

All Saints' Herald

*July
2024*

Newsletter of
All Saints Anglican Parish
Aiken, South Carolina

A Parish of the
Anglican Catholic Church
Diocese of the South

From My Notebook....

Time to Reminisce

The Fourth Brings Back So Many Memories



Almost without fail, every year I take time around the Fourth of July to reminisce about those by-gone days when life, at least for children, seemed so simple, when neighborhoods were safe, and children felt secure.

Rather than try to write something new, I offer once again what has become my annual contribution to this edition of the Newsletter.

First, however, I would like to acknowledge my stepfather, **Henry Busbee**, who tolerated me as I progressed from eight-years-old to adulthood.

He was an attorney, born on a farm in Wagner, one of 12, as I recall, and perhaps one of the oldest of the lot. He came into the world in 1892, served in the Navy during WW1 as a hospital corpsman on a battleship, returned to college after the war, and went on to get a law degree.

In the course of his career, he served as a Special Judge on the State Supreme Court, city attorney for Aiken for some 40 years (without pay), and, as attorney for the School Board (without pay), — he was determined to give back to the community for his success.

I remember many times answering the door at home to find someone coming to the house to pay on their fee for his

services, not with money, but with a bushel of beans, even a scrawny chicken. No matter what it was, it took \$25 off their bill. Sometimes, I would look at the chicken, as the person held it by the neck, and wonder if it had died of starvation!

Later, he made a good grandfather for my two boys, who loved to sit with him in his lounge chair as he sipped Scotch. He referred to them as little heathens.

I have many fond memories of my stepfather and especially remember him for his decorum. He was always immaculately dressed and every bit the classic Southern Gentleman; he could easily converse with the lowliest to the highest in the social structure of Aiken; he represented many of Aiken's Winter Colony; and was often referred to as Aiken's "Perry Mason".

He was a friend of Strom Thurmond, who, on my stepfather's death, read a tribute to him in the Congressional Record — well deserved.

So, my little tribute to my stepfather, Henry Busbee.

With that as a preamble, we move on to my *Fourth of July* reminiscence, which is becoming a yearly repeat. You will find it on *page 26*.

Services & Meetings for July 2024

Tuesday July 2nd....

Visitation of Blessed Virgin Mary:

Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Wednesday July 3rd....

Feria: Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Saturday July 6th....

Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday:

Deacon's Mass at 10:30 am.

Tuesday July 9th....

St. John Fisher, Bishop & St. Thomas More, Martyr:

Deacon's Mass at Noon.

Wednesday July 10th....

Feria: Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Thursday July 11th....

Solemnity of St. Benedict, Abbot:

Deacon's Mass at 10:30 am.

Monday the 15th....

Translation of St. Swithun, Bishop & Confessor: Deacon's Mass at 5:30.

Tuesday July 16th....

St. Osmund, Bishop & Confessor:

ACW lunch at 11:30 am,

Evening Prayer 5:30, Fairfield House

Men meet at 6:00 pm.

Wednesday July 17....

St. Alexius, Confessor: Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Sunday July 21st....

Trinity 8:

Evensong at 4:00 p.m.

Monday July 22nd....

St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent:

Deacon's Mass at 5:30 pm.

Wednesday July 24th....

Vigil of St. James:

Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Thursday July 25th....

St. James, Apostle & Martyr:

Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Friday July 26th....

St. Anne, Moth of the B.V.M.:

Deacon's Mass at 5:30 pm.

Saturday July 27th....

B.V.M. on Saturday:

Deacon's Mass at 10:30 am.

Monday July 29th....

St. Martha, V:

Deacon's Mass at 5:30 pm.

Wednesday July 31st....

St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor:

Holy Communion at 5:30 pm.

Note

Hymn of the Month by Chris Roberts will resume next month.

Birthdays & Anniversaries

July Birthdays

- 25 Wallace Rabon
- 28 Chris Roberts
- 6 Mason Collins
- 20 Colleen Chandler
- 21 Carol Twigg

25 Wallace Rabon

28 Chris Roberts

July Anniversaries

- 7 Bob & Marion Sukovich
- 11 Tony & Sandy Harris

Announcements & Parish News

Scoured from the Weekly Bulletins & Elsewhere

Evensong

Remember that Sunday the 16th, we will have Evensong in the afternoon at 4:00 p.m., with a reception following.

ACW July Luncheon

The **ACW** Lunch this month will be at **Good Girl Brewery** on Tuesday the 16th at 11:30 a.m. This new “brew pub” is located on Banks Mill Road, next to Citizens Field. Please let Betty Alexander know if you plan to attend.

Men of All Saints’ Meeting

The **Men of All Saints’** will meet for dinner on Tuesday the 16th at 6:00 p.m. in the Parish Hall. For those interested, Evening Prayer will precede the meeting at 5:30 in the Fairfield House Chapel. The menu is still up-in-the air, but we will vouch for the food, and, of course, there will be plenty of wine and beer to go with whatever the fare will be. If you plan to attend, please let Fr. Alexander or Dcn. Davis know, and do indicate if you are bringing a guest.

