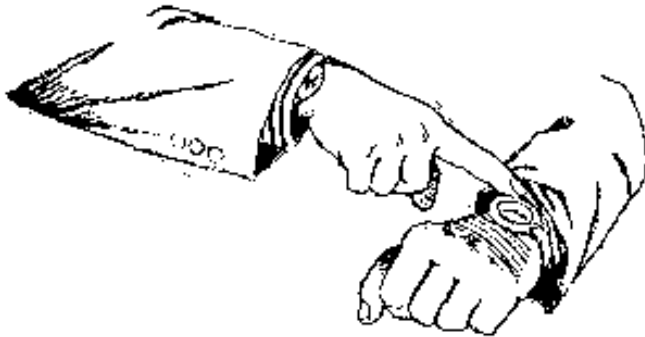


the Joyful Noise

of St. James' Episcopal Church

NOWness and NEWness

by Elsie Miller



“See, I am making all things new.” Rev. 21:5

“New Year’s Day: a new beginning! We must learn to live each day, each hour, yes, each minute as a new beginning, as a unique opportunity to make everything new. Imagine that we could live each moment as a moment pregnant with new life. Imagine that we could live each day as a day full of promises. Imagine that we could walk through the New Year always listening to a voice saying to us, ‘I have a gift for you and can’t wait for you to see it!’ Imagine.”

Henri J. M. Nouwen

Scene I

Time: early morning

Place: bathroom

I am looking in the mirror gazing at my nose – pointed – sticking out at the center of my face. Anytime and anywhere I go my nose keeps ahead of my face – and it’s red – always red. Redder than any other facial feature. Suddenly, I feel an affinity – and empathy – with Rudolph.

I observe my skin as a protective covering, a connector. I note the jowl at the lower part of my left cheek. That makes my jaw lop-sided and floppy, flabby. My left side and right side are not symmetrical.

Now my critic focuses on my eyes. They’re small, not pop-eyed. “Open up your eyes, Elsie”. (Yes, I do talk aloud to myself.) My eyelids droop and the skin below sags.

How would plastic surgery alter my appearance? Would a series of surgeries do for me what they did for, or to, Michael Jackson’s face? Oh, I don’t plan on attempting that. I’ve earned those furrows on my forehead and the crinkles at the corner of my eyes when I smile.

My mouth – any mouth is fascinating with its two lips and all its movements – turns into a smile, smirk, scowl, yawn. My mouth opens to reveal two rows of coffee-stained teeth. Certainly not white or straight. I use my mouth to eat, speak, sing...

My hair both fascinates and frustrates me. It covers the back of my head and frames my face. Just now it beams and shines when the light dances on it.

I become enamored with the glob of matter that is connected to and fits on top of my neck. I feel so unique. Yet I have the same features as any other human being – two eyes, one nose, one mouth, and an ear on each side.

(concludes p. 4)

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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

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



Astolat
Publications

The black mailbox in front of the office is being used by the apartment upstairs for mail. Please **do not put items in there for the office**. You may use the mail slot or leave items between the doors to the right of the mailbox, but please let the office know.



Groundhog Day

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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
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Jim Richard (06) Hospitality / Fellowship	(330) 264-2608
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.

Evelyn's Epistle

My Dear Friends,

We have a dilemma... its called the Rummage Sale.

The cons... it's a lot of work. It doesn't raise a lot of money. We don't have anyone to chair it.

The pros... it is an important outreach in the downtown community. We have plenty of capable people who can share the work. Every little bit helps to build up the budget.

So, here's what I propose. We make the Rummage Sale easier on ourselves. Instead of people being on duty for two weeks receiving and sorting donations, we doing it all in four days then on the fifth and sixth days, the sale, and on the seventh day we rest. (sound familiar?) We do it earlier in the Spring... tentative dates – March 10 and 11. We break down the responsibilities and we make it easier on one another by only donating clean, useable items.

