

St Stephen's News

St Stephen's Anglican Church • Timonium, Maryland

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FROM THE RECTOR

The egg lover's Nirvana: Die Kleine Markthalle

Father Wiley Hawks is, I believe, one of the few Americans who knows what it is like to feast on an English-style soft-boiled egg, properly served in an eggcup. American soft-boiled eggs – on the rare occasion they are actually eaten that way – seem generally to be served in a bowl.

To eat a soft-boiled egg in the traditional American manner, the diner must first extract it from its shell and then consume it, all mashed up, with a spoon. Not for Americans the sheer joy of slicing off the top of the egg with a knife, exposing the luscious, gooey, golden yolk, all ready for eating.

More pernickety people – my mother was one of them – prefer to tap the top of the egg gently with a spoon, carefully pick off the shell and excavate the yolk from beneath its gleaming white cap. This method demands a degree of patience and restraint that, sadly, I lack. Actually, people who use eggcups harbor remarkably strong feelings about the way eggs should be attacked. Tappers and pickers rarely seem to co-exist comfortably – my family being an exception.

There are also considerable philosophical differences about the direction from which the assault on an egg should be mounted – from the big end or the little end. Personally, I prefer to approach the yolk from the small end, but I'm not doctrinaire about it. Not so many others.

Indeed in Dean Jonathan Swift's classic *Gulliver's Travels*, the tiny Lilliputians were divided into two nations – Big Endians and Little Endians – on the basis of the direction from which they attacked their breakfast eggs. Their differences over the issue were so bitter they actually went to war over it.

That said, once the yolk is exposed the same thing always follows – a finger of buttered bread (children call them “soldiers”), lightly salted, is plunged into it and greedily consumed. Ah! The French might have *foie gras*; the Russians caviar, but, for sheer delight, none can compare with an English soft-boiled egg.

Here I should make a confession: My grandfather on my father's side was an egg trader. Actually, he didn't become one until he was in his late seventies.

It took him only a year or so after retiring from the family business to discover the allure of casting flies for trout and salmon was decidedly fleeting. Bored rigid, he decided to make a fresh start in the business world – something entirely different from his former occupation. Demand for 80-year-olds being somewhat limited, he lied about his age and – to his utter amazement – found himself running an egg brokerage

“What do you know about eggs, Grandpa?” I asked him.

“Absolutely nothing,” he replied, “But all it takes is a steady nerve, the ability to forecast patterns of demand and calculate the odds. It's a bit like playing the horses – except on a much larger scale.” Grandfather had always been a good judge of horseflesh and, for ten years or so, he successfully traded eggs by the shipload.

I once asked him where he stored the eggs when they arrived in England. “You don't store 'em,” he replied, “You buy 'em and sell 'em on the high seas. If they were actually to arrive in port, you'd be stuck with 'em, and then you'd be in real trouble.”

Eventually, however, the brokerage's insurers discovered how old he was and demanded that the partners let him go. Egg trading was a fast moving business and, at a time long before the widespread use of computers, the record of the brokerage's daily trades existed largely in his head.

The insurers declared that relying on the memory of a 90-year-old senior citizen was far too risky. Reluctantly, the partners retired him. However they kept him on as a consultant to benefit from his considerable expertise.

Actually, the sort of eggs my grandfather traded are not at

all the type of eggs I'm talking about. They are the sort of eggs that end up as ultra cheap special offers in supermarkets, or shipped to ghastly dried egg factories to be turned into “breakfast biscuits” or some such. I'm not saying you can't soft boil them. Clearly you can. But it's hard to get the timing right and, when you do, you ask yourself why you bothered.

For a really good soft-boiled egg, you need organic eggs, laid by free-range chickens – happy birds that spend their daylight hours outside their hen houses, grubbing for food in the great outdoors. You can find them in supermarkets, but they cost 50 to 100 percent more than the ones grandfather used to trade and they are worth every red cent of it. However absolutely fresh eggs are the very best for soft-boiling, and these are rarely available commercially. You may be forced to beg, borrow or steal them from friends and neighbors who keep chickens in their back yards.

Indeed, tracking down fresh eggs is no easy business here. There is a farmer from the Eastern Shore who sells them at Baltimore's 33rd Street Market, but you have to be up early to get them. There is also a lady who sells excellent fresh chicken and duck eggs at the tiny Hereford Farmers' Market. (I've never had the courage to tell her about grandfather's exploits in the egg trade.)

