

the Joyful Noise

of St. James' Episcopal Church

Easter Meaning

by Stan Hales

Over my 64 years, Easter has carried a series of different meanings for me. Each meaning is associated to a stage of my life characterized by particular activities. Whether or not there is a single theme that underlies these various meanings is a question worth exploring. Perhaps an answer will occur as the result of this exploration. Let's see.



From the time of my earliest memories, around four years of age, until about 13, Easter had for me the most normal, traditional, and family-oriented meaning possible for a California youth in the 1940s and 1950s. The religious aspect was quite consistent: Sunday School, in which we would be taught a rather innocent version of Christ's death and resurrection, followed by a short time in the church with our parents to sing *Jesus Christ is Risen Today*. The secular aspect began with the smell of vinegar in the kitchen as my mother dyed eggs to be hidden in the back yard. On Easter morning, my brother and I would grab our brightly colored wicker baskets and scour the yard to find our allotted share. After church, we would then go to my grandmother's house to have a second egg hunt. We were well supplied with hard-boiled eggs for weeks.

This pattern changed considerably in the mid-1950s with my grandmother's death and our family's vacation pattern. For several years, we would be away from home in the desert on Easter weekend and would attend Easter services there only rarely. Easter maintained its family aspect but the religious aspect dwindled. By then, my brother and I had also taken up badminton seriously enough to be playing in the national junior championships, often held during Easter week. In those years, Easter Sunday was the day to fly home from somewhere in the east. When home, I would often serve as an acolyte at Easter services, and maturity brought some deeper understanding of Easter's lessons.

However, the national travel pattern became even more established in 1961 when our badminton moved to the level of the adult national championships, which also fell frequently on Easter weekends. In fact, starting in 1961 at the age of 19, I participated in the nationals as player and as director of the U.S. Badminton Association every year in spring through 1990, the year we moved to Wooster. From our marriage in 1967, Diane accompanied me and also competed until her career-ending knee injury in 1984. On the rare Easter weekends when we were not at nationals, we had family Easter egg gatherings with our children and my

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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

Contributors this month include:

Ruth Brown
Richard Figge
Stan Hales
Damon Hickey
Evelyn Manzella
Joyce Roe

Folders for the last issue were:

Leslie Breeden
John Hockett
Peggy Hockett
Terry Ling
Ken Plusquellec



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



Astolat
Publications

Do you have a blue UTO box? There are some on the table with the poster in the parish hall, and there are some on the tract stand in the southwest entrance.



United Thank Offering reminds us that by sharing our blessings we can show Christ's presence both here and around the world. In 2005 there were 131 grants made to fund projects; 34 were awarded outside the United States, 7 were regional grants, and 90 grants went to dioceses across all the states.

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: saintjameswooster@earthlink.net

Holy Eucharist Services

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

Staff

Rector - The Reverend Evelyn N. Manzella	(330) 262-1930
Organist - Jason Metheney	(330) 769-2867
Choir Director - Ned Brooks	(330) 264-9495
Parish Secretary - Gladys Hunter	(330) 682-0117
Pledge Secretary - Pat Watson	(330) 263-7811
Treasurer - John Cook	(330) 263-0073
Ass't Treasurer - Stewart Fitz Gibbon	(330) 263-7676
Liz Glick - Bookkeeper	(220) 263-4048
Joyful Noise Editor - Russell T. Cross	(330) 345-1416

When there is no priest available, call Senior Warden, Jim Richard at (330) 264-2608, or Junior Warden, Celia Smart, at (330) 262-0299 in case of emergency. Stuart Ling is available to make pastoral calls.

2006 Vestry

Jean Barnes (06)	(330) 345-8586
Gwen Bayless	(330) 264-1874
Brad Burns (07)	(330) 263-7504
Velda Cross (06)	(330) 345-1416
Sue Gorman (07)	(330) 262-0973
Mary Hickey (06)	(330) 262-7059
Peggy Hockett (08)	(330) 345-7825
Roger Kienzle (08)	(330) 262-4262
Jim Richard (06)	(330) 264-2608
Jane Richardson (08)	(330) 264-4342
Celia Smart (07)	(330) 262-0299
Tim Urang (07)	(330) 682-0118

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.

Easter Meaning

(from page 1)

brother's family and children. If home, we would often take one or both children to St. Ambrose in Claremont (CA) for the Easter service, and their Sunday School lessons brought back our own early memories of Easter as children.

