

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PEMBERTON NJ

GRACE NOTES

VOLUME I, NO. 2

Dear Brothers & Sisters,

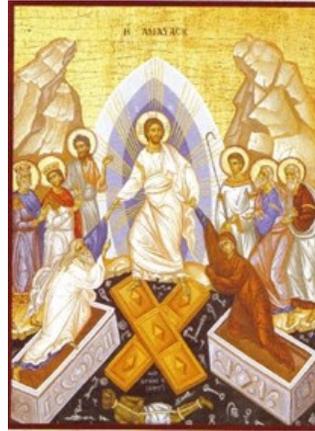
In **The Sign and the Sacrifice: The Meaning of the Cross and Resurrection**, our Lenten discussion book, Rowan Williams writes: “For the Orthodox Christian the main icon for Easter is not an Easter morning picture, but a Holy Saturday image: Christ, very often balancing on the fallen doors, the fallen prison gates of Hell which have fallen in the shape of a cross, Christ straddling these gates, one foot on each, reaching out, grabbing Adam with his right hand and Eve with his left. And behind Adam and Eve are all the great figures of pre-Christian times waiting to be brought home – Satan’s hostages being freed.”

This image has enriched my ponderings during Lent – for it is a vision of community that is essential for the true celebration of Easter. It is a vision of the work of Jesus, the work of our souls, that takes place in darkness, that acknowledges that hell exists, that includes a very careful balancing, that embraces all those who are gone before and all those who have been suffering, so often outside of our own limited awareness. While Jesus’ body was in the tomb, he himself was visiting the dead. Jesus died for all. Jesus is for the whole world.

Solidarity with Christians throughout the world will be helpful for our own journeys. The Good Friday offering at our services which began in 1922 supports Christians in the Middle East in the four diocese of the Province of Jerusalem. In the aftermath of the Great War, the Episcopal Church “sought to create new relationships with and among the Christians of the Middle East. From these initial efforts which focused on a combination of relief work and the improvement of ecumenical and Anglican relations, the Good Friday Offering was created. . . . Pastoral care, education and health care continue to be primary ministries through which the reconciling spirit of the Christian faith serves all in need. . . . The generous donations of Episcopalians help the Christian presence in the Land of the Holy One to be a vital and effective force for peace and understanding among all of God’s children. . .

I pray that you have been fully engaged in this Lenten season and using your imagination to enter his journey toward the cross and to ponder the holy joy and transformation which Easter provides. What are your dominant images? Is it the empty tomb? The conversation between Mary and Jesus, whom she originally

APRIL 2017



believes to be a gardener? Is it the closest disciples and their disbelief? The women who flee, terrified? Is there fear in your own life when there could be the freedom beyond our imagining which Easter provides?

Come join us for all the services of Holy Week, so that your faith and even your imagination can be deepened through worship and through music that touch our souls, and that you may celebrate more deeply and share with others the saving work of Jesus and the wondrous love of God.

Jane+



UPCOMING

- April 13—Maundy Thursday *Agape Supper* in Fenwick, stripping of altar in church 6:30 pm (*reservations by 4/9*)
- April 13—Outdoor Stations of the Cross, 9:30-10:15 pm
- April 13-14—Maundy Thursday-Good Friday Vigil, 10 pm-8 am (*Sign up in church or call church office.*)
- April 14—Good Friday Services (Morning Prayer, 8 am; Solemn Liturgy, 7 pm)
- April 15—The Great Easter Vigil & Festival Eucharist, 7 pm
- April 16—Easter Sunday (6:10 am in *Green Chapel* with cold breakfast; 8 and 9:30 am; *Easter Egg Hunt* in gardens follows 9:30 service)
- Food Pantry, 4/22, 10 am -2 pm
- May 7—Joy of Music Concert, 3 pm; reception following
- May 13—Grace Church Flea Market—8:00 am-2:00 pm
- June 18—Michael Ryan’s organ recital & demonstration at Grace Church
- June 18—Peace Pole Dedication in memory of Dorothy Green; reception following.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC

“Music gives a soul to the universe, Wings to the mind, and Life to everything.” (Plato)

Congratulations to Elizabeth Sabin for naming our newsletter. She was treated to a delicious breakfast at the local Coffee Cup in Pemberton by the editorial team of our newsletter.

GROWTH

I Corinthians 3:1-9 - ... So neither the one who plants nor the one who waters is anything, but only God who gives growth...