I want to meet with anyone who can help with getting this off the ground on February 5th, during Coffee Hour. I have some ideas I'd like to share to make this more fun and less labor. BUT... if there is no interest, we let it go. We invite the people who have already donated items to take them back or we call the Goodwill in to take it away and we come up with another fundraiser.

This is an opportunity for us to work together, to get to know one another better, to raise some funds for the church and to help the people in our community. You'll decide if we take it or pass on it. I'll know by who shows up on February 5th.

God's peace and love,

Evelyn



The Editor's Bit

The Great Library of Alexandria; the Bodleian Library of Oxford; the Library of Congress; and even Jorge Luis Borges' *Library of Babel* – all world famous examples of cathedrals to bibliophilia – the love of books. Since the first caveman scrawled the prehistoric version of “Kilroy was here” on the walls of his rocky condo, mankind has sought to record his story, laying the foundations for a cultural existence. And as the number of literary efforts increases, so does the need for cataloging and organizing them. Whether on tablets of stone, in jars of clay, or engraved onto the surfaces of grains of rice, accessing what has been written is as important as the actual content of the text.

When Melvil Dewey devised his system of classification back in the 1870s, who could have thought that this would become the standard method of choice for the world? And who would argue that this relatively simple and efficient system didn't make life easier for the common reader.

Well, the editor of *In Style* magazine for one. The current (February 2006) edition of this veritable *vade mecum* of fashion answers the age-old question of how best to organize a collection of books. And here it is, in black and white, from page 325: “Books look best when organized by size or grouped in color blocks.”

So there you have it. Problem solved. And thank goodness, I say, that the *Oxford English Dictionary* is made up of individual volumes that are (a) all the same color and (b) all the same size. However, bad luck if you're looking for a copy of the Bible. Considering that there are Bibles in as many colors and sizes as rainbows and rocks, finding one might turn out to be a bit of a problem.

Imagine the scenario:

Student: “Excuse me, my fine fellow. Pray, tell me, where might I find the latest offering by that goodly scribe, John Grisham?”

Librarian: “Ah, my honest scholar, wouldst that be the big brown one, the big blue one, or the more portable

(cont. p.6)



Congratulations to Ronda, Scott and Emma Simmons on the birth of their new son, Thomas Birke Simmons born on January 14, 2006. Thomas weighed 8 ½ pounds and was 20 ½ inches.

Nowness and Newness *(from page 1)*

My head encloses the brain that makes me tick – from which I think thoughts, comprehend facts, dream dreams and have visions. So much of who I am depends upon my head. “Hold your head up high, Elsie.” (There I go again!) “And look people in the eye. Let everyone know that we are an amazing and complex species!”

I am filled with awe and wonder. How did we come to be? A glorious mystery.

Scene II

Time: Christmas Day. 1 p.m.

Place: My sister’s old farmhouse

Fifteen of us, ranging in ages from 2 years to 75 years, gather in a circle – more or less – in the kitchen-dining room area to offer thanks. We pause. It’s quiet. Hushed. All eyes eager, expectant, anticipating, excited. Our senses are awakened, wired, teeming with life - on fire! It is like we are standing on tip-toe - at the crest. Our hearts are overflowing with joy and gratitude. The soul moved, warmed, touched. Our spirits soar. How blessed are the ties that bind and connect us with one another, upholding us. We are one.

And I have been asked to say grace. I am humbled by the grace bestowed upon us. My grasp of words is inadequate – but I speak from the heart.

I keep telling my sister, “It’s magical. Absolutely magical!” Every year we have this ritual. Every year it is new.

“See, I am making all things new” – all things new. Note: not, all new things. It is the old, familiar, everyday routine that can become new – seen and experienced in a fresh way. It can happen anytime of day – early morning – midday – and anywhere, in the bathroom or at an old farmhouse.