With the move to Wooster in 1990, the pattern changed once again. St. James became our home church, we traveled far less, and hence Easter in church returned to the pattern. Chris would accompany us when home on Easter, but by then he too was often taking off for tournaments during Easter week. In recent years, there has been more opportunity to attend Easter services and to focus on Easter's traditional meaning.

What is that meaning? For me, it has become a simple one. It increasingly goes beyond the details of Christ's resurrection but uses that resurrection more broadly as a metaphor for rebirth, both of nature in the Spring and of the human spirit in times of trial. The Easter story for me is now one of faith, not just in a gracious God but more broadly in the power that God gives us to overcome human frailties and live closer to the commandments that Moses brought down to us. For me, the Easter story is simply the best possible lesson of how we should live our lives on earth, in the company of others.

Evelyn's Epistle

My Dear Friends,

Last month I spoke of Lent as being a journey of freedom, a time to deliberately let go of all those things that hold us back from accepting God's love and that hamper us from loving God in return. If Lent is the journey, then Holy Week provides us with the major stops on the way to freedom. Letting go of distractions and putting priorities in order is what enables us to grasp the gifts of our Holy Week rites.

Palm Sunday starts us off with the procession of Palms and remembering the joy the people in Jerusalem had of Jesus' arrival. On Maundy Thursday we are called together to affirm who we seek to be, disciples of Jesus, not friendly acquaintances. We are freed to accept God's love in Christ's service to us as we remember him kneeling at his disciples' feet and then



being fed in the Eucharist. This night we share a meal as we wait to watch throughout the night as the disciples were asked to do as Jesus prayed at Gethsemane. On Good Friday we walk the way of the Cross at noon and in the evening, remember to what end God went to free us from sin, as we read the Crucifixion account. The Great Vigil of Easter calls us to hear and respond to the ongoing story of God's unwillingness to give up on us and to celebrate the ultimate gift of resurrection.

I cannot urge you enough to make the time in Holy Week to participate in the events that the church, throughout history, has relived to share in the story of God's salvation, though his son Jesus.

Don't be an observer this year. Be a participant in the story. God has already included you in the cast by your baptism. Don't take a short cut to Easter. You'll miss the most important stops on the way.

God's peace be with you in these final weeks of Lent.

Evelyn

The Editor's Bit

Last weekend I took a trip with my younger daughter to Borders in Fairlawn. It's the sort of trip we do when we just want to "chill" by listening to music, reading books, and ending up – inevitably – at a Starbucks. Although the "listening to music" piece means me tuned into the XM satellite radio in the car and Kate wired into her iPod, it's still a joint experience.



Borders is becoming expensive because Kate has decided that she likes reading. Sure, we could go to the library, but there is something special about that new book experience. Besides, I've always told my girls that if they would be prepared to read books for fun, I'd be prepared to pay for them. Big mistake. By her own admission, up until recently Kate's love of books has been similar to most folks' love of root canals, tax audits, and prostate examinations. However, she has now developed a bit of a thing for the written word.

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A Honduran Experience

by Ruth Brown

Many of you have been asking how our trip was to Honduras this past February. It was Taylor's first trip to a third world country and she was apprehensive about even going. I was in charge of the "Kids Team", which included 5 American high school students, 5 Honduran high school students and several adults, some of whom were parents/grandparents of the students.



Taylor in Honduras

Our job was to paint the inside and outside of the day care center and to paint a NEMO mural on one wall. The kids and adults worked and played hard all week and accomplished most of what we set out to do. We got all of the supplies donated and shipped prior to our arrival so all of the supplies were there for us. The Honduran workers were going to have all of the walls primed for us before we got there so all we would need to do was paint. Unfortunately only one room was ready so we spent time priming walls and never got to the outside of the daycare. But we left the paint and feel confident that it will be completed.

This day care is for very poor Hondurans whose mothers work in stalls in the market or as street vendors. Our American kids fell in love with the children of the day care and played with them as much as they could get away with, when they were supposed to be

painting. CAMO oversees the day care and has built a new kitchen and bathrooms in the last couple of years. They didn't have a place for the kids to wash their hands and were using a wood burning stove without proper ventilation. The electrical project that CAMO provided for the public hospital has been completed since last year. They now have a backup generator for when the power goes out, and it does.

