

O Ye Frost and Cold

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“. . . And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking. After that He put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up. . .”
(Mark 8:24, 25)

TUESDAY AUTUMN MORNINGS in DENALI CENTER

In mid-September, my friend sits on his bed in Denali Center. There's an opened window behind him. He is about to go to dinner. His wife is hospitalized across the way. They are NEVER apart and I have to come to see, as he faces this dinner separated from her, how he is. They have had 61 years of dinners together. Before I can ask him, his wide eyes fill with concern and, in his soft voice, he asks how *I and my family* are.

Through the opened window behind him I can see a birch tree in the outer courtyard. It is in full September glory, sunlight radiating on its yellow leaves, against the blue sky.

I watch the Light of the Golden Tree out the window. I watch the Light of Humble Compassion in my friend's kind eyes. I watch the Light of Christ, sitting there on the Denali Center bed, suspended and shirt buttoned because you dress nice if you're going out in public.

Not all of the spectacular Beauty of Faltime is out there in the woods. Not all of the Treasure of Fairbanks lies hiding in \$1000+ an ounce golden creeks. . . Some of it sits in the large TV community room in Denali Center, drifting off to sleep in a wheelchair, dreaming.

Sunday afternoons some from St. Matthew's visit Denali, bringing Holy Communion. During the week, some from St. Matthew's volunteer there. And every other Tuesday morning, St. Matthew's celebrates a Eucharist in the large TV Community room. It's a quiet end of morning moment, after the Community Bowling and before Lunch begins.

On a Tuesday morning in September, I walk through the Light of the Golden Birch trees into Denali, past the carved wooden bear, past the babies in the Daycare, past the photographs of pets that visit, past the place where the birds' aviary had been, and into the TV room, where bowling is ending. As the pins are picked up, and a small child ballet

twirls across the floor, my mind is still filled with the light of the birch trees outside. Some folks slowly make their way back to their rooms; others notice there will be a service and stay; others slowly arrive, helped by the staff. Some sleep, drifting in dreams.

The service itself is fairly simple: an opening prayer/ invocation; a Gospel text from the coming Sunday; a short talk; individual prayers with those who are there; a prayer of consecration; THE Communion; and a closing prayer. By the time the Gospel is read, most have nodded to apparent sleep. No matter. It is "The Peace of God" wrapping around us.

They are praying as they sleep. They are saying "thank you", and praying for you. I hear them, Tuesday after Tuesday. I kneel beside the table or wheelchair and ask softly, "Is there anything special that you would like to pray for?" Eyes slowly open and, again and again, they say they would like to pray for their families; again and again they say they would like to tell God "Thank you" for the Gift of their Life, and their families.

Memories and Spirit swirl around that room as crouching I make my way around the circle of 12 to 15 residents praying. Many of them I have known for years. I remember that one cutting fish every Summer, laughing and praying; that one at potlatches dancing and making strong speeches; that one telling stories of adventures trapping beavers; that one again and again helping others. Even those I am just meeting radiate with memories – the work this man has done with these still strong hands; the meals this Mother has cooked for others.

All that all past now . . . everything has been stripped and fallen away, even as the Autumn rains and winds will come and strip those trees of their golden leaves. Everything has been emptied, Philippians 2-like.

All that is left is what there always is - a "Thank You" and "Please care for those I love".

There's a Greater Light, or a Deeper Light, than that of the trees outside. There is this Light, coming from my friends in this Community TV room. There is this Light, coming from the staff that will come and gently push their wheelchairs back to their rooms.

There is this Light, always and forever, into a world without end, *Amen*.

In Thanksgiving for Bertha (+9-24-2009) and Johnson Moses; and the others

Inside This Issue:

Diocesan Convention	Pg 4	Sunday School	Pg 13
Seasons of Life	Pg 6	Correspondence Received	Pg 18
Financial Stewardship	Pg 12	Vestry Minutes	Pg 26

St. Matthew's
Episcopal Church
Fairbanks, Alaska
The Reverend Scott Fisher



**THE FALLING
of SUMMER
VOICES**

*We are sitting outside, in
the Light of Summer, as
the People of God pass by.
We are sitting outside
listening as the Procession*

*passes by – speaking of flooded homes and
fishing and local cemetery problems and
blueberries. Forest fire smoke wraps around
thickly, and we can't see them, but we hear,
as they pass by, talk of weddings and
funerals and mosquitoes and more. And some
are tourists. And still the flood refugees,
grieving. Now leaves are turning and
falling, as they pass by, but we are still
listening, and we hear. . .*

**. . . That was my Gramma's last
words to me before she died:
"Stay close to God, Baby".**

We come to Church not because we
like or don't like Scott's preaching –
but to WORSHIP God. That's all God
asks – that two hours a week.

**I just got back. I had to take a
break; I had to get out. I think we
all have Post Traumatic Stress
from this Spring. It was HARD
this Spring – the Break-Up and
Flooding at home.**

I'm heading down to -----
to see my friend; he's catching 35 fish a
day down there.

**No fish in Tanana yet, but I had
fish in Anvik when I was there, so
they're coming!**

Wow! That was GOOD! It's REALLY
NICE to come here for a WEDDING
after all of those funerals.

**Weather change; people change
too. Gonna be rough pretty soon.**

THAT [*Eagle Summit Solstice Eucharist*]
was . . . magical and HOLY.

**I was up on the trail, at Eagle
Summit, while you all were doing
that service. What part of that
service were the willow branches
that people were waving around?
What do they signify? OH!
Mosquitoes!**

Father Steve reports in, remembering. . .

brothers in the Fall.

By The Rev. Stephen Matthew

This time of year always makes me think of being a young man back
in Stevens Village on the Yukon River. We fished and hunted all over
the Yukon Flats in those days.

I left that Country for school and work, but would come back to
hunt and cut wood for my Grandma. One such time turned into a
family affair, with an Uncle and two brothers coming along. We only
took enough food for a week, but that seemed to be lots.

Once Upriver, we got excited and started to hunt. We were having
so much fun that we forgot about the wood for Grandma.

We finally got our moose, but still had that wood to cut. And
supplies were getting low. We had a little rice, macaroni, and Pilot
Bread; which we gave to our youngest brother, who was only a boy.
We older guys just ate meat - about six or seven times a day. Lean
meat doesn't go very far to live on; and we all sure lost weight on that
trip!

About that time, an older person was cutting wood above our camp.
He killed his moose, loaded his wood, and went on by; headed for
home.

My brother stood on the bank, looking lonesome as he went by, but
we still had more wood to cut. We finally finished and floated on back
to the Village.

This time of year I still feel bad about that lonesome, but trying
to be tough, little boy on that bank.

TO the Young Leaders of Tanana. . .

A GOOD DAY in TANANA

My recent trip to Tanana was just like a shot in the arm for an old
man like myself. The point of the trip was to bless and remember the
United States Public Health Service Hospital in Tanana, which is to be
torn down this Fall.

I expected this to be a sad time and, in a way, it was - for many of
us had worked there, been born there, and grieved over deaths there.
But, as in all things, Life goes on; and so does Hope.

The young people of Tanana had a wonderful program ready,
wrapped in a package of efficiency. They made me so proud of them. I
came away feeling that they will take Tanana a long way up the Ladder
of Success. There are many bumps in the Road of Life, but working
together you can overcome anything.

Thanks for the memories, young leaders of Tanana! It was a Good
Day.

I remain in Christ,
Fr. Stephen Matthew

EYE of the STORM

By Kathy Mackey

*Out of the night into the morn,
Drawing us gently through the eye of the storm.
Out of the sorrow into the Joy, where we will dwell in the Highlands
With Him 'ever more.*

*Sealed by His blood,
We are called to become, those who
endure 'til the race is done.
Leaving the past, heading for more,
than our hearts can imagine
In the waking morn.*



Summer Voices

You're from Yuma too? I'M FROM YUMA! Where in Yuma? NO KIDDING! We live on the SAME BLOCK in Yuma and don't know each other and we meet HERE ON EAGLE SUMMIT at this SOLSTICE EUCHARIST?

Let me ask you something: what do you do about GUILT? I mean, I've done and seen some s---. Does The Father REALLY forgive me? Can He?

Oh, been walkin' down that "forget-me-not" trail.

Fish are in TANANA!

Did you know that that was the Navy Hymn we sang this morning? I'm a NavyMan; served on carriers across the Pacific during the War. That Hymn brought back a lot of memories. Thank you for that.

My mother said the same thing – whenever a Caribou Clan person dies, there's a wind – because they're the Weather People, you know.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH

RECTOR	The Rev. Scott Fisher 456-5235	PARISH ADMINISTRATOR	Hilary Freeman 457-4820
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Summer Voices

We CAN'T DO ANYTHING about the drunks in this town because PEOPLE LIKE YOU and YOUR CHURCH keep CODDLING THEM. We need to JUST LOCK 'EM UP.

I sure enjoy your Newsletter, but you haven't been producing them as much, have you? We miss them.

Well, I've been Native all my life, and I didn't understand what they were doin'. Different up that way.

. . . went to Eagle years ago to sell his fur. Then he bought some White Mule. When he woke up, he asked the Lady, "How come the grass around here don't get green?" She told him, "Get green? It's FallTime!" He lost the whole Summer with that White Mule. Thought he was drunk for a week but it was really all Summer.

. . . told us they were processing a million pounds of fish a day there.

Put net in; pull net out. Put net in; pull it out. I wonder what those Old People of Long Ago would have thought if they'd seen fishing like this.

No, nothing's happened. We're just here because we came by the Hospital to eat pie.

You know why we Canadians say "ey?", don't you? Because that's the name of the Country: "C-'ey?-N-'ey? - D-'ey?" It's BUILT IN!

Young people. Young people. Just throwin' their lives away. A shame.

I'm checkin' myself into Treatment. I want to live and see my grandchildren.

Mosquitoes! This Summer are the worst I've ever seen 'em. We sit in our house and can just hear them buzzing out there.

Did you know it's against the Law this Summer for my Uncle to send me fish?

"Finding and Sharing Our Old and New Treasures" (Matthew 13:53)



34th DIOCESAN CONVENTION meets in ANCHORAGE in EARLY OCTOBER

The Episcopal Diocese of Alaska, the Family of the Episcopal Church in Alaska, is coming together for its Statewide meeting in early October, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Anchorage. The meeting, as determined by the 33rd Convention, is being hosted by St. Mary's and the other Anchorage area churches. Registration opens at 1 o'clock Thursday, October 8th at St. Mary's, with the Opening Eucharist beginning at 7PM.

Before that Opening Eucharist, a number of workshops are scheduled. The Convention is scheduled to last into Saturday evening, October 10th; and possibly into Sunday morning.

Between the Opening Eucharist Thursday night, and the Closing Eucharist Saturday or Sunday, there will be a variety of special things happening, along with the traditional discipline of the canonically required Convention business: budgets, elections, reports, etc. The proposed agenda, a collaborative effort of the Standing Committee, **Bishop Kimsey**, and the Diocesan staff, carefully balances the Business Sessions with other events. Special worship services are planned, including the Friday evening Ordination of the **Rev. Ann Whitney (of Wasilla)** to the Priesthood; and a Saturday Evening St. Simeon & St. Anna Eucharist inducting new members, and also in memory of clergy that have died since the last Convention.

Archdeacon Norman Elliott is scheduled to give the sermon.

A series of keynote addresses and panel discussions are scheduled for Friday and Saturday, with follow-up small group discussions. Among those speaking will be noted Russian Orthodox scholar **Fr. Michael Oleska** on Friday and **Gretchen (Mrs. Bishop Rustin) Kimsey** on Saturday. Among the Convention Business to be discussed and acted upon are hearing Reports from the Standing Committee, the Bishop Search Committee, and other Diocesan ministries; the proposed 2010 Diocesan Budget; and a number of elections to various Diocesan Committees. Two resolutions have been prefiled and must be considered (*one way or the other*) by the Convention - one is from a variety of people and commends "The Charter for Lifelong Christian Formation" as a Diocesan Resource; and the other was prefiled by the Vestry of All Saints Church in August 2008 and "affirms Core Anglican Principles". *[Read the text of these Resolutions, and follow Convention preparations & breaking News on the Diocesan website: <http://episcopalak.org/convention.htm>]* All of this happens under the Gathering Theme of Matthew 13:53: "Finding and Sharing Our Old and New Treasures".

The Convention brings together delegates and visitors, clergy and layfolk, from every Episcopal church in the State - from St. John's/Ketchikan to St. Alban's/Point Lay. Saint Matthew's officially will be represented by the rector (*who canonically must attend*) and those we called at our January 2009 Annual Meeting: **Laura Bender, Mary Margaret Davis, and Julia Cockerille**. Visitors (**and EVERYBODY!**) are welcome to attend Diocesan Conventions; official delegates get to vote.

The Last Convention was held here at St. Matthew's, two years ago in October 2007. The next Convention, which will be the Convention to **elect the next Bishop**, is currently scheduled for **April 9th & 10th, 2010**.



