

Trinity Tidings

From the Rector

I've shared with some of you that I have recently joined a campaign of *Dungeons and Dragons*. Growing up in the Southern Baptist Church, *Dungeons and Dragons* was a big 'No-No.' Really. If you played *D&D*, then you must be some kind of closet devil worshipper! So, I didn't discover the joys of this game early on. It came to me later. While I rejected this brand of Bible-thumping, I just never had any friends to play it with. But, as of today, I have been playing for about 5 months with other members of the parish. They have kindly taken this novice gamer under their wings and helped me learn the fundamentals of this fundamentally amazing game!

What's amazing about *D&D* is not the dungeons or the dragons. It's the story-telling. It's the way you join with 5 or 6 other friends and use this fantastic world to tell grand, larger-than-life stories. Like many fantasy mythologies, it's not a big shock when some of the character arcs parallel authentic human behavior.

Take, for example, my character Harugel. Here he is at the outset of his adventures.



A priest serving the mysterious religion 'The Blood of Vol', he felt lost and adrift in the world. He grew up an orphan and longed for familial connections. So, when he was hired by a mysterious benefactor to hunt down an elusive magical dagger with four strangers, he jumped at the chance. 'Maybe I'll find my true purpose in this party,' he thought to himself. But he was leery of forging deep bonds, having been betrayed by the father-figure he grew up with. Throughout dangerous encounters with elemental fire spirits, strange wolves, and murderous halflings, his character began to change.

No longer an emotionally guarded cleric, he has come to love his band of adventurers like a true family.

(Continued on page 2)

Contents

- p. 3: Junior Warden's report;
A funny funeral story
- p. 4: From the Editor; Colophon
- p. 5: All those years later....;
Isabella in lockdown
- p. 6: How the virus stole Easter
- p. 7: Update from the Brookshires
- p. 8: Celebrating our graduates
- p. 9: Graduate photos
- p. 10: House of Hope Update
All Together Los Alamos
- p. 11: Digital Offerings List

Temporary Worship Schedule Weekly On-Line Services

Sunday

10:30a Rite II Choral Eucharist

Wednesday

12 noon: Healing Service

www.latoth.org/digitalworship

~ **Come Worship With Us!** ~

All are Welcome

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3900 Trinity Drive,
Los Alamos NM 87544

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Here's Harugel after 5 months of play (but more time in-game as his party was trapped in a time-warp for several months. Yikes!). He has evolved. He left the faith of his childhood for something new, something that gave him a new lease on life and a new sense of purpose. He also looks a little worse-for-wear, as the journey hasn't been easy. In fact, it has been downright traumatic at some points. The life he thought he was called to ended up not being the life he embraced. The way his life played out, day by day, was something he never could have imagined. And there is still so much life left for him to live! Who knows what Harugel will look like 5 months from now? I created the cartoons myself, so I won't mind if he changes his appearance again. I've been having fun using my yeoman-like graphic design skills.



As I said, these characters we develop in *D&D* often mirror real human experiences. Life seems never to be what we planned out. The COVID-19 pandemic proves this point for us. Three months ago, none of us could have imagined life lived in a quarantine-like state with church being a primarily digital community. We've had to learn how to relate to ourselves, one another, and God in fundamentally different ways. This experience has been traumatic for so many around the world. Though our community hasn't suffered the physical loss that so many other places have, we still are enduring the psychological pain of the constant anxiety and heightened stress. We didn't plan this or imagine it, and yet we are here, living amidst this pandemic and attempting to live as normal a life as possible.

And church is different as well. It's so weird to be preaching to a camera and I imagine it's strange to only see the elements of the Eucharist on your screen. All of this necessarily impacts how we relate to God. What does a relationship with God mean when it is primarily mediated through digital experiences? What does Church mean when we cannot see or touch one another? Like Harugel, who experienced an evolution of his faith, this time we are living in will impact how we live out our faith moving forward. Jesus Christ is still the same, yes, but how we relate to him may not be. And that is OK. Again, it's not what we wanted or asked for, but it's the path that we are on.

Change is hard, and it brings anxiety, frustration, and sometimes even despair. If you are experiencing those things, I want to affirm you. I am too. But I am also hopeful that the person I am when life returns to something 'normal' will also have a richer spirituality and a new gratitude for friendships made and strengthened during this time. God is in the chaos of change, working for our good. I'm counting on it.

Chris[†]

FROM THE JUNIOR WARDEN



Hello Again, some words for your contemplation?

