



Photographs by Steve Carroll

Loaves & Fishes

JUNE 2022

Father Michael will be away June 5 (in New York for the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention “Out of Darkness” overnight walk) and June 19 (vacation). Services will be conducted by lay leaders with Holy Communion from the Reserved Sacrament.

His space this month is given to an excerpt from Jane Goodall’s book Reason for Hope: A Spiritual Journey. Here she describes her return to Gombe after her husband’s death when she was exhausted and longing for the peace of the forest.

the left-hand column

☛ Welcome Ordinary Time! We’re now (May 31 till November 29) in that lovely quiet time between the great seasons of Easter and Christmas.

☛ The May plant sale brought in \$698.25, and the big spring yard sale \$3,171. Who knew that stuff you didn’t want was just what someone else was eager to have?

☛ Our ladies’ tea was fun; maybe this will be an annual event. Thanks, Bobbi and Mary—and all you helper elves.

☛ The Holy Mowers have been at work, flowers are bursting forth, and the campus looks beautiful. If you’d like to join, contact John McKendrew (301 481-2306 or mckendrewjb@msn.com). If you’d like to sign on as a seller in the Thrift Shop, contact me (240 298-9253, deemcrae@mac.com).



“I sat there, reflecting. The old excitement of discovery, of seeing things quite unknown to Western eyes. And the serenity that had come from living, day after day, as a part of the natural world. A world that dwarfs yet somehow enhances human emotions.

“As I reflected on these things I had been only partly conscious of the approach of a storm. . . .

“It must have been an hour or more before the rain began to ease as the heart of the storm swept away to the south. At four-thirty the chimps climbed down, and we moved off through the soaked, dripping vegetation back down the mountainside. Presently we arrived on a grassy ridge overlooking the lake. A pale watery sun had appeared and its light caught the raindrops so that the world seemed hung with diamonds, sparkling on every leaf, every blade of grass. I crouched low to avoid destroying a jeweled spider’s web that stretched, exquisite and fragile, across the trail.



“I heard sounds of greeting as Fifi and her family joined Melissa and hers. They all climbed into a low tree to feed on fresh young leaves. I moved to a place where I could stand and watch as they enjoyed their last meal of the day. Down below, the lake was still dark and angry with white flecks where the waves broke, and rain clouds remained black in the south. To the north the sky was clear with only wisps of gray clouds still lingering. The scene was breathtaking in its beauty. In the soft sunlight, the chimpanzees’ black coats were shot with coppery brown, the branches on which they sat were wet and dark as ebony, the young leaves a pale but brilliant green. And behind was the dramatic backcloth of the indigo sky where lightning flickered and distant thunder growled and rumbled.

“Lost in awe at the beauty around me, I must have slipped into a state of heightened awareness. It is hard—impossible really—to put into words the moment of truth that suddenly came upon me then. Even the mystics are unable to describe their brief flashes of spiritual ecstasy. It seemed to me, as I struggled afterward to recall the experience, that *self* was utterly absent: I and the chimpanzees, the earth and trees and air, seemed to merge, to become one with the spirit power of life itself. The air was filled with a feathered symphony, the evensong of birds. I heard new frequencies in their music and also in the singing insects’ voices—notes so high and sweet I was amazed. Never had I been so intensely aware of the shape, the color of the individual leaves, the varied patterns of the veins that made each one unique. Scents were clear as well, easily identifiable: fermenting, over-ripe fruit; waterlogged earth; cold, wet bark; the damp odor of chimpanzee hair and, yes, my own too. And the aromatic scent of young, crushed leaves was almost over-powering. I sensed a new presence, then saw a bushbuck, quietly browsing upwind, his spiraled horns gleaming and his chestnut coat dark with rain.

“Suddenly a distant chorus of pant-hoots elicited a reply from Fifi. As though wakening from some vivid dream I was back in the everyday world, cold, yet intensely alive. When the chimpanzees left, I stayed in that place—it seemed a most sacred place—scribbling some notes, trying to describe what so briefly, I had experienced. I had not been visited by the angels or other heavenly beings that characterize the visions of the great mystics or the saints, yet for all that I believe it truly was a mystical experience.

