



A magazine for the members of Holy Comforter Episcopal Church and their community.

Easter 2021



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LEFT: Sandi Granger takes a walk on an area greenway.

WHERE'S MICHAEL?
Look for Michael hiding inside these pages.



Translator's joke likely brought more response than did hour-long sermon



By Fr. Jerry Smith
Rector

While serving as the dean of the Diocese of Moosonee, I traveled to one of the more remote parishes (Chisasibi, Quebec) to assist with a parish mission.

A guest preacher from somewhere away (most everywhere was away) was headed to town, and as the town was predominantly Anglican, the leadership asked that a diocesan team spiritually audit the traveling evangelist. The community was small, and the tribal council did not want religious conflict to divide the residents.

I was there with another of the leadership team who was fluent in the Cree language. The visiting preacher's sermons were going to have to be simultaneously translated, as most of the residents of Chisasibi spoke only Cree.

In the middle of the first sermon my colleague began to chuckle and then broke out into uncontrollable laughter. Moments later the church full of people started to laugh as well. I didn't; nor did the evangelist. What was so funny?

It seems that the evangelist was using a metaphor of bridges and bridge girders. Because there were no words in Cree for this, the translator simply told a funny story. He prefaced it by saying that the evangelist didn't understand that there were no words for the metaphor so, "here's a joke I just heard."

The translator told the joke, got everyone laughing and then, when the metaphor was over, he slid right back into the translation of the evangelist's message. The evangelist had no idea why everyone had broken out into laughter.

As messengers of hope, we need to know the people to whom we minister and the environment in which we are working. This visiting preacher obviously understood everyone's need for the hope we have in Christ, but he certainly didn't know how to deliver that; otherwise he would have used metaphors that worked in that community.

Translators of the Bible have even had to change some of the metaphors that Jesus used. Residents of that same village of Chisasibi would have no idea what a sheep was, for example, so some translators of the Bible chose to use a local animal when deciphering the words of Jesus, simply to help readers understand the message of Christ.



Imposition of ashes during one of five services (three for the school).

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Joke was on preacher

A year into this pandemic (who would have ever thought?) much of The traditional Christian language used to bring hope and healing slides off our backs because these words can be too familiar and often powerless. In circumstances like those of today, hope often needs to be more tangible, not simply words like those on a greeting card.

I think the Cree translators joke did more to bring hope to the people of Chisasibi that night than did the hour-long sermon. The joke raised their spirits and probably did more to make them open to the message of Jesus than did most anything else that evening.

So, ask yourself what it takes to bring you tangible hope before reaching out to others. Frankly, it will probably be the little things, like that joke in Chisasibi, that will have the most lasting effect and be the very thing that wins you an audience when you want to share even more life changing words of hope.

Fr Jerry+



Clement enjoys helping Papa out (and waving to Nana) while visiting from Jacksonville.

Bishop Announces Retirement

At diocesan convention in January of this year, Bishop Johnson Howard announced his plans to retire, effective the fall of 2023. He has requested that the diocese begin the process of electing a coadjutor bishop in the spring of 2022.

A coadjutor bishop, by definition, is the diocesan bishop in waiting as opposed to a suffragan bishop who, upon election, is an assistant to the diocesan bishop.

The diocesan standing committee takes the leadership in this election process and their first task is to establish a search committee that basically acts like a parish search committee, except at the diocesan level.

They are currently receiving names to consider for this committee. These names are being received through the regional canons.

The search committee will then write a diocesan mission statement and will receive nominations of potential candidates, who will be vetted according to a national church standard.

In spring 2022, we will gather at a special convention. Parish clergy and convention delegates will vote until a clear, simple majority is reached. The majority needs to be in both houses (clergy and laity).

After the election has been concluded, the name of the winner will be circulated to the standing committees of all of the dioceses in the Episcopal Church in the USA. A clear majority of standing committees needs to approve the election before an ordination occurs.

At this point there are proposed plans for an ordination of this new bishop in fall 2022.

After the new bishop's ordination, some diocesan responsibilities will be assumed under the supervision of Bishop Howard until fall 2023 when full responsibility for leadership in the diocese is assumed.

Please join us praying for this important process in our faith families life together.



Lent Means Spring



By Mother Beth Pessah

Associate Rector/School Chaplain

Well, here we are in Lent again. Honestly, it kind of feels like we never left Lent 2020 behind. Someone online said, “It was the lentiest Lent I ever lented.” Ha-ha. But in light of how much we have sacrificed this last year – missing family visits, learning new ways of teaching and holding church services, no travel – I thought it might be important for this Lenten season to have a more positive spin.

Thinking about the fact that the word ‘lent’ is an old word meaning ‘spring,’ reminded me of how hopeful the spring season really is. During my many years in Canada, Lenten days were spent really longing for the sights and sounds of spring: new green shoots bursting through the previously frozen ground, the return of bird songs and the lengthening hours of daylight. The hope of Easter and of new life is revealed in nature as things begin to grow, and in the awakening of the natural world.

In John 12: 24, we hear Jesus say, **“Very truly I tell you, unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds.”**

This verse speaks to the hope that even when it looks like there is nothing to look forward to and the ground is bare, new life is happening just below the surface. The planting of a seed is a picture of the death and resurrection of Jesus. It is a reminder that as we participate with God in living our own lives to the fullest, new life is multiplied in and through each of us. Our new life is multiplied when we connect with others, sharing love and nurturing relationships.

In I Corinthians 3: 6-7, Paul writes, **“I planted the seed, Apollos watered it, but God made it grow. So neither he who plants nor he who waters is anything, but only God, who makes things grow. The man who plants and the man who waters have one purpose, and each will be rewarded according to his own labor.”**

Despite how scattered or isolated we might feel these days, we still need each other. No one comes to faith or continues in the faith in a vacuum. I am aware that the work that I do at the church and in the school is only a small part of the great work that God is

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About Those Ashes

We began the season with a modified Ash Wednesday service. My homily was live-streamed from the chapel and then Father Jerry, Deacon Jeanie and I took ashes to the classrooms to impose upon students and teachers.

To avoid skin to skin contact we used Q-tips dipped in oil and ash to create crosses on each forehead. We administered ashes on approximately 500 students and many teachers.

Because I very rarely go into all the classrooms, this year Ash Wednesday was an exciting time of recognizing each person and joyously receiving “this special kind of blessing” as one of the lower school teachers called it. Students were happy to see us and happy to receive the sign of the cross, carefully moving back to their seats so as not to disturb the ash from their foreheads. I heard from teachers that throughout the remainder of the day some of the younger students continued to ask if their cross was still visible.

Special-area teachers sought out the imposition after class when they realized they had been missed. These things are signs to me that the chapel services are continuing to have a huge impact on the daily lives of both students and faculty. Please continue to pray for the teachers, students, families and staff, including me. It has been a strange and beautiful year.

May God continue to provide strength, stamina and courage. In the words of one of the prayers from the liturgy, may God give us “calm strength and patient wisdom.”



Photos on these pages show Mother Beth in her role as school chaplain, during the imposition of ashes and in preparing seeds and soil for children to plant.

Lent Means Spring

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doing in the lives of students and families. Each of us is an important part of the continuing ministry of new life and growth that is occurring in our community and throughout the world. Thank you for your prayers, your words of encouragement and your support. Each comment and prayer has been like the sunshine and the water that contribute to the well being of that seedling plant.

I have given each lower school classroom a seed planting kit, which students will use to plant seeds and watch for signs of the hope of new life. The church and school committee sent out a Lenten mailing to each of the school families that included a Lenten calendar with daily meditations and also a packet of seeds (generously donated by Esposito Lawn and

Garden Center).

In the cover letter, I encouraged the families to plant their seeds and then to watch, wait and hope along with us. Will you also join me? If you are not able to plant any seeds, join me in watching for signs of hope and new life in your neighborhood. Listen for new bird songs or watch for the blooming of flowers. Pay attention when others speak words of encouragement and kindness. Be open to

the ways that you might add light or water to the nurturing of someone else's faith. Remember, that although the ground is cold and dark today, soon we will begin to see new shoots of life penetrating through and reaching for the light.

God is doing good work. Hope reminds us that that new life is stirring just below the surface.

Forest Bathing

By Sandi Granger

Forest bathing is a fancy term for what we have always known as “walkin’ in the woods.” I have been walkin’ in the woods ever since I was a youngster, growing up in the wooded hills of Western Pennsylvania.

The concept of forest bathing or shinrin-yoku, also known as forest therapy, was developed in Japan in the 1980s. It has now become a vital part of Japanese preventative health care and is frequently prescribed by doctors to offer an antidote to tech-boom burnout and to inspire residents to reconnect with and protect the country’s forests.

Japanese studies have shown that trees and plants emit oils called phytoncides, which have anti-bacterial and anti-fungal properties that help them to fight disease. When we inhale these oils, it has been proven this can lower heart rate and blood pressure, boost the immune system and accelerate recovery from illness. It is also shown to reduce stress hormone production, improve feelings of happiness and free up creativity.

Forest bathing is not just walking in the woods, but walking mindfully, slowly and fully engaging all our senses. One must savor the sounds, smells and sights of nature, letting the forest in while breathing deeply. Experts suggest that to be fully immersed, one should leave cameras and phones at home, although I confess this has been difficult for me to do.

Japan offers many resorts where one can go to practice forest bathing. This phenomenon has been spreading across the world. The Forest Bathing Institute was established in Britain for continued research, training and events. There is now an International Forest Bathing Day recently celebrated on September 12, 2020. This is catching on in America, where some hotels and resorts are specializing in it. Certified forest bathing specialists offer lessons in breathing and mind-clearing while perusing the forest. The Pyramids in Fort Myers offers forest bathing tours led by trained guides.

The practice of forest bathing or even plain old walking in the woods and the potential benefits should be of interest to many of us during this time of pandemic when social distancing can create feelings of loneliness and isolation.





