

St. Anne's 2024 Lenten Booklet

Daily Readings for Lent & Holy Week

Ash Wednesday, February 14
through
Holy Saturday, March 30



Everyday Saints

St. Anne's in-the-Fields Episcopal Church
Lincoln, Massachusetts

St. Anne

As we celebrate the 150th Anniversary of St. Anne's, founded in 1874, let us take a moment to remember our patron saint and ask: who was St. Anne and why is her statue standing in the foyer of our church?

According to church tradition, St. Anne was the mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus. In various depictions throughout art history, Anne is shown with Mary in her lap and Jesus in Mary's, a kind of Russian doll of holy motherhood. She holds a book, or scroll, containing verses from Scripture that predict the birth of Christ and Mary's role in the miracle to come. In our statue, she appears to be reading from a book and teaching the young Mary standing at her side.

St. Anne is also the patron saint of the Order of St. Anne, an Episcopal religious order of nuns founded in 1910 by its first mother superior, Etheldred Barry, a children's book illustrator, and the Reverend Frederick Cecil Powell of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. In keeping with the spirit of the original St. Anne, the Order was devoted to teaching young girls.

The nuns established a school in Arlington Heights, MA, and lived for time in a convent in Kingston, NY. They also established communities in England, China, New Zealand, the Virgin Islands, and the Philippines.



Later, the Order moved to a larger campus in Lincoln (where The Commons is now located). There, they ministered to women with developmental disabilities.

When the Order moved back to Arlington, the Sisters donated several objects to our church, including the statue of St. Anne. Today, the community of four Sisters continues a ministry of prayer and hospitality at Bethany House of Prayer. The Sisters visit us for special services, and they are always happy to welcome visitors from St. Anne's.



About Lent

The forty days that traditionally comprise the Christian season of Lent represent the time that Jesus spent in the wilderness, enduring temptation by Satan. Lent begins on Ash Wednesday – which in the Western Christian church is February 14 in 2024 – and ends with the Great Vigil on Holy Saturday, just before the glorious celebration of Easter on March 31, 2024. Some consider Lent a time of grief, repentance, and self-denial, while others use the season as a time of self-reflection.

The Book of Common Prayer (Rite II, Morning Prayer) contains the call of the Lenten season:

Dearlly beloved, we have come together in the presence of Almighty God our heavenly Father, to set forth his praise, to hear his holy Word, and to ask, for ourselves and on behalf of others, those things that are necessary for our life and our salvation. And so that we may prepare ourselves in heart and mind to worship him, let us kneel in silence, and with penitent and obedient hearts confess our sins, that we may obtain forgiveness by his infinite goodness and mercy.

The 2024 Lenten Booklet theme is “Everyday Saints,” which St. Anne’s parishioners write about in these pages. The Booklet allows us glimpses of everyday saints in action, what they mean to our fellow members, and how they nourish our lives, even when unseen. Now, we are all asked to consider these reflections in concert with our own thoughts about the season of Lent.

As we enter this solemn season of Lent, join us in worship on Ash Wednesday, February 14, at 7 pm in the Sanctuary. Then we will proceed together through these 40 days, this Booklet as our guide, and reunite as we prepare to celebrate the glorious resurrection of Christ, our Lord and Savior.

Ash Wednesday: February 14

A Saint from Birmingham

Father Jim was someone whose head and heart moved in concert, and just to be around him was to feel that split that exists in all of us between rationality and desire calmed. Fr. Jim was someone never in a hurry, a side-effect, I assume, of hauling around such a large soul.

He was an ordinary human – he drank beer, smoked cigarettes in college, and occasionally bickered with his teenage children – and yet around him you felt taken seriously, real. Fr. Jim was my priest in Birmingham, and being 21, I met him when my head and my heart were basically living in separate zip codes. His gentleness, his calm affirmation of life, and his understated humor left me feeling less exiled from life, more at home in that hardest of places for a human to inhabit, one's own skin.

For me, saints are people who give you the gift of yourself. You come as one person into their company – fragmented, split between what you know and what you desire, often confused – and you leave sensing your humanity has been handled with care, with attention, with love, and then re-presented to you as a gift, as a locus of possibility and transformation. Saints are people in whose presence you feel you've just received the Eucharist, only in this case, you yourself – your ordinary humanity – has become the consecrated and transfigured gift to be received and offered in joy to God and others.

In a certain sense, saints aren't extraordinary people; they are, however, on the journey towards greater wholeness, and in this way, they are God's gift to the earth, here to remind us of the giftedness of our own lives, here to invite us to live less by struggling will and more by effortless grace.

Garrett Yates

Thursday after Ash Wednesday: February 15

This was sent to me by a Facebook friend; author unknown.

I was shocked, confused, bewildered
As I entered Heaven's door,
Not by the beauty of it all,
Nor the lights or décor.

But it was the folks in Heaven
Who made me sputter and gasp —
The thieves, the liars the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.

There stood the kid from seventh grade
Who swiped my lunch money twice.
Next to him was my old neighbor
Who never said anything nice.

Bob, who I always thought
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine,
Looking incredibly well.

I nudged Jesus, "What's the deal?
I would love to hear your take.
How'd all these sinners get up here?
God must've made a mistake.

'And why is everyone so quiet,
So somber — give me a clue.'
'Hush child,' He said, 'They're all in shock.
No one thought they'd be seeing you.'

JUDGE NOT !!

Remember---Just going to church doesn't make you a Christian
any more than standing in your garage makes you a car.
Every saint has a PAST...
Every sinner has a FUTURE !
Now it is your turn...Share this poem.
Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil...
It has no point!

Barbie Hart

Friday after Ash Wednesday: February 16

Saintish

In compiling this Booklet, I wondered about being more saintly, every day. What could I do (or not do, as is often the case) in my daily life that'd be reflective of St. Sebastian's arrow-filled martyrdom, St. Teresa's boundless empathy in hugging lepers, St. Francis's mad negotiating skillz with the Gubbion wolves of my life?

So, of course, I googled it. Who knew there were so many saints?! Of so many different patronages! I had a lot of options for self-improvement. While I must already have a smidge of St. Gertrude in me (patron saint of fending off rats and mice), my slapshot could use a little more St. Lidwina (patron saint of skaters). St. Roch had a lot of responsibilities as patron saint of: dogs, dog lovers, epidemics, knee problems, invalids, bachelors, falsely-accused people, the Plague and other pestilence, Parma, some towns in Spain near the Italian border, surgeons, and diseased cattle, but he really excelled at dieting - eating just once a day from infancy on - and stayed devout even after his uncle tossed him in prison to die. Could I put down that cookie in his name? Or forgive Aunt Ruth for being so rude to me five years ago? These saints had their faulty sides, too. St. Anthony the Abbot fought off a bevy of death demons (hence: patron saint of gravediggers), but the dude sold off his sister, was annoyingly smug about his illiteracy, and refused to bathe for all of his 105 years. He wasn't perfect... he wasn't... a saint. But he was.

