

THE WAY

The Newsletter of

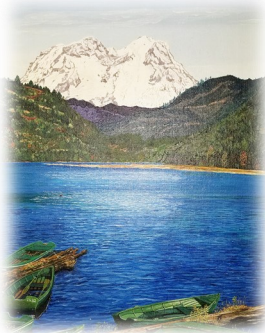
St. Mark the Evangelist Episcopal Church
1612 W. Genesee St. Syracuse, NY 13204
315-488-8511 || www.stmarkssyracuse.com



Spring 2021



Forever in our
Hearts...Pg. 4-6



This Musician
creates more than
music...pg. 8-11



A glorious and triumphant
Easter at St Mark...pg. 13



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CHURCH UPDATES

St. Mark has seen a rollercoaster of changes since last November when the Diocese suspended in-person services once more through the season of Advent and beyond.

In response, St. Mark began livestreaming its services in January. Thanks to the ingenuity and faithfulness of our Interim Music director Kathryn Woods, she set St. Mark up with a YouTube channel and spent countless hours figuring out the dynamics of this technology in order to allow parishioners to be able to at least attend from home on their computers. The first challenge we had to overcome was with our Internet, which was resolved by changing providers and moving a router into the sanctuary. The other major issue has been our antiquated sound system, but somehow, Kathryn has managed to work around it, providing nearly seamless streaming and sound. St. Mark has applied for a grant for technical upgrades with the Diocese in order to update its sound and video systems and was thankfully approved for the grant!

Finally, on Feb. 28, the Diocese once again allowed in-person worship with an attendance limitation of 33 percent or 50, whichever our space provides for. Parishioners were asked to register with the office in order to keep track of that limit and so far, it has worked beautifully. We also continued to livestream each week for those who are not yet comfortable in coming back to in-person worship.

In March, the Clothes Closet got the go ahead to reopen it in much the same manner as Sunday service — by registration and limits on the attendance. Cheryl Neddo and Jackie Eberline devised a plan and when presented to the Diocese, was given the green light. Those who want to shop simply need to call the office to reserve a half-hour time slot where two customers will be allowed to shop at the same time and shoppers are not allowed to bring any others with them. The reopening commenced on April 10th and went well and our shoppers were happy to have it available once more! The next one is already scheduled for May 8. Unfortunately, the Green Café and Neighborhood Dinners remain on hiatus.

All of the 12-step groups that meet at our church are back in session in the Parish Hall with strict restrictions. We have even had another group move here temporarily on Wednesday evenings while their church remains closed down.

During the past year, the Food Pantry and the popular Food \$en\$e program has continued to serve our neighbors and the community. The Food \$en\$e program has actually seen a growth spurt not only in order numbers but volunteers as well. Circle V has also been very faithful in keeping full personal care bags in stock to hand out when needed.

Also in November, the Transition Team completed its duties and handed the reigns over to the newly formed Search Committee who is now actively seeking a permanent half-time priest.

Here is a report from Search Committee Chair, Jim Miller: The Search Committee is alive and well! The members are David Cook, Phyllis Honsinger, Tom Marzynski, Jim Miller, Debra Richardson, Dave Richmond, Annette Skinner and Karen Ward. We have submitted our Parish Profile which was approved by the Transition Canon, Carrie Schofield-Broadbent. We then completed and filed the Community Ministry Profile. This document reflects our thoughts of our parish and helps the Diocese to match us up with appropriate candidates. As we are seeking a half-time rector due to financial restrictions, we likely will have a smaller pool of candidates. We met with Carrie twice and so far no responses to our invitation to apply. We are open to suggestions from the parish and ask that we all keep St Mark's and our need for a rector in our prayers. Canon Schofield-Broadbent did remind us of the power of the Holy Spirit in issues such as ours.

We pray: Holy Spirit, please guide us and send us the candidate(s) God has in mind for St. Mark the Evangelist.

SUNDAY IN-PERSON UPDATE

With the maximum number of people allowed at worship in our sanctuary, the current average attendance has been less than that number.

Therefore, effective immediately, we'll be relaxing the reservation system.

- ▶ If you have come since Easter, even once and a while, you will no longer need to make a reservation.
- ▶ If you have not attended since Easter, or bringing someone with you who has not attended, we request that you make a reservation the first time you plan to attend. After that you will not need a reservation.

HOWEVER, we do need to keep a record of those who attend for tracing purposes in the unlikely event that someone who had attended reports a COVID-19 exposure. Please sign in on the Attendance Clip Boards located with the bulletins in the front and back of the sanctuary.

Thanks for your co-operation. See you at worship.

PS: This might also be a good time to thank the team who have worked so hard to develop and present Livestream worship for those unable to attend in-person: Kathryn Woods - Lead Technician, Gary Neddo – Worship Leader, Phyllis Honsinger – Sound Technician, Jim Miller, Nancy Morrison, Bill Zimmer. AND, Our sincere thanks to the Diocese for a grant that will help us purchase equipment so Live Stream can be a permanent part of our worship life.

Lots to Be Grateful For...from Fr. Gaetz

As we begin to get back to some sort of normal life, there are so many things to be thankful for. I am thankful that COVID-19 has not touched my immediate family and, to the best of my knowledge, no one in the St. Mark's family as had a serious case. I'm grateful to the medical community that has seen us through this year and most of all those who developed the vaccine in record time. (I have had both my shots so feel a lot more comfortable going out around people.) I am grateful for the "Live Stream Team" that has made it possible to bring a Sunday Worship service to those not yet able to join us in person.

Most of all, I am grateful to the great people who make up our Church Family. AND for your generosity that has kept us going:

- ▶ Regular contributions have been received allowing us to keep the bills paid.
- ▶ Special concerns have been supported.

FIINALLY, THANK YOU for the more than generous Birthday Gift presented to me at church on March 7th. YOU'RE THE GREATEST.

~Fr. Gaetz



J would like to thank all who donated so generously to the **Easter Flower Fund**.

