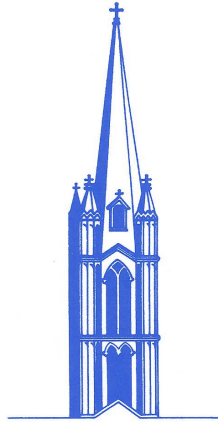


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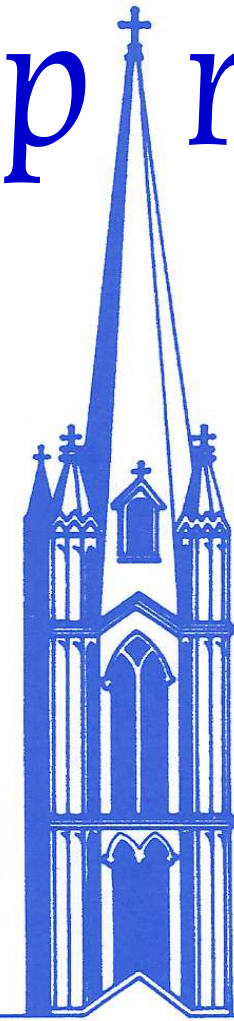


Spire

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~ Volumn II, Number 1 ~

In-Sp re



A Thought-ful Journal

Pentecost Edition 2011

A Publication of  
Trinity Episcopal Church  
Southport, CT

Let us dream of a church in which the Spirit  
is not a party symbol, but wind and fire  
in everyone, gracing the church  
with a kaleidoscope of  
gifts and constant  
renewal for all.

--Wesley Frensdorf

Creativity is God's gift to us.  
Using our creativity is our gift  
back to God.

--Julia Cameron



**In-Spire ~ Pentecost 2011**  
A Thought-ful Journal ~ Volume II, Number 1

From the Editor. . .

Sometimes you need to get out of your own way.

When the tongues of flame sprang alight on their heads, the disciples had nothing to do with the languages they began to speak and understand. People who've been involved in creative or innovative endeavors often will say later that at a certain point they felt they didn't have much influence over the process as it was taking shape.

A poem will begin to form and demand to be written, sometimes even waking the poet out of sleep; The characters he or she has created start to dictate actions and speeches to an author or playwright; A motif or musical theme will suddenly be heard in a composer's mind; An inventor will look at an object and in a flash see it as a component of something that will have an entirely new usage; An unexpected outcome of scientific research will reveal the way to a medical breakthrough— Those of us who have not actually been part of this type of experience have undoubtedly heard or read about someone who has.

Stay expectant. Avoid judgmental thinking, but be judicious in the application of your personal will . . . . In other words, step out of the way of—and make way for—the Holy Spirit. I tried to exercise this advice in pulling together the pieces for this edition of *In-Spire*. All of them seem, however loosely, linked together in some way by this precept.

Cassia Ward  
**In-Spire** Editor, Designer & Publisher

## God's Tongue of Truth

Hear the Word of the Lord:

“You are my beloved  
To whom my tongue is given.  
Wherever you are,  
Whatever you do,  
I am with you.

All ways.

In the palm of my hand,  
I draw you to my ear  
Listening to  
your heart's silent cry.

All ways.

In the darkness I am light.  
I open doors  
where there were none before.  
Come!  
Follow me  
through these doors  
of new life.

All ways.

In your hopes  
And hopelessness,  
I reveal your life.  
Wholeness in my holiness.

All ways.

In your weariness,  
I carry you to flowing streams.  
Where there is no thirst or hunger.  
Be still then and know  
I am with you.

All ways.

~ *The Rev. Dawn Stegelmann*

## A Remembrance of Summer

We would go to the river.  
To the mighty Mississippi, that is.  
My mother, my father and me.  
We ate ice cream cones  
and watched the setting sun.  
Fading light clung  
to near-by steeples;  
pointed reminders  
of God  
who lived  
and moved  
and loved me.

From the river of childhood  
Into the deep waters of baptism  
I surfaced as God's own.  
Into a new household—  
of paradox and pain,  
gladness and grief.

Driven by holy callings,  
God's still small voice  
whispered,  
“I am with you always,”  
Guiding me through  
a mortal life  
of immortal value.

~ *The Rev. Dawn Stegelmann*



## THE RED WONDER CROSS

My sister, Elise Misiorowski, is a gemologist and jewelry historian. Her latest work has been to curate a critically acclaimed exhibit entitled “All That Glitters,” on the science and beauty of diamonds, at San Diego’s Museum of Natural History in San Diego’s Balboa Park. Seeking to wow the public, she has cajoled countless artists, scientists, and collectors of the most unique specimens of these prized gems—both in the rough and made into stunning creations—to loan their pieces to the museum.

