

O YE FROST and COLD

Volume 102

Number 4

September/october 2006

THE PROMISE of BIRCH TREES; THE RESPONSIBILITY of WATER

The Yukon River enters the Yukon Flats below Eagle, and spreads into a ribbon of channels, past meadows and islands and bars and driftwood piles and sloughs and mystery. It all flows in one direction, narrowing again as it enters Ramparts' Canyon; and then on and on until the Sea; but finding the Way through the Flats can be tricky. Travelers not knowing their Way can get lost out there, drifting for days and missing wherever they thought they were trying to go. It takes Wisdom and Experience to know how to find the main channel out there. Sometimes it is good to listen to others. All the currents are all going in the same direction; but some trips finally go a little smoother and more direct than others.

Sitting here on the north bank in this small village further north, I stare at bars forming as the water drops and willows and the sweep of some of the River as it flows by me. And somewhere up there, upriver, past camps and bends and towns and history; somewhere up there it all begins. I know in Minnesota one can go and stare at a place where the Mississippi begins. There must be a place where one can go and stare at the Yukon beginning. A beginning to all of this going by me. Beginnings are important.

Earlier this Summer we ended one of the Vestry meetings talking about Beginnings. Circling around the table, each present shared what they remembered and knew about their baptisms Most knew only from family stories and photographs. Three were baptized in other than Episcopal churches – a Baptist baptism, a Roman Catholic baptism; a Community church baptism. Two were actually baptized at the same Church outside, but by different priests. One's Godfather is related to retired Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. Only one of the Vestry members was baptized at St. Matthew's.

All the different beginnings, but the same Beginning – a Moment of Faith and Water and Hope. And Spirit then flowing. No matter who particularly does the baptism, as some discuss, or where. It is the Lord Christ who does the baptism, holding us each at that moment. All the different channels our lives have taken since, but the same current; and the same Lord Christ, acknowledged or not, still holding us. Abiding with us.

Baptisms are celebrated here on Sundays during the Great Feasts of the Church Year – All Saints and Epiphany and Pentecost and always Easter. Great rollicking circuses of celebrations. Or baptisms are celebrated quietly in midweek services. Wednesday nights. Circumstances don't always allow for waiting several months for the next Feast Day. Small intimate services then. But filled with nervousness and hope. And usually a small baby. Wide-eyed and watching. A whispered service, for one has learned not to talk in loud voices around babies.

And what happens next after that Moment, after that service – either rollicking or whispered? Ahhhhh, I don't know. But there's a Beginning. The current now flows. "*Send them into the world in witness to your love*" is one of the prayers said during the Baptism, and there they go – a Sign of God's Love in the World. A Promise of the Future.

During the mid Sunday Eucharist on the mid Sunday of September, I saw the Future coming towards me; and smiled in wonder. We heard it first. The Consecration had finished and the stately procession of the people of God towards the altar rail had begun. Then . . . a noise in the Hallway. Laughter. And children flowed into our midst, as the Sunday School came down, and rejoined the service, on this first Sunday of Sunday School beginning. Finding parents or holding tightly to the teacher's hand, they joined the lines. Kneeling there at the altar rail with gravely serious eyes or great smiles or GIANT curiosity, eyes twinkling in joy, small hands reaching.

I know what the Future looks like, for the Future knelt at the altar rail and reached hands dabbed with paint or crayon out towards God. And the Future's eyes were bright and smiling and trusting.

That's God's Promise; that's our Responsibility.

In the Silence of only wind and water I sit watching the Great River, dark clouds coming towards us. But there, just there, sunlight breaks through; illuminating together those two birch trees in the timber on the island. There they shine in Beauty and Light. Thus the Gift; Thus the Promise; Thus the Future.

Inside This Issue:

Endowment Board Grants	Pg 3	Senior Warden	Pg 10
Seasons of Life	Pg 6	Summer Memories	Pg 19
The Coming All Saints	Pg 9	August Vestry Meeting	Pg 23

ST MATTHEW'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA
THE REVEREND SCOTT FISHER



THE FALLing of SUMMER VOICES

We are sitting outside on the wooden bench, as golden birch leaves fall, listening to the People of God pass by. It is August and it is raining and they are passing by, on their way fishing or Fairing, or telling stories. It is September, and here they come, moose hunting. The People of God pass by, running or walking, taking pictures or lifting the caskets of friends into pick-up truck beds, cooking soup, or stopping to pray. And we listen, and overhear.....

It's like my Grampa told me: you spend the first half of your life trying to figure out what women are saying; and the second half of your life trying to figure out what they mean when they're saying it.

That's the one good thing, mainly the *only* good thing, about funerals - a lot of good people coming together.

You write *that* and put it in the Newsletter - I live in Fort Yukon for \$5 a month. Just the gas for my Coleman gas cookstove. I don't need electricity; I pack my own water and cut my own wood. And there's a lot of food out there if you just go get it.

The services are. . . are . . . always so *joyful*.

Can you help me? I'm trying to follow this map, and I've been on this 2nd Avenue and through downtown three times - but I can't find this Noble Street. WHERE IS IT?

Man, the tourists have *owned* Downtown this Summer.

This is beginning to be like a bad Jerry Springer show.

I know the Lord Jesus says we have to *FORGIVE* our enemies and *LOVE* our enemies, but do we have to *LIKE* them?

He's down at Fish Camp. He's got a Fish Camp, and fish; but no net or wheel. Maybe he's a Fish Pirate? Or he sets up his camp at a narrow place and just collects a toll from everybody going by?

An Anonymous Voice from the Congregation:

LETTING GO and CHINKS in ARMOR

Fall is beautiful, and the cold, crisp mornings make me smile and breathe deep the air. But fall brings fear. Because every fall someone in our family crashes. He crashed early this year, actually, in July. The shock waves are still reeling our family. It was a literal crash, into the ditch about 15 feet down an embankment. Luckily, no one was hurt, and the car was drive-able once the tow truck got it out of the ditch.

But the fear remains.

I think about letting go of him, and I wonder if the pain would go away if I let him go. His pain. My pain. Or should I just shore up my defenses, my armor, and wait for him to destroy himself or someone else?

It's not just me and him. There are others in this family. More vulnerable. More forgiving. And this man is a joy with the others. It's the unconditional love they offer. Whether or not they know about any of his crashes, they love him unconditionally. Like God.

But I have a harder time with Godly love. I feel hardened and angry. Like there's armor around my heart.

I pray that one day this man will hear God's voice talking to him. That he'll hear God telling him that he's got all he'll ever need. And that he'll lose it if he keeps on.

So I wait and I contemplate letting go. Of him, maybe. Of the struggle, between my fear and my love. And I think about my armor, and I wonder if it's useful. Or if it's just in the way, keeping the Godly love in.

DONATIONS SOUGHT for FLORENCE, ARIZONA PRISON VISIT



Over 800 Alaskans are currently imprisoned in Florence, Arizona, in a *privately owned for profit prison*. Through the leadership of two retired State Commissioners of Corrections, the Diocese condemned this practice at the Juneau Diocesan Convention several years ago. It continues - both the practice and our condemnation. The Rev. Lee Davis has visited and ministered there; and Archdeacon Anna Frank leads a group of family and friends there every year. This is frequently the only contact family members have with those imprisoned there. Donations are sought for this Annual Trip. Checks or money orders may be made payable to The Episcopal Diocese of Alaska and mailed to: The Rev. Anna Frank; Episcopal Diocese of Alaska; 1205 Denali Way; Fairbanks 99701. Enclose a note that this is for "The Florence Prison Trip". Plans are being made also for the donation of traditional Alaskan Native foods for the Annual Potlatch held there. Contact Anna for further details.

ST. MATTHEW'S ENDOWMENT GRANTS announced



St. Matthew's Episcopal Church

Endowment Board is pleased to announce that grants have been awarded to the following.

Donna May Folger, Alaska Indigenous Women's Healthy Pathway, received a grant for healing workshops to be held in October for women who have experienced sexual abuse and other traumas.

Kathy Sikorski received a grant for the creation of a Gwich'in children's prayer book.

A grant was awarded to the ongoing William Wood Building and Land Acquisition Fund.

These grants were awarded Sunday, September 24, 2006, at the annual St. Matthew's Day potluck immediately following the 11:15 a.m. service.

Congratulations to this year's recipients!

Fall/Summer Voices

... but the VA has told me that they don't have any beds. They're full taking care of the casualties from Afghanistan and Iraq, and us Old Guys will just have to wait.

I'll tell you what I think. I think she just died of a broken heart, because she miss her son so much.

... already one quarter of his unit has been killed or wounded.

I'm just copying out the sign on your church door. We were here on a tour about 5 or 6 years ago, and saw it then; and I haven't been able to get it out of my mind. Now that we're back again, I made a special point to come down here and copy it. It's quite wonderful, I think.

MAAAAAAAAAAAN, it's been a HARD Summer. We've lost lots this Summer.

I don't know. We started the Summer with all these plans, but there's been just no time. It's been run run run all Summer and we NEVER see each other at all.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH

RECTOR	The Rev. Scott Fisher 456-5235		
PRIESTS	The Rev. Steve Matthew. . . 488-9076	SEXTON	
	The Rev. John Holz 456-3583	ORGANIST	Laura Vines 452-4565
DEACONS	The Rev. Bella Jean Savino 456-1503	CHOIR DIRECTOR	Elaine Jacobson 479-2472
	The Rev. Montie Slusher . . 474-4570	ALTAR GUILD	Mary Johnston. 455-7245
	The Rev. Lee Davis 457-2865		Cathy Giacomazzi 479-7736
SENIOR WARDEN	Bruce Gadwah 457-7129	SUNDAY SCHOOL	Roxy Wright Freedle. . . 455-9300
JUNIOR WARDEN	Tom Marsh 458-0223	HEALTH MINISTRY	Charlotte Perotti 457-1332
CLERK	Cathy Davis 479-2626	ENDOWMENT BOARD	Martha Thomas, Chair . . 455-6612
VESTRY	Linda Demientieff. 451-6601	WEB GARDENER	Darrel Zuke 488-6073
	Gregg Eschright 457-1794	NEWSLETTER EDITOR	Maggie Castellini 479-5444
	Teresa Moore 374-8382	SPIRITUAL DIRECTION	Mary Margaret Davis . . . 457-2865
	Marjorie Grunin 451-1981	UNITED THANK OFFERING	Helen Howard. 488-2314
	Darrel Zuke. 488-6073	DAUGHTERS OF THE KING	The Rev. Bella Jean Savino 456-1503
	Julia Cockerille 474-2105	TREE-CLIMBING	Luke Castellini
PARISH TREASURER	Carolyn Nethken 457-3304		
PARISH ADMINISTRATOR	Hilary Freeman 457-4820	MINISTERS	YOUUS!!!

Office Hours: Monday through Friday 9:00 AM – 4:00 PM

Phone# 456-5235 FAX#: 456-2934

e-mail: sfisher@mosquitonet.com Website : stmatthewschurch.org

Diocesan Website: episcopalak.org

Fall/Summer Voices

No, I'm not stealing anything. I'm with ----- Florists, and I wondered if I could borrow or trade for something. Over the years, you always have some of the best delphiniums in the city. We have a special order for a wedding. Could I have 4 cuttings of your delphiniums; and I'll trade you?

. . . so we sat there drinking Jack Daniels and lemonade and watching Bishop Spong.

. . . had my Bible, which I keep under my pillow every night when I sleep.

....so I prayed for an Angel-Doctor to come heal me. And when I woke up, there was an angel kneeling in front of me and I had this white thing coming out of this side of my chest; and another white thing coming out of that side of my chest; and those white things were that angel's forearms and I could feel him doing things inside me. Then it stopped. And I've never had any trouble since.

I feel like God kinda hit me with a 2 by 4 to get my attention. I'm not going to waste time anymore. And the importance of the little things. Saying "hello". Saying "thank you." I've learned that now.

I am SO MAD at God now; so MAD. "Ask and you shall receive" He said. I PRAYED THAT for two years . . . and he died.