There have been many other completed projects but the one I really wanted to report back about was the sewing project for the women in the prison. As many of you remember from last year, I visited a men's prison that had 13 women living there in a very small area as overflow from the women's prison. They were asking for sewing supplies, which many of you donated, so they could occupy their time. Thanks to everyone's donations, they have several sewing machines and now take on projects from the community and get paid for their work. It was wonderful to see and I want to thank all of you who donated items.

The Honduran people from Santa Rosa are so appreciative of what CAMO does for them. Strangers will see us "gringos" in the streets and assume that we are with CAMO and thank us. Very gratifying and rewarding for everyone.

The whole experience was wonderful for both of us and Taylor wants to go back so the trip was a success in every aspect.

Holy Humor

A kindergarten teacher gave her class a "show and tell" assignment. Each student was instructed to bring in an object to share with the class that represented their religion. The first student got up in front of the class and said, "My name is Benjamin and I am Jewish and this is a Star of David."

The second student got up in front of the class and said, "My name is Mary. I'm a Catholic and this is a Rosary."

The third student got in up front of the class and said, "My name is Tommy. I am Episcopalian, and this is a casserole."

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

Without fail, I get sucked into the book trap. While Kate pondered over whether to get book A or book B (she ended up with book A and book B), I was drawn by mysterious quantum forces to the Physics section. There, all shiny and new, was the latest book from Brian Greene, *The Fabric of the Cosmos*. Normally, the typical fabrics I'm interested in are those recommended by *GQ* and *Esquire* magazines, but this time I was determined to be less shallow and focus on the nature of the universe itself.

Once I'd parted with enough money to finance a small nation's health care budget, we drove to the nearest Starbucks and occupied a small area of the cosmos. With a grande skimmed latte within easy reach, I opened my latest acquisition and turned to the first line of the first chapter of the first page.

"None of the books in my father's dusty old bookcase were forbidden."

I read it again. "None – blah blah blah – were..."

Surely that should be "was" and not "were?" Isn't this a book from Random House, a reputable and prestigious publishing company? Don't they spend big bucks for big books and have top notch proofreaders who earn vast amounts of money?

Someone had made a mistake. A terrible mistake. A crime so heinous that I, in my righteous anger, wanted to pick up my mobile phone and call someone with the shocking news. Fortunately, Katie – who is less likely to be concerned about such things – persuaded me that perhaps I should wait until I got home and then send an e-mail. She had a point.

Besides, wasn't there a line in a book somewhere that included comments about notes and beams in eyes? Am I so stylistically perfect that I would never make such mistakes? Why, if someone was to go through all the past Editor's Bits, they'd be looking at enough mistakes to get me an "F" in English. So the "none were" issue was really not an issue at all. So why was I getting so worked up over nothing?

And as I continued to read the first chapter, I discovered that modern physics can explain my irrational behavior. Basically, all you have to understand is that the physicists who look at very very small things use

equations based on the theory of Quantum Mechanics, and those who look at big things – like the universe – use equations derived from the theory of General Relativity. However, if you apply quantum mechanics to universes, or general relativity to atoms, you get nonsense. Apparently, the mathematics just falls apart and gives you pointless, nonsensical answers.

Put simply, the universe is, apparently, inherently messed up. True, I've always felt that to some degree, but now I read that modern physics supports that notion! I could relax. The invisible hand of the space-time continuum was responsible for my irritation. Why should we expect Random House to get it perfect? Why shouldn't they make mistakes? In the Grand Scheme of Things, the problem of one little grammatical error doesn't amount to a hill of bosons in this crazy world.

So I sat back, sipped my coffee, and let it go. Somehow, the inexplicable nature of the universe is comforting.

Brown Bag Concerts: 28th Season



- | | |
|----------|---|
| April 6 | Le Chien et L'Oiseau
Denise Rotavera-Krain, flute and Matt Dingo, guitar |
| April 13 | Karen Gardener, saxophone
Christina Mathews, piano, and the 11th Hour Quartet |
| April 20 | Michelle Drumm Perrine, soprano |
| April 27 | Emily Korb, Lee Matsos, Liz Weiss, vocalists |
| May 4 | Musica Felice with Special Guests Susan Shaw, flute, Thomas Shaw, organ and Andrew Trembath, violin |
| May 11 | Wendy Barlow, harp and Bob Bellamy, hammered dulcimer |
| May 18 | Stephen Brown, organ pops |

Donations benefit Viola Startzman Free Clinic. Complimentary Coffee and Tea Provided.

