

THE BRANCH

THE NEWSLETTER OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH



Lent & Easter

"I am the vine; you are the branches. If a man remains in me and I in him, he will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing. This is to my Father's glory, that you bear much fruit, showing yourselves to be my disciples." *John 15:5,8 NIV*

Our Mission

We are a family of believers (Kingdom community), on a journey to the fulfillment of our God-given purpose.

Our mission is:

- 1) To bring people to know Jesus Christ;
- 2) To provide clear and life-changing discipleship training;
- 3) To help people discern their life's purpose and provide opportunities for them to fulfill that purpose in ministry and mission. The fruit of our endeavor is that God be glorified in all the world (worship).



TOP L TO R: ASH WEDNESDAY SERVICE; TREES BLOOMING ON THE GROUNDS;
BOTTOM: PAINTINGS BY THE WOMEN OF ST. B'S AT THE MATISSE IN MARCH GATHERING.

'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for now the winter is past... The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing has come...'
Song of Songs, Chapter 2.

The word 'lent' comes from an old English word 'lencten' which means 'lengthen.' It refers to the time of year when the days begin to lengthen in the early spring. Hence why lent is often called the "springtime" of the church year: the season where closets are cleaned out, creation is reborn, color appears, new life is given and Easter is pursued. And this is our Lenten journey, our steps to wholeness.



St. Bartholomew's EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Staff

Clergy:

The Rev. Dr. Jerry Smith, *Rector*

The Rev. Dixon Kinser, *Assistant Rector for
Youth & Young Adult Formation*

The Rev. David Wilson, *Pastoral Associate*

The Rev. Ian Morgan Cron, *Liturgical Associate*

Office:

Pam White, *Director of Operations*

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Leslie Hicks, *Administrative Assistant*

Teresa Robinson, *Childcare Coordinator*

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Sally Chambers, *Director of Communications*

Bev Mahan, *Vergar & Assistant to the Rector for Liturgy*

Robert Smith, *Assistant to the Rector for Pastoral Care*

Shelby Hoggard, *Children's Formation Assistant*

Gaylene Latham, *Nursery Coordinator*

Elizabeth Madeira, *Elementary Coordinator*

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Preschool & Mother's Day Out:

Suzy Floyd, *Preschool Director*

Music:

Eric Wyse, *Director of Music*

David Madeira, *Associate Director of Music*

Teresa Robinson, *Administrative Assistant*

Vestry

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Judson Abernathy, Carmen Hall, Matt Hardy, Vanessa Hardy, Dennis Holt, Ashley MacLachlan, Kay Morreale, Larissa Root, Rachel Sefton, Whitney Stone, Adam Wirdzek

Dan Cleary, *Treasurer*; Gary Mumme, *Cerk*.

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Newcomers Coffee at the Crossing

Sunday, April 15
after the 10:30 service

Please join us in the sanctuary, near the altar rail
for our monthly newcomers coffee. Come and
mingle at the crossing the Sunday after Easter.
All are welcome.

St. B's folks, grab your name tag that day and
help meet and greet our newcomers.



An Lent Offering

Taking our Role Seriously

Lent gives way to Easter like winter gives way to spring. This is rather hopeful, especially if you have been struggling to maintain a faithful Lenten discipline.

As the Chronicles of Narnia open, it is said that under the wicked witch, Narnia was always winter without Christmas. Now that is pretty depressing!

Sometimes, without our focus on Easter, Lent can be problematic as well.

In fact, a Lenten discipline is intended to keep us focused on the one with whom we have been called into partnership, Jesus Himself.

One of my favorite, but most personally challenging passages of scripture is from 2 Corinthians 5.

16 From now on, therefore, we regard no one according to the flesh. Even though we once regarded Christ according to the flesh, we regard him thus no longer. 17 Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old has passed away; behold, the new has come. 18 All this is from God, who through Christ reconciled us to

It is through the church that God wants to extend the invitation to the broken world, to come to know Him. It is through the church that God wants to heal, reconcile, restore, and renew His created order.

himself and gave us the ministry of reconciliation; 19 that is, in Christ God was reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and entrusting to us the message of reconciliation.

20 Therefore, we are ambassadors for Christ, God making his appeal through us. We implore you on behalf of Christ, be reconciled to God. 21 For our sake he made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God.

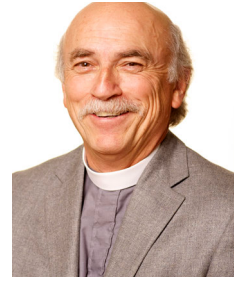
This Lent, in particular, I have been wrestling with what it actually means to be entrusted with the message of reconciliation, in a culture that endorses, even encourages divisions. The idea of actually being an ambassador is terribly frightening because it means that God trusts us enough to actually delegate His reputation to our representation of Him.

I am well aware of how poorly messages are delivered even between friends and how quickly people can be misrepresented, so for God to surrender this to us is really big. After all, in the name of Christ and His church, there have been innumerable atrocities committed.

When God called His people into covenant (see Genesis 12 for the remarkable invitation and promise He made to Abraham) He promised that the world would know that He was their God and that they were His people. He also promised to bless the world through them.

Paul makes it clear that the church, authentic followers of Jesus, are now the inheritors of this promise, as well as this commission.

It is through the church that God wants to extend the invitation to the broken world, to come to know Him. It is through the church that God wants to heal, reconcile, restore, and



KINGDOM TALK

by Fr. Jerry Smith
Rector

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renew His created order. It is through the church, those disciples with committed conviction, that He wants to melt the snow and ice that has encased the world and bring the good news of the King of Kings (note the Narnia reference in the first paragraph ☺).

All the more important that we recognize the ministry of being God's ambassador and that we spend at least some time this season acknowledging our need to get to know the King we are called to represent.

God's reputation risks being tarnish when the church lives its life responding to whims and fancies of opinion. We are called to be a people responding to the remarkable love that has been made known to us in Jesus...

As we journey toward wholeness... we become the instruments God uses to invite others on the journey.

Real evangelism (as that is really what ambassadorial responsibility is) has been defined as one beggar leading another beggar to bread... in this case it is to the Bread of Life!

May you experience the gift of healing and wholeness this Eastertide.



Mom & Dad

Loving Well, as the Years Go By

I never really put much thought into what life would be like when my parents grew old. I just let life move on with an "I'll figure it out when it happens" attitude. Life was busy as we raised our own family. Besides, my parents would be around for a long time still.

Mom and Dad were always so strong and independent. In fact, the joke was that Dad would out-live us all. Mom, usually in less than good health, would be the first to pass. Not a happy thought but one that we all thought would be the natural progression. But then the unthinkable "cancer" came and took my Dad and left my Mom on her own.

Fast forward a few years... this past month it has been discussed with my brother's family that it would make the best sense to have Mom move her main residency from California to Tennessee with us. As long as her health allows she will be able to stay with my brother and family for a few months out of the year but the bulk of the responsibility would be on us.

Life has changed once again and I'm not quite sure how to process it all. It's caught me off guard. Daily I'm reminded that I don't know how to best serve someone whom had always been known to take care of others and now can't really take care of herself. I can only seem to understand her loss of independence by reminding myself of the months I couldn't do much because of my back. I knew I was frustrated and felt helpless at times but at least I knew one day I would recover. She doesn't have that hope; instead she must deal with the nagging thought that she's

become a burden. She's no longer able to drive. No longer able to cook her own meals on a regular basis and often has a progression of memory lapses. So how do we as her family help her to feel wanted, needed and keep her from feeling she's a chore or obsolete? I don't know, but I want to learn.

At the end of last month our St. B's family and children's formation hosted an elderly care discussion group. From that short meeting there was hope given and a sense that none of us with elderly family need to figure things out on our own. The following is just a partial list of things our group discussed and will be followed up on in April:

- How do we best respond to our loved ones and their feelings of being obsolete?
- How to help validate their feelings and read between the lines?
- How do we give them a sense of society and help them to not be isolated?
- When is the right time to move a loved one into assisted living?
- How to help our parents (and ourselves) plan ahead?
- How to be proactive in helping our elderly loved ones in making hard choices?
- How to love well with boundaries?
- How to keep from comparing other's situations but still learn from them?

There were lots of questions, and stories shared, and we now have a great starting point to pursue answers together.

I encourage any of you who are entering this season of elder care



THE WONDER OF IT ALL

by Carla Schober

Director of Family &
Children's Formation
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for loved ones to attend our next meeting. Come along with us...be in community and be prepared. Or, if you are the one reaching those "elderly" years, we'd definitely value your insights to how we as your church family can better support and love you.

