

# The All Souls' Message

All Souls Memorial Episcopal Church • Volume 62, Issue 4 • September 2011

From the Rector

## Remembering 9/11 and Praying for Peace

It is hard to believe that it has been ten years since the September 11 that has become for many of us what December 7 must be to those who remember Pearl Harbor. It is a day for remembering: to recall where we were, how we felt when we realized our loved ones were safe, and how we responded when we heard of those who had died. But it is also a day for praying for peace—not in an unrealistic or dreamy way, but praying for the personal and spiritual resources to be peaceful people, at peace with ourselves and then able to be at peace with others. We pray for peace in the world, but we don't lose sight of where such peace begins.

This tenth anniversary of the attacks that struck in Pennsylvania, at the World Trade Center, and at the Pentagon takes place on a Sunday; and that invites us to view this anniversary in a particularly Christian context. Since every Sunday is a little Easter, the Resurrection is the center of all we do. That's especially good when we begin to think of the violence and terror and horrors that sometimes happen in our world. And so, at All Souls on this September 11, we will continue to worship God fully. We will sing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*; we will sing "Alleluia, Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us"; and we will gather at the table, to be renewed by the Bread of Heaven and the Cup of Salvation.

But in our prayers we will also attempt to name some of what we are feeling with this anniversary. We will pray for those who died in the attacks. We will pray for those who have died in



the conflicts that were inflamed by those attacks. And we will pray for peace—in ourselves, among people of all religious faiths and no faith. We will pray especially for the peace of Christ, a peace that is not of our making but only comes from God.

Among the various people, situations, and stories from September 11 that I remember, I especially recall an article that appeared in the *New York Times* on the fourth anniversary of 9/11. The article interviewed different people and asked them how they were dealing with the anniversary. Many were still nervous. Some were afraid. Others had tried to move on, but one man's story in particular stood out for me.

It was ten years ago now that Leslye Noyes and Michael Slater were about to have their third child. On September 11, they watched the twin towers burn from the delivery floor of the hos-

pital. After several hours, Leslye delivered a healthy little girl. Mr. Slater says that he later left the hospital to take the train back to Brooklyn and check on their other two children. "Everyone on the train was totally somber," he said. "I am not the kind of person to do this," he explained, "but something came over me and so I stood up and said, 'Hey everybody, not everything that happened today was horrible.' And I took out pictures of my daughter." People began hugging him and clapping their hands. They passed the picture up and down the car. In the midst of death, people were given a glimpse of new life.

Every Sunday is a celebration of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Resurrection does not deny death. It transforms death and changes it forever. The color on the altar at All Souls on September 11 this year will be green, because it is the Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Green may be the liturgical color for an ordinary Sunday, but it is also the color of fertile and growing things—of life and creation and renewal. Green is a color for going forward.

As we remember and pray for peace, may the eyes of faith allow us to see new life, possibility, and resurrection. And may God give us faith to live into that day when "God will wipe away every tear from our eyes, and death shall be no more." ✚

John Beddingfield

See "In this issue" on page 3.

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**All Souls Centennial Events**  
**Featuring our Centennial Photo Exhibit**

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*Ongoing*  
*through Easter 2012*  
**PICTURING ALL SOULS**  
Photographs from the  
Parish Archives  
(currently on display in the  
administrative wing hallway)

**Sunday, September 18:**  
**BUILDING FOR ALL SOULS**  
MTFA Architects presents a  
plan to the congregation for  
universal accessibility  
(including an elevator and  
fully accessible restrooms),  
1 p.m., Undercroft.

**Sunday, September 25**  
**SPEAKING UP FOR ALL SOULS**

- Low Mass 8:30 a.m., sermon by the Rector
- High Mass 11 a.m., sermon by the Rt. Rev. Christopher Senyonjo, retired bishop of West Buganda, Uganda (*outspoken advocate for human rights in Uganda*)
- Reception and discussion forum in the undercroft follow the worship service.



**CELEBRATING**  
**ALL SOULS**  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8  
THROUGH  
SUNDAY OCTOBER 16

**Saturday, October 8**  
**ALL SOULS OPEN HOUSE**  
**Noon to 3 p.m.**

- Featuring clowns, balloons, face-painting, food, tours of the stained glass windows at the church, and much more.
- Blessing of the Animals for St. Francis' Day, 3 p.m.

**Sunday, October 9**  
**FATHER VAN DOOREN**  
**PREACHING**

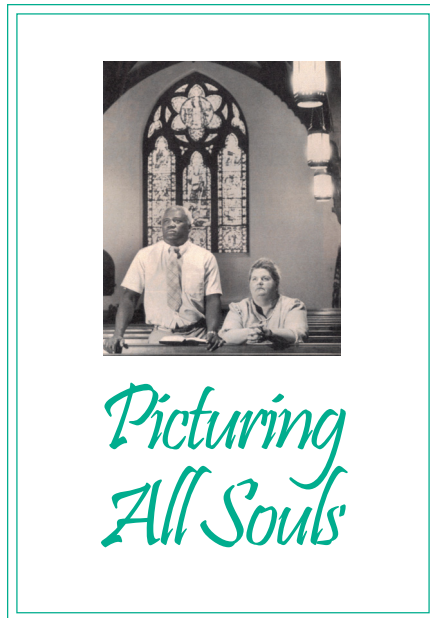
- Low Mass, 8:30 a.m.
  - High Mass, 11 a.m.
- At both services the sermon is by the Rev. John David van Dooren, rector of the Church of the Atonement, Chicago, IL (*formerly sixth rector of All Souls*)

**Saturday, October 15**  
**1911 PARISH DINNER**

- Hors d'oeuvres, 6:30 p.m.; Dinner, 7 p.m.
- Featuring food from the turn of the century. Feel free to dress in period costume.

