

TALK STORY 2

St. Jude's Episcopal Church // Where Jesus Talk is a Daily Walk



LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me

Church Happenings

BY CORDELIA BURT

When I went to bed last night it was Friday so that meant that when I awoke this morning I got to go to church and have the joy of helping to serve my fellow travelers on this road we call life. Not a lot was happening so things should run smoothly. And God laughed! when he heard me say that.

Elaine, Richard and I got there early, but not before Greg, Lyn and Sandy who were opening the showers. Elaine went to the kitchen to get the coffee on, Richard to the office to run the bulletins for Sunday, please, oh please xerox work with no problems!! And I went to the sacristy to get new replacement cruets and candles ready for the altar. Deb and Gary were doing the food for today and they made tuna and/or chicken boats in hot dog buns, yummy, yummy!! Shortly after Pastor Coe and wife Janet came in the door saying, “put us to work” and Deb had them making ice tea and lemonade. Two of the shower family regulars were there waiting to help unload things from the car that needed to be in the church.

Now I believe the next group that came to join in was the 4 ladies from the Full Gospel Marshalese Church that came to get ready for the afternoon gathering of their women from around the island.

They were gathering today for a prayer meeting, dancing and singing and dinner from 3 pm - 9 pm. Oh!Oh! I forgot to call NA and ask them to meet in Heimberger Hall tonight for their meeting. "Where's the phone?" They're so good to move for me when I have a "senior moment". Nancy and her ladies got right to work making decorations and cooking their rice and potatoes on the stove while we passed out sandwiches etc. per usual. If you've ever seen our kitchen you know that's about 5 women too many but, women can always adapt when they need to. I think this was about the time Diane and Marvelle came to help and joined the group in the kitchen. Elaine and Cordelia had escaped to a table to talk to people because the kitchen couldn't hold another body. And God laughed!!

Two board members of the Community Center came to Talk Story about how we could help each other advertise events, coordinate happenings and bounce ideas off each other of things to help our community be a better place for all of us. It's wonderful to have people that want to work together and bring more services into the Ocean View community. We're all here to help one another. What a wonderful conversation and barnstorming conversation we had. Thank you ladies. Here's to many more sessions helping one another.

We happily served 394 plates of food and showered 102 bodies today. We've served 317 plates of food, showered 93 bodies this month and Katy and Drew Foster from Foster's Hair Salon who volunteer their time and talent cut 24 heads of hair. Thank you God for sending those in need to us and providing the food to serve and people to help. Come on down I guarantee your life will never be dull at St. Jude's. We can always find something for you to do.

Things wound down about 1pm for St. Jude's which is a little earlier than usual. And as we drove away I know I heard God laugh! and laugh!! and laugh!!! because I thought it was going to be a slow easy day. He showed me!!

Other News

Zack is back home in Ocean View feeling much better. He still needs our prayers and help so be sure and let him know that you are there to help when needed. Senior Club is still meeting on Wednesdays to play cards and socialize from 8:30 am - 12:30 pm. Hula meets on Wednesday from 1:00 pm - 4:00 pm and they are looking for new members to join them. Kau' Band meets on Wednesday from 4:00 pm to 6:00 pm. Pick up your instrument and join them. I haven't heard anything else from anyone so news is short this month.

The Funny Pages

Funny Airline Announcements

A United Flight Attendant announced, 'People, people we're not picking out furniture here, find a seat and get in it!

On landing, the stewardess said, 'Please be sure to take all of your belongings.. If you're going to leave anything, please make sure it's something we'd like to have.'

'There may be 50 ways to leave your lover, but there are only 4 ways out of this airplane'

An airline pilot wrote that on this particular flight he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, smile, and give them a 'Thanks for flying our airline.' He said that, in light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally, everyone had gotten off except for a little old lady walking with a cane.

She said, 'Sir, do you mind if I ask you a question?'

'Why, no, Ma'am,' said the pilot. 'What is it?'

The little old lady said, 'Did we land, or were we shot down?'

As the plane landed and was coming to a stop at Ronald Reagan, a lone voice came over the loudspeaker: 'Whoa, big fella, WHOA!'

After a particularly rough landing during thunderstorms in Memphis, a flight attendant on a Northwest flight announced, 'Please take care when opening the overhead compartments because sure as hell everything has shifted after a landing like that.'

Another flight attendant's comment on a less than perfect landing: 'We ask you to please remain seated as Captain Kangaroo bounces us to the terminal.'

Overheard on an American Airlines flight into Amarillo, Texas on a particularly windy and bumpy day: During the final approach, the Captain was really having to fight it. After an extremely hard landing, the Flight Attendant said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Amarillo Please remain in your seats with your seat belts fastened while the Captain taxis what's left of our airplane to the gate!'

When Did Jesus Become Real to Me?