**Next Elderly
Support Group
Meeting:
Tues., April 17 at
6:30 p.m. in the
parish hall.**

**Contact: Carla at
cschober@stbs.net**



Vision and the Church

Last Contribution as Senior Warden

This will be my last contribution to the Branch as your Senior Warden, and it is being written about halfway through Lent, about halfway to Easter. Despite anything said to the contrary, service on our vestry is an honor and a privilege. While responsibility for the operation of any company or institution can often be tedious and mundane, vestry service also provides unique opportunities for each one of us to greater explore ministry and mission in our denomination, our parish and our personal walk in faith. As I write, your Junior Warden and the four outgoing members of the vestry are working on a list of nominees to replace us in the election at our annual meeting on April 22. If you are asked to run, I encourage you to accept. Remember, the election itself is blind in order to eliminate both politics and personality.

Many of us heard an NPR, "On Point" interview on March 3rd with church historian Diana Butler Bass, author of Christianity After Church. Her point was that the big institutional denominations are losing, have lost their ability to connect their members with God and with each other, and that there is a growing spiritual awakening taking place outside the large churches. One fact cited is that the Southern Baptist Church has lost more members during the past ten years than there are current U.S. Episcopalians. My take from the interview was that, while it may look bad for some institutional churches, the outlook for Christianity is bright and encouraging.

Our stated vision is "to imitate Jesus Christ and develop maturity in Him." While it sounds simple, most of us know how truly difficult imitating Christ can be in this culture and in this time. As I look back on last

THE BUTCH-ER'S BLOCK

by Dorman
"Butch" Burtch



Senior Warden

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year's Lenten six-step exercise to help each of us form "a rule of [Christian] life" and, in extension, our current exercise in "Steps to Wholeness;" as I consider our parish's leadership (both lay and clergy), and our long-time reputation for spirituality, I know that I am in the right place.

As the Easter celebration approaches, I encourage each one of us to continue our Lenten discipline, and to participate from Palm Sunday *all* through Holy Week so that on Easter Sunday each of us can have an even more profound understanding of God's great Gift to us. God has blessed us, perhaps beyond our comprehension; but all we need to do is accept and live our lives within His Blessing.

Mobile Loaves & Fishes Gets a New Name

An update from Trey Myatt.



The Nashville Food Project, formerly Mobile Loaves & Fishes, continues to provide meals to the homeless and impoverished in the Nashville area. The move away from sandwich sack style meals to HOT MEALS is a great change. The cost savings is huge and the nutritional value is improved. The hot meals cost, on average, 50

cents per individual meal. The sandwich sack meal was around \$2. That means that \$37.50 feeds 75 people. The money given by St. B's provides meals every month to 400 people now instead of the 100 people it did before the transition. The reduced costs are from ingredients locally grown.

The organization operates 3 vegetable gardens in the Nashville area which provides a large portion of the produce used.

The food is prepared at Woodmont Christian Church and is transported by the Nashville Food

Project's 2 trucks, which we, St. B's, take out for deliveries once a month. I'm happy to report that St. B's is still providing financial support and we will continue our active participation in this valuable, rewarding ministry.

I truly hope that this ministry will one day not be needed.

For more information, please go to www.thenashvillefoodproject.org.

If you would like to participate monthly with St. B's, please contact Trey at treymyatt@gmail.com.



God's Hand

A Story about Taking the Steps to Wholeness

Somehow, it had all come to this.

A fifth-and-a-half a day drunk and drug addict, homeless in body and soul. Thirty two years old, two failed suicide attempts. I'd lost everything. And everyone.

Then, on a night like countless others, in the unfurnished back room of someone's house, passed out on an old mattress on the floor surrounded by unpacked boxes, *something changed*.

It had little to do with me. I had given up. Yet in the silent hours before dawn the world became perfectly still, and I was wide-awake, stone sober, as if I had never slept at all. A wailing came out of me as a weight threatening to smother me crushed my body into the sheets, the tears pouring out of me like rain, like hard, deep, crystal cleansing rain until I couldn't breathe or move, until whatever had been haunting me came rushing out with a helpless, hollow howling and was gone.

I was so sick in my spirit and body that much of what transpired the next few days following that one night remains clouded in my mind, and I remember few details. I believe that I walked around in a sort of stupor for a while, and those around me might have even suspected that the shattering of what was left of my sanity had finally come, because no one really spoke to me much, that I can remember anyway. I know that I often considered taking a drink, because I no longer knew how to go through a day without doing so, but that somehow I did not. I was too weak to understand what had happened to me, what it meant, or what step I should take next.

Still, I had surrendered. On some very human level I had given up, and given in. I had, in some unfathomable way, chosen *life*. I was far too sick and confused at the time to rationally think any of this, of course; I wasn't able to reason such an unreasonable thing. But God's grace was sufficient. I actually went one day, then another, without drinking. I had surrendered myself, what was left of me anyway, as best I knew how. I'm pretty sure I didn't know it at the time, but a miracle had begun.

Some time later, on a gray and rainy afternoon, I found my way to the downtown Memphis mission, to an AA meeting in the basement of an old stone church. I don't remember much about that first visit, or even exactly how I got there. But one moment will remain in my mind as long as I live. I can still see my hands shaking badly as I tried to pour a cup of coffee, the stuff spilling all over the table, and a wrinkled hand reaching in to gently steady the cup and pour it full. And I remember those eyes, the eyes of a seventy-three year old woman, and I saw peace in them.

"Looks like you could use some help," she said.

Her name was Margaret. She told me she was "seventy-something, and that's all you need to know." She had been a widow for eight years, and in recovery from her alcoholism for six. And for whatever reason, she took it upon herself to be my angel.

Margaret had been a nurse all her professional life. After she retired, when her husband became bedridden with cancer, he asked her to take care of him at home,

by Jim
Robinson

Author, counselor,
songwriter &
member of St. B's.



*This is an excerpt
from Jim's memoir, ProdigalSong
available at the St. B's Bookstore.*

and of course she did. They had been married for more than forty years.

Margaret came to every AA meeting held in the mission. She had at some point taken on the responsibility of arriving early and making the coffee. She was happiest when helping. A servant's heart beat strong within her.

Every time I tried to run away, emotionally or physically, Margaret would know. She could see the look in my eyes, and see what was happening. She knew this familiar fear personally, and did not take it lightly. She allowed me no self-pity, no easy way out. And her gentle strength helped save my life.

In a sense, Margaret became Christ to me, much like my own grandmother had done when I was a child; growing up in my alcoholic home, my Mamaw's house became a place of refuge, her unconditional love wrapping itself around me like a quilt. I had over the years nearly forgotten this place. Now Margaret's love felt the same.

Margaret embodied a kind of calm that eased my longing. She knew how to listen. I had over the years learned to trust no one. And yet, in a matter of days I risked drawing near a place shining within her that felt at long last like home. Perhaps, somewhere deep in her nurse's soul, she possessed a gift of healing that went far beyond her physical years of professional

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Childless in a Community of Children

Stories of Infertility within our St. B's Family

You may not realize it, but if you know of any married couple without children of their own, then you might just know someone suffering in silence with their inability to start a family due to infertility. Although not all Christian couples without children desire to be parents, many do, and in the Christian community there is often an assumption that couples should have children. This perception is one that childless parents have to face head-on as they struggle with infertility and God's plan for their lives.

Our Story

For more than five years my husband and I yearned to have a family of our own and faced constant heartbreak with lots of infertility treatments, four rounds of unsuccessful IVF, a failed adoption and two miscarriages – one at 12 weeks that resulted in a DNC. Today, after persevering for so many years we have been blessed with three children – two through adoption and one miracle pregnancy. Because we have been through every part of the roller coaster ride a childless couple can go through, our personal experiences on the topic of starting a family have lead us to come full

circle and realize we have a story to tell and that God might just be able to use us to help someone else.

Feeling Alone

When you want to have a child and you can't, every time you hear that another one of your friends is expecting, you're mixed with feeling truly happy for them and guilty because you are jealous to your core. You put on your game face, give them a hug and a "congrats," and then you go home at night in tears praying to God "Why not us? When is it my turn?" Your faith wavers and you feel like you are holding on to the end of a string that is coming unraveled. If you even make it to a baby shower, you go to support your friend with a smile on your face, but behind that smile you are holding back tears while they open all the cute baby clothes and compare pregnancy stories or child rearing tips. When they complain of how nauseous or miserable because they are so hugely pregnant, you want to scream, "at least you are pregnant!" (Now, I'm not saying pregnant women don't have the right to complain about being pregnant – I get it – I have since been pregnant and I am sure I complained along the way, but I



THE MACMILLAN FAMILY

was always sensitive in front of someone who had never been pregnant before as I didn't know their story.) It's important to know that when someone is going through infertility or adoption, all holidays, parties, church picnics, family gatherings and birthdays become benchmarks in time that you just have to "get through" and not something to celebrate.