It was great to see all the plants adorning our altars on Easter Sunday.

Sincerely, Joan Green,
Chair of the Flower Fund

Forever in our hearts...

Recently, St. Mark the Evangelist has had to say good-bye to several of our devoted friends and longtime parishioners. Along with Marian Williams, Dorothy "Dottie" Schmitt, James Doane and Michael Auer, St. Mark also had to say goodbye to our former beloved priest, Fr. Joseph Bergin. They will all be lovingly remembered and deeply missed by their loving family at St. Mark the Evangelist. May they Rest in Peace and Rise in Glory!



Marian P. Williams

January 20, 1924 - January 7, 2021

Marian P. Williams (Pennock), 96, of Syracuse, New York, died peacefully on Thursday, January 7, 2021, of Covid-19 at The Commons on St. Anthony in Auburn, New York. She was predeceased by her husband, Cleon. L. Williams, Jr. (Willie), her twin sister, Clarice P. Burg, and her oldest daughter, Martha W. Seneta.

She is survived by her sister, Eunice P. Kaymen, of Branford, CT, and her daughters Virginia W. Kenney (Daniel) of Morris Township, NJ, and Lucy H. Williams of Skaneateles, NY.

Marian was blessed with five grandchildren with whom she loved to spend time. They are Martha Hewitt Seneta (Colin Kjoson) of Seattle, Christopher Seneta of Hudson, NH, Laura Kenney (Joel Fernandes) of Rockaway, NJ, Caroline Kenney of Morris Township, NJ, and Timothy Kenney (Anne Norton) of West Roxbury, MA. Marian was a great-grandmother to Benjamin Fernandes, Joshua Kjoson and Leo Kenney, and she leaves many dear nieces, nephews and cousins.

Marian (and twin, Clarice) was born on January 20, 1924, in Boston to Dr. John Winthrop Pennock and Clarice Leavell Pennock. The family moved to Solvay in 1926 where Marian attended Cherry Road School and then the Goodyear-Burlingame School. She graduated Vassar College in 1945, where she earned her Bachelor of Arts, and married Willie in May the same year. During their married life, they resided in Solvay and later, Westvale.

Marian was a life-long member of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Syracuse, where she was a Eucharistic minister for over 20 years. She was dedicated to bringing Holy Communion to fellow parishioners and adding a moment of companionship to their day. She was a Girl Scout leader and involved in the Junior League and Vassar Club. She earned a Master of Arts (Education) from Syracuse University in 1964 and taught elementary education for 16 years in both West Genesee and Marcellus School Districts. Marian loved to travel to the national parks and prided herself that she visited 42 out of our 50 states. She cherished her family's summer place, the Pines, on

Skaneateles Lake, which she shared with her many cousins. And Marian and Willie were fortunate to own acreage in Ontario for over 25 years, where they canoed on their lake and enjoyed nature in their tranquil setting.

Marian's family wish to extend their gratitude to all the staff at The Commons on St. Anthony who gave her love and care during the last few years of her life.

Services: Due to Covid 19, a Celebration of Marian's life will be delayed until the summer. Burial will be in the family plot in Borodino.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Baltimore Woods Nature Center, P.O. Box 133, Marcellus, NY, 13108.

Several Parishioners shared their fond memories of Marian Williams her impact on them and St. Mark the Evangelist Church...

Marian Williams for several years was "the person" from our Parish who took home Communion to all of our shut-ins on a regular basis. We and they were so blessed to have her doing this in the name of our Parish. ~ *Joan Green*

I remember Marian very well. A true servant of the Lord. Her dedication inspired my husband and me to later become Lay Eucharist Ministers and we regularly took communion to our people at Van Duyn. ~ *Barbara Costa*

She was a sweet lady who always gave me a hug and asked how my family was. I can still feel her hug! ~ *Dottie Doane*

Marian Williams was a steadfast member of St. Mark's long before our family arrived in 1995 from Trinity as part of the new St. Mark the Evangelist. Marian was quick to enthusiastically embrace us "newbies." Her enthusiasm and positive outlook on life was infectious and she made us all feel welcome. Part of her ministry was just that, to exude the qualities that the Lord wanted us all to have. If we didn't, we could certainly learn them from Marian. When the parish newsletter, The Way, came into being in 1996, Marian would sporadically send us tidbits of Bible verses, words of wisdom, and poetry to publish. The theme was always the goodness that abounds if only we would take the time to look around.

Marian wasn't content to "minister" to us just on Sundays. She took it upon herself to become a Eucharistic minister. She would come to the altar whenever an at-home parishioner wanted communion and pick up her small wooden case containing the blessed bread and wine. She would then drive to one or more at-home parishioners' homes and give them not only the Eucharist but also the latest "news" from St. Mark's. She also brought back news from the parishioner.

I suspect that at this moment Marian is in Heaven organizing her own brand of evangelism!
~ *Jim Miller*

Please look for memorials for Fr. Bergin, Michael Auer & Dottie Schmitt in upcoming editions of THE WAY.

JAMES W. DOANE

September 26th, 1954 - February 20th, 2021



James W. Doane passed away on February 21, 2021, after a courageous four-year battle with cancer. Jim was born in Utica, New York in 1954 to the late Jay Truman Doane and Margaret Anna Weiskotten. He graduated from Syracuse University and worked in IT for various area hospitals for 40 years and had recently retired from Medbest Medical Management. He was a passionate and loyal New York Giants, New York Yankees and Syracuse Orange fan. In his free time, he enjoyed classic rock, American history, watching television and going to the movies. He could weekly be found, regardless of the weather conditions, walking along Onondaga Lake Parkway.

