingers and the body merge into red, the beginning of a yet-to-be perceived change that is nonetheless real.

My friend titled the piece, "Redeem." I call it, "Space for Grace." In seasons of waiting, hurting, and yearning, something happens when we pause in God's presence. There is opportunity for God's grace to enter our lives in a unique way. We can participate with Jesus by intentionally creating space for grace through spiritual disciplines. Ruth Haley Barton describes such practices like this: "Spiritual disciplines are activities that open us

to God's transforming love and the changes that only God can bring about in our lives."

The season of Advent, full of waiting and watching, is an opportunity to renew—or begin—such practices. I would like to suggest two for you to consider. First, pray through one or more parts of the Daily Office found in our *Book of Common Prayer*:

- **Morning Prayer:** Rite Two begins on page 75, and awakens you to prayers and scriptures first thing.
- **Noonday Prayer** on page 103 provides a reorienting pause in the middle of your day.
- **Evening Prayer:** Rite Two, page 115, helps the rush of the day settle into God's embrace for the evening.
- **Compline:** on page 127, among the most beautiful liturgies, prepares your heart for the unseen work God does as you enter sleep.
- **Simplified forms:** of all of these can be found on pages 137-140, each one taking no more than five minutes.

Throughout Advent, Morning and Evening Prayer and Compline can be prayed with others at St. B's—we gather in the nave every morning at 8:30am for Morning Prayer (and at 7am on Wednesdays and Sundays) and at 5:30pm for Evening Prayer; staff members take turns leading Compline on Facebook Live Monday through Saturday at 9 p.m. You could also try downloading apps such as "electronic Common Prayer" or "Pray As You Go."

Another discipline I've found particularly helpful during Advent is praying through some form of liturgy for lighting an Advent wreath. Some years my family does this nightly, some years we do it weekly. There will be



"Redeem" by Scott Laumann

the opportunity to create Advent wreaths between the services on December 1, and one suggested liturgy will be provided there. Another form, and my personal favorite, is the "Advent Candle Liturgy" found in *Celtic Daily Prayer: Book Two* that poetically retells our Story from creation to Christ, adding new details each week.

Regardless of the practices you choose, I encourage you to create "space for grace" this Advent. To quote Ruth Haley Barton one more time, "Spiritual disciplines give the Holy Spirit space to brood over our souls." And where the Holy Spirit broods, light and life grow.



MAKE AN
Advent Wreath
FOR YOUR HOME

BETWEEN SERVICES
Sun., Dec. 2
\$15/wreath

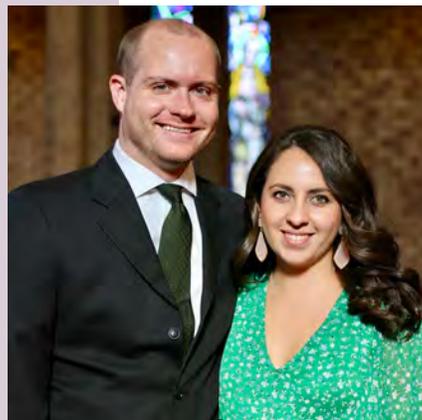
WE GIVETHANKS

for

Justin and Susana Schober, and their wedding blessing at St. Bartholomew's on November 2.

Charlotte Lyn Garcia, daughter of Shannyn & David, born October 2.

Ruth Year Martin, daughter of Boram & Andrew, born on October 3.



Justin and Susana.



SETTING THE TABLE
Thorunn McCoy, Altar Guild
tmccoy@usn.org

GLEAMING IN THE DARK

AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE
LORD FOREVER -PSALM 23:6

These are the days when night draws in; darkness pulls us closer to one another and to home. Inside, candles and soft fabrics, the essentials of the Danish *hygge*, or a feeling of coziness, feather our nests as colder winds approach. Adding branches of evergreens, we carry a bit of the outdoors inside to remind us that not everything beyond our walls is inhospitable. Soon the days will become longer, and crocuses and snowdrops will begin to peep from the frosty ground. Decorations for Christmas recall our happy times with friends and family--some gone, some present but older--and transform our homes. Advent calendars and wreaths bring the daily anticipation of light and chocolates. Sleigh bells on doors make a festive sound with each entrance or exit, announcing our families and guests with mirth. At the table, we wrap our hands around bowls whose fragrance nourishes our souls with earthy vegetables made princely by broth, herb, and time. And, of course, the hearth with its crackling fire pulls us together. Shadows and flames playing out against faces flush with contentment and eyes that droop earlier than during the summer months.

Similar to our homes, our church also displays all these markers of the season that draw us closer to Christ, who came "to shine on those living in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the path of peace." (Luke 1:79)

During Advent, candles burn brightly, keeping the darkness at bay and heralding our Savior's coming. At Christmas Eve Mass, our church becomes shadow-filled, a different look from the usual sunshine of morning services. The lines on the stained-glass-saints' faces intensify in the different light. Somehow they seem older, more expectant. The lighting of the hand-held candles creates a wave of warmth that envelopes our hearts with the momentousness of Jesus' birth. Nothing will be the same ever again. Light has conquered the winter's darkness in soul and place.

Advent's purple hangings signal a shift from the green of Ordinary time and assure us that things aren't the same as they were in October. During many of the masses, fragrant clouds of incense roll through the church and overwhelm us with exotic smells foreign to our daily lives. Frankincense and myrrh preface the unfolding



drama of faithful kings and brutal death. The smoke rises and pervades the sanctuary reminding us we are not alone. A cloud of witnesses worships and waits with us.

Above the altar, the floral arrangement shares much in common with our homes. Gone are the just-picked blooms of the meadows. Like a walk through the woods, the crisp reds of holly and nandina berries arrest our attention with a shock of color contrasting with the browns of the decomposing leaves and the grey-beige bark. Textures dominate. The scruffiness of twigs with their knobby joints, the differences between the feathery fir needles and the pointy pines, and the boxwood's small leaves that nearly disappear into larger forms of green call to mind the variation of God's creation and that even during the darkest times, beauty will always exist. It is a gift to us, a promise as miraculous as any rainbow; God will never leave us.



Like bringing out grandmother's soup tureen, the chalices that hold the wine and the ciboria that hold the wafers also recall our larger Christian family. The chalice donated in memory of Vic Berger, a stocky and hospitable man who strode ashore with General MacArthur, resembles the former parishioner. Similarly, William "Hearn" Bradley's cup and paten, the small plate that holds the priests' host, also memorialize a long-lost member of God's household. His parents, founding members at St. B's, never got over their son's death on the USS Indianapolis. Still, they are with us; their stories always a part of our own. Remembered through Jesus' love for us, we share in the Feast of the Lamb.

This season, dwell in the house of the Lord—at home and at St. B's—and rejoice.