**Sunday, October 16**  
**GUEST PREACHERS**

- Low Mass, 8:30 a.m.; sermon by the rector
- High Mass 11 a.m.; sermon by the Rt. Rev. John Bryson Chane, Eighth Bishop of Washington
- Choral Evensong 4 p.m.; the Rev. Dr. Deborah Meister, rector of St. Alban's Parish, Washington, DC
- Afternoon Tea follows Evensong.



These pictures currently on exhibition in the main hallway of the administration wing derive from various sources. Some first appeared in parish publications and have been photocopied and enlarged. Several images were obtained by All Souls parishioners through the years from the U.S. Department of Defense, and more recently, from the *Washington Post*, *People* magazine, and other individuals.

ARCHIVES FOR THE CENTENNIAL OF ALL SOULS were initially selected by the former Senior Warden of our Vestry, Nancye Suggs. Though her untimely death interrupted the project, it is now offered in commemoration of her life and love for All Souls—and in thanksgiving for all those who have prayed in this place over the last 100 years. ✚

## Making All Souls History More Accessible

The members of the Archives Guild (Jeanette Studley, Maggie Tomasello and Marko Zlatich) have been very busy locating historical records in the Archives collection that may be useful in the efforts led by our late Senior Warden, Nancye Suggs, who, in connection with our forthcoming Centennial Celebration, was in the course of assembling materials for an up-to-date history of our beloved church.

To that end, Jeanette Studley has been preparing an online index to the current Archives. We were deeply moved to have known that Nancye spent some of her last moments in the Archives. We are also honored that on retirement from the Vestry leadership, Nancye had joined the fellowship of the Archives Guild. ✚

Marko Zlatich

### In this issue

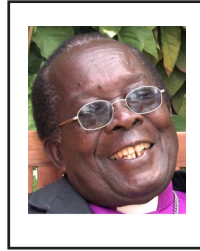
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The Message is published every two months except for a June/July/August issue and a single issue in September.

Bishop Christopher Senyonjo, often referred to as the Desmond Tutu of Uganda, is an outspoken advocate for human rights. He has taken great risks in defense of LGBT people in his country, a nation where lawmakers recently considered imposing a death penalty on homosexuals.

Senyonjo was inhibited by the Anglican Church in Uganda in 2007 for his ministry serving the marginalized and oppressed, including the gay community, in a society where corruption and intimidation are commonplace. Through the Kampala-based St. Paul's Centre for Equality and Reconciliation, Senyonjo ministers to those in need regardless of their gender, social background or sexuality. The center also runs programs in illiteracy and education, and it provides support to single mothers and those living with HIV.

In Uganda, current laws on homosexuality carry sentences of up to 14 years in prison. In October 2009, a controversial bill was proposed to the Ugandan Parliament that called for broadening the criminalization of homosexuality in the



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*Anglican Bishop Christopher Senyonjo will preach at the 11 a.m. Mass on September 25. After the Mass, there will be a brief reception and a question and answer forum with the Bishop.*  
”

East African country and introducing the death penalty in certain cases.

Following international public condemnation, the bill has been temporarily withdrawn but is expected to be reintroduced. In March 2010, Senyonjo was among those who delivered to the Ugandan Parliament an online petition containing more than 450,000 signatures of people opposing the law.

“We leaders in the faith community must teach one another to listen and to live with differences,” Senyonjo added. “We must work hard not to impose our religious values on the whole society. It begins as simply as couple counseling before marriage and, on a larger scale, to respect human rights and avoid scapegoating a vulnerable minority.” ✦

At a Holy Eucharist and Liturgy for Senior Celebrations, three senior members of All Souls were honored at the National Cathedral on May 2, 2011. Parishioners Harriet Curry and Carlos T. Guerra were among a group of seniors representing 27 parishes and the Washington National Cathedral honored for their “lifetime of dedicated service to God, family and community.”

*Harriet Curry,  
Carlos Guerra,  
&  
Nancy Aherne  
Honored at  
National Cathedral.*

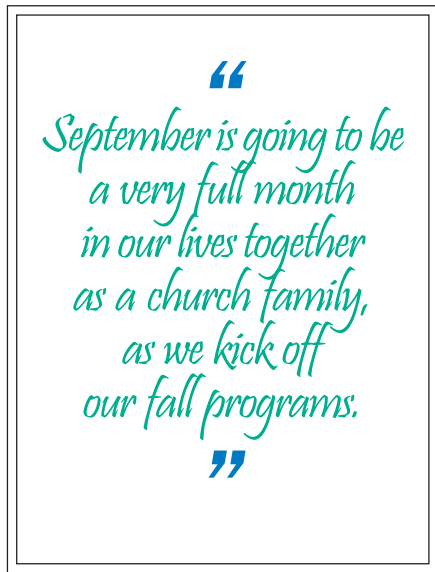
Parishioner Nancy Maes Aherne was also honored as the representative of the community of senior services affiliated with the National Cathedral. The honorees were accompanied by family and friends, and, in our case, by our proud rector. ✦

Marko Zlatich

Let me open by thanking you for the opportunity to be your Senior Warden. I'll look forward to your advice, and I need your prayers.