Autumn Leaves, Tithing Trees, and PFDs

By Bruce E. Gadwah

I have been asked more than once, “*How did we do with that Tithing Tree Campaign?*” or words similar to that. The answer in short is “*We were awesome!*” Take any bulletin over the summer months and under FINANCIAL STEWARDSHIP compare it with that month in either of the two previous years. This surplus/deficit figure has been improved by over \$10k; and in fact this year’s income to date is some \$20k over for the same period. Yes, there were successful fundraisers, but more important is the fact that the **number of members pledging has increased. The total pledged amount for 2009 has risen by some \$20k. Our goal with regard to pledges will be met when, after prayer and mindful consideration of the needs of the church every single member voluntarily gives what he can give in a regular and timely fashion.** Indeed, we are steadily making great strides in this regard. **Thank you.**

September is here and with it arrives PFD checks. Yes, the amount was larger last year for a variety of reasons, but let’s just be thankful for what is there. Last year we focused on energy to help us reach our goal and we increased our participation by threefold over the previous year. The pump will be out as a reminder of the great job you all did in raising over \$30k during this campaign, which was needed just to balance last year’s budget. **You did all of that and more, which allowed us to reimburse a reserve account which we had to borrow from during the year. Thank you.**

If choosing a different focus other than energy helps you to participate here, I would encourage you to do that. For instance, after spending some time catching up on summer maintenance, I could easily buy into participating - knowing some necessary repairs that we are soon to be considering. Like, it was recommended that we replace the church roof some 8 years ago. The Fire Marshal recommends we have a sprinkler system for the basement be installed as soon as possible, which could be around \$10k. We could dig up and repair the waste pipe at the rectory for some \$10k. Know this though. No matter what you might choose for a focus, it all goes to the operating budget and there is a need someplace and more often sooner than later.

From the Old Testament to the New Testament it is taught that we should put God first in our lives, and what we receive will be determined by him. Furthermore, we are taught that we should share that fruit which he has provided for us. What better way than to share with our church which we all love and adore? What a wonderful way to ensure the mission of St. Matthew’s. If only 200 members give 10% of the PFD or \$130 each that would yield some \$26,000 or a sprinkler system or a new waste pipe, or whatever. Remember, none of these items are luxuries, but rather necessities.

I think, for me the idea is that whenever we receive we share, and the PFD is no exception. **Our goal will be met when every member that receives the PFD shares an affordable portion with St. Matthew’s. We know this church will give and give until such time as it can give no more. Our part is to make sure that time never comes, never happens.**

Thank you for all you give.

May God Bless You.

Summer Voices

REALLY? She *RESIGNED*? Well, thank goodness we won’t have to listen to anything more about Michael Jackson now.

Whatever Church they were from, they came over here and scared all the kids. Told them they were all going to Hell. Your youngest granddaughters were worried.

How do you TELL; how do you tell what God is telling you? That’s what I’d like to talk to you about.

I was there. I heard Archdeacon Stuck up there in the front of the Church tell us Walter Harper and that nurse had died. “I don’t understand how he could drown,” he said, “Because he could swim like a fish. But when they found his body, he was on top, and she was underneath. He was protecting her.”

I wanted, I wanted to call and ask you for Holy Communion. *I MISS IT!* But I know you and everyone are so busy.

WE just heard. He died in Afghanistan Thursday. The first Marine casualty in that new offensive. He was 20. This was his second time there. He was so upset by September 11th; he couldn’t wait till he was old enough to join. But I KNOW he accepted Jesus. I KNOW he’s okay. And now, now we won’t have to worry anymore.

Have you had any fish from the River yet?

We had a bird feeder, and they took that off. And part of her fence. Not the whole fence, just part of it. Strange. Sad, really. Why would they bother my mother’s grave like that?

They’re back at the Airport and they’re down at the Bridge. Checking for people with fish. They searched -----
----- . What a strange Summer.

Summer Voices

Where is the Biggest War? The Biggest War we fight is within ourselves. And some of us don't know that.

If I ever meet David Letterman I'm going to say three words to him – "I'm from Alaska" – and punch him.

Maybe . . . maybe it would have been easier if years ago I had gone ahead and gone for ordination, but I've always believed in what Bishop Gordon taught us and tried to show us – the importance of LAY ministry.

I kindof think of you, how do I say this, as THE anti-disestablishment figure in Fairbanks.

YEAH that fire is close. Sky was JUST BLACK down here the 4th of July. I had to turn the lights on.

I don't know what's wrong with us, you know. Wake up in the morning sick and think "Ohhhh, I gotta stop this; I don't want to do this" . . . and then I take that first drink again . . . and downnnnnnnnn I go.

Guess what I'm doing this Summer! I'm FARM-sitting!

. . . and Something made a noise, and touched me; but nothing there.

I CAN'T GO HOME! I don't HAVE A HOME! It floated down the River this Spring.

. . . and so now the Hospital gave me a bill for \$82,000, WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

I'VE GOT FLOOD SYNDROME!

. . . abused me, or tried to, and I'm pretty sure the Church covered it up.

. . . boiling or something the heroin, and . . .

. . . so the two weeks I was here, hitch-hiking, it was -40 and I was picked up

through All The Seasons of Life

SEASONS of LIFE in the SUMMER of OUR LORD 2009

For the 13 weeks of Summer in Fairbanks, for the 92 days from Trinity Monday, June 8th through Labor Day weekend, Monday, September 7th, through gaining Daylight and then losing Daylight, through bluesky summerdays and thick smoked summer days and not very many rainy summerdays, we gathered together and prayed at least 235 times. An accounting and some details:

- 40 Sunday Morning Eucharists
- 52 Private/Home Communion services/visits by clergy
- 6 Private/Home Communion services/visits by Lay Eucharistic Ministers
- 5 Sunday afternoon Fairbanks Correctional Center Eucharists
- 69 Sunday through Friday night Midnight Compline Services
- 6 Tuesday Morning Denali Center Eucharists
- 13 Wednesday Morning Eucharists
- 13 Wednesday Evening Eucharists
- 6 Thursday Morning Pioneer Home Eucharists
- 6 Celebrations of Holy Baptism, 10 baptized
- 9 Celebrations of Holy Matrimony, Blessings, or Renewal of Vows
- 2 Private Confessions
- 2 Commendations of the Deceased
- 1 Reception of remains
- 7 Funeral/Memorial services
- 3 Burial services
- 1 Houseblessing
- 1 Summer Solstice Eagle Summit Trek & Midnight Sun Eucharist
- 1 Mid-July Parking Lot Garage Sale
- 1 Golden Days Booyah and Bake Sale
- 1 Eucharist (outside of Fairbanks- Manley Hot Springs)

- +91 – Highest temperature recorded since June 8th (on Wednesday, July 8th)
- +33 – Lowest temperature recorded since June 8th (on Thursday, August 20th)

Holy Baptisms

On a sunny Wednesday evening, June 17th, St. Matthew's filled for the baptisms, celebrated by Archdeacon Anna Frank and the rector, of 6 months old **Aubrey Addison Coe Dublin** and 9 months old **Caleb Xavier Abraham Smoke**. Aubrey's Godparents are **Jeff** and **Roxane Holmes**, **Charlene Stern**, and **Byron BlueHorse**; Caleb's Godparents are **Kirby Thomas**, **Gary Smoke**, **Rachel Saylor**, and **Amanda Saylor**. One week later, during the Wednesday morning service on June 24th, 6 months old **Malaya Susan Zottola** was baptized. She quietly slept through the service until baptized, and then she woke up smiling. Her Godparents are **Cari Mayo**, **Joel Titus**, and **Gary Attla**. That evening, June 24th, in the June sunshine and with smiles, 6 months old **Elvis**



Antonio Angulo was baptized. His Godparents are **Donavon Riley** and **Leeann Riley**. Sunday afternoon, July 5th, in a special service before a coming celebration later in the week, 22 months old **Elijah Marl Wigley** and 6 months old **Makayla Ryan Wigley** were

(Continued on page 7)

Seasons of Life . . .

baptized. Both Elijah and Makayla's Godparents are **Beverly Joseph, Brent Clark, and Anna Clark**. Several days later, on Wednesday evening, July 8th, nearly one month old **Mamie Rose Biddle**, wide awake and smiling throughout the service, was baptized. Her Godparents are **Danny Pearson** and **Rachel Marney**. And finally, on Wednesday evening, September 2nd, 16 months old **Casey Ray Erhart** and (*twins!*) 7 months old **Kinlee Josephine Roberts** and **Cayden Roy Roberts** were baptized. Casey enjoyed it so much he kept baptizing everybody, including himself, again and again. His Godparents are **Lawrence Alves** and **Micaela Cail**. Kinlee and Kayden's Godparents are **Brittney Mathis, Angela Folger, Gareth Erhart, and Raymond Hyslop**.



Weddings, Blessings, and Renewals

On Friday, June 19th, as a gentle Summer rain fell, Genesis-like signifying Creation and a new beginning, the civil marriage (*from several months earlier*) of **Sara Lundemo** and **Bruce Travis** was blessed. And there were smiles and Hope all around. Similarly, the next afternoon, on Saturday, June 20th, in the beauty of the garden setting at Pike's, with dramatic storm clouds threatening but never arriving; the rector celebrated the wedding of **Bradley Krupa** and

Candice Smith. Saturday afternoon, July 11th, **Archdeacon Anna Frank** celebrated the wedding of **Anthony Wigley** and **Victoria Joseph**. The following weekend, Friday afternoon, July 17th, **Sara Hoffman** and **Larry Dixon** were married, in a Church filled with excitement and celebration. And then, the following weekend, on Sunday afternoon, July 26th, as a Grande Finale of Golden Days, **Samantha Morgan** and **Charles Dorsey** were married. One sensed



Samantha's Grandmother, the late **Alice Morgan**, not very far away, and smiling. Saturday, August 15th **Barbara Solari** (*whom the rector had baptized once-upon-a-time in Beaver*) and **Shawn Saunders** were married in the afternoon and then, after a breath, **Jessica Marth** and **Michael Ives** were married in the early evening. Jessica, the daughter of Vestrymember **Charlene & Steve Marth**, "grew up" here at St. Matthew's — acolyting, crucifering, and teaching Sunday School and

(Continued on page 22)

Summer Voices

by a Bolivian, a guy from North Dakota, and a Danish tourist. BUT NO ALASKANS picked me up. And I thought, "Boy, hitch-hiking in 40 Below and no Alaskans picked me up. Fairbanks has sure changed in the twenty years that I've been gone."

That service was a REAL HOOT. I've never been to a Church like this.

I think we're doin' okay cookin' this Booyah. I think we got it figured out. But there's no need to tell Lloyd about . . .

You know this Booyah has become a Community Tradition now. You and St. Matthew's are going to be doing this for the next fifty years.

I'm visiting here from Colorado. I've dreamed of this all my life. My father was up here 60 or 70 years ago, working on the Alaska Highway; and told stories about it all of his life. I've always wanted to come up here and just stand, you know, on the Alcan that he helped build.

. . . could see the tops of the spruce trees comin' towards 'em; and then . . .

. . . and there was that time there was a bear in the tree in front of St. Matthew's. A little bear. Wonder if anybody remembers that — that must have been 50 years ago.

I'll tell you. Heroin is easier these days to get in this town than a bowl of weed. Heroin is ALL OVER EVERY PLACE.

. . . and so I prayed, "Lord, I know you are always with me and I shouldn't be afraid; but I am. A little. If you could, just send a few more people to be in here, so I'm not alone with this guy in here. That would be REALLY NICE." And as soon as I finished, FIVE PEOPLE WALKED IN.

She's a Salmon Snob ever since she had fish from Bristol Bay.

WE are SO COOL

By Oliver & Andrea Backlund

The Regeneration Project (aka “*Interfaith Power & Light*”) has selected the congregation of Saint Matthew's to be one its "Cool Congregations".) The honor is given us as a result of our participation in the Green Lent program during Lent, 2009 when we saved or pledged to save 50,000 pounds of carbon emissions by taking a number of actions to reduce our consumption of energy. The Regeneration Project will honor one congregation each month for its actions in support of responsible stewardship of creation. Saint Matthew's is one of the first to be chosen. We were nominated by Mary Walker of Alaska Interfaith Power & Light, who has provided a lot of support and resources to us as we seek to become ever more respectful and careful toward our environment. When the Regeneration Project makes its announcement, it will include the story of our Lenten journey and a photo of the fantastic Carbon Fast Tree that hung in the Parish Hall and charted our progress as we worked to steward creation.



2009 ST. MATTHEW'S ENDOWMENT BOARD GRANTS

By Marty Thomas, Endowment Board Chair

It has been more than 20 years since a handful of tireless members of St. Matthew's worked to establish the Endowment Fund, a permanent fund which grows through generous designated giving, through endowments and through careful investments. Granted, this past year our fund was no different than every other, we suffered financially; but we are crawling back.

