

**COMING UP AT ST FRANCIS**

*Please visit [www.stfrancispotomac.org](http://www.stfrancispotomac.org) for more information*

**SUNDAY, APRIL 26**

8:00am Holy Eucharist  
9:00am Holy Eucharist  
Sunday School & Adult Education  
11:15 am Morning Prayer

**TUESDAY, APRIL 28**

5:30 pm St. Nicholas Training Choir  
5:30 pm St. Clare Girl Choir  
7:00 pm Centering Prayer—Undercroft

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29**

10:00 am Holy Eucharist  
11:00 am Rector's Bible Study  
5:30 pm Jr. High Bible Study

**THURSDAY, APRIL 30**

5:00 pm *Sounds* Deadline for 5/10  
5:30 pm Sr. High Bible Study  
7:00 pm Book Club  
7:30 pm St Francis Choir

**FRIDAY, MAY 1**

7:00 am Men's Bible Study

**SATURDAY, MAY 2**

12:00 pm Altar Guild Luncheon

**SUNDAY, MAY 3**

8:00 am Holy Eucharist  
9:00 am Holy Eucharist  
Sunday School & Adult Education  
11:15 am Holy Eucharist

The Scripture appointed for the Third Sunday after Easter:  
Acts 3:12-19; Psalm 4; 1 John 3:1-7; Luke 24:36b-48

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# SOUNDS

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April 26, 2009

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“Do this in  
remembrance of me.”



*O God, whose blessed Son did manifest  
himself to his disciples in the breaking of  
bread: Open, we pray thee, the eyes of our  
faith, that we may behold him in all his re-  
deeming work; through the same thy Son  
Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reig-  
neth with thee, in the unity of the Holy  
Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.*

## FROM THE RECTOR

### One Way Out of the Cul de Sac

Ansel Adams, whose photographs eulogizing the landscape of the western U.S. are legendary, once made the comment, “Sometimes I think I do get to places just when God is ready to have somebody click the shutter.” Anyone who has seen his pictures will hardly wish to argue with this consummate artist who was perpetually seeking “order and truth.” I recall his comment as we approach another Easter. I wonder if he had been in Jerusalem, camera-in-hand, on that first Easter morning following the women to the tomb just at what point God would have had him click the shutter. I’ve imagined three such moments. The first is described in Luke 24:1 “On the first day of the week, at early dawn....” Take the first photograph at the break of dawn as the sun rises—peeking above the Mount of Olives—a dominating sky overhead, the clouds that darkened Jerusalem on Good Friday beginning to disperse—the sunrise, the eighth day, the new dawn—itsself an emblem of the resurrection, the new creation, now only in shades of black on white: the shutter clicks.

The second photograph comes as verse 1 continues, “...they came to the tomb taking the spices that they had prepared. And they found the stone rolled away from the tomb....” The women, spices in hand, have entered the darkened tomb; the morning light in the garden is filtered by the mist; the grain in the stone glistens from the sunlight of the new day, bearing in granite the message that the tomb is empty—click the shutter.

But my favorite picture is this: follow along with verses 3 and 4—the three women have seen that the tomb is empty, and two of them have stepped out of the tomb, the sun rising behind them. The third woman is just stepping out from the entrance of the darkened tomb, stooping a little as she does—her gaze is directed toward the two other women. Their faces are terror-filled—awestruck—their fingers loosening on the vases of spice. Standing off to their right, in the direct line of their vision are two men, the Messengers: heavenly light, brighter than the morning sun cascades over them—the Easter words having just come from their lips—“Why do you look for the living among the dead?” This is the Ansel Adams’ moment when the shutter needs to be clicked to try to capture eternity in black and white—in the interplay of light and darkness, the numinous portrayed through awestruck recognition of the presence of God—the one and only way out of the cul de sac of death.