- Susannah and Rob Macmillan
Duncan, 7, Charlotte, 6, Linley, 5

According to the Mayo Clinic 10 - 15% of all couples in the U.S. are infertile. That's 1 out of 8 (2002 National Survey of Family Growth). A recent survey by pharmaceutical giant Schering-Plough of infertility patients reveals that 61 percent hide the struggle to get pregnant from friends and family.

Finding Joy & Peace in Facing Infertility

For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call on me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you.

Jeremiah 29:11-12

We all know this scripture and say, "Yeh, yeh, isn't that great?" But I now hang my hat on this and many other

scriptures which have become a part of my heart's song since we were told we could not have children about nine years ago. What else do we have but God's promises to carry us through when we are awash in grief so deep we're wondering if we'll ever feel deep joy again? I knew if I ever wanted to be at peace with this plan God had for my life I needed

to draw as close as I could to the One who wrote my story.

God has blessed me in ways far beyond what I could have ever imagined and God's grace is too great to count in my life. This is the reality that I meditate upon not on what I don't have and what "everyone" else has that I don't have. God let me know that my

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Looking for Hope in a Broken Place

The Beginning of Isaac's Prayer

The moment we were told we had "little to no chance of conceiving naturally," it felt like our world began to crumble. We went from being a fairly newly married couple imagining the future with a pregnancy announcement and a new baby, to possibly being a barren couple having to face a future that would look nothing like we ever imagined. From that point on our faith has been challenged more than we would have anticipated. Why wouldn't God answer our prayers? Hadn't we been doing everything "right"? Was God punishing us for something, a lack of faith? What were we doing wrong to deserve such sadness? Why are so many around us blessed with pregnancy and children so easily? What path should we take? Fertility treatments? Adoption? Just pray for a miracle? Where is God in our infertility?

For us, infertility has been a struggle in every area of life: physically as our bodies seem to be failing us, emotionally as feelings such as anger, fear, sadness and worry are constantly there, socially as we can sometimes feel so isolated from the rest of the world and what seems to be "normal," financially

due to the high costs of fertility testing and treatment (not covered by insurance), and spiritually as we wonder where God is in the midst of our questions and our pain. We have always known that God is so much bigger than our struggle and any infertility diagnosis, so we pray in faith that God would heal us and miraculously cause us to conceive.

We heard so many stories of others who had walked down the same road before us; we read all the stories of infertile couples in the Bible as encouragement that God could miraculously cause us to conceive, so we cling to those verses. However, as more time has passed, we can't help but wonder why He answers others' prayers for a miracle and not ours. We know He is all-powerful. Why hasn't He used his power for us in this situation?

While we struggled to discern what the issue behind our infertility could be, we also began to feel lead to look into domestic adoption. Adoption was something we had always talked about (even before our diagnosis), but figured we would look into more seriously further down the road. But now passages in scripture such as Romans 8:15,

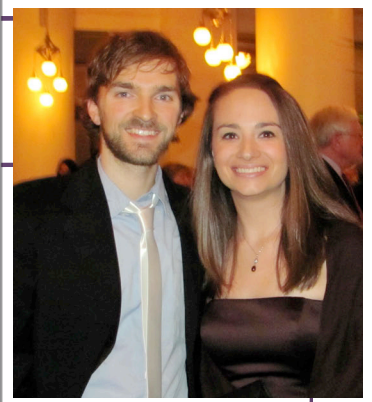
where Paul asserts that we have been adopted by the

Spirit into the family of God, have leaped off the page. Maybe *this* is how we are meant to build our family; maybe this is our calling. Because Jesus calls us to have mercy on the orphans, and God has adopted us as orphans into His family. We began working with an adoption organization and completed our home study in December. Although we still don't know what the future holds, we feel at peace about this decision and continue to pray for our future child(ren) each day, however they come to us.

Unfortunately for now, even though we are very excited about it, the decision to adopt hasn't healed the pain of infertility. Most of our questions remain as we wonder why we have to go down this difficult path.

Infertility is isolating for us. We have been told so many times to

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DAVID & ELIZABETH MADEIRA



Isaac's Prayer

Isaac's Prayer is a ministry that seeks to love and support those who are facing difficulties in building their families.

The name comes from Genesis 25:21, "Isaac prayed to the LORD on behalf of his wife, because she was childless. The LORD answered his prayer, and his wife Rebekah became pregnant." Although this passage makes it seem so simple and immediate, the truth is that Isaac and Rebekah were married for 19 years before Jacob and Esau were born and is the only reference in the Bible that refers to a husband praying over his wife to conceive.

We believe that just like Isaac and Rebecca together cried out to God in their trial, so we should join together in community to pray for and encourage those who need hope, faith, peace, and the power of God at work in their lives.

It is the prayer and purpose of this group that those going through the struggle of infertility, miscarriage and/or the adoption process will feel loved and ministered to. If you are experiencing or have previously experienced infertility, know someone who is, or would like to support those who are through prayer, fellowship, cards, coffee or other ways, please contact Elizabeth at isaacsprayer@gmail.com.



Getting Practical On How to be Church

Ideas for loving and supporting those who are grieving, childless and part of our family at St. B's.

1) Be mindful of being overly optimistic. Sometimes that can be perceived as minimizing the pain. **Avoid** offering advice, random verses of scripture or words that minimize like, "Just relax, it will happen." **Validate** their experience and feelings. It's ok to not know what to say. Instead, **show that you love and care.**

2) Infertility is a loss. Sending cards, making meals, being present, giving a call, shooting an email, going for coffee or checking in are great ways of support.

3) Infertility can be isolating. Being present and attentive is perhaps the greatest thing you can do. Ask, "How are you doing this week?" Be mindful that certain occasions, especially Mother's Day can be painful. **Pray for those whose grief is heightened on those occasions.**

4) Invite those who are childless in parties and activities, including baby showers, baptisms and family picnics. They might come. They might not. But always **be inclusive.**

5) Ask them what they need. And what might support look like for them? It's different for different people. **Don't give up reaching out.**



God's Hand continued from pg. 6

service. Because for one exhausted, shameful man, her eyes shared a dancing grace, and her hands held a healing that time can never still.

I knew her for three brief years. She hadn't told me about her cancer until months after we met. Others knew, as it turned out, but she had asked that the truth be kept from me, at least for a little while, perhaps until I had gotten stronger. To the end, she tended to my needs rather than her own.

I've been clean and sober for over twenty-three years. In all that time,

I've had to learn to move from my selfishness into a spirit of giving, of sharing the hope that Margaret and many others shared with me on a cold afternoon that now seems forever ago. Margaret is gone, but has of course never left me.

Whenever fear and shame and an old but familiar sense of loneliness creeps into my soul, there remains the soft brush of her hand across my cheek...a mother's hand...God's hand. And even now her voice rings fresh with meaning for the child within me, for the child within us all.

Looks like you could use some help.

Childless continued from pg. 8

"just relax, stop trying, and it will happen," or "so-and-so just gave up, and boom!" But relaxing doesn't change a diagnosis, and this advice is not encouraging to us. We hope and pray that this pain will eventually be taken away, but for now it remains.

It hurts to admit that throughout our experience, the hardest part of each week can be attending church. We keep hearing about the "St. B's baby boom" and each Sunday we attend service we feel as if everyone around us is experiencing the blessing of family while we are denied this gift. A friend of ours who also experienced infertility, and has since been blessed with two miraculous pregnancies, echoed this feeling and said that Communion always felt to her like a "parade of bellies and babies." Although pregnant bellies and babies are truly a gift from God and we rejoice with those who are able to experience these gifts, it is very difficult to not feel sad while it seems that God is being silent to our own requests. And then of course comes the guilt for feeling

sad at church over the wondrous blessings of others!

We know in our hearts that this is not a "punishment." And we know that it is in suffering that our faith is strengthened and our character developed, and that no matter the trials, Christ is our one hope and our source of true joy, children or not.

But in all honesty, there are good days and bad days. Sometimes the nagging voices of doubt and dismay take over. It is in these times when we rely on the love, support, and strength of others in our community to help us keep going and keep faith. We believe that in our better times we will be able to stand for others. So let's join together in hope, prayer and faith because none of us can go through life's struggles alone, and we need each other as integral parts of the body of Christ!