April Birthdays

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Sarah Fierbaugh | |
| 2 Ron Hustwit | |
| Sue Gorman | |
| Laura McGinty Bowen | |
| 4 Justin Evans | 15 Jann Gallagher |
| 5 Alexandra Varga | Jay VanHouten |
| 6 Chuck Timothy | 17 Shirley Iceman |
| Nancy Grifo | 19 Cathy Cook |
| John Slaydon | 21 Norm Lathrop |
| 7 Katherine Sanford | Dick Figge |
| Samantha Graser | 22 Bill Blanchard |
| 10 Ted Sharp | Abigail Anderson |
| B.J. Anfang | 24 Lynn Lange |
| 12 Kimberly Symonds | 28 Chip Cook |

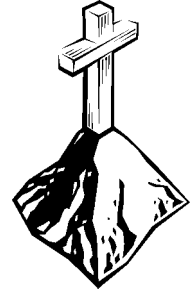


April Anniversaries

- | | |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 2/66 | Al and Rosanne Burger |
| 2/77 | Troy and Alison Schmidt |
| 18/87 | Ben and Jeanne Helbert |

In New Life

Virginia (Ginny) Ross Rivers,
March 14, 2006.



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.



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.



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.



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

- | | |
|---------|--|
| Apr. 23 | Alison and Troy Schmidt in celebration of their 29th anniversary |
| Apr. 30 | Open |

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

John Howard Yoder, *The Original Revolution: Essays in Christian Pacifism*. Herald Press, 2003. 191 pages. \$18.99

This semester I'm teaching a special-topics course in religious studies at the College of Wooster, "Plain and Peaceful: Christian Alternatives to Exploitation and Violence." The course focuses on the "historic peace churches"—the Anabaptists (Mennonites, Amish, Brethren, and Hutterites) and Quakers—and their wider influence in the Christian world. Although Christian pacifism has been around in one form or another since the time of Jesus, and specifically since the Anabaptists began in the sixteenth century, the most influential Christian pacifist, the late John Howard Yoder (a Mennonite), was born in Wooster, Ohio, in 1927.

I chose a reprint of Yoder's early collection, *The Original Revolution*, published in 1971, rather than his better-known later work, *The Politics of Jesus*, because the former contains all the themes of the latter but is more varied and more easily understood. At the risk of oversimplifying, here is what I understand him to be saying:

- Jesus' primary issue was not, as it is for many of us, death, guilt, or anxiety. Rather, it was unrighteousness and injustice.
- Jesus refused to accept the world order as it was, or to overthrow it by violence, or to withdraw from it, or to try to maintain his personal purity in spite of it.
- Rather, Jesus created "a distinct community with its own deviant set of values and its coherent way of incarnating them." This society was voluntary and mixed in its composition. It dealt with offenders by forgiving them; it dealt with money by sharing it; it dealt with problems of leadership by drawing upon the gift of every member; and it dealt with a corrupt society by building a new order.

For Yoder, this new order is not something that Christians create. It has been created already by God through the victorious suffering and death of Jesus. Rather, Christians are called to live in this new order and to live toward its fulfillment in God's good time. The condition of living in it is repentance, which "is not to feel bad but to think differently." The heart of the Christian experience is costly discipleship, including suffering.

If Yoder is right, then most of Christianity has missed the point. The Church of England (and most other state churches) accepted its corrupt society the way it was, endorsed the state's use of coercive power to maintain itself and the church in power, and only sometimes tried to use its influence to promote justice and mercy. Yoder points out that the Anglican emphasis on the Incarnation has meant in practice that the church has blessed every

aspect of life, including some (armies, wars, and empires, for example) that it should not have blessed (while, he might have added, neglecting to bless the one and only group Jesus ever told his disciples to bless and pray for: their enemies. The Eucharist in the English *Book of Common Prayer* of 1662 contains several prayers for the monarch, but its only prayer for enemies is for their defeat. The American Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer* of 1972 does only slightly better. There is one optional collect for enemies, but only one of the six forms of the "Prayers of the People" at the Eucharist includes a prayer for enemies, and even it is bracketed as optional!).

