



The In Touch

Volume 55, Issue 3

Our Mission: To Seek, Know, Love and Serve Christ in all Persons and in all Creation

Ramblings from the Rev....

Submitted by, Rev. Samantha Crossley

It is Ash Wednesday as I prepare to send this out for the Newsletter. It has been said that Christians attend their own funerals on Ash Wednesday - an odd sensation at best. But it made me think about mourning, and sorrow for what is, and for what might have been. The following is an excerpt from a talk I did for the Hospice Candlelight Memorial Service this year. I send it along for you to peruse - as it occurs to me that grief is grief, and sorrow is sorrow - whether for our own lost pieces, or for the lost pieces in our lives that were our companions on our earthly journey.

Anybody who knows me, no matter how they know me, knows I'm not from around here. At least they do as soon as they try to give me directions that begin, "You go to the old such and such" or describe a person to me explaining, "You know, she is related to old Mr. So and so's ex's cousin by her second marriage". I'm really not from much of anywhere - we moved around during my kid-hood. We spent a few years in Tennessee, and those must've been somehow important years because to this day, I get a smile on my face and a twinge of nostalgia if I hear the slop of grits and collard greens on a plate, and that salt cured country ham that sucks the moisture out of your body with every bite. To this very day, if I so much as step over the Mason Dixon line, a twang creeps into my speech, my vowels get longer and everything slows right down.

Now folks down there, they sure do talk different, but grief, grief is the same everywhere -

A fellow TN transplant writes, "I was tired of well-meaning folks, telling me it was time I got over being heart-broke. When somebody tells you that, a little bell ought to ding in your mind. Some people don't know grief from garlic grits. There's some things a body ain't meant to get over. No I'm not suggesting you wallow in sorrow, or let it drag on; no I am just saying it never really goes away. (A death in the family) is like having a pile of rocks dumped in your front yard. Every day you walk out and see them rocks. They're sharp and ugly and heavy. You just learn to live around them the best way you can. Some people plant moss or ivy; some leave it be. Some folks take the rocks one by one, and build a wall."
(Michael Lee West, American Pie)

Back in my TN days every couple of years we'd get a storm with enough snow to build a snowman. It took every flake of snow that fell in our yard to build a snowman about yay high. By the time we were done the ground was bare and the snowman was practically furry from dead grass sticking to him. So I'm not from around here, but I moved here on purpose for winter - for a place where a person can build a decent snowman.

I planned on the snow. Fluffy white snow, covering the ground's imperfections. I planned on snow. I'm not sure I planned on more snow. And still more. And I planned on the cold that snow needs, but I'm not sure I planned on that bone chilling, nose hair freezing, toe numbing, eyelash frosting, arctic blast that penetrates to your very core. And more snow. And darkness - those late dark mornings and early dark evenings - at the height of winter it seems scarcely a moment separates dawn and dusk. Even when the sun shines, you almost would not know it.

The world goes from dark to grey to light grey back to dark grey and the sky blends into the ground, and the cold seeps into your bones and then it's dark again. And sometimes the wind whips and your face hurts, and sometimes the air languishes still and damp, but the days look the same, an endless march of bla.

One day last week I turned east into a parking lot and a shaft of unfamiliar sunlight hit my eye so brightly it caused physical pain. I blinked, and the grey was back and the world went on. A couple days later I looked around and I realized the sun was shining. A bright, clear blue washed the sky. The snow transformed from grey to dazzling white, sparkling and textured and lovely. And my heart skipped a beat and I smiled.

I had to leave the window for a while, and when I looked back outside later the world had melted into grey again. I almost forgot the heart warming rays of sunshine. A few days later I noticed that glorious blue again. And the blue stayed all day. The snow shimmered in the muted winter sunshine. That night the stars gleamed in the inky clear night: glimmering points of light. Morning brought snow and grey again. But I noticed the days of sunshine increased, and lengthened. And a hope for spring was born.

I don't pretend to know anyone else's grief journey. Our Minnesota winters remind me of my own. I don't know your journey.

I do know some things.

I know that the sun comes out and melts the snow, and drives away the grey.

I know that underneath the snow the earth changes. Cracks widen. Pot holes grow. Tulips and daffodils green and stretch and dare to reach.