In these times of confusion, misinformation or, for some, a general malaise, it may be difficult to concentrate thoughts around regular daily activities. I get a feeling that there are people for whom what had been routine, nearly automatic, might now seem mired at times. Many would find that not easy to admit, I among them.

This past Sunday Psalm 23 was part of the worship service and I was reminded: *The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not be in want...*

Quite a few of you are doing WFH with some semblance of employment, but then some have been forced to stay home without income. For those in need, I pray for relief. As for myself, I can still work for others and do so for those who will have me. I count myself as fortunate and, with a little hope and intention, I might prevail. For all those reading this, I hold wishes of that for you, too. Alternately, as outreach to any not reading this, either known to us or just not yet, would you my friends join me in my desire to inspire, for a better world? The crises our little town and the world are currently enduring will need the help of all of us. I invite your participation.

...Surely your goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Amen?

Mark Hartman

Junior Warden

One of our acquaintances, Mark, told us a story about a friend of his who died in France recently and because of lockdown, of course, he couldn't possibly go to the funeral. However, he was sent a link so he could be there virtually.

On the appointed day, date and time, Mark and his wife settled down ready to watch 'online,' they tuned in to the funeral using the link with no problem. The service was good and everything went well but as proceedings drew to a close the priest said:

"And now we say goodbye to John." The couple looked at each other shocked....

"John? John? Who was John?" Their friend in France was called Charles.....They had been watching the wrong funeral!

Mark said that although it was sad in a way, there was a funny side too and Charles would have really laughed.... :-)))

Louise and Pete Jandacek

From the Editor:

Dear TOTH friends,

A quick update on our chicks (see below): compare and contrast with the photo from last month. They have grown a lot! They are now spending most of the daylight hours in an outdoor pen. The picture below is their mode of transportation back into the house for the night. Sadly, one chick died a couple of weeks ago. She just didn't thrive.

For most of us, things have not changed much in the past month. Easter happened! See Cathy's contribution in this issue: the virus did not steal Easter. We can still say "Christ is Risen! He is risen indeed. Alleluia!" I extend my thanks to Chris and all those who made the Easter Day service happen at TOTH and shared the Easter message with all of us.

Congratulations to all TOTH graduates! This May is certainly not progressing as they expected and I hope we will all make sure they feel surrounded by our love and good wishes for whatever the future holds. See elsewhere in this issue for a couple of pictures of our graduates. Since I (and others) also have a college graduate this year, I want to wish all of them well for the future.

Remember to stay in touch with TOTH members who live alone, don't have easy access to online technology, or from whom you haven't heard in a while.

Best wishes to all my TOTH friends,
Claire



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A newsletter of Trinity on the Hill Episcopal Church

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Trinity on the Hill's Mission



*The Mission of Trinity on the Hill is to share the
power and joy of God's love, to fully embrace all
God's children,
and to respond to the needs of our community
and the world in the spirit of Jesus Christ*

**The next regularly scheduled issue will be
June 2020. Submission deadline is COB
Friday, May 29, 2020.**

Submit electronically to: cmws4377@gmail.com or
cynthiab@latoth.org

All Those Years Later . . Judy Crocker

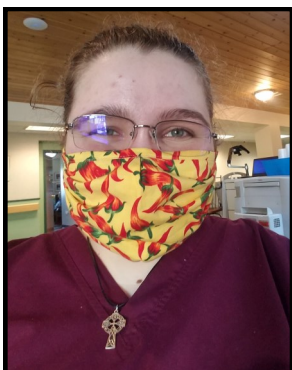
Anyone in the parish have a tendency to put off projects? It was so easy to have someone else put up the wooden fence over the back third of the yard. Then, James' 14-foot-square sandbox was actually pretty easy when I found 4 x 4 lumber about the same weight as *World Book Encyclopedia* boxes. Off to Metzger's to buy a wheel barrow was fun, as I'd inherited my mother's love for hardware stores. Then, that made the foot-deep sand relatively easy to haul to the backyard with the hill down the yard sort of helping. The rubber liner taped so easily. Don and I had plenty of weekends to build the fort. We could have all the children on the block here to play during great summer times - older kids built dams and ran water through that part of the sandbox, and much younger ones could sit-in in the opposite corner and just learn to dig up sand.

Then, someone else laid the cement for the patio, and Allbright and Lockwood in Santa Fe had just the right tile. There was a store in Albuquerque, on 4th I think, that had the lumber for the pergola, and we still had the yellow taped Methodist Motors pickup to bring the wood home. Robert Elkins was a creative builder and, over the years, we had such fun during summers celebrating birthdays, anniversaries, friends, visitors, and retirements.