Top: A congregational candle from the 10:30 Eucharist on Christmas Eve. Bottom: Vic's chalice and Hearn's paten and chalice are used every Sunday.



Decorating with evergreens during winter is an ancient tradition, and many plants we currently use to “deck the halls” during Christmastide naturally occur in Tennessee. Pagan cultures decorated with evergreens during the winter solstice that occurs around December 21. Evergreens reminded those cultures that even at the shortest day of the year, the life-sustaining crops would return as daylight hours increased. The Romans held similar solstice celebrations on December 25. As Christianity spread throughout the Roman Empire, it’s likely that the early church incorporated the date of these celebrations as well as some of the customs as part of Christ’s Mass or Christmas. The custom of the

Christmas tree likely originated in Latvia or Germany in the 15th or 16th century.

Although many of the exact plant species used for Christmas decorations in Europe do not naturally occur in North America, Tennessee possesses some of the same families and genera of plants, and it’s easy to enjoy these species during winter hikes along your favorite trail.

Fraser fir is popular for Christmas trees especially as its flat, soft-needed branches easily support decorative ornaments. The species’ natural range is limited to the

DECK THE HALLS

PEACE IN WILD THINGS
by Roger McCoy
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high elevations of the southern Appalachians, and within this area, tree farmers cultivate Fraser fir for Christmas trees. For St. B's parishioners to enjoy Fraser fir within its native range, the closest areas include Carver's Gap, located up the road from Roan Mountain State Park in far northeast Tennessee and Clingman's Dome in Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Those who grew up in Middle Tennessee remember using eastern red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*) for Christmas trees. Not a true cedar as mentioned in the Bible (genus *Cedrus*) but a juniper, eastern red cedar occurs throughout the state and makes up part of the natural landscape within our cedar glades and woodlands at Cedars of Lebanon and Long Hunter State Parks.

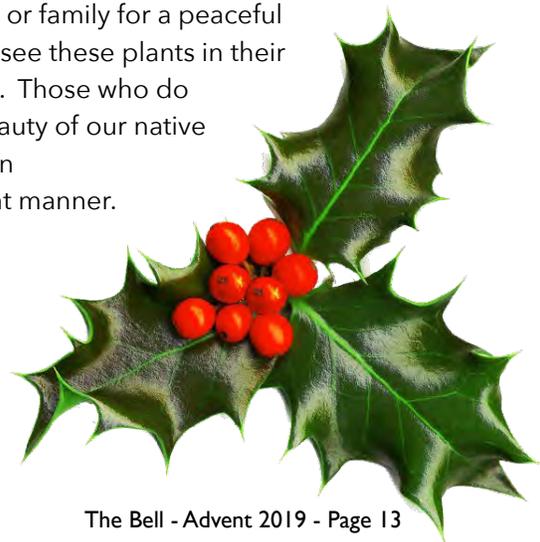
Those who "deck" or decorate their halls with boughs of holly likely use American holly (*Ilex opaca*) whose red berries and evergreen foliage stand in stark contrast to the muted tones of winter. Legend has it that pre-Christian Europeans thought the spiny leaves of holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), would defend against evil spirits. As with other evergreens, holly became a Christmas custom, and its red berries and thorn-like leaves took on additional meaning to believers as demonstrated in the English carol "The Holly and the Ivy," which includes the lyrics "the holly bears a berry, as red as any blood" and "bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn, and Mary bore sweet Jesus on Christmas day in the morn." Preferring more acidic soils, American holly naturally occurs throughout much of the state including Pickett State Park and Fall Creek Falls State Park atop the Cumberland Plateau.

In pre-Christian Britain, Druid priests would climb a tree and cut mistletoe to begin a ritual that culminated with the sacrifice of two white bulls. How this ritual transferred to the tradition of hanging mistletoe at Christmas remains lost to history, but the practice of kissing beneath

mistletoe likely began in Victorian England. *Phoradendron leucarpum* is the species of mistletoe native to eastern North America and occurs throughout Tennessee as a hemiparasite on a number of different tree species. "Hemiparasite" indicates the species relies on its host plant for energy but also contains chlorophyll and photosynthesizes, albeit minimally; full parasitic plants lack chlorophyll and are not green. Except for extreme infestations, mistletoe doesn't adversely impact its host tree. Best seen in the winter months when deciduous trees have lost their leaves, a number of trees within our parish's neighborhood contain mistletoe.

We need not limit our holiday decorations to holly, mistletoe, or coniferous tree species. In the southeast, other evergreen species such as certain magnolias, laurel, or rhododendron provide beautiful Yuletide decoration. While other plants lay dormant, evergreen species like Christmas fern, eastern red cedar, partridge berry, fan clubmoss, eastern hemlock, pines, or various mosses and lichens deliver color during the long and somewhat drab winter months.

Wreaths, swags, trees, or other arrangements using native plants add to many families' Christmas celebrations. A creative activity to add to this year's holiday merriment is to invite friends or family for a peaceful winter's hike to see these plants in their natural habitats. Those who do may see the beauty of our native evergreens in an entirely different manner.



NOT ALWAYS SUNSHINE, RAINBOWS, & PUPPY DOGS



WAITING FOR THE CALL
Deacon Charlie Hall
CHALL@STBS.NET

I was working out at the gym and my phone rang. It was my father telling me a letter had arrived with a return address of "The Episcopal Diocese of Tennessee". My father asked if he could open the letter to which I emphatically responded, "What are you waiting for!" I was paralyzed with an anticipation of nervous fear and excitement and I did not alight from the elliptical machine. It seemed like an eternity for my father to open the letter. In that seeming abyss of silence, I knew that in a moment I would finally know if I was to proceed in the process towards ordination.

A couple of years before, I participated in vocational discernment in my parish, Christ Church Cathedral. Once a month for six months, I met with a committee wherein we discerned together the potentiality of my vocation as a priest in the Episcopal Church. At the conclusion of the discernment process, they voted for me to proceed. The next step was to meet with the vestry. Once again I was met with a challenging and rigorous examination. After our meeting the vestry recommended me for Holy Orders to the Bishop of Tennessee.

The next step was to meet with the Diocesan Commission on Ministry. It was comprised of clergy and lay people from the Diocese of Tennessee. Upon completing two meetings with the commission, it was time to wait to hear if I would proceed towards ordination: The waiting was excruciating. One month turned into two. Two turned into three. In the middle of the third month I began to experience some anxiety. The fourth month came and I still had not heard anything.

On that day in February of 2018, I heard my father say, "I am pleased to tell you I am admitting you as a postulant for ordination to the priesthood in the Diocese of Tennessee." Overcome, I leapt with joy off the elliptical machine and shouted at the top of my lungs.