Holy Week Schedule

9 April through 16 April

Palm Sunday

8 am: Said Eucharist

9.15 am: Choral Eucharist

11 am: Choral Eucharist

Holy Monday

6 pm: Said Eucharist

Holy Tuesday

6 pm: Said Eucharist

Spy Wednesday

6 pm: Said Eucharist

Maundy Thursday

7pm: Choral Eucharist & Stripping of the Altar

Good Friday

12 noon: The Seven Last Words from the Cross

3.30 pm: Children's Way of the Cross

6 pm: Communion of the Presanctified

Holy Saturday

7pm: The Great Vigil of Easter

Easter Day

8 am: Said Eucharist

9.15 am: Choral Eucharist

followed by Easter Egg Hunt (for children 9 and under)

11 am: Choral Eucharist

However the finest eggs I've ever tasted came from Frankfurt's *Kleine Markthalle* (Little Market Hall) where free-range eggs were priced according to hour in which they were laid. I'm not sure if the farmers there sold one-hour eggs, but they certainly sold two-hour, three hour and four-hour eggs – and connoisseurs could tell the difference! According to Charlotte, the age of the egg you bought depended on the dish you were planning to cook.

In the 1970s, Charlotte would visit the *Kleine Markthalle* two or three times a week to buy their wonderful eggs, home made egg noodles, sausages, cold cuts and game.

The Turkish butchers at the market were also among Charlotte's favorite food merchants. They sold delicate legs of Welsh lamb -- so tender the flesh fell off the bone and, so tiny one leg would be just enough for two people with healthy appetites.

It has been the best part of 40 years since we were last in the *Kleine Markthalle* and I devoutly hope that the wonderful selection of meats, eggs and produce that were available back then are still on sale today.

But with the European Community's passion for regulating the contents of even the humble sausage, nothing in that part of the world can be certain, more's the pity. GPH*

Parish Prayer List

Our Prayer Chain offers prayer daily for people on the Prayer List as well as the guests of the Joseph Richey Hospice. To add a name to the prayer list, or to the visiting list, or to join the Prayer Chain, ring the parish office on 410 560 6776.

FOR RECOVERY: Timothy, Peter, June, Hilarie, Sarah, Betsy, Edie, Alan, Terry, Helen, Jim, Linda, John, Judy, Neal, Aida, Stephen, Nathan, Hobie, Betty, Helen, Eunice, Tom, Robert, David, Jan, Susie, Sophia, Bobby, Lee, Cary, Courtney, Marie, Joanna, Kendall, Ian, Gloria, June, John, David, Adrian, Michell, Aida, Mai, Al & Kathy

FOR LIGHT, STRENGTH & GUIDANCE: Stephen, Melba, Sam, Vinnie, Doug, Ian, Lisa, Carey, Cindy, Jacob, Casey & Beth

ON ACTIVE SERVICE: Lt Alex Bursi, Capt. Charles Bursi, Lt Nicholas Clouse, USN; Lt Col. Harry Hughes; MSGT Michael Holter, USAF; Cpt Fiodor Strikovski, US Army

St Stephen's Anglican Church

11856 Mays Chapel Road, Timonium, MD 21093
Office: 410 560 6776 · **Rector:** 410 665 1278

Pastoral Care: 410 252 8674

www.ststeve.com

The Rev. Canon Guy P Hawtin, *Rector*
The Venerable Michael Kerouac, *Vicar*

The Rev. Michael Belt, The Rev. John Novicki and
The Rev. Robert Ludwig, *Associate Rectors*

The Rev. M Wiley Hawks, *Pastoral Care Chaplain*
Mrs Happy Riley, *Director of Pastoral Care & Wedding Coordinator*

SUNDAY SERVICES

8am: Said Eucharist
9.15am: Sung Eucharist (**with Nursery & Church School**)
(3rd Sunday Choral Eucharist)
11am: Choral Mattins (**1st Sunday: Sung Eucharist**)
6pm: Choral Evensong (**as announced**) –
evensong.ststeve.com

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Wednesday, 6pm: Evening Prayer
Friday, 12 noon: Healing Eucharist
Saturday, 5pm: Family Eucharist

Calendar of Events

WEEKLY

Monday, 6.30pm: Bridge Club

Tuesday, 7am: Fellowship Breakfast (Nautilus Diner)

Thursday, 10am: Knitting Circle

Friday, 10.30am: Bible Study

MONTHLY & SPECIAL

Lenten Study

Wednesday, April 5th 6.30 pm

Parish Youth Play Group

Saturday April 1st, 2.00 pm - 4.00 pm

Choral Evensong

Sunday April 2nd 6.00 pm

Ladies Who Lunch

(at the Green Turtle in Hunt Valley)

Wednesday April 19th 12.00 pm - 2.00 pm

Easter Flowers For St Stephen's Altar

Here is a selection of beautiful spring flowersto decorate the church for Easter Please make your choice and return this form to the church office with your check by Wednesday April 12th. Flowers may be taken home after the 11.0 am service

Your Name: _____

Lilies Small elite 6" 4-6 blooms @ \$10 (# of plants.....) Field Azalea @ \$15 (# of plants.....)

Hydrangeas Four plus blooms @ \$20 (# of plants.....) Hyacinths @ \$10 (6" pot) (# of plants.....)

Tulips @ \$10 (6" pot) (# of plants.....)

Total # of plants _____ Total amount enclosed _____

My gift is IN HONOR, IN MEMORY OF, IN THANKSGIVING FOR (please circle)

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

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