

Trinity Tidings

From the Rector

I'm always troubled by the fact that so many Christians primarily identify themselves by things other than their Christian faith. "I'm a veterinarian" or "I'm a Broncos fan" or "I'm a Republican/Democrat." While there's no problem with recognizing that our identities are made up of a variety of components, there may be something a bit 'off' if our Christian faith doesn't take precedent over these things.



Along these lines, I've found myself thinking a lot about evangelism and outreach, especially as we are still learning what it means to be Church during COVID-19. I've asked myself the question, "What am I really living for?" Clergy are not immune to the allure of alternative primary identities, and sometimes I lose sight of what it means to be a disciple of Jesus called to invite people into the household of God. As I was thumbing through the Catechism at the end of the Book of Common Prayer, I was reminded of a wonderful and powerful statement of the Christian faith. The Catechism asks, "What is the Christian hope?" Its answer: "The Christian hope is to live with confidence in newness and fullness of life, and to await the coming of Christ in glory, and the completion of God's purpose for the world."

We are a people called to live with confidence in newness and fullness of life, a life made new in Christ through baptism and continually nourished in the Eucharistic feast. While our Eucharistic feasts look different, this reality still remains true: *If the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you, he who raised Christ from the dead will give life to your mortal bodies also through his Spirit that dwells in you.*

Perhaps you might want to ask yourself the question, "What am I really living for?" Open yourself up to the Spirit. I truly believe each one of you has the power to change the world.

Chris +

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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

Trinity on the Hill Episcopal

can be found at:

3900 Trinity Drive,

Los Alamos NM 87544

www.latoth.org

505-662-5107

FROM THE SENIOR WARDEN

“For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.” 2 Timothy 1:7

Fears. Oh how they can take over my mind. They can dominate my every thought and I can end up making really bad decisions based on fears alone. Naming my fears and acknowledging them can help me to let them go or not take over my thinking. What are some of the fears I struggle with most? The fear of failure, fear of success, fear of rejection, fear of the future, fear of humiliation, fear of abandonment, fear of the unknown...



At this time, July 2020, the fear of the unknown is huge for me. COVID-19 cases continue to rise in our country and state. We don't know when things will return to some sort of normalcy. We don't know if our kids will be able to return to school or colleges this fall. We don't know if we will have jobs or a steady income in the near future. We don't know when we will be able to see our loved ones or when we will be able to travel again. We don't know when we will be able to gather in worship together again. We don't know when....

“Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.” Matthew 6:34

I am a planner. I like being able to have things to look forward to and different types of events scheduled throughout the year to break up the monotony of everyday routines. I have not been able to plan just about anything recently which is frustrating to me. But one thing the pandemic has forced me to do is to stay more focused on the present moment. My mind likes to fixate on the future and imagine a time when things will be better than they are right now. If I think about the future too much, it will prevent me from enjoying things in my life in the present moment.

“Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go.” Joshua 1:9

I do fear that this state we are in with the pandemic will never end. I know that is not really true but sometimes it feels like that. I am reminded that fears are really just imagined situations - circumstances that my mind has invented - some of which will never actually come true. This is a very different thing from danger, however. In either case it does help to know that I don't have to navigate those feelings on my own. I can always reach out to God. I often do pray when I am scared or fearful but I also need to remember to do it when my mind starts to fill with unending thoughts of fears.

“I prayed to the Lord, and he answered me. He freed me from all my fears.” Psalm 34:4

I pray that you all are in good health both mentally and physically and that we can see each other soon.

Peace,
Alison

FROM THE JUNIOR WARDEN

Hello, again friends? What have you been up to? Me? Probably still over 6 feet, I think.

It's been a while so I don't know about you but these days seem to pass quickly for me. So much so that writing the monthly for Tidings has to fight among the others for its own "somewhere" on the list. Thank you all though, for being here with me in my thoughts, as I write.