Elizabeth and David Madeira



The Outdoor Sanctuary: We're on our Way

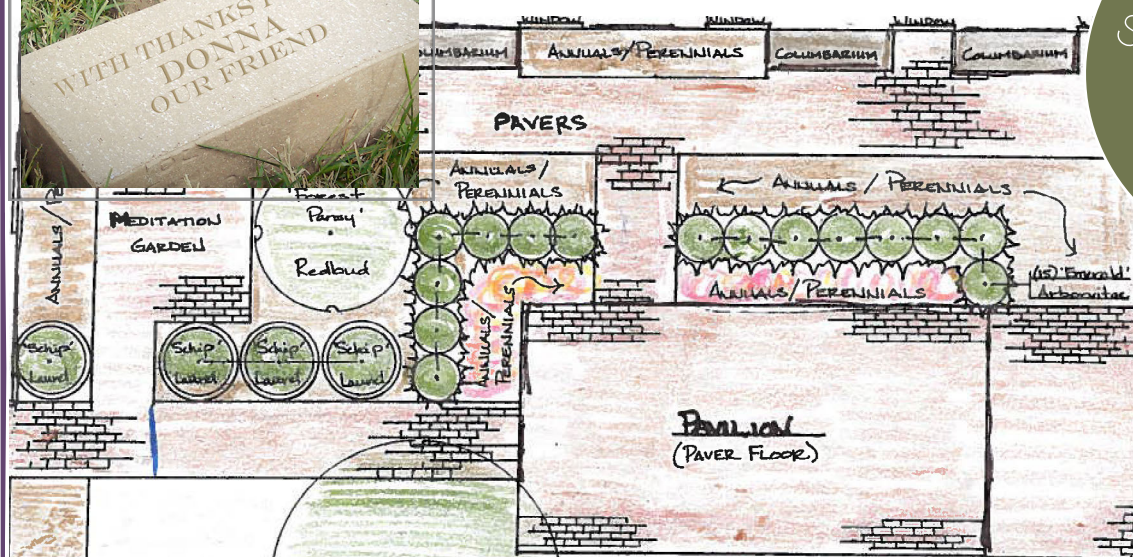
Construction has Begun

The construction on the Outdoor Sanctuary began last month. In fact a new path of pavers has already been laid, extending from the bell. The plan is to continue the construction as the fund is replenished through the selling of pavers.

We've sold approximately 89 pavers so far. Check out the bulletin board in the entryway of the Parish Hall building to see the diversity of what's being engraved on pavers. Celebrate a birthday, an anniversary, a marriage, children, a small group, friends. Remember a loved one, a verse, a prayer, a ministry, a pet, a meaningful season - the limits are endless.

You can download the brochure and order form from www.stbs.net by clicking on the Outdoor Sanctuary rotator. Pavers are \$60. Questions about the Outdoor Sanctuary can be directed to Pam White at pwhite@stbs.net.

THE PREVIEW OF PURCHASED PAVERS ON THE BULLETIN BOARD IN THE PARISH HALL BUILDING



the outdoor sanctuary at st. b.'s

More information can be found at www.stbs.net



What Would it Take to Understand Maundy Thursday



WHAT WOULD IT TAKE?

by Marjie Smith

msscribbler@comcast.net

Maundy Thursday, of all the services in the church year, always smacks me right across the head.

As it should.

Perhaps its impact lies in its placement. It provides one of the first Holy Week opportunities to look at ourselves in the dual shadows of the cross. Not to ignore Holy Wednesday, but Maundy Thursday is a firm beginning to the climb up the Hill of Golgotha. There, we will announce salvation and plant the flag of Christendom anew, for our hearts' resolve.

I think, though, it is the nature of the service that makes it so meaningful. The service is both personal and a ceremony of actions: we participate (on a voluntary basis) in the intimate act of washing another's feet and letting someone wash ours. It lets people past the pedicure and into our essence.

We also watch the altar and the sanctuary stripped down to its essentials. To me, it is like watching Jesus being stripped and prepared for crucifixion. It is the period of time when the people of Israel realized that Jesus was not coming as a political or military savior. It's when we realize, as Renaissance-era theologian Samuel Rutherford said, we "will not be carried to Heaven lying at ease upon a feather bed."

Whatever the case, the washing of the feet and the stripping of the altar are a means to spiritual inventory. And both are part of Maundy Thursday. The origins of the word Maundy are debated, so probably not helpful to the intent of this column, which is to probe, as I am always led to do on that day, "What would it take to really understand the washing of the feet and the stripping of the altar?"

Sometimes, I don't want to know the answer. That is because it lies in the whole gospel story and my personal and corporate response to it.

One of the things that helped me address the question of understanding it all, some three decades ago, was trying to imagine that day from the perspective of Jesus. As such, I wrote the following. I hope it will encourage you to visualize the day of the Last Supper and the betrayal of Jesus in Gethsemane.

*A correction from the last Branch:
The music to Mary's Heart was
written by Marjie Smith and arranged
by Eric Wyse.*

A s l e e p o n t h e W a t c h by Marjie Smith

I see you there before me,
Twelve strong men and, yet, you're boys;
You don't know the cup that passes,
Cannot know my spirit cries —
For this night one will betray me,
And another one deny,
But you are the chosen vessels I'll employ.

CHORUS:

Broken, it is finished;
I am the bread that you celebrate each day.
I am the yeast that gives you leaven
And the sweet communion wine:
Take my body, take my blood,
For they are yours.

It's midnight in the garden,
The night is calm but I am not,
Sleep has overcome you;
You weakened at my side.
You cannot know that at this moment,
All of Hell is open wide.
To defeat it is to be my chosen lot.

Whipped and beaten, mocked and weary,
I hang upon this cross for you,
My body's painful, spirit's heavy,
And I watch you battle fear.
I look ahead and see your future,
For my time is drawing near,
But I shall return in triumph, when it's through.

Tongues of fire and hearts a flaming,
With my resurrection power,
Can you be those same defeated men,
Who like sheep had run away?
For you live the truth within you,
In all you do and say
As you lead your flock into my finest hour.



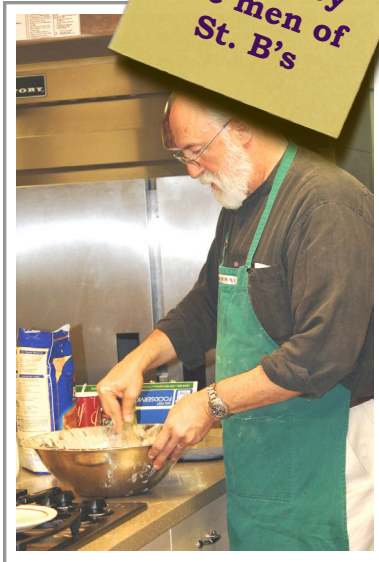


Snapshots of Life at St. B's

what story are we telling?



Pancake
Supper
hosted by
the men of
St. B's



Choir
Retreat at
Christ
Cathedral

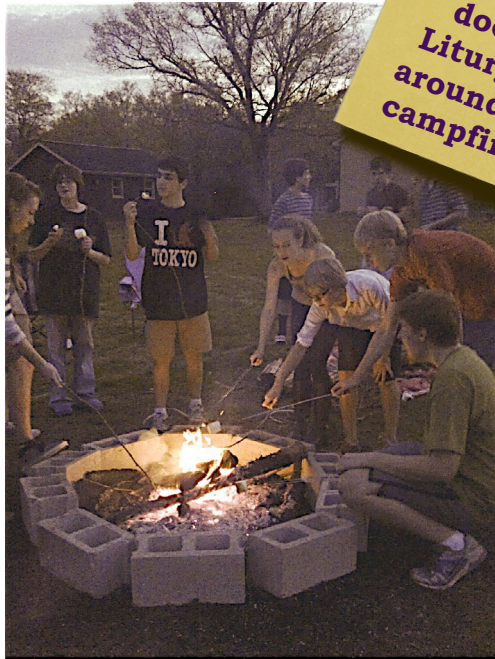


Snapshots of Life at St. B's

What story are we telling?



**STBSYM
does
Liturgy
around a
campfire**



**Diocesan
Quiet Day
hosted by
women of
St. B's**



**Men's
Annual
Retreat**



The Veiled Chalice

For all but the newest members and visitors of St B's, a service of Holy Communion is familiar and predictable. We recognize the words, the movements, the pieces and parts of the service, and if asked, would likely say that these are the ways of St. Bartholomew's Church, or the Episcopal Church in the U.S., or of the Anglican Church worldwide. In fact, the ways we practice Holy Communion are a braid, made of strands from Judaism, the early Church, and practicality. The act of gathering together in a large room with a table, and preparing and sharing a meal together, is based on Jewish custom. The earliest Christians followed that model and added elements that Jesus taught at the Last Supper. Through our history as Christians, communion has been celebrated in caves, in open air

settings, in unheated cathedrals and in churches with all the creature comforts and technology available. All three strands of the braid offer answers to the question: "Why do we do what we do?"

