

# the Joyful Noise

of St. James' Episcopal Church

## A Legacy Beyond Price or Value

by Joseph Messner



Last October, one of my heroes died. I made a pilgrimage to central New York to bury the body of my grandmother's brother, Paul. He was born during the time when his parents traveled to the Creston, Mt. Hope, or the Beaver Street market in Akron by horse and buggy. He departed during the era of suitcase nuclear bombs. He was to have turned 100 this past January. Since his death I have pondered the concept of *legacy* or those things handed down to the next generation.

Being Pennsylvania Dutch, my great uncle Paul was not a verbal man and did not frequently show emotion. He squandered neither time nor money. He played his cards close to his chest.

During my early teen years, my parents sent me to a new school. I got off track, so to speak, due to this transition and to adolescence. Like Uncle Paul, I held my emotions inside. My scores plummeted in the seventh and eighth grades. I began to use with alcohol and marijuana. How much he knew I do not know, but

beginning with my freshman year he paid my way each summer to a camp in northern Ontario until I graduated from High School. He opened the world up for me.

I canoed around the waters of Lake Temagami learning how to portage a canoe and the supplies. I backpacked through the reclaimed forests of Algonquin. I received a *courier de bois* award for long distance running. I learned to love rock climbing and rappelling. I started to come out of my social shell and made friends. I developed some of my abilities. I grew in confidence. And in some way, the seed for my current work as a therapist was planted.

The years passed and I lived my own life. I saw him less. During graduate school, he moved with my great aunt to an assisted living facility five blocks from my apartment. I tried to be available, but he didn't squander requests for assistance either. Occasionally, I made a trip to the grocery store or spent the evening playing Scrabble, their favorite game. He went to Columbia University for graduate work in mathematics and education. My great aunt attended the Eastman School of Music. Both could beat me hands down in this game, even into their late eighties.

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## Editorial Information

The Joyful Noise is published monthly September through June as a ministry of St. James Episcopal Church. Submissions in accord with the Mission of St. James are encouraged. The address of the Editor is 429 Kinney Circle, Wooster, OH 44691 and you may e-mail: [astolat@sssnet.com](mailto:astolat@sssnet.com)

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**Astolat**  
Publications

## Expand the circle of thankful people

This applies to those of us who were spared the terrible ravages of hurricanes Katrina and Rita. From the UTO 2005 grant list we find that St. Margaret's episcopal church in Baton Rouge, Louisiana received \$20,000; Montgomery, Alabama \$15,000; and Jackson, Mississippi \$7,500. Now much more will be needed.



by Joyce Roe

If you need a UTO blue box or UTO blue envelope there are some in the south vestibule and also on the table with the UTO poster in the parish hall.

## Saint James Episcopal Church

Corner of East North and Market Streets, Wooster, OH (330) 262-4476

Parish Hall: (330) 262-4488

Web Address: <http://www.stjameswooster.org/index.html>

E-mail: [new\\_next\\_month](mailto:new_next_month)

*Holy Eucharist Services*

8:00 am and 10:00 am Sunday, 7:30 am Wednesday

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### 2005 Vestry

Jean Barnes (06) New Member Ministry	(330) 345-8586
Gwen Bayless (Vestry Clerk)	(330) 264-1874
Brad Burns (07)	(330) 263-7504
Velda Cross (06) Worship	(330) 345-1416
Liz Glick (05) Senior Warden	(330) 263-4048
Sue Gorman (07)	(330) 262-0973
Ben Gard (05)	(330) 263-0540
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Celia Smart (07)	(330) 262-0299
Tim Urang (07)	(330) 682-0118
Pat Zoller (05) Properties	(330) 264-9909

*The Collect for St. James': "almighty and everlasting God, who didst move Thy servants in times past to establish and sustain this parish of St. James: Grant us grace so to follow their good example that we in our time may fulfill Thy will for us by knowing, loving, and serving Thee and Thy people; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."*

The Mission of St. James Episcopal Church is to be an inclusive community of God's people, appreciative and accepting of each other's gifts, who welcome all who desire to be strengthened, and loved by our Lord through offerings of worship, spiritual growth, service, and pastoral care.

