



# Voices

*Newsletter of EMMANUEL CHURCH in the City of Boston*

SUMMER 2011

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## Summer...Time



**There are many reasons to enjoy summer at Emmanuel.** Jenny Coes and Elliott Carlson enjoy a cool treat at Sunday Sundae, the Chapel Camp offering for July 10. Services during the summer are held in Lindsey Chapel and are followed by Chapel Camp, a series of fun and interesting programs.

## Editorial Staff

Margo Risk, Editor  
Matthew Griffing, Layout  
Michael Scanlon, Layout  
Barbara Kroft, Printing

## Contributors

Betsy Bunn  
Ann Carlson  
Charles Felsenthal  
Matt Griffing  
Joy Howard  
Phoebe Knopf  
Jim Olesen  
Jaylyn Olivo  
Jon Risk  
Margo Risk  
Carolyn Roosevelt  
Michael Scanlon  
Susan Swan  
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[EmmanuelBoston.org](http://EmmanuelBoston.org)

Cover photo by Matt Griffing.  
Illustration on page 12 by Michael Scanlon.

## From the Editor



What better season to ponder time than summer, with its generous light and slower pace? In this issue writers provide several views of the enjoyment of summer, the temporal and eternal. Carolyn Roosevelt's review of *The Religious Case for Unbelief* juxtaposes the boundaries set by belief against the mystery of religion as an unfinished (unending?) conversation. Jaylyn Olivo presents a brief history of this publication. Poems by Phoebe Knopf and Charles Felsenthal beautifully evoke the eternal and the acutely precious moment. Joy Howard shares a version of one of her excellent blog entries, which I've called "Swimming Through Time". Betsy Bunn's vignette about a dinner guest helping with dishes and realizing that he was a student in the North Carolina classroom of Betsy's mother is another of Betsy's masterpieces of the commingling of past and present. My experiences of summer excursions provided reflections on deep time and dead trees. Suggestions for summer reading, and short reviews of an interesting assortment of titles may keep you reading well into the fall. In her column rector Pamela Werntz brings news of the parish and an invitation to Boston's Commemoration of September 11, 2001.

*My best to you,*  
☕ Margo

*"when we were kids and the last day of school came to an end, it seemed almost unbelievable that we would not be returning for months, that we could forget school for what seemed a vast ocean of practically unlimited time. Ah, growing up..."*

— Jim Olesen

*Photo by Michael Scanlon*

## Voices Is Going Green

Starting in January 2012, readers of *Voices* will receive the newsletter in electronic format. Print editions will be available on the welcome table, and anyone who wishes to continue receiving the print version through the mail will be able to request that option. More information will come in the fall.

## Any Good Books Lately

*The Religious Case Against Belief*  
James P. Carse (2008, Penguin Press)

Why is there a religious case against belief, and why is one needed? Doesn't religion entail, or indeed consist of, a certain set of beliefs? Actually, not at all; in *The Religious Case Against Belief*, James Carse makes a philosophical case for disentangling the two concepts.

His definitions are not everybody's: consider the recent spate of books that attempt to make a scientific case against religion, or, as Carse would have it, against belief. For instance, Sam Harris's *The End of Faith* promotes the idea that (all) religion is a dangerous error of logic that could be cured by a universal commitment to factual reasoning. So far as I know, his reasoning has not converted anyone away from religion in the real world, and Carse explains why: "Belief systems are stunningly resistant to such correction, for the simple reason that deeply committed believers are not offering a variety of debatable proposals about the nature of the world. They see the world through their beliefs, not their beliefs from a worldly perspective."

Belief (and here Carse is making the extreme case, caricaturing for effect) is the stuff of martyrdom, the sort of certainty one would kill or die for. He gives the example of Martin Luther under examination by Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor, in a confrontation that would lead to Luther's excommunication. "These were two powerful men, facing each other across a line neither of them would cross. Charles remained untouched by the young monk's teachings. The monk never retreated." How could they have?