In the above two scenes, I was not busy working, producing, achieving, competing, proving, making it happen, goal oriented, doing. I was not saying, “Don’t just stand there. Do something.” I was saying, “Don’t always do something, Just stand there. Take time to be. Be present.

Live in the NOW. All NOW moments offer potential for NEWness.

New Bible study - New Day

There will be a new Bible Study beginning on Tuesday February 14th at 10 am. We will be studying the Gospel of Mark. In the current Sunday lectionary (Year B)

Mark is the prominent Gospel. We will be doing an in depth reading, looking at the historical context and its relationship to the other synoptic Gospels. If there is any interest in an evening group please let Evelyn know as soon as possible.



Figge and Patton in College Production



The College of Wooster will stage a production of Arthur Miller’s **All My Sons** opening February 24 and running for two weekends in the College’s Shoolroy Theatre.

Richard Figge will appear in the role of Joe Keller, a man who loves his family above all else and has sacrificed everything, including his honor, in his struggle to make the family prosperous. The play is set in 1947. Having lost one son in the war, Keller is keen to see his remaining son, Chris, marry. Chris wishes to marry Ann, the former fiancée of his brother, Larry. Their mother, Kate (Sara Patton), believes Larry is still alive. It is this belief that has enabled her, for three and a half years, to support Joe by concealing her knowledge of a dreadful crime he has committed.

The play, which established Arthur Miller as an important dramatist, is directed by Professor Shirley Huston-Findley. Tickets are available through the Freedlander Box Office. For more information, call (330) 263-2241.



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.

Talents and Servants Auction

Celia Smart

The “First Annual” St. James Talent and Servants Auction was held on December 4, 2005 in the Parish Hall. This event came to us by way of Janice Miller and Jane Richardson, who had much experience (27 or so years) in the leadership of such an event in their former parishes with their spouses. Janice was able to locate, on her computer, all of the forms for the Auction, carefully saved by Chuck, and generously provided them for our use. It certainly made the job easier!



Peggy Hockett, Jane Richardson, and Janice Miller

After an appeal for donations to the Auction, parishioners donated, from their skills, talents and services, an unbelievably generous array of items for both the Silent and Live Auction. The timing worked out quite well for those persons who were shopping for the Christmas season. There really was something for (and from) almost everyone!

Many thanks to everyone for everything that made the Auction so successful!

- Parishioners who donated and purchased all the wonderful items, as well as the food for lunch
- Food Committee: Janet Brayer and Mary Burns, chairs
- Donation Committee: Peggy Hockett, Jane Richardson and John Hockett
- Set-Up/Clean-up Committee: Cathy Cook, John Cook, Ken Plusquellec, John Hockett and Jim Smart
- Cashiers/Finance: Janice Miller, Liz Glick, Bill Blanchard, Cathy Cook, John Cook and Stewart Fitz Gibbon
- Auctioneer Larry Janchar, who is the greatest Auctioneer AND donated his service to us.

The proceeds from the Auction (approximately an incredible \$8000) helped to diminish our budget deficit



Ray and Lois McCall

for our own Parish and further helped our Parish to be able to participate in the construction of the Christian Education Building for St Paul's in Aluu, Nigeria, the home parish of Collins Asonye, a priest of our Diocese. A little effort on the part of many has provided funds to make possible things that people could only dream about before – and now can use to worship God and continue to build God's kingdom.

Next year the Talent and Servants Auction will be held the weekend before Thanksgiving, so mark the date! Perhaps the Auction will come to mind as you plan out the year! Don't forget to invite your friends and neighbors—the more the merrier!

Please send a note to the office or contact someone on the committee if you have questions, ideas or donations for next year!



“The Price is Right?”



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.