It is easy for us to forget that that is where the first disciples were on Easter morning—in the cul de sac. They had no place to go. Peter and Andrew, James and John, Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary, the mother of James and the other women. The enterprise was based on Jesus of Nazareth. This movement which they had given themselves to—this God thing—it was all dependent upon him. The healing of the sick, delivering people from dark drives and obsessions, loosening the grip of loss, the teaching about how God works in peoples’ lives, (not just religious practices), but having the ability to bring people into God’s presence, into an experience with the living God by his words and presence. When Jesus was around, God came to them; forgiveness flowed; broken lives were mended. All this seemed to happen around him. You can see the problem I suppose—Jesus was the franchise. There was no way to posture or pretend about these things. Without him it would be futile to carry on. The disciples could dress in robes;

## LISTEN UP!

“He is the greatest composer that ever lived. I would uncover my head and kneel before his tomb.” Thus was the esteem in which Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) held him. “He understands effect better than any of us -- when he chooses, he strikes like a thunderbolt” observed Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791). “His work will continue to engage the admiration of judicious hearers as long as the love of harmony shall exist” was the prediction -- so far proven -- of the music writer, Sir John Hawkins (1719-1789), an 18<sup>th</sup> century contemporary.

Who is the subject of such unabashed admiration? It is George Frideric Handel (1685-1759). It was Tuesday of Easter Week this year we marked the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his death.

Georg Friedrich Händel (note the original spelling compared to the English adaptation above) was born the son of a doctor in Halle, in eastern Germany. Dr Händel had hoped his son would pursue law as a career. However, thanks to the enthusiasm of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels upon hearing the ten-year-old GFH play the organ, a change of course was made and nearly three centuries of uninterrupted and duly deserved fame resulted.

A half dozen “Listen Up!” articles ago, I addressed *The Messiah*, Handel’s most enduring work. (This article is available on our website at [www.stfrancispotomac.org](http://www.stfrancispotomac.org).) Amazingly, that work is an important but small yarn in the rich fabric of his output. His prolific prowess was renowned then and is staggering to this day. His oeuvre includes dozens of operas, oratorios, concerti, solo keyboard works, and church music of various types. He contributed significantly to nearly every musical genre of his day.

Unlike his fellow musical countryman, Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750, born the same year as GFH), “the great and good Mr Handel” was a cosmopolitan man of the world. He lived and studied in Italy for a time and thereafter resided in London, becoming an English citizen. His compositions were known throughout Europe and his public fame has never waned in

nearly three centuries. The same cannot be said of Herr Bach who slipped into relative obscurity for the better part of a century until Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847) revived his monumental *Saint Matthew Passion*. That’s a subject for another article.

Mr Handel was also a very savvy businessman. He rode waves of success, suffered the ever-changing tastes of a fickle public and yet rebounded by adapting and supplying what was demanded. At his death, Handel had amassed the equivalent of about four million dollars, most of which he left to charity. Now it’s not enough simply to translate that amount into today’s currency. The educated population base was much smaller and class divisions much deeper, so achieving that amount of wealth as an artist is all the more impressive, to my mind.

One of the more amusing aspects of Handel’s life to me is that he regularly attended church at Saint George’s, Hanover Square, and served as a Vestryman there. That’s not the amusing part, of course. It’s just that from my perspective, I can’t help but imagine how the poor parish organist felt! (I do get a small notion, however, whenever Bill Neil, organist for the National Symphony, attends services here. His wife, Charlotte, and their daughter, Maggie, are both section leaders in our choir, as you may know.) At any rate, that London parish supported good music from its beginnings in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century and no less than Thomas Roseingrave and John Keeble served as organists at the time Handel attended. Both are regarded still as great English musicians of the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

If there is one choral piece that represents Handel best, I would venture to say it is the anthem (one from a set of four), *Zadok the Priest*, written for the coronation of King George II in 1727. It has been sung at every subsequent British coronation, a truly remarkable feat! Many recordings are available and I hope you will procure one and see what all the fuss is about. It’s got all the bells and whistles and should delight everyone!

Happy listening.... Gary Davison, O-C



learn certain chants, liturgies, rites and ceremonies; they might even build an impressive temple but if the franchise is all about people encountering the living God through Jesus of Nazareth and he's dead then what have you got?

To further illustrate my point, remember the disciples didn't have any of these. The Pharisees and the scribes had the Hebrew scriptures; the priests in the temple had the altar of sacrifice, the altar of incense, the candelabra, the shew bread, the robes, the Holy of Holies—all that the disciples had was Jesus. Frankly, if he had not been raised we would never have heard of him. And just to have heard of him is hardly enough anyway. Without Jesus they were clearly in the cul de sac of death, which Karl Barth once called "the hopeless cul de sac." That's what those who stumble over Jesus' seemingly exclusive statement that he is "the way, the truth and the life" too often forget. The Easter message is quite clear here—there's one way out of the cul de sac and Jesus pioneered it.