There are so many things of “growth” in the life of the Grace Church parish. For instance, Friends of Music hosted in February our third hymn sing which featured the glorious music of our church taken from the 1982 *Hymnal and Lift Every Voice and Sing II*, along with the voices of our children, solos by Catherine and Scott Sabin, and other faithful participants, with music provided by our choir director Tara Perrien.

We are “growing” our newsletter, with a new and aptly named, “Grace Notes.”

“A *grace note* is a kind of music notation used to denote several kinds of musical ornaments, it is usually printed smaller to indicate that it is melodically and harmonically nonessential. When occurring by itself, a single *grace note* normally indicates the intention of an acciaccatura (Wikipedia)”

We are cultivating the Garden of Grace, going into our second year of producing herbs, strawberries, vegetables, flowers, and of course pumpkins. “The Inch by Inchers”, children of the parish, are learning about nature, working the soil, and growing” in their knowledge of God’s gifts to us. New growth happens in unexpected places, check out the tiny flower blooming on the concrete steps by the church side door.



The Grace Church Choir under the leadership of Tara, our director, and Michael, our organist, over two years have increased their sacred music repertoire. However, we continue to utilize wonderful music from the past. I

chose the anthem “O Lamb of God, I Come”, after one of our choir members mentioned that the sheet music was stained because of a fire in the church in the 1970’s which damaged, the altar, parts of the organ, and left music smoke and/or water stained. I considered it an interesting piece of our history and growth.

“Charlotte Elliot wrote this song in 1835, about how to find salvation through Christ. It has been used by many as the call to the altar at the close of services, as it brings a quiet simple message of sin, forgiveness, and salvation to all that turn from sin and trust in Jesus...” (Wikipedia)

The words express her prayer: *Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid’st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come...* (Wikipedia)

But speaking the truth in love, we must grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and knitted together by every ligament with which it is equipped, as each part is working properly, promotes the body’s growth.in building itself up in love.

—Ephesians 4:15-16

GROWTH IN GRACE

Almighty and ever-living God, we ask you to help us grow this year. May we see your hand at work in the world around us and enthusiastically join in. May we be living examples of the glorious transformation that comes from a relationship with your Son, Jesus. Grant us a heartfelt concern for those who need a spiritual home, and give us what we need to invite them into the marvelous new life you promise. In Jesus’ Name we pray. Amen.

Thanks to the Diocese of New Jersey for this collect for growth, which we now pray each Sunday as we conclude our prayers of the people. And thanks to God’s grace we are growing. The following have become members of Grace Church since Easter 2016: Joseph Dattilo, Joey Dattilo, Matthew Dattilo, Sarah Dattilo, Emelie Dearson, Lillie Dearson, Krista Gruber, Robert F. (Bob) Gruber, Tara Perrien, and Patricia L. (Trish) Wallbridge.

“I believe that friends are quiet angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly...” Anonymous

A Little Story by

Bill Hess

“In the last days I will pour out my spirit on all flesh. Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.”

In 1920 Charles and Elmer Crone left Rohlers AUnited Brethren Church for Chicago to hear about the Pentecostal message from the Rev. Eli Depriest. The brothers were impressed and invited Rev. Depriest to come to Rohlers. The officials were not impressed with this strange new teaching. On Sunday evening the worshippers were greeted with padlocked doors. Lincoln Crone and his wife Mary decided to donate a plot of ground from their farm for a new church. All the members pitched in and the church was completed in the fall of 1921. Rohlers Pentecostal Tabernacle would become my church in the late 40’s, 50’s, and 60’s. I fondly remember Lincoln’s son Luther because he brought hard candies to Church for us kids to keep us occupied, also kept us from crushing flies between the pages of the hymn books. In the years that followed I witnessed many messages in tongues and interpretations. Occasionally one would come with such power and anointing it would make the hair stand up on the back

of my neck. I always kept in mind; however, that if didn’t confirm what was already written (in scripture) and edify the congregation it was not from God. Pentecostalism is growing in many parts of the world and there are over 279 million Pentecostals worldwide.

Sometimes I am just the boy riding in the back seat of our 1940 Chevy to my Uncle Floyd’s home in Gettysburg. “ARE WE THERE YET?” The response, “No, but I think we are over halfway. Pleasant dreams.”

The Secret Garden by Tomaso Collik-Migliaccio

I came very late to the garden; that is to say I discovered the wonders of the book and recent film *The Secret Garden* as an adult, having never read it as a child or even known of its existence. But none of that mattered once I (or you, or anyone) actually inhabit(s) the garden, seeing its beauty and sensing its wonders. For once you see for yourself what the “garden” is, you can never forget it, can never really drift away from the scent of the flowers, or not recall the colors, nor the sounds. You will always remember the softness, the stillness, the sacredness. In the garden the sunlight dapples through the leaves of the ancient trees and shines off the living, growing plants and flowers. The animals that come to it, know it instinctively, love it there, feel warm and safe

there. The Spirit of the garden stirs the hearts of all who enter and they are changed for the better – “forever and ever” as Master Colin had said so long ago, But let us go back, all the way back to the beginning ...