As for thoughts, this year in the time of Covid, I daily count my blessings for being able to persevere as I walk through the shadow. My daily affirmation: "it could be worse". Along that line of thought, just the other day I read through some of the highlights of the first half of the 20th century. Wow, that was a heck of a thing. One of my Grandfathers told me in amazement of how much he had seen with respect to change. One day he said he had seen Halley's comet and wanted to see it a second time. Missed it by only 5 years but I think that is what I saw in 1986. My other Grandfather told me stories of "riding the rods" (look it up?) as a teen Hobo with his brother before enlisting in the Marines and fighting in the trenches during World War 1. He frequently said "three beans, and a lousy mess kit" which was some version of a soldier's lament regarding their lot in life. Most people would not, but from reading some things about that war, I understood what he meant. He also told me of drinking Absinthe in Paris, which I guess would have been a good part. Thinking about them just the other day, I realized that those two, among so many others, survived some pretty incredible stuff. I love my memories of hearing some of the good (or not so bad?) things but I don't remember talking with them about surviving the flu epidemic and the great depression. This latest pandemic is one of those things. My father saw some cool stuff, rocket science in the New Mexico desert, spiders way bigger than anything back in Wisconsin, but he did not get the opportunity to live so much as his father had. Maybe to compensate, I have, and maybe more so. For so much, I am thankful. By now a short story has been made long. I thank you for indulging me yet again but let me just say,



We all are history, share.

My affirmation once again, as refrain: "this may be bad, but I guess it could be worse" which is usually accompanied in my mind by *The Five Man Electrical Band* singing, ... "Thank you, Lord, for thinkin' 'bout me. I'm alive and doin' fine.."

Your thoughts?

Mark Hartman – your Junior Warden

HOUSE OF HOPE UPDATE

July Garage Sales to Benefit Juarez Homebuilding Mission Lynn Finnegan

Work From Home. Stimulus Package. Paycheck Protection Program. Our vocabulary in the United States has been expanded to include these pandemic-related changes, but the people in the colonias near Juárez, Mexico have no such options or protections. Many live in houses made of cardboard and wood scraps, and most are unemployed – especially during the Covid-19 pandemic—without health care insurance or unemployment benefits. The House of Hope team is well aware of these economic realities, having traveled to Juarez and worked to provide 20 new homes since 2005. Teams from the U.S. have suspended house-building mission work during the pandemic, but TOTH team members remain optimistic for the return of mission work in 2021. The mission organization through which TOTH works is also in need of donations for food, building materials and local labor for the few homes they are still building in 2020.

The cost to build a new home in the colonias of Juárez is over \$10,000 and the TOTH team is having a month of garage sales to raise money! All sales will be contactless: **you must wear a mask, social distance, and NO early birds.** Unless something is priced, all items are available for whatever donation the buyer would like to make. Look for updates in the TOTH Facebook group as well as Keep it Local – Los Alamos, Los Alamos/White Rock Online Yard Sale, Los Alamos NM Online Yard Sale, and individual members' pages. The current schedule of "Garage-Sale-Palooza":

- July 10th & 11th** (time TBD) 1502 44th St.
- July 25th** (7-1) 5385 Quemazon
- July 25th** (9-12) 4377 Fairway
- July 25th** (8-12) 249 El Conejo
- August 1st** Closeout Sale! 117 Rim Road

We look forward to seeing your generous (masked) faces!



A typical team-built home, almost finished.

SAVE THE DATE!* - TEA TO GO-GO HAPPENING AUGUST 29

Covid-19 cannot defeat your intrepid House of Hope team! Faced with the inevitable reality that large gatherings will not be taking place for some time, this year's Tea (sorry, no fashions) will be **To Go!** We've got some exciting treats, a delivery option, and a new venue planned, so save the date and start spreading the word! Interested in volunteering? Outreach is a vital part of "being Church." Youth and adults can contact Beth Pattillo, nmbpatt@gmail.com, to help. All proceeds will go to future house-building trips and to support our ministry partners, Missions Ministries.

*You weren't going anywhere, anyway, were you?

So, you say you are an Anglican/Episcopalian? What does that mean? (Part 2)

Lynn M. Finnegan

Last month, I introduced Anglicanism in the 16th century, with the hope that you now feel confident in telling your friends that yes, while relevant, your religious tradition is not simply founded on King Henry VIII's wandering marital eye. The next exciting chapter in the history of our faith follows the short reign of Henry's minor son, Edward VI. Distinctive Protestant leanings emerged at the hands of Edward VI's advisors Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer. All that would change under the auspices of Edward VI's successor Queen Mary I.

