

# Voice of Grace



*We are called to proclaim the Word and celebrate the sacraments. We gather in Christian community for nurture and support. We are sent out in service to others.*

A Monthly Newsletter

February 2012



Let It Snow



Let It Snow



Let It Snow

The prediction was for snow, snow and more snow. The weatherman's prediction came true as you can see by the above photo taken by Pastor Coe.

The week of January 15 was the first real test by weather for Grace Lutheran Church's completed courtyard and new roof. The snow was so high that several activities planned for the week had to be canceled as it was too dangerous to navigate the hill leading to the parking lot and walking was hazardous.

Announcements went out to members of the congregation canceling the Tuesday women's Bible study group, the Via de Cristo meeting, the Port Townsend Garden Club meeting on Wednesday, the lectionary study and the Wednesday evening Taize' worship service. Thursday's cancellations included discipleship Bible study and choir practice.

Warmer temperatures and rain followed the snow, bringing normalcy back to Grace. GLC

Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m.



Adult Forum & Sunday School 9:15 a.m.

# How Long Does Grief Last?

*by Karrie Cannon, MSW*

*(Karrie Cannon is a member of Grace and has many years of professional experience, including six years as the manager of Jefferson Healthcare Bereavement Program. Karrie is facilitating the "Your Grief Recovery Journey Workshop" coming to Grace February 7)*

## Grief – a Journey into the Unknown

Who would willingly go on a journey in which the destination and time of arrival were unknown? Grief is such a journey. No one can predict when you will engage life fully again or what shape your life will take when you do.

Uncertainty about the duration of the grief process is difficult for some people to bear. Many bereaved people and their friends are tempted to develop unrealistic expectations regarding the length of this process. Popular books and media coverage on the topic may, if not properly interpreted, serve to reinforce these unrealistic views.

### Time of Arrival: Unknown

Our Western culture tends to rush the grief process. Most major employers, for instance, allow only two or three days bereavement leave. After three weeks, three months, or one year you may find yourself saying, "Certainly by now I should be feeling better." Family or friends may reinforce this message.

Keep in mind that for many bereaved people the most difficult period is often from three to eight months after the loss. Depending on the nature of the loss, it is not unusual for bereaved people to take one to two years to regain a real sense of stability in their lives. If you feel that you have recovered from your loss at three or six months, terrific. But if you still feel shaky, understand that you are definitely within the normal range of responses to this type of life crisis.

### Destination: Unknown

Thomas Wolfe's book entitled "You Can't Go Home Again" accurately describes a major lesson that the grief process teach-

es us. We tend to hold on to the past, particularly when we have suffered a painful loss. The truth is that we cannot return to the past. We can learn from it, we can cherish our memories, but we need to appreciate today and set our sights on the future.

The journey of grief changes you. After a loss you are not the same. But by passing through grief and walking down the unique path of your own personal healing you can evolve a new sense of who you are.

In addition, the struggle for recovery from loss can lead to the discovery of previously hidden strengths, courage, skills and talents. With this discovery may come new power to create meaning in your life, even in the face of death and loss.

## Begin Your Grief Recovery Journey

Get the support you need by joining me in "Your Grief Recovery Journey," a free eight-week workshop that begins February 7 and runs through March 27, every Tuesday from 2:30-4:00 p.m. here at Grace. This is an opportunity to gain insight, inspiration and hope. Each session builds upon the last, and encourages thoughtful sharing and discussion of feelings, while giving you the tools to learn about grief, gain understanding and get needed support leading to grief resolution. You will learn to enhance personal strengths, identify and develop resiliencies and find additional ongoing support as you adapt to the life issues and challenges of losing a loved one.

Limited to 12 participants, the workshop provides a safe, gentle, confidential setting, and is open to anyone in our community who has lost a loved one. Please use the sign-up sheet in the Fellowship Hall to enroll.

Drum  
Problem  
*submitted by*  
*Lois Ward*



There was once a small boy who banged a drum all day and loved every moment of it. He would not be quiet, no matter what anyone else said or did. Various attempts were made to do something about the child.