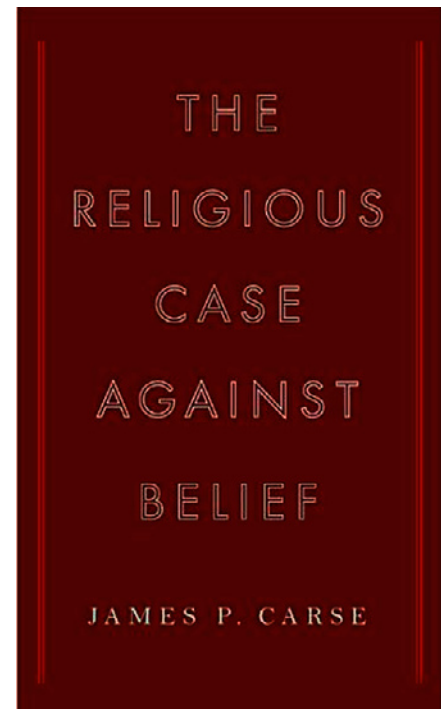
This mutual intransigence was epoch-making in its own right, of course, but Carse is making a more abstract point. "Belief systems thrive in circumstances of collision. They are energized by their opposites." Belief creates boundaries between what is believed and what is not.

Subscribing to one belief system involves rejecting another, by definition. "They are joined in a kind of compact that freezes them to a stable self-understanding consisting of a reverse image of the other."

But did either Luther or Charles have the last word about what Christianity is? No. Whatever Christianity is, it is larger and more durable than any of the belief systems that have attempted to contain it, and Carse regards this as a mark of a true religion. Like the other religions with histories reaching back through millennia, Christianity has evolved and renewed itself continuously even as it has maintained a distinctive identity. Each religion has characteristic questions that demand answers as insistently as they resist them. Who is Jesus? Who is the Buddha? What does the Quran say, or the Torah? What they have in common, according to Carse: "After a lifetime spent meditating on and studying these questions one only begins to understand how elusive the answers are. Can we even imagine Muslims agreeing on what the Quran says? The point is that in each case, it is not a general ignorance but one that is acquired, one that is specific to each religion."

Religion is an unfinished conversation, which attracts a community willing to keep talking. Now we can see why belief is so often conflated with religion: it's endlessly tempting to adopt solutions to the large questions. "Mystery is difficult to live with, and for some even terrifying. It can often be of great comfort to hide our unknowing behind the veil of a well-articulated belief system. For this reason, the historic religions seem to be a particularly fertile source for absolutisms."

Fortunately, the historic religions are also fertile sources for the poetic imagination, which doesn't just push at the walls of belief, but dissolves them. Inside any religion, at any time, poets and prophets may arise to challenge the boundaries set by belief. Inside any religion, the gathered community gives rise to cultural



expressions of all kinds, and these, in turn, nourish community.

James Carse is a retired professor of religion, but he's writing here as a philosopher. His logic is careful; his language is precise and a little dense. He's also the author, as it turns out, of one of my favorite books of the nineteen-eighties, *Finite and Infinite Games*. If the words 'religion' and 'belief' have been poisoned irrevocably for you, I commend the earlier work, which covers much the same ground, couched in different words. Subtitled "A Vision of Life as Play and Possibility," it's philosophy in jeans and a sweatshirt.

However you read him, Carse stands for living in relation to the horizon, free from our self-created boundaries. At boundaries, we meet only conflict; beyond the horizon, the unknown waits.

— CTR

Carolyn's reviews can be found at  
<http://anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com>



## Deep Time and Dead Trees

“I can’t tell you what joy I’ve found sitting on this hilltop and looking at everything growing and moving and eating. I’ve realized that I’m part of it all – or maybe I’m nothing.” My friend Judy and I had stopped our ascent of Mount Tom to gaze across at the blue hills and inhale deeply the fragrance of pine. We could see down to cars traveling along the New Hampshire roads.

Very different from the greens and blues of the Northeast are the beautiful desert colors – reds, grays, corals, aquas – in the Southwest. Last summer I, along with my children Jon and Julia, entered the Museum of Geology in the Grand Canyon. The museum interrupts the path around the South Rim, and two sides of the structure are windows that provide a panoramic view of the North Rim. Under the windows is a model of the scene across the canyon with each layer labeled with approximate dates of its formation.

The estimated age of the oldest, the Vishnu basement rock, is 1.2–1.84 billion years, an unimaginable span of time. I like the term geologists use to describe measurements at this scale – deep time.

It’s impossible to see the whole expanse of the Grand Canyon from land. Looking out from a point called Hermit’s Rest, the literally awesome view dissolves into mystery as the trail continues out of sight. Gazing at this immensity reminded me of Judy’s comment about being nothing.