With the absence of another male heir to succeed Edward, England turned to the daughter of Catherine of Aragon, Mary Tudor. Like her mother, Mary was a Catholic, infused with the authority of "Supreme Head of the Church of England," and turned the Protestant-leaning Church upside down. Gaining the moniker "Bloody Mary," the Queen ordered a full reversal of church reform, pushing the tradition and liturgy back to pre-Edward VI days. Parliament repealed the legislation of Henry and Edward and the English Catholic Cardinal Reginald Pole absolved England of its sin of schism, as nearly 800 reformers fled to continental Europe. Three hundred "heretics" were killed, including Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer. Mary forced the clergy to give up their previously approved wives, Latin was again mandated in worship, and the *Book of Common Prayer* and scripture in the vernacular disappeared. Fortunately for the future of Anglicanism, Mary's reign was both short and politically unpopular, yielding to the long and successful reign of Queen Elizabeth I, who would "stamp upon English religion the features that were to endure."

Many of you know the relationship of Henry VIII to the Episcopal/Anglican tradition, but how many know of the impact of Elizabeth I? The daughter of Henry's wife Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth's reign was fraught with theological and political opposition, hostilities both within and beyond her country's borders, and repeated attempts to have her dethroned and even killed. Elizabeth took the throne on November 17, 1558. By the end of the year, her determination for unification and reconciliation in matters affecting both church and state would quickly emerge. The 1559 Act of Supremacy replaced Henry's "Supreme Head of the Church" with "Supreme Governor," a somewhat more conciliatory title. The Act of Uniformity, also legislated in 1559, allowed for a third version of the *Book of Common Prayer* and imposed fines on those who refused to attend church with the revised Protestant liturgy. This development of a moderate Church of England which "stood between the poles of Rome and the more extreme varieties of Protestantism" has become to be known as the Elizabethan Settlement. An example of Elizabeth's loyalty to "*via media*" is found in the 1559 version of the *Book of Common Prayer*. The meaning of Jesus' words of institution at the Last Supper and the sacrament of Holy Eucharist were evolving concepts in the two previous prayer books. The 1549 version written by Cranmer, although rejecting the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, held close to the idea of an active Real Presence. As communion was distributed, the rubric called for the words "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul into everlasting life" to be said. The 1552 prayer book, characterized by a greater reformed emphasis on the Eucharist as a memorial, replaced the words of distribution with the following: "Take and eat this, in *remembrance that Christ died for thee*, and feed on him in thy heart by faith, with thanksgiving." In the 1559 Elizabethan prayer book, the two sentences of administration, although representing diverse theological statements, were both retained and inexplicitly combined into one lengthy sacramental distribution phrase. If you have been in the Episcopal Church for any length of time, these words will sound familiar. They

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still stand as a testament of “*via media*” and are preserved as the words of administration for the Holy Eucharist: Rite One, as found in the 1979 *Book of Common Prayer*.

Elizabeth placed a primacy on politics and, while her personal religious convictions are unknown for sure, she restored and permanently established Anglicanism during her reign. After years of revision by Bishops John Jewel and Matthew Parker, and influenced by Cranmer’s *Forty-two Articles*, the final version of the *Thirty-nine Articles of Religion* was promulgated in 1570 (the same year Elizabeth was excommunicated by Pope Pius V). Although allegiance to the *Thirty-nine Articles* is no longer required for clergy in the Anglican church (allegiance was never required of the laity), they are an attempt to answer the questions “What does it mean to be Anglican?” and “What do Anglicans believe?” A complete discussion of the *Thirty-nine Articles* will have to wait for another day, but they can be found in the back of your Book of Common Prayer under “historical documents” and are a great read!

No discussion of sixteenth century Anglicanism is complete without mention of Richard Hooker (1553-1600). Called the “greatest theological defender of the Church of England as a national church” and the man who “gives birth to the true Anglican spirit,” Hooker became famous for his preaching emphasizing mercy over justice (even extended to Catholics, a scandalous notion!), inclusion over exclusion, and the narrowing of what is necessary for salvation to a bare minimum: that one hold the foundation of Jesus as Lord and Savior. Hooker’s magnum opus, *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, is an eight-volume work that created a pathway for Anglican thought in the following three centuries. In *The Laws*, Hooker defended scripture as teaching all things necessary for salvation – but asserted not everything in scripture was necessary. Although the image of the “three-legged stool” of Anglicanism—scripture, tradition and reason—has been wrongly attributed to Hooker, his treatise recognizing the value of all three, with scripture as primary, laid the groundwork for the metaphor.

