

# THE WEEKLY WORD

EPIPHANY PARISH OF SEATTLE . MARCH 11, 2013

## Charley Bush

Dear Epiphany,

Charley Bush died last night. We sat with him, singing songs from an old songbook used during the Tuesday evening prayer and praise meetings that met at the Bush house. I read the Nunc dimittis and the Magnificat and the Phos Hilaron. Charley talked up until the end, even commenting on the pitch of the singing. Then he died as he lived, beautifully. There was grace right down to his very last breath, and then a deep, peaceful mystery. Something happens in that very last moment to provoke the question, "how did that happen?" But if I was asked to define the "that" I couldn't. It isn't death. That would be too small. It isn't glory. That would be too magnificent. And so I am left with mystery, and I am left with peace, and I guess I'll have to leave it at that for now.

Charley loved the church and he loved Jesus, and from these two things came great productivity on behalf of Epiphany. There were the days of Family Camp at Camp Houston. There were the Tuesday night prayer and praise meetings. There was the search committee and the vestry. There was choir. There was Cursillo and the Tuesday morning fellowship. There was the Minyan and his least favorite psalm, Psalm 51. It is the psalm read Friday mornings from the Hour by Hour prayer book, and every time we'd get to verse six, "Indeed, I have been wicked from my birth, a sinner from my mother's womb" Charley would grumble something to the effect of "O, give me a break." There was the Social Action Committee, crowned by his founding the Operation Nightwatch Friday overnight shelter at the church. Finally, there was his vision and advocacy for the Have a Heart dinner.

From the long and incomplete list above we get a glimpse into Charley Bush's heart. It was formed by, and focused on his church. He was raised at Epiphany. Brook Hawkes' parents were his Godparents. His son is named after Wylie Hemphill. Charley started coming to Epiphany at age six, and I don't think ever left. At some point along the way it moved from being his mother's church to be-

*continued...*

ing his church, though it was always his church. The operative word he always used for Epiphany was community. He gave himself to the community and reaped a rich reward for doing so.

I pray my son and daughter grow up to be like Charley Bush. I pray they have as beautiful a life, and I pray they die as well as he did. Here is the Charley Bush story I will tell them: Four years ago he was diagnosed with Soft-tissue Sarcoma. The medical community will tell you that is a diagnoses with a one to two year end date. For Charley the timing around this disease was almost always his, and he used his additional three years to build community. Being in the hospital meant meeting a new person, hearing their story, and inviting them to church. There were two things I always noticed about Charley's interactions with people: He was super positive about them, and he was super interested in everything about them. He was genuine and enthusiastic. These are Jesus traits, translated roughly to be: he saw the glory God placed in each person at the core of their being, and he wanted to hear all about how these gifts from God were being manifested in the world.

Charley worked, meaning literally did his lawyer job, throughout the first two years of his illness. Then he retired to give himself to full time work for the church. He took on the role as Social Action chair, and attended all of the staff meetings. He was a blessing in those meetings, sharing his wisdom and his opinion, which were mostly the same thing.

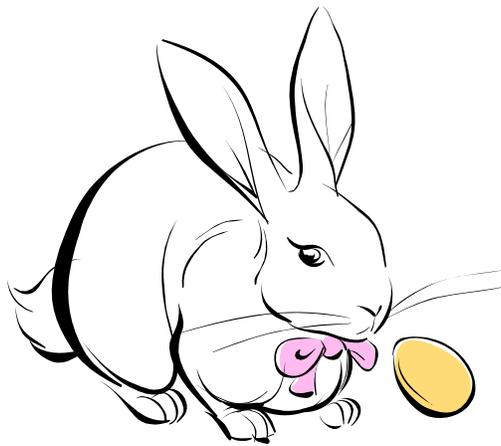
In the evenings at 4:30, Charley would pour a glass of single malt Scotch, and anyone who liked could drop in for a drink. And they did. Over the last two years of his life hundreds came to the Bush Salon. Linda would make everyone feel welcome, which is a huge testament to her grace and beauty, given all she was managing with Charley. At the Salon, stories were shared. I brought a friend to join me once. His name is David and he is a priest in Southern California. As we left, he turned to me and said, "I've never seen anything like that. The entire conversation swirled around what it is like to live our lives in the world as God made it to be, without any churchy language or goofiness. It was authentic and awesome..." and I might add the reason I want my children to grow up to be like Charley Bush. He truly understood what it is like to live in the Kingdom of God, and he shared that by how he invited people to join in him in the world as God made it to be.