Forest bathing is not just walking in the woods, but walking mindfully, slowly and fully engaging all our senses.

We also may be experiencing increased levels of stress.

If you are physically able and haven't mindfully walked through our beautiful forests, this may be a good time to start.

I try to walk in the woods occasionally throughout the week, either with a friend or solo. I have felt very safe alone and often encounter other women also hiking by themselves. For me, it is also easier to practice forest bathing in a more contemplative way as I can more fully engage my senses. On most weekends, weather permitting, Andy and I will spend a few hours walking on local wooded trails, mindfully letting the woods in. We are left feeling peaceful, recharged and ready to take on the new week.

There are numerous city and county parks in and around Tallahassee with many miles of hiking trails. We are also blessed to have the Apalachicola National Forest, the largest U.S. National Forest in Florida, just to the west of us. I will share a few of my favorite trails which are all within Tallahassee city limits.

Lafayette Heritage Trail Park

This is one of my favorite parks and in my view, the coolest park in Tallahassee. The 3.5 mile loop takes you around Lake Lafayette and Piney Z Lake. It is abundant with birds, and often you can see alligators in the water. There are sunny spots with benches overlooking the water and lily pad beds. The stoic oak trees are breathtaking. The trail offers wooded single paths as well as much wider canopied lanes. There is also a gorgeous covered wooden pedestrian bridge, which offers an amazing view of Piney Z Lake.

J. R. Alford Greenway

This beautiful park covers more than 700 acres of pastures, mixed forests, hardwoods, freshwater swamp and a lake setting, with 17 miles of hiking and biking trails. From flat and open to hilly, wooded and twisty, this trail and several side trails offer a variety of challenges for all levels with its diverse scenery. The trail lanes range from well-maintained gravel to narrow and single track. It also has a bathroom, which is always a plus for me.

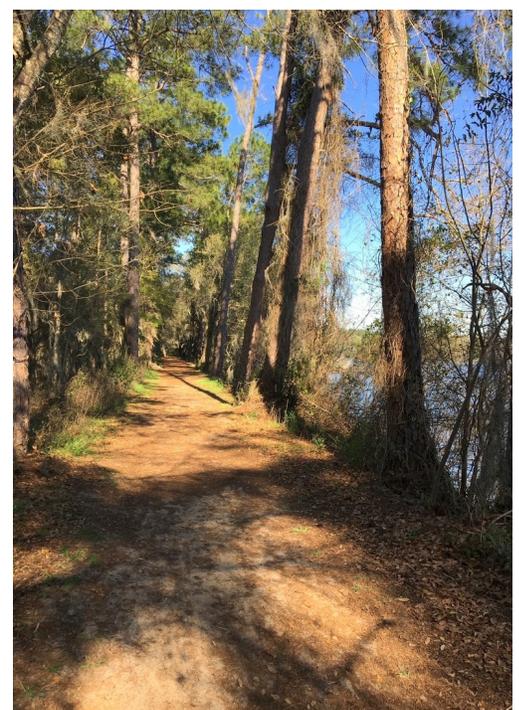
Elinor Klapp-Phipps Park

Lastly, my favorite park in Tallahassee and the surrounding area, this has been described as Tallahassee's most expansive and wild park. There are three stacked loops of trails that vary in length and difficulty. This thickly wooded park is idyllic and natural; it is a true glimpse of Old Florida with ancient magnolias, loblolly pines, tranquil streams and a swamp basin. It is in these deep woods that I am able to fully immerse myself in the essence of the healing forest.

You can find additional information on local places to hike on www.trailahassee.com. There is also a Facebook group, Tallahassee Hikes, where people share their favorite hiking venues and photos.

In summary, whether you are enjoying a leisurely walk through the woods or pursuing more intentional forest bathing, you are reaping amazing benefits to your physical and mental well-being.

In the words of Tallahassee Democrat columnist Gregg Patterson, "I urge you to grab a family member or friend and go outside for a walk. Are you in?"



Sandi Granger enjoys the calming effects of a walk in Lafayette Heritage Trail, left, and a look at the trail ahead, right.

Holy Comforter Annual Parish Meeting

January 31, 2021



In the Episcopal Church, the vestry oversees all parish expenditures and represents the parish in matters concerning corporate property and parish-clergy relations. At Holy Comforter, the rector and presiding officer, Fr. Jerry Smith, and seven voting members comprise the vestry. Each member serves a three-year term; the terms are staggered, so that two or three members “roll off” and are replaced by new members each year.

Vestry members are elected at the annual parish meeting, which is held in early February each year following the diocesan convention.

Last month, we elected three vestry members for the 2021-2024 term, Sterling Luce, Mary Whitmire and Jackie Watts. They replace Amy Johnson (senior warden), Mary Cordero (junior warden) and Lannie Cardona, who had completed their three-year terms. The remaining vestry members are Chris Jester, Randy Desilet, Bill Thomsen and Tricia Culbertson.

At the beginning of each year, one of the seven members is appointed by the rector as senior warden, and another is elected by the vestry to be junior warden. This year, Fr. Jerry appointed Trish Culbertson as senior warden, and vestry elected Randy Desilet as junior warden.



**We always
need to
explore new
ways to
communicate**

The senior warden is a representative of and advocate for the rector. The junior warden is sometimes called the “people’s advocate,” and may work with the committees overseeing the church buildings and grounds. Since we also have an episcopal school, the rector and senior warden are automatically school board of trustee members as well.

Departing vestry members were thanked by Fr. Jerry for their exemplary leadership over the past three years and presented with gifts.

In a season that has been anything but typical, the meeting was not conducted with the parish hall loaded with church members and food appropriate to the time of day. Rather it was conducted by Fr. Jerry in the nave, where it was live streamed so folks could attend online.

The annual report, minutes of last year’s meeting, and the approved 2021



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Left: Father Jerry and newly elected vestry member Jackie Watts, following the annual meeting.

Previous page: Departing vestry members, l-r, Amy Johnson (senior warden), Mary Cordero (junior warden) and Lannie Cardona.

Mary Whitmire became involved with Holy Comforter in 2017 when she started attending book club and Sunday services. She had been a lifelong member of St. John's until then. Mary reaffirmed being an Episcopalian at Holy Comforter in 2019. Besides the book club, she has been involved in Vacation Bible School, 2019; assisting Deacon Jeanie with server assignments, pre pandemic; and on the altar guild. She also trained to serve at the altar and has read the Prayers of the People.

In the past year, she has been involved in Food Pantry activities, including bagging the food received from Second Harvest and then helping with Saturday distribution. On a personal note, Mary retired after 31 years from the Department of Health, Children's Medical Services. While there she was primarily involved in administration and budgetary activities.



Jackie Watts started attending Holy Comforter when Sunday service was conducted in the 8th Grade classroom. Jackie owned and operated a plumbing and AC company for 27 years. Concurrently, she has served on the Florida State Licensing Board for 12 years and served two terms on the Florida State Code Board. These positions were filled by appointment of the sitting governor.

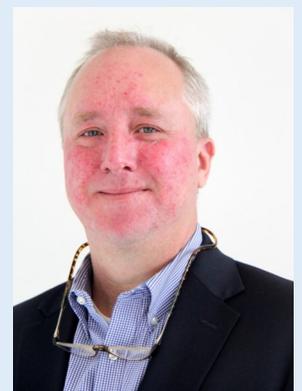
Jackie has served on the vestry for one term, and has served as chairman of the building and grounds committee for 15 years. During this tenure, she facilitated the refinishing of the church pews and the installation of the shadow boxes which house the original stained glass from the old church building. Jackie laid out and helped with the construction of the labyrinth. She was the essential person that helped move the permits for the three portables through the City of Tallahassee. Jackie and her brother Joe Watts are also responsible for maintaining the AC equipment for the church.



Sterling Luce comes from a big episcopalian family that has joyfully helped to establish churches in Tallahassee and Carrabelle. He was a student of Holy Comforter through elementary school and was reconfirmed at St John's as an adult. Sterling received his finance and real estate degrees from FSU in 1994, and has worked at several banks as a lender and credit officer. He is currently at Prime Meridian as a vice president and senior credit officer.

Sterling has been involved in the Junior Achievement program as an educator in personal finance, as well as having been on the board of directors for the Girl Scouts of the Big Bend for many years.

Sterling is the father of Caroline, a senior at UCF and Parker, a senior at Maclay School, and husband to Brandy. When not at work, he enjoys fishing of any kind, turkey hunting and woodworking. Sterling's is also a familiar face as an usher, a member of the stewardship committee and helper at men's breakfasts.





Discipline of SSF order enables spiritual growth

The Society of St. Francis (SSF) is comprised of three religious orders that include: the first order brothers; the first order sisters; and the third order tertiary. Each order is required to live lives directed by a set of permanent vows and formal rules of life.

Additionally, there is an international religious community called the Companions SSF within the Episcopal Church communion who, are inspired by the way St. Francis and St. Clare followed the way of Jesus Christ. While companions are not a religious order in the traditional sense, they are committed franciscans with a specific charism and calling alongside their brothers and sisters in the larger franciscan world. They are not required to complete a rigorous program of formation.

Through the development of a personal rule of life, companions make, in part, a commitment to:

- Daily prayer and Bible study.
- Regular receipt of Holy Communion.
- Regular receipt of the Sacrament of Reconciliation.
- Sensible and careful stewardship of God's creation.
- Growth in faith through study, retreats and community involvement.
- Fellowship with other companions directed towards spiritual growth.

As we all know, Jesus calls those who would serve him to follow his example and choose for themselves the same path of renunciation and sacrifice. To those who hear and obey, he promises union with God. The object of the Companions of the

Society of Saint Francis is to build a community of those who accept Christ as their Lord and Master, and are dedicated to him in body and spirit.