Because I was reduced to a glimmer, a tiny flash, and for a moment I was part of the great expanse.

When a dead tree falls in a forest and begins to decompose, it becomes a nurse log, an entire ecosystem populated by microorganisms, mosses, leaf litter, needles, lichen and mushrooms— too many organisms to name! The dead tree and its inhabitants provide a rich habitat for seedlings, some of which grow into new trees.

Judy wants to be buried with her arms wrapped around a nurse log, with no coffin slowing down her reunion with the earth where in death she will nourish living things. As she described her wish to me, she added, “That’s my idea of eternal life”.

– Margo Risk

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This page: A photo of a view of the Grand Canyon’s North Rim. Summer, 2010. *Photo by Jon Risk.* Page 5: Michael Beattie conducts the Emmanuel Music Choir during the Eucharist. *Photo by Matt Griffing.*



*"...the soprano sings an intimate and gracious air punctuated by surprising unison choral outbursts"*

## Swimming Through Time

One of my persistent wonderings is around different ways to feel time as we're moving through it. As a former swimmer, I love the feel of being in water and how the texture of water changes. Swimming in ponds in New England on a sunny springtime day, the top foot or so of the water can be deliciously warm. Sometimes it even feels thick in its warmth. But as soon as you go vertical, there is a very cold, dark, sharp layer of water below the warm thick layer. At least that's how it feels to me.

It occurred to me a while back that music is a way of swimming through time, with similar textural changes as New England ponds. I love all different kinds of music, which is probably apparent if you're a regular visitor to my blog, or if I've imposed one of my CD mixes on you. My music appreciation has found a whole new gear since Pam began working at Emmanuel Church. Because music is such a dominant trait in Emmanuel's DNA, nearly every Sunday, I have a goosebump experience.

The quotation above comes from Michael Beattie's always-evocative program notes for Handel's Chandos Anthem 7, "My song shall be always," which the Emmanuel Music folks sang in the spring of 2010. Before I go on, I should tell you that I usually sit somewhere in the first three rows of the sanctuary. I like being this close because if I empty my mind and if no one is talking to me, I can hear sharp inhales and exhales of the musicians. Sometimes I can even hear the keys being pressed on the oboes. And of course, there are the wonderful layers of the instruments and voices blending together.

Normally, I try not to distract myself by looking at the bulletin during the music, but sometimes I can't help it. There was some point during the lovely soprano solo of the Handel anthem when I wanted to see how the bulletin described it. The combination of Michael's dance-y conducting with the weaving together of the soprano's voice and the oboe was particularly time-swimmy. So I looked down at Michael's program notes, and I just as I was reading this line "the soprano sings an intimate and gracious air punctuated by surprising unison choral outbursts," I was enveloped in one such "surprising unison choral outburst" and waves of goosebumps shot up my spine and engulfed my head.

I feel unbelievably lucky to hear extraordinary live music on such a regular basis. Even if I'm just not feeling the music on a particular day, the luxury of watching the ensemble, conductor and chorus swim through time is usually so inviting, the next thing I know I'm doing a figurative cannonball into the time-swimming pool and I'm in there with them.

Thank you, Emmanuel Church and Emmanuel Music. Who knew that some of the best pool parties of my life would happen in church?!

—Joy Howard

Adapted from her blog, The Crooked Line, at [joyhowie.wordpress.com](http://joyhowie.wordpress.com)

# SUMMER READING

If we're lucky, summer offers us more time to read. To provide some help with your reading list, five lovers of the written word recommend some titles that offer pleasure, stimulation, relaxation, distraction, or all of the above.

## FICTION

### **Kristin Lavransdottir**

Sigrid Undset, with English translation by Tiina Nunnally  
Penguin Classics Deluxe Edition, 2005

Just before Borders closed on Newbury Street, I found a gem there. It's a beautiful edition of a trilogy called *Kristin Lavransdottir*, a 1928 Nobel Prize winner. Like a rich plum pudding, the hefty three-part novel is meant to be savored. Nunnally's translation is sparkling and contemporary. This epic adventure centers on Kristin, who marries the warrior Erlend Nikolausson against her father's wishes. They raise seven sons, and live a turbulent life, with long separations, in the 14th-century Norwegian countryside.

