

# The Arimathean

## Inside this issue:

What St Joe's Means to me	2
Altar Guild Flowers	3
Save the Date	3
Painting in the Hall	5
Culinary Corner	6
Wish List	6
Prayer List	7
Glad Tidings!	8

This is my first article written for the newsletter at St. Joseph of Arimathea. Contributing to this monthly communication venue is a delight and I am honored to do so.

Someone asked me recently, "Horace, when did your ministry begin?" My response to the inquiry was, "It began when I was twelve years old." The guy's jaw dropped, he was stunned. "You mean, you've been a minister since you were twelve years old?" I shrugged my shoulders, smiled and said, "Well, yeah, the ministers of the Church are first and foremost lay persons, then the bishops, then the priests, and then the deacons."

I explained to him that all baptized are ministers. Through the reception of grace when we are initiated into the body of Christ we are committed to represent Christ and his Church; to bear witness to him wherever they may be; and, according to the gifts given them, to carry on Christ's work of reconciliation in the world; and to take their place in the life, worship and governance of the Church (BCP pg. 855).

When I was twelve years old, a slim, flat-topped, teenager, friend of mine, Joe, stopped by my house one day. We always played basketball together but that was not the reason he came by that day. He wanted me to assist him in reaching out to help two young boys who were suffering from the effects of living in poverty. They lived on the south side of the railroad tracks in Meridian, Mississippi, the town that I grew up in. Not having water facilities in their home these boys were not able to bathe and keep themselves clean.

Joe, who worked with kids through the youth ministry at his church, knew that these boys needed help, so he took on this task. My stepping out to accompany Joe in his efforts to bathe these boys, to help prevent disease and reduce bacteria, was truly a transformative event in my life. I became aware of the meaning of my baptism as a Christian. This life experience and listening to the story of the servant, Jesus, washing the feet of his disciples, I began to realize my task as his apostle: be the hands of Jesus..everyday, reach out and help another person.

Whenever I explain to anyone my life and my devotion to Jesus Christ, this out reach story is foundational. It was this event that compelled me to move forward in life. For most of my life, in whatever occupation that I was



(Continued on page 4)

## What St. Joseph's Means to Me

by George Watts

Actually, St. Joe's wouldn't mean anything to me if, I think in 1972, Mary Jo and Jerry Tuttle hadn't suggested that my family and I come and see how we like it, particularly how we liked the way Don Cutler ran a church.

Obviously we did like it, but my personal enthusiasm for St. J's is more theatrical than ecclesiastical. Early in the 1980's under the aegis of Don Cutler, there suddenly arose the opportunity to have a kind of Little Theater group, everybody welcome to participate, lack of talent no obstacle.

In a moment of sublime hubris, I offered to write a play, which through a combination of vague recollection, dubious creativity and rampant plagiarism resulted finally in *The Butler Did It*. This was a kind of cross-breeding of Conan Doyle and P. G. Wodehouse, a transparent mystery story set at Gorge Rising, decrepit ancestral home of one Lord Chiselhurst.

The fun part was not the play but the players: Don Cutler was Lord Chiselhurst, Sally Camp his wife Berengaria, Virginia Kinney an over-the-top movie queen named Fantasia Febrile, Dorothy Melvin, swathed in black, had a cameo role as Mata Hari, and Ken Melvin played a crazed inventor named Tolliver Brainwave. Cathy Hackett, now known as Mrs. Gmoser, played Yolanda Piranha, a fiery Latina, and she infused the part with a spirit and energy not seen since the prime of Dolores Del Rio.

It was all wonderfully silly and everybody seemed to have a good time, whether or not they heeded the cues whispered and sometimes necessarily shouted by Carol Carroll, seated front row center. Frankly, I forgot the plot and the ending, and have not the courage to look it up in the basement, where the script now resides, turning by natural

processes into paper mache.

There were other lovely antics going on. The youth group put on an absolutely smashing variety show, called *The Miserable Offenders' Hour*. One Halloween the same young people created a Haunted Mansion in the present Sunday School room. On another occasion in the same space the children built a virtual cathedral, using carpet rolls for columns, and a very stately nave they created, thanks to the architectural wizardry and apparently bottomless patience of Bob Fowler, who in real life is an architect who makes real buildings and who, quite possibly to get away from me, now lives in Maine.

All of this occurred a surprisingly longtime ago, and a lot of things have changed, including us. But here we are still, very contentedly, parishioners of St. Joe's, and still cherishing the friends we have there.

