

THE MESSENGER

ST. AUGUSTINE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MORROW,

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NO Services Through JULY

Once Church Opens Sunday Schedule

10:00 a.m.
Morning Prayer

3rd Sundays
Youth Group

Office Hours

10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
M—F

Telephone: 770-961-9353
678-422-7761

Parish Mission Statement

To restore all people to unity with God and each other in Christ by providing a safe, loving and inclusive environment, celebrating community diversity, and sharing God's gifts with all people.

Contact Numbers

Father Chris: 404-372-9420
Philip Kyle: 404-234-1227

July 2020

From the desk of... *The Senior Warden*

Church Openings

We have received notice from the Diocese that churches will be able to open July 2, if they are ready to follow the requirements promulgated on the Diocesan website. Father Chris, JoAnn Blackstock and I have been studying the information. We can tell you that we are not ready to open. I was in discussion with Rev. Canon John Thomas- Quartey, Sally Ulrey, and Wardens in the Diocese last Friday. Most other churches are not ready either. If you would like to see the requirements go to <https://www.episcopalatlanta.org/>.

The July date is not a mandatory date to open. We have as long as needed to meet the requirements and open. Your Vestry will meet by Zoom on July 11, 2020. We will discuss the requirements with Father Chris and determine what we need to do and the time we need to get ready. We will also be looking at the transmission rates of Covid 19. If we, St. Augustine's, or the Diocese see a major increase in the rate in our area; then individual churches or possibly the whole Diocese may close again. As you can tell, we are in a state of flux and will probably continue in that state for some time to come.

In the meantime, we will do what we have been doing. I will continue to provide information on Sunday services available to watch. We will continue to send out Sermons by Father Chris. We have Adult Formation, led by Father Chris, Catherine Meeks and Mary Job. We will continue to meet by Zoom. Let me know if you would like to attend.

Zoom is open to any of this church's groups. Just contact me and we can iron out the details. We could also hold an open meeting with Zoom, just to get on the computer and talk to people you have missed and to see their faces again. If you would like to try this, please let me know.

Another Tree Down

We had to have another tree cut down. It died. I had all the trunks ground down. We have piles of woodchips in the yard in front of the Parish Hall. If you would like to shovel some chips into your truck to take home to your garden, feel free. Also, our yard looks like an untended prairie. Our large riding mower needed work. The mower will be returned Monday 6/29. The yard will be taken care of then.

Evelyn's Note

Evelyn wrote a note to the church to thank us for thinking about her when she went to the hospital in May. She wrote, "To my St. A's Family, Thank you for the cards, phone calls and especially the very lovely and delicious 'Fruit Basket Edible Arrangement.' I couldn't ask for more. I love and miss you all. Hopefully I will see you soon.

Evelyn

Food Pantry

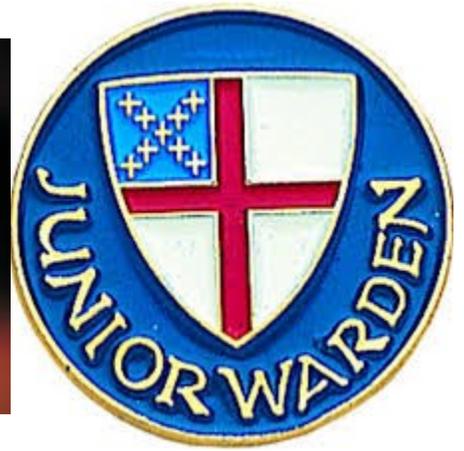
I would like to thank everyone for their help and support with the Food Pantry. We are doing well. Currently we have plenty of food; we also have money available to buy food at the store. Thank you.

Requirements for Part-Time Priest

Please think about the necessary requirements and fill out the questionnaire from the Vestry. We need this information for eventually hiring a priest. Your Vestry needs your help. Thanks

Blessings to all,

Phil



Dear Friends in Christ,

So far, Praise God!, all of us at St. A's have been spared from the Corona virus. We are very blessed in so many ways. We are thankful that you have been faithful in keeping up your pledges by mail and we are still in the black. I know that many of you have been checking up on other parishioners to see if they are well and whether they need anything. So thanks for that too.

Not much has been going on at the Church except that Phil has been very busy keeping us afloat doing the normal everyday administrative "stuff," mowing ,and informing us of any news that comes from the Diocese. Your Vestry has been meeting via Zoom and we continue to work on plans for a new rector. As you know, we have our new door, new carpet, and will be getting a new attic ladder soon. One of these days we will be able to reap the benefits!

For now, with the guidance of the Diocese, we will not be having Church services (in Church) very soon. The Federal, State, and Diocesan guidelines are enormous and we feel it is still not safe for us to gather (especially given the median age of our congregation). However, do not despair, we have put on our thinking caps and we are working on some ideas that we hope will enable us to “gather together” safely. As soon as we get this worked out, we'll let you know.