The problem, as Yoder sees it, began when the fourth-century Roman Emperor Constantine (who was later declared a saint by the grateful church) stopped persecuting Christians and made Christianity the official religion of his empire. In so doing he co-opted the church to support the state, turning it into a department of government. Ever since, says Yoder, the church has been unwilling to free itself from its bargain with the devil, and when it has (as with the early Anabaptists), it has been persecuted mercilessly. Even when it has ceased to be the state religion, Christianity has remained

(cont. next page)



Scriptorium

“Constantinian” by either supporting the existing social order or allying itself with revolutionary insurgencies (as some churches in Latin America have done), thereby merely replacing loyalty to one “Caesar” with loyalty to another.

Anyone who has ever tried to argue for pacifism has had to face questions that begin, “But what about...?” What about self-defense? What about World War II, when Christian democracies were attacked by evil dictatorships? What about Munich, which proved that appeasing aggressors only leads to greater aggression? What about U. S. success in bringing about the end of the Soviet Union and the Cold War by pressing the arms race? What about the use of force to stop genocide in Africa and the Balkans? When confronted with such questions, pacifists are tempted to counter with their own. What about Gandhi and his success in achieving independence for India and Pakistan using nonviolent means? What about Martin Luther King, Jr., and the success of the nonviolent Civil Rights Movement in the American South? What about Desmond Tutu and Nelson Mandela, who brought about a peaceful end to apartheid and minority rule in South Africa? What about the largely non-violent replacement of communist dictatorships with democratic governments in much of central and eastern Europe?

Yoder’s response is that Christians need to forget about effectiveness. Christians, says Yoder, are commanded by their Lord to love their enemies. But they are not promised that loving their enemies will make their enemies love them back. In fact, they have Jesus’ own example of what happens to those who love their enemies unconditionally. Yoder dismisses the argument that, if everyone became a pacifist, there would be no one left to control the violent. Although there is evidence that violence does not always control the violent either, and may even make them more violent, Yoder says that Christians are called to obedience, not effectiveness. Christians believe that God has already been, is being, and will be effective in bringing about the Kingdom, and that their obedience plays some part in God’s purposes. But “the relationship between my obedience and the accomplishment of the purposes of God must include my losing track of my own effectiveness...” Yoder expresses this relationship as a spring in the desert:

If, in a desert region, water can be found it is because in some distant and unknown place incalculable

quantities of water have sunk into the ground and disappeared. Only because of that infiltration in some distant place, continuing over a long time and developing pressure in a stratum of porous rock, can water be carried under the desert soil. Far away, it can be found as a seemingly miraculous source of sustenance. So it is with deeds of Christian obedience. Lost in the earth, filtering away without being seen or heard, they contribute to the building up of pressure, creating a subterranean reservoir of saving and invigorating power which can be tapped at the point where [people] are most thirsty....[The] relationship between my obedience and the accomplishment of the purposes of God must include my losing track of my own effectiveness in the great reservoir of the pressure of love.

How can Christians ever let go of the need to be effective? Is it really necessary for Christians to be noticeably different from other people? Is suffering for their witness to Christ the mark of true Christians? Should membership in the church be open only to those who are radically obedient to their Lord? If so, how do such Christians avoid becoming self-righteous about their discipleship or judgmental about the discipleship of others? These are some of the questions John Howard Yoder’s book has raised for me and my class.

Holy Humor

Top 10 ways to tell if your Amish teenager is headed for trouble

10. Sometimes stays in bed till after 6 am.
9. In his sock drawer, you find pictures of women without bonnets.
8. Shows up at barn raisings humming “I Can’t Get No Satisfaction”.
7. When you criticize him, he yells, “Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman!” 1 Sam.20:30
6. His name is Jebediah, but he goes by “Jeb Daddy.”
5. You discover he has installed air shocks on the back buggy wheels.
4. You come upon his secret stash of colorful socks.
3. Uses slang expression: “Talk to the hand, ‘cause the beard ain’t listening.”
2. Was recently pulled over for “driving under the influence of cottage cheese.”
1. He’s wearing his big black hat backwards.

The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada

In *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada*

Tommy Lee Jones plays Pete Perkins, a ranch foreman in Van Horn, Texas, near the Mexican border. He speaks fluent Spanish and can function well in both worlds. Julio Cesar Cedillo plays Melquiades Estrada, an illegal alien vaquero who finds work with Pete, and the two become close friends. Perhaps thinking of the dangers and vagaries of life among the gringos, Melquiades at one point extracts a promise from his friend that, if he should die here, Pete will return him for burial in his home village in Mexico. He sketches a map and presses it on his friend. Pete accepts it to comfort Melquiades but cannot imagine the younger man, who has become like a son, won't outlive him.

