

O Ye Frost and Cola

Volume 104

Published bi-monthly Number 3

June - August 2008

"The Northern Lights have seen queer sights. . . " — Robert Service

JUST ANOTHER QUIET WEEKEND in RURAL ALASKA

On the last Monday morning in August, there are 100 or so of us standing in the Beaver Cemetery. The sky is as blue as the eyes in last night's dream and the grass is newly cut and none of the leaves on the birch trees have turned golden yellow yet. Some 50 of us are circled around two graves near the back. Those of us near the edge of the crowd can't quite see what is going on, but there is the smell of incense in the air. Many are taking pictures. Some of us lean over the white painted crosses and say "hello" to old friends. Some of the 50 around the two graves are kneeling and doing something, but we can't see what. Some are saying something together in Japanese. There's been a lot of that this weekend. Most of the 50 are wearing bright red sweatshirts. Each says on the back: "Frank Yasuda Memorial Potlatch". The two crosses on the graves have English and Japanese written on them. One reads: "Frank Yasuda 1868-1958". The other reads: "Nevelo Yasuda 1878- 1966". Most people have never heard of these two. But we who live in Beaver have. And the nation of Japan has heard of them. Anyone here over the age of 50 remembers them. Elsie Pitka will tell you Frank worked all of the time and never rested. Their house is still standing back over there. So is his store.

Now there is suddenly a quiet. And then that nice man with the long gray hair says something. And then they are all singing. It sounds like a sad song, full of memory and longing. It feels like a family missing someone. Its sounds drift through the late August air, here in this little community of cabins on the North Bank of the Yukon River. The community wouldn't be here if it wasn't for the two buried there in the back. They started the community. They got here by walking. From Barrow.

Find a map and look at it. Or take our word for it. The idea of walking from Barrow to Beaver, with some of your family members, is an *absolutely* incredible and stunning idea. It is *mythic*. There are things in the way, for example, between Barrow and present day Beaver. Some of those things are called the Brooks Range.

Our red shirted friends have finished singing now, and there is a quiet, as more pictures are taken. Then the distant sound of a large plane flying in from the South, from Fairbanks, hums overhead. Then we are all walking back to the runway. There we will bow and take more pictures and shake hands and smile at once strangers and now friends. They will gather as a group and bid us "Domo arigatou gozaimasu!" and "Sayonara", bowing and waving. And off they will go. Between 11 and 1:30 that day, 10 large planes will fly in and depart, taking away visiting Japanese and Canadians and New Yorkers and Russians and most of the visitors that have been here. Not to mention the boats that have left, returning to Fort Yukon or Stevens Village or the Bridge.

And the 50 or 60 of us that remain will walk back down the gravel road to our cabins and houses and the Yukon River and the camprovers and overhead ravens and tied up dogs and smile saying, "my goodness". Tanana Chiefs President Jerry Isaac had said, in the potlatch Saturday night, "I have NEVER seen anything like this". None of us ever had.

In 1868, Kyosuke Yasuda was born in Ishinomaki, Japan, to a long line of Japanese doctors. By the time he was 15, both parents had died and the family was struggling economically and he took a job with the Mitsubishi Shipping Company. By the time he was 19; he had crossed the Pacific Ocean and was in California. By 1891, he had signed as a cabin boy on the US Revenue Cutter the "Bear", commanded by legendary Frank Healy, patrolling northern and Arctic waters. Within 2 years, the Bear was frozen in for the Winter in Barrow, and Kyosuke (now "Frank", perhaps after his Captain) was living in Barrow, working with noted Arctic Coast trader Charlie Brower and learning Inupiaq.

Within the next ten years, three events coalesced. Hard times hit Barrow and the Arctic; because the whale population had been decimated by commercial whaling. Frank had fallen in love and married Nevalo, the young daughter of Amaoka, a prominent whaling leader, and become part of her extended family. And the Gold Rush had hit, in the Klondike and then Nome, bringing thousands of searchers and dreamers throughout the North. Among them was Thomas Carter

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



**THE VOICES
of SUMMER**

We are sitting
outside and the
People of God are
walking by. Here
they come,

carrying memories and hopes and
plans for fishing; here they come,
carrying worries about fuel prices
and the economy. Here they come,
worried about the weather. Here
they come, fishing and gardening
and vacationing. Here they come,
with courage and faith and prayer.
And we sit and listen, and overhear:

**This is just too sad, too sad. But,
what can we say?**

. . . and there was that time
Bishop Rowe or somebody was up
there [*in Arctic Village*] and, when
he went to leave on his dogteam,
they told him, "*Bishop. There's no
meat in the village*". And he turned
towards THAT Mountain and prayed
a long time. And then he took off.
The next day, caribou came from
there. People **REMEMBER** that story.

**He liked Ketchup. And buses. He
REALLY liked buses. And to jig.**

. . . and after we elect a new
Bishop we'll be **SNOWBIRDS** and
we're out of here!

. . . and that story about how he
was up there praying and all, in
all of his vestments, when
somebody came in and said, "*The
caribou are coming!*" He took off
running in full vestments, saying,
"*When God sends the caribou,
you have to act!*"

I'll tell you, what I'm afraid of is,
I'm afraid of dying alone. And I
don't want that.

. . . and wherever we are, and
whenever we're taking Holy
Communion, we'll always be
thinking of **HERE** and this 8
o'clock service at St. Matthew's
and all of you. **WE LOVE THIS
CHURCH!**

Another Quiet Weekend . . .

of Montana. By 1901 Carter
was in Barrow, wanting to
find guides to prospect in the central Brooks Range, along the upper Canning and
Chandalar Rivers. Brower recommended hiring Frank and Nevalo. By 1903 they
are off, Carter agreeing to split half of any gold found with Frank and Nevalo and
the accompanying family. By 1906-1907 they have found gold along the Upper
Chandalar, Nevalo finding the "Mother Lode" in 1907 while picking berries; and
the Rush is on – Caro, Coldfoot, Wiseman, etc.

The problem is supplies; and a supply point on the Yukon, with a possible trail
north, is needed. Frank and Nevalo head south, down the Chandalar; and
eventually end on a place on the Yukon with good timber and high banks. Thus
Beaver begins. It is such a success, and the conditions in Barrow are still so
desperate, that Frank heads back north to Barrow and leads a second group down
in a journey that takes two years. Ten miles a day we were told later by those who
remembered. Gwitch'in and Koyukon folk, that had been in the area for
thousands of years, settle into Beaver too; along with leftover GoldRush folk -
Swedes and Italians and French and Germans and more. An absolutely unique
community, combining widely diverse cultures and traditions and languages,
begins. It should not exist, for any number of reasons the cultures should not exist
in harmony, but it does. And thrives.

And Frank and Nevalo remain at its center, becoming known throughout the
North for their hard work and compassion. (*When Carter is later diagnosed with
cancer, Frank sends him to Mayo and pays all the medical bills, explaining simply, "he was
my partner"*). They have two daughters – Hannah and Bernice. When Frank is
interred during World War Two, Fairbanks turns out in protest and apology
when he is brought in from Beaver and put in the Fairbanks jail; and prominent
statewide Alaskans pressure the federal government to gain him early release from
California.

Fifty years ago this year, Frank died in Beaver, and was quietly buried in the
birch treed Beaver Cemetery. Nevalo died several years later. In the 1970s,
Japanese novelist Jiro Nitta wrote a popular selling novel about the story – "*An
Alaskan Tale*". We have been entertaining visitors ever since.

And now there has been this weekend. The Frank Yasuda 50th Year Memorial
Potlatch. Several years ago then Beaver Cruikshank School Principal Margaret Ann
(Adams) Fisher suggested to a young visiting Japanese student Ryo Satomi that a
Frank Yasuda Memorial Potlatch might be a good idea. Following her death, her
daughters Charleen and Rebecca Fisher, and niece Dorothea Adams continued
working with Ryo on the Plan. This Spring, Charleen, now the Cruikshank School
Principal, took the students and staff to Japan to meet Frank Yasuda's family. They
were greeted like royalty. This weekend, Japan has come here. An estimated 50
people from Ishinomaki and elsewhere in Japan have arrived. They include the
mayor, the owner and instructor of the foremost Japanese Traditional Dance
Studio in the country, and Riyo's family.

The weekend has been filled with a Traditional Interior Memorial Potlatch –
moosemeat and soup and a give away; and walking tours and boat rides, and
Stevens Village led Native dancing and Traditional Japanese drumming, and
traditional Japanese dancing, and Japanese food, and rice, and a tri-lingual Sunday
Service conducted by the rector and the Rev. Trimble Gilbert, and more.
Everyone has worked really really hard .It has left everyone absolutely astounded.
The rector has spent the weekend muttering "*this is so strange*". Ambrose Leavitt,
visiting from Barrow, touched his chest: "*This has really touched my heart. Deeply. I
feel it here*". And Ryo just humbly commented, "*This was kindof special, wasn't it?*"

If you are ever visiting in Japan, and pass someone with an eagle feathered
diamond willow staff, that person was here. If you are ever visiting in Beaver, and
notice an ornate Japanese fan in a corner of a cabin, that person was here.

And if you weren't here, and wonder what it looked like, visit the St.
Matthew's website www.stmatthewschurch.org.

And if you missed it, well, the Centennial is only in two years.

[See <http://alaskamininghalloffame.org> for a more complete story of Frank and Nevalo]

HOW DO I FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING at SAINT MATTHEW'S?

Things happen quickly and frequently here on First Avenue and many times people ask, "So how can I find out what's happening or scheduled?" One easy way is the regular "This Week" email. Once a week, and frequently more often as things develop, a weekly "This Week at Saint Matthew's" e-mail is sent out from the Church Office, listing church events (and other community related events). This is often a more complete listing than the Sunday bulletin, and often more current. To receive this e-mail, simply send a request to sfisher@mosquionet.com. The "This Week" e-mail, once sent out, is also posted on the St. Matthew's Website: www.stmatthewschurch.org

Summer Voices

... until I finally realized that promising "Until death do you part" didn't mean until he killed me.

Oh my gosh, I didn't know I fell asleep in the flowerbed. I'm sorry.

You stand up there too. You married her and that means you're in MY family too. And I'm the bossy aunt.

You're from Alaska? Ohh man, when I was 18 my buddies and I drove up there and ---

..and I thank you for showing me what the Body of Christ looks like.

Grampa, when did you turn into Harry Potter?

For crying out loud, we look like Harry Potter and the Displaced Navaho.

Look at those shoe colors. I didn't know shoe preference was genetic.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH

RECTOR	The Rev. Scott Fisher 456-5235	PARISH ADMINISTRATOR	Hilary Freeman 457-4820
PRIESTS	The Rev. Steve Matthew. . . 488-9076 The Rev. John Holz 456-3583 The Rev. Layne Smith 374-5957 The Rev. Lee Davis 457-2865	SEXTON	Michael "Tree" Nelson . . . 456-5217
DEACONS	The Rev. Bella Jean Savino 456-1503 The Rev. Montie Slusher . . 474-4570	ORGANIST	Laura Vines 452-4565
SENIOR WARDEN	Bruce Gadwah 457-7129	CHOIR DIRECTOR	Barbara Hameister 455-7397
JUNIOR WARDEN	Ray Cockerille 474-2105	ALTAR GUILD	Mary Johnston. 455-7245 Cathy Giacomazzi 479-7736 Beth Corven 456-2966
CLERK	Teresa Moore 374-8382	SUNDAY SCHOOL	Charlotte Perotti 457-1332
VESTRY	Charlene Marth Helen Howard 488-2314 Hubert Griffin 452-4692 Darrel Zuke. 488-6073 Roxy Wright-Freedle. . . . 455-9300 Marty Thomas 455-6612	HEALTH MINISTRY	Martha Thomas, Chair . . . 455-6612
PARISH TREASURER	Carolyn Nethken 457-3304	ENDOWMENT BOARD	Darrel Zuke 488-6073
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		NEWSLETTER EDITOR	Mary Margaret Davis . . . 457-2865
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		UNITED THANK OFFERING	The Rev. Bella Jean Savino 456-1503
		DAUGHTERS OF THE KING	
		MINISTERS	YOU US!!!

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Summer Voices

It was a great sermon. He told us God can cure STDs and dwarfs. I couldn't believe I was hearing this. You gotta jazz up your sermons. You *never* talk about STDs and dwarfs.

... finally ----- raised her hand and interrupted him and told him, "*Well actually, you know we've been Christians for really several generations over here*".

I got 200 some gallons of heating oil last week, and it cost me 900 plus dollars. At that cost, folks are going to be bailing out this winter. That's stiff.

. . . one of those pincher bugs bit her on the neck; and she was paralyzed. Couldn't walk. Took her 6 months to begin moving again.

I'm really looking forward to it. It'll be THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE that I've been Outside for the 4th of July and can see the Fireworks at Night, in the DARK.

You knew my GREAT-GRANDMOTHER? What was she like?

That mosquito bit me and flew off, and then he said to me, "*you know that mosquito has cancer now.*"

The thing is, it's CHEAPER to go to Africa and hunt, than it is to do a guided moose hunt here.

. . . and well, I may be on a list of international mercenaries now.

. . . so two of the churches have already used up their Budget for heating for the year; and I ran into somebody who goes to St. Matthew's. And they weren't sure they'd be able to afford driving into town every week. This is **HITTING** people.

Have you noticed all of our plants are on fast forward? I mean, LOOK at these peonies.

"It is a blessing and I'm thankful for. . . "

DEACON BELLA JEAN SAVINO REPORTS on her RECENT ACTIVITY

By The Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino

Praying that you all are doing well and keeping God in your heart and in your life. I keep you all in my prayers.

I thought I would let you know what has been happening in my life. Back on February 1st of this year, I did a funeral for **Sarah Simon**, an Elder from Allakaket. She was a good friend of mine. She always had a smile; and I enjoyed talking to her when I was working at the Chief Andrew Isaac Clinic. This was my first trip to Allakaket. The people, especially the family of Sarah, were so nice and were thankful someone had come to the village to do the service. I sure am thankful for good food, for lodging, and safe travel on the plane. It was a Blessing to do the funeral for Sarah.

I want to thank [*the Rev. Canon*] **Ginny Doctor** for doing a wonderful job in organizing and teaching the confirmation class. **Sue Eschright** and I helped her a little, but Ginny did all the paperwork and teaching. We all enjoyed the class and learned a lot. The class was from February 19th through April 1st. **Ashley K. Aragon** (*my granddaughter*), **Jesse Peter** (*my cousin*), and **Charlie Jagow** (*my friend*) got confirmed on April 20th by **Bishop Carol Gallagher**; and **Dawn Jagow** (*Charlie's Mom*), **Mae Peter** (*Jesse's Mom*), and I all re-affirmed our faith by the Bishop.

I attended the Interior Deanery meeting held at St. Matthew's Church. **Becky Snow** made a Report in the last Church Newsletter; and she covered the meeting pretty good. I just wanted to add that St. Matthew's did a wonderful job hosting the meals - especially **Pauline** [*Wilson*] and the other cooks, and also St. Jude's. A big THANK YOU to all of you! Also I wanted to say "Thank You" to the staff at the Bishop's Office for their dedication and hard work.