Having reached the end of the sixteenth century, I can only say, “whew”! What a tumultuous time to be a Christian living in England! Of course, our faith has tumbled down many more paths and wrestled with maintaining the *via media* since the sixteenth century, including the momentous transition to a separate Episcopal Church in 1789. Time permitting, I would love to continue this walk down memory lane in later issues of the *Tidings*, but for now, I pray I have provided you a foundation that avoids the flippancy of “oh, we’re just Catholic light!” Your friends will indeed be sorry the next time they ask, “So, what *is* an Anglican/Episcopalian?” Peace and blessings to you all until next time.

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From the Editor:

Dear TOTH friends,

I love looking at old photographs, especially of people and places I know. I uttered several "wow"s when I saw the photos Lynn Finnegan sent me, which are from a PowerPoint presentation assembled as part of TOTH's 60th anniversary celebrations. I hope you all recognize at least some past and present members of our church family. My, how we have changed!

As always, I look forward to your written and pictorial contributions every month. Keep them coming!

Best wishes to all my TOTH friends,
Claire

Trinity Tidings

A newsletter of Trinity on the Hill Episcopal Church

The Rev. Christopher Adams, Rector
cell phone: (252) 452-8540
cadams@latoth.org

The Rev. Laurie Triplett

3900 Trinity Dr., Los Alamos, New Mexico 87544
(505) 662-5107 FAX: 662-5498

Editorial Team: Claire Singleton & Cynthia Biddlecomb

Calendars and schedules: Cynthia Biddlecomb and
Claire Singleton

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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 August 2020. Submission deadline is
COB Friday, July 24, 2020.**

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

Submitted by Cathy Walters, your TOTH parish UTO representative.

THE GREAT EPISGOPAL RACE

Socially distanced. Gratefully together.

July 22 - 31
#EpisGOpalRace



Join the UTO Virtual EpisGOpal Race!!

Let's show our gratitude for all of the ministries responding to the COVID-19 pandemic while staying active!

The Great EpisGOpal Race Virtual Run/Walk supports the 2020 UTO Ingathering. 100% of the money raised will go to support of Episcopal ministries responding to the COVID-19 pandemic. *(You can participate without additional fundraising, but why not ask friends to contribute to this great cause!)*

You're invited to join us anytime **July 24 through August 1** to run or walk, indoors or outdoors, bike, skate, scooter or skateboard, for a half marathon, 10K, 5K or 1 Mile "your way".

With a whole week to complete the event, we ask that you *please* [adhere to all CDC recommended social distancing guidelines](#), maintain a safe distance from others and avoid trails and walking paths during peak times.

Registration (\$15) and full info at: <https://unitedthankoffering.com/race/>

Follow on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/events/3409523762391614/>

Diocesan Challenge!



Form a team with your Bible study, Youth group, Parish, etc. Compete to **complete more miles** (safely socially distant), or **raise more donations** than others in the Diocese of the Rio Grande.

Email Cindy Davis, DRG UTO Chair, (utocindydr@gmail.com) if you want to be part of the diocesan challenge! **Or you can register your team nationally** by contacting Heather Melton (hmelton@dfms.org).

First Challenge Issued: Donate, or collect donations of \$50 or more, plus go (walk, bike, run, etc.) around your block once a day for each day of the race!

A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

These photographs were submitted by Lynn Finnegan and are from a slide show compiled for TOTH's 60th anniversary celebrations in 2014.

How many people can you name?



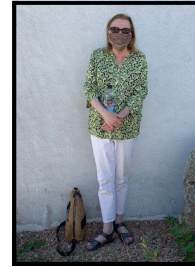
More photos next page.....

60th anniversary photographs, cont.

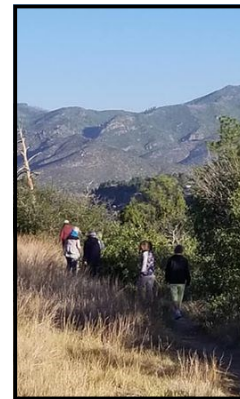


SOME TOTH GROUPS HAVE HELD SOCIALLY DISTANT AND MASKED OUTDOOR GET-TOGETHERS

Shop on the Corner lunch,
June 24.



Women Alive in Mind, Body and Spirit held a socially-distanced hike and BYOB (Bring Your Own Breakfast) on the Mesa Trail and at East Park, June 30th.