One of the benefits of this fund is the grant option. Interest and cash dividends earned from the Endowment Fund over the 12 month period ending December 31 are eligible for distribution as grants. The Endowment Fund is operated to enhance the worship, ministry and mission outreach of St. Matthew's and, thus, cannot be used for the general operating budget.

St. Matthew's Endowment Board distributable income for 2008 was \$6098.17. Five applications were received requesting a total of \$9,214. After prayerful consideration, the Endowment Board approved the following to receive grants:

Dora Powell, of Stevens Village, received partial funding to help pay for travel for clergy to provide 4 services for Stevens Village and for song books;

Kathy Mackey, Fairbanks, partial funding for vestments and educational materials for her quest to become a Benedictine Novice;

R.J. Nelson, St. Marks Episcopal Church, Nenana, partial funding for the purchase of church furnishings, brochures, and/or website for St. Marks;

The Rev. Belle Mickelson, full funding of \$2,300, for guitar, fiddle and dance instruction expenses for teaching Fairbanks youth over a 10-week period;

The Rev. Bella Jean Savino, full funding for tuition for her 3rd year of EFM; and 10% was distributed to Dr. Wood's fund established for St. Matthew's Episcopal Church land acquisition and improvement.

The official announcement was made on September 20, 2009 at the Harvest celebration of St. Matthew's Day. Congratulations to all grant recipients!

That It May Be Well With You
St. Matthew's Health Ministry



Coming and continued events planned by Health Ministry include the following:

- Next Health Ministry meeting is **Monday, September 28th, 5 PM** ~ all invited
- Health Ministry library books and display in church parish hall ~ on going
- Blood pressures taken monthly on the last Sunday of each month between services
- Monthly Prayer Shawl meetings on the last weekend of each month
- Parish Nursing Health Ministry Course ~ **September 18-20 & October 16-18, 2009** ~ 13 people from various Fairbanks churches have registered
- Journey to Bethlehem again ~ watch for further details
- Medicare Part D Information presentations in November

Are you a Medicare recipient and feel overwhelmed by all the information sent to you every fall regarding the prescription drug plans offered under Part D? If so, you're invited to attend a talk by **Cindy Stragier, R.Ph.** after each service on **Sunday, November 8th** and **November 15th**. This may be just what you've been looking for if you've ever asked yourself any of the following -

- Should I enroll in a plan? And if so, how do I determine which plan to enroll in?
- What are the basic benefits offered for 2010?
- What is the "doughnut hole", and how can I calculate when I'll "fall into" it?
- What is a drug formulary and why it's important to know your drug plan's formulary?
- Where can I go for help?
- Is there a program that will help pay my monthly premiums?

The first week will cover the basics of the Part D program and the second week Cindy will be available for further questions. These discussions are scheduled to answer questions prior to the beginning of the open enrollment period which starts on November 15th, and are open to anyone who is interested. Maybe you're not a Medicare recipient, but have a loved one who needs help, or you're nearing Medicare age, and just curious. If you'd like to join in, just grab a cup of coffee or tea, and meet in the parish library after the service!

Summer Voices

MEN IN TIGHTS? They're sending MEN IN TIGHTS to Eagle to help re-build? Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Mennonites! I thought you said they were sending "Men in tights."

.. some Church group over there helping us re-build. More Moms or something. MORMONS!

... shot two bears this Summer – a little black bear and one big cinnamon. It was so big; I thought it was a log. Its head was THIS big.

... that Large Animal was around and ...

If we are endowed with Free Will, why does it cease to exist at the Moment of Death?

They took down the fence around Mom's grave, you know, and took off ...

OH, I miss St. Matthew's. I REALLY do. I'd really LIKE to come. But I can't. I just can't. Been to too many funerals there. I walk in that door and they all come back to me.

I HAVE to come to St. Matthew's. It's the only place in Fairbanks I feel SAFE.

How's your Mother doing? We've been praying for her.

YOU'RE from Alaska? Let me ask you... WHAT is your Governor, or ex-Governor, or whatever, WHAT is she doing?

CHOCKECHERRIES! They're good now. I had a friend last year who made 25 bottles of wine with chokecherries and then ...

Boy, you're with someone and they're alive one day; and the next day they're dead. We just never ...

I'm even DREAMING about blueberries. I see them IN MY SLEEP.

"... we forget to laugh and enjoy ourselves and to enjoy life and enjoy our families and friends and to spend time together."

BELLA JEAN'S NEWS

By The Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino

I had to think and pray before I started writing this article. I thought of how the summer just flew by so fast and it is already September!

On May 26 my granddaughter Ashley K. and I traveled to Wyoming by plane. My son, Charles Jr. (who is Ashley's Dad) and his girlfriend Kassie met us in the Denver airport; and we traveled by car the rest of the way to Riverton (Wyoming). It was really a nice trip in spite of getting tired when we finally reached our destination. I stayed there until June 9 before I returned home. My Grandson Peter J., graduated from High School, and had a feast afterwards outside the house. It was good to see everyone, family and friends, and it was a very special day indeed! It has been raining a lot there at that time, but the day of the feast, the clouds were all around us except where we were . . . and no rain!

God sure answer prayers at the right time sometimes! I spent my birthday down there, June 6th, and it has been a long time since I spent that day with my kids and grandkids. My grandson Peter J. barbecued some steaks the day before; and we celebrated my birthday early because my grandson had to participate in the basketball tournament put on by the Shrines. Everything fell into place, and we had plenty of food, and we enjoyed ourselves. I treasured those moments. I got to visit some of my friends there because my grandson offered to drive me around. I also got to borrow his car one day and went visiting - and I mean like driving 30 miles one way. I'm thankful for a safe and wonderful trip and was sad to leave my kids and grandkids, especially Ashley K. who is living with her dad. I miss them but I keep them in my prayers and heart and know that God will take care of them.

This summer I got to help Mary Ellen with the Rummage/Yard Sale at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, along with other friends. The day was beautiful and we had the sale in the parking lot. Mary Ellen barbecued some hot dogs, and we sold hot dogs, chips and pop. Really, we all enjoyed ourselves that day, and we raised some money for St. Matthew. I'm sure some people have found and bought some treasures for themselves!

I volunteered to help with the Vacation Bible School, which was held Aug 2 - 7, and I really enjoyed myself. Dawn Jagow really did a wonderful job coordinating and putting everything together. Her kids, Joanna and Charlie, were there to help, and took care of the playtime part. All the teachers and volunteers did a fantastic job. What I enjoyed the most were the kids! I got to know the kids, met many new kids,

and they are all pretty special. They taught me some things, reminding me what it was like to be a kid - the look of wonder and exploring in their eyes, checking out things and listening and hearing what they had to say. These little ones are our future generation and we need to teach them right things, show them the way, be there for them, encourage and support them; mostly keeping them in prayers and reminding them how much we love them and how special they are.

New life, new birth to celebrate, and that was one of the things I did. I had a baby shower for my great-great niece who born on July 15, and her name is Breanna. She was asleep most of the time during the party, but was awake before the end. All of us mothers and grandmothers had fun eating, playing games, and spending time together. We just laughed and laughed while we played the games. When you think about it, sometimes we forget to laugh and enjoy ourselves and to enjoy life and enjoy our families and friends and to spend time together. That baby was *soo* precious and a blessing to her family.

My friend, Bernice and I still go Denali Center every other Sunday to bring the Eucharist (Holy Communion) to our church family there. It is a blessing to us to be able to do that, but we would love to have other men or women join us or take over when Bernice or I are unable to do this sacred work on certain times. If anyone is interested in doing this blessing ministry, talk to Scott or myself (Bella Jean). I will be happy to teach you what I know personally, if that is ok. Talking about ministry, I was thinking about this young boy who has been helping us on Sundays at 11:15 service - serving as crucifer and acolyte and it is a blessing indeed to see him do that ministry! I am praying that many other boys and girls will think about doing that because we sure do need lots of help in that area. It is wonderful to serve GOD in his church by the gifts He has given each of us, let us not be ashamed to serve him, to work for him.

Is anyone interested in being a Lay Eucharist Minister (LEM)? This is a ministry in which LEM goes out in to the community to administer the Holy Communion to those who are ill or sick and unable to attend church

service. This is a worthwhile and blessed ministry to anyone who feels the calling to this ministry and you will make many people happy when you bring the Eucharist to them and you will see the joy in their faces. **THINK AND PRAY ABOUT IT AND LET SCOTT OR ME KNOW ASAP!**

I will be starting a study for Daughter of the King in the near future. If you are thinking about becoming a member or would like more information about this order, let me know in person or call me at 456-1503. This is open to women, who are members of the Episcopal Church and as members we pledged ourselves to life-long program of prayer, service and evangelism dedicated to the spread of CHRIST'S KINGDOM and the strengthening to the spiritual life of

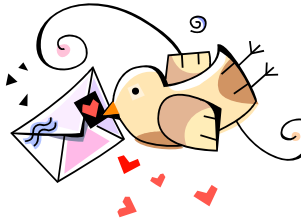
(Continued on page 11)



A Meditation upon Offering Envelope Numbers

THE NUMBER of EPIPHANY

By Helen Brown



When we first married over a third of a century ago, Fred tried, unsuccessfully, to talk me into going to church with him, and I, also unsuccessfully, tried to talk him into going moose hunting.

Though not a churchgoer, I filled my roll as amanuensis and bookkeeper, wrote the checks and tucked them in the offering envelopes. That first year the envelopes were numbered something like 478.

He continued not to hunt, I continued not going to church, For 8 years he was in the legislature we were often out of town and when he went he wrote his own checks.

Although he murdered the occasional Dolly Varden (seldom over 9 inches long) he left moose unmolested. I went to weddings and funerals and noticed his envelope number was 314.

The tan Dodge truck was replaced by the blue Dodge truck then by the black Dodge truck. The number changed to the 200s. I eventually noticed we did not have our own assigned number. It takes me a while.

The green Hornet was replaced by the brown Toyota, by the red Subaru. Sometime during the Toyota I started going to church with him. Dolly Varden became as safe as moose. And that number for some reason went from 3 figures to 2.

Subaru followed Subaru and his, now our, number dropped to 39, then 13, 11, then 7.

This year when Fred picked the envelopes up we were number 4.

And finally the epiphany.

Number One surely is Hannah, 2 years younger than our church -- but both over 100.

Number 2?

Number 3?

Angela, who came to Alaska, and our church, a mail order bride in 1938?

Evelyn, whose father was a territorial Senator?

Which order?

Maybe even they do not remember?

Maybe even someone else from the 8 am service?

But I'm sure it will be someone I know and like.

I so much do not want it to become us. We will lose a friend. The fabric of our lives will be a bit more frayed.

Summer Voices

Morris Thompson taught me that. I sneezed, using my handkerchief; and then he laughed. "Only a White Man" he said, "would do that – sneeze and then carry it around with him."

... wanted to retire, but my Elders told me "Retire? You can't retire! There's no such thing as Retirement. It's LIFE!"

Ohhh, the First day of School, there was a man in here buying LOTS of crayons. He said when he was growing up he was just POOR, and could never afford the BIG box of crayons all the other kids had. Now that he's grown, and has money, he has LOTS and LOTS of crayons all around his house. Funny, huh?

Been here since the Flood. Guess I'm going to stay here. Nothing to go back to now. Guess I'm going to die here. Never thought I'd die here, in Fairbanks. It's not my home.

FEMA checked us out and said we'd be getting a check in two weeks. Direct deposit. We've been waiting and waiting, because we'd like to go home, but nobody knows anything about the checks. We just keep getting the run-around.

... was thinking this joke about a bull moose chasin' them had been going on long enough, and then he finally turned around and there WAS a Bull Moose, horns down and chargin' after them. He passed up ----- runnin' like crazy down that fire line they'd been out huntin' along.

... and there was the Lord Jesus, I saw HIM, standin' in front of me. And He said to me; "You SHALL BE consecrated."

Do you have time for a Quick Deep Theological Question? It will only take about 5 seconds.

Bella Jean's News . . .

(Continued from page 10)

our church. This is chance to draw closer to JESUS, dedicating your life to him thru prayer, service and evangelism. Any questions, just call me at above number or see me in person. I feel like the spark has been lit and God is calling us to do his will thru his son, Jesus Christ. He is the way, the truth and Life!

I am praying for the Diocesan Convention coming up in October in Anchorage; and for the assisting Bishop Kimsey for his work and for his time; and coming together with different committees while we are in the process of selecting a new bishop; and dealing with different issues that face us as Diocese of Alaska. I pray that the Loving Presence of Jesus Christ will be at the Convention and, through that Love, different issues will be dealt with in a positive, inspiring way that will bring all the people of Alaska from different deaneries together with an open mind and open heart. I will pray for safe travel for everyone who will be attending the Convention that the guardian angels will watch over them and keep them safe.

I am keeping each of you in my prayers and I love you.

