

# St. Stephen's News

St. Stephen's Traditional Episcopal Church, Timonium, Maryland

Vol. XX, Number 28

Edited by Anne Hawkins

July 21st, 2009

## FROM THE RECTOR

### Battling a nasty attack of the curmudgeons

*This newsletter is being published while Charlotte and I are away in St. Louis, Missouri, celebrating her mother's 99th -- repeat 99th -- birthday. Mrs. Helen Omohundro is an amazing lady. She's as sharp as a tack and still lives by herself in her own apartment in the pretty little town of Webster Groves. Please say a birthday prayer for Helen on July 15th.*

CONFESSIO being good for the soul, I feel obliged to confess that I appear to have become a curmudgeon. This discovery took me entirely by surprise. After all, I've always thought of myself as a progressive sort of person. Not so, it seems.

I first diagnosed the onset of curmudgeonhood (if that is the appropriate word to use; I'm not sure, being new to the condition) while I was on vacation in Britain.

Reg, my brother-in-law, was watching a TV sports cast of a most peculiar game. The players were clad in luridly colored garments -- ill-designed sweat suits, positively plastered with

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advertisements. The field on which they were playing appeared to be made from Astroturf and was similarly plastered with advertisements. The spectators were a howling mob.

All of this was most peculiar since the game, itself, seemed vaguely reminiscent of Britain's national pastime -- a decorous, gentlemanly and time-consuming game called "Cricket."

"What on earth is that your watching, Reg??" I asked.

"Cricket," Reg replied.

Suddenly black spots clouded my vision. I felt light headed and faintly sick. "It can't be cricket, Reg," I cried. "Tell me it's not true!"

At this point I should explain that cricket was always played in white flannel trousers, white flannel shirts, white woollen sweaters, and white canvas, or buckskin, boots.

The only color players were allowed to display during the course of play was on their caps -- rather silly little affairs -- on their belts, and around the neck bands of their sweaters.

Spectators at cricket matches (it would be quite unseemly to call them "fans") took pride in their stoicism and restraint. They unflinchingly applauded the "visitors" (a.k.a. the rival team) and defeat was accepted graciously, with faint murmurs.

The pitch upon which the game was played, moreover, was an immaculate rectangle of finely-manicured grass surrounded by a wide stretch of lush, well-trimmed lawn of the sort one finds only in England.

Now it might sound unpatriotic, but in the interest of accuracy and personal integrity, I need to confess that I have always found cricket a crashing bore -- not a patch on that marvellous game called Baseball.

Indeed, cricket used to be so slow moving that, when forced to play it at school, I would always volunteer for the outfield. There I could read a book, safe in the knowledge that, in the unlikely event that a ball was to come my way, my team would

have time to alert me.

Be all this as it may, when I left England cricket was not merely a game, it was one of Britain's most cherished national institutions -- a slightly more mobile equivalent of the Statue of Liberty, so to speak. As long as the smack of leather on willow echoed in the land (cricket balls are bound in leather and bats are made from willow) one could rest assured that all was right with the world.

Now it is true that smack of leather on willow still echoes (assuming polyesters have not taken over the other artifacts of cricket in the same way they have supplanted white flannel) but that is all that remains of the time-hallowed sport.

True, most cricket matches still provide the traditional "beer tent," but doubtless the top selling offerings are Budweiser and a nicely chilled Chardonnay -- so they are really quite different from the days when the only drinks available were draught and bottled Bass, and lemonade Shandy. Next thing, the tea tents will be serving up espresso and lattes. Who knows? They probably already are!

A worrisome aspect about the culture shock arising from my "cricket trauma" is that I am beginning to fear it is affecting my appreciation of the Olympic Games.

I wasn't in the least bit moved when the U.S. Basketball team lost to Puerto Rico a few years back. In fact, I couldn't help feeling it was quite poetic to see a bunch of highly paid *prima donnas* getting a David & Goliath-like comeuppance.

