

NAM News

Northside Presbyterian Church
Spring 2013

St. Aidan's Episcopal Church
Vol. 2, Issue 1

Remembering Ann Lawton Jan. 18, 1933 -- Jan. 9, 2013

Our sister Ann Lawton was a long time member of Northside. She joined our congregation on Sept. 10, 1972 and has been a faithful member every since. Just before Christmas 2012 she learned she had cancer. She and Rich, her husband of almost 55 years, chose not to treat the disease as it had metastasized and was all through her body. The doctors thought she would have a few months to live but Ann passed away quietly, at home with Rich, just a few weeks later on Jan. 9, 2013.



Ann was born on Jan. 18, 1933 in Mt. Cisco, NY. Early in her childhood her family moved to Vienna, VA just outside Washington, DC where Ann grew up. She graduated from Westminster College, a Presbyterian liberal arts school in western Pennsylvania. While there she played basketball when the women's

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Northside Presbyterian Church

Northside Presbyterian Church is a faith community focused on glorifying God by being welcoming in worship, inclusive by intension, joyful in doing justice, and liberal in love.

www.northsidepres.org

Pastor: The Rev. Brooke Pickrell

St. Aidan's Episcopal Church

The church in the woods which demonstrates God's love through inclusive community, thoughtful exploration, loving service, and idedication to ecological ministry

www.staidan.org

Pastor: The Rev. Dr. Judith Harmon

Sunday Schedule:

8:30 Episcopal Holy Communion
9:45 Adult Education
11:00 Episcopal Holy Communion
11:00 Presbyterian Worship

(Ann Lawton, Continued)

game was still played on only a half court and dribbling was not allowed.

Back in the Washington area after college Ann attended a young people's fellowship group at Sixth Presbyterian Church. The group was designed to provide fellowship for the many young service men working in the Capital. One evening she meet an Army fellow named Rich Lawton, who was doing biochemical research at Walter Reed research labs.

They discovered they had both been traveling in Europe the same summer and that their paths had crossed several times but they hadn't met. After the evening was over Rich decided he wanted to ask Ann out, but he had forgotten her last name. He looked in the group's list of members and found an "Ann" who said, "Yes, I remember talking to you." Only when he picked his date up did Rich find out that she was not the red head who had so captivated him.

He eventually found the right Ann and they were married on June 14, 1958 in the Vienna Presbyterian Church. They moved to Madison, Wisconsin so Rich could began graduate school at the University of Wisconsin. While in Madison their first two children, Steven and John were born. When Rich finished his PhD, the family moved to Ann Arbor and Rich began his long teaching career in the Chemistry Department at the University of Michigan. Soon three more children came along--Eric, David, and at last a girl, Deborah.

Professionally Ann worked as a biology technician and learned protein sequencing. She worked for several years in the lab of St. Aidanite Charles Williams. Ann loved quilting, hiking, and gardening, and was a regular member of the NAM book group. She served many years as Northside's financial

secretary and was often a session member. We will miss her kind and gracious presence and our hearts go out to her family. A memorial service for Ann is being planned for mid-June at Northside.

A Hymn

Greetings from Angela and Charles William sojourning in England. We are sharing a hymn they sang at St. Mark's Anglican church in Sheffield, to the tune of, "Lord of all hopefulness:" (Takes a bit of practice to work some of the words in correctly!)

*Lord of our city, we bring you its pain
the muggings, the dole queues, the lift's bust again,
the fear of each stranger and nowhere to play,
the waiting for buses at the start of the day.*

*Lord of our homeless, we bring you their cry
the waiting on promises - pie in the sky.
The red tape and questions and sent on their way.
The sense of frustration at the noon of the day.*

*Lord of all races, all colors of skin
please make us fight racism, help us begin
to see how our prejudice colors the way
we treat friends and neighbors at the end of the day.*

*Lord of our whole lives, we bring them to you:
we're powerless, defeated till you make us new,
then powered by your Spirit, we go on once more
with news of your wholeness, Good News for the poor.*

Jane Galbraith Tune: Slane

We miss you all! Peace and love,

Angela and Charles Williams

Pastor's Corner
The Rev. Brooke Pickrell

Our joint Ash Wednesday service that was held on February 13 was a simple service that included an unusually long period of silence to reflect upon our sins, to seek God's forgiveness, and to open ourselves to taste and to see and to hear and to feel again the presence of God in our lives and in the life of the world. Though the option of kneeling is included in the Presbyterian Church's Book of Common Worship during the time of confession for the service of Ash Wednesday, Presbyterians are not too familiar with this practice in general. Kneeling, from my perspective, is a natural part of Episcopal liturgy, but for many Presbyterians, this body movement can seem quite foreign.