BY PHYL LAMON

Today we begin a brand new journey with Pastor Coe and his wife, Janet! I can already tell we are blessed once again! Rev. Coe opened his first Sunday Service by saying, in the month ahead, he wants to hear “our” stories!! Yours, mine, everyone’s! Can you believe that? In this world we live in, where everyone talks and no one listens? He even gave us an assignment! He wants to hear about our first personal encounter with Jesus! Wow! That is going to take a lot of digging! But— it didn’t! That memory popped up clear as a bell before I even left the church!

As I have mentioned before, I was born into a “working poor” family. That was our normal world—so we didn’t even know we were poor! Daddy went to work everyday and Mama took care of the house and the kids. We kids loved our life. We walked a good long way to school each day, and had plenty of playmates when we got home. Mama baked bread every day — so the after school snacks were heavenly. To this day, hot out of the oven bread, dripping in butter, is my kryptonite!

My Daddy had been raised on his family homestead. At that time, schooling was only available through 8th grade in rural Wyoming. He and his two older brothers shared the chores on the homestead! Daddy was also a cowboy for the neighboring ranches! He was bucking his horse, Black Beauty, down Main Street when he first saw my mother coming out of church on Palm Sunday! He was a goner!

Mama was gorgeous; 5 foot 11, black hair, green eyes, and that famous Irish complexion! She was also a bit uppity! Daddy was beyond ready to tie the knot — but Mama looked down her perfect nose and said, “I will not have two religions in my family — and I am not changing mine!” Daddy’s family were Puritan, straight off the second boat after the Mayflower landed (or so they claimed!). Mama’s people came over during the Potato Famine and were more Catholic than the Pope! So, you can see, there is going to be a problem!

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Easter Vigil

The central rite of the entire Christian year and a marvelously rich service (BCP, 285-95) which begins in darkness (any time convenient between Saturday sunset and Sunday sunrise) with the lighting of the new fire, from which the Paschal candle is lit.

A procession of clergy and servers follows this single light into the darkened church, pausing three times to chant, “The light of Christ,” The Paschal candle is placed in its stand and, standing near it, a deacon or other person sings or says the Exsultet.

The service continues with lessons which trace the history of God’s people in the Old Testament; baptisms (or renewal of baptismal vows if there is no baptismal candidate); confirmation; and the first Eucharist of Easter.

The Vigil service is especially impressive when it can include the initiatory rites, a deacon chanting the Exsultet, and a bishop celebrating the Eucharist with lay and clergy participating fully.

Recovering the Easter Vigil in its full significance is one of the greatest achievements of the modern liturgical movement.

Definition of Easter Vigil from A New Dictionary for Episcopalians.

That is putting it mildly. But love prevailed! Daddy was at the church on Monday morning eager to sign up to be a Convert!

A 160 acre homestead was not big enough to support three grown men and their burgeoning families—so they all had to find other jobs. This was right at the end of the Great Depression! There were no jobs to be had!! Rumors of a WWII were spreading! So my parents loaded my baby brother, Danny, and me up and moved to Cheyenne. It was probably the scariest thing they ever did in their entire lives! Daddy was quite the jack of all trades from years of working on the homestead, so he did get a multitude of jobs those first few years. Each job taught him a little bit more. By then we lived on the South Side on West 7th Street (poor town). Memories of that period of my life always make me smile! I remember it as the perfect childhood! Daddy now had a steady job with a construction company, working 6 days a week, in every kind of weather. Cheyenne, at 6000+ feet, has two seasons —winter and 4th of July! So when Daddy would come home at night, his clothes would often be frozen stiff! My mom would sit him in a chair by the fire and wrap his bleeding frozen fingers around a hot cup of coffee. Then she would kneel down to unlace his frozen boots. SO, Sometimes—he slept in on Sunday morning!!!!

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Coie and Janet



Thom and Carolyn



Like all stories, there is always a fly in the ointment! My fly's name was Monsignor Hartman! During good weather, I walked to the library on Saturdays. I didn't mind even though it was a fair hike, because I was addicted to Edgar Rice Burroughs (Tarzan)! And also the Wizard of Oz! However, my parents required me to stop by the church on the way home to go to confession. I never could think of any sins so I would get a wee bit creative. That is probably where my story telling began! Anyway, one Saturday, Monsignor Hartman told me I was going straight to hell because I had missed Mass! I was totally speechless! That is, until Jesus put HIS WORDS on my tongue! I looked Monsignor straight in the eye and said, "That's a lie! My loving Father would never do that to a child!" I stormed out of the church and raced all the way home — only to be met by two appalled parents! They could not believe I would be so rude to a priest! They made me apologize! I'm still mad about that! Me and Jesus knew Monsignor needed to hear those very words!! I have used them ever since — in a more mannerly way, of course. It is amazing how often just quietly saying, "My loving God would not do "that!" can stop an unacceptable conversation in its tracks.

Thank you, Jesus! You have been bailing me out ever since that day so long ago! I couldn't have made it this far without you! You rock! Your friend, Phyl



Deb, the artist behind the Christ Cards

The Last Plastic Egg

BY MICHELE MELEEN

The grass is green
and you are blue,
so why oh why
can't I find you?

One plastic egg
left to find.