The Bible tells us that our life as human beings began in a garden. The Garden of Eden: where all of the fresh, new life that God had just created was beautiful, unified, peaceful, and found to be “good.” There was no discord, or pain, or separation, or sadness; no violence, no darkness, for those things did not yet exist. There was only beauty and color and light. And there was harmony. And there was wonder. All of this is brought before us once more at our Easter Vigil service when the Creation of the World is read from the Book of Genesis. Sometimes I think that, having heard or read the story so many times, we miss the real meaning of God’s astounding love in the act of creating something that never existed. In the stories from peoples other than the Hebrews, creation comes about through chaos and destruction as if those things were already part of the world’s existence. The gods are fighting for power or supremacy. There is disorder and violence. Lives and things are destroyed in a celestial war. Not so in the belief that we cherish. Life comes about from no bleak battlefield, but in the most benevolent of places: a garden, a place of birth and life. A sacred place, and therefore a place of truth.

In the New Testament, Jesus

comes to the Garden of Gethsemane with his apostles often to pray, to teach them and to help them grow deeper into the power of the Spirit. It was a garden composed of a grove of olive trees. Some of the trees that heard His prayers, saw His loneliness the night of his capture, and the terrible kiss of Judas’ betrayal, are still there to attest to the truth of all that has been written about that dreadful, heart-breaking night. But there is another garden in the same area, the garden that contained His tomb. This garden would see the glory of His resurrection, would feel the shaking of the rocks with the earth-quake that morning, watch as the stone that sealed Him is rolled away and the angel coming down from heaven sits upon it. Mary Magdalene thought that Jesus was the gardener when she came to weep at the open door to the tomb, so deep was her misery and sorrow. “They have taken my Lord away and I don’t know where they have placed Him.”

All Jesus had to do was speak her name, “Mary,” for her to bloom once again into His love. The miracle of gardens so many gardens ... secret gardens.

Even to a window-seat gardener like myself, my kitchen garden teaches its own silent lessons; lessons of light, of refreshment, of growth surely. But more intimately, lessons of patience, and gentleness, and resilience .

A flower or plant will speak and tell you what it needs, and what you need as well. One of these silent lessons speaks of the individuality of each plant within its own species. Like people, plants all need some of the same things and different things too, for among each species there is uniqueness. And flowers will teach you to turn toward the sun or the light. In Italy, when a child is born they are said to “turn towards the sun,” like flowers in the early morning, the morning of their lives.

Now when a garden lies unattended for a long time it becomes a wild thing, a thing that is not at all beautiful or cultivated. It takes a great deal of work, time, and most of all love to bring a garden to life. *In The Secret Garden*, Mary Lenox, a frightened, orphaned girl of ten is befriended first by Robin, the bird who guards the garden, and then by Dickon, who lives on the moors and is on friendly terms with the animals that live there. Dickon tells Mary to move slowly so as not to frighten the animals, and to learn their ways if she wants to understand them. He is from the poor Yorkshire class, and his sister Martha works in Lord Craven’s sad and spirit filled mansion, Mistlethwaite, where Mary has been sent to live after the death of her parents in India. Together they discover Lord Craven’s deceased wife’s garden. In his exuberance as a new husband, Lord Craven pushed her a little too hard and she fell from the swing

in the garden and died in childbirth. So distraught by this, he closed up her garden and forbade anyone to enter it ever again. The rest of the story is how Mary, Dickon, and eventually Colin her cousin, believing that miracles can really happen, bring the secret garden back to life. The re-birth is a true adventure, for in the discovery of how much love is needed to care for a garden, Mary – who steeled herself against any emotion —and Colin – who has been told that he will have a hump on his back like his father and will never be able to walk – both learn the lesson of faith.