I spent time with **Grace Thomas** and family April 8-15, during the time Harry, her husband, was home sick with cancer. The people of Fort Yukon were helpful and caring during this time. When I was there [*Fort Yukon*], I preached at St. Stephen's Church on that Sunday. To me, it always makes me feel good inside, in my heart, to go home for a few days. It lifts me up!

April 25th I did a Church service on that Sunday in Nenana. After Church, we ate food prepared by the congregation. My husband drove me there, so we were thankful for delicious meals!

I spent time with **Winston James** and family in Birch Creek in June, during his illness with cancer. I held the Church service on a Sunday. They took good care of me, with a place to stay (*the Rev. Titus Peter's house*) and good food. I spent time with Winston, then we all sang songs, and did the healing and anointing service for everyone that was there. **Archdeacon Anna Frank** and I held the funeral after Winston died.

June 12-18, the Trip to Arizona. 16 of us from Alaska attended

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ST. MATTHEW'S CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS BEGIN ANEW

By Beth Corven

Fall is soon upon us, and with the end of summer comes the beginning of the children's programs at St. Matthew's, primarily Sunday school. I am excited about what this year offers. We have returning teachers and new ones, and they look forward to sharing the year with our children.

On September 7, we will begin again with the Children's Eucharist for the school year. The 9:15 service on the first Sunday of each month will become a children's service that allows children to join the entire family of St. Matthew's for worship and communion. Sunday school classes begin on St. Matthew's Day, September 21. Classes begin with songs at 9am and study and play at 9:15. We have classes for all children in preschool through eighth grade.



This year, I am again asking for volunteers who would be interested in helping with children's programs at St. Matthew's. Some ways to help are:

- Volunteering for Sunday school classrooms

- Bringing snacks for Sunday school children
- Helping with the Epiphany Pageant
- Encouraging families to bring their children to Sunday school.

Throughout the year, I will also be evaluating the timing and set-up of Sunday school. I know that there are families who attend at 11am, and I would like to find out if they are interested in Sunday school. Attendance last year was poor, except for the 1st - 3rd grade class. Periodically throughout the year, I will be inserting into the bulletin a quick survey for St. Matthew's families to complete with questions about their interest in and the timing of Sunday school. It can be very discouraging for both teachers and students to have such low attendance, and I want to create a full, vibrant program that encourages growth and community.

Finally, I am still looking for input on a youth group at St. Matthew's. I believe that it's important for teens and young adults to have a peer-based community for worship and learning. If you believe this and have teens or would like to help, please contact me.

Summer Voices

I was an acolyte here in 1957, and. . .

This is my first time back since I left 9 years ago, and. . .

Our first week here we were living in a room at the Polaris, and Father Warren came to visit us, and that really impressed me.

I was raised by my Grandparents up at the northern end of Hudson Bay. My mother was Jewish, a concentration camp survivor, and my father was Mohawk. I just wore skins and never saw a car before the age of 12.

That's how he died - laughing. A pretty good way to go, don't you think?

We drove from the East Coast in a 28 foot motor home with 8 Samoyeds. They're out in the parking lot while we're here at Church.

. . . and last week I had a dinner with the Governor. I got to hold her new baby. And the Governor is **EVEN COOLER** in person than she is in real life. **REALLY**.

. . . and the Governor was on the plane. She was just riding coach, like all of the rest of us.

This Church is OPEN, isn't it? We could tell. We can **FEEL** it.

Don't want to, but we're selling and movin' to Texas. Between the house payments and the fuel payments, we just can't.

I tell you, when I was in the Hospital down there, Fr. Elliott came in and prayed for me; and the next day I had that surgery, or I was supposed to, but the doctors couldn't find it. It wasn't there anymore!

I have a theological question for you. Do you think All of THIS going on relates to the Opening . . . of the SEVENTH SEAL?

Bella Jean . . .

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the NavajoLand Convocation in Farmington, New Mexico. While there, we took a tour of some areas of Arizona and New Mexico. We were thankful to see our Navajo brothers and sisters again, and meet new friends. Thank God we all had a safe travel there and back home.

My friend **Bernice (Aragon)** and I still take Communion to Denali Center every other Sunday; to visit and give Communion to our brothers and sisters there. It is a blessing and I'm thankful for the ministry of Bernice.

Gwich'in Singing takes place in the Parish Library Sundays after the 11:15 service, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays; and the Daughters of the King meet and pray on the 2nd Sunday of each month, after the 11:15 service.

Keeping you all in my prayers and God bless you.

Summer Voices

Does your church have a ministry to the Homeless? I notice people around here on the lawn. We've noticed that around a number of churches as we've driven up. Mainly the Anglican churches too, in Canada. And that's good. What else are we going to do with Matthew chapter 25?

I TRY to do good. I know what's right. But I've got a Dark Side, in here. And I can feel it. Sometimes I just want to PUNCH somebody. ANYBODY. I fight against it, but it's there. How do I get free of this?

A can of SPAM????? They gave us a can of Spam before we left home in Florida to drive up here!

We miss coming to St. Matthew's, but our daughter is church shopping now. She wants to go where all her friends go.

What am I doing? I'm calling all my MySpace friends to tell them I won't be online tonight because I'm here at the Hospital.

Chief Winston had a long conversation with me on his land along Birch Creek one winter morning. He pointed to the new sewage lagoon and the increasingly troublesome electric plant. "These things are great as long as they work. But the day is coming when either they won't, or we won't have young men to fix them. We must never become so dependent upon new things that we forget how to take care of ourselves. Tell me, where are the priests who used to come around here?"

. . . like she always said -be flexible or be miserable.

...said "Don't give up. There's another Big Run coming."

Do you put people to sleep often like that with your sermons?

through All The Seasons of Life

SEASONS of LIFE in the SEASON of SUMMER

From late Spring snow falling on **Sunday, April 27th**, into late Summer morning fog wrapping us on **Sunday, August 17th**; through geese arriving and rivers breaking and Summer gardens and tour buses and weddings and funerals and now geese gathering again; through a little bit of rain and the 121 days since the accounting in the last Newsletter, we stopped and prayed together at least 321 times (2.6 services a day). An accounting and some brief details of some of what happened. [Photographs of most of this are available on the St. Matthew's Website: www.stmatthewschurch.org]

- 49 Sunday Morning Eucharists
 - 3 Eucharists (outside of Fairbanks)
 - 46 Private/Home Communion Visits by Clergy
 - 17 Private/Home Communion Visits by Lay Eucharistic Ministers
 - 5 Fairbanks Correctional Center (or other Correctional Center) Services/Visits
 - 3 Other Eucharists (Education for Ministry; Youth, etc.)
 - 85 Midnight Compline Services
 - 6 Tuesday Morning Denali Center Eucharists
 - 16 Wednesday Morning Eucharists
 - 16 Wednesday Evening Eucharists
 - 7 Thursday Morning Pioneer Home Eucharists
 - 7 Celebrations of Holy Baptism, 13 Baptized
 - 9 Celebrations of Holy Matrimony
 - 1 Celebration of Holy Matrimony (outside of Fairbanks)
 - 9 Commendations of the Dying/Departed
 - 10 Funerals (within Fairbanks)
 - 5 Funerals (outside of Fairbanks)
 - 6 Burial Services (within Fairbanks)
 - 1 Anniversary Memorial Prayers Service
 - 2 Releases from Columbarium
 - 4 Services in Birch Creek
 - 1 Public Invocation
 - 4 Public Blessings
 - 1 Eagle Summit Midnight Solstice Eucharist
 - 5 Receptions, Parties held
 - 1 Memorial Day Weekend Yard Sale
 - 1 10th Anniversary of Booyah Golden Days Party
 - 1 Homeless Ministry Barbeque & Garden Party
-
- 85 Warmest Official Temperature Recorded since June 1st (Friday, July 4th)
 - 41 Coldest Official Temperature Recorded since June 1st (Tuesday, August 12th)
 - 57 # of Days since June 1st with rain recorded (for the 78 days June 1-August 17)
 - 63 # of Days since June 1st when temperature cooler than 75 (for the 78 days June 1-August 17)
-

June 1-August 17)

Holy Baptism

Tuesday evening, April 29th, in a special home celebration of the Eucharist, the rector, assisted by his wife **Elisabeth**, baptized 78 years old **Raymond Wendel Blanton**. His wife **Rosalie** served as his sponsor. Raymond, terminally ill with cancer, requested the baptism. He died [see

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Seasons of Life . . .

below] 3 days later.

Sunday morning, May 11th, as we celebrated the Feast of Pentecost, there were 6 baptisms – 2 years old **Roland Ian Joaquin Alexander**, 2 months old **Nick Christian Bessette**, 12 years old **Shannon Lynn Carlo**, 7 months old **Skye Annalise Kaquatosh**, 4 months old **Kierra Kozevnikoff**, and 2 years old **Nathan McCotter**. Roland's Godparents are **Deborah Tritt, Sam Pitka, John Felix**, and **Noel Cargill**; Nick's Godparents are **Dorothea [Note: Hi GAL!] Adams** and **Trenton Adams**; Shannon's Godparents are **Missy Peter** and **Doll** and **Milton Moses**; Skye's Godparents are **Christy Moses** and **Mitchell Kaquatosh**; Kierra's Godparents are **Jacqueline Edwin** and **Ricky Taylor**; and Nathan's Godparents are **Craig Nicholia** and **Carry Orrison-Edwin**.

Several days later, on Wednesday evening May 14th, exactly 2 months old **Milo Theodore Tony Villagecenter** was baptized, peaceful and smiling the whole time. Milo's Godparents are **Alberta** and **Paul John, Ambrose Tritt, April Tritt, Bambi Kidd**, and **Jerry Frank**.

In a special baptismal celebration, following the regular Sunday Eucharists, on Sunday afternoon, May 25th, **Fr. Layne Smith** baptized 6 months old **Johnnie Lee Simon Yatlin II**. Johnnie's Godmother is **Angela Sardelio Gonzales**.

Wednesday evening, June 18th, 1 month old **Jace Davian Merle Herbert** was baptized, and a reception followed afterwards in the Parish Hall. Jace's Godparents are **Dana Salmon, Benjamin Pugh, Jolene Arkell, John Pritchard**, and **Bryan Joseph**.



Wednesday evening, August 6th, as we celebrated the Feast of the Transfiguration (*and Miss JuJube's 11th birthday*), nearly 5 months old **Ashauna Jenny Rose Sanford** was baptized (*another one of Elsie Pitka of Beaver's great grandchildren*). Ashauna's Godparents are **Shay Elman Pitka, Glenda Simon, Maxine Chickalusion**, and **Richard David Jr.**

And finally, Sunday, August 10th, as we celebrated the 103rd Anniversary of the first baptisms recorded at St.

Matthew's, there were two baptisms – 5 months old **Sudaa** (*"it means 'Sweetheart' in the Copper River Language"*, explained her Mother) **Jamie Druck Ewan** and 3 years old **Darius Ricky Deshawn Nikolai**. Sudaa's Godparents are **Bernadette Horace, Jason Demientieff**, and **James Nathaniel Jr.** Darius's Godparents are **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino, Courtney Tritt, Bernadine Frank**, and **Adam Pitka**.

Holy Matrimony

Saturday afternoon, June 7th, St. Matthew's filled for the first of the Summer Weddings – as **Archdeacon Anna Frank** celebrated the

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Summer Voices

I have never; I have NEVER seen so many and so much love. Forgive me, I can hardly speak.

I need Shirley or Peter John. Where are *THOSE* people?

Hearing those drums at the Powwow was sooooooooooooo good. When we left, we went home and got in a raft and floated down the Chena just so I could hear those drums from the River.

This is a Great Church to come visit. There's so much in there to see, even in the corners.

The Mind finally has Limits; but the Heart has no limits.

We spent 4000 on heating oil last year. LAST YEAR! And this year.....

. . . and he went down, and came up about 30 yards down from that whirlpool. Black bears aren't much swimmers, you know. They won't dive. Brown bears will though. That's why they always say, "*Don't let a brown bear get in the water with you, if you're in a canoe. It'll tip you. Shoot it before it gets in.*"

Frankly, I don't understand why we need to give the Native Community more than 2, maybe 3 acres. That's all they need.

Ohhh, we run into That Stuff all the Time, every day. No use to get upset about it. There's more important things to do than worry about that Stuff. Just let it go.

That's why I come back up - to give Scott new material for that Newsletter.

hall -le- BOOYAH, HALLEBOOYA, HALLEBOOYA ,HALL-LAY-BOOOYAAAAAH.

Oh, I didn't recognize him, he has teeth.

Summer Voices

Did you see that? That eagle circled and flew RIGHT OVER - it blessed your church and the Booyah.

Fairbanks just NEVER really changes -always old guys with beards in Carharts.

Oh, I miss youall and coming to St. Matthew's. But my parents want us to go to.....

...and when he gave her the prayer shawl, she just started weeping and weeping, because she was so grateful.

...and I have so much baggage behind me, trailing along -but I can't let go of it. That's all that's holding me up, keeping me from insanity. Do you understand?

. . . and I remember Grandfather [The Rev. Frederick Drane, Archdeacon of the Yukon 1921-1927] would say "AaaaVAA!" whenever he was angry about something, or got hurt. And he'd always tell us grandkids "Nahshii kwaa" ["Don't be silly"]. He put us to sleep at nights telling us Alaska stories.

I'm ready to be finished with this Grief Stuff now . . . but it won't quit. How do I get it to stop?

SUMMER? We haven't had ANY SUMMER down here.

Jooooooooooooooooooooooy TO the Worrrrrrrrrrld, the LORD has COME!

I go now to ----- to support my kids, because that's where they go, but I sure do miss St. Matthew's.

It was so big I thought it was a moose. Right there in the middle of the road. I kept honkin' my horn and honkin' my horn, going "Come on moose, come on moose". Then finally it turned and stood up and, ohmygawd, it was a Silvertip Grizzly. Just there in the middle of the road. "okkkay", I said, "whatever you would like to do is jussssst fine".



NEWS from the DIOCESAN STANDING COMMITTEE

In the absence of a Bishop, the Diocesan Standing Committee becomes very important and very busy. They become the folks in charge. The Standing Committee in Alaska currently is made up of the following people, either elected by various Diocesan Conventions, or appointed: **The Rev. Dawn Allen – Herron**, President (St. Andrew's/Petersburg); **Mary Margaret Davis**, Vice-President (St. Matthew's/Fairbanks); **John Crittenden**, Secretary (St. Mary's/Anchorage); **the Rev. Bob Stevens** (St. Brendan's/Juneau); **the Rev. Connie Jones** (St. Mary's/Anchorage); **Martin Oktolik** (St. Thomas/Point Hope); **the Rev. John Holz** (St. Matthew's/Fairbanks); **the Rev. Jerry Norton** (Epiphany/Kivalina); **Barbara Learmonth** (St. Brendan's/Juneau). They are meeting regularly, either by teleconference or face to face; and exchanging frequent emails.