– Ann Carlson

### **Cloud Atlas**

David Mitchell  
Random House, 2004

### **Underworld**

Don DeLillo  
Scribner, 2007

I've been trying to get into more "with-it" novels these days – i.e. postmodern – So I really recommend two: *Cloud Atlas* by David Mitchell and *Underworld* by Don DeLillo. They're both "big" books but are totally intriguing, confusing at times, and brilliant studies of modern society.

– Susan Swan

### **A Visit from the Goon Squad**

Jennifer Egan  
Anchor, 2011

I was a bit put off by this title, but when Jennifer Egan won the Pulitzer Prize for literature I thought I'd show this book some respect. Part way through, I made an outline and summaries of each chapter so I could find the thread holding the stories together, and when one chapter took the form of a power point presentation, I felt validated. Egan's stories contain anticipation and reflection, sometimes both at once. As I journeyed through this novel, I wanted to identify the "goon squad" of the title as well as the connections among the stories.

If I had read the descriptions in the NYT bestseller list and the back cover of the paperback, I could have saved myself the effort, but the questioning added to the meaning and my enjoyment of this book.

– Margo Risk

### **The Man from Beijing**

Henning Mankell, translated from the Swedish by Laurie Thompson  
Vintage Crime, 2011

Henning Mankell, author of the best-selling Kurt Wallander series of crime novels, brings readers a stand-alone thriller whose action shifts from 19 gruesome deaths in the village of Hesjovallen, Sweden, to 19th Century Canton and Nevada and back to 2006 and Beijing, Mozambique and London. The stories are compelling and Mankell weaves them together to solve the mystery of the violent opening scene.

– Margo Risk

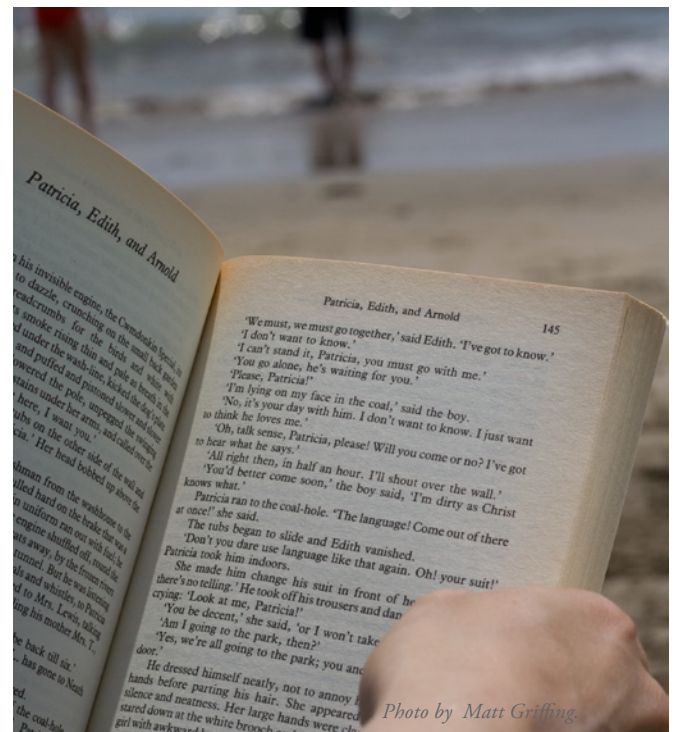


Photo by Matt Griffing

# NONFICTION

## **The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks**

Rebecca Skloot  
Crown Publishers, 2010

This is the story of an African American woman whose cancer cells formed the basis for much of modern research into disease. It deals with race, ethics and class and is just riveting.

– Susan Swan

## **As Always, Julia: The Letters of Julia Child & Avis DeVoto**

Joan Reardon, Editor  
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2010

I can't resist any book by or about Julia Child. Learning how Julia, Simone Beck, and other collaborators selected, adapted, and tested thousands of recipes so they would work in American kitchens is an incredible story. Avis DeVoto was Julia's guide to the American publishing world—residing in Cambridge while Julia herself lived in France, Germany and Norway during her husband Paul's stint with the U.S. Foreign Service. If you're familiar with Julia from her TV appearances and writings, you'll enjoy this fascinating, gossipy book.

