



THE ALL SAINTS' READER



"Don't you know that you yourselves are God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells in your midst?"

1 Corinthians 3:16

from
A Letter from Catherine

"... Having returned from a month-long journey with my husband to France, I feel how very fortunate I am to have had this opportunity. With my feet now firmly planted back in Texas soil and a chilly "norther' sweeping through the Coastal Bend overnight, it is time to reflect on my time away and on the bittersweet quality of my return..."

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A Letter from Catherine

BY CATHERINE COX



November 3, 2021

Dear All Saints' Family,

Having returned from a month-long journey with my husband to France, I feel how very fortunate I am to have had this opportunity. With my feet now firmly planted back in Texas soil and a chilly "norther" sweeping through the Coastal Bend overnight, it is time to reflect on my time away and on the bittersweet quality of my return.

One of my most memorable moments was walking on Omaha Beach with my husband. Tears came to our eyes when we placed two white roses at the water's edge in memory of the many Americans who died in the Normandy Invasion. Walking through the immaculately kept American Cemetery continued our contemplative day. The beauty of nature in France was breath-taking, its temperate climate and even distribution of sunshine and rain nourishing its vineyards, crops, trees, and flowers. The variety of landscapes and vegetation are striking, especially when one is used to the sparse and prickly plant life of the Texas southwest. As gorgeous as its terrain was and is, the ability to escape the American political scene and the petty problems of life was a welcome treat. With little connection to the U.S. media on our river boat and little inclination to worry about problems at home, I soon began sleeping better than I had for years.

My home, however, is here in America, despite its divisiveness, disappointments, and violence. I want to keep the inner peace that I found in France, but I know that returning means I am more susceptible to being drawn into the maelstrom of anger and worry. As I told Father Jonathan last Sunday, "I am afraid for my country." The rancor that has become part of our politics perplexes and disturbs me. I am grateful, especially at this fractious time, to have a church home, a place of fellowship and comfort, and to be surrounded by committed Christians, who are similarly seeking peace and love in their lives, where love replaces hate and faith conquers fear. As I move forward in my transition. I thank God for each of you. You are lights in my life, kindred spirits longing to build a better world by following the teachings and examples of Christ.

"...As I told Father Jonathan last Sunday, "I am afraid for my country."

DAILY OFFICE SCHEDULE

Mondays

6:30 AM - Morning Prayer

9:00 PM - Night Prayer

Tuesdays

6:30 AM - Morning Prayer

9:00 PM - Night Prayer

Wednesdays

6:30 AM - Morning Prayer

9:00 PM - Night Prayer

Thursdays

6:30 AM - Morning Prayer

9:00 PM - Night Prayer

Fridays

6:30 AM - Morning Prayer

9:00 PM - Night Prayer

Via Facebook Live:

<https://www.facebook.com/all.saintscctx>

For most of my adult years, I was without a church home. Though technically a member of one, I rarely attended. This changed when a friend told me about her experience at All Saints'. I decided to attend one Sunday and was immediately accepted with open arms. I deeply appreciate all of you for that welcome and for your continued embrace. Your commitment to developing an open community and your involvement in the various formational and outreach activities make All Saints' the special parish that it is. I also thank our ministers (Father Jonathan, Mother Cynthia, Father Rick, and Deacon [soon to be Father] Keith) for their powerful sermons and wise and energetic leadership. I end by thanking God for all my blessings and for leading me to All Saints'. I pray that we continue as a family to perpetuate Christ's ministry of love, peace, and grace.

Christ's Blessings,
Catherine Cox



Opening to the Stars

BY JENIFER PICHINSON

Fear not! Dancing people are Star people.

Take my hands and let me be your partner

in this whirling sea of dancers.

Pray; let me be a part of all the light,

the bright,

the young.

It is in dancing we are One.

Fear not!

Take my hands!

Dance!



Thoughts of a Young Gardner

BY MICHAEL QUINTANA

That summer on Topeka,
filled with gardening and greenery,
pulled me into nurseries.

You held my hand
and led me through ribbons of trees
down row after row of potted living things
you knew the names of.

We took home
vining Jasmines and *Esperanzas*
a Gardenia tree and yellow Sun Lilies
and planted them before the day burned out.

We tied the vining Jasmines to the front porch,
so they'd grow along the posts like a fairy tale. I remember
staring at my hands, blackened by mulch and damp soil,
thinking how, in late summer, the Jasmines would flower—

and how their sweet scent would welcome us home
every time we left and came back.

I took in our creation,
a garden by our own design,
letting my eyes trace over
our ordinary times.



Hummingbirds and Such

BY MARY CARPENTER

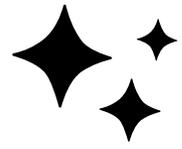
I'm grateful for Hummingbirds. They are a delight to watch. Their quickness awes me. Their iridescent colors that flash when the light hits them just right surprises me each time. I'm grateful for Mockingbirds. There is just a great beauty I see in them. I'm grateful for cats. They bring me joy. I love trees for no real reason. I just love them. I'm grateful for this chair I am sitting in, for my breath, for my muscles. I'm grateful for sight and for stone statues of squirrels. I'm grateful for sound, for peace, for life. For flowers and rocks. For my neighbors and their lives. For fingers and touch. For making things with my hands. For bowls. For my sisters and friends. It is a gratitude that is sneaking up on me. It is not emotionally based. It is rooted deep within me and is beyond all reason. It is beyond commerce. I don't have to get anything from the object of my gratitude in order for the gratitude to well up in me. It is like a spring bubbling up from the ground. It baffles my mind because mind does not know what to do with this selfless gratitude. It expects payment to be made of some kind in some way.