February Birthdays

- 2 Josh Wilburn
- 3 LeRoy Curtis
- 4 Maxine Hayes
- 5 Linda Peterson
- 7 Mary Lou Nuzum
Travis Kraker
- 9 Katie Cross
- 10 Denny Brayer
- 12 Alice Bunting
- 14 Joan Skelly
Mary Eberhart
- 15 Jackie Kiefer
Mary Burns
- 18 Audrey Thomas
- 19 Marilyn Blanchard
Paul Bonvallet
- 23 John Strong
- 25 Susan Anderson
- 27 Kim Watkins
- 28 Mark Kraker



The Editor's Bit *(from p.3)*

small black one?"

Student: "Goodness, my educated friend, in truth, I know neither of the size nor the color."

Librarian: "Ah, my hapless seeker-after-wisdom, then art thou up a raging river without aid of a rowing implement. Without such critical information regarding appearance and girth, I am, alas, unable to help thee in thy quest."

Student: "Oh, sweet mother of mercy, is there not a way of finding it by, for example, using the first letter of the honorable scribe's surname of 'Grisham?'"

Librarian (chuckling softly): "What a unique suggestion, my witty colleague! But if we were to adopt such a method, wouldst it not then make it almost impossible to find, for example, yonder large, green tome? Why, how would I decide where to locate a new middling orange epistle?"

Student (crestfallen and dejected): "Aye, there's the rub."

Librarian (surprised): "'Struth, art thou familiar with the contents of the large, thick work – in green, red, and brown – found on the third shelf on the twentieth case in the fourth room?"

Student (equally surprised): "Yes, although in my own humble abode, it is found on the first shelf, next to a fetching gold small tome about a young girl named Alice who finds herself in a bizarre world of fantasy."

Librarian: "Ah yes, fantasy indeed. A little like your joke about ordering books by letter."

Exeunt Librarian and Scholar, slapping each other's backs, laughing together at the absurdity.

February Anniversaries

- | | |
|------|------------------------|
| 1/53 | Faz and Ferne Haghiri |
| 4/89 | Bob and Lori Varga |
| 9/64 | Hal and Roberta Looney |



Please note that **Nursery Care** will be provided in a new way this Spring. If you desire Nursery Care, a schedule of available providers will be sent to you. You can then call them when you plan to use the Nursery.



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 Velda Cross, altar guild directress, from *Com-Patt-ibles*, who sends a bill to the parishioner. If you have special instructions, please indicate it on the calendar or give Velda a call on (330) 345-1416. The flowers are yours to take after the 10:00 service

- | | |
|---------|---|
| Feb. 5 | Laurie Bayless in honor of her prayer partner and all prayer partners |
| Feb. 12 | Shirley Buytendyk in honor of her granddaughter Kyrsten's birthday |
| Feb. 19 | Cyril Ofori/Amelia Laing for family blessings |
| Feb. 26 | Gloria King in memory of her husband, Howard D. King, Sr. |

The 2006 flower calendar is posted in the North Street entrance, if you would like to provide flowers for the Sunday services.

Tony van Renterghem. *When Santa Was a Shaman: The Ancient Origins of Santa Claus and the Christmas Tree*. Llewellyn Publications, 1995. 208 pages. \$16.95

Jim Rosenthal and Joe L. Wheeler, *St. Nicholas: A Closer Look at Christmas*. Nelson Reference, 2005. 300 pages. \$34.99

Jeremy Seal, *Nicholas: The Epic Journey from Saint to Santa Claus*. Bloomsbury USA, 2005. 368 pages. \$24.95

Christmas is officially past, but in the Middle Ages celebrations sometimes continued through the dead of winter, while fields were frozen, until Candlemas on February 2. So perhaps it is not too late to think about books on the career of Saint Nicholas and Santa Claus.

For years I have been fascinated by Father Christmas, as he is known in England. He appeared as the master of ceremonies in many village mummers' plays that were performed from house to house at Christmas, some as recently as the time of Queen Victoria. He was both attacked and defended during the seventeenth century as the symbol of riotous Christmas celebrations that offended Puritan principles. He may, in fact, go back to the Middle Ages. In his dress and physical appearance, he seems to be a mixture of Saint Nicholas and the modern Santa Claus.