One of my most solemn and literally grounding jobs here at St. Anne's is to "dig the hole" for an internment in our Memorial Garden, a task so very different than sending the Weekly Email with a typo or forgetting to set a thermostat back to 65. There's an undeserving power in deciding where the shovel should strike, and each time I take a moment to look at where the sunbeam falls on the loamy earth, where roots poke up in woven protection, where a critter has left a half-eaten acorn; then I think of that person and where in this little Garden they would've liked to connect with God: sunlight? pine needles? next to a smooth rock?

St. Anthony must be with me in these moments of doing a simple, holy task, and I'm choosing to feel his strength against adversity instead of his need for deodorant. Tomorrow I might try to be a bit more St. Justinish (apologies) and St. Edwardian (difficult marriages) when talking to my husband. St. Zita (lost keys) toys with me almost every day. But, I don't need to be all saints, all day, all the time. I can just try to be a little of some of them every day.

Jennie Cook

Saturday after Ash Wednesday: February 17

Ordinary Saints, by Malcolm Guite

The ordinary saints, the ones we know,
Our too-familiar family and friends,
When shall we see them? Who can truly show
Whilst still rough-hewn, the God who shapes our ends?
Who will unveil the presence, glimpse the gold
That is and always was our common ground,
Stretch out a finger, feel, along the fold
To find the flaw, to touch and search that wound
From which the light we never noticed fell
Into our lives? Remember how we turned
To look at them, and they looked back? That full-
-eyed love unserved us, and we turned around,
Unready for the wrench and reach of grace.
But one day we will see them face to face.

Lise Stahl Brown



First Sunday in Lent: February 18

Collect of the Day

Almighty God, whose blessed Son was led by the Spirit to be tempted by Satan: Come quickly to help us who are assaulted by many temptations; and, as you know the weaknesses of each of us, let each one find you mighty to save; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

First Monday in Lent: February 19

Singing in Harmony

Saints are people enshrined in stained glass windows, in statues, in the names of churches (Anne, Peter, Paul, John, Andrew, for example). They live as legends; they reside in heaven. We sing about them (“for all the saints” ... “I sing a song of the saints of God”).

“Saint” is a challenging word for me, one of those enticing words like “soul” or “grace.” For me our everyday saints are not folks with halos, but rather people who engage in saintly acts, acts of love, with no judgment and no expectation of something in return. They act in such a way which reaffirms my faith that there is goodness in the world, and that that goodness is a manifestation of divine grace.

I like what the southern writer Flannery O’Connor wrote: “My subject in fiction is the action of grace in a world largely held by the devil.” We need those we call everyday saints to remind us that goodness and grace are not in the shadows, but in the light, right before our eyes.

I think of a college friend with whom I sang, a man who is recently retired from being a priest. He has a gentleness, a warmth, and when he asks me how I am, he listens attentively as I struggle to get below the surface of “I’m fine.” His compassion comes not from a big ego but, rather, from gentleness.

I am warmed by family members who say something comforting, offer a gift, know how to read me. Or sing with me. Choral singing, especially sacred music, has given me pleasure throughout my life. Singing in harmony with others standing near you takes on a special meaning for me, as we so often experience the world as cacophony. We are indeed blessed if we can surround ourselves with those everyday folks who sing in harmony with us. These folks are my saints. These are the people who surround me with love as I deal with a difficult medical condition. They are the bringers of God’s grace.

Al Rossiter

First Tuesday in Lent: February 20

Sylvia's Haven

Each morning at age 95½, Sylvia Anthony wakes up. “Well, I am still here. God must have something for me to do. All right God, what is it?”

In 1987, Sylvia started “Life for the Little Ones” in Everett, Massachusetts. In 1997, Sylvia's Haven moved to Devens, Massachusetts, becoming the U.S.'s second-largest homeless shelter, operating 40 townhouses. Each family had their own townhouse. In 2002, a state agency acquired land from Fort Devens, wanting Sylvia's Haven land also. They proceeded to bring a lawsuit against Sylvia but lost. With a settlement to leave in 2006, Sylvia's Haven moved to Revere, MA. Currently Sylvia runs her shelter on a much smaller scale. Her office at Winchester's First Baptist Church enables, through donations, renting a house for the women she helps. These women are from the U.S., Canada, England, Australia, Africa, and South American countries.

A pioneer in women's issues, Sylvia Anthony is the President, Founder, and CEO of Sylvia's Haven, for 36 years a safe, warm and loving home for homeless pregnant women, including the abused. By January 2023, more than 1100 women and children had walked through the doors of Sylvia's Haven. The Haven is a two-year transitional program during which women receive occupational guidance, education, and life skills management training. After two years the women go back into society as independent contributors with a job and their own place to live.

Sylvia has a dream and God in her heart. For the homeless women, single, abused, with or without children, Sylvia's Haven will never quit. With God's divine intervention and guidance, continued support from her board, contributors, and staff, Sylvia's Haven is there, offering a helping hand where none existed before.



Sylvia Anthony

Wenda Paton

First Wednesday in Lent: February 21

I Sing a Song of the Saints of God (Hymn #293)

This hymn is one of my favorites. The first time I heard it was in the early '90s and it spoke to my heart. It tells me that we are all saints of God, that we meet saints every day in many places, "and I mean, God helping, to be one too." I find joy and comfort in the words of the hymn, so much so, that we sang it at my son's and husband's memorial services, and it will be sung at mine.

I sing a song of the saints of God,
patient and brave and true,
who toiled and fought and lived and died
for the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen,
and one was a shepherdess on the green:
they were all of them saints of God and I mean,
God helping, to be one too.

They loved their Lord so dear, so dear,
and his love made them strong;
and they followed the right, for Jesus' sake,
the whole of their good lives long.
And one was a soldier, and one was a priest,
and one was slain by a fierce wild beast;
and there's not any reason no, not the least,
why I shouldn't be one too.

They lived not only in ages past,
there are hundreds of thousands still,
the world is bright with the joyous saints
who love to do Jesus' will.
You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea,
in church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea,
for the saints of God are just folk like me,
and I mean to be one too.

Mary Kitses

First Thursday in Lent: February 22

Saints' Quote Wall

St. Augustine of Hippo (354 AD-430 AD)

"God loves each of us as if there were only one of us."

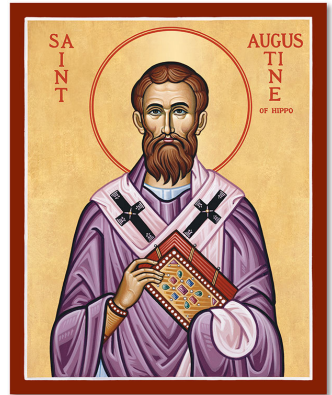
"Pray as though everything depended on God. Work as though everything depended on you."

"In my deepest wound, I saw your glory, and it dazzled me."

"Love is the beauty of the soul."

