

Volume 4

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TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Trinity Times News of Trinity Church

From the Priest-in-Charge

I can remember getting ready for Church on Easter Sunday. I would have a new pair of pants, a new shirt with a clip-on tie. A new sport coat from Robert Hall, and a new pair of shoes that would let me slide across the carpet like an ice arena. By the end of church those same shoes would hurt my feet terribly. My sister was dressed in crinolines and white ankle socks. She wore new black patent leather shoes and had a hat with an elastic strap under her chin. We awoke to see our Easter baskets filled with peeps, jelly beans and chocolate; lots of chocolate, rabbits, eggs and a chocolate cross. There were no samples until after church. Yes, we were ready for Easter.

As a child, I had this idea that somehow Jesus, the cross, the empty tomb and the Easter bunny were all somehow a part of what went on in Church. I believe that for a large number of children today, the Easter bunny and candy make up the majority of what Easter is all about.

There was a time when we all knew the story; the story of Jesus' death on the cross and his resurrection on Sunday morning. Maybe as a child, I did not understand this story completely. In fact, I know I didn't. But from the time I could remember, I heard the true Easter story. I heard it in Church and Sunday School, and I heard it at home from parents and grandparents.

We need to start telling the story again. We need to tell it to our children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews and to each other. The story of Easter, the story of Christ's resurrection is a story that changes lives. It is the "greatest story ever told". The true Easter story makes all the trials and tribulations of this life bearable. They are bearable because Christ conquered death and now we will too. Because Christ was raised from the dead, we too will rise. The Easter story gives our lives meaning and hope.

This Easter, may the story of the empty tomb come alive for you and those to whom you share the story.

Blessings,

Fr. Bob+

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Special points of interest:

- *Tales from Hound Haven*
- *Saint of the Month*
- *Food Pantry/Calendar of Events*
- *Children's Service April 28, 2013*

Birthdays & Anniversaries



April Birthdays

16 Joseph Ayers
16 Barbara Gessner
17 Linda Salmon
17 Kathie Herling
28 Margot Atherton

April Anniversaries

11 Vernon & Inga Yeich
24 Michael & Pat Goodwin
30 Dick & Janet Orner

O God, our times are in your hand: Look with favor, we pray, on your servants as they begin another year. Grant that they may grow in wisdom and grace, and strengthen their trust in your goodness all the days of their life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*



Tales from Hound Haven submitted by Julie Beech

My greatest asset, my nose! I can sniff all kind of things, especially a cheeseburger in the kitchen.

The other night my nose told me there were mice in the living room. Mom had already gone to bed so I was on my own. But I made such a racket in here, scratching, sniffing, running from one spot to another, that I awakened her. She came in just in time to witness with me, two mice walking along the window sill. Well, I bet you have never seen an old lady with a walker pick up a yard stick and try to kill a mouse with it. Friend mouse got on top of the TV, whack went the yard stick and down fell the mouse in a chair. But he jumped right up, up to the mantel, ran back and forth there while I ran back and forth below. Mom still swinging her big stick. Then off the mantel to the side

of the chimney, gave a flying leap in to the dining room. He missed Mom's nose by an inch, then went scampering so into the kitchen and the laundry room. I was chasing closely but he was faster and went behind the dryer. Mom went back to bed and I laid down by the dryer all night, serve and protect, that's me! Mom still keeps the yard stick by her side.

My nose has been getting mixed up outside though. Sometimes it goes right up in the air and smells snow! Other times I put it to the ground to smell things beginning to grow in the warmer sun. I can smell the earth worms starting to move around to be ready for the early birds, our welcome sign of spring, the robins!

March is confusing to the nose. Change always seems to take awhile but it's worth it in the end. Pretty soon everything will smell fresh and new. God created a pretty spectacular world.

Love you,
Crystal



Saint of the Month

Saint Monica

What we know about Saint Monica is almost entirely from the autobiography of her son, Augustine, a major Christian writer, theologian, and philosopher. Her name is usually spelled “Monica” but when her tombstone was discovered the burial inscription said “Monica.” (This could possibly be because the person who inscribed the stone was a poor speller!)