I know that the soul that you mourn - the person you miss - touched you, changed you, transformed you in some way. Some cracks developed; there's a hole in your heart. But the memories take root and green and grow and live.

I know that every soul is sacred, and the bonds which connect two souls are holy and real and timeless. Death transfigures those bonds. Death does not end those bonds.

Steven Charleston is a native American elder of the Choctaw, an author and a retired Episcopal bishop. He writes, "My sorrows are like seeds, pressed deep into the dark earth of my soul. I do not deny them. I do not forget them. But neither do I let them remain unchanged. Over time I let their pain turn to wisdom, their grief to mercy, their anger to forgiveness. Hidden within me, I let the hurt they once carried become the compassion I now carry, compassion for all who have known what I have known, felt what I have felt, wept as I have wept. The ground of love transforms the seeds of sorrow to new life, new hope, new beginnings, through the mystery of soul deep healing. I do not leave my faith fallow, but use my brokenness like a garden, until it turns loss to gain, and tears to songs of joy." -The Rt. Rev. Steven Charleston



Lenten SOUP Suppers

Holy Trinity will be joining with Zion Lutheran for Wed. evening services. All services will be held at Zion. Holy Trinity will host at least Two services.

Soup 6:00pm Service 7:00pm (March 4 - April 1)

- March 4th @ Zion Lutheran Church ~ hosted by to be determined.
- March 11th @ Zion Lutheran Church ~ hosted by to be determined.
- March 18th @ Zion Lutheran Church ~ hosted by Holy Trinity**
- March 25th @ Zion Lutheran Church ~ hosted by to be determined.
- April 1st @ Zion Lutheran Church ~ hosted by Holy Trinity**

Everyone is welcome!



- 3/6 ~ **Jay Noland** (son of Mike & Caryn)
- 3/10 ~ **Mike Brennard**
- 3/12 ~ **Carolyn Mount**
- 3/13 ~ **Laura Smith** (daughter of Waiva)
- 3/22 ~ **Sharon Wood Leali** (daughter of Flossie Knutson)
- 3/22 ~ **Matthew Jenkinson** (grandson Byrne & Carole Johnson)
- 3/26 ~ **Linda Krieger** (daughter Wilbur & MaryAnn Tveit)
- 3/28 ~ **Diana Russiff** (daughter Donna Day)



3/28 ~ **Jim Briggs**



3/26 ~ **Robin Manahan & Becky Lucas**

March '20 Sunday Service Lay Responsibilities

Dates	Celebrants	Acolytes	Lectors & Lessons	Greeters
1 Holy Eucharist 10:00 am 1st Sunday in Lent	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim	Lee Grim	Jeanne Corrin Lee Grim	Carolyn Davison
8 Holy Eucharist 10:00 am 2nd Sunday in Lent	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim	Lee Grim	Tricia & Mike Brennard	Tricia & Mike Brennard
15 Holy Eucharist 10:00 am 3rd Sunday in Lent	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim	Lee Grim	Georgeann & Andy Wright	Georgeann & Andy Wright
22 Holy Eucharist 10:00 am 4th Sunday in Lent	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim	Lee Grim	Molly Pavleck Lee Grim	Molly Pavleck
29 Holy Eucharist 7:00 pm 5th Sunday in Lent	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim	Lee Grim	Carolyn Mount Lee Grim	Donna Day Karen Walls



March 2020



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2	3	4	5	6	7 Altar Guild
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.			Soup Supper Lenten Service @ Zion Lutheran 6:00 pm			Tricia
8	9	10	11	12	13	14 Altar Guild
 Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.	<i>Ruby's Pantry Reg. 4:30 Dist. 5-6:30</i>	Vestry 5:00 pm Team 6:00	Soup Supper Lenten Service @ Zion Lutheran 6:00 pm			Tricia
15	16	17	18	19	20	21 Altar Guild
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.			Soup Supper Lenten Service @ Zion Lutheran 6:00 pm			Donna & Karen
22	23	24	25	26	27	28 Altar Guild
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.		Newsletter Deadline (Georgeann)	Soup Supper Lenten Service @ Zion Lutheran 6:00 pm	Holy Trinity Community Café Volunteers		Donna & Karen
29	30	31				
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.						