I must keep looking,
no candy gets left behind



Big Island Maui Bites

BY KAREN PUCCI

As I, uh, pen this email, we are on Maui. After a couple of days of bleah, rainy, windy weather, Maui has returned to its sunny ways. So. We are dining out.

EASTER

The day on which the church celebrates the feast of Christ's resurrection, Easter is the oldest and greatest feast in the church year and the central day on the liturgical calendar.

Every Sunday is a "little Easter" since every Sunday is a Feast of the Resurrection.

Easter Day is the culmination of Holy Week, with its special services recalling the last week of Jesus' earthly ministry; its observances are begun with the Easter Vigil and continue with the Eucharist on Easter Day.

The liturgical color is white. Easter Day begins the Easter season, which runs for fifty days until the Feast of Pentecost.

Definition of Easter from A New Dictionary for Episcopalians.

First up KULA BISTRO. We went years ago to this wonderful spot up country but had not been there since before the pandemic.. It served very upscale meals with an in store Bakery. The restaurant occupies an old grocery store replete with meat locker doors. No view. There is now additional but limited outdoor seating. Still no view. The food has changed. Bakery is still going strong with cakes, pies, strudel. Pizza occupies one of the menu pages and is obviously a local fave. We ordered "stuffed" mushrooms. The stuffing was the same as crab cake and really GOOD! We had rib eye steak and prime rib sammuches. Very different and quite yummy. Mine was on like a torpedo bun with grilled bell pepper of many colors, onions and melty cheese. The prime rib had Dijon mustard, cheese and onions. It came on a dark, hardy rye. I had ice tea and Anna had fresh made lemonade that rivaled the lemonade at Magic's. \$82 with tax but there is 4% credit card fee if you charge. We did not. We can still recommend this.

MAUI BREWING COMPANY used to be up around Napili. The restaurant was small and food unremarkable. Well, it moved into the technology park in Kihei. And it has moved up in all categories. The menu is not unusual but the food is decent. I had the jalapeño bacon cheese burger-medium rare. Quite good and easy to remove the way too many slices of jalapeño. We had garlic fries that were tasty good. Anna had the beer battered fish n chips and was pleased. I had the red Waimea beer and Anna had the dark coconut Porter. All good. Ordering is post pandemic pain in the butt. Scan the QR code, pick out your food with your table # and order on your phone. Not happening. We found a person with menus and could put in our order old school. Huge venue, lots of outside seating. Decent food, fair pricing and lots of chickens. Maui Wowie!

About Hymn

BY DAN GARRETT



Pastor Coe and Janet in the kitchen



Deb, Cordelia and Elaine

The Church of England certainly had an uneasy relationship with Charles Wesley, born in 1707 as the youngest son and 18th child of his parents, Samuel and Susana Wesley. Born in a rectory, he was one more troublesome preacher's kid. Though he was ordained as deacon, and then priest, of the church, during his life he lived with constant scrutiny because, among other things, he was the brother of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. While Charles was also of the opinion that the Church of England needed reform, including joining his brother in an evangelical preaching style that was derided by the leaders of the Church of England at the time, he was vocally opposed to the Methodist movement separating itself from the Church.

Considered to be one of the most, if not the most, prolific of Christian hymn writers, Charles wrote an estimated 6500 to 9000 hymns. There are 22 hymns in the 1982 Hymnal by him, and it is hard to imagine celebrating Christmas without "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," or Easter without "Christ the Lord is Risen Today."

I have decided to write about Charles Wesley this month because one of his hymns has been a favorite of mine (Though it isn't in the 1982 Hymnal) for most of my adult life, and has been an incredible tool for contemplation and meditation for me. It is exceptionally appropriate for Lent. It is certainly not the best known of Charles Wesley's hymns, but it speaks of repentance with a humility that has brought me to my knees in amazement at God's love for us, and the free grace we are offered. For your consideration in this holy season, I share Charles Wesley's incredible words with you here:

Continued on the next page



Janet, serving up Saturday lunch.

About Hymn continued

Depth of mercy!
Can there be Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forebear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

I have long withstood His grace:
long provoked Him to His face;
would not harken to his calls;
tried Him by a thousand falls.

my Master have denied,
I afresh have crucified,
Oft profaned His hallowed name,
Put Him to an open shame.

There for me the Saviour stands,
shows His wounds and spreads His hands:
God is Love, I know I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still!

Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
Blessed Holy Week and Easter to you all!



The Revs with Faye at Mother Linda and the Rev. Sue's A Hui Hou party.



Gary, Linda and Moses at Mother Linda and the Rev. Sue's A Hui Hou party.

*"Our Lord has written the promise of
resurrection, not in books alone, but in every
leaf in springtime."*

– Martin Luther King Jr.

Flavor of the Month

Aloha to our St. Jude's Ohana! Jim and I are excited to be returning to you all after three years! COVID interrupted our last stay by a month, but I continued to do the April services via ZOOM from Utah. Strange times for all of us!