## Legacy...

(from page 1)

In his early nineties, his wife died and I eventually assisted him in moving to Los Angeles to be near his granddaughter, my cousin and friend. He slowly declined due to dementia, though his remained physically healthy. I last saw him two years before his death. He greeted me, but I'm certain he did not recognize me. Since I received the news of his passing, I have thought often about what he gave me, something so intangible, yet continuing. I have wondered if he sensed how far his gifts would take me. I doubt it. He is now part of that cloud of witnesses who remain close around me, watching and praying.

I think about my own nephews and the bequest that I am trying to leave them. I chew them out for their homework. I squander money on things they do not need. I take them camping and rock climbing. I am verbally and emotionally more open and honest. I tell them they drive me crazy. When I hug them, I tell them they are the best boys ever created.

Children need us. They require attention, affection, and direction. When we are able to offer this, they receive legacy beyond price or value.



### The Editor's Bit

So who was it that started tossing around the notion that with Age comes Wisdom? The wisest thing I can offer is that as far as I'm concerned, with Age comes Ignorance. Day after day, I am reinforced in my knowledge that in truth, I know very little. And the more I add to my tiny sponge-like brain that soaks up trivia like an Oreo soaks up milk, the less I understand about the world. Sure, I

know an awful lot about the tiny piece of the world of linguistics that I use to make a living (I'm a Speech Pathologist by training who specializes in language disorders amongst folks with severe physical disabilities) you could fill a solar system with the stuff I haven't a clue about.

Take the word *apophasis*, for example. Doubtless some of you dear readers have heard this word before

and can even define what it means. But for me, it is a new one. And that's all the more depressing for a guy who gets paid for his so-called skills in the English language. Fortunately, I at least have access to the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, a two-volume tome that is possibly the most valuable investment I ever made; until I can pluck up the courage – and the cash – to buy the complete Oxford English Dictionary.

Wedge between *apopetalous* and *apophlegmatic*, both of which are not picked up by my spell checking software, is *apophasis*, [Late Latin – from the Greek meaning *denial*] *Rhet.* A figure in which we feign to deny or pass over what we really say or advise. You may not have known the word itself, but you have doubtless seen it in action. Politicians in particular seem to be positively apophasic when it comes to talking about their opponents: “I don't intend to mention Senator Chamber's seventeen felony convictions because what's important is how our party intends to deal with crime.”

What is also troubling is that while looking up the meaning of this new word, I discovered that I also didn't know the meaning of the words immediately before and after it in the dictionary. In fact, I had to skip over eight unknown words until I found one that I knew – and that was apoplectic, something I was beginning to feel.

So if I only understand around one out of ten words in the dictionary, and I am supposed to be a linguist, how much more don't I know about other fields. Physics, chemistry, math, biology, history, geography, football, baseball, boules, and even the plot of *Days of our Lives*. The more you try to educate yourself, the more stupid you feel.

This realization probably explains how irritated I get with people who claim to know everything about everything. You know the sort – it doesn't matter what topic you're discussing, they have something to add. And to make things worse, it isn't always easy to refute what they are saying because *you* don't know.

I look back fondly to a conference some years back in Antwerp, where a group of researchers from a UK university did a one-hour presentation on a special software package they had developed that they claimed would make machine-generated language

(cont. p. 11)

## Evelyn's Epistle

My Dear Friends,



In the midst of crisis, life goes on. We keep seeing that over and over again. Through the tsunami, the war, and Hurricane Katrina, we keep going on with our day to day lives and after a few weeks the intensity lowers in the media and tragedies weigh less on our minds. Yet the number of people we pray for each week who are serving in Iraq grows and will continue to grow. As the media leaves the Gulf Coast, thousands of people will still be in tremendous need. It's right to be able to attend to our day to day lives and plans for the future but it's also right not to forget those who need our support in the Gulf Coast, in the war, and here at home.

We do go on... the Choir is back, Sunday school has started, the Blessing of the Animals will happen on October 2nd at 4 pm, the Women, in record number, will Retreat, and laugh and learn, and deepen friendships and form new ones.

