
The Outrider

FEBRUARY 2002

The View From Ground Zero

“Behold, the Lamb of God....” The Gospel of John 1.29

(On Friday, January 4, thirteen members and friends of St. John’s spent a 12 hour shift—8 a.m-8 p.m.—ministering at St. Paul’s Chapel, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, right beside of the newly opened observation deck where folks can view Ground Zero. It was a journey I wish all of you could have made. I only hope to capture some small bit of it in this [view](#) from one of the remarkable places on the planet right now. J.B.)

3:45 a.m.—My alarm brought me back from a pleasant, if rather unfocused dream, into the dark of the middle of the night. I’d readied the coffee maker the night before and made myself two ham biscuits (leftovers from our New Year’s Day Open House) that I put in the oven after turning on the coffee maker and letting our dog, Sadie, out in the cold and darkness. Sadie was as sleepy and confused as I was. But I made my coffee and ate one of the biscuits before Don and Linda pulled into our driveway and we were on our way to White Plains, to catch the Harlem line to Grand Central.

7:45 a.m.—We met up with 8 others of our very lucky band of 13 at White Plains and took an early express commuter train. At Grand Central we caught a #4 subway to Fulton Street and waited for Dianne, our connection to St. Paul’s in front of a CVS a block or so from the church. Christine and her friend, (Carol)?, who had driven into the city, met us there. Dianne is a young, beautiful actress who has given her life over to the ministry of St. Paul’s to the workers at Ground Zero for the last 3 _ months. She led us to the church and told us what to expect. *“Expect to leave here changed forever,”* she told us. *“Expect to experience more gratitude in the next 12 hours than you can imagine.”* She told us that the Archbishop of Canterbury had called St. Paul’s Chapel *“the holiest place on the planet right now”* in his Christmas sermon. She described all the jobs we would be doing—along with three regular volunteers—and left it up to us to decide how to handle those jobs. Then she asked me, because I was the “clergy” present, to pray. I always am a little resentful about having to be the “professional pray-er” when there are others around whose prayers are dear to God—but I’ve never before felt so inadequate to pray. Words failed. My voice broke unexpectedly, for the first of many times that day, I felt tears stinging my eyes. It is difficult to pray on Holy Ground. Being on holy ground may be a prayer all by itself.

10 a.m.—Food is served constantly at St. Paul’s. Police officers, fire fighters, construction workers, electrical workers, National Guard troops, volunteers and various other workers stream through the church. We served three meals in our time there—breakfast turned seamlessly into lunch and lunch turned seamlessly into dinner and it never stopped. The food is all brought in—donated everyday—and the volunteers serve it under the rear balcony of the church. And every single one of them thank the

volunteers when they serve them the food and almost all of them come back by to thank the volunteers again after they've eaten and sat for a while in that Holy Place. There really is a loaves and fishes kind of experience—the food never runs out and the thanks never cease.

Like the meals, most everything that goes on at St. Paul's is seamless. Much work is done—non-prescription medicines, lotions, chapstick, cigarettes and cigars are given and received with thanks; warm things like ear muffs and scarves and hats and sweaters and socks and boots are distributed and received with thanks; chiropractors and massage therapists are always there to share their skills and healing...received with thanks; cots for sleeping are there and received with thanks; coffee and tea and hot chocolate are poured in quantities that stagger the imagination, and received with thanks; musicians come in during the day to play the piano or their own instruments and that music is received with thanks; conversations never cease and all the *small talk* isn't "small" at all and all those millions of words are received with thanks. And it all happens without seams or effort. It all "simply happens" and goes on 24 hours a day. And I am not in any way able to distinguish between what is "given" and what is "received" and where the greater thankfulness lies.