"In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

"Our hearts have been made for you, O God, and they shall never rest until they rest in you."



St. Joan of Arc (1412 AD - 1431 AD)



"Go forward bravely. Fear nothing. Trust in God. All will be well."

"Act and God will act; work and God will work."

"The friendship of God will not fail me, nor His counsel, nor His love. In His strength, I will dare and dare and dare until I die."

"Hold the cross high, so I may see it through the flames."

"In God's name, let us go on bravely."

Roger Hall

First Friday in Lent: February 23

Turn Back the Clock

Turn back the clock!

Let the Gazan dust reassemble into brick and mortar homes.

Rewind!

Let those hostages down their coffee and take their kids to school.

Go back!

Tell him you still love him,

Tho' you said you didn't care.

Write and say 'I'm sorry,'

Even if it's still not so.

Just wipe the slate clean.

Go back to that street corner,

- where you hid so long ago -

and step out of the shadows now.

March this time: march and sing for all you're worth.

Then, step back from that edge you're on --

Just step back.

Tie your shoes.

Take a breath.

And start the clock again.

There's still time.

We've still got time

Jane von Maltzahn

First Saturday in Lent: February 24

January 24, 2024 entry from "Forward Day by Day,"
by Florence Li Tim-Oi

When I was growing up in Jamaica, a man who was homeless and had some physical deformities frequented the parking lot of the town's grocery store. He asked for money or food from passersby. Many a time, people completely dismissed him, looked right past him as if he did not even exist, or sometimes shouted hurtful and unkind words. I was astonished. My mother, however, always greeted him by name and with a hug or a handshake. And so did we, my siblings and me. Without question. Without hesitation.

In word and deed, my mother showed by example her belief that everyone has a story, and everyone has dignity. No matter what.

Thanks be to God!



Don't Call Me a Saint - Dorothy Day with Homeless Christ by Kelly Latimore

Second Sunday in Lent: February 25

Collect of the Day

O God, whose glory it is always to have mercy: Be gracious to all who have gone astray from your ways, and bring them again with penitent hearts and steadfast faith to embrace and hold fast the unchangeable truth of your Word, Jesus Christ your Son; who with you and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Second Monday in Lent: February 26

The Attitudes

What if...

Instead of acting pious and filled with beatitude (whatever that is), everyday saints stand with their hands on their hips filled with attitude?

- The self-conscious, ego-centric teenager talking back;
- The first-time political organizer who gives rides to the polls to bring about justice—for all, she says, with a hint of defiance in her gentle voice;
- The mama, interrupted five times while trying to write this essay in order to respond to “urgent” requests from the children;
- The teacher, who remembers that the girl rows crew and her lab mate plays baseball and queries them both about those interests, rather than the Punnett square genetics lesson;
- The nurse’s assistant who offers to return the elderly man’s tuna fish sandwich and bring him another, because he forgot to order the bread toasted;
- The parent reviewing grammar lessons with the middle school child and playing on the floor with the baby, while ignoring a to-do list as long as their arm;
- The woman at the French bakery, who threw into the white waxy bakery bag an extra macaroon because she knows the family loves them;
- The friend, who shares the story of her late father’s passing to offer comfort on aging parents and terminal illness;
- The neighbor who takes in the empty trash barrel when the family is out of town—without being asked;
- The community listserve and offerings of coats, hats, mittens in response to a member’s post about her parents visiting from Puerto Rico for medical treatment;
- The exasperated mama who yells at her children in frustration... and then offers an apology;
- The middle school teacher. Enough said.

Grace and simple, unprompted, unrecognized kindness... sometimes with attitude. These are my every day saints.

Heather Peske

Second Tuesday in Lent: February 27

Hymn 287: For All the Saints



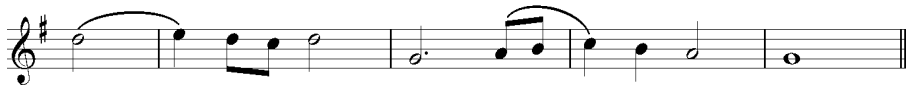
1 For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, who
2 Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might:—
3 O may thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,—
4 O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!—



thee— by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, thy
thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well - fought fight;—
fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old, and
We feeb - ly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; yet



Name, O— Je - sus, be for ev - er blessed.
thou, in the dark - ness dread, the one true Light.
win, with— them, the vic - tor's crown of gold.
all are— one in thee, for all are thine.



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



*5 And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long, steals on the ear the
*6 The gold - en eve - ning bright-ens in the west; soon, soon to faith - ful



Second Wednesday in Lent: February 28

The Way

When I was a child and heard about saints, I pictured someone from long ago who had been burned at the stake. Later on, I heard that the Catholic Church had a way of determining sainthood by proving that some very good people had been responsible for miracles while on earth. I wondered if the famous people I heard about on television were these very good people. It was confusing when I learned that some of the famous people didn't even do good things.

One day, when I was already middle-aged, I read a really good book. Its words, ideas and humor made me jump right off my chair. The author explained that all Christians are meant to be part of the "creative apparatus of God."¹ She wrote that, "He made us in order to use us, and use us in the most profitable way; for His purpose, not ours."²

I had always wondered how the "it's all about me" spirit of the time worked with being a Christian. At the same time, I worried about "fulfilling myself." Evelyn Underhill, the author of this terrific book, suggested that there was another way to live. "For [living] means," she said, "an offering of life to the Father of life, to Whom it belongs; a willingness - an eager willingness - to take our small place in the vast operations of His Spirit, instead of trying to run a pokey little business on our own."³

"Oh, my heavens," I thought, "I think these words go right to the core of being a Christian." In a later book, Underhill wrote, "Saints are simply persons who are sufficiently self-abandoned to let the Spirit act through them; instead of persisting in self-chosen and self-interested activities."⁴

The Way was getting clearer.

Linda Mulrean

¹ *The Spiritual Life*, by Evelyn Underhill, p. 74

² *Ibid.*, p. 75.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 79.

⁴ *The School of Charity*, by Evelyn Underhill, p. 84.

Second Thursday in Lent: February 29

Neighborhood Saints

Henry and I moved to Waltham in June 1985. I was tired of commuting from our two-family home in Boston's Roslindale neighborhood to my office in Burlington. It was a twenty-four mile drive in each direction. It felt much longer in inclement weather.

We moved into a lovely neighborhood right off Route 20, near Route 95/128 called Cedarwood. After we closed on the house, we drove down our street, Wetherbee Road, to take another look before packing to move. The colonial home was surrounded by saints. One neighbor was mowing the lawn, other neighbors were trimming the bushes, and tidying up the rest of the property. This was just the start! They were so welcoming. Food and homemade goodies followed.

Then I found out we were starting a family. Months later our neighbors welcomed our daughter into the community. They loved her. She was showered with loving care, attention, and gifts. One time when she was in the backyard and I didn't see her, I panicked. I kindly told the neighbor to let me know when you invite her into your home.