The option to kneel was available to worshipers during the long period of confession and silence on Ash Wednesday. Because I was sitting in the front row and had the space to kneel, I did so. It is a rare moment in my time of leading worship when I have had the opportunity to kneel. The last time I knelt was at my installation as the pastor of Northside, and before that, it was many years ago at my ordination to the Ministry of Word and Sacrament. Both of these moments in my ministry were humbling and encouraging reminders of God's presence in and call upon my life.

Kneeling on this night, for me, brought quite tangibly down to earth the journey that is Lent, and the journey that really is all of Christian discipleship. Through my knees touching the ground, I was able to connect with "the earth". Though it was carpet upon which my knees found rest, still, my body felt more clearly

connected to God's creation for which I can so easily take for granted, and which is so forgiving of me in response, continuing to sustain me along my journey.

In the practice of yoga meditation, pranayama, and asana, the connection that the practitioner knows with the ground, with the earth, is an inherent part of the practice. The same should be true for our worship experience in the sanctuary, but so often Church leaders have excluded any connection between earthly things and our spiritual lives. We hear about the spirit and the flesh- flesh meaning the concrete things of this existence- as if they were two opposing forces. This can only be the result of poor translation and theological reflection, as we know from the creation story that God was intimately and lovingly connected to the details of bodily existence for all of creation.

And so kneeling was one way to help connect me to the earth and more deeply ground me in my physical body, giving thanks for the gift of life and movement, and helping to remind me that this body has come from the earth and will return to the earth.

It is from dust we have come, and to dust we shall return, we are reminded on Ash Wednesday. The opportunity to come to my knees was a redeeming reminder that it is not my own effort, but that it is God's grace by which I am sustained and nourished. There is liberation in collapsing into the realization that I am in total need of God.

(Brooke's Pastor's Corner, cont.)

Confession is not comfortable. It should challenge us. It is never easy to admit when and where we have been wrong, that we have hurt people and non-human creation, that we are in need of forgiveness. Kneeling gets uncomfortable after awhile, and maybe that is one reason it is practiced by so many faithful people of so many religions all over the world. It is a powerful reminder- a physical nudging and even aching- to return to God. The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abounding in steadfast love, the Ash Wednesday reading from Joel reminded us. Therefore we need not fear an honest encounter with God, who is already extending the hand of forgiveness long before we ever reach out to accept. -

Rev. Brooke Pickrell

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March Session Notes

The Session met on January 29. Highlights of the meeting were:

- Brooke Pickrell be granted paid sick leave for the period March 11 through March 17. It was noted that Northside does not have a stated policy on sick leave.
- A discussion of Building Security – It was agreed to add building security concerns to the agenda of the February 10 Called Congregational meeting.
- NAM Safe Church Policy for Children – Session reviewed and approved the final draft of the NAM policy and forwarded that information to the NAM Administrative Council.
- Ordering of New PCUSA Hymnals – Session approved the purchase of 5 hymnals and 1 organist copy as samples for review.
- Website Development/Maintenance – Kate Roesch is working to organize a meeting for continued discussion and identification of next steps.

Please feel free to discuss these and other issues with the members of the Session.

