

# SAINT MATTHIAS

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## EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The Saint Matthias Messenger

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Saint Matthias Episcopal Church  
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**Office Hours:**  
Monday - Friday  
9:00<sup>AM</sup> - 4:00<sup>PM</sup>

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Web Page:  
<http://www.stmatthiaswhittier.org>

Sunday Worship Services  
via Zoom at 10:00<sup>am</sup>  
<https://zoom.us/j/91597283264>

Online Sunday Service  
via Facebook at 10:00<sup>am</sup>  
[https://www.facebook.com/  
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## Maybe Some Perspective is in Order

I recently saw a picture of the earth taken from the Voyager One spacecraft in 1990, from a distance of six billion kilometers as it moved away, that really moved me. The earth was just a speck of light surrounded by the black reality that is interplanetary space. The emotions brought forth from inside me were many and varied.

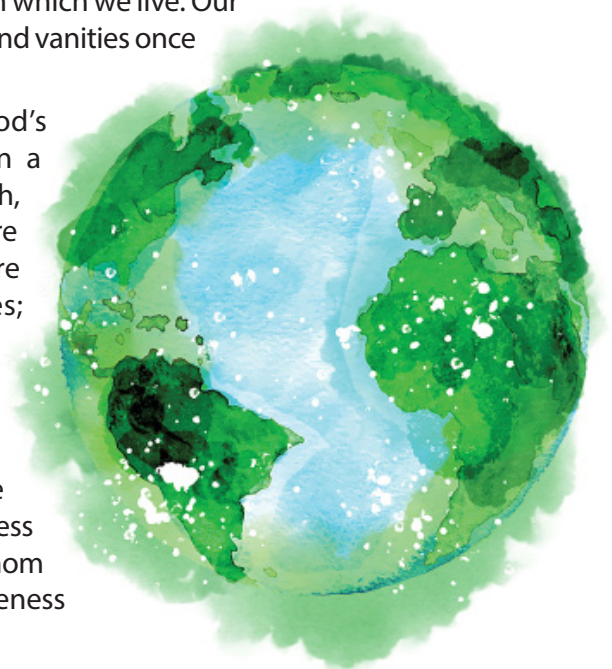
I imagine you too might have seen the picture. At first glance we are struck by the apparent insignificance of our island home as compared to the rest of the universe. Then invariably we are led to think about ourselves in relationship to the earth and to the cosmos. We are immediately reminded of the craziness involved in our political posturing, our economic concerns, and our land grabbing ways as we see the fragility of this orb upon which we live. Our overwhelming self-interest, egos, and vanities once again become obvious.

The sheer size of God and God's creation comes home to us in a cataclysmic rush. I quote from Isaiah, chapter forty. "Even the nations are like a drop from a bucket, and are accounted as dust on the scales; see he takes up the isles like fine dust. Lebanon would not provide fuel enough, nor are its animals enough for a burnt-offering. All the nations are as nothing before him; they are accounted by him as less than nothing and emptiness. To whom then will you liken God, or what likeness compares with him?"

It's all pretty heady stuff isn't it? Well the good news is that God chose to plant us on this little speck of a planet in the vastness of the creation. God cared enough about us to spend time with us, living as one of us, dying for all of us, and coming out of the tomb for our salvation. How in the world could all that have happened in the midst of everything else that God obviously has going on? I don't have a clue; but there it is.

So maybe it's time to relax a bit and not take ourselves so seriously for a little while. Maybe it's time to go to the beach or the mountains. Maybe it's time to take a nap here and there, or read a fun book.

*Happy August everybody!*  
Bill+



## Making a List!

Some of us are list people. We get our thoughts organized by making lists and then making columns within those lists. I wonder if we made lists of what we had discovered during this pandemic time and put them into columns of “positive” and “not so positive” how would they compare? There’s quite a bit to be concerned about but as I talk to people I believe we’re also seeing that there are gifts to be found. One of mine is a new awareness of sounds - some I’d neglected and some that are new.

There’s less traffic on the streets. In the morning it’s still cool and the hum of a/c units hasn’t yet started. So I hear birds in the trees behind our house singing. Really singing long and loud. When I can also see them I’m amazed at the song that comes from such little creatures. I have to pause to wonder and give thanks to God. What a gift. Some sounds are human made. Next door to us is a family whose son practices piano every day. Everything he plays is with right pedal fully engaged, fingers banging. Star Wars theme to Mozart’s minuets – loud with a thundering crescendo finish. He’s 11 so LOUD is his default setting for life and everything in it. It always makes me smile and I thank God for him and the joy he is to his parents.