Extra Services in July

Every month, there are extra weekday services. Please check the Parish Calendar for days and times. You may note that we are scheduling a number of **Deacon’s Masses** each month, in part to help our Deacon in his journey to Priesthood, and, especially, to keep the church open for the worship of God.

Note on the Prayer List

Our Sunday Parish Intercessions list appears to need updating. Many names have been on the list for a very long time, with the possibility that they have recovered or even entered the larger life. Please take the time to review the list and remove those who need not be on the list. If there are some who need to be removed from or added to the list, please let **Kathy Clark** or Fr. Alexander know.

Various Programs Planned for Wednesday Evenings Beginning in the Fall

Plans are underway to offer programs, beginning in the fall, on various aspects of the Church, its history, doctrine, liturgy, as well as other topics. The programs will follow the Wednesday 5:30 p.m. service. Of course, if you have any suggestions for other topics, please let one of our clergy know.

Remember at the Altar Family, Friends, Occasions

It is good **Anglican Tradition** to remember our loved ones, family and friends at the **Altar** on special occasions, especially on their birthdays and anniversaries. This includes those who have entered the larger life, remembering them on their spiritual birthday — date they departed this life. If you would like to have someone remembered at the **Altar** on a certain Sunday, please let Fr. Alexander know.

35 Years and Still Counting

Fr. Alexander Honored on the Anniversary of his Ordination

It was one of the few times that the rector was actually surprised as Parishioners gathered after services on the 16th to celebrate, belatedly, the 35th anniversary of his Ordination as Priest,



thanks to Betty Alexander, who orchestrated the moment, Kathy Clark, who stealthily picked up the cake and concealed it from Fr. Alexander, and Larry Byers, who was the Master of Ceremonies.

Though much surprised, Fr. George was not speechless, relating his appreciation to everyone for the remembrance and expressing his thankfulness for the Parish and all the members who he felt honored and privileged to serve.

He said he is very much indebted to Betty for her love and for putting up with him. Most of all, he is thankful



that God has allowed him to serve as a priest in his Church and to experience his Divine Love in all his Creation.



ACW News

Thanks to Marion Terrell, the June ACW luncheon was held at **Cedar Creek Golf Club** and drew a good turnout. Those present included **Claire Michelinie, Marion Terrell, Kim Hardwick, Carol Sue Roberts, Ann Zouck, Sylvia Rigin, Cecelia Davies, Jean Drake, Betty Alexander, Patricia Sharp, Jane Keel, Trina Crocker, Dominique Corbett, Pat Hardwick, and Patti Scarff.** With a table that long, the conversations inevitably split into groups. At one end of the table, Patricia Sharp related her (too) close encounter with an apparently sick or injured baby fox in her backyard. With her motherly instinct in overdrive, she picked him up, and he promptly bit her arm, and refused to let go. Eventually, with Paul's help, she was able to detach him from her arm. Several attempts to receive emergency care followed, two unsuccessful attempts at urgent care clinics,

followed by a visit to the hospital emergency room. Since then, Patricia has undergone a series of seven rabies shots. The group offered a firm word of advice to Patricia: Continue painting foxes; don't pick them up!

Betty showed numerous pictures from her recent trip to Italy, including one of the motorcycle by which an EMS team arrived to minister to her after she passed out, due to dehydration and hypoglycemia, in Naples. (That should tell you something about the traffic in Naples! However, the emergency team was followed by a van carrying their equipment and which would have allowed them to transport a patient to the hospital, if necessary.) Luckily, a doctor who was a member of the tour group monitored her vitals, and the program director interpreted his instructions to the EMS team. After two bags of IV fluids and an adrenaline shot, an EKG was taken, and the results sent to the local hospital for inter-

pretation. After receiving clearance, Betty, Fr. George, the program director, and the doctor were taken by taxi to the coach, where the rest of the tour members were waiting. Every-



one applauded when she got on the bus. All in all, it was an 80th birthday celebration Fr. George will never forget! (Obviously, Betty's no good at planning celebrations.)

At the other end of the table, the conversations centered on pets, tattoos and body piercings, the benefits of facials vs. stretching for improving facial tone, Kim's business as an online nursing recruiter, the upcoming art show

in which Patricia and Sharon Padgett have entries, and Patti's artwork with mosaics and refinished furniture. The conversation also revealed that Patti's



birthday would be the following day, so the group sang "Happy Birthday". (It was close enough!)

The next ACW luncheon will be held at 11:30 AM on Tuesday, July 16th at **Good Girl Brewery** (880 Banks Mill Rd. SE, Aiken 29801). We've been told that the food is good, and that nonalcoholic beverages and wine are available, in addition to the beer you would expect from the name. Please let us know if you plan to attend, so we can warn the establishment.



Men of All Saints'

The Men of All Saints' began the evening in June with their new tradition begun in May — that is, a number joined together in the Fairfield House Chapel for Evening Prayer, led by Dcn. Davis.



Afterward, they returned to the Parish Hall for a fun-filled evening, including good food, good drink, and lively conversation.

The Hall was filled with laughter as the men dined on Southern Fare prepared by the Deacon and Fr. Alexander.



The menu included Fried Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Succotash, Sliced Tomatoes, and Biscuits. For dessert, there was cake.

