



# THE PARISH NEWSLETTER

## St. John's Church, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068

The Rev. John F. Carter, Rector

Eastertide 2010

Gaile Binzen, Editor  
Karen Byers, Layout Design

### And forth we go, into spring.....



When fair April with his showers sweet,  
Has pierced the drought of March to the root's feet  
And bathed each vein in liquid of such power,  
Its strength creates the newly springing flower;

When the West Wind too, with his sweet breath,  
Has breathed new life - in every copse and heath -  
Into each tender shoot, and the young sun  
From Aries moves to Taurus on his run,  
And those small birds begin their melody,  
(The ones who 'sleep' all night with open eye,)  
Then nature stirs them up to such a pitch  
That folk all long to go on pilgrimage

And wandering travellers tread new shores, strange  
strands,  
Seek out far shrines, renowned in many lands,  
And specially from every shire's end  
Of England to Canterbury they wend  
The holy blessed martyr there to seek,  
Who has brought health to them when they were sick.

Whan that Aprill, with his shoures soote  
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,  
And smale foweles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the nyght with open eye-  
(So priketh hem Nature in hir corages);  
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes  
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;  
And specially from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The hooly blisful martir for to seke  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seeke.

From the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, by Geoffrey Chaucer



Canterbury tales mural by Ezra Winter from the North Reading Room, West Wall, Library of Congress, John Adams Building, Washington, D.C. According to the inscription, this mural shows (left to right): "The Miller, in the lead, piping the band out of Southwark; the Host of Tabard Inn; the Knight, followed by his son, the young Squire, on a white palfrey; a Yeoman; the Doctor of Physic; Chaucer, riding with his back to the observer, as he talks to the Lawyer; the Clerk of Oxenford, reading his beloved classics; the Manciple; the Sailor; the Prioress; the Nun; and three priests."

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Photographs by John Carter, Drawings by Bill Binzen and Paul Bacon

## ***The Rector's Corner***

*Dedicated to my father, Lewis, and my three sons, Caleb, Jacob and Jesse.*

### **THE CROSS IN THE LILIES**

*The Rev. John F. Carter's Easter Sermon, 2010.*



This morning we complete the journey we began a week ago on Palm Sunday.

We also continue the journey today - because the drama and suffering of Holy Week and the sacred surprise of Easter are all part of one living circle. Last suppers, first betrayals, unspeakable losses, triumphal entries and tortuous trials, crosses and empty tombs, death and resurrection - these are metaphors for the mysterious and miraculous stuff of our lives.

It is funny the ways things happen; accidents become coincidences, which become moments of grace. In previous years, the Easter flowers always arrived on Holy Saturday. The large wooden cross of Good Friday, stark, stunning and solemn, had by then been removed, disassembled and stored in the crypt for the Passion of the next year. This powerful reminder of Jesus' suffering and crucifixion was always out of sight on Easter Sunday; perhaps we did not want to think about how Jesus and we arrived at this moment. "Let's just focus on the joy." There's nothing wrong with that.

But this year, however, it was necessary for Doris, who was in charge of the Easter flowers, to meet the flower vendor at the church at 3:00 on Good Friday, because she would be away Holy Saturday. They would bring the flowers into the church and arrange them. At first, I was somewhat uneasy with Easter flowers in the sanctuary only moments after, our story tells us, Jesus had died and been taken away to the tomb. This jarring juxtaposition of sacred events seemed like we were rushing the resurrection.

I could not be at church when the vendor arrived. But when I came back around 4:30, still Good Friday, I was stunned by the beauty of the flowers, all arranged for Sunday - with the cross in their midst. They seemed to be almost pointing to it. The cross, a symbol of judgment, death and profound sorrow, had become the heart of resurrection joy and new life. So - after a little fretting over the break with tradition, I decided to leave the cross right there in the middle of the flowers. After all, are not death and resurrection, loss and the discovery of new life, intimately intertwined? Without the cross there is no resurrection. Conversely, without the resurrection there would be no cross.

*Continued on p 8*

## WHAT'S GOING ON

The Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut  
Media Release -- March 19, 2010

### Ruling in favor of The Episcopal Church in Bishop Seabury Episcopal Church case

*Continued on p 4*

March 19, 2010 - On March 15, 2010, a judge of the Connecticut Superior Court ruled in favor of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut in a lawsuit brought to determine rightful control of the real and personal property of Bishop Seabury Episcopal Church in Groton.