Take every dear person you have known who has died. In almost thirty years of parish ministry I have buried a lot of dear ones. Some young, some old—I've followed their caskets or processed their ashes out from the church. Was this all there was to them—body, ashes, decomposing? Does death have the last word? "Don't look back," said Satchel Page, "something may be gaining on you." The pattern of life, the genetic code, the physical being that identifies you and me and those we've known, does it decompose and is no more? According to John Polkinghorne, theoretical physicist and Anglican theologian, "It seems perfectly rational to believe that it will be remembered by God and reconstituted in a divine act of resurrection." But if that is the case, that at death God remembers the pattern that is you and me, he will resurrect us in the matter, the physical-spiritual material of the world to come. My "re-embodiment" as Polkinghorne puts it, "will be in the transformed matter of this present universe." Not ex nihilo, or out of nothing, as he did with the creation, but he will transform "this present world in an act of new creation." The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the first of this new creation. His death, because of this resurrection, far from ending the franchise, raised it to a new level of universal applicability. It is news, good news, for every family, tribe, people and nation.

Had, in fact, Ansel Adams, or some other photographer of renown, been there at the tomb to snap the shutter what the emulsion sheet would have registered is hard to say. The tomb empty: for sure. The disciples awestruck: no doubt. The messengers draped in light? Possibly. The new creation through Jesus Christ invading this present world with unspeakable glory?—who can say how that would've registered through the camera apertures of this present world. That his risen body cast shadows in the sunlight: this I believe. That he invaded and still invades this age with that which is to come: I have experienced for myself. That he is the sure way out of the hopeless cul de sac of death: That alone is what I have wagered my life and the life of my loved ones upon—the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Faithfully yours,

+Mark Lawrence

Bishop of South Carolina

With permission of the author and encouragement from the Rector that you look further at the website of the Diocese of South Carolina: [www.dioceseofsc.org](http://www.dioceseofsc.org).

## STUDENT RECOGNITION AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

An important part of the Sunday School curriculum is the memorization of important information at each grade level. Each student memorizes the Books of the Bible, a creed, or a prayer that is part of our Anglican Tradition. When students demonstrate their achievement, they earn a small reward to keep as a reminder of their accomplishment, such as a pencil, bookmark, or framed prayer.

The students listed below have completed the memorization for their grade. Join us in congratulating them on their achievement.

### Grade One

#### *THE LORD'S PRAYER*

Camille Lukash          Jacques Singham

### Grade Two

#### *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*

Liza Asbury          Andrew Celi  
Billy Harral

### Grade Three

#### *THE 23RD PSALM*

Brooks Beall          Clark Boinis  
Kevin Dunne          Maggie Whatley  
Kate Whatley          Sam Iro  
Bryn Wilson

### Grade Four

#### *THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE*

(Old Testament)

Gigi Asbury          Grace Schmalz  
Penelope Hough

### Grade Five

#### *THE APOSTLES' CREED*

Fiona Asbury          Andre Gardiner  
Emily Wilson

## JOY AND CONCERN

Please join us in prayer for Anne Haller who is in rehabilitation and Pat Talbert-Smith who is ill.

# WWW

[www.stfrancispotomac.org](http://www.stfrancispotomac.org)

Come and visit us on the World Wide Web and find out more about your own parish church. Sermons, schedules, topical articles and visual images abound. This is a great way to tell others about us, too. Send them a link. There simply could not be an easier way to help grow this parish and for you to find a deeper sense of belonging and opportunities for participation. [www.stfrancispotomac.org](http://www.stfrancispotomac.org)



## 2009 Altar Guild Luncheon

Saturday, May 2  
12:00 Noon

At the Home of Shelley North  
9400 Falls Road  
Potomac, MD 20854

(Carpooling is recommended and appreciated!)

Please bring  
a salad or dessert to share

We hope you will join us!

Please RSVP by Friday April 24  
Janet Wilson 301.838.9366 or  
[jwilson142@comcast.net](mailto:jwilson142@comcast.net)