Jim was a devoted family man and there was nothing more important to him. He is survived by his loving wife of 40 years, the former Dorothy Arlene La Manche; his children, Jennifer Doane (Christopher Bartley), Gregory Doane (Ashley Curtin) and Laura Orcutt (Nicholas); and his grandchildren, Parker and Claire Doane and Ava and Grayson Orcutt, who were his world. He is also survived by his siblings, Kenneth of Indiana, Catherine Schibilia (David) of Liverpool, Robert of Colorado, Susan Dinehart (Michael Badore) of Fulton and Edward of Pennsylvania; an uncle; and several nieces, nephews and cousins.

Family and friends may call from 4:00 to 6:00 pm on Thursday, February 25th, at R.H. Schepp & Son Minoa Chapel, 6530 Schepps Corners Rd., Minoa. The funeral will follow at 6:00 and may be viewed live at <https://www.facebook.com/ScheppFamilyFuneralHomes>

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made toward a future bench for Jim at Onondaga Lake Park, c/o Dorothy Doane.

Jim would also like to emphasize the importance of early cancer screenings and getting a colonoscopy.



A Grateful St. Mark says **THANK YOU**

St. Mark the Evangelist has been blessed recently with bequests by the families of several beloved members of our parish. We wish to thank them for their foresight and generosity which enables the church of St. Mark the Evangelist to continue our ministry as well as our varied outreach initiatives. Thank you and God bless the families of:

Isabel and Warren Underwood
Robert and Mary Kraushaar
Jim and Bonnie Oliver
Robert and Jean Oliver
Otis and Ruth Shuart

If you are interested in including St. Mark the Evangelist in your estate planning, feel free to speak with Pastor Gaetz.

As you can see by the photo on the right, our supplies were starting to dwindle this winter partly due to the suspension of services. A plea went out for the items needed and the next thing we knew, the generous donation below was anonymously delivered to St. Mark. May God bless you and all of you who help to feed our neighbors in need. Thank you for your kindness and compassion to keep our Food Pantry mission going.



Silent Notes – Thousand Words

By Warren Ottey

Shortly after I returned home from my two-month stay in Upstate Medical Center, following my October 1st cranial surgery and the onset of severe complications, our Parish Administrator, Debra Denny, wrote to me asking me if I would be willing to share some samples of my avocation in oil painting with you. I told her I would be happy to...so here goes! But before I begin, I want to gratefully thank all of you who prayed for me during the close calls and great physical weakening that I experienced during my extended time in the hospital. Your prayers were a large part of what brought me through the whole experience. Our wonderful Lord had His healing hands upon me and He showed me many things while I was slowly healing and gaining strength. I will cover a lot of that in future issues, if He leads me to, but right now I am full of joy and gratitude to Him and to you for your prayers and your wonderful support! We truly are our Abba Father's family in His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, at St. Mark the Evangelist Episcopal Church.

My interest in drawing and painting started when I was a young child living and going to school in Coatesville, PA. I remember having drawing contests with friends who my parents would invite to spend the weekends with this only child. I really wanted to do well in those contests, but my pictures never won a single one of them! Boxing matches up in our attic, with my Dad refereeing, often had a different outcome, as did baseball throwing or football kicking outside in the warm months, but my friends just seemed to understand all artistic endeavors better than me. I did buy a paint-by-numbers kit one or two times, but I wasn't much good at that either. Eventually, however, I began to get a clue or two! My fifth-grade grade teacher at Edwin F. Terry Elementary School, the fearsome 5'2" Mrs. Callahan, the strictest disciplinarian in the entire school, ran our classroom like a democracy, with a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and "Cooperation Card Supervisor" (read that Herr Himmler). Mrs. Callahan would do most of her very astute and pressurized teaching of the three R's in the mornings and for the first hour of the afternoon. Then she would take us into our afternoon art class, which would usually involve teaching us to paint still life subjects like flowers, pussy willows, etc. Once our current project was under way, Mrs. Callahan would turn the class authority over to the class officers, and she would go down to the city's



business district to shop or stop at home for about an hour. She would then return to the classroom, get the disciplinary report from the class President, mete out any detentions or other punishments that may have been called for, and then she would look over our paintings and give what criticisms or hands-on instructions she felt necessary. I was by no means the star artist in the room, but I did begin to learn a bit about technique. In November, she announced that we would all be painting winter designs on little metal shadow boxes that we could then give to our mothers as Christmas presents to hang on our kitchen walls. She gave me a photo of a cheerful snowman holding a little Christmas tree, and I slowly started to paint the image into the little box. She watched me for a few minutes and then took my hand and said, "Brush stroke like this!" When I got over my few minutes of fright, I did just what she had instructed me to do. And for the first time in my life, I painted something that was at least recognizable and kind of cute! Some of my classmates were

even complimentary! I was therefore proud of it when I gave it to Mom on Christmas morning. The 70 years since then have resulted in some fading and discoloration, but it has hung in one kitchen or another since that fifth-grade mini success.

In my sixth-, seventh- and eighth-grade years, I received some art instruction from a very special math and English teacher, mostly in painting still life subjects using watercolors, but nothing I did there stood out, nor survived. Then, like the great gap theory between Genesis 1:1 and Genesis 1:2, many years went by before I had any interest in painting. But I think now that God was about to rekindle that interest! In 1971, my father and I started an automatic car wash in Coatesville in a new building I had designed in 1965 and over the next few years we extended our enterprise by leasing and re-equipping two long-standing car washes in Philadelphia and Jenkintown, PA, and one more in Wilmington, DE. That meant that I was driving huge distances from our Coatesville home every day to look in on all locations all the time. Then a national recession descended upon us, business fell off, and eventually the collateral that backed our financing of buildings and equipment lost sufficient value that our bank called our loan, forcing us out of business! The whole experience was like a two-year long nightmare, except that we couldn't wake up from this one!