"We welcome the decision of the Superior Court in the Bishop Seabury case," said the Rt. Rev. James E. Curry, bishop suffragan and the ecclesiastical authority for the Diocese of Connecticut. "We are pleased that the court has upheld the polity of the Episcopal Church and recognizes the authority of the Diocese of Connecticut in these matters. We hope and pray that together with the Church in Groton and across Connecticut we can now rededicate ourselves to God's ongoing mission of reconciliation in the world."

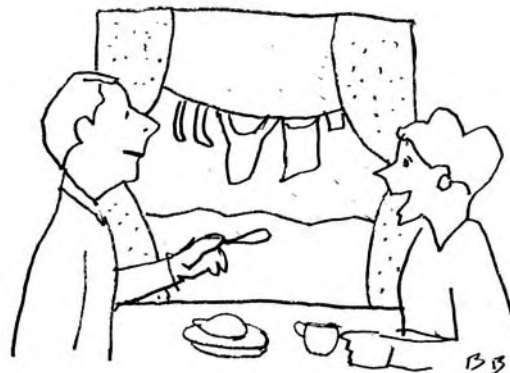
In the fall of 2007, a former Episcopal priest and the former lay leadership of the parish had chosen to leave the Episcopal Church for another church and had refused to relinquish possession of the property. Those individuals, named as defendants in the action, argued to the court that they could choose who would control the parish property and that the property was not subject to the doctrine and polity of the Episcopal Church.

The court rejected that claim, ruling instead that Bishop Seabury Episcopal Church is now and always has been a part of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut and that the property of the parish is held in trust for the Diocese and for the Episcopal Church in the United States of America. The court has ordered that the former priest and lay leaders immediately turn over the parish property to the Diocese. The judge has prohibited the defendants from "wasting, selling, transferring, conveying or encumbering" any of the property.

Bradford S. Babbitt, Chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut, expressed satisfaction with the court's decision. "The ruling is well-reasoned and amply supported by existing law," he said. "While I hope that further dispute over these issues can be

avoided, I believe that the court's decision will be affirmed if the defendants appeal."

### The Window Through Which We Look



A young couple moved into a new neighborhood.

The next morning while they were eating breakfast, the young woman saw her neighbor hanging the wash outside. "That laundry is not very clean," she said. "She doesn't know how to wash correctly. Perhaps she needs better laundry soap."

Her husband looked on, but remained silent.

Every time her neighbor would hang her wash to dry, the young woman would make the same comments.

About one month later, the woman was surprised to see a nice clean wash on the line, and said to her husband, "Look, she has learned how to wash correctly. I wonder who taught her this."

Her husband said, "I got up early this morning and cleaned our windows."

And so it is with life. What we see when watching others depends on the window through which we look.

*Our thanks to Nancy Howard for this telling little tale. Ed.*

Continued from p. 3

### About The Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut

The Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut includes over 170 parishes, missions, and worshipping congregations across the whole state, and has approximately 61,000 baptized members, three bishops, and nearly 500 priests and deacons, active and retired, serving in parishes or in other professions. The diocesan bishop-elect is the Rev. Dr. Ian T. Douglas, who will be consecrated April 17; the two bishops suffragan include the Rt. Rev. James E. Curry and the Rt. Rev. Laura J. Ahrens.

Connecticut is one of over 100 domestic and international dioceses comprising The Episcopal Church

The Diocese traces its history to Bishop Samuel Seabury, a native of Groton, Connecticut, who was consecrated in 1784 as the first bishop of Connecticut and of the Episcopal Church in America. He later became rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, New London.

**HAITI BENEFIT  
CONCERT**

*Featuring Hotchkiss Student  
Musicians*

**3 P.M. SUNDAY, APRIL 18<sup>TH</sup>**

St. John's Church, 12 Main Street, Salisbury, CT

Tickets will be sold at the door or can be reserved by  
emailing [flin@hotchkiss.org](mailto:flin@hotchkiss.org)

Adults - \$15  
Students - \$10

A reception will follow the performance

\* \* \* \* \*

### From The Hartford Courant, Sunday, April 4, 2010.

In a front page article titled “Churches Put Faith in Change,” the Hartford Courant describes the ways Connecticut’s churches of all denominations are coping with loss of income and, in many cases, loss of parishioners. Two quotes:

#### “‘Meeting Human Needs’

Outreach also helps. Congregations that recruit and work at keeping new members by inviting them to become more involved have grown. Age is also a factor. Congregations with large percentages of senior members appear to have growing challenges, are lower in spiritual vitality, poorer in financial health, less open to change and experience, more conflict, a recent report on the faith communities surveys found.”