– Ann Carlson

## **The King's Speech**

Mark Logue and Peter Conradi  
Sterling Publishing Co. Inc., 2010

Anyone who writes about Britain's Royal Family faces a challenge. How to present a fresh view of them as real people? As a film, *The King's Speech* succeeds brilliantly, since it's based on the extended personal contact and warm correspondence between King George VI ("Bertie") and Lionel Logue, his speech therapist. But there's more to the story, according to writers Mark Logue (Lionel's grandson) and Conradi, veteran journalist and biographer. In their biography, they take the King, his consort Queen Elizabeth, and Lionel through World War II and the London Blitz, to the king's death, his daughter Elizabeth's coronation, and Lionel's passing. In both book and movie, Bertie and Lionel step out of the shadows and stand together. Richly illustrated with photographs.

– Ann Carlson

## **Take Good Care of the Garden and the Dogs**

Heather Lende  
Algonquin Books, 2010

This is the sequel to her *If You Lived Here, I'd Know Your Name*, which I loved – essays on community life in small-town Alaska.

– Carolyn Roosevelt

## **Marriage and other acts of Charity**

Kate Braestrup  
Little, Brown, 2010

In her newest book, Braestrup, author of *Here if You Need Me*, writes essays on her work as chaplain to the game wardens of Maine. An interview about that book is (currently) here: <http://being.publicradio.org/>  
What I said about it: <http://anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com/search/label/Kate%20Braestrup>

– Carolyn Roosevelt

## **Alphabeter Juice: or the Joy of Text**

Roy Blount, Jr.  
Farrar, Strauss, Giroux, 2011

This is a sequel to *Alphabet Juice*, which I would indeed have wished longer.

– Carolyn Roosevelt

If you enjoy words, puzzles, and love to laugh, read this book! (editorial comment from the editor)  
<http://anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com/search/label/Roy%20Blount%20Jr>.

## **Reckless Endangerment: How Outsized Ambition, Greed, and Corruption led to Economic Armageddon**

Gretchen Morgenson and Joshua Rosen  
Henry Holt and Company, 2011

Gretchen Morgenson, the Pulitzer-prize-winning economics columnist for the *New York Times*, and Joshua Rosen, an expert on housing and mortgage-finance issues show no favoritism toward either political party in their scathing analysis of the events leading to the 2008 housing crisis. Supported by meticulous research, this book shattered many of my notions about public-private partnerships such as Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, and politicians including Christopher Dodd and Barney Frank. It left me with what Sister Mildred, one of the Sabbath Day Lake Shakers, called "a gift of righteous indignation".

– Margo Risk

## **Narcissus Leaves the Pool**

Joseph Epstein  
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 1999

## **In a Cardboard Belt! : Essays Personal, Literary, & Savage**

Joseph Epstein  
Mariner Books; Reprint edition, 2008

Wikipedia's list of essay collections and books by Joseph Epstein contains 18 titles, and I suspect that Epstein would be appalled at the use of his name and Wikipedia in the same sentence. The two collections mentioned here particularly involve the passage of time. Published in 1999, the title essay of *Narcissus Leaves the Pool* is about turning 60. The introduction to his later *The Cardboard Belt!* is about turning 70.

– Margo Risk (book recommended by Jim Olesen)

## WORTH TROUBLING OVER

Years ago... The six of us had just finished a light supper. All of our guests were scientists and physicians, well known in their respective professional communities. They were also devoted and accomplished amateur musicians, and the evening would continue with their playing of a Mozart quartet in our living room. My husband struck an A on the piano and the three other players - violinist, violist and cellist - began to tune their instruments. It would be a wonderful evening.

I would join them as soon as the table was cleared. I snuffed the candles and began to stack the plates. As I walked into the kitchen, I found our fifth guest already there, dish towel in hand. He is also a musician, but was not playing this evening.

Now, my mother's daughter has clear guidelines for courtesy and hospitality. In my careful Southern upbringing, there was little place for guests on the clean up crew. And no place at all for this kindly gentleman, who is a highly respected physician, teacher and scholar at the Harvard Medical School and author of the standard text in his field.

So, I smiled my warmest smile and said, "Oh how kind of you, but you really don't need to help. Please join the others in the living room, and I'll be with you shortly."

He looked down at our large chocolate Labrador who was taking up much of the floor space between door and sink. "Well," he said, "it doesn't like that dawg is going to be much help. I'll keep you company."

Graciousness trumped my mother's rules. "That's mighty nice of you," I said.

Making conversation, he inquired, "Where do you come from?"

And having heard the way he pronounced "dog," I chuckled and said, "Well, from the sound of "dawg", not very far from where you come from!"