WE the **PEOPLE** of St. Augustine's **ARE** THE CHURCH, and we are a community beyond belief. We WILL get through this and be raising our voices in prayer and song again to worship in our beautiful space. So, be safe, continue to be faithful, pray for our world and HANG IN!!!!

In faith,

JoAnn

In Search Of...A Part-time Priest

Dear Fellow Parishioners,

When we emerge from this period of Covid-19, we will restart our search for a priest. Before we begin, we need to have a clear understanding of what his/her requirements will be. So, we are seeking your input as to YOUR expectations of the new part-time priest. What are you looking for?

In last month's Messenger there was an article regarding the position of a part time priest which I hope all of you read and digested. As you know, that is the path St. Augustine will be following as we search for our new Rector.

The key to making a part time pastorate work is to be upfront about the parameters of the job and sticking to them. You, the congregation, your Vestry, and your priest must be in sync; that is, there must be a clear understanding among all of us as to what we as a parish expect from our new retired priest what he/she has agreed to do. Obviously, his/her primary duties would be sacramental and spiritual (Sunday services, pastoral care, weddings, funerals, etc.), and some administrative time in the office as well. However, we should not and CANNOT expect a part time priest to put in full time hours. This leads to burnout and resentment and disrespects the pastor's personal time outside of our Church. So, what do we do? Planning can make the difference on whether we thrive in part time ministry or fail.

The article last month asked two things:

“What are you willing to do to help our future part time pastor in his/her ministry at St. Augustine’s?”

(Everyone has a gift.....no contribution of your time is too small!! The door to vitality opens when lay people share and say “we can do this!”)

We requested your feedback on your expectations of a part time pastor.

To make this “project” a little easier, we’re attaching a tear-off for you to complete and send back to us. Please prayerfully think about how YOU personally feel our new part time pastor’s time can be used to a successful outcome...AND where you might be willing to “step up to the challenge” of lay ministry.

After we have your thoughts, the Vestry will be able to begin to lay the ground work for a working draft agreement which we will then present to you for discussion in an open meeting (date to be determined). Please look at this “exercise” as a means of thinking from “the way we used to do things” to “let’s see what happens when we try something new” so we can allow St. Augustine to grow and move forward.

Thank you for sharing your thoughts. To paraphrase Uncle Sam: “We NEED you”!! Continue to stay safe.

In faith,

JoAnn

My expectations for our new part time Pastor:

How I might help:



Laughter...the best Medicine

Despite being sheltered in places and social distancing, we can still find time for laughter. Those of you who are or were once teachers should enjoy this.:

Here's how I think requiring masks might work in elementary school. (Author unknown)

Please don't snap Billy's mask in his face.

Your mask is not a necklace, bracelet, or any other form of jewelry.

You should not be using your mask as a slingshot. Please put it back on your face.

Please do not chew on your mask.

Your mask should be on your face, not on the back of your head

I'm sorry your mask is wet, but that's what happens when you lick the inside of it.

I'm sorry you sneezed. Here's a tissue. Wipe out the snot as well as you can.

No, you may not blow your nose in your mask.

Why is your mask soaking wet? You just came back from the bathroom?

And you put it back on your face after you dropped it?

I'm sorry you broke the elastic on your mask by seeing how far the band would stretch. Now you'll have to hold the mask on your face ... or use this duct tape.

Please take the mask off your eyes and watch where you're walking. I don't care if you have X-ray vision.

Please take the mask off of your pencil and stop twirling it.

I know the mask fits over your pants like a knee pad, but please take it off of your leg and put it on your face.

What do you mean you tried to eat your lunch through your mask?

Please don't share your mask or trade masks. I don't care if you like Ingrid's mask better than yours.

I'm sorry, but your mask is not school appropriate.

We're not comparing our masks to other kids' masks... everyone's mask is unique and special.

No, you may not decorate your mask instead of doing your work. I don't care if you have a Sharpie.

You're not a pirate, please take your mask off your eye.

Try to get the gum off as much as you can.

Please don't use your mask to pick your nose.

I'm sorry you tripped, but that's what happens when you put your feet inside the elastic of your mask.

No, your mask doesn't make it hard to get your work done.

Your Mom will need to get you a new mask since you chewed a hole in that one.

Why is there a shoe print on your mask?

No, you cannot eat the snow through your mask.

I don't care if you were in art class and being creative; we do not decorate our masks.

We do not beam other kids in the face with balls. No, their masks don't make it not hurt.

Please don't plug your nose holes with your mask.

Who's making that noise?

I'm sorry your ponytail is stuck, that's what happens when you see how many times you can wrap it around your mask.

I'm sorry to tell you, but your child thought her mask made her a superhero. She tried to fly off the jungle gym at recess ...