“A lot of our congregations still are very traditional in their approach to worship,” Roozen of Hartford Seminary, said, (*David A. Roozen, a professor of religion and society, and director of the Hartford Institute for Religion Research at Hartford Seminary*)“and it doesn’t cut it with a lot of what they call the millenials, and it didn’t even cut it with the baby boomers.””

## ***People Who Make a Difference***

### **Profile of Paul Bacon**

**by Ellen McDonald**

For any of you who don't know who Paul Bacon is, well, he sings in the choir, for one. He has also brought to St. John's a wonderful group of jazz musician for "gigs" in which he was the singer, which were received by packed houses with great enthusiasm and joy. But he has another talent that he modestly doesn't sing about, which was discovered through Bill Binzen, who was told by his wife that someone new had joined the choir, whose name was Paul Bacon. "THE Paul Bacon?" asked Bill. "What do you mean, THE Paul Bacon?" Gaile responded, bewildered. "Well, there was a Paul Bacon who was the most famous book-jacket designer in New York in the 'Fifties and 'Sixties." Paul was duly asked if he designed book jackets, and has been known as THE Paul Bacon ever since.

Paul was born in Ossining, NY in 1923, into a family of some privilege. But within not too many years the great Depression hit, the privileges were revoked and Paul's life changed completely. His father suddenly had to find a job, and due to the exigencies of job-hunting in those hard times the family had to move, and move they did, many, many times. Paul said that some years he attended three schools in one year. He even spent a term at HVRHS when his family lived briefly in Falls Village. They finally settled in Newark, NJ where Paul attended the Essex Arts High School, where he was able to confirm that he had artistic talent and that he wanted to pursue a career in art.



Two years after graduation, Pearl Harbor happened. In 1943 Paul joined the Marines and went to the Pacific, where he was in many of the hot spots but luckily, as he puts it, only after they had cooled off. He got out of the Marines in 1946 and went back to live with his family in New Jersey. Paul's older brother Jack, also an

ex-Marine, had by this time married a woman whose father was a Time/Life executive. He got Paul an introduction to Hal Zamboni, an ex-Time-Lifer who was opening a design studio in New York. Hal hired Paul, and he stayed with Zamboni until 1955, when he went off on his own.

During his school days, Paul had discovered JAZZ. When he was at Arts High he met Tony Zamborello, a jazz pianist who knew about a hot club - the Hot Club of Newark, which became Paul's college in many ways. An ex-member of the Hot Club called him to ask if he wanted to share a small apartment in Manhattan with another fellow named Bob Dugan, to share the rent. Paul jumped at the chance, moved to 68th & Lexington and that was the start of life in Manhattan.

Another important event: in 1949 Paul studied in a studio called October 17, run by Stanley W. Hayter, a master of print-making. Paul said it was there he realized that he was not going to be a painter of still lifes and landscapes,

but wanted to be a designer. This decision changed the direction of his life's work. So also did meeting his room-mate Bob Dugan's cousin, Maxine Shirey - a dancer whose stage name was Maxine Lee. That was the beginning of a great romance, and they were married in 1951.

Paul and Max, as Paul called her, started married life in a tiny apartment in New York - sixteen dollars a month! When they realized, after a while, that they were not going to be able to have their own child, they decided to adopt. They adopted a day-old boy and named him Preston. By this time they also had a poodle, so they had to look for a bigger apartment. They found a great one on West End Avenue - three bedrooms, one of which could serve as a studio for Paul - where they lived from 1956-1973. Preston started school at the nearby Rudolf Steiner School.

During these years Paul was invited, through a friend, to sing with a jazz band on various cruise ships, the QE 2, the Norway, and others. He and Maxine went on about eighteen cruises over the years; each lasted a week and were "absolute heaven."

Paul's design business began to expand, so he rented studio space and hired first another designer, then a production manager, then a business manager. Employees and studios changed over the years but success kept building. He had originally designed covers for records but gradually changed over to book jacket designs. His work was in demand by major publishers. Paul Bacon Designs, Inc., was on the map. One of his employees was Wendall Minor, now a famous illustrator. His last studio was the studio of his dreams, on the twelfth floor of Carnegie Hall. He had two female assistants there; one of them, nicknamed Candy, married the composer Philip Glass, who Paul met, of course, and got to know quite well. Unfortunately, Candy contracted a rare disease and died, and when that happened Paul decided to give up the studio and move up to the country.