Those in attendance included: **Kevin Riordan, Bob Storey, Bob Low, Jerry Burns, Don Michelinie, Don's neighbor Mike Reagan, Bruce Drake, Ray Vaughters, David Nunnelly, Paul Sharp, Clayton Kern, Jeff Kern, Tony Harris, Ken Connor, Larry Byers, and Forrest Roberts**, our Photographer. Of course, the gang included the chefs, **Dcn. Davis and Fr. Alexander**.



Following dinner, Dcn. Davis gave a talk on the History of the Continuing Church.

Next meeting is Tuesday, July 16th.

Parish News of Interest

Art Show to Feature Works of Two Parishioners

Two of our own artists from All Saints' will be featured in a special



showing at the Aiken Center for the Arts, beginning in August.

Patricia Sharp and Sharon Padgett are having a joint art show at the Art Center located on Laurens Street in downtown Aiken.

There will be a public reception on Thursday, Aug. 1 from 6:00 - 8:00 .

Patricia's oil paintings are color-vibrant, reflecting her love of nature, and Sharon's acrylic landscapes are more reminiscent of the Hudson River School of painters during this impressionistic romantic realism period.

The show will remain on display through mid-September.

Monthly Evensong Continues on 3rd Sunday

Reminder that we will have Evensong on Sunday, July 21st at 4:00 p.m.

Following the service will be a light reception in the Parish Hall.

Evensong is gaining in popularity here, and continues a longstanding English Church Tradition that began with the 1549 Book of Common Prayer and has flourished since, especially in the cathedrals with magnificent choirs and acoustics that majestically enhance the music. We also have good acoustics and a wonderful choir.



A Trip to Scotland *Especially to Visit Islay and the Islands.*



In May, **Forrest & Carol Sue Roberts**, along with **Sharon Padgett**, flew off to Scotland to visit the Island of Islay, home to some of the best, oldest, most famous Scotch Whisky distilleries.

In fact, in their 11 days in Scotland, they visited 10 distilleries. What an adventure!



Their driver (seen below) was very much a poster boy for Scotland, and reportedly was a fountain of information, as well as an expert driver.



Of course, their trip was not confined to sipping Scotch at those renown distilleries — they spent some time touring the Highlands, ending their trip in Edinburgh.

One of the sights was a pub with a great name, suitable to be shared at this time — **Deacon Brodie's Tavern**.



Forrest thought it might be an inspiration for our deacon.



There is no doubt that Scotland is a beautiful part of the world, with a rich history; indeed, our Apostolic Succession is through the bishops of Scotland on November 14, 1784.



One More Summer Reminiscence **Chewing Tobacco** *And Another Lesson Learned the Hard Way*

By Fr. Alexander

There are many lessons we learn as children that stay with us for life. That I survived childhood is a testament that I did not repeat many of my worse mistakes.

What has impressed me over the years is just how much those early years meant to me, and how much I remember, when coaxed, about life in the small town that was home.

We called it Madison. Guess it was just about a mile of the street that connected Graniteville with Warrenville. We made much to do about living in Madison, not Graniteville, though who could distinguish the difference?

My witness to our Madison pride is Alan Wingard. We both grew up in Madison and can recall a lot of good times in a time that now seems so long ago.

The sense of community, the civility, and the respect that was shown everyone, regardless of who they were. Everyone deserved respect until they demonstrated otherwise.

I was reminiscing with someone recently who never learned to cook and thought that was what women did, or cooks who worked for the family.

I remember spending a lot of time in the kitchen watching and tasting. My favorite mentor in the kitchen was Eloise. She was my Aunt Helen's cook, and she was fantastic. I called her Aunt Elleese — that was easier to say.

I was fascinated. She never had to measure anything, and it always came out perfect, especially the banana pudding, always made with egg custard. She would make a little extra of the custard for me to have to tide me over until dinner.

But, coming back to lessons learned. The demon for me was chewing tobacco. For a kid of five or six, it seemed so enticing. Heaven knows, we liked to spit, anyway.

Well, I managed to get hold of a plug of chewing tobacco. Not sure how it happened but there it was — waiting for an unsuspecting kid to bite into.

Of course, this was an adventure, and it must be shared. That is where my best friend, Sammy Napier, came in. (We had a number of adventures together, and survived!)

The late Sammy Napier, who owned the Funeral Home in Graniteville (*Madison*) in later years, was to be my accomplice.

We searched around for a good place to enjoy our plug of chewing tobacco and found the perfect spot. It was in a large carport for vehicles used in the family business, that had been temporarily used to store a number of large cardboard boxes, such as those washing machines would be transported in.

So, Sammy and I settled atop one of those big boxes, and began our adventure.

We each took a bite of the tobacco plug, and began to chew. Not bad, we thought.

So we relaxed, and chewed, and spit. Chewed, and spit. We began rocking back and forth on the box, as we chewed and spit.

But cardboard boxes are not always so stable, and the inevitable happened.

You guessed it. The box toppled over, and we hit the ground.

But the worst was to come. When we hit the ground, we both swallowed our mouthful of chewing tobacco.