I will be gone a bit in this month. I will be attending a CREDO conference from October 17 -24 in Florida. CREDO stands for clergy reflection, education, discernment opportunity. It is sponsored by the Church Pension Fund and every active parochial clergy person has been or will be invited to attend one of the conferences. I will be participating in the 91 conference. It is an opportunity to look at spiritual, vocational, physical, and financial health and planning. Everyone I know who has taken the time to participate in this program has said it was the best thing they have attended in the Church.

Part of stepping back, not being overwhelmed by crisis allows us to have a wider vision. This is the sight that enables us to see God's presence, and trust in the blessings and abundance in our lives and how we share that with an often times very needy world.

I hope this time of autumn beauty lightens your spirit and strengthens your soul.

God's peace be with you.  
Evelyn

## Ton of Love

We collected over two tons of food the past two years. Can we do it again?

The third annual "Ton of Love" food drive will be held November 7 to November 14. You may bring your contributions to the church hall at any time the church is open (services, Bible study, meetings, choir practice, etc.) The space in front of the north (piano) wall will provide temporary storage.

2000 pounds of non-perishable food is our goal. If every single person brings in 10 lbs of food and a couple/family contributes 20 lbs. we will be able to help our neighbors who are struggling due to the economy and loss of jobs.

Check your pantry, watch for sales and even get neighbors, co-workers or extended family members to contribute. Let's help fill the "People to People" pantry for the holidays with peanut butter, jelly, saltines, tuna fish, macaroni & cheese, pork & beans, spaghetti and sauce, applesauce, complete pancake mix, syrup, dry cereal, canned vegetables, fruits and chicken noodle, tomato, vegetable and creamed soups.



## Home Communion



Communion can be brought to you at home or in the hospital whether you find you cannot make it to church for two weeks or two months. Please call the office if you would like to arrange for communion.



## Avian Influenza – Bird Flu

by Ruth Brown

Avian influenza (bird flu) is an infection caused by avian (bird) influenza (flu) viruses. These flu viruses occur naturally among birds. Wild birds worldwide carry the viruses in their intestines, but usually do not get sick from them. However, bird flu is very contagious among birds and can make some domesticated birds, including chickens, ducks, and turkeys, very sick and kill them.

Bird flu viruses do not usually infect humans, but several cases of human infection with bird flu viruses have occurred since 1997.

The risk from bird flu is generally low to most people because the viruses occur mainly among birds and do not usually infect humans. However, during an outbreak of bird flu among poultry, there is a possible risk to people who can contact with infected birds or surfaces that have contact with infected birds or surfaces that have been contaminated with excretions from infected birds.

Infected birds shed flu virus in their saliva, nasal secretions, and feces. Susceptible birds become infected when they have contact with contaminated excretions or surfaces that are contaminated with excretions. It is believed that most cases of bird flu infection in humans have resulted from contact with infected poultry or contaminated surfaces.

Symptoms of bird flu in humans have ranged from typical flu-like symptoms (fever, cough, sore throat and muscle aches) to eye infections, pneumonia, severe respiratory diseases and other severe, life-threatening complications. The symptoms of bird flu may depend on which virus caused the infection.

People should avoid contact with infected birds (including their feces) or contaminated surfaces and be careful when handling and cooking poultry. Studies suggest that the prescription antiviral agents approved for human flu viruses may work for the treatment and or prophylaxis of influenza in humans. However, flu viruses can become resistant to these drugs so these medications may not work.

CDC is monitoring the flu outbreaks and is involved in the pandemic prevention, including preparedness activities. For more information: [www.cdc.gov](http://www.cdc.gov)

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## In Case of Emergency: ICE

Emergency workers are praising a new way your cell phone could help save your life. It is called “ICE” – In Case of Emergency. You can designate persons to call in an emergency by entering the letters on your cell phone contact list.

Bob Brotchie, paramedic in the UK, envisioned using a person’s cell phone to obtain medical information or contact a person’s family or friends in a life or death situation.