In another strand of the story we meet Mike Norton (Barry Pepper), who has come out from Cincinnati to work with the Border Patrol, and we first see him and his pretty wife Lou Ann (January Jones) purchasing a house trailer. Mike is a pretty callous piece of work who pursues illegal border crossers with unnecessary brutality, managing to break a young woman's nose on his first assignment. At home we see him engage in loveless, preoccupied sex with his wife as she watches a television soap opera. Their lives having seemingly peaked in their high school years in Ohio, their prospects now seem bleak indeed. Lou Ann finds nothing in their new life, and when she is not cooking her husband's meals or watching television, she hangs out in the local café, becoming friends with the older, world-weary waitress Rachel (Melissa Leo). On boring afternoons, they go to the local motel with men. Rachel is having an affair with Pete, who brings Melquiades along.

Among these messy, planless lives, coincidence inevitably plays a part, which may account for the film's early puzzling episodes, juggled in time in Guillermo Arriaga's screenplay. The rest of the film continues chronologically, and if coincidences continue to play a role, they seem appropriate and satisfying. Karma or comeuppance.

On patrol one day, Mike hears gunshots and assumes he is the target. He returns fire and fatally wounds Melquiades, who was only shooting at a marauding coyote. In a panic, Mike hastily buries the body, which is discovered by other members of the Border Patrol. The authorities soon know who is responsible but decide against pursuing the matter, since the victim was "only a wetback." Against the deeply grieving Pete's wishes, Melquiades is interred with a backhoe in a pauper's grave.



Rachel overhears a conversation between two officers and reveals to Pete what has happened. Pursuing a proper resolution of the killing but receiving only threats from the corrupt sheriff (Dwight Yoakum), Pete decides to take matters into his own hands. He takes Mike prisoner, makes him dig up the body

in the dead of night, and the two set out with packhorses. In a twist on accustomed procedure, the two must evade the Border Patrol to cross into the Mexican state of Chihuahua.

The detail of the film is always grittily realistic. It is also occasionally grisly and darkly humorous as they have to deal with the decomposing corpse. (Antifreeze turns out to be a practical solution.)

Thanks to the brilliant cinematography by Chris Menges (*Dirty Pretty Things*, *The Pledge*, *The Mission*), the characters and the grand landscapes they traverse may remain in detailed recollection for days after you see the film.

Pete, a craggy-faced man of few words, is a fascinating presence, not always easy to read. He is keeping his word to his friend, as we knew he would. But what exactly is his plan? In dealing with Mike, is he seeking justice or retribution? What does he plan to do with him in the end? With his intermingled strengths and failings, he certainly isn't set up as a traditional Western hero, and we can only guess at his intentions.

Guillermo Arriaga received the award for Best Screenplay for this film at the 2005 Cannes Film Festival.

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April 2006

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2 <i>Daylight Savings Begins</i> 8:00 am M.P. 10:00 M.P. 9:00 Choir 11:00 Coffee	3 6:00-7:30 pm Lenten program / soup & discus- sion	4 10:00 Area Clergy meeting	5 7:30 am H.E. 7:00 pm Choir	6 Clergy Day 12:05 pm Brown Bag - Le Chien et L'Oiseau	7 8:00 pm Wayne County Choral Union Concert	8 10:00 am to 4:00 pm Vestry Retreat
9 8:00 am H.E. 9:00 Choir 10:00 H.E. 11:00 Coffee 5:00 pm H.E.	10	11 10:00 am Bible Study	12 7:30 am H.E. 11:00 Book Group 7:00 pm Choir Evelyn at renewal of vows, Cleveland	13 12:05 pm Brown Bag - Karen Gardener, saxophone 6:00 Maundy Thursday Service 9:00 - 8:00 am Night Watch	14 Noon - Stations of the Cross 7:00 pm Good Friday Liturgy	15 8:30 pm The Great Vigil <i>JN Deadline</i>
16 People to People 8:00 am H.E. 9:00 Choir 10:00 H.E. 11:00 Coffee and Easter Egg Hunt	17	18 10:00 am Bible Study	19 7:30 am H.E. 7:00 pm Choir	20 12:05 pm Brown Bag - Michelle Drumm Perrine, Soprano	21	22 Evelyn at meeting in Cleveland
23 8:00 am H.E. 9:00 Choir 9:30 Sun School 10:00 H.E. 11:00 Coffee 5:00 pm H.E.	24 6:00-7:30 pm Lenten program / soup & discus- sion	25 10:00 am Bible Study	26 7:30 am M.P. 11:00 Book Group 7:00 pm Choir	27 12:05 pm Brown Bag - Emily Korb, Lee Matsos, Liz Weiss, vocalists	28	29 9:00 am to 3:00 pm Insitute for Outreach, Akron
30 8:00 am Choir 9:00 H.E. 10:00 Brunch Evelyn on retreat in Boston →	1					