**Monday,  
May 10th**

Coordinating  
Committee—6 pm  
Vestry Meeting  
7 pm

## Altar Guild Flowers

- May 2 Doreen McDermott in loving memory of Matthew McDermott
- May 9 Nancy Platt in celebration of her grandson Kirk's birthday and  
By Herbert Camp in loving memory of Geoffrey C. Camp
- May 16 John & Maureen Caley in loving memory of Alice McElroy and  
Richard Yaegar
- May 23 Paige and Robert Lockwood in loving memory of Martha  
Millard
- May 30 James W. Carroll in loving memory of Carol Carroll and Ted  
Carroll

## Save the Dates!

- Women's Workshop Tuesdays at 10am
- Acolyte Festival at the St. John's the Devine May 15th
- Sandwich Brigade Wednesdays, May 19<sup>th</sup> & 26<sup>th</sup> at 9:30am
- CC Meeting May 10<sup>th</sup> at 6pm, May 24<sup>th</sup> at 7pm
- Vestry Meeting May 10<sup>th</sup> at 7pm
- 12-Step Program on Sundays at 4pm
- The next Clean Up day in the garden will be on Sat. June 5<sup>th</sup>  
at 11am
- Church Picnic on Sunday, June 6<sup>th</sup>
- Morning Prayer on Monday through Thursday at 10 am

### With Sorrow:

On Monday, May 17<sup>th</sup> at 12:30pm a memorial prayer service will be held in honor of Valerie Davenport. Then on Saturday, May 22<sup>nd</sup> at 3pm a memorial prayer service will also be held for Dorothy Olson at 3 p.m. Also, a Memorial Prayer Service for Al Gerosa will be held on May 15th at 4:00 p.m.

## Front Page Letter, cont

*(Continued from page 1)*

involved in, I have remained committed to the concrete, visible actions of a Christian life: reach out and help others.

Over the course of my life I have been actively involved in a wide variety of ministries. Before going to seminary I mentored a parish youth group and summer camp program for St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Meridian, Mississippi.

As a seminarian, I served the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, Manhattan, as their chaplain in the People with Aids Dinner program. After my ordination to the priesthood, in 1999, my first position was that of associate priest at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Times Square. While on St. Mary's staff, I was, also, a spiritual director for the Safe Space shelter for teenagers on west 45th Street.

In the Diocese of Mississippi I was vicar of St. Mary's in Lexington, Miss. and St. Matthew's in Kosciusko, Miss. After three years of service

in these two churches I moved on to serve as the associate at the Church of St. Columb's in Ridgeland, Miss. When the rector transferred to another church I became St. Columb's interim rector. Directing camp for two weeks every summer at Camp Bratton-Green was another ministry that I took on for four years.

Twice, during my years in the Diocese of Mississippi, I accompanied a group of doctors and dentists on a Medical Mission team to a Kuna Indian reservation, near Torti, in the southern section of Panama. A few years later I returned to Panama and served Bishop Julio Murray for one month by leading services in some of the churches in the Panama City area.

Just before I transferred to the Diocese of New York, in 2005, Mississippi was struck by Hurricane Katrina. My wife, the

Reverend Yamily Bass-Choate, and I immediately became the chaplains for the Red Cross shelter, located in the coliseum in Jackson, Mississippi. For six weeks the shelter housed 1500 people evacuated from New Orleans and the Mississippi coast region.

In November of 2005 I became the Rector of Zion Episcopal Church in Wappingers Falls, NY. As I served the Zion community we built a larger Food Pantry facility that now feeds several hundred people each week. Since the January earthquake in Haiti, Zion's congregation has doubled their support of a fifty year old ministry in the Darbonne section of Haiti: starting to rebuild a collapsed church and school and helping to provide food and water for all of the students.

Instituting an Order of the Daughter's of the King is a ministry which I began, at Zion, two years ago. Daughter's of the King is an order of

**Monday  
May 31**

Church Office Closed

## The Painting in the Hallway

By: Barbara Jill Brown

A number of years ago, my mother and I took a bus trip to Washington, D.C. One of our stops was the National Cathedral. While there my mother bought a little plaque of an angel playing a tambourine in the gift shop to give to a friend, an organ playing minister, who was living in a mobile home. Before she sent it off to her friend, she decided to make a copy of it for herself. She started on a large canvas, and was working along when the wings of the angel figure began to disappear, and the tambourine suddenly changed into a dove above the hands that had been holding the tambourine aloft. She was about to finish painting for the day and decided to put away her palette, but there was way too much white paint on it to just close up in the paint box, so she started to just put lots and lots of white paint along the bottom of the canvas. she was just trying to get rid of excess paint and

was not really looking at the total image. when she finished clearing the palette of the excess paint, she stepped back from the easel and looked at the painting as a whole - and she was rocked by what she was looking at. Here was a white robed figure, standing in water with a dove coming to light in it's hands. True it had short blondish hair and no beard, but she said here was a painting of Christ's Baptism in the river Jordan with the Dove that was announcing "this is my beloved son....." We used a photo of the painting as a Christmas card one year, and it was to have gone into an art exhibit, that was never held, at the Church of St. Barnabas in Irvington.