Summer Voices

I realized then that some part of me had always thought that I'd have to give up being Native; I'd have to give up my culture- our dancing and eating – to be a Christian, but that wasn't so.

YEAH, no kidding. There's a family, a den of martin right over THERE! THERE'S ONE now.

He's just emotionally exhausted dealing with all the stuff from the Flood.

. . . back in the years when the Episcopal Church was really DOING SOMETHING in the Bush, the Interior; and not just remembering it.

So, your Diocese has had its last two Bishops resign early? How has that affected the mood of the Diocese? I know what it's like at a local church when they start developing a history like that. What's it like for your Diocese?

Gee, it's sure been a long time since Our Bishop come to visit us up here. REALLY? HE'S NOT OUR BISHOP ANYMORE? HE RESIGNED? I didn't know that. No wonder he never come visit us. Gosh.

Have you noticed how when we get older we're less tolerant than we used to be?

So, I guess I have to join this Facebook Thing to find out what's really going on.

Old? I'm so old I was there when God was pushing up Birch Hill.

Sure, there's cows in Fairbanks. There's 100 head out Chena Hot Springs Road. And this butter is HOME-MADE.

The most wonderful thing about Love is that it just grows and grows. It just grows. I wish that for all of you here tonight.

The tapwater here in Fairbanks is SO FANTASTIC. It's SO SWEET. I can't get over it. I wish I could take it home with me, back to Los Angeles.

HOW are we doing?

OUR FINANCIAL STEWARDSHIP for JANUARY-JUNE 2009

The Table below, courtesy of Parish Treasurer Carolyn Nethken, shows our Financial Stewardship - how well we were doing (as of June 30th, 2009) in meeting and keeping to the Projected 2009 Budget we passed at our January 2009 Annual Meeting. These are **SUMMARY TOTALS** (i.e., lumping together various items) for our Operating Income and Operating Expenses for the first 6 months (i.e., 50%) of 2009. The percentage reflects what percentage of our Yearly Budget has been met (through Income) or spent (Expenses). Complete and detailed Financial Reports are posted on the Parish Hall Bulletin Board each month, following the monthly Vestry meeting. Please note that these figures below **ONLY** reflect **Operating Income and Expenses**, and not any activity from **RESERVED** accounts (such as the Building Fund or Reserved Clergy Discretionary Amounts). Nevertheless, they show how well (or well not) we are doing as stewards of the financial treasures given to us.

OPERATING INCOME

[Summary Line Item - Percentage of Yearly Budget Received or Spent]

Plate Income (\$30,000) <i>(This is undesignated money in the offering plates)</i>	53.9%
Pledged & Unpledged Support (\$230,000) <i>(Regular giving)</i>	50.7%
PFD Pledges (\$35,000) <i>(PFD checks don't arrive until October)</i>	0%
Parish Hall Use (\$1,000)	58.7%
Fundraisers (\$10,617)	54.6%
TOTAL ORDINARY OPERATING INCOME (\$306,617)	45.7%

OPERATING EXPENSES

Clergy Salaries (\$68,084.)	50.1%
Staff Salaries & wages (\$39,121.)	50.6%
Pension Plan contributions (\$15,498.)	53.3%
Employee Benefits – not pension (\$28,140.)	47.3%
TOTAL Personnel Expenses (\$150,843)	50.1%

Payroll Expenses/Taxes (\$4,000.)	48.3%
Office Operations (\$6,000)	64.6%
Newsletter (\$6,600)	39.9%
Website (\$400.)	45.0%
TOTAL Non-Liturgical Expenses (\$13,000)	51.4%

Custodial (\$1,560)	32.0%
Lawn Maintenance/Beautification (\$500)	0%
Rectory Utilities/Maintenance (\$10,000)	42.4%
Church Utilities/Maintenance (\$19,500)	39.4%
TOTAL Occupancy Expenses (\$31,560)	39.4%

Automobile Maintenance (\$1,200)	0%
Choir Music (\$100)	0%
Cost of Fundraising/Sales (\$2,500) <i>(See's Candy, etc)</i>	11.9%
Diocesan Convention (\$2,000)	0%
Interior Deanery Delegates (\$500)	60%

Diocesan Tithe (\$73,270)	47.8%
Nursery Programs (\$50)	0%
Outreach (\$5,024)	1.2%
Clergy Discretionary Expenses (\$200) <i>(Note there are Reserved Accounts that cover this)</i>	598.5%

Insurance (\$17,170)	56.8%
Worship Publications (\$1,200)	49.6%
TOTAL Business Expenses (\$103,214)	45.7%

Altar Guild (\$4,000)	53.4%
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TOTAL OPERATING EXPENSES (\$306,617)	47.6%
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Sunday School News – with LOTS of changes

New Time: the 11:15 service

Children will start in the church and leave as a group after the collect. When they return for the Eucharist, they will stay with their families, rather than return to Sunday School. The children will be in one group, rather than broken out by age ranges and if we have enough kids, there will be multiple stations or activities for them to do. Hopefully, in the spirit of love and generosity modeled by Christ, bigger ones will help younger ones.



We will work on themes for the beginning of this year. The first theme for the next few weeks will be **Jesus and me**. On 9/27 we will explore “Who am I? Who are you? & Who is Jesus?” We will start off getting to know each other before getting into more of the important discussion topics. After we find out what the children know about Jesus we will develop the other topics for the theme. Possibilities include: The life of Jesus, Jesus in our lives, What would Jesus do? and other ideas that may emerge after talking with the “kids”.

Lisa Olsen and Patty Meritt will be the leaders for the first unit. After we meet the kids and go through this first unit we will

(Continued on page 14)

“T.L.C.” REPORT

Submitted by Bruce Gadwah

[NOTE: Former Senior Warden Bruce Gadwah is frequently seen around the Church doing things. Coordinating with Junior Warden Karen Kiss & the Vestry, this is some of what he’s been doing. “T.L.C.” refers to (of course) “Tender Loving Care”.]

Keeping up with the overall maintenance of the property at St. Matthew’s can be a job in itself. We all know that to keep her fit she periodically needs **tender loving care**. It seems that I am always making mental note of a new repair opportunity. Of course accruing new problems is not all bad; as only unused things go unbroken, and we certainly would not wish that. St. Matthew’s is well used and thank God for that. It seems we just need to address the maintenance a bit more proactively.

In acting upon my mental list, we began with a clean up of the mechanical room. Coincidentally, shortly thereafter the Fire Marshal made an official visit. My nice “*to-do*” list suddenly changed to a written “*must do*” list. Our demeanor became more serious as we responded to a written list of demerits handed out as a result. *[Note: To NOT do these repairs, COULD have resulted in the Church being closed down for safety violations.]* Knowing that these improvements were meant to insure the safety of all it provided just the motivation we needed to accomplish almost everything within a couple of visits.

Although I seem to have an aversion to written lists, I am providing one here as a report of summer progress of jobs completed or in process around the premises and moreover, to ask that you participate as well by making additions that are important to you and would like to see attended to. I shall try to make available a clipboard in or around the office in order for you to do just that.

COMPLETED FIRE INSPECTION DEFICIENCIES:

1. Remove storage from within 24 inches of ceiling all rooms.
2. Remove extension cords from certain receptacles.

3. Replace missing ceiling tiles
4. Remove storage from within 18 inches of sprinkler heads.
5. Annual service of all fire extinguishers
6. Emergency lighting in nave and upstairs over office
7. Replace open receptacles with covers
8. Replace dryer hose with flexible metal type
9. Sheetrock inside of closets off upper room of parish hall
10. Replace bathroom ceiling fan cover
11. Annual inspection of sprinkler system

ACTIVITIES IN PROCESS OR IN PLANNING:

1. Sealing rubber membrane of flat roof over nursery area
2. Sealing wall adjacent to flat roof over sacristy
3. Gutter contractors to provide same over sacristy roof
4. Possible relocation of dumpster from parking lot to rear of office
5. Inland Petroleum contacted to replace bulbs in parking lot
6. New bulbs, sensors, etc. for 12 foot exterior wall mount lighting
7. Scott Houser has refurbished heater in Narthex and is waiting for plumbing
8. Scott Houser to remove and replace pump gaskets in “steam closet”
9. The Brices have offered a backhoe to dig out some 4 tree stumps, church and rectory
10. Possible continuation of sprinkler system in basement after bid reviews
11. Further review of report by Stack Co. concerning a solution to rectory waste line freezing
12. Follow solutions advised by Fire Marshal to achieve 1 hour burn barrier in mechanical room
13. Create electrical closet separate from parish hall closet for better control of that space
14. Sheetrock both new closet ceiling and existing parish hall storage ceiling per Fire Marshal
15. Church front entrance door to be sanded to remove graffiti

Summer Voices

**I'll tell you what I think, I think
IT is going to come early this year.
I think we're going to get IT.**

I have finally found a friend, after all of these years.

So the Elders are thinking it's going to be an Early Winter? I wonder if that means moose will start running earlier. The last couple of years

Whenever I get hungry for Native food, and don't have any; I go to the store and buy Spam and Vienna sausages.

. . . told me we don't have to worry about Swine flu because we eat so much Spam.

Grampa was so matter of fact about it. "I'm checkin' out," he said. "I've had a good life. I hope YOU have a good life."

WE wanted to get married at home, but there's no Church there now. It floated away this Spring. The roof is STILL there, but nothing else.

They told us whatever we do, be sure to go to services at St. Matthew's, the little log church downtown. They said services here were . . .

My goodness, there were a lot of people crying at the services this morning. It's been a HARD Summer.

I see the Lord Jesus and His 12 Disciples every night, after I go bed. They stand around my bed. Every night. What do you think . . .

. . . and this orb of Light, like a flower, moved across the Living Room and. . . .

. . . and there was that Bull Moose, standin' on the edge of that dry lake, about from here to over there. And his horns were just dripping. Gosh that was pretty. Him just standin' there like that. I've always remembered that. Even after all of these years.

Sunday School . . .

(Continued from page 13)

have a better idea of how we will proceed for the rest of the year. We would enjoy more adults being willing to share their talents with the SS kids on given themes. When I was with St. Jude's Sunday School a well known artist sculpted Jerusalem with the kids over a period of 3-4 weeks talking about the events that happened in different locations. So if you have an idea or talent to share **please come forward** and we'll incorporate it. Other ideas include: Year round Sunday School, classes available at both the 9:15 and 11:15 services.

Upcoming Events: Shoebox gifts for children in poverty. Now is a good time to begin gathering new toys, school supplies, hard candy, sanitation items etc for the "Shoebox" project that we will support for the holidays. Put your items in a standard size shoebox, unwrapped and we will collect them and join another church to send them overseas. If you want to add shipping costs we'll tell you more about that later, and if you cannot fill a whole shoebox but could provide some of the items that would be fine too.

A "true and beautiful and reverent gathering of men and women": FAIRBANKS nearly 100 YEARS AGO

Excerpts from the Journals & Letters of the Rev. Henry Hope & Mary Henderson Lumpkin



[NOTE: In 1904, Fairbanks was less than two years old, a place of beginnings and spruce trees and steamboats and dogteams and miners in the camps . . . and Adventure. In October 1904, newly arrived in Fairbanks Archdeacon Hudson Stuck and the Rev. John Huhn, priest of Rampart, held the first services here at St. Matthew's. By the next year Stuck had moved his base of operations to Fort Yukon, Huhn had returned to Rampart, and the Rev. Charles Betticher had arrived from New Jersey as the first resident priest. Ten years after that first service, the Rev. H. Hope Lumpkin and his family arrived from South Carolina to become the second priest. Their journey, from South Carolina to Seattle, up the Inland Passage to Skagway, then to Dawson, Whitehorse, down the Yukon and up the Tanana, had taken over four months.

The Lumpkins served until 1919. Upon their departure, the St. Matthew's Parish Hall was renamed Lumpkin Hall in their honor. The move was to Madison, Wisconsin, where he became rector of Grace Episcopal Church. Mr. Lumpkin died unexpectedly in 1932; and Mrs. Lumpkin returned to Columbia, South Carolina with their four boys.

In the Summer of 2003, The Rev. and Mrs. Lumpkin's granddaughter — Julie Lumpkin Kana — and her family journeyed to St. Matthew's and left with us copies of her grandparents' journals, photographs, and other materials. [Photographs of Lumpkin hang in the Hallway and Parish Library, and the Celtic figure of St. Matthew above the credence table in the Sanctuary is a gift from Mrs. Kana and her family.]