Noon—At noon every day the Eucharist is celebrated at St. Paul's. Sister Grace (a hype-energetic 30-something Episcopal nun arrived by 9 or so and was sweeping around the building in her gray habit non-stop for all the time we were there. She invited me to be the celebrant at the Eucharist and asked me to find people to read the lessons, lead intercessions and be the chalice bearer. Nothing else stopped while the service went on—food was still served, coffee still poured, chapstick and aspirin and scarves were still distributed, people napped in a few of the beds, massages were being given—and in the midst of all that, the bread was broken and the wine shared. It was much like a sacrament in the midst of a larger sacrament. My hands shook as I lifted the host to break it, almost as if the Body of Christ was all around me and not merely held in my fingers. Hours later, the chiropractor from Michigan who was volunteering at St. Paul's for a week, told me it had been a beautiful service. "*That was an Episcopal service, wasn't it?*" he asked. After I told him it was, he added, "*this is some church you're a part of....*"

I realized on the way home that he was right. We—you and I—are a part of the Sacred Work of St. Paul's. This is *some church* that we're a part of!

3 p.m.—The observation platform where people can view Ground Zero is right next to St. Paul's so the line of those waiting passes by the gate into St. Paul's. One of the jobs we had was to check the credentials of people wanting to come inside the church. All the workers and uniformed folks are welcomed, but the church is not open to the public. It is a place of respite, not a tourist attraction. But the time spent at the gate was made miraculous because we could talk to the thousands of people who came by on their way to the platform. When we arrived at 7:30 a.m., the line stretched for three blocks down Broadway and around a corner for two more blocks—and the platform didn't open until 9 a.m.! All day long, it was like that. The police closed the line at 6 p.m. because the platform closes at 8. A two hour wait was the norm most of the day. Every 10 minutes or so, they let 300 people out onto the platform. That went on from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. If you do the math that means that nearly 20,000 people stood in that line and passed by St. Paul's while we were there. And one or the other of us talked to most of them! Just one of our group estimated he had met people from 40 states and even more foreign countries. (Helen) was especially good at greeting those who came, reverently, to view what remains of the damage. She asked everyone where they were from and engaged them in conversation as they moved by.

Others of us were on the street with permanent markers and large, queen-sized bed sheets of fabric, inviting those waiting on the platform to write a message. We filled up 25 or 30 sheets in our time

there. The volunteers doing that had to be persuaded to come in from the cold. Being with people as they wrote messages to the dead and the workers was that moving. Even more moving was being out there by the 10 foot high, wrought-iron fence that is covered—every inch of it—with memorials to those who died and thanks to those who have labored there since September 11. It has become a shrine of no mean holiness.

Inside the church is no different. Every inch of wall space and columns and balcony is covered with notes and banners and letters and memorials and messages. It all started when one Diane, the volunteer coordinator scotch-taped a letter from a child to the rescue workers on one of columns that hold up the balcony on September 15th or so. And it has never ended. Just like the flowers and candles—more flowers and candles than you can imagine without seeing them.

It was an armful of flowers that got Justine and Marie into St. Paul's even though they had no ID of any kind. They were two women who had worked on the 100th floor of the second tower struck. They never made it into the building that day, but the insurance company they work for lost 130 employees. This was the first time they'd been down to the site since 9/11 and their need to put flowers in the church and pray for all their loses moved a volunteer to take them inside. On their way out, in the tiny narthex of St. Paul's, they glanced over and saw a picture of their boss scotch taped to the wall. I spent nearly an hour simply listening to them—their grief, their anger, all the un-resolved emotions of losing 130 acquaintances in a matter of moments. Marie had been to 40 memorial services since the attack. After 25 or so, Justine couldn't bear any more. I had no words of comfort for them, but I listened and they talked and we all wept. Then we embraced like old friends and prayed together.

7 p.m.—lunch had slipped seamlessly into dinner and the stream of people into the church never lessened or accelerated. There was never a line for food or a session with the chiropractor or a massage. Dead flowers were discarded and new flowers put in their place. Candles that had burned out were replaced. A job I found for myself was transferring cold soda and bottled water from the large coolers into the ice-filled containers on the food table and then refilling the large coolers with more soda and water and ice. The ice was in 60 pound bags. The soda and water was stacked in cases above my head in a room behind the tiny kitchen. I think I probably spent 2 hours or more on Friday doing that job several times over.