To use “ICE”, you program your emergency contact number(s) into your cell phone as ICE 1, ICE 2, ICE 3, etc. Tips for using ICE:

- Prioritize the ICE contact numbers by adding a 1,2, 3 after ICE
- Type the acronym ICE followed by a contact name (example, ICE-mom) into the address book of your cell phone
- Save their phone number
- Tell your ICE contact that you have nominated them
- Make sure the person whose name and number are giving has agreed to be your ICE partner
- Make sure your ICE partner has a list of people they should contact on your behalf, including your place of work.
- Make sure your ICE partner’s number is one that is easy to contact.

Information submitted for this article Wooster Community Hospital



When you or a member of your family is in the hospital, please let the office know. Due to new privacy regulations, the hospital is no longer allowed to give us that information.

## October Birthdays

- 1 Jessica Graser
- 2 Dick Watkins  
Kelly Aughenbaugh
- 8 John Hockett  
Julie Henderson
- 9 Sarah Cook
- 13 Elsie Miller  
Evelyn Manzella
- 15 Carrie Bonvallet
- 16 Melanie Slaydon  
Mimi Reiheld
- 18 Lowell Reynolds
- 19 Mervyn Swanson  
Peter Sanford  
Jennifer VanHouten Gendaszek
- 20 Margo Miller
- 21 Eliza Symonds
- 25 Thelma Rinfret
- 27 Velda Cross  
Bradley Richard
- 30 Damon Hickey  
Dan Gorman

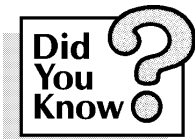


## October Anniversaries

- 6/04 Sarah and David Fierbaugh
- 7/00 Merlin and Linda Peterson
- 8/83 Roland and Carol LaScala
- 20/84 Jim and Nancy Grifo
- 21/78 Carl and Cynthia Smith
- 24/70 Pete and Margo Miller
- 29/88 Bill and Roseanne Anfang

## Rummage Sale: Help!

HELP!!!! Don't let the Rummage Sale go extinct! Too many people in our community count on the Rummage Sale. After two years of chairing the rummage sale, Jane Richardson has stepped down. Can you step up to it. It is three weeks of intense time that would be less intense if it fell on more shoulders. Please consider if you can take a leadership position to make this happen. Speak to Evelyn if you have questions or are ready to volunteer.



Remember, you can check the St. James' website for calendar information and updates. Just go to <http://www.stjameswooster.org>.

## Healthy Living Talk

October 13th 7pm in the Parish Hall  
*Living Wills, Do Not Resuscitate and the Law*



Speaker provided by Hospice  
Questions, ask Barb or Ruth



The cost for flowers is \$40 plus tax for two arrangements. You are welcome to share dates with another family. If you wish to donate, please sign the calendar in the North Street Entrance. Flowers are ordered by Connie Cook or Velda Cross, altar guild directors, from *Com-Patt-ibles*, who sends a bill to the parishioner. If you have special instructions, please indicate it on the calendar or give Connie or Velda a call on (330) 345-1416. The flowers are yours to take after the 10:00 service

- Oct. 2 John and Peggy Hockett in celebration of John's and their granddaughter Anna's birthday
- Oct. 9 Janice Hutton in memory of loved ones
- Oct. 16 Joan Stanford in memory of loved ones
- Oct. 23 Pete and Margo Miller in honor of their 35<sup>th</sup> anniversary and in celebration of the birthdays of Margo and their son Jack
- Oct. 30 The Slaydon family in memory of Roger Slaydon

The 2005 flower calendar is posted in the North Street entrance, if you would like to provide flowers for the Sunday services.

Temple Grandin and Catherine Johnson, *Animals in Translation: Using the Mysteries of Autism to Decode Animal Behavior*, Scribner, 2005, 356 pages, \$25.00.

This fall I'm teaching again in the First-Year Seminar program at the College of Wooster. "Being Human in the Twenty-First Century" is the topic of my section. We've been debating whether we would want someday to use bioengineering to eliminate genetically-transmitted "defects" from the human population.

Next fall Temple Grandin's *Animals in Translation* will be on my reading list. Temple Grandin is autistic. She is also associate professor of animal science at Colorado State University, having earned her PhD in the field from the University of Illinois. She is widely consulted by people in the cattle business because of her ability to experience things the way cattle do. Half of the cattle in the United States and Canada are handled in systems she designed. She is also a passionate advocate for animals. Her life seems like a classic story of the triumph of the human spirit over handicap—in her case a genetically-transmitted defect—but her story is much more than that.