Charley lived a Godly life. He was generous and interested and enthusiastic. He lived his life as Jesus would if Jesus were Charley Bush. It was a beautiful, purposeful, glorious life. And I ask myself, "Why don't the rest of us live this way?" "Why don't we have Scotch pours every afternoon at 4:30?" "Why don't the rest of us read the daily office and then argue with our priest about the crazy things we find there... and in doing so come to greater belief?" "Why don't we all step into, settle into and own community the way Charley Bush did?" He was blessed by the fact that he couldn't travel all over, and so the people came to him, and the world he found in their heart felt stories was richer and more wonderful than the best tour in the most exotic land. He used to chide me, "You have to go all the way to Jerusalem to find Jesus? I think we can find him right here."

And he was right.

*Doyt+*

*Charley Bush Memorial - Saturday, March 16 - 2 pm*



### **Easter Baskets for Kids at the YWCA Shelter**

Please sign up to bring an Easter basket for kids at the YWCA shelter. You can purchase a filled basket or make one themed around anything: learning, books, hygiene, toys, etc. (\$15-20) for any age you like, boy or girl. Each basket will make a difference to a child in need. Please sign up by **March 17** (sign up sheets in the back of the church or call or email Sherilyn) and bring your basket to church by **March 24**. Questions: contact Sherilyn Peterson at [speterson@perkinscoie.com](mailto:speterson@perkinscoie.com) or 206-322-2831.

*Thank you!!*

## **Returns**

*Luke 15:11-32, A Writing by Kevin Mesher*

It took him a while to make sense of it all, but one day he told me all about that time. That time he went away. He's always had a restless and curious heart. Like most children, I suppose, but my youngest, he was different. Unshakable was his thirst. My older boy never strayed. Always kept to the straight and narrow; never tested the waters—a good son, to be sure. But Eleazar, if he couldn't touch love, taste love, prove love, why, it wasn't true. Sometimes you want to hold them and shake them and make them see—but only a parent's love will let slip the answer before the testing's done. His father was always admonishing him to stop dreaming. "Life is good here," he would insist. "You will never be in want."

He tested that too.

There was quite a row the night he left. My husband and I disagree to this day about what happened—but I can tell you. Elli was resolute. Nervous but determined, he asked for his inheritance—he was off to see the world, the world that refines by fire.

My husband knew he had to let him go. That night he solemnly withdrew the money from behind the washstand and handed it over to the boy. He remained stoic and proud, which only angered the boy further. "He didn't even ask me to stay," Elli told me later in hushed disbelief, before he stole away from our lives for what seemed an eternity. Leaving me two hearts to put to right. Our work...

I wish my boys knew nothing about the freedom that is inherently theirs. My child's freedom nearly destroyed me. I was there at the beginning, when these arms were worth the holding. Our children are for such a short time entrusted to our care, before we must let them go to wander the great wide. Hens can do it just fine after they've warmed the egg a spell. Then with a crack no one's the poorer. But not so the human heart. Eleazar told me later where he'd gone and what he'd done, but I'm sure he didn't tell me all of it. There are secrets he never told. But secrets he harbors nonetheless. A mother knows, and a mother wished she didn't know. I could see it on his face. Those eyes hid something from me 'neath a canopy and miles out of reach. "I am no longer worthy to be called your son," he said. Did we teach the boy shame? He returned to us

poor and wretched—he stank of pig filth—but finally he had emptied himself enough to be filled. Little boy found.