I believe this is our fourth visit to St. Jude's. I have been retired since Dec. 2018, but am still very active in The Diocese of Utah. I am one of the few supply priests and we presently have six clergy vacancies, so I am traveling all over the diocese to help out as much as I can. Thanks to our amazing new Bishop, +Phyllis Spiegel, I am now the Chaplain to the retired clergy and I am enjoying that. I am also the Chaplain to the Province VIII ECW Board and have loved being in touch with these wonderful women. Their annual meeting will be held in Salt Lake City June 23-25th.

Jim and I have been doing some traveling and are loving the opportunity to do this. I don't think our cat Riley approves, but we manage to get very good people to watch him—it relieves the guilt somewhat!!!

We look forward to our time together this go-round. I know the two months will fly by, but we will enjoy every moment!

Love to all, Mary and Jim Janda

"Dawn and resurrection are synonymous. The reappearance of the light is the same as the survival of the soul."

— Victor Hugo

"If Easter says anything to us today, it says this: You can put truth in a grave but it won't stay there."

— Clarence W. Hall

SELECTED NEGATIVE TEACHING EVALUATIONS OF JESUS CHRIST

BY AMANDA LEHR
(From MCSWEENEY'S)

"Very inconvenient class! Always holds lectures on top of mountains, in middle of the Sea of Galilee—but never close to the main campus."

"Inconsistent attendance policy. Said we had to be in class by 9:00 a.m. every day. Over half the class showed up late or didn't attend until the last meeting, but we all got the same participation grade."

"He's nice enough, I guess, but he doesn't vet his TAs: they all provide completely different, conflicting lecture notes. (TIP: Try to get in Luke's section.)"

"Wears sandals too much. No one wants to see your dusty feet."

"Kind of absent-minded. My name's Simon, and he's called me 'Peter' for the entire semester."

"Feels like a class for farmers. Hope you like talking about seeds. Wheat seeds. Mustard seeds. Seeds, seeds, seeds."

April Dates to Remember

1	Lemonade Party to Get Ready for Easter: Work in the yard 9 AM- 11 AM Showers and Soup: 9 AM and on
2	Palm Sunday: 9:30 AM Meet in courtyard Bishop's Committee Meeting after church at McKinney
6	Maundy Thursday Service w/Agape Lamb Dinner 4 PM
7	Good Friday Stations of the Cross 4 PM
8	Showers and Soup: 9 AM and on
9	EASTER SUNDAY 9:30 AM Meet in the courtyard
15	Showers and Soup: 9 AM and on
16	The Second Sunday of Easter 9:30 AM
22	Showers and Soup: 9 AM and on
23	The Third Sunday of Easter 9:30 AM

29	Showers and Soup: 9 AM and on
30	The Fourth Sunday of Easter 9:30 AM



Mother Linda and the Rev. Sue at their A Hui Hou party.



Ed, Deb, Sue and Cordelia at Mother Linda and the Rev. Sue's A Hui Hou party.

Where Is God?

BY REV. SUSAN

What a joy, and a privilege, to serve the people of St. Jude's, and the people you serve. Having completed January, and midway through February, I was still pinching myself at being in Hawai'i with a remarkable congregation. The desire to be the "flavor of the month" was being fulfilled.

Then the unimaginable happened.

On February 13, a solitary gunman entered two buildings on the campus of Michigan State University in East Lansing. With a gun, he killed three students and critically wounded five others.

How could this be? How could this happen at my university – the one where I earned two degrees. The institution where I taught for 29 years, instructing more than four-thousand students. Even worse, as the bulletins rolled out, I recognized the face of the shooter. He frequented a nearby shopping center, halfway between his home and mine.

The news was crushing, even suffocating. Living only a half-mile from where the murders took place, it was almost too much to absorb.

Sadly, these mass murders – typically where three or more people are killed in a short sequence of events – are increasingly common. More than 100 have been recorded in this year alone, and 2023 is not even a third over.

The problem of gun violence in the United States is a complicated and multi-faceted one. There is no one solution. It will require much to address it. I have no answers.

As a Christian, though, I have responsibilities.

A frequent question in the aftermath of a disaster – whether the result of human error, malevolence, or act of nature – is "Where is God in all of this?" How can a loving God allow human suffering on any scale?

First, please know that God does not allow or cause to happen horrific acts against God's people. Not mass murders, disastrous earthquakes, or trains that wreck. God has given us free will. Be assured that God mourns with us when any of us is hurt, injured, killed.

There is a further second answer to the question: “Where is God in all of this?” It is in the hands and feet of Jesus in rescue, recovery, rehabilitation. While the murders of three, and the critically wounding of five were not prevented – they did take place – our response shows who we are in fulfilling what we have been asked to do, and that is to love God, and love our neighbors as ourselves.

That Great Commandment has played out in East Lansing in multiple ways since February 13. Thousands of people showed up at memorials on campus. Funds were set up to help with the funeral expenses of the killed and the medical expenses of the wounded. The University agreed to cover all additional expenses (and to award three degrees posthumously). Signs declaring “Spartan Strong” have sprouted up all over the city, covering lawns and even windows of an elementary school.

“Where is God in all of this?”

