



The Eagle

St. John's Episcopal Church | Lafayette, Ind. | December 2021

Epiphany Pageant

10:30 a.m. Sunday, Jan. 9 | Zoom

The Epiphany Pageant will be held virtually again this year and will premiere at a **special 10:30 a.m. Zoom service on Sunday, Jan. 9**. We will be taping the service via Zoom or in person at the Church Sunday, Jan. 2, during the afternoon and early evening. Families, please watch your email or contact Gretchen for times and additional information, coming soon. Children will be encouraged to help write the script. We hope the whole congregation will join us for a story from a long time ago in a land far, far away where the Word became flesh and lived among us. — *Gretchen Freese, gretchen@stjohns-laf.org*

Advent in Narnia

A trip through the wardrobe with faith, food and festivities

On Sunday, Dec. 12, we welcomed the Rev. Heidi Haverkamp, author of *Advent in Narnia*, to talk about wonder, imagination and faith in God through the lens of C. S. Lewis' *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. That evening, the children and youth experienced Narnia as well and enjoyed an evening of fun and food.

The Advent in Narnia Evening was a beautiful evening filled with laughter, snowball fights, toast with many different new tastes upon it, cookie and crescent baking, pizza and movie-watching. Thank you to everyone who made it possible. Special thank yous to Clay Pace, Judah Pace, Isaiah

Pace, Katie Elder, Amy Paget, Elizabeth Ladd, Brent Ladd, Vicky Martin, Mary Anne Robinson, Father Bradley and Mother Andrea for providing trees, help setting up, or volunteering during the event. Thank you, Clay, for your artistic inspiration into transforming the Commons into Narnia. Thank you to the children and families for the quick clean-up afterwards. Thank you to all who came out and made the evening such a special success. — *Gretchen Freese, gretchen@stjohns-laf.org*



Adult Formation this Winter: “In the Images of God”

Beginning Jan. 30

In the Bible’s very first chapter, we learn that human beings are created “in the image of God.” If this is true, what does it tell us about human beings? And what does it tell us about God? Closer to home, what does it tell us about the images of God and Jesus (and of the forebears of our faith) that adorn our church? Do these images help us or hinder us? Do they give us a limited impression of who God is and who God loves? Can they lead us to a wider understanding of God? Join the St. John’s clergy for a conversation beginning Sunday, Jan. 30, after the 10:30 a.m. service. — *Bradley Pace, bradleypace@stjohns-laf.org*

The St. John’s Annual Meeting

6 p.m. Sunday, Feb. 2, over Zoom

The St. John’s Annual Meeting will be at **6 p.m. Sunday, Feb. 2, via Zoom**. While we intend to be worshipping in person, we believe it is most reasonable to hold the annual meeting via Zoom. Look for some fun surprises to come ahead of the meeting. Reports are due by Friday, Jan. 13. Reports should be sent to St. John’s Parish Administrator Teresa Lohrman at teresa@stjohns-laf.org. If you have questions, please call the office at 765-742-4079. — *Bradley Pace, bradleypace@stjohns-laf.org*

Deaths

Cliff Kiefer
Nov. 4, 2021
Friend of Heather Johnston Nicholson

Neal Giffin “Giff” Scarlett
Nov. 23, 2021

Dorothy Jones
Nov. 26, 2021

Beloved, I pray that in all respects you may prosper and be in good health, just as your soul prospers. III John 2 (NASB)

As 2021 draws to a close, this verse has been and continues to be my prayer for you who have become so beloved to me. And you are even more deeply loved and treasured by God, at this very moment, in whatever condition you find yourself in, however you see yourself, wherever you are.

The philosopher and poet David Whyte says, “The first illusion is that you can somehow construct a life in which you are not vulnerable.” And the pandemic has taught us this truth. This has been a challenging year that has exposed our vulnerabilities personally, nationally, and globally whether they are of natural or human origin.

While we seek to protect ourselves from our vulnerabilities, one of the messages of Advent is that this is precisely the place where God chooses to dwell. Few things are more vulnerable than a human baby that can neither find food, walk, roll over or provide for itself. Yet that is precisely the place God chose to be. Not in the places of success, power, or great control, but in dusty, common, and unexpected places.

So, as we reflect on the year that has passed, may our souls prosper as we remember Emmanuel, the God who chooses to live in the vulnerable spaces of our world.