I first learned about Temple Grandin from a magazine article in a doctor's office last spring. It led me to a 1995 book by Dr Oliver Sacks, *An Anthropologist on Mars: Seven Paradoxical Tales*, which I adopted as a text for my course this fall. Sacks is a neurologist whose previous books include *Awakenings* (later made into a film starring Robin Williams and Robert De Niro) and *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*. The title for *An Anthropologist on Mars* comes from something Temple Grandin (who is profiled in the book) told him. Because of her autism, Grandin was unable to pick up on the non-verbal clues most people use all the time in social situations. So when everyone else was communicating subliminally, without even being aware they were doing it, she was oblivious to what was going on. She would try to make

conversation by reciting word for word something she'd heard on TV. Then she would start over and recite it all again. Other kids shunned her, calling her the "tape recorder," which was cruel but also fairly accurate. Since other people were "speaking" a silent language she couldn't "hear," she started observing and memorizing the meanings associated with certain facial expressions, tones of voice, and gestures. That knowledge enabled her to translate and even "speak" it, although not the way a "native speaker" could. She said it was like being an anthropologist on Mars. Early on, she gave up any idea of having a romantic relationship or marrying because translating the complex non-verbal emotional signals in a close relationship would have been overwhelming.

But what was a handicap when it came to people was an advantage with animals. Grandin says that ordinary humans engage in "selective inattention" or "abstractification" all the time. Many studies have shown that ordinary people can ignore completely things that are going on right under their noses. Most humans can do that because of the highly-developed human neocortex, which overlays the more primitive parts of the brain. In animals, the neocortex is less highly developed or lacking altogether. So for animals, selective inattention is not possible. If a shiny object is hanging from the ceiling in a cow barn in the line of vision of a cow, it will stop dead in its tracks and refuse to move. A human, focused on where he wants the cow to go, won't notice the object at all, and may use a cattle prod to make the cow move, which only adds to its terror.

Since the neocortexes of autistic people are also different from those of ordinary people, people with autism tend to think pictorially, not abstractly. Grandin had a very hard time with abstract thought when she was in school. Mathematics, which is totally abstract, was especially hard for her. She designs cattle handling facilities, but she has to picture them first in her mind, adjust the elements of her mental



(cont. page 8)

## Scriptorium

(from p. 7)

pictures until they're "right," and finally "copy" them from her mind onto paper or into a computer program. But Grandin's "defect"—her difficulty with abstract thinking—turns out to be an advantage when its other side—her facility with thinking pictorially—enables her to see the world the same way animals see it. She can walk into a cattle barn and see immediately the shiny object or the abrupt change from a brightly-lit to a dimly-lit area or the bright yellow vest hanging on a post that is spooking the cattle and keeping them from going where the people want them to go. She can see it (and eliminate it) even though other people consistently overlooked it.

*Animals in Translation* is partly about Grandin's own experiences (her co-author Catherine Johnson is a writer specializing in neuropsychiatry and the brain who helped her with the writing, but the book is Grandin's), partly about autism, partly about animal and human brains, and partly about how animals experience the world. It was written to give us, who are "handicapped" by our ability to "abstractify," the opportunity to see the world the way animals (and Grandin) see it. For anyone who works with animals, including pets, it's a treasure-trove. There is even a fifteen-page appendix, "Behavior and Training Troubleshooting Guide," that describes animal behaviors and what motivates them.

Sacks quotes Grandin as saying, "If I could snap my fingers and be nonautistic, I would not—because then I wouldn't be me. Autism is a part of who I am." Sacks continues, "And because she believes that autism may also be associated with something of value, she is alarmed at thoughts of 'eradicating' it." If Grandin's parents had known their baby would be born autistic, and if they had had a way to "correct the defect" before she was born, what would they have decided? Would they have chosen to eliminate this ability to experience the world in some of the ways animals do and to explain it to the rest of us? Is the ability to "abstractify" essential to being human, or is it only one way of being human? Can we embrace our vast differences and "defects," so that a "handicap" like Temple Grandin's can become a gift to all of us, helping us to reconnect with a missing dimension of our common humanity?