Scott! You didn't even notice! Did you know you were standing there with SEAN PENN looking at frozen pizzas together?

Well, I didn't get a picture of Sean Penn, but I got one of the shopping cart he was using.

I just wanted to Thank this Church. I'm here visiting from Homer, where I've lived now for the last two, three years. But when I lived here, I came to this Church, and it really made a difference in my life. I'm an Elder in my Church in Homer now, and that's because of the Witness of this Church and the redemptive love of Jesus Christ.

Well, you baptized me and you baptized my daughter and NOW you're baptizing HER daughter.

COMING!

St. Matthew's Annual SEE'S CANDY SALE

Saturday, DECEMBER 2, 2006

9 AM - 2 PM in the Parish Hall

Anyone interested in selling baked goods, crafts, beadwork, and having a table should contact the Church Office 456-5235 or Brandy 479-6599.

THE 32nd CONVENTION of the EPISCOPAL DIOCESE of ALASKA



The 32nd Convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska will be held Thursday, October 5th - Saturday, October 7th at the Meier Lake Conference Center in Wasilla, Alaska. St. Matthew's is scheduled to be officially represented by the three delegates we called at our January 2006 Annual Meeting - **Junior Warden Tom Marsh, Sunday School Coordinator Roxy Wright Freedle, Karen Parr;** and the rector.

The Annual Convention brings together delegates from every Episcopal Church in the State, from Point Hope to Ketchikan, from Arctic Village to Anchorage. The scheduled actions of the Convention includes the consideration of resolutions, receiving reports from the various Diocesan committees and staff members, electing new members to those committees, hearing the Bishop's plans and Vision for the Church in the coming year, receiving members into the Diocesan Society of St. Simeon and St. Anna; and the passage of the Diocesan Budget.

This year, **the Rev. Mardow Solomon** of Fort Yukon is nominated to continue on the Commission on Ministry; **the Rev. Margo Simple** is nominated for election to the Ecclesiastical Court; and **Al and Carol Brice**, and **Katherine Peter** are among those being nominated into the Society of St. Simeon and St. Anna. There are four prefired resolutions for the Convention to consider - one from the Interior Deanery, supporting the Bishop in his discussions with the NavajoLand Area Mission; and three ("Affirming Anglican Principles", Affirming Unequivocally Requests of the Windsor Report"; and "Requesting Alternative Primalial Oversight") from All Saints/Anchorage. The Proposed 2007 Diocesan Budget of +\$900,000 includes a +\$55,000 deficit, a 3% Cost of Living Increase for the Diocesan Staff, increased costs to maintaining the Diocesan Office, and a reduction to the Diocesan Youth Budget.

Watch for reports in the next Newsletter on what happened.

An Anonymous Voice from the Congregation: THE GRIEF & FAITH of AUTUMN

Scott says it's beautiful outside with the leaves turning colors, but all I can see is the gorgeous green of summer dying and the long lonely winter ahead. The nest is empty, the family gone south. Darkness and cold are on the horizon. My spirits fall with the temperature, but my faith is solid as a rock. I *know* Christ is with me, every day and God is the light at the end of the tunnel. In the darkest part of this long winter we will celebrate the miracle of Christ's birth and all it means to us. This is the hope that lights the way.

Fall/Summer Voices

They said I was remarkable. That was nice. I don't hear that much.

One thing you never want to do is shoot a grizzly bear in the rear. [X] was talking to me and telling me about being in a village down near Bethel. And out at the dump. He had a 7mm rifle with him and there was a bear out there, over on the other side of the dump; so he shot at it. Said it took every shell he had to get that bear finally stopped. Just a little bit a-ways from him.

I don't know anybody who's not stressed out. EVERYBODY is. There must be something just out of whack with the way we're doin' things.

www.stmatthewschurch.org

From your Webgardener, Darrel Zuke

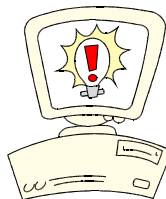
This summer was really filled with God's blessings for me and my family. My daughter got married early June, in Hope Alaska, a beautiful wedding in a little ex-gold mining town almost across the sound from Girdwood. The wedding was preceded by a trip to Homer with our two 12 year old Granddaughters. Then our other two Granddaughters ages 6 & 8 spent two weeks with us in July, followed by a visit to our Russian son **Gleb**, in Seattle, with his family.

On the home front, we have a new sound system at St. Matthews, thanks in part to the generosity of St. Matthews parishioners and the community at large in the participation at our early May Rummage Sale. Also thanks to **Gary Lee**, who was instrumental in the success of the project, by donating a key piece of equipment, and participating in the design and of course the installation of the system. Thanks also to **Craig at Pro Music**, who also helped in the design, and gave us a terrific deal on the rest of the components.

And, with the afore mentioned travels that I took this summer, a big thanks to **Bev Schommer**, who kept the website online during my absence. Speaking of the Website, it continues to evolve. We caught up on some of the pictures we had received throughout the Spring and Summer, and now most of the pictures are online. Soooo...keep your pictures coming that you want to see on the Website, we will do our best to get them on more expeditiously. And, if traveling or you miss Sunday Service, don't forget that the Sunday Sermons are posted (*more or less regularly*) on the website. Remember, we always appreciate your comments for what you want to see on your website!

And, for anyone interested, I am continuing my 'Basic Computer Literacy' course, taught at the Literacy Council, 517 Gaffney. Call 456-6212 for more information.

Wishing you all a peaceful and warm winter filled with God's blessings;
Your Webgardener, Darrel Zuke



'31 to '39, those were hard years, you know. No electricity or power those days, so we just live off the land. [X] work hard, snaring rabbits all the time. Yeah, we had cold cellars for in the summer, but food went too quick to use it. I remember [Y] up all day at this big rock, pounding and pounding. Making ground caribou meat. She mix it with those yellow berries that grow close to the ground [*word in his language*] they call it. Sure good.

.....and they would have what they call Grieving Spell, when somebody close to you die. To get it out, you know. I forgot to put that in that book they're writing. About that Grieving Spell. Guess I should tell them. Probably nobody remember about that but me. They'd get together at night, about 9oclock, and....

I woke straight up out of bed at 3AM and I KNEW something had happened. And it had. The doctors told me the next morning that at 3AM he just woke up and something had clicked and he turned that corner and was going to be fine. I figure that's when all the prayers hit him - at 3AM. And they hit me too.

Send one of your lemons! Oh, I mean LEM's!!!

I've wanted all my life to come to Alaska, ever since Bishop Bentley confirmed me as a little girl in Williamsburg, Virginia.

Fall/Summer Voices

... so we were blazing away and hit it, you know; and got all excited and were yelling and screaming when it went down. Buck fever, you know. And he was just standing there cool and starting to butcher it and looked over at us and said, "Calm down; you're acting like a White Man."

... so all I can do is just give them to God; I can't do anything else.

So I'm not worried. That's how much Time the doctor's given me. I figure I'll get to finally see all those I miss and not have to worry about them anymore.

Does EVERY family just go crazy after a funeral? Is this normal?

I live way out there, by myself. And NOBODY come visit me or give me a ride to Church. So I'm p----- off at Fairbanks and I'm going to move away. I don't like to talk about people behind their back; so I'm telling you this. YOU tell them. Tell them I move away because no one help or give me a ride to church and this is NOT the way Christians are supposed to live.

We're here visiting from Missouri and just wanted to stop in and see your stained glass. We heard about them, because we work with stained glass. These are beautiful. Does your church realize what it has in these windows?

...so pray for her. All these funerals this Summer have just gotten to her.

How are you still standing? How is anybody still standing after everything that's happened this Summer?

... so after he died, I had just so much anger and bitterness. He wasn't supposed to die. Then finally I realized that I couldn't live my life with all that anger. That that wasn't right. Instead, I could live my life for him, doing all the good that he never had a chance to do.

We're looking into getting a wood stove. If fuel prices go up any higher; we'll just burn wood. And I've got a supply of those old, what do you call them, kerosene lamps. If electricity gets too high, we'll just shut it off and use them. We'll get by. We'll make it.

through All The Seasons of life

FALLING THROUGH the SEASONS of LIFE

From **Sunday morning, July 16th**, and a Summer rain gently falling (*and falling, and falling, and falling, etc*), through **Saturday evening, September 16th**, and golden leaves gently falling; from the sunshine of Golden Days to the Eve of Sunday School beginning; through Parades and Booyah, and Fairs, and school beginnings; through salmon running and geese gathering and moose somewhere; through the 9 weeks (63 days) since the last Newsletter recording; we stopped and gathered and prayed together 187 times. An accounting and *some* of the details:

- 27 Sunday Morning Eucharists
- 28 Private/Home Eucharists by Lay Eucharistic Ministers
- 31 Private/Home Eucharists by Clergy
- 3 Fairbanks Correctional Center Eucharists
 - 4 Eucharists (*out of Fairbanks*)
- 47 Midnight Compline Services
- 9 Wednesday Morning Eucharists
- 9 Wednesday Evening Eucharists
- 2 Thursday Pioneer Home Eucharists
- 2 Celebrations of Holy Baptism, 2 Baptized
 - 2 Renewals of Marriage Vows
 - 1 Ordination to the Diaconate
 - 2 Special Prayer services
- 4 Commendations of the Dying/Departed
 - 3 "Memorial" Teas hosted
 - 1 Reception of a Body
 - 7 Funerals/Burials (*within Fairbanks*)
 - 2 Funerals/Burials (*outside of Fairbanks*)
 - 1 Golden Days Booyah & Bake Sale
 - 1 August Camp Retreat
 - 1 Guest Lecture
- 80 Warmest Temperature recorded 7/16-9/15 (*on July 28th*)
- 35 Coldest Temperature recorded 7/16-9/15 (*on September 10th*)
 - 11 # of days without rain 7/16-8/24 (*out of 40 days total*)
 - 22 # of TOTAL days without rain 7/16-9/15
 - 1 # of rectors grocery shopping one afternoon with Sean Penn
 - 0 # of rectors AWARE they were grocery shopping with Sean Penn

Holy Baptism

On a quiet evening, in early August, on Wednesday night, August 2nd, twelve days old **Elizabeth Katherine Sue Rose Simpson** was baptized, the THIRD generation of her family that the rector had baptized. (*sigh*). Elizabeth yawned and was peaceful all the way through the service. Her Godparents are **Joel Lucas, Heather Licon, Lee Neyhart, Crystal Fabian, and Kylie Rhodes**. On Sunday morning, August 20th, in a celebration in honor of the first baptisms recorded at St. Matthew's, one month old **Amara Autumn Violet Karen Kaye Ah'Tin Mikiiraq Stevens** was baptized. Her Godparents are **Shawna Me'chel Pritchette', Samuel Clifton Oxman, Joshua Michael Silva, and Georgianna Lincoln**. Amara was born in Fairbanks the day her Great Uncle **Jonathon** was being buried in Fort Yukon.

Weddings, and Renewals

As recorded in the last Newsletter, on Sunday morning, July 30th, in the midst
(Continued on page 7)

Seasons of life . . .

of the 11:15 Eucharist, **Westeen** and **Arnold Holmes** renewed their marriage vows, in a moving ceremony that caught everyone with the depth of emotion, faith, and love. Arnold will be retiring early this Winter, and joining Westeen in Las Vegas. Immediately after that Eucharist, on that same Sunday, **Michael** and **Laverne** (*the daughter of Gary and Shirley Lee*) **Huus** renewed their vows too, in a family celebration on the fifth anniversary weekend of their wedding.