It is clear from the journals how much they loved life here in Fairbanks in those years. Here are excerpts from those journals, the sound of their Voices describing Fairbanks nearly 100 years ago:]

(Continued on page 15)

100 Years Ago . . .

(Continued from page 14)
Arriving in Fairbanks
(July 1914) As the

time drew near for the first glimpse of Fairbanks, we grew quite excited. All of us went out on deck, eagerly to watch the skyline. When we did see the smokestacks, tops of buildings, and the wireless tower, every one cried out with the joy of Columbus. It has the appearance of quite a good sized city, and of course that seems wonderful, after seeing so much wilderness. Scattered along the banks of the river were log cabins, some of them with roofs made out of sod, like those we have read about. These are interesting, and the roof garden effect rather pretty. For the weeds keep on growing in the sod. When we passed the cold storage barge, we felt as if we were really getting into civilization again, only of course we had never seen a cold storage barge before. The next place of interest was the city dog pound. A chorus of howls greeted us, and the dogs leaped and howled on the bank, we supposed in welcome. They are so pretty, these malamutes and huskies.

. . . We just fell in love with the cabins, and the flowers around them. Nothing could be prettier than these low, log cabins, some nearly vine covered, all surrounded by flowers. The Indian baskets of birch bark, which are hanging from the eaves of them, are filled with heavenly blue lobelias.

The coming of a boat is always a delightful event, and the people were hurrying down to the dock, many on foot and some in cars. A few we knew were coming to meet us, and that warmed our hearts. But my feminine heart sank, as soon as it got warm, for I hate to tell you – they had white kid gloves on. I nearly fainted, for you know I magnanimously gave all of mine away before I left home. . .

Just then the boat blew its last whistle, and that seemed to lift our feelings beyond our clothes. Thrills for the new life, sinkings of homesickness for the old, but withal, a lifting up of the spirit to try to meet it all. So we unfolded the go-cart, put the baby in, and stepped on the gang-plank, and into our new life.

First days at St. Matthew's

(July 24th, 1914). . . . the situation of the group of buildings is pretty. The river runs so near. Beyond it, trees and low mountains, and on this side, grass terraced up to the road, the plank pavement, and the buildings which are closed in a rustic fence, made from branches of the spruce. The Hospital is wooden, painted white and green, a big piazza around it, with a conservatory on one side. Pretty potted plants and a green lawn, that is broken by a graveled walk going back to the nurses' cottage. A big flag staff and flag, and then the log Church, and very pretty vines and flowers all around it. On the other side of the Church a lovely piece of lawn, and a pebbly path, bordered with pansies and nasturtiums, leads up to the rectory door.

The Rectory

(July 22nd, 1914)... The house is surprisingly pretty inside. Made of logs, of course, but inside papered prettily. Art squares in the rooms and mission furniture. The bedroom



comfortable, with white iron beds, and a dainty dresser. One big window with dark green shade, and curtains. Pink rose papering. The living room, green wall with cream ceiling, brown

and green art square, and a big mission settee. Two long windows. The dining room the same papering and furniture. The kitchen has a linoleum floor covering, big range, kitchen cabinet, hot water tank and sink. The house is heated by a hot water system. The hot water tank is of the "sour-dough" variety, being a large barrel, connected by pipes with the firebox of the stove. But the water heats nicely in it.

Water

Our cabin has running water, and we are fortunate indeed to have that. This water comes from the river, and the big Northern Commercial pump sends it into the homes that are near to the center of things. The water is full of insoluble iron and lime, and so very hard. We can use it for cooking and washing, but it is of course not as good as soft water. The drinking water has to be bought. The water wagon is a real thing here. Ten tickets for one dollar, each ticket the equivalent of five gallons of water.

"The Religion of the Interior"

As one moves over different sections of the interior, or meets men and women who have for years made it their homes, they realize certain potent and outstanding facts, so far as the people of the interior are concerned. One of these is that the real Alaskans, the ones who have been in that country for many years, and who constitute the character known as Alaskan, are innately religious. As many outsiders seem to have a contrasting idea, this fact deserves to be stressed. This however does not mean, for one thing, that the average Alaskan is a Saint. Sainthood, at least of the kind one ordinarily associates with that degree or type of religiosity, hardly can be said to exist in Alaska. Nor do I think that the average dweller in the North is anticipating with any degree of joyfulness, crowns and harps of gold, and an eternity of idleness and song. But if Sainthood may be said to be witnessed to by a spirit of generosity and real helpfulness, by a hand outstretched to help a falling needy brother or sister, then many Alaskans I have known would most assuredly qualify. Another characteristic which may well be stressed, is their impatience, with and of, any narrowness or bigotry in religious life. Man who for years have companied with God in the silent places; who have lain out under the stars and mused, as men will; who have looked out over the vast reaches of territory that are common in Alaska, are not apt to be impressed by religious narrowness, nor to be uplifted nor helped where any caviling or reviling takes place.

Summer Nights, and Then into The Fall

One of the things that people in the States find hardest to

(Continued on page 16)

100 Years Ago . . .

(Continued from page 15)
understand and
appreciate are the

nightless days of the interior in the summer. And at first they are trying to the newcomer or “chechakos”. But afterward one grows to love them. The quiet sweetness of the hours around ten or eleven at night, when the light is still strong enough for reading, out on the porch. Ten to twelve at night is really the most glorious part of the day in summer. “But how do you know when to go to sleep?” “How do you sleep when you get to sleep?” And the answer invariably is “Look at the clock, pull down the shade and go to bed.” Yet until one is used to it, the sensation of seeing sunset at 11:00 p.m. or thereabouts; sunrise around 2:00 a.m. and not much that resembles darkness in between makes it so that it takes quite a while to grow accustomed to the effect.

It scarcely seems more than a week or two when the sign at the steamship office “First boat for the Outside” is followed by the ominous and saddening one, “Last Boat”. Saddening in one way and yet not in every way. It means that all communication with the outside world save by mail and telegraph, ceases, except such as desire to go out or come in over the trail, and they are comparatively few. All of our freight is in and stored. We have received all of last fall and winter’s magazines, and our good and useful friends of the outside, the mail order houses, have sent their last packages. . . A purpling haze settles down over the distant hills, the spicy tang of approaching winter comes into the air at nights, and over the nearer hills the frost spreads its goldening touch. . . Then we know that the time has come to make ready for the first snow to fly, and much must be done. . .

. . . in this period before the real cold of the winter settled down, vegetables must be taken up and put in cellars, storm windows securely fastened on, storm doors set up, chinking and pointing of the logs of the cabins well looked after, stove pipes cleaned, yards raked, the sides of the cabins rebanked with earth, and a thousand other seemingly unimportant matters looked after that contribute much to the comfort and security of the winter months. Thus the days of the fall pass swiftly enough and soon the white seal of winter is set heavily upon the land.

The Log churches

. . . to those who love the eternal fitness of things, there does come a peculiar fitness in these structures of logs that mark the worshipping places of many of the Alaskan men and women. Plain and unaffected enough to be sure. But as the rich tones of the bell in the tower of one of them rings out across the frosty air, seemingly echoing the letters graven on its own sides “O Ye Frost and Cold, Bless Ye the Lord”, it calls to as true and beautiful and reverent a gathering of men and women as can well be in all the world. . . One who has ever worshipped in one of these same buildings, would not be apt to forget that such had been his right and privilege.

A “figure of the North whom it was a privilege to know”

A man of few words, but of many thoughts. A man who had followed every great rush that came, from the Klondike

on, and who fared through cold and hunger and winter and summer, following the lure and challenge of the north. Who knew the rushes from inside and outside and whose eye had seen much and whose heart had known more. Whose hand, since fortune smiled upon him, has ever been open to the one who stood in need, especially if it be a brother pioneer or fellow miner. It was his opportunity and fortune in the early days of the Fairbanks rush, to make discovery, as it is called, or find the first gold to be found, on one of the best producing creeks in that whole area. No others had followed him. The whole creek lay before him. Miles of it. He could look up and down and see what to his experienced eye, told him promised and augured well for great richness underneath. The whole lay of the land offered that promise. He also knew that by means of “Association Claims” he could stake practically an unlimited amount of ground. Did he do it? He staked what, according to the old, unwritten law of the miner, was allowed him. One claim for himself; one for his partner, and one for a friend for whom he held power of attorney. That is the law and the custom the real Alaskan follows. He leaves something for the “other fellow”. This man’s claim, while comparatively good, was the poorest on the creek. Another, just below his – which mind you, he could have taken – produced between three and six million dollars in gold dust. His answer, quietly enough made one day when some one spoke of this in his presence was “I would do exactly as I have done this time, if I ever had a similar opportunity”.

Farewell

And here we say “Farewell”. The writing of these lines has brought mingled joy and pain. Joy to review in retrospect the happy years of the Alaskan life. Pain renewed of the parting that was ours. To have been out where the moose sounds his mating call and where the bear snuffles drowsily through the blueberry bushes and gorges on their luscious fruit; out where the hills extend their somnolent silence and welcome, with an all embracing quietude that is sublime. To have watched the long lines of caribou on their steady journeyings, whither no one knows; why, no one knows; their trails like spider webs spun over the highest hills and steepest declivities of the rocky walls. To have seen the wild sheep as they climbed the precipitous canyons, mere specks of yellowish white against the greys and browns of the mountain sides; to have stood on some height and looked out – out across the trackless waste until distance itself is swallowed up in the blue of the eternal farness of it all – all this is Alaska, and yet more. For most of all, it is the friendships that are made. The true and generous contact that knits life to life. The hills and the rivers and the glory of the mountains may fade, but the memory of the friendships can never fade. For all the years that lie ahead; into whatever pathways they may lead; whatever may be the fields of work and endeavor which may open; ever the memory of those friendships will bless and enrich and sweeten life. They cannot die. They are flowers born to bloom eternally.

"Remember yourselves. Have rituals that are important to you"

KNOW YOURSELF through DAILY RITUALS

By Walter Tommy

Waking up to the noise of the creaking of the cast iron stove door being opened by my stepfather, and hearing him banging away on the sides of the stove and the iron grill with the iron stove poker to stir up the embers from last night's fire; I can smell the wood smoke and feel the heat of the inside of the hot cast iron wood stove.

I hear the logs being loaded into the stove and the clanging shut of the iron door; then shortly I hear the crackling of the logs and feel the heat build up.

I can feel his presence as he waits to hear the roaring of the fire so he can turn down the damper on the stove pipe.

"Good morning"

"G'morn'n son"

I know what time it is, just like clock work. It's 5 A.M.

He goes to sleep early and gets up early, every day, along with my mother.

As I sit up and feel the coldness on the floor, I slip into my favorite beaded moose-skin slippers, with beaver trim around the neck of the slippers; my mom made for me for my Christmas present I go to the bathroom.

I smell the coffee from the automatic timed coffee machine; and it smells so good along with the smell of the wood smoke.

After I get done in the bathroom and washed up, I get a warm soapy wash cloth and a drying towel for my mother since she's bedridden from having congestive heart.

The cracklin' of the bacon being fried in a hot cast iron skillet, eggs, fried potatoes and toast was our daily breakfast, made by David.

This was the daily morning ritual for me, my mother and stepfather.

My own daily ritual was to go out and check on my rabbit snares I had set out, after I had eaten a good breakfast.

It was a 2 mile walk out to the end of my snare-line, but I would walk out further sometimes, and walk in different directions coming back into town. And sometimes these extra walks would take me so far out, it would be well after sunset by the time I came back home. On average, I would walk about 8, 10 miles a day.

I would always carry along my coffee-can tea-pot with tea, sugar, cup, spoon and crackers and dry fish in my little backpack, so that when I would get tired I could stop and build a fire to warm up and rest and have something to eat.

I remember times before, when I had set my rabbit snares too close to town, and someone had taken out a rabbit I had caught; and I would be mad and angry at that person.

I told my mom about that, and she told me in the Indian way, "Dza-lah".

I thought about that word; it means "Let it go"

"When someone does that, they take bad luck on themselves. That's In-gee!"

In the Indian way, this "In-gee" is FORBIDDEN!

Unlike, "Who-clan-nee" which is to bring bad luck on you also, *In-gee* is a more terrible bad luck.

Who-clan-nee is like a taboo, something not to be talked about or even thought about, much less do something against principals of conduct.

In today's world there are so many things that are "In-gee" to the Indian way, it makes for a sick society, and nobody cares anymore about having those beliefs, which is what makes the traditionalist just want to give up, and go away.

The young people now might just think it's superstition, and so archaic, so out-of-date, it don't have the real significance to life anymore.

And then there's so many young people today that haven't even heard the word; they have no idea at all of what someone like me would be saying.

These words use to have so much significance to them and just to hear the word from an elder would be like an admonishment from them, and shame on you if it was said to you.

At potlatch time's, it was "In-gee" for females to step over the place where people would set down their plates and bowl.

There were so many taboos for women and children, because they were the one's who were most susceptible to allowing malevolent spirits to enter in the daily life of people. They could not safely guard themselves, knowingly and unknowingly from these malevolent spirits because of their innocence.

There were exceptions to this though, because of the medicine women who knew of the spiritual realm and went through the initiation of being spiritually attuned to all of life.

Initiations of being a medicine person would be a physical suffering that they would go through; it's akin to being in fever delirium and the person who lived through it would be more in touch with the spiritual realm.