Just at dusk I had taken a walk around a four block area. The sidewalks are filled with vendors. There were the normal jewelry and books and food carts and cassette/CD and clothing vendors you see all over New York City, but most of them are selling memorabilia of the attack and patriotic paraphernalia. At first I was offended by it, but then I met Sister Grace on Fulton Street. She told me she had looked around St. Paul's to say goodbye before she left and was glad she bumped into me. She was taking two consecutive days off for the first time since September and said, "*I left seven minutes early, don't tell on me....*" Then she looked around at the vendors all around us and said, excitedly, "*you just can't help but love all this life.....*" And, in spite of myself, I had to agree.

The last hour I spent out on the street with many of our group, talking to the people still in line for the platform. Suddenly a whole group of people came down Broadway and wanted to go into St. Paul's. I asked them for their ID and they looked confused. "*We're here to work the night shift,*" one of them told me. Our replacements had arrived! As glad as I was that it was almost over, I felt a faint stirring of envy of them. "*Been here before?*" I asked. They all shook their heads and looked a bit apprehensive. I started to tell them "what to expect" but I knew I couldn't express it and they wouldn't believe me if I told them.

Midnight—The 4 train from Fulton Street to Grand Central and the Harlem Line to White Plains behind us, we got lost trying to find the Interstate to Danbury but found the Hutchinson Parkway instead. I got home at 10:30 p.m., some 18 _ hours after leaving. It usually takes me a while to process experiences. I sometimes don't know what I "feel" or "think" about something until I have a day or two to reflect. Not so about the pilgrimage to St. Paul's. I sat by the fire with Bern, telling her about the day until the day itself ended. Then I made some notes so I could write this. That's what it was, by the way—a pilgrimage to a sacred place. Foot-sore and exhausted, I know how pilgrims feel when they get home. Their minds are full of images and memories; their hearts are full to breaking; and though their bodies are wasted and weary, their spirits soar and are grateful....

Shalom,

Jim

*Here are the Pilgrims of January 4:

Rev. Dr. James Bradley
Stan Chesnas
Diane Drakeley
Darrell Dublin
Greg Emmens
Mary Marlak
Marilyn Mitchell

Carole Orsillo
Don Pomeroy
Linda Pomeroy
Christine Stolfi
Lorraine Weid
Helen Williams

A Prayer Worth Praying....

Fr. Mychel Judge was a Franciscan Friar and Chaplain to the NY Fire Department. He was killed by falling debris while administering last rites to one of the victims of the 9/11 attack. Because he was immediately removed from the site and pronounced dead, he became the first official victim of the WTC disaster. This is the prayer he wrote and lived by....

“LORD, TAKE ME WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.
LET ME MEET WHO YOU WANT ME TO MEET.
TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO SAY.
AND KEEP ME OUT OF YOUR WAY....”



MENTORS NEEDED

The Membership Committee has come up with a great idea: "Mentors" for baptismal candidates and couples getting married. The idea works like this – an active member or couple from the parish would be matched up with each new baptismal candidate and each couple getting married at St. John's. The "mentor" would develop a relationship with the parents and child, in the case of baptism, or with the couple preparing for marriage. The mentor would be a connection to the ongoing life of the parish and be able to share in the lives of the baptismal and marriage families.

Two of the areas where St. John's has a great opportunity for evangelism and growth is in the 20+ baptisms and 20+ marriages that take place at St. John's annually. The mentor program would give additional support to baptismal candidates and families and to newly married couples. Mentors would make sure the baptismal families and engaged couples are introduced to others in the parish to foster those personal relationships that enrich and deepen a person's connection to the parish community.