We lived in Waltham for 11 years. Every December I had a neighborhood Christmas party. I invited all these saints into my home for a Christmas dinner. I kept this tradition for the eleven years we lived in that home.

PS: When we moved to Wayland in 1996, I was looking for more saints. I found them in my current neighborhood in Wayland. Our annual Christmas party included old and new saints. One new saint introduced me to St. Anne's, a community overflowing with saints. Saints exist everywhere. Their light is visible if you look with an open heart.

Suzanne Stimpson

Second Friday in Lent: March 1

Listening

Last night I was watching an episode of the current season of *True Detective* which takes place in a northern Alaskan town during its thirty days of 24-hour darkness... a scene between Officer Evangeline Navarro, played by actress Kali Reis, and Chief Danvers, whom Jodie Foster — my childhood idol — embodies with steely perfection. They are driving from a murder scene, snowflakes hitting the blackened windshield with speed, two women with hard jobs and harder egos, Danvers all sharp angles, Navarro's fire-filled aura forcing people back a few steps. Danvers is chiding Navarro about her belief in Native spirits, and she asks, "So what do you do when you're lonely?"

Navarro rolls her eyes; "I pray."

Danvers snorts: "Like get down on your knees and talk to God? Ha!"

"No," Navarro replies, looking off into the middle distance. "I listen."

The scene reminds me of when we lost our dog Dickens at my aunt's house. I was eight, and cried myself to sleep after calling for him all day. The next morning, the well-seasoned, overall-ed neighbor came to help, pipe in his mouth: "Don't forget to listen after you call his name." We heard Dickens bark from the garden shed within the minute.

I've been going through a bit of a rough patch lately, my need to be heard and understood acute and raw. I've been praying to saints and ancestors and Mother Nature and God himself for help, to fix things, to *please, just do this one thing for me?* But it was Foster's flawless reaction — her jaw relaxing, eyes widening and flitting around for purchase on the word: *listen* — that answered me. We both exactly understood at the same time.

Don't we find what we miss most when we stop. Listen. When we silence our egocentric desires, and just... wait. When we open our hearts to the sounds around us, and purposely locate ourselves within The Utter Vastness. In constant cold darkness, in a locked shed: if we listen, we will hear our saints... and our idols, and our dogs (because, of course, all dogs are saints)... and our solutions.

This is when God gives us exactly what we need.

Jennie Cook

Second Saturday in Lent: March 2

Sunday School Saints

I give thanks for the amazing St. Anne's Sunday School teachers who welcome with such joy their students each Sunday Morning! Sarah Jennings, Jen Varney, Sue Volaro, Sue Martin in the Children's Library and Anna and Reed Varney in the Nursery are in my heart "Everyday Saints!" I love seeing the children run with their families to the church door where they are greeted with such warmth. The activities presented to them each week are so beautiful and filled with faith and God's love. When the children join the congregation before communion they skip into the Sanctuary with bright smiles and often with a new project just made proudly in hand!

Thank you, Sarah, Sue, Jen, Sue, Anna, and Reed for the beautiful dedication and love you graciously share with the children of St. Anne's in-the-Fields! God's Love and brightly shining blessings to each of you!

Pam Small



From the St. Anne's Sunday School Saints project 2023.

Third Sunday in Lent: March 3

Collect of the Day

Almighty God, you know that we have no power in ourselves to help ourselves: Keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Third Monday in Lent: March 4

Saints on the Streets

In 2015, Dr. Jim O'Connell wrote a book, *Stories from the Shadows*, in which he chronicled his experiences helping to found and work for Boston Health Care for the Homeless Program (BHCHP). Founded in 1985 with a grant from the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, BHCHP was part of a nationwide endeavor to meet the health needs of the homeless. In 1985, Dr. O'Connell had just finished his residency at Mass General. His plan had been to work for a year to set up the Care program. Now, almost 40 years later, he is still deeply involved, and he is the subject of a recent book by Tracy Kidder, *Rough Sleepers*.

Concern about AIDS and tuberculosis among the homeless population was growing. Because patients were not coming to the hospital clinics, healthcare workers realized they must go to the patients: in a shelter or on the street. As a fresh new doctor, Jim O'Connell arrived at the Pine Street Inn prepared to examine the men at the shelter and prescribe any treatments that were necessary. He was met by a veteran nurse, Barbara McGinnis.

"Put away your stethoscope and your blood pressure cuff," she said. "You're going to wash the men's feet." The biblical symbolism of this was not lost on Jim O'Connell.

Establishing trust is key at BHCHP. One of the men whose feet Jim O'Connell washed, spoke not at all for a month. Then, one night the man said, "I thought you were supposed to be a doctor; what the hell are you doing washing my feet?" And that was the beginning of a trusting relationship.

An everyday saint? I think so. In his book, O'Connell writes lovingly of the various people he has served, truly seeing the humanity in each one of his patients.

Joan Perera

Third Tuesday in Lent: March 5

Ordinary Saints

On the importance of living an ordinary good life:

But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

Quote from “Middlemarch” by George Eliot/Mary Anne Evans.

Jane von Maltzhan



“We Are Surrounded by a Great Cloud of Witnesses,” by Brenda K. Robinson

Third Wednesday in Lent: March 6

An Everyday Saint

My idea of an everyday saint is someone whose way of approaching everyday life is to put the welfare of others as a high priority. As the prayer goes, “love God and love your neighbor.”

For 63 years I lived with such a person, my wife Melissa. For her, supporting others was a life mission. She carried it through her daily interactions with people, in her work and her decisions about how to allocate her time and energy. As a teacher, her loving support for her students was always evident. As an administrator, she had high expectations in terms of how teachers supported their students. It was certainly a priority in our family life with me and our two daughters and our six grandchildren. Through our church life, she was active as a volunteer, Stephen Minister, Stephen Leader, Walking the Mourner’s Path Leader, Annual Fair Volunteer. All of these activities she carried out in a loving way.

In her short time at The Commons, she became known as a thoughtful, caring person, valued for her contributions to the Steering Committee.

A recent letter from a friend adds more perspective on Melissa: “She was one incredibly special lady... so understated yet so influential with her wisdom and quiet leadership skills. I learned so much from working with Melissa in Stephen Ministry at St. David’s. Melissa could read people. She knew exactly when and how to reach out to those who were hurting. She taught me the healing power of just listening and the importance of letting silence do its work. She knew that remaining silent can often help to draw out more truth than asking questions. She also taught me the importance of maintaining confidentiality. These are just a few of the many valuable life lessons Melissa shared. She was also a great cook! I still use some of her recipes. But more importantly, Melissa was kind and generous with her heart. She will be missed by all who knew her, but I believe we all carry part of her because they are the best parts of us now.”

George Vosburgh

Third Thursday in Lent: March 7

How to Apologize, by Ellen Bass

Cook a large fish—choose one with many bones, a skeleton you will need skill to expose, maybe the flying silver carp that's invaded the Great Lakes, tumbling the others into oblivion. If you don't live near a lake, you'll have to travel.