Who could forget the day? Years had passed as years pass in a desert—green to brown, green to brown—time just keeps taking time. If my husband’s footsteps could have marked the interval by their pacing, eternity might just be one day longer. That dawn found him staring out at the desert, the pink sky the color of longing, of waterless tongues. It was like the whole earth was poised in anticipation—porous, needful, aching for rain. He had lost weight, poor thing—his is a haunted heart, his eyes red and stricken—not unlike Elli when finally he returned.

Our house stands like a citadel atop a small rise in the earth, with a view to the four directions. The animals grow restless when there’s a visitor but my husband’s screaming broke the desert silence long before a one of them could rouse. I figured he’d finally got the sickness—gone desert-mad with waiting. “My boy! He’s come back!! My Elli!” He hollered over and over, tears slaking his cheeks. Before he could tie his robe he was out and dancing on the warming sand, and running to greet his Eleazar. Little boy named.

Before we knew it, the party was in full swing. Choice meat from the fatted calf and more of everything with more to spare. Wine flowed like pure Spirit. My eldest sulked for a bit, poor thing, so diligent is he. A truer man would be hard to find. But he knows that this is what you do when the lost coin is found. I’m not sure what my husband said to him, but I could guess. He joined the party in good time.

I know my boys. I trust their hearts. Water and prune, water and prune—that’s how you grow a heart; “Thy rod *and* thy staff they comfort me.” I’ve known them from the beginning; I was there at the first breaths. And I know my husband. He’s a good man. But by the time I came along his was a heart that needed some shaping. Bless him, Lord. Bless him and his unfinished heart.

*-Kevin Mesher*

## **Contemplative Stations of the Cross**

**Dates:** Fridays in Lent, Feb 15—Mar 22

**Time:** 6-7 pm **Location:** Church

*“Every Friday in Jerusalem, Franciscan monks take groups of pilgrims down the Via Dolorosa, the road Christ may have walked on his way to the cross. Stopping at each of fourteen locations that mark events in the final days of Christ’s life, the pilgrims recall the Passion story and offer prayers for the world. “*

from *A Walk in Jerusalem* by John Peterson

Using John Peterson’s *A Walk in Jerusalem* as a guide, we will join with Jesus in his Passion every Friday in Lent. Offering a contemplative experience as we sit with icons of the Passion and walk with Jesus in our minds, this service features scripture, guided meditation and prayers that apply the Passion narrative to today’s world.

Those who have been to Jerusalem before and those going on the next Pilgrimage are especially encouraged to attend this hour-long service.

Break the Friday fast with a simple supper of olives, cheese, and bread.

## **SUNDAY LECTIONARY CORNER**

*March 17, 2013*

Isaiah 43:16-21

Psalm 126

Philippians 3:4b-14

John 12:1-8

*[http://www.lectionarypage.net/YearC\\_RCL/Lent/CLent5\\_RCL.html](http://www.lectionarypage.net/YearC_RCL/Lent/CLent5_RCL.html)*

## *+TEC— This Sunday*

### **Pilgrimage to Canterbury**

*Discovering our Liturgical Roots*

**Presenter:** Steve Clemons  
**Date:** Sundays, March 17 and 24  
**Time:** 9:15 a.m. - 10:15 a.m.  
**Location:** Great Hall

Why do we do what we do every Sunday? Explore how the apostolic liturgy, developed in the first two centuries of Christianity, found its full expression as Episcopalian tradition in 14<sup>th</sup> century England. Learn how we have been maintaining this transformative tradition that allows us to have a direct relationship with God through Christ.