So when I hear someone say that they are a medicine man or woman, I'm skeptical of them, and wonder if what they're saying is the truth, or that they're just saying this to make themselves feel important. The latter is more likely the case. In today's world with people who don't even know their own selves, they're just trying to be somebody important.

And that's the sickness of society, people who don't know their own selves, don't know the worth of what they are. A human being that is capable of so many things in life, to be leaders, to be heroes, to be loved and is capable of giving love.

Remember yourselves. Have rituals that are important to you, to give you the security you want and need to be loving and caring. Something daily that will give you a thankful heart, and be grateful for all the blessing you have received.

I have so much to be grateful for, and this is one of the things I'm grateful for, to have the time and mind to write this for you.

I GIVE THANKS AND PRAISE TO THE GREAT SPIRIT FOR ALLOWING ME THIS TIME IN MY LIFE, AND JUST FOR BEING ALIVE TODAY!!!

AN EDITED SAMPLING of CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED.....

Mother says "Thank You"

Friday, August 7th

Dear Ones,

Thank you so much for the flowers – your prayers, your kindness to me – for letting my son Rev. Scott Fisher spend time with me. I couldn't have gotten through these past days without his prayers, his calming influence, and his love and his support!

You – the congregation and the Love and support you have shown. I do hope to get to Fairbanks sometime this year!

Thank you all for everything.

Fondly, Kitson Fisher

P.S. A special Thank You to Hilary.

[Note: This (obviously) is from the rector's mother, who had heart surgery in early August. St. Matthew's sent flowers and lots of prayers . . . and they have worked.]

The Front Door

Tuesday, July 21, 2009

Fr. Fisher – on a recent trip to Fairbanks, my wife and I stopped by St. Matthew's to nose around a bit. What a beautiful church! Upon returning to Texas with one of your leaflets in tow, we shared with our parish the words carved on the front door. One of our members was as inspired by the words as we had been, and would like to have them inscribed on a brass plaque and placed on or near our front door. However, before we move forward, I wanted to check to make sure it was OK to "steal" St. Matthew's idea. Thank you so much for the work that you are doing.

Blessings – Phil Sudman

Vestry Member, St. Luke's Episcopal Church

Stephenville, TX

[Note: Permission was, of course, granted. The sign on the Front Door, carved by Jim Eddy, over fifty years ago, welcomes folks to St. Matthew's.]

Kivalina Prayer Request

Wednesday, August 26th, 2009

Hello everyone,

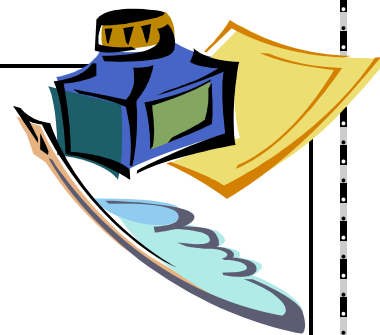
Since the last time I requested prayers for our village, God has been good to us. I think we had only one big storm last fall and a small one. Your prayers and those of others, and most of all—God at work in His mighty creation, had spared us from those dreaded fall storms.

With the fall season already rolling our way, and as you know that fall storms are more fierce than in summer. I ask for your prayers once again for the safety of our village. Not only that but most importantly, for the redemption of souls that are lost. Thank you in advance for your prayers. God bless and the Lord be with you.

Gratefully, Winona

[Note: Winona is Winona Hawley, one of the saints in the holy community of Kivalina. Kivalina is way-y-y-y over that way, smackdab in the Heart of God]

CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED



... and through the smoke, the Houses come home to St. Matthew's for a visit

Wednesday, August 26th, 2009

Father Scott: We have wonderful memories leaving Fairbanks in May of 2008 . . . but leaving St Matthew's I felt "*can we do this?*" Arriving in Seattle, we felt "*Let's do music full-time...we'll keep our Alaska stuff in storage.*" We had many trials calling on new churches . . . many have no time for old hymns. However God opened many churches in "*the lower 48*" that are now "*friends eternally*" and a joy to know. . . my heart still misses St Matthew's...we sang at Episcopal churches. . . even at a Convention in Salinas, California (*800 people*). We sang at many denominations; one had to break rules to allow guitars (*Nebraska*). . . that too was a Holy moment, not like St. Matthew's. . .

My heart wanted a return to Alaska. . . (St. Matt's!), but I told God I would let Him speak thru Charlotte, who wanted to sell our stuff and eliminate our monthly storage bill. . . After our tour we boarded Alaska Airlines still determined to "*sell our stuff*" and get back to life!

We took a red-eye flight . . . 2 hrs into the flight the pilot said "*Fairbanks fires have made it tricky to land, we may do just fine.*" We made the approach very slow; could barely see the runway; the cab full of smoke; seemed like an hour. The pilot said "*we'll do a go-around*" . . . see runway at a different angle...you could hear no engines...total silence..."*will we die in a wing stall?*" TOTAL blackness... we prayed for the pilot...I was at peace, all was okay, even if we slammed the runway! It seemed like forever, he powers-on . . . back to Anchorage . . . relieved I told Char (*thru the smoke*)..."*we are taking the next plane back to Seattle. . . End of story*". She was ready too . . . ready to pay storage another year!

We got a motel back in Anchorage . . . awoke to a great day! We decided "*at least we could do a song for St. Matt's.*"

We took a rental car; the drive stirred our memories. . . Charly says "*Do you want to try Alaska again?*" God was preparing Fairbanks as we drove the 6 hours . . . not much smoke; we wanted to weep for joy. . . Seeing our many friends . . . wow! Our guitars in storage A-ok . . . we sang for St. Matt's; took communion; wanted to weep (*even though Father Scott was not there*). . . we talked to my old company in Fairbanks about Aug. 2010 thru Dec. 2010. . . They said "*you are welcome back anytime!*" "*Thank-you Jesus!!*" is our cry of joy!!

Till Aug 2010 we are scheduled for 30 one hour concerts and many "gigs", a very exciting tour . . . but deep in our hearts St. Matt's holds our hearts . . . God bless you people!

Dick and Charlotte House

[*Note: Dick and Charlotte House, of Soft Gospel (<http://softgospel.blogspot.com>), used to come quietly sing with Spirit and Love during our 8 o'clock Eucharists, and on Christmas Eve. They came back, despite forest fire smoke, for a visit this Summer; and will be back next August. I the meantime, they are singing and praying their way through churches I the Lower '48. Follow their schedule on their website.]*

Quest for Learning

Thursday, September 3rd

Most people today seem to think that education should come to them. I used to hear stories, in all cultures, about a person's quest to learn. They traveled long ways sometimes and often had to face difficult times because they wanted answers (mostly the truth). Civilization has reversed that trend and is now filling people's head with their own rules and procedures. This kind of process allows others to pick what they want you to learn. If, this is allowed then you do not learn what you need to know and as a result, your freedom of learning is limited. This is also true when we have to deal with so-called experts that others have appointed. Take the problem of the planet, as an example. Most people, who have an awareness of their

(Continued on page 20)

CORRESPONDENCE . . .

Blueberry pickings

Sunday, August 30th

. . . I did some bicycle riding to get in shape this past summer, and as I was out on the road, I was remembering the times when my mother Celia, and grandma Eliza would go out to this certain area about 3 1/2 miles to pick blueberries.

We would pick out a place for my blind grandma to sit and feel the berries to pick, as she was blind. Her blindness didn't stop her from doing things for herself or the ones that she loved, me and my mom. It was a pleasure for me to lead her around and tell her everything that I saw along the way.

The peace and serenity of my grandma gave me the security of having someone in my life who I love so deeply that I don't think about it as being a hardship to take care of her. I find that just the presence of her, surrounds me with the love of life that she had.

After the first day of blueberry pick'n, I had visions of BLUEBERRIES all night long. I just couldn't get those visions out of my mind; and I had to go back out there to pick some more. My wife Andrea would laugh at me for having those visions and said, "Yup, ya gotta git back out there."

She's from South Carolina, and has never seen anything like this in her life, but enjoys everything about being up here in Alaska.

So now, we have blueberries for the winter, blueberry pancakes, and blueberry syrup, and just plain blueberries with milk and sugar.

Now that fall time is here, and the weather is getting cooler, we're thinking of going out hunting and getting a moose.

I don't know where we'll put all that meat if we do get one, since we live in a small apartment with hardly room enough just for the two of us, and one little freezer. But we can cut, smoke, and dry moose meat so we can store it easier in our small place here.

We'll see...

In the meantime, we're just taking it one day at a time and enjoying what we have now. The LOVE AND GRACE OF GRANDFATHER SPIRIT, OUR FATHER, and the blessings we receive each and every day.

Ana-ba-se, cho'.

- Walter

[Note: Walter is friend Walter Tommy, living and picking blueberries with his wife Andrea in Nenana.]



Quest for Learning . . .

(Continued from page 19)

environment, know that there is a problem, but the appointed experts keep prolonging the actions by talking about it like it will happen in the future.

. . . Today, a person has to be strong to find their own knowledge, because pure knowledge has been re-interpreted by the system to benefit a few. In the old days, the people with the knowledge and wisdom used to do all the talking. Now, the people with the loudest mouths do the talking. I guess this is due to another one of modern day's wisdom: "Squeaky wheel get the grease". When you get wisdom from squeaky wheels, you have been shortchanged.

It is not easy, finding true answers in this system, so a learner has to endure a lot of obstacles before they can find the right answers. For me it was easier to study from my indigenous ancestors and the King James Version of the Bible first, before I started studying today's system. . . . In this way it is a lot easier to see what is true and what is not. I guess this is why, when I was a child, I never had to worry about trusting the older people's words and just learn from them and live by them.

Once we learn to dwell only on the answers that are real, then the learning will get easier and we can communicate with each other like the indigenous people do. Like we have known each other forever.

- Lincoln Tritt

[Note: Lincoln Tritt lives up in Arctic Village and thinks about things.]

Maybe, bubble-gum, and twine with ter-baccy spit?

THE SUMMER in NENANA & MEMORIES of FIRE-FIGHTING PAST

By Walter Tommy

This past spring, as at every springtime, we always have high hopes of what the summer will bring, with its long, sun-filled days here in Nenana.

Beautiful blue skies...what glorious sunny days we had watching the Yukon 800 as they zipped along in their sleek looking boats, rooster-tails and the crowds along the river banks cheering on their family and favorite's.

Here in Nenana, we were aware of the river raising on the Yukon River and flooding out other villages along that part of the river system, and we thought that it would make the Tanana river raise here also, and it did...but not that much.

Yup, it was sunny, pretty much most of the summer, with hardly no rain.

As the summer months progressed and it became increasingly sunny each and every day, it added to the dryness we were already experiencing from an unseasonably low-snow winter, and we were anticipating the fire season as we do every year here in Alaska, because we know that that's inevitable here with the vast, open, forest land.

As the lightening-caused fires progressed, people here were remembering the fire of '06 where it got right up to the airport and everyone was readying for evacuations.

That fire consumed over 350,000 acres south of Nenana.

This year's fire was called the "Rail-belt Complex Fire" and had consumed somewhere close to 500,000 acres, and caused so much anxiety a person could just feel the tension each and every day here.

AND THEN!!! The Wood River Fire started up east of us!!! So we were right in the middle of both of these fires.

Everyday, we could hear and see the helicopters flying to and from the fire-fighters camps, carrying supplies.

I would go out to the Incident Center located by the airport everyday to watch the progress and talk with the people working out there on what was happening.

I met people from all over the country, and one day I saw printed in magic marker on the back of a Native man, Nondalton.

I went over to him and introduced myself and told him that I know someone from his home. He smiled and said that this person was in Anchorage, and that last that he heard of him was that he was a cab driver down there.

Apparently, he didn't know too much more about him, because I told him, "*He was a cab driver, but isn't anymore. He's just stuck down there, and can't get out of the city life.*"

I told this new friend, "*If ya happen to see him sometime, tell him that ya met someone here in Nenana. He'll know who you're talking about.*"

I was also remembering of the times I use to go out firefighting every year when I was younger.

Then, I wasn't even old enough to legally be out on a fire. I was only 16 years old, but luckily for me when I went out to the BLM, now DNR, on Airport Rd., my dad and uncle were out there.

As I was trying to convince the fire boss there to hire me, I saw my dad and uncle and excitedly called, "*HI!!!*" to them. The fire boss knew them, and asked them, "*You know this young man? Is he old enough to be out on the fire?*"

My dad said, "*Yup. He's my son. If he wants to go out; let'em.*"

And my uncle was all smiles too.

Good 'ole memories; it was like an extended camping trip, with the excitement of flying in helicopters and old DC 3 warplanes. They don't build those kind of airplanes anymore, and the thing of it is, . . . they're still using those old DC 3 planes, held together with bailing wire and gawd knows what-else. Maybe, bubble-gum, and twine with ter-baccy spit?

CORRESPONDENCE . . .

An End of Summer Note from Beaver

Thursday, September 17th, 2009

Dear brother Scott,

All is well with me, I thank God for all of His great blessing.