If anyone in the parish is familiar with what 40 years of weather will do to wood, my new young neighbor on 41st Street turns out to have an amazing machine that cleaned it all up last weekend with extremely powerful water jets. And now, the weather is cooperating with warmth and dryness so I can go to work spreading every square inch of it with the rosewood oil Rob Eaton told me about. You'll notice that the recliner has a comfy pillow with a small table that will easily hold some iced tea and a good book. This project has way too many great memories to be anything other than rewarding.



Footnote: I'm discovering the 150-500 square foot coverage on the gallon can is a dream. 120 square feet is a dream. I'm testing out the 90 square foot section back in the corner of the fence - coverage and color. It's well-hidden behind James' tree. His tree is close to 30' tall and arrived as a gift from the Furnishes when it was only 10" tall and grown in a coffee can.



This is Isabella Stephens in her awesome chili mask!

She writes: "I guess it doesn't really count as a quarantine photo since I'm not at home, but mostly what I've been doing is working.

Here's a friendly reminder to all to wear their masks when they're out and stay home as much as possible!

Hope you all are well,

Isabella, your friendly neighborhood healthcare worker :-)"

HOW THE VIRUS STOLE EASTER

By Kristi Bothur

Twas late in '19 when the virus began, bringing chaos and fear to a people, each land.
People were sick, hospitals full, doctors overwhelmed, no one in school.

As winter gave way to the promise of spring, the virus raged on, touching peasant and king.
People hid in their homes from the enemy unseen. They YouTubed and Zoomed, social distanced,
and cleaned.

April approached and churches were closed. "There won't be an Easter," the world supposed.
"There won't be church services, and egg hunts are out. No reason for new dresses when we can't go
about."

Holy Week started, as bleak as the rest. The world was focused on masks and on tests. Maundy
Thursday, Good Friday, the days came and went. The virus pressed on; it just would not relent.

The world woke Sunday and nothing had changed. The virus still menaced, the people, estranged.
"Pooh, pooh to the saints," the world was grumbling. "They're finding out now that no Easter is
coming. They're just waking up! We know what they'll do! Their mouths will hang open a minute or
two, and then all the saints will cry boo-hoo."

"That noise," said the world, "will be something to hear." So it paused and the world put a hand to its
ear. And it did hear a sound coming through all the skies. It started down low, then it started to rise.

But the sound wasn't depressed. Why, this sound was triumphant! It couldn't be so! But it grew with
abundance! The world stared around, popping its eyes. Then it shook! What it saw was a shocking
surprise!

Every saint in every nation the tall and the small, was celebrating Jesus in spite of it all.
It hadn't stopped Easter from coming! It came! Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the world with its life quite stuck in quarantine stood puzzling and puzzling "Just how can it be?"
"It came without bonnets, it came without bunnies, it came without egg hunts, cantatas, or money."

Then the world thought of something it hadn't before. "Maybe Easter," it thought, "doesn't come from
a store. Maybe Easter, perhaps, means a little bit more."

And what happened then? Well, the story's not done. What will YOU do? Will you share with that one
or two or more people needing hope in this night? Will you share the source of your life in this fight?
The churches are empty - but so is the tomb. And Jesus is victor over death, doom and gloom.

So this year at Easter, let this be our prayer, as the virus still rages all around everywhere. May the
world see hope when it looks at God's people. May the world see the church is not a building or
steeple.

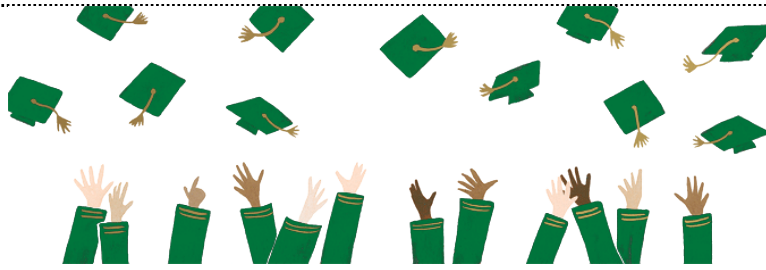
May the world find faith in Jesus' death and resurrection, may the world find joy in a time of dejection.
May 2020 be known as the year of survival But not only that - let it start a revival!

Submitted by Cathy Walters.

We (the Brookshires) are making the most of our time at home by working on school, hiking and spending time outdoors, playing games, and baking. You all are in our prayers and we hope that our TOTH family is safe and healthy. We miss all of you!