Ordinations

In a Grand Finale to a glorious Golden Days weekend, on Sunday evening, July 23rd, **Bishop Mark MacDonald** ordained **Charles Lee Davis** to the Sacred Order of Deacons. It was a St. Matthew's wide celebration that included many in the service: Presenters **Ray Cockerille**, **Cynthia Lamb Faust**, **Senior Warden Bruce Gadwah**, the **Rev. John Holz**, and **Virginia MacDonald**; Lee's wife **Mary Margaret** as the Litanist; their son and daughter-in-law **Chuck** and **Kim Davis** as Readers, **Charlotte Perotti** as Psalmist, friends **Mary Ann Gallagher** and **Carol Brice** as Chalice Bearers, **Junior Warden Tom Marsh** as Crucifer, the rector (*with near pneumonia*) as the preacher, **Bobby Lewis** and **Eustace Johnson** as soloists, **Ruth Storvick** and **Marc Castellini** as musicians, ushers **Becky Snow** and **Susan Stitham**; and assisting clergy including the **Rev. Titus Peter**, the **Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**, the **Rev. Stephen Matthew**, and the **Rev. Deacon Montie Slusher**. Lee's journey to ordination has been long and complex, across changing diocesan and national canons and processes; and his faithful and patient perseverance testifies to the validity of his Call. Long active in prison ministry and in important work at the Bertha Mason Retreat Center in Manley Hot Springs, Lee left for Manley to work at the Camp almost immediately after his ordination.

Funerals, Memorials, Burials

As recorded in the final preparation of the last Newsletter, on Thursday morning, July 13th, surrounded by family members, 74 years old prominent Gwich'in leader **Jonathon Solomon** of Fort Yukon died in the Anchorage Hospital, where he had been medivaced days earlier. Ten days earlier, Jonathon and his wife **Hannah** had celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in a community wide celebration in Fort Yukon. A strong and powerful spokesman for Alaska Native rights and justice; and an international leader in protecting the Porcupine caribou herd and against drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, Jonathon left his wife Hannah, 9 children, 20 grandchildren, 14 great grandchildren, 11 siblings (*including the Rev. Mardow Solomon of St. Stephen's / Fort Yukon*), his 97 years old mother **Hannah P. Solomon** . . . and Signs and Wonder for the rest of us to remember. Through the courtesy of Roman Catholic **Bishop Donald Kettler**, Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Cathedral was borrowed here for his Fairbanks funeral service. On Monday afternoon, July 17th, the Cathedral filled to standing room only, with perhaps close to a thousand present, including prominent leaders from around the State, for his funeral service. The service was led by **Bishop Mark MacDonald**, with the **Rev. Canon Ginny Doctor**, the **Rev. Luke Titus**, the **Rev. Steve Matthew**, the **Rev. Bessie Titus**, the **Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**, the **Rev. Mardow Solomon**, and the rector assisting. The prominent green flag of the Gwich'in Nation served as the altar frontal. And then the plane flew his body home. Wednesday afternoon, July 19th, the Fort Yukon School Gymnasium filled also to overflowing for his final service. The service was led by his brother, the **Rev. Mardow Solomon**; with assistance from the **Rev. Deacon Teresa**

(Continued on page 20)

Fall/Summer Voices

Yeah, this is where I got hit. The bullet went in here; and came out there.

When we forgive someone, we re-connect with part of ourselves.

It's easy to focus on the outside, but on the Inside is where the Fun is, where the Adventure is, where the MYSTERY is.

...passed this bull, but when we came back couldn't find it. So he went down early the next morning, and there he was.

We were out, but a bear tore up our camp two nights in row. So we came back in.

You mean you can REALLY die from drinking and doing drugs? I didn't know that. Gosh.

The Wednesday service restores me wonderfully, by the way..... It's a pretty peaceful pool of water to sit by in the middle of the madness of the week!

You know what I REALLY don't know about? That "*He never gives you more than you can take*" stuff. He and I just have REALLY different ideas about how much we can take.

Did you see that? A raven chasing a hawk just flew right over....

I'm going to GO CRAZY if I don't go berry picking.

....picked 11 1/2 gallons in 36 hours.

He told me that like 50 cars had passed him, but no one had stopped to help till I did. I told him, that's because I'm a Biker. That's why I stopped to help you, bro.

He's like part of the Furniture of Alaska. They shoulda named something after him.

. . . and it was like 100 below out there wind chill, but he told us if we don't work, we don't get paid, and if we don't get paid we don't eat, soooooo....

Gosh, look how FULL this cemetery is now.

Fall/Summer Voices

Boy, that's one of the nice things about getting older. I had a Proxy Hunter this year!

Yeah, I'm still campin' out. I got a tent and blankets, so I'm doin' okay. And a Coleman Gas Lamp I can light if it gets too cold. That throws out heat.

....and thank you Lord for our September Summer.

There's something a little mixed up when Indian Summer is warmer than our whole regular Summer has been.

I remember when I arrived in this country. And I first saw the Statue of Liberty. We were on a ship. And there were people crying on their knees when they saw that Statute.

... and all night long I had the "Gloria" going through my head, over and over again.

... and then we came to the Church and hit that Wall of Prayer.

So live each day, and appreciate what you have.

Well, it seemed like a good idea at the Time, but it sure did cost. Cost us lots.

Five moose, I figure. That's how many moose I've messed with in the last two weeks for funerals; and I'm about done in.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." [Hebrews 13:2]



THE NAMES in the BOOK

The **Steeles** from Madison, Alabama were here on May 30th; so were the **Johnstons** from Yorkshire, England. On Sunday, September 10th **Mike McGee** of Clarksville, Tennessee was here for the services, introduced himself, and sometime that morning signed the Book.

The Book is a blue loose-leaf notebook in the narthex, the front entryway of the Church. It's

filled with blank pages, artfully decorated with some flowers and vines; and rests, with an odd collection of pens, on top of a Memorial Stand on the right hand side, in front of Bishop Rowe's stained glass window. Most folks, the rector knows from experience, do NOT sign the Book. But some do, reporting in and saying "hello".

Who are they? Who came by this Summer? Who left their names so we could say "hello"?

Over 250 people, groups, families, visitors, wanderers, and dream seekers, from outside of Fairbanks and North Pole, signed the Book, after the **Steeles** and **Johnstons** from Alabama and England. They came from 36 states and 7 foreign countries. There were more folks from Virginia and California than any other state, though there were lots from Florida and New York. There were more folks from Canada than anyplace else (*though that could be because local friend and tour guide Nick Nappo brings busloads of people from Ontario and Saskatchewan by every Saturday morning*), but there were guests here also from England, Germany, the Netherlands, and South Africa. A startled group from Poland walked off with a door prize of a can of Spam one Sunday July morning. Two isolated folks from Romania came by separately, and one wonders if they knew each other. Within Alaska, we had more visitors from Anchorage than anyplace else, but there was a steady stream of visitors from Hooper Bay all summer. Twenty-three different communities are represented, from Barrow to Juneau, from Haines to Tanacross, from Kodiak to Arctic Village.

Not only do people sign their names, sometimes they list their home churches. The **Tulles** were here from St. Luke's in Livingston, Texas; and the **Creeds** were here from Christ Church in Pensacola, Florida. We

had folks here from St. Timothy's in Richland, Michigan (*the Crittendens*); St. Paul's in Duluth, Minnesota (*the Holmans*), Trinity Cathedral in Davenport, Iowa; St. Bartholomew's in New York City (*Scott Bistayi*); St. Mary's in Burlington, New Jersey; and **Pastor Jane Granzow** of Christ Lutheran Church in Buffalo, Iowa. **The Rev. Barbara Peterson**, rector of the Church of The Holy Spirit in Mars Hill, North Carolina was here for Golden Days. There were folks from St. Matthew's - in Enid, Oklahoma and Dallas, Texas.

And not only do they sign their names, and sometimes their churches, sometimes they write comments. The Alabama **Steeles** thought we were "beautiful" and the Texan **Tulles** thought we were "unique". The **Waddilys** of Ontario wished us "Happy Canada Day" and a gentleman from Brooklyn in early July said he was grateful. The **Langlois** of Toronto were grateful too - "for the serenity and ability to say a quiet merci" and so were the **Garlands** of Bristol, Virginia. **Petra** and **Els Groeneweg** of The Netherlands said "Thank you"; and **Paloma y Teresa** of Spain thought we were wonderful. Folks from Minneapolis thought we were peaceful, near the end of July; and folks from Charleston, South Carolina here in August thought we were beautiful. The **O'Donnells** of Monticello, Minnesota were "impressed by the Native interpretation of Blessed events" and a gentleman from Sweeny, Texas thought we were excellent.

Summer is made up of many things - fishing and long sunlit days, tour buses and boat rides. And all of those who come to visit. Even as they are grateful for us; so we are grateful for them.

"Gather up the leftover fragments so that nothing will be lost." (John 6:12)



THE COMING ALL SAINTS

When the Winter finally arrives, and the Great Cold is upon the Land, and we are heading into the Deep Darkness.....ah, that Light. That Light there burning, bravely in the Gathering Darkness. The Light of the Paschal Candle, lit in the Darkness of Death, to remind us that Love is as Strong as Death. Stronger. And around that lit Paschal Candle we will gather. With *them*.

The Paschal Candle will be lit at Midnight, Tuesday, October 31st, as the Great Feast of All Saints begins. That solitary Light burning in the Darkness to remind us; and it will transform into blue Advent candles, into the Symphony of Light that is Christmas; into the sparks of burning greens on Epiphany. Through the Deep Darkness, Light shining.

A table will be placed before the Altar throughout the month of November for visual prayers, photographs and clippings and bulletins and visual reminders of the Dead, of those we are remembering. Those that have died will be remembered in prayer on Sunday, November 5th. (*Please submit the names of those who have died, that you wish remembered in prayer, to the Church Office by Friday, October 27th*).

And we will remember in prayer those whose names are on the Memorial Banner, on the Western wall of the Church - those who have died since last All Saints; those whose final commendations or services were conducted either here at St. Matthew's, or by clergy associated with St. Matthew's. We are always remembering them.. Now we will name them. Among those we will name are the following:

Henzie Williams, Jr.
Dr. Mary "Quutuq" Grantham-Campbell
Henry Strickland
Wilson Titus
Richard Crow
Dennis Price
Martha Wheeler
Agnes Marie James
Liza DeWilde
Lige Charlie, Sr.
Lavine Williams
Vincent James
Wellesley Dickinson
Doris Biddle
Gary Goodman
Kenneth Pitka II
Estella Gundrum Ketzler
Eleanor Captain
Donald Carlo, Jr.
Edward Mayo, Sr.
Lily Herbert
Emma Fleenor

Jessie Williams
Frances Bergman
Paul K. Riley
Andrew Edwin
Kevin L. Esmailka
Mae Wallis
Olive Haley
Phillip Anderson
Margaret Kissinger
James E. Walker
Jonathon Solomon Sr.
Lucy Roberts
Arthur Arnold Joseph
Margaret Ann Adams Fisher
Charles R. Goodhand
Elizabeth Goodhand
Lucas Goodhand
Emil O. Bergman
Roy J. Evans Sr.
Lloyd V. DeWilde
James Thibedeau
Angela Tritt Reid

Thoughts from the Senior Warden:

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

By Senior Warden Bruce Gadwah

My sister's grandson Austin has learned to say his very first word and that word just happens to be "NO". In years past I am sure someone would have dug up some reference manual by Dr. Spock, to delve into why he decided to choose that word first, and just what deep psychological problem this could be associated with. Most of us in the family are just glad that he is starting to talk, and he smiles rather devilishly, and seems to be very proud of his accomplishment. I offered up that just maybe that is the word he has heard the most lately and it has stuck. Little did I know how true that might be.

You see, little Austin's mom and dad - Courtney and Corey - decided to marry after college graduation this summer; and to have Austin baptized on the same weekend. Seems pretty straightforward and, since the oldest sister had wed some years previous with nary a hitch, how difficult could this be?

So the parents set out on a mission to seek out the church that they would be most comfortable in, should they stay in the area; all of which depended upon employment availability. In conducting this search, they concluded that the word "NO", while coming from a toddler may be cute; but from grown adults, it seemed to impart great distress. You see, that seemed to be the response from all too many of the prospective churches which they sought out for their marriage ceremony. One church said "NO" to cameras of any kind during the ceremony, video or still, flash or NO flash, by a professional or an amateur. Another said "NO" to any music other than religious; that is, NO pop, country, or otherwise. Yet another said "NO" to the use of flowers as decorations in the pews. There was "NO" to the runner being brought out just before the bride marched down the aisle, as it must be there for the entire ceremony or not used at all. At one church, you had to dig past three pamphlets on tithing before you could place your hand on a Prayer Book. The list went on and on. This all was a bit overwhelming for the two of them. Admittedly, after hearing of their dilemma I was concerned that they would become discouraged and give up the idea of a church wedding entirely, but thankfully that did not happen; and what was supposed to happen evidently *did*, because they found a church shortly thereafter, or perhaps one could say that it

had found them.