My path towards ordination has been marked with long moments of waiting, intense introspection, and a reliance on prayer. Admittedly throughout this process, there were many moments that were not filled with sunshine, rainbows, and sweet, cute puppy dogs.

I am thankful for the arduous process it took to become a priest, leading me to St. B's. The first time I served the hosts during Eucharist at St. B's, I experienced the manifestation of the Holy Spirit in a profound palpable way. I had to pause to gather myself. It was during that moment my heart was filled with such gratitude that God had placed me here! Moreover, I am so excited to celebrate my first-ever Eucharist here in this parish. After all these years, I still cannot believe that ordination is fast approaching – I hope to see you there! Thanks be to God.

**TAKE PART IN DEACON CHARLIE'S
ORDINATION ON SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 7, 10 A.M. AT ST. B'S**

Two Advent Practices

by Shannon Truss

One thing I love about our Anglican tradition is the emphasis on Advent as a distinct season from Christmas.

There are important lessons in Advent's waiting and watching. To this end, for the last few years I have kept a practice of looking for the Advent Word of the Day published by the Society of St. John the Evangelist and Virginia Theological Seminary. Daily I receive an email with the word of the day, a brief reflection, and an invitation to respond with a picture, poem, drawing, or meditation.

I've found if I watch and wait, God will show me the word. Once I've found the word of the day, I share a photo representing that word on social media using #adventword. This creates a digital, global Advent calendar.

This year, I plan to add the practice of a reverse Advent Calendar, where I collect a food item for a food bank daily. I want to use my head, heart and hands this Advent to ponder and celebrate the mystery and wonder of the Incarnation.



LEARN MORE AT ADVENTWORD.ORG

MESSAGES TO ME

REFLECTIONS ON ADVENT & STEWARDSHIP

by Rodger Dinwiddie, Chair of the Stewardship Team

It would be arrogant to believe that messages for me regarding Advent and Stewardship are anyone else's. So, I will stick to first person pronouns. Maybe there is something for you!

I am in a beautiful hotel looking out at the Magnificent Mile in Chicago as I reflect on questions about the subject ... Advent and Stewardship. What more can possibly be said that has not already been written or spoken about these subjects? Maybe nothing new, but I do have at least one question. What might be my take-away this Advent?

As I look out the window, it won't be long before the scene below me becomes even more frenzied and crazy than it is this November evening. The sights and sounds, the blowing horns, the mass of people caught up in the frenzied and often annoying chaos of the "Season." But what season?

Chris Harris, (Assistant Rector at St. Bs in Poway, California) asks us, "While the rest of the world is going

crazy during the highest of consumer holidays, "Black Friday," why don't we as believers take a deep dive into our relationship with money and stuff?" (I'd add our time, spiritual gifts, and our degree of generosity and joy.)

So, here is my big message: **Slow down!!!** All I have to do is look out the window for the reminder of how necessary it is to slow down, be still, and as it was said of the Virgin Mary, "ponder these things in my heart."

In these frenzied days leading up to Christmas, I need to constantly consider the importance of simplifying, and maintain vigilance in keeping ever before me that Advent is a season of joy, generosity, gratitude, preparation, and reflection. I seek to draw nearer and closer to Jesus, the greatest gift. I seek further transformation during this season of preparation. So, help me, Lord, to constantly be making room for You, in the midst of sometimes crazy competition for my heart and my very being. Make space for Jesus. Others have suggested some simple things that I can do to stay present, expectant, and remain open to stewardship opportunities:

- Keep a daily gratitude list
- Each day, share, give or do something that no one else knows about
- Carve out sacred time to invest in cherished relationships
- Get rid of things I don't really need
- Don't create unnecessary chaos ... slow down, be still, and as one writer has said, "Be awake to the Divine Mystery that looks so ordinary yet is wonderfully present." (Hays)



Before I looked out the window of my hotel room, I read powerful words from the pen of Father Brian Cavanaugh. "Charities abound calling out for Christians from every side. There will be nonstop opportunities to give, share and donate." He continues, "Unfortunately, these works of charity so easily can assuage the Christian conscience, while doing nothing to bring about a solution to the root causes of the problem. Works of justice, on the other hand, follow *the road less traveled* of Advent's hope to pursue solutions for difficult problems. Hope comes through works of justice rather than simply performing works of charity."

My good friend leads a ministry providing support to people living in poverty. During Advent, the program, Pride for Parents (PFP) offers parents the opportunity to maintain their self-worth and value by allowing them to purchase gifts through their donation of time, working at the PFP store. Parents receive satisfaction

knowing that they too are stewards of God's generosity. More than "charity" there is dignity. This seems to be the way of justice and the way of Jesus.

I am looking toward this Advent Season with expectation and an eye toward being a better steward of the life which I have been given by the great Giver, the Lord, Jesus. May I keep the vision of my hotel window before me.

NOVEMBER 24 CONCLUDES OUR STEWARDSHIP SEASON FOR THIS YEAR. PLEASE RESPOND WITH YOUR PLEDGE SO WE CAN PLAN FOR 2020.



JOYOUS ESSENTIALS



by *Meredith Flynn*

Director of Catechesis of the Good Shepherd
catechesis@stbs.net

A few weeks ago, we presented a lesson in the atrium called, "The Raised Surface Map of the Land of Israel" to our 3 through 6 year olds. Settled in on the floor of the quiet room, I watched the children scoot closer and closer to the map as their attention was drawn to it. Their small hands, still some with dimpled knuckles, skimmed over the rough, raised land as well as the smooth, blue painted water. They listened intently as Gaylene named the three most important cities in the life of Jesus. I overheard Easton, age 4, whispering the names to himself, "Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem." They pondered the place where Mary first heard that she would be the mother of God, the town where the Child would be born, and the city where He taught, died, and rose again. The children placed small wooden flags in the map to mark the location of these holy cities. Once the flags were placed, they stared at the map for a moment, quietly satisfied.

I first learned about Catechesis twelve years ago when our oldest son, Parker, was three. The program was brand new to St. B's. I'm sure I may have wondered then why anyone would share a geography lesson with a three year old. Isn't geography quite an abstract concept for a young child?

Each year, as my own beloved sons change and grow, and as I witness the joyful metamorphosis of other children in our St. B's family, I am ever more thankful for and convinced of the simple, beautiful realities revealed in our atrium time. Each material on the shelf, each lesson shared, in fact, the entire environment, is designed to honor the mysterious and unique relationship that already exists between God and the child.

