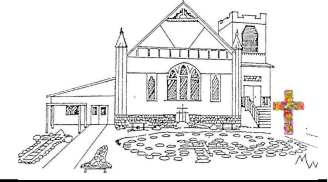


ST. JOHN'S JOURNEY



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St. John's Episcopal Church

4074 S. Mill St.

PO Box 86

Dryden, MI 48428

(810)795.2371

Priest

Tom Manney

Senior Warden

Becky Foster



A Note from Tom

Alleluia! Christ is risen.

In the Christian church, the liturgical new year begins with the season of Advent. But I've often thought that it is the season of Easter that somehow seems more appropriate. At Easter, everything *feels* new. We see the trees and flowers budding, we hear the birds chirping, and we see the ducks and geese in flight. In fact, it even *smells* new. New life, new hope, and a new promise of eternal life in Christ.

This particular spring also feels special because the Episcopal Churches in Michigan have once again been restored to limited in-person worship. This is, of course, welcome news. However, at the time of this writing, the lower peninsula of the State of Michigan is almost entirely 'red'. This means that the case numbers and risk factors for COVID-19 are very high. Please be aware that it is *imperative* that we continue to wear masks and practice social distancing, both in church and out. As a church

family, we hold a responsibility to keep *all of us* safe. To that end, I encourage everyone to get vaccinated.

Another 'new' addition to our diocese is our new assisting bishop, the Right Reverend Gladstone "Skip" Adams. Bishop Adams is retired from the Diocese of Central New York where he served as bishop from 2001-2016. With over 40 years' experience as a priest and three years as a provisional bishop in South Carolina, Bishop Adams is the ideal person to guide our diocese throughout the suspension of Bishop Houglund.

Finally, we welcome a new roof on our beloved church building. As I look out the office window, I can see the cleanup of our old roof, now completely torn off. Although a new roof is not a particularly glamorous improvement, it is nevertheless crucial to our future plans of worshipping in a dry space. A big thank you is owed to Becky Foster and Jack Ward who have orchestrated this considerable undertaking!

Spring has sprung! Have a blessed Easter season.

+ Tom

Website: www.stjohnschurchdryden.org

Email: stjohnschurchdryden@gmail.com

Find us on Facebook!



Editor: Becky Foster

St. John's Journey is published monthly. We're looking for your photos and articles. Please email them to "stjohnschurchdryden@gmail.com" with the word "Newsletter" in the subject line. Deadline for May is April 30th.



Happy Birthday...

- Julie Carr
- Becky Foster
- Connie Ogg
- Sarah Underwood

Vestry Notes:



Dear Friends,

Each year it seems that Easter and spring give us new energy and hope. This year is no different. So many of us are vaccinated or getting vaccinated. We rejoice in the doors that are literally reopened. Although I've not been there, I've seen some familiar faces back in the sanctuary on Sundays and look forward to seeing even more in time. Jack Dodd and Connie Ogg have been moving our roof replacement project forward and it looks like we'll have visible results right around Easter! I can't wait to see which perennials come back in the gardens. It's always a thrill to witness the new growth.

It's also been a challenging month for many reasons but there are reasons to give thanks. We said farewell to Tim Wright early in March. Tim was such a strength for St. John's. On Vestry as a member or Junior or Senior Warden multiple times. THE tenor in our choir. And a warm welcome to anyone who entered for the first time. His sermons were always a bit of a surprise – which is a good way to keep us on our toes. And he was always able to find a positive note in a difficult moment. We miss him so much. But we know we will see him again when the time is right.

We've had several folks in and out of

hospital. As I write this, Mary Cameron, who had some significant back surgery, is completing her rehab stay at Wellbridge and expects to be home before Easter. Russ Underwood had surgery on his shoulder and is home recovering with two EXCELLENT nurses making sure he does just what the doctor ordered. Sally Granger was also in hospital for chronic health problems and is now in the same rehab center that Tim Wright used several times. I just learned that Margaret Smith was taken to ER and was waiting test results but seemed to be in good spirits – praying that all goes well for her. And, as many of you know, I'm in Kansas City with my sister who is home on hospice care. It's a gift to be able to spend time with her and to help her husband with her care. And I thank all of you for your prayers and for pitching in to pick up the tasks that I cannot perform while away.

If I've learned anything this last month, it is that to often we assume there will be time later to tell someone we love them, to show someone that we care, to do the really important things. We get so caught up in the seemingly urgent details of our lives that we push back the things that really matter to us. Family and friends and our family of faith at St. John's should be top of the list each day. James Taylor had a song "Shower the people you love with love". Let's have a spring filled with showers.

Becky

Looking Back on Sunday Mornings

By Stephanie Painter from the Episcopal Café website

As a kid growing up in church, I experienced the Sunday morning matinee of miseries. My woes included a hard and unforgiving church pew, unbearably tight Mary Jane shoes, and a droning sermon that I never quite understood. After the service, I would take flight, turning my patent leather atrocities into streamlined track shoes as I raced for the church's playground. But my vigilant mother always swooped in and steered me toward the line in the narthex.