Walking is best and shows you mean it, but you could take a train and let yourself be soothed by the rocking on the rails. It's permitted to receive solace for whatever you did or didn't do, pitiful, beautiful human. When my mother was in the hospital, my daughter and I had to clear out the home she wouldn't return to. Then she recovered and asked, incredulous, How could you have thrown out all my shoes? So you'll need a boat. You could rent or buy, but, for the sake of repairing the world, build your own. Thin strips of Western red cedar are perfect, but don't cut a tree. There'll be a demolished barn or downed trunk if you venture further.

And someone will have a mill.
And someone will loan you tools.
The perfume of sawdust and the curls that fall from your plane will sweeten the hours. Each night we dream thirty-six billion dreams. In one night we could dream back everything lost.

So grill the pale flesh.
Unharness yourself from your weary stories.
Then carry the oily, succulent fish to the one you hurt.
There is much to fear as a creature caught in time, but this is safe. You need no defense. This is just another way to know you are alive.

Kerry Hoffman

Third Friday in Lent: March 8

Father Hicks

Father Clarence O. Hicks was a retired priest assisting my father, Rector of St. Chrysostom's in the late 1950s when I knew him. He had served a poor, inner-city parish throughout his priesthood. Every Sunday, he would come to the Rectory where we lived, dressed in his Sunday suit to wait for the service. The third of my parents' three daughters, I was about five years old when Father Hicks began coming. While my big sisters were still upstairs getting ready, I'd come into the living room dressed for church, complete with hat, and keep Father Hicks company.

Father Hicks had graduated from Williams College in the 1890s, so he was probably nearing 80 and suffering from arthritis. While sitting on our living room couch, he'd be patiently doing his little exercises, counting each one aloud, and sometimes substituting "EE! Ah!" for the numbers when it really hurt. His voice was soft, and his manner gentle. Sometimes I would imitate his exercises and do them along with him.

When his exercises were done, we'd chat, sometimes playing a Victorian conversation card game that my parents left on the table for amusement. The cards had questions and answers, and Father Hicks and I would read the cards aloud to each other and laugh together. "Have you enquired about me?" "My friends tell me so!"

Every summer we'd stay for a couple of nights to visit Father Hicks at his family home in Heath, Massachusetts. The house had electricity, but not heat or running water. My sisters and I would spend the day hunting for wild strawberries. In the mornings, Father Hicks and I would be up before the others, and would delight in burning the toast together.

I see him clearly still, white hair neatly combed, black shoes shined, old black suit shiny too, the embodiment of patience. He bore his discomfort, and endured spates of waiting and of activity with the same gentleness and good humor. The very thought of him, to this day, fills me with peace and happiness. The saints among us guide us to understand the values of virtues with their example, and with love.

Beth Thompson

Third Saturday in Lent: March 9

Showing Up

When I hear her gentle knock on the back door, my body is flooded with relief. Dad, hunched over in his wheelchair as I feed him, spoonful by spoonful, tilts his head and greets her with a smile. She always calls him “Mr. Jones,” her way of conveying respect to a man who can no longer scratch his nose, much less walk. Parkinson’s has slowly frozen his legs and arms, and stolen his voice. Kathy, his favorite caregiver, ministers to him with endless patience, soft humor, and a gentle touch, just as she did for my mother before him, when early-onset Alzheimer’s robbed her of herself.

Kathy radiates kindness and calmness and we all feel more upbeat when she’s there. She’s unflappable but it is hard, frustrating work: struggling to get him in and out the shower, squeezing socks and shoes onto contorted feet, helping him swallow. The smallest task takes hours and the days are long, followed by even longer nights when he wakes with night terrors. She alone gamely loads him into his special van and takes him on long drives just to get out of the house. Sometimes they drive over to the Chesapeake Bay to sit, side by side, watching the tide come in and the sailboats heading for the harbor.

My Everyday Saint is Kathy and all caregivers who answer this call and keep showing up, sometimes for work, sometimes for love, often for years if not decades. It takes immense unselfish love and grace to slow down, to accept a different pace. Not everyone can do it. And yet, so many do.

Anne Jones

Fourth Sunday in Lent: March 10

Collect of the Day

Gracious Father, whose blessed Son Jesus Christ came down from heaven to be the true bread which gives life to the world: Evermore give us this bread, that he may live in us, and we in him; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Fourth Monday in Lent: March 11

Embodied Lives

Day-to-day life in an intricately constructed consumer society is relentlessly aspirational. My life would be so much better, if only... if only I could get that..., if only I could have that..., if only I could own that..., if only I could experience that..., if only I could be that....

Christianity is interesting to me because while its presentation can seem aspirational, doing Christianity requires participation in actual reality.

Paul says, in 2 Corinthians 6:2, “Look: now is an acceptable time.” So, maybe an everyday saint is someone who has an inkling of what is going on and then responds to it in their lives. They point a way forward while existing in the construct of their daily lives.

I’ve gotten to know people in the parish who were like that - Muffin Hester, Judy Gross, Put Flint. There are people in the parish now who would be embarrassed to be called out like that, but I see them most Sundays.

The big surprise for me coming to church is seeing how accessible a sense of the divine can be. The sense is still deliciously mysterious, but specifically in the way that it can suffuse the condition of our actual lives. It’s not otherworldly or hidden away; it’s no longer hidden behind a cloud on a mountaintop.

Mary Oliver says, in *From the Book of Time*, that “Eternity is not later, or in any unfindable place.” So, maybe an everyday saint is someone who has figured out how to respond to the divine on a day-to-day basis. You could say that their embodied lives become one continuous prayer practice. Their lives provide an access point to the divine through interaction on the ground. I feel so lucky to get to hang out with some of them at church. It’s the only way I would have bumped into them.

Paul Hoffman

Fourth Tuesday in Lent: March 12

Lollipop Bankruptcy

At seven, no place captured my heart like our local bank. Coins, bills, deposit slips, and pneumatic tubes fascinated me. And, of course, the bank doled out lollipops. (With the ubiquitousness of candy today, present-day youth can't conceptualize the dearth of sugar in the 1970s.) Happily, I withdrew at least one lollipop on each visit.

The real treasure in the bank, however, was Anita, a teller, and in my mind, one of my mother's best friends. When we arrived, Anita welcomed us like long-lost family. She asked questions and remembered the answers on follow-up visits. Only a mere seven, but Anita made me feel grown up: I was seen, I was heard, and I was special. Anita always made sure I left with a grape – my favorite – lollipop.

I suspect the majority of customers felt similarly in Anita's presence.

One day, as she finalized a transaction, a worried look crossed Anita's face. She scurried around in the back. Apparently, due to a run on lollipops, none were found. Lollipop bankruptcy.