But in *When Santa Was a Shaman*, Tony van Renterghem argues that Father Christmas and similar gift-givers descended not so much from Saint Nicholas as from the Norse god Odin, the Roman god Saturn, and the Germanic Wild Man, whom the church appropriated when it Christianized the pagans. But the church was never wholly comfortable with its adopted pagan deities, and gave them minor roles in its own celebrations. In some countries where Saint Nicholas was the primary gift-giver, his pagan predecessors were embodied in a small, dark, hairy (or fur-clad) companion who frightened and tormented disobedient children. In the New World, Saint Nicholas himself

began to resemble these pagan figures. In the classic Christmas poem, "A Visit from Saint Nicholas," Episcopal seminary professor Clement Clark Moore saw him, not as the Dutch Settlers' tall, thin bishop, but as a plump, jolly elf, "dressed all in fur." In the twentieth century, the Coca-Cola Company enlarged him into the big fat man in a fur-trimmed red suit whom we know today as Santa Claus (a corruption of the Dutch "Sinterklaas," or Saint Nicholas).

Since the beginning of the new millennium, there has been an upsurge in the number of books and Web sites devoted to Saint Nicholas as the "real" Santa Claus (see, for example, <http://www.stnicholascenter.org>). As Christmas and Santa have become more secular and commercial, some churches (including our own) have sought to recover a more Christian version by reversing

the cultural evolution that had transformed the Saint into Santa. Jeremy Seal's *Nicholas* and Jim Rosenthal and Joe Wheeler's *St. Nicholas*, both published in 2005, capitalize on the saint's renewed popularity. Seal, a British journalist and travel writer, has written an account of Nicholas that covers his fourth-century childhood in Anatolia (now part of Turkey), his career as bishop of Myra in Lycia, the spread of his cult throughout the Christian world after his death, and his eventual transformation into the American (and increasingly international) Santa Claus. Seal traveled to the major sites associated with Nicholas, and his book is part tongue-in-cheek biography, describing how the opportunistic saint took advantage of every chance to spread his fame; part travelogue; and part cultural reflection.

St. Nicholas, by Jim Rosenthal (director of communications for the Anglican Communion) and Joe Wheeler, is a holiday coffee-table book. It is visually stunning, thanks to the large color photographs of Rosenthal's collection of international Saint Nicholas memorabilia at Canterbury Cathedral. But the pictures seldom relate to the accompanying text, which jumps around in strange ways, is documented unevenly, and is not indexed—all odd in a book published by Nelson Ref-

(cont. next page)



Scriptorium

erence, which let it go out of print as soon the holiday season was over. Still, it contains a wealth of good stories, from many times and places, about the good saint.

No one of these books grasps the full complexity of Santa's lineage. He is descended from both Saint Nicholas and the wild pagan deities of northern Europe. But Nicholas himself became the most popular saint after the Virgin Mary during the Middle Ages in part by absorbing older pagan deities (such as Poseidon/Nep-tune) and partly by absorbing the cults of other Christian saints. He was venerated equally in the Catholic West and Orthodox East, becoming the patron saint of Greece, Russia, and Manhattan. He also became the patron saint of unmarried women, children, sailors, prisoners, and pawnbrokers. The most reliable story about him and the most famous—his anonymous donation of three bags of gold as dowries for three unmarried sisters destined otherwise for prostitution—contains no miraculous element. But it made the humble, generous Nicholas a magnet for all the miraculous stories that would attach themselves to him over the centuries, transforming him into Nicholas the Wonder-Worker.

Nicholas became connected with Christmas by virtue of his death date, December 6, which became his saint's day. When the western Christian calendar was revised and New Year's Day was moved from March 1 to January 1, Saint Nicholas leaped over Christmas to become the patron of the New Year. Seal says that several early editions of Clement Moore's poem concluded, "Happy New Year [not Merry Christmas] to all, and to all a good night!" There was even strong resistance in some quarters to "appropriating" this symbol of the New Year as the symbol of Christmas—as though he had not always been both appropriator and appropriated.