So what exactly was it that made them feel comfortable enough to finally decide on this one church? After all, this was the largest one; and it was for that reason that it was last on their list. Their impression was that a larger church would not be as inviting; and they discovered quite the contrary. In fact the church property extends a city block; and at one entrance there is a large banner that reads: **"WELCOME. . . A PLACE TO BELONG. . . WHOEVER YOU ARE. . . JUST AS YOU ARE."**

That is the very first message they saw as they drove into the parking lot. It was here that during the Rehearsal the rector said, "I just walked my daughter down this very aisle last month, and so I know what it is like to be on the other side. Don't you worry. I'll be right here to guide you." On the Wedding Day, and during the Eucharist, he invited absolutely *all*, regardless of whatever, to take Communion. The following Sunday, for the Baptismal Service, I picked up the bulletin, and there it was again: **"A PLACE TO BELONG. . . WHOEVER YOU ARE. . . JUST AS YOU ARE"** And during the sermon he said, *"Over these last couple of years some people have come to me and said they must leave the church. To that I have expressed great disappointment, but I added that we shall always be here for you. On the other hand, do you know that people have actually joined this church just because they have driven past and read our banner? Christianity has endured changes all through time, but there is something that has never changed all through time, and that is God's Love for us all."* And the Invitation for absolutely *all* to share in the Eucharist came once again, and frankly it felt almost non-denominational, and that also seemed okay with me.

I did not want to tell my niece for fear that it would influence her decision during her canvassing, but I was especially pleased with their choice, for this was the church that my older son Jason and I attended in the early 80's, and where we shared some good bonding experiences. Though I had great respect for this church, it always seemed cavernous and cool; but at the Wedding, as I stepped up to the lectern for the reading of the Old Testament, I actually felt right at home; just as though I was here at Saint Matthew's. I was very proud to be there as an uncle and as an Episcopalian.

Where was it that they had felt the most welcome and the most comfortable? Where was it that the message they received was more of **"We'll work with you"**, as opposed to **"No"**? St. Paul's

(Continued on page 11)

Senior Warden . . .

Church;
Concord, New
Hampshire;

and it is located just an arm's throw from the capital building of New Hampshire; and just a couple of doors down from the Diocesan Office of the Bishop of New Hampshire, whom they support on a very regular basis, as was proudly offered to me by their Administrative Assistant. Although not a Cathedral, it certainly could be, with regard to size; and it is of the cruciform style for those of you that are familiar with that type of architecture. If you are interested in learning more about this church, you may do an Internet search for www.stpaulsconcord.org; and you will know at once if you have found the correct site because once again you will be greeted with: **"WELCOME . . . A PLACE TO BELONG. . . WHOEVER YOU ARE. . . JUST AS YOU ARE."**

The subject of Welcoming has been up for discussion many times, even in my short stint here at St. Matthew's, and sometimes it takes an example from a different perspective and closer to open to really open one's eyes. I took this opportunity to revisit the standards that we have followed for "wedding protocol" just to compare. It is my understanding that here these are exactly that; and that there is room for compromise. Assuming that to be the case, are there other situations where this might apply? Quite possibly, because we can send the wrong message, whether written or spoken, perhaps even with body language, and risk offending any individual or group who worship along side of us each Sunday. Most of us grown adults know that odds are that will happen from time to time; and we hopefully make amends; and that is that. However, creating hurdles at the door for young adults or otherwise, whereby their interest is immediately lost, seems incomprehensible. In short, we lose their youth and talent, they lose our experience, but moreover they are deprived of the Gospel.

Therefore, I would remind us all to be careful not to exclude, and remember that we, as well as St. Paul's, are here to provide The Word of the Lord to All; and that is none other than in the absolute sense. As usual, if you have suggestions that you would like to offer, the Vestry is always with an Open Ear; and if you require anonymity, there is a box at the entrance to the church, which we promise to check more frequently.

God Bless You All.

THAT'S MY SISTER

By Laura Vines (9-8-06)

On a tired, too-much-has-happened autumn day
I lean on an old birch tree for rest and solace
The tree's summer glory falls now as gold
Around me, and I rest my head
Against it, stroking its bark, my spirit
Drinking its peace.
The busy street beyond seems far away.

"That's my sister," a voice says, breaking
Through the curtain. I make eye contact
With a young man, somewhat
Inebriated, missing teeth.

He gestures to a young woman in the park
Who has been yelling.

He wants to know what I am doing.
Hanging out with the tree, I say.

Oh, you're one of those...TREE WORSHIPPERS?

He says. No, it's just a good place to rest, I say.

A look of understanding breaks through the fog.

Ahh... he says, face soft, as if remembering something
From long ago. He nods slowly, then turns to go.

A pause, a turning back, then he says

Actually...I like to draw trees.

He looks vulnerable, as if revealing a deep, secret self.

I like to draw bears, eagles too...but I tear them up after.

Don't show them to nobody.

I'm good though!

It couldn't have been more than five minutes.

It was a long time. He told me about his family,
Time he had done, and showed me a small sample

Of his drawing. It was more than very good.

I shook myself afterward, to return from
Wherever we had been.

A birch tree, a meeting, an interruption
Of a reverie, of a small, sad, ongoing party;

A remembering of ourselves as we really are

A yearning for ourselves as we really are

Barriers gone for a small slice

Of time, an eternity.

Blessings be.

August 11-13, 2006

Report on the August St. Matthew's Camp Retreat

By Helen Howard

Joe and Georgianne Want own 40 acres of woodland near the Johnson River, 38 miles beyond Delta. I, **Helen Howard**, as head of St. Matthew's Fun Committee, arranged with them for anyone from St. Matthew's who wished to go on a camping retreat there for a weekend in mid-August. Several people signed up, and the group ranged in age from 74 to 6, two men, seven women and three children. **Tom Marsh** was unable to join them. Some others were also half committed and dropped out.

Ellen Brown, my watercolor friend, and I arrived at the camp only a few minutes before **Patty Meritt** with her step-daughter **Mattie Davies**, whose two Californian "city kids", **Anders** (age 9) and **Madissen** (age 7), were camping for the first time. Joe provided a large green tent for Ellen and me, with a camp bed for Ellen. Others got air mattresses, but Patty and her family had brought a large yellow tent and a "grandmother's" tent, which they spent some time erecting. Patty had a lot of experience with the Boy Scouts; and it was a special treat for her to be able to take her grandchildren camping without having to provide food.

Joe and Georgie Want have no permanent structures on their land, but Joe camps there from July to October, using it as a base for guiding hunters with his pack animals. The donkey, **Dillon**, keeps the five mules and two mares in order, and utters a frightening wild roar that turns into a bray. The two mares, which actually are the leaders, wear bells and keep the herd together as they wander freely. At dusk Joe calls to them in a loud voice; and they come charging out of the woods to where they are given grain and corralled for the night.

As it got darker we kept wondering where **Lisa Linnell** and her daughter **Ivy Mostella** (age 6) were. They arrived about 11 p.m. Lisa had left the directions at home and had gone past Fort Greely before she realised she was on the wrong road. They got settled in Joe's second big green tent on air mattresses, while we sat under a large spruce tree around the campfire telling stories and chatting until it was about midnight. **Georgie**, Joe's wife, the "preparer" of the food Joe cooks over the campfire, whipped up a cake which Joe baked in a Dutch oven; and which we all eventually enjoyed.

After a very comfortable night in our tents, sleeping soundly and long, we all gathered again for breakfast, except Lisa and Ivy who slept late. **Scott Michaels** had driven from Fairbanks in time for breakfast, and was already there when I woke up. Joe was cooking a huge batch of bacon, scrambled eggs and pancakes over the fire, which is built in a tractor tire rim, on to which he has welded a hotplate and a moveable grate. Because of

the threat of rain, Georgie had erected a new cook-tent; and two tables were laid in there for breakfast. The rest of the time we ate around the campfire, because it never really rained.

When Ellen and I left Fairbanks, it had started raining, and when we got back to Fairbanks, we were told that there had been heavy rain over the weekend. I had been to Joe's camp four times, and in each case it had rained in Fairbanks, but was fine at the camp; so I told Ellen she was not to worry. After we passed Delta the rain stopped; and there was even sunshine when we got near the camp. We watched the moon come up on the horizon behind the trees, as we sat around the campfire on Friday night, and Joe told us about the three men who anxiously swore there was a weird light in the sky, and then disbelieved him when he told them it was the moon. We almost felt the same way, it

looked so huge!

After a large breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon and pancakes, **DeAnne Stokes** and her friend **Barbara Rondine** arrived, and Joe cooked them some more pancakes, with extra for Lisa and Ivy too. Everyone seemed so very happy to be at the camp, and no-one except Barbara and DeAnne's dog **Tar** wanted to go anywhere else. They went for a run to a nearby lake and reported that there were a lot of raspberries along the way.

In planning the weekend, I had offered to teach watercolor painting, so after breakfast I moved a table in to a bug shelter and set out a lot of paper, paints, etc. The three kids were mildly interested, especially Ivy. DeAnne got out her knitting, Ellen settled with a painting book, Barbara came for a while, but Patty eagerly got out her own paints and I was able to give her some pointers. I borrowed a white egg from Georgie and several of us marveled at all the colors and shades there were in as it sat on a white piece of paper. There were purple and yellow and many grays; only a little white highlight.

Mattie and the kids cooked some hot dogs and roasted some marshmallows. Joe started teaching the children about camp life. He showed Anders how to use an ax, making sure that the two little girls were over by the adults while he swung the ax. They were allowed to go and pick up the small chunks that Joe had specially cut short for Anders to split. Georgie put out some nibbles, and just as we were about to eat a lunch of hamburgers we were joined by **Ed Wayne**, who had thought he would have to work.

In the afternoon we all felt like having some exercise, so DeAnne, Tar, Scott, Ed and I hiked to Craig Lake, where I did a small watercolor sketch. A dragonfly settled on my shoulder as I painted, and a butterfly chose Scott's trouser leg. The sun shone brightly towards us with looming clouds over the mountains behind the tree-lined lake as fish jumped, leaving widening ripples. Our steep pathway passed two other small beautiful ponds and I took photos. The others seemed to enjoy just

(Continued on page 13)





WALTER TOMMY REPORTS IN from MOOSE HUNTING

By Walter Tommy

Well hello, all my neglected fans. You all probably thought that I got lost in this big wide world of Sobriety. I do get happily lost when I have my basic necessities, Bick lighter, and my pocket knife and miscellaneous things in my pockets and the essential can of snuff, can't cope without the Cope'.

My sponsor and I took a much needed break from the busy world of the city to go moose hunting, and I forgot to mention his wife had to go out with us too. So it was, O.K. because they stayed together, only because I just go off by myself. Nobody to have to try to keep a conversation with, because now-a-days, it feels uncomfortable to be with people and not say a word. You know what I mean? We forgot how to enjoy each others silent company. Long ago, the old people could just communicate with each other with just their eyes and subtle body movements. That is one of the most important things we need to do out in the wilderness, especially when you spot a moose, or BEAR! And also to know where your hunting partner is. I do let my sponsor and his wife know which direction I'll be at, just so he doesn't think that I'm a big bull that is looking for a fight to see who can get the girl out there. I forget sometimes that someone is with me, and when I look back and they're not there...oh well,...they just can't keep up with me, or just got impatient and went back to the camp...which sometimes happens with me. Because I do get lost in myself and just wonder along, enjoying the life out there. I'm learning in my sobriety, the potential that I have within myself to be the best that I can be, just for today, because that is all that I have. One day at a time. Even though, I didn't get my moose yesterday, I still have tomorrow, as long as I have TODAY...live well, learn and be happy and enjoy.

