

# St Stephen's News

## St Stephen's Anglican Church · Timonium, Maryland

Volume XXVIII, Number 29

*A parish in the classical Anglican tradition*

August 1st, 2017

FROM THE RECTOR

### The appropriate response is simply 'Bah! Humbug!'

The dramatic decline of civility in our university common rooms, lecture halls and quadrangles [*You can say that again!* – Ed.] is a symptom of collective dysfunction that has greatly coarsened our political debate and is poisoning our personal relationships.

The explanation for the phenomenon is uncomplicated. It is largely attributable to the abandonment of traditions, hallowed by time, that have been a vital ingredient in the cement that binds society together.

Though I might seem like a curmudgeon for saying so, the casual shucking off of these ancient traditions – for no better reason than they are ancient – is responsible for this growing uncouthness.

My conclusion, therefore, is that curmudgeons, far from inviting criticism, should be hailed as latter day little Dutch boys for desperately trying to stem the flood of neo-barbarism.

America by no means has a monopoly on the malevolent oafishness that characterizes so much of society today. Western Europe shares the same problems, as I discovered on my last visit to Britain.

And with this observation, 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 tolerant 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) when I noticed Reg, my brother-in-law, watching a strange looking game on a television sports cast.

The players were clad in luridly colored garments resembling ill-designed sweat suits. Aside from the abominable cut of the things, their outfits were liberally larded with advertisements.

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

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

"What on earth is that you're 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 always used to be played in white flannel trousers, white flannel shirts, white knitted sweaters and canvas or buckskin boots, whitened regularly with pipe clay.

The only colors players were allowed to display during the course of play were their club or county colors worn on their cricket caps – silly little affairs, smaller than baseball caps – and around the necks 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 dense, finely-cut grass surrounded by a wide stretch of lush, well-trimmed greensward of the sort one finds only in England.

(This might sound a trifle unpatriotic, but in the interest of accuracy, I must admit that I have always found cricket a crashing bore – not a patch on that marvelous 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 to the fact.)

Be that as it may, when I left England cricket was not simply a game, it was one of Britain's most cherished national symbols – an ever-so-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

### 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:** Peter, June, Sarah, Betsy, Edie, Alan, Terry, Helen, Linda, John, Judy, Neal, Aida, Stephen, Nathan, Hobie, Betty, Helen, Eunice, Robert\*, David, Jan, Susie, Sophia, Bobby, Lee, Cary, Cour Marie, Jim, Joanna, Kendall, Ian, Gloria, June, John, David, Adrian, Tom, Michell, Aida, Mai, Al, Kathy, Jack, Lewey & Stephen

**FOR THE DERPARTED:** Evelyn Spicer & Jeannie Walden  
**THOSE WHO MOURN:** The Spicer & Walden Families

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

**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.

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 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 (ugh!) and a nicely chilled Chardonnay – so they are really quite different from the days when the only drinks available were draught Bass, and lemonade Shandy. Next thing, the tea tents will be serving up espresso and lattes. Who knows, they probably are!

A worrisome aspect about the culture shock arising from my "cricket experience" is that it affected my appreciation of last year's Olympic Games in Brazil.

Sufficient time has elapsed for me to admit without embarrassment that I couldn't have given a hang about the shenanigans of the highly paid professional prima donnas prancing around in Rio de Janeiro. Not did I feel any sympathy for the appalling suffering inflicted on the spectators by fouled up transport arrangements. Serve 'em right, I say.

Things were different in my Great Uncle Tom's day. He represented England in the first modern Olympics back in 1896. Tom was a member of the gymnastic squad, but he took part in many other events as well because a number of athletes failed to turn up, either having lost their way or having been kidnapped in the Balkans. (*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*)

In order to qualify back then, it was not only necessary to be good at one's chosen sport. It was also essential to have sufficient cash to foot one's own bill for travel and lodgings, not to mention the *chutzpah* and wit to face down Balkan bandits.

You know, there's something really quite appealing about that idea . . . May be we should try it at the next Olympics. Indeed, it would be in keeping with the spirit of the age to award a Gold Medal for just getting there. GPH✘  
FROM THE KNITTING CIRCLE

## Have a ball on Thursdays

Knitting is the ideal way to relax in friendly and interesting

company. Join us in the parish library on Thursdays at 10.00 AM. You can't knit? Cindie Baker, one of our most experienced knitters, is ready to teach you. So join us. You'll have a ball.

FROM THE GROUNDS COMMITTEE

## Plants for the churchyard

The grass strip along the driveway has been cleared and we are seeking perennial plants from your gardens to put in that space. Suggested donations include Stella D'Oro lily or other day lily, dusty miller, corabells, columbine and any other deer resistant plants.

FROM THE TREASURER

## Pity the poor treasurer!

"Are there no work houses? Are there no prisons?" said Ebenezer Scrooge's when people begged him for alms to help the poor. But I hope it won't be your response to my annual summertime plea.

When folks go away vacation, they often forget the poor church treasurers struggling to make ends meet with no pledge money coming in. Church treasurers like to vacation too – but only if they are up-to-date with the bills. Sad to say, bills never take a holiday.

Please bring your pledges up to date before you go away. That way I can go on vacation too. **WHJH**

## St Stephen's Anglican Church

11856 Mays Chapel Road, Timonium, MD 21093

Office: 410 560 6776 · Rectory: 410 665 1278

Pastoral Care: 410 252 8674

[www.ststeve.com](http://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: Choral Eucharist (with Nursery & Church School)

11am: Choral Mattins (1st Sunday: Sung Eucharist)

6pm: Choral Evensong (as announced) –  
[evensong.ststeve.com](http://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

## Parish Youth Play Group

Every Sunday After the 9.15 Eucharist

## Silly Summer Suppers

The season starts on at 6.30 PM on Wednesday, July 12th

## The Ladies Who Lunch

Wednesday, August 16th, 12.00 pm - 2.00 pm

Michael's Restaurant Timonium

call Sara Douglas to reserve a place 410-560-9026

## Afternoon Tea

Thursday August 24th 2.00 - 4.00 pm

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