Each Monday evening this summer we are praying Compline at 8:00 via Zoom. We have a faithful group of regular attendees. (More are always welcome!) When we first started Zoom services the query was whether to mute or not to mute everyone whenever there were multiple voices. Zoom clearly was built for one-at-a-time speaking. Multiple speakers produced what sounded like a weird electronic cacophony. At first I found it startling. And unpleasant. The soundtrack of the pandemic, I thought, with dismay. What to do? Mute everyone? In that case we would hear only ourselves praying. In this era of isolation I figured we had all had enough of that. So everyone controls their own microphone.

During the intercessory prayers or the Lord’s prayer, I can hear each voice as it pops up and takes the lead over the other voices for just a second or two. This is special. It wouldn’t happen if we were in a room. All the voices would melt together. But virtual togetherness apart lets us all hear and be heard. Even as tinny as it sounds, it’s an unexpected gift from God and a reminder that we are uniquely made but also made for community, to struggle together in seeking God’s presence in our community for which I am grateful.

I pray today that you have discovered or re-discovered God’s gifts, of God’s great love and desire for us to be in relationship with God through each other as best we can by sight or sound. And may they be blessings that sustain and strengthen.

*Rev. Carole+*



## Inspiring Memories: A New Small Group

Have you ever wondered who the “Chase” in “Chase Room” was? Have you ever wished that newer members of our parish had had the chance to get to know the Rev. Al and Nancy Jenkins, the Rev. Shirley Rose, or Fr. Kevin Taylor? If so, this group is for you!

For five weeks, from August 6 to September 3, we’ll meet on Zoom on Thursday mornings from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. to share fond memories of some of the pillars of our church who have gone before and reflect on how they have influenced us both individually and as a community. Ellen Mykkanen and I will be sharing photos and documents that we’ve found during our efforts to organize the church archives, and we encourage you to come with stories and photos of your own. We’ll focus on one past parishioner per week, working our way back in time from now and we’ll record the meetings to preserve our memories for the future.

If you’re interested in participating, give me a call or email me at [andrea@stmatthiaswhittier.org](mailto:andrea@stmatthiaswhittier.org). [us02web.zoom.us/j/81472531411](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81472531411). To dial in, call (669) 900-6833 and use the 253 1411. If you’d like to share a memory or photo but aren’t able to participate via Zoom, don’t be discouraged! I’d welcome emails and letters, especially with copies of photos. (Please don’t send original photos, but let me know if you’d be interested in having them scanned.) I look forward to hearing your stories!

--Andrea



## Worship at Saint Matthias August 2020

**August 2**

**The Ninth Sunday after Pentecost**

Scripture:

Isaiah 55:1-5, Psalm 145: 8-9, 15-22, Romans 9:1-5, Matthew 14:13-21

**August 9**

**The Tenth Sunday after Pentecost**

Scripture:

1 Kings 19:9-18, Psalm 85:8-13, Romans 10:5-15, Matthew 14:22-33

**August 16**

**The Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost**

Scripture:

Isaiah 56:1,6-8, Psalm 67, Romans 11:1-2a, 29-32, Matthew 15: 21-28

**August 23**

**The Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost**

Scripture:

Exodus 1:8-2:10, Psalm 124, Romans 12:1-8, Matthew 16:13-20

**August 30**

**The Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost**

Scripture:

Exodus 3:1-15, Psalm 105:1-6, 23-26, Romans 12:9-21, Matthew 16:21-28



### Online Links

- ✦ Sunday Zoom Service - <https://zoom.us/j/91597283264>
- ✦ Sunday Service on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/stmatthiaswhittier>
- ✦ Online Giving <http://www.stmatthiaswhittier.org/donate-pledge>
- ✦ Monday Compline w/ Rev. Carole Horton-Howe (8pm) <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81362597814>
- ✦ Friday Divine Connection Through Body and Breath w/ Cynthia Orsini-Dahl (10am)  
Email [cynthia@cynthiaorsinidahl.com](mailto:cynthia@cynthiaorsinidahl.com) for log-in details
- ✦ 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday Women's Book Group  
<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83390445216>
- ✦ The Men's Bibliophile Group will meet via Zoom this Thursday, July 16 at 6:30 PM to discuss There There by Tommy Orange. It is a multi-generational novel about the Indigenous American experience. Contact Chuck Carrillo for the meeting ID and pass code.