Blessings of hope, peace, love, joy — *Andrea Arsene, andrea@stjohns-laf.org*

Jubilee Christmas 2021: Thank you!

The congregations of St. John’s and Chapel of the Good Shepherd have come through again to assist 46 families with 132 children of Tippecanoe County. Like last year, our curbside event went smoothly. We were able to organize the gifts and baskets in the nave of Good Shepherd before loading.

In addition to gifts for every child, the laundry baskets were filled to the brim with paper products, soap, diapers, toothbrushes, cookies, cocoa and numerous stocking stuffers. We provided wrapping paper, tags and bows also.

Thank you to all who made this ministry such a huge success! The generous donations made it possible to add extra money to the food cards and teen cards LUM provides and for us to give a blanket to every family. Shoppers, knitters, setup helpers and car loaders were all greatly appreciated. Whether it is curbside or an in-person event, Jubilee Christmas brings joy to everyone involved. — *Georgia Brist, georgiabrist@gmail.com*



Worshipping, Sharing, Making Christ Known

The 2022 Annual Giving Campaign



The St. John's community has been a source of life for so many of us. We have found inspiration, peace and energy in our beautiful worship, hospitality, service to those in need, beautiful music, the care we offer one another, the way we share the good news of Jesus Christ and our stewardship of sacred space. In the past two years, we have found new ways to stay connected with God and with one another. It hasn't always been easy. But there have been many life-giving moments, and we can look forward to many more together. Thank you for all the ways you support St. John's and our ministry together. We give thanks for those members and friends who have made a financial pledge to the 2022 Annual Giving Campaign.

Andrea Arsene
Mikhail & Karen Atallah
Jac & Kathie Basden
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Stewart & Julie Miller
George Moore
Nate & Angela Mosier
Alison Moss
Heather Johnston Nicholson
Merrill & Katie Nielsen
Bradley Pace & Katie Elder
Amy J Paget

Elaine Parvis
Barbara Penney
Julie Peretin
Don Pilcher
Raymond Polstra
Paul & Jo Roberts
Stuart & Bonnie Robertson
Mary Anne Robinson
Marylin Howland Ross & Jim Ross
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Lise Schools
Charlie Shook
Steve & Rachel Shook
Bob & Helen Slagel
Dennis & Adelia Sorge
Jennifer Stein
Jack Sullivan
Frank & Kirsten Szendrey
Kyle & Stephanie Tribbett
Joseph William Vanable
Mary Weeks & Pete Palfrey
Ben Wollenburg

Names included are for those members or families who have pledged to the Annual Campaign as of Dec. 15. If you or your family's name should be included and is not, please contact the church office at 765-742-4079 or stjohns@stjohns-laf.org.

To learn more about the 2022 Annual Giving Campaign, go to www.stjohns-laf.org/giving-to-st-johns. You can also pledge online at <http://www.stjohns-laf.org/pledge-online>.

A psalm of waiting as the pandemic continues

Brian Bantum

Brian Bantum (@BrianBantum) is professor of theology at Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary and author of Redeeming Mulatto and The Death of Race.

I'm sitting in my home office after what was going to be my first in-person work trip became yet another virtual gathering. There is a tangle of feelings I can't quite sort out — disappointment, relief, uncertainty, rest.

Disappointment because even as an introvert I can feel the fraying of so much time in the same room and the same routine. Even the bike rides, those lifesaving flights into the world, become well-trod paths. There is the vacuous space I have to offer when my spouse comes home from work and asks about my day. What has my day been? I wonder.

"I caught a rat," I say. A hole had appeared under our doorstep, and then there was a week of setting traps and waiting. It was the most interesting thing that had happened in a month. For days there was just walking the dog, sending emails, cleaning the house, talking to some faces on a screen. So I was disappointed that I wouldn't be somewhere else meeting people, learning something new about someone, being surprised by an unexpected conversation in the hall. I was disappointed that I wouldn't have a few days away from the familial duties that fill each day. The monotony would remain a little longer.

Relief because the monotony would remain a little longer. I wouldn't have any surprise encounters to expose my atrophied social muscles. I would not have to face the shame of simple tasks feeling like herculean efforts. How many pairs of pants? What goes where? What kind of shoes do we wear in faculty meetings

again? How do I navigate COVID protocols at the airport? Mine is just one little life, and lots of lives have navigated far more in these past 18 months. But all of our worlds have gotten a little smaller, the complexity of interactions and masks and mandates and looking each other in the eye and wondering what's permitted and what's not. So I felt relief that I could stay in this little world of mine a little longer and avoid the accumulation of decisions that larger world requires of me.