## *+TEC— Upcoming*

### **Son of a Preacher Man**

*Epiphany's Preacher's Kids Tell (Almost) All*

**Presenters:** Jim Marlow, Wellesley Chapman,  
and Ben Linder  
**Date:** Sunday, April 7  
**Time:** 9:15 a.m. - 10:15 a.m.  
**Location:** Great Hall

Did you ever wonder what it's like to be part of a priest or minister's family? A panel of Epiphany parishioners who are also preacher's kids (moderated by a preacher's kid) will discuss what it's like to see things—good and bad—from the other side of the pulpit.

## *Am I My Brother's Keeper?*

I've been attending the weekly Evening Prayer and Lenten Series, *A Cinematic Approach to Lent*, conducted by Doyt and Matt Marshall. At the second session (February 27<sup>th</sup>), we reviewed some of what we'd seen the previous week of Orson Welles' monumental *Citizen Kane*, the American Film Institute's #1 film of the last 100 years. For a film-buff (I have several hundred films in my collection), the technology used in making this black-and-white masterpiece is just as important as the story itself. The medium, then, is just as important as the message. At the close of discussion, I wondered what if the movie had ended at Kane's grave site and there on his marker, in addition to Charles Foster Kane and his birth and death dates, was the inscription "Am I my brother's keeper?"

There was, of course, another, earlier, Biblical personage of the same, although spelled differently, namely the first born of the first mother, Cain. I wondered if Welles' choice of name related at all to the Biblical Cain and, if so, why? Cain killed his brother in a fit of jealousy, feeling unloved and rejected. Kane died feeling unloved and rejected. When I made these observations to Doyt, he suggested I write this Weekly Word. Here's what I've discovered.

Initially seeking information both on Kane and Cain, I went to the definitive 21<sup>st</sup> century source of all knowledge: the Internet and Wikipedia. Here's some of what I learned about the *first* First Family and "Charlie" Kane.

Cain was a farmer, or as the RSV puts it, "a tiller of the ground", making his living by the sweat of his brow probably, as farmers do today, from sun-up to sunset. Abel, Cain's younger brother, was a shepherd whose basic job was to keep his flock together and ward off anything that might turn them into a lamb chop too early. In reading the Biblical account, I wished I had the same vantage point as with the film. Having a copy of *Citizen Kane* means I can watch it repeatedly, getting something new from each viewing. I don't have that perspective with Cain. Scripture leaves out anything of his childhood, of his relationship with his brother, maybe feeling displaced when Abel arrived or, as with some older brothers, now being asked be the responsible one so your brother didn't have to be. Had Cain known about God's relationship with future shepherds (David, those whom the angel told of Jesus' birth) he might have opted for another line of labor.

Charles Foster Kane, on the other hand, inherited his wealth (which like Cain's came from the ground) and by such created his own "Garden of Eden" into which he cast himself and from which others were cast out. He watched as others labored, working for him, trying to please him, trying to meet his expectations and, as with Kane himself, always falling short.

Yet, as I read on, the same basic message kept coming through: if I give you everything, will you love me? They were both pathetic figures in their own time, in their own way.

In the film, after deciding that "it might be fun to run a newspaper", Kane issues a "Declaration of Principles" announcing to his readers what he stands for. However, just as another declaration's principles have, at times, been disregarded, so, too, did Charlie Kane eventually succumb to his own ego since the "gift" he offered wasn't accepted. Rejected as a husband, father, politician, helper of a "singer", he died a marked and broken man.

Cain, likewise, was rejected and took out his jealousy on what he deemed the cause. In due course, both Cain and Abel presented an offering to God, Cain "the fruit of the ground" (I'd bet not apples) and Abel "firstlings of his flock" (the first use of lamb as offering). God accepted Abel's gift and rejected Cain's or as the RSV puts it "had no regard". Seeing Cain's sadness, God said "Why are you angry and why has your countenance fallen? If you do well, will you not be accepted? And if you do not do well, sin is couching at the door; its desire is for you, but you must master it." (RSV, Genesis 4: 6-7). Resentful of his brother, Cain took matters into his own sinful hands. Luring his brother into a field, he killed him. Later, when God asked him where his brother was, Cain replied he didn't know and with the now famous "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Charles Foster Kane did well, too, very, very well and yet, in the end, those whom he thought should love him and, thereby be thankful, had no regard. Having no brother of his own, this Kane was keeper to himself only, brother to none. He had all the trappings of a Charles Dickens character who kept all things to himself and, had it not been for the intervention of a dead business partner and three spirits, might have suffered the same fate on Charlie Kane.