Well, we made a beeline for the water cooler, and consumed as much water as we could. But we were not out of the woods.

We both began to feel woozy and nauseated as we headed home.

Before I arrived home, I was already throwing up.

My mother greeted me, not aware of

the source of discomfort, and put me to bed with a much-needed bucket beside the bed. She was somewhat perplexed as to what made me so ill.

Well, I never told my mother what had happened that day. It remained a mystery until her 92nd birthday, when I finally came clean.

Fortunately, enough time had passed, and we both enjoyed a good laugh. All was forgiven, and, finally, my conscience was cleared.

You can imagine the lessons learned from that escapade, and chewing tobacco remained off limits from then on. Never tempted again!

Now, this is not to say give in to your temptations; just don't be dismayed by the retribution that follows. And remember that repentance is a mighty salve for the conscience, as well as the soul, whatever the sin, as I later discovered.

Whether it be through corporate confession, or in private confession, God is ever ready for us to come to him, and clear the slate. He gave his only Son, Jesus Christ, so we could find comfort in the forgiveness of sins, and be reconciled to our heavenly Father.

So, a lesson learned, at least for the moment — if you are going to do something risky, don't do it perched atop a bunch of cardboard boxes!

The final lesson: when I later confessed to mom, my conscience was cleared.

Made in the Image of God from Conception

By Fr. Alexander

Why do we worship God or any deity? What drives us morally? Why and how do we know there is a right and a wrong? When does life in the form of a child begin, and why does it matter?

Just a few of the questions that keep popping up in the course of our lives, that is, if we take the time to think about this whole concept that there is something greater than we “mere” human beings.

Science and astronomy, on the one hand, have put into perspective that we are, in comparison to the universe, infinitesimally small, while, on the other hand, science itself has given us so much knowledge that we also see ourselves as greater than we actually are.

But science still leaves a lot of questions unanswered — however, what puts it all into perspective is religion.

Why religion? Well, because it is the belief in something greater than ourselves that causes us to consider who we really are in this great universe — why are we here; how were we created; who or what created us; when does life begin; what happens to us when our life ceases on this earth?

And in the big debate today over abortion are such issues as: are we just

tissue and cells to be disposed of at will from the moment of conception until well after we are born; what freedom should we have to dispose of those cells and tissue and when; and what moral issues surround any decision to do so?

In truth, it is religion that focuses us on the whole concept of morality — yet, what is morality; where did it originate; why is it important?

When we begin to consider these things, we begin the journey of understanding how God works in the world. We begin the process of recognizing that science and religion are not at odds, one trying to disprove the other, but that they work together in furthering our understanding of who we are in this great universe.

Moreover, the decisions we make in life concerning life, our bodies, and the joining of sperm and egg to create a new life are grounded in our conception of God, our Creator, and the role he plays in all of Creation, particularly from that moment sperm and egg come together in the womb.

While all of life is dependent upon God, whether we believe in his existence or not, his existence is not dependent upon our belief in him. Yet, throughout the presence of human life

on earth, there has been an innate desire to establish some sort of relationship with a Creator, a Divine Being, who has control not only over life and death but who also has control over all aspects of our lives, our relationships with each other, our relationship with all of Creation.

I would propose that the starting point for rational beings is the belief in the existence of a Creator, followed by a consideration of how God works in establishing a relationship with us, we who claim to have been made in his Image.

One of the greatest proofs of God is the very fact that individuals, as well as societies, have evolved around the premise of a basic respect for human life. We have evolved with a certain value of human life and with an affection for other human beings. We are human because we are rational, and we have a sense of morality and respect for life because we are rational; otherwise, we would be no better than animals in a zoo, and we would not be having any discussions, much less that of the existence of God.

At the forefront in understanding and accepting that there is a God is the realization that he works through the familiar to reveal that which is hidden, in particular, who he is. We cannot see God, as he is Spirit, but he certainly can communicate with us through that which surrounds us, and

he uses the concrete to illustrate the spiritual. That is evident in the Parables and illustrations used by Jesus in revealing God and his Gospel to us.

More importantly, as Christians, he has given us something else — Grace. Grace is God’s love and mercy given to us simply because he wants us to have it. Some might say it is unmerited favor. But it is freely given and expressed most explicitly in the salvation rendered to us by the Sacrifice on the Cross of his Son, Jesus Christ.

As Christians, we can only aspire to our potential greatness as creatures of God’s making. As rational beings, we are set apart in the world with a common purpose — to worship our Creator, in whose Image we have been created, not the other way around. We are not greater than nor equal with God — we are his well-loved creation, and instilled in each of us is a desire to seek our Creator, though some still believe it is God whom we have created in our image — human audacity.

We were created to Love, Worship, and Obey our Creator. We were created to respect all life from its beginning until its end. He gave us the Church to enable us to do so.

This is what God asks of us — not demands but asks of us to do so freely of our own will.



Bishop's Annual Visitation

Receptions. Confirmations, & Solemn High Coffee Hour Marked the Occasion

(Photos by Forrest Roberts)



More than 50 Parishioners attended the Bishop's Visitation for the 10:30 Service, while a near record number also attended the Early Service.

