



Christ Episcopal Church

The Rev'd John Kevern

Senior Warden's Corner

"UNDER CONSTRUCTION"

Soon we will be beginning the construction phase for new entrances to Christ Episcopal Church. One of the entrances will serve the sanctuary, and will involve construction of a new ramp, walkway, and pad serving the front of the church. This entrance will also entail a remodeling of the narthex area to raise the floor level and eliminate the small ramp from the narthex to the church, a widening of the narthex area and a remodeling of the bathroom to make it "handicap accessible". The other entrances will serve the church offices and parish hall. This will involve creating a ramp to the church office and gym level, building some handicap parking in front of the church office, and constructing a new, wheelchair accessible walkway from the new parking area to the parish hall. This will also involve eliminating the stone walkway and steps to the basement and a re-grading of the yard area along Gaston Avenue.

We will be starting construction of the lower entrances first so that those improvements will be in place when the construction of the main entrance temporarily interrupts our use of the sanctuary (i.e. during the construction of the new ramp and pad, and remodeling of the narthex). At that time we will temporarily move our services to the Parish Hall for a couple of weeks.

As with any construction, we will suffer some inconvenience; however, this is truly an exciting venture for our congregation and will allow church members and guests full use of our church, parish hall, and kitchen. This will make our church more functional and will finally allow us to showcase and use all of the improvements which we have been blessed to accomplish during the past several years.

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Peace,
Neal Jay Hamilton
Senior Warden

SUMMER MANNA REFLECTIONS on CHRIST CHURCH

Quite some time ago, a number of parishioners “tactfully” drew to my attention that “things” got very quiet at Christ Church during the summer. The reference was to attendance in particular and, I think, so that I wouldn't take it personally (and if this is your reason for the “heads up”, may I thank you! I'm afraid I've always been like a standard figure from psychological lore: the one individual in a crowded theatre, and the Manager comes on stage and shouts to no one in particular at the top of his voice, “Your guilty!”. The standard figure immediately stands up to turn himself in. I'm at least clear I can't be blamed for the Civil War or anything before the fabled, stable 1950s (OK, that was supposed to be funny – it's Fr. Kevern humor.)

Well, attendance did finally and truly PLUNGE yesterday, but I was forewarned. However, I am also aware of where lots of people are (and it's not here in Fairmont). On the other hand, some regulars whom I hadn't seen for a bit were there yesterday, so in the end, I felt it may have been small, but it was full of good and interesting folk (some of whose names I am FINALLY getting down; or to be precise, correlated to the faces).

For any of those who like my “factoids”, I can tell you a bit of Episcopal lore about the summer, which some might find.....interesting, from a sociological point of view. (Apart from Jews and Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, small as their numbers might be relative to the total population, have had *sociological articles and books* written about their manners and mores, which antedate most of American Protestantism and reflect especially the values of “Episcocrats” in the Gilded Age, (last quarter of the 19th Century, when the rich were really getting richer, and new and huge fortunes were being made). Many of the American “aristocracy” (which we're not supposed to have, but don't be fooled; if your father went to Harvard, you have a reasonable chance of getting in) used their increasing wealth to “buy” high European culture (and in fact, the more discerning ones would go to Europe and buy up “modern” paintings, which happen to be the Impressionists most people now love) – and bring it home to such places as the Art Institute of Chicago. The Episcocrats were thickest, however, in New York City and State, New England, and Virginia and there was a pronounced difference between a New York Episcopalian and a Virginia Episcopalian, and this pre-occupied most church publications. But in parishes populated by Episcocrats, they would pick up and go to their summer homes along the ocean but NOT, as a real Episcocrat born on Park Avenue told me, next to the ocean; rather, on a hill some ways away. They may have been snobs, but they were not stupid. Translation: no “weather events” related to huge ocean storms could sweep their cottages (which was frequently a euphemism for mansion) out to the sea. Thus, the Roosevelts (the Hyde Park ones, who produced FDR) would leave Hyde Park (which is on the Hudson) and go to Campobello Island, which is right next to New Brunswick, it's so far north. Bar Harbour, Maine would also get its influx of city Episcocrats, and some are still around (namely, the Bush family). Or Martha's Vineyard, where George Schultz, secretary of State under Ronald Reagan, plopped down one summer's Sunday at 8:00 next to me. Not to mention other cabinet members.

Does this trivia have a point? It does, after a fashion. Those of you who are life-long Episcopalians from this part of the world know that LOW CHURCH meant the Holy Communion (not the Eucharist, a virtually unknown word, and certainly not the mass) was celebrated the first Sunday of the month at the main service. The other Sundays the normal service was Choral Morning Prayer. This was essentially a service of the word, interspersed with canticles known only to Anglicans, and if there was a good choir, sung to “Anglican Chant” (another art form particular to us – and it is still around). But the centerpiece of Morning Prayer was a sermon in the FULL sense that that word used to convey; a long and developed piece of learned preaching expected from the learned rector (who frequently was called Dr. so-and-so. This is part of what Low Church Episcopalians hired their priest to do: to be a very learned expounder of the Holy Scriptures (subtext: and NOT like evangelicals, people that went to revivals, people that hollered, etc.) But come summer, the choirs took their accustomed vacation, and the rectors of what we euphemistically call “Cardinal parishes” would also take off for their summer homes and the rector would spend the time preparing for the next nine months of learned sermons. If you know Boston, you doubtless know the building of Trinity Church, Copley Square (famous historically and architecturally). Isabella Steward Gardner (a New Yorker who had married into the near-impenetrable society of Boston “Brahmins”, as they are still called) and her artsy followers went to the High Church of the Advent on Beacon Hill (and she hauled back many Impressionists