“Later, as I sat by my little fire, cooking my dinner of beans, tomatoes, and an egg, I was still lost in the wonder

of my experience. Yes, I thought, there are many windows through which we humans, searching for meaning, can look out into the world around us. There are those carved out by Western science, their panes polished by a succession of brilliant minds. Through them we can see ever farther, ever more clearly, into areas which until recently were beyond human knowledge. Through such a scientific window I had been taught to observe the chimpanzees. For more than twenty-five years I had sought, through careful recording and critical analysis, to piece together their complex social behavior, to understand the workings of their minds. And this had not only helped us to better understand their place in nature but also helped us to understand a little better some aspects of our own human behavior, our own place in the natural world.

“Yet there are other windows through which we humans can look out into the world around us, windows through which the mystics and the holy men of the East, and the founders of the great world religions, have gazed as they searched for the meaning and purpose of our life on earth not only in the wondrous beauty of the world, but also in its darkness and ugliness. And those Masters contemplated the truths that they saw, not with their minds only but with their hearts and souls too. From those revelations came the spiritual essence of the great scriptures, the holy books, and the most beautiful mystic poems and writings. That afternoon, it had been as though an unseen hand had drawn back a curtain and, for the briefest moment, I had seen through such a window. In a flash of ‘outsight’ I had known timelessness and quiet ecstasy, sensed a truth of which mainstream science is merely a small fraction. And I knew that the revelation would be with me for the rest of my life, imperfectly remembered yet always within. A source of strength on which I could draw when life seemed harsh or cruel or desperate.”

Reason for Hope: A Spiritual Journey, Jane Goodall with Phillip Berman, Grand Central Publishing, 2000 and 2003



This is what Yahweh asks of you: only this, to act justly, to love tenderly and to walk humbly with your God.

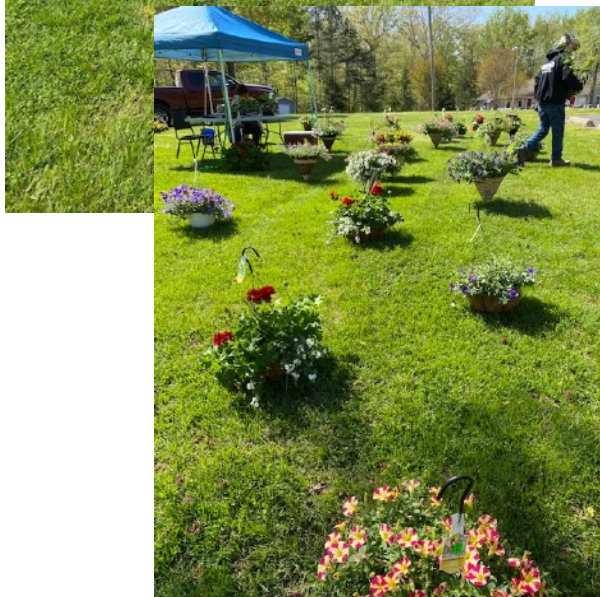
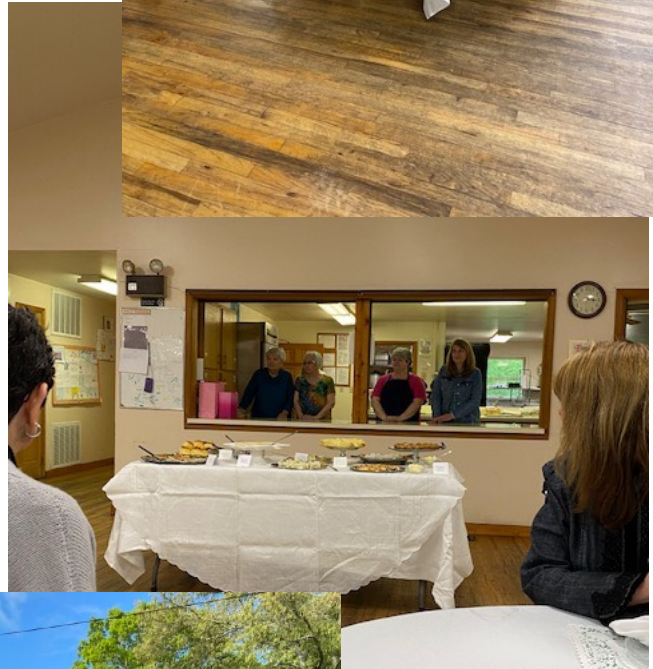
~~Micah 6:8 The Jerusalem Bible

Moving Forward

Several St. Andrewsians have responded to the Vestry's invitation to join them in the crucial work of planning and moving St. Andrew's into our future.