With so many Christian and pagan elements in his makeup, Santa should be able to remind us of the darkness as well as the light within us. But van Renterghem observes that Santa has no dark side at all and, unlike the Old World gift-givers, no swarthy companion either. Santa used to keep track of which children were "good" and "bad," with rewards only for the good. But he has long since abandoned his list in order to promote gift-giving to all, both naughty and nice. Although Jesus himself said that God makes the sun to shine on both the just and the unjust, Santa's openhandedness seems to have less to do with the Gospel than with the commercial imperative of boosting Christmas sales.

So where does that leave Saint Nicholas? Like Santa, he is of mixed pagan and Christian ancestry. But unlike Santa, he is not the patron saint of unbridled consumption, and is therefore able to remind us of the darkness into which the light shines at Christmas. Nicholas is quite literally the poor man's—and woman's and child's—Santa, more concerned about those who do not get and cannot give expensive gifts and who are ignored or forgotten. No one cries out of the depths to Santa Claus. But in his centuries-long career as a saint of the church, Nicholas has answered countless pleas from those most vulnerable and in danger or distress from poverty and degradation, storms at sea, depredations of war, and imprisonment, torture, and execution. In *A Christmas Carol*, Charles Dickens describes the giant, jolly Ghost of Christmas Present, who sits amid a lavish feast—the very image of our modern Santa. But his message to Ebenezer Scrooge and to us is the message of Saint Nicholas, not Santa Claus. Beneath the folds of his robe he shows Scrooge the unseen children of humankind, Ignorance and Want, who cling to him. They are still our children, and Saint Nicholas, their patron, advocate, and friend, will not let us forget.

Holy Humor

The first book of the Bible is Guinness, in which Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree.

Noah's wife was called Joan of Ark.

Lot's wife was a pillar of salt by day and a ball of fire by night.

Samson slayed the Philistines with the axe of the apostles.

Unleavened bread is bread made without ingredients.

Moses went to the top of Mt. Cyanide to get the 10 commandments.

The seventh commandment is "Thou shalt not admit adultery."

Joshua led the Hebrews in the battle of Geritol.

David fought with the Finkelsteins, a race of people who lived in Biblical times.

The people who followed Jesus was called the 12 decibals.

The epistles were the wives of the apostles.

One of the opossums was St. Matthew.

Paul preached holy acrimony, which is another name for marriage.

A Christian should have only one wife. This is called monotony.

Munich

Steven Spielberg's **Munich** was launched without the standard Hollywood ballyhoo, and yet it managed to be widely attacked even before anyone had seen it. Ehud Danoch, the Israeli consul general in Los Angeles, denounced it as "superficial" and "pretentious." Jack Engelhard, the Jewish author of *Indecent Proposal*, proclaimed that Steven Spielberg was "no friend of Israel." And most bizarrely, Mohammed Daoud, the last surviving organizer of the Munich assault, still on the lam, contacted Reuters to express his outrage at not having been consulted by the director before the film was made.

The film begins with a harrowing reenactment of the murder of 11 Israeli athletes at the Olympic games in Munich in September of 1972 at the hands of Black September, a Palestinian terrorist organization. The action is intercut with archival television footage and commentary by Jim McKay and Peter Jennings, who covered the events for American television.