During the 10:30 Service, the Archbishop received two Parishioners into the Diocese and ACC. They are Noah Bartel and Bob Low.

Also, the Archbishop confirmed three Parishioners — Jeslyn Bartel, Patti Scarff, and Patricia Sharp.

Following the 10:30 Service, Parishioners greets the Bishop in the Parish Hall at our traditional (for All Saints') Solemn High Coffee Hour instituted by our Rector Emeritus, The Rev. Canon Garrett Clanton, who retired to Alabama in late 2010.

As expected, it was a wonderful occa-

sion, and the food and decorations in the Parish Hall were outstanding.

We must credit **Lena Whittaker** for coordinating the Solemn High Coffee Hour, and **Colleen Chandler**, who assisted. Colleen also decorated the Parish Hall.

Judi Storey contributed a delicious chocolate cake, while **Carol Sue Roberts**, **Sylvia Riggan**, and **Ann Zouck** assisted with setting up the buffet.

Forrest Roberts, official Parish Photographer, made sure the occasion was well documented.

If we have overlooked anyone, we apologize and will make up for it in the next newsletter. More photos on following pages.



More Photos for Bishop's Visitation



Photo by Betty Alexander

Receptions, Confirmations Highlight Bishop's Annual Visitation



Congratulations to those Received and Confirmed during the Bishop's Visitation. Pictured in the forefront are **Noah Bartel**, Received, and the **Archbp. Mark Haverland**. In the next row are **Jeslyn Bartel**, Confirmed, **Patricia Sharp**, Confirmed, and **Bob Low**, Received. And in the top row are **Fr. Alexander**, **Patti Scarff**, Confirmed, and **Dcn. Davis**.

Photo by Forrest Roberts.



Solemn High Coffee Hour

In a tradition begun many years ago by **The Rev. Canon Garrett Clanton**, Rector Emeritus, the Parish welcomes the Bishop with a special Coffee Hour which Fr. Clanton dubbed the Solemn High Coffee Hour, and it has remained a Parish Tradition since.

Above, the Bishop blesses the food prepared for the Solemn High Coffee Hour.



As is customary during the Bishop's Visitation, the Senior Warden, Larry Byers, presents the Bishop with a donation from the Parish to the Bishop's Discretionary Fund.



St. Michael's Youth Conference

By The Rev. Dcn. C. Lance Davis



A common concern amongst Anglicans today is how best to grow the local parish. The discussion often centers around how to attract youth—this is understandable, as the presence of young people, especially young families, is vital to the health and future stability of a parish. It used to be taken for granted that multiple generations would naturally exist in one parish community; but this was at a time when religion waxed stronger in the western world, when families and communities were more stable, and when there were fewer distractions competing for the attention of the youth. We no longer live in such a world, so we have to consider church growth now through the lens of evan-



gelism. It is chiefly the vocation of the laity to evangelize in their local communities, but it is the task of the clergy to ensure a strong, stable, and faithful



parish where people can be nourished by Word and Sacrament, but also be challenged to grow in the knowledge of the Faith and in the practice of virtue. When it comes to drawing in and keeping young people, there is no magic bullet—however, we can survey other parishes in our Anglican Catholic



Tradition — and, even, in the Orthodox and Roman Churches—to see what tends to be successful in attracting the youth. One excellent example of this, in our Anglican Church, is the **St. Michael's Youth Conference**, begun in 1960. The purpose of the conference, in the organizers' own words, is:

"Through worship, study, discussion, recreation, and relaxation, the community seeks both a clearer vision of God in Christ, and strength and power to fight evil and serve God. Michael is a fitting patron saint for the conference, as he symbolizes a strong religion, one where true joy is to be found. Our in-



votional life of the Catholic Church in the Anglican tradition. Every morning begins with sung Mattins, followed by a Solemn High Mass with full chant and incense. The morning and early afternoon are taken up by classes such as the following: *The Theology of Icons*; *Spiritual Warfare*; *Combating Modern Heresies*; *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*; *Spanish Mysticism*; *The Theology of the Mass*; *Relics in the Christian Life*; and *Training in Righteousness*. The day concludes with Solemn Evensong and chanted Compline. This is spiritual red meat! Unlike so many youth camps (Christian or non), there is no pandering to contemporary fashion or entertainment, no attempt to create an artificial *relevance*, no 15-second social media soundbites. This is what CS Lewis called "deep Christianity". The children at this year's conference ranged in age from 12 to 19.



tention is not to do a 'new' thing, but to faithfully hand on what has been given to us—the Catholic Faith. Our worship and practice are therefore wholeheartedly Anglo-Catholic, and our teaching orthodox."

The conference is a deep-dive into the doctrine, discipline, worship, and de-

What can our parishes learn from this? We live in a society that is awash with ugliness and shallowness. Confusion and lack of purpose abound. The old

(Continued on page 31.)



Nature

As Seen through the Lens
by Forrest Roberts

Location: *Isle of Islay,*
Inner Hebrides, Scotland

During our recent trip to Scotland we were able to visit the Kildalton Cross, which dates back to the 8th Century.



The following paragraph is from Wikipedia.