The veiled chalice is what you see on the altar when you enter St B's for a service of Holy Eucharist. In many churches, the veiled chalice rests in the sacristy or on the credence table near the altar until the Liturgy of the Sacrament. Vesting the chalice developed later in the life of the church only for the convenience of moving it to the altar.

The use of the fair linen to cover the altar is particular to the Anglican Church. It is not found in the Roman rite, but was required by our Reformers out of reverence for the sacrament. Symbolically it is said to signify the cloth which after the

**WALK
THIS
WAY**

*by Beverly
Mahan*

Verger
verger@stbs.net



crucifixion was wound about Jesus' body at His burial. The Church bids us make it "fair," that is, beautiful. A priest in the early 1900s wrote, "Practice love, reverence and care to make it as beautiful as it can be made." Five small crosses are embroidered on the fair linen - one to fall at each corner of the altar, and one in the middle. These symbolize the five wounds of Jesus. The fair linen should be left on the altar at all times. When it is removed for replacement it should be rolled and not folded. It symbolizes the shroud in which Jesus was wrapped for burial.

A corporal is a square linen laid on top of the fair linen, and serves as a placemat atop a table cloth. "Corporal" comes from the Latin word corpus, meaning body, because the body (bread) of Jesus is laid on it. Its function is to catch any spilled bread and wine.

The chalice sits in the middle of the corporal. "Chalice" means cup in Latin. Chalices are historically made of precious metals, though other materials are also used in some churches.

A purificator is a linen cloth used to clean the chalice. Meaning "one that purifies," it covers and protects the chalice, particularly from the paten, which is placed on top.

continued on pg. 16



THE
CORPORAL,
THE CHALICE
& THE
PURIFICATOR

THE PATEN,
THE HOST &
THE PALL



Joy & Peace *continued from pg. 7*

life's purpose is not to have and raise children but to pursue Him and love Him with all my heart, mind, soul and strength and with that came the trust and the peace and the joy that I experience this day.

Yes, there will always be a sadness and regret that I didn't get to experience being a parent. I have cried endless tears and spent many a day depressed over my reality of life without children but, then I am very quickly snapped out of it when I focus on God's goodness, His Word, His Promises and all that is to come. My faith in

Jesus Christ would not be near what it is today if I had not experienced the darkness that infertility took me through, so for that very reason I am eternally grateful!

Lest you think I am a "Polyanna" please know that this has been a long journey. I know that I can either choose to focus on the light of Christ or the darkness....peace and joy come and stay as long as I keep my eyes on Jesus. At this point I'm just excited to see what God is going to do with all this time



SHANE & ALEX KELLY

I have since I'm not spending it raising children.

May the peace of Christ be with you!

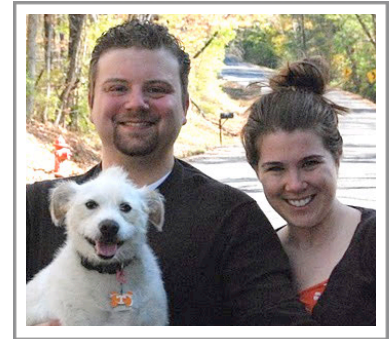
It's A Scary Word *offered by Lindsay Mahan Lee*

Infertility is a scary word, and the worst part for me is being placed in that category when I don't belong there. Have I been unable to carry a baby to full term? Yes. But infertile? Four pregnancies in a year in a half would say no. The label is a tricky one. Insurance companies will pay for countless D&C surgeries, but one mention of testing the reasons behind miscarriages and suddenly we are self-paying because we don't have infertility coverage. My official diagnosis is Habitual Biological Aborter, but sometimes "infertile" sounds better. So in laymen's terms, I miscarry. I am not ashamed of this fact; I have no qualms talking about it; but yes, I am extremely frustrated by the whole experience.

I am not, however, angry. Who am I supposed to be angry with- myself, God, my husband, the

doctors? The fault belongs to no one. My husband and I have relied on our faith to get us through this and have **miraculously** remained optimistic and devoted Christians. We have been blessed with tremendous support from the St. Bs community, family and friends. Everyone's prayers and concerns are beyond helpful and for that we are very thankful.

Josh and I have really tried to be as positive about the experience as we can and have found unexpected blessings along the way. Josh has been very open about it at work and has made several connections with men whose wives have also suffered miscarriages. I work at a high school as a counselor, and have made surprising bonds with young girls who have also physically lost a baby. Josh and I feel that "miscarriage" has become a stigma in today's society.



JOSH & LINDSAY LEE

Our goal in being so open about the experience is to break down the barriers. Being open brings the subject out of the shadows of sadness and guilt. For us, sharing our story brings a big part of who we are into the conversation. By doing so it helps us to know we are not alone, we are reminded that we are not doing anything wrong, and we are able to support others. So we say thank you to all who ask, and who keep us in their prayers.



Veiled Chalice continued from pg. 11

The paten, from the Greek and Latin meaning “plate,” is also typically made of a precious metal. It fits on the chalice for ease of carrying.

A priest's host, or large wafer, is laid on the paten. It is large enough for all in the congregation to see when elevated by the priest.

A pall covers the priest's host and paten, keeping them free of debris or insects. It is made of cardboard or plastic covered with fabric, and is stiff enough to form the silk veil. “Pall” means cloak in Latin. Many are familiar with a funeral pall that covers a casket.

The veil is made of silk to distinguish it from other linens. The use of the veil is to protect the sacred vessels from dust, insects, and accidental injury while in the vestry and during the service before the communion.

A burse is placed on top of the veil. From the Latin meaning purse, the burse holds additional linens in case there is a spill. Anyone who has paid college tuition to the bursar will understand the connection between burse and purse.

The burse and veil are similarly colored to represent the liturgical season. Green is used in Epiphany and Ordinary Time. During lent, the chalice is veiled in purple.

Our tradition is so rich, our practices so intricate. They are held in common with all Anglican churches, so that wherever you go in the world, you will find in a service Holy Eucharist the same familiar and predictable, historic and meaningful elements that you enjoy at St Bs.



THE VEIL & BURSE COVERING THE CHALICE & PATEN

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

March 3 - 12, 2013

with Father Jerry

\$3595 (includes airfare)



Optional add-on: 7 day pilgrimage through Turkey

More information at www.stbs.net

St. B's Women

Spring Retreat April 13 - 14

Please join us on Friday and Saturday at Garner Creek Retreat Center near Dickson for our annual Spring Retreat. Our speaker will be The Rev. Jenny Andison from Toronto.

Please register by Sunday, April 1. Download more information and registration form at www.stbs.net. Email stbswomen@stbs.net for more information.

Workshop

Siloam Institute of Faith,
Health & Culture

presents

“Faithful Eating: A Matter of Life and Death”

with Norman Wirzba, P.h.d.,
Professor at Duke Divinity
School

Sunday, April 29

7 - 8 p.m. (lecture)

8 - 8:30 p.m. (Q&A)

2nd Presbyterian Church
3511 Belmont Blvd

R.S.V.P by April 25 to:
info@SiloamInstitute.org.

More information can be found on the bulletin board in the Parish Hall building.

The Annual Men's Retreat

I have attended various men's retreats or gatherings since the late 1970s. Sometimes I have gone with great anticipation of spiritual renewal and sometimes quite reluctantly. I have heard speakers of great renown at some meetings and at others just a fellow brother sharing what was on his heart. Both were edifying in their own way, but most of my memories don't center on the speaker or the topic discussed. Rather, what I remember most are the relational conversations that occur outside the structured meeting. James Houston a well known author and professor of theology at Regent College, spoke at one meeting. I have no recollection of the topic, but I remember sitting with him over a cup of tea and the gentle loving way he addressed my

questions. At another meeting during break time I was with a group of guys on an outdoor basketball court when Pete Maravich joined us. He began relating his life story including the self destructive path he had been on before finding Christ. All the while he talked he was effortlessly making some of the most incredible trick shots I have ever seen. Conversations with fellow attendees over the years have been just as meaningful if not more so.

Such was the case at this year's men's retreat in Montecagle. As I looked at the group of men I realized that some of them were not even born when I attended my first retreat, yet at least one attendee had been in his fifties then. Randomly assigning us to

ST. B'S MEN

by Jay Siegrist



small discussion groups was a wise idea. I received a great benefit by hearing the perspective of younger brothers when I shared some issues I was having with grown sons (ages 34 and 25). Sowing the seeds of vulnerable sharing will yield the fruit of community and fellowship. I hosted several old friends who were attending the retreat at our house in the assembly. The discussion around the fireplace following the Friday night session was priceless. These kinds of relationship builders are the benefits you can receive by attending a men's retreat.