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)

Tommy Lee Jones received the Best Actor award for his portrayal, which is all the more impressive since this film is also his first venture as a director.

When Clint Eastwood first directed himself, Pauline Kael remarked that his acting, especially the close-ups, suggested the self-consciousness of a man who studied his face every day on an editing screen. No such remark could be made of Jones, whose quiet, rugged face we study for the smallest signs.

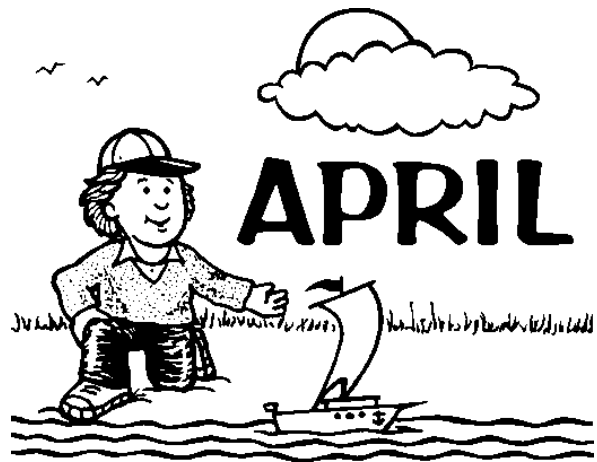
A surprising number of reviewers claim to find parallels in this movie to the films of Sam Peckinpah, especially *The Wild Bunch* and *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*. Surely this can only be on the basis of the visual grandeur and perhaps the determined quest of a protagonist whose sanity we may occasionally doubt. For the rest, such claims miss the mark by a country mile. When I think of Peckinpah, apart from the unbelievably gory, slow motion violence, I think of self-absorbed, romantic nihilism, of men on doomed, corrupting missions.

Nothing, it seems to me, could be further from the concerns of this film. For all its realistic detail and its indictment of inhumanity and officially sanctioned brutality, we come to realize that it is primarily concerned with compassion and redemption.

Barry Pepper turns in a truly fine performance as the boorish, alienated Mike who is slowly transformed by his journey with Pete and the encounters along the way. From callous indifference he is drawn through stages of fear, anger, and terror to profound remorse for what he has done, to atonement and finally a dawning connectedness to other human beings. With the most economic simplicity, his final line nearly repeats an early one and hints at the changes in the man.

Tommy Lee Jones, a resident of San Antonio, has spoken out against insensitive government policies on immigration and in particular against Texas Senator Kay Bailey Hutchinson's proposal of government money for vigilante border control. That anger is present in this movie, but in the best humanist film tradition, he also dwells compassionately here on entangled human lives and their surprising possibilities.

Note: This film has been given an R rating for language, violence, and sexuality.



Joyful Noise articles

Don't forget: If you want to submit to the Joyful Noise, please send any materials by 15th of each month. E-mail is preferred, sent directly to astolat@sssnet.com or via the church office using saintjameswooster@earthlink.net. Times New Roman at 11 point is the standard font and size for the Noise, with Microsoft Word being the word processor of choice. Here's your chance to be read by all.



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What's Happening at St. James

- 8th Apr** **Vestry Retreat**
- 13th Apr** **Maundy Thursday Service, 6:00 pm: Night Watch, 9:00 pm to 8:00 am**
- 14th Apr** **Stations of the Cross, noon: Good Friday Liturgy, 7:00 pm**
- 15th Apr** **Great Vigil, 8:30 pm**
- 16th Apr** **Easter Sunday: Easter Egg Hunt, 11:00 am**

April, 2006

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May, 2006

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