These events are prologue to the central action of the film, which centers on the hunting down and assassination of the 11 men who masterminded the massacre. Prime Minister Golda Meir (Lynn Cohen) and her advisers decide that vengeance must be swift and sure if Israel's enemies are to know the cost of what they have done. To be sure, Israel is a country that does not have the death penalty. Meir argues, however, that "every civilization finds it necessary to negotiate compromises with its own values. Forget peace now. We have to show them we are strong." Avner (Eric Bana), a former bodyguard and the son of an Israeli general, is called in and asked to head a team of five Mossad operatives to carry out this assignment. They become officially non-persons, of whom the Israeli government has no knowledge. The South African Steve (Daniel Craig) is a deadly and efficient triggerman. Robert (Mathieu Kassovitz) is a Belgian toymaker turned bomb maker. Hans (Hans Zischler) is a German antique dealer and an expert forger and producer of fake passports. The Israeli Carl (Ciarán Hinds) is responsible for worrying and cleaning up telltale evidence. Their only connection to Israel's secret service is Ephraim (Geoffrey Rush), who occasionally contacts them and

supplies them with American dollars through a Swiss bank account.

Golda Meir has appealed to Avner's sense of patriotism. It all seems so clear and urgent that he is willing to head to Europe for the indefinite period of time this assignment will require, leaving behind his wife (Ayelet Zurer), who is seven months pregnant.

Spielberg's film works on multiple levels, and he is at the top of his form, in brilliant, complete command. It is a heart-pounding genre thriller, neatly set up at the beginning with a clearly defined mission to be accomplished by a disparate group who will work through personal conflicts as they pursue their common goal. To that extent I was reminded of films like *The Dirty Dozen* and *The Guns of Navarone*. For all his love of classic formulas, however, Spielberg here transcends and transforms the genre. The subversion of its certainties is at the heart of his film.

A Frenchman named Louis (Mathieu Amalric) and his Papa (Michael Lonsdale) are independent agents who are prepared to sell, at very high prices, information as to the whereabouts of the targets. They refuse to deal with governments (Avner claims to be working for an American). Papa fought in the French Resistance during the war and says he was disillusioned to see the Nazi scum replaced by the Gaullist scum. Papa, a world-weary man of philosophical charm and wit, says he cares only for taking care of his family. His scornful son and daughter, he says, embrace political ideologies without really caring for human beings. His villa in the French countryside is an idyll, peopled by family and beautiful, happy children. Papa is a fascinating man of great charm, capable of commanding loyalty. Here, however, as elsewhere, Janusz Kaminski's superb cinematography, always appropriate to the situation, suggests the complexity of the scene and its people. As Avner comes to meet Papa, in one graceful, sweeping shot we see the gates of the villa open, and the elegant Peugeot drives past armed guards with automatic weapons into the interior where there are delighted children, barking dogs, and a long table under an arbor

(cont. p. 11)



February 2006

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 7:30 am H.E.	2 7:00 pm Outreach Meeting	3 Mission and Ministry Conference	4 Mission and Ministry Conference
5 8:00 am H.E. 10:00 H.E. 9:00 Choir/Seekers' Class 9:30 Sun. School 11:00 Coffee and Rummage Sale meeting 5:00 pm H.E.	6	7	8 7:30 am H.E. 11:00 Book Group	9 7:00 pm Women's Retreat plan- ning meeting EVELYNAT FRESH START	10	11
12 8:00 am H.E. 9:00 Choir 9:30 Sun. School 10:00 H.E. 11:00 Coffee	13	14 10:00 am Bible Study	15 7:30 am H.E. 7:00 pm Choir <i>JN Deadline</i>	16	17	18
19 People to People 8:00 am H.E. 9:00 Choir 10:00 H.E. 11:00 Coffee 5:00 pm H.E.	20 7:00 pm Vestry Meeting	21 10:00 am Bible Study	22 7:30 am H.E. 11:00 Book Group 7:00 pm Choir	23	24	25
26 8:00 am H.E. 9:00 Choir 9:30 Sun. School 10:00 H.E. 11:00 Coffee	27	28 10:00 am Bible Study 6:00 pm Pancake Supper <i>Shrove Tuesday</i>	<i>1</i> 7:30 am H.E. Noon: H.E. 7:00 pm H.E. <i>Ash Wednesday</i>			

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

Speaking of Movies

(from p.9)

for an all fresco luncheon. It is a dream of happiness; if only one could forget the constant, armed vigilance that makes it possible, and the dark, lethal business that makes the vigilance so necessary.

