

## Ramblings from the Rev.....

Submitted by, Rev. Samantha Crossley

The smoke alarms in our house went off last night, rudely awakening me from a dream I cannot remember, rousing all our sleepy selves from our beds to emerge in the foyer tousled and confused. Nocturnal smoke alarms are not as unusual in our household as one might hope. Some sort of odd malfunction seems to have convinced our system that the occasional random midnight fire drill might benefit the family. After the first enormous adrenaline rush, it generally requires mere seconds for me to determine that I don't see flames licking under the door frame; that no smoke fills the air. My racing heart slows to a more normal tempo. I get up, grudgingly locate the offending alarm and push its all clear button, still caught in the cognitive dissonance of gratitude (for the lack of fire) and frustration (for the useless interruption of peaceful slumber). Last night proved more confusing than usual to my somnolent thought processes. Happily, no flames appeared, but the strong scent of smoke clearly pervaded the air. My racing heart rate did not resume normal operations as expeditiously as it customarily does. I made my house survey ruling out impending conflagration markedly more thorough this time. My sleepy brain eventually came to realize the smoke rose from fires burning many miles away, covering the landscape in a deadening, acrid haze.

I had been reading Isaiah before bed. Isaiah 6:4 popped into my head, "The pivots on the thresholds shook at the voices of those who called, **and the house filled with smoke.**" The smoke report seems to have replaced the weather report in our daily Minnesota conversation - "Yep, smokey day today, hey? Wind from the West." Maybe the smoke report has supplemented rather than replaced the weather report, because the conversation still ends, "Sure could use some rain..."

But I cannot bring rain. And I cannot transport vulnerable Afghans away from the terror raging in their country. I cannot cure COVID. I cannot right the historic and ongoing wrongs of racism and nationalism and colonialism. I cannot even the economic playing field. I cannot end intolerance. And sometimes there seems nothing to do but hide in my own physical, mental, spiritual house from the smoke and the terror and the anger and the fear and the pain of the world. But, "The pivots on the thresholds shook at the voices of those who called, and the house filled with smoke." Hiding away in denial is not an option.

When I wake each morning, I stretch and take in a deep breath. With that self same breath I breath out a prayer, "For the breath of life, Holy God, I give you thanks and praise". That's where we begin. Take a breath. Let the air blow into our lungs; let the Spirit blow into our lives. Because for the love of God and neighbor, we can limit the damage we do to this

fragile earth. We can stand up for the vulnerable, speak for those who are not heard. We can weep with the sorrowful. We can nurture healing. We can love the person standing next to us - the immunized/non-immunized, straight/gay, republican/democrat, native/foreign, receptive/guarded, cis/trans, clean/dirty, poor/wealthy, black/white/yellow/red/brown person standing next to us. We can love them with the love Christ teaches, with the love Christ gives.

From retired Episcopal Bishop and Choctaw elder Steven Charleston:

People who need hope cannot see us if we are bent over with worry. They cannot find us if we are hiding from conflict. They cannot join us if they cannot see what we are doing. As people of faith, we must take the risk of being visible. Even if our hearts are heavy we must stand and be counted. Each one of us is a sign someone else is searching for. We are the inspiration they have been needing. Our role is often nothing more than being present, visibly, actively present in reality. Not offering sympathy from a distance but offering a hand up close and personal. It is not always easy for us to do. It takes courage and commitment, but consider this: who do you remember seeing standing tall that touched you in your own life? Who moved you by doing nothing more than being seen to do the right thing? And why have you remembered them all these years?

“Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?’ And I said, ‘Here am I; send me!’” (Isaiah 6:8)

Go in peace to love and serve the Lord...





- 9/4 ~ Ragna Godtland
- 9/6 ~ Parker Wright (son of Alan & Kate, grandson of Andy & Georgeann)
- 9/8 ~ David McKee
- 9/13 ~ Karen Tveit
- 9/18 ~ Carol Stillar
- 9/19 ~ Brittany Klatt (Corrin)
- 9/21 ~ Erin Franklin (Granddaughter Byrne & Carol Johnson)
- 9/22 ~ Lynn Naeckel
- 9/22 ~ Carole Johnson
- 9/25 ~ Andrew Strand (son of Erik & Jeannie, grandson of Wilbur & MaryAnn )
- 9/30 ~ Dixie Juel (Day)
- 9/30 ~ Bob Stone



- 9/4 ~ Jon Rueter
- 9/18 ~ Linda Krieger ( Tveit)
- 9/26 ~ Andrew Noland
- 9/30 ~ Grace O'Kane (Heather's daughter granddaughter Andy & Georgeann Wright)



- 9/3 ~ Lee & Carol Grim
- 9/4 ~ Byrne & Carole Johnson
- 9/16 ~ Alan & Kate Wright
- 9/21 ~ Doug & Celia Tanem



## Schools back in... Watch for Kids!

Dear God,  
 Help me spend today   
 with a *Smile* on my face,  
 Love  in my heart,  
 Joy  in His grace,   
 and my *thinking cap* on all day.  
 Amen

# *Notice*

*We Need volunteers*

*Readers & Greeters for Sunday's  
& Altar Guild Members*

## *Annual Meeting*

*Sunday September 26<sup>th</sup>, 2021 ~ 11:30 a.m.*

*We will need Vestry members*

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## *Community Café*

*Holy Trinity Volunteers  
Tuesday ~ September 21<sup>st</sup>*

*Watch Holy Trinity Services Livestream  
Service bulletin is on our website: [www.ifhtec.org](http://www.ifhtec.org)  
On Facebook: Sundays @ 10:00 am*

# September'21 Sunday Service Lay Responsibilities

Dates	Celebrants	Acolytes	Lectors & Lessons	Greeters
<b>5</b> <b>Holy Eucharist</b> <b>10:00 am</b> <b>15<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost</b>	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacons: Lee Grim or Melanie Mattsen	Lee Grim Or Melanie Mattsen	Gavia Yount or Linnaea Yount Lee Grim	
<b>12</b> <b>Holy Eucharist</b> <b>10:00 am</b> <b>16<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost</b>	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacons: Lee Grim or Melanie Mattsen	Lee Grim Or Melanie Mattsen	Gavia Yount or Linnaea Yount Lee Grim	
<b>19</b> <b>Holy Eucharist</b> <b>10:00 am</b> <b>17<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost</b>	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim or Melanie Mattsen	Lee Grim Or Melanie Mattsen	Gavia Yount or Linnaea Yount Lee Grim	
<b>26</b> <b>Holy Eucharist</b> <b>10:00 am</b> <b>18<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost</b>	Rev. Samantha Crossley Deacon: Lee Grim or Melanie Mattsen	Lee Grim Or Melanie Mattsen	Gavia Yount or Linnaea Yount Lee Grim	



# September 2021



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4 Altar Guild
						Carolyn & Molly
5	6	7	8	9	10	11 Altar Guild
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.	 HAPPY LABOR DAY					Carolyn & Molly
12	13	14	15	16	17	18 Altar Guild
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.	<i>Ruby's Pantry 4:30 - 6:30</i>		Vestry 7:30 pm			Tricia
19	20	21	22	23	24	25 Altar Guild
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m.		Holy Trinity Community Cafe Volunteers 5:00 pm	Newsletter Deadline (Georgeann)			Tricia
26	27	28	29	30		
Holy Eucharist 10:00 a.m. Annual Meeting						