God is with the parents of injured who have testified to legislative committees about gun violence prevention. God was in the crowd with hundreds of students who sat down on the Capitol building steps demanding that they be heard. Their concerns and fears are real.

While in Ocean View, the 4380 miles separating me from the February shootings disappeared. The community’s angst and sorrow were mine as well as theirs. My prayers went to them.

Also, though, were prayers for the gunman who felt a need to strike out so viciously. On his body, after taking his life, was a two-page note. It was angry, somewhat delusional, but also sad. He felt outcast, hated, and rejected. A local church, he wrote turned him away. Most poignantly, he bemoaned that no one noticed him. “I’m a person.”





“Where is God in all of this?” God is not only in the many people who have stepped up, helped out, taken action. This is what we are called to do. This is what can make a horrible situation a little better.

At the same time, I believe God yearns for the lost soul of the killer. Maybe a measure of care and respect could have helped him feel like one of God’s children. We will never know, in this world.

The care and respect that St. Jude’s offers those in the community is a blessing, and I recognize it all the more after the shootings at Michigan State. It is our collective love of God, in times like this, that guide me in answering the question: “Where is God in all of this?”



Baptism of the Chicks

BY CINDY CUTTS

As I sit down to write this, I'm curled up on the couch in my new California house, with a fuzzy gray blanket, the TV remote and hot cocoa in my favorite Snoopy mug. The flames in the fireplace are doing a comforting dance, as I look out the window at a stormy day. Nope, it's not the usual mild winter weather expected in the foothills of the Sierra. This is a cold, crazy, wet winter that just might end the California draught!

On the last Saturday in October 2022, Jerry and I arrived in Sacramento airport around 11 p.m. The next day we were watching our grandson Chase, age 6, play "Fall Ball" Little League baseball. We hadn't even been breathing California air for 12 hours before we were decked out in sunscreen and assigned a camping chair to sit at the game. The rest of the week was a flurry of swimming lessons, dance recital, gymnastics, soccer, piano lessons and ninja class for the "California 5" grandchildren. And it's been like that ever since. We've done three days (in a row!) at Disneyland, rejoiced over seriously important birthdays (like 7 or 3) and celebrated holidays I didn't know existed. And if that's not crazy enough, we have flights booked for Kansas City the end of March to visit the "Missouri 3" grandchildren. How easy it is to travel when there isn't an ocean in the way!

When we arrived in California, our house was about one-third complete. Our son, Justin and his wife Lindsey live about two miles from our new building site, and they invited us to stay in their guest room. Justin and Lindsey own a small farm where they raise cattle, pigs, goats and chickens. Both of them also have "real jobs" as education administrators, that take them away from home all day.

Being back on the farm was such a joy! I grew up on a ranch and I love farm life; but my experience is limited to cattle and horses. I can lead a stud horse to the water trough without incident or kill a rattle snake without blinking. But I didn't know anything about the little goats or the chickens on the farm. That didn't faze Justin or Lindsey. I was eager to learn and offered to take on farm chores for them, while we were staying at their house.

I gathered the eggs, bought chicken feed and accepted deliveries, even when I didn't really know what I was doing. Each morning the eight little goats entertained me with the "Goat Parade" as they left the barn in a single file. Feeding them salad scraps was a kick. I kept a close eye out when the dogs alerted me to a coyote in the pasture.

I really wasn't prepared for my first farm assignment! I was asked to pick up the newly hatched baby chicks Justin had ordered. I agreed and thought I was going to the feed store; but it turned out I was going to the POST OFFICE! Justin ordered 20 chicks from Houston, Texas and they were shipped via USPS. (I have no idea why the entire state of California didn't offer satisfactory chicks, but Justin's were hatched in Texas!).

I wondered if the 20 chicks were going to fit in my little car, as I wandered into the tiny Penryn Post Office, which looks like it should either be a museum or part of an old west movie set. When I asked for Justin's chicks, the Postmaster handed me a shoebox with holes in it and a lot of "peep, peep, peeping" coming from it. I gently opened the lid and there were 10 fuzzy yellow chicks and 10 fuzzy black chicks. I was glad I hadn't asked for help taking the chicks out to the car!

Once I got the chicks home, I had to baptize them. I'm not being sacrilegious, here. I don't know what else to call it... Baby chicks that have been shipped, are in danger of dehydration. New chicks must learn what water is and how to swallow; those in a box for a day or two need water right away. Shipped chicks don't have time to learn about water on their own, they have to have instructions.

So, as I prepared to release the chicks into their pen, I had to dip each little beak into a small bowl of warm water and make sure that she was swallowing. No, I'm not making this up, it was part of my instructions, that even included a YouTube video. I followed it carefully for all 20 chicks. I had to perform a second dunking on two of the chicks, but everyone knew what water was, and how to swallow it before they were placed in the brooding pen. I was really missing Father Doug about then, because with all that baptizing, it seemed like those chicks needed a blessing. And I could always count on Father Doug to bless things.