Steps to Wholeness this Lent, Child Edition

CHRISTIE HOLMES DESIGNED THIS POSTER FOR THE FAMILY & CHILDREN'S MINISTRY BULLETIN BOARD. THIS LENT, ST. B'S, INCLUDING THE CHILDREN, WERE INVITED TO TAKE STEPS TO WHOLENESS THROUGH READING AND REFLECTING ON RICHARD ROHR'S BOOK, BREATHING UNDER WATER. THIS POSTER SUMMARIZES THE 12 STEPS REFLECTED IN ROHR'S BOOK.



What Matters Most

As we wend our ways through Lent and the Ides of March, approaching expectantly, hopefully, the full Grace of our Savior, I ponder a few simple statements, posed to me this time last year... The first, "I Forgive You!"... Reminds me of Christ speaking to those below him as he hung upon the tree... Next, "Can You Forgive Me!"... and release me from the sins that I continue to foment on my brothers and sisters here, but from what I so desperately desire and seek absolution... And, "Thank You!"... for releasing me from my, oh, so earthly and human frailties and misjudgments... Finally, "I Love You!"... through all of your and my weaknesses and negligences!

Wow!!
How powerful is this! These were the professed "4 most important things" that need to be said... somehow, in this life, and our days together.

When I first read this in a book called "Four Things that Matter Most" by Dr. Ira Byock, it rocked the foundations of my still, and continuing, evolving pastoral care world. I thought of my neglect of those dearest to me... of my friends that I had not fulfilled the promise of true "Friendship"..., of acquaintances that I had forgotten to call or follow up with..., of loved ones that I had abandoned and was too busy for I immediately thought of the estranged relationship that I had had with my father, and the Sunday in June I visited him, sick and frail, ravaged by cancer, and we shared our sorrows, our apologies for letting each other down, and... our love... Three days later he died.

It is important that we do not fail those we love through pride, stubbornness or fear. Each of these questions can be hard, but in reality opens the floodgates of Love. It is a releasing, rejuvenating eye-opening process - the true shedding of our "blindness."

What does this have to do with "pastoral care?" This lesson was brought forth to my compatriots and I last year at a Symposium on Pastoral Care at St Thomas. It focuses on issues at the end-stage of life.

The sorrow of words not shared, of issues unresolved, of love not spoken, all weighing down on those already besieged with heavy health issues. The sorrow and regret that was gnawing away, without a conduit to clear the air, to receive that forgiveness so deeply yearned for. Oftentimes, it goes unrealized. A travesty for all!

Fr. Jerry so eloquently shared once, "God wants you to know how much you are truly loved!" So share it! Unburden yourselves and by so doing allow others to do likewise.

The sharing of these "four things that matter most" is something that we can not only review within our own lives but also remove from the past and bring forward into our daily lives! We do not need to wait for a "sign" or for an end-of-life event.

Think of relationships with not only those we hold dearest and those of our "church family," but what about the clerk in the store... the client we are trying to turn into a customer... the fellow traveler on the highways and byways of our lives? What if we treated everyone to whom we come in contact with these small phrases in the back of our minds?

PASTORAL CARE

by Robert Smith

Assistant to the
Rector for
Pastoral Care

pastoralcare@stbs.net



But one step at a time. Look at your "circle of influence" and those closest to you. Do you need to work through these questions with any or all of them?

We have given lip service here during Lent to "Forgiveness." Practice it by forgiving someone you love for whatever they may have been perceived as having done... Release Them!!

Remove the blindness of unrecognized and unrequited love! So that you, too, will then feel that rush of the weight being yanked off of you! The scales dropping from your eyes!

"I Forgive You."

"Can you, please, Forgive me?"

"Thank You!"

"I Love You!"

Think about it... Ponder it all...

Oh and lastly, don't forget the "Thank you."

Need prayer? Would you like a visit? Know someone who would? We're family here at St. B's. If we can support you in some fashion, please contact Robert Smith at 615.406.3152 or pastoralcare@stbs.net.



Adding to the Beauty

St. B's Extended Ministries - Susan Powell

Like many teenagers, the boys in our dorm don't always look forward to church on Sundays. Some are bored by it, some are disenfranchised with church and God altogether and some would just rather sleep! In an effort to meet them where they are, we regularly have church in our home and attempt to show them that worship and experiencing God can look very different than a traditional church service. This past Sunday was one of those days, and I (Susan) took the lead. I shared with the guys one of my favorite songs by Sara Groves, *Add to the Beauty*. I encouraged our boys to find the beauty that's in the world and to look for ways that they

Redemption comes
in strange place,
small spaces
Calling out the best
of who we are

And I want to
add to the beauty
To tell a better
story

-Sarah Groves

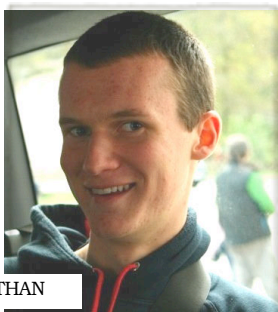
could add to it. We then watched *Nomad*, a documentary that followed Sara over an 8 month period in which she was learning in her own life what it means to be fully alive in Christ.

Throughout that morning I was taken back to four years ago when Mark and I were raising support to go to BFA and sharing with you all about how we wanted to add to the beauty by serving missionary kids at BFA. It was a sweet

morning of remembrance and an encouragement to see what God has done in and through our lives over the past four years. Mark and I are definitely different people today than when we left in 2008. We have been deeply affected by the experiences we've had and the people God has put in our lives.

We thought it might be fitting to share with you all during this season of Lent and sacrifice how your support of our ministry and us is making a difference in the lives of others. While it feels a bit unnatural to share the following personal messages, we feel as though it will be meaningful to the parish to understand the significance that St. B's is having beyond its four walls. We know that it is a financial sacrifice to send us and keep us here on the field. We don't take that for granted. Please know that we share the following notes of encouragement from individuals with the utmost humility and thankfulness.

Thank you Saint Bartholomew's Church! Thank you for adding to the beauty in the world and helping us to tell a better story with our lives. We love you and thank our God upon our every remembrance of you!



NATHAN

From
Nathan, A
Student:

Hi Mark,

I enjoyed talking to you and Susan yesterday about my trip to the States.



THE POWELLS

Blackforest Academy, Germany
fivepowells@gmail.com
www.fivepowells.blogspot.com

It made me realize how much you guys have invested in my life over the past couple of years. From small group to counseling to casual interaction in the halls, you have both been a significant part of my life and I really want to thank you for that. I have enjoyed getting to know you and your family and count it a privilege to call you friends. Thank you so much for your genuine interest in my life and for the influence you have had on it. I know our small group has been quite the handful on more than one occasion, but you have handled it very well. Thank you for always being there to listen and help out when needed. You have been a huge part of my spiritual growth and I believe that your investment in my life significantly affected my ability to interview and receive the scholarship at JBU. I know the year is not over and I look forward to more times to make memories, but I want to thank you for all you have done.

*Thank you and God bless,
Nathan*

From A Missionary Family:

Our time in the U.S. was important for our children, specifically William. He is the third child of five. William attended 9th and 10th grade in the US while we were on furlough. He does struggle with school, specifically academics, not the other parts that make up school, like teachers, students, buildings, etc. just the academics. While in the US, he received good support throughout this difficulty.

On our return to France, we realized that he could not reenter the French
continued on pg. 21

Looking Ahead to Nashville

St. B's Extended Ministries - Keith Chapman



THE CHAPMANS

Trinty Dental Clinic, Liberia

chapmank@trinitydental.org

www.trinitydental.org

In looking at what lies ahead, returning to Nashville in less than 2 months, Kristin and I realized something. In Liberia, we originally had no intention of beginning something that could carry on without me. We simply started Trinity Dental to help the immense need, and God made a way to sustain it. Through Hope Smiles, the new organization I will be working with, we plan to follow the same pattern in the U.S. In the U.S.?

A Vermont senator recently called the state of dental care in the U.S. a "crisis." Hope Smiles' goal is simply to provide for those in need at little or no cost by facilitating volunteer opportunities for local

dentists, making it as easy as possible for them to give their time to provide care. We pray that through this relief work, God will make a sustainable way to continue to provide for those in need as he did in Liberia. Our international work also continues to grow as we have already started discussions with dentists in Sierra Leone to provide scholarships for dental therapy training. Please continue to pray for the recognition of Mid-Level Providers around the world, as they are the solution to bringing much needed care to billions of people worldwide.