June 27-29 they met here in Fairbanks, at the Diocesan Office. Vice President **Mary Margaret Davis** aptly reported on their meeting in the July issue of the Diocesan "Good News". Both Canon to the Ordinary **the Rev. Ginny Doctor** and Diocesan Administrator **Suzanne Krull** attended the meeting; as did the new members to the Committee – **the Rev. Bob Stevens** and **the Rev. Connie Jones**. **The Rev. Jerry Norton** and **Barbara Learmonth** were unable to attend.

Mary Margaret's "Good News" article, and the edited unofficial public minutes of the meeting, describes the on-going work of the Committee. Reading through these, gives a sense of the on-going administrative and planning work of the Church in Alaska.

In Summary, during this meeting, the Committee discussed or took the following *public* actions:

1. Diocesan Administrator **Suzanne Krull** reported on the on-going Diocesan Audit, which should be completed by the end of July. Reports on the various Diocesan Budgets and accounts were received.
2. The contract for **Betsy Greenman**, consultant to the Diocese for the Bishop Search Process, was extended to January 25th, 2009; it was moved and passed to continue to have Diocesan Administrative Assistant **Lynette Winfrey** serve as Diocesan Ordination Officer; **the Rev. David Terwilliger** was granted a license for ordained ministry in the Diocese; **the Rev. Deacon Alan Rockwood** was assigned to various ministries at St. John's/Ketchikan; and several lay ministry licenses were renewed or granted to lay ministers at St. David's/Wasilla.
3. The Committee approved the concept designs submitted by St. David's/Wasilla, noting that final designs must be approved before construction can begin. The motion from the Diocesan Property Committee, to revise Diocesan Property Policies, was accepted. (The newly adopted policy is available online at: <http://home.gci.net/~episcopalak/PDF/DRAFT%202008%20Directory%20-%20Part%201.pdf>)
4. **The Rev. Dawn Allen-Herron** reported that the Suffragan Bishop Task Force, co-chaired by **the Rev. Wilfred Lane** of Kotzebue and **the Rev. Jan Hotze** of Haines, has not met yet, but they would be meeting in July; and should have a report for the August teleconference.
5. Work sessions were held discussing the goals of the Standing Committee prior to the installation of the new Bishop (May 2009);

(Continued on page 9)

"All we receive in life is from God and giving back financially and of our time is offering thanksgiving and praise to God."

SUMMER MUSINGS - RAINY AUGUST CONTEMPLATIONS

By Roxy Wright Freedle

This summer (*has it been?*) during the month of July, I stayed busy going to fish camp for salmon, Homer for halibut, and climbing a mountaintop. The mountain was the Chilkoot Trail used by the Klondike gold rush of 1898! What a memorable experience - the beautiful dramatic scenery and imagining the early travelers. The time away was kind of like a bubble removed from the ordinary bustle of life, a special time to be close to God, and dear family and friends who were also hiking the trail.

Taking time to partake and appreciate special moments in our lives is very important. The bills, the cleaning, the yard, the everyday work is always there and will be waiting; but missing the smile of a child, a talk with a friend in need or the beauty of a flower - Can not be caught hold of again.

At home, in spite of the rain, I have ridden my horses and did some yard work outside; and house cleaning and bill paying inside. I am thankful for having a warm house to live in - **LIVING IN A TENT IN THE RAIN WOULD NOT BE FUN.**

I am thankful that at St. Matthew's we have a warm inviting church building to attend services in. Seeing familiar faces, greeting newcomers, listening to Father Scott's sermons and partaking of Communion nurture my soul and help me to walk closer to God.

Life is full of wonderful bubbles which transcend time and space, but we still need to walk the path of life, which is not always smooth or easy. As a newly elected member of the Vestry at St. Matthews, I have become much more aware of some of the everyday work to be done here. One of the pressing problems is our budget; we have an \$18,000 deficit already for this year. Last year with a similar deficit we finished the year in the black with the miraculous giving of our church family members in December. But, we cannot just expect that to happen again. Just as we as individuals struggle with the rising costs of fuel, so does our church. At a meeting in June possible financial solutions were discussed. A few of the ideas brought up were:

- planning ahead for fundraisers,
- the importance of tithing, and
- involving our whole church body in finding answers.

All we receive in life is from God; and giving back financially and of our time is offering thanksgiving and praise to God.

As we all contemplate solutions, please **PRAY FOR SUNSHINE!**

Summer Voices

Her only regret was she wanted to go to Wal-Mart one last time. So we took her shopping last night. In her wheelchair, waving her cane around.

Oh, my heart is sad. It's been sad all month. But I'll be better once I get out in the woods. The Berry Patch is good therapy.

Ohhhhhhh, *I'll make it.* The Big Ginkhii Up There told me I'll make it; told me *we all make it.*

I need to get back to going to Church again. We're losing too many again, too fast.

I can't afford to spend \$5000 on oil to heat those places. So I'm cutting wood. I'm cutting wood for 3 houses, and it keeps me busy, but it's sure cheaper than \$5000.

"*I'm going back to the Yukon River*", he told the Bishop, "*and I've told the people down there, when it happens just call the Bishop and tell him: Father died; and we buried him.*"

. . . and the Seminary Professor told me that I suffer from a severe case of Suppressed Mirth.

Joyce Sarles told me today that the snow on Mt Juneau has never cleared enough to hike to the cross. Also that a friend of hers has a garden in Whitehorse and her potatoes *froze* a few days ago.

We **HAD** to come back. We were here 5 years ago. And we knew we had to come back... to Fairbanks and **THIS** church. Your Church is just so warm and welcoming. And the People are all just so wonderful. That's why we like Fairbanks - the **PEOPLE** that are here.

Ohhh, we just pulled up the Camp and moved back. Fishin' no good. The water's too high. Wonder where all this water is comin' from?

Diocesan Standing Committee. . .

(Continued from page 8)

- and "the Rt. Rev. Mark MacDonald Major Gifts Campaign".
6. A brief summary, with Glossary, of "the Windsor Report" was presented; as the Committee seeks a way to present and interpret this and other similar documents to the people of the Diocese so that they may be more easily understood.
 7. Revisions to the "Distribution of Episcopal Duties" and the Diocesan "Investment Policies and Procedures" were approved.
 8. A report was received from the Meier Lake Board of Directors; and the Committee consented to the election of a Bishop Coadjutor for the Diocese of Ecuador Central; and the ordinations of the elected Bishop of Maryland and the Suffragan Bishop of Dallas.
 9. There were discussions and beginning planning for the 2009 Diocesan Convention; and it was agreed the next face-to-face meeting would be October 17-18.

Summer Voices

Ohh, we'll have nice days yet. I think it's gonna turn nice and we'll have a nice August and a nice lonnnng Fall.

I think this is it. I hate to say it, but I think Fall is beginning the end of July. And now it's just going to get colder and darker.

Gee, fishing's been no good; and gardens haven't done too good because it's been too cold; and the weather hasn't been too good either. **BUT! At LEAST IT'S NOT FIFTY BELOW!**

Well you know, it snowed in The Park over the weekend, I hear.

We just called to say we're going to be a little late for our Rehearsal. I still gotta get my nails done. **AND MY TOES! I HAVE TO GET MY TOES DONE! I CAN'T GET MARRIED IF I DON'T GET MY TOES DONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!** This is all a little silly, isn't it?

. . . and don't even mention what the fireweed is doing, I've got YELLOW leaves falling all over the yard.

....and sittin' at the bar was one of those guys from that TV show - 'The Deadliest Catch'. He was sayin'.....

. . . and I was out at Esther Dome, praying. Praying you know in the 4 directions, over the City, and God showed me. . .

It's finally **A RELATIONSHIP** with Him. That's what we always need to learn, and remember.

. . . been working on it all Summer for the Wife. 'Course I haven't found the Wife yet, but after I get it built, that'll be the next project.

. . . then He told me, "Are you ready?" And I said, "Yes, but ready for what?" And He told me "To Walk on Water with Me. Sooner or later, you GOTTA get out of the boat".

Did you go on that ride- the Apollo? I went on it three times! It wasn't so bad the second time.

LOVE, NOT IN WORD OR SPEECH, BUT IN TRUTH AND ACTION

How does God's love abide in anyone who has the world's goods and sees a brother or sister in need and yet refuses help? Little children, let us love, not in word or speech, but in truth and action. (1 John 3:17-18)

Most days when you visit St. Matthew's you will see numerous visitors, sitting quietly in the parish hall, sleeping or sipping hot coffee. Some sit at the picnic tables on the front lawn. They really aren't visitors – many are church members who do not have a permanent home. They arrive when the church doors open, knowing that we are a safe place to rest.

Fairbanks struggles to meet the needs of the homeless. More and more people are coming to the city to look for work. Food and fuel costs are rising. Substance abuse (alcohol and drugs) continues to plague the rich, the poor, the old, the young and people of all races. Treatment centers and mental health services are struggling as well, with limited budgets and high demand for services. All these factors combined create one of the worst years for people in need.

Surprisingly, many churches in the downtown area lock their doors during the weekdays. St. Matthew's does not and people who need us know that. Sometimes, during the winter, there may be twenty or more visitors. In the summer the numbers go down. Our wonderful staff works hard to meet the needs of the church and the visitors but they could use help.

We are all one body in Christ, one family. You can support our family by volunteering to be a good brother or sister – to sit and listen, make coffee, do a little cleaning. Volunteers must be able to spiritually, physically and emotionally interact appropriately with visitors. Volunteers will be given training for Basic Safety, Safe Church and Dealing with Addictions. A position description for volunteers follows this announcement. Pray and listen with your heart. Are you being called to this ministry? If so, contact any one of the Homeless Ministry Committee members:

- Tom Marsh, Chair 458-0223
- Marty Thomas 455-6612
- Pauline Wilson 479-3503
- Shirley Lee 452-3094



Thank you.

POSITION DESCRIPTION

TITLE: Homeless Ministry Volunteer

DUTIES: Quietly and through God's love for our family, ministers to homeless visitors during church office hours, by the following:

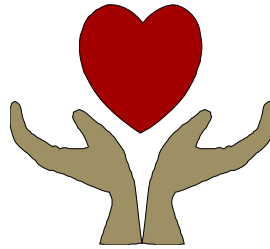
- *Spiritually supports visitors.
- *Creates and maintains a welcoming, peaceful and safe environment in the parish hall for visitors.
- *Ensures respectful boundaries are kept, in language and action.
- *Ensures church rules are followed.
- *Keeps coffee and tea available.
- *Helps Sexton keep restrooms, parish hall and other public use areas clean, as needed.
- *Calls appropriate agencies, as needed, for assistance with combative or medically impaired individuals.
- *Maintains a reading library area and keeps reading material orderly and available.
- *Attends regular meetings of Homeless Ministry volunteers to debrief and devise ways to improve ministry.
- *Works in concert with, and with approval of, of Rector and church staff.

REQUIREMENTS: Volunteers/Ministers must have attended the following training sessions: Safe Church; Basic Safety Training; Orientation to Alcohol and Drug Addictions

THAT ALL MAY BE WELL WITH YOU—

An update from St. Matthew's Health Ministry

By Louise Smith



It's Summer--Be Safe! The Health Ministry's focus this summer has been safety preparedness. There are many ways we can help keep our families safe and healthy while enjoying the outdoor activities we enjoy here in Interior Alaska.

In recent months we've displayed a variety of pamphlets and handouts in the parish hall. We encourage everyone to take copies of anything of interest. Topics include boating and water safety, protection from the sun, dealing with stinging insects, bicycle safety and laws, tips for travel, guidelines for eating healthy and safely while camping and boating, checklists for fire safety and prevention at home and in the community, and summer driving suggestions. Some handouts are geared specifically for children.

In August we're displaying information and handouts on 'Harvesting Summer's Bounty.' God has blessed us with so many things here that will help us through the coming months. Fish, moose, berries, cabbage, carrots and potatoes from our gardens and more await processing, canning and freezing. Keep checking the top of the Health Ministry cabinet for ways to preserve things in safe and healthy ways.

As we head into fall we're planning presentations on Seasonal Affective Disorder (also known as SAD or the 'winter blues') in September and Alzheimer's in October. Blood pressure checks will continue between services on the fourth Sunday of each month. The Health Ministry library will be available as often as possible, and we'll be adding some new books soon. All books may be checked out and returned whenever you're finished. Check the Sunday bulletins for dates and details.

As always, if you have any questions, needs, concerns or suggestions on ways we may help, please contact the church office (456-5235). Abundant Love and Blessings to All!

Summer Voices

GRAMPA! WILLIAM'S TURN NOW! WILLIAM'S TURN.

I got almost nothing out of my garden this year. Too wet and too cold.

No berries over here in the Flats at all, you know.

It was a complete wedding service in all details, except I never used the words "marriage" or "wedding". It was a commitment service. They couldn't get married, or they'd lose all their assistance and benefits, but they wanted to. That's why we worked the service out that way.

I process negative emotion by either sewing, drawing, or scrubbing my bathtub. It gives me time to think and is constructive

... couldn't find the \$50 bill I had, but then I thought: it's just a green piece of paper; didn't have any money before I had it and I was okay then. I'll get by.

This is '67 all over again. Gawwwwwwwwwk.

This is the first time I've been out of my house since Wednesday. We ended up as an island. No damage to anything, but no phone or cell phone service. Finally a neighbor with a canoe came and got me.

I got to Church this morning because my neighbor had a canoe.

She was a GIVER, and not a TAKER.

We were out at Ivory Jack's, in the bar, and THERE was YOUR PICTURE. "Gee", I told Mom. . .

I tried to go visit, but I couldn't. It just brought back all the memories of my Uncle. It all comes back now, the memories.

You kids go ahead and let it out now. She always told us, "Don't cry over me while I'm here", but now she's not, so let it out.

Noooooooo berries on the Koyukuk this year! Too wet! Too cold!

Borrowed from the St. Jude's/North Pole Newsletter

An observation from the Vicar

By Fr. Luis Uzueta

[Fr. Uzueta is the Vicar of St. Jude's in North Pole, and his "observation" in a recent St. Jude's Newsletter struck many of the St. Matthew's Vestry who saw it. The St. Matthew's Vestry asked about reprinting it in our Newsletter, because of its appropriateness, and the courteous Vicar graciously agreed.]

As Fall comes around and the church prepares for winter, we are graced with the appearance of new families to the area searching for a church home. While St. Jude's has much to offer - a warm, loving community, solid worship, exceptional music, an on-going food pantry and a fledgling Sunday school - I think we are a bit ham-strung in our efforts to make a good first impression by a lingering case of "1/3-itis." That is to say, it's a bit difficult to convey the fact that we are a growing, thriving church to visitors when only about 1/3 of the congregation is in attendance on any given Sunday. I, too, rejoice in the fact that our community ethos is certainly not one of being too rigid or "stuffy or that demands attendance. Also, there is no question that here in the Last Frontier summer is a busy time when we have to cram many

(Continued on page 12)

Summer Voices

This was GREAT! GREAT service! What a GREAT CHURCH! We took that bus tour and the bus driver told us, when we drove by, "and if you're here on Sunday, this is the best Church in town" - and he was RIGHT!

I thought only Indians were Episcopalians.

Nenana's flooding, huh? Well, Shirley always did know how to make an entrance.

Gee, that garden looks great and we helped!