Today when I visit St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Fayetteville, Arkansas, I find my family's favorite pew – the fifth on the Gospel side – and participate in worship with the practiced polish of a cradle Episcopalian. I rise and kneel and receive communion without a misstep. Still, my younger self once beat her feet on the kneelers in this same pew, and the return to my spiritual cradle recalls vintage family stories. To this day, my mother delights in sharing them.

At the tender age of four, I waited with her to greet our priest on a radiant spring morning. Father Salmon looked priestly in his green chasuble robe and long pectoral cross. Ethereal in a floral maxi dress, my mother graciously took his hand. Hoping to atone for my sprint through the sanctuary, I mimicked her elegant gesture. Father Salmon showed his surprise. He smiled and said, "My young lady, aren't you in a prissy mood today?" With my hand on hip, I replied, "Well, it seems to me that you're the prissy one in that long dress and necklace!"

The priest's cheeks promptly reddened, and my remark sent a shock wave through the family. At home, my mother consulted psychology books and studied the warning signs of behavioral disorders. Grandpa fussed that my Sunday School teachers had neglected their mission. But when Nana heard the story, she shared my quip with friends, bragging that I could hold my own with the patriarchy.

True to his forgiving character, Father Salmon did not ban me from church. So, one Pentecost Sunday, I reluctantly followed my mother to a pew. The altar was draped in a blazing red cloth, and the scene recalled game days when the Arkansas Razorbacks rushed the field in red football uniforms. Now over at the stadium, fans would reverently praise the Hogs and stretch their arms heavenward. "Woo Pig Sooie! Razorbacks!" they would cry. From the pew, I practiced a creative spin on the cheer. "Woo God Sooie!" I sang out to my mother's astonishment. "The Razorbacks are not in the same league as the Holy Spirit!" she scolded.

By now, many in the church viewed me as a delinquent beyond redemption. However, there was hope. When I heard the pipe organ's opening notes of the Doxology, I sprang to my feet and joyfully offered praise. Mysteriously, the hymn always brought me to a state of attention and elation. My mother's heart swelled with happiness, though the spell was broken as quickly as the notes faded away. As I matured, the usual experiences followed, including participation in the EYC youth group. Eventually, I traded in my Mary Janes for fashionable clogs, and Father Salmon wiped his brow in relief when I graduated from high school. My commencement was on the dear priest's bucket list.

As a youth, I had a secret bucket list myself. I checked off watching the Razorbacks capture a league title in an unbeaten Southwestern Conference season. To my disappointment, the '70s closed without any glimpse of one of the streakers who ran *au naturel* across the college campus. But I did sync up with God – my journey just took a little longer than my mom, my Sunday School teachers, and Father Salmon ever anticipated. As in a tightly contested football game, a little overtime was needed for me to find my place in the community of faith. As I kneel now in the fifth pew on the Gospel side, God is close.

So are memories of my spirited run-ins with Father Salmon. I imagine that if he were here today, he would beam at me from the pulpit, celebrating his victory. He would not toast my smooth and agile genuflection but rather my relationship and connection with God. Isn't there a 'cradle' beginning for all of God's faithful?

Tim Wright – A Blessing for so Many

Timothy Boone Talcott Wright, age 73, passed away March 1, 2021 at his home with his family beside him. He was born on March 7, 1947 in Detroit, Michigan. Born to Father Richard Talcott and Mother Lilla (Murphy) Talcott, later adopted by his Stepfather Angus Wright. Timothy is survived by his Wife, Susan Wright; Brother, Michael Wright; Stepchildren, Kelly (Jeff) Grzelak, Robert (Breanne) Wright, Rachel (John) Kotowicz; Grandchildren, Sabrina(20), Kylie(10), Ava (7), Waylon(7) & Esmae(5).

Tim grew up in the Sacramento California area during his adolescent years, attended the Sacramento riding club around 1964, graduated from Woodside High School in 1965 and returned to the Metamora Michigan area in September 1969. He started his Professional career as a horseman at 19. Through the years he largely impacted the horse industry, creating a legacy as a well-respected horseman, admired for the art he had with horses, training and teaching. His fellow parishioners respected him for his continued devotion in the church community and his love for God. His interests included horses, carriage driving, fox hunting, church, choir, singing, piano, music, gardening, reading, crocheting, cooking, talking, his family and his many friends. Tim was a teacher, coach, mentor, and friend to so many. His impact has left a footprint in all aspects of his life.



I Feel It in the Air

By Edna Reed



I know it's Easter time again,
I feel it in the air.
The breath of spring with woodsy tang,
And new life everywhere.
And spring glides on with magic touch
O'er mountain side and glen;
And wakens all the sleeping plants
For Easter time again.