New Vestry members are Chuck Stein, Bobbi Brown, Robert Abell, Andy Walls, Michael Dyson, Jessie Kilcoyne-Beaver, Linda Himmelheber. They join Senior Warden Mary Maker, Junior Warden John McKendrew, Secretary Beth Wagner, Cindy Kilcoyne and Steve Carroll.

Remember that you can, and should, contact them and offer your thoughts, concerns and ideas; their contact information is in every newsletter.



God needs just a mustard-seed-sized place that is in love—not fear—that is open to grace, that is thrilled, that has found something wonderful.

~~The Rev. Richard Rohr

June 5 Pentecost Sunday

Acts 2:1-21 or Genesis 11:1-9 Psalm 104:25-35, 37
Romans 8:14-17 or Acts 2:1-21 John 14:8-17, (25-27)

8:00 a.m.

Readings: Dan Donnelly

10:30 a.m.

Verger: Mary Maker

1st reading and psalm: Beth Wagner

Altar duty: Lynn Duff and Margaret Hallau

June 12 First Sunday After Pentecost Trinity

Proverbs 8:1-4, 22-31 Psalm 8 or Canticle 13 or Canticle 2
Romans 5:1-5 John 16:12-15

8:00 a.m.

Readings: Jerome Gehrig

10:30 a.m.

Verger: Susan Bennett

1st reading and psalm: Mary Maker

Altar duty: Susan Bennett and Hilary Gill

June 19 Second Sunday After Pentecost

1 Kings 19:1-4, (5-7), 8-15a or Isaiah 65:1-9
Psalm 42 and 43 or Psalm 22:18-27
Galatians 3:23-29 Luke 8:26-39

8:00 a.m.

Readings: Priscilla Bromley

10:30 a.m.

Verger: Dee McRae

1st reading and psalm: Margaret Hallau

Altar duty: Bob and Helen Rotzinger

June 26 Third Sunday After Pentecost

2 Kings 2:1-2, 6-14 or 1 Kings 19:15-16,19-21
Psalm 77:1-2, 11-20 or Psalm 16
Galatians 5:1,13-25 Luke 9:51-62

8:00 a.m.

Readings: Ron Leonard

10:30 a.m.

Verger: Don Schramm

1st reading and psalm: Ginni Stein

Altar duty: Mary Maker

Please Hold in Your Prayers

Steve Adrian, Bonnie Anderson, John Baake, Jan Barnes, Robert Bennett, Caroline B. Bradford, Carol Brimm, Cameron, Judy Cavin, Judy and Victor Consoli, Lanette Cowles, Dan Donnelly, Billy Doughty, Phyllis Doughty, Ruby Dyson, the Fulz family, Brian Gardner, Brad Gehrig, Gloria Gehrig, the Girard family, Maria Goris, Mary Ellen Gwynn, Ryker Hurst, Greta, Patti Johnston, Judy LaMarque, the Larson family, Jack Lawrence, Elinor Mattingly, the Mattingly family, Bernice Nunes, Kyle Patrick, Chase Phifer, Michael Porter, Davi Elizabeth Reznik, Bob and Helen Rotzinger, Diane Rudish, Maggie Slingluff, Vera Standing, Jonathan Tanner, Tegan, Isabella Tenczar, Walter and Deborah Walton, Angelica Wilkinson, Stuart A. Wood, Eleanor Young, and all who serve in the military and their families.



Blessed are you, Sovereign God, creator of all,
to you be glory and praise for ever.
You founded the earth in the beginning
and the heavens are the work of your hands.
In the fullness of time you made us in your image,
and in these last days you have spoken to us
in your Son Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh.
As we rejoice in the gift of your presence among us
let the light of your love always shine in our hearts,
your Spirit ever renew our lives
and your praises ever be on our lips.
Blessed be God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

~~After Lancelot Andrewes (1626) **6**

June

- 1 Wednesday
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
- 2 Thursday
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
7:00 p.m. AA
- 3 Friday
6:30 p.m. AA
- 4 Saturday
10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m Thrift Shop
- 5 Sunday
8:00 a.m. H.E. I with reserved sacrament
10:30 a.m. H.E. II with reserved sacrament
- 6 Monday
- 7 Tuesday
- 8 Wednesday
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
- 9 Thursday
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
7:00 p.m. AA
- 10 Friday
6:30 p.m.—AA
- 11 Saturday Feast of St. Barnabas
10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m Thrift Shop
- 12 Sunday
8:00 a.m. H.E. I
10:30 a.m. H.E. II
- 13 Monday
- 14 Tuesday
- 15 Wednesday
- 16 Thursday
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
7:00 p.m. AA
- 17 Friday
6:30 p.m. AA
- 18 Saturday
10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m Thrift Shop
- 19 Sunday Juneteenth
8:00 a.m. H.E. I with reserved sacrament
10:30 a.m. H.E. II with reserved sacrament
- 20 Monday Juneteenth holiday
- 21 Tuesday
- 22 Wednesday
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
- 23 Thursday
7:00 p.m. AA
- 24 Friday
6:30 p.m.—AA