These two poems are written by Michelle Holland, a parishioner , poet, and Humanities teacher at the High School. Her gifts with words are a true blessing to us!

Particle Musings in the Time of Contagion

*This will have to be words about the
body
and boundaries of skin, and all
that skin carries,
and the ways of bread
and water.*

I
All the particles, these words, create
the table, the dog licking himself for no reason
on the floor beside me, anticipating when I will
rise and head for the door.

Everything moves replacing, displacing, making
space
to put your body there. Hands reach. They do,
over and over again, for so many things.
The dog harness and leash, the journal on the ta-
ble
to find again those words, remember?
Always moving through this intimate space,
not the cosmos or light years, not warp time or
speed.

All the pieces, the little bits, stay together
slip through face masks, or travel in bunches
in a hand shake and sweet brush of lips
on a cheek, without notice, without even the
briefest acknowledgement. Then a cough.
Then a gurney in a hallway on the news
in Italy, in New York City, in the hospital
you can see from the main road through Española.

II

The wind blows from the east and the rain
slants against the tin roof, finding the one place
to leak for one spring day every year,
impossible to trace back from the pot of drops
into the space between the boards over the vigas
through the foot of centuries-old dirt to the attic air.
The lovely damp will invite centipedes to end
up in the bathroom sink, or on the floor of the
shower,
once or twice, is all. A chain of seasonal events,
like a habit that includes now this house, and
a space between tin and beam that I have yet to
find.

III

Particles permeate, knock against one another,
make bread rise, roofs leak, virus' spread uncon-
tained.

Work with me here, no need to seek out a leak
that will never flood the house, the one pot
will contain the annual ritual of wind and rain,
but reading the skies, the alphabet of weather,
and guessing when the last morning fire will be lit,
that's second nature, but this abc of contagion
weighs like gravity, invisible and only as natural
as death always must be to take us to the ground.

Ah, the bright edge of story will only be retrospect
when we talk years from now, on rainy days,
waiting for bread to rise, of how the only way
we lived was to fool the invisible into stasis,
somewhere between existence and nonexistence,
where we stood, still, holding out our hands
to feel the drops hit one by one, and ponder
where the Hell it might be coming from.

Writing in the Writer's Group After the Murder of George Floyd

Surrounded by words and romantic attitudes
of poets reading poetry in the midst
of broken shards of sharp glass news, twitter
storms,
riots, and at the center, the death of a person
who lived a life of breakfasts, walked city blocks,
his gestures of love and frustration
taken down, I'm sure so suddenly, unexpectedly,
the moment just a few minutes, maybe eight or ten
total
of insanity and a living person absolutely murdered
for no reason, as if there is ever a justifiable reason
for that kind of take down, that kind of end.

Were the crows yammering in the trees?
They are always there to warn us of impending disaster.
Did the sun hide momentarily behind the clouds?
Where were the poets? No one was listening.
No one there to read the sky, the birds,
the language hidden from any ears as a wall
of hate and fear and hundreds of years
of sorry-ass white privilege formed a heavy knee
to the life of a man asking for his mother,
a man with a name and a voice.

The destroyers arrived at the beginning,
always here, always a knee drop away,
a lying tweet away, a Gerry-mandered voting district
away from the end of what began,
not so innocently, from our big-bang start,
or our own whimpering crawl out of the muck.

The destroyers, so necessary to creation,
but so heavy-handed right now, like an eclipse
that just won't end. Like the tremble of earthquake
that goes on beyond and beyond even after
we no longer feel the incessant shaking on any
Richter scale.

We are losing our words, they are sucked from our ears.

We can't hear the birds of chaos, because the chaos has taken the birds right out of the sky.
The balance, what balance, the see-saw
lands a ton of cement that can't be raised
on one side, and humanity up in the air.
The only beauty not in our image and likeness.
God has left the playground.

Our bodies are hollow things we attempt to fill
with dreams and stories where grasses
are breeze driven and love can be detected
on this shoulder of earth we teeter
our itchy feet on, hoping not to fall –
when we have already plummeted;
that's the weight of one heavy knee,
the silence of birds; that's the sound
of our fall from all that is human,
as George Floyd claimed he could not breathe,
because we are all holding his breath,
while our breath is gone.

May 30, 2020



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)