It was quite a step down from my usual farm chores with prize-winning Herefords or fancy American Quarter Horses. If Justin had asked me to load a steer into a chute or lunge a horse, I would have put on my boots and gone straight to work. This chick baptism thing took some puzzling and research; but I loved it because I learned something new and that little "peep, peep, peep," was rather charming. The chicks are eight weeks old now, with feathers, not fluff, and they sort of chuckle (not cluck) instead of peep. Every one of the 20 chicks is still living, so I think my first poultry assignment was a success.

Jerry and I said good bye to Justin's farm and moved into our new home in mid-February. Our house is nestled on small acreage in the historic Gold Rush community of Penryn, in Northern California. We live in a farming neighborhood, peppered with Heritage Oak trees, olive trees, vineyards and dozens of famous Mandarin Orange groves. Pastures nearby are filled with fat beef cattle, shiny horses, wooly sheep and silly goats. Five deer visit our pasture daily and we are learning to look for the "Deer Resistant" plants at the nursery. Life is good, even in the cold and wet winter/spring weather.

I think of my friends at St. Jude's so often. I keep up on your news through many of you and also the prayer chain. Thank you all for your prayers for my mom and her church that burned recently. Fir Lawn Lutheran Church in Sweet Home, Oregon will rebuild their lovely church. The Methodists have stepped up in St. Jude's fashion and opened their doors to the Lutherans, offering their sanctuary on Sundays and dedicating a conference room for them to meet anytime they want during the week. In the depths of despair, Fir Lawn's congregation is rejoicing at the love and support they are receiving from their community. God is indeed present, in the midst of the rubble. My mom is so grateful to all of you for your care and concern.

I am delighted to see the new Talk Story! I love reading all the contributions and I hope all "my writing staff" will keep writing for the new editor. Cynn timer is doing such a great job - please support her with your great stories.

Love to you all,
Cindy



A Light exists in Spring
Not present on the Year
At any other period -
When March is scarcely here
A Color stands abroad
On Solitary Fields
That Science cannot overtake
But Human Nature feels...

Emily Dickinson, *A Light Exists in Spring*



Readings on the Episcopal Church: History, the Ordination of Women, Ethics, and Feminist Ethics

BY MOTHER LINDA

MOVEMENT IN CHURCH AND SOCIETY '60'S AND 70'S

Received traditions, liturgy, social mores, and political activity changed substantially during the 60's and 70's. Within the Episcopal Church there was an emerging consensus that ordination to the priesthood should be opened to women. This movement led the larger church into division, with the non-women's ordination supporters leaving to begin new congregations.

THE PHILADELPHIA ELEVEN

The first women were ordained priests in the Episcopal Church at the Church of the Advocate in Philadelphia. Barbara Harris was the crucifer for the service; she would go on to priestly ordination and become the first African-American bishop in the Anglican Communion.

The women were ordained on the Feast Day of Mary and Martha of Bethany (July 29, 1974). They were ordained two years before the General Convention of the Church affirmed and authorized ordination of women priests. Eventually, their ordinations were "regularized" and they joined the ranks of women who followed in their shoes. However, of the eleven women ordained, only one was placed at an altar. The other women taught at seminaries, churches, wrote about their experiences and kept advocating for all women.

THE PHILADELPHIA ELEVEN

Darlene O'Dell authored a book on the 40th anniversary of the ordinations; The Rev. Dr. Carter Heyward, one of the ordinands, wrote the introduction. O'Dell introduced the paths of the eleven women, how they got involved and then how the church was changed over the intervening years.

April Birthdays

5	Roger Dagdag
6	Hannah Uribes
11	Evan Kohler-Camp
23	Elaine Meier Rebecca Schaup Jean Buechele
29	Shannon Simpson

April Anniversaries

24	Mary Beth & Bob Fink
26	Steve Stigall & Dan Garrett
30	Pamela & Evan Kohler-Camp

Have you ever asked why you eat the way you do? There can be many answers. For instance, that's how you were brought up. Or for ethical reasons, you don't want to harm animals. Or, you want to be as healthy as possible. Or you don't want to cook. Or you are in a hurry. Or you want to protect the environment. Your reasons can change day to day, depending on what's going on in your life.

In previous articles, I have shared that we eat a Whole-Food, Plant-Based diet (WFPB diet) for health reasons, it turns out that this diet can also be environmentally friendly as well! Let's look at why.

A WFPB diet saves on water consumption.

- Production of livestock uses 1/3 of the world's fresh water.
- It takes 1,000 gallons of water to produce 1 gallon of milk.
- 1,850 gallons of water to produce 1 pound of beef.

In contrast

- It takes 300 gallons of water to produce 1 pound of rice.
- 34 gallons of water to produce 1 pound of potatoes.
- 99 gallons of water to produce 1 pound of apples.

A WFPB diet decreases greenhouse gas emissions.

It is estimated that livestock is responsible for 14.5% of global greenhouse gas emissions. Global meat production is responsible for more greenhouse gas emissions than all trains, cars, and all airplanes in the world combined.