With love, Josh, Claudia, Hazel, and Fiona





Celebrating our Graduates

**Please join us all in sending congratulations to our graduating Seniors,
those moving from middle school to high school,
and those moving from 6th grade to middle school.**

Graduating Seniors

Zachary Beck

Sydney Favorite

Allison Warner

Harrison Stephens

Cameron Waters

Graduating from 8th grade

Sasha Carr

Luke Favorite

Ellie Merrill

Giulia Pope

Katherine Warner

Graduating from 6th grade

Ben Foley

James Lobato



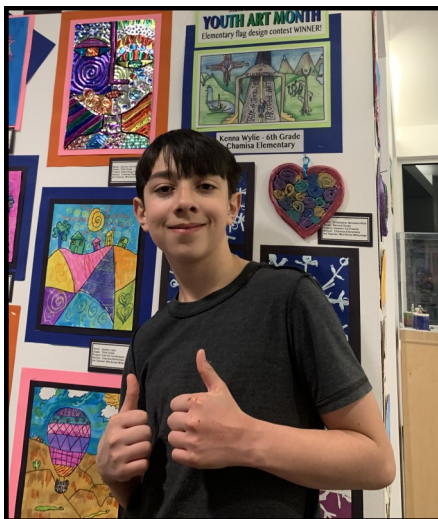
Congratulations to Sydney Favorite, Class of 2020!
She will be attending the University of New Mexico
to study nursing.

Congratulations to all of our awesome TOTH kids
who are transitioning from one school to the next.
We are proud of all of you! Love, The Favorites



Congratulations to Allison Warner (class
of 2020) and Katherine Warner
(graduating from 8th grade).

Allison plans to study Psychology at either
Sewanee or UNM.



James Lobato is graduating from 6th grade at Chamisa
Elementary school this year.

James,
We are so proud of you!!! To infinity and beyond!!!
Mom, Dad, Gram, Noah, and Eliana

HOUSE OF HOPE UPDATE

House of Hope still needs your help!

Since the Tea and Fashion Show is very unlikely to take place in its usual format this year, the House of Hope team is busy working on new, unique, and creative ways to raise funds for a potential housebuilding trip in the spring of 2020. Be on the lookout for:

Tea-to-Go-Go

The 2020 Challenge

A 50/50 Raffle

Drive-through Coffee Morning

Please give as generously as you always have. We very much need your support to raise the funds for housebuilding materials for next year and to be able to partner with Missions Ministries in their critical work in Juárez. Thank you for your continued support.

Remember! Donations can be made at any time throughout the year. Simply drop a check off at the TOTH office with "House of Hope" in the memo line. Thank you!

All Together Los Alamos Lynn Finnegan

All Together Los Alamos is a group of Los Alamos residents who have banded together to provide a coordinated response, together with JJAB, LARSO, and Self-Help, to those who need assistance in the wake of Covid-19. Lynn Finnegan is looking for up to four volunteers who can help distribute postcards about All Together Los Alamos to the Gold Street Apts on MONDAY, May 11, at 5 p.m. Volunteers will need a mask and enjoy going up and down apartment steps! Contact Lynn Finnegan, lynnfinnegan1475@gmail.com or 412-0506.



Remaining Connected in a Digital Age

Let's get something straight: Screen-Time Burnout is a real thing. But it's the safest way to stay connected, so let's use it to the best of our ability.

Here are the means by which you can stay connected digitally while we are remaining socially distant:

Tuesdays:

- Zoom Women Alive: **8am**, link sent out via email (for all women in the parish; contact lynnfinnegan1475@gmail.com for information)
- Zoom Coffee Hour: **10am**, link sent out via email (contact cynthiab@latoth.org for more information)

Wednesdays:

- A Healing Service: **Noon**, www.facebook.com/trinityoth
- Zoom Chime Choir: **5:30pm**, link sent out via email (for all families with young children; contact momto3ducks@gmail.com for more information)

Thursdays:

- Sipping Tea with Two Lonely Pastors: **7pm**, www.facebook.com/sippingteawithtwolonelypastors

Fridays:

- Zoom Bible Study: **2pm**, link sent out via email (contact cynthiab@latoth.org for more information)

Sundays:

- A Celebration of the Holy Eucharist: **10:30am**, www.facebook.com/trinityoth
- Google Hangout Youth Group: **6:30pm**, link sent out via email. (contact kfave@cybermesa.com for more information)