Camp Retreat . . .

(Cont'd from page 12)
being able to
relax.

While we were gone, Joe and Georgianne took Patty, Mattie, Lisa and the three kids to search the woods for the mules, donkey and horses. He told us how he taught the kids to be very quiet and listen by making big ears with their hands, and to creep through the woods to find the animals. Then he gave each child a ride on a horse, their first ride. When it was Ivy's turn, Joe had decided to move the horse, and she thought she was being left out. He heard a little voice say, "Is anyone else going to get to ride?"

After we got back to camp, while Georgie seasoned and wrapped packages of chunked potatoes for cooking, we got ready for a Holy Communion service. Father Scott had lent me the 'black box' with the silver communion set, with enough fair linens, and we had four prayer books between us. Lisa read the Old Testament lesson, Scott Michaels read the psalm, DeAnne read the Epistle and I read the Gospel. Patty did a fine job of leading the prayers. We used Sunday's lessons and the prayer list from the previous Sunday (also that Collect, because I had forgotten to find the right page!). Instead of a sermon, we each spoke about what being in the camp meant to us, and wrote their thoughts in a book, which I later copied for everyone, especially thanking Joe and Georgie Want. The spiritual meaning of the camping trip really came out with what everyone said. There were some very deep feelings shared, and it focused us on how important this seemingly simple experience could be. As

we were silent while each person wrote, there was a lot of time for reflection also.

Even the children stayed up late after a wonderful meal of sweet corn on the cob, roasted chicken, beetroots, packets of potatoes seasoned with garlic oil, and rhubarb cobbler. The children worked hard rolling coffee cans back and forth for a half hour or more to make ice cream, both blueberry and chocolate ice cream, and there were marshmallows to roast, and pineapple upside down cake. When there is a campfire it is hard to leave it and go to bed. The flames and then the embers draw one's attention, and someone said that if people are stranded the first thing to do is to make a fire, not to build a shelter first, because the fire gives one a sense of security and hope.

Sunday morning was a slow start again. Breakfast was French toast and sausages. Lunch was tacos with all the trimmings and then we all had to pack up sadly and leave to get back to our individual lives: Patty and Mattie were focused on preparations for Patty's oldest son's wedding; Lisa and Ivy left early (she had arrived in her fancy shoes straight from work); Scott had already left before the ice cream was served; Ed had had a comfortable night in a tent that was erected by Joe and Patty. I had picked a large container of raspberries, while Barbara and DeAnne, Georgie and Ed walked to a different lake in the wetness from an overnight rain shower. When Ellen and I drove back to Fairbanks we discovered that they had had a very wet weekend, whereas we had never put on a rain jacket, just as I had promised her!

THIS ISTO GIVE THANKS and THANKSGIVING for a WONDERFUL FAMILY in CHRIST

By Bev Schommer



[NOTE: Bev is married to Lloyd. In recent years, they leave us in early October, on the edge of icing roads, and then return in April with the geese, to spend Easter, the Summer, and Fall. While here, they attend the 8am Eucharist and help out everywhere. Lloyd oversees the July Golden days Booyah. This Summer, Bev also substituted for Parish Administrator Hilary Freeman for a month, in the church office.]

In about a month I will again be going on a Journey away from St. Matthew's, away from Fairbanks and away from Family to join more family for a few winter months of 70, 80, 90 degree weather. Before I go I want to say Thank You for letting me help a little while with a little bit of the tasks that you all do so graciously all year, over and over again.

In reflection of our time here, back home in Fairbanks, April was COLD having come from 90 degree weather in the Hill Country of Texas. It wasn't long before it warmed up and spring activities began in May. There was awesome support and participation with the Spring Rummage sale. Donations were generous, the weather was glorious, the help was outstanding, with my husband cooking hotdogs and sausages and serving all day long. Other volunteers, both experienced and inexperienced, giving their all, both in part and in whole, helping to make this simple fundraiser very successful for the benefit of St. Matthew's. It was really fun to watch as Fairbanks turned out to go through the boxes and tables of goodies and discovering a treasure or coming for a chili dog. Fairbanks truly has an incredible spirit. Thank you to those who were there at the perfect time to help carry the remaining items to the Women's Shelter. We hope that this may have helped a family that may have been starting over. May I say, Thank you, to all those who donated items, time and money so generously.

It was a pleasure helping take care of the flower gardens and learning to run through the water sprinkler

again. Caring for the flowers was a peaceful and relaxing time. Learning and setting up the sprinklers and then RUNNING into and out of the water made me laugh and remember how fun that was as a child. Having an opportunity to get to know the Jagows Family was truly a Gift from Heaven; what a wonderful family.

I want to say Thank You to Hilary and Fr. Scott for all that they do, seen and unseen, and for allowing me the opportunity to share and care for the intimate heartbeat of St. Matthew's. I am blessed by this experience and have to say Thank you, which just doesn't seem to be enough. Working in the office helped me to remember that the other six days of the week at St. Matthew's are not Sunday Mornings. Each of the other days of the week are only preparing for Sunday Morning. No two days are ever the same, no two phone calls are ever the same, no two people are ever the same and I will never again be the same after seeing the face of God.

What I learned about myself and Christ during the month while working in the office is truly a gift from God. I would like to Thank Him for taking out the trash from the parish hall that morning. I thank Him for coming in and cleaning the kitchen that morning. I thank Him for getting the food boxes to that Lady on the phone that afternoon. I thank Him for reminding me that I don't have to be anxious and that he IS in control. I thank Him for coming into the Parish Hall every day for coffee and on His way by the office door He said "Good Morning". I thank Him for the gift of Grandchildren and children young and old. I thank Him for my big brothers who were only a phone call away if I needed a ladder moved or a water key replaced. I thank Him for my sister who trusted me with her computer and the ones who came to help with the flowers. I thank Him for the music he played and the songs he sung that afternoon in the office. I thank Him for the brothers who helped put tables and chairs away after the funeral services. I thank Him for the time shared with my Mom while we folded the Sunday bulletins together at her kitchen table. I thank Him for the gift of slowing down and sitting on the floor with the baby and sitting on the patio and showing my Mom how to plant her favorite flowers in the flower box. I thank Him for all those things He does both seen and unseen.

As May and June flew by and July being no less majestic, I would like to offer my Thanks to all those who made the 8th Annual Golden Days Bake Sale and Booyah Feed the best it has ever been.

The month leading up to the Bake Sale and Booyah Feed was in fact very much like the other six days of the week leading up to Sunday Morning. Behind the scenes activities begin well in advance with

(Continued on page 15)

Alaska Major State Day

Sunday, August 20, 2006
Photography by Lisa Helfert

Alaska Major State Day service participants, from left to right: Mr. Andrew Scally, a native of Anchorage, who carried the Alaska state flag in the opening procession; the Rev. David Blanchett, ecumenical officer for the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska; the Rev. April Berends, priest associate for liturgy, Washington National Cathedral; Ms. Pearl Chanar, senior realty specialist for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, who read Scripture; the Ven. Anna Frank, Native Missioner in the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska; the Rev. Steve Huber, vicar of Washington National Cathedral, who preached the sermon.



Ms. Pearl Chanar, an Athabascan, native Alaskan from Minto, read Scripture. Ms. Chanar, a senior realty specialist for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, wore a wolf fur jacket that she said traditionally is worn in the cool Alaskan summers.

The Venerable Anna Frank is the first indigenous woman ordained to the Episcopal priesthood, she presently serves as Archdeacon and the Native Missioner in the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska. Archdeacon Frank is pictured here with the Very Rev. Samuel Lloyd III, dean, and the Rev. April Berends, priest associate for liturgy, at Holy Communion on Alaska Day at Washington National Cathedral, August 20, 2006.

Archdeacon Frank, an Athabascan native who grew up in the village of Minto, wore a beaded moosehide stole under her robe. It pictured doves and flowers and was crafted by her sister on the occasion of her ordination in 1983.



It was a challenge as a pioneer in the priesthood, recalled Frank, regularly flying to villages around the vast state. "A lot of our people did not see a woman in that role," she said. "To have a woman come in and be willing to spread the gospel, it still is a hard job." But Frank said it was rewarding in that native people of Alaska traditionally "were close to God, and a very spiritual people."

Thanksgiving . . .

reminders, advertising, conversations, organizing, shopping, deliveries, donations, careful preparations, and generous donations of advertising money, FOOD for both Bake Sale and Booyah and the seen and unseen companionship of all those who help the Chief get through the 48 hours of the Booyah Feed. If you spent much time at the Church during the hours preceding the Bake Sale and Booyah Feed you would have sensed calmness both inside the Church as well as outside. There was never any question about whether there would be enough help for the big event. Nor was there a question about how many people would come to eat Bake Sale goodies and Booyah. The Lord provided a beautiful day for the Grande Parade and to the Glory of His name this was a record year of donations for this fundraising event. While I am not listing each person individually who contributed by donation of money, food, time and talent, you know who you are and whether you did something that was seen or unseen, I want to Thank you for what you did to help, it is truly appreciated so much by Lloyd, if I might speak for him here too. We thank you for the blessings and prayers you have given us throughout this summer. We will

miss you all this winter and will be in our thoughts and prayers...

In Love and Thanksgiving, Bev Schommer

In Memorial

With permission of the Vestry, the Rector and those that remember the significance of July & Rainbows, July and Memories, July and River Regatta, July and Memories, July and Booyah; I would like to make an announcement here. I have taken a photograph of a July rainbow and I would like to make it available for sale with **all the proceeds** being donated to St. Matthew's for the operating fund in Memory of Lloyd Schommer Sr. A copy will be available in the office for you to look at and decide whether you would like one. I will take special orders for 8x10 and poster sizes with the cost of 8x10 for \$30.00 and poster size for \$80.00 plus shipping and handling. I hope to have a sample for viewing on the website as well before too long. If you would like to purchase one of these photos please contact me at either 775-225-6276, beschommer@att.net or through the office of St. Matthew's. This is a way for me to give back to the family of St. Matthew's for all the love they have so willingly given to me.

THE FIRST SERVICE at SAINT MATTHEW'S



[On October 16th, 1904, the first service was held at Saint Matthew's. "What are YOUR memories of YOUR first service at St. Matthew's?" was the question that was asked. And anonymously came back these four answers.....]

One of the first services I attended was in the winter of 1964-65. It was really cold and I wore trousers to church and got some disapproving stares! I had walked along the river from my room in a two-storey log house on 2nd Avenue just about where the Eagles' Hall is now. During the service I was reverently kneeling with my head down, when I saw the most enormous pair of white boots next to me in the aisle - the elegantly dark-suited usher, wearing the first pair of bunny boots I'd ever seen!

My first church service was with *[my friend]* in '97. I cry and cry and cry and look at the cross.

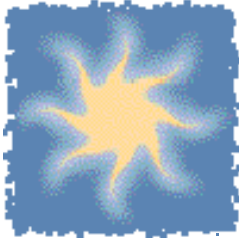
My early memories of St. Matthews are arguing with my mother about going: She insisted and I, full of the Devil, revolted with a loud "No." she usually won but not always.

Somehow, I was confirmed April 5, 1958. I was 13. I still have the card from the church to prove it. I actually used this card once when I had to demonstrate my identity and lacked sufficient other forms of ID.

Another clear memory from long ago. My friend [-----] had a little job cleaning up the church. This was about 1960. I went with him one day and hung around while he worked. When he wasn't looking, I went to the pulpit and, as a mime, gave this fire-and-brimstone Bill Sunday "sermon" - mostly shaking my fist at the imaginary congregation. Bo caught me and couldn't stop laughing. I heard about my damnation sermon for too long.

