



# ***THE BEACON***

*THE NEWSLETTER OF ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH*

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## ***Father George's Message***

### **ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH**

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Dear Friends,

Please note that there will be a special "Pot Luck" dinner here at *St. Stephen's* on Wednesday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, beginning at 6:00 PM. This will be a time for us to share our thoughts and questions regarding the coming of a new Rector. As we look with anticipation for such an important and joyous event in the "Spirit" for *St. Stephen's* we also look ahead with both excitement and anxiety. The excitement of "new and future" journeys always carries with them the unknown. Here is where we pray and seek the Lord's wisdom and guidance in all things. Questions such as "What do we do in preparation?" "What kind of questions do we ask in getting to know one another?" and "What kinds of wisdom and talents do we all bring forward for the sake of the times to come?" Let us join together to share this excitement and anxiety as the Lord will indeed provide us with all the tools we need to journey ahead.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

The Rev. George H. Warren

Interim Rector



Someone once said – or maybe I read it – that life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer you get to the end, the faster it goes. Some days I really believe that, but then I have to remember that Jesus said that we don't know about the end of time. Only God knows that.

Appropriate, since we all are still here, in spite of the prediction that the world would end on May 22. Now the man who predicted, supposedly based on a rather bizarre interpretation of scripture, the Apocalypse says that May 22 was sort of address rehearsal; the new date is some time in October.

To get back to the TP analogy, a recent entry in *The Fisch Tank*, a daily meditation written by, not surprisingly, John Fisch, said this: There is one thing about being 64, however, that is different from the rest. It seems like my life has been compressed to where I feel closer to any part of it than I have ever been. My childhood is more accessible to me now than it was 30 years ago. It's like my life has been squeezed together tightly from beginning to end so that just the significant moments stand out. All the more reason to make more of those moments - to live life significantly. Make every day a stand out day. God is over it all; he gives it all meaning.

This entry was especially appropriate for me. I have, more frequently than I'd like, have been having recollections of much earlier days in my life.

For some strange reason, I was thinking about telephone numbers. I recalled that when my family and I first moved to Northborough, our

phone number had only 5 digits. It was 3-8287, that's all. And if we were dialing someone in town, we had to dial only the last 4 numbers. Then 39 was added to the number and we had to dial 7 numbers, and with the advent of area codes, we now have to dial 10 numbers. Isn't progress wonderful?

I also recalled our phone number when we lived in Worcester – 2-3176. I have no idea where that thought came from. I recalled that my grandmother had one of those phones that was in two pieces, the earphone apart from the microphone. It was a heavy, black Bakelite thing and if I remember correctly, it was a single-party line, a relative rarity in those days, hence the TP analogy.

My memory strayed to other things from my childhood, but I'll leave these for another time. There are a lot of recollections involving church – Sunday school, youth group, going down to Tech Pharmacy instead of going into church, and having to fib when I was asked what I thought of the sermon.

But enough for now. I thank God that I'm still here, looking forward to the start of another camping season. Hope you have a pleasant summer.

Peace,

*frp*

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## Prayerful Notes

It seems we have had quite a few Baptisms lately, most recently, two precious baby boys; *Timothy Leedberg and Liam Adderly*. I see this as a hopeful sign, especially in the light of all that we hear about decline in church membership these days.

What a privilege it was to witness these infants, so fresh from God, begin their spiritual journeys. I couldn't help but wonder