## Meet Janice Webster

My family and I began attending Saint Matthias on December 24, 2018. We had not been attending church regularly and had been looking for a new church for several years. With Christmas approaching, it was important to me that my family attend a church service somewhere on Christmas Eve. I wanted to attend our old church; however, my family did not. My husband, who attended Saint Matthias as a child, suggested that we try Saint Matthias. Of course, I protested. I had attended church here many years ago with my mother-in-law, Ellen. I remembered the service being confusing... the different prayers, the liturgy, the singing of the Psalms, when to sing, when to sit, stand or kneel, do I go up for communion, etc. However, desperately wanting my family to attend church together for Christmas Eve, I agreed to give St. Matthias a try. I am so grateful I did! It was the most beautiful service I had ever attended in my life. The choir was magnificent. There was a brass quartet. The church was decorated so beautifully with garland and poinsettias. And Father Bill's sermon...it was so real. He spoke so comfortably as if he were chatting with me over a cup of coffee. He even had a joke about a manger with firefighter hats on all the wise men. I decided to come back the next week. I kept coming back as I got to know all the wonderful people. Now, I cannot imagine Saint Matthias and all the wonderful friends I have made not being an important part of my life.

One of the most special days of my life occurred at Saint Matthias. It was May 12, 2019, Mother's Day. My son, Nick, and I were baptized together. I had wanted to be baptized for many years, but I never felt like I was in the right place. I had a strong, personal relationship with Jesus, but I was not in a place where I was growing and learning in my religious life. All of that changed as I was attending church services and Bible Study, so I asked Father Bill if he would baptize me. I was so excited as I told my family that I was going to be baptized. Then, Nick asked me if he could be baptized with me. Words cannot describe how special that was and still is to me.

I have been involved in several ministries at Saint Matthias. I am an usher. My favorite part of ushering is greeting people at the door! I am also part of the Altar Guild. I am serving as a co-facilitator of ECW with the very best co-facilitator I could ask for, Kathy Adams. I have been volunteering at Soup Hour for almost a year. Currently, I am making sack lunches three times a week during this COVID-19 crisis. I truly enjoy being involved and getting to know so many fantastic and interesting people.

I met my husband, Bill, at Whittier Police Department. He was a police officer...NO, I had not been arrested! I was a police dispatcher. Bill and I have been married for 31 years. We have two children, Danielle who is 27 and Nick who is 24. Danielle married a wonderful man, Danny, last year on our 30th wedding anniversary. Primarily, I have been blessed to be a stay at home mom. At various times through the years, I worked part time as a substitute teacher, and I taught Medieval History for Whittier Christian's Independent Study Program. I have a bachelor's degree in Child Development.

Since my children are grown, I have developed a few new hobbies. After having never taken a dance class in my life, I decided to learn to tap dance. I've been tapping now for five years with a wonderful group of ladies. We dance at the OC Fair and the LA County Fair every summer and at retirement homes throughout the year. We've been on the Gong Show twice...NO, we didn't get gonged! We also tried out for America's Got Talent. Apparently, the rest of America had more talent than us because we did not make the cut. I also take a water aerobics class several times a week. My most recent new hobby is belly dancing. I love to walk. I walk almost every day. It's my quiet time...my time to think and talk to God.



*Janice Webster*





# PUZZLE

## Compete for the crown

 The apostle Paul compares the Christian life to running a race for an imperishable crown. 

*Directions: From the starting line through the finish line, circle every third letter. Then place the circled letters in order in the blanks below to complete 1 Corinthians 9:24-25, NIV.*

START

c t r e j a s u c p h e l n p o m r x k i b v z t a e j a r g i u s o n y c c w e

i q s a t e x y m p s a k o g m z s j e e u b t n y e h a p i d m r f o e

t e g r b u a n p i c d n o f i h m n e y g j o c s x r d p o e t w k i n

FINISH

“Do you not know that in a \_\_\_\_\_ all the runners run, but only one gets the \_\_\_\_\_? \_\_\_\_\_ in such a way as to get the prize. Everyone who \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_ goes into strict \_\_\_\_\_. They do it to get a crown that will not last, but we do it to get a \_\_\_\_\_ that will last forever.”