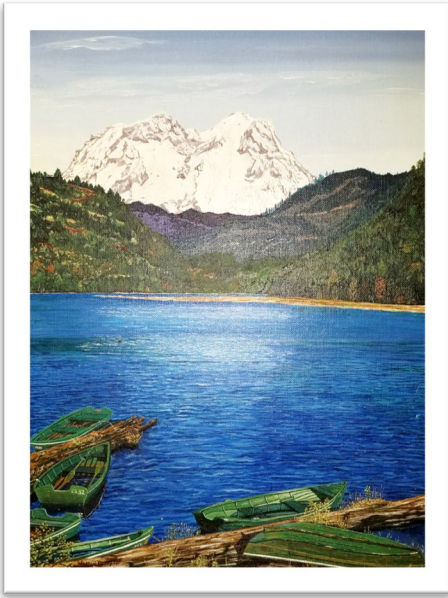
One of the ways that I had tried to personally economize during this period was to buy an economical older car in which to run my rounds and also to drive to and from the various churches in suburban Philadelphia where I was employed as a professional soloist. These jobs and a few private voice students comprised my total income during this period, as I had not taken a salary from the car washes at all during the whole recession period. I had purchased a cheap used 1964 Corvair Corsa Spyder, had a Corvair specialist friend of mine rebuild the engine, and add some aftermarket suspension improvements. The car was running well, and its gas mileage was great! One evening I was waiting to enter an Esso station with my left turn signal on, and I was hit from behind with an impact that was so severe that my driver's seat broke completely off the floor and bounced off the back seat. I grabbed the wheel on the rebound and somehow steered through the oncoming cars into the gas station. My shock was so great that I couldn't even dial the pay phone to call police. The man who hit me, well, that is another story for another time! The worst part of the whiplash injuries I suffered was trauma to the muscles in the front of my neck

and throat, leaving me unable to sing at all! For the next two months, I couldn't take my voice lessons in Philadelphia nor sing at my church jobs. It had been my custom for some time to drive to my teacher's Philadelphia studio with my best friend, tenor Larry Amos riding in the passenger seat. We would then take our lessons back-to-back, which was great since we often sang duets. After my accident, I still drove Larry to his lesson and usually sat and listened. On one of those days, however, I had a sudden strong urge to find an art store and buy a beginner's oil painting set. I did that while Larry sang and, the next day, I began leafing through magazines looking for a scene to paint on the new 16"X20" canvas I had also purchased. A picture in my Dad's Gulf Oil Magazine jumped out at me, and I began slowly sketching it in charcoal. Then, without really knowing what I was doing, I painstakingly began to paint the scene. I was immediately working wet-in-wet, and I found painting in oils much more forgiving than my long- ago experiences in other media. I painted out a lot of mistakes before I finally finished this painting that I titled "Bingen am Rhein" ("Bingen on the Rhine, "in Germany's wonderful region of wine grapes growing on the hills sloping down to the river.)



I knew nothing about this scene while I was painting it, and I wasn't too satisfied with my work when I finished. But I framed it and hung it in the room where I taught several singing lessons each week. I wanted to keep going with my new hobby, so I looked through some more magazines. Another photo soon jumped out at me — it was the cover picture of Mt. Rainier and Mineral Lake on my Mom's "Back to the Bible

Broadcast Magazine.” The music and teaching of that broadcast had filled our home every afternoon for years; and Jack Schrader, my best friend from my student days at Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, at that time was on the Back to the Bible music staff. The cover photo of the



snow-capped largest peak of the Cascade Mountains and the reflective lake were again painstakingly sketched on the second 16x20 canvas I had purchased on that voiceless afternoon in Philadelphia. This painting, with its old rowboats in the foreground went a little faster than did “Bingen,” and I finished it in less time than it had taken me to paint my first effort.

At this point, I felt that I really had to at least consult a successful landscape painter before I made another effort. One such painter, whose work I had seen for several years, was artist Robert Wood (1889-1979). Prints of his realistic nature scenes had adorned furniture store walls and some other venues I had visited. His style and his subjects spoke to me, and I wanted to get to the point where I could paint in a style like his. Robert Wood was born in England, emigrated to the United States, and rose to prominence in the 1950s, with the sales of millions of his color reproductions. He was active in the art colonies of San Antonio, Texas, in the 1930s, Monterey, California, in the 1940s, and Laguna Beach in the 1950s. I had been

to Laguna Beach with my parents in 1955, and to this day I can see and feel the air at the Pacific Ocean beachfront there. I soon found in an art store an instructive book by this renowned artist, and I chose one of his well-known oil paintings, “Lake Tahoe and Jeffrey Pines,” as my next project, this time on a 20x24 canvas. I learned how he set up his palette, mixed colors, used mediums and suddenly I was painting with more ease and confidence, not to mention, speed. I soon finished my painting I have been using his basic techniques, while adding my own effects and nuances ever since!

Going back to my first ever oil painting, “Bingen am Rhein,” I had no idea about anything at all in the photograph of the scene in the old Gulf Oil Magazine which had been my inspiration. I had been captured by the old church and some of the other buildings I saw in the photograph, and I also liked the masonry bridge because it reminded me of several stone bridges that I had seen crossing over the Brandywine Creek near my Coatesville, PA, home. But little did I know what I would learn about my painting a few years after I painted it!



About ten years after I finished that first canvas, a young girl from East Germany came to study voice with me. She was not a natural singer by any means, but she was motivated and not afraid of some intense work, in which we first had to train her ear and then free up her tight voice. Her hard work paid off, and she became a scholarship student at Philadelphia Musical Academy, and she attained some fame as a fine soprano soloist. One day while she was studying with me, her Mother, whom I had never met, came to her lesson with her. She walked into my studio, looked up at my first-ever painting, and loudly exclaimed, “Ach! Dat ees Bingen!!!” She then began to tell me all about the church and buildings surrounding it, the people she knew who lived in the neighborhood, and then about the bridge, itself! It is called the Drusus Bridge. Bridges seem to have had a long tradition at the mouth of the Nahe river. The first bridge was built by the Romans in the decade before Christ was born! At that time, Drusus fortified the left bank of the Rhine to mark the borders of the Roman Empire by constructing defensive works, and he built a wooden bridge over the Nahe. After it was destroyed in 70 AD, the first stone bridge was built, which then fell victim to the

Normans in 891. It was not until a good hundred years later that Archbishop Willigis built a new stone bridge over the Nahe. In the eastern pillar of this bridge, a small early Roman chapel made of stone from the banks of the Nahe was carved out in order to have the bridge protected by the Church. In 1689, the French destroyed it; and in 1772, it was rebuilt again. In March 1945, elite troops blew up the bridge before the approaching Allies could reach it. It was repaired at the end of World War II; and today, the Drusus Bridge dominates the townscape of Bingen as it did in the days of old. Anyone can visit the Catholic Chapel simply by asking to borrow its key.