In order to begin this exciting new venture, we need folks to volunteer to serve the mentor role to others. All that's required is that you be an active, involved member of the parish and be willing to share yourself in this way with people you may not yet know.

I'm asking you to prayerfully consider this remarkable opportunity to minister to others. We are called to be hospitable to strangers in Christ's name and this is a rare and wonderful way for you to live into God's call.

Please contact Jim or Mary to volunteer to be a mentor. There will be extensive training before you are asked to play this role in someone's life.

I really hope you'll respond to this invitation. It's a great chance for an experience of personal evangelism that will deepen your own faith as well as involve others in the on-going life of the parish.

Shalom,

Jim

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St. John's On Line

If you haven't visited our parish web site – <http://stjohnsongreen.home.att.net> you're missing a lot. Webmaster Steve Minkler does a remarkable job keeping the web page current, informative, and full of photos. Visit often...

You should also keep St. John's email address handy: stjohnsongreen@att.net. It's the most efficient way to stay in touch with the church office. You can email Outrider items, bulletin announcements, messages to staff, notices of events and stuff you think we should know.

Finally – we want your email address. Even if you think we have it, email it to the St. John's address again. And let us know if you want us to keep it to ourselves or if we can include it in the next parish directory.

Improving communication is a real commitment for the coming year – email is a miraculous tool to augment mail, phone and face-to-face. Help us get the parish "on line".

Thanks,

Jim



THE EASTER LILIES DONATION FORM IS LOCATED AT THE BACK OF THIS OUTRIDER. PLEASE SUBMIT DONATIONS BY

MARCH 17TH TO HAVE NAMES PLACED IN THE EASTER BULLETIN.

February Parish Prayer Cycle

February 3: Virginia Sheehan, Ralph and Molly Sherman & family, Roberta Sherman, Ackley and Anne Shove & family, Michael and Judy Sims, and Helen Sinnott.

February 10: Andrew Skipp and Jill Stevenson & family, David and Francine Smith & family, James Smith, Thomas and Bernice Smith, Feliksa and Bonny Smyzer, Edward and Linda Snyder & family, June Spata and family.

February 17: Ray and Audrey Sperring, Salvatore and Paula Spinella & family, Hazel Sponza, Patricia and Timothy St. Onge, Michael and Robin Stokes & family, Christine Stolfi, Pam Strassner & family, Barbara Sylvestro.

February 24: Greg and Erin Tani & family, Larry and Kathleen Tapley & family, Montgomery and Renee Taylor, Peter and Sharon Taylor, John Tchakirides, and Nelson Tchakirides.



February

- 2/14 Michael and Judy Sims
- 2/18 Mark and Wendy Thomas
- 2/24 Albert and Theresa Gambino, Jr.
- 2/27 David and Francine Smith



February

- 2/1 Michele Carrano
- 2/1 Liana Walker
- 2/2 Tyler Beaudoin
- 2/5 Bonnie Flanagan
- 2/5 Jason Russo
- 2/6 Vida Petrocione
- 2/6 Michelle Mastropietro
- 2/6 Beverly Strassner
- 2/7 Lucylle Ladden
- 2/7 Pam Strassner
- 2/8 Kenneth Greider
- 2/9 Jacqueline Quirici
- 2/10 Michael Gates
- 2/12 Jeanne Reed
- 2/13 David DeCarolis
- 2/13 Anthony DiZinno
- 2/15 Russell Marcy
- 2/16 Sue Jefferson
- 2/17 Robert Baranoski
- 2/18 Clara Bigelow
- 2/18 John Bozzuto
- 2/18 Pauline Levesque
- 2/20 Dayna Taylor
- 2/20 Brian Ladden
- 2/20 Natasha Bush
- 2/21 Sarah Greider
- 2/22 Sonja Osborn
- 2/22 Robert McDonnell
- 2/23 Greg Mattson
- 2/23 Lisa Echeandia
- 2/23 Hector Echeandia
- 2/25 Agnes Pracny
- 2/27 Alice Stack-Mullahy



In Memory Of...