On a personal note, we have a house waiting for us in Fieldstone

Farms in Franklin. I still haven't even seen it! (only pictures). The previous owner has been renting from us and will until we move in – what a blessing! The girls will be attending Grassland Middle School next year, and Samuel will be at Currey Ingram. We go in just a couple of weeks to turn in our form to get Stephen (our adopted four year old) his immigrant visa to the

continued on pg. 21

Christ, Church & Culture

And what does it have to do with me?

I was fortunate to attend the second annual Christ Church and Culture Conference (C3 for short) hosted by St. George's Institute of Church and Cultural life during the March 1-3 weekend at St. George's Episcopal Church. I actually have my husband to thank because he encouraged me to sign up. If it were not for him, I might have done the regular "Hmm, looks interesting but I don't have the time" and passed up on a great conference that really stretched me. I also thought I'd better go when Morgan informed me that one of the speakers was coming over for dinner the Friday night of the conference!

Honestly, it's easy for me to fall into the trap of thinking that these sort of conferences are "heady" and "30 000 feet up in the air" suited only for the professional ministers in our midst. I'm a woefully part time artisan, urban

farmer, mother of three and sometime actor at Vanderbilt Medical Center (yes, one of my many hats is literally living that famous Seinfeld episode) and I needed this conference as much as anyone else. One of the primary reasons the institute exists is to help Christians engage culture more faithfully from a Christian perspective. That's not only clergy but also those of us in the pew on Sunday morning. The variety of topics covered was impressive. I went to a workshop focused on teen spirituality, I went to a plenary session that explained how and why liturgical practices shape the imagination, and there was an art gallery to peruse. All of this was to help me engage with the world, listen to the messages of the world and how I, as a Christian can share real hope and help shape the culture I live in. It was good to be reminded that we've been uniquely equipped with the Holy Spirit to do this work. I have only scratched

by Heather Wills

mother, wife, nurse &
member of St. B's



the surface of the topics covered. Talk to Shari Smyth, Don Paul Gross, Morgan Wills, and Sally Chambers for their perspectives.

The conference affirmed that what I do matters for the Kingdom. Part of my art is creating functional items (think purses, quilts, scarves, belts etc...) out of textiles that have been discarded. I want to see resurrection, redemption in every day life. I want to care for this over burdened world and repurpose what others would think was useless. Isn't that what happened to us because of the cross? This conference affirmed in me that where God has me right now matters in His Kingdom. I needed that encouragement.

Please consider attending next year's conference. For information go online to www.C3Nashville.org.



Beauty continued from pg. 19

school system. It would be just too hard. We also did not want the social influence of the public school knowing that he already struggled with the academic portion of school.

We registered William at BFA. He was willing to go and try it, though it seemed like a big step for him to leave home. We have seen maturity in William in his words and in his actions since his time in BFA. It is a direct result of his time in BFA and being surrounded by the group of guys that he is, and also to you both as dorm parents.

He talks to us about you both, Mark and Susan, always respectfully and very appreciative of the little mothering details that Susan gives, like lights out, wake-up, good-night hugs, and the talks that he has with you, Mark.

I think he is conscious of the amount of time that you take up with him and I don't think he could have made the strides that he has made in life these past few months without your input into his life.

We are very grateful for you both and your family. We are thankful for your time, your discernment, your joy, your steadfastness and your consistency with him.

Thank you again for all that you are doing, Charles and Mary Kay

From Corey, a Resident Assistant:

Dear Mark and Susan,

I've been meaning to take a moment out of my time to write you both. For taking this

long to express my gratitude, I must apologize. You both have not only been amazing friends to me but I've been so honored to work under you. I was talking with [one of my friends] today about just the luck of the draw in how some ways some resident assistants aren't as lucky as others when it comes to working conditions, staff, and just their overall experience. We talked about how damaging it can be when people are hurt by being on the mission field. Of course you know my heart and mind on this matter. I started thinking about how I have so much to be grateful for! I was so scared after my last job (coming to this one) that I'd end up working with the wrong kind of people. Thankfully, none of the sort has happened. I've never had affirming bosses who are so concerned in my growth, caring for my needs, and grace giving in my mistakes. Dear family you've been all of these things to me in my stay here. You guys have been part of my healing and growing process and what else can I say but to be humbled and thankful for it all! Just know I love ya to death.

In Christ always,
Corey



The Preschool & MDO

St. B's Preschool & M.D.O.

present

**"Easy to Love,
Difficult to Discipline"**

**with Sharon
Townsend**

**Monday, April 16
9:45 - 11 a.m.**

A workshop for parents, caregivers, sunday school teachers, nannies or anyone who loves children.

Sharon Townsend works for Child Care Resources and Referral in Davidson County. The workshop will use Becky Bailey's book of the same name.

Please RSVP by April 11
Suzy Floyd at 373-4633 or
stbspreschool@stbs.net.

Looking Ahead continued from pg. 20

U.S. We can only just apply as we are just reaching the two year mark of Stephen being under our custody. Kristin is completely addicted to Craig's List looking for things to set up the "nest egg" in Franklin. We can't wait to see everyone, but obviously have heavy hearts about departing. At least I'll be back!

If you would like to support the Chapman's transition back to St. B's in a concrete way, they are looking for twin beds and box springs; booster car seats; bikes or scooters for the kids. They also have a Target list of things they need.

If you'd like to help,
please email Meredith Flynn
at meredith.s.flynn@gmail.com.

M.D.O. Openings

For the 2012-2013 school year the M.D.O. has openings for toddlers, one or two days a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Please email stbspreschool@stbs.net for more information.

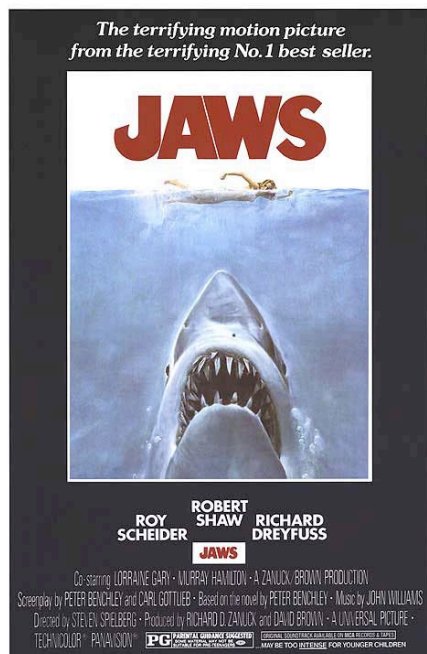


Lent, Sharks & Confession

On the Path of Healing

On March 28 we will hold a Lenten Day of Reconciliation. This event provides an opportunity for individuals in our community to confess their sins, receive forgiveness and experience new creation first hand. However, for some, the Day of Reconciliation can be intimidating because the invitation to confess that day requires somebody else be there to listen. That's right. During this event you confess your sins to God *before* your neighbor.

The precedent for this kind of confession goes back to the earliest days of the church. The letter of James puts a fine point on it when it says, "confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you may be healed." (James 5:16) Confess your sins to each other and you will be healed? Why would this be necessary? Is it not enough that I confess my sins to God alone? Why should I be exhorted to include my neighbor in the process? Good questions. Perhaps an illustration will be helpful here.



The 1979 movie *Jaws* broke box office records and is hailed as one of the two movies that helped create the summer "block bluster." However, *Jaws* is famous for another reason as well. The film's antagonist, a motorized replica of a huge great white shark, kept failing to work during production. For all the money and time spent building the shark, filming scenes with it proved nearly impossible because it kept breaking down. Because of this, the film's director, Steven Spielberg, had to shoot "around" the shark, implying its presence in scenes without being able to show it directly. The result was better than anyone could have imagined. Instead of making the movie worse, it made better. As it turns out, the shark was scarier when you *couldn't* see it than when you could. Once it was in the light and you could see its edges, it was no longer intimidating.

The same is true of our sins.

Our transgressions have power over us only when they are kept in secret. Their hiddenness is what fuels our shame and humiliation. However, when we confess our sins - especially to someone else - it brings everything into the light and the power and shame vanishes. Just like the shark in *Jaws*, our sins are no longer scary once you can see their edges.

For this reason you are invited to come to our Day of Reconciliation on March 28. Whether you have a heavy burden to unload or just want to practice some honesty and self-awareness, this day of confession is for you. We will be available for reconciliation from 10am until noon and from 4:00pm until 6:00pm. Please join us. It may feel scary at first but that is only because our sins are in the dark.

A MISSIONAL LIFE

by Fr. Dixon Kinser

Assistant Rector for
Youth & Young Adult Formation
dkinser@stbs.net



Let us trust the words of James and confess our sins to one another so we can be healed.