After learning all of this history and seeing the recognition of the entire scene I had painted, I felt quite a bit better about my first ever painting, but the history of that bridge, river, and church are dwarfed by the account I learned later on of a consecrated Nun who lived her life there. She was Hildegarde of Bingen, a latter-day prophetess, healer, and music composer who lived her life right there at Bingen! She and her ministries and music will hopefully be the subject of a future “Cheerful Notes.”

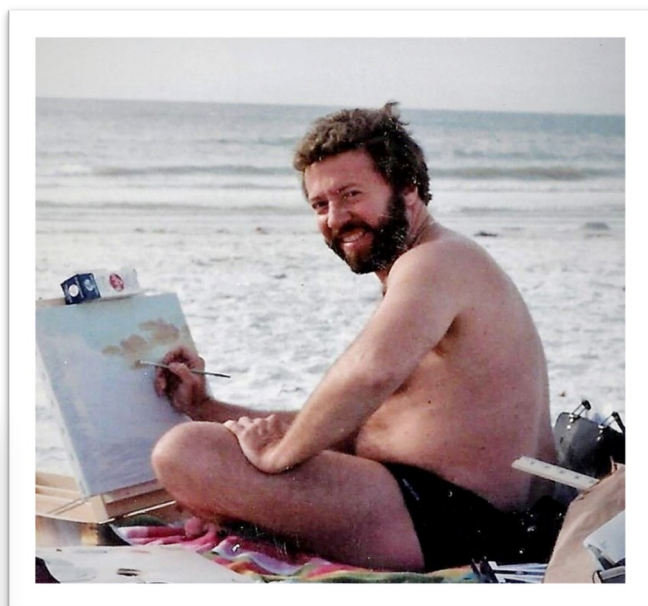
Here are some more of Warren’s beautiful creations...



Top: Dad’s Seascape.

Right: The French Creek—October 1975.

Bottom: Portland Head Light



Above: Taken on Clearwater Beach on New Year’s Eve, 1985, Warren was beginning a seascape with a rainbow. On the day you see, he was just completing the sky with clouds in 78 degree temperatures when suddenly a chilly and brisk wind came up and blew that white sand into his still wet sky. He thought, “Blast it! Now I’ll have to do it over again!” They packed up and drove back to Cherry’s Dad’s place and upon awakening on New Year’s Day, Warren looked at his painting and saw that God and His wind had created the best clouds he said he has ever painted to this day! There was an art gallery in Reading, PA, that represented Warren and when he took the now finished painting in to them, someone bought it during the first hour it was hung! He said that was the only time a sale ever happened that fast. Warren also creates paintings from photographs.



A Blast from the Past

St. Mark received this photo along with a letter from the granddaughter of a long-time parishioner of St. Mark from the early 1900s. Her letter is below with some very interesting memories and facts. The handwritten notation on back of the photo reads: St. Mark's Church, Easter Sunday, Walter, Crucifer, 1916, Mr. Rolfe Crum, Rector.



Comments from Archivist, Joan Green, on the photo of St. Mark's Interior in 1916

Please note the location of the choir – the choir pews were located in the area in front of the communion rail—they faced each other. The organ was located very near and under the sign that reads 169, 172, & 179. Please note the location of the baptismal font – It appears to have flowers in it (that is common in some churches for High Holy Days). Also, note the gas lights on the side of the angels. Not visible in this photo is the Rood screen. I don't know the year that was put in place; it would have been above the railings that have the plants on them. It was removed in circa 1950s. The railing and altar in the Chapel were made from the Rood Screen. I am puzzled by the hanging behind the altar. MY records say the High altar and the carvings around it were carved by the Rev. Wm. D. Wilson in 1894. He was the Rector from 1894 –1916. From looking at a photo as the interior looks today, the hanging doesn't appear to go high enough to cover the carved wood behind the altar. One of life's mysteries, I guess.

December 26, 2020

The Rev. Nelson Gaetz, Interim Priest
The Vestry and the Historian
St. Mark's Evangelical Episcopal Church
1612 West Genesee Street
Syracuse, NY 13204-1950

Dear Rev. Gaetz and The Vestry of St. Mark's Church:

Enclosed is a photograph from 1916, when my father, Walter T. Littlehales, served St. Mark's Church as crucifer (acolyte?) at the Easter Sunday Service. My grandmother's note on the back says that the Rector was Mr. Rolfe Crum.

My grandmother, Florence Almy Littlehales, was a long-time and proud member of St. Mark's. She moved to Syracuse from Providence, RI, as a teenager (I think) and stayed a member until she left Syracuse to live with her daughter in Ithaca after perhaps 60 years of membership. (Clearly, I don't know exact dates of anything but the Easter 1916 service, but family lore has given me a general idea.)

My grandfather, Cecil Walter Littlehales, grew up in Hamilton, Ontario, and moved to Syracuse to work at Solvay Process. When he and my grandmother married, they moved to 603 Avery Avenue. She and their 4 children—Walter, Sylvia, Elizabeth (Betsy), and Edward (Ned or Ed)—were members of St. Mark's. Among his interests, my grandfather made wine. He never joined the church, I understand, but legend has it that during Prohibition, he provided St. Mark's with Communion wine.