"And where would that be?" he asked.

I identified myself in the way that Southerners have always done. Not just the town, but also the family lineage. "Well, I was born in Charlotte, but my mother's family all came from Durham. She was a Holton."

He was quiet for a few seconds. "Not Aura Holton, who taught English at Durham High School?"

"Why yes," I said, "my mother did teach at the high school. Look, here she is." Among the pictures on the kitchen wall is one of my mother as a young woman about twenty three or twenty four years old, taken years before I was born. I handed it to him.

His face softened. I thought I saw tears. "Yes, that's Aura Holton," he said. He was quiet for a minute, studying the photograph. Then he looked at me and said, "Your mother was one of the most important people in my adolescent life. She thought I was worth troubling over. She thought I might amount to something."

He told me that he had been back to Durham a number of



times and had tried without success to find her or any member of the Holton family.

"Is she gone?" he asked gently.

"Yes," I said, "almost 10 years ago."

I asked him to tell me about her - this young woman who became my mother.

He looked way back in time. "She was small," he said, "not as big as a minute. We were big rawboned boys in a poor mill town. It was her job to teach us Shakespeare, and she knew we'd never sit still to read it. So she read to us. Little bit of a woman, sitting on her desk so she'd be tall enough to see us all and make sure we paid attention. She made Hamlet come alive to us... and then die. She taught us scrappy tough kids that the folks Julius Caesar thought were his friends turned out to be the bullies who killed him."

He went on to say that while he had been in her class for only one year, she had kept an eye on him until he graduated and was launched into the next steps of his education. We agreed that having Aura Holton's eye on you could be daunting as well as comforting.

The gifts of that evening are precious. Our guest gave me a glimpse of my mother before I knew her. He gave her a touch of immortality. And I gave him back a moment in time. A moment when he was a youngster with the world ahead. A relationship that was life shaping and ran deep. And a teacher who believed he was worth troubling over.

— Betsy Bunn

## To S.

You, lean-limbed and young,  
do not yet know – cannot know –  
what we know.

You dwell in a vast open plain,  
in the great unboundedness of youth  
in which all things are possible.

You could sail for windy Ilium  
if you wished, and wise Penelope  
would wait for you.

You stand, pensive, on Maeander's bank  
and see selfsameness, not change,  
ever the same swirling eddies.

You know, of course, that time advances,  
but imperceptibly.  
The noonday sun beats down forever.

You lie in your lover's embrace and know  
that the lush and passionate night  
will never end.

You will, however, learn,  
as we did, by the piling up  
of days and incidents,

You will learn by tiny increments,  
through delicate erosions  
and great catastrophes,

You will learn at length how it is  
that everyone past thirty  
has a broken heart.

© 2004 Charles Felsenthal

## tree prayer

beautiful is the way

bark forms rivers

of light and rugged

sweet shadows, flowing

up the trunk like some

ancient alphabet

that begins  
underground  
in the earth's  
midnight heart  
and crafted there,  
is poised to send  
it's golden burden upward,  
singing hymns  
on the way to the sun,  
til it explodes  
into a jubilant canopy  
of leaf- letters,  
green and laughing,  
celebrating the shining,  
unutterably  
glorious  
word.

By Pheobe Knopf

## *From the Rector*

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I have given up thinking of summer as a quiet time around Emmanuel Church, which buzzes with activity day and night, planned and unplanned, seen and unseen. Between Chapel Camp programming, our B-SAFE participation, and planning for the fall, the leadership of Emmanuel Church continues to work at a pace just a slight bit less than frenetic. The good news is that many of us take turns being out of town during the summer, and my turn is coming!

Barbara Kroft is expecting her first child in October and plans to resign from her work as Parish Administrator so that she can spend time with her new son. As we go to press, we are well into the interviewing process, hoping to hire our next Parish Administrator before my August vacation. Thanks to Barbara DeVries, Paul Guttry, and Pat Krol for their help with the selection process. We will keep you posted via our Emmanuel News electronic updates. (To get on the email distribution list, simply send a request to parishadmin.emmanuel@gmail.com.)

Beginning in September, Bishop Clark Grew's role as assisting clergy will be deepening in the areas of pastoral care and education. This reflects his growing relationship with Emmanuel Church and with me. The vestry and I are so grateful to receive Clark's generous gifts in parish ministry and will be diligent in honoring the fact of his retirement. In other words, his greater involvement is not to become a part-time job!