We've had a rough start to the year with a number of deaths in the parish, including the loss of leaders like Nancy Suggs and Jeff Workman. As we miss them and pray for their friends and families, we can consider these words: "Remember your leaders, those who spoke the word of God to you; consider the outcome of their way of life, and imitate their faith." (Heb. 13:7)

While I am mostly in the mindset of looking forward, I do want to look backward for just a moment at our involvement in Capital Pride. Between the Parade and the Festival, we had somewhere between 40 and 50 All Souls members engaged. During the Parade, we gave out about 4,000 All Souls wrist bands and gave everyone who had a pet an invitation to our Blessing of the Animals in October—Jennifer Crier Johnston's great idea. Our booth at the Festival was in a wonderful position near the festival entrance; moreover, as it happened, the folks in the booth next to us didn't like their booth (because of noise from another booth—not us!) and insisted on moving, leaving us with a double booth. We acted on Katherine Nordal's suggestion that we give out backpacks with the All Souls Centennial Logo. These were really popular because they looked sharp and, since we were near the entrance to the Festival, people were looking for bags to collect handouts from the Festival. We went through 550 backpacks in four hours. The bottom line is that we were very visible and we've had people visit All Souls as a result of our presence at Pride. We'll be there next year as well. With a double booth.



Our next major opportunity for evangelism (let's just get over it and try to get comfortable with the "e-word," OK?!) will be our All Souls Open House on Saturday, October 8th. I hope that we'll approach that with the same enthusiasm that went into Pride. We haven't done as much as we can to reach out to our immediate neighborhood, so I think that this has the potential to be a very important event.

Perhaps you noticed that I referred to our next "major" opportunity for evangelism: your actual next opportunity for evangelism is when you go a bit out of your comfort zone to talk to someone you don't know after Mass or at Coffee Hour, or when you invite a friend with you to All Souls. Please, please, please don't underestimate how important it is to talk to newcomers and to invite people to our church.

September is going to be a very full month in our lives together as a church family as we kick off our fall programs. I do want to highlight two key events:

- On Sunday, September 18, after the 11:00 a.m. Mass, Jim Clark of MTFA architects will present our plan in the Undercroft for increasing the building's accessibility. Lunch will be provided. I think that we have a very broad consensus within the parish with respect to moving forward with greater accessibility: if we're really going to be a church for All Souls, we've got to! This event culminates almost two years of interaction between a group of All Souls parishioners and our architect. The next steps are dependent on your response to this plan and, putting it somewhat bluntly, on your generosity. Please plan to join us for this milestone event.
- We will sponsor a Ministry Day on Sunday, September 11 after the 8:30 and 11:00 a.m. services. By the time that we get to Ministry Day, your Rector and your Vestry will have taken a hard look at our goals and our organization. We're going to keep our goals very realistic and achievable, but we're going to need your help (time, talent, and treasure) to achieve our goals. For openers, volunteering a few hours of your time and talent at Ministry Day can make a big difference in how well this parish functions.

There's a lot to do and a lot to look forward to: let's get going! ✚

Dale Lewis

## *There are many ways to get involved at All Souls.*

**A**t its planning retreat on August 20, 2011 the Vestry created six primary ministry areas. While several vestry members may maintain connections and oversight with various ministry areas, there is a primary vestry liaison for each area, to whom coordinators, committee chairs, and others can look for resources, encouragement, and support. Since this structure is new, it may change slightly as the parish grows into it over the coming months.

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*Contact the primary liaison if you want more information or to volunteer.*

### **Building and Grounds**

*Jennifer Crier Johnston, primary liaison*

202-488-3525, cell 202-437-6782

E-mail: [jcjohnston38@msn.com](mailto:johnston38@msn.com)

Garden Guild

Handicap Accessibility

All Souls are Green

### **Communications and Outreach**

*Jeff Wells, primary liaison*

202-686-7228, cell 202-746-0120

E-mail: [jeff.wells@starpower.net](mailto:jeff.wells@starpower.net)

Greeters

Pride Committee

Newcomers Reception

Centennial Celebration

Ministry Day

Communication: *The Message*, Weekly Bulletin Insert,  
Facebook, Website

### **Finance, Stewardship & Administration**

*Larry Sturgeon, primary liaison*

202-265-5152, cell 202-215-2455

E-mail: [matt.stur@verizon.net](mailto:matt.stur@verizon.net)

Stewardship Campaign

Endowment Fund Board

Personnel Committee

Budget

Parish Administrator

Membership

Parish Office Volunteers

Legal Counsel

### **Education and Christian Formation**

*Bob Publicover, primary liaison*

301-495-5840, cell 202-438-9134

E-mail: [rjp@publicover.net](mailto:rjp@publicover.net)

Adult Forum

Catechesis

Nursery

Sunday School

### **Faith in Action**

*Katherine Nordal, primary liaison*

202-249-1182, cell 202-520-5203

E-mail: [knordal@apa.org](mailto:knordal@apa.org)

Adopt-an-Apartment Program

Capital Area Food Bank

Christ House

Christmas Bazaar

Episcopal Center for Children

Habitat for Humanity

Bishop Walker School

Kwasa Center

Saint Mary's Court

Samaritan Ministry of Greater Washington

Prayer Shawl Ministry

### **Parish Life & Worship**

*Martha Domenico, primary liaison*

202-364-5349, [no cell phone]

E-mail: [the.domenicos@verizon.net](mailto:the.domenicos@verizon.net)

Foyer Dinner Group Program

Archives Guild

Bethany Guild

Food! (Kitchen): Breakfast Guild, Coffee Hour,

Thanksgiving

Easter Egg Hunt

Parish Parties

Parish Picnic

Men's Fellowship

Senior Ministries

Wise and Mature Lunch

Choir/Music Program

Acolyte Guild

Altar Guild

Bell Guild

Ushers

Lay Readers

Centering Prayer

Internet Prayer Circle

Service Roster Coordination

Pastoral Care: Encouraging Support Networks, Healing  
Ministry, Lay Eucharistic Ministers

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*Ministry Day is Sunday, September 11  
after the 8:30 and 11:00 a.m. Masses*

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This is the second part of "My Perspective: Parish Essays", an occasional series. The first part was published in the April/May 2011 issue of the newsletter. —Ed

As I drove over to the Eastern Shore of Maryland this past fall for a family reunion, it brought back memories. It was here, in Somerset County, where so many of my early attitudes about race and much more — attitudes both good and bad — had been shaped. On a Sunday morning, I attended St. Andrews, my old home parish where I had been baptized and confirmed. Afterward, after some hesitation, I decided to drive south of town and up the lane to the migratory labor camp where I had worked as a boy so many years ago. I had expected it to be deserted but I was wrong. It was still very much up and running. There was a guard shack at the end of the lane that I didn't remember, and although it was unmanned, it made me feel uneasy. Because it was Sunday, there wasn't much activity. But from the few faces I could see, it looked like most of the migratory laborers these days are Hispanic. I didn't feel free to look around and I left almost immediately.