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from Europe). But most Boston Episcoprats were of the Lowish variety and rented their pews (that's how almost all Episcopal churches were funded until the 20th Century – pew rents!) at Trinity Church. Their rector, deemed the finest preacher in America, was, in the 20th Century, one _Dr. Theodore Parker Ferris, would leave after or on Memorial Day and return on Labor Day armed with new, learned, and inspiring sermons (lest this sound like a spoof, we have to stretch our minds to a past that is not so long ago, as history goes, but before radio or TV, let alone the internet. These have actually shortened our attention span – so “hard” science tells us. But within living memory. Many rectors were hired and paid *chiefly* for the delivery of a long and learned sermon, the length of which would now send people rushing for the doors. Parishes of this sort simply emptied out of their wealthy Episcoprat parishioners during the summer, and, frequently, the rector would leave too (yes, to prepare sermons in a meditative atmosphere, but to be near his parishioners – on the seacoast, before air conditioning).

I could do you all the honour of hinting that this is why, historically? (there are people around that know) Christ Church is at a very low ebb in the summer, but it might also imply that folks are off at their seaside “cottages” (read: Mansions, think Newport, Rhode Island) or in Europe buying art. And therefore the Rector (i.e. Fr. Kevern) should disappear for the summer to devise MORE learned sermons, full of “factoids”.

Well, the facts here are essentially correct although I do plead guilty do doing a bit of a spoof. Just a bit. I am aware that a lot of people are not here in Fairmont; they are in all sorts of places. Seriously, then, for those on a major or minor holiday, may it be for you what its spelling actually says: “a Holy Day”. But in the Middle Ages, there were LOTS of Holy Days, and even humble peasants did not have to work on such days. Such obscure saints as St. Bartholomew were dear to people's hearts, but because they got off work. (Try out THAT ONE at St. Bartholomew's, Park Avenue, New York, a former haunt of Episcoprats like the Vanderbilts and Whitneys.) This serves as an opportunity to tell you that my holiday will be partly in July; my parents are celebrating their 61st wedding anniversary, and then I am visiting a friend who is now a professor in Dublin, and then I am visiting more friends in Rome, hoping that global warming won't go overboard. And while I'm gone, we shall have: Choral Morning Prayer, Rite I (as much like the 1928 version as you can get, but without the choir or a 40 minute sermon.)

But, ever your parish priest, may I simply remind you of a statement of something that's howlingly obvious? God does NOT go on holiday. And think about it for just a bit. Aren't you glad?

Bible Study

Thank you to all who attended this amazing series. And many thanks to Jim and Carolyn Kerr for weeks of thought provoking and inspirational lectures, and of course, Carolyn's exquisite cuisine.

Please come out and support our team!!!



June games

Sunday, June 9, 2pm at Trinity Field

Sunday, June 16, 3:30pm at Windmill Park

Happy Retirement!

Congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Carla Wood for 30 years of hard work and dedication to children and their education.



Please wish the Leons a fond farewell! They will be moving this summer to Indiana. Wishing you all the best! Godspeed.

Financial Report

May Income: \$8,551

May Expenses: \$12,034

Special Note: The Parish Coordinator's summer hours are Monday – Thursday, 9am to 2pm.

Church Contact List

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Liturgical Assistants Calendar for 10:30am Holy Eucharist

If you cannot be at church on one of your appointed days, please make arrangements for a replacement. Ushers should be in place at 10:15 to serve as greeters and provide assistance to those needing help. Lectors can find their weekly readings at: <http://www.lectionarypage.net/>

Date	Greeters	Eucharistic Ministers	Lectors	Acolytes	Sacristans	Ushers	Counters
6/2 Pentecost 4		Barb B. Jim K.	Barb B. Carrington R.	Nikki L. Nicolas G.	Team 2 Green	Glenn B. Kent B.	Barb B. Toni B.
6/9 Pentecost 5	Scott B. Lisa C.-B.	Lisa C.-B. Donna N.	Nikki L. Dede B.	Hunter B. Nikki L.	Team 3 Green	Baker Family	Lisa C.-B. David B.
6/16 Pentecost 6	Glenn B. Laura W.-B	Kyle H. Joyce H.	Kyle H. Joyce H.	Abby W. Leah M.	Team 4 Green	Glenn B. Meredith M.	Neal H. Tara S.
6/23 Pentecost 7	Rick H. Ann H.	Caroline C. Barb B.	Meredith M. Tara S.	Meredith M. Nicolas G.	Team 1 Green	Tara S. Kent B.	Barb B. David B.
6/30 Pentecost 8	Joe L. Louise L.	Neal H. Jude M.	Neal H. Catherine B.	Catherine B. Brett M.	Team 2 Green	Glenn B. Kent B.	Neal H. Chris M.

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