They surrender their lives to him and to the service of his people. The companions SSF consists of those who, while following the ordinary professions of life, feel called to dedicate their lives under a personal Rule of Life. They may come from any denomination, and be female or male, married or single, ordained or lay.

Personally, I have had much interest in the spirituality of St. Clare and St. Francis over the years. I have read their biographies and studied other commentaries related to the franciscan way of life. Specifically, Fr. Richard Rohr, OFM has played a significant role in my search for a spiritual home. The franciscan tradition of poverty, chastity and obedience fits well into my desire to become a humble servant of God, as taught by our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Several months ago I was introduced to the Companions of the Society of St. Francis by my spiritual director. After a period of discernment, I was lead to apply for membership into this fellowship. Upon acceptance, I made a commitment to follow the expectations outlined above and measure my progress by monthly self-evaluation of my rule of life. This discipline has provided me with a very helpful tool to measure my spiritual progress.

For those interested in learning more about the Companions SSF, please contact me at langeww@gmail.com, or go directly to companions@tssf.org.



By Bill Lange

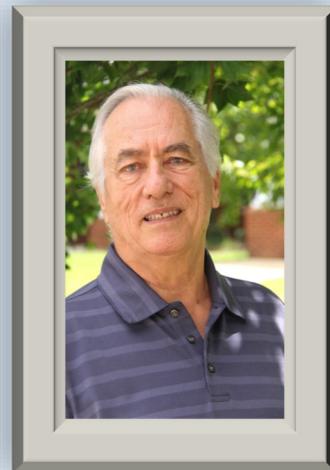


New Wardens and New Vestry Members

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budget (in summarized narrative form) were previously distributed to the parish via email.

We always need to explore new ways to communicate, as it is vital to the success of the church. Fr. Jerry specifically commended parish communication leaders Fred Chester and Doty Wenzel, and Dove designer John LoCastro and Marjie Smith, editor and occasional designer. He also thanked "unsung heroes" Hollie Maddox (treasurer) and Carolyn DiSalvo (vestry clerk) for their contributions.



Trish Culbertson, left, and Randy Desilet, right, are senior and junior wardens, respectively.

Holy Week at Holy Comforter



Sunday, March 28, Sunday of the Passion (Palm Sunday)

8 a.m. Liturgy of the Palms and Holy Communion

10:30 a.m. Liturgy of the Palms and Holy Eucharist

Wednesday, March 31

5:30 p.m. Holy Eucharist

Thursday, April 1, Maundy Thursday

7 p.m. Institution of the Lord's Supper with foot washing

Friday, April 2, Good Friday

Noon *Good Friday Liturgy*

Sunday, April 4, Easter

8 a.m. Celebration of the Resurrection

10:30 a.m. Celebration of the Resurrection

1 p.m. Lunch and parking lot liturgy



Bonnie McHugh, vergger

It is not a raft of words, but a quilt of feelings

I have tried to write my observations and experiences down since lockdown last March. I have posted them on Facebook and have read meaningful responses and dialogues (even between my friends who don't know each other). This is one that I posted a while back (with changes) and I think it resonated with friends because many have experienced the slow loss of someone they love to disease, dementia or both. So, I am sharing it with you.



By Marjie Smith
Editor

I talk to my sister and brother weekly or bi-weekly in their respective nursing homes.

Sometimes, either my schedule or the staff member's prevents the FaceTime visit. It's been lockdown in Canada, so no family members are there. Thus, the activity director has to be with Rick or he will pick up the iPad and play with it. Rick, for many decades worked in electronics.

It is no wonder that it still draws him.

Peggy's caregiver sets up the iPad and leaves us to ourselves for the half hour. Peggy's daughter, Becky, comes on after me.

In terms of Rick's visits, he is conversive and good spirited, but he is living in a parallel world drawn from his memories and repurposed.

Peggy can no longer respond, although she sometimes tries. I know I might catch a whispered word when I see her mouth move slowly and her hand under the shawl, beat with a parkinsonian fervor (Lewy Body is in the Parkinson's family).

Then it abates. And she has receded into that inner world with no windows for us to see through.

I confessed to my niece I find it

hard to keep up a one-sided conversation. Peggy's husband and children do too.

You don't know what kind of comfort it brings. We all have found our ways to penetrate that silence without disturbing it.

I told Becky that in trying to understand how her mom receives our words or songs, I remind myself what she retained or responded to before speech left her. Even then, she was sliding into her own world and less and less able to hold her focus.

In turn, it reminds me that how I talk to my siblings is more important than what I say, since their ability to comprehend or hold onto information has declined.

It is like purring, I suppose. Our voices, our love, our concern carry forward under their burden of words. At the other end there is maybe not understanding, but rather, comfort.

It is not a raft of words; it is a quilt of feelings.



Collaborative Ministry

By Julianne Chester, Director of Children and Families Ministry

I've been asked what it's like working with my husband. I must start by saying that I am very fortunate to have such a talented husband to work with me during Vacation Bible School and the Lessons and Carols 2020 program.

Fred makes all of our opening and closing assemblies run smoothly during VBS. He gives those of us involved pointers during rehearsals and is very patient as we work through each day's programming. This gives me such reassurance and confidence. Fred was instrumental in the taping of video segments and did all the editing on the Lessons and Carols program. He laboriously created layers of audio, finding and incorporating music and sound effects.

We actually met more than 33 years ago at Flamingo Recording Studio here in Tallahassee. I was a producer/ director at Florida State University, and Fred was a recording engineer. He recorded the voice-over parts of my video projects for a year or so. We developed a great mutual respect for each other's skills and it really was team work.

To this day, the opportunity to work on a creative project together is really some of our best experience. Although each has a role, we consult one another throughout our projects and are always open to something the other might suggest. He might see a better angle for shooting something or hear a background noise I missed. I might think an audio level needs tweaking or a edit could use a different transition. By acknowledging each other's suggestions, we end up with a product that we created together and gives us both pride.



Get ready for an amazing time in VBS, June 14-18, 2021, from 9 a.m. to Noon, at Holy Comforter Church with *Knights of North Castle: Quest for the King's Armor*.

Our banner verse, "Be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his power,"



Ephesians 6:10, will guide us as we discover the mighty power of God's protective armor for us.

Through Old and New Testament stories, we'll see the armor at work in the

lives of bible characters and explore how the armor works in our own lives.

This fun-filled castle adventure leads knights (children) on a quest for the King's armor of truth, peace, justice, faith and salvation. Knights begin and end each session with a high-energy, music-filled assembly, which introduces and summarizes the day's quest.

VBS

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

They rotate through stations including memorable bible stories, creative crafts, amazing science, fun recreation and yummy snacks.

Space is limited so early registration is recommended. Parents should complete the authorization and release form and the registration form.

Return them to children@hc-ec.org. These forms can be found on-line at hc-ec.org. Forms can also be mailed to 2015 Fleischmann Rd., Tallahassee, FL 32308. You will receive a confirmation from Julianne Chester, director of children and families ministry.

A Day in the Life of Ministry

... After You Think You Have Heard It All



By Deacon Jeanie



Note: After a year in quarantine, Marjie thought we needed to hear some funny stories. I hope you have a chuckle over these somewhat unusual vignettes. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that in ministry I would learn so much about standing naked before God.

The Nudist Colony

This is a true story as told by one of my students in deacons' school who is studying for the local priesthood.

"I have as members of my church four families that live full-time in a nudist community. I have been ministering to a lady in her mid-80s who lives in that community. She recently fell and broke an eye socket. When I called her to offer to visit and to bring her communion, she hesitated and asked, 'Do you know where I live?' I assured her I did and that it did not matter to me; she was hurt and as the spiritual leader of the community I was coming to visit. She was nervous and so was I. She assured me that she would be dressed, for which I was thankful. I did the visit, which was beautiful. When I was leaving, she told me how much it had meant to her that I visited her home. She explained that as a Baptist she had been asked to leave three other churches when they found out where she lived. She thanked me for accepting her 'just as she is'.

"As I was leaving, I passed another member of the church riding in his golf cart naked. He was amazed to see me there. Keeping only eye contact, I explained why I was there. He choked up that I would come to their community to minister to someone who needed it. He asked if, once I was ordained, I would come monthly to do services in their community center. He explained that people who live there do not attend church since being shunned from other 'houses of God'. I told him I would. I did

tell him I would at least wear a stole which got a good laugh."

A Walk in the Park

During the time I served at Grace Mission as a minister to the homeless, my prayer was that the parishioners would know that I was a safe person who loved and accepted them right where they were. That was a challenge at times.

One time in particular stands out in my mind. As we were going on our monthly water walk thru Frenchtown, delivering prayer and cold water to those on the street, the man with whom I was walking said, "Deacon Jeanie, can I tell you something I have never told anyone else?"

"Of course, you can," I responded and he looked me in the eye and said, "I'm on my way to California to become a porn star." Trying hard not to let my jaw drop to the sidewalk, I asked him, "Might we pray about whether this is how God wants you to use your body, the Temple of the Holy Spirit?"

We prayed together and he went off to California. Within weeks, he was back at Grace Mission to worship and was welcomed back as a member of the Grace Mission band.

Things had not gone as he had hoped. He shared, "I thought about what you said about the Temple of the Holy Spirit. Getting naked in front of a camera was not for me." I was delighted that he knew that that he would be loved back into the community just as before.