Anita emerged from behind the glass, pressing something wrapped in aluminum foil into my hand. I remember my mother's protest. But as we drove away, the potato chips from Anita's lunch sat in my lap. Even at seven, I knew I needed to revise my definition of "sacrifice" and "giving."

In 2024, my local bank lures customers with free calendars, coffee, post-it notes, and dog bones. Yes, lollipops do the trick, too. However, in our app-based, online banking world, backed up by ATM use, I rarely visit a teller.

Nonetheless, when I pass by my bank, I am reminded that I could/should try to be a bit more generous, a bit more aware of others, and a bit more welcoming. I'm reminded that I need to do a better job of sharing my chips and paying it forward.

Peter Jennings

Fourth Wednesday in Lent: March 13

Incarnation

To me, everyday saints are people who help others to know, love, and serve God.

They are not perfect, but they are persuasive.

Like Jesus, they show me that God is real and that God is good.

The light of love shines through them:

A friend who shows her love for creation when she picks up trash on our walks;

Another friend who stops to really listen and talk with people when he gives them money;

The person who prays with me and it is like touching a live wire;

The people of St. Anne's who show up faithfully to worship God and serve others;

Ordinary people doing extraordinary things through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Kay Peterson



Female Saints, by PeonyAndJune on Etsy.

Fourth Thursday in Lent: March 14

All Saints' Day: Granddaddy

We shivered in your truck,
Parked under the old oak tree –
Praying the ignition awake,
Or else we'd have woken in vain.
“Where are we going, Granddaddy?”
You didn't say
But just said we were out of horse feed –
We are? I was honored to be
Included in this communal lack,
But I couldn't help but wonder
Who would be selling us horse feed this early -
and couldn't the horses wait? -
but mostly, mostly I wondered why
you were driving, since
My dad told me how
the month before you had dozed at the wheel
sitting at the red light. That's when Ms. Dott
tapped on your window
realizing if she wanted to get where
she needed to go she'd
need to get you going first. The old
Engine of your life ran more and more
On naps, and you had grown less
Picky about the places you might fuel up.
I thought of all this – and how I was so cold
That morning and a little scared
but mostly just cold –
and then that feeling of
Not knowing where we were going.
But this feeling that nags at me now
didn't bother me then –
I talked to you to keep you awake as
We went I still can't tell you where.
But if I could go there with you now
I'd join you all over again.

Garrett Yates

Fourth Friday in Lent: March 15

Everyday Saints

A multitude of everyday saints have blessed our lives this year, assuring us that we haven't had to "go it alone" during Cathy's extended recovery. We have found that everyday saints come in all shapes and sizes, and appear when you least expect them.

Choir members organizing a "meal train" to help us with meals during the summer months; Altar Guild members bringing beautiful arrangements of flowers to brighten our home; parish "angels" organizing and staffing the livestreamed broadcasts of the 10:00 service every Sunday.

Friends, neighbors, and parishioners dropping by with croissants one day, a shepherd's pie on another, a quiche, a lasagna, Bolognese sauce, homemade raspberry jam, and other delicious entrees and treats; a neighbor couple cooking and delivering a Japanese dinner every other night for several weeks.

Neighbors taking turns walking and feeding Lucy, our Newfoundland dog, while I stayed into the night at the hospital; our rector Garrett visiting us at the hospital; cards and best wishes from family and friends during Cathy's homebound celebration of her 75th birthday, as well as visits with her (when she was able) to brighten her spirits; invitations to Dave to enjoy some coffee together at a local restaurant, plus countless check-ins and offers to help in any way needed.

We are truly grateful to be surrounded by such generous souls - our very own extended family of "everyday saints"!

Dave Gronewold

Fourth Saturday in Lent: March 16

Prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi

Loving words from the mystery of God for "Everyday Saints."

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace:
where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy.



O divine Master,
grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console,
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive,
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.
Amen.

Dave Marsh

Fifth Sunday in Lent: March 17

Collect of the Day

Almighty God, you alone can bring into order the unruly wills and affections of sinners: Grant your people grace to love what you command and desire what you promise; that, among the swift and varied changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Fourth Monday in Lent: March 18

MVP

Wanda Durant is an African-American woman whose story of daily, saintly sacrifice on behalf of her family would be entirely unknown, except for the fact that one of her sons, Kevin, became an NBA star. About ten years ago, Kevin received the NBA's MVP award and, in his deeply moving acceptance speech, outlined the critical ways his mother shaped his life and enabled his success. A reporter for *Sports Illustrated* described the speech as follows:

“At the beginning of the award ceremony, when Durant was announced as the winner, the skinny, 6-foot-10 forward — wearing a suit that was probably a bit small for him — stood up and walked towards the podium to accept the trophy and began his speech by saying, “I’m usually good at talking, but I’m a little nervous today.” Durant then opened up to talk about where he came from, how he grew up, and how his dream was to become a coach in a recreational league and help kids out. He shared how he thought he never would make it to college, or the NBA, or let alone win the award, before exclaiming, “So many people believed in me when I didn’t believe in myself. When you got people behind you, you can do whatever.” Then, Durant, with tears building in his eyes, turned his attention to his mother who was in the crowd, saying “I don’t think you know what you did.” Then, speaking directly to her as if everyone else had suddenly disappeared, Durant reminded her of just how far she, and her sons, had come. “The odds were stacked against us. Single parent with two boys by the time you were 21 years old,” Durant said. “We weren’t supposed to be here,” Durant continued, addressing his mother. “You made us believe. You kept us off the street, put clothes on our backs, food on the table. When you didn’t eat, you made sure we ate. You went to sleep hungry. You sacrificed for us. You’re the real MVP.”

Wanda is not an everyday saint because Kevin made it to the NBA. Wanda is an everyday saint, because like so many other parents trying to hold together a family in poverty on the razor-thin edge of society, Wanda lovingly sacrificed her own interests—food, rest, comfort—for the sake of her children. Such loving sacrifice shows us how to live less self-centered, more loving lives; such loving sacrifice reflects the lifestyle of Jesus himself; and such loving sacrifice is why I consider Wanda Durant to be an everyday saint.

Joe Kimmel

Fifth Tuesday in Lent: March 19

Moments of Everyday Sainthood, Fueled by Love.

I am convinced that love is the key to life . . . and the opposite of love is selfishness.
— *Michael Curry, Presiding Bishop*

To summon the kingdom of heaven as Jesus described it is not to call down perfection on an imperfect world, but to bring recurring, overriding virtues of the Gospel – love, mercy, and redemption – to moments that will probably not make headlines.
— *Krista Tippett*

It is not how much you do but how much love you put into the doing and sharing with others that is important. Try not to judge people. If you judge others then you are not giving love.
— *Mother Teresa*

It is important to gain self-knowledge as part of spiritual growth – to know yourself and to believe in yourself means you can know and believe in God. Knowledge of yourself produces humility, and knowledge of God produces love.
— *Mother Teresa*

The fruit of silence is

PRAYER

The fruit of prayer is

FAITH

The fruit of faith is

LOVE

The fruit of love is

SERVICE

The fruit of Service is

PEACE

— *Mother Teresa*

Joan Perera

Fifth Wednesday in Lent: March 20

When I Consider How my Life Is Spent, by John Milton (1673)

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Elizabeth Cherniack



Images available from SmallThingsPrintCo on Etsy.