Cain killed his brother because his offering to God was rejected.

Kane killed his and other's spirit because his offering wasn't accepted either. In the end, the only thing each man took as his own was actually that with which he'd started: himself and that most cherished possession, innocence. Cain was banished into the Land Of Nod, or Wandering as the RSV translates, located East of Eden (another great movie by the way). Kane only had the snow globe and his sled, Rosebud; one which he released upon his death and it shattered on the bedroom floor, the other which was lovingly saved but eventually consumed by fire by those who didn't know. Nor care.

*-Bob Shupe*

### **My Epiphany Story, A Series**

We're relishing our new venture here at Epiphany, the telling of personal stories of our own journeys to and our experiences of Epiphany. We hope you've enjoyed the stories you've read so far.

We are inviting you to share your own (or your family's) Epiphany Story about what Epiphany means to you. It might relate to how you found Epiphany and why you continue to come or it might be just a single 'story' that resonates with you.

As we reflect on our 100 Year Conversation and when we read about other's journey to and connection with Epiphany, it reinforces our own connection and the strength of the community as a whole. Just 300-500 words. We'll edit for clarity with your approval.

Please send your story to Anna White at [annaflwhite@me.com](mailto:annaflwhite@me.com).

Thank you,  
*Anna White*

## Nicole Lewis, My Epiphany Story

My Epiphany story is very short in comparison with Charley's and I look forward to hearing more from other long time members: Peggy, Fifi, Jan, Alice, do write soon! Those who know me well will know that by attending Epiphany, and living where I do, I have re-created in part my London childhood. Back then I walked up Haverstock Hill to a church school in Hampstead vil-



lage. My old church, Christ Church, is still my London church, and yes, you can still drink wine before, during and after the service. The bells are still rung and I still have to run up from the village if I am to arrive in time as the bells are turned. Have you heard how that sounds? At first, the bells sound angry that you may be late, making you hurry up. Eventually the bells slow, letting you know you will *not* make it before the heavy door is closed and you will have to creep in. I am glad for the bells at Epiphany, even if they are not really rung, that the door is not heavy and it is fine to creep in if a bit late.

I came to Epiphany through its grounds, the memorial garden and its bench, to be precise. I recognized one of the names on the columbarium, so would sit and enjoy the garden. Then I found the chapel was open, and went in. One early evening I found prayers, with just James, singing so beautifully that I stayed. It was James who told me about morning meditation and it was Pieter who told me to go through the double doors into the main church. When I did, I was immediately comforted by the blue windows animated by the morning sunlight. It was marvelous: the Chapel looks like a Sanctuary and the Sanctuary just like a Lady Chapel. I wondered if it was a High Church or a more Anglo-Catholic church and now I know of course.

I'm not surprised to find myself in a church, not just because I grew up in a church school, but also because many English people enjoy church architecture and history. And in England many churches

have cafés. When my Father moved us into the countryside the entire market town was in and out of St Mary's, as the best café is set inside one of the entrances and you can enjoy tea in the graveyard. Further back in time my maternal family was at St Anne's, Kew Green, their names adorn the walls of the Lady chapel. You can take tea in that graveyard too, then go on to enjoy Kew gardens, well worth a visit when you are next in London.