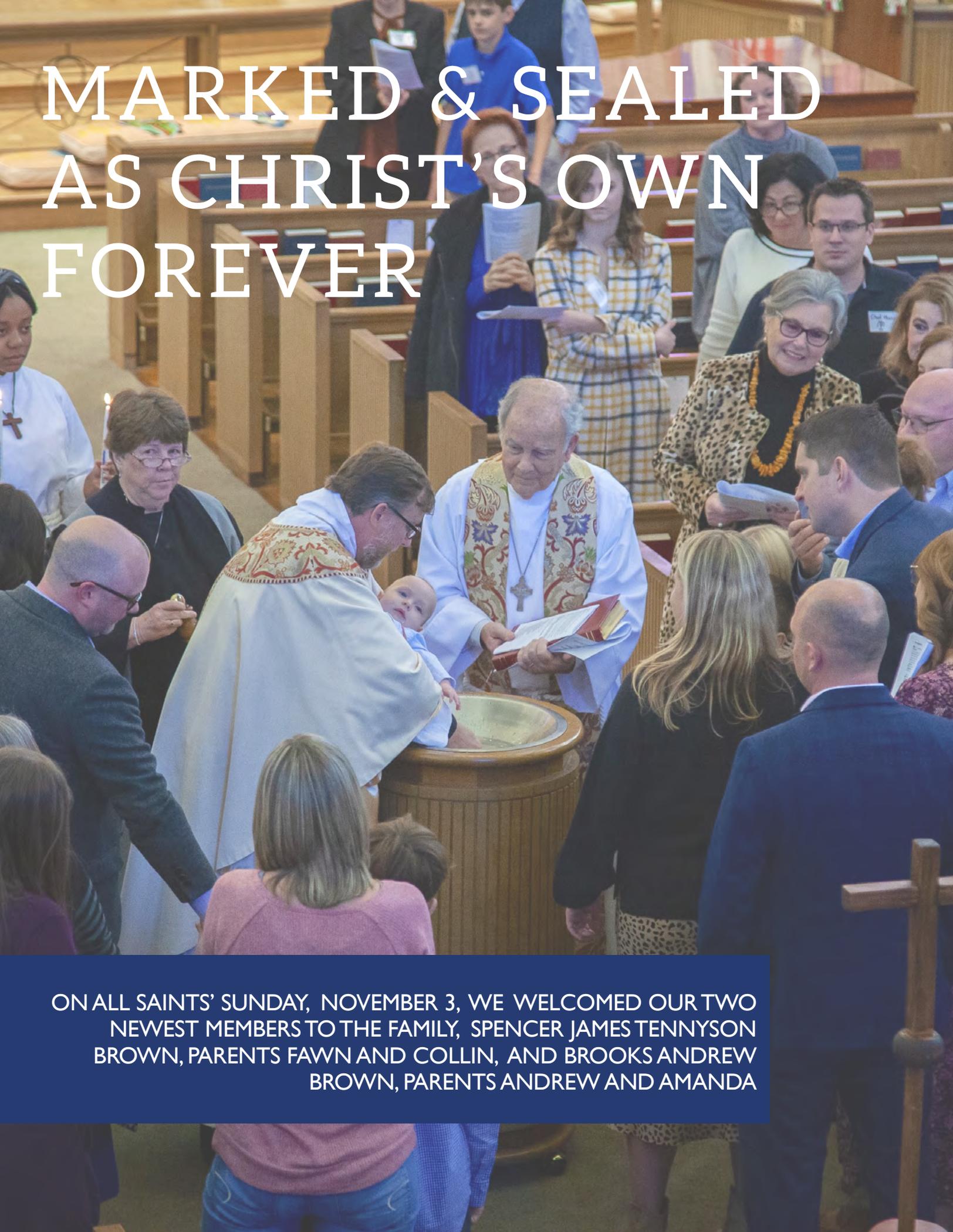
So what could be essential about the geography lesson



we shared last week? The children already know Him. The Good Shepherd is already the one who loves them, cares for them and calls them by name. Sharing the raised map of Israel is another proclamation of the true and living God. Jesus walked on this land, in a real time, in a real place, loving others then as we know He loves us now. Jesus was and is here among us. He is not only in our imaginations.

As we approach Advent, the children will hear of the land of Israel once again in the Infancy Narratives. We will hear the Gospel accounts of The Annunciation to Mary, The Visitation to Elizabeth, The Adoration of the Shepherds, The Adoration of the Magi, and The Presentation in the Temple. We will consider how the people in the stories were moved by God's acts of love and how we might respond to these acts as well.

This Advent may we all pray for the grace to know the "essentials", and receive the gift with the joy of a child.



MARKED & SEALED AS CHRIST'S OWN FOREVER

ON ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, WE WELCOMED OUR TWO
NEWEST MEMBERS TO THE FAMILY, SPENCER JAMES TENNYSON
BROWN, PARENTS FAWN AND COLLIN, AND BROOKS ANDREW
BROWN, PARENTS ANDREW AND AMANDA



THE NEGLECTED GLORY OF CHRISTMAS 1

HOW CAN I KEEP
MYSELF FROM
SINGING?

by *David Madeira*
Director of Music
dmadeira@stbs.net

I'll just come right out and say it: I absolutely dread the arrival of Christmas music on the airwaves as it happens in the fall. I can't stand it. The second Halloween ends, the onslaught begins: the non-stop barrage of that steady little sleigh-bell pulse on the radio, in every TV ad, in every store and public place.

Am I just a scrooge? Bah-humbug, get off my lawn Rudolph, and all that? By no means! The reason I can't stand all this racket isn't because I hate Christmas music – it's because I *love* it so much! I value it greatly and can't stand to see it desecrated as nothing more than a peppy soundtrack to induce our profligate spending.

I also can't stand to see our culture's complete obliviousness to the season of Advent. I'm so grateful to be a part of a liturgical tradition that stubbornly maintains that we *let Advent be Advent* so that we can properly *let Christmas be Christmas*.

But one of the difficulties that I find in being in this tradition is this: by the time Advent is finally over, by the time Christmas has arrived, just as the Church is poised and ready to launch into twelve straight days of Christmas celebration... in the eyes of our culture, Christmas is *done*. The presents have been unwrapped, the fruit cake has been thrown in the trash, and after two months of non-stop Christmas music on

the airwaves, no one wants to hear another "fa-la-la," let alone a *Gloria in excelsis Deo*.

Since our congregation tends to vacation, or take a "low Sunday", post-Christmas, it ends up that, after holding off on Christmas music all month, we have only one night – Christmas Eve – to fully indulge in some of our most loved hymns and carols. And even then, people are antsy to get in and out of church and get home to all of the festivities.

So what we basically end up with in the church is Christmas Eve, Christmas morning (though most folks don't usually come to both of those!), and one, sometimes two, Sundays in the Christmas season to get out the Yuletide cheer. And so I encourage you not to consider the Sunday after Christmas a "low" Sunday, but rather to remember its proper name: the First Sunday of Christmas, a continuation of celebration that began in the evening of December 24.