. . . and give the Building a BIG SMILE as you enter, because Morris . . .

So, do you think you've inculcated a land-based religion, or . . .

. . . we warned her that we were all going to do a Group Hug, right in front of everybody, if she didn't . . .

I'm going to drive over to Creamer's and watch the duck and geese. I do it every year this time of the year, the Great Cycle. There's young ones there, and for them this will be their first trip; there's old ones there, comin' in, and for some of them, this will be the Last Trip.

My Gran'ma used to warn us, when we were kids, that when we got old, when we got to be grandparents, there would be Hard Times Up Here, in Alaska. The weather would be changing and the animals would change and the Land would change and it would be Hard. I'll tell you what I think. I think those Hard Times she warned us about are comin'. Things are changin'. But God, He doesn't change. So we'll make it.



"FILL 'ER UP, PLEASE!"

2008 AK PFD + FUEL REBATE DRIVE

Once again as the school year begins, we at St. Matthew's find ourselves within \$1,000 of where we were last year or almost -\$17,000 with respect to our projected budget. In September of 2007 we appealed to all, and you most graciously responded and reduced that amount by half, and by December 2007 we closed with a slight surplus to reimburse our operational reserve account.

Given that the AK. P.F.D. and associated rebate are both directly related to energy; let us talk to that subject and how it applies to St. Matthew's. We budgeted for almost \$30,000 for utilities for the rectory and for the church, and that most certainly will fall short if we use the fuel prices of this summer as a barometer.

Imagine if you will that St. Matthew's is an extended room in your home where you worship; and the parish hall is another room where you entertain your dinner guests. Imagine that the rectory is a guest cottage on your property where perhaps you take care of loved ones or elderly parents. Perhaps the rector's car is an extra for your children to commute to school activities. In fact, aren't all of these our property? Absolutely! It is our job to maintain all the above as it all belongs to our family.....The St. Matthew's Family.

I should like to leave you with a parting reminder. There are many in this economy who are "Just Gettin' By" to quote an old New England phrase. Probably no one knows better about that than the secretary and rector of this church, where the door is open every day to all who enter and the telephone is constantly ringing. What you won't ever hear from them and what it is my duty to inform you, as a member of the vestry isST. MATTHEW'S IS "JUST GETTIN' BY"

When you receive your checks please remember your entire family and be kind enough to tithe (10%) or whatever you can for that is between you and our Lord.

Thank You and God Bless You,
Bruce Gadwah, Senior Warden

An Observation . . .

things into the long daylight before the cold and dark sets in.

However, just as daily prayer is a discipline that must be undertaken with commitment, so too is attendance at the Holy Eucharist. The fact of the matter is that there is a different "feel" to the Sunday service when it is well attended as opposed to just a slight variation of the faithful few. When the church is 2/3's empty, everyone loses something. Those in attendance are deprived of some of the richness, vibrancy and vitality found in of the Mass. Those absent are deprived of the grace and renewal that comes from being an important part of the on-going life of a loving church family.

In terms of evangelism, consider that, if present, you could be the one person in the congregation a visitor makes a connection with. The bottom line is that St. Jude's has need of your presence, prayers and participation.



" . . . to watch a young man turn from anger and resentment to freedom and acceptance"

OLD TIME FIDDLERS AND A YOUNG BLACK MAN [and an Editorial "The Rest of the Story"]

By Nutaaq

"Hey sista, there's fiddle music at the National Guard Armory tonight, wanna go dancing?" My friend Linda and I were excited to be with each other again. We felt like we were at the top o' the world since I had managed a trip to Fairbanks from my home town further up north. *"It'll be alcohol free!"* That clinched it.

"Sure," I said, and off we trucked to the Armory on 1st Avenue, lugging her patient husband Harry, *"I might even take Harry down to the dance floor!"*

Fairbanks, being in the heart of Alaska, is the hub of fiddling festivals in Indian Country. The town, knowing its Natives, was graciously hosting fiddling dances at the end of the Convention of Alaska Federation of Natives. The biggest annual gathering in Alaska was usually held further south in Anchorage, where over a thousand Alaskan Natives congregated to exchange political ideas. It had been a good week of meeting and voting, so there was much relief and excitement in the air.

When we got there, I noticed the young African American man who didn't seem to be sharing this excitement. He was apparently overseeing the Armory for this event, and he looked like he had picked the shortest straw. His arms were locked over his chest, and even his legs were crossed as he leaned against the back wall. His facial expression seemed to scream, *"What a boring night already! I can't believe I got stuck with listening to fiddling music and watching a bunch of old people doing the jig all night!"* He looked pretty much this side of ready to explode.

The fiddlers and some of the guitar players had already set up their equipment at the far right end of the room. Some were already plucking on their instruments, and the others were joking around and greeting long-lost friends. AFN was always a good time to see old friends and relatives from villages up and down the big state of Alaska.

The dance floor was big enough for a good-sized round dance. The refreshment area was over to the left, where the young man was standing guard. My friend Linda dragged Harry over to a table and I tagged along. We proceeded to settle ourselves down to enjoy the music and dancing. I noticed a few more elders sitting around and looked towards the young man. His mean look warned, *"Don't mess with me!"*

I saw Hannah Solomon from Fairbanks sitting in her wheelchair close to the dance floor. The building where the seniors have their lunch is named the Hannah Solomon Building. It was an honor for her to attend this dance. For twenty years her friend Poldine and husband William Carlo held fiddling parties at their home in Fairbanks for fellow villagers. The gatherings became so popular they evolved into an annual three-day event every fall, where every one from 9 to 90 danced to the tunes of the lively bands from up and down the Yukon, and even villages as far away as Canada. Hannah and Poldine are two friends who are usually seen together at gatherings, and it seems as if the two buildings named after them reflect that friendship, for they are within the same block in downtown Fairbanks.

The hall was getting filled fast. A big happy family came in, complete with grandma and grandpa. The boys bounced in first and headed straight for the refreshments. The older ones, two pretty Athabascan girls, headed straight for the dance floor. Full of life, their long legs swiftly moving to the beat, they joined in with the rest of the dancers.

The next time I glanced towards the young man, he looked like he had been transformed. His scowl had been replaced with a big smile. He was still standing guard, but he looked more relaxed. Earlier, he had seemed to be blind to the beauty of the happy Natives enjoying the night. Now the same eyes showed fixed interest in everything. I saw him laughing and talking to some young boys who, earlier, had seemed to irk him. I wondered, did the pretty girls shake him loose from his shackles of resentment?

Then another thing happened. He was led smiling to the dance floor by a couple of village girls. His arms and legs flew as if they had been held prisoner too long by their master's dark emotions. No longer

(Continued on page 14)



I am a little church (no great cathedral)

- ee cummings

i am a little church (no great cathedral)
far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying cities
-i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,
i am not sorry when sun and rain make april

my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;
my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving
(finding and losing and laughing and crying) children
whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing
birth and glory and death and resurrection:
over my sleeping self float flaming symbols
of hope, and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church (far from the frantic
world with its rapture and anguish) at peace with nature
-i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;
i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring, i lift my diminutive spire to
merciful Him whose only now is forever:
standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence
(welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)

Old Time Fiddlers . . .

(Continued from page 13)

was there a brooding look. He was a different man.

The evening seemed to go swiftly by, with good music and good cheer freely flowing. Before midnight, Mrs. Solomon's daughter Daisy stood up and asked all the men to come and form a circle around her mom and be her partners on the dance floor before she went home, and Mrs. Solomon would "dance" in her wheelchair. The men danced their way down. The young private also chose to dance with the grand lady. As they danced in a circle, Hannah sported a warm, happy smile as her feet tapped to the beat of the beautiful music.

Then one after another, each man went up to Mrs. Solomon, danced a jig, and gave her a birthday hug and moved back to the circle. When it was the young man's turn, he not only danced with her, he stopped, and he took her hand and slowly put it up to his lips. Bowing, he kissed her hand. Then he gave her a broad grin and danced on.

I was enthralled. In one short evening a bored young man had learned that a night is not a total waste; that is, if you're open to new experiences and open to learning about people different from your walk of life. Having the chance to watch a young man turn from anger and resentment to freedom and acceptance was a complete enough experience for me. It was a night of understanding.

Editorial Postscript: And now, Paul Harvey-like, "The Rest of the Story". Our friend Nutaaq, who lives wayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy North, but comes to Fairbanks to visit (and join us at Midnight Compline) was caught by watching this young man's transformation several years ago and sent this story in for the Newsletter. She did not know, when she sent it in, how that night of dancing and transformation ended. Grandma Hannah Solomon and her family (unofficially) adopted the young man, sweeping him up into their family. Grandma Hannah's daughter Daisy supplies "The Rest of the Story": "The young Man's name is David Edmondson, who my mother adopted. He was going to Iraq the following week; and he won the door prize [at the Dance] for two round trip tickets to Anchorage, which gave him the opportunity to return home to spend Christmas with his family; and have dinner with The Hannah Solomon Family before he left for Iraq." David has since completed his tour in Iraq, is still in the Fairbanks area; and still part of the Solomon Family.



"... With God's love our seeds will grow."

THE SUMMER REPORT on the DANCING with THE SPIRIT PROGRAM

By Pete Peters

[Pete Peters and others spent the beginning of the Summer traveling to the Episcopal Youth Event in Texas, the Navajo Reservation, and other places Outside, as teachers the Rev. Belle Mickelson's innovative "Dancing with the Spirit" Program. Here's Pete's Reports on their travels. For further information, contact the Diocesan Office, or visit dancingwiththespirit.org. Contact Pete either thru the Church Office, or his rock band: "Indian Pete and the Cruisers".]

Early May and June 2008 we taught in Tanana, Arctic Village and Beaver! We taught the fiddle, guitar, mandolin, bass and the skin drum to the kids. We also taught prayers, God's love and give the kids high self esteem through music and role models. The leaders there are supportive of our goals for their kids. Me and Lewis are home now and very happy with the family. The family missed us, but again we were traveling for God. *Gwin zii!*

The San Antonio, Texas trip (8-13 July 2008) was a great learning experience for me! We had (1300) Episcopal kids from all over the nation and (6) kids from Alaska to teach music. This many kids was a great challenge, but again we overcame and it was a great success! Brother Robert donated a guitar which will be sent to us soon! The youths and Native American leaders at the Episcopal Youth Event (EYE) thought "dancingwiththespirit.org" was a great program which they want to introduce to their people too! We have gave them seeds to plant!

These trips have had huge impact on me and my son Lewis! The Navajo Indian Reservation people had tremendous caring hearts once you know them. They called us "their lost cousins". We have touched all the kids' heart!

At Bluff, Utah (14-19 July 2008) we had two Dancing with the Spirit teachings going on at the same time in two Navajo villages. We had about 30 kids each between the villages; and naturally they loved us, and they learned (13) Gospel and some example Athabascan Gwich'in language songs, and now are capable of playing guitars in the churches on Sundays. We also taught the Navajo elders to sing in the proper keys of music with their Navajo song books, which they never did before; and now the kids could play guitar with them in their churches. Some parents also learned the guitar and sang. The elders honored all the prayers we did with the skin drum in Athabascan Gwich'in language before all of our events and travels. Also we repaired the mission at Bluff, Utah and build a fabulous Baptism table for the Navajo people.

Between Father Duncan from Kingston, New York, Jeff, Rich, Lewis and I, we gave them (10) guitars between their two churches, which now the kids could sign out responsibility to take home like the Tanana, Alaska model. The Navajo parents each said they are very happy for our gifts to their culture. They said this was the first time their children actually love to learn music! 'Specially "Indian Rock and Roll!"

The separating priest of (9) years said this was the first time he seen a Native brother from far away place touched the Navajo kid's heart! Now the kids expect me to come back. They say if you come back-in their traditional ways means you kept your word. I also have met, spoke and gave our cards about the Dancing with the Spirit program to many important leaders and people from Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, New York, and Washington, specially on the Navajo Reservation. With God's love our seeds will grow.

Lewis fit in pretty good with the Navajo kids! Everyone thought we were Navajos, but once they learned we were Alaska Indians they were surprise and want to know more about us. They like to hear our language. The first day was funny because when I say "Mah Si' Chod" in Gwich'in is "thank you" and in their language it means "A Cat and Granddaughter". It is pronounced exactly the same! So the duration of the trip on the Navajo reservation I had to be aware of what I said. Lewis from Venetie, Alaska and Clayton from Steven Village had a blast! All our pictures are awaiting the release forms from father Duncan of all who participated.

Thank you to the Episcopal churches for supporting our Native American ways to learn about God through music and role models. Now I really appreciate why as a young kid my parents-mother Elizabeth Peter Cadzow and the late Noah J. Peter - were the ones that drag us kids to the Episcopal Church every Sundays to learn God on the Venetie Indian Reservation. Including all of the late Bishop Gordon's donuts and sodas on the gravel bar with Jessie Williams cooking the hot dogs!

Thank you to: Mother-Margaret Belle Mickelson from Cordova, Alaska for caring and teaching us of God's great love to the Native American people! God bless her and her family!

We have planted seeds in the world to grow!

God bless!



A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to HELP CHILDREN

The Fairbanks Court Appointed Special Advocate (CASA) Program is currently recruiting for volunteers. CASA volunteers are community members, trained by the Office of Public Advocacy, to advocate for children who have experienced neglect or abuse. Your voice can truly make a difference in helping these children secure a safe, permanent home where they can thrive. Native Alaskans are strongly encouraged to apply. CASA volunteers: Ordinary people doing extraordinary work. For more information call the Fairbanks CASA Program at 451-2812. Training begins in October.



WHAT IS ALASKA CASA?

- Local programs in Anchorage, Fairbanks, Juneau and Mat-Su Valley.
- Recognizes that children are best served by culturally competent advocates who reflect the child's culture.
- A separate agency from the Office of Children's Services (OCS).



WHY VOLUNTEER?

- There are not enough Native CASA volunteers to advocate for the Native children in the child protection system.
 - Native CASA volunteers can have a positive influence on a child's future, the Native community and Tribe as a whole.
 - By donating a few hours a month you can make a difference.
 - Volunteering is an opportunity to reclaim our Native children in the welfare system.
 - Our children desperately **NEED** Native advocates

DONATE to the BISHOP GORDON MEMORIAL at the MORRIS THOMPSON CENTER

Tuesday afternoon, August 12th, the new Morris Thompson Cultural and Visitors Center in downtown Fairbanks was blessed by Tanana Elders the Rev. Helen Peters and Josephine Roberts, along with the Tanana Traditional Dancers; and then opened for all of us to see. The exhibits and displays are still being worked on; and money is still being raised to complete the presentations.

The family of Bishop William Gordon, the 3rd Bishop of Alaska (1947-1974), announced at the Opening that they were pledging a \$200,000 donation to the Center, in memory of the late Bishop and because of his and his family's close ties to the late Morris Thompson, Fairbanks, and the Interior villages. One of his planes will be hung in the main lobby of the Center, and plaques will be displayed explaining the impact the Bishop had on the Interior, and many Alaskans; and also listing the names of the donors to the \$200,000 pledge.