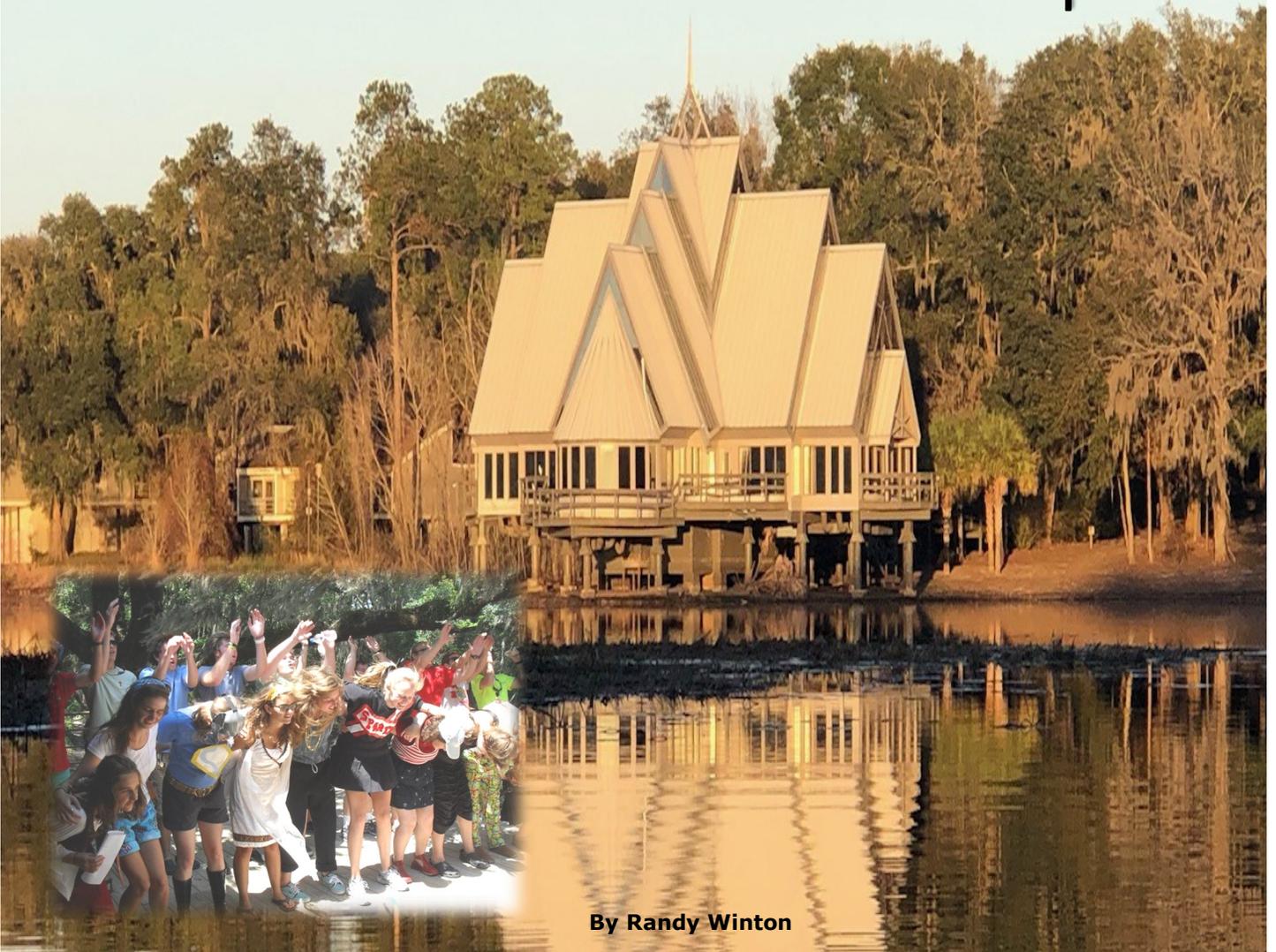
My Spiritual Director

(Note: we have changed the name of the individual)

Fr. John was beloved by all who knew him. He was my long-time spiritual director and lead mentor for deacon formation, meaning chief professor, in my former diocese. Just as I was preparing

Cont'd on Page 15

Limited Basis Summer Camp



By Randy Winton

After missing a full year of youth programs in the diocese, plans are out for a limited space summer camp program. The summer sessions begin with a mini camp for children ages 6 to 10 and other sessions are age related through August 1.

Camp Weed is located in Live Oak - about 75 minutes from Tallahassee. The nature and overall beauty of the property draws people back for youth and adult programs, renewal and pleas-

ure. The beautiful camp property has many opportunities for play, fun and fellowship. Mandi's Chapel is used for morning prayer and worship gatherings during the week.

Scholarships for campers are available and due by April 30. You can find applications and all the information on the campweed.org website.

If you have any questions about the sessions, contact summer camp director Sam Marxsen at sam@campweed.org or at 386-364-5250.

to move to the Diocese of Florida, Fr. John retired from active ministry and remarried. I lost contact with him as I began my ministry in Florida. I was saddened when I heard that he had died. But it wasn't until Bishop Howard

invited my former bishop to Camp Weed and included me in the dinner that I heard the end of the story.

Apparently, Fr. John and his wife had joined a nudist colony. He died fishing while naked.

I hope that you have had a chuckle from these somewhat risqué vignettes. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that I would learn so much about standing naked before God.

For Love of Birds



By Lee McHugh

To see and photograph nature is a privilege and a gift to me from the Creator. Each bird, butterfly, insect, animal, flower and landscape becomes an individual, a single personality to me when I capture that moment in time when I photograph them.

Our focus is often limited in these days of work, school, family, the impatience of hectic activity, and the troubles of modern life. We tend to limit our vision, to close in on ourselves and fail to see what is above, below and all around us. It is my wish that my photographs may be a gift of captured moments that allow you to see and enjoy the beauty, magnificence, elegance, nobility, as well as humor, that our Creator surrounds us with each day.

Photos this page by Lee McHugh





March, the adult males are bright yellow. This is when I know the flock is ready to head north.

There are several folks at Holy Comforter that attract birds to their yards, and we often talk about the birds visiting our feeders and share pictures. When I can't recognize a bird, I



By Janice Mazza

About five years ago, I noticed a small flock of American goldfinch in my yard. I bought some Nyger Seed and sunflower chips and enjoyed watching them for the next couple months. Since then, the flock has grown larger. Every January I now wait in anticipation for the goldfinch to arrive and stock up on bird food. There are some days I have to refill some of the feeders twice! I set up two finch feeding stations with their favorite food, away from where the larger birds feed. There are often pine siskins and yellow-rumped warblers sharing the feeders with them. When they first arrive they are a dull brown with blackish wings. But by the end of

take a picture and send it to my HC birder friend, Marcie Praetorius, who can always identify what I've seen. If I'm having a tough day or just need to have a timeout, I head to the yard, a nearby park or St. Marks with my camera.

It's my quiet time for reflection, and if I'm lucky, I'll find a new bird to add to my life list.



By Marcie Praetorius

Eastern Bluebirds: We always called them "The Bluebirds of Happiness," and they put a bright spot of color in our days. Their unmistakable bright blue with orange breasts makes them easy to spot. While our bluebirds nest down the hill in our neighbor's more open, spacious yard, in a box they have been using for many years, they feast on the dried mealworms and seeds in our feeders on a regular basis as a supplement to the insect larva in our trees. We are looking forward to this year's brood in the next month or so.

Baltimore Orioles: These colorful orange and black birds visit our area of North Florida from the fall through early spring. Females and juveniles have more yellow on them. Put out an orange-colored feeder with grape jelly and orange slices to attract them early in the fall.

They also enjoy mealworms, suet and drinking the same nectar (white cane sugar one part to four parts water) as hummingbirds. Their rich, musical song high up in the trees may be the first sign they are in your yard.



By Susan Robinson

Twice, in the month of April, within days of my birthday I have been gifted with a backyard view of lovely pink Roseate Spoonbills swishing their spoon-shaped bills from side to side as they feed among a mass of wading birds.

I can't help but raise my hands and say, "Thanks be to God; your creation is wonderfully made and brings me such joy and peace."



Carolyn a Friend of Animals



By Carolyn DiSalvo



Carolyn walking shelter dog, Sheba, above; dog named, Pretty, lower right; and Carolyn as a child, Age 5, with Floppy, top right.

When I was a little girl, my dad took me to the local animal shelter one day. I don't remember why; I'm sure we didn't bring a dog home. But permanently etched in my mind was the visual of dogs in their cages, looking sadly back at me. My family always included dogs, and sometimes cats.

Floppy was already in the family when I was born and is the first dog I remember. She only had three legs due to a fateful encounter with a lawnmower. Over many years we've had both mutts and "premium" dogs, culminating in Sheena, our beautiful golden retriever. Sheena was our lifetime dog, and when she died of cancer back in 1997, John and I agreed that we would never put ourselves through that heartbreak again. And life was so much more convenient without the extra complications that a pet brings to the table.

Fast forward a decade, and I found myself in the enviable position of retiring from the State of Florida. Like everybody else, I thought about transitioning to the next chapter of my life. I knew I wanted to volunteer in the community, and I couldn't shake the fantasy of walking dogs at the animal shelter. It seemed like the ideal way to have canines in my life again! But when push came to shove, it was just a pipe dream — I didn't have the courage to face the emotional pain of seeing those dogs looking sadly back at me again.

A dozen years later, with current obligations winding down, God gave me a second chance to dig deep inside and find that courage. This time, I picked up the phone and called the City of Tallahassee Animal Service Center (aka the Animal Shelter) on Easterwood Drive for more information. I explained both my interest and hesitation to Grayson

Walters, the volunteer coordinator, and as always, she offered some good advice. She said that compartmentalizing helps her move on at the end of the day. So I filled out and submitted the necessary forms and held my breath.

After a month of Level 1 grunt work, I became eligible for training as a Level 2 – canine companion, when I actually started walking dogs. I've been doing that for over a year and a half now. Spending time with a dog gets them out of their kennel (We *never* call them cages.) for a while, gives them fresh air, exercise and the chance to socialize with humans. While their current situation is not ideal, and is hopefully temporary, the time they share with the volunteers is time mutually well-spent. I really can enjoy my time while there and then let it go at the end of my shift. Each dog I walk gets about 20 minutes of my undivided attention, and we can walk any of the trails in Tom Brown Park.