Several years ago, after my mother's death, I decided that the perfect place for it was in our church. Addie had it in the office, but that was never the intended spot for it to live in, and now I am

thrilled that it is in a place that is much more prominent so that all of the congregation may view it whenever they please. Since it is now on the wall leading into the Sunday School room near the men's rest room, we have asked that parents teach their children how to view art without handling it so that we do not have to try and protect it with a Plexiglas covering. Paintings should be allowed to breathe and not be covered.

I hope that you may all see the wonder of this painting that started out as a simple copy of an angel with a tambourine and turned into something much more miraculous.

P.S. I recently found the companion plaque to the one that my mother bought and sent to her friend. It is similar but the figure is facing in the opposite direction.

## Culinary Corner

Greeting and salutations readers of the Arimathean! This is the time of year when days get a little longer, a little warmer and I get a little lazier when it comes to making dinner. I simply do not want to be in the kitchen, at least for a while. Hey, I've learned cooking is cheaper than therapy so most of the time I love being in my kitchen – but springtime is a time to step out of it for a while.

One of my favorite things is to prepare a variety of easy, what I guess most people would call appetizers, but we will have them for dinner on the front porch after a crazy day. Served with a glass of wine, or a glass of iced tea, these delicious combinations will certainly please dinner for 1 or 31!

**Simply Salmon:** one slice of really good multigrain bread. Spread cream cheese on top, then thin slices of smoked Nova salmon and chopped red onion.

**Chicken Pesto On a Croissant:** split a plain croissant in half lengthwise, spread with a mix of your favorite pesto and mayonnaise, add a slice of chicken and top with tomato.

**Mediterranean Baguette:** slice Italian bread into ½ inch slices, top with goat cheese and olive tapenade.

For dessert! Soften a bit of butter (or cream cheese) and mash in a couple of fresh strawberries, spread on your favorite slice of really good bread, top with a slice of pineapple. Enjoy!

### Wish List:

- Although the sofa in the Rector's office is large and comfortable, the plaid coloring with the red carpet and beautiful blue needlepoint chairs – is to say the least, a little 'loud'! If you have a slip cover you think might fit, won't you please consider letting us use it? A solid blue would probably work best, but even a green or gold would work.
- Right now we're using two TV tray tables as end tables on either side of the sofa – IF you happen to have a couple end tables you are not using, we would absolutely appreciate giving them a new home, or if you have two matching pieces of fabric we could use to 'dress' the TV tray tables, that would work too.
- IF you happen to come across a knife set that keeps a sharp edge – please consider letting it live in the church kitchen.

## Front Page Letter, cont.

women devoted to daily prayer and service to their community of faith. After I started this ministry at Zion, Rose Bailey, a member of St. Luke's in the Bronx, the President of Province II, Daughter's of the King, assigned me to the position of Chaplain for the whole Province.

The Reverend

Yamily Bass-Choate, is the Vicar of Iglesia de San Andres, a predominately Hispanic church, and she is also Priest-in-Charge of St. Paul's. Both of these are Episcopal Churches located in Yonkers New York. We have two daughters, our youngest has just finished her Junior year at college. Our

older daughter now lives with us and works in Yonkers.

Again, thank you, all of the members of St. Joseph of Arimathea for your warmth and hospitality. I am delighted to be on board with you, as we move forward together, rejoicing in the power of the Spirit.

## Leisure

By William Henry Davis

What is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare.  
No time to stand beneath the boughs and stare as long as sheep  
or cows.

Not time to see, in broad daylight, streams full of stars, like skies  
at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance, and watch her feet, how they  
can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can enrich that smile her eyes began.  
A poor life this if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare.

## Prayer List

Alla Borzova's father **Alexander**, Patty Young's friend **Oliver** Simco,  
**Debbie** Gillett-Hermansen, **Mike** Rohl, Billie-Ann Grant's friend  
**Brenda** Letford, Louis Grant's father **Lloyd**, **The Carpenter's Kids**,  
Paige Lockwood's friend **Jack** Demers, **Connie** Barrett  
Charles White's brother **Sydney** and niece **Sheila**,  
**Mary-Carol** Miller, Mary-Carol Miller's friends **Jane** Dunne  
& **Carol** Vanecek, Jennifer Larrow's friend **Elizabeth**  
Graves, **Cynthia** Billings, Barbara Brown's friend **Dottie**  
Cunningham, Althea Serrant's daughter **Grace** Anderson-  
Smith, Marion Hellthaler's Friends **Marianne** Berglund &  
**Trish** Abruzzese, Warren Stramiello's Grandmother  
**Shirley** Wurst.