Day of Reconciliation
at st. b's

Wednesday,
March 28

10 a.m. - noon
4 - 6 p.m.
in the sanctuary

Bring Your Confession
Be Heard & Be Forgiven

Appointments can be arranged with
the clergy for other times.
Preparation sheets will be available on
the day. more info can be found at
www.stbs.net

From Glory to Glory

Being transformed into his likeness
with ever-increasing glory.

Celebrating the glory that grows within us and among our community.

Anniversaries

Solveig & James Chaffee	3/2
Ashley & Kenny Greenberg	4/28
Kathy & Dr David Edwards	3/6
Suzy & Bob Floyd	4/29
Nancy Hyer & Jim Russell	3/26
Ta & Monty Kimble	4/25
Susan & Bob Lyons	4/17
Jan & Jerry Minshall	3/17
Dianne & Mike O'Neil	4/13
Holly & Jason Reynolds	4/29
Kim & Dan Simpson	4/30
Abigail & Nathaniel Tylor	3/25
Pamela & Malcolm White	3/24

Myatt, Owen	03/13
Pointexter, Mrs Yvonne	03/06
Price, Harrison Phillips	03/25
Quinn, Caitlin	03/15
Roberts, Damian	03/30
Robinson, Jim	03/06
Rowland, Mrs Tamara	03/22
Ryan, Stephen	03/13
Schober, Mrs Carla	03/10
Schroeder, Madelyn Grace	03/24
Sefton, Mrs Rachel	03/27
Smith, Mr Robert	03/01
Smith, Sean Matthew	03/26
Stranch, Grace	03/30
Thornton, Alexandra	03/14
Weber, Ms Elizabeth	03/30
Wilhoite, Hunter	03/30
Wilhoite, Mrs Laura	03/20
Wood, Mr Asher	03/23
Woods, Mr Peter	03/14
Wyse, Anna	03/10
Wyse, Mr Eric	03/01
Zadick, Mrs Suzanne	03/25

Mullins, Ms Mary	04/11
Mumme, Mrs Mindy	04/19
Penney, Mrs Amber	04/16
Penney, Mr Rick	04/16
Pichert, Mrs Sue	04/09
Powell, Mrs Susan	04/15
Price, Mr Matthew (Matt)	04/17
Prichard, Kimberly S.	04/05
Puckett, Anna Porter	04/22
Richey, Mr Chuck	04/25
Schober, Michael	04/20
Scott, Ms Bet	04/27
Searfoss, Ms Kristin	04/04
Sefton, Mr Aaron	04/13
Shankel, Evangeline Ruth	04/30
Shankel, Stella Dale	04/02
Smith, Michael Aaron	04/10
Smyth, Mrs Shari	04/25
Thorne, Ms Beth	04/04
Thorpe, Mrs Kendra	04/18
Van der Heijden, Elijah	04/20
Van der Heijden, Lucas	04/16
Ward, Mr Bill	04/06
Ward, James	04/22
Weems, Mrs Evelyn	04/22
Wilford, Mr Brince	04/17
Wilford, George Rayburn	04/23
Williams, Clay	04/20
Wills, Dr Morgan	04/10
Wood, Gaia	04/02
Wood, Presley Otto	04/22
Woolbright, Mr David	04/16
Zadick, Rebecca	04/08
Zaher, James (Jim)	04/06

March Birthdays

Adams, Tara	03/11
Alcott, Mrs Michelle	03/09
Andrews, Mrs Nita	03/07
Barker, Janet	03/19
Bauchiero, Andrew John (Drew)	03/24
Bauchiero, Corinna Blake	03/28
Bowlby, Mrs Pat	03/07
Bowman, Mrs Barbara	03/24
Buxton, Ava Nadine	03/09
Chapman, Mrs Kristin	03/12
Craig, Mrs Lisa	03/01
Daniel, Mrs Karen	03/20
Daniel, Leah Joanna	03/30
Daniel, Naomi	03/22
Ferguson, Graham	03/03
Flynn, Parker Joseph	03/25
Freeman, Martha	03/09
Freeman, Rachel	03/10
Granbery, Catie	03/03
Griffith, Sarah	03/02
Hall, Manaen Valiente	03/22
Headley, Miles	03/25
Holmes, Dr Clarke	03/18
Holt, Trevor	03/10
Hunter, Mrs Kristi	03/03
Hutchinson, Mrs Joan	03/25
Insani, Jordan	03/03
James, Henry	03/07
James, Teddy	03/07
Jones, Canaan	03/15
Kinser, Aidan	03/29
Kinser, Quinn	03/15
Krogman, Sarah	03/26
Lundgren, Paige	03/22
Michel, Benjamin Ransom	03/29
Miller, Matthew	03/13
Miller, Mr Paul	03/29
Moore, Chase Thomas	03/09

April Birthdays

Adkison, Sydney	04/11
Agyemang, Mr Henry	04/27
Arnold, Mrs Anadara	04/04
Baldwin, Alex	04/06
Bauchiero, Mr Dan	04/20
Bowlby, John	04/21
Cleary, Mr Dan	04/10
Cooper, Beckett Andrew	04/30
Dinwiddie, Mr Rodger	04/20
Easter, Mr Luke	04/25
Emerson, Rebecca	04/22
Ewing, Ms Leslie	04/17
Fenton, Emily	04/09
Goff, Ms Sissy	04/25
Goldthorpe, Anne	04/03
Grant, Ms Dawn	04/29
Griffith, Paxton	04/30
Gross, Nolan	04/22
Hall, Mrs Carmen	04/10
Hardy, Mr Matt	04/13
Hardy, Mrs Vanessa	04/28
Holmes, Alex	04/12
Hornsby, Mrs Becky	04/30
James, Emmaclaire	04/30
Johnson, James Gowen	04/21
Johnson, Jim	04/21
Kammerer, Mrs Anna	04/22
Kazmerowski, Ms Carolee	04/16
Krogman, Emily Ann	04/19
Krogman, Rachel Lee	04/19
Latham, Adam	04/24
Lehman, Mr Grant	04/02
MacLachlan, Mrs Ashley	04/07
Madeira, Kate	04/05
Mahan, William	04/27
Martin, Mrs Deborah	04/17

Births:

Evan Tayloe Kipp	2/8
<i>parents, Eleanor & Aaron</i>	
Raleigh Olivia Attig	2/11
<i>parents, Heath & April</i>	
Jesse Foster Michel	2/27
<i>parents, Corrine & Andy</i>	
Richard Woods Penney	3/11
<i>parents, Rick & Amber</i>	

Death:

Helen Louise Ruley	1/11
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HOLY WEEK

at st. b's

Continue the Lenten journey through Holy Week. Travel with Jesus through the palms, into the upper room, to the garden, onto the cross and from the tomb. Easter Sunday means more after walking through Holy Week.

Palm Sunday, April 1st, 8:30 a.m. & 10:30 a.m.

Join us for the Liturgy of the Palms as we remember the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Join us also for the last Sunday of our Lenten journey, steps to wholeness.

Maundy Thursday, April 5, 6:30 p.m.

Maundy is the Latin word for command (mandatum), and it refers to the command given by Jesus to his disciples to love one another. On this night we remember Christ's institution of Communion and the foot washing. Childcare is offered for children 4 years and under with an RSVP to churchoffice@stbs.net by Monday, April 2.

Good Friday, April 6, Noon

The Good Friday liturgy dates back to the third century and certainly marks the solemnity of this day. The Passion and death of our Lord is read from the Gospel of John, followed by a homily and what are known as the Solemn Collects.

Good Friday, April 6, 5:30 p.m. - Stations of the Cross.

The stations are another ancient way of praying through Christ's journey to the cross: from his arrest through his death. On Good Friday at St B's, we follow the stations around the path outside, sharing the burden of carrying a large wooden cross.

Easter Saturday Vigil, April 7, 7:00 p.m.

This liturgy is one of the oldest in the Christian tradition. Converts after their Lenten preparation would be initiated into the faith through baptism on Easter Eve. The liturgy includes the service of light, service of the word, service of baptism. Please come and renew your commitment to the resurrected Lord.

Easter Sunday, April 8, 6 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m.

Let's remember that today, only begins the season of Easter. Easter isn't one day but 50. So let the sound of alleluias reverberate from Sunday to Sunday until the day of Pentecost, May 27.

More information at www.stbs.net

St. B's Easter Egg Hunt **Saturday, April 6 at 10 a.m.** **for toddlers to 2nd grade**



To participate please drop-off 12 or more treat-filled eggs (no chocolate) to the church **by Sunday, April 1**. Bring a picnic lunch and join us on the grounds, following the hunt. For more information or to help with the hunt, please email Carla at cschober@stbs.net.