

St Stephen's News

ST STEPHEN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH • TIMONIUM, MARYLAND

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FROM THE RECTOR

The rubbish I remember and the treasures I forget

Memories, they say, fade with age. True. But only up to a point, in my experience. Memories of one's most embarrassing moments never blur. They invariably remain as vivid as the day they happened. The same phenomenon applies to the snatches of doggerel and banal tunes that crowd out the fine words and stirring music you so desperately wish to recall.

For example, I will never forget a nightmare journey with Charlotte and our son, Nicholas, from London to Stonehenge, along narrow, horribly congested roads. The traffic was bad enough, but Nick saw fit to repeat interminably the only line he remembered of his favorite song: "*Remember, you're a Womble . . . Remember you're a Womble . . . Remember you're a Womble . . .*"

Nick also featured in another horrendous journey, this time featuring garlic. Actually, the person who was really to blame was our friend Terry, who taught Nick, then aged six, to eat snails baked in the French manner with lashings of butter, parsley and garlic.

Indeed, Nick became so fond of them that on a trip to France he decidedly the perfect lunch would be a dozen snails as an appetizer, another dozen as a main course and yet another dozen for dessert. He decided on the same menu for supper.

From bed time onwards the child simply exuded garlic. Sharing a room with him for the night was bad enough, but things were far worse in the car the next day. The only way to travel in any comfort was with the windows open.

When we stopped for lunch, he announced "I think I'll have snails again . . ."

At this, the usually placid Charlotte snatched the menu from his hands, exclaiming: "No you jolly well won't!" Tolerance, after all, has its limits.

A seemingly endless summer trip from New York to St. Louis to visit Charlotte's mother also implanted a tune in my head that positively refuses to go away. The interstate had been torn up from beginning to end. The air conditioning blew somewhere in the Appalachians.

Meanwhile, in the back seat, our daughters continually sang – with hand motions and great gusto -- an intensely irritating ditty, which seemed to consist largely of the words: "*Skimmery dinky dinky, skimmery dinky do . . .*"

I can't this idiotic chorus out of my head, yet I can only remember faint snatches of the songs and poetry I have treasured from my youth.

The St. Crispin's Day speech from Henry V has gone almost in its entirety; Macbeth's "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" speech -- ditto. The *Loreleilied* and *Die Forelle* – gone, gone, along with the painstakingly memorized poetry of Goethe and Schiller. Sadly, all I can remember of the great German romantic poets is a ghastly parody by a shriekingly funny Dutch comedian called Rudi Carrell, the refrain of which goes: "*Goethe war gut! Mann, der konnte reimen!*" But I digress . . .

The older one gets the more paranoid one seems to become about one's fading memory. Perhaps this is new phenomenon. I can't remember my grandparents being concerned about such things. But, then, of course, they weren't warned constantly about Alzheimer's symptoms. And my father

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 prayer list, or visiting list, or to join the Prayer Chain, call the parish office (410) 560 6776.

FOR RECOVERY: Daniel, Leona, Charlotte, Bryan, Rachel, Elizabeth, Dorothy, Sarah, Betsy, Edie, Alan, Terry, Helen, Linda, John, Judy, Neal, Stephen, Nathan, Hobie, Betty, Helen, Robert✘, Jan, Bobby, Lee, Cary, Marie, Jim, Joanna, Kendall, Ian, Gloria, June, John, Adrian, Tom, Michell, Al, Kathy, Jack, Lewey, Stephen, Pamela, Judy, Elizabeth, Wade, Sifa, Theresa, Lisa, Larry, Dan & Scott

FOR LIGHT, STRENGTH & GUIDANCE: Bethany, Caroline, Ardis, Mavis, Melba, Sam, Vinnie, Doug, Ian, Lisa, Carey, Cindy, Jacob, Casey, Beth & Kath

IN MEMORIAM:

THOSE WHO MOURN:

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

claimed he forgot things because he had been through more things than any human being could reasonably be expected to remember.

In any event, we often tend to overlook the small triumphs of memory that frequently bless our lives. Recently, for instance, I finally completed a near 40-year quest to recall the words of what was one of my favorite childhood poems.

It was about smugglers – a cottage industry in the saltings and inlets of East Anglia where I was raised. In the churchyard of one of our local churches there was a gravestone deeply scarred by "revenue men" and press gangs sharpening their cutlasses.

I knew the author couldn't be Kipling. It had to be Walter de la Mare or A. A. Milne. Naturally, I couldn't find it in any of my anthologies. But, it turns out, Kipling was the author. And I'm so proud of myself, I just have to share it with you: GPH✘

A Smuggler's Song

by Rudyard Kipling

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind or looking in the street,
Them that ask no questions isn't told a lie.

Watch the wall, my darling, when the Gentlemen go by!

*Four and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark -
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy.
And watch the wall, my darling,
when the Gentlemen go by!*

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play.
Put the brushwood back again - and they'll be gone next day!

If you see the stable-door setting open wide;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore;
If the lining's wet and warm - don't you ask no more!

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said.
If they call you "pretty maid", and chuck you 'neath the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been!

Knocks and footsteps round the house - whistles after dark -
You've no call for running out till the house dogs bark.
Trusty's here and Pincher's here and see how dumb they lie -
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you are told, likely there's a chance,
You'll be given a dainty doll, all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood -
A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good!

*Four and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark -
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk.
Them that ask no questions
isn't told a lie -
Watch the wall, my darling,
when the Gentlemen go by!*

St Stephen's Anglican Church

11856 Mays Chapel Road, Timonium, MD 21093

Office: 410 560 6776 · **Rectory:** 443-425-2420

Pastoral Care: 410 252 8674

www.ststeve.com

The Rev. Canon Guy P Hawtin, *Rector*

The Ven. Michael Kerouac, *Vicar* ·

Associate Rectors:

The Rev. Michael Belt, The Rev. John Novicki,
The Rev. M Wiley Hawks, The Rev. Robert Ludwig. &
The Rev. Dr. Norman Flowers

Mrs Happy Riley, *Director of Pastoral Care & Wedding
Coordinator*

SUNDAY SERVICES

8am: Said Eucharist

9.15am: Sung Eucharist (with Nursery & Church School)

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

Choral Services (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

Thursday, 10am: Knitting Circle

Noon: Bible Study

Friday, 10.30am: Bible Study

MONTHLY & SPECIAL

TAKE NOTE: CHANGED DATE

The Vestry Meeting

Wednesday, February 20th, 7.00 pm

Ladies Who Lunch

Wednesday, Noon, February 20th

at the Peppermill, Towson

Reservations: Call Sara Douglas at 410-560-9026

Monthly Choral Evensong

Sunday, March 3rd at 6 pm

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

St Stephen's Anglican Church
11856 Mays Chapel Road
Timonium, MD 21093

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