



Loaves & Fishes

JULY 2020

There's a Lot of Difference Between Listening and Hearing

~~G. K. Chesterton

Photograph by the Rev. Beverly Weatherly

the left-hand column

☞ Apologies to everyone who gets a paper copy of the newsletter and didn't get a copy of "June at the Shop." My monitor died midstream last month, and I didn't want to hold things up till the new one arrived.

☞ So we all have copies of the reopening covenant explaining how we move forward; returned yours yet?

☞ Are you old enough to have memories of SPAM for lunch or dinner? Maybe at the end of the month when the budget was a bit stretched? Did you know it was introduced July 5, 1937? SPAM (yes, Hormel says it must be all caps) is a mixture of pork, ham, potato starch, salt, sugar, and sodium nitrate. Presumably the name is meant to make you think of spiced ham. Maybe. During the war the Brits said it was Specially Processed American Meat. There are other suggestions, such as Something Posing As Meat. It's still very much around; there's even a web page offering SPAM tchotchkes. I know, that has nothing to do with St. Andrew's, but these days we all need a little whimsy in our lives.

Dear Friends,

My daughter Maegan and her husband Nathan have been complying with the CDC recommendations by staying safer at home and working puzzles. There is a very popular puzzle available of twelve cows doing Yoga each in a different position which they have been working on. Now the very idea of cows doing Yoga should inspire the viewer to "laugh, relax and breathe." Right? Well, she tells me that their zeal to finish it has been thwarted by the difficulty of completing the border. Irritated by the challenge, you could say that the cows practicing their yoga aimed at relaxation did not translate to them.

This reminds me of the way we often faithfully read the gospel good news but don't intentionally practice the ways of love designed by Christ. How do the ways of love translate to your own life? One of the results of the quarantine has been talking more to our family members and friends either in our house, on the phone or on a screen. Are we really listening?

One of the easiest, and hardest, ways to honor the sacred other is to listen. Indeed, is there any better way to respect the dignity of the other, than to see them, really see them, and to listen and learn? In a way, isn't that what we all want? Yet, I am convinced that listening is a profoundly holy practice, and that it is also the gift rarely given in our self-absorbed,



preoccupied and anxiety-ridden lives

I'm coming to believe that listening is the growing edge for all of us these days. It's time to listen in ways we haven't before: letting down our guards, acknowledging what we don't really understand, humbly opening out hearts to another's story, and listening, deeply, to others. Listening is a way to offer hospitality.

Sharing who we are in story and listening to the story of "the other" sets us on the foundation of love and grace. Without trusting others enough to offer up our honest fears and reactions and assumptions, we foster lives of separateness and defensiveness.

This is hard work, to be sure, but it's also joyful work. Joy is another important contour of hospitality: we're to receive one another with joy, to delight in the other, and give thanks for the challenge and blessing they bring.

After all, don't we all know what it is to be a stranger, ourselves? Aren't we all, in some way, strangers in this world, strangers to one another, strangers to ourselves? We all have within us a stranger, who bears hurts and longings, gifts and limitations, which may frighten or embarrass or confuse us. That's not all! As our Gospel reminds us, we're called to be strangers also. It's part of our vocation as Christians! Jesus sends his disciples out to proclaim the good news and do good works, depending on the hospitality of others. He sends us out, too, out of our comfort zones, to share the good news in word and deed, and to grow, together, toward a bigger truth and a bigger hope, by the grace of the God who welcomes us all—who has more than enough room, and is always prepared, to welcome us, *all*.

In Christ,

Beverly+



But I always think that the best way to know God is to love many things. ~~Vincent van Gogh

No Man Is an Island

During the winter of 1623, when he was fifty-one years old, John Donne was seriously ill. Not surprisingly, his thoughts turned to the subject of mortality. It was at this time that he wrote Meditation XVII.

*No man is an island,
Entire of itself.
Each is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thine own
Or of thine friend's were.
Each man's death diminishes me,
For I am involved in mankind.
Therefore, send not to know
For whom the bell tolls,
It tolls for thee.*



'Mom, I'm Bored'

Summer's already partly gone, of course, but you might still want to consider PUKU SummerCamp if there are folks aged eight to twelve in your household who are bored and missing their usual summer activities. It's offered by Merriam-Webster (yes, the dictionary people).

There are, naturally, book recommendations and vocabulary-building exercises, but also activities to make learning fun.

Each week has a theme: Animal Kingdom (July 6-10), Space Launch (July 13-17), Game On! (July 20-24), In Deep Water (July 27-31), and X Marks the Spot (August 3-7).

Go to [Puku Summer Camp](#) and have a look.

Playing in the Dirt

Some of us have turned to gardening to keep our sanity intact through this spell of isolation.

Compared to gardeners, I think it is generally agreed that others understand very little about anything of consequence.