Volunteers commit to a minimum of two hours per week, but like everything else, life at the animal shelter has changed during the pandemic. Protocols have been implemented for volunteers and staff, and potential adopters must make an appointment for a meet and greet. A number of the volunteers are college students who have gone back home and are attending school virtually. Other volunteers are quarantining because of travel or exposure. Hopefully life will return to its new normal before too long.

Last April, John graciously agreed to foster a shelter dog in our home. Nala was a young American Staffordshire Terrier (aka pit bull) who came to the shelter with her pup back in January 2020.



Cont'd on Page 19

Walking Dogs Led to Fostering

Cont'd from Page 18

The pup got adopted, but Nala was there over three months before she came to live with us. The foster program provides, free of charge, everything Nala requires.

In September, she was successfully treated for heartworms, and we're working on behaviors, but she will always have a skin condition and a malformed femur bone. We rebranded her with the name, "Pretty," which of course is exactly what she thinks she is. It must be a

God thing, because Pretty has been a wonderful distraction and companion during the pandemic.

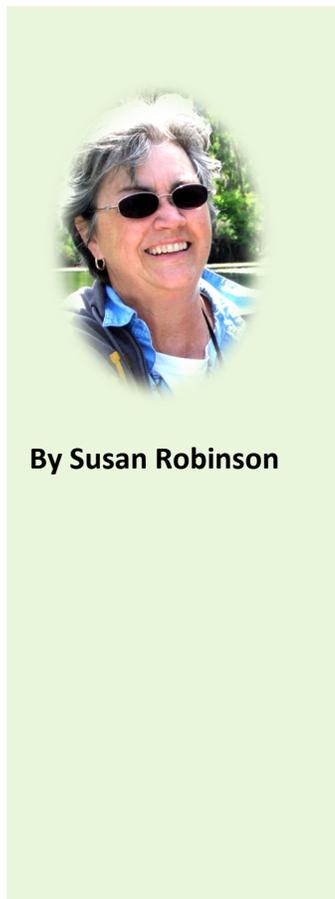
The foster coordinator, Heather Van Liere, has also been a pleasure to work with. It will be interesting to know what God has in store next, as there is an overabundance of pit bulls available for adoption and we haven't had many inquiries.

Church family, please pray.



Creation Care Ministry Update

Church Joins Good News Garden Ministry



By Susan Robinson

We at HCEC have joined the Good News Garden ministry of the Episcopal Church. The sign, right, is being placed near the vegetable garden from which produce is shared with our food pantry recipients. Walk down the hill behind the church on the labyrinth side and take a look. We will soon be changing out the "greens" for tomato plants and peppers. Contact Susan Robinson, surobins@me.com if you would like to take part in this ministry.

Good News Garden Mission

The mission of the Good News Gardens movement, as led by the Episcopal Church, is to partner with people in transformational agrarian ministry that feeds body, mind, and spirit. Good News Gardens is a church-wide movement of individuals, congregations, schools, colleges, seminaries, monasteries, camps and conference centers involved in a variety of food and creation care ministries – gardening, farming, beekeeping, composting, gleaning, feeding, food justice advocacy. The list goes on and on. Collectively, Good News Gardens share their abundance, their prayers and the Way of Love in their communities and beyond.

Our Call

As the Episcopal branch of the Jesus Movement, we believe that we are called to follow Jesus Christ and his way of love, growing in faith and action, in order that we can bear witness to his way of love in and for the world. We believe that one place we can bear witness to this love is through our relationship with the land. We believe that when we commit to planting more (be it beehives or herb gardens,) praying more (with our words and our deeds) and proclaiming more (through our stories and our bounty) to share the loving, liberating and life-giving Good News of God's love with all people, we will find ourselves, our church, and our world transformed.



Christmas Carry-out Communion

By Pat Horn

The COVID experience has changed many of the ways Holy Comforter carries the Gospel into our community. We now offer Morning Prayer online Monday through Friday and Compline twice a week in the evening—what a blessing.

Our Sunday services are live-streamed so that folks from all over can participate in the worship. Bob and I are very grateful for this online ministry that allows us to participate in the liturgy from our home at Westminster Oaks. But we have longed to be fed by the Body and Blood of Holy Eucharist. I'm sure the "parking-lot communions" have been a help for some, but as yet, we have not been able to avail ourselves of those opportunities. It is so encouraging to see how creative our ministry team is in finding new ways to keep us involved in meaningful ways.



What a delight, when Christmas came, to be offered, along with others who were quarantined or shut-in, the opportunity to have communion delivered right to our doors in a safe way. The deliveries were made in mask and handed to the resident, who was also masked or as an alternative, the delivery could be left on the front porch at a designated time. Those recipients were then called to let them know that the communion was on the porch.

There in a small Chinese carry-out box were a couple of small plastic condiment containers with the consecrated bread and wine. We were also provided with suggestions for setting up a holy space for the elements and a simplified liturgy

for partaking of the reserved sacrament.

Because we received the carry-out on Saturday afternoon, we chose to partake of the sacrament with the Holy Comforter live-streamed service on Sunday morning. We brought a small chair-side table from the living room into the computer room and covered it with a "fair linen". We placed it beneath a crucifix that hangs on the wall and added an electric candle (Westminster Oaks frowns on real candles). I have a blue pottery chalice and paten that were consecrated years ago for use at quiet days I led in the Apalachicola area, so we put them on the table beside the candle. Then we placed the carry-out box on the paten for overnight.

On Sunday, as Deacon Jeanie was setting the Lord's table at Holy Comforter, we set our home table. We then served each other the bread and wine. Oh, my, how graced we felt having received sacramental communion for the first time since March. Because part of my rule as an associate of the Community of the Holy Spirit is to make a spiritual communion every day that I cannot receive it sacramentally, I had been spiritually fed over those long months, but nothing could compare with the taste of the bread on my tongue, the wine as I swallowed it.

"Taste and see the goodness of the Lord!" really rang true for me that day.

During the Christmas season from December 25 to January 6, eight eucharistic visitors from Holy Comforter delivered Holy Communion to 34 people. I know each one must have been as grateful as Bob and I were, so a special thanks goes to all of you who had a part in putting our carry-out boxes together and delivering them to our doors. You'll have stars in your crowns for your service.



Does God Use Visions, Dreams?

Editor's Note: *With Debby's permission, I cut a part of her article in the last Dove issue for space reasons. Again, we agreed to run it in this issue with input from Fr. Jerry.*

Debby Westerman

I am going to share something with my church family that some know and some do not. I have found that when I am closest to God, I have visions. It is a gift that I hold dear, and am sometimes afraid to tell others. I have had this gift since high school, at least that is when I became aware of the gift.

Sometimes my visions are of others, and then some are my walk with Christ telling me what he asks of me and that I will be fine moving forward in my journey. My daughter laughs and tells me she doesn't want to hear about them because they are real and they scare her. Some of my visions have been dark. During a hard time in both our lives, during and after my divorce, my visions helped me to come out of that darkness.

I was not sure how to move forward with these visions. I prayed once to have all feelings of anxiety and anger to be removed from a friend while she spoke with her estranged child. I did not know what to expect but for an hour, I was a total wreck and after that experience I was scared to pray so deeply again.

I envisioned the devil many times, and his efforts to destroy family, and my life in Christ was ongoing. I was wearing multiple rosaries, and crosses around my neck at night. It was at this time I reached out to my priest and he was able to guide me in my prayer life. He became my spiritual director, mentor and friend. He did a blessing of my home and my family. His encouragement and the love he and his family provided me led me to become a member of the Order of the Daughters of the King. His journey took him elsewhere and I have missed this part of my journey, but I am working on directing my own prayer life at this time.

Fr. Jerry Explains Dreams, Visions

The biblical text regularly refers to dreaming dreams and having visions and we are often guilty of either ignoring these references or attempting to explain them away as having occurred in a former time when they were needed but not necessarily relevant for today.

There is a third alternative and that just might be that we are not open to the possibilities of God communicating with us in this way any longer.

Marjie and I were on vacation one summer when I had a dream of being called by a bishop and offered a new ministry. It was a specific bishop and a very specific ministry. I would have completely forgotten the dream except the next day I got that call (no cell phones then, so the bishop had to track me down on vacation) and he offered me the very unusual ministry for a person my age.

I remember telling Marjie that I had had the dream and she asked, "What did you say to the bishop in the dream?"

The dream helped pave the way for the unfolding of God's plan. Visions are meant to do the same.

They are to prime the pump, if you like, but are never intended to be the only means of communication. Dreams, visions, prophecies, words of wisdom and words of knowledge are to be all tested by the plumb line of Scripture. God will not communicate one thing is a dream that contradicts the foundational principles of the Bible.

The truth is that "in various and sundry ways" God speaks to his people. Some find guidance and hear God's voice while walking in the forest. Others by observing the magnificence of the universe. If we are looking to hear God and receive direction from him, He speaks.

If we are running from him, He can use any means at his disposal to get our attention so that we might listen, hear and obey. Do you want that plumb line to determine whether it is of God or not?

- Does what you hear, dream or think match up with the central message of the Bible? (He will never ask you to do something contrary to his instruction.)
- Does what you hear bring peace to your heart or anxiety? God's direction may unnerve us but it is also married to shalom-peace that surpasses all understanding.
- If you share the dream with some trusted friends who are also followers of Jesus, what do they think? The community of believers is a good test of the authenticity of a dream or vision etc.

Link to Wichern's Orphans



By Rod Wenzel



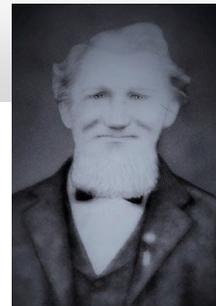
While learning about the origin of the Advent wreath for my previous Dove magazine column, a huge coincidence caused me to hug my family tree. The surprise took me back to the 1840s. Within seconds, my senses transported me from Tallahassee to Germany.