St. Aidan's Bishop's Committee Officers and Members 2013

Senior Warden: Michael Earle
Junior Warden: Janet Lamb
Secretary: Cindy Pierson
Treasurer: Rachel Baird
Financial Secretary: Gail Graham
Members: Mary Bartowiak,
Jim Pierson, Stephen Uche, Kim Zaugg,

Jean Loup Installed as Moderator of the Detroit Presbytery



On January 22, 2013 Northside's own Jean Loup was installed as Moderator of the Detroit Presbytery. Jean just finished a year as the Presbytery's Vice-Moderator and will serve as Moderator for one year. The installation ceremony took place during the worship service at the Presbytery's January meeting held at 1st Presbyterian Church, Ann Arbor.



At Jean's request several Northsiders served communion, Pat Hodges read the scripture, and the Rev. Brooke Pickerell gave the benediction.



We're very proud of you, Jean!



GreenFaith Musings by John Paul Board

This is the second in a series of reflections from the Eco-justice Committee of the Green Faith Certification Program on what the world might look like if there truly was eco-justice. I attribute the content of this article to Walter Brueggemann (1990)

"The central vision of world history in the Bible is that all of creation is one, every creature in community with every other, living in harmony and security toward the joy and well being of every other creature."(Brueggemann, 1990)

My previous musings (November 2012) listed four principles within a renewed paradigm of Eco-justice, the first being the Cosmic Immanence of the Divine. That is to say, God created all things and is the unifying force throughout the cosmos. Furthermore, God created all things to be in harmony. And, God's loving intention encompasses all that God has created, all plants, all animals, and all natural systems, even to the apparently least significant. Every creature, inorganic as well as living, and every natural system exist only in relationship to every other. No part of creation, including humanity, can separate itself from the whole. There is total interdependence.

The Hebrew concept of Shalom best communicates God's intention for creation. Contrary to popular understanding, the word shalom has a much broader meaning than "peace." It connotes a feeling of contentment, completeness, wholeness, health, well being, and harmony. As does the Latin word *salvus*, from which comes the English word *salvation*. Therefore, Shalom is the cosmos existing in harmony, i.e., "The Kingdom of God." Shalom is when all creatures are free from the tyranny of coercion. This is not how society works but it is how the Bible describes God's

Will. Eco-Justice is any action that promotes Shalom

SHALOM: may all God's creatures exist in peace, justice, and harmony.

My GreenFaith Genesis

As a child during WW II my solemn duty was to cut the bottoms out of the tin cans that were emptied in the kitchen and carry them to the basement. I made sure both ends were folded inside then gleefully stomped them flat on the basement floor. My parents told me this was "to help win the war. "

Occasionally an extra large can would resist the patriotic efforts of my small feet and I would have to enlist my father to administer the "coup de grace."

Cooking grease was saved in large coffee cans. Periodically, a boy would trundle down the street with the wagon, stopping at each house to pick up the grease, then delivering the load to a neighborhood grocer, where a truck would collect it.

There were no plastic garbage bags. Each day's garbage was wrapped in newspaper and put into a pail at the side door. The rest of the newspapers were bundled and saved for the school's paper drive. They were weighed and sold as scrap, with the school keeping the profit.

Little or nothing was wasted. The government urged us to "use it up, wear it out, make do." My mother's favorite maxim was "willful waste makes woeful want".

(Janet Lamb's Green Faith Journey Cont.)

After 10 years of the Great Depression and 5 more of wartime shortages, the country was weary of self-denial.

As factories retooled for civilian production after the war, there was a sudden flux of consumer goods available – and we went wild. We wanted luxurious cars, TV's, washers, dryers, freezers, hi fi's and speedboats!

My important position as can stomper was eliminated. I asked, "mom, why don't we save this stuff? It's useful".

"No, the war is over. We can just throw it all away."

And throw it all away is what we did.

Where previously, each family had put out one garbage can per week, suddenly households were pounding mounds of refuse on curbsides every trash day. Some of this was due to increased consumption of goods. Part of it was due to increased packaging of goods, much of it molded plastic which had little or no reuse value in the household.

One of my teen friends complained, "I think I carry more bags out to the garbage than we carry in from the store!"

Every trash truck that rolled by was a funeral cortege for the useful things that might have existed instead of the mound of garbage being buried in our fields or incinerated into our atmosphere.

As terrible as wartime is, it gave one little kid the concept that the precious resources of the Earth should not be squandered on making anything that will be in the landfill next week. Willful waste makes woeful want.