Monica was married to Patricius, a pagan who was a hot-tempered, angry man. He drank too much and was often unfaithful to her. When Monica’s friends asked how she could live with this man, she replied that there were two things necessary for domestic tranquility. Firstly, she spoke of the marital contract which was agreed upon. Secondly, she spoke of her silence when her husband was in a bad mood. Monica encouraged other women to follow her lead.

Monica herself began to drink, perhaps from the stress of living with Patricius and his difficult mother. She was discovered by a maid who called her a “drunkard.” This prompted her to change her behavior. (Perhaps this is why recovering alcoholics are among those who intercede to her.)

Four children were born to Monica, but she was especially close to Augustine, an extraordinarily brilliant young man. Ultimately, she found that her son’s talents were wasted as the leader of a gang of juvenile delinquents. He was living a life of debauchery and mocked the God that his mother so loved. Her bright, young son looked to pagan philosophers for clues to the meaning of life. He was strong-willed, stubborn, and deceitful with his mother.

As Monica grew in spirituality she prayed for conversion of the members of her household, especially for Augustine. Her son rejected her religion with scorn, but Monica was steadfast in prayer.

Augustine became a teacher of oratory and moved to Milan, at that time the seat of government in Italy. While there, he met Bishop Ambrose. From him, Augustine learned to have respect for the Christian religion, satisfying his need for something he believed could be intellectually respectable. With Ambrose at his mentor, Augustine grew in faith and

was eventually converted. He was baptized on Easter Eve in 387, to the great joy of his mother.

Not only did Augustine become a Christian, but he devoted himself to the service of God. He gathered together a group of his friends to follow him, and Monica served as house mother. While serving in this capacity, Monica found a new and surprising facet of character.

In his book, *The Happy Life*, Augustine discloses how his mother felt about true happiness. She said, “If he wishes to possess good things, he is happy; if he desires evil things, no matter if he possesses them, he is wretched.” Augustine saw her as a masterful philosopher.

Monica did not live long after Augustine’s baptism. Before she died, she and her son shared a moving experience that Augustine says brought him to having an ecstatic vision of God’s glory. Monica told her son that she had found profound peace and contentment and asked only that he and his brother remember her at the altar of God.

Through Monica’s powerful example as wife, daughter, and mother, her family became Christians. The tears that she had shed for eighteen years were the means of drawing her closer to God and to sainthood. Monica died in AD 397 in Ostia, Italy.

Monica is typically portrayed in the black habit of the Augustinian sisters. Among her attributes is a book containing the rule of St. Augustine, and the cross.

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Food Pantry

Families 295 Adults 552
 Children 291
 Seniors 137

PEOPLE SERVED MARCH 980 I wish the numbers would be lower but not at this time.

Thanks to your Churches for their support we are getting by for April we hope, but looking to all our regular supporters for their continuing help. Any boxed or canned food is welcomed.

Blessed Easter to All,

Lorraine Naiko

April Calendar

April 3 - Trinity at Food Pantry, 8:30 a.m. - Noon

April 5 - Family Fun Night

April 7 - 14 - Family Promise Host Week

April 7, 14, 21, 28 - Gospel Choir Rehearsal, 4:45 - 5:15 p.m., Youth Group, 5:30 - 7:00 p.m.

April 14 - Vestry Meeting, 11:45 a.m., Library

April 19 - Newsletter Deadline for Information

April 26 - Newsletter Mailing

Our Prayers have been requested for:

Ed Benintende

Penny Clark

Mary Baker

Victoria Forstein

Porter Caldwell

Lee Connolly

Marilyn Croneberger

Art Frawley

Hal & LeeAnn Daniels

Jim Rawson

Christopher Rose

Heavenly Father, giver of life and health: Comfort and relieve your sick servants, and give your power of healing to those who minister to their needs, that those for whom our prayers are offered may be strengthened in their weakness and have confidence in your loving care; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. *Amen*

Forgiveness - Jill Long

One March night a few weeks ago, well into bedtime, I finished my prayers. Forgiveness came to mind. Jesus died on the cross for us, for me. I've always had a few things that needed forgiveness. For years, I've offered these 'sins' (or regrets) to Jesus. I guess I just didn't 'feel' forgiven'.

