

Music Box

— MARCH 25, 2012 —

**Katherine Edison, soprano
Melinda Coffey Armstead, piano & organ**

Prelude to Celebrate Spring

- Frühlingsglaube (Faith in Spring)..... Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
- Loveliest of Trees..... A. E. Houseman/John Duke (1899-1984)
- Phrase from “Les Illuminations” Arthur Rimbaud/
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
- L’Heure exquise (The Exquisite Hour)..... Paul Verlaine
/Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
- Chère Nuit (Beloved Night)... Eugène Adenis/Alfred Bachelet (1864-1944)
- The Year’s at the Spring Robert Browning/Amy Beach (1867-1944)
- Melody Op. 21 No. 9..... A. Nadson/Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
- Also Sprach Zarathustra - Sunrise Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
- April Showers (1921)..... B. G. De Silva/Louis Silvers

It’s official: Spring is really here. The days are longer and the nights shorter. You probably heard the muted click on March 20 when the north and south poles changed places, the so-called vernal equifax. This is one of the natural mysteries about which the less said the better. (I’m not giving away my entire scientific education in one column, in case you were wondering.)

If you don’t want to read all those pesky translations of the French, German and Russian poems here’s my short-cut synopsis:

Balmy breezes are awakened,
 They whisper and move day and night,
 From each branch springs a voice.
 I hear the soul of things singing,
 and the narcissuses and roses
 send me the sweetest perfumes!
 I would like to die in fragrant spring,
 In an overgrown garden, on a balmy day,
 So that heaps of dark lime-trees slumber above me
 And flowering lilacs flutter.
 Now all, all must change,
 and I dance!



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 and ask Kay to put you in the list. You will receive it early every week!

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Monday morning, March 19, 2012

Dear members and friends,

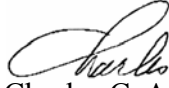
When I went to college, I came from a conservative background. My father was an immigrant from the Netherlands and he was very proud of having become an American citizen. Patriotism ran high in our home. America was the land of opportunity. While our faith was Calvinistic which proclaimed that salvation was not by “works,” paradoxically, people were judged by their work ethic. Laziness was despised as was moaning and groaning about one’s difficult lot in life. You were responsible and when one fell from grace the usual comment addressed to the fallen was, “You made your bed, now sleep in it.”

Well, when I went to college I learned that all such attitudes were insensitive, callous and uncaring—if not Neanderthal. We soon learned that if people were in desperate straits, it was due to the harshness of society and its institutions which failed to see the individual behind the facts. If a person fell, it was not due to sin, error or stupidity, but due to a fault in his upbringing—a deprivation, with low self-esteem rising like a sun at dawn to explain away the blackness of sin.

As a result of all this, we became great lovers of mankind. We sympathized with every cause that would elevate the lowly, downtrodden folk out there in the hinterlands of fascism. We walked in marches and could forgive any sin as due to overly rigid toilet-training and parental strictness. The only unforgiven were the conservatives, these were viewed without mercy. The Southern redneck was seen as the epitome of ignorance. I and my friends thought we were really intelligent and our arrogance was only equaled by our blindness to our own faults. We thought we loved, but our love was a kind of condescension towards our inferiors.

Well, it took far too long before reality set in. But it taught me that when one sees political witch hunts and the air heavily scented with self-righteousness, one begins to understand the hatred that brought Jesus to the cross. Because it was the people who only wanted the best for the unwashed masses that conspired in his death. The people with the impeccable “caring” credentials who decided that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. What lies behind all this is a firm belief in one’s moral superiority. Having once drunk of this dangerous brew, hatred can be rationalized in ways that would bring a blessing from the Pope.

See you in church,



Charles C. Anker

Holy Week begins on April 1 with Palm Sunday, followed by Maundy Thursday and Good Friday services at 6:00 pm. On Easter Sunday, April 8, we will have two identical services at 9:30 and 11:30 am. Bring a friend!

Calendar

Sunday, March 25, 2012

8:30 AM Bible Study with Charles Anker.

Topic: 1 Peter 2: 1-3. That On Which To Set The Heart

9:15 AM **Music Prelude**

9:30 AM **Morning Prayer**

Passages John 12:20-33; Psalm 51:10-17; Philippians 1: 18-21

Lector Natalie Stewart

Crucifer Leslie Mulford

Flowers Ted & Phyllis Tettlebach and the Thatcher Family

Cookies Kay Gameiro and ?

Altar Care Martha Jordan and Tootie Denahy

Ushers Bob and Sandy Rice

Sermon the Rev. Dr. William B. Rolland

Title Will the real Jesus stand up

Saturday, March 24, 2012, 2 pm, Peter Thatcher Memorial at the church