Fifth Thursday in Lent: March 21

Taking Care

“What you do is, you take your time, and don’t kill yourself.” These words were spoken by Willie Harkness, a spry 91-year-old Scotsman who was shoveling the sidewalk outside of the First Baptist Church in New Haven. Willie would take a tiny shovelful of snow, tip it over one knee into the yard, and repeat, stopping every now and then to raise his hat to passers-by. He seemed perfectly content, in no particular hurry, and was surprisingly efficient.

I spent a lot of time with Willie when I was the organist for this little American Baptist church back in my 20s and should have been writing my dissertation (I lived just down the street). Willie had been at “FBC” for years, was in the choir—my only tenor—and he showed up for everything, ready to participate. It seemed that he was always there during the week, too, taking care of the building. I remember him polishing the heavy dark wood bannisters, mowing the lawn, and doing just about everything that he felt needed doing.

Willie had just enough money to get by, and lived in a little apartment one town over. If he knew he shared a last name with the famous Harkness family that gave Yale their Harkness Tower and William L. Harkness Hall, he probably thought it was funny.

What I remember most about Willie was that he was easy to be with. He was forthright, always saying in his Scots brogue exactly what he thought. If you had made a mistake, he would tell you, but kindly: “You know, I don’t think that was the best way to do it. Next time, you might.”

Willie must be long gone now. I can’t find his obituary, which is not surprising for a man with a common name who did ordinary things. But I feel somehow that he should be remembered. When I think of all the work he did freely for others, and all the times he was simply kind to someone, I feel that someone should build him a building, too.

Jay Lane

Fifth Friday in Lent: March 22

From One or Two Things, by Mary Oliver

For years and years I struggled
just to love my life. And then
the butterfly
rose, weightless, in the wind.
“Don’t love your life
too much,” it said,
and vanished
into the world.

From the New Testament

Mark 5:36 - Do not be afraid.

Mark 6:50 - Do not be afraid.

Luke 1:13 - Do not be afraid.

Luke 1:30 - Do not be afraid.

Luke 2:10 - Do not be afraid.

Luke 5:10 - Do not be afraid.

Luke 8:50 - Do not be afraid.

John 6:20 - Do not be afraid.

John 14:27 - Do not be afraid.

Matthew 1:20 - Do not be afraid.

Matthew 14:27 - Do not be afraid.

Matthew 17:7 - Do not be afraid.

Matthew 28:5 - Do not be afraid.

Matthew 28:10 - Do not be afraid.

In 2 Corinthians 3:3, Paul tells the reader, “You are a letter from the Anointed.” What would happen if you imagined yourself as carrying an important message? or even as being that message?

Paul Hoffman

Fifth Saturday in Lent: March 23

Bob

I lived with, and loved, a saint for 67 years. My husband Bob felt strongly that life should be lived following the first and greatest commandment: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*. He found great satisfaction helping anyone in need.

Bob had a complete workshop with all kinds of tools. Some he proudly made himself. Nothing was more enjoyable than finding the solution to a carpentry project for St. Anne's or helping to fix a broken something for a friend. He often found the town dump to be a perfect place to find parts for his projects.



As an electrical engineer, Bob was very good at math. One of his talents was to help prepare taxes for people at the Lincoln Council on Aging.

Bob loved being part of St. Anne's: singing in the Choir, serving on the Vestry, assisting the office with the computer, and taking on any jobs needing to be done.

I am proud of my saint and miss him very much.

Dolly Curtiss

Bob Curtiss in the St. Anne's Garden

Palm Sunday: March 24

Collect of the Day

Almighty and everliving God, in your tender love for the human race you sent your Son our Savior Jesus Christ to take upon him our nature, and to suffer death upon the cross, giving us the example of his great humility: Mercifully grant that we may walk in the way of his suffering, and also share in his resurrection; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Monday in Holy Week: March 25

The Choir Invisible, by George Eliot
(as adapted by my "Ant" Bess)

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In thoughts sublime
 that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
 So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
So we inherit that sweet purity
And all our rarer,
 better,
 truer self
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
And what may yet be better,
 saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids,
 and the human sky
May I reach that purest heaven; be to other souls
 The cup of strength,
 enkindle generous ardor,
 feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Jennie Cook

Tuesday in Holy Week: March 26

Heart of Gold

When I was younger, I was given a coffee mug as a gift. On the side of the mug was a cartoon of a grumpy looking cat, and underneath the caption read, “Everyone is entitled to my opinion.” It was a funny gift from a friend who was mildly poking fun at my willingness to share my opinion on most matters. If I’m being honest, sharing my opinion often times comes out as judgment, which isn’t such a good thing. And as most of us learned from our mothers, “If you don’t have anything nice to say, then don’t say anything at all.”

My grandfather had a different style – he would only share his opinion when he was pushed to do so. He was not shy. In fact, he was outgoing and jovial. In many of my memories, I can picture him in full-on laughter, and he loved to joke around and have fun. However, I can’t think of a time that he blurted his opinion on something.

He was also slow to anger. When I was young, my mom taught me that if he was whistling, he was probably frustrated or angry about something. Instead of spouting off, he would simply whistle to himself and walk away.

He was also a shining example of being a patient and doting husband. He referred to my grandmother as “bonne femme,” or “good woman,” and he meant it in the most respectable way. He would do anything for his bonne femme and always spoke to her gently, even if it was clear that he was frustrated (...whistling).

My siblings and I always looked up to our grandfather because of his easy-going style, sense of humor, and heart of gold. There was never a time when we didn’t enjoy being in his presence, and we still laugh at silly memories we have of special moments with him. As I look back at all those special moments, and the genuine goodness he brought to so many lives, he is a person that fits the description of being an everyday saint.

Gary Poisson

Wednesday in Holy Week: March 27

Doing Unto Others

There are over three million home health and personal care aides (PCAs) in the U.S, and over 60,000 in Massachusetts. PCAs assist the vulnerable and the disabled with basic daily activities: bathing, toileting, dressing, eating, moving . . . living. Perhaps a PCA is caring for someone you love.

How humble must one be as a PCA? Most PCAs serve their employer, who is unable to care for her-/him-/theiirself. And yet, the stature of the PCA is below this person, this boss. PCAs bathe the feet of their masters.

How forbearing must one be as a PCA? They are frequently told what they are doing is wrong, causes pain, or is irreverent. Amidst these accusations, as if on trial, PCAs remain submissive, subservient, silent.

How giving must one be as a PCA? PCAs literally lift up from bed the persons they care for. They clothe them when they are naked. They feed them when they are hungry. They provide medicine when they are sick. Oh, what they do for the least of our sisters and brothers!