If you would like to contribute to the "Bishop Gordon Memorial", send a check (payable to "The Morris Thompson Center", and noting that it is for the Bishop Gordon Memorial) to Morris Thompson Center; 122 First Avenue, Ste 600; Fairbanks, Alaska 99701. Be sure to include the name you would like to be listed on The Bishop Gordon Memorial Plaque.

For further information, contact the St. Matthew's Church Office, or Cindy Schumaker at the Morris Thompson Center <http://www.morrithompsoncenter.org>; 907-459-3880 or cindy.schumaker@tananachiefs.org

"It has been a rough day. . . I am a thousand kinds of confused, but having a lovely time just the same."

ANONYMOUS STORIES of FAITH

[The Saint Matthew's Prayer Chain is composed of some 40 to 50 anonymous individuals, not all of St. Matthew's and not all within Alaska, who quietly pray throughout the day or night, in the midst of all their other varied tasks. Communication is primarily by emailed request from the Church Office and is confidential.

Sometimes there are a dozen or so requests during the course of a day, from stress at work to folks dying at home. As St. Matthew Prayer Shawls wrap folks in physical and knitted prayer, so the prayers offered wrap them in spirit. [If you are interested in finding out more about the Prayer Chain, contact the Church Office]

The requests, and thanksgivings and updates, are often moving and heart rending. We hear or read, in receiving the requests, of courage and faith, which strengthens our own faith.

*Consider this "Forward" from early August, from someone just trying to get through the day at work. **ALL NAMES AND IDENTIFYING CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY CHANGED OR ELIMINATED TO PRESERVE CONFIDENTIALITY.**]*

Tuesday August 5th

Dear Mary,

I'm forwarding this to the St. Matthew's prayer chain.

It speaks volumes for your generosity of soul. God be with you, and bless John, your boss and the customer who came in later. . .

On Aug 4, 2008, at 4:34 PM, Mary wrote:

It is not especially rare to be in a position to watch the progression of a chronic illness and the complications that arise therefrom. Over the course of the past year or so, I have had my first intimate acquaintance with this and what it actually means in terms of daily life.

I occasionally mention John in my e-mails. John is a friend of my boss. I was introduced to him last summer and asked if I would go over to his house and help him organize and codify his personal files. He was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease about seven years ago and the disease has progressed fairly rapidly with him, though he is young, just a few years older than my parents, actually. At the time my employer asked me to do this, John was just beginning to have problems with memory and staying organized. He was having trouble keeping track of things like bills and medical records. I went over to his house, spent about ten hours sorting and creating a filing system and cataloguing the system on the computer. I was paid for my services and figured that that was that. In the following weeks, it became clear to myself and Tom, my boss that John was actually going to need more help than that. I started going over once a week, or nearly so often, a trend that has persisted to the present time.

Parkinson's is a disease that attacks specific cells in the brain that produce dopamine. It kills them off, so fewer and fewer cells can take advantage of the chemicals in the brain that are used to create and distribute the dopamine. Dopamine is a neural transmitter. The greatly simplified version is that this important catalyst for sending

electrical impulses to the voluntary muscles is present in depleted amounts. This leads to things like tremors and slurred speech, difficulty in swallowing, difficulty in fine motor coordination, a propensity to "freeze" or go rigid, and general slowness not just in large movements like walking. I am talking little movements that we take for granted like facial expressions or putting on clothing. Over the months, I have watched this big, powerful man, who has spent his life as an enthusiastic athlete and world traveler, struggle with tying his own shoelaces. On bad days, he doesn't walk through the house so much as ricochet off of the furniture.

In the last few months, we have both been noticing new changes, to the extent that I sat down with him and asked him when the last time was that he had seen his doctor. It had been a really long time. I expressed my concerns about him not going regularly and that dementia is often associated with Parkinson's and that maybe some of the changes weren't Parkinson's-related changes. I also expressed my concerns that he wasn't documenting medications or medical visits. It kills me to say this, but, to the best of my knowledge, I am the only person who visits him with consistent frequency. He has no wife, no children, no girlfriend. He has a brother and sister in the area, but they don't regularly visit, it seems, though his sister helps him with certain things, I think.

He recently resumed regular doctor's visits. Most recently, he had a neuropsychological evaluation which confirmed the early onset of dementia in addition to the Parkinson's. Part of my job when I visit is to open all of his mail and file or flag it according to priority. Yesterday, he handed me the evaluation report and said, "You don't have to read the whole thing if you don't want to. The summary is fine. I am crazy."

The dementia that people are familiar with is usually the advanced stages where people really are out of touch with reality and can do things that endanger themselves or others. It doesn't usually begin that way though it is different for everyone. With John, the first sign was the extreme forgetfulness. On bad days, it is a little bit like talking with an Alzheimer's patient. He can't remember what he wants to say in order to finish a sentence or train of thought. Because he can't remember, he will fixate on what he can remember - something from the distant past. Or, he will switch to a completely unconnected line of conversation. The effect is abrupt and jarring. It is compounded by the fact that all his voluntary muscles are, for lack of a better word, retarded in their usage. He can't physically produce sounds and coordinate them with his mouth fast enough. So, by the time he can manage to produce the words, the thought is gone.

He has subtle auditory and visual hallucinations. I am not talking pink elephants and scary clowns telling him to do things. The visual hallucinations are akin to someone standing just at the edge of your peripheral vision and moving ever so slightly, or the sensation of looking at everything through cobwebs. The auditory hallucinations are a bit like someone snapping their fingers in your ears.

Despite being so simply confronted with medical

(Continued on page 18)

Stories of Faith . . .*(Continued from page 17)*

confirmation that he may be losing his mind, he seems to be dealing with it all pretty well. He is staying pretty active around the house and still hangs out with friends and neighbors. I don't know if he tells me everything, but he doesn't hold back telling me how he feels. In return, I try to keep him focused on the details of his treatments without dwelling on the implications.

We are all going to die. At some point, whether we have a chronic illness or not, if we live long enough, we will have limited abilities that make caring for ourselves difficult. No one likes to think about this, and it is impolite to discuss, but it is true. You never know how you will actually deal with it until you have to. John, despite having been dealt a truly miserable hand, is still enjoying life. There are good days when he has a better range of movement and prolonged ability for mental focus, and he has bad days. When he has a lot of stress or is feeling particularly down, it makes all his symptoms worse. The dementia is setting in early. Much earlier than anticipated, but its progression seems to be slow. If I were there every day, I don't think I would have picked up on the little inconsistencies in his behaviour. If I only saw him once a month, I don't think I would have noticed because I would just assume he was having an off day. To say that it is hard on him or to say that he is a little afraid is probably a gross and insulting understatement. He lives alone with his dog and his cat. My boss and I regularly call and check in on him. Soon, that won't be enough.

An actual diagnosis was hard to take. It was like insult to injury. And it ushers in a whole new and special kind of worry. Is he going to completely lose his mind? How soon? What form will it take? Is he going to become dangerous? Is there anything he can do about it? How can he keep life as normal and comfortable as possible with this new element to consider and plan for? Should we start looking for a caregiver now, while he is reasonably lucid and capable of judging things and situations for himself?

I am not the only person who cares around, but I am the only one who is consistently around. I will most likely accompany him on his next trip to the neurologist because no one else has been and there are some questions he needs to remember to ask. How much responsibility am I willing to take on and what boundaries do I have to draw here? If left to my own devices, I am likely to put my own life on hold because I see a need that needs to be met, but that is probably not the right or healthy choice for me to make.

Time is obviously going to answer all of these questions. In the meantime, and in stroke of luck that seems too perfect to be coincidental, it just so happens that my building manager works at a local hospital with mental patients and knows the ins and outs of dealing with social security and the progression of dementia. If I have any questions that come up, I can ask him. Also, a study was recently published with indications that tango is good for persons with Parkinson's to do. I didn't read the study. John did, and he has expressed an interest in dancing.

I was upset when I read the evaluation report. It seems

like anything bad that can happen to John does and all I can really do for him is listening and watch and offer assistance in small ways. I know it isn't meaningless, but it feels like a Sisyphean effort. At home last night, I called over a friend and we rearranged all my furniture. I called my boss, who is currently dealing with his own large problems, and explained the report to him and told him how John seemed to be taking the news.

My boss told me about wandering around absorbed in his own problems when he accidentally wandered into an exuberant gathering of The Women of God...which is an African-American Christian women's organization. He walked in just when the Sisters were called upon to share the love of God with their fellow Sisters. And so, he was pulled directly into the arms of a very large woman, who hugged him and told him that Jesus loves him. It was exactly what he needed. He is feeling a lot more peaceful right about now.

So, I was dwelling on John and what I can and can't do for him, and my boss's problems, and my Grandfather . . . when a customer came in. He is the older brother of one of our very good customers and was looking to convert jewelry into something for the family. Over the course of our conversation, he briefly blurted out that he was terminally ill and in the end stages of cancer and wasn't sure how much longer he was going to be alive and started crying. I immediately locked the doors to the store, wrapped my arms around him and we cried for a good twenty minutes, then got back to designing jewelry. Then there was more hugging and crying. He starts radiation tomorrow. He plans to give them to the family as Christmas gifts, but doesn't know if he will be alive. I took the jewelry he brought in and put it in the vault. We talked a little bit more about family and God and he left. It was too much. It was all simply too much to deal with today. I closed down the store for about an hour and sat in the back and cried and called my parents. They told me about the squirrels in the yard at home.

I am still hiding in the office, actually. I am not quite done with crying yet today and at this point, just about anything is going to set me off until I can get it all cried out. I really fear someone coming in here with a cute, friendly dog because I very truly will start bawling.

I am not sad or weepy because this man is dying. I am deeply moved that he is making peace with his own dying and is trying to leave some comfort, some legacy, and some reminder of his place in the world with the people who are really going to be hurt at his passing. That selflessness is what is making me cry. He is frightened and unwell and is trying to make other people feel better about that. I am crying because John is losing pieces of himself that he won't get back.

It has been a rough day.

I hope you are all doing well and that you find lots and lots of people to hug today.

-Mary . . .

I am a thousand kinds of confused, but having a lovely time just the same...

[NOTE: Suzanne Charleston, (<http://www.suzanneartist.com>) artist and the wife of the Rt. Rev. Steven Charleston, Bishop of Alaska 1991-1996, also writes poetry. Encamped in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Bishop Charleston has been the President and Dean of the Episcopal Divinity School, since leaving Alaska; they are now preparing to move to San Francisco, where he'll be Assistant Bishop and the Ethnic and Multicultural Missioner for the Diocese of California. Through it all, Suzanne remembers and "sees" Fairbanks. Here's a recent poem:]

A Magic Can Be Found

By Suzanne Charleston

When the snow returns to Fairbanks it is welcomed by the Aurora who too has reappeared against the sky in this valley that lies far and spread open between dense mountain ranges that stand high like somber giants.

As the snow floats down the fingers of the trees reach up to touch it, saying: "Leave where you were born, so far above within thin layers of silver-stacked clouds. come to us! swirl and twirl ground-ward in your smooth, silent, softly glowing dance."

And so the snow descends, falling to its own agenda and in quiet settles:

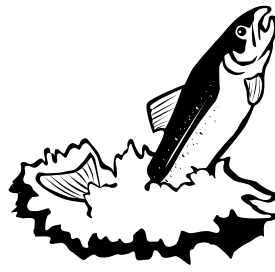
onto dark metal roofs that stand in vigil over clenched log walls; onto amber veined golden waiting leaves; crystal-cruled Fire Weed stalks (even icing old tires into sculpture)

This snow borrows from the hidden sun: gems of glowing light to touch the sky and paint it with pink tints that merge and fuse like a watercolor veil. All of this watched by ancient spruce whose twisted trunks shoot up, seeming to race, full throttle, high to heaven.

I see these Crystalline displays still.

I know because I am on the outside now dreaming that I can fly high back into the frozen glow of that watercolor sky.

"I have *never* seen a fish this big."



A Visitation from the Depths

By Maggie Ross

[Friend and Anglican Solitaire and author Maggie Ross lives silently in Juneau sometimes, with a boat and a house with a harp in it. You can watch spiders and seals from her deck. Sometimes she goes fishing. She also keeps a blog at <http://ravenwilderness.blogspot.com>]

Two years ago I lost a humongous silver salmon, having been caught by some violent weather near Spuhn Island. I put a waypoint there when it hit, and from time to time I fish near it just in case. On Wednesday last week I was coming in from checking out the backside of Douglas Island (nothing) and thought I'd run over the waypoint. The boat was coming up on it when bang! went the rod in the holder, a hit, not a reel-smoker at first—and then she bowed and dove and when I saw that slab side I knew it was the biggest fish I'd ever see.

Then she started taking line, hundreds of feet of it, nearly half my reel—and I use braided line. Finally she tired; my heart was racing, I couldn't get my breath, so took several deep ones, and started reeling her in. She was a dead weight; I almost couldn't turn the crank. Then she ran again. This went on for about 20 minutes. Finally I got her up to the boat and gasped: her nose was at the mount for my rod holder and her tail extended beyond my kicker, in other words, this fish was more than 50 inches long, probably 55-60 inches, and 60-70 pounds.

For five minutes I tried to net this fish; I actually had her partly in the net at one point, but she was too heavy, my left arm couldn't pull her high enough and she was too much for the drag, which was slowly leaking line. I finally realized she was too big for the net—and I have the biggest size. There was no point in gaffing her, as I could never hold on to that much weight. As I was trying to figure out what to do she suddenly shook her head, snapped the 40 lb leader and was gone.

I phoned Fish and Game. The agent said it might have been a Chilkat fish, which are an endangered species this year, so it was just as well I didn't boat her. Also, a friend who is a big game fisherman says if you've got the fish to the leader you've caught her. Anyway, I'm happy to say she was clean-hooked, no blood, so she'll survive to spawn. I have *never* seen a fish this big, not even in the tanks at the hatchery.

The next morning I woke up still in a state of shock—you just don't expect to see something nearly as big as you emerge from the depths on a #4 hook you so casually dropped in the water—and so very very happy I hadn't killed her. She was a primal fish; her appearing was like a Visitation, an auspicious omen. I'm not sure what the message was except perhaps that a creature that amazing is not food for the ego, to be unceremoniously bonked on the head and dragged home behind the boat to show off to other envious [male] fishers.

AN EDITED SAMPLING of CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED.....

"... we feel so blessed to have shared our hearts through hymns to you."

[Dick and Charlotte House regularly sang at the 8 o'clock Eucharist throughout the Winter, and then left Pentecost morning for work and ministry Outside. Despite what it says below, they possibly might be back to visit and sing around Christmas]

July 18th

Father Scott : We are enjoying our "sabbatical"...I am reading "Prayers" by EM Bound, and "The Vision" by Rick Journier. It is awesome to be consumed by two great books at the same time... (I'm a slow reader, marks a lot too) I crave good reading. . . No-fiction. My legs ache from the "heavy" work in Fairbanks, but they are improving with my early morning walks...I thank the Lord every morning for the healing of my legs... we may never return to Fairbanks, it saddens me to say that! I will miss the guys I worked with and prayed over . . . , I will miss St Matt's people, you, Tree, Laura, Click, Bishop...I will miss seeing Jimmy Thomas (Denali Center) . . . We do not know our future, one day at a time, we feel so blessed to have shared our hearts through hymns to you. Maybe God would give us another shot at Fairbanks in a year, or maybe we'll ALL be in heaven together in one year!! Awesome!