I taught G'wich'in at the Chalkytsik cultural camp.

That was very successful. Every one learned a lot and enjoyed it very much. I hope to return next year. Lord's willing.

I went to Camp Nahshii Christian camp. I am glad I did. The Christian youth there talked about suicide prevention, which was very Good. I spoke on it too . . . saying God gave us life and purpose. We need to fulfill it. Don't do it. You will break God's heart and your

family's too.

It was fun swimming, learning survival skills from my dad. I want return next year. Hope to see you all there.

I went to the Yukon River Watershed Summit in Whitehorse, Canada. I learned a lot; met a lot of important people. We need to take care of the Yukon River and our land and reduce wasting our natural resources. I thought it went very well.

We will be starting our beaded altar cloth. We need your prayers and support.

I thank my Lord Jesus for all. God bless you all. Keep on, keeping on for Jesus.

- Paul Williams Jr.

[Note: Paul Jr. is the son of Paul and the late Lois Williams of Beaver.]

Seasons of Life . . .

(Continued from page 7)

confirmation classes. Now she came down the aisle on her father's arm as a bride. On Friday evening, September 4th, with their 20th Wedding Anniversary approaching, **Oliver** and **Andrea Backlund** once more stood together in front of the wooden Altar and renewed their wedding vows, with a church full of smiles and Love (*and a Parish Hall filled with stories and memories and wonderful food*). The next afternoon, Saturday, September 5th, **Joanne MacDonald** and **Brady Wallis** were married, on a glorious early Fall day with blue sky and turning leaves. It was a celebration and Sign of Hope for the coming Unknown Winter. Even as the Summer began with the devastation of floods in the Interior, beginning with Eagle; so the Summer ended now with Joanne and Brady, residents and survivors of the Eagle flooding, holding hands and walking into the Future.

Funerals, Burials, Memorial services, etc

On Friday morning, June 12th, a small group gathered atop Birch Hill Cemetery to, with a sigh, end a Time that began back in January. On Thursday, January 8th 70 years old **Edward Smagge II** had died, at home here in Fairbanks (*as noted in a previous Newsletter*). Now the funeral service that had begun at the Tribal Hall in mid-Winter, January 14th; ended with his burial, led by the rector and assisted by **Shirley Lee**, atop Birch Hill, in the light of Summer.

On Saturday, January 17th (*also as noted in a previous Newsletter*), 79 years old **Arthur "Bill" William Clark** died in Oregon, where he had lived the last several years. But Fairbanks and St. Matthew's were always home. Born in Seattle, he arrived in Alaska after graduating from High School, and, after a year, he enrolled at the University of Alaska – Fairbanks. There he met his wife **Patricia Cross**; and they were married here at St. Matthew's in 1952. They lived and worked and raised their family here for the next 45 years. Bill was preceded in death by his wife Pat; and is survived by daughters **Evelyn Clark**, **Roberta Goughnour**, **Marsha Elliott**, and **Ann Clark**, and their families. Saturday afternoon, June 13th, Bill's memorial service was held here at St. Matthew's, led by the rector and **the Pioneers of Alaska**. A reception, filled with photographs, of a smiling friend who loved to tinker, and memories filled the Parish Hall afterwards.

On Saturday, May 9th, in Tacoma, Washington, 91 years old **Margaret Evans Carlson** died peacefully at home in Tacoma, Washington. Born in Rampart to the

late **John** and **Rachel Evans**, and raised there, she attended high school in Eklutna and Wrangell; and later graduated from college in Washington. She devoted her professional life to education and teaching; and was always active in the Episcopal Church. She married her Wrangell classmate **Alfred Carlson** in 1946. She's survived by her husband for 63 years **Alfred**, her brother **Franklin**, and many other family members. Her funeral service was held Tuesday, May 19th at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Tacoma and, on Wednesday morning, June 24th, family gathered at Northern Lights Cemetery here in Fairbanks for her burial, in a service led by the rector. The following Sunday at St. Matthew's, June 28th, a reception in her memory mixed with the other activities of a Sunday morning.

Sunday, June 28th here in Fairbanks, 50 years old **Peter Sanford Wholecheese, Jr.** died in the Fairbanks Hospital. Born in Tanana to the late **Julia** and **Peter Wholecheese Sr.**, he was raised by his grandparents in Huslia; and later lived in Allakaket before moving to Fairbanks. Peter was always a friend, helping any that needed help (*and the rector still remembers Peter's help during the time of his son's death*). He's survived by his children **Julia Wholecheese**, **Melanie Wholecheese**, **Brandon Wholecheese**, and **Jonathon Henzie**, and their families; his brother **Jack** and his sisters; and many other family members and friends. He was preceded in death by, among others, his grandson **Felix Orion Wholecheese**, who died in Minnesota in January of this year. Tuesday afternoon, June 30th, the Chapel of Chimes Funeral Home filled to overflowing for his funeral service (*and grandson Felix's*), led by **Archdeacon Anna Frank**, and assisted by the rector, Final services and burial followed back home in Huslia July 2nd.

Tuesday, July 7th, 94 years old **Dell A. Barber** died peacefully, here in Fairbanks. Originally from Minnesota, he arrived in Fairbanks, by way of other places, in 1962. An avid outdoors man and shootist, he worked at Lathrop High School until his retirement in 1981, and homesteaded out Chena Hot Springs Road. He was preceded in death by, among others, his wife of 47 years **Helvi Toni Barber**. He's survived by his sister **Bessie Brown**; his daughter **Delores Gregory**; his sons **Daniel**, **Elmer**, and **Harry** and their families, 7 grandchildren; 4 great grandchildren, and many friends. Family and friends and neighbors gathered on the property Friday afternoon, July 24th for a graveside service and burial led by the rector (*and assisted by family members*). And stories were told; and memories shared; and sons stood straight beside their parents' graves, the tall wooden crosses over them, grieving.

(Continued on page 23)

Seasons of Life . . .

(Continued from page 22)

Friday morning, July 17th, surrounded by family and prayer, 89 years old **Linda Charlie** of Minto died in the Fairbanks Hospital. Born on the Minto Flats and of the Caribou Clan, Linda always lived a traditional lifestyle. Linda was always *smiling*. Her heart, spirit, faith, and love were as wide as God's heart. She was preceded in death by, among others, her beloved husband **Cerosky**. She is survived by her daughter **Pauline Simmonds**, her sons **Kenneth, Bobbie,** and **Vincent**, her daughter **Bessie Stearman**; their families (*which include her son-in-law the Rev. Richard Simmonds*); at least 23 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren; and many other family members (*including her niece Archdeacon Anna Frank*) and friends. "Tea" was put up here in Fairbanks and her services were held at home in Minto Thursday, July 23rd, with **the Rev. Stephen Matthew** assisting.

Wednesday afternoon, July 22nd, 52 years old **Judi Nollner** of Galena died here in Fairbanks, after a brave struggle with cancer. Daughter of the late **Gabriel Nollner**, her funeral service was held at the Tribal Hall Friday, July 24th, with the rector officiating and others assisting, including **James Johnson** with the music. Final services were held at home in Galena the following week.

Friday morning, July 23rd, 33 years old **Jeremiah M. Silas** of Fairbanks and Minto died suddenly and tragically here in Fairbanks. Born in Fairbanks to **Ronnie and Ellen Silas**, Jeremiah was raised in Fairbanks, Washington, and Minto; and had worked a variety of jobs – from firefighting to work at the Minto School. He's survived by his wife **Annie (Reid)**; children **Josiah, Jerusha,** and **Kie Seahawk**; his paternal grandparents **the Rev. Berkman and Sarah Silas**; his parents; his brother **Louis** and his sister **Grace**, their families; and many others. "Tea" was held here at St. Matthew's in the days following his death; until his final services were held at home in Minto Saturday, August 1st.

On early Sunday morning, August 2nd, as he prepared to go to church at St. Francis Episcopal Church in Great Falls, Virginia, 67 years old **Lu Young**, wife for over 46 years to **U.S. Congressman Don Young**, quietly and unexpectedly died. Born and raised in the Upper Yukon, they met in Fort Yukon in the early 1960s, where she was working as a bookkeeper and he was a young teacher and Army veteran from California. They were married in St. Stephen's Church in Fort Yukon. By 1973, he was, as

he has been ever since, the US Congressman from Alaska. Through all of the years, they were never apart in heart or spirit, raising their two daughters **Joni** and **Dawn**, and enjoying their 14 grandchildren; and Fort Yukon was always home. Whenever trips brought them through Fairbanks, Lu would always come by St. Matthew's to visit. She came by as recently as this last Spring; while the Congressman did Congressman things, she tried to catch up with extended family because of a death. We sat and visited in the Parish Hall. A funeral service was held for Lu at St. Francis Church in Virginia Saturday, August 4th – and then the services were held in Alaska. In Fairbanks, the service was held Friday morning, August 14th. The rector and **the Rev. Trimble Gilbert** officiated, with **the Rev. Steve Matthew, the Rev. Lee Davis, the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino, and the Rev. Deacon Marilyn Duggar** assisting. A Potlatch followed at the David Salmon Tribal Hall, hosted by **the Tanana Chiefs Conference, Doyon, the Fairbanks Native Association, and the Interior Regional Housing Authority**. Through the courtesy of **the Most Rev. Donald Kettler**, Catholic Bishop of Fairbanks, the service was held at Sacred Heart Cathedral here in Fairbanks. Services later followed in Anchorage and finally at home in Fort Yukon. After the service in Fort Yukon, an anonymous person who was there wrote: "I saw TRUE LOVE today, and it broke my heart....I saw true love when the story of how they met was told . . . I saw true love when the story of the proposal was told...I saw true love when the story of 46 years of marriage was told...I saw true love when he cried.....the entire time. I saw true love when Con. Don Young talked about his true love LU at her memorial here in FYU - standing in the same spot in the church where he waited for her to walk down the aisle to him and become his wife....."

On Thursday, August 27th, our gifted friend, 47 years old **A. Ruth Evern**, quietly passed away in her sleep. **Muk** and **Tuk**, her beloved dogs, were with her. Ruth was born and raised in Anchorage, but her life and heart were always Fairbanks. She worked as the Rural Campus Registrar for the University of Alaska Fairbanks and, because of that, she was often the first contact for people coming to the University from the Bush. Because of that, she touched more people than she ever imagined. The shockwave of phone calls as the news of her death spread bore testimony to the love and regard with which she was held. So did the overflowing crowd, at the Tribal Hall Monday afternoon, August 31st, and the stories they told and the tears they shed. They had come for her service, led by the rector, **Archdeacon Anna Frank, the Rev. Helen Peters,** and (*Ruth's*

(Continued on page 24)

Seasons of Life . . .

(Continued from page 23)

cousin) **Shirley Lee**, with **Donald Peter** also assisting with the Communion. A potlatch followed.

On Sunday, August 30th, 53 years old **Herbert “Herbie” Jonathon George** passed away unexpectedly, at home in Stevens Village. Born in Stevens Village to the late **Edna** and **Kilbourne George**, Herbie learned the songs and dance of his home early. He lived a traditional lifestyle and, with his strong voice, often was leading the singing in potlatches and other gatherings. It is nice to think of him now with family and old friends, smiling and singing along a River of Light. He’s survived by his sisters **Beverly George** and **Clara Journey**; his brothers **Gene George**, **William Ben**, **Ron Smoke**, and **Don Stevens**; his Aunts **Lillian Pitka**, **Elsie Pitka**, and **Alice Smoke**; his nephews and nieces; and many more. **Archdeacon Anna Frank** and the **Rev. Stephen Matthew** flew over to Stevens Village Saturday, September 4th for his service and burial. And there was *singing*. *(The rector heard it over here, across those hills)*.

There have been three other deaths, whose arrangements are still pending. Monday, August 24th, 95 years old **Noreen Lillian Hayr** passed away in Anchorage, where she had lived for the last several years. Her memorial service is scheduled for Saturday, September 26th, at 2PM, here at St. Matthew’s. And tragically, Friday, September 4th, as he was being medivaced to Anchorage, 10 years old **Zachery Jones**, the son of **Doug Felix** and **Rikki Jones**, died. A Hunter Elementary School student here in Fairbanks, it has been confirmed that Zachery died of the H1N1 (Swine) flu virus. **The Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino** had just seen him, in the Fairbanks Hospital, before he left. Arrangements for his services are still going on, as of this writing. And finally, as Labor Day Monday, September 7th drew to a close, prayers were said for the soul of 38 years old **Cliff Sewell** in the Fairbanks Intensive Care Unit. His arrangements are pending also.