1 CORINTHIANS 9:24-25, NIV

Answer: race, prize, run, competes, games, training, crown

## We Need To Know

Please let the clergy know of any members of the parish that are unable to come to church and would like to receive communion. **The Office now schedules the Lay Eucharistic Visitors and wants to include all who need a visit. Please contact Dottie or Father Bill in the Parish Office to schedule a visit.**

If you know of someone who has been admitted to a hospital, remember to inform the clergy. With the new privacy laws, the clergy can no longer check the roster for parishioners that may be hospitalized. It is “Better We Know Twice Than Not At All!”

## Support Our Advertisers

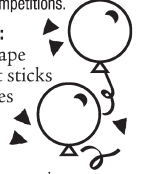
Each issue of the Saint Matthias Messenger is printed at no cost to our Parish, thanks to C&M Church Publications. They are able to do this by selling a single page of advertising in each issue. Please check the back of each issue's calendar and if you are in need of a service listed, consider using one of our supporters.

## GREAT SUMMER GAMES

Though this year's Summer Olympics were postponed, you can host friendly neighborhood competitions.

### What you need:

- Masking tape
- Large craft sticks
- Paper plates
- Balloons
- Ribbon
- Scissors
- Green construction paper
- Craft glue



### What you do:

**Balloon Badminton:** Make rackets by taping a stick “handle” to each plate. Blow up and tie a balloon. Use the rackets to pass the balloon back and forth, without letting it touch the floor.

**Rhythmic Routines:** Using tape, firmly attach one end of a 4-foot ribbon to a craft stick. Display style and skill by waving it around. Try choreographing a routine to a praise song.

**Champion Crown:** Cut a large hole out of the center of a paper plate. Cut 2-inch ovals from green paper. Glue those “leaves” to the ring as garland. Crown a winner of each game!

## Saint Matthias Staff

### Rector

Fr. Bill Garrison

### Associate

Rev. Carole Horton-Howe

### Associate

Rev. Carolyn Estrada

### Deacon

Rev. Kay Lozano

### Music Director

Kevin McKelvie

### Parish Administrator

Dottie Andersen

### Facilities Manager

Ben Gonzalez

### Treasurer

Kathel Harris

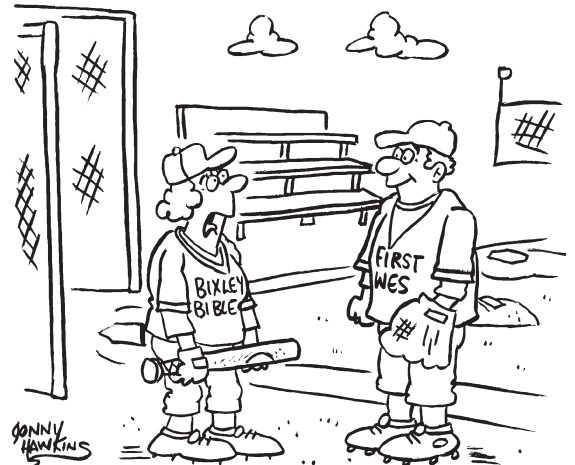
Praise the  
LORD!  
Sing to the  
LORD  
a new song.



Psalms 149:1



VOLUNTEERS  
are KEY!



“We’re short a couple players. Mind if we use Holy Ghost runners?”

# Unconscious Racial Bias vs. Doing the Loving Thing

*By Ben Corbitt*

*[Note: This is an edited version of a post from my personal Facebook account. It has been shortened and altered to aid publication in the Messenger.]*

It's sometime in 2003, maybe 2004. I'm in my early 20's, riding a Greyhound somewhere between Brunswick, Ga. and Orlando, Fla. I can't remember now why I took the bus instead of driving. This is not a familiar experience for me.

I have a row to myself, my traveling bag on the seat next to me. At some point, the bus stops to let on new passengers. A young man walks down the aisle looking for a seat. There is something unnerving to me about him. I'm unable to say exactly what. Is it subtle aggression, intoxication, anger? Something, SOMETHING is off about this guy.

He stops next to my row and asks if the seat next to me is free. I don't want this guy next to me. What do I do? I quickly respond "I've got my bag there." There it is, you see. It's a big bag too. Be an awful lot of trouble to move it.

He turns to the driver for help. "My man says he's got his bag there." The driver encourages him to keep moving and find a seat. He does. The trip continues, no other details surviving in my memory.