Migratory labor camps are nothing new, as I recall from my summer or 1951. Those of a certain age may remember Edward R. Murrow's famous "Harvest of Shame," a broadcast by CBS News that aired in the fall of 1960. Murrow's riveting documentary revealed that America's tables were being made bountiful through a system of migratory labor comprised almost entirely of Southern blacks. This migratory system provided the stoop labor that harvested crops as they ripened, beginning first in Florida and then moving northward along the East Coast as the season progressed.

Maryland, and particularly the Eastern Shore, was a major stop along the

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all too easily.  
”

way. Migrant farm workers were organized into crews. Often whole families were part of these crews, and included very young children. Typically, no provision was made for the care or education of these children, who often accompanied their parents into the fields, day after day. Long hours, low wages, and bad housing characterized the life of these migrants. As someone in the documentary said, "We used to have to own our slaves. Now we just rent them."

I knew all about this migratory labor system long before Edward R. Murrow's much-acclaimed documentary exposed it. I knew about it because I had been a part of it. Not as a migrant worker, but from the inside, as a white kid holding down a job in a grocery store on a migratory labor camp. That had been my summer job when I was 15 years old back in 1951, nearly 10 years before Murrow's broadcast.

To better understand my experience in the grocery store, perhaps I should say a few words about where I'm from and what it was like there when I was 15. I'm a native of Somerset County on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Over its long history, going back nearly 350 years, the county has retained its rural character. Its population today is

almost unvaried from what it was a hundred years ago. Its wealth—a decidedly relative term, since Somerset County has long been one of the poorest counties in Maryland—has been derived from the now sadly diminished bounty of the Chesapeake Bay and the rich soil that made it prime country for growing fruits and vegetables. The cultural focus of Somerset County, which abuts the Eastern Shore of Virginia, has always been predominantly Southern in its attitudes and sentiments. When I was being raised there in the late '40s and throughout the '50s, it was a completely segregated society, with racial integration nowhere on the horizon.

In the 1950s, the State of Maryland was interested in assuring that there would be a supply of migratory laborers to help local farmers get their crops out of the fields. In those years, my father worked for a division of State Government that facilitated this program, and knew the man who had been granted the concession to operate a general store on a migratory labor camp about seven miles from our home. That's how I got the clerk's job in the general store. And that began my association with Little Joe, the white guy who was the concession operator.

The camp where the general store was located was called Camp Somerset, and it had begun life in 1935 as a Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camp. During the latter part of the WW II, it had become an internment camp for German prisoners of war (POWs). These POWs were brought to the United States to fill in for American agricultural and forestry workers who were away doing military service. The camp accommodated about a thousand prisoners in single-story, barracks-style structures. Although there was nothing fancy about these buildings, they did have indoor plumbing which, in the mid-1940s, some resi-

dents of Somerset County still did not have (including my grandparents). After the war, the camp was closed, only to be reopened a few years later as a migratory labor camp.

The general store where I clerked may have been the prison camp canteen or perhaps the recreation building. Its long, low construction and black roof guaranteed that in the dead of summer, it was going to be sweltering inside. A big floor fan at the far end of the store didn't do more than push hot air from one side of the building to the other. Curls of sticky brown fly paper lazied around in the eddies created by the backwash from the fan.

My first day on the job, events took a turn I could never have anticipated. About mid-morning, a group of three or four black people burst into the store, rushed up to me, and shouted, "A woman's just been raped behind the store!" They stood there, breathing hard, looking at me.

I knew from the look on their faces that they expected me to deal with what had happened. Me, the over-weight white kid who wasn't very sure of himself, even under the best of circumstances. My mind went completely blank. There had been a rape? Of course, I knew about rape—at least, in a bookish kind of way. But I had never had a serious discussion about it with anyone. Certainly not with my parents and certainly not in the public schools. That wasn't the sort of thing that got discussed very freely in the 1950s. Now a woman had been raped behind the store where I had just begun working, and I was being asked to do something about it.

I couldn't think. "What?" I stammered, "What?" "Yes, yes, a woman's been raped!" they shouted again. I rushed to look out the nearest back window. About thirty feet away, I saw two black women supporting a third woman who stood between them. The

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*It all just seemed  
to disappear,  
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happened.*  
”

woman in the middle looked crumpled up. Slowly, the trio began to walk, the two bending in toward the woman in the middle. Turning back inside, I said "We'll call the police! We'll call the State Police!"

I don't remember if I called the State Police or not, but somebody must have. Because the next thing I remember is the State Police standing behind the store, talking to people, taking notes.

I don't think I mentioned the rape to my parents that evening, and I don't remember my parents asking me anything about it, although I'm sure my father knew what had happened. I don't remember any discussion in my home town about this crime, and I don't think it ever became an item of local news. I don't remember anyone being arrested. It all just seemed to disappear, almost as if it had never really happened. After all, this was something that had happened to a migratory laborer, somebody who wasn't really a part of the community, someone who was just passing through on the way to somewhere else.