Things were different in my Great Uncle Tom's day. He represented England in the first modern Olympics back in 1896. Tom was officially a member of the gymnastic squad, although he took part in a number of other events as well because a number of athletes failed to turn up, having lost their way, been hijacked in the Balkans or run out of money.

Back then, to qualify, it was not only necessary to be good at one's chosen sport, but athletes had to foot their own bill for travel and lodgings . . . You know, there's something really quite appealing about that idea . . . Aaaaargh, black spots are

Join us to hear

**ST. STEPHEN'S  
CHOIR OF MEN & BOYS  
CHORAL EVENSONG**

**6.00 PM Sunday, August 2nd, 2009**

clouding my vision . . . I'm feeling light headed and faintly sick . . . Stop me before I curmudgeonate again! **GPH**✘

## FROM THE TREASURER

### Pity the poor treasurer in earnest this summer

ABOUT this time of year I usually start writing tongue-in-cheek articles beginning "Pity the poor treasurer . . ." They are intended gentle reminders that the parish's bills don't take a holiday when our parishioners set off on vacation. The message is that we would much appreciate you paying your pledges before you go away rather than after you come back.

The reason for this is that sacred institutions -- in common with many secular ones -- suffer from cash flow problems in the summer months. Your kind response my reminders over the years have enabled us to get through the summer doldrums without having to dip too deeply into our modest reserves.

This year, however, is different. The recession continues to

**THE SCRIPTURE READINGS FOR  
THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**  
Sunday, July 26th, 2009

8:00 AM & 9.15 AM  
HOLY COMMUNION

The Epistle: Romans 6:19-23  
The Gospel: St. Mark 8:1-21

11.15 AM MORNING PRAYER  
The Psalter: Psalm 116  
First Lesson: Micah 7:14-20  
Second Lesson: St. Mark 8:1-21

bite hard. Overheads have been rising -- and rather more steeply than usual. At the same time, the summertime cash flow blues are a much deeper shade than usual.

I and the vestry would very much appreciate it if you were able to help us out this summer by bringing your pledges up to date before you head for the hills or the seaside. Of course, we understand that some folks will find it difficult to do so. Summer sometimes spells cash flow shortages fro people as well as parishes.

But if you are able to bring your pledge up to date without putting yourself into the poor house, I'll guarantee there's one parish treasurer who'll fervently give thanks for your thoughtfulness. **God bless & bon voyage, BILL HAWKINS**

**COLLECT FOR THE WEEK**

**Sixth Sunday After Trinity**

O GOD, who hast prepared for those who love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love towards thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*  
*Book of Common Prayer. Page 197*

✠ **St. Stephen's Traditional** ✠  
**Episcopal Church**

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Web Address: <http://www.ststephens-md.org>

RECTOR: The Ven. Guy P. Hawtin  
ASSOCIATE RECTOR: The Rev. James V. Johnson, Jr.  
VICARS: The Rev. Rhae E. Kelley, The Rev. Robert Menas

ORGANIST & CHOIRMASTER: Adric  
DIRECTOR OF PASTORAL CARE: Anne Hawkins (410-308-2771)  
WEDDING CO-ORDINATOR: Anne Hawkins (410-308-2771)

**SUNDAY SERVICES**  
8.00am -- Holy Communion  
9.15am -- Holy Communion (Nursery & Church School)  
11.15am -- Morning Prayer (Nursery)  
(1st. Sun. of the month: Holy Communion at 11.15am)

**WEEKDAY SERVICES**  
Wednesday: 6.00pm Evening Prayer  
Friday: Noon: Healing Eucharist  
Saturday: 5.00PM Family Eucharist.

✠ **PARISH PRAYER LIST** ✠

OUR Prayer Chain offers prayer daily for people on the Prayer List and guests of the Joseph Richey Hospice. To add a name to the list, or to the visiting list, or to join the Prayer Chain, call the office at 410 560 6776.