I'm sorry your breath stinks in your mask, maybe we should all try to brush better.

Please take those cookies out of your mask. No, you are not a chipmunk.

Submitted by Ginny Harrell

Keep In Your Prayers

Parishioners:

Deborah Barwise
JoAnn Blackstock
Dwight Briggs
J.B. Burke
Mikki Jackson
Judy Erhardt-Sinor
Evelyn Fowlkes
Glenda Frederick
Mandy Gray
Dalila Hunter
Susana Kyle
Lidia Lower
Ronica Malvea
Pat Mathis
Kim McDonald
Cindy Moody
Jamie & Richard Rasche
Claron Robinson
Suzanne Ross & Judy Thompson
Bill Sims
Henry & Elsa Sisco
Donna Smith
Becky Weaver
Alvin Williams
Maisie Williams
Thelma Williams

Those on Active Duty in the Military

Henry Olcoroafor
Dylan Reynolds
Paris Reynolds

Those Beyond Our Parish

Julie Baima
Ben Cash
Jeffrey and Monica Caudle
Rylee and Blayke Caudle
Tim Condrey
John Conti
Judith Faith Crocker
Rachel Daniel
Dallas Ellis Iii
Evelyn Fry
Tim Gilbert & Family
Brooklyn Gilbert

David Harwood
Jason Honea
Paul Hull
Alyssa Johnson
Haylee Kane
Chuck Kennedy
Ken Kennedy
Laurie Lopez
Jimmy Martin
Luke And Heath Martin
David McDonald
Cathy McWilliams
Brian Mesch
Arline Mikolaitis
Maureen & Joseph O'brien
Paula & Scott Payne
Odette Pisanti
Harriet Pope
The Prock Family
Christa Reynolds
Carolyn Seals
Bernice Sterling
Mozelle Vample
Belinda Watson
Dorothy White
Susan Windham

Former Members and Parish Friends

The Rev. Terri Brice
Catharine Groover
Jessie Hardin
Kathryn, Justin & Jason Jimmerson
Graham & Sunshine Maddux
Sidney and Ray Reynolds

Happy Birthday

Chuck Dale	07/05
Orezime Uyeh	07/05
Lee Cash	07/06
Glenda Frederick	07/13
Samuel Obi	07/15
Robert Harrell	07/20
Claron Robinson	07/25
Matt Johnson	07/27

Happy Anniversary

Bill and Grace Marshall	07/07
Vickie & Gary Owen	07/11
Lee and Sue Cash	07/15
Bobby & Carla McDaniel	07/15
Melanie & Pete Rivas	07/21
Leslie and Kathleen Hayles	07/24

Kids' Jokes

1. What do you call a boomerang that won't come back?

A stick.

2. What does a cloud wear under his raincoat?

Thunderwear.

3. Two pickles fell out of a jar onto the floor. What did one say to the other?

Dill with it.

4. What time is it when the clock strikes 13?

Time to get a new clock.

5. How does a cucumber become a pickle?

It goes through a jarring experience

What did one toilet say to the other?

You look a bit flushed.

7. What do you think of that new diner on the moon?

Food was good, but there really wasn't much atmosphere.

8. Why did the dinosaur cross the road?

Because the chicken wasn't born yet.

9. Why can't Elsa from Frozen have a balloon?

Because she will "let it go, let it go."

10. What musical instrument is found in the bathroom?

A tuba toothpaste.

Source: <https://parade.com/968634/parade/jokes-for-kids/>

In The News!

White Southerners, our souls are at stake. We must speak up now!

Opinion by Joanna Adams

Rev. Dr. Joanna Adams is a retired pastor in the Presbyterian Church (USA) and has served as a trustee for the Presbyterian Church Foundation, Agnes Scott College and Columbia Theological Seminary. She is one of the founders of Higher Ground, an interfaith group in Atlanta. The views expressed in this commentary are her own.



Two bullets in the back of Rayshard Brooks. His crime? Falling asleep in a long Wendy's pickup line in Atlanta. Drunk. Offered to walk to his sister's nearby home. No. Officers talked to him for half an hour. Then went after him with their guns when he tried to escape, waving a Taser he had grabbed from one of the officers.

"Got him," one of them said as Rayshard fell to the asphalt. Sounded like hunters hunkered in a duck blind whose marksmanship had resulted in a kill. "Got him."

Ahmaud Arbery shot down on a suburban street in Glynn County. His crime? Being Black in a place where the color of his skin turned out to be a capital offense. The three White men who had chased him for blocks stood over his body, allegedly using the n--- word, clearly satisfied with the success of their mission. They had gotten Arbery for sure.