My subsequent days at the store were more routine. The store carried a little bit of everything. At one end there was a big kerosene pump attached to a red

drum. Kerosene was often used to quick-start a fire in wood-burning stoves. On the shelves, there was a small selection of cereals, one type of white bread, and boxes of saltines. There were various kinds of canned goods. Sardines in mustard sauce and pork and beans were always steady sellers. A small refrigerated meat case featured an array of meats such as chicken feet, pigs ears, chicken necks, hot dogs, chicken wings, pigs feet, and smoked ham hocks. There was lunch meat such as baloney and spiced pork roll and something with which I was completely unfamiliar: souse, with its scraps of pork imbedded in an electrifying shade of green gelatin, flecked with pieces of bright red pepper and assorted other ingredients. I always wanted to taste the souse we sold, but there was something about that shade of green that waved me off all summer long.

On top of the counter were big glass jars of pickled pigs feet, while on a butcher's block behind the counter sat a big head of really delicious cheese. The cheese was kept at room temperature in a wooden hoop box, and the hotter the room got, the better the cheese tasted. This wonderful cheese was also highly prized by the store's flies. They repeatedly laid eggs around the edges of the cheese, and maggots were constantly hatching out. Beyond our patrons' gaze, we cut away the squirming maggots, weighed up the cheese, and sold it. I ate that cheese all summer long.

The service counters were unusually wide, making it virtually impossible for anyone to reach across and snatch something from a shelf. Nonetheless, Little Joe pointed out to me that he had placed two-foot lengths of lead pipe at various intervals under the counter. His instruction was that if I caught anyone attempting to reach over the counter, he expected me to grab the nearest length of pipe and strike the

arm of anyone attempting to steal from him.

Migratory laborers have to be in the fields at first light, so that meant that Little Joe and I had to be in the store even earlier, as dozens of people crowded in, buying cold cuts, Royal Crown Colas, Moon Pies, and whatever else they figured would help them get through the day. By 6 am, the rush was over and the crews had all jumped into trucks and were off to wherever they were picking that day. Then Little Joe would leave and I was left by myself, me and the rack of comic books and a supply of Nehi orange sodas and little five-cent fruit pies that I loved.

Sometimes black people of various ages, who, for one reason or another, hadn't gone into the fields, would come in to talk to me. Several I especially remember. One was an older woman, probably in her 40s. She was badly broken up. She had been in a car accident somewhere in North Carolina and had never received proper care. I think she was in constant pain. In any event, she was usually drunk by the time she came hobbling in to see me and had been eating Sen-Sen to mask whatever she'd been drinking (it didn't work). She was from Florida, and her tales of operating houses of ill-fame for a crooked Florida sheriff were quite vivid. Strangely, while her stories were unforgettable, I can't recall her face.

That's not the case with my other frequent visitor, a very pretty young black girl of about ten. One day, she suddenly said: "I'd like to do what you're doing some day". I said: "You would? Can you add, subtract, multiply, and divide?" She nodded that she could. "OK, I said, Let's see." I got out a brown paper bag, and over the next ten minutes or so, gave her a number of arithmetic problems to do. She got every one of them right.

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Perhaps  
my Baptism  
had left an indelible  
mark after all.  
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I don't know if I thought it then, or not until much later: What chance did that young black girl, the child of migratory laborers, ever have of becoming something as simple as a clerk in a ramshackle country store? In 1951, such dreams got suffocated all too easily. Somehow, I hope she got out of the fields and was able to realize some of her hopes and ambitions. I've thought of her many times over the years, and her face is very alive in my memory.

One day, Little Joe came into the store and announced that we had work to do. The morning rush was over. He closed up the store so that no more customers could enter. He got out three or four big wash tubs and many boxes of baking soda. The refrigeration case for the meats was faltering and the contents of the case—all those chicken wings and pigs ears and hot dogs—were beginning to go bad. When this begins to happen, the meat starts to give off a sour smell and a slickness develops on its surface.

For all of this, Little Joe had a remedy. First, we emptied boxes of baking soda into the tubs which he filled about half full of water. Then we unwrapped the souring pigs ears and dropped them into the first tub of water and proceeded to give them a soda bath, scrubbing and rubbing them vigorously. Then, for good measure, we put them

through a second soda bath. When we had finished, all sourness of smell and slickness to the touch had been removed. The pigs ears were patted dry, reweighed, rewrapped, priced, and returned to the case.

I wish I could say that I felt squeamish at the time about participating in Little Joe's soda bathing operation, or that I felt that I was doing something that was wrong, or that I should have taken a stand against what Little Joe was doing. But I don't have a memory of any such thoughts or feelings. What I do remember, however, as one of the iron rules of proper childhood behavior—at least as laid down by my parents and widely shared in the community—is that you respected and deferred to your elders and always did what they instructed you to do, whether they were your class room teacher or your minister. Or, indeed, your employer who, as it turned out, just might expect you to help him disguise tainted food.

And so Little Joe and I proceeded through all the other spoiling food, all of which was sold with little or no thought of what it might do to the people who ate it. After all, why should you think much about people you have been taught were not really a part of your life, and never would be. When you're taught that, when that becomes a part of how you think, then so much becomes possible.

By the time Edward R. Murrow's "Harvest of Shame" aired in 1960, my experience with Little Joe, the country store, and the tainted food were nearly ten years behind me. I had completed college and graduate school and was no longer living on the Eastern Shore. But my parents and younger brother still continued to live in our home town, which, as fate would have it, was also the home of Maryland State College, the designation given the black branch of the University of Maryland (blacks had not originally been admitted to

the University of Maryland-College Park).