In Christ, Dick n Charlotte House

"... St. Matthew's is a part of us"

[Rich and Cathy Davis, after over forty years in Fairbanks and at St. Matthew's, drove down the road in late June to move to Washington.]

July 28th

Here we are in our apartment in Snohomish, WA. We are gradually settling in, getting things organized and adjusting to life in this lovely small town. We can walk to church, the library, the farmer's market and the grocery store. There are at least six coffee shops within walking distance! My parents' house is a ten minute drive from our apartment and my cousin and his family are ten minutes in the other direction.

We have been warmly welcomed and embraced into the family at St. John's and have been singing with the choir since the second Sunday after we arrived!

We remember you all in our prayers - you mean so much to us. The Body of Christ at St. Matthew's is a part of us as we will always be a part of you. You have shown us what the love of Christ looks like in the little things that you do day in and day out.

The posters filled with your warm wishes fill our hearts with joy when we read through them. Just seeing your words, written by your hands, means a great deal to us. In this age of technology, the written word still has power to bring comfort, peace and joy.

May God continue to richly bless each and every one of you and all that you do!



*Rich & Cathy Davis
Box 426 Snohomish, WA 98291
425-760-8814 (Rich's cell)
425-583-8394 (Cathy's cell)*

MORE CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED



"Deep peace to you and all St Matthew'sers"

[Dr. Jerry Jensen and his family, which included a Skye Terrier named "Rosie", joined St. Matthew's from Scotland, when Jerry began teaching at the University. They moved from here to Texas A&M, and moved last year to the University of Calgary. Rosie, who faithfully attended St. Matthew's and lived quietly under the pew, died this last year.]

July 31

hello and peace, Scott.

It hardly seems in keeping with the pace of summer to have a newsletter deadline, so here is a late submission (late by the standard of the deadline, early by the calendar of summer). This is a good summer. I've just cancelled my trip to Oslo next week, preferring to be in Calgary than 4100 miles away in Oslo. Had I still been in Texas, I would have relished the trip to escape the steamy heat.

Fixing up the house has been high on the agenda this summer. Put in screen doors and discovered that ooooooooh what a lovely breeze can do to a house! Jane and I agreed that the front door needed repainting, as the hunter green had faded badly with the sun. We agreed to change colour to sun yellow or sage green. She comes back from the paint store with fire-engine red! Oh well, if we don't like it, I'll repaint the door next year. Putting in an ethernet cable got a bit ugly; there are some "interesting" openings in the sheetrock!

Jane is steaming ahead on writing her novel. She's found inspiration galore.

Memories of Rosie are just that, losing their power of grief in favour of thanks for her life and the joy she brought to us all. Thanks to friends/angels like you who helped us through the dark days. Cloudy, Rosie's successor, is a superb dog (see attached), full of bounce and love. She'll be 8 months old in early August.

Further ambitions for this summer include going to visit the "head smashed in buffalo jump interpretive centre", south of here. We always pass it on the way to Montana but have not had time to visit. Why go to Montana, you ask? We've had to go there to cross the border, so that we could re-enter Canada for some immigration reason e.g., Leanne got her student visa, Jane needed to get a visa, and the like. This time, we'll stop. Also want to go to Drumheller's museum and see the dinosaurs (apart from the one in the mirror).

That's it for now. Must get back to fixin' the house.

Deep peace to you and all St Matthew'sers, Jerry

Singing on First Avenue for over 100 years

**THE SAINT MATTHEW'S
CHOIR BEGINS AGAIN - COME JOIN!**

Been thinking about joining the St. Matthew's choir? Well, you're in luck! We'll be starting rehearsals again on Wednesday, September 10 from 6-7 p.m. in the parish hall and would love to welcome new members to our musical family. If you'd like to help "make a joyful noise" at the 11:15 service on Sundays, talk to choir director Barb Hameister, 455-7397, or any choir member. And if you're a little bit interested but not quite sure about joining, we warmly invite you to sit in on one or two rehearsals to see what it's all about. You'll be glad you did!



NEWS from VILLAGES FARTHER NORTH

from BEAVER

... Everything is all and well here in Beaver. The weather finally cleared up after a week of rain. . . Kyle and Vivian's newest bundle of joy is **Madison Rose Wiehl**. She was born on the 9th of July. 7 lbs 15 oz. take care... Love, coco ["coco" is "**Colette S. Wiehl**" of Beaver] and

The following was sent in by Paul Williams Jr. of Beaver:

The Masters Commissioners Youth Christian group from North Pole came down the Yukon River to Beaver to minister, pray, fellowship and meet villagers, especially with the youth. They had cookouts, potlatches, singing nights, softball games, bead sewing, visiting fishcamps, fish cutting, and church services. There was also Vacation Bible School at the same time. We all ate fry bread at Paul Jr's house everyday.

We Thank everyone who helped welcome our Christian family and above all we thank God for His goodness and kindness in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.



from Kivalina

Colleen Swan reports. . . I am pleased to report that my youngest brother **Replogle Aviigan Swan** and **Dolly Helen Adams** got married on May 4, 2008. Together they have three children: **Sakkan**, **Regina**, and **Enoch Victor**. Rep is the youngest son of **Joseph Sr. & Lona Swan**, grandson of the both late **Reverend Clinton Replogle** and **Charlotte Aviigan Swan**. Dolly is the daughter of **Willard Sr. and Alice Adams**. Officiating over the wedding was **Reverend Ronald Norton**. My son **Andre' Cole Koenig**, age 17 at the time, played the piano for them. It was a very nice touch...

and Austin Swan replies to Newsletter Questions. . . **How has YOUR Summer been?**

The weather has been too warm, but everyone knows that already, so that's not really news-news. **How's Fishing?** Fishing was excellent this summer, being as how the Red Dog Mine was forced to keep their drain field clean and up to par with the regulations, so that kept our river as clean as they could leave it. **How GOOD does the first fish of the Summer taste?**

The first dried fish (coming in from the ocean, instead of from the river) along with fresh seal oil and sura was as always the most excellent fare. **Had Adventures?** A humongous blue whale (?) about 50-60 feet in length washed up inside our channel and was smelling up the area at the end of town. The first attempt to drag it out was unsuccessful as it was too embedded into the sandbar in the middle, but the second time a few days later they managed to drag it back out into the ocean.

When it first washed up on the other side of the channel, few people went to check for baleen and the ear bone, but there wasn't any, so that led us to believe maybe it was killed by a commercial ocean hunter, probably of an illegal status. But that's just a theory. **St. Matthew's has been filled with tourists. Have you had any interesting trips? What have YOU seen? What's ONE THING you'll remember from the Summer so far? If you were to take a photograph (as all these tourists are doing) of ONE THING God is doing in your life, what would it look like?**

We've had several visitors from different countries that wanted to talk to the residents about our village lifestyle. One in particular was a visitor from New York who came back twice and will come back again in October. They all want to show Kivalina in a regular lifestyle setting and show them in a positive light, in light of all the bad publicity that we were getting in previous years (and I do mean years). There are a couple more visitors, one from a Denmark TV based in New York, another from Germany. **St. Matthew's is filled with weddings - silly and beautiful and wonderful and hopeful. Where have you seen Hope this Summer; where have you bumped into Wonder and Beauty?**

The land in spring bloom! The first sura (green leaf), the first wild onion (chives), the smell of spring! This beautiful New York lady who has touched our hearts and whom we are sad to see leave once again. My gloriously beautiful and smart sister who met and know the right people that gave us an opportunity to travel to Barrow to sing in their Youth and Elders conference. During that time we saw old friends, made new ones, sang for an elderly bedridden man in his own home who has passed away recently, sang for a couple of widows in their home. My sister always feel called upon to sing for whoever her angels tell her to sing for. Even in Kotzebue when we were invited to the radio fundraising, she got called upon to let us sing in a private home where we were told that we were a



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... "mekem rod blong yumi everiwan stret (make the path ahead straight for everyone)".

FROM ALASKA to the SOUTH PACIFIC: a PEACE CORPS EXPERIENCE

By Sarah Sherry

[NOTE: Sarah Sherry, the daughter of Paul and Robin Sherry of Minto, spent time growing up at St. Matthew's, where her hair got tussled at the Altar Rail. She is now someplace in the Pacific Ocean. See contact information following her article.]

I have been serving in the Peace Corps for just about a year now. Ask any volunteer, and they'll tell you that in the Corps, no two days are the same, no two volunteer experiences are the same, and that the quality of your service can depend on the work you do, where you are placed at, the culture you're integrated into, and the people you meet.

A lot of people join the Peace Corps for a million different reasons - an altruistic nature, a desire to travel, to see new places, to experience something different somewhere else - somewhere new and foreign and exotic. Some volunteers want to break down barriers, some want to learn new skills, some want to learn about a new culture. Through being in the Peace Corps, wherever you are placed, *you will* learn new languages, *you will* become a better communicator, *you will* become more patient, *you will* become a fuller and more balanced *you*.

In the Peace Corps, like anywhere else, you will have your good days - maybe the best days of your life - and you'll have your bad days - those days where you have never felt more challenged by your circumstances. Some projects are failures and others - well, maybe they're successes even if they aren't exactly what you thought they might be - but if they are successes - then they are more relevant and needed than what you first

(Continued on page 24)

Kivalina . . .

blessing
for this
person who

needed to go back to God and her family. We were doubly blessed by that too. Isn't God wonderful? ***What was one gloriously silly moment this Summer that you'll laugh about this Winter?*** I have been blessed with many sisters and a big family where we have numerous occasions to laugh and be together that I couldn't even name one moment, as to have many moments of happiness with them. ***St. Matthew's is surrounded by quiet flowers. Where do you find Quiet in the stress of Life?*** Walking a mile or two with my sister, everyday, to the end of the runway. ***How important is that?*** Very important to my mental health and well being. ***I discovered yesterday there are over 800 people blogging in Fairbanks. Are you? Why (or, why not?)? what about MySpace or FaceBook? Are you in any or all of that? Wanna tell us about it?*** No time for that living a subsistence lifestyle... ***Any other news or thoughts to share, anonymously or otherwise?*** . . . We are always having to fight for our rights. But that's a whole another story for another time.

COMING EDUCATIONAL POSSIBILITIES THIS FALL

Sometime this Fall, after we all catch our breath for a bit, there are a number of Adult classes being discussed. Here are two: Sometime, the rector and others will be beginning an Adult Inquirers Class, for those seeking to know more about St. Matthew's, the Episcopal Church, and Why we do what we do (or don't do what we don't do). This class could lead to Adult Confirmation or Re-Affirmation of Baptismal Vows (*ohhhhhhhhh, sometime*). Watch for announcements on the Website and Sunday bulletin; and call the Church Office if interested.

And also this Fall, date and time still to be determined; after prayer, Linda Mullen will be offering this class:

"On The Way to FREEDOM". "We will be offering a class this fall for anyone who wants to come to a place of FREEDOM. Thru that process can also come healing; physical - emotional - spiritual in a process of learning, sharing, praying, forgiveness. Learning about the connections between the spiritual and the physical. The sessions will cover:
1. What is a Christian? What makes us Christians .2. What is Forgiveness and what forgiveness is not 3. What is healing....physical, emotional, spiritual 4. Bitterness and negative emotions, how they make us sick 5. FEAR and the Occult Can Christians have demons? 6. Satan's legality and your legal authority...staking your land 7. Finding the cesspools in our lives 8. Power of Praise, how to keep your healing 9. FREEDOM If you hunger for Freedom and Joy consider coming to the first session. If you have questions, I would love to talk to you." For further information, speak to Linda at Church or call 488-7046.

Peace Corps . . .*(Continued from page 23)*

imagined the project to be.

With all of this said, let me tell you a little more about my personal experience. I'm Alaska Native and proud. I'm Lower Tanana Athabascan and my mother is from a small village in Alaska's Interior. Minto, Alaska has about 250 people, three churches, a store, a post office, a clinic, a K-12 school and a lodge that houses the tribal offices. Most people from Minto are proud of our songs and dances and culture. This is where I come from; Alaska is, and has been, and always will be my home.

But in the last year I have found a new home in the most unlikely of places. And the home has come with a new culture, a new language and new family members. In Vanuatu, they would say I have become "*One Woman Shepards*."

Erata Village is one of five small villages located on Tongariki Island. Tongariki is about 2 kilometers by 4 kilometers. The population of the island is about 350 people. There are 3 "stores," in which you can purchase kerosene, batteries, peanut butter, cigarettes, rice and sugar - and when the ship is running steadily you might be able to buy some cookies or other sweet snacks. There are 3 churches, a K-8th grade school, and a local clinic, but there is no post office or bank, and the only truck they ever had broke down in 1987. My father, visiting from Alaska, was the very first tourist in Tongariki - and so why would there be a lodge?

Both villages face similar challenges in terms of "*development*." Both suffer from brain drain and urban migration, and both suffer from unique geographical challenges and remoteness, and as such, suffer from high prices of fuel costs. Amongst all the differences in cultures, personalities, songs, dances, languages, and lifestyles, we, all of us in the world, can always find some common ground; find ways to better understand each other.

Tongariki is a small, small island in the South Pacific. It is part of an archipelago known as the Republic of Vanuatu, if you are in Alaska; just head south to Hawaii, and keep heading south. Indeed, many Vanuatu maps might not even include Tongariki on the map. You might just see a spattering of land masses known as the Shepards Islands groups. But from the top of Tongariki, you have a 360 degree view of Tongoa, Falea, Ewose, Epi, Emal, Pele, Nguna, Efate, Makira, Mataso, Amour, and Buninga Islands. These are the islands that make up Shefa Province. It's an amazing view, the deep rolling ocean blues, the shale grey of rock jutting out of the ocean, white sand beaches, the lush green foliage that provides bananas, mangoes, papayas, manioc, taro, yam, coconut and other local organic fruits and vegetables. The sea, too, yields its share of shellfish, fish, octopus and crab.

The people on Tongariki are generous, with a great capacity for laughter. They work hard to maintain their gardens, and are anxious for development. They absorb every magazine, newspaper, photos and articles sent from home. In many ways, the people from Tongariki are situated on a cusp of change. Maybe in the way Minto was situated 50 or 100 years ago.

Then, in Alaska, we had not yet come across statehood, the Alaska Native Land Claims Act, the discovery of oil, or the pipeline. Then, in Alaska, we weren't even really a part of the great nation that is America.

Now in Vanuatu, we see the march of development: cell phone towers rising from the ground, the promise of running water and electricity, laptops and computers in schools.

But with development and globalization moving forward, Ni-Vanuatu people and communities are struggling mightily to strike a balance between new kinds of infrastructure and the changes to the homogeneous culture that has kept them strong for thousands of years.

But that is an internal struggle. In the mean time, they toil away in their gardens, or fishing, or in their work with the church or school or woman's club. They love to socialize and they love to hear about Alaska. Is it cold? The surprise washes across their face when I tell them it's colder than the inside of a refrigerator during certain months. Is it dark? Again, amazement at the fact that sometimes the sun refuses to set, and sometimes it refuses to rise.