I obviously don't know if you have any interest in the photograph or history, but I offer it to you to archive, pitch, or recycle.

In the process of finding you, I've read through your website and am quite impressed with St. Mark's inclusiveness, social programs, environmental awareness, and generally progressive agenda. I applaud your forward-looking and responsible approach to today's world.

Sincerely,

Beverly (Beckey) Littlehales Stamm

Images of Ash Wednesday and the Easter Season at St. Mark



Fr. Nelson Gaetz (top left) and Mr. Gary Neddo (top right) offered two drive-through times for St. Mark parishioners to receive ashes. At right, Mr. Bill Zimmer dispensed ashes to 48 people at our ministry at Brighton Towers!

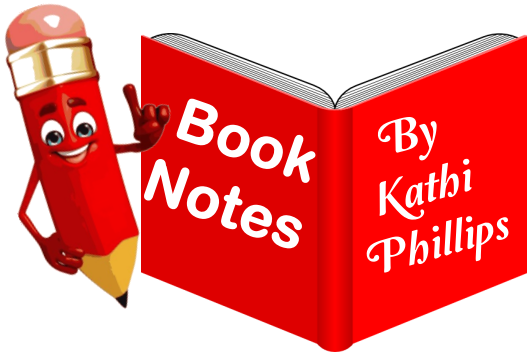


Parishioners received a treat on Palm Sunday from Joan Green (also pictured above receiving a blessing). The Jelly Beans came with a beautiful note about how the colors represent the real meaning of Easter.



After no Easter or Christmas 2020 services, St. Mark parishioners enjoyed thoughtfully prepared Holy Week services in person and via livestream that included music on Good Friday and Easter, thanks to the hard work of our interim music director, Kathryn Woods. Good Friday featured guest vocalists David Hoy and Rob Massotti (who also played piano) while our beautiful and joyful Easter Sunday service was celebrated complete with brass music from trumpet player, Noah Ocasio, and trombone player, Caleb Butchko.





A good book is always on tap; it may be decanted and drunk a hundred times, and it is still there for further imbibement.

Holbrook Jackson

Welcome to the February/March 2021 Book Notes column. This month we feature contributions by Joan Green and Debra Denny.

Joan recommends **Finding Dorothy** by Elizabeth Letts. “This book has been chosen to be *CNYReads* book of 2021. It is historical fiction about L. Frank Baum, author of “*The Wizard of OZ*,” and his wife Maud Gage Baum. Maud was the daughter of Matilda Gage, a suffragette. It is also about the making of the movie *Wizard of Oz* in 1939 – Maud Gage Baum was a consultant for this movie. Lots of local history included in this story – the Gage home in Fayetteville, the Suffragette Movement, Frank Baum living in Chittenango, Mattydale, East Syracuse-Maud also attended Cornell as one of the first female students. You will learn a lot about Judy Garland, as a young girl in the making of the movie.”

Joan also recommends **Just Mercy: A Story of Justice and Redemption** by Bryan Stevenson, a biography. “Bryan Stevenson was a gifted young attorney when he founded the *Equal Justice Initiative*, a legal practice dedicated to defending the poor, the wrongly condemned, and those trapped in the furthest reaches of our criminal justice system. One of his first cases was that of WALTER McMILLIAN, a young man sentenced to die for a notorious murder he didn’t commit. This book was made into a movie with the same title - it came out in January of 2020. [It is available on DVD from local libraries and also on HBO.] Please note: February was Black History Month.”

I’m always looking for an author who can lift me out of myself.

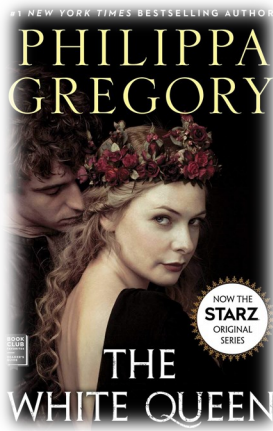
Henry Miller

Deb Denny shares with us her life-long love of historical fiction:

“My love for historical fiction began when I had my tonsils out. I was about 8 or 9 and to help me wile away the hours recuperating on the couch, my beloved aunt thoughtfully brought me my first chapter book, **Little Women** by Louisa May Alcott. I immediately fell in love with the time period and the characters. I don’t know how many times I have read that book (or watched the various movies). Next, I moved onto **Jane Eyre** by Charlotte Brontë and discovered an intense interest in English literature and history. Soon I was reading Victorian era mystery novels from authors like Victoria Holt.

Then one day many years ago, a neighbor brought me my first Philippa Gregory book, **The White Queen**. She said she had just finished it and knew I would love it – she was right. Gregory has a way of taking history (through much research, historical letters and writings) and bringing it to life. What makes her stories so compelling is how she takes it upon herself to elaborate upon the real situation of the historical characters, surmising what might have led their actions through their thoughts and conversations, and making it very believable. I don’t know why I became so fascinated by England and its rich and gory history, but after reading Gregory, books focused on the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance era became my favorite reads.

Set in the mid-15th century, **The White Queen** is the first in a series of the Cousins’ War – a battle between the House of York (symbol: White Rose) and the House of Lancaster (symbol: Red Rose) for the throne of England. This period has been romantically referred to by many writers as “The War of the Roses,” though it is said it is only the colors that the House’s used to represent them and not the actual rose. In the *White Queen*, beautiful and widowed Lady Elizabeth Woodville Gray devises a plan to intercept the newly crowned King Edward on his return from war to plead her case for the return of her land lost in the war along with her husband (this was a very bold move because, one, her husband had fought against Edward, and two, at that time woman were not allowed to possess much of anything, let alone land). But she and her mother have hatched more than that and to make



a long story short – Elizabeth succeeds in making the king fall in love with her, eventually becoming queen in spite intense opposition to a king marrying beneath his status.