February 3: Oscar and Augusta Espelin.

February 10: Victory Grey.

February 17: Christian Schumacher.

February 24: Victor Larson and Frances Larson.

COMMUNION BREAD AND WINE

I would like to donate (\$10) the bread and wine for the weekly Eucharist at St. John's on Sunday:

[] In Memory of: _____

[] In thanksgiving for: _____

Please acknowledge my donation to:

My name, address, and phone number are:



Many parishioners (or families and friends of parishioners) choose to mark the anniversary of a loved one's death by donating \$25.00 toward the purchase of flowers for

the altar. We list the names in the bulletin for the appropriate Sunday and, for those who are unable to attend church that day, we also list the names in the Outrider. We have a form in the Outrider that you can complete and send to the church office along with your check. Gert Payne also maintains a list of those who wish to purchase flowers every year. Gert can be contacted at 203-757-8481.

Thought for the Day

By Sarah Haines

Wondrous morn
starry, starry morn
Oh, what a sight
streaks of light
zimmered in the sky
patience and awe
the universe
Every which direction
some brighter
than others.

Meteorite showers
Brightened the morn.
Thanking God, for the wondrous
sight,
Breathing puffs of smoke
that's a joke
The air is frigid cold
my feet are frozen to the
ground,
Been here at 2 am
then at 4 am
I'd best be thankful for
what I've seen,
I'll be a fixation of the morn
frozen in my shoes.



A belated but nonetheless sincere thank you to all who supported the annual fruit cake sale. This year it has been possible to donate \$320.00 to the Camp Washington Camp Scholarship Fund. Many, many thanks.

Margaret Baranoski



ANNUAL PANCAKE SUPPER TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH 5:30 – 7:00 p.m.

Before Lent we always celebrate with a pancake supper. The cost is \$3 for adults and \$2 for children and seniors. Anyone daring to don a Mardi Gras Costume gets in free! Come sample Jim Bradley's famous corned beef hash and share a stack of pancakes with your loved ones and parish family!



Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, February 13th. There will be services of Holy Eucharist and distribution of ashes at 8:00 a.m., 12:00 noon, and 7:30 p.m. As in the past, members of the staff will be in the Chapel on the half-hour and hour between the three services to distribute ashes and give communion from the Reserve Sacrament. Should you desire the sacrament of Reconciliation on Ash Wednesday, please contact one of the clergy.

THE CEDAR CHEST

"Fidelity is compassion for the sign of death on the face of the beloved." - Unknown

For over sixty years it had been untouchable. The children had explored every other part of the house, including their parents' bureaus and closets. But the cedar chest was forbidden ground. No-man's land. The Holy of Holies.

It was with great anticipation, and more than a little guilt, that they gathered to examine the contents. In truth, it was time. The father had passed away four years earlier. The mother was not going to recover from her current condition. So five of the eight siblings, accompanied by various partners and friends, assembled on the living room floor. Among the assorted papers and photographs there was a small card with this typewritten note: "My wish is that this chest may always be filled for you with treasures of joy and happiness." It was signed by the father, "*Love, John.*" In the upper corner the mother had carefully written "*from my lover, Christmas, 1939.*"

Joy and happiness? Their life had not been easy. Endured more than enjoyed. The rigors of parenting reached a critical, suffocating mass. The hard times wore down affection. He drank too much, was hot-tempered. She withdrew in silence and coldness. They stayed together seemingly out of inertia. Beyond weariness. Perhaps beyond wisdom.

And yet.....

The last time he went outside the house it was to arrange for the purchase of white roses for their 57th wedding anniversary. Weeks later, as he lay dying, she kept vigil throughout the day, kneeling on the hardwood floor beside his bed.