The students at Maryland State finally brought sit-ins to Somerset County. In the early '60s, one of the Maryland State students found herself in the local jail at Christmastime. She was an Episcopalian and got word to the then-rector of St. Andrews, the Episcopal Church to which my family belonged, that she wished to receive communion. The rector asked my father, who was junior warden at the time, to accompany him to the lock-up. My father reported that the rector duly administered the sacrament and then proceeded to berate the young woman, pointing out to her that she was allowing herself to become nothing more than a tool of the international Communist conspiracy. I was outraged when I learned this, but this was not the last straw for me. In truth, my drift away from the church had begun some time before. I would rarely see the inside of an Episcopal church again, except for my parents' funerals and an occasional wedding, for another 45 years.

Over the intervening years, I gave many things a try. While I did not fully immerse myself in every aspect of '60s culture, I did develop an acquaintance with a number of the leading pharmaceuticals and botanicals of the day. That led me into the study and practice of shamanism for a time. Later, I became deeply interested in Hinduism, going so far as to tape record long passages from the Bhagavad Gita that I played back on my car tape deck as I drove along. I practiced meditation with several groups of Buddhists, but never, I felt, with sufficient discipline. For years I had regular sessions with a remarkable psychic who, early on, told me that my spiritual journey would be that of someone traveling through life, gathering an arm-load of flowers. And so it has seemed.

“  
*I have no doubt  
that love is the  
greatest force ever  
let loose in the world,  
with the power to  
totally transform us.*  
”

Yet even when my spiritual journeying was at its most far-flung, and my mind most removed from any conscious thought of the church, I retained a love for Jesus. I never spoke of it to anyone, but it was always there. At times, I would unexpectedly find myself thinking about Jesus and, just as unexpectedly, would sometimes find myself crying. I really can't explain why. Could it spring from a sense of something lost in my relationship with my father or mother? Possibly, but I would have thought those veins pretty well mined out during seven years of psychotherapy. Or could it be just a simple neurotic reaction to the accumulated woes and miseries of life? Perhaps. But I've also begun to wonder if one of those things done "to" me in my childhood, like my baptism, might not have somehow left an indelible mark on me after all. Or is that just "magical" thinking?

In many ways I'm back where I started, trying once again—or maybe for the first time—to be a Christian, not really knowing what that demands of me, but trying anyhow, despite all my fears and uncertainties. Nothing has become more central to all my strivings than All Souls. Since coming here nearly three years ago, I

have discovered a community of people very much like myself, each of us seeking to open our lives to a closer and more profound relationship with Jesus. I have been inspired by the concern I see expressed within the community not only for its own members but also for those in need in the wider world. After so many years of living apart from the church, my renewed acquaintance with the forms and language of the liturgy has helped renew and enrich the experience of worship. And even though I remain troubled by many doubts, there is one I do not have: I have no doubt that love is the greatest force ever let loose in the world, with the power to totally transform each of us. I believe Jesus came among us to let us know that, and died trying to open our hearts to that message. And that, I think, is what can still move me to the point of tears.

After I returned home, I discovered that Camp Somerset, as well as Maryland's other migratory labor camps, had been the subject of a major investigative study by the State in the early 1980s. The evidence amassed showed that conditions ranged from bad to deplorable. Today, what I had known as Camp Somerset apparently operates under a license from the State, but not under the name of Camp Somerset—at least for licensing purposes. At the time the license was issued, it held the largest migratory labor population of any camp in Maryland—715 persons—but no women and children are listed at all.

I wondered what that could mean for the men who now do this kind of work, to be separated from their families for months on end as they followed the crop-picking season. I wondered if, in all the intervening years since my summer job and Edward R. Murrow's shocking expose, there had really been any changes for the better. Or had one shameful harvest merely given way to another? ✦

Bob Colburn

# Activities Calendar for 2011

## All Souls Memorial Episcopal Church

# September

As of August 22, 2011

	Sunday*	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
4—Pentecost 12		5— <i>Labor Day</i>	6	7	8	9	10
		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Office closed</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>Christ House breakfast, 7 a.m.</li> <li>Low Mass at noon</li> <li>Christ House dinner, 4 p.m.</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> <li>St. Mary's Court, 3 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Farmer's Market, parking lot, 8:30 a.m.–12:30 p.m., every Sat. until mid-December</li> <li>Garden Guild meets from time to time, 9 a.m.–Noon</li> </ul>
11—Pentecost 13 <i>Ingathering Sunday</i>	12	13	14— <i>Holy Cross Day</i>	15	16	17	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Choir season resumes</li> <li>Ministry Day, undercroft, after 8:30 &amp; 11 a.m.</li> <li>Masses</li> <li>Endowment Fund Board meeting, conference room, 10 a.m.</li> <li>MTFA Architects presentation, undercroft, 1 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Christ House dinner, 4 p.m.</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>Christ House breakfast, 7 a.m.</li> <li>Low Mass at noon</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> <li>DCRCA Prayer Breakfast Recovery Month, undercroft, 7–11 a.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Choral Concert: Night &amp; Day, the Capital Hearings, church, 8 p.m.</li> </ul>	
18—Pentecost 14	19	20	21— <i>St. Matthew, Apostle &amp; Evangelist</i>	22	23— <i>Autumn begins</i>	24	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Adult Forum resumes, 10 a.m.</li> <li>Sunday school resumes, 11 a.m.</li> <li>Newcomers Wine &amp; Cheeses Reception, undercroft, 4–7 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> <li>Parish Administrator's Lunch &amp; Meeting, undercroft, 12:30–2 p.m.</li> <li>Mass &amp; Vestry meeting, conference room, 7 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>Christ House breakfast, 7 a.m.</li> <li>Low Mass at noon</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> </ul>		
25—Pentecost 15	26	27	28	29— <i>St. Michael &amp; All Angels</i>	30		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Adult Forum, 10 a.m.</li> <li>Bishop Senyonjo preacher, 11 a.m.</li> <li>Bishop's Forum, undercroft, 12:45 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> <li>Christ House breakfast, 7 a.m.</li> <li>Wise &amp; Mature Lunch, undercroft, after noon Mass</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> <li>Christ House breakfast, 7 a.m.</li> <li>Wise &amp; Mature Lunch, undercroft, after noon Mass</li> <li>Rehearsal: Capital Hearings, undercroft, 7–10 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m. &amp; Low Mass, 7:30 a.m.</li> <li>St. Mary's Court, 3 p.m.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Matins, 7:15 a.m.</li> <li>AA Meeting, conference room, 8:30 p.m.</li> </ul>		