~~Henry Mitchell

If you are a long-time reader of the *Washington Post*, you probably remember Henry Mitchell, who wrote the wonderful “Earthman” column.

Henry Mitchell had strong opinions about gardening (and much else). He insisted, for example, you must leave the foliage to mature and die after the daffodil’s bloom was long gone, and scorned those who cut it back or, worse, folded it over and secured it in a little bundle with a rubber band. He did not approve of simply pulling out the dry stalk of the day lily at the end of the season (disease might make its way into the resulting cavity).

He was willing to concede that other gardeners’ choices might be valid; Japanese iris, for example, “a fine flower for anybody who thinks nothing can be too gaudy, too overstated, too imperial.” And so, “There is room for personal preference and taste in the disposition of iris colors, and the gardener should (needless to say) suit himself, . . .” But he knew, after forty years of growing iris (“unchallenged princes of the vegetable kingdom, one might say”), what he liked. A third should be some tint of yellow; a sixth might be dark, “chiefly violet blue or darkish rose-violet or velvety black”; a sixth could be blends; a sixth could be pink, orchid, white or clear magenta.

“Do not plant any reds, do not plant any browns, do not plant any bicolors. . . .” And so on. Henry Mitchell had definite ideas.

And not just on gardening. Beginning in 1976, he also wrote a column called “Any Day,” in which he discussed anything that happened to interest him. My personal favorite is the one in which he considered the phenomenon of Wonder Bread. It was probably, he decided, created by puffing up, then baking, library paste. He spoke with a public relations person who informed him, somewhat sniffily, that Wonder Bread was the best-selling bread in the United States. Sadly, he wrote, “She’s probably right.”

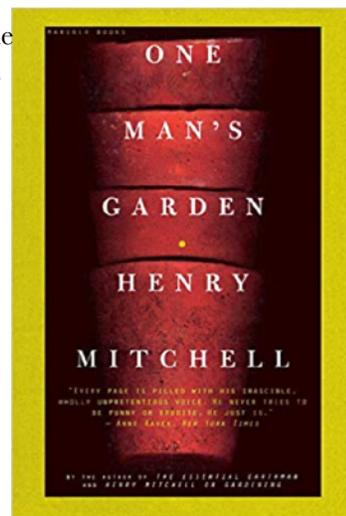
Mitchell was born in Washington when his parents were on the way home from Europe, but he grew up in Memphis. In the 1950s, covering civil rights for the *Commercial Appeal*, he was favored with death threats. In the 1960s, his opposition to U.S. policy in Southeast Asia wasn’t popular either. He quit. And so he finally ended up back in Washington.

In 1973, an editor he had advised on gardening suggested he do a column on the subject, and “Earthman” was born.

“It is agreeable to waddle about in one’s own paradise, knowing that thousands of others have better gardens with better thises and thats, and better grown too, and no weeds at all,” he once wrote. “To know this and grin as complacently as a terrier who just got into the deviled eggs, and to reflect that there is no garden in England or France I envy, and not one I’d swap for mine: this is the aim of gardening—not to make us complacent idiots, exactly, but to make us content and calm for a time, with sufficient energy (even after bitter wars with bindweed) to feel an awestruck thanks to God that such happiness can exist. For a few days, of course.”

Mitchell’s appreciation of nature was all-inclusive and his approach to life philosophical—“Squirrels eat a lot of bulbs—they are in heaven when they find the cyclamen and crocuses—but they keep the garden interesting for the family dog. . . . And besides, the squirrels are more attractive than the cyclamen probably would have been anyway.”

Henry Mitchell died in 1993, at the age of sixty-nine. I seem to recall reading in an obituary somewhere that he was in his garden at the time. He left us two collections of his essays on the gardening life, *The Essential Earthman*, published in 1981 by Farrar Straus Giroux, and *One Man’s Garden*, from Houghton Mifflin in 1992. A posthumous collection, *Henry Mitchell on Gardening* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt), was published in 1999.





Covenant for Regathering in Worship

In response to the COVID-19 pandemic, I promise, with God's help and to the best of my ability, to abide by the guidelines of the Diocese of Washington for participation in the life of my congregation according to the regathering phase in which my congregation is authorized to carry out its mission and ministry.

In fulfillment of our Baptismal Covenant, I will strive to:

Love my neighbor as myself

- Wear a mask or scarf over my nose and mouth at all times in church buildings, except momentarily to receive the sacrament or lead worship through an assigned speaking part.
- Only attend worship and receive communion if I am healthy and non- symptomatic with the novel coronavirus or any other transmittable disease that could compromise the health of another congregant;

Respect the dignity of every human being

- Make no physical contact with people beyond the members of my own household.
- Maintain a six foot or more distance from others in the congregation.
- Respect any requests for distance, masking, cleaning, to ensure the safety and comfort level of others, even as restrictions are reduced.