Because some owners cannot bear to be without their singular possessions for too long, it necessitates periodic “change-outs,” when pieces leave the exhibit and new ones must be found to take their place. One such new arrival put Elise on the TV news in San Diego. The Red Wonder Cross, made up of eleven incredibly rare, matched, blood-red diamonds, has just taken its place in the San Diego Museum’s exhibit.

Red is the rarest color for a diamond. Out of the billions of carats of diamonds mined in a

year, one-half carat *might* be red. Until recently, true red diamonds were like unicorns—people claimed to have seen one, but proof was illusive. Through history, one or two reddish-brown (dark and rusty looking) diamonds have been found, but true, clear, pleasing *red* was unknown.

Then, in the late 1970s, diamonds were discovered in the Argyle Mine in Australia’s Northern Territories. This mine produces few colorless diamonds, most commonly yielding yellow and brown. But, each year among the yellows and browns, miners were gleaning a *small* amount of intense, purplish-pink diamonds, and, over the years they *occasionally* found one true-red diamond here, one true-red diamond there . . . like a needle in a haystack. In a given year from the Argyle mine, *maybe* one red diamond will surface. Most people will never see a red diamond in their lifetime.

The owner and designer of The Red Wonder Cross, a master diamond cutter named Oren Seren, has always loved colored

diamonds. In 2000, he set out to find and cut red diamonds. It took him 8 years. The Red Wonder Cross—which contains eleven red diamonds—wasn’t completed until 2008.

In an interview with Mr. Seren, who is an Israeli Jew, my

sister’s curiosity got the better of her and she asked why he’d chosen to fashion his prized red diamonds into the motif of a cross.

His reply? “The stones chose it—it’s the shape the stones wanted.”

~ Cassia Ward

## Reflection

The Christian doctrine  
of the communion of saints  
is simple, really.  
All it says is  
that once you buy the farm  
you still live on the farm.  
All it says is  
that those who have gone before us  
are still with us.  
All it says is  
that past generations  
still count  
and must be taken into account.  
In other words,  
we’re all in this together.  
All of us.

**Editor's note:** Fran O'Gorman shared these poems and photos with Mother Dawn, who got permission to submit them to *In-Spire*. Fran's enclosing note struck me as so much a poem in itself that I set it as one, here:

*I thought while it's fresh in my mind  
let me send you one of my poems-  
and then I thought let's make that two..  
first the one I actually began with most recently-  
the one about my father..  
but also let me send one I wrote for my mom.*

## Lost or Missing

So it would seem-  
The rain pouring and the phone ringing  
And to my three-year-old mind,  
the turmoil is, of course,  
the missing galoshes, unfindable,  
through my mother's eyes,  
Blinded, after the conversation.

Needing now to find something missing  
My many-year-older mind responds,  
reflecting, reminding,  
as mothers would do, wouldn't they,  
where there are, after all,  
Keys, watches, friends, fathers, mothers,  
Shoes, wallets, sunsets, daybreaks, memories,  
moments, husbands, children, words, wishes, body-parts,  
And, of course, so many galoshes,  
That are truly lost,  
or simply numbered  
among the many  
missing.

~ Fran O'Gorman



~6~

*Actually the 2nd one I had written some time ago  
but thankfully hadn't lost like so many others..  
but I think both kind of sum up  
some of the process I've been going through  
and the peace that I've come to as a result.*



## That Piece of Me that is My Mother

That piece of me that is my mother,  
along side the section where my father,  
long mysterious, unknown, resides, like a shadow,  
long before I could pick out those familial features;

The siblings, the friends, the chosen partner,  
their voices and phrases, crowding around, clamoring;  
Even chance acquaintances, encounters, that have  
touched, bounced, bombarded like atoms, like stars,  
to produce new elements, new orbits;

Those teachers, those mentors, those figures  
of direction, less a piece than a place, a map, a point  
I move towards, that stretch, shaping my pathways;

These all bend and flow and fill the water of my lock,  
raise me up, lift me forward, bring me forth,  
to now, to this place, to where I can see,  
and be joined with that piece of me  
that is also my mother.

~ Fran O'Gorman

~7~



## TRINITY CHURCH ~ EASTER 1893

*Alleluia*, the cry of Easter, brings with it memories. For me, looking at old photo albums brings the past into the present.

The past can teach us. It can remind us of all those who have gone before us. It can remind us of God's love to them and to us.

I found this old photo of Trinity Church, Southport, in one such old family album. It was taken in 1893 on Easter Sunday. My great-grandparents, Wilhelm and Augusta (Schenk) Hamann, had just arrived from Stettin, Germany.

They had a home in the big city of Bridgeport, CT (and

would later move to Long Hill, Trumbull) but had decided, before their first Easter in their new country of the U.S., to buy a second country house. They had had two such houses back in Germany.