If I take the effort to explain to them that my heritage is such that my mother's family was settled in long before the American government or the missionaries arrived - they find a certain kinship in my heritage. And if I tell them my father arrived in Alaska himself as a volunteer - they can understand the connection between that and my own ambiguous reasons for making the decision I did to serve in the Peace Corps.

In my work as a Community Health Facilitator I spend time helping to develop the health committee and the management of the local clinic. I also teach health classes in the school and make health education workshops throughout the island. Currently I'm working with other health volunteers to develop a survey for the Province that will give us some baseline data; data that will tell us where to expend our efforts and to help us measure our progress.

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Peace Corps . . .*(Continued from page 24)*

I have fundraisers with donated articles sent from home, pens and pencils, bubble gum, bras and kilots (underwear), t-shirts, skirts, markers and teaching supplies, earrings, necklaces, and nail polish. Locals tear through the sale goods like Christmas morning spending precious vatu for a chance at something new. The vatu (local currency) goes towards the repair of the dispensary and puts money into the hands of the health committee.

These projects are fulfilling, slow-going, challenging - its progress at the grassroots level. Sometimes, I don't know what I'm doing; and what I know then is that I'm working with the islanders to work our way through the challenges together in order to "*mekem rod blong yumi everiwan stret* (to make the path ahead straight for everyone)".

A typical Peace Corps experience includes 3 months of pre-service training, in which you are introduced to place, culture, language and an outline of the work that is expected of you. As a volunteer, you alone are required to fill in the details of your work - incorporating Peace Corps goals, community needs, and your own aspirations. After pre-service training you swear-in as an official volunteer and you begin the next two years of your life.

I am midway through my two-year service now. And after a year, I find myself still grappling with the concept of "sustainable development," even though it's been a concept rural Alaska has been grappling with for ages now. And after a year, I find myself still coming to new understandings about the culture here in Vanuatu, in all of its nuances.

A year has passed by so quickly and yet there were days that passed by so slowly, even time had seemed to disappear into the deep abyss of the ocean. But even so, rural village Alaska, if not Peace Corps Vanuatu, has taught me that all things will come to pass in their own time. And, even if I am only a small speck on the wave of history, I will never undermine my own capability to make a positive impact on the lives of others. Even if it's only found in the smile of my host mama, in the fact that my host brother washed his hands, or in the fact that you, the reader, has taken the time to appreciate the wondrous resources around you and the diversity of culture that's found in this world.

Contact information from Sarah

You can view all her blogs and photos at: myspace.com/sarahgirlsherry and more photos at: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/62703431@N00/>. You can email volunteer@vu.peacecorps.gov and put her name in the subject line. These emails will be printed out and sent to her site. Include your (snail) mailing address so she can mail you a letter back. You can send her text messages and emails! There is a 160 character limit (spaces are included). You send the messages to: 881631438262@msg.iridium.com She checks her messages once a week - and "*while I can't respond - I'll feel warm and fuzzy knowing you texted me!*" AND MOST IMPORTANT!!! Her snail mail address is: Sarah Sherry, PCV/Peace Corps Vanuatu/PMB 9097/Port Vila/Vanuatu South Pacific

**Sarah with Turtle****Momma's Market in Port Vila**

Seasons of Life ...

(Continued from page 7)

Wedding of **Desiree Joseph** and **Jeffrey Sagers**. And, one week later, on Saturday afternoon, June 14th, **the Rev. Deacon Montie Slusher** celebrated the Wedding of **Serina Northway** and **Lee Grant McCotter**. The next week, Friday, June 20th, on the Eve of the Solstice, with the Church filled with lavender and white, the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Yvonne Starr Attla** and **Jason Thomas Zottola**. And, the week after that, with the summerrain clearing just in time, on Saturday, June 28th, the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Lisa Ann Bishop** and **Jesse Lee Brandenburg** *(and the Bride's mother, who had longed to do it for years, got to ring the churchbell announcing to the world that we were celebrating)*. With a week off, on one of the nicest days of the Summer, on Saturday, July 12th, the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Jordanna Sheri David** and **Douglas Wayne Pitka Jr.** *(That particular wedding set a modern St. Matthew's Day record with 35 in the Wedding Party)*. Saturday, July 26th saw St. Matthew's celebrating two weddings. Early in the afternoon the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Jaclyn Rae Jensen** and **Jordache Clinton William Banks** – and bubbles drifted through the air. Later in the afternoon the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Susan Elizabeth Taylor Alexander** and **Christopher Allen Hamner** – and this time birdseed drifted and flew through the air. The following week, bringing together families from Kotzebue and California, and with no rain, on Friday, August 1st, the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Dawn Michelle Ubben** and **Karl Edward Holt**. And finally, to round out the Summer, on Friday, August 8th, **Archdeacon Anna Frank** celebrated the Wedding of **Shaylene Florence Newman** and **Alexander Clark Dublin**. And also, on Saturday, June 7th, in distant LaCrosse, Wisconsin, with the approval of all of the State and Ecclesiastical authorities involved, the rector celebrated the Wedding of **Robin Hart Harris Godolphin** *[the rector's stepson]* and **Elizabeth Rian Johnson**. Towering MidWest thunderstorms rolled across the



dark Upper Mississippi that night. The wedding, through the courtesy of the **Rev. Canon Dr. Patrick Augustine**, was recorded in the lovely with Tiffany Stained Glass **Christ Church Episcopal**. The newlyweds make their home in Boulder, Colorado. *[And most of these weddings, courtesy of Sexton Tree Michael Nelson, are visible on the St. Matthew's Website: www.stmatthewschurch.org]*

Funerals, Burials, Memorials, etc.

Monday, April 28th, almost 2 years old **Abraham Jonathon Tackett** *(named after his great grandfathers the late Abraham Christian of Venetie and Jonathon Solomon of Fort Yukon)*, known as "AJ", who liked buses and ketchup and jiggling, died tragically outside of his home in Fort Yukon. The son of **Diane Dee Peter** and **Clayton Williams**, and the grandson of **Mary Beth Solomon** and **Caroline Bante**, AJ is survived by, among others, his 4 sisters. St. Matthew's filled past overflowing for his funeral Friday afternoon, May 2nd, led by the rector, **the Rev. Steve Matthew**, **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**, and Postulant **Shirley Lee**, and assisted by **Peter Solomon** and **Daisy Stevens**. AJ's final services and burial were held at Fort Yukon the next day, Saturday, May 3rd, led by **the Rev. Mardow Solomon**, **the Rev. Deacon Teresa Thomas**, the rector, and **the Rev. Margo Simple**. At the same time as the Fort Yukon service, Postulant **Shirley Lee** sat here in Fairbanks with 99 years old Grandmother **Hannah Solomon**, AJ's great great Grandmother,

and they prayed. Friday morning, May 2nd, 78 years old **Raymond "Spike" Wendell Blanton** passed away at home, with his wife **Rosalie** and family beside him. And prayers were said. He had been baptized at home *[see above]* the previous Tuesday evening by the rector, with **Elisabeth** assisting. Born in Oregon and educated in Washington, Raymond was a US Army veteran, who made his career in logging in Washington and Southeast Alaska. He and Rosalie were married in 1960, and moved to Fairbanks in 1998, following retirement. 7 children, 10 grandchildren, 5 great grandchildren, 5 brothers and

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Seasons of Life . . .

sisters, and Rosalie survive him. No local services were held, but there was a family gathering in Washington in August.

Saturday evening, May 3rd, 46 years old **Sandra Lynn (Joseph) Scharf** passed away in Fairbanks, surrounded by family, after a long battle with cancer. A lifelong resident of Tanana, Sandra was born there to the late **Percy and Marion (Albert) Joseph**. Educated and raised there in Tanana, Sandra enjoyed beading, sewing, berrypicking, and even occasionally running marathons. She smiled and enjoyed Life. 3 sons, 2 daughters, and a brother and sister survive her. St. Matthew's filled for her funeral Thursday, May 8th and the service was led by the rector, **the Rev. Steve Matthew, Archdeacon Anna Frank, the Rev. Lee Davis**, and Postulant **Shirley Lee**. Her final services and burial were held at home in Tanana in the days following.

As noted in the last Newsletter, on Tuesday, February 26th, while "wintering" in Palm Springs, California, 80 years old **John "Jack" Clark Jones** passed away there, surrounded by family. Born and raised in Iowa, after serving with the US Navy, Jack originally came to Fairbanks in 1952. He later moved to Juneau for further construction work, where he met and married **Doreen**. They lived in Juneau and Iowa, before returning to Fairbanks in 1969. They attended St. Matthew's as long as health permitted. His wife Doreen survives him, as do 2 daughters and a son, and their families; 6 grandchildren, one sister and brother, and many friends and other family members. A funeral service was held at the Church of St. Paul in the Desert in Palm Springs, in the days following his death; and St. Matthew's filled Friday afternoon, May 23rd for his service here, led by **the Rev. Lee Davis**.

As recorded in the last Newsletter, our friend 71 years old **Dorothy Ann Vesper** passed away unexpectedly at her home here in Fairbanks on Sunday morning, February 10th; and her funeral was held here at St. Matthew's Friday, February 15th. Friday afternoon, May 30th, the first of the summer burials was held, as Dorothy was buried out at Birch Hill Cemetery, **the Rev. Steve Matthew** presiding. Similarly, on Friday, June 6th, **the Rev. Deacon Montie Slusher** presided at Birch Hill over the burial of **Dora Funk**, who had died Monday, November 12th; and **the Rev. Steve Matthew** presided that same day at the burial service of **Nellie Crawford**, who had died Saturday, March 15th. Later, on Monday, June 16th, he presided, still at Birch Hill, at the burial service of **Duane Metz**, who had died Thursday, January 24th. Friday evening,

June 20th, *ohhhhhhh* with memories (& *maybe even a cigar*), the rector presided at Birch Hill over the burial of **Ted Harwood**, who had died Wednesday, November 7th. Monday, June 23rd, Postulant **Shirley Lee** held a service up in Evansville for **Mabel Shanahan**, who had died Monday, November 12th also. And finally, Wednesday, June 25th, still up at Birch Hill, the rector gathered with the family of young **Joel Roberts Beetus** for his burial. Joel had died several days after his birth, on Thursday, December 27th.

Monday, June 9th, 57 years old **Jeanette Maxine (Herbert) Butler** passed away from cancer, while surrounded by family, in the Fairbanks Hospital. Born and raised in Fort Yukon, to the late **Percy and Josephine Herbert**, Maxine worked as an operator during the building of the Pipeline; worked for many years as a firefighter; and loved to adventurously travel. She's survived by her daughter, 4 grandchildren, her brother, her 5 sisters, and many others. St. Matthew's filled for her funeral Friday, June 13th, in a service led by **the Rev. Steve Matthew** and Postulant **Shirley Lee**; with burial following at Birch Hill.

Thursday, June 12th, 46 years old **Lisa Denise Frey** died tragically at her home in North Pole. Born in Washington, Lisa loved fishing, Valdez, and smiley faces. Her collection of smiley faces at their home astounded everyone (*if not driving her accepting husband Marty a bit bonkers*). She's survived by her husband **Marty**, her son and daughter, her three grandsons, two stepsons, her parents, her three brothers, and many others. St. Matthew's filled for her funeral Thursday, June 19th, in a service led by the rector, **the Rev. Steve Matthew**, and Postulant **Shirley Lee**; with a reception following in the Parish Hall. The final service occurred in August, in Valdez, in the waters she loved.

Wednesday evening, July 2nd, as the stillness of the evening settled in, 89 years old **L.T. Grantham** peacefully passed away in the Fairbanks Hospital, with prayers being said. Born in Mississippi, LT joined the Army in 1941 and participated in 4 major campaigns, from Naples north. Following the War, he arrived in Alaska in 1951, and soon arrived in Fairbanks, which he never left. He was "*one of a handful of African-Americans*" in the community at the time, and never surrendered his dignity (*even until death*), working quietly for civil rights of all. During his early years in Fairbanks he met and married his second wife **Mary Stalker**, a small Inupiaq woman who barely stood 5 feet next to his 6'5". They had three daughters. In later years he became a Master Gardener, known throughout the community for his roses on 10th Avenue. Two daughters survive him, 4 grandsons, and numerous relatives (*including Shirley Lee and Sharon*

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Seasons of Life . . .

McConnell). The rector led his funeral service Wednesday afternoon, July 9th, with burial following at Northern Lights Cemetery.

Thursday afternoon, July 3rd was a beautiful sunny afternoon in the community of Birch Creek and, in that summersunshine, the 68 years old First Chief of Birch Creek **James Winston James** died. Grandson of the late Birch Creek Chief **Birch Creek James**, he was born in Fort Yukon to the late **Victor James** and **Florence Weber**, he lived a traditional subsistence lifestyle throughout his life. He cared for everyone, and always watched out for the interests of his people and others. His longtime companion **Mary** survives him, as do three brothers, three sisters, and their children and grandchildren and their families. Sunday afternoon, July 6th, his funeral and burial service was held in Birch Creek, led by **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino** (*who had flown over to pray with him and the community in the days before his death*) and **Archdeacon Anna Frank**.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, July 9th, as the new Day was just beginning, surrounded by family and prayer, 46 years old **Selina Mabel Hardy** passed away in the Fairbanks Hospital. She left as her youngest son **Dale** was singing to her. Born in Tanana, to the late **Sarah** and **Isaac John** of Fort Yukon, she was raised in Fort Yukon, and there she raised her three sons. She moved to Fairbanks five years ago, quickly developed a support network of friends, and faithfully and determinedly attended St. Matthew's when she could. She's survived by her three sons and their families, three grandchildren, five sisters, two brothers, and many other family and friends, including her Godfather **Stanley Jonas**. The rector led a short funeral service at the Fairbanks Funeral Home early Thursday morning, July 10th, before she and the family flew back to Fort Yukon for her final service and burial there Friday, July 11th.

Early Thursday morning July 10th, again just as the new Day was beginning, surrounded by love and prayer in the Fairbanks Hospital Intensive Care Unit, 62 years old **Ferrell "Terri" Mae Bauchmann** passed away. Born to the late **Walter** and **Louisa Titus** of Old Minto, she grew up in fishcamps along the Tanana River, and iceskating in the Winter. She attended Wrangell and graduated from Mount Edgecombe. Following graduation, she moved to Fairbanks and met her husband of 38 years **Walter**. They were married here at St. Matthew's in a December celebration.

Together they lived in Kentucky, back in Alaska, and finally back in Minto in 1993, raising their family. She was a Prayer Warrior in Minto. She's survived by Walt, their three daughters and one son and their families, three brothers, her sister **Irene "Robin" Sherry** and her family; and many others. Her funeral and burial service was held in Fairbanks Sunday, July 13th and in Minto Tuesday, July 15th.