One person told the boy that he would, if he continued to make so much noise, perforate his eardrums. This reasoning was too advanced for the child – neither scientist nor scholar. A second told him drum beating was a sacred activity, only for special occasions. The third person offered neighbors earplugs; a fourth gave the boy a book. A fifth gave his family books describing a method of controlling anger through biofeedback, and a sixth gave the boy meditation exercises to make him placid and docile. None of these attempts worked.

Eventually, a wise person came along, looked at the situation, handed the child a hammer and chisel, and asked, "I wonder what's inside the drum?"

# MARK YOUR CALENDAR!

Feb 1	7:00 p.m.	Midweek Worship with Contemporary Music
Feb 15	7:00 p.m.	Taizé Worship
Feb 22	7:00 p.m.	Ash Wednesday Worship
Feb 29	6:00 p.m.	Soup Supper, 7:00 p.m. Holden Evening Prayer
Mar 7	6:00 p.m.	Soup Supper, 7:00 p.m. Holden Evening Prayer
Mar 10	9:00 a.m.-noon	Prayer Retreat
Mar 14	6:00 p.m.	Soup Supper, 7:00 p.m. Holden Evening Prayer
Mar 21	6:00 p.m.	Soup Supper, 7:00 p.m. Holden Evening Prayer
Mar 24	9:00 a.m.-noon	Prayer Retreat
Mar 28	6:00 p.m.	Soup Supper, 7:00 p.m. Holden Evening Prayer
Apr 2 – 8		Holy Week
Jun 9 – 17		Holden Village Trip
Jul 8	3:00 – 5:30 p.m.	Root Beer Social at the Parsonage
Aug 25		Worship at the Prison

## Holden Village Trip

Holden Village is a Lutheran Retreat Center nestled in the



Last years Holden Village Work Party included: (top row, left to right) Jim and Jeni Little, Konrad Schwencke and David Gaenicke. Bottom row: Janet and Coe Hutchison and Miriam Gaenicke.

beautiful North Cascade mountains at the upper end of Lake Chelan. Last year, the group that you see pictured here traveled to Holden for a week of volunteer work (along with piles of excellent food, good fellowship, lots of fresh air and fun). We had such a good time some of us are planning to go

again. Wouldn't you like to join us? We will be leaving on Saturday, June 9. We will stay that night at the Holden Bed and

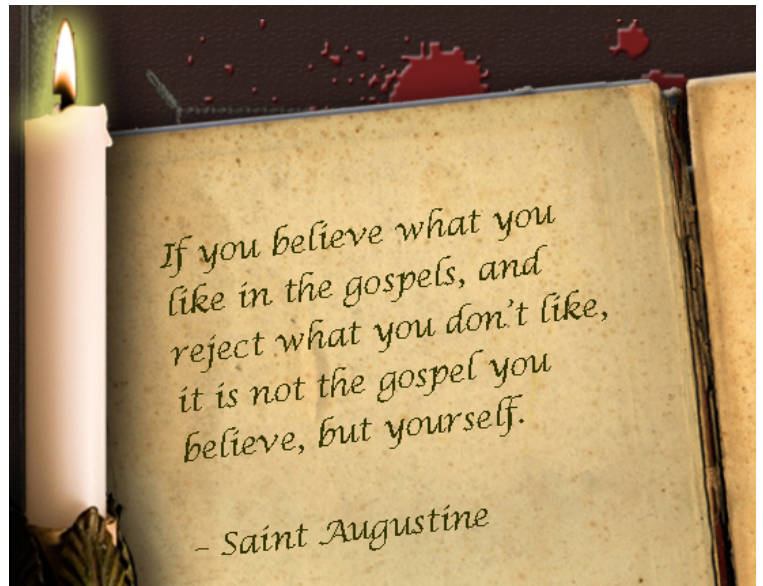
Breakfast at the south end of Lake Chelan. On Sunday, June 10, we will catch the boat uplake and arrive at the village by lunch time. We will spend the week working (and having fun) and will return on Saturday, June 16. You are welcome to extend your stay on either side of those days. If you would like to join us for this trip, please sign up on the bulletin board. Ask any of the people pictured for more details. You can learn more about Holden at [www.holdenvillage.org](http://www.holdenvillage.org).