My first memory of attending a service at St. Matthew's is the Summer 1977 wedding of friends. I was about six months along with my younger child. During the pregnancy I gained only 18 or 19 pounds total because I was coping with being a full-time wife and mom and part-time student; chasing after my toddler; dithering about finances when my husband had to switch jobs in April when a pipeline contract ran out at his firm; being on almost a month-to-month economic basis for years before and after; worrying about how to care for two children 21 months apart on a single income; recovering from a serious upper respiratory infection and unable to take antibiotics; reading *Moby Dick* three times in one semester; staying up late finishing the paper on *Moby Dick* and aiming for perfection in thought and technique; traveling to the Lower 48; getting morning sick from impossible food at my in-laws; sorting and packing the accumulation of 30 years of "valuables" stored at my parental home (the house had been sold and they were moving to a condo); surviving the heat of a California Central Valley summer; sweating and chasing after the toddler in the heat; running barefoot on the lawn after the toddler after the sun went down; feeling the new life of a potential football player/Celtic clogger/Tai Kwon Do aspirant and losing lots of sleep from all the movement and activity within; dreaming of name possibilities when ultrasounds were only done in rare instances; loving my multiple roles; loving the energy to multitask and keep all those juggling balls in the air...busy, on the go, young, in love with life and my growing family. Ah...

Then the month of the wedding arrived, and I quite literally blossomed, gained eleven pounds in three weeks and had to squeeze into one of my "regular" dresses. All my maternity clothes were packed away, and somewhere where I wasn't, since I hadn't needed them up to that point. Into St. Matthew's we walked--well, he walked and I waddled. A perfectly-attired couple--he in a dark suit and me looking like a sausage squeezed into a orange and pink floral-print casing. I breathed sighs of wonder as I inhaled the beauty and spirit of this beautiful church and opened myself to the wonder of the ceremony, the promise of their future and our future. Breathing in and out, in and out, the breath of life coming in, the spirit on the winds of eternity absorbing into my depth of being. *Ephphatha*--be open--and I was though I didn't know the word, much less the meaning, at the time. *Ephphatha* known and experienced at the most basic level of intuition. Today I'm thinking about this word and connecting it to so much I've felt in the past, knowing how vital it is to remain open all the days of our lives. *Ephphatha*--a breathy word that can't be uttered when your mouth is closed. To say it you must be it. So be it and truly, verily, amen, let it be so.



"I must have prayed for help, or maybe someone was praying for me."

SURPRISE HELP for DEPRESSION

By Doreen Simmonds

[NOTE: Doreen lives in Barrow, and drops in to pray at Midnight Compline when she's in town. "Aaka" is the word in her language for "Grandmother"]

My son Dean passed away with lung cancer at thirty six years old last September, leaving a wife and three small sons. He died sober though, and on his cross is his 13 year sobriety coin. He had followed my footsteps into the dark life of the alcoholic, ending at the contemplation of suicide, but reaching out for help before he committed the final act. He also followed my footsteps back into the sunshine through the halls of Alcoholics Anonymous, and was known to share his great gratitude for a Higher Power which led him to peace and serenity.

Holidays, I was told, would be very hard. I was coping, though, and felt as if I was doing okay. My daughter-in-law Edith was spending a lot of her days with me, but had traveled to one of the villages for a funeral the day after Thanksgiving. Maybe that's why depression hit me from nowhere; all of a sudden I didn't have anyone to take care of. From my earliest memory, I've been plagued by depression. Even now it seemed to be successfully setting in with its black cloud over my whole being. It was always a scary feeling; my mind would turn numb and I would be unable to decide on anything. I couldn't even remember what I had learned to do, which was to pick up the phone when I felt the first signs of depression.

I must have prayed for help, or maybe someone was praying for me. This time, help came in the form of my six-year-old grandson, Calvin. He and his one-year-old cousin Dakota had spent the night and we were spending a lazy Saturday morning together. But it was not a good *"lazy"* for me.

As I sat there on my easy chair, I literally felt the depression - my body was becoming denser every minute. I felt unable to get up. I felt as if my mind was moving in slow motion, and whenever I had to get up, I felt myself shuffling, not unlike a very old and infirm person hobbling around in a home for the elderly and disabled. I would return to my chair and throw my body down as if I'd walked for miles. I remembered way in the back of my mind that this tiredness and slow motion was part of depression, and I said to myself as I sat like a blob of clay in that chair, *"This is depression, you must do something."* Yet by that time I was feeling powerless to listen. The most I could do was to make sure that my grandchildren were fed and were dry and safe. That by itself felt like a mountain.

My grandson Calvin is a very humorous child who loves to joke around and do practical jokes - so very much like his dad, and I so loved that about my son. He was the peacemaker in the family, and Calvin seemed to be carrying on that tradition. He was bouncing from one thing to another, as I sat there immobilized, lost, existing in the very dark and scary neighborhood of my mind. At the same time, my mind was going round and round as a gerbil in a cage going nowhere. I felt so very unimportant in this corner of the universe. Then Calvin's voice broke through. From somewhere in my mind, I remembered hearing him talk about how his project worked.

He said, *"It's easier than pooping, Aaka!"* As his voice broke through the cloud surrounding and imprisoning me, I turned my head and looked at his eyes which were twinkling. The sunshine broke through. I laughed and asked, *"Where did that come from?"*

"I don't know, Aaka, it just came out!" I laughed out loud this time. It felt so good to laugh out loud! It felt so warm and comforting away from that depressing fog! Although the last rays of the Arctic sun had said goodbye a few days before and would be gone for the next two months, I felt as if the sun was shining warmly through my window.

And to work his magic even more, my grandson asked, *"Aaka, can we go out and shovel the porch?"* *"Oh yes,"* I thought, *"Exercise! Exercise to keep that depression away!"*

"Yes we can, my grandson!" So, as if getting up from a sick bed, I very slowly and deliberately, and with much hope, put a hat on Calvin's cousin and put him inside my warm parka on my back, and we set out, aaka and grandsons, all bundled up. We found two shovels and in no time, had the snow removed from the porch steps and the walkway. Dakota had fallen asleep on my back and when we came in, I laid him on the couch. Calvin and I finished a sandwich and drank our hot chocolate, both just proud of ourselves. Right in the middle of his talk, he zonked out on the couch, a smile on his face.

I sat there looking at their peaceful faces, and once again felt myself surrounded by sunshine and gratefulness.

December 2005

"I am a vegetarian. I have lived without eating meat for twenty-three years"

MOOSE HUNTING MEMORY

By Pamela Powell

[NOTE: Once upon a time, a number of years ago, Pamela showed up here chaperoning a youth group. Now she lives in Massachusetts. . She teaches writing and is the author of *The Turtle Watchers* (Viking '92) and her work has appeared in various anthologies, periodicals and magazines.]

I remember I was out fishing with Wayne in the boat. Metal boat, flash of sun on metal and the river, still, the boat drifting, our lines too colliding every now and then, and no fish biting. And then, the sound of another boat engine, and another, motoring towards us. All men, coming up alongside, talking to Wayne in Athabaskan. I listen, but don't catch anything much, only 'Seattle,' only 'leukemia.' Only a boy's name that I have now forgotten.

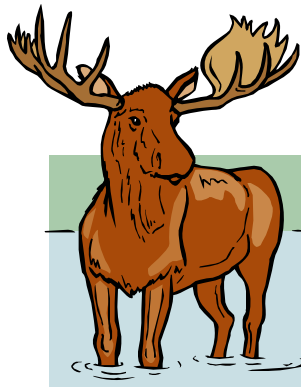
Wayne turns to me and says, "They want us to help them. They've shot a moose and now they need to clean it; it's for _____'s potlatch. We're allowed to kill a moose when it's not hunting season because it's for a potlatch. _____ died, in Seattle, of leukemia, he was just a little boy."

"Okay," I say, reeling in the fishing line and sitting down in the boat. "Let's go help them."

The meadow is green, green as a meadow can be, and the moose is lying there, big and brown and beautiful. I can't stop staring at her brown fur, how soft it looks, how I want to run my hand over her but don't quite dare.

"Thank you moose," I say inside myself as I hear the men argue over which way to cut her.

The knife looks sharp. I make myself watch his hand, the blade, the swoosh of green grass flooding out of her belly, an enormous amount of green grass, the meadow flowing from inside her.



I watch and he cuts more and then I am assigned a task -- to peel the fat from the skin. It is slow painstaking work, but satisfying, like peeling glue from your fingers, or peeling an orange or a hard-boiled egg. I concentrate on the work, try not to let the smell, the blood, the fact that we are cutting open what was only recently a live beast, not assail me. I am a vegetarian. I have lived without eating meat for twenty-three years. It feels shocking and at the same time weirdly right to be here with these guys, sipping from a tin can, and peeling the skin from the fat of the moose who has given herself for the potlatch. When we are done, and all the pieces have been cut off, we must carry her to the boats on the river. She is heavy and we lumber along, staggering under the weight of a leg. She is loaded carefully into our boat; the men must go down river to tell others about the potlatch, and we are entrusted to take the meat back to the village, back to be prepared by the women for the feast. When we pull up on the curve of sand at the bottom of the village, the place where I like to swim in the dark black river, some of the elders are waiting. Evelyn cackles when she sees me

sitting in the boat with all of the meat.

"Our vegetarian moose hunter," she laughs, sitting on the embankment in her lavender housedress. She is not the only one. All through the village I hear laughter and teasing. Everyone thinks it's funny that I was involved in hunting the moose. Evelyn is pleased with the way the animal has been cleaned.

"You didn't waste anything," she says approvingly, looking at the piles of fat and moose skin.

The next day at the potlatch Wayne pours coffee from a big square black can. He winks at me sitting there on the ground with the blue tarp spread out in front of us.

"Having a little of your moose?" he asks. On the blue enamel plate in front of me sit three pilot crackers and a paper cup of blueberry sauce. I've given my share of the moose to the elders sitting near me.

from THE STEWARDSHIP COMMITTEE: A STORY

The treasurer of a church resigned. Another man, the manager of a local grain elevator was asked to take the position. He agreed to do so if, for one full year, the church would require no report from him and no one would ask him any questions about the church's finances.

The church members were so puzzled at this strange request, but they finally granted it. Most of them had him process their grain, so they knew he was an honest man. At the end of the year the new treasurer gave a glowing report. The church's indebtedness of \$25,000 on the building had been paid in full. The pastor's salary had been increased. There were no outstanding bills, and there was even a cash balance of \$12,000.

The pleasantly surprised congregation wanted an explanation. "Most of you bring your grain to my elevator," the man replied. "When I paid you, I simply withheld ten percent on your behalf and gave it to the church in your name. You never missed it. Do you see what we could do for the Lord if we were willing to give the first tithe to God, who really owns it?"

--Author unknown reprinted from Trinity Church News

SUMMER MEMORIES & AUTUMN POETRY, Anonymous or otherwise

"What's one picture/memory of the Summer you'll carry into the winter? What's one memory of the Summer you'll try to forget? What does the sound of geese in the air make you think of and remember? How do you prepare for Winter?"

"I'll try to forget being dragged by a dog and watching the morphine drip at Providence [Hospital]. I'll try to remember how outrageously adorable my granddaughter Claire was at 4 months old dressed in designer duds when she visited me. " [This is from the Rev. Susan Hewitt of Hong Kong who, while visiting family in Anchorage this Summer, and walking a dog, fell and broke arm and shoulder in several places.]