"Christmas 1," the Sunday after Christmas, of so little thought in our culture, and what a loss! I have come to love this Sunday so much – this humble, low-in-attendance day that the Church nevertheless maintains as its continued celebration of Christmas. While a visitor without experience in a liturgical denomination might puzzle at why these Episcopalian weirdos are still singing Christmas carols around New Year's, we do so because for us, Christmas didn't *end* with the story of



St. B's Family Christmas Concert Sunday, Dec. 15, 6:30 p.m.

RSVP for childcare for 4 yrs & under by
Dec. 11 to churchoffice@stbs.net

Jesus' birth – that was just the *beginning* of our celebration! While the rest of the culture has it completely backwards, our Advent scrooginess makes these twelve days and the Sunday (sometimes two Sundays) therein all the sweeter.

At St. B's we have gotten into the practice of making "Christmas 1" a one-service Sunday, combining our congregations into one service, which always makes for a festive occasion ripe for strong congregational singing. This year we actually have two Sundays in Christmas (Dec. 29 & Jan. 5). I hope that, if you are in town, you will prioritize these Sundays this year, and come join in the celebration as our carols continue and we lean fully into the meaning and mystery of the incarnation and nativity of Jesus.

And even outside of the church walls, how can we preserve the integrity of the true Christmas season and continue to celebrate it at home, and with friends and neighbors? And how might that safeguarding of our Christmas spirituality require some counter-cultural habits during Advent, when the culture

around us is in full Christmas swing? For me, the strongest inoculation against the "Christmas creep" in Advent is the sobering awareness of the spirit behind all that culture merry-making, which is typically nothing other than the gods of consumerism demanding our allegiance. Though it makes me a little Scrooge-y, I plug my ears, mute the TV ads, keep my head down and wait for Christmas to truly begin.

When I shut out those voices, hard as it can be in November and December, I find myself more fully able to enjoy the spirit of the December 24 through January 5, the true Christmas season, in all its glory and good tidings of comfort and joy.

**HOW WILL YOU MARK THE 12 DAYS OF
THE CHRISTMAS SEASON THIS YEAR?**

Christmastide Service Times

Christmas Eve, Tuesday, Dec. 24

4:30 p.m. Holy Eucharist with Pageant

10:10 p.m. Carol Sing

10:30 p.m. Holy Eucharist with Candlelight

Christmas Day, Wednesday, Dec. 25

10:30 a.m. Family Eucharist

All ages are invited to participate in the liturgy

Nursery will not be offered on Christmas Day

First Sunday of Christmas, Dec. 29

9:30 a.m. Family Eucharist

Nursery for 3 yrs. and under. All ages are invited to participate in the liturgy. No formation classes

The Twelfth Day of Christmas,
January 5

8:30 & 11 a.m. Family Eucharist

Nursery for 3 yrs. and under. All ages are invited to participate in the liturgy. No formation classes.

DOES YOUR CHILD WANT TO PARTICIPATE
IN THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT ON
CHRISTMAS EVE? EMAIL CARLA SCHOBER
AT CSCHOBER@STBS.NET FOR MORE INFO.



MEDITERRANEAN BLUE

If you are a child of a refugee, you do not
sleep easily when they are crossing the sea
on small rafts and you know they can't swim.
My father couldn't swim either. He swam through
sorrow, though, and made it to the other side
on a ship, pitching his old clothes overboard
at landing, then tried to be happy, make a new life.
But something inside him was always paddling home,
clinging to anything that floated—a story, a food, or face.
They are the bravest people on earth right now,
don't dare look down on them. Each mind a universe
swirling as many details as yours, as much love
for a humble place. Now the shirt is torn,
the sea too wide for comfort, and nowhere
to receive a letter for a very long time.
And if we can reach out a hand, we better.

Naomi Shihab Nye

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BEING KNOWN
Margy Roark
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WILL YOU LISTEN TO IT?

PAM GOODENOUGH, ORGAN SUB, JOYFUL NOISE
DIRECTOR, CHOIR MEMBER & MORE

On a Sunday evening not long ago, a group of young kids sat in a circle in a church basement room. They leaned forward to hear what their teacher was saying. They didn't have to lean far. Pam Goodenough lay on her stomach, part of the circle, her head almost touching theirs. "Do you know who this is?" she asked, flourishing a bookmark-sized picture of a ringleted J.S. Bach. "Hildegard von Bingen," one kid yelled out. My eyebrow shot up. Hildegard von Bingen was a nun and composer of the 12th century, not usually on the tip of a ten-year-old's tongue. (Turns out, Hildegard had been the saint up for discussion the week before.) A brief, engaging history of Bach followed. We learned that Bach began every composition by writing "*Jesu juve*" or "Jesus help me" at the top of the manuscript and ended with "To God alone the Glory." Then came Play-Doh and its natural accompaniment, Bach's "Little Fugue" in G Minor. "Will you listen to it?" Pam whispered to the kids while they worked on their dough, as if she was about to let them in on the most delicious secret.

Pam and Tim Goodenough first came to St. B's in 2016, when they moved to Nashville to be close to their daughter and her family. They were touched by the

order and beauty of the worship service—how the music is integrated into the service, chosen with exquisite attention to the liturgy. This braiding together of service and music, Pam believes, both affirms and connects us in other ways beyond the service. With music coursing through, we take in the liturgy in a bone-deep way. The couple wanted to be part of this vitality and joined the choir.

Pam now fills in for Julia McGirt as organ player and teaches "Joyful Noise": a children's music class that started this fall, as a new incarnation of St. B's Children's Music Ministry, begun so beautifully by Julia and Sherry Page, five years ago. The kids, ages four to twelve, will sing in front of the church periodically and practice their songs in class, though performance is not the point. Pam's purpose, as she writes in a description of the class, is to ready them for "lifelong music making in the church and their world." The kids develop basic musical skills, engage in musical play and exploration, and learn about words of scripture and composers of faith. Pam also introduces them to music that will be used in the Sunday service the following week. She believes that as they recognize the

music in the service, the kids pay attention and feel more connected to the life of the church.

Pam's lesson includes notes on the music: "The term "fugue," from the Latin *fuga*, meaning flight, refers to the reoccurrence of the [piece's] theme throughout the work. It is as if the first theme is fleeing through the piece with the others in pursuit." Pam has found God's love moving like this, a theme through her life, clearly audible at times, then almost impossible to hear, then back, sounding in surprising places. The theme of God's love has taken the Goodenoughs far and wide. In Kentucky, Tim attended divinity school while Pam gave music lessons. Then in Illinois, there were nine years of pastoral ministry in Illinois and Wisconsin, where Pam was the organist in each of their churches. She also worked as one of the few music teachers in a rural school district, traveling from school to school, teaching every age. In Paraguay, for six years, Tim was director of a Bible Institute, and Pam administered a child sponsorship program. In San Antonio, Pam taught music to kids of diverse backgrounds, leading bilingual sing-a-longs, witnessing how music can build community. Here in Nashville, for three years, Pam was a beloved teacher at Tusculum Elementary where she was chosen as Teacher of the Year. "In every season, God has given me a purpose," Pam says.