## Church at the Prison

Jesus tells a parable about the separation of the sheep and the goats on judgment day. He describes those who will be blessed by God and they say, "Lord . . . when was it that we saw you sick or in prison and visited you?" And the king will answer them, "Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me."

This is just about as close as you can get to Jesus telling us to care for those in prison. But, how do we do that? Well, here is our opportunity. On Saturday, August 25, we will help lead worship in the prison in Shelton. You may remember that Pastor Eric Wangen-Hoch of the Living Stones Prison Congregation was at Grace Lutheran as a guest preacher about a year ago. While we don't know all the details yet, we will be providing music (Jim Espenson is already working on that) and helping to lead worship. I think this should be a powerful and moving experience. Please *mark your calendars* and sign up on the bulletin board to help us lead worship.





## *The Reno Desk: by Susan Reid*

### *An Experience of Grace*

As many of you know, I've been the person who's been writing the "art articles" for *Voice of Grace*. In December, kicking and screaming, I moved from Port Townsend and my beloved Grace Church to join my only child, Courtney, and her family in Reno. The loss of green forests, blue ocean, and snow-capped mountains was soon eclipsed by the joy, love, and gleeful madness of my two pre-school grandchildren, Nicholas and Gabrielle. But nothing could replace Grace Church.

Jim Hladecek, VOG editor, knew how difficult the departure from Port Townsend was for me. But Jim, as usual, had a plan up his sleeve. What if my topic switched from art--to Reno? What if I became VOG's Reno desk, just as other publications have London desks or Cairo desks or Outer Mongolia desks (a bit how I felt about my future locale)? Jim, with his kind heart, knew this might ease some of the painful disconnect from my church, while providing Grace readers with "all the news that's fit to print," a task that would challenge the most experienced censor. The column would have a light-hearted tone, maintain a link between me and thee, and could easily be skipped by any reader who didn't know me, wasn't the least bit interested in what was happening southward, and wondered "Can anything good come out of Reno?" (apologies to Nathanael and the NRSV).

As I mentioned before, this column was designed to have a more chatty, humorous content than the art articles. But something happened last week that changed my approach. On Friday, January 13, Lucy Hladecek called to say her brother had passed away quite suddenly, that they were leaving for Reno the following day, and that his memorial service would be on Sunday afternoon. They would be in Reno for a week, so we'd get to see each other at some point, though under much different circumstances than we'd expected when I moved here.

I asked Lucy if I could attend the memorial. My motivation was two-fold. First, I wanted to be present and supportive during a very sad event in the lives of my two dear friends. But the second reason was more complex. Both Lucy and I have had the blessing of what we call our "angel brothers," hers two years older than she, mine two years younger than I. Her brother's name was Le Lindstrom. He had been an exceptionally active, healthy man, so when he was suddenly struck by a rare and incurable kidney disease (one person in 2 million develop this auto-immune condition, with the peculiar name of Goodpasture's Syndrome), no one in his family, church, or circle of friends was prepared. He spent weeks on dialysis and weeks in and out of the hospital. But one of the complications

of Goodpasture's treatment can be bleeding from the stomach and intestine, and the bleeding became uncontrollable. After three different types of surgery to repair the bleeding stomach ulcer were unsuccessful, a fourth alternative surgery was offered. But Le seemed to know that there was no solution to this mysterious ailment. His quality of life had dimmed, but his peace with his Lord and the promise of eternal life had brightened. The day before Lucy called, he had enjoyed a morning visit with his wife, son and daughter, but slipped into a coma that afternoon, and passed on later that evening.

When Lucy called and we talked, she told me how he had always watched over and protected her, just the way an angel would. Even as a young boy, Le happily accepted his responsibility for his little sister. He walked the mile to school every day, looking out for her safety. He defended her from intimidating bullies. Remarkably, he even included her in social activities with his friends, never leaving her behind or treating her as an annoying little sister. He taught her to drive, first letting her steer, and gradually, patiently training her to drive independently. Those are only a few of a lifetime of examples that inspired Lucy to call Le her "angel brother." Evidently, the same kinds of caring behavior that Le displayed toward Lucy permeated his future relationships with friends and family.