And there were other deaths that need to be noted; those whose services, even if not here or involving St. Matthew’s clergy, necessarily affected us. Here are some of them. Word was received that **the Rev. Edward Leonard “Ned” Caum III** died in Pennsylvania Thursday, May 28th. Fr. Caum was ordained to the priesthood here at St. Matthew’s in the early 1960s; and later served St. Phillip’s in Wrangell for over 25 years. He had returned home to Pennsylvania in 1990. On Thursday, June 19th, 48 years

old **Russell Daigle** died here in Fairbanks, after a brave struggle with cancer. Russell was the son-in-law of the late **Traditional Chief Peter** and **Elsie John** of Minto; and his funeral and burial services were held there Wednesday, June 24th. Thursday, June 25th 21 years old **Kenneth Sam Jr** died tragically. The son of **Kenneth Sam Sr** of Huslia and **Agnes Dayton** of Koyukuk, his funeral was held in Huslia in the days following. Monday, July 6th, 20 years old **Lance Corporal Charles Seth Sharp**, of the 2nd Battalion, 8th Marine Regiment, died in combat in Afghanistan. He was the stepson of **Rick Thumma**, the nephew of **Karen Dullen**. His funeral was held in Adairsville, Georgia Saturday, July 11th. Friday, July 10th, 57 years old **Eleanor Folger** passed away in the Hospital in Las Vegas, Nevada. Born to **Lillian** and the late **William Folger** in Tanana, she was raised there; then had lived in Fairbanks; and then moved to Las Vegas. A visitation was held at the Chapel of Chimes Thursday, July 16th; with her final services at home in Tanana Saturday, July 18th.

Thursday, July 21st, 69 years old **Lillian “Lil” Edith Fickus** passed away at her home on the Crevice Creek Ranch in the Brooks Range. Daughter of the late **Moses** and **Jennie Sam** of Arctic Village, Lillian had lived in the Brooks Range with her husband, the late **Bill Fickus**, for many years. Her services were held Tuesday, July 28th at the Door of Hope Church here in Fairbanks. Friday, August 7th, 69 years old **Eugene Williams** died in Anchorage. Originally from Nenana, his service was held there Tuesday, August 18th. Monday, August 10th 19 years old **Heather April Whitwell** died tragically in Fort Yukon. The granddaughter of **Elizabeth** and the late **Horace Cadzow**; and **Herb** and **Diana Whitwell**, she had just had her daughter baptized at St. Stephen’s the Sunday before. Visitation was held here at the Chapel of Chimes Friday, August 14th; and her final services were held in Venetie Saturday, August 15th. 98 years old **Lucy David (John)** of Tok died Tuesday, August 18th; and her funeral was held in Tetlin Sunday, August 23rd. Peacefully and with dignity, 87 years old **Conrad George Burns Frank** passed away of heart failure in the Fairbanks Hospital Monday, August 24th. Originally from near Calgary, Alberta, Con arrived in Fairbanks in 1946, got a degree in Civil Engineering.....and built things. Like the Yukon River Bridge. With **Clyde Geraghty**, **Carl Erickson**, **Bob Mitchell**, and **Harvey Marlin II**, he was part of GHEMM Company. In 1975, he married **Helen Atkinson**. Con’s service was held Saturday afternoon, August 29th, at University Presbyterian Church here in Fairbanks.

(Continued on page 25)

Seasons of Life . . .

(Continued from page 24)

Monday, August 31st, 86 years old **the Rev. George Beacom** died at home in Palmer. Born in California, George arrived in Nome with his parents in 1941. Following service in the Aleutians during the War, he eventually ended up in Sitka, married, attended Seminary, served the Church in Sitka until 1976, and then moved to St. Bartholomew's in Palmer. He's survived by his wife **Edna**. His funeral service is scheduled for 2PM September 12th at St. Bartholomew's in Palmer. And also Monday, August 31st, 51 years old **Thomas Blackstone**, grandson of the late **Charlotte Adams** of Beaver, died in the Anchorage Hospital. His service is scheduled for Tuesday, September 8th at St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Anchorage.

Solstice Eucharists, Golden Days Booyah, Vacation Bible School, Hellos and Good-Byes, etc.

Through weddings and baptisms and funerals, all the wonder of Summer and the regular Summer activities of St. Matthew's kept happening. There was, for example, the 11th Annual Drive out the Steese Highway to Eagle Summit for a Midnight Sun Solstice Eucharist Sunday night, June 21st. And there was Golden Days and the Parade Saturday, July 25th. Gallons of Booyah ingredients were cut up by **Dawn Jagow, Sue Englebrecht, Carolyn Nethken, Renee Thompson, and Lucy Millington**; and then cooked for hours and hours and hours by chefs **Bruce Gadwah, Tom Marsh, and Steve Moore** (and what exiled Booyah chef **Lloyd Schommer** doesn't know won't hurt him). Also exiled **Fr.**

Jim Kolb blessed the Booyah the night before; and everyone in Fairbanks bought some and enjoyed it during the Parade, with dessert from the Annual Golden Days Bake Sale. **Dawn Jagow** coordinated a successful Vacation Bible School the 1st week of August, with assistance from her children **Joanna and Charlie, and**

Lynn Slusher, Mary Ellen Koeller, Lisa Olsen, Deacon Bella Jean Savino, Sue Englebrecht and

Carl Eschright, Chris Skogstad, Cynthia Straiger, Toni Colasacco, Tree Nelson, Roxy Wright, and Hilary Freeman.

Through it all **Pat Sackinger** lovingly cared for our flowerbeds; Vestrymembers cut the lawn; **Bruce Gadwah** sealed the Parking Lot and worked on other projects; and the Midnight Compline folks gathered nightly to watch beavers come join them for prayers.

And Visitors came – including a Youth Group from **the Diocese of Colorado**, and **Dick and Charlotte House** returning home, despite the ever-thickening forest fire smoke, for a visit [See **Dick's letter elsewhere this Newsletter**]. And ohhhhhhhh, folks left. Sunday, June 28th, **Beth Corven** was here at the 8 o'clock Eucharist to say "good-bye"; and later that same morning we said prayers and "good-bye" to **Fr. Layne** and **Casey Smith**, bound now for Odessa, Texas. On August 16th, we said prayers with **Peter Newton**, as he departed Alaska for California and, the following Sunday, August 23rd, **Marc Castellini** left the comfort of home and Fairbanks for college in British Columbia. That night folks gathered and overflowed the Parish Hall for a Surprise Birthday Party for **Paul Starr** of Tanana. The next day, Monday, August 24th, folks again gathered to wish **Sarah Sherry** well, as she left for college in Michigan

But also this Summer, here comes **Jesse Taylor**, beginning on Sunday, July 26th during the 11:15 Eucharist his ministry as a new Crucifer.

Endings and Beginnings; Endings and Beginnings; and the Chena flows at night dark now, but here and there Light shines. As it always does. Here on the 1000 block of First Avenue.



SUMMARY of the JULY & AUGUST 2009 VESTRY MEETINGS



July

The Vestry of St. Matthew's met Monday, July 13th, with the following present: **Junior Warden Karen Kiss, Vestry Clerk Helen Howard, Ray Cockerille, Charlene Marth, Arlie Nethken, John Parsons, Marty Thomas, Parish Treasurer Carolyn Nethken**, and the rector. Following an Opening Spiritual Exercise led by **Marty Thomas**, the following actions were discussed or taken:

1. The June Minutes were accepted as amended.
 2. The Treasurer's Report was presented, noting that June Operating Income totaled \$19,072 (January-June Year to Date Total \$140,030) and June Operating Expenses totaled \$26,537 (January-June Year to Date Total \$145,888), resulting in a Monthly Surplus/Deficit for June of -\$7,464; and a Year to Date Surplus/Deficit of -\$5,858. There was discussion about the nice weather and its affect on church attendance, the use of the Paypal System, some amounts were shifted from one account to another, and the Reported was accepted.
 3. After discussion, it was moved and passed to pay **Sexton Tree Michael Nelson** a monthly stipend of \$200/month net, from the Operations Reserve, beginning in June 2009. An employee's contract will be developed.
 4. There was discussion about the upcoming Garage Sale, being coordinated by **Mary Ellen Koehler** and **Deacon Bella Jean Savino**; and the Golden Days Bake Sale/Booyah activities. **Bruce Gadwah, Tom Marsh** and **Steve Moore** will oversee the Booyah.
 5. The rector was granted leave for July 26th -
6. There was discussion about the upcoming Vacation Bible School; and the needs of Sunday School for the coming Winter. The possibility of a congregational conversation in August was discussed.
 7. There was discussion about the recent City Fire Marshall's inspection of the Church and Parish Hall; and its implication. Though the actual report has NOT been received yet, at the least it will require installing a basement sprinkler system, emergency lighting in the Church, etc.
 8. **Bruce Gadwah's** recent sealing of the parking lot was noted and appreciated; and there was discussion about the lawns (*with both **John Parsons** and **Arlie Nethken** volunteering to cut it*) and flowerbeds. Other property issues - from repair of the narthex heater to potential ice dam spots on the roof to repair of the recent graffiti on the front door - were also discussed. It was moved and passed that St. Matthew's regretfully would not bid on a caboose.
 9. The plight of Senior Warden **Roxy Wright**, who fell off a horse over the weekend and fractured her back, was noted in prayer.
 10. The rector updated the vestry on the status of **Shirley Lee** and others pursuing ordination; the history of the church's once-upon-a-time gold mine property; and recent Diocesan activity in the Interior's flooded villages.
 11. There was discussion about Parish Hall and kitchen usage, and the possibility of charging a Cleaning Deposit.
 12. With the decision to hold the next meeting August 17th, the meeting adjourned at 8PM with **Charlene Marth's** Closing Meditation on **Michael Jackson**.

August 13th to see his mother, scheduled for more heart surgery, and wife Outside.

(Continued on page 27)

Summary of Vestry Minutes . . .

August

The Vestry of St. Matthew's met Monday, August 17th, with the following present: **Senior Warden Roxy Wright Freedle, Junior Warden Karen Kiss, Vestry Clerk Helen Howard, Arlie Nethken, Martha Thomas, Irene Todd, Parish Treasurer Carolyn Nethken,** and the rector. Following an Opening Spiritual Exercise led by **Karen Kiss,** the following actions were discussed or taken:

1. The July minutes were accepted as amended.
2. The Treasurer's Report was presented, noting that July Operating Income totaled \$21,346 (January-July Year to Date Total \$161,375) and June Operating Expenses totaled \$22,971 (January-July Year to Date Total \$168,859), resulting in a Monthly Surplus/Deficit for July of -\$1,625; and a **Year to Date Surplus/Deficit of -\$7,484.** "Happy Birthday" was then sung to the Treasurer; and her Report accepted. There was then a break to share Birthday Cake and the Senior Warden's cranberry jam.
3. There was discussion of the \$2,545.85 Diocesan "Faith into Tomorrow" (FIT) Grant for Homeless Ministry that St. Matthew's has received, through the efforts of **Marty Thomas.** As specified in the Grant application, a numbers of items will be purchased for distribution, and a small stipend paid to the Sexton.
4. There was continued discussion about the Sunday School. Though it has been decided to shift the Sunday School to centering on the 11:15 service, there is still no Director. A number of people will be contacted. The success of **Dawn Jagow's** work with the Vacation Bible School was noted; and further discussion about a monthly family activity is postponed until October.
5. The work of **Bruce Gadwah** and others towards the Fire Marshall's report was noted; and a work party was scheduled for Saturday morning, August 22nd. It was moved and passed to accept a bid for \$3,250 towards pressure washing and winterizing the outside of the rectory.
6. There was discussion about repair of the narthex heater, the graffiti on the front door, and behavior on the church property this Summer.
7. A variety of other property issues and administrative details were discussed.
8. The rector reported on the Bishop Search Process, the upcoming October Diocesan Convention, and briefly on the Summer's General Convention.
9. After discussion, and as a way of involving the Vestry more publicly on Sunday mornings, it was decided that the Vestry will begin doing the announcements during the services. It was noted however that at least 5 of the 9 vestry members regularly attend the 8AM Eucharist.
10. With the decision to hold the next meeting Monday, September 14th, with an opening prayer by **Marty Thomas** and a closing prayer by **Roxy Wright,** the meeting adjourned with a Closing Prayer by **Arlie Nethken.**



Fairbanks
Disappearing
In
Smoke



St. Matthew's Episcopal
Church
1030 Second Avenue
Fairbanks, AK 99701-4355

O Ye Frost and Cold

Change Service Requested*

October 2, 2009

Can't come to Church? Church will come to You!!

As the monthly listing of services shows, there are a number of Lay Eucharistic Ministers trained and willing to bring the Eucharist to those who are sick, shut in, or unable to come to the Church. If you would like someone to bring you the Communion, or know of someone who would like that, please contact the Church Office at 456-5235 or slip a note in the offering plate on Sunday mornings.

ST. MATTHEW'S SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS BEGUN!

11:15 AM (STARTING IN THE SERVICE)

WANTED: STUDENTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL GUIDES, HELPERS, VOLUNTEERS

~ ORANGE COLORED SIGN-UP SHEETS IN PARISH HALL NEAR THE KITCHEN

(SEE INSIDE FOR MORE DETAILS)

COME AND JOIN US