



SAINTS ALIVE!

April 2018

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To Serve You:

Bishop:

The Rt. Rev. Gregory H. Rickel

Vicar:

Rev. Joe Scheeler

Deacon:

Rev. Deacon John Ackermann

Senior Warden:

Alice Williams

Junior Warden:

Carol Burckhardt

Parish Administrator:

Jennifer Myers-Power

Church Office Hours:

Mon., Tue. & Wed.
9:00 am – 12:00 pm

All Saints Episcopal Church 2206 NW 99th Street

PO Box 65825
Vancouver, WA 98665-0028
360-573-8106

admin@allsaints-vancouver.org
www.allsaints-vancouver.org

Fr. Joe's Morning Ride: "Keep Swinging Kid"

Greetings Everyone and Happy Spring! I told this story as part of my Palm Sunday Message. The memory was inspired by the Old Testament prophecy of Isaiah 50: 4-9. The passage starts out with the words, "The Lord God has given me the tongue of a teacher, that I may know how to sustain the weary with a word." It reminded me that Jesus, with all the many and varied roles that he lived, was first and always a Teacher. This is helpful for us to remember that as followers of the Jesus Movement we are always teaching too! Even when we don't know it, we are teaching. People are watching and listening to see how we "live in" to our words and pronouncements about living the "Jesus Way." Those who may be new to walking the Spirit Path are looking to us to live and work and be on this new Spiritual Journey they have joined us on. Other "watchers" are simply seeing if we are the real deal, ready to push the "hypocrite button" at the first signs of perceived unfaithfulness.

So I was thinking a lot about teachers this week and especially one from my past, Coach John Hennigan or as we knew him: Mr. John. Mr. John did not have a lot of letters after his name, indicating his academic achievement. In fact, Mr. John only finished the 8th grade, and never attended high school. Mr. John was a child of the Depression Era when children had to leave many of their dreams and goals aside so that the family could endure. So, Mr. John, to support his family, went to work in a asbestos mill at 14 years of age. The asbestos mill, Atlas Asbestos was one of the proud sponsors of our little town's Little League Baseball teams. And as I rode up to the baseball field on that beautiful spring day in 1957, one of my favorite memories is Mr. John, all 6'6" and 275 lbs. of him in his "Atlas Asbestos Giants" team shirt and bellowing out, "Welcome to the Giants, kids!"

1957 was a different time in kids sports than today. There were no "traveling teams" to prepare wide-eyed kids for college sports scholarships. There were no fancy bat bags or spikes, or baseball pants. There was no ulterior motive for playing baseball other than for just the sheer fun of it. We shuffled up to Mr. John to sit in a circle in our

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rolled up dungarees (several sizes too large...growing room), our PF Flyers, or Red Ball Jet sneakers, most likely with a hole in the sole and come custom-cut cardboard insoles. Some of us had baseball mitts and some didn't. It was always assumed we shared our mitts with the team in the field, after all you didn't need it to bat. Just part of the times, I suppose.

For all of us, this was the first time around "organized" baseball. Of course we had all grown up to our ripe old age of 7 years, playing "sandlot" ball, pick-up games, wiffle ball and the like. Playing catch and "pickle" every day during the summer. And now, here we were Little League 8-U, Pee Wee league. Our baseball journey had officially begun, and Mr. John was perfect for his job as mentor and coach. Our skills, such as they were, were "raw" to say the least, but Mr. John's patience knew no limits. He never raised his voice, other than in praise of some small improvement in our skill level or a "good play." Mr. John, never argued with the umpire about a call, and taught us to respectfully do the same. When things went horribly wrong on the field, Mr. John was a stalwart, steady, and he would always say, "Okay, we'll get there...we'll get there...keep swinging kids!"

On the first practice, I remember Mr. John trying us out for different positions. He also ran some wind sprints to see how his "team speed" was looking. Since I was a pretty "wide" kid back in those days and Mr. John timed my wind sprints with a calendar, he thought I might make a good catcher. I loved the idea of getting to wear all that cool equipment, but I did not remember that part of catching involved people throwing hard, round projectiles at you at a fairly high rate of speed. I looked like an excellent catcher in my gear, but the heart of the matter is I just couldn't catch a pitched ball...ever. I had this fear of being hit by the ball so that I turned my head to the side at each pitch, and the ball, if not hit, would roll all the way to the backstop. It made for a slow game. In fact, in one game I turned my head so far around that the pitched ball hit me in the back of the head!