I think about this young man occasionally, and my very brief interaction with him. The memory brings me shame.

Because the truth is, while I was sitting on that bus, going over and over in my mind what unsettled me about him, I assured myself of one thing: It had NOTHING to do with the fact that he was Black. I felt absolutely assured of this in the moment. Pretty sure. Reasonably certain. I'd have reacted the same way to a white guy who looked like him, right?

There's a lot I'm still learning about race, but I'm willing to state one thing for certain: If you are a white person who's spent your entire life in the United States, and you make it a point to respond to conversations about race by saying things like "I'm not the least bit racist," you are almost certainly fooling yourself.

I like to think of myself as a fairly mild, reasonable, liberal-minded person who is willing to give everyone a fair shake. I judge people based on their merits. If you're nice to me, I'll be nice to you. I certainly didn't invent any of the nasty stereotypes or bigoted tropes that my ancestors leaned on to justify barbaric treatment of slaves, or the relegation of their sons and daughters to second-class citizenship. But whether I invented them or not, I have been exposed to them. My birth into this society sentenced me to an involuntary exposure to these evil ideas, even if only as ideas that are wrong and should be avoided. They can still slither their way in. And they are not always easy to spot.

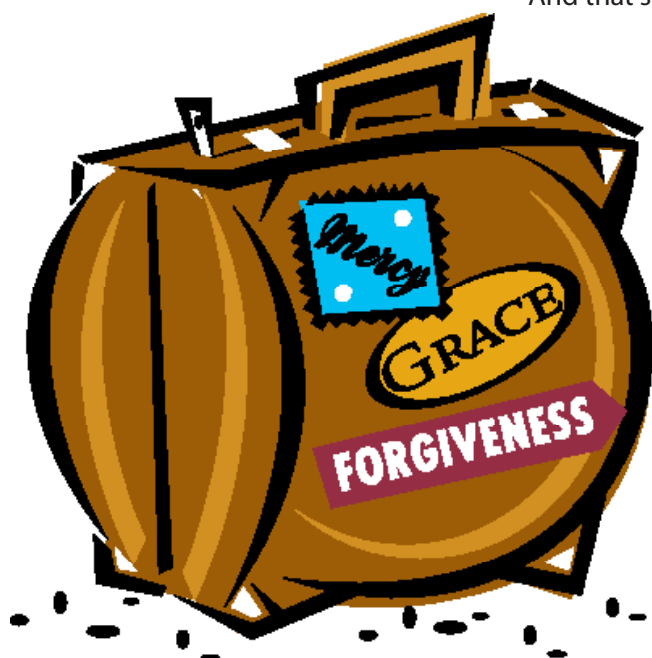
One problem I've found is that racist ideas that could once be plainly stated as such have been repackaged for the present day, in terms that are seemingly neutral. "Thugs" is a good example — a term with no apparent racial reference. Could apply to anyone. And yet somehow, when I hear this term applied to real, breathing people, I notice that it ISN'T applied to just anyone. Only certain people are ever actually accused of being "thugs." A term that I grew up thinking of as a fair description of a certain type of non-descript undesirable person now strikes me as coded language to allow respectable white people to continue a long tradition of race-based stereotyping — possibly without even realizing it.

And that's just one example of many.

so, I go back sometimes to that moment on the bus. I came up with a neutral and (in my mind) reasonable response to the young man asking for a seat. My bag is there. It was. That was no lie. Any suggestion that I was using that bag as a pretext would have angered my younger self.

But the thing is, for that young man, my bag was probably one of MANY bags that were placed in his way. He had probably encountered hundreds of tiny excuses and justifications for why he wasn't fully welcome in different spaces. I imagine he knew exactly what he was facing, even as I struggled to rationalize my response. A lifetime of bags. And I added one more on that day.

Whoever you are, and whatever your relationship is to racial inequality (and yes, you have one), be willing to look for the bags you're placing in someone else's way, and be willing to pick them up. Does doing the loving thing demand any less?



# Sunday Worship Returns to Zoom

Saint Matthias is once again closed for in-person worship. The 10:00 a.m. service will be returning to Zoom (<https://zoom.us/j/91597283264>), and the Zoom service will stream live on Facebook (<https://www.facebook.com/stmatthiaswhittier>). You'll still be able to dial-in by calling 669-900-6833 and using the webinar I.D. 915 9728 3264.



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