Janet Lamb

"Holy Spirit: The Sanctifier and the Road to the Cross" Reflections, Meditations, and Prayers

The Lenten Series is Wednesday evenings, 7:15 - 8:30pm. It began February 20 for six weeks. We begin with soup at 6:30pm prior to the class. To contribute a soup or accompaniment, please call Sue Pfoutz-Smreck (734 995 5276).

We are exploring the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, and our experiences of the Spirit in contemporary life. The class uses reflections by Christian writers over the centuries as well as guided meditations and structured prayers. Optional exercises to perform during the week are also available. While there is an overall arc to the class, it is designed so that persons can "drop in" if they can't attend the entire series. Questions?? Debra Davies 734-652-3913.

Interfaith Round Table

Have you been inside other sacred spaces in town? Would you like to hear a religious leader from another faith tradition speak about his/her beliefs or practices? If either of these interest you, why not take advantage of our spring session that will take us to four such "places of faith"? Com and visit with us. Ask questions. Meet people from other traditions and learn how other people practice. All are from 7-9PM:

4/9: Interfaith Center for Spiritual Growth
4/16: Shalom Community Church
4/23: St. Nicolas Greek Orthodox Church
4/29: Temple Beth Emeth

Cost \$50 for all four visits, including a course pack and refreshments. For reservations, call 734-424-1535 or email gbrides@umich.edu

Reflection by Brooke

There is a certain irony in Lent, similar to that of Advent, that in a season when we are called to particularly honor quiet and reflection, life in the Church seems to become its busiest. In my experience in the ministry, I have observed pastors all too often approach Lent with a sort of dread, as the work load seems to double itself during the night between Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday, continuing this athletic pace all the way through Easter, with Easter serving, not as one of our holiest days of the year when we stand in awe that death no longer has the last word, but rather Easter becomes some sort of tape to be crossed at the end of the finish line.

The sky always seems to be at its most gray this time of year, and the Lenten emphasis on examination and repentance can add, not the solace that contemplation and stillness can bring, but rather a push to just get through to the celebration waiting in the lilies and tulips of Easter Day.

This year, I personally want to approach Lent differently than I have so often experienced it, and I invite you to join me along this journey. What I would like to catch a glimpse of this Lent is the joy and freedom found in following Christ- the joy and freedom that can be experienced through following Christ, paradoxically, along the path of self-emptying.

Henri Nouwen, in his book *I cherish, The Selfless Way of Christ*, writes about the temptation of upward mobility that is so prevalent in our culture- the temptation to be relevant, spectacular, and powerful. It is a pervasive drive to be ever moving upward, with life so often presented as a series of battles to be won. Upward mobility has become a cultural idol.

But we are called to serve as disciples not through power, but through walking solidarity with the broken-hearted of our world. Nouwen writes that the paradox of our salvation is that through downward mobility we are set free. And the one who came before us to show us the way is Jesus Christ.

Nouwen writes,

Indeed, the one who was from the beginning with God and who was God revealed himself as a small, helpless child; as a refugee in Egypt; as an obedient adolescent and inconspicuous adult; as a penitent disciple of the Baptizer; as a preacher from Galilee, followed by some simple fishermen; as a man who ate with sinners and talked with strangers; as an outcast, a criminal, a threat to his people. He moved from power to powerlessness, from greatness to smallness, from success to failure, from strength to weakness, from glory to ignominy. The whole life of Jesus of Nazareth was a life in which all upward mobility was resisted.

How is it possible that we might follow this way? Of course we will do it imperfectly and often be drawn back into the temptation of trying to prove ourselves worthy of acceptance, but let us remember, as we read in Galatians 2:20, "It is no longer I who live, but it is Christ who lives in me. And the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God." Lord Jesus, show us the way.

Factoid from December Ann Arbor Observer:

Joan Penner Hahn noted the item in an article profiling local building Joe O'Neal in the December Ann Arbor Observer

"O'Neal went on to build several more homes before landing his first two commercial project in 1966 - Northside Presbyterian Church (designed by the great modernist architect Glen Paulsen) and fire repairs on the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house." He also built the Power Center, restored the Michigan Theater and worked on Kerrytown and the Hands on Museum. We're in good company!