Through all of this Mr. John was gentle and steady. The easy thing would be to replace me and send me to gather dust on the bench or in deep right field. But no, much like Jesus saw in Peter—you remember Peter—the stumbling block, the knot-head that "never got it;" Mr. John saw something in me. One game, Mr. John duct-taped my catcher's mask to my chest protector. I couldn't turn my head one degree to the right or left. It was like my head and shoulders were in some type of body cast. But what I learned is that if I actually looked at the ball, I had a pretty good chance of catching it. Next, one practice he got me all duct-taped into my catcher's gear and duct-taped my hands behind my back. He simply told me to trust him. Next he put me in the catcher's position and ever so gently lobbed balls in. Of course I couldn't catch them because my hands were tied, so they hit me. Bounced off my face mask, helmet, knee pads and chest protectors. Each time after the ball found its target...me...Mr. John would say..."Did that hurt?"...and every time I said no, it felt great, like I was bullet proof or some alien transformer. And so he kept increasing the speed of the balls, and I kept saying "Didn't Hurt!" until he was blazing fastballs that were dinging off me everywhere and all the while I was laughing hysterically and screaming "Didn't Hurt!" "Didn't Hurt!" My days as a "misser" instead of a "catcher" were over. The Lord God had given Mr. John the tongue of a Teacher, "...that he may know how to sustain the weary with just a word."

When it came to batting, the story was pretty much the same. I was a big kid, and when I first got up to bat the other team would say, "sink out, sink out," telling the outfielders to move back because a hard hitter was up. After my 17th or 18th strike out in row, "sink out" became "sink in"...or pathetic batter up to the plate. Mr. John explained everything, grip, swing, stance, head position, elbow up, different bats, different positions in the batters box. Each time the results the same,

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strike out. The first several times up to bat, I got called out on strikes with the bat never leaving my shoulder. Soon after that, Mr. John and I had a conference. He said, "Kid, I know you eventually get a hit, but you will never get a hit if you don't swing. Keep swinging, Kid...never stop." Mr. John made me promise to "Keep Swinging" and that I did. All through the rest of the season, I swung and swung and swung. I got on base, twice that first season: one walk and one hit-by-pitch. I ended my first U-8 season with a batting average of .000 or 0-36. Mercifully, autumn came.

Next season U-8 baseball season started without me. When I didn't show up for the first several pre-season practices, Mr. John came looking for me at my house. And after getting permission from my parents to talk to me, we had another conversation on the porch. When he asked me why I wasn't at practice, I simply told him I was tired. Tired of being called "misser" and "Mr.Sink In." Tired of being ashamed and embarrassed with each strike out or passed ball. Mr. John asked me only one question that night, would I come back for one more game and give it one more try. He just kept saying, "Keep Swinging Kid...Keep Swinging." And so I did.

Opening day, 1958 for the Atlas Asbestos Giants...a shiny, summer evening and all was right with the world. Some parents standing and sitting in the bleachers...the sound of balls and bats and worn leather gloves on the Wind. We had worked our way through the batting order in pretty good fashion. Bobby Coyle doubled off the left field fence and Joe Quinn bunted him to third. And then here I came to the plate. I could hear the "Sink Out" chorus singing in the outfield and some parent mumblings about perhaps chess might be a good outlet for me. I looked over at Mr. John and he just said Keep Swinging, Kid....Keep Swinging. And so I did! I tomahawk chopped the first fast ball right into the ground about 2 feet in front of the plate. The ball bounced so high into the air, at least 30 feet, that everyone looked like Haley's Comet was about to appear. The catcher threw off his mask and waited and waited and waited. Bobby Coyle broke from third to home but I was still in the batter's box watching the newest meteor in the sky like every body else. Then I heard Mr. John screaming, "Run, Run!" And I did. I ran so fast that I broke the calendar and I couldn't stop until I got halfway to the right field fence. But I had done it.

Bobby Coyle gave me the thumbs up after dusting himself off sliding home for the run. My team was at first stunned — then cheering set in. Mr. John called time out and walked out to me on first base. We had another conference. He just said, "Swinging Kid....you're batting a thousand (1.000)." So I did.

"The Lord God has given me...us...Mr. John Hennigan, the tongue of a teacher, that we may know how to sustain the weary with a word." Isaiah 50: 4-5.

Blessings, and enjoy the ride,

Father Joe



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From the Senior Warden

Thanks to all who participated in the Annual Meeting Part Two on March 11, 2018. I am so grateful for all that put so many hours into figuring out where we ended up in 2017 and where we are going in 2018. I like Verna Crawford's wise admonition that a budget is just a plan. We will look at our "in-go's and out-go's" as the year progresses. As these machinations happen they will be made available to the congregation.



As I settle into my role as senior warden, I try to meet with Jennifer for a few minutes on Monday morning and then meet with Fr. Joe and Jennifer on Wednesday. I am still trying to figure out how the "church works." I can be reached at 360-718-7745 or williams.tom.alice@gamil.com for conversations with church members.

Clearly, the Parrish Life Committee is extremely important to this parish. Tom Williams is replacing my spot on this committee. Fund raising is strongly supported by the Bishop's Committee and we look forward to another "Soaring Spirits Gala" in November.

As Fr. Joe talked about at the March 11th meeting, we need to try and get a better handle around our "in-kind" giving. Please take a minute and fill out a pink form (they are on the bulletin board in the parish hall) and put the completed forms in Fiona Neuman's mailbox or in the giving plate during the church service.