We've been making arrangements for an interfaith worship service planned for Sunday morning on September 11. Emmanuel Church and Boston Jewish Spirit will join the other faith communities of Boston's Back Bay, to mark the Tenth Anniversary of the national tragedy of 9/11/2001 with an outdoor service in Copley Square at 11:00 a.m. The service will also be broadcast live on WERS 88.9 FM. The theme of the service, "From Remembrance to Hope", will represent an unprecedented coming together of our diverse religious traditions – Jewish, Christian and Islamic - for shared worship. Each participating church has covenanted to suspend our own mid-morning service to share an inclusive liturgy that will reflect our differing traditions as we publically proclaim our common ideals as peoples of faith – both in solemn memorial and in affirmation of the hope for reconciliation, peace and justice embraced by our religious teachings. Our service will feature music by the combined choirs of the participating congregations. In case of inclement weather, the service will be held inside Trinity Church. Mark this date in your calendars, and note that we will not have our regular 10:00 a.m. service that morning. Instead, we will have a reverse coffee hour. We'll gather in Lindsey Chapel for refreshments and a chance to greet one another at 10:00 a.m., and then head over to Copley Square. More information about the service will be forthcoming. I hope you will join us to pray together for God's shalom—peace—asalaam in our time. — *plw*

## History of Emmanuel Newsletters

For years, our administrator Susan Zawalich published newsletters in a more or less seasonal fashion: summer, fall return to church "season," Advent, Lent/Easter, etc. These were fabulous things, and if you have a moment to paw through the archives, they're well worth looking at. They're filled with great cartoons, poetry, news of parish goings-on, and info on upcoming events, all leavened with the Zawalich humor and intelligence. [An aside: After A.L. Kershaw retired, I continued to correspond with him, and his letters/postcards/notes were always pasted up with choice cartoons. Whether this is something he learned from Susan or she learned from him, it was a hallmark of the Emmanuel style.]

When Susan resigned and we finally got through the grim interval sometimes known as the Dark Days, I decided that it was time we had a newsletter again. Bill Wallace, our then Vicar, agreed, and so a bunch of us got together and created Emmanuel News, now Voices. As I wrote in the first issue, September 1994, "Many of us have long thought that Emmanuel Church needed a regular form of communication among the congregation. I believe that such an item should not be the sole responsibility of the Administrator, but should be generated within the community by a 'staff' of regular contributors on assigned topics of community concern and interest, supplemented by occasional contributions from members of the congregation as they are so inspired."

I was the founding editor, with a provisional editorial staff of Nelina Backman (!), Eleanor Hammill, Susan Larson, Christopher Roos, Ruth Tucker, and Bill Wallace. Initially, we held meetings monthly or so to bat around ideas for the upcoming issue. Mostly, given the cast of characters involved, we laughed and told stories and generally enjoyed each others' company, and somehow another issue emerged from chaos. In a 5-year recap for the annual meeting 1999, I reported: "After 5-plus years of working together to produce Emmanuel News, Ann Carlson and I will happily and confidently turn over the editorship and production to Pat Jackson and Don Kreider as of January 1, 2000. Although Ann and I started out with a clearly delineated division of duties, the line has fuzzied up over the years – which is to say, Ann's duties spilled over into the editorial function; I never once had to worry about lay-out after my rather pathetic attempts with the first fall's issues. There are so many people to thank for their contributions over the years – Eleanor Hamill; Susan Larson; the late, great Dear Abbé, Pix Hsia; Elinor Kieffer; our still-anonymous cartoonist; our spiritual advisor, Gene Schwaab; Lenny Matczynski, Emmanuel Music correspondent; Linda Thomsen and Cynthia Zaitzevsky, Emmanuel poets laureate; Karen and Allen Thompson and David Westbrook, mailing organizers extraordinaires; and of late, our books lady, Carolyn Roosevelt; our archivist team

– Mary Chitty, Susan Swan, Mike Shea; and many occasional contributors too numerous to name.“

Early on, we stuck to anonymity and avoided by-lines, but we got over that as people wanted to know who was responsible for what. We had a regular column called “Spirituality 101” and later “102” written for our edification by Gene Schwaab.

Gene also wrote shameless doggerel, one of my favorite examples of which follows this article.