**\* Regular Sunday Activities (Check dates for additions or exceptions)**  
 Holy Eucharist, 8:30 & 11 a.m.  
 Healing Rite, first Sunday of the month —both services  
 Breakfast, after early Mass  
 Child care, 8:15 a.m.–12:30 p.m.  
 Choir Rehearsal, 9:15–10:45 a.m.  
 Adult Forum, 10 a.m.  
 Sunday School, 11:15 a.m.  
 Coffee Hour, after 11 a.m. Mass  
 AA Meeting, 3 p.m., conference room

*The time has come for  
a change in leadership!*

*Scarves for Kwasa School in South Africa:  
Mission Accomplished!*

**A**fter many years as coordinator, I have decided to stop leading the foyer dinner program. In order to continue the program, I am looking for someone to volunteer as the coordinator. Sign-up will begin in December, and I will work with the new coordinator to learn the process of assigning folks to groups. After that the program mostly runs itself. E-mail me at [barrybutch@aol.com](mailto:barrybutch@aol.com) if you want to volunteer.

Foyer dinners, one of All Souls' oldest ministries, are a popular way to get acquainted with the diverse community who attend All Souls. Under the direction of dinner captains, small groups of about ten share potluck dinners in their homes or other informal settings. Generally, several dinners are held by each group during the church year. You may join the groups any time during the year. ✚

*Butch Bradburn*

**T**he All Souls Prayer Shawl/Mantle Ministry began in Lent 2009. I began knitting shawls in 2008 on my own and then with a group, and I learned what a powerful gift a handmade shawl/mantle/baby blanket/quilt can be in a family's life. The Prayer Shawl Ministry began in 1998 and has spread through many churches across America and to other countries as well. These handmade items provide comfort for those in need, joy to those who celebrate, and a tangible example of God's love and care for all of us.

Father John supported my interest in starting this ministry, sponsored our first meeting, and led us in prayer as we launched this additional way to remind our parish family and friends they are part of God's enduring love and the friendship of All Souls. At Easter Sunday 2009 Masses, Father blessed our first donation of shawls, and we have been busy ever since.

Nancye Suggs, a knitter from the beginning, suggested we make 100 scarves for the Kwasa School in Springs, South Africa to celebrate All Souls' Centennial. Happily, this is a mission accomplished!

Our Prayer Shawl Ministry is uplifting on many levels. The visible gift is the shawl, blanket, hat or scarf; the invisible gift is the maker's opportunity to contemplate God's love and how we extend and expand it through our handiwork.

Please consider joining this group as we continue this ministry. Don't knit or crochet? We accept financial donations, too, and appreciate your prayers as we continue this mission of love and care. For more information, please find me at [the.domenicos@verizon.net](mailto:the.domenicos@verizon.net), calling 202.364.5349 or looking for me at coffee hour. ✚

*Martha Domenico*



*Sunday school begins September 18 at 11 a.m  
Watch for specific announcements and special events.  
If you are interested in helping or in teaching, speak with Stefanie Vestal.*

## Vaccinations: Saturday, October 8

Once again this year, Maxim Health Systems will offer flu and pneumonia shots in the Undercroft on Saturday, October 8, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m.

Maxim will bill Medicare Part B or participating health plans for those with valid Medicare coverage and proper documentation. For those without Medicare Part B, the cost of the flu shot is \$30 and \$60 for the pneumonia shot. The flu shot this year will include some protection for the H1N1 virus, which will therefore not require a separate injection.

Our very own Dr. Al Muller is responsible for setting up this worthwhile service at All Souls. Please contact Al directly if you have questions or need more information (301/657-1671). ✦

A number of former and present All Souls choir members sing with the Capital Hearings. This is a mixed *a cappella* vocal ensemble of young professionals in the Washington, D.C. area who enjoy learning and performing great music of all types. Their repertoire ranges from the classical to the contemporary—Palestrina, Duruflé, and Whitacre through Gershwin, McCartney, and Take 6. All of our members perform in prominent Washington-area choruses, have church choir jobs, or work as music educators. But, more importantly, they're a group that enjoys good music (of all genres), good wine (of all vintages), and great company (of all voice types).

## ☾ NIGHT & DAY ☀ Capital Hearings Concert September 10 at 8 p.m.

☾ NIGHT&DAY ☀, is the theme for the concert coming up on September 10th! Join us as we explore the themes that link music of different styles, from classical through modern pop. For more information on the group, the concert, or tickets, see <http://www.thecapitalhearings.com/>

✦

### UPCOMING NEWSLETTER DEADLINES

Copy deadline for articles for the Centennial (October/November) issue of The Message is **Sunday, August 28**

Copy deadline for articles for the December 2011/January 2012 issue of The Message is **Sunday, October 24**

Please have your articles in Leigh Harrison's hands by that date. Electronic submission preferred at [message.allsoulsdc@gmail.com](mailto:message.allsoulsdc@gmail.com). Email Leigh with story ideas, questions, and comments at [mlharr2@gmail.com](mailto:mlharr2@gmail.com).

