

Music Box

— JULY 1, 2012 —

Melinda Coffey Armstead, piano and organ

Variations on “God Save The King”Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
(a.k.a.”My Country, ‘Tis of Thee”)

God Bless AmericaIrving Berlin (1888-1989)

Selections from Robert Bremmer’s Harpsichord or
Spinnet Miscellany, 1765, Williamsburg, Virginia

Variations on “Yankee Doodle”anonymous (ca. 1790)

Following reprinted by request:

This column doesn’t often spend itself on nostalgia, but Fourth of July always triggers overriding childhood memories of barefoot summertime: sticky watermelon juice running down sunburned arms and legs, seeds spit out like machine gun fire, decimating brothers, sisters, cousins, and friends. I remember the frantic scramble for a nickel or dime to answer the siren song of the ice-cream truck in the late afternoon, the frozen delight on a stick that, only half eaten, melts and falls off onto the ground. I know what it is to run through the sprinkler, to pull the wagon filled with water or friends or both, to hop from shadow to shadow, feet bottoms hissing in the hot sun, because I was there. I know how to catch fireflies in a jar at dusk and how, blowing on them, to make them flare up in green-white heat as if in answer to the promise of romance. I remember the lure of fireworks with dangerous-sounding names, failing to deliver their impossible promises, but giving 45 minutes of semi-climax and “the punk’s out again” and deriving most of their noise from grownups yelling at the kids to be careful. I remember, unable to wait until dark, lighting those sulphurous snakes that left their signature on the sidewalk for months afterwards. I know how to write my name in the dark with a sparkler and where to throw it later to maximize adult anxiety. I know the summer-evening sound of locusts, the intoxication of honeysuckle, and the sweet hope of a later bedtime. I know the boring drone of adults inexplicably talking their summer away, wasting the heat, wasting the chance to run and yell, wasting happiness itself. I know the feeling of wet grass, of air palpable with sulfur and smoke and brass bands and patriotic songs, and of Dad’s warm hand holding mine.

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

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Monday morning, June 25, 2012

Dear members and friends,

“Talking Less, Seeing More”

A friend of mine, at least I think he was a friend, used to say to me quite often, “You can glorify God by keeping your mouth shut!” He had a good point for any of us.

Sarah Maitland is a novelist and short story writer whose books include: *On becoming a Fairy Godmother & Other Dark Tales*. In 2008 she published, *A Book of Silence*, about her exploration of a solitary, prayerful life. She, in fact, lives in an isolated part of Scotland and takes into her home those who would wish to explore meditation and silence. She once remarked, “I have lived a very noisy life” and that the turn to silence is a surprise to her, but a welcome one.

In a recent interview, Ms. Maitland struck a chord with me as one who is interested in silence but is so captivated by “the word” and, therefore, at times struggles with the what and how the spoken word is received or rejected. One may question what then is one’s value as seen in one’s own inner self as opposed to how one is seen by others. Ms. Maitland goes on to write about two separate traditions of silence—both having been absorbed into Christian Spirituality.

There is the silence of *self-knowing*: “The world is too much with us,” expresses the belief that society corrupts our true inner life and deafens us to our authentic voice. We need sometimes to withdraw from it into what is the bliss of solitude in order to shore up the boundaries of our personalities, to make ourselves less permeable and more genuinely creative and fulfilled.

There is also the silence, which is recognized in what is termed, desert spirituality that calls for a radical loss of self, of identity and ego. This is *kenosis*, the self-emptying (the literal antithesis of self-fulfillment). The apostle Paul refers to this when he describes the life of Jesus: “He emptied himself, taking on the form of a slave.” Philippians 2:7.

So, here we are at the beginning of summer with more free time to find for ourselves that place of silence. We can’t just jump on a flight to Scotland and search for this lover of silence and learn “how to do it,” but we can discover that silence in very simple ways. Take the time to kick back and find a quiet place and let silence reign. We will all be the stronger and more centered if we do.

See you in church,



William B. Rolland

ANNOUNCEMENT: Bill has been called back to Minneapolis to be with Grandma Lorraine, who is dying. Charles will be preaching this Sunday, July 1, and Melinda will be back with us!

Calendar

Sunday, July 1, 2012

8:30 AM Bible Study with the Rev. Charles Anker.
Topic: 1 Peter 3: 8 – 12 (cont.) The Marks of the Christian Life (2)

9:15 AM Music Prelude

9:30 AM Holy Communion

Passages Deuteronomy 28:1-14; Psalm 115:1-11; Matthew 5:17-20

Lector Natalie Stewart

Crucifer Skip Lord

Flowers Lloyd Nattkemper

Cookies Leslie Mulford and Mariana Brook

Altar Care Martha Jordan

Ushers Howard Colehower and Jack Davis

Prayers of the People Howard Colehower

Oblation Bearer Liz Lord

Sermon The Rev. Charles Anker

Title “Land that I Love”