I'm grateful.



T'was the Night

BY JENIFER PICHINSON



**As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, when
they meet with an
obstacle mount to the sky.....”**

Recognize this quote from days of yore?

Twas the Night Before Christmas by Clement C. Moore

As a child I knew this poem by heart

But always I stumbled over this part

dry leaves? Hurricanes? at Christmastime?

How awkward the sentence

How puzzling the line

It stopped my reciting,

It boggled my mind

I could never remember how it all went

Nor understand just what it all meant

Now, an adult, still loving this verse

I sought to remember, began to rehearse,

Encounter the matter and open the words

I wanted coherence in what I heard

A shift in perspective might be the way

To get to the meaning of what these words say

Tore open my sketchbook and reached for a pen

Let images flow through my moving hand

Dry leaves, hurricanes, obstacles, skies

A visual dance of ink and eye

The light in my heart of the absence of sense

Gave the luster of insight and thought forms came hence

When what to my wondering eyes should appear

But the Paschal Mystery that goes ‘round the year

We live and we die

It’s the meaning of life

Enticed by joy comes sorrow and strife

The secret, however, that’s hid in the poem

Is when living seems stuck, changes start flowing

The wind sends us upward to transform our knowing

Many the gifts of awaking to truth

Enjoyed by all who remember their youth

And the children who learn with pencil and pen

The symbol of “house”

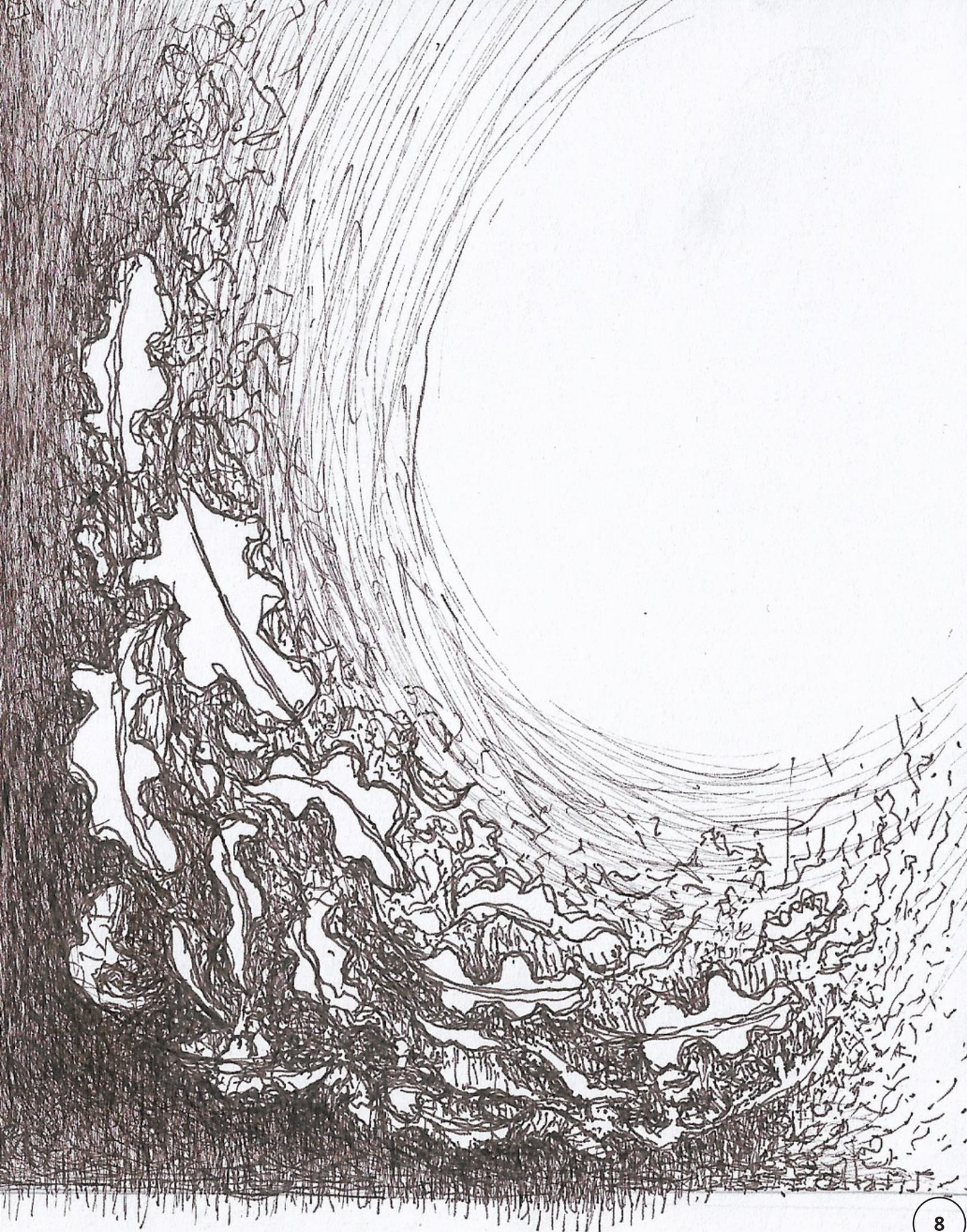
Where good things come in

From places beyond us

From people who love us

Our own Paschal Mystery

Will never end.





All are welcome.