The first target is a Palestinian writer in Rome who has just translated *The Arabian Nights* into Italian. In a public presentation he makes and in his interactions with others he seems to be a man of intelligence, culture, humor, and kindness. When confronted by his assassins while waiting for the elevator in his apartment building, he holds out his hand toward Avner's gun, gently urging him to lower it, his whole demeanor suggesting that this is madness. Avner is thoroughly rattled, and his colleague has to fire the first shots. Clearly this assignment is not going to be easy. The team meets at a sidewalk café to celebrate their first achievement. Avner has to be persuaded that celebration is not rejoicing.

In an episode that recalls some of Hitchcock's best suspense sequences, an innocent child nearly becomes the victim of a telephone bomb intended for her father.

In the course of the story, the uncertainty of both the rightness of the actions and the accuracy of the information the team is receiving begins to take its toll. Also every assassination is answered by another terrorist attack; someone comments wryly that they are finally "in dialogue." Moreover, each assassination victim is immediately replaced by someone even more dangerous. And soon Avner realizes that he and his team are themselves being hunted down.

"We are doing just what the terrorists do," one of the team members argues. Who is in the right in all this? The question becomes tortured as we see the team sliding into ever-murkier moral terrain.

Eric Bana gives an Oscar-worthy performance as the decent, vulnerable man who finds himself compromised and used in an uncertain and questionable venture. His haunted face and growing paranoia suggest the price exacted by his mission.

The film clearly is told from the point of view of the Israeli protagonists, but Spielberg does not deny the humanity of anyone in the film nor ignore their point of view. In an earnest argument with Avner, a Palestinian terrorist (who takes the Israeli for a German) says that the Palestinians are the only terrorists without a home-

land, and that finally that is what it is all about, no matter how poor the land. And they are unstoppable, he says, for every generation will continue the struggle, and in 100 years they will win.

The concern of the film is not, however, to take sides in the seemingly endless dispute between Israelis and Palestinians. The concern is with the moral, human price of vengeance and bloodshed, no matter the perceived justice of the cause. Palpably the film is as much about the concerns and fears of our own time as it is about the events of the 1970s. Paradoxically, the Israeli patriot becomes alienated from his beloved homeland, whose leaders have compromised the essential ideals that should define them. In a final conversation with Ephraim, who has come to see him in New York, the two can effect no reconciliation. Trying to extend the most common hospitality, Avner invites Ephraim home to break bread with him and his family. Ephraim quietly says no, and the two go their separate ways. In the background of this final shot is the Manhattan skyline with the twin towers.

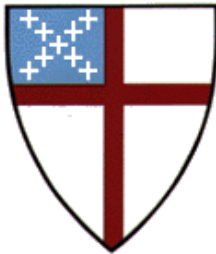
Holy Humor

A Sunday School teacher asked her class why Joseph and Mary took Jesus with them to Jerusalem. A small child replied: "They couldn't get a baby sitter."

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother," she asked "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" Without missing a beat one little boy answered, "Thou shall not kill."

At Sunday School they were teaching how God created everything, including human beings. Little Johnny seemed especially intent when they told him how Eve was created out of one of Adam's ribs. Later in the week his mother noticed him lying down as though he were ill, and said, "Johnny, what is the matter?" Little Johnny responded, "I have pain in my side. I think I'm going to have a wife."

The Episcopal Church



St. James Episcopal Church
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What's Happening at St. James

- 2nd Feb** **Outreach Meeting, 7:00 pm**
- 9th Feb** **Women's Retreat meeting, 7:00 pm**
- 20th Feb** **Vestry Meeting, 7:00 pm**
- 28th Feb** **Shrove Tuesday, Pancake Supper, 6:00 - 7:30 pm**

February, 2006

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March, 2006

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