**CONGRATULATIONS:** Evan Davis (8.00 AM Eucharist) and his wife, tktk, on the birth of their daughter, Molly Cooper Davis.

**RECOVERY:** Carl, Charlotte, Catherine, Algin, Sam, Rosemary, Ruth, Kristi, Paul, Sue, James, Patty, Antonio, Lauren-Michelle, McKayla, Randy, Rosemarie, Debbie, Jack, Grace, Bob, Fran, Doris, Carolyn, Ken, Serina, Wyatt Bobby, Alexander, Erlene, Kathleen, Earle, Judy, Polly, Katherine, Helen; William, Betty, Cal, Wendell, Trisha, Peggy, Linda, Millie, Dorcas, Walt, Bruce, Cienna, Tracy, Tom. Lelilah, Jennifer, Miriam, Harriet, Karen, Steve, George, Eliza, Mel, John, Randy, James, Sarah, Linda, Suzanne, Marian, Edith Anne, Steven, Jeanne, Judith, Angela, Tammy; Ellen, Jim, Patricia, Bonnie, Mary Ann, Robert, Christine, Ruth, Dee, Brian, Barbara, Gillian, Eileen, Matthew, George, Bryan, Jason, Jane, Joan, Frances, Ernie, Pat, Lynn, Michael, Ray, Leslie, Brandon, May, Scott, Stephen, Robert, Danny, Billy, Betty-Ann, Mildred, D'Metrius, Rachel, Laura, Stacey, Frank, Alma, Christine, John, Henry, Naomi, Pam, John, Ben, Kevin, Gwen, Elizabeth, Gloria, Lee Emily, Elsie, Bruce, Regina, Lewis, Madolin, Eudora, Carol, Bernie, Charlene, Josephine, Margaret, Mackie, Jody, Sheila, Jo Anne, Thomas, Jeanne, Sister Catherine-Grace, Mae, Anita, Marilyn, Lawrence, Rebecca, Dorothy, Joanne, ✠ Albion, Martha, Jackie, Charles, Tony, Edward, Kim, Vivian, Geraldine, Maxine, Ann Sharon & Dennis.

**LIGHT, STRENGTH & GUIDANCE:** Donna, Melba, Debbie, Phyllis, Georgetta, Carolyn, Perry, Suzanne, Tony, Robert, Doris, Drake, The Norris family; Gillian, Beverley, Adrienn, Jhana, Marla, Matthew, Joan, David, Laurie, Ellen, Lynn, Mildred, Sarah Lee, Tom, Susan, Debbie, Kathy, Owen, Douglas, Amy, Jo Anne, Mary, Gregory, Isabel, Bobby, Dorothy, Harriet, Darren, Scott, Rebecca, William, Charles, Joyce, Asfa, Eleanor, Kathy, Linda, James, Barry, Ann, Evelyn, Jeanette, Elizabeth, Virginia, Mildred, Chris, Micki, Stephen, Erik, Carol, Sandra, Elsie, John, Robert, Mary, Michael & Loyal.

**ON ACTIVE SERVICE:** Col. Scott Taylor, U.S. Arny, Alex Bursi, US. Navy; Capt. Charles Bursi & Lt. Col. Harry Hughes, U.S. Air Force; Lt. Col. R. J. Lytle & PFC Charles E. Heintz, IV, U.S. Army.

**THE HYMNS FOR THE  
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**

Sunday, July 26th, 2009

**PROCESSIONAL: 253 (Lubeck)**  
Spread, O spread, thou mighty word

**GRADUAL HYMN: 347 (Alleluia)**  
Alleluia! Bread of Heaven

**SERMON : 435 (Hermann)**  
Dear Lord and Father of mankind

**COMMUNION: 195 (Rendez a Dieu)**  
Father, we thank thee who has planted

**RECESSIONAL: 389 (National Hymn)**  
Rise, crowned with light

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