The Kildalton Cross is a monolithic high cross in Celtic cross form in the churchyard of the former parish church of Kildalton (from Scottish

Gaelic Cill Daltain, "Church of the Foster Son" (i.e. St John the Evangelist) on the island of Islay in the Inner Hebrides, Scotland. It was carved probably in the second half of the 8th century AD, and is closely related to crosses of similar date on Iona. It is often considered the finest surviving Celtic cross in Scotland, and is certainly one of the most perfect monuments of its date to survive in western Europe. The cross and the adjacent roofless medieval parish church are in the care of Historic Environment Scotland (access at all times) and are jointly a scheduled ancient monument.

The image with pictures of the Cross (next page) gives more information.

Significant biblical motifs dominate the Cross. Af-

ter this many years, you need good eyesight and an even better imagination.

1. David killing the lion.
2. Peacocks feasting on grapes.
3. Cain murdering Abel.

4. Sacrifice Of Isaac.

5. Virgin and Child flanked by angels.

6. Four lions.

7. Circular bosses with snake-like decoration.



Kildalton may mean 'Church of the Disciple', which indicates this place has been an important Christian site for many centuries.

Although no remains have been found, it is possible there was a monastery here. 19th-century excavations revealed burials and an earlier carved cross.



Reminiscing:

Fourth of July Reawakens Fond Memories of Bygone Days

Not so many years ago, summer was a special time in the South. A time to shed shoes and run quickly across the sandy streets. A time to enjoy watermelon, and to lick an ice cream cone before it melts and runs down your arm.

Growing up in a small southern town, some decades ago, was like growing up in another world. Only the main streets were paved. Not everyone had a refrigerator. The ice man still delivered cakes of ice for the “ice boxes,” in a horse-drawn wagon, no less.

Milk was delivered to the door in glass bottles, with at least two inches of cream on top, or so it seemed to me.

The gas station had glass pumps with big handles that we kids loved to turn.

I could go on and on, and relive wonderful memories of a time when life, at least from a child’s perspective, was simple, comfortable, safe. There were no strangers, only neighbors.

Oh, yes. Summer was special because of the Fourth of July. It was not only a celebration of the birth of our nation but a celebration of family and of community. It was a time when we paused to thank God for this great blessing he had bestowed upon us and the world: a nation of integrity, of morality, of compassion, of family.

Regardless of the “Civil War,” we were still a nation of family, and on the

Fourth of July, we celebrated!

But, wherever we were on that day, we all paused to remember not just our forefathers and the sacrifices they made to ensure our independence and to begin this grand experiment we call the United States of America; we paused in prayer. We saluted our flag, and we pledged allegiance to it as representing this great nation that we were certain came into existence by the grace of God.

It came into existence for a purpose: to shine as a light to the world and to ring out, not just liberty and justice for all, but also a manifest destiny to be an example of the highest ideals of morality for the entire world.

There was no greater pride as a child than to be able to recite the pledge of allegiance from memory; to sing the national anthem without missing a beat; and to recite the Lord’s Prayer, all while facing the flag, with hand over heart.

Next to watermelon, real barbequed pork, and hand-churned peach ice cream, there were the fireworks. Not quite what we see at the malls or on the riverfront but nevertheless impressive for a youngster still sticky from ice cream.

Summer in the South for a youngster meant going barefoot, going swimming, and sitting in front of an oscillating fan.

Of course, there were many adventures in the great outdoors, whether

playing baseball in a sandy field or catching tadpoles in a small stream; going swimming and getting sunburned; shucking corn on the back steps; and spitting watermelon seeds.

Interwoven in all of this was a sense of family, that we were all family in our little community, and that Jesus loved us. Of course, He did. We sang the song every Sunday in Sunday School: “Jesus loves us, this I know. For the Bible tells me so.”

And, “Jesus loves the little children; all the children of the world.”

There was also a sense of right and wrong, of what constituted a family; never was there a doubt of who was the mother, and who was the father.

It was not wealth; it was not whim; it was not social status; it was not just the “law”; it was what God revealed to us from the very beginning.

As a child growing up in the South, I knew very well the story of Adam and Eve. I understood fig leaves and serpents (snakes, by golly), though I was not really sure of the “rib” part.

But more than that, even as a child, I never doubted the moral greatness of our nation and its God-given responsibility to the world.

Addendum

Now that I have become an octogenarian, I look back with a sense of awe at the work ethic, commitment to family, and dedication to community that my family had, especially my grandfather — and it was not unique, as everyone

gave to the betterment of our community, from lowest to highest.

I find it remarkable that, while our family was rather affluent, everyone worked in some fashion, applying skills they learned. The boys — my uncles — took care of the family farm, worked in the family business, and branched out to do things on their own as well. When something needed to be built or repaired, they did it.

Moreover, they passed those skills on to us kids, patiently and lovingly, teaching us so many skills, so many things, and allowing us to make mistakes and learn from them, most of which I have tried to pass on.

The family farm, too, was a good training ground. We kids learned a bit of everything from plowing fields with a mule to butchering cows and hogs, getting in the hay, and shucking corn.

My aunts were never idle either. They worked as teachers or nurses, or in the family business. They, too, taught us kids those skills that would come in handy later in life, especially cooking.