The brooklets leap from rock to rock,
As if in joyful play;
The flowers peep from darkened tombs
To welcome Easter Day.
The birds are swinging on the boughs,
And trill in ecstasy;
They seem to show the world's great joy
Of Easter mystery.

Why should we dread the thing called death?
It's just an open door,
Where all within is love and peace
And joy forever more.
"Because I live, you too shall live,"
We hear the Savior say.
Let's consecrate our lives anew,
On this glad Easter Day.



Feast Days

Good Friday

By Bishop Skip

What do we do with a dead Savior? Why do we focus our attention today on suffering and a torturous execution at the hands of a corrupt religious institution, a fearful politician, an erratic and deceptive local government complete with crowd hysteria, all in the midst of one of the most glorious and sophisticated empires the world has ever known?

It was Mahatma Gandhi who said, "A man who was completely innocent, offered himself as a sacrifice for the good of others, including his enemies, and became the ransom of the world. It was a perfect act." Jesus' self-offering was just that, a willing oblation, as he was lifted up on the tree where the whole world might see the way of perfect peace, justice and love. He did so as a gift to every human being that ever lived and ever would live.



I was never more convinced of this truth than when I was washing the clothes and bed linens of people brought into the dying and destitute home in downtown Calcutta, India. Many had horrible diseases such as cholera, dysentery, AIDS or leprosy. Most came in with lice. The cast off clothes and bed sheets that came to me were not pretty. One day, while scrubbing, pouring into the tub before me adequate amounts of disinfectant and breaking loose what had been trapped in the folds of the cloth, I felt something in my hand below the surface of the darkened water. I could not see even inches below the surface. When I brought the object to the light of day, there before me in the palm of my hand, out of the muck of Calcutta's suffering poor, was a cheap plastic rosary. Still wet with the water of the washtub was the cross and Jesus on it, crucified. To this very day I do not know from where what happened next came, but I know I heard someone sing "Alleluia" as that image of Christ on the cross was lifted by my hand through the water's meniscus to be gazed upon by my own eyes. I remember turning to seek the source of the sound.

I would find it difficult to believe in a God who stands aloof and indifferent to the suffering of the world. On the cross, we see that God in Christ has come right into the midst of it. On the cross, we see the sorrow of all humanity, every victim, everyone abused, every injustice committed, every betrayal. We also see every act of love, every act of forgiveness and reconciliation, every desire for peace, every justice accomplished, every truth uttered. Jesus is at the center of it all. On the cross we see in him nothing but pure, embracing compassion. Hope hangs there, exposed for all to see.

It appeared on that cross that all he proclaimed and stood for died with him. The Gospel, the Good News itself, was nailed there. In the death of Jesus it seemed that not only the medium, but the message too had been exposed as fraudulent. Yet John's Gospel is clear that when Jesus proclaims, "It is finished," it does not only mean that Jesus has done what he came to do, that is die. It is also an expression of victory. It means God has triumphed. We ourselves turn the mockery of the cross on its head when we dare to call this day, "Good."

Ham and Noodle Casserole

Here's a way to use up left-over ham from Easter dinner. It even includes asparagus which always tastes especially good in the spring. This makes 2 casseroles – but you can cut ingredients in half to make a single batch.

Ingredients

- 8 ounces uncooked egg noodles
- 1 (10 3/4-ounce) can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1 (8-ounce) container chive-and-onion-flavored cream cheese, softened
- 2/3 cup milk
- 2 cups chopped Baked Glazed Ham
- 1 1/2 cups fresh broccoli flowerets
- 1 (10-ounce) package frozen asparagus, thawed
- 6 baby carrots, chopped
- 1 (8-ounce) package shredded mozzarella cheese
- 1 (4-ounce) package shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup crushed seasoned croutons



Directions

1. Cook pasta according to package directions; drain.
2. Stir together soup, cream cheese, and milk in a large bowl. Stir in pasta, ham, and next 3 ingredients. Spoon half of ham mixture into 2 lightly greased 8-inch square baking dishes.
3. Combine cheeses. Sprinkle half of cheese mixture over casseroles. Spoon remaining ham mixture over cheeses.
4. Combine remaining cheese mixture with croutons. Sprinkle over casseroles. Wrap one casserole in heavy-duty aluminum foil, and freeze up to 1 month.
5. Bake other casserole at 400° for 30 minutes or until lightly browned.

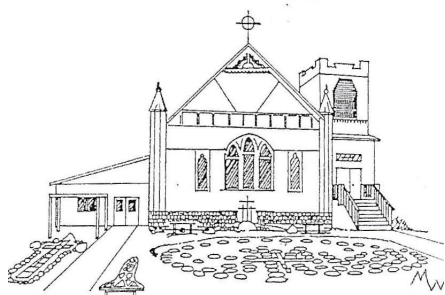
(Thaw the frozen casserole in the refrigerator overnight, then bake at 400° for 35-40 Minutes)



Our new roof has gone up this week!







St. John's Episcopal Church
PO Box 86
4074 S Mill St.
Dryden, MI 48428