I'm great at comforting strangers and friends who are sorry for what they've done. My grandchildren know that Jesus loves and forgives. So, I don't know why, since I know I've been forgiven, I'm still confessing the same old, same old and looking for it again. One regret in particular has bothered me for 60 years. I was 10 and walking home from elementary school. For a couple of weeks, I passed the same house, under construction. I'm a good girl, no trouble maker. No parent or teacher problems. On this particular day I saw that the one workman was in the back and his homemade lunch was out in front, on the stoop. I went up and kicked his drink onto his sandwich. I walked home and felt a dread in my body, that awful heaviness. I couldn't undo it. I didn't like myself and there was nothing I could do to change it. What made me to that? I never walked on that block again. And, I never told anyone. That scene rose when I made lunches for my kids to take to school. What if a classmate did the same thing? I thought of the workman who probably looked forward to sitting on the stoop on that autumn day eating a lunch after a physical morning. Did his wife make that lunch? Did he get up early and make it himself? Guilt again planted my sin of child thoughtlessness into my adult, motherly mind. And I know that I have asked Jesus for forgiveness.

Why didn't I feel that over the years? That night, in my bed, I 'saw' Jesus on the cross. I felt Him with me and I asked again for forgiveness. It was different this time. I physically felt that sin and the guilt leave me. I know it won't come back again, because on that night, Jesus helped me forgive my child self.

Praise the Lord!

Evangelism

Random Acts of ... Compassion

Very often, when we read or think about evangelism, we turn to "Random Acts of Kindness." I've written about it here and I must have read hundreds of other articles about it. However, I would like to discuss a different approach to evangelism.

Compassion.

Compassion is the ability to see the deep connection between ourselves and others. Moreover, true compassion recognizes that all the boundaries we perceive between ourselves and others are an illusion.

When we first begin to practice compassion, this very deep level of understanding may elude us. But we can have faith that if we start where we are, we will eventually feel our way toward it. We move closer to it every time we see past our own self-concern to accommodate concern for others. And, as with any skill, our compassion grows most in the presence of challenge.

We practice small acts of compassion every day; when our loved ones are short-tempered, or another driver cuts us off in traffic. We extend our forgiveness by trying to understand their point of view. We know how it is to feel stressed out or irritable. The practice of compassion becomes more difficult when we find ourselves unable to understand the actions of the person who offends us. These are the situations that ask us to look more deeply into ourselves, into parts of our psyches that we may want to deny, parts that we have repressed because society has labeled them bad or wrong.

For example, acts of violence are often well beyond anything we ourselves have perpetuated, so when we are on the receiving end of such acts, we are often at a loss. This is where the real potential for growth begins, because we are called to shine a light inside ourselves and take responsibility for what we have disowned. It is at this juncture that we have the opportunity to transform from within.

This can seem like a very tall order, but when life presents us with circumstances that require our compassion, no matter how difficult, we can trust that we are ready. We can call upon all the light we have cultivated so far, allowing it to lead the way into the deepest parts of our own hearts, connecting us to the hearts of others in the understanding that only true compassion can provide.

The next time that you feel compassion for someone and their situation, know that it is God working through you.

In the same manner, when you next encounter someone in their own time of trial or when you are in need of compassion, open yourself up and dig down to allow God to be the conduit, and then take that journey together.

With love & light,
Rob McMahon, Chair, Evangelism Leadership Team



Vestry

Jan Anglemire
Robert Ceci
Barbara Gessner
Dan Harris
Susan Kennedy
Claudia McClellan
Rob McMahan
Don Scheck
Carolyn Tolley
Nigel VanGronigen

Worship Services: Sunday, Holy Eucharist 8 & 10 a.m.
Adult Education, 9:00 a.m. September - June
Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. September - June
Tuesday, Morning Prayer, 9 a.m.
Office Hours: Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday 9am – 2pm

The Rt. Rev. Paul V. Marshall, Bishop of the Diocese of Bethlehem
The Rt. Rev. John P. Croneberger, Assisting Bishop
The Rev. Robert J. Criste-Troutman, Priest-in-Charge
The Rev. Ralph C. Roth, Rector Emeritus
Carolyn Tolley, Sr. Warden
G. Thomas Parry, Jr. Warden
Virginia Parry, Organist & Choirmaster
Jan Anglemire, Parish Administrator
Carolyn Tolley, Treasurer
Deborah Gower, Clerk of the Vestry

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