Having always lived in a democracy, I really had no clue about monarchy. I don't remember studying it much in history and was shocked to learn in great detail from Gregory about the bloody and brutal never-ending fight for the throne. It seems anyone with any portion of royal blood in their veins felt an entitlement to be the king and whoever was in power at the time spent most of his life looking over his shoulder, placing spies everywhere, even in the castle walls, always heedful there will most likely be an attempt on their life. In the second in the series, **The White Princess**, King Henry (Tudor) the VII, who has usurped the throne from the House of York in battle, is particularly paranoid and it takes over his life. He marries Elizabeth of York (King Edward and Queen Elizabeth's

daughter) bringing the two houses together. Henry and Elizabeth will eventually give birth to the notorious King Henry VIII. (There are so many Henrys, Elizabeths, Edwards and Marys in English history that sometimes it does make it a challenge to keep track while reading!)

Here is where I was really drawn in, reading as many books as I could on the spoiled, narcissistic King Henry VIII, his wives and his battle with the Catholic Church. The constant struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism both fascinated and appalled me, learning about all of the bloodshed, lust for power and brutality that was committed in the name of religion and God.

Religion was the center of every monarch's reign and was often used by those around him in power to manipulate the realm. Each monarch established and fought for what they believed was the "true" religion, believing those following any other were doomed for hell. King Henry VIII, however, had his own selfish reasons from withdrawing from the Catholic Church – the Pope wouldn't grant him an annulment from his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, so he could marry Anne Boleyn. Katherine and Henry's only daughter, Mary Tudor, was a staunch Catholic and after the death of her father and brother (King Edward VI), she became Queen Mary I (1516-1558), the first queen regnant of England and immediately began re-establishing Catholicism. Because of her zealous persecution of Protestants, she was dubbed Bloody Mary. When she died, her half-sister and daughter of King Henry and Anne Boleyn, became the much-loved Queen Elizabeth I (1558-1603) reversing Mary's re-establishment of Roman Catholicism.

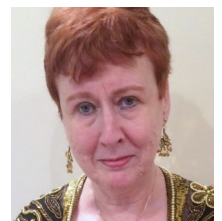
After reading her books in succession from roughly 1464 through Queen Elizabeth (**The Virgin's Lover**), I wanted to read Gregory's books on other characters of the time, including each of King Henry VIII's wives and daughters. Other books by Gregory worth a read are **The Red Queen** (part of the Cousins' War series), **The Boleyn Inheritance** and one of her most famous, **The Other Boleyn Girl** about Ann's sister, Mary, also a conquest of Henry VIII.

Other authors who bring these same riveting stories to life that I would recommend are Allison Weir and Jean Plaidy. But Philippa Gregory remains the master."

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors.

Samuel Johnson

We encourage you to contribute to Book Notes. It doesn't have to be long or fancy! If you want to give us just names and titles of recent reads or favorite authors that would be fine. You don't have to write a whole book review if you would prefer not to do so. Send your thoughts to kphilli7@twcnv.rr.com. In the next issue we would like to feature books for young people, a subject we have neglected so far. While we don't have very many young families in our parish, we do have lots of grandparents, aunts, and uncles who could use some good ideas for gift books or library trips.



A book is a present you can open again and again. ~ Anonymous



A Promise Kept

My mom, Mary Kraushaar, had a huge place in her heart for animals, except for spiders. In embracing her English heritage, she loved the Olde English Bulldog. We had one when I was growing up. She would get so excited when she would see one in any type of media. If Mom got to see a real bulldog, she was over the moon and wouldn't stop talking about the dog for days. Her favorite saying was, "they're so ugly that they're beautiful."

Of course, her passion fueled my passion for the English Bulldog. I always promised her that someday I would have one just for her. Though Mom has passed, I finally kept my promise to her.

I am now the proud owner of an Olde English Bulldog. She just turned three months old and I love her dearly. As a tribute to Mom, I named her Vivian, which is Mom's middle name. For those who knew Mary, Vivian is just as feisty. I wish Mom was her to love and cuddle with Vivian but I'm sure she'll be watching over her from heaven.



A Garden Visitor

Syracuse has been experiencing some unusually beautiful April weather and Phil Buffham, our sexton, alerted me as I walked out of my office that a woman was taking advantage of our garden, relaxing on the bench with a book and an apple. How wonderful, I thought! Curious about how the garden came about, I emailed the one I refer to as my "St. Mark Google," Joan Green, who immediately responded... The garden was built in honor of Judge Farnham [a pillar of our former Parish]. He was a local Supreme Court Judge and a very active member—he served on the vestry for 42 years!! He had a garden filled with every color of Iris that he tended each year while they were in bloom. We had a fundraising "tea" at his home in Westvale and enjoyed his beautiful gardens. The statue of St. Francis in our garden is in memory of Shirley Maslona, mother of George Konder. ~ Joan Green, Archivist for the Diocese of CNY.



Photo Deb Denny

Some Heavenly Humor for the Soul...

There was a very gracious lady who was mailing an old family Bible to her brother in another part of the country.

"Is there anything breakable in here?" asked the postal clerk.

"Only the Ten Commandments." answered the lady.

"Somebody has said there are only two kinds of people in the world. There are those who wake up in the morning and say, "Good morning, Lord," and there are those who wake up in the morning and say, "Good Lord, it's morning."

A minister parked his car in a no-parking zone in a large city because he was short of time and couldn't find a space with a meter.

Then he put a note under the windshield wiper that read: "I have circled the block 10 times. If I don't park here, I'll miss my appointment. Forgive us our trespasses."

When he returned, he found a citation from a police officer along with this note "I've circled this block for 10 years. If I don't give you a ticket, I'll lose my job. Lead us not into temptation."

There is the story of a pastor who got up one Sunday and announced to his congregation: "I have good news and bad news. The good news is, we have enough money to pay for our new building program. The bad news is, it's still out there in your pockets."