- A WFPB diet reduces air pollution – Factory farms produce massive amounts of dust and contaminants that pollute our air.
- A WFPB diet slows climate change – Food production is responsible for about 30% of total greenhouse gas emissions with animal agriculture accounting for most of that. Additionally, there would be more trees to pull excess carbon dioxide out of the environment.
- A WFPB diet decreases deforestation.
- The production of livestock is the leading cause of deforestation. The land is used to house more animals and grow their food.
- Production of livestock is responsible for 75-90% of the deforestation in the Brazilian Amazon.

A WFPB diet protects our oceans.

- Reduces overfishing.
- Decreases water pollution due to runoff from factory farms and livestock. This water pollution leads to dead zones where large rivers enter the ocean.

A WFPB diet eliminates the need for industrial factory farming of animals.

There are even more reasons to eat a Whole-Food, Plant-Based diet, but this gives you some ideas of how you can help yourself and help the environment.

I also found a calculator online that will tell you the impact you have on the environment by eating a Whole-Food Plant-Based diet. Try it out. Vegan Calculator - The Vegan Web Designer (thevegancalculator.com). We have been Whole-Food, Plant-Based for about 12 years. Based on this calculator, we have saved 9,600,000 gallons of water, 350,400 pounds of grain as animal food, 262,800 sq. ft. forest, 175,200 lbs. CO₂, 8,760 animal lives. WOW!!!

There are some things that you want to be careful about to be sure your WFPB diet stays environmentally friendly. One of the most important factor it to eat as locally as possible. When you got to the grocery store and see that a fruit or vegetable that is not in season or is not grown locally, you know it has been shipped in. The environmental impact will be grater than locally grown foods just because of the transportation impact. Fruits and vegetables from South America, for example, are flown to the USA.



Marvelle and Ed at Mother Linda and the Rev.
Sue's A Hui Hou party.



Ed, Deb, Sue and Cordelia at Mother Linda and the Rev.
Sue's A Hui Hou party.

“Little Church - Big Heart”

PASTOR COE and JANET HUTCHISON



The sign really says it all. When we return to the mainland, our home congregation has asked us to talk about our experience at St. Jude's. Our opening will be this sign and its wonderful description. “Little Church – Big Heart.”

Through these four wonderful weeks we have experienced St. Jude's as a holy place. It is a place where God's love is given and received. Where there are plenty of smiles, lots of laughter, hugs, way more food than you can imagine, and endless Aloha.

We have been blessed in so many ways. We loved our Lenten study of Henri Nouwen's book, “Finding My Way Home.” In those sessions, we were blessed to hear of people's personal stories and lives. We have been blessed with the opportunity to serve alongside you and see how you share God's love with those in the community. All those who come for the Saturday ministry are welcomed without question or judgment. They are loved with God's unconditional love.

While we were here, St. Jude's served over 250 meals, 120 showers, 24 haircuts, and a large amount of clothes and items from The Giving Tree. An amazing ministry! We were blessed with a wonderful stay in the vicarage and, not just one, but two, cars to use. It was a great place and so well-cared for and welcoming. We were blessed with St. Jude's Taxi service to and from the airport which was such a gracious welcome and start to our time on the island. We are blessed with new friends and relationships. We feel like we have gotten to know many of you as we have served together. These are relationships that will last forever.

Last, but not least, we have been blessed to worship our God who is love itself alongside you on Sunday mornings. I will never forget the opening hymn our first Sunday morning when you raised the roof with your voices and I thought to myself, “Okay, these folks CAN SING!” We talk about the idea that we are formed as a community as we jointly partake of Jesus' Body and Blood. I have to say that we have experienced that happening right here at St. Jude's. As we have sung, prayed, preached, worked, and shared Holy Communion together. God and you have made us part of your community. For that we are ever so thankful.

Thank you for allowing us to love you. Thank you for loving us so well. And thank you for allowing us to join you in loving others. You are a holy place. You are a Little Church – Big Heart. We love you.

Pastor Coe and Janet Hutchison

Janet and Coe on their last Sunday with us.



Service for Doug's ashes



Carolyn and Coe



Carolyn, sprinkling Doug's ashes in a remembrance garden



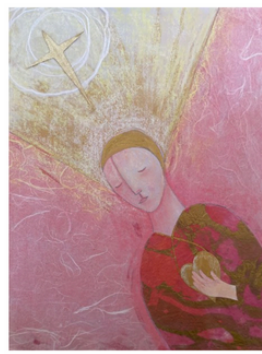
Buddy, holding the Cross



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003 REST AND LET LOVE



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009 HOLY SPIRIT



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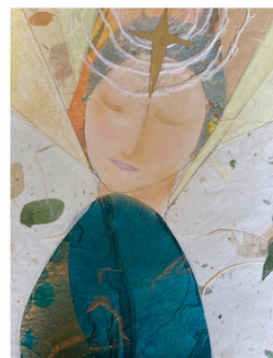
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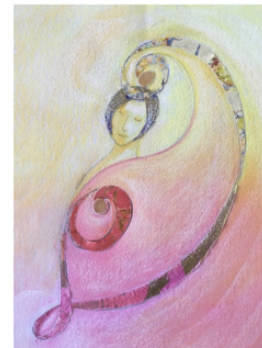
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016 SPREAD LOVE

Christ Cards made by Deborah Johnson. Please see next page for ordering information.