Let me introduce you to the two main characters -- Johann Hinrich Wichern and Peter Adolph Plahs.

- The first became a great humanitarian as a Lutheran pastor in Germany during its darkest period of the 19th century; the latter, a German emigrant, became a highly skilled schooner captain during the Civil War, America's darkest time.
- The first worked tirelessly helping hundreds of orphans, who otherwise would have been casualties of the harsh weather, malnutrition, disease and economic hardship that gripped Germany in the 1840s; the latter had been one of those orphans.
- The first invented the original Advent wreath; the latter was my great, great grandfather.

Please share in my surprise when I learned the inventor of the Advent wreath was a Lutheran pastor in northern Germany. The roots of my mother's ancestors are both Lutheran and in northern Germany.

The surprise turned to an adrenalin rush when I learned Pastor Wichern's tremendous ministry to the poor began in Hamburg. My maternal ancestors of five and six generations ago were poor, and resided (and died early deaths) in Hamburg.



Pastor Johann Wichern, left, and Peter Adolph Plahs, right.

And then, I discovered that the pastor's outreach to the increasing orphan population in Hamburg occurred during the 1840s. Timing is everything. I felt the Holy Spirit at work. My great-great grandfather was an orphan in Hamburg from the early 1840s until 1847 when he migrated to the United States.

As hired in 2016, a reputable genealogy research firm in Hamburg used the burial registry of the historic St. Nikolai Lutheran Church to document the Plahs family. The firm's report confirmed my great-great grandfather would have been an orphan in Hamburg at that time.

Being the feature writer for a 388-page book published in 2017 about Peter Plahs and his family, I know him well. For example, I know his parents, grandparents and all his documented family were "buried in silence." When buried in silence, a funeral could not be afforded. The body was placed in the grave without eulogy, song, bells, mourners or an arranged funeral. Just silence.

Yet, the years Peter Plahs spent as an orphan remained a blur to me and my first cousin, who is the book's coordinator, the family's genealogist, and a retired Air Force colonel.

Because of what I know about our family's first American ancestor and his childhood in Hamburg, I now believe the humanitari-

Hugging Family Tree and German Connection

an outreach of Pastor Johann Wichern saved his life.

The importance of that to my lineage and life cannot be understated.

Pastor Wichern's insightful innovations led to orphanages for boys being operated more like trade schools. At his rescue village, he trained local craftsmen, tradesmen, farmers and boatsmen to teach and mentor the youths so they could acquire trade skills while being sheltered. His free-flowing, skill-learning, family-oriented child-care model soon expanded beyond Hamburg, throughout Germany and into other European countries.

My great-great grandfather somehow, somewhere, acquired skills as a boatsman. Once in the United States, those skills served him well. He could build, repair, refurbish or operate a boat with the best of marine craftsmen.

The young Plahs left the darkness of Germany at age 19. Six years later, he became an American citizen. He settled in the southeast part of Mobile Bay in Alabama. Some nine years later, in 1862, he both enlisted in the Confederate Army and got married. Four years after that, about a year following the Civil War, he had his first child, a son, my mother's grandfather.

Peter Plahs' enlistment and assignment in the Confederate Army were unusual. He changed his surname from Plahs to Plash upon enlisting. It remained Plash. Most importantly, he is the only one of about 60 men on the muster roll of his Confederate troop listed as "boatsman" and assigned elsewhere. He was assigned to a man, who not only owned fast schooners, but also operated salt vats. He had lived and worked with the man and his son prior to enlisting.

During the Civil War, salt was a precious commodity for food preservation. Schoon-

ers fast enough to outrun the Union blockade at the mouth of Mobile Bay, and skilled captains to pilot the salt-loaded boats also were precious. Getting the salt to ports and railroads for transport was critical to the war effort.

A 34-year-old Peter Plash was likely enticed to enlist. He apparently left the schooner operations and his troop a couple of months before the famous "damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead," Battle of Mobile Bay. He did not engage in any known combat or naval operations against the Union.

Peter Plash fathered eight children, having the first at age 38 and the last at age 53. His wife was 16 years younger. Although an orphan as a teenager, he had an amazing 56 grandchildren, with two of his six daughters having 11 children each. A literal catch-22.

About boats and innovations, Pastor Wichern most likely used an old wheel from a boat to create the first Advent wreath, adding 30 removable pegs to it. Such a wooden wheel was hung by Pastor Wichern in an orphanage in Hamburg, and was replicated at others.

With the pegs representing days, it helped to answer the frequently asked question, "How long until Christmas?"

Later in life, Pastor Wichern founded hostels



Cutlines:

Above, top: The historic St. Nikolai Lutheran Church in Hamburg's Finkenwerder district.

Above: A view of the prayer hall and main structures of the Rauhes Haus (Rough House) village for homeless boys established by Johann Wichern.

Previous page: A cargo schooner owned by the Plash (formerly Plahs) family.

Below: The gravesite of Peter Plash (Plahs) and wife with a granite headstone placed years later.



Cont'd on Page 25

Lighting Changed in Church



By Doty Wenzel
Director of Administration

Arise, shine for your light has come, and the Glory of the Lord rises upon you. Isaiah 60:1

It seems so long ago. Yes, pre-COVID. The Episcopal Church established a new initiative, The Creation Care Ministry. People in our church community came together and formed our Creation Care Ministry to protect, conserve, enjoy and praise God's wonderful creations.

One of the first orders of business was to seek ways to save on energy costs at our church facility. Susan Robinson, chair of the committee, received an energy audit from the City of Tallahassee in 2018. They recommended replacing all lights with LED-type bulbs.

"We realized the best route to energy conservation in our church was to change the lights to LED format. It has made a big difference," Robinson said, based on costs, this would have to be phased in over time. The biggest watt guzzlers were the two exterior flood lights. They were replaced first and look great.

Then, the creation care and building and grounds committees came together to address the long-standing issue of converting *all* the fixtures in the sanctuary to LED. With such a variety of incandescent and fluorescent lights, the cost of replacing the lights along the sides and down the center with LED would be a challenge.

Vendors for Sylvania and Phillips lighting companies were asked for ideas and solutions. Recommendations were made.

At that time, few replacement bulbs could be found, with even fewer fixtures for LED bulbs in general. And, what was found was quite expensive. Priorities were established to decide which lights needed to be

exchanged for LED or which ones we could repair by replacing the ballasts or transformers. We prioritized the need versus the costs based on availability. The ballasts won out.

But, as time passed, more lights went out causing us to revisit the problem and find a solution. Jackie Watts, chairperson of building and grounds, brought in electrical specialists for recommendations. A plan was formed to first convert the tray lights along each side of the sanctuary, then replace the 10 small dome lights. The tray lights are now fully lit and operational.

Then, the lights above the altar began to blow. There are nine spot fixtures above the altar and each holds an unusual L-shaped, expensive plug mount. They were blowing at a weekly rate. Hard to find, expensive to buy, and even harder to find an A-frame ladder to reach them. Even though we love the look of the bronze metal spotlights, a new LED fixture needed to be found.

As we began to live-stream our worship services and school chapels, we realized the lack of lights were compromising our video quality. Fred Chester, audio-visual engineer, jumped at the challenge to find the best combination for the cameras.

"Some lights have a blue or cool temperature effect, others cast a yellow glow and are considered warmer in appearance. They all need to match." Chester said.

Fred wasn't able to find an exact replica, but he located one that functions even better. Not only does the new one have two LED lights per unit, it is adjustable and dimmable. It provides better detailed coverage and better illumination for the clergy.



Cont'd on Page 25

Light Changes

Finally, the electricians came in, replaced the perimeter dome lights with LED fixtures. We found a ladder to reach and replace small dome lights above the choir and the four large dome lights down the center of the sanctuary ceiling. The spots above the altar were replaced and set to shine brightly on our chancel and clergy.

Now, upon entering the nave you will notice *all* choir, altar and chancel areas, as well those big, center dome lights and perimeter lights are fully illuminated.

Some may say it has been a long time coming. Or, it may be the perfect way to welcome all who enter, celebrating their return to in-person church. Come and see for yourself.

Just a reminder, you can attend in-person Sunday services at 8 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. and Wednesday at 5:30 p.m.



Photo: Above: *Spotlights going up in the church as part of an improved lighting initiative.*

Call 850-877-2712 to reserve your space.



Values of Wichern Enveloped in Wreath

throughout Germany, promoted Christian volunteerism, was appointed the inspector of prisons by the then Prussian government, and also appointed to the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council, the executive authority of the Protestant state church of Prussia.

The Advent-wreath themes of hope, love, peace and joy were evident in the life lived by Pastor Wichern.

Perhaps his admirable ministry saved my lineage, and God let me know.

Peter Plash lived to be 75 years old, decades longer than his Hamburg relatives. He is buried in a Baptist church cemetery on a small island off Mobile Bay near Gulf Shores, Alabama.

As a youth, more than once I looked out a church window during worship service to his gravesite. I wondered what his youth might have been like.



Checking in on some of our young folks, and Sydney and Quint Brown are doing just fine.

Photo 1: Sydney is active in her Girl Scout troop and had a blast selling cookies that help people and animals in her community. She is in first grade and enjoys play dates and talking with her friends via Facebook Messenger.