The other aspects of my life at Epiphany center on needing to be somewhere supportive, in all senses of that word. Here I can manifest in the many ways important to me and dwell peaceably amongst the generations. Epiphany people are very pleasant on balance, which speaks volumes to the long term members I suspect – there is a sense people are “in” for the long haul. I keep coming to Epiphany as church is a place where I can sing, I can be in community with Americans with whom I feel some kinship, enjoy the company of those I am fond, learn new things, and, perhaps most importantly, however I arrive, I leave feeling more myself again.

*-Nicole Lewis*

*Postscript:* After I wrote this Charley died and I felt I should include a poem which was meaningful to my Mother and then my father after her death. Originally I asked to include Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar", as it makes me think of Charley. Yet it is this poem by Angus Livingstone, which I wanted to include for Linda, and for myself also if I am completely honest. I hope you enjoy it.

### **Still Waters**

Soul deep, soul deep,  
Somewhere there is where you meet  
your soul-mates from this world of ours.  
And only they and blissful lovers  
Know that place, soul deep soul bound,  
within your heart, beyond your mind.

Deep down, deep down,  
Deeper than the deepest wound  
Your soul-mates have left their scars,  
As they shaped the person that you are  
Within this special place apart,  
in the deep still waters of your heart.

## EPIPHANY MEDITATION CORNER

*We're so engaged in doing things to achieve purposes of outer value that we forget the inner value, the rapture that is associated with being alive, is what it is all about.*

*Joseph Campbell*

The development of self-identity is very natural. Growing up we adopt others beliefs and spin them together.

It becomes a treasured personal image held in the mind's eye.

Built upon a false foundation in which

satisfaction, completeness, fullness

are dependent upon impossibly exact specifications of external criteria

self-identity encapsulates a role, like an actor in a play.

emphasizing particular events over others

memory builds the narrative

the character's motivation draws from an elaborate story of the past

dependent self-identity, pre-defines the mind's way of encountering the present

and it can make life very dark

but the most overwhelming darkness will give way to even the smallest light

it does not take much to return

to really see with the eyes and really hear with the ears.

To re-discover the "rapture associated with being alive", the beauty of its outpouring gift of immediate simplicity and infinite possibility.

*Pieter Drummond*

***Meditation in the Chapel—Wednesdays and Fridays— 8:30 am***



## **Spring is in the air! Whistle a happy tune!**

I must tell you how glorious it is, as Spring fast approaches, to have beautiful sunlight streaming in our windows while we are singing during Chorister and Trainer rehearsals! Just as the sun can lift the spirits, I am often reminded of the power of music - not only can it delight and inspire the listener, but the musician can experience great joy, pride and even a physical lowering of stress; just ask a musician!

If your young child (K-2) would like to sing and test the waters of singing in choir, Trainers is for you! Wednesdays from 3:30-4:30 I lead an energetic young group of singers in working with their voices, learning music and generally having fun!

Older kids are welcome to join us for Chorister rehearsal Sundays from 9am-10am. The Choristers sing approximately once a month (though near Easter and Christmas there is often an extra Chorister service) and learn good vocal technique, musicianship, liturgy, discipline, teamwork and responsibility - all while having a good time! We hope you can join us!

*Kathea Yarnell*

choristers@epiphanyseattle.org

425.272.5972

### **REQUEST FOR DONATIONS**

Thanks to volunteers and regular guests, the Friday night overnight men's shelter at Epiphany continues to run like clockwork.

Please consider donating :

- socks , razors, toothbrushes
- individual single serving juices for Saturday mornings

If you have questions or suggestions email Linda Bush at [lindchar@comcast.net](mailto:lindchar@comcast.net).

## CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for soul and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

Tennyson 1889

### **Save the Date—Epiphany All Clean**

*Saturday, March 16, 10am-1pm*

### **POSTPONED**

*We will reschedule this event.*

*Emily*



## Wednesday Evening Prayer and Lenten Series *A Cinematic Approach to Lent*

**Presenters:** The Reverend Doyt Conn and Matt Marshall

**Dates:** Wednesday Evenings, March 6, 13, 20

**Times/Places:** 6:00-6:30 pm / Evening Prayer / Chapel  
6:30-8:00 pm / Potluck & Study / Library

### *Searching for Lent*

**March 13:** *In the Heat of the Night* (1967, Norman Jewison), brief history, film clips, and discussion.

### *Mirroring Lent*

**March 20:** *Chariots of Fire* (1981, Hugh Hudson), brief history, film clips, and discussion. Please note: People are asked to view *Chariots of Fire* on their own, but it is not a prerequisite for participation.

## SOUP VOLUNTEERS PLEASE!

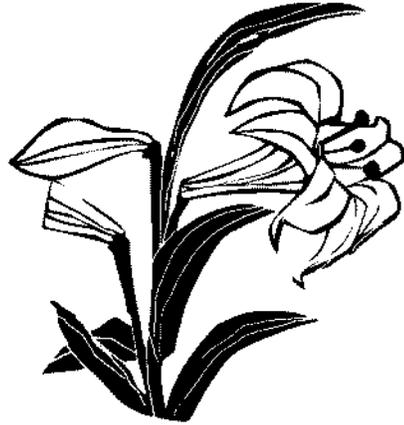
Supper during the *Cinematic Approach to Lent* series will be simple and potluck. We are looking for two people per week to sign up to bring soup. For the rest of the meal we are asking attendees to bring bread, cheese, fruit, or salad. In keeping with the season, please, no desserts. *If you*

*would like to sign up to **bring soup** on **Wednesday March 13 or 20**, please contact Emily in the parish office at [epiphanyparish@epiphanyseattle.org](mailto:epiphanyparish@epiphanyseattle.org) or 206-601-4196.*



## EASTER FLOWER FUND

During our Easter services, we decorate our church with Easter lilies. You can remember a special person or event this Easter by donating to the Epiphany Parish Flower Fund. Perhaps you would like to acknowledge the birth of a baby, a marriage or a loved one now departed, to be acknowledged in our Easter service bulletins.



Contributions to the Flower Fund are also gratefully accepted and acknowledged throughout the year. Donations of any amount are welcome.

***Thank you for your consideration of the Epiphany Parish Flower Fund.***

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PLEASE COMPLETE THIS FORM AND RETURN TO THE CHURCH OFFICE BY **WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27.**

Name of Donor \_\_\_\_\_

Phone # \_\_\_\_\_

My check is enclosed for purchase of an Easter lily.  
(Make payable to *Epiphany Parish* with *Easter Flowers* on the memo line in the lower left hand corner of your check.)

I wish to be acknowledged in the Easter bulletin,  
 in memory of                      or                       in thanksgiving for:

\_\_\_\_\_

For another special Sunday during the church year: \_\_\_\_\_

Bulletin message: \_\_\_\_\_

## **Returning to the Sacrament of Reconciliation: A Guide for Four Sets of Circumstances**

*A series from [http://onlineministries.creighton.edu/  
CollaborativeMinistry/Lent/Returning-to-Reconciliation.html](http://onlineministries.creighton.edu/CollaborativeMinistry/Lent/Returning-to-Reconciliation.html)*

**Considering Four Sets of Circumstances** Every single one of us is completely unique. All our situations bear the unique circumstances that make up our lives. These four hypothetical examples considered here are made up to allow us to understand four types of situations which might prevent us from coming to the Sacrament of Reconciliation. They don't represent any real persons or actual situations, but all of us will recognize why circumstances like these might keep us from celebrating the Sacrament. These examples will then help us consider how to choose to act on the invitation to come back to the Sacrament, if our situation is even remotely similar to these made up circumstances.