"One evening last week, my husband called me out to the backyard to watch the first of the flocks fly over on their way south. We listen for them honking to each other as they gather together in their huge V formations. We wonder how many of them were born this spring and how many are old-timers who have made the trip many times and are guiding the flocks on their way. I think about the great cycle of the migration -- how the geese have been doing this every fall for millions of years before I was born and will be making this same trip for millions of years after my body has gone back to the earth. It really touches my heart and is a comforting thought." (anonymous)

[What kind of a word is autumn?] "according to the Merriam-Webster site: Main Entry: au-tumn/
Pronunciation: 'o-t&m /Function: noun/Etymology: Middle English autumpne, from Latin autumnus
1 : the season between summer and winter comprising in the northern hemisphere usually the months of September, October, and November or as reckoned astronomically extending from the September equinox to the December solstice -- called also fall 2 : a period of maturity or incipient decline <in the autumn of life>

BUT to me autumn sounds older, tweedier (as in a gentleman's tweed coat), out walking slowly in the golden light, soaking in all around you. It's about remembrance. A 'Thin Time'... maybe. Old narrow trails worn smooth with feet, feet, feet and littered with birch and aspen leaves. A delicious bittersweet quality made tangible with the sharp smell of overripe berries and leaf molds. You feel autumn, warmer than fall, with just the slight nip in the air. You see it - golden light filtered through the first smoke from stoves dormant for months. You hear it, too. Not just how the air sounds with raucous refrains of "See ya next year!" as the geese fly away, away but of the chattering, grinding language of heat only your chainsaw speaks. Maybe Fall is all that and more - but it happens in less time. That makes the season all the rarer, to be savored in the stillness of darkest January." (anonymous)



"... My Grandson, Connor Sedzay'elghus ("He Tickles My Heart") Bihag was born on May 16, 2006. I am a brand new Grandma! What an awesome experience. . . I have been working in Denali National Park as a Cultural Interpreter Program Supervisor. I speak to several hundred people a day about the Athabascan people who lived around the boundaries of Denali. I talk to them about Athabascan culture. I will finish there on September 20, 2006. I am in school this fall in UAF's Rural Development Graduate Program. I have

missed church and can't wait to go to church. I am constantly remembering that it is only because of God that any of us are here and he has a divine purpose for each of us. I remembered that the best thing I can do is pray and pray and pray. How do I prepare for winter? I pick blueberries, cranberries, blackberries, roots, and tea. I buy salmon strips. And I wait for someone to give me moose meat, because I don't hunt. I make sure I have shelter, and good winter clothing." [This from Shirley Holmberg]

"For me, July & August meshed into one then there came September with its colors of Yellow. I could not believe that it is September and yet seasons come and go, forever.....and ever.....as it always has been and will be....as seasons do come and go. As do life....and death. Why can't we celebrate death the way we do birth? This is one summer in my life that I would like to forget. If I can, I would like to forget and yet it is and will be the most memorable time as it just is...it just is as I held her hand time and time again, the small smile or nudge to let me know that she knew I was there...it just is and it just is..... "[The writer's mother died this Summer]

GEESE OVERHEAD

I don't know where they're winging,
but they skein an airborne wedge
of goose persistence --
and suggest I'm heading
toward creative possibilities
right here.

{This from the Rev. Doug Vest, husband of Norvene. They come up to visit not nearly often enough. Norvene's mother, Mildred Matthews, lives in the Pioneer Home. Doug's new book, "Entering the Mystery: Lectio on Life" has recently come out.]

"I'm leaving the summer with good memories, I went hunting this weekend, learning to drive 115 horse power motor all the way out to the lakes and back to Minto, didn't enjoy the scenery. I was tooo busy watching so I didn't run into the bank. My life is always so exciting" [This from Archdeacon Anna Frank after a high speed Labor Day weekend]

Seasons of life . . .

(Continued from page 7)

Thomas, the Rev. Steve Matthew, the Rev. Trimble Gilbert, the Rev. Titus Peter, the Rev. Bessie Titus, the Rev. Deacon Margo Simple, and the rector. As the service ended, the young men carried the now flag-draped (*Jonathon was a veteran*) casket slowly to the cemetery on their shoulders (*"he carried us on his shoulders all his life; now we can carry him on ours"*); and there he was buried. A light rain fell, even though it was clear sunshine (*"this IS a little weird"*, *the rector remembers commenting to Fr. Steve*), before the final prayer; and then, as the prayer ended, an eagle flew in from the west, (*as Jonathon's brother Peter had predicted during the song he sang for his brother during the service*) circling low and dancing, circling low and dancing, circling extremely low and dancing; and then away. It left everyone stunned into joy; and all who were there would never forget that moment, *that dance, that hovering, that joy.* [NOTE: There are photographs on the St. Matthew's website: www.stmatthewschurch.org]. Quietly to the North, a rainbow broke out of nowhere, across the horizon.

In the midst of these preparations, and as recorded in the last Newsletter, 94 (*"and a half"*, *as she would point out*) years old **Lucy Roberts** of Circle passed away quietly in Denali Center on Saturday evening, July 15th. Born at Woodchopper to the late **"Woodchopper Joe"** and **Maggie Henry**, on All Saints Day; her family later moved to Circle; and there she stayed. There in Circle she met **Malcolm "Sandy" Roberts** and they married in 1928. They had been married for 55 years when Sandy passed away in 1983. While Sandy worked and trapped, she baked and cooked and trapped and hunted and raised the seven children. A woman of grace, quiet dignity, and great faith, Gramma Lucy, with a sense of humor and fresh bread, welcomed everyone who came to her house in Circle; frequently came to the Eagle Summit Solstice Eucharists; and was due to be inducted into the Diocesan Society of St. Simeon and St. Anna this Fall. Now she has graduated. Her daughters **Frances, Irene, and Margaret**

survive her, and their families; and numerous grandchildren, great grandchildren, etc. On Friday, July 21st her funeral service was held at home in Circle; the service being led by her old friend **the Rev. Titus Peter**, with assistance from **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino** and **the Rev. Canon Ginny Doctor**.

On Monday, July 17th, 73 years old **Arthur Arnold "Artie/Arnie" Joseph** passed away in Anchorage. He had been medicated to Anchorage following a tragic accident Downriver. A gifted musician, Artie was known as *"The Yukon Troubadour"* and frequently had been the back-up guitar for such noted musicians as the late **Tucky Mayo, Horace Smoke, and Harold Woods**. *Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh*, he could make sweet music and spent his life, when he wasn't working as a heavy equipment operator, playing so that others could dance. His longtime companion **Louise Britton** survives him; along with 5 sons, 2 daughters; their families; his brother **Roy Folger** and his sister **Elsie Flanagan**; the mother of his children **Jennie Joseph**; numerous grandchildren; and all of us who ever heard him play. A memorial service was held in Anchorage Tuesday, July 18th; St. Matthew's (*Church, lawn, Parish Hall, everywhere*) filled past overflowing for his service here Friday, July 21st (*the service being led by the rector and the Rev. Steve Matthew; with Bev Joseph, Shirley Demientieff, and Kathy Mackey assisting; and Billy Demoski and others providing music*); and final services and burial were held at home in Tanana on Monday, July 24th.

When the rector was landing at the airport Wednesday evening, July 19th, returning from Jonathon Solomon's funeral and burial (*and eagle dancing*) in Fort Yukon earlier that day, his daughters **Charleen** and **Rebecca** were there to meet him. *"Come quick"*, they said, *"Mom's not good"*. Two hours later, in the Intensive Care Unit of the Fairbanks Hospital, 59 years old **Margaret Ann Adams Fisher** of Beaver quietly and unexpectedly passed away. [*Sitting here on a September morning, I have no idea how one writes a paragraph about the death of someone to whom one was married for 17 years and knew longer than that; and with whom raised three children. A few facts:*] Ann was born in Beaver; the youngest of the 14

(Continued on page 21)

AN EDITED SAMPLING of CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED.....

Germany

September 12th

My brother is safe. Thank you to everyone who kept him in their prayers.

-Aaron Aschenbrenner von Stuttgart

[NOTE: Aaron Aschenbrenner is Lieutenant Aaron Aschenbrenner, United States Navy. He's the son of Becky Snow and grew up here at St. Matthew's and is currently stationed in Germany. He's referring to prayers for his brother Nathan, also a Navy Lieutenant, who just completed his tour in Iraq, with Explosives Ordnances Deployment, and has returned to Sicily. His unit saw casualties. We are breathing easier, along with Aaron.]

Seasons of life . . .

children of the late **Salvin and Charlotte Adams**. Her earliest years were spent living the traditional season cycle of fish camps and trapping and rat camps and she never ever forgot the gifts of the Land she learned in those years; and worked hard to successfully instill that in her children and grandchildren. When she was a young girl sitting in the first grade classroom of the old B.I.A. school in Beaver, she watched the teachers and thought "*I'd like to do that. And I could do that*". She never forgot that; and she became one of the first Alaskan Native professional educators in the Interior, serving as a principal and elementary school teacher in Beaver and throughout the Yukon Flats School District. She showed by her life not to be afraid to dream when you're young and that, with hard work and determination, dreams can come true. Her children **Charleen and Rebecca** survive her; their families, and 3 sisters, 3 brothers, her former husbands, 5 grandchildren (**Shelby, Julia, Allyson, Shani, and William COLE**), her longtime companion **State Representative Woodie Salmon** and every child walking into a first grade classroom excited, every teacher out there trying, every person excited at the first snow of the year, and every person sitting quietly by the light of a lamp on a winter's night quietly sewing beads. Folks gathered at the rectory for "tea" and stories and company through the weekend (*which was "Golden Days"*) and then, Monday afternoon, July 24th, her final services were held back home in Beaver, in the Church she labored to get built, after it burned several years ago. **Bishop Mark MacDonald** led the service; assisted by the rector, **the Rev. Mary Nathaniel, the Rev. Mardow Solomon, and Pastor Dan Treakle** of the LAMP program. Her body was laid to rest in the Beaver birch-treed cemetery, next to the grave of her son **Shane**, whom she missed.

Sunday afternoon, July 30th, **the Rev. Deacon Montie Slusher** led a private family service out the Old Nenana Highway to inter the remains, on the family land, of 69 years old **Elizabeth Hawk Goodhand** (*who had died June 9th, 1991*), 18 years old **Lucas Cole Hawk Ellingson Goodhand** (*who had died August 18th, 2000*), and 76 years old **Charles Richard Goodhand** (*who had died December 19th, 2000*).

On early Wednesday morning, August 9th, after watching the sun come up, 81 years old **Emil Bergman** died peacefully at his home in North Pole. He missed his wife of 32 years **Frances**, who had died in May on Mother's Day. Born in Rampart to the daughter of "**Cap**" **Mayo**, Emil was raised in Fort Yukon, where his father was the Postmaster, and left home at 17 to make his way. Eventually he saw and helped two men setting up a sawmill on College Road, and became through that the first employee of Northland Wood Products. A kind man of few words, Emil is survived by his brother **Grafton Bergman**, his sister **Alice Carroll**, seven children and stepchildren and their families, numerous grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren. All gathered

under darkening clouds and threatening skies Wednesday August 16th for his funeral and burial service, led by the rector, at Northern Lights Cemetery.

Once upon a time, on Tuesday, December 14th, 1999, **Jenna Elizabeth Kathrine Van Eyck** was born here in Fairbanks, to **Jamie Lynn Shoffstall** and **Aaron Van Eyck**. Twenty-seven short days later, across the Millennium to Monday, January 10th, 2000, Jenna suddenly died, a victim of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. A grief stricken service was held for her at the Chapel of Chimes on January 15th of that year, with her grandfather **Roger Shoffstall** speaking eloquently. Now this year, on Monday morning, August 14th, with misting rain and now falling leaves, the family gathered out at Northern Lights Cemetery to bury her remains, in a service led by the rector. "*Here lies a dream*" says her grave marker.

On Sunday, August 20th, 72 years old **Roy James Evans Sr.** died in the Hospital in Anchorage, where he had been hospitalized following complications from strokes. Born and raised in Rampart, which was always home; Roy worked a variety of jobs throughout the State over the years, but especially enjoyed hunting, fishing, and trapping. His companion **Lily Killbear** of Anchorage survives him, and her children; his sisters **Ethel Smith, Paula Evans, and Elaine Long**; his brother-in-law **Bill Taylor**; their families; 4 children, 34 grandchildren, and 10 great-grandchildren. "*Tea*" began being served by the family in the Parish Hall Tuesday evening, August 22nd. Thursday night his cousin **Frank Evans** arrived from Anchorage, having driven him up from Anchorage. His body rested in the church that night and then, on Friday, August 25th, St. Matthew's filled and overflowed for his funeral. The service was led by the rector, assisted by **the Rev. Steve Matthew** and **Archdeacon Anna Frank**. Final services and burial followed at home in Rampart.