One fond memory, aside from the radio to which I was glued on the weekends, was the telephone. All the phone numbers were two digits but, really, you didn’t need to know anyone’s number — just pick up the receiver and tell the operator who you wanted. She would connect you. I would say, “I want to speak to Aunt Helen” and the operator would say, “Little George, is that you?” Yes ma’am.” “Ok. Just a moment, dear.” And done!

From the Clerical Kitchen....



Variation on Piccadilly Pub Eggplant Parmesan

By Fr. Alexander

When Betty and I were in Sorrento, we stopped at a highly recommended restaurant called the *Piccadilly Pub*. One would think with that name, well, that the cuisine would be geared toward the UK but, not so. We found the menu to be very much Italian and delicious.

After much discussion, we settled on sharing their Eggplant Parmesan, including salad and dessert but declined the pasta course. We had a nice white, falanghina, instead of red, this time but another suggestion would be prosecco.

With each bite, we tried to dissect how it was made, with the idea of duplicating it when we returned home.

Finally home, we got the opportunity to put it together but, naturally, we had to play around with it. And we remembered another dish we had with pasta and meat sauce that was quite good.

Voilà! We decided to combine the two into one but without the pasta. So here it is — our *Variation on Piccadilly Eggplant Parmesan*.

Ingredients:

1 Eggplant, thickly sliced, longwise
1 Tbs each Bell Pepper: Green, Red, Yellow,
Orange, Diced
1/4 cup Onion, Diced
8 oz Can Tomato Paste
2 Tbs Basil, dried

1/2 lb Ground Beef, lean
2 cloves Garlic, diced
3 Tbs Olive Oil (for sauce)
1/4 cup Olive Oil (for cooking eggplant)
2 cups All Purpose Flour
1/2 cup Marsala
Salt & Pepper

Slice the eggplant lengthwise into thick pieces and generously sprinkle with salt and set aside in a colander to draw out as much water as possible. This may take several hours or even overnight.

Meanwhile, over medium heat in a large pan, gently cook the onion, peppers, and garlic with a little salt & pepper until the onions begin to glisten. Sprinkle with basil and add the ground beef and continued to cook browning the beef while stirring to break it up into crumbles.

When brown, add the tomato paste, rinsing the can with just a little water, add half of the Marsala and the remainder of the basil.

Taste for seasoning and add more as needed, and reduce heat to allow the sauce to simmer, stirring frequently. As sauce thickens, add remainder of Marsala. Eventually, the sauce should be quite thick.

Next, add flour to a container large enough to allow for dredging the eggplant slices. Salt and pepper the flour and add about two teaspoons of basil. Stir into the flour.

Heat 1/2 cup Olive Oil in a pan over medium low heat. Dredge eggplant in flour and cook in the oil. Sprinkle with a little parmesan cheese after turning. Eggplant should be a golden brown on both sides. Remove from pan and place on a paper towel to absorb the excess oil.

Finally, serve the eggplant topped with the sauce, more parmesan cheese, and red wine.

Note — the eggplant should be firm if enough water has been removed with the salt.

As always, consider the recipe as a starting point, play around with it, and enjoy improvising.

Andiamo a Mangiamare! — Bon Appetit!

From the Deacon's Kitchen....



Steak Tartare

By Dcn. Davis

This is one of those dishes that can be quite divisive; but, I assure you, contrary to myth, it is perfectly safe to eat good quality raw beef. In the case of tartare, the acidity of the vinegar mildly cooks the meat. In any case, if you are skeptical, I am certain you will be converted to the wonders of tartare after trying this recipe.

Ingredients:

16 ounces (good quality) top sirloin,
cleaned and trimmed
2 teaspoons sherry vinegar
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1 tbsp dijon mustard
2 large egg yolks
1/4 cup light olive oil
2 tablespoons finely diced shallots
2 tablespoons small, brined capers,
drained and unrinsed
1 teaspoon kosher salt
1/4 cup celery leaves, finely chopped
and divided
2 tablespoons fresh parsley, finely
chopped and divided
1 teaspoon freshly grated lemon zest

Cut the steak into 1-inch cubes and put in the freezer for 10 minutes.

Whisk the vinegar, dry mustard, dijon,

and egg yolks together in a small bowl. Whisk continuously while streaming in the oil until emulsified, then whisk in the shallots, capers, salt, and roughly 2/3 of the celery leaves and parsley.

Hand chop the meat to your desired texture. (Alternately, divide the meat into 4 batches and pulse each batch separately in a food processor.)

With clean hands, quickly fold the meat and dressing together. Plate using a 3 3/4-inch pastry ring and garnish with the reserved herbs and lemon zest.

Serve cold, with strips of baked puff pastry.

Andiamo a Mangiamare!

Bon Appetit!