- 25 Saturday
10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m Thrift Shop
- 26 Sunday
8:00 a.m. H.E. I
10:30 a.m. H.E. II
- 27 Monday
- 28 Tuesday
- 29 Wednesday Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul
9:00 a.m.—noon Thrift Shop
- 30 Thursday



Happy Anniversary to our traditionalists

- 11 Don and Lyn Schramm
- 12 Michael and Becky Edwards
- 25 Dan and Judi Donnelly
- 26 Alan and Nancy Easterling

Happy Birthday to the summer babies

- 1 Nancy Meade
- 8 Amber Mallory, Lyn Schramm
- 9 Jake Garrett
- 10 Ted Ersek
- 12 Bob Rotzinger
- 15 Sarah Walls, Greta Johnston
- 16 John L. Brigham
- 21 Bob Sisson
- 22 Ron Leonard
- 23 Lori Werrell
- 24 Molly Kollar
- 25 Taylor Ulrich, Alex Baxter
- 26 Eleanor Young
- 27 Pete Ulrich
- 29 Iris Hall-Willey



The genuineness of love for God can be tested, not by your feelings but only by its effect in our daily life, and in particular in our love for our neighbour. Love for God, if it is real must go out to the men and women whom God has created and loves.

~~Christopher Bryant, *Journey to the Centre: Explorations in the Realm of the Spirit*

Looking for Someone?

Interim Rector: The Rev. Michael Pumphrey 301 862-2247 rector@standrewsleonardtowntown.org

Parish Administrator: Donna Triplett 301 862-2247 parishadmin@standrewsleonardtowntown.org

Senior Warden: Mary Maker

Junior Warden: John McKendrew

Secretary, Beth Wagner

Cindy Kilcoyne

Fundraising Steve Carroll

Robert Abell

Jessie Kilcoyne-Beaver

Bobbi Brown

Michael Dyson

Linda Himmelheber

Chuck Stein

Andy Walls

Minister of Music, Amy Foster

Preschool Director

Newsletter, Dee McRae deemcrae@mac.com

Director of Sanford Concert Program:

Lyn Schramm

To give flowers for the altar 301 862-2247 parishadmin@standrewsleonardtowntown.org

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church 301 862-2247 <http://standrewsleonardtowntown.org/>

The Right Rev. Mariann Edgar Budde 202 537-6550

The Diocese of Washington 202 537-6555 <http://www.edow.org/>



Food for Thought

The Rev. Christopher Bryant was a member of the Anglican monastic Society of St. John the Evangelist. In the 1970s and '80s he wrote books exploring spirituality and the relationship between psychology and prayer. This discussion of love is from Journey to the Centre.

All our lives, though to a lesser extent than in infancy and childhood, we depend for our well-being on the love of others. What is wrong with our world is that love is in short supply. In order to be able to *love* generously we need to have been *loved* generously. In heaven we shall be loved, the whole of us, by the Love that creates and recreates all things and we shall love in response. "We shall love because he loved us first," writes St. John. He does not say we shall love God but simply we shall love. . . . A love for God which does not include love for our fellows is not genuine love at all. God's love or us will open us to love the whole creation, to love all that God loves. There will be nothing sentimental or blind in the love of heaven, as St. Augustine pictures it. It will not be a mere enjoyment of our own feelings which is, I suppose, the essence of sentimentality. . . . Love will spring out of a clear-sighted and deep appreciation of the qualities of our fellows and of God himself, disclosing something of his own being in them. . . . The impulse to seek and serve the good of others will be an impulse of spontaneous delight and joy. . . . The life of heaven will be a sharing in the life of the Triune God whose inexhaustible energy of love overflows.

~~ Journey to the Centre: Explorations in the Realm of the Spirit, Christopher Bryant, 1987, Darton, Longman and Todd