Sunday, August 27th, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and shortly after being admitted to the Hospital, 79 years old **Lloyd Victor DeWilde** of Huslia passed away, leaving a rich legacy and a classic Alaskan story. Born and raised in California, he traveled to Alaska after World War Two to live his dream of living in the Bush. He did. After a time of everything from farming in the Matanuska Valley to trapping around Ruby and mining around Ophir, he met **Amelia Simon** of Huslia; and they were married one year later. They homesteaded below Ruby at first, raising 6 kids; and then moved to the North Fork of the Huslia River and raised another 8. The 14 children never have forgotten those years in the woods. His wife Amelia preceded him, as did two sons; their daughter **Liza** this last January; and one grandson. 11 children survive him, 36 grandchildren, and 4 great grandchildren. Wednesday afternoon, August 30th the David Salmon Tribal Hall filled for a Visitation, memories, and a short service, led by the rector. Then they flew home, back to the woods and Huslia, for his final service there on Friday, September 1st.

Sunday, September 3rd, on a beautiful Labor Day weekend, 47 years old **James Howard Thibedeau** died in

(Continued on page 22)

Seasons of life . . .

the Fairbanks Hospital Intensive Care Unit, where he had been hospitalized for several weeks. Born and raised in Fairbanks, James was number 12 in the family of 13 children raised by **Richard** and **Ruth (Mayo) Thibedeau** at their 22nd Avenue home. James enjoyed working in the family's water well drilling business, learned welding, and worked a variety of jobs around the community. He enjoyed dip-netting on the Copper River, playing the harmonica, and helped everyone he came across. He made friends that lasted his entire life. "Tea" began being served by his family in the Parish Hall Tuesday, September 5th; and continued until his funeral. On Thursday afternoon, September 7th St. Matthew's again filled past overflowing for his funeral, which was led by his brother **Don Thibedeau**, who was assisted by the rector. Under the bright blue September sky, his body was laid to rest atop Birch Hill.

In the midst of James's funeral on September 7th, word came that 41 years old **Angela Marie Tritt Reid** also had passed away in the Fairbanks Memorial Hospital Intensive Care Unit. She had been hospitalized there for several weeks (*right next to James*); and her family and extended family had kept a faithful and loving vigil with her, and in the hospital rooms and hallways. Born in Tanana to **Peter** and **Sarah Tritt** of Arctic Village, Angela was raised in Arctic Village in the traditional way, enjoying beading, snow machines, and sled dogs. She loved traditional songs and dancing. Her mother **Sarah**; her three children **Lita**, **Rikki**, and **Robert**; her brothers **Steven** and **Roland**; her sister **Lorraine**; and a very very wide extended family all survive her. Saturday evening, September 9th, St. Matthew's filled for her service, led by the rector and **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**, with assistance from visiting California priest **the Rev. Leslie Nipps**. Her final services and burial were at home in Arctic Village Monday, September 11th.

Other deaths, some noted in the closing of the last Newsletter, during these 8 weeks necessarily affected our life as a community. Among them were the following. On Wednesday, July 19th, 78 years old **Richard "Harti" Mayer** of Fairbanks died peacefully. A resident of Denali Center for the last two years; he and his wife **Dorothy** attended faithfully the regular Eucharists there, often bringing chocolate for those doing the service. Married for 47 years, they were in love as much as when they first met at a ski resort in Michigan, where he was the Austrian ski instructor. His service was at Denali Center Tuesday, July 25th. Two days after Mr. Mayer, on Friday, July 21st, 74 years old **Vlasta Jean Zajic** of Denali Center also passed away. Jean moved to Fairbanks in 2004 to be near her daughter **Rebecca**, for whom she regularly prayed. Jean also regularly attended the bi-monthly services; and it is difficult to walk down the halls at Denali without expecting to see her. Her service was celebrated Thursday August 17th at Denali by **Fr. Sean Thomson**. The rector and LEM **Julia Cockerille** attended. As noted in the last Newsletter, 91

years old **Cerosky Charlie** of Minto also died on Friday, July 21st. He and his wife **Linda** recently had celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary. Cerosky was the father of, among others **Ken Charlie** and **Mrs. Pauline Simmonds**. His funeral was held Friday, July 28th in Minto. We still expect to see his wide, smiling face. The day after Cerosky's death, during the night of Saturday, July 22nd, 22 years old **Gary Titus** of Minto was murdered here in Fairbanks. His grandfather **Wilson Titus** had died here last December. His funeral was held in Minto the day following Cerosky's – Saturday, July 29th. The next day, Sunday, July 30th, 36 years old **Cory S. Jones** died in Koyukuk. Cory was the only brother of **Sherri (and Tommy) Kriska** of Fairbanks. His funeral was held in Koyukuk Wednesday, August 2nd. And finally, word was received of two deaths Outside. On Wednesday, September 13th, 86 years old **the Rev. Allan C. Hall** passed away at home in Sequim, Washington. Allan arrived in Alaska in 1946, married a St. Mark's/Nenana Mission nurse named **Dorothy** in 1949, and worked for the FAA until his retirement in 1975. Both Allan and Dorothy were longtime members of St. Matthew's; and Dorothy was **Bishop Gordon's** last secretary. In 1974 Allan was ordained as a priest by Bishop Gordon, here at St. Matthew's. When they moved to Sequim, Allan was active at St. Luke's Church there. His services were held there Sunday, September 17th. Finally, word was received that **the Rev. Bart Sarjeant** of California died Thursday, September 14th. Bart led several massive and organized and memorable youth groups to Alaska in the 80's and early 90's, working in Circle, Point Hope, and at the Bertha Mason Retreat Center and Camp in Manley Hot Springs. His services were scheduled for Wednesday, September 20th at St. John's in Ross, California.

Booyah and Rain and Retreats and Departures

In the midst of all of this, it rained some . . . but not on Golden Days! Under splendid skies and weather, we watched a parade on Saturday morning, July 22nd and, for the 8th year in a row, **Chef Lloyd Schommer** oversaw the cooking and distribution of Booyah. "Fun" Committee chair **Helen Howard** organized and led a St. Matthew's Retreat August 17th -20 [NOTE: see related stories in this Newsletter]; and we hosted for the Bishop a lecture August 20th, by **Dr. David Friedman** on "Torah and Christianity". Dr. Friedman is the Messianic rabbi at a congregation in Israel, and a close friend of the Bishop since Junior High days in Duluth. Earlier that same Sunday we had prayed and said "Good luck" to **Alysha Childs**, the daughter of **Diane**. Alysha was turning 16 in two days; and leaving to spend the school year in France. The Sanctuary is lonelier without her acolyting. The following Sunday, August 27th, to mark the end of the Summer, we used dandelion wine (*a few drops of regular wine added to maintain the sanctity of the rubrics*), courtesy of the **Mullens**. The weather promptly turned glorious, and the gift of this September has perhaps been, as all things, a Gift from the loving Father, reminding us that all's well that ends well.

SUMMARY of the AUGUST 2006 VESTRY MEETING



The Vestry of St. Matthew's gathered for their regular monthly meeting Monday, August 14th with following present: **Senior Warden Bruce Gadwah, Junior Warden Tom Marsh, Vestry Clerk Cathy Davis, Julia Cockerille, Linda Demientieff, Marjorie Grunin, Gregg Eschright, Darrel Zuke, Teresa Moore, Treasurer Carolyn Nethken**, and the rector. Following a shared dinner, reflections on Fair food and local bakeries, members shared a description of their Summer thusfar; and then prayed the Lord's Prayer. The following actions were then discussed or taken:

1. June minutes were accepted, as corrected.
2. The July Treasurer's Financial Report was accepted, noting that July Operating Income totaled \$21,984 (*January - July Operating Income Total \$157,330*); and July Operating Expenses totaled \$21,876 (*January-July Operating Expense Total \$158,355*). This resulted in a Monthly Operating Surplus of +\$108; and a reduction of the Year-to-Date Operating Surplus/Deficit to - \$1,025.
3. After wide ranging discussion, it was passed to authorize the Treasurer to purchase a copy of "*QuickBooks for Nonprofits*" and begin implementing, with assistance, this new program.
4. The Senior Warden reported on the delivery of the rector's new laptop.
5. The Junior Warden reported on the recently installed log covers, Fall chores, Cleaning Teams, Sexton applications, etc. The Wardens agreed to pursue the Sexton applications; and

other Vestry members will pursue possible cleaning service estimates, and new security measures at the Church.

6. **Cathy Davis**, for the Stewardship Committee, reported on the September Adult Education Class on "*Celebrating God's Abundant Gifts*"; and it was agreed the "Friendly" Committee would now meet jointly with the Stewardship Committee.
7. **Darrel Zuke** reported on recent St. Matthew's Website activity (www.stmatthewschurch.org).
8. Members of the Long Range Planning Committee discussed their plans; preparations for the January 2007 Annual Meeting; and recent discussions with **Bishop MacDonald**. It was agreed to invite **Interior Deanery Dean Donnie Stevens** and/or **Archdeacon Anna Frank** to Vestry meetings, to broaden our awareness and outreach to the Interior Deanery.
9. In preparation for the Diocesan Convention, it was agreed that St. Matthew's would send three delegates to the October Diocesan Convention in Meier Lake.
10. Vestry members were asked personally to involve themselves with this Season's Sunday School; and the four nominations to the Diocesan Society of St. Simeon and St. Anna were approved.
11. Agreeing that the next Vestry meeting would be held Monday, September 11th; the meeting closed with a sharing of Baptismal memories (*only one person present was baptized at St. Matthew's; three were baptized in churches other than the Episcopal Church; and two were baptized in the same Episcopal Church Outside*) and the prayer for the Parish in the Book of Common Prayer.

MUSIC AVAILABLE from NORTHERN MINNESOTA

[NOTE: The Rev. Doyle Turner of Minnesota spent time here last Summer, while the rector was on the East Coast, has helped the Vestry with their Planning Process, has come back to visit a few times, and remains an active member of the St. Matthew's Prayer Chain. And, as this note indicates, he and his family have produced a CD.]

The boys and I have been working on producing a CD with songs that we have written. Molly and Tony (9years old) each have a song they wrote on the CD too, Stephen sings the one Molly wrote, Tony sings his own. It is done and in our hands. We think it is great, so do those who have heard it thus far. We are selling the CD's for \$10, it is a low price but we want to get them out to everyone as quickly as possible. You can get them by contacting us at this email address (dmturn@tvutel.com) or by phone at 218 734 2339.

We will be happy to mail them to you, please include \$3 for mailing. Also check out the Steve Turner Band Website at www.steveturnerband.com

Peace, Doyle



St. Matthew's Episcopal Church Endowment Board Annual Advent Sale



Save your pennies! The annual Endowment Board Advent Sale
will take place after each service

beginning
November 19th
and continuing
November 26th, December 3rd and December 10th.

Stop by the tables and take a look at the merchandise. There will be a variety of items including Advent Calendars, Advent Wreaths, candles, jewelry, Christmas ornaments, note pads, spiritual magnets, books and many other items which would make great stocking stuffers or special seasonal greeting gifts.

Proceeds from the Advent Sale go to the Endowment Board fund. This money is invested in one of several ways to earn income, which in turn provides grants to those with projects to enhance the worship, ministry and/or mission outreach of St. Matthew's.

St. Matthew's Episcopal
Church
1030 Second Avenue
Fairbanks, AK 99701-4355

O Ye Frost and Cold

NON-PROFIT
ORG.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Fairbanks, AK
Permit No. 63

Address Service Requested*

October 6, 2006

***Please Note:** Returned copies of **O Ye Frost and Cold** cost the church \$2.16 each,
forwarded copies cost \$0.75 each.

Can't come to Church? Church will come to You!!

As the monthly listing of services shows, there are a number of Lay Eucharistic Ministers trained and willing to bring the Eucharist to those who are sick, shut in, or unable to come to the Church. If you would like someone to bring you the Communion, or know of someone who would like that, please contact the Church Office at 456-5235 or slip a note in the offering plate on Sunday mornings.