After adopting Preston, Paul and Maxine had begun to think about having a place in the country. An ad in the NY Times for "10 acres with woods and a mountain view" caught their eye and they went up to Clintondale, NY to see the land. They loved it and bought it. In 1964 they had a cabin built there, and 1973 they decided to leave Manhattan and move up there permanently. A client of Paul's had a son who was an architect; he redesigned the cabin and made it into a wonderful house with cathedral ceilings, views, two bedrooms and bathrooms and a studio.

During those years Paul had been playing the kazoo and singing with jazz groups, once or twice even at Carnegie Hall. Unfortunately, though, Maxine was slowly developing Alzheimer's. Paul took care of her at home for some years and then in 1988 she had to go to a facility further up in NY State where she remained until she died in 2004. Paul visited her twice a week even after she no longer knew who he was.


Over many years he had kept in touch with friends called Jane and Bill Grauer - Bill had hired Paul back in the 40's to be a jazz critic for his magazine "Record Changer". He finally sold the magazine and started a record company called Riverside, with Paul designing covers for the records. But he died of a heart attack when he was only 40 years old, leaving Jane with two children aged eight and six. She studied interior design and opened a shop in Millbrook where her mother and step-father lived and where she met Dormer Cannon, of Lakeville. They were married for twenty-four years until Dormer died in 2000.

When Dormer died Paul saw Jane again - they had known one another off and on for many years and enjoyed meeting again. Then Jane had open-heart surgery for the second time and was quite ill for a while, but after she recovered Paul came to Salisbury frequently for weekends.

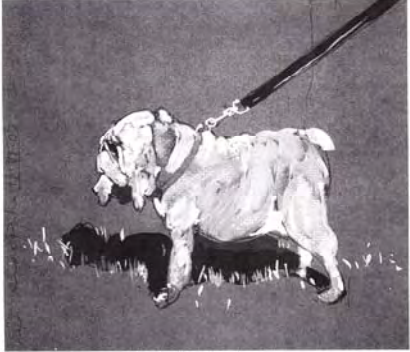
When Maxine died in 2004 he was free to come for longer visits and to go on several trips and they had a wonderful time together. (Jane, of course, was Jane Cannon, a member of St. John's Vestry for several years.) When Jane finally needed a third open-heart operation, sadly she did not survive it; she died in 2006. Paul has the option of living in her condo at Lion's Head as long as he wishes, so he has sold his house in Clintondale and has decided to stay here. His son Preston lives in New Paltz, is married, has two children and works for the Central Hudson Power Co. Paul sees him and his family often.

Paul's two gigs at St. John's were huge successes. He is tall, slim, casually elegant and sings in a sort of gentle voice which needs amplification and which is perfect for the kind of songs he loves to sing. He stands quietly, holding a small microphone, tapping one foot lightly and perhaps snapping his fingers. Paul says his friends, who are all superb jazz musicians, just have to be told the name of a song, the key to play it in (always F) and they are all set to go – just sensational.

Paul loves singing with Lillie Mikesell and the choir. When John Carter invited him to join the choir he said he couldn't because; 1) he couldn't read music; 2) he wasn't religious; 3) he didn't know any hymns. John said it didn't matter! Paul liked the open-mindedness of that reaction and has been in the choir ever since. He seems to have found a spiritual connection with St. John's. He likes his fellow choristers and feels they are a sort of family for him. He likes the windows, and the acoustics of the church. and says, "It seems to be a haven of good sense in a not so sensible world." Amen to that good thought.

  
 THE HOTCHKISS LIBRARY  
 OF ST. JOHN'S  
 Presents

**The Art of  
 Robert Andrew Parker  
 and Paul Bacon**



*Mansons, the Bulldog by Robert Andrew Parker*

**A colorful, freewheeling two-person art show**  
 Available for viewing from April 1st – May 30th  
**OPENING RECEPTION SUNDAY, APRIL 11 AT 4 PM**  
 Jazz Concert: Sunday, April 18, 2010  
 Wine and cheese will be served.  
 For further information call 860-364-5041 or visit [www.hotchkisslibrary.org](http://www.hotchkisslibrary.org)

Please  
 don't forget to remember  
 St. John's in your will.