It was an honor to be at Le's memorial and, of course, a bit-sweet joy to give both Jim and Lucy huge hugs. Lucy had told me a bit about the church that Le and his wife were so much a part of. The Little Church in the Valley was in a storefront in an area called Lemmon Valley. I found its Web site, each page headed with the simple motto: "Friendly. With a big heart for God." The description of the church's character and mission follows: "Little Church in the Valley is a parish consisting of Anglican, Lutheran, and United Methodist members (and others) joined together to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Don't let the multiple denominations confuse you. Our mission is simple..."

*God is first.*

*God transforms us, not vice-versa.*

*The Bible is the Holy Word of God.*

*Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners like you and me.*

*God loves you and has a plan for your life.*

*We are a friendly church with a big heart for God.*

*Come join us soon!*

I arrived early, hoping to see Jim and Lucy for a few moments and to meet members of their family before the church filled up. After a brief reunion, they were soon greeting others, and Lucy, of course, was busy in the kitchen helping her sister-in-law set up the food for after the service. I reserved a seat and took some time to look around the sanctuary. It was just as Lucy had described: a rustic, Western exterior, and a functional, no-frills interior. The much-used pews had been salvaged from another church, but their obvious holy history and beautifully-carved decorations overshadowed any nicks or scratches. There was a lovely floral arrangement on a table to the left of the pulpit and a few small bouquets sitting on side tables. The live Christmas tree had not yet been taken down, although all the lights and ornaments had been removed except for one golden angel, hanging from a green branch. Later, the pastor, Father Karry D. Crites, expressed his gladness that the

tree remained because of Le's love of nature. On a table in the front corner of the church stood a display of photos of Le, taken throughout his life, including a recent shot of him in a pool of water, grinning, kissing a friendly seal. Gradually, the church filled to capacity. Folding chairs were set up to accommodate the growing number of men, women, and children who want-



ed to honor Le with their presence and find comfort together as a Christian community. Even after the service began, people continued to arrive, standing room only.

The service was simple, but so personal. We sang two of Le's favorite hymns from Xeroxed song sheets; we recited the Twenty-Third Psalm from the Anglican Book of Common Prayer; we listened to Fr. Karry's reflections on Le's life. He and Le were good friends, as well as pastor and parishioner. Le had been a driving force in organizing, establishing, and maintaining this small, warm and welcoming, closely-bound, inter-denominational church—an oasis of life-giving water set among the barren, gray rocks and scrubby gray vegetation of the high desert. Le's death was a personal loss to Fr. Karry, as well as a great surprise. In Fr. Karry's 14 years as a hospital chaplain, he had never seen a man of such strength and vigor die so quickly. It felt as if he, like the congregation, was still in a state of disbelief that Le was gone from their midst. As one woman commented to Lucy after the service, "There will always be an empty spot, right there, on the corner of the front pew. That's where Le always sat."

After the eulogy, the pastor invited anyone to add comments or anecdotes about Le's life. The first to stand was his wife, Ralda. Since October, when Le had been diagnosed with acute kidney failure, he had been placed on a quite restricted diet which excluded all of his favorite foods, including many from fast food restaurants. Thus, Ralda announced, the selections on the tables after the service would consist of some of the foods Le had been denied during the last months of his life: The special selections were to be: Chili from Wendy's, chicken and rice burritos from Taco Bell, turkey subs from Raley's, a veggie platter with Le's favorite dips, and carrot cake for dessert! After several others had had an opportunity to share their feelings about Le, together we sang the closing hymn,



"How Great Thou Art."