She sits in the chair unable to move much except her arms. She cannot stand, or remain standing, without assistance. The feeding tube and catheter act as umbilical

cords. The tracheotomy has robbed her of speech. Her mind seems like a car on ice, often unable to gain traction. Occasionally she recognizes a daughter and a radiant smile lightens her face like the sun emerging from behind a cloud. Just as suddenly it is gone. She does not appear to be in pain.

The hospital wanted her moved out. After all, it had been months since she fell and had the surgeries to relieve the bleeding in her brain. But the nursing homes that were suitable were either full or said that she required "too much care." The ones that would take her were atrocious. So the daughters have taken her home. Having loved this woman who is their own in the world, they will love her until the end.

It will be difficult, at best.

Dostoevski spoke the truth – "love in action is a harsh and dreadful thing." The routines of her daily life of utter dependence will wear on them as relentlessly as surf striking shore. There will be frustration and hopelessness. They will demand too much of themselves and of each other. They will struggle with neglecting their partners and their families, their friends and their other responsibilities. They will contend with self-righteousness and resentment and god-awful tiredness. But they will care for her for as long as necessary. Just as they did for their father. Beyond weariness. Perhaps beyond wisdom.

And yet.....

Fidelity is a homely virtue, not so much in fashion these days. But at the end, when everything has passed except emptiness, Fidelity is still kneeling at the bedside where all mortal flesh keeps silence, as a sword pierces the heart, and it is finished.

With deep affection and respect

John M. Sabol (5)
for 2, 4, 6, and 8



NOTICE OF ST. JOHN'S 2002 ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of St. John's will be held following the 10:15 a.m. Eucharist on **Sunday, January 27, 2002.**

At the 2002 Annual Meeting, we will be electing 5 Vestry members (4 for 3 year terms; one complete an unexpired term), a Junior Warden (3 year term), and 2 Delegates to Diocesan Convention (3 year term).

To be nominated, a candidate must be an active member of the parish, at least 16 years old and confirmed, or received into the Episcopal Church.

The following candidates have been nominated: Bill Garretson (Junior Warden), Marcia Holroyd and Doris Hollenstein (Convention Delegates), Jay Anthony, Lorene Castle, Frank Daddona, Sue Jefferson, and Brian Ladden (All as Vestry Members).

Check the bulletin board outside the Church Office or in the Library to see whether or not you are a voting member of the parish; if not, please fill out one of the forms and return it to the Church Office as soon as possible.

Also, all parishioners are invited to a pot luck breakfast at 9:15 a.m. on Sunday, January 27th. Please sign up on the hall table to let us know what food item(s) you will be bringing.



A reminder to return library books when finished reading them. Only two of the books on forgiveness, bought last year for Lenten Study, are on the shelves. Since the theme of forgiveness will be revisited for Lent this year, the books will be a needed resource. The following are the titles of the books:

The Forgiveness Book, by Bob Libby

Reflections on Forgiveness and Spiritual Growth by Andrew Weaver.

The Return of the Prodigal Son, by Henri Nouwen (note 2 copies).

Please place the returned books in the bin on the library cart. Thank you.

Marcia H. Holroyd
Librarian



Journey Through Heartsongs

A Book Review

December Prayer

No matter who you are,
Say a prayer this season.
No matter what your faith,
Say a prayer this season.
No matter how you celebrate,
Say a prayer this season.
There are so many ways
To celebrate faiths
To celebrate life.
No matter who,
No matter what,
No matter how
You pray
Let's say a prayer
This season,
Together
For peace.

December 1999

This poem was written by Matthew J.T. Stepanek, Poet and Peacemaker, when he was nine years old. He has been writing since he was three. This poem comes from his second collection of poems.

Mattie has a rare form of muscular dystrophy which keeps him in a wheelchair and tied to a ventilator. Although his body may be confined, Mattie's spirit soars in words of wisdom, wit and humanity. He writes of subjects as serious as The Vietnam Wall (probably the best poem in this volume), to experiences as exhilarating as swinging in a swing.