Moses Basket Workshop Coming

Steven Uche will once again hold his basket workshop on April 6: 9 AM-3PM. Cost: \$50 per person plus \$15 for supplies. 100% of the proceeds will be donated to St. Aidan's and charity in Dr. Uche's village in Nigeria. Reservation Deadline: Thurs., March 28th. Your check is your Reservation! Or you can call (734)-663-5503 or (734)545-0711 in advance of your check to secure a place. Class size max. is 15. Please we will only enroll the first 15. Forms are available on the back tables of each sanctuary.

March

Rain-glaze on snow. Mud and ice and snow.
Coyotes feed themselves on gaunt dreams of spring.
Then
what comes slowly suddenly he sees.

Light hovers longer in the southern sky.
Brooks uncover themselves. Alders redden.
Grosbeaks' beaks turn green. Chickadee finds the song
he lost last November, and blue jay abandons
argument and gluttony. He cranes his neck,
bobs his mitered head; he bounces on a naked branch
crying: Spring!
But, like all winter's keepers
he speaks his dream before
he sees the fact.
Did you hear a phoebe?
And he out again and walking on the earth,
in the air, in the sun, ankle deep in mud.

David Budbill

Shared by Helen Olson

Walls No Longer Goin' Come A Tumbling Down

As explained in our last newsletter our basement walls were showing signs of bowing out. Not anymore.

The contractor came in December, did a lot of digging, created a bit of a mess, had a unfortunate problem with a broken water pipe, but got the front wall of both our building well anchored so our buildings are once again on firm foundations. Below are some pictures of the project.



The new walks excavated



The basement wall, not going anywhere



The new walks being finished.

Laotian Coffee to Help War Victims

Laos is the most heavily bombed country in the world. During the Indochina War, American planes flew 580,000 bomb runs over Laos and dropped more than 2 million tons of bombs, including over 200 million cluster bomblets. Today, as many as 27 million bomblets remain. Since the war ended, more than 40,000 Lao people have been killed or injured by old ordnance.

My brother-in-law, Jim Harris, a retired Wisconsin elementary school principal, spends three months every year in Laos as the leader of a team of demolition experts who clear land to make it safe for farming and other uses. He is the only American “boots on the ground” doing this work.



This casing from a 750 pound bomb stood in the center of the village as a landmark. Then, Jim’s team discovered that its fuse and booster charge were still intact.

Jim’s and my sister’s non-profit organization, We Help War Victims, not only supports land clearance but also sends medical and educational supplies to Laos.

To help raise funds, they bring Laotian organic, fair trade coffee into the US, which I have available at church after services. Before the Indochina wars, Laotian coffee was called the Champagne of coffee and was served in Parisian cafés. I have whole bean medium and dark roast coffee in half-pound and one pound bags for \$8 and \$16 respectively. It is excellent coffee.

I highly recommend Jim and Martha’s website <http://www.wehelpwarvictims.org/>. Jim’s short blog entries are very well written and are entertaining as well as informative.

Information about the coffee is at <http://www.laomountain.com/>

[Editor's Note: It wasn't until I got to this point in the publication process that I realized that I had no idea who the author of the above is. I hope that most readers will realize who Jim Harris' brother-in-law is; be assured that is is not I]

Holy Week Schedule

Palm Sunday,	March 24th	8:30 am 9:45 am 11:00 am	Episcopal Holy Communion Christian Education Combine Worship
Maundy Thursday,	March 28th	7:00 pm	Foot Washing, Eucharist, Tenebrae
Good Friday,	March 29th	12 noon 1:15 pm After	Stations of the Cross Communion from reserved sacrament (lower sanctuary) Prayer vigil begins.
Easter,	March 31st	7:00 am 9:45 am 11:00 am 11:00 am After	Prayer vigil ends St. Aidan's Great Vigil of Easter, Sunrise Mass Christian Education St. Aidan's Feast of Easter Northside's Easter Worship Easter Egg Hunt