And Lord Craven, who is always sad with his profound sense of loss, learns the precious lesson of hope. He learns to smile, Colin learns to walk and Mary learns to cry and feel again. All because of a garden long thought to be dead to the world. Sometimes people are like that secret garden, thought to be bereft of feeling or emotion, lacking faith and hope. They lie there in the dark of tangled branches and dead leaves waiting for someone to find the hidden key to their lives and open the door to their hearts. And we, who are given the gift of “walking in the Light of the Lord,” can possess the key which unlocks the doors to all those gardens of the heart. When we take the time to listen to another’s story of how their garden grew, how, over the years, it became gnarled and barren and now lies fallow and waiting for the gentle rain and the warm sun of kindness, then we begin to bring it and

them back to life. Flowers can grow in good rich soil when it is prepared and nurtured, just like we can nurture a life long-given to sadness and hopeless drifting. It takes patience, for the pace of nature is said to be “patience.” It takes wisdom and understanding to work in the garden of another’s heart. Judgment and blame have no place here, nor is there a need for demand. Even when it looks as though a flower or plant is dead, if it’s “wick”, as Dickon calls it, is green and growing on the inside, there is still hope . . . and faith as well. We need to believe in each other, in each other’s basic goodness. Remember, after God created everything, He “saw that it was good.” So too we, even in a disheveled state, are still “good” in the eyes of God.

Growth comes in many ways: Like planting a seed and giving it the right amount of care, nourishment and love. Continue to watch it develop and open into a beautiful person and/or flower. Further develop into relationships of learning, responsibilities, growing in faith and love .

—Sunday Pittman

...that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith, as you are being rooted and grounded in love.

—Ephesians 3:17

Time, wisdom, faith, hope, gentleness, belief in miracles, kindness: these are the flowers of the heart. These are the things that make *The Secret Garden* a secret no more. And like Colin, we will live “forever and ever.” In this time of the year when our gardens are blooming it helps to remember that the good things of this sacred earth are to be treated with a gentle touch, and without the speed that our lives seem so dearly to cherish, and without contempt nor cynicism, elements which poison the very air most of us breathe on a daily basis. Take some time this month to plant something, even if it is a tiny seedling, and watch the wonder of it grow. Take some time to plant human kindness in the life of another and, with patience, you will see them grow too. You are the key to the garden.

For the flowers are great blessings. For the flowers are great blessings. For the flowers have their angels, even the words of God's creation. For the flower glorifies God and the root carries the adversary. For there is a language of flowers. For flowers are peculiarly The poetry of Christ.

—Christopher Smart

How I Became an Episcopalian by Robert (Bob) Reeves

I was born April 15, 1926 in New Lisbon, New Jersey in the same house I am now living in. My family consisted of two older sisters and one younger brother. My family and grandparents all belonged to the Methodist Church in New Lisbon. The church was originally built on Mt. Misery Road in 1876 in New Lisbon. In 1908 it was moved to a new location on Four Mile Road. My father remembered it being moved on rollers across the field by horses. The field now belongs to the U. S. Government. The Parsonage had been built two (2) years previous on this new site. At that time, it was a very active church with its own minister. When I first remember going there, there were maybe fifty members. I was baptized there when I was a couple of months old.

At Christmastime I would go with my father to get the Christmas tree for the church. It was always a white cedar cut from his father's swamp. It was a top out of a big tree. It had to be of good shape and at least fifteen feet high. At Christmas, all the Sunday School children had to sing and say a piece by memory. Sometimes I would say a piece or sing a duet with my cousin. When I was about five they made me join the choir of about eight or ten people of all ages. At Christmas, each

child received an orange and a small box of candy. We were very glad to get the gift because it was during the Depression.

At that time, Mr. & Mrs. James Nowell rented the parsonage. Mrs. Nowell was the church's pianist. Mr. Nowell would go to Pemberton to the Episcopal Church. Later, Mrs. Nowell left the New Lisbon Church and became an Episcopalian. My mother then took over as the pianist.

The church was steadily declining in attendance. We shared a minister with the Browns Mills Methodist Church. They would bring in an evangelist from Philadelphia. I don't remember his name but he was a great preacher. The church was always packed and my father would park his school bus beside the church which had the windows open. The overflow sat in the bus. Of course, at the end of the service the evangelist/preacher would call people to come forward to be saved. Just what Billy Graham did in his day.

In the early fall, the women of the church would put on a harvest home dinner; the public was invited. Tables were set up on the lawn of the parsonage; they used the kitchen in the parsonage to cook the food. The food was then passed out the kitchen window. The children helped serve the food. They would serve about fifty people at a sitting. It was a great

fund raiser. My grandfather was the treasurer, janitor, and chairman of the board of trustees. My father was also on the board.

On Sunday morning, I remember my grandfather starting the fire in the pipeless heater. When they moved the church, I was told they did away with the pot belly stove in the center of the sanctuary. They put the new heater in the basement. Most of the time wood was burnt, however, occasionally soft coal was used. My grandfather would go across the field to the trestle on the railroad and get a couple buckets of coal to keep the heat longer.