Now 11, Mattie regards Jimmy Carter as his hero and personal friend. He has appeared on many television programs and is a frequent public speaker. Laura Bush and Oprah Winfrey are among his most ardent fans. Mattie looks and speaks exactly like my idea of Harry Potter! And he is very serious about his role as a messenger of peace.

I am donating my copy of **Journey Through Heartsongs** to the St. John's library with the hope that Mattie's **Heartsongs** will touch your hearts, enlarge your spirits and encourage you to treasure the joys of life in the year ahead.

Sue Jefferson

FOOD BANK NEEDS



The Greater Waterbury Interfaith Ministries (GWIM) needs the following items: canned fruit, canned juices, cereal; baby food (all stages);

pasta; hash, chili, canned vegetables, beans – whatever you can provide to the Food Pantry, we are grateful.



MEATLOAF MINISTRY

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

Let's work harder this year making meatloaves and casseroles for the GWIM dining hall, here at St. John's. Every third Sunday of the month a 2-lb. cooked, frozen meatloaf wrapped in aluminum foil is needed for the GWIM dining hall. Please bring your meatloaf or casserole to St. John's and leave it in the basket in the foyer or bring the casserole to the kitchen. A \$5 donation to have a meatloaf made in your name is optional.

This year starting in February, we need to work together and produce more casseroles for Barbara Dublin and the GWIM dining hall. Casseroles are being requested. Please, I need your help to help me feed those in need. Please see Sarah Haines after service.

Sarah Haines

OUTREACH – TEAM 2000 SAFE HAVEN NEWS



Dear Friends:

Thank you so much for your continued generosity and a special thanks to the individual(s) who donated a bag of baby sweaters – we would like to thank you in person if you could please contact us!

Please remember that for February we are looking for donations of one stuffed teddy bear or one baby blanket.

Jan Gurniak
Diane Caggiano

DONATIONS FOR EASTER LILIES

NAME: _____

DONATION IN MEMORY OF/IN
THANKSGIVING FOR _____

Please make \$25 check payable to
St. John's Episcopal Church.



prizes for her displays. In 1999 she designed the Cathedral exhibit for the prestigious Philadelphia Flower Show, which won the Best Achievement award.

Using flowers of all shapes and sizes, color and texture, Ms. Roeckelein will give a special two-hour demonstration on *Flower Arranging* on Thursday, April 25th at 1:30 p.m., at Christ Episcopal Church in Guilford. The program will benefit the National Cathedral Association. Members of the Connecticut chapter of the NCA will host a Victorian Tea in the parish house following Ms. Roeckelein's presentation.

Space is limited to 150 people. Reservations are \$20 and, despite very little publicity so far, the response has been brisk. Send check (payable to NCA/CT) to Mary Gray, 18 Long Hill Farm, Guilford 06437. Include address and phone number. For information please call Diana Grubbs, 203-483-6963 (Branford) or e-mail grubbsxl@att.net.



**Flower Arranging
Presentation April 25th**

The Washington National Cathedral is known for many things – the soaring Gothic vaulting, the brilliant stained glass windows which light the long nave, the side chapels and bays; the stone, wood and metal work all crafted by master artisans. But there is one beautiful feature of the Cathedral that is ever-changing: its floral displays.

Over 1500 arrangements are lovingly prepared throughout the year by more than 100 Flower Guild volunteers. Some of these women and men may have moved from the Washington area, but they return for Easter and Christmas to assist with the holiday floral displays.

Presiding over all this colorful and fragrant activity is Linda Roeckelein, head of the Cathedral Flower Guild since 1995 and for over 30 years before that a volunteer designer and instructor. She is a much sought-after floral designer and speaker and has captured many



Winter is here and once again the Outreach Committee has set up the mitten tree in the auditorium. We need donations of scarves, gloves, and warm socks so that everyone will be able to stay warm during the winter months. You can drop off things to Barbara at the Soup Kitchen during the week, or any member of the Outreach Committee.

Marie DeRiso