And I felt uncertainty because all plans feel like grass withering in the sun these days. What will a month, two months bring? Some semblance of normalcy or a new variant? A natural disaster? A new uprising of White supremacist fanaticism? The idea of planning feels like getting into a car to go home and being told the brakes usually work. I can't stay in the parking lot forever, so I plan the flattest route home I can and slowly roll forward, one hand on the parking brake and my foot just brushing the gas. I inch home, hoping a child doesn't dart in front of me and that the road doesn't have a surprise downhill — hoping everything works the way it's supposed to but knowing it might not.

Once I'm home I can rest. I sink into the couch, put on some soft music, and rest — because how can I go out in that world again?

I thank God for my little room and my little house, the few people and a dog I get to share it with, and the gift that I can live talking to people through a little screen on my desk.

I wish there was some deep theological meaning to our moment, something profound I could point to that makes this tangle of emotions make sense — like it was going to somehow make me stronger or clearer

I know that we are not the only people to live in a moment when the world feels like it's hurling toward something terrible. I know that I am not even close to the fraying ends. But somehow in this moment, I can also feel the pulls and the tugs and the interconnectedness in a way I had never quite been pricked by before.

or more prepared for a future. And all this uncertainty feels magnified in a society that is tearing at the seams. (Or is it that the existing tears are just reaching farther?)

But if I'm honest I don't know. I don't know if my social muscles will return, if my heart will quicken when I'm in a small room with a stranger, if people confronted by a reasonable request — wear a mask, acknowledge an election or climate change or other human beings — will respond with reasonable humanity. I don't know.

It's a precarious place to be as a teacher and theologian, someone paid to know things. I used to believe in well-turned arguments: If they only knew x, they might see differently. But that's not always true, and I am left wondering what's next.

It feels a bit like we are in the first part of a psalm, where the narrator laments and cries out to God, against God, for God. We sing and sing, waiting for that but that turns the reader back to God, reminding us of what God has done, of what God's presence might be. Deep down I know this. I know that we are not the only people to live in a moment when the world feels like it's hurtling toward something terrible. I know that I am not even close to the fraying ends. But somehow in this moment I can also feel the pulls and the tugs and the interconnectedness in ways I had never quite

been pricked by before.

So rather than end with platitudes or manufactured hope, I'll offer a psalm, with my prayer that we will be reminded of the rest we need, the hope we desire, the people we are and could be.

God, enemies surround the gates. Men come for us with paper blades and malice, calling it care and love of life. Every day we are reminded of what we could change. But those who have power will not. We cry out to you, oh God.

Fires surround us. Even the air stings and chokes. The waters rise without ceasing, or our land is parched. We are trapped in homes, in factories, in debt while the rich build homes for their pets. We cry out to you, oh God.

We know there is an end, but we cannot discern it through screens. We know you are there, but we cannot feel your smile that sits behind a mask. So we wake, we work, we hope. We cry out to you, oh God.

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Monday, Jan. 10. Submit items to
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Worshiping • Sharing • Making Christ Known

St. John's Financial Summary November 2021

INCOME	Nov-21	Total 2021	Annual Budget	% of Budget
	Pledge Income	\$22,531	\$357,687	\$391,080
Operating Income	\$2,552	\$68,242	\$91,101	74.9%
Non-Operating Income	\$3,126	\$36,709	\$51,270	71.6%
Transfer Income	\$0	\$8,800	\$0	
TOTAL INCOME	\$28,209	\$471,438	\$533,451	88.4%
EXPENSES	Nov-21	Total 2021	Annual Budget	% of Budget
	Outreach	\$5,773	\$71,063	\$91,998
Program	\$126	\$7,213	\$13,650	52.8%
Administration	\$633	\$1,890	\$4,400	43.0%
Personnel	\$26,582	\$274,612	\$312,519	87.9%
Office	\$1,804	\$15,333	\$23,950	64.0%
Property	\$4,320	\$78,994	\$86,935	90.9%
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$39,238	\$449,105	\$533,451	84.2%
Net Income (Loss)	-\$11,029	\$22,333	\$0	