Having seen this woman in action, I asked her to lunch. Over omelettes at Nashville, I confessed that organ music leaves me cold. (I jump about a foot when Julia lays down on the pipes after the offertory.) To school me, Pam sent me a YouTube video of an animated version of Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor. First, all is darkness. Then, as the organ music begins, bars of violet light appear, each one representing the low base notes, sounding out the theme. Like tiny footprints, they climb up and down in the dark. More bars of various colored light appear, each one representing a different melodic line. At one point in the piece, most of those bars of colored light bunch up in a claustrophobic mass, as the music grows louder, frantic. The theme of the piece continues, low and





Below: Pam and her Joyful Noise team. From Left to Right: Brea Cox, Cathy Link, Pam, and Kathy Edwards.

steady, underneath, but the other melodies are so tightly woven that it's almost impossible to hear. Yet it *is*. God's music plays, still and always, upholding us, pursuing us. As another decent musician put it: "If I take the wings of the morning/ and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,/ Even there your hand will lead me/ and your right hand hold me fast." In the second part of the piece, the theme breaks into the loop. Bars of light scatter and return, no longer fleeing. Instead, they fly out and return, coming home to rest in that ultimate all-encompassing theme.

In the Joyful Noise class, we finished with Bach and moved on to practicing a song about the saints. Then it

was time to head to the sanctuary to rehearse. The kids fell out, fell down, hopped, poked each other, scattered papers. Pam didn't raise her voice or give orders. Instead she said, conversationally: "Now in New Orleans, when someone dies . . ." Everyone quieted. She described how mourners march, singing, down the streets of New Orleans. A solemn procession began toward the sanctuary. "Oh, when the saints/go marching in . . ." we whisper-sang, respectfully. When we were halfway there, Pam said, "Now let's shout it out." And we did, joining our voices with angels and archangels and with all the company of heaven.

LOVE IS SPOKEN HERE



CHUMNABAWUMBA
by Hughes McGlone

Director of Youth Formation
hmcglone@stbs.net

As my time with you all comes to a close, I want to share a few memories with you that I will carry with me.

First, the smells. The incense billowing from Fr. Sammy's office, as I come in to work, reminding me to pray. The ever-present and welcoming smell of fresh coffee in the kitchen, at all hours of the day. The smell of fresh-cut grass on the breeze, during an early afternoon walk on the path around the field. The faint fragrance of the altar flowers on Sunday mornings. The sweet smell of morning doughnuts in the youth room. Even the funky odor of the church van full of teens after a weekend rafting trip.

Second, the sounds. So many. The steady rhythm of *Jazzercise* in the mornings. Children's laughter and play throughout the hallways. The Bell tolling, welcoming us to worship, and marking the noon hour throughout the week. The kind, deep, meaningful conversations shared over cups of coffee. The youth, catching up with each other after a week of school. The voices of those kids, asking insightful questions and working to figure out answers.

Now the sights. The different patterns of light that stream through the stained glass in the sanctuary. How, at any

hour of the day, the light looks different. The sight of hands folded in prayer on a Sunday at church or Wednesday morning. Seeing how our congregation cares for each other, shown through hugs, and arms full of groceries. The happy, sleepy faces of our youth as they pile into the youth room Sunday mornings.

And touch. The back of the wooden pew, strong and steady, against my hands as I pull myself from my seat for worship. The solid and inviting bricks of our church, I run my hands over. Handshakes with fellow parishioners, firm and comforting. The cover of the Book of Common Prayer, familiar and inspiring.

Most of all, of all the memories I will take with me, I feel the warmth and love of St. B's. A mentor of mine, Fr. Fredrick Byrd, commenting about my home parish, observed that "Love is spoken here". I wrote those words down, and I carry them with me every day as a reminder to speak love to others. I wrote them on the chalkboard in my office. I can confidently say, that at St. B's, I have felt, with all of my senses and all of my heart, that love is spoken here.

JOIN US ON DECEMBER 22 AT 10 A.M. IN THE NAVE AS WE
CELEBRATE HUGHES' & KIRSTEN'S LAST DAY WITH US.

AN UNEXPECTED GIFT

I met Christine one late spring morning on the breezeway of St. B's. She was a petite lady and interesting to visit with. One visit turned into many and we shared an unexpected gift of friendship.

Christine delighted in watching the preschool children coming and going to the services, and appreciated communion being brought to her pew. On one occasion Tony Morreale offered her his arm to escort her to take communion at the rail and I never saw her move with such confidence. It is a joyful memory. She loved the courtyard with its seasonal plantings and always noticed the changes. Though a very private person, Christine shared glimpses into her long life. Through small reveals she shared about her childhood and family enjoying winters and skiing in her Austrian village. She would describe the beauty of evening snow fall and walking to church on Christmas Eve, the candlelight in her church, and the hymns. During her last December in Nashville, she enjoyed going out in the evening to look at Christmas lights. Her favorites were always the nativities. "They remind me of Austria," she would say.



Susie with Christine in her garden.

A TRIBUTE TO CHRISTINE COFLIN AND HER GENEROUS BEQUEST

by Susie Craig

Her life was not without trauma. Christine lived in Berlin with her older brother and parents during World War II. Her father was killed in the war. She shared only two post-war memories: waiting in line for bread; and her mother sending her out of Europe, using a Czechoslovakian passport and traveling with family friends. Her mother and brother remained in Europe and survived. In Nashville, Christine also survived two separate, devastating car accidents. Her longtime Nashville doctor, Dr. Quinn, friend Maggie, and neighbor, Hilda saw her through many years of life. They became her family. They lovingly supported her in her last weeks.

As a young woman, Christine relocated to Florida. It was here she met and later married Jack Coflin. They would move to Nashville where Jack was hired to help open a new store in Green Hills called Cain Sloans. They built their home on Burton Valley. Christine had two careers. She worked at Loews Vanderbilt Gallery and sold art. Later, she completed a nursing degree and worked as a psychiatric nurse at Parthenon Pavilion.

Together, Jack and Christine made Nashville their home. A labor of love, their backyard patio and hillside plantings brought years of pleasure to family and friends. Their den was Chris' favorite spot to sit and look at her garden and birds. She hosted many visitors where one would talk and take in the view.

The carpets, blue sofa, and mid-century furniture gave way to a picture window which framed the garden scene and drew the outside into her den. Her favorite flowers were the Lenten roses. She would say, "In the cold and dark days they whisper hope with their sweet drooping bells and greens."