When I was about seven years old, they closed the Sunday School for lack of children. *(In the next installment, I will tell you how started going to Grace Church.)*

Holtkamp Baroque Pipe Organ

Our Holtkamp pipe organ was built to the specifications of Grace Church by the Votteler-Holtkamp-Sparling Organ Company of Cleveland OH and dedicated on September 22, 1938 with a recital by Parvin Titus, organist and choirmaster of Christ Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The handsome pipe organ is an early example of the now famous Baroque

craftsmanship of the Swiss organ builder, Holtkamp, and is the first of seven Holtkamp organs built in New Jersey. Upon hearing the organ, the exquisite acoustical quality of our church building makes itself manifest.

This historic organ is now in need of extensive restoration. The Grace church community has established an "Organ Restoration Fund." Grace Church has received many generous donations and memorial gifts **Continued donations are welcomed as we build this fund.** *Our upcoming Friends of Music concerts (5/7 and 6/18) will provide additional opportunities to continue building this fund through free-will offerings. We envision undertaking the restoration work in stages.*



CATHEDRAL SUNDAY: A FLOWER FESTIVAL EUCCHARIST, 6/11, 10:30 AM

801 West State Street
Trenton NJ

*Meet our bishop, enjoy lunch,
tours and displays.*

Free floral workshop, 6/10

(609)392-3805



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The Revd Jane T. Brady, Rector
PARISH STAFF

Paula Asch, Director of Christian Formation
Tara Perrien, Choir Director
Michael Ryan, Organist
Lucia Sharapoff, Office Administrator
Kathy Waugh, Sexton
PARISH OFFICE HOURS:

Tuesdays-Fridays, 9 a.m.-2 p.m.

RECTOR'S OFFICE HOURS: *by appointment*

PARISH LEADERSHIP

Wardens: Kathy Waugh, Bill Shorman,

Vestry: Paula Asch, Sadie Durham,
Bill Gaffney, Kathleen Gruver,
Rick Hunt, Tara Perrien, Wayne Sabin,
Dave Tuck Carl Whitby

Clerk: Tara Perrien

Treasurer: Ingrid Welsh

Rector: The Rev. Jane T. Brady

Editorial Team: Kathy Waugh, Tomaso Collik
+Migliaccio, Jane T. Brady+

Bishop: The Right Revd William H.
Stokes, XII Bishop of NJ

RECURRING:

Holy Eucharist, Sundays, 8 & 9:30 a.m.; Wednesdays, 7 p.m.; **Healing services** follow Eucharist on last Sunday of each month.

Compline, 8 p.m. as announced

Church School, Sundays, 9:30 a.m.

Youth Discussion Group, 2nd & 4th Sundays, 9:30 a.m.

Food Pantry: third Saturdays, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. **(except 4/22/17)**

Grace Adult Choir: sings at 9:30 a.m. service; practices Thursdays, 7:30-9

DIocese of New Jersey

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(609)394-5281; www.dioceseofnj.org

FORMATION

THE BISHOP'S SPRING CONFERENCE
ENGAGE.LEARN.GROW

"I'M ROOTED IN GOD'S STORY"

5.6.17 TRINITY CATHEDRAL IN TRENTON

PRESENTERS: THE REV. CHRIS YAW OF CHURCHNEXT
BIBLICAL STORYTELLER TRACY RADOSEVIC
THE REV. ALBERTO CUTIÉ, AUTHOR AND MEDIA PERSONALITY

MORE: DIOCESEOFNJ.ORG/FORMATION

233RD CONVENTION, MARCH 3-4

Grace Church's elected delegates Rick Hunt, Bill Shorman, and Kathy Waugh attended the 233rd Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey held in Princeton, along with Mother Jane.

The resolutions passed included a commendation of the extraordinary ministry of The Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children as it looks forward to its 250 anniversary; a designation of the Diocese of New Jersey as a "Sanctuary Diocese," recognizing the biblical mandate to "not wrong or oppress a resident alien" (Exodus 22:21) and encouraging the diocese to engage in educating, organizing, advocating, and direct action and its congregations

to offer welcome, refuge, healing and other means of support to ensure the safety security of the undocumented community; supporting the welfare of animals and to engage in programs of education and awareness, including lifestyle changes; and publication of a Diocesan Journal. The Fair Share



Giving Calculation for parishes was renamed the Marks of Mission Minimum Giving Table. A Board of Consultation was established to work with parishes related to their support for the Diocese of New Jersey.