

*Music Box*

— AUGUST 19, 2012 —

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

- A Summer Vacation ..... Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
- In Summer Fields..... Charles Ives (1874-1954)
- The Circus Band ..... Charles Ives
- Summertime..... George Gershwin (1898-1937)
- I Got Plenty o’ Nuttin’..... G. Gershwin
  
- Pie Jesu..... Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
  
- Rondo in G..... John Bull (1562-1628)

Charles Ives is the Norman Rockwell of American composers. Optimistic, idealistic, passionately democratic, he molded the forms and traditions of European classical music into a unified voice of the American people. And such variety! Familiar as a childhood tune, cheerful as a small town Fourth of July, quiet as a New England church, perhaps echoing a gospel hymn or a patriotic tune or a sentimental parlor song. Nor can we reasonably hold it against him that he made fortune in the insurance business while establishing his reputation as a major American artist.

He was born in the small manufacturing town of Danbury, Connecticut, on October 20, 1874. (If you do time-lines, note that Brahms finished his First Symphony in 1876, although the sewing machine was invented in 1846.) During the Civil War his father George Ives had been the Union’s youngest bandmaster, his band called the best in the army.

I would be remiss not to mention that Friday the 13th fell on a Monday this month. Not a good sign.

Melinda Coffey Armstead  
Music Director



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

**Church in the Forest**  
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# Church in the Forest

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Monday morning, August 13, 2012

Dear members and friends,

Why do people listen to sermons? Several years ago a reader of the *British Weekly*, wrote a letter to the editor. It read as follows: “Dear Sir, It seems that ministers feel that their sermons are very important and spend a great deal of time preparing them. I have been attending church pretty regularly for the past thirty years and I have probably heard three thousand of them. To my consternation, I discovered that I couldn’t remember a single one of them! I wonder if the ministers’ time might be more profitably spent on something else? Sincerely....”

Well, as a preacher, I have to admit that I often wonder that myself. We do think sermons are important, and most of us do spend a lot of time preparing them, and some people spend a lot of time listening to them. And to what end? Well there was a real storm of editorial reply to that letter you may be sure, but the debate was finally ended when this letter was printed in response.

“Dear sir, I have been married for thirty years. During that time, I have eaten thirty-two thousand, eight hundred and thirty meals, mostly of my wife’s cooking. Suddenly, I discovered that I could not remember the menu of a single one of them, but I have the distinct impression that without them, I would have starved to death long ago. Sincerely....”

The doubt continues to plague most preachers periodically. One local minister of a church in Montana, who knew a lot about that struggle that preachers face, wrote a song entitled: “The highly sensational, partly relational, vocational trauma blues.” This particular preacher was also something of a Country Western Singer and guitarist. So that Sunday morning in the middle of his sermon, backed up by his folk group, called, “Hell in a Hand-basket,” he let it rip. It went like this:

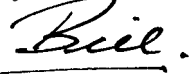
*“Saturday night, quarter to ten, sermons not done, and don’t know how to end. It’s getting late, and tomorrow won’t wait, much less the good folks in the pews. They’ll just wonder if I’m okay, wonder why I look this way? Well don’t look now, but I’m coming down with those high*

*sensational, party relational, vocational trauma blues. CHORUS: Maybe I should have been a Rock ‘n Roll singer! Yeah! Maybe I should have been a Rock ‘n Roll singer! Yeah. The people won’t read my litanies; they’ll just sit and stare me. Oh the prayers too long, and the hymns are wrong, and I forgot to shine my shoes. The points I make, when I start to speak, sound like the three that I made last week. Excuse me please, but it’s a bad disease, it’s high sensational, partly relational, vocational trauma blues. CHORUS: Maybe I should have been a highly-skilled brain surgeon! Yeah. Maybe I should have been a highly-skilled brain surgeon! Yeah!”*

From the pen of a great friend and Methodist Minister, Bob Holmes, who would visit CitF every year.

See you in church and, I promise, I won’t sing in the middle of the sermon. And neither will our guest preacher, the Rev. Ken Feske, although, he could!

See you in church,

  
William B. Rolland

## Calendar

**Sunday, August 19, 2012**

**8:30 AM** Bible Study with the Rev. Charles Anker.

**9:15 AM** Music Prelude

**9:30 AM** Morning Prayer

**Passages** Micah 6:1-8; Psalm 15; Matthew 5: 1-12

**Lector** Phil Bowhay

**Crucifer** Judy Fletcher

**Flowers** Linda Banner

**Cookies** Merrill Leslie

**Altar Care** Martha Jordan

**Ushers** Howard Colehower and Jack Davis

**Sermon** The Rev. Ken Feske

**Title** Beyond Excellence and Fairness

**Sunday, August 26, 2012, Church in the Forest 25th Anniversary Party** 5:00 pm, Rosen Center. You won’t want to miss this—contact the church office to sign up!