The Brown Bag performers for October are:  
Oct. 13 College of Wooster Mercury Brass  
Oct. 20 Lorelei Bowman, piano  
Oct. 27 Karen Bricker, piano

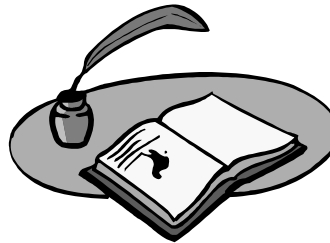
All performances take place in the church at 12:05 pm.  
Bring your brown bag.

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If you would like to submit names of people who have died in the past year to be read on All Saints' Sunday, please call or e-mail the office by *Sunday, October 30*.



All are welcome to attend the Diocesan Convention on *November 4th & 5th*. Our delegates are Celia Smart, John and Peggy Hockett. The alternates are Ned Brooks, Sue Gorman and Jim Richard.



## Writers Still Wanted

If you are interested in writing a cover story for the newsletter please let me know as soon as you can. Articles should

address some aspect of faith or the church year and need to be submitted the 15<sup>th</sup> of the month before the newsletter is issued. When indicating your interest, also indicate the month you would like to write for, (i.e. December/Christmas, February/Lent, April/Easter). I would like to set up writers for the rest of the year (Oct. – June) as soon as possible.

## The Uses of Wes Craven and Instructions re: Jim Jarmusch

From his first film, *The Last House on the Left* – a trashy rip-off of Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring* – through the *Elm Street* and *Scream* pictures, Wes Craven has made horror films his specialty. So anyone familiar with his name is going to look with some suspicion at the opening scenes of **Red Eye**, which starts out with the earmarks of a romantic comedy.

Lisa Reisart (Rachel McAdams), a super-capable front-desk worker at a luxury hotel in Florida, is returning from a family funeral and, unable to get her original flight home, finds herself on the late night flight. At the airport she meets a charming young man (Cillian Murphy) who quiets an obnoxious passenger. She joins him in the airport bar, and on boarding the plane she finds they have adjoining seats on the flight.

Cillian Murphy is a good-looking young man, but he wouldn't be your choice for a romantic lead (especially when his character introduces himself as Jackson Rippner). She politely asks what he does for a living. He tells her, "Assassination, terrorism, the usual stuff." The tension becomes palpable, aided by those incredibly steady, cold blue eyes. It turns out he has friends who are in place to murder her father (played by Brian Cox) in his home if she does not make, by airplane telephone, immediate and specific arrangements within her power at the hotel which will enable a terrorist organization to carry out its plans.

The close quarters of the onboard setting make for intense exchanges and tightly observed attempts to outmaneuver the opponent. It is in these settings that we can see two very fine young actors making some far-fetched material really compelling.

The plane's arrival provides an opportunity for an escape and a heart-pounding chase sequence. I won't reveal more.

For once, Craven has abandoned his shock-at-all-costs horror approach and has crafted a tautly constructed, very exciting and compelling entertainment. I don't

often find myself with sweaty palms, squirming in my seat, but this film did it. You may ask a few questions about plot logic sometime after watching this film, but if you have a need to take your mind completely off all other concerns for a racing 88 minutes, Wes Craven will deliver.

Should you go to see **Broken Flowers**, you might want to bear in mind that it is written and directed by Jim Jarmusch. This could save you some effort looking for the wrong things.



On the face of it, it is both a road film and a kind of detective story, as Don Johnston (Bill Murray), a retired computer executive and Don Juan, receives an unsigned letter, postmark illegible, in which a former lover tells him he is the father of a 20-year-old son who may be trying to find him. At the

urging of his neighbor who is a self-styled computer detective, the dubious Johnston sets out to find out who wrote the letter, working from a list of four lovers of some 20 years ago. A neat enough setup, and it looks in outline like a lot of films we may have seen before: a troubled, apathetic man who seems incapable of real involvement is about to set out on a voyage of self-discovery.