Looking about, they liked the open fields and beaches of rural Fairfield, CT, particularly the twisting country lanes of a section called Southport. They bought their country home. That first Easter, after attending sunrise service at the German Lutheran Church in Bridgeport, they came to Southport and to Trinity Episcopal Church for the late afternoon church service.

Trinity Church did not look then as it does now. Where Christ in the painting looks to us, his eyes like windows of the soul calling us to Him, there in 1893 was an actual window—a stained glass one. The rest of the church looks much the same, except the pulpit of today was missing. It would come, as time passed, a number of years later.

Easter comes in the Spring. It is a time of hope and renewal; but it is also a time of looking back to what has come before, and ahead to what all this past will come to be.

~ Karl A. Lurix

We are communities in time and place, I know, but we are communities in faith as well—and sometimes time can stop shadowing us.

Our lives are touched by those who lived centuries ago, and we hope that our lives will mean something to people who won't be alive until centuries from now.

It's a great "chain of being," someone once told me, and I think our job is to do the best we can to hold up our small segment of chain. That's one kind of localism, I guess, and one kind of politics—doing your utmost to keep that chain connected, unbroken.

~ Dorothy Day

*This poem was written by a friend of Mary Rousseau's mother, and came with the notation: —Reprinted from "The Churchman." Mary Rousseau believes that Molly Anderson Haley had a book of poems published.*

## Miracles

~ by Molly Anderson Haley

Thy miracles in Galilee  
When all the world went after Thee  
To bless their sick, to touch their blind,  
O Gracious Healer of Mankind,  
But fan my faith to brighter glow!  
Have I not seen, do I not know  
One greater miracle than these?  
That Thou, the Lord of Life, shouldst please  
To walk beside me all the way,  
My Comrade of the Everyday!

Was I not blind to beauty too  
Until Thy love came shining through  
The dark of self and made me see  
I share a glorious world with thee?  
Did I not falter till Thy hand  
Reached out to mine? Did I not stand  
Perplexed and mute and deaf until  
I heard Thy gentle, "Peace, be still,"  
And all the turmoil of my heart  
Was silenced and I found my part?

Those other miracles I know  
Were far away, were long ago,  
But this, that I may see Thy face  
Transforming all the commonplace,  
May work with Thee, and watch Thee bless  
My little loaves in tenderness;  
This sends me singing on my way,  
O Comrade of the Everyday!

~10~

## The Spider's Web

One of my studio work tables is placed before two sliding glass doors. One day I



noticed a small spider on the glass outside suspended on an almost invisible thread. Motionless for several hours, it just stared into the house. Then it vanished to return every day for a week or so to the exact same place around the same time.

One day I decided to inspect the situation and found that the silk-like thread was attached to a polygonal shaped web spread across the glass. Five or six smaller polygons composed with the fragile silk lines spaced about a fourth of an inch apart, formed the whole about a foot and a half in diameter. One section was

an inch or two larger than the others, lending a wonderful abstract quality.

After a severe wind and rain storm the web vanished; the spider never returned. A few silken filaments were still attached to the house and I discovered that they were elastic and if held gently could stretch enabling the spider to be quite acrobatic as he traveled back and forth from the web to the house.

Thinking about the precise, beautiful, fragile geometry of the web I wondered how a tiny creature the size of an acorn with eight half-inch legs could create such an amazing, complex composition—one that could confound artists, scientists, and engineers.

Eventually, I realized that the fragile geometry of the web was a manifestation of God's work and the little spider was just following instructions.

How else could it be?

~ Enid Munroe

~11~



I watch this morning  
For the light that the darkness has not overcome.  
I watch for the fire that was in the beginning  
And that burns still in the brilliance of the rising sun.  
I watch for the glow of life that gleams in the growing earth  
And glistens in sea and sky.  
I watch for your light, O God,  
In the eyes of every living creature  
And in the ever-living flame of my own soul.  
If the grace of seeing were mine this day  
I would glimpse you in all that lives.  
Grant me the grace of seeing this day.  
Grant me the grace of seeing.

*~ from Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayers,  
by J. Phillip Newell*

~12~

## YOU ARE IMPORTANT!

When you are tempted to take a Sunday off, and you think that absence of one person doesn't make a difference at church, you place your congregation in the same position as a person trying to type with one key missing. The results are never quite the same as when all the members of the congregation are present.

Summer often reminds us that people are pretty necessary ingredients in the life of any church.

## ARE YOU INSPIRED?

We would like your:

- Stories
- Memories
- Reflections
- Commentaries
- Book reviews
- Poems
- Prayers & Meditations

Please send submissions to  
[admin@trinitysouthport.org](mailto:admin@trinitysouthport.org)  
You need not be a member of  
Trinity Church.