While driving in Pennsylvania, a family caught up to an Amish carriage. The owner of the carriage obviously had a sense of humor, because attached to the back of the carriage was a hand printed sign... "Energy efficient vehicle: Runs on oats and grass. Caution: Do not step in exhaust."

A minister waited in line to have his car filled with gas just before a long holiday weekend. The attendant worked quickly, but there were many cars ahead of him. Finally, the attendant motioned him toward a vacant pump.

"Reverend," said the young man, "I'm so sorry about the delay. It seems as if everyone waits until the last minute to get ready for a long trip."

The minister chuckled, "I know what you mean. It's the same in my business."

And finally...

The minister was preoccupied with thoughts of how he was going to ask the congregation to come up with more money than they were expecting for repairs to the church building. Therefore, he was annoyed to find that the regular organist was sick and a substitute had been brought in at the last minute. The substitute wanted to know what to play.

"Here's a copy of the service," he said impatiently. "But, you'll have to think of something to play after I make the announcement about the finances."

During the service, the minister paused and said, "Brothers and Sisters, we are in great difficulty; the roof repairs cost twice as much as we expected and we need \$4,000 more. Any of you who can pledge \$100 or more, please stand up."

At that moment, the substitute organist played "The Star Spangled Banner."

And that is how the substitute became the regular organist!

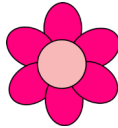
MAY 2021 FOOD \$ENSE MENU

Westside @ St. Mark's



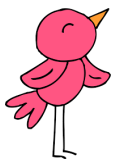
MAY Package* \$20.50:

Ground Beef, 1 lb.
Chicken Thighs, 3 lbs. (avg.)
Kielbasa Sausage, 13 oz.
Breaded Fish, 1 lb.
Bologna, 1 lb.
Cheddar Cheese, 8 oz.
Fresh Potato Salad, 16 oz.
Elbow Macaroni, 16 oz.
Frozen Strawberries, 16 oz.
Canned Corn, 15 oz.
Fresh Produce #1
Fresh Produce #2



**Projected package is subject to change*

When can I sign up?



**Sundays,
May 2 & 9
10am-12 noon**

**Thursday, May 6
4 – 6pm**

**Saturday, May 8
10am-12 noon**

***For more info on this
program, please visit
www.stmarkssyracuse.com***

MAY Specials:

Beef Patties - 2 lbs. for \$7.25: The beef patties are 100% all beef and there are 8 quarter pound patties per special.

Chicken Tenders - 2 lbs. for \$5.00: The chicken tenders are breaded and fully-cooked.

American Cheese - 5 lbs. for \$11.00: The sliced American cheese is not individually wrapped.

Protein Box - 6 lbs. for \$10.00: The Protein Box includes Italian Meatballs (1 lb.), Chicken Tenders (2 lbs.), Tilapia Fillets (1 lb.), Hot Dogs (1 lb.), Ground Turkey (1 lb.).

Onion Rings - 2.5 lbs. for \$6.75: The onion rings are ready to cook and can be used in the oven or fryer.

Pulled Pork - 1 lb. for \$6.50: The pulled pork is fully-cooked and in a Carolina BBQ sauce.

Stuffed Shells - 3 lbs. for \$6.00: The stuffed shells are stuffed with a ricotta cheese filling.

Pick-Up Date & Time:

Wednesday

May 19th

11:30am-1:30pm



A Sermon for The Second Sunday after Epiphany *January 17, 2021*

Each week, parishioners who have no computer or Internet access to our livestream are mailed service bulletins created just for them. This "extra" sermon was sent to them in January as a special treat from Fr. Gaetz:

*L*et me share something just a little different this week. What follows is this week's edition of a weekly message sent out by Bishop John Makholz, of the Upstate New York Synod, Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (My "other" bishop.) You will notice that Lutherans hear the same lessons from the Bible and Bishop Makholz refers to hymns that are also part of our shared heritage, especially "Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling." I hope you find this meaningful. I'll be preaching a different sermon Sunday for those of you who can follow the service from church electronically.

A theme in the Gospel for this Sunday and the first lesson in 1 Samuel is that of call or hearing the voice of God, whether from out of nowhere or face to face. As I pondered this, immediately hymns began to come to mind, some perhaps old and familiar to us, others more recent.

*"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say"
"Come, Follow Me, the Savior Spoke"
"Will You Come and Follow Me"
"Softly and Tenderly, Jesus is Calling"*

There are others but for now I share those to focus attention on the fact that in many and various ways God calls to us and invites us into spaces where God is present, inviting us on a journey of discipleship. For Nathaniel and Samuel, the calls are dramatic narratives. I'm guessing that for each of us that may not be the case although there were one or two times when I clearly heard the voice of God and followed it; it's why I finally entered seminary – but that's a story for another time.

At the base of all of this for us as Christians stands our Baptism into the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is there that God invites us out of the waters and into the world to be light and life. It is while we are still dripping wet and the Word is ringing in our ears, whether realized or not, that God is calling; calling us to vocations in the world. To hear the call of God doesn't necessarily lead one into rostered ministry; these are not the only people called. Each of us is called in our own way and that call is renewed each and every day as we live out our life in the Kingdom.

Listen, God is calling. Take time this day to be quiet and still and see if you hear God's voice. It's calling you to be hope and light and justice and peace and love in a world desperately in need of all of that and more. Listen, where is God calling you right now?

Let us pray:

"O God, you have called your servants to ventures of which we cannot see the ending, by paths as yet untrodden, through perils unknown. Give us faith to go out with good courage, not knowing where we go, but only that your hand is leading us and your love supporting us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."





St Mark the Evangelist Episcopal Church

1612 W. Genesee Street Syracuse, NY 13204

TO:



Service Time

Sundays:

10 am-Holy Eucharist
(Both in-Person and via Livestream
Please visit our website for details)

Office Hours

Tuesday—Friday:
9 am to 1:45 pm

Mission Statement: The Church of St. Mark the Evangelist is a community of faith sharing the love of Jesus Christ with one another and the world.