I have lived in Atlanta -- where Brooks was killed -- for 58 years. These days, I spend a lot of time in southern Georgia, near the place where Arbery died. The Golden Isles, where red fish are there for the taking from the waters of the Satilla River -- Satilla Shores is the neighborhood where the shotgun blast ripped his body apart. Southern is what I am through and through. I am also as White as a White person can be. When I traced my genealogy, I discovered that every single one of my ancestors many centuries back was from the British Isles, with a couple of Germans thrown in for diversity's sake. I am aware that all of us homo sapiens can trace our beginnings to Africa, but most White people couldn't care less.

This historic moment calls for a Truth, Justice and Reconciliation commission

As a child growing up in Mississippi in the 1950s, I thought nothing about race. I knew no Black people, other than the janitor at my school and our maid, Omera, whom I loved but whose last name I never knew. My parents probably didn't either. They paid her in cash -- I'm pretty sure it was not much. Occasionally, my mother did send her home with used tin cans full of bacon drippings.

One day, Omera told my mother that she and her family were moving to Detroit. It sounded like Mars to me. I cried. Omera and I hugged as we said goodbye. As we watched her walk to the bus stop down the street, Mother turned me around and said, "Jo, I know you love Omera, but I don't want you ever again to hug a 'Negra'. It's just not done."

This was Mississippi in the 1950s. My father worked for the Chamber of Commerce in our town, Meridian. The big event of the year, both for the Chamber and for the city, was the Calf Scramble Parade on a spring Saturday. The preceding Friday night, our high school stadium would be filled with people from all over the county who had come to watch young men wrestle calves to the ground on the football field and lasso them. The victors

In the News (cont'd)

would take their newly subdued calves to raise them, though eventually the calves would become cows and sold to a slaughterhouse.

Come Saturday, the city was gathered on downtown sidewalks for the best parade of the year: Men wearing ten gallon hats and embroidered boots, riding on prancing stallions, bright red fire engines sounding their sirens, and the mayor sitting on the back seat of his convertible, his starched white shirt soaked with perspiration while he waved listlessly to the crowd.

Then came the floats, the skirts of which consisted of chicken wire, each little quadrangle of which was stuffed with white Kleenex bouquets, meant to look like carnations.

Lovely White girls sat on the floats, waving enthusiastically, and smiling like Miss America. I wanted to be just like them. I was just a kid then, standing on the sidewalk with a couple of friends. We had ridden the bus downtown for a nickel. Ten or 11 years old, we were. Safe as could be. Besides, my father was in charge of the parade.

Then, this: A float from the Black grammar school in "colored town" came into view. I had never heard of that school and did not even know there was a Black grammar school.

But there was the float. Same chicken wire. Same Kleenex carnations. Riding on the float were three little girls looking like a million dollars in their ruffled dresses. The girls on the float were about my age, smiling with pride and delight.

All of a sudden, three White boys, much older than my friends and me, standing next to us in jeans, cowboy hats and boots, yelled out, "No n--- wanted here." One of them walked toward the float and spit on one of the girls. Another, then another did the same. And so it went.

You know how sometimes parades stop because of the horses up ahead slow down, or the clown works the crowd too long? The parade did not move. Plenty of time for the all-White bystanders to speak up. No one did. Just silence. Did I speak up? I was nauseated, but I was also frightened. I was also a child, a child of the south. I was afraid, my tongue frozen in my mouth. Those Black kids, my age and as unknown to me as they possibly could be in the segregated south.

My shame for the rest of my life.

In 2020, spit has turned into bullets. Back in my old southern days, there were plenty of bullets in Black people's back -- and in their fronts too. Plenty of Black women raped. Plenty of lynching. Emmett Till, a fourteen-year-old kid, was thrown into a river in Mississippi with a heavy industrial fan tied to his feet. They got him for sure. When a neighbor saw blood in the bed of his neighbor's truck and asked about it, the neighbor said, "We just killed a deer." He was one of the murderers.

White southerners, we must speak up now -- Black lives matter. Our souls are at stake, as is American society. Too many of us observe the parade of Black deaths and close our eyes to the scourge of white supremacy and say not a word. Neither do we do much of anything that matters or helps bring about change.

You and I can never know what it is like to be Black, but by God, we can do better than we have done for generations. Shame on us if we don't.

Joanna was the senior pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, where I've worked for the past 25 years.

The Editor

Source: <https://www.cnn.com/2020/06/23/opinions/white-southerners-must-speak-about-racism-adams/>

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S VESTRY 2019-2020

Elaine Beal	Communications
JoAnn Blackstock	Finance & Stewardship
John Flaherty	Parish Life
Teresa Hale	In Reach
Phil Kyle	Sr. Warden/Buildings
Clyde Weller	Grounds
Jean Marie Simon	Christian Formation (Youth)

CLERGY

Rev. Chris Starr	Interim Priest
The Rt. Rev. Robert Wright	Bishop of Atlanta