**# 1: "It's been a long time and a long list of big sins are frightening me."** Our Lord's message to anyone remotely carrying baggage like this imaginary person is a message full of great news. First of all, this is what the Sacrament of Reconciliation is all about. It is an invitation to give ourselves a chance to experience the incredible freedom of forgiveness and a new beginning. No one is going to judge us. We won't get interrogated. We'll experience God's mercy, as we never imagined. We don't need to hold on to all this stuff any more. And, once this is all out of the way, and we are no longer holding on to the guilt of it all, we can begin again to live the adult life of a follower of our Lord. So much healing will follow the forgiveness.

**# 2: "It's been a long time, but I don't think I do that much wrong."** The message our Lord has for this set of circumstances is an encouragement to enjoy the benefits of the Sacrament of Reconciliation more frequently, as a means to grow in our Lord's grace and his peace. More frequent confession will often lead to a better examination of conscience. It may be the case that we won't have any serious sins to confess - even when we consider what we have failed to do. However, examining how we have fallen short in a variety of areas will usually result in our discovering places we need forgiveness and healing. We can ask for God's grace to shine in our hearts and to free us to love more generously and selflessly. The results are often wonderful: we have a personal experience of renewal that begins a new relationship with our Lord and a daily pattern of prayer with him.

# PARISH PRAYER LIST

## **WE PRAY FOR THOSE WHOSE BIRTHDAYS FALL BETWEEN**

**March 10 and March 16:** David Weld, Amy Wheeler, Gayle Barker, and Bill Howard.

**WE PRAY FOR THOSE ON OUR CYCLE OF PRAYER:** Bob & Margaret Stickrod; Phil & Susie Stoller; Steve & Trish Stone; Kimbrough Street; and Dorothy Strong. We pray for Good Shepherd (Federal Way); and St. Elizabeth/Santa Isabel (Burien).

## **YOUR PRAYERS ARE ASKED FOR CONTINUED HEALING AND STRENGTH FOR THOSE IN OUR PARISH WHO ARE ILL OR**

**GRIEVING:** Paul, Bette Sprague, Coralie Swanson, Connie Gaines, Barbara Ward, Barbara Himmelman, Ginger, Kay Schack, Veronica, Ashle, Bob Bergman, Piper Simmons, Sid Malbon, Gregg Waddell, P.J., Tom Pelphrey, Jamie, Kathy, Yamy Xolocotzi, Dougald MacMillan, Anne, Adrian, Cyril Urwyler, Tim Murray, Alice, Laura, Anthony, Cassie, Cindy, LaVerne Green, Erik Grafe, Hannah Moderow, John Baker, David & Diane Libbey, Jack Roberts, Mary Cecile, Carl Putnam, Nikki, Ellen Gimbel, Edwina, Eileen Riley, Peg Sherwood, Bonnie, Bill Bultmann, Bill Williamson, Baby La John Gonzalez, Colleen Terry, Liza, Roy Enriquez, Charlotte Hutton, Andrea & family, Mark Jensen & family, James Bryant, Helen Arnold, Peter, Jean, Shannon Ries, Jerre, Jessica, Will Gluck, the Torrance Family, Ruth, Marjorie, Johnny Gene and Beverly Saulsbury, Joey Johnson, Mark, Jeanne Edwards, the Robinson family, Jolene, David, the Hawkes family, Jean, George Fisher, Edna Heatherington, Marie Claiborne, Jane Ewing, Gibbs Lincoln, Ruth Dalton, Charley & Linda, Rain, Charles and Aileen Mangham, Pete Sander, Lauren Riker, Alan Fowler, George Briggs, Scott Gehring, Donta Rogers, JoAnne, George Harrington, Linda Kercher, Nina, Carolyn du Pen, Bill, Laura, Jim, Carla, Stan, the Davies family, the Summerville family, Marilyn, Bob Shupe, Amy King, and the Bush family.

**WE PRAY FOR THOSE WHO HAVE DIED:** Charley Bush.

*Occasionally we review and cull the prayer list. If we have removed someone in error or you would like to have someone removed or added please contact Emily in the Parish Office. The same invitation applies for birthdays.*

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