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Ministries at St. Jude's

Monday

8:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Senior Nutrition Program
3:30 p.m. - 6:30 p.m. - Pahala School Tutoring
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. - Full Gospel Men's Bible Study
10AM - Womens' Bible Study (online event)

Tuesday

3:30 p.m. - 6:30 p.m. - Pahala Schol Tutoring
9:00 AM - Education for Ministry (online event)

Wednesday

8:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. - Senior Club
1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. - St. Jude's Hula Halua
4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. - Kau' Band
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. - NA

Thursday

3:30 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. - Kau'Keiki Choir

Friday

8:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. - Senior Nutrition Program
1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. - Ohana Health Care

Saturday

8:30 a.m. - and on - St. Jude's Showers and Meal Service
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.- NA

Sunday

9:30 a.m. - St. Jude's Episcopal Church Service
1:00 p.m. - Full Gospel Worship Service
6:30 p.m. - First Assembly Worship Service

In Our Prayers

Thanksgiving

We offer thanksgiving for the many answered prayers we have received at St. Jude's.

This month we pray for:

Kindness, tender-hearted forgiveness and love in our relationships;

The people of all nations: give us a zeal for justice and the strength of forbearance, that we may use our liberty in accordance with your gracious will;

Health protection, in COVID post-pandemic: for our kupuna, our loved ones, our leaders, our medical personnel, ourselves. We pray for an end to health issues that impact the ebb and flow of St. Jude's ministries.

Healing: Pastor John Mark, Bob, Sherry, Thom, Elaine, Carl, Faye, Ed, Kathy, Amanda, Cynn timer, Diane, Angie, Austin, Phyl, Caroline, Ginger & Brian, Fr. Richard, Sam, Pastor Constance, Butch, Don, Jeanne, Ron, Zach, Sigi, Dave, Richard M, Warren, Buddy, Thom, Dan, Sharon, Philip, and Debbie.

Comfort & Peace for all caregivers: Peggy.

Strength and comfort for those who suffer loss, especially Fir Lawn Lutheran Church in Sweet Home, OR.

Healing and restoration of broken hearts, families and relationships.

Safety for all who are traveling, comfort for all those who are unable to travel.

Safety, wisdom and courage for those in protective or public service (firefighters, law enforcement, emergency responders, military personnel, teachers, administrators, clergy, physicians, nurses, medical team members, civil leaders, cashiers, truck drivers, postal employees, and all workers);

For protection from COVID-19, natural disasters, violence and tragedy: we pray for restoration of lives, financial loss and displacement of families forever impacted;

For our church and all her ministries, re-ignite us Lord, in a safe environment of warmth, music, Holy Communion and divine connection. Bring us new volunteers to help us continue our many outreach projects;

Blessings, wisdom, energy, enthusiasm, discernment and encouragement for the leaders of St. Jude's, our visiting priests and for the many volunteers who keep our church operating; and for local, national and international world leaders, help us to work together for peace.

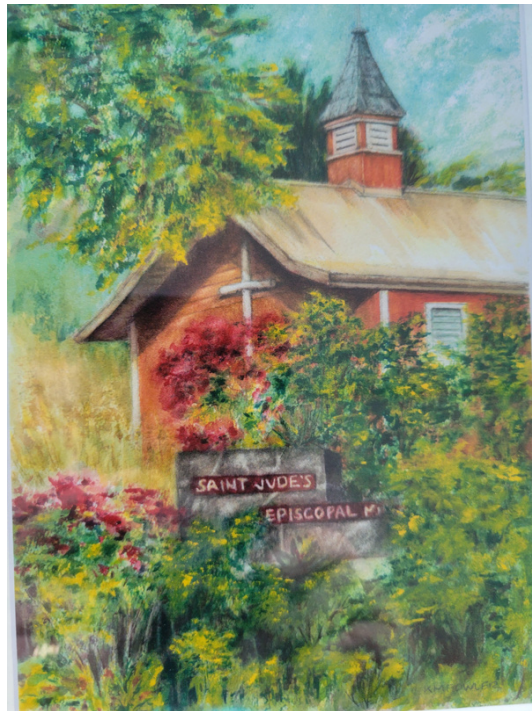
Lord, hear our prayer.

Talk Story 2 welcomes submissions!

Submission Guidelines: 500 words maximum. Uplifting, informational and reflective stories, news, recipes, photos, memories, etc. Photos must be submitted as jpgs & emailed as attachments.

Submit via email to: StJudesNewsletter@gmail.com. Deadline for newsletter submissions is the 20th of each month. Authors retain copyrights to their submissions. The views in these articles are the Authors own and do not reflect the opinions of St. Judes.

For more guideline details visit www.stjudeshawaii.org.



Talk Story 2

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