**Baptisms**

June 5, 2011  
Michael Duncan Wadsworth  
June 12, 2011  
Sophie Madison Grimes

**Burials, Interments, & Memorials**

May 21, 2011  
Jeffrey R. Workman  
July 9, 2011  
Nancye Turner Suggs  
July 15, 2011  
John Mosby Perry  
July 16, 2011  
Bernice H. Jacobsen  
August 6, 2011  
Erling Hansen

**Confirmations & Receptions**

Nathan Craig Parsons, *confirmation*  
Daniel Joseph Plitnik, *confirmation*  
Evelyn Marie Duffy, *reception*

**Marriages & Blessings**

June 25, 2011  
David Charles Crane  
Jeffrey Ray Wells  
July 16, 2011  
Stephen Collins  
Asri Masran  
August 27, 2011  
Daniel Schoos  
Alistair So

**Reaffirmations\***

June 26, 2011  
Claudia Jean Dumas

**Transfers In**

May 26, 2011  
Claudia Jean Dumas

**Transfers Out**

June 9, 2011  
John Price  
Carl Uhlig  
August 18, 2011  
The Rhody Family

**September**

1	Merry Bruns	16	Martha Domenico
4	Steve Jacobs		Page Plissner
5	Samantha Brady		Sarah Plissner
7	Margaret Beardsworth	18	Erwin de Leon
8	Kirstin Gulling	20	Bob Colborn, Jr.
10	Ric Haines	21	Elizabeth Dresser
	Artie Roach		Maggie Tomasello
	Lamar Smith	27	Bob Green
11	Chris Peterson	28	Campbell Buchanan
12	Willis Tatterson	29	Tamara Floyd
15	Ed Able	30	Carolyn Farmer
	Kate Harrison		Abby Fitzsimons
	Susan Morrison		Thomas Gardner
	Mark Porter		

**Honoring the Great Sacrament of Baptism**

If your name is missing from either of this list, and you would like to have it included in this newsletter, or if there is a mistake, please call the parish office at 202-232-4244, and ask for the membership secretary. ✚

\* This category includes new members who join by providing the required information, and existing members who provide missing information, primarily a baptism date. The names are from May through July. In addition, some of these names are the result of updating our membership database. ✚

# Gleanings from All Souls History

Compiled by the late Nancye Suggs

### Did you know?

On our 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary, congratulations were received from President and Mrs. Reagan and Vice President and Mrs. George Bush (whose father had attended this church.

Walter Cronkite's mother attended All Souls, and her funeral was held here.

Through the years, the Women of All Souls held luncheon fashion shows (fashions courtesy of Jelleffs') as well as dessert card parties with the latest in fashionable hats. They also sponsored wonderful day bus trips to interesting places: Ladew Topiary Gardens, Richmond Art Museum, Gettysburg, Longwood Gardens, and Baltimore's Inner Harbor.

### Fall 1920

All Souls had a football team—"the 90 lb team." By November of 1920, 4 games had been played: 2 wins, 2 losses.

### Nov. 1921

"This is to be neither a broad church nor a narrow church; neither a high church nor a low church, but a church of All Souls"—first appeared in *The Message* newsletter.

### May 27, 1951

The cornerstone for the educational building was laid in a ceremony featuring the Honorable Tom Clark (former Attorney general and Justice of the Supreme Court) as speaker. ✚

### Anecdotes:

“  
GOD so loved the world  
that He didn't send a committee.  
”

“  
As servants of Christ we are called  
to minister to people's NEEDS,  
not their WANTS.  
”

## The All Souls Message

All Souls Memorial Episcopal Church  
2300 Cathedral Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20008-1505

Voice: 202-232-4244

FAX: 202-232-8593

e-mail the church: allsouls1@aol.com

e-mail the rector:

jfbeddingfield@yahoo.com

e-mail the Vestry:

allsoulsvestry@gmail.com

Website: www.allsoulsdc.org

### The Vestry

Martha Domenico

Stuart Edwards

Sally MacDonald

Susan Morrison

Katherine Nordal

Robert Publicover

Eugenio Sexton

Larry Sturgeon

Jeff Wells

Dale Lewis, *senior warden*

Jennifer Crier Johnston, *junior warden*

Stephen Jacobs, *registrar*

Terry Cain, *treasurer*

### Clergy and Staff

The Rev. John Beddingfield, *rector*

The Rev. Christopher Worthley,  
*adjunct clergy*

Isaac Borocz, *parish administrator*

Natty Dayal, *child care*

Moises Flores, *Sunday sexton*

Ivanna Velasquez, *child care*

Donna Whited, *interim director of music  
& organist*

### Volunteer Leadership

Harriet Curry, *assistant treasurer*

Patricia Dresser, *chair of the  
Endowment Fund Board*

Carlos Guerra, *sexton emeritus*

Terry Horan, *financial secretary*

Barry Huber, *membership secretary*

### The Message Staff

Editor: Leigh Harrison

Editorial review: John Beddingfield

Isaac Borocz

Harriet Curry

Dale Lewis

Sydney Ponturo

Graphic designer: Barry Huber

*The mission of All Souls Church is to be a Christ-centered sanctuary where a diverse community worships and serves. We live this mission through faithful celebration of the Eucharist, Christian education, and loving nurture of both members and neighbors. ✚*

# *The All Souls Message*

*September 2011*

All Souls Memorial Episcopal Church  
2300 Cathedral Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20008-1505



## *Ingathering Sunday*

*Welcome home —  
renew and refresh your All Souls spirit.*

**Please join us on September 11  
for the start of the fall church year.**

Adult Forum begins, the choir returns; Sunday school,  
the regular breakfast, and coffee hour resume.