But what stands out this way is not what interests Jarmusch. Detective fiction, from the days of Agatha Christie, is strewn with red herrings. In this case the expectation of the detective narrative with neat, surprising conclusions, is itself a red herring, and those who wait patiently for the resolution are going to be understandably disappointed if not angry. A case in point was a lady overheard after the showing I attended who said to her friends, "Let's recommend this film to a bunch of people we really hate."

If there is pleasure to be drawn from this film, it is the pleasure of characterization and subtle, underplayed acting; and no one does that better these days than Bill Murray (*Lost in Translation*, *The Royal Tennenbaums*). It is a minimalist performance as a man who spends most of his time in a sterile home setting, listlessly watching old movies on television.

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## Speaking of Movies

(from p.9)

The visits to the four former lovers are increasingly sad and disappointing. They may be a commentary on the sterility of contemporary life, and one wonders whether this past is worth revisiting; one dreary supper scene in which Johnston visits a former flame and her husband, now both into “quality prefab” house sales, goes off the dull scale to elicit agonized laughter from the audience.

Toward the end of the film a young wayfarer shows up in Johnston’s town. Is it his son? Or is his son one of those boys in a car driving through? What is the significance of the late shot on the street, in which the camera circles the bewildered, pensive Johnston? What has he learned from his strange odyssey that may make his future different from his past? Jarmusch is interested in character rather than formulaic devices of plot. The ending is not neat, and having been twitted with our own pat expectations, we are left with intriguing possibilities and conjectures to argue.

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## Editor’s Bit

(from page 3)

easier. To support their argument, they drew heavily on earlier research carried out by a Professor Van Balcom.

At the end of the presentation, they triumphantly announced, “Any questions?” and scanned the audience. From the back of the room, a portly, bespectacled gentleman stood up and said, “I’m afraid what you’re doing will not work.” Stunned, he lead presenter asked what evidence he had for this statement and the man replied, “because *I* am Professor Van Balcom and the reason I stopped working on this line of programming was because it didn’t work.”

If *Pride goeth before a fall*, then the virtual thunder of researchers hitting the ground was deafening. And *schadenfreude* is a word that I do know the meaning of.



Please add your name to the sign up sheets on the bulletin board for greeters and Coffee Hour hosts/hostesses.

## Kids’ Letters to God

Dear God,  
Please put another holiday between Christmas and Easter. There is nothing good in there now. Amanda

Dear God,  
Thank you for the baby brother but what I asked for was a puppy. I never asked for anything before. You can look it up. Joyce

Dear Mr. God,  
I wish you would not make it so easy for people to come apart. I had to have 3 stitches and a shot. Janet

God,  
I read the bible. What does beget mean? Nobody will tell me. Love, Alison

Dear God,  
Is it true my father won’t get in Heaven if he uses his golf words in the house? Anita

Dear God,  
I bet it’s very hard for you to love all of everybody in the whole world. There are only 4 people in our family and I can never do it. Nancy

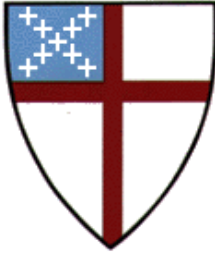
Dear God,  
Do not think anybody could be a better God than you? Well, I just want you to know that. I am not just saying that because you are already God. Charles

Dear God,  
it is great the way you always get the stars in the right place. Why can’t you do that with the moon? Jeff

Dear God,  
I didn’t think orange went with purple until I saw the sunset you made on Tuesday night. That was really cool. Thomas

The Episcopal Church

St. James Episcopal Church  
127 West North Street  
Wooster, OH 44691



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## What's Happening at St. James

- 2nd October**                    **Blessing of the Animals, 4:00 pm**
- 7th - 9th October**           **Women's Retreat**
- 13th October**                **Brown Bag concert, 12:05 pm. COW Mercury Brass**  
**Healthy Living Talk, 7:00 pm**
- 20th October**                **Brown Bag concert, 12:05 pm. Lorelei Bowman, piano**
- 27th October**                **Brown Bag concert, 12:05 pm. Karen Bricker, piano**
- 30th October**                **Morning Prayer, 9:00 am, followed by Brunch**

October, 2005

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November, 2005

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