I left soon after the service was over. Lucy, Jim, and I had already arranged a day to get together at my house before they returned to Port Townsend. The winds were picking up, sending dervishes of dust and sagebrush across the highway, shaking my van with their force, and I wanted to reach home before dark. But despite the sadness of the occasion and the long drive home, I was filled with a sense of peace and wonder. I had experienced the meaning of "church" – of the body of Christ. Through Le's death came enrichment of life, even for those of us who hadn't known him. Our Lord is with us, and Le is with our Lord. GLC

## Church Mice



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Karl Zorowski

**"I believe in Christianity as I believe that the sun has risen: not only because I see it, but because by it I see everything else."**

— C.S. Lewis



## From Our Pastor:

### *"Prayer – Prayer – Prayer"*

Prayer—prayer—prayer! It's how we talk to God—it's one way God talks to us. It's communication—but prayer is also relationship. Prayer is spending time with God. It is a way that we abide in God, immerse ourselves in God, live in union with God. All

these things are true, and yet I still struggle with prayer sometimes. I still wonder if I am doing it "right," whatever that means. There are days when my prayer time is deeply meaningful and provides the foundation for me to make it through a challenging day. There are other days when my prayers feel mechanical and I just get through them quickly. Consequently, I still find myself asking, "How do I pray" and "How do I make this as meaningful as possible?"

Perhaps I am focusing too much on how to pray. Perhaps prayer is more about "being" than about "doing." After 35 years of marriage, I know that many of the best times Janet and I share are simply being together. It really doesn't matter what we are doing, it is that we are doing it together. Could prayer be the same type of relationship with God? Perhaps prayer is a means to an end, a path to relationship and communion with God.

Of course, we pray for people and for needs, these are intercessory prayers, one type of prayer. And it has always seemed to me that a deep relationship with God will help make my intercessory prayers more meaningful. Lots of questions about prayer!

Prayer is going to be our Lenten theme this year. Ash Wednesday,



the beginning of Lent, is coming up on February 22. We will begin our observation of a prayerful Lent that evening with a 7:00 p.m. worship service. During Lent we will offer morning prayer retreats from 9:00 a.m. – 12:00 p.m. on Saturday, March 10 and 24, to learn about prayer, practice different kinds of prayer and set aside time for prayer. We may try some different types of prayer during our Lenten services. We will even ask you to consider making Lent a time for renewing your own prayer life. So be thinking about prayer—about your questions, your challenges and the prayer practices that really work for you that you would be willing to share with others.



*God Bless,  
Pastor Coe*

## From Our President: *“His Eye is on the Sparrow”*



After experiencing some minor chest pain recently, I visited my family physician. During a consultation with my doctor, it was determined that I should see a cardiologist to look into this problem further. The cardiologist suggested additional tests to determine what was going on.

I was scheduled to have a procedure that required a wire to be run from the artery in my wrist to my heart—in laymen’s terms. It was a relatively short stay at Harrison Hospital to determine that I had a 90% blockage in one of my main arteries. A stent was put in during the same procedure to correct the problem so that I would have full blood flow to my heart. The doctor told me this blockage was a significant “life threatening event” (no kidding) had it not been caught and repaired.

I have been given medication, a new diet, and a new exercise program to deal with this situation. So everything should be fine thanks to medical technology, great doctors and nurses *and* prayer.

This article is not about me; it is how the power of prayer gave me so much peace dealing with this situation. I remember the comfort I found when Pastor Coe asked if he could pray for me. After a recent Wednesday evening service I stayed for healing prayers with Pastor Coe. It was a wonderfully reassuring experience. Pastor Coe again asked if he could come to my house to pray with me the night before the procedure, and I can hardly explain the peace and comfort I felt that night.

The power of prayer is real, and it is effective. I didn’t share this event with everyone because I know there are others who have gone through so much more than I. Knowing and remembering that God is always with us can make such a difference in a time of need or a time of uncertainty. And knowing that there are those who are praying for us makes such a difference.

I have been so blessed to have a faith family at Grace Lutheran who will pray for me or anyone else for that matter who needs prayer. I also realize that our sisters and brothers in Christ pray for others without being asked. It sometimes seems to me that prayer is something that I am doing but it is so much bigger than that and I know that I cannot do it without God!. God hears our prayers and he gives us peace and comfort in times of need. Now I thank God for his healing, for you and your prayers. Indeed “His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches over me”.