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Saint of the Month

The Feast of St. Anne, *Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

St. Anne is the woman who, with her husband St. Joachim, had the great honour of conceiving and bringing into the world the Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Lady, and thus of being the grandmother of Our Lord Jesus. What little we know of her comes down through the Church's sacred Tradition and the writings of the Church Fathers, as the sacred Scriptures are silent concerning her. A very early Christian work, the *Protoevangelium of St. James*, relates that St. Anne was a woman of the tribe of Levi, and—like Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Elizabeth—did not become a mother easily. As an older, childless woman, St. Anne was



Greek icon of Saint Anne with the Virgin, by Angelos Akotantos.

mocked for her barrenness, and her husband, St. Joachim, was shamed for not being a father. As the story goes, an angel appeared to her and said, "Anne, Anne, the Lord hath hearkened unto thy prayer, and thou shalt conceive and bear, and thy seed shall be spoken of in the whole world." With her husband, Anne did, indeed, conceive; and the Church honours that day on December 8th: the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is the only feast celebrating

a conception other than the Annunciation on March 25th, when we celebrate Our Lady's miraculous virginal conception of Our Lord.

Devotion to St. Anne began in England in the middle ages, and it is thought that her feast was first celebrated in Canterbury around AD 1100. By AD 1382, her feast became mandatory throughout England. When the kalendar of the Church Year was revised for the Book of Common Prayer in 1662, St. Anne's feast was retained, confirming her long popularity in the Anglican Church.

St. Anne is shown in art most often with the child Mary, typically teaching her from sacred Scripture. She is also often shown with her husband, with Mary, and with the Christ Child together. She is the patron Saint of women trying to conceive, women seeking husbands, married couples, grandparents, widows, sailors, miners, and the Breton people. A miracle attributed to St. Anne's intercession led to a shrine being built in her honour in Quebec, Canada, in



her help, and promised they would build her a chapel if she would intercede for them. She did, and they fol-

lowed through. And as they were building that chapel, another miracle occurred: a man named Louis Guimont—who was disabled from spinal troubles—struggled to help build the chapel. He laid one stone, then another, and, by the time he laid the third stone, he was miraculously healed. After his cure came many more cures, and the site became a place of pilgrimage as word spread.

*From thy stem in beauty blossomed
ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
earth from thee received the Mother
of th'almighty Son of God.*

*All the human race benighted
in the depth of darkness lay;
when in Anne it saw the dawning
of the long-expected day.*

community strongholds—family, patriotism, military service—have largely disintegrated or lost their lustre in the modern world. Much like the society into which the Apostles were sent, we are faced with a culture that needs "deep Christianity"—a Church that isn't afraid to be *wholly other*, to be *strange*. The kinds of young people who are increasingly drawn to religion are flocking to parishes with beautiful, traditional, and transcendent liturgy; strong and chal-



lenging teaching; confidence in religious identity; and an expectation of spiritual growth (through methods like fasting, public devotion, etc). Religion is no longer respectable in our society; and for the youth, this is a good thing! Truth, Goodness, and Beauty are the answer to the world's Error, Sin, and Ugliness.

As a parish, let us strive to be wholeheartedly dedicated to the fulness of the Faith and its traditional practice, and the growth will come naturally.

Parish Monthly Calendar

July 2024

| Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|---|--|--|--|---|--|--|
| Weekday Service Times 5:30 pm Saturdays — 10:30 am unless otherwise noted | 1 Precious Blood Deacon's Mass 5:30 pm | 2 Visitation of Blessed Virgin Mary Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 3 Feria Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 4 Independence Day | 5 St. Vladimir, King, Confessor | 6 Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday Deacon's Mass 10:30 am |
| 7 Trinity 6 (Comm. St. Cyril & St. Methodius, Bishops, Confessors) MP & HC at 8:30 am HC at 10:30 am | 8 St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Queen & Widow | 9 St. John Fisher, Bishop & Thomas More, Martyrs Deacon's Mass Noon Vestry meets 5:15 | 10 Feria Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 11 Solemnity of St. Benedict, Abbot Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 12 St. John Gualbert, Abbot | 13 St. Silas, Martyr |
| 14 Trinity 7 (Comm. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor) MP & HC at 8:30 am HC at 10:30 am Healing Service 12:00 | 15 Translation of St. Swithun, Bishop & Confessor Deacon's Mass 5:30 pm | 16 St. Osmund, Bishop, Confessor (Comm. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel) ACW Lunch 11:30 Men's Night 6:00 Evening Prayer at 5:30 | 17 St. Alexius, Confessor Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 18 Feria | 19 St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor | 20 St. Margaret of Antioch, Virgin & Martyr |
| 21 Trinity 8 MP & HC at 8:30 am HC at 10:30 am Evensong 4:00 pm (Followed by Reception) | 22 St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent Deacon's Mass 5:30 pm | 23 St. Apollinaris, Bishop & Martyr | 24 Vigil of St. James Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 25 St. James, Apostle & Martyr Holy Communion 5:30 pm | 26 St. Anne, Mother of the B.V.M. Deacon's Mass 5:30 pm | 27 B.V.M. on Saturday Deacon's Mass 10:30 am |
| 28 Trinity 9 MP & HC at 8:30 am HC at 10:30 am | 29 St. Martha, Virgin Deacon's Mass 5:30 pm | 30 Feria | 31 St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor Holy Communion 5:30 pm | <div> Evensong Please note on the 21st, we will have Evensong at 4:00 pm, followed by a light reception. </div> | | |