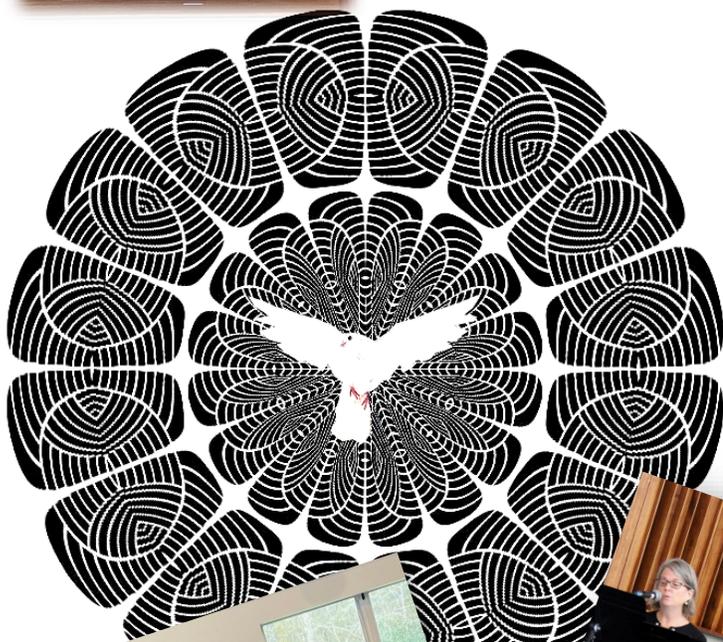
Photo 2: Quint can solve a 3x3 Rubik's Cube. He dreams of becoming a competitive cuber, and his parents are baffled as to how he solved it (he memorized an algorithmic formula). Quint is working on solving a 4x4 Rubik's Cube and stays busy playing online video games with his friends.

Photo 3: Sydney chats with Father Jerry via iPad, during the livestream service.

Around the Parish Scrapbook



PHOTOS:
 Clockwise from above: the Tucker family lights the Advent wreath on Christmas Eve; Laurel and Elley Hall prepare flowers; Mother Beth talks to Charlie Coughlin, one of the Sunday school children, during the service; Susan and Joe Travis lead music during a 10:30 service; Alpha Holmes and Joe Watts put the pews back in place after lighting changes; the altar at Christmas and the manger scene that welcomed everyone Christmas Eve.



Artwork , above, by the Rev. Lance Odland, a Presbyterian minister from Toronto.



Parishioners participate in the parking lot imposition of ashes and Holy Eucharist on Feb. 21.



BIRTHDAYS

APRIL

1 Tommy Culbreath
 2 Pat Horn
 3 John Woodward
 4 Laura Rumph
 9 Jason Weinrich
 10 Lucy Ingley
 11 Rosetta Efthim
 11 Jeany Wengert
 12 Dave Jacobsen
 13 Ruth Roaza
 17 Betsy West
 18 Sandy Randolph
 20 Janet Roach
 20 Susan Robinson
 27 Laurel Hall
 29 Samantha Chrisinger
 30 Kara Cole
 30 Chris Corum

MAY

1 David Blodgett
 1 Mary Cordero
 1 Gary Heald
 1 Phil Scott-Smith
 2 Susan Parmalee
 3 Marie McHaffie
 3 Hilda Starbuck
 4 Carol Brady
 4 Pat Desilet
 5 Glen Yaege
 5 Karin Zawrotny
 5 Matthew Zawrotny
 6 Steve Pessah
 6 Julie Woodworth
 7 Josephine Deeb
 8 Ryan Simpson
 9 Patsy Killian
 9 Beth Scott
 10 Karen Reynolds
 10 Celeste Rosenau
 11 Joan Maddox
 11 Lisa MacKay-Ring
 11 Genny Rosenberg
 11 Julie Sullivan
 11 Claire Walker
 13 Oliver Jacobs
 16 Alexandra Harrison
 16 Barbara Sepielli
 17 Oswaldo Chapman
 18 Martha Bonner
 19 Fred Brough
 20 Tess Culbreath
 20 Emma Travis
 20 Julia Rose Travis

21 Patsy Canetta
 21 Marina Chester
 21 Kim Colonna
 25 Lisa Peerson
 25 Cynthia Ryder
 25 Emmett Skelton
 29 Jeanie Beyer
 29 Sarah Sturges

JUNE

1 Frances Fincham
 2 Robert Efthim
 3 Parker Luce
 4 McKayla Moors
 4 Mary Nielsen
 5 Marley Thigpen
 5 Adam Watson
 7 Tony Gelabert
 7 Howard Rubin
 8 Tommy Denis
 8 Marsha Jordan
 9 Kate Gelabert
 9 Brian Jacobs
 14 Melanie Hall
 15 Dawn Lynch
 16 Sterling Luce
 17 Mitchell Hall
 17 Corinne Johnston
 18 Peter De Haan
 18 Kelly Mistry
 19 Roberta Boyer
 20 Don Latham
 20 Josefa Schlottmann
 20 Kimberli Weinrich
 22 Clarine Lizana
 23 Logan Kessinger
 23 Gina McCulley
 26 William Thomsen
 28 Henry Watson
 29 Maren Johnson
 29 Caroline Luce
 30 Marjorie Langston

JULY

1 Elley Hall
 2 Larry Deeb
 3 Annabelle Maddox
 4 Wayne Makin
 6 Charles Coughlin
 6 Robert Parmalee
 8 Leonard Kopple
 8 Alanna Watts
 9 Bobby Maddox Jr.
 10 Taylor Hamilton
 10 William Roach

11 Amy Johnson
 13 Marie Harper
 14 George Boyer
 15 Carter Blodgett
 16 Rebecca Zawrotny
 17 Joe McCann
 17 Peggy Schwerdt
 18 Bill Jones
 18 Elaine Yaege
 19 Beth Corum
 21 Bob Horn
 21 Tony Sturges
 22 Sarah Cardona
 22 Jennifer Jacobs
 24 Lewis Killian
 24 Mike Maring
 28 Mary Mitas
 29 Melissa Hamilton
 29 Herb Laing
 29 Sam Power
 29 Lynette Sauls
 30 Molly Button
 30 Fred Chester
 30 Lynda Makin

AUGUST

1 Adelaide Jacobs
 2 Adele Porta
 3 John DiSalvo
 3 Sandi Granger
 3 Marjie Smith
 3 Ethan Weinrich
 4 Sally Malloy
 4 Brenda Poulos
 6 Jenna Brown
 7 Tom Gray
 9 Katherine Sickinger
 12 Claire Balbo
 12 Judy Shipman
 12 James Sickinger
 13 Jordan Blodgett
 14 Patricia Greisl
 14 Harriette McCarter
 14 Joe Watts
 14 Jean Young
 15 Matthew Fidanzato
 16 Nancy Daniels
 16 Melanie Watson
 17 Winifred Bryan
 17 Connor Coughlin
 17 John-Mark Schacht
 20 Mike Ingersoll
 21 Fran Lewis
 21 Tracy MacDonnell
 21 Carla Perry

21 Linda Zurko
 22 Pat Reineking
 22 Doty Wenzel
 23 Debby Westerman
 24 Barbara Chrisinger
 24 Robert Palmer
 25 Kendall Kessinger
 26 Susan Drake
 28 Mary Whitmire
 30 Eason Winton





ANNIVERSARIES

APRIL

- 6 David Blodgett & Kara Loewe
- 8 Fred & Abby Kinch
- 16 Thomas & Mary Mitas
- 21 Herb & Rhonda Laing
- 30 Greg Simpson & Teri Littlefield

May

- 1 Robert & Nancy Fichter
- 5 Tommy and Barbara Denis
- 6 Steve & Beth Pessah
- 7 Charles & Jenetta Scriven
- 11 Fred & Julianne Chester
- 11 Ralph & Claire Walker
- 13 Sterling & Brandy Luce
- 13 James & Katherine Sickinger
- 19 George & Roberta Boyer
- 19 Dave & Sandi Jacobsen
- 21 Keith & Arlene Porta
- 25 Andy & Janet Roach
- 28 John & Joy Green

- 29 Tim & Kathy Wolff
- 31 Jason & Kimberli Weinrich

JUNE

- 6 Duke & Meaghan Jean
- 8 Jeff Duvall & Stuart Riordan
- 8 Tony & Kate Gelabert
- 8 Jim & Joan Maddox, Sr.
- 9 Terry & Fran Lewis
- 9 Richie & Peggy Schwerdt
- 10 Randy & Pat Desilet
- 11 Fred & Patricia Brough
- 11 Jeremy & Molly Button
- 14 Tor & Alice Bejnar
- 14 Bill & Teresa Thomsen
- 18 Oswaldo Chapman & Julie Sullivan
- 19 Pat & Karen Wells
- 20 Peter & Phyllis De Haan
- 24 Betsy & Matt West
- 27 Richard & Betty McAvoy
- 28 Charles Futch & Susan Drake

JULY

- 5 Maria & Marc Taps
- 15 Brenda & Chris Poulos
- 15 Ernie & Ruth Roaza
- 20 Mark & Melissa Hamilton
- 25 Lannie & Sarah Cardona
- 27 Tommy & Bertie Culbreath

August

- 2 Howard & Nancye Rubin
- 4 Sam & Merline Power
- 13 Mitchell & Melanie Hall
- 14 Joe & Alanna Watts
- 18 Jerry & Marjie Smith
- 24 Paul & Jenna Brown
- 26 Stephen & Colleen Moors
- 27 Howard & Cay Schleich
- 31 Jerry & Sandra Bowman
- 31 John & Carolyn DiSalvo
- 31 Jim & Beth Spear

FRAN CECILE CURTIN

By Cathy Mitchell

Editor's Note: *Most of us met Fran through Cathy and Jimmy Mitchell, who took care of Fran. Cathy has kindly provided us with this information about our fellow parishioner who has gone on to glory.*

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, Frances (Fran) Cecile Curtin never forgot she was born a Yankee. She grew up in Hartford, Connecticut where her father had been an insurance executive and her mom was a stay-at-home mom.

Fran was an only child. She attended college at the University of Connecticut, where she earned both a bachelor's and master's degree in elementary education. After her father died, she and her mom moved to Florida. She had begun her teaching career in Connecticut but finished her 30 years of teaching here in Tallahassee. Since she had never married, her students meant even more to her.