In closing, we may be small, but we are mighty.
-Alice Williams

FINANCIAL REPORT

February 2018

Current month's income \$14,232.21

Current month's expenses \$11,766.99

Difference \$ 2,465.22

April Anniversaries:

Kitty & Rob April 18

April Birthdays

| | |
|------------|----------|
| Dee Ann T. | April 1 |
| Lynne D. | April 2 |
| Andrew M. | April 5 |
| Juan G. | April 7 |
| Emilie H. | April 7 |
| Tom W. | April 13 |
| Mike H. | April 16 |
| Carol S. | April 23 |
| Jessica S. | April 26 |
| Nicolas C. | April 27 |

All Saints Ministry Schedule — April 2018

| SCRIPTURES | Easter Sun. April 1 | Easter II April 8 | Easter III April 15 | Easter IV April 22 | Easter V April 29 |
|----------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| 1st LESSON | Acts 10:34-43 or Isaiah 25:6-9 | Acts 4:32-35 | Acts 3:12-19 | Acts 4:5-12 | Acts 8:26-40 |
| PSALM | Psalm 118:1-2, 14-24 | Psalm 133 | Psalm 4 | Psalm 23 | Psalm 22:24-30 |
| 2ND LESSON | 1 Corinthians 15:1-11 or Acts 10:34-43 | 1 John 1:1-2:2 | 1 John 3:1-7 | 1 John 3:16-24 | 1 John 4:7-21 |
| GOSPEL | John 20:1-18 or Mark 16:1-8 | John 20:19-31 | Luke 24:36b-48 | John 10:11-18 | John 15:1-8 |
| SUNDAYS | 9:00 AM | | | | |
| Altar Setup | Martha & Team | Sharon M | Sheridan | Sheridan/ Suzanne | Pat |
| Lay Eucharistic Ministers | Sheryl/Sheridan | Jon/Alice | Sheridan/Mona | Sheryl/Rob | Fiona/Alice |
| First Lesson/ Psalm | Martha | Linda | Jon | Matthew | Dick |
| Second Lesson | Candy | Sharon | Sheryl | Dee Ann | Tom |
| Ushers | Tom | Matthew | Mike | Alice | Rob |
| Greeters | Pat | Alice | Kitty | none | Martha |
| | Coffee Hour | Coffee | Coffee | Coffee | Coffee |
| Coffee Hour/ Potluck Team | Linda/Ann H/ Darlene/Terry B | Alice/Tom/ Verna/Mary | Kitty/Rob/ Mona/Vicki | Martha/ Remedios/Carol S./Judy/Carolyn | Linda/Ann H/ Darlene/Terry B |
| Lay Eucharist Visitor on duty | Linda & Sheryl | | | | |

Unable to do your assignment?? Find a sub and leave a message for the church office, either voice mail or email: admin@allsaints-vancouver.org. Thank you!

Wed. 6:30 pm: Worship/Prayer time with discussion.
Traveling Day Soc. Music practice follows at 7:30 p.m.
Worship Leaders: Rob Ash, Suzanne Philbrook,
Martha Stephenson, Father Joe Scheeler

If you have special requests for scheduling,
please email Pat Stephens by the 15th of the
month prior.
Thank you!
Pat.stephens@msn.com or 574-2428

April 2018

| <i>Sunday</i> | <i>Mon</i> | <i>Tue</i> | <i>Wed</i> | <i>Thu</i> | <i>Fri</i> | <i>Sat</i> |
|---|--|--|--|---|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1 Holy Eucharist 9:00 am Coffee Hour | 2 12-1:30 pm TDS at Legacy Salmon Creek Hospital | 3 | 4 Traveling Day Society, 6:30 pm | 5 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 5 - 9 pm | 6 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 7 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 6:30 - 9:30 pm |
| 8 Holy Eucharist 9:00 am Coffee Hour Bishop's Committee Mtg. | 9 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 10 The Women at the Well 1:30 pm AA: 11:30 - 1:30 7 - 9 pm | 11 Soup Supper & Conclusion of Journey from Jesus to Christ, 6:00 pm AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 12 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 5 - 9 pm | 13 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 14 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 |
| 15 Holy Eucharist 9:00 am Coffee Hour | 16 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 17 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 7 - 9 pm | 18 Traveling Day Society, 6:30 pm AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 19 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 5 - 9 pm | 20 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 21 Men's Breakfast 8:30 am AA: 11:30 - 1:30 6:30 - 9:30 pm |
| 22 Holy Eucharist 9:00 am Coffee Hour Saints' Alive! Deadline | 23 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 24 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 7 - 9 pm | 25 Traveling Day Society, 6:30 pm AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 26 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 5 - 9 pm | 27 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 28 AA 6:30 - 9:30 pm |
| 29 Holy Eucharist 9:00 am Coffee Hour | 30 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | 31 AA: 11:30 - 1:30 7 - 9 pm | AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | AA: 11:30 - 1:30 5 - 9 pm | AA: 11:30 - 1:30 | AA 6:30 - 9:30 pm |