On a sunny July Golden Days Sunday in 2007, **Paul** and **Rebecca Haggland** stood in the midst of the 8 o'clock Eucharist and renewed their wedding vows. They had been married here at St. Matthew's in January 1983 and now, this July day, celebrated their (*sortof*) 25th anniversary (*"We're doing it in July because we'd never be able to talk anyone into coming to Fairbanks in January"*, they explained). Nearly a year later, on Friday afternoon, July 11th, St. Matthew's filled for Becky's Memorial Service, led by the rector and **the Rev. Lee Davis**, with **Mary Margaret Davis** and **Lottie Beyer** assisting as chalice bearers. Becky quietly and peacefully died Wednesday, May 14th at their home in Seattle, with her husband and friend Paul beside her. With love and prayer Paul had cared for her, through these months of the cancer, keeping the rest of us involved with faithful entries on the Caring Bridges Website. There had been a service in Seattle, following her death, but now the family returned to Fairbanks and St. Matthew's. Paul and Becky had met here in Fairbanks, at the Northwest ticket counter at the airport, where Becky was working. Her husband **Paul**, their two daughters, grandson **Brennan**, and three brothers survive her. And a "Guide Dog" on the window ledge beside the altar at St. Matthew's. Her final service and burial was at home in Orfordville, Wisconsin, where she was raised on her parents' dairy farm, Saturday, July 26th.

Within the following week, three deaths at Denali Center and the Hospital involved St. Matthew's. Surrounded by family, Friday morning, July 18th Northway and Denali Center resident **Evelyn Marie (Charlie) Emry** died. **The Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**, who had faithfully brought Evelyn Communion over the years, said prayers. We were unable to hold her funeral, because of Golden Days, here at St. Matthew's. Her final services and burial were held at home in Northway Saturday, July 26th. Saturday morning, July 19th, 88 years old Nenana resident **Madeline "Setse'ya-exts'eya" (Esau) Starr** passed away in the Fairbanks Hospital. And prayers were said. **The Rev. Steve Matthew** and **the Rev. Deacon Marilyn Duggar** celebrated her funeral in Nenana Thursday, July 24th. Wednesday, July 23rd, 93 years old

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Seasons of Life . . .

Alfred Bert Frank of Minto, the brother of **Sarah** (and **the Rev. Berkman**) **Silas** and **Richard** (and **Archdeacon Anna**) **Frank** passed away peacefully in Denali Center. Alfred's funeral was held Monday, July 28th in Minto, with **the Rev. Steve Matthew** assisting others.

Late Saturday afternoon, August 9th, just as prayers had ended and just as her friend **Daisy Stevens** finished singing "*There is coming a Day*", 62 years old **Hannah Louise Paul**, smiled, took a breath, waited a long time, took another breath, and stopped (*but only visible here did she stop*). She was surrounded by those who loved her, who had kept faithful vigil beside her bed in these last days in the Hospital. Born and raised in Fort Yukon to the late **Pete** and **Mae Wallis**, Hannah left Fort Yukon to go teach Sunday School in Eagle in 1965, and never really left Eagle after that. She was a lively, completely caring, lady who loved life. When she was diagnosed with cancer this Spring, she asked for and received a potlatch in Fairbanks in June "*so I can see everybody before I go*". Through all of the liveliness, there was always a deep caring faith for God and everyone. "*She made her house like a perpetual potlatch for everyone*", someone commented. She's survived by her three children, her two grandchildren, five sisters, six brothers, and all of us who knew her. St. Matthew's overflowed for her funeral Thursday afternoon, August 14th; the service being led by the rector, **the Rev. Steve Matthew**, and **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**. Her final service and burial was held at home in Eagle Saturday, August 16th.

And Friday morning, August 15th, with family and prayers around him, 70 years old **Christopher Johnson** of Minto and Fort Yukon passed away in Denali Center. Born in Fort Yukon to the late **Elliott Sr** and **Lucy Alexander Johnson**, Christopher was a skilled and gifted hunter and woodsman, who once called and shot a moose in his front yard in Minto. His wife Priscilla, his two sisters, and many others survive him. A funeral service, led by the rector and **the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino**, was held at St. Mathew's Saturday afternoon, August 16th; and his final service and burial was scheduled for Minto Tuesday, August 19th.

There were other deaths during this time that affected us and the community, which should be noted. Pioneer aviator 89 years old **Randy Accord** died Friday, May 9th at the Pioneer Home, and his funeral was held Thursday, June 12th at 1st United Methodist; Pioneer figure 96 years old **Marie Quirk Fate**

Haggard died Tuesday, June 3rd, and her funeral was held June 24th at 1st Presbyterian; and 79 years old **Frank "Navajo" Albert** of Tanana died Wednesday, June 4th, and his family hosted "tea" at St. Matthew's before his funeral Monday, June 9th in Tanana. Young 24 years old **Travis Kyle Sam** died in Huslia Friday, June 13th; and his funeral was held there Monday, June 16th. Our friend, tough and laughing 65 years old **Joan Hamilton**, who referred to herself as "*one of the Dangling Episcopalians from the Bethel Area*" (and who sometimes wrote about her Cup'ik culture and traditions for this Newsletter) died at home on her houseboat in Scappoose, Oregon Saturday, June 14th. Her Cup'ik name was "**Pircirairia**". Services were held at Christ Episcopal Church in St. Helens, Oregon, Anchorage, Bethel, and finally at home again in Chevak. Young 29 years old **Michael Jonas**, who lovingly cared for his grandfather **Stanley Jonas**, died at home in Fort Yukon Wednesday, July 2nd, and his funeral was held there Tuesday, July 8th; **Winnie Atwood's** sister 80 years old **Margaret A. Ward** died at home in Anchorage Monday, July 14th; and finally, noted Fairbanks broadcaster 64 years old **Lowell Purcell** died Thursday, July 31st. His Community Service was held here in Fairbanks Saturday, August 9th. There were others. Fly away now.

Assisting Folk, Visitors, and Parties; Prayers, The Bridge, and The Center. . .

From **Elisabeth Fisher's** sermon Sunday, April 27th, through Postulant **Shirley Lee** preaching Sunday, August 17th; all kinds of folks assisted and helped with the services during this time. **Archdeacon Norman Elliott** was here from Anchorage and helped on April 27th; and traveling musician **the Rev. Belle Mickelson** helped with the music Sunday, August 3rd. When the rector took a month off from Trinity Sunday May 18th till Wednesday, June 18th, a number of clergy helped with the services – **the Rev. Layne Smith, the Rev. Lee Davis, the Rev. John Holz, the Rev. Steve Matthew, the Rev. Deacon Bella Jean Savino, and the Rev. Deacon Montie Slusher** all helped with the Sunday services, and more; Layreaders **Julia Cockerille** and Postulant **Shirley Lee** helped with the weekday services; and Compline Layreaders **Linda Luke** and **Tree Michael Nelson** kept meeting at Midnight to break Trail for the coming day.

It's Summer and there were VISITORS! Not only were there visiting Canadians in tour buses every Saturday, and perplexed folk on Sunday wondering why they were receiving a can of Spam, but all kinds of folks dropped by – much too many to name. We did note some of them however. **Archdeacon Frederick**

A FINANCIAL SUMMARY of JANUARY through JULY 2008

	Budgeted Figure (Jan-July)	Actual Figure (Jan-July)
Operating Income		
Pledged & Unpledged Support	142,825	120,074
Fundraisers, etc.	13,119	7,117
TOTAL (1) OPERATING Income	177,742	146,207
Operating Expenses		
Clergy Salaries (2)	39,031	38,709
Staff Salaries (3)	22,558	21,411
Clergy/Staff Pensions & Insurance	25,223	24,410
Office Expenses (4)	3,499	3,465
Newsletter & Website	5,220	2,709
Lawn & Custodial	1,458	902
Utilities, Rectory	5,737	6,849
Utilities, Church	9,688	11,732
Christian Ed, Choir, etc.	1,300	0
Diocesan Tithe (5)	42,431	36,382
Nursery, Health, Fellowship	338	59
Insurance (Building, Auto, etc)	12,745	9,105
Liturgical (flowers, candles, etc)	2,333	2,938
TOTAL (6) OPERATING EXPENSES	176,295	162,590

NOTES:

- (1) This is a TOTAL Amount, including other accounts NOT listed in this Summary. Complete & Detailed Financial Reports are posted in the parish Hall, or available from the Church Office or any Vestrymember.
- (2) The rector, Fr. Steve Matthew, Deacon Bella Jean Savino
- (3) Parish Administrator Hilary Freeman, Childcare Provider Millie Ambrose, Organist Laura Vines
- (4) Books, Postage, Telephone, etc.
- (5) The difference is that we tithe on the actual (not projected) income.
- (6) See (1) above. This includes other accounts NOT listed in this Summary.

Seasons of Life ...

Drane was here in Alaska from 1914 to 1927, and his daughter and assorted children and grandchildren dropped by from North Carolina Wednesday, July 16th. Former Diocesan Treasurer **Sherri Stephens** dropped by to say “hello” the next day, July 17th; and **Father Jim Kolb** was here throughout Golden Days, chanting his Blessing over the Booyah. **Archdeacon Seymour** and **Claudia Tuzroyluke** were here for the World Eskimo-Indian Olympics and in Church Sunday, July 20th; and, on Sunday, August 3rd, **Carl Hartmann** of Lancaster, Pennsylvania sang for us during the 8AM Eucharist. There were more. There’s *always* more.

And we had parties! We had a Good-Bye Party for **Bill Stevens** Sunday, May 4th, before he disappeared for the Summer; and a Memorial Day Yard Sale May 30th. On Sunday, June 22nd, we said “Good-Bye” to **Rich** and **Cathy Davis** and, that night at Midnight, we again celebrated the Traditional Midnight Sun Eucharist atop Eagle Summit off the Steese Highway. And the picnic up there lasted until the early hours, despite the cold wind. Saturday, June 28th we held a First Year Ordination Anniversary Reception for **the Rev. Lee** and **Mary Margaret Davis**; and, on Golden Days July 19th there was TENTH ANNIVERSARY BOOYAH! Sunday afternoon August 10th, through the leadership of **Pauline Wilson**, **Bonnie Hamiester**, **Louise Smith**, and others, the Homeless Ministry held a Lawn Party and Barbecue for our Friends and Neighbors, in appreciation, and that was a very good thing indeed.

Finally there is always and truly prayer. Finally there is always and truly Blessing. Saturday, June 21st the rector and **the Rev. Trimble Gilbert** blessed Fairbanks and the Annual Solstice Celebration Downtown. On Friday,

**SUMMARY of the
JUNE 2008
ST. MATTHEW'S
VESTRY MEETING**



The Vestry of St. Matthew's met for their regular meeting Monday, June 23rd with the following present: **Helen Howard, Hubert Griffin, Marty Thomas, Roxie Wright Freedle, Darrel Zuke**, Parish Treasurer **Carolyn Nethken**, and the rector. Beginning with an Opening Prayer by **Marty Thomas**, a quorum was declared and the following actions were discussed or taken:

- **Marty Thomas** volunteered to serve as Temporary Clerk, in the absence of Vestry Clerk **Teresa Moore**, recuperating from recent surgery.
- May minutes were accepted, as corrected.
- The monthly Treasure's Reports were received, noting that **May Operating Income totaled \$24,355** (*Year-to-Date January through May Operating Income Total \$100,886*) and **May Operating Expenses totaled \$27,080** (*Year-to-Date January through May Operating Expenses Total \$121,626*). This resulted in a **Monthly Deficit for May of -\$2,725**; and increased the **Year-to-Date January through May Total Deficit to -\$20,740**.
- The report of the Special June Vestry Financial

meeting earlier in the month was received. Senior Warden **Bruce Gadwah, Darrel Zuke, Helen Howard, Roxy Wright Freedle**, and Parish Treasurer **Carolyn Nethken** had met. At that meeting, various fundraising efforts were suggested – from a spaghetti feed to a copper drive. It was noted the

importance of involving more of the Church Family in fundraising; and the need to educate the laity. It was also noted that Utilities and garbage pickup fees have increased, and there was general discussion of future increases to expect.

- There was general discussion about the Pay Pal account; and the success of the annual garage and bake sales.
- **Helen Howard** and **Darrel Zuke** reported on the Parish Hall Use Plan they are researching and developing; and it was agreed to continue the discussion at the next meeting.
- There was discussion about possible advertising on the Church website; the St. Matthew's Trip to Nenana; and recent repairs at the rectory.
- With the decision to hold the next scheduled meeting Monday, July 14th, the meeting adjourned with a Closing Prayer by the rector. *[NOTE: The July meeting was subsequently cancelled; and the next scheduled meeting of the Vestry was set for Monday, August 18th.]*

Seasons of Life . . .

Memorial Bridge was blessed. (*It is a heck of a thing, a holy thing, to see a friend's name up on a large Highway Sign like that. Go look.*) (*And Thank You to Governor Sarah Palin and Sgt. Pete Peters for holding an umbrella over the rector during the Prayer.*) (*And Thank you to the Eagle that appeared from nowhere and circled and soared as the Prayer ended, and the*



August 8th, the Rev. Steve Matthew blessed the new Boys and Girls Center and, later that afternoon, just outside of Nenana, the Shirley Demientieff

Memorial Bridge was blessed. (*It is a heck of a thing, a holy thing, to see a friend's name up on a large Highway Sign like that. Go look.*) (*And Thank You to Governor Sarah Palin and Sgt. Pete Peters for holding an umbrella over the rector during the Prayer.*) (*And Thank you to the Eagle that appeared from nowhere and circled and soared as the Prayer ended, and the Soaring Eagle Drum Group began*). Several days later, on a blueskyed Tuesday afternoon, August 12th, the **Morris Thompson Visitor and Cultural Center** in Downtown Fairbanks was blessed by Tanana Elder **Josephine Roberts, the Rev. Helen Peters**, and the **Tanana Dance Troupe**. And blessed it was, by their praying and singing.

Finally there is always and truly Blessing. It was snowing when the last Newsletter was put together at the end of April, and here now in mid August it is supposed to frost tonight. But Sunday, August 17th, sitting in the front pew with his wife Vestrymember **Teresa Moore**, was former Sunday School teacher and Senior Warden **Steve Moore**, back now from his 13 month tour in Iraq. Their smiles and all of our smiles said all that needs to be said, said the "Amen".

Go and learn what this means, 'I desire mercy, not sacrifice.' (Matthew 9)

FEAST DAY of SAINT MATTHEW is SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st

Sunday, September 21st we will celebrate, as we do every year, the Feast of St. Matthew. Sunday School will be beginning for the Year that Sunday at 9AM and we will, if anyone would like, celebrate Holy Baptism that Sunday [*Call the Church Office if interested*] during the services.

Immediately following the 11:15 Eucharist, we'll have our Annual St. Matthew's Feast. Bring food to share, a gift of the Lord to you this Summer and/or Fall. During the Feast, the Annual Endowment Board Grant Awards will be announced.

Come! Let's have a party honoring this Apostle and Evangelist who watches over us, whose holy picture watches us at the altar rail, who believed in telling stories and believed there was Divine Order in Life, and that Our Life Together reveals the Grace that called him one day at work.

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

O Ye Frost and Cold

Address Service Requested*

September 4, 2008

***Please Note:** Returned copies of **O YE FROST AND COLD** cost the church \$2.82 each, forwarded copies cost \$0.75 each.

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.