Seek and serve Christ in all people

- Trust and support the decisions of our congregational leaders.
- Stay connected with others in my community by telephone, email, video chat, or mail.

Meditation is old and honorable, so why should I not sit, every morning of my life, on the hillside, looking into the shining world? Because, properly attended to, delight, as well as havoc, is suggestion.

Can one be passionate about the just, the ideal, the sublime, and the holy, and yet commit to no labor in its cause? I don't think so.

~~from "What I Have Learned So Far"

New and Selected Poems, vol. 2, Mary Oliver



Time to Celebrate

(sheltering, of course)

- 3 Bob and Linda Sisson
- 5 Scott and Alice Drayton
- 9 Hal Pease and Margaret Hallau
- 15 Tom & Jill Garrett
- 16 Samuel & Brenda Frazier
- 17 Bob and Kimbra Benson
- 26 Robert & Iris Hall-Willey

July's Children

- 2 Annalee Johnson, Emma Wagner
- 3 Lynn Duff, Margaaret Hallau
- 5 Helen Rotzinger
- 7 Robert Willey
- 9 Mary Maker, Olivia Labows
- 10 Mark Mallory, Robert Frick
- 14 Katie Johnson
- 16 Sydney Vieten,
- 17 Sara Frank, Walt Johnson
- 18 Taylor Benson, Charlotte Caudle, Kerri Frank
- 21 Fred Bergen
- 22 Hannah Vallandingham
- 23 Samuel Frazier
- 27 Pamela Carroll
- 28 Rese Bergen
- 29 Brenda Weisman
- 30 Ginni Stein
- 31 Olivia Johnson, Kelsey McGee

July Sunday Lectionary

July 5

Genesis 24:34-38, 42-49, 58-67 *or* Zechariah 9:9-12
 Psalm 45: 11-18 *or* Song of Solomon 2:8-13 *or*
 Psalm 145:8-15

Romans 7:15-25a Matthew 11:16-19, 25-30

July 12

Genesis 25:19-34 *or* Isaiah 55:10-13
 Psalm 119:105-112 *or* Psalm 65: (1-8), 9-14
 Romans 8:1-11 Matthew 13:1-9,18-23

July 19

Genesis 28:10-19a *or* Isaiah 44:6-8
 Psalm 139: 1-11, 22-23 *or* Wisdom of Solomon 12:13, 16-19
or Psalm 86:11-17

Romans 8:12-25 Matthew 13:24-30,36-43

July 26

Genesis 29:15-28 *or* 1 Kings 3:5-12
 Psalm 105:1-11, 45b *or* Psalm 128 *or* Psalm 119:129-136
 Romans 8:26-39 Matthew 13:31-33,44-52



Diocesan Requirements for in-person worship are

- Reduce the length of the service with fewer readings of scripture and hymns with just 2 verses played since there is no singing.
- We are to reduce the number of contacts in the service and attempt to use only as many as social distancing permits in the chancel. This means that only myself and one other can be in the chancel for a service.
- Suspend acolytes in this near future time of regulations.
- Ask the Lay Reader to stand in place and read.
- Vergers is present can read the POP and assist with preparations at altar.
- Suspend Chalice Bearers as there is no wine distribution from the Chalice.
- I would need a vergers or someone to assist with preparations for HC. Of the 5 vergers, I know Dee is dubious and Nancy Edwards doubtful.
- If for example there is no lay reader available for whatever reason, the vergers can read the lesson and POPs. If there is no Vergers available the Lay Reader can also read the POPs.
- There will be no offering collected by ushers. A collection basket is placed at back of church for folks to place their checks.
- Bulletins will be in pew and MUST be placed by user in recycling bin after service.

At the Door and Dismissal

- Monitor must temperature scan everyone who wants to enter. Temp of 100+ not permitted.
- Monitor must find their name as signed-in with reservation.
- The EDOW *Covenant* must be on file.
- All are required to wear a mask.
- All must follow directions to socially distance.
- Hand Cleaning Stations must be available.
- Folks are dismissed by row with all entrances/exits opened so social distancing is managed.-Vergers is present can read the POP and assist with preparations at altar.



Looking for Someone?

Rector: The Rev. Beverly Weatherly 301 862-2247
Parish Administrator: Donna Triplett 301 862-2247

rector@standrewsleonardtowntown.org
parishadmin@standrewsleonardtowntown.org

Vestry, Senior Warden: Mary Maker
Vestry, Junior Warden: John McKendrew

Treasurer: Brent Johnson

Vestry, Fundraising Steve Carroll

Amy Foster, Minister of Music

Sarah Freese, Preschool Director

standrewsprek@yahoo.com

Jerry Frank, Thrift Shop

Dee McRae, Newsletter

deemcrae@mac.com

Director of Sanford Concert Program:

Lyn Schramm

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St. Andrew's Episcopal Church 301 862-2247

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The Right Rev. Mariann Edgar Budde 202 537-6550

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