Yours in Christ,

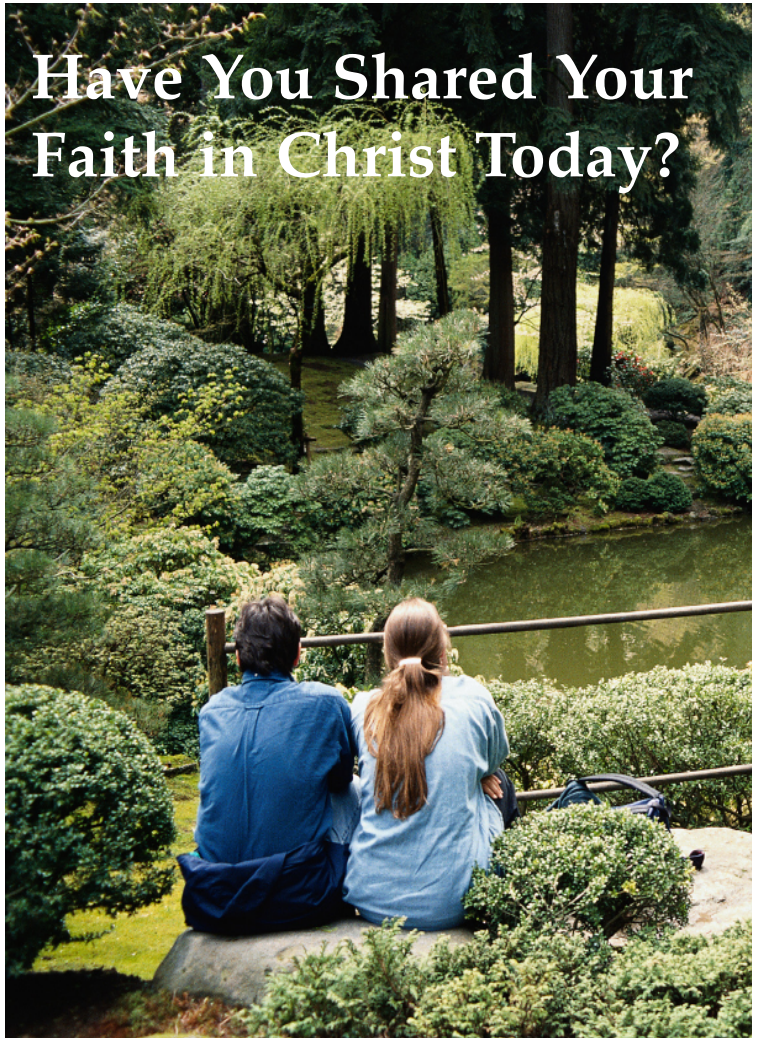
## Voice of Grace: World Tour

Patricia Lund lends a hand in helping the *Voice of Grace* reach various parts of the world. She is holding her latest copy of the newsletter on the grounds of the Franciscan Sisters Convent and Spirituality Center in La Crosse, WI. Patricia was



visiting friends and participating in a retreat.

You, too, can have your photo in the *Voice of Grace* by taking a copy of the newsletter along when you travel.



Watch your bulletin and mailbox! Grace Cinema will be hosting another special movie night complete with large-screen, popcorn and soft drinks in March.

### Church Council

**President:** Jim Espenson  
espenson@cablespeed.com

**Vice President:** Roberta Bymers

**Secretary:** Linda Cooley

**Ministers:**

**Resources (Treasurer):** Anne Argites

**Facilities:** Dave Peterson

**Worship/Music:** David Gaenicke

**Stewardship:** Mark Dembro

**Community Concerns & Social Ministry:** Bob Threlkeld

**Congregational Concerns & Fellowship:** Floyd Thompson

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**Organist/Pianist:** Lisa Lanza

**Choir Director:** Colleen Johnson

**Sunday School Superintendent:** Linda Wolff

**Editor, Voice of Grace and church Web site:**

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