She was a mixture of the private and mysterious but was always open about spiritual things and had a hunger and a longing for the assurance of grace. She was encouraged by Father Travis' visits. Her retired minister, Pastor Otto, left her a devotional book that brought her much comfort and was always on her small table next to her chair and footstool.

I discovered just how many circles of friends she had. Included among those were friends from her Lutheran church that she and Jack were founding members of; her bridge circles, neighbors, and friends. In those last weeks of her life she was not physically alone and was

comforted by the knowledge of her relationship with Christ and her eternal home. Hilda was with her when she died on February 11, 2019.

Christine always gave me the same admonition when we would part from a visit, "Be good to yourself. Take care of yourself. I love you." Regularly in our conversations, as her mobility and eyesight declined, she would say, "I cannot do anything for anyone." I would reply, "You pray and give your time to visit and listen. Those are amazing gifts."

We would talk and laugh and sometimes just sit in silence admiring the view of her garden and birds. I learned so much from Christine Coflin and loved her. I want her story to be remembered. I believe her gift to St. B's upon her death was an unexpected gift just like our friendship.

REMEMBERING THOSE WHO HAVE DIED

Christine Coflin, February 11
Brian Hampton, June 29
Norman Eugene Pilkinton, August 1
Larry Dillingham, September 14

GIVING IN LIFE & IN DEATH

There are many reasons to give to St Bartholomew's. I want to respond to God's love, grace and abundance. Giving is the antidote to greed. Giving is an act of worship. I want to recognize that "my" wealth belongs to God. I want to be obedient to God's commands. Finally, I want to support the family and ministry of St. Bartholomew's.

If these reasons are valid in life, they are still valid in death. While this is not something that most people think about, it is very easy to add a bequest to St. Bartholomew's in the section of your will where you designate what will happen to your (former) assets.

By Bob Garth

WHAT HOLDS YOUR ATTENTION?

Matt Poag

Reading: *Scripture and the Authority of God* by Tom Wright and *Believe Me* by John Fea

Listening to: *Sound & Fury* by Sturgill Simpson (GOAT) and *Terms of Surrender* by Hiss Golden Messenger

Watching: *Alone* (History Channel), *Silicon Valley* (HBO)

Worshipping: I love the order/rituals of service and the subtle reasons for doing them. Such as when the Gospel is read in the middle of the congregation

Eating: I'm a big fast-casual fan and if it's divey, even better! Like dragons, I love tacos – Mas Tacos Por Favor

Looking forward to: The upcoming season of Room In The Inn. My favorite time of year

Isa Cruz (9th Grade)

Reading: *Rethinking Incarceration* by Dominique Dubois Gilliard

Listening to: NPR

Watching: *The West Wing*

Worshipping: Prayers of the People and the music (especially when I play in the loft)

Eating: Avo

Looking forward to: Community Outreach and Room in the Inn

Mickie Newman

Reading: *Mysteries* by Deborah Crombie

Listening to: Rick Steves

Watching: *PBS Newshour*, *Call the Midwife*, *The Durrells in Corfu*

Worshipping: Music

Eating: Ginger

Looking forward to: As a newcomer, I am looking forward to experiencing a full calendar of activity

Jim Robinson

Reading: Hawthorne, Buechner

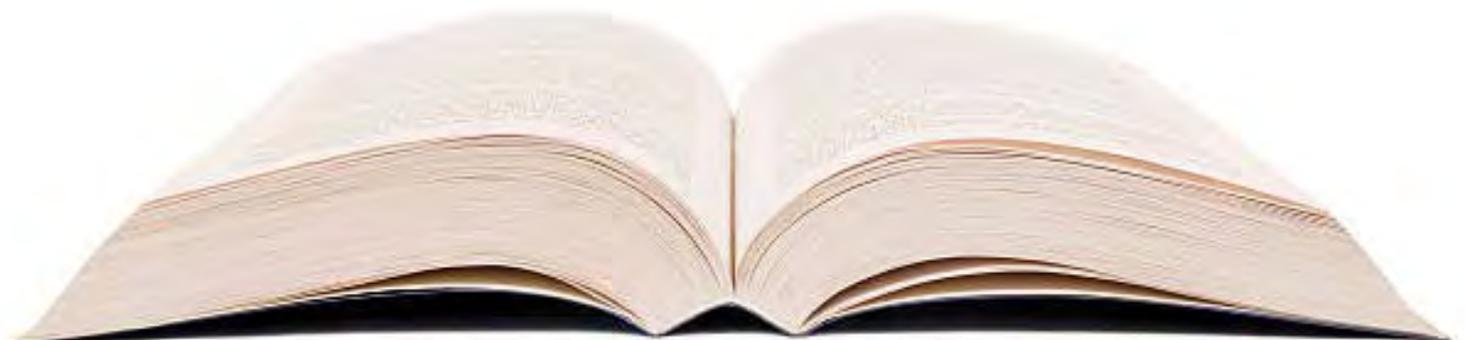
Listening to: St. B's Chamber Singers, live recordings

Watching: football

Worshipping: sermons, music, communion

Eating: Mojo's Tacos

Looking forward to: Deeper worship



CHALKING THE DOOR

About the Liturgy
by Fr. Sammy

A PRACTICE FOR EPIPHANY



The Wood's door chalked on Epiphany

The Gospel of Matthew tells us that when the wise men arrived in Bethlehem to visit Jesus, they found him and his mother in a house, not the stable where they had found their first temporary shelter. This is a cue that our Epiphany celebration should focus on our own houses, and why it is a very old custom to bless houses on Epiphany (January 6). In the East, in particular, it is the custom for the parish priest to go through the parish, blessing houses – not the elaborate blessing of a new home, but a special blessing that is also often given at Easter, a renewal of the homes in which the people of God dwell and live out the mystery of faith day by day.

In recent years, this custom has been revived in some places in the West, and The Book of Occasional Services of the Episcopal Church provides forms for this blessing. However, there is another way of blessing homes at Epiphany that begins in church but does not require the priest to go from house to house. This custom involves chalk that is blessed by the priest and taken home by families to mark the doors of their homes. This custom takes its root in the Old Testament stories where God tells the Israelites to mark the doors of their homes.

On January 5, the 12th and last day of Christmas, during both services, Fr. Sammy will bless a basket full of colored chalk – like he has the past two years. Children (and adults) will be invited to take a piece of chalk home with them to mark their doors with the following:

20 + G + M + B + 20

The numbers represent the year; the letters represent the legendary names of the three magi, Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar; or *Christus mansionem benedicat* (May Christ bless this house). A brief liturgy for use at home will also be provided that Sunday.