Another regular was our cartoonist – I guess we can admit it was David Carlson – who took the characters and scenic elements from the Emmanuel’s Land window and made a running feature of it, letting Prudence and company comment on social and political issues of the day, to the delight of his audience. David’s use of the window was brilliant, and I still miss that part of the news.

At ten years, we looked back on the first issue, composed on a Macintosh SE on lunch hours, photocopied at work under cover of darkness, collated, hand stapled, folded, and labeled by Carolyn Roosevelt and me at my kitchen table. It was a fly-by-night operation in so many ways, but it certainly captured the new spirit abroad at Emmanuel. Ann Carlson, our layout queen, had joined the editorial staff, Ruth Tucker and Dan Hazen had organized the mailing brigade, and Elinor Kieffer and Gene Schwaab had become regular contributors. Most important, Emmanuel had returned to full parish status.

Pat Jackson served us well until September 2001, when she was succeeded by Gretchen McBride, the third editrix, who raised Emmanuel News to new heights and finally found its rightful name; and Nelina Backman, in at the beginning and still faithful to the cause, was the fourth in a line of amazing editrix.

There are other highlights of content along the way too numerous to recall here. Carolyn Roosevelt’s “Any Good Books Lately” has been supplemented with a blog [<http://anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com/>] that’s well worth frequenting. We still have wonderful contributions from Emmanuel clergy and staff, I still muse regularly, Margo Risk, who became the fifth editrix in 2004, editorializes to great effect and often quite movingly.

In our early days, we tried unsuccessfully to find a better name than Emmanuel News. Apart from some unconscionable puns submitted by [the late] Gene Schwaab, we had no luck, and so we continued with this pedestrian title until December 2001, when Gretchen and company came up with *Voices*. In that issue, Gretchen wrote: “For our new name, we must thank a particular designer at Selbert Perkins: Josh Roy. Josh read our newsletter and liked it so much that – unasked – he gave us some great new ideas for a fresh, more readable look that in-

cluded this new name. Josh thought that *Voices* was appropriate because the newsletter carries many different voices of our community across time and space. We agreed and added that *Voices* seems especially appropriate given the importance of the voices of the Emmanuel Choir and Orchestra to Emmanuel Church.”

Having been our layout guy since 2000, our beloved Don Kreider died suddenly in December of 2006. His partner Bill White took over the layout duties with the Winter 2007 issue, following in Don’s footsteps and doing a superb job of it. In winter 2009, Bill passed the baton to Matt Griffing and Mike Scanlon, another winning team of inspired and talented layout guys, who’re still at it. We are grateful for the care all these folks have lavished on the newsletters over the years – editrix and layout artists alike. And best of all, after 16 years of publication, it’s still a labor of love and it’s still fun!

– Jaylyn Olivia



### **Wherever you are. . .**

(an Emmanuelite’s spiritual journey)

When they came in the Mass to the creed,  
a young man was troubled indeed.  
He said I’m unable  
to swallow this fable  
and my conscience, I fear, I must heed.

In confession he said to the priest,  
“I’m a Christian at heart, or at least  
so I thought, but I swear  
that the gist of this prayer  
gives me heartburn like moldy old yeast.”

“We’re all seekers, like you,” said the padre  
and the mysteries of Sierra Madre  
would have baffled Saint Clare.  
I agree it ain’t fair  
but it’s challenging. Come, join our cadre. “

So the lad joined Emmanuel’s crowd  
with whom he now says right out loud  
the parts of the service  
that don’t make him nervous.  
O’er the rest he can now draw a shroud.

So this story, my friends, has a lesson.  
When with spiritual things you go messin’  
with the Spirit beside you,  
let your reason still guide you  
and you’ll find Divine Love’s fondest blessing.

– Upton O. Good

Emmanuel Church  
15 Newbury Street  
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## FEATURES THIS ISSUE

2. From the Editor & Emmanuelite Quote
3. Any Good Books Lately
4. Deep Time and Dead Trees
5. Swimming Through Time
6. Summer Time Reading Picks
8. A Story: Worth Troubling Over
9. Poetry
10. From the Rector & A History of Emmanuel Newsletters

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Two participants in this summer's B-SAFE (Bishop's Summer Academic and Fun Enrichment) program enjoy a scavenger hunt during a field trip to Houghton Pond. Emmanuel Church provided lunch for one week at St. Mary's Dorchester and helped run this field trip.

*Photo by Matt Griffing.*