How difficult is it to be a PCA, day after day, week after week, month after month?

Could I be a PCA?

Could you?

Are PCAs holy? Not necessarily. Are PCAs devout Christians? Some may be but certainly not all. Are PCAs' accomplishments heroic? Not in our modern definition.

And yet, if each of us aspired to be as virtuous as PCAs, this world might be a better place.

Tom Conroy

Maundy Thursday: March 28

A Living Faith

The World needs what God has given us to offer.

People who can bring joy into a setting are saints.

I'd like to describe Aunt Faith. She was born in 1909 in St. Louis. Her mother was a southern belle from New Orleans and her father was a clergyman from Missouri. She was steeped in the beliefs of the South, while also being deeply influenced by the faith of her father, an Episcopal clergyman. She looked for the good in people rather than dwelling on their faults.

Aunt Faith had a wonderful sense of humor, and all who knew her loved "the light touch" she brought to many situations. One of her gifts was the ability to mimic accents and sounds. When she told a story, she'd switch from one character to another, changing seamlessly from a British accent, to a Southern drawl, or whatever. She could imitate the clip clop of a horse's hooves, thus setting the scene for one of her stories about milk deliveries in her childhood. Her stories were always colorful and never mean. My day might have started on a gray note, but when I met up with Aunt Faith, she invariably lifted my mood.

She enjoyed people. One day I went with her as she ran her errands. We walked into the cleaners, and she warmly greeted the proprietor. "How is that new grandson of yours," she asked? The pictures came out, and Aunt Faith genuinely cooed. She loved the people of her neighborhood.

As we left, the proprietor said to me, "I love it when Faith comes in here. She's like a ray of sunshine."

A ray of sunshine: an everyday saint and a gift in another person's day.

Joan Perera

Good Friday: March 29

By My Side

1951 was one of the peak years of the polio epidemic. Swimming pools, movie theaters, birthday parties - all cancelled. I had spent July of that year at Red Pine Camp in Wisconsin. The evening I returned from my month away, I watched television for the first time, two hours in front of the wonderful new gadget. The next morning I awoke with a very stiff back and double vision. My mother was convinced that watching TV was clearly the cause, so I continued my day - walking the dog and "hanging around." By four o'clock my vision hadn't improved and my back was so stiff and aching that I couldn't really move.

My mother called Dr. George Eisenberg, my pediatrician. Yes, yes, Dr. Eisenberg assured my mother. He would come see me before he went home, probably about 7:00 at the end of another long day.

I can still hear him slowly climbing the steps to my room. When I saw him, hot tears slowly started down my cheeks. My back and neck were really hurting. Dr. Eisenberg took off his coat and slowly sat on my bed. Yes I did have a fever. He didn't say anything at first but just held one of my hands. He didn't squeeze it or act nervous as had my mother. He was just there, with me, unafraid. He said, "I think we need to go to the hospital where the nurses can help you feel better." He just sat and stayed with me while I cried all the tears that hadn't appeared all day. He stayed, didn't chat, or do anything more.

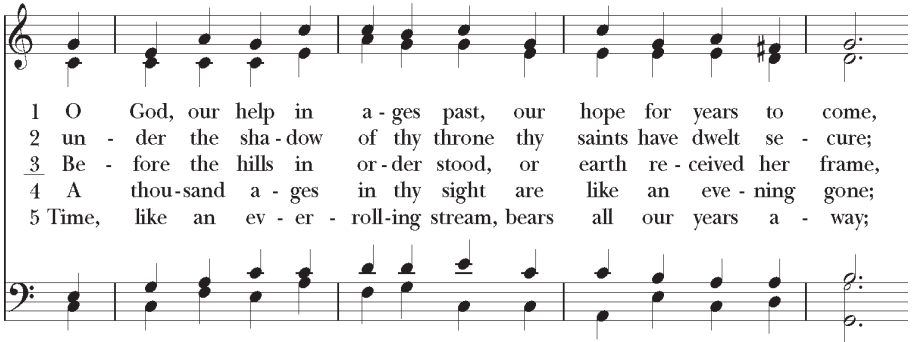
He himself was clearly tired, but he remained with me. And he still stays with me. He, after all these years, has remained my ideal of a good doctor. Was he a saint during this frightening pandemic, or just a very good man? I don't know, but I have never forgotten him.

Mimi Collins

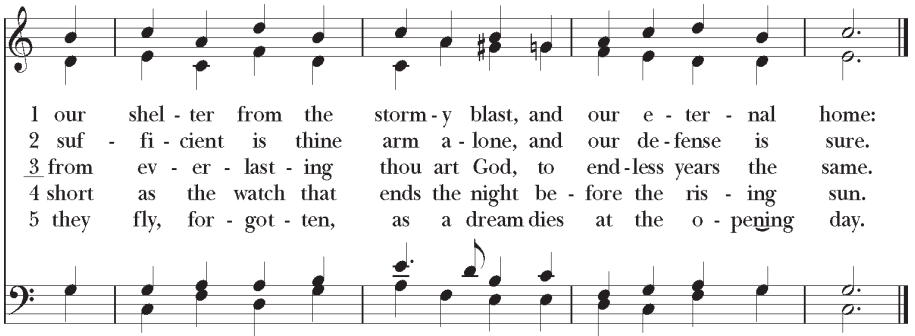
Holy Saturday: March 30

Hymn: 680 "Oh God our Help in Ages Past"

The tune of this hymn, on which our St. Anne's hymn is based, was composed in 1708 by the organist of St. Anne's Church, London, UK.



1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 un - der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or earth re - ceived her frame,
4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;
5 Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, bears all our years a - way;



1 our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
2 suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
3 from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.
4 short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.
5 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pen - ing day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,

be thou our guide while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.; para. of Psalm 90:1-5

Music: *St. Anne*, melody att. William Croft (1678-1727), alt.; harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

Lent at St. Anne's 2004

Tuesday, February 13

5 pm, Shrove Tuesday Pancake Supper (Flint Hall)

Wednesday, February 14

7 pm, Ash Wednesday Service (Sanctuary)

Holy Week at St. Anne's 2024

Palm Sunday, March 24

8 am, Spoken Holy Eucharist (Sanctuary)

10 am, Holy Eucharist & Palm Procession (Sanctuary)

Maundy Thursday, March 28

7 pm, Maundy Thursday Service (Sanctuary)

Good Friday, March 29

12 pm, Good Friday Service (Sanctuary)

5 pm, Good Friday Family Service (Sanctuary)

Holy Saturday, March 30

7 pm, The Great Vigil with Holy Baptism (Sanctuary)

8 pm, Champagne & Chocolate Reception (Flint Hall)

Easter Sunday, March 31

9 am, Holy Eucharist with Choir (Sanctuary)

11 am, Holy Eucharist with Choir (Sanctuary)



St. Anne's in-the-Fields
EPISCOPAL CHURCH