I met Fran when she started volunteering at Grace Mission, helping serve meals and working with the after-school enrichment program with

the children. After she had her first stroke, I started helping her. She eventually moved into our home and I was her caretaker for almost five years.

Fran had been active in the church all her life. She was a Daughter of the King, attended and worked at many Cursillos and finished the EFM program at St John's.

BURIALS

Tom Warren Mazek

(son of Nancy Mazek)

Died January 13, 2021, at age 54

Memorial service and interment in the columbarium, January 31, 2021

Frances Cecile Curtin

March 5, 1946 - January 23, 2021

Memorial service and interment in the labyrinth memorial gardens, March 7, 2021

June 13, 1938 - December 31, 2020

The Rt. Rev. Henry Irving Louttit



By Amy Johnson
Retiring Sr. Warden

Bishop Henry Irving Louttit, Jr., my father, died peacefully on Thursday, December 31, 2020, in Tallahassee, Florida. He was 82 years old.

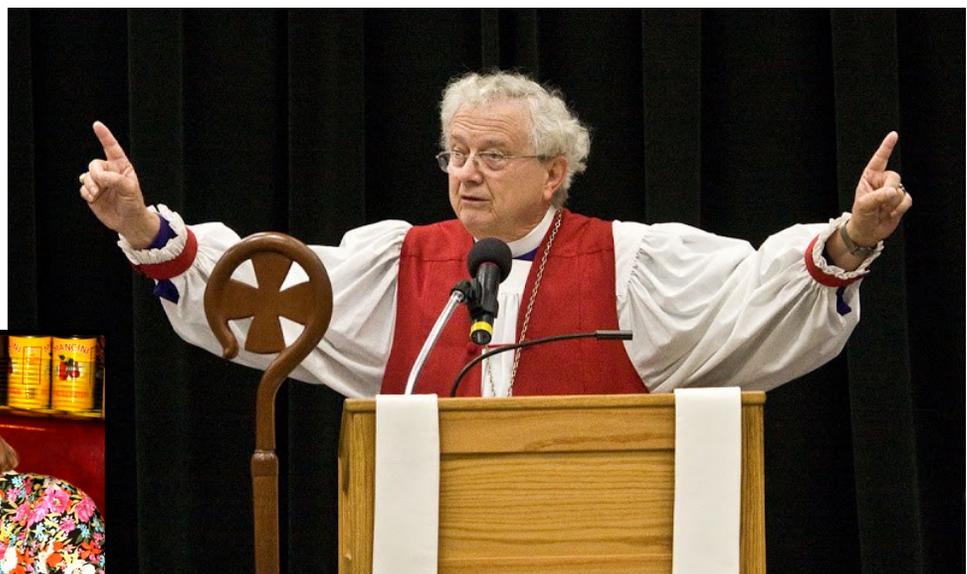
On June 13, 1938, Henry Irving Louttit Jr. was born in West Palm Beach, Florida, the first child of Henry Irving Louttit, Sr. and Amy Cleckler Louttit. As a young man, he attended Christ School in Arden, North Carolina, graduating in 1956. From there he went on to attend The University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee, graduating in 1960. After meeting as children at Camp Wingmann in Avon Park, Florida, and then again as college students, Henry married Jayne (Jan) Arledge Northway in Pompano Beach, Florida, on June 14, 1962. He was attending Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, where he graduated with his master's degree in 1963.

Henry spent his life devoted to the Episcopal Church, where he was ordained to the diaconate on June 11, 1963, and ordained

to the priesthood on April 25, 1964. He served for four years as the vicar of Trinity Episcopal Church in Statesboro, Georgia, and for 28 years as the rector of Christ Episcopal Church in Valdosta, Georgia, before being ordained as the 9th Bishop of Georgia on January 21, 1995. Fifteen years later, he retired from ministry, but he continued to remain active in the church. He finally got to sit with Jan during services. Beginning in December 2017, Jan and Henry enjoyed attending Holy Comforter Episcopal Church.

Throughout his career, Henry enjoyed being involved in church activities at the local, diocesan, and national levels. As a member of the standing commission on liturgy and music, he contributed to the revisions that became the 1979 Book of Common Prayer and the 1982 Hymnal. One of his greatest passions was involving youth at all levels of church life, and he was instru-

Cont'd on Page 31



The Rt. Rev. Henry Irving Louttit

Cont'd from Page 30

mental in broadening ministry leadership to all people. Each summer until his retirement, he would spend time at Camp Honey Creek, where he initiated a children's summer camp session that centered around church music.

In addition to playing an integral role in bringing the national Cursillo movement to the Diocese of Georgia, he continued to be involved as a spiritual director at many Cursillo and Happening weekends while being an advisor for many members of his parishes, clergy, and friends.

During his active ministry, he was an elected delegate to all General Conventions of the Episcopal Church, except one. At these conventions, he was involved in important decisions, such as voting to ordain women and proposing that Georgia's Deaconess Anna Alexander, the first African-American woman consecrated by the Episcopal Church, be included in the Calendar of Saints. During Henry's tenure as bishop, he was fortunate enough to attend two Lambeth Conferences in England.

Highlights of his episcopacy included planting new churches and new missions in Leesburg, Martinez, Kingsland, Rincon, and Waverly, Georgia. Also, he initiated the training and for-

mation of persons locally for ordination, as priests and bivocational priests, to allow all congregations to have clergy and a weekly Eucharist. He also named the goal of at least one deacon in every congregation and ordained many persons to that order of ministry.

In his first address as bishop to Georgia's diocesan convention, he stated that he believed the ministry of the bishop to be: an encourager, friend, and prayer supporter; the link between congregations in the diocese, throughout the world, and back through time to the apostles; the chief administrator, planner, and visioner; troubleshooter, and reconciler; the sharer of family stories, like the grandfather of the family; an icon model of Christian service. Even outside of church, Henry loved spending time outdoors and enjoyed sharing his knowledge about God's creation through bird watching and nature walks with people of all ages.

He became well-known as having a green thumb who tended a veritable botanical garden both inside and outside. Along with his flora, he also collected a menagerie of fauna that included: dogs, cats, fish (including a piranha), parrots, finches, a toucan, rabbits, turtles, skunks, an opossum, a caiman, and a snake, and he often enjoyed serenading these, and his family, with his recorder and crumhorn.

How things are, were, will be

By Amy Johnson

I don't know about you but I do a lot of thinking about how things were both at work and in my non-work life and relationships; thinking back to life in January and February 2020 when I was blissfully unaware of the changes that were about to rock our world.

Over 10 years ago, I had been part of developing a pandemic plan for work. So I had been exposed to some of the thinking and response possibilities, but it is very different to actually live through the crisis. This is always the case regardless of the nature of the crisis.

I also find myself reflecting on some of the ways that we have pivoted personal and work activities to accommodate the current situation. I believe we will all have to consider continuing some of these options into our new normal once we can begin to gather in-person again.

I find it is nice to "commute" about one minute into my living room to get to a meeting. Likewise when the meeting is over it is nice to "commute" one minute to the back door to take my dog outside or into the kitchen to do the dishes. And

who hasn't benefited from having their pet(s) join in for meetings? I love to see this part of a person's family!

Having gathering/meeting opportunities online allows more folks to participate. This is true for our Bible study, grief group, book club, Morning Prayer, Compline, Taizé service, Sunday workshop and so much more! It is fun to hear Fr. Jerry relate his knowledge of folks joining us for Sunday worship from far and wide (and of course locally). Technology has allowed Holy Comforter Episcopal Church to have a much greater reach outside of this corner of Florida.

Please don't get me wrong, I long for the time when we will be back together. I am a true extrovert (in case you aren't already aware). I get my energy from being with other people. I am also a hugger, and I find that I long to hold hands again during the Lord's Prayer and to pass the peace.

I know that at the appropriate time clergy and parish leadership will work to incorporate many of the current technologies and adaptations into the future of how we will gather in our community and grow in our life in Christ.



Welcome to Holy Comforter

“Living our faith by serving God and others.”

Ordained leadership

The Rt. Rev. Samuel Johnson Howard, *Bishop*

The Rt. Rev. Charles Keyser, *Assisting Bishop*

The Rev. Canon Dr. Jerry Smith, *Rector*

The Rev. Beth Pessah, *Associate Rector*

The Rev. Dn. Jeanie Beyer, *Archdeacon*

Vestry

Trisha Culbertson, *Senior Warden*

Randy Desilet, *Junior Warden*

Chris Jester

Sterling Luce

Bill Thomsen

Jackie Watts

Mary Whitmire

Holly Maddox, *Treasurer*

Carolyn DiSalvo, *Clerk*

Contacts

Doty Wenzel, *Director of Administration*

Julianne Chester, *Director of Children and Families Ministry*

Gina Resavage, *Finance Manager*

John-Mark Schacht, *Director of Music*

Randy Winton, *Director of Youth Ministry*

Fred Chester, *Audio-visual Engineer*



You can reach us at:

E-mail: Admin@HC-EC.org

Office phone: 850-877-2712

Website: www.HC-EC.org

Office Hours: Monday to Thursday,
9 a.m. to 3 p.m.,

Friday, 9 a.m. to Noon

Address: 2015 Fleischmann Road,
Tallahassee, FL 32308-4593

Notice regarding Summer 2021 Dove

The Dove is a quarterly publication. The next issue will be out in late August. As such, **the final deadline for the issue will be July 10.**

We will hold spots for photos and articles regarding events that take place during the editing and design stages.

We are appreciative of those who get material in earlier than deadline. We encourage photo submissions. Please make sure photos are not of low or extremely high resolution and come with permission from those who are in it. Please also include information as to the subject and the people in it with names correctly spelled.

For further information, e-mail Marjie, editor, at msscribbler@comcast.net, text (615)-969-6838, or e-mail Doty, director of administration, at admin@HC-EC.org.