JERUSALEM MORNING

—Luke 2:22-38

The morning had been agitating
He wanted to stay home
Weary from whatever, wanting not to move
to be still, alone
But the birds outside his window
the chatter would not cease
In frustration he left
for the Temple
Where else to go?
She stayed in her quarters, apart from the sisterhood
Meager breakfast yet on her lips
Propelled, her soul set forward to the courtyard
Why now?

They, the three, stumbled into the day,
dreamlike stance of unfamiliarity,
New parents
this girl-woman and her husband
to offer the dove sacrifice
and present their baby boy
with whom?
Where were the important ones
to usher them through the doorway
leading to the Holy?
Sunlight streamed through archways, around columns
casting shadows, patterns of shapes unnoticed
Five people navigating the pavement
Closer, closer . . .
Simeon twists in aging curiosity
Mary's tender senses wonder
Why is he staring?
The prolonged waiting of a lifetime
shivers through his bent-over spine



Could it be?
wrinkled grey brow beholds
the soft glow of newborn flesh,
this Infant!
My eyes are seeing
all that has been promised,
I can depart.

Anna's gnarled feet
measure the warmth on stones
as ankles turn with intention
around each corner, quickly.
Today?
Now?
Ancient eyes catch the glance of the old man's
tears
She is there.
May I see your baby, please?

Mary and Joseph curve in unison, in rhythm
Widow prophetess leans forward
the tender breath of sleep
awakens to an infant's gaze.
Her breathing, close to the blanket small,
skips in heartbeats, hands tremble
words tumble from her mouth—
Is this sufficient praise?

The waiting belongs to yesterday,
to yesteryears
hovered postures of aching prayer gone.
Expectancy is over.

The very old embrace the very young.
How do they know?
How do we?
The story unfolds
onto one eternal page
recording This—
Quintet of the Ages.

by Mary Anne Akin



If St. Bartholomew's is the only Episcopal Church you have attended in the diocese of Tennessee, you might assume that the others are similar in size of facilities and congregation. In fact, large churches like ours are more the exception than the rule, and not just in our diocese, but across the Episcopal Church in the United States. The larger churches tend to be in the larger cities, but a diocese like ours includes many small towns with smaller mission and parish churches. Of the 46 Episcopal churches in our diocese, only 11 have a Nashville mailing address.

Every diocese in this country is required to hold an annual diocesan convention. According to the website of the diocese, "just as each parish is required to meet annually, so is the Diocese of Tennessee. Bishop Bauerschmidt speaks on the state of the diocese, new committee members are elected or appointed, the annual budget is reviewed and approved and

resolutions are discussed and voted upon during the Annual Convention. Time for networking and social interaction with attendees from around the Diocese is also built in to the two day meeting." In addition, time is set aside each day for hearing and reflecting on God's word, for worship, and for the celebration of Holy Eucharist.

With 250-275 lay and clergy delegates, plus the Bishop's staff and the host church volunteers, the daily attendance approaches 300 people. Given that, only a few churches in the diocese have the space and parishioners to host such an event. Christ Church Cathedral in downtown Nashville and St. George's in Belle Meade are regular hosts. St. Philip's in Donelson, St. Paul's in Murfreesboro, and Trinity Church in Clarksville have been recent hosts. St. Bartholomew's hosted in 2008 and 2011, and likely will again in the near future. We are uniquely blessed with a large

Fr. Sammy with Bishop John at his annual visitation earlier this year.



WELCOME TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

physical plant that has a sanctuary with a capacity for over 400, a parish hall plus a large multipurpose room, multiple large classrooms, and plenty of on-site parking.

All the business meetings, the budget hearings, some of the convocation meetings, and both lunches will take place in the gym. The registration, the 18 exhibitors, and the Friday evening reception will be housed in the parish hall. Both Eucharists, as well as some convocation meetings will be held in the sanctuary. We will have multiple volunteer teams in place, some with specific duties such as technical support, lunch and snack service, recycling, and clean up, along with some general ambassadors on hand to welcome our guests, answer questions, and help in whatever way is needed.

Work has been underway for months getting our facilities repaired, cleaned, polished, painted, and brightened. The staff has prioritized projects, decluttered and reorganized throughout all the buildings. The Vestry has worked hard to find ways to fund the needed and desired upgrades,

The Vestry has worked hard to find ways to fund the needed and desired upgrades, the Facilities Committee and the Can Do Team have volunteered many hours

doing the work. The gym has been painted and the floor will be refinished. A work day in November staffed by members of



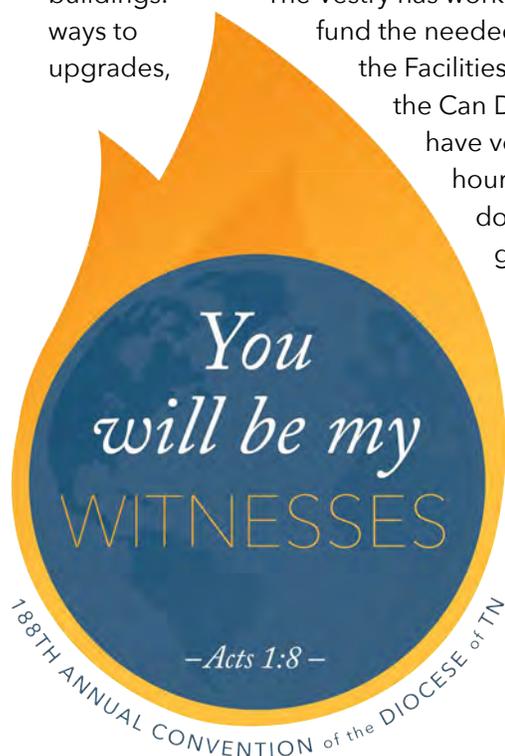
WALK THIS WAY by Bev Mahan

Verger & Assistant to the Rector for Liturgy
verger@stbs.net

our community young and mature will focus on completing tasks in the parish hall/classroom building. A second work day in January will focus on the church building.

When St. Bartholomew's welcomes the diocese to our campus on January 24, 2020, our buildings will reflect our gratefulness for the gifts we have been given, and our faithful stewardship of those gifts.

The Bishop has chosen Acts 1:8, "You will be my witnesses," as the theme of the 2020 diocesan convention. A hallmark of St. Bartholomew's Church is its welcoming people and its gift of hospitality. The St. B's family will share that gift with the diocese. Our welcome will testify to the diocese the ways God is moving in us and among us. What a privilege to offer our sacred space for the people of the Diocese of Tennessee to do the work God has given us all to do.



This year's convention logo was designed by our own, Amy Nelson. Amy also designed the St. B's logo.



St. B's Annual
EPIPHANY CELEBRATION
chili cook-off & bonfire
SUNDAY, JANUARY 5
5- 7 P.M.