

## Music Box

JANUARY 13, 2013

**Katherine Edison, soprano     Robert Armstead, bass-baritone**  
**Melinda Coffey Armstead, keyboards**

Hymne à la nuit..... Jean Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)  
L'Heure exquise ..... Paul Verlaine/Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)  
Chère Nuit..... Eugène Adenis/Alfred Bachelet (1864-1944)  
Ständchen..... Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
Prayer from Hansel and Gretel ....Englebert Humperdinck (1854-1921)  
All through the Night..... Welsh melody, arr. by Ruth Schram

Er kennt die rechten Freudenstunden.....J. S. Bach (1685-1750)  
from Cantata 93, He knows the proper time to rejoice!

He knows the proper time for gladness, He knows well when it profit brings;  
If he hath only faithful found us and marketh no hypocrisy,  
Then God comes, e'en before we know, and leaves to us much good result.

The Fifers ...François Dandrieu (1682-1738) arr. by E. Power Biggs

When I was a child, night was not my friend, on account of the darkness that came with it. I couldn't see well enough to detect the monsters I knew were there, and it was small comfort to know that they could see ME, because if you're a monster you can see in the dark, as everyone knows. Except for a few of my half-witted friends, who either denied monsters existed, or said while they might exist, they certainly couldn't see in the dark. That view would at least explain the frightening noises—monsters stumbling around blind in the dark.

A nightlight was better than nothing, but then there were shadows. Especially in the corner next to the closet where the monsters hid. I had to arrange my blankets so that the edge of that door was out of my line of sight. I figured that when a monster oozed out of the closet and couldn't see my face he would give up and go back inside. See, my monsters were not smart enough to reconstruct from the shape of the covers that there was an actual person there, not being able to see her face. Later, some of them moved to underneath my bed. I was OK as long as I kept well inside the perimeter of the mattress AND kept my eyes covered and shut. Occasionally one of the monsters would turn off the nightlight. Unbearable.

Many times grownups would talk about how nice it would be to be young again and not have any problems. Talking nonsense is a grownup's first line of defense against reality.

*Melinda Coffey Armstead*



### Painless and Economical

If you use the internet, why don't you have the weekly newsletter sent to you via email? It is fast, easy and saves the church money—here's what to do: Send an email to the office at [citf@mbay.net](mailto:citf@mbay.net) and ask Sherry to put you in the list. You will receive it early every week!

**Church in the Forest**  
at Erdman Chapel, Stevenson School  
3152 Forest Lake Road, Pebble Beach  
P. O. Box 1027, Pebble Beach, CA 93953

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Monday morning, January 7, 2013

Dear Members and Friends,

On Monday, I shared with the students at Stevenson School, something of what I had preached about this past Sunday. It was the opening assembly of the year when all of the seniors are already counting the days until graduation. But I wanted to underscore for them, and now for you, what a glorious privilege we have as a church community, and me as your pastor particularly, to share my ministry with the students, faculty and congregation, and yes, to live with that tension between academia and spirituality. Here is some of what I tried to preach about Sunday and presented today in Assembly:

The presence of a chaplain or church within an educational institution holds many purposes, one of which is for the purpose of urging us to live up to the greatest possibilities of our humanity and our life as spiritual beings. Often that “church” presence can be merely nostalgic relics of a nearly forgotten past offering simply a space for ceremonial settings for the rites of an academic community.


However, the presence of a church on campus can provide the possibility for faculty, staff and students, as well as local congregational members, to encounter each other openly, where people can come to experiment with religious thought and life and investigate the power and potential of this spiritual part of who we are. One writer suggests that people who had painful early experiences with religion are looking for a place to cultivate a new

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kind of religious life, where no questions are off-limits, where people are struggling with the concept of God and yet still want to be of service to humankind and want to know more about prayer.

There are times when folks sit uneasily with all of that, but one thing we can all agree upon is that the school and the church can be laboratories for trying new ways of living. Places to say a prayer as if someone were listening, to study as if we might learn something worth writing on our hearts, to join with others in service as if the world might be transformed.

See you in church,



William B. Rolland

## Calendar

**Sunday, January 13, 2013 — The Baptism of our Lord**

**8:30 AM** Bible Study with the Rev. Charles Anker. 2 Peter 2: 4-22.  
The picture of those who are evil.

**9:15 AM** **Music Prelude**

**9:30 AM** **Morning Prayer**

**Passages** Isaiah 61:1-4; Psalm 29:11; Luke 3: 1-11

**Lector** Ken Harrison

**Crucifer** Lupita Harrison

**Flowers** Raymond & Carol Williams

**Cookies** Linda Banner & Alison Burleigh

**Altar Care** Martha Jordan

**Ushers** Alison Burleigh & Linda Banner

**Sermon** The Rev. Dr. William B. Rolland

**Title** The Meeting Of Two Worlds

**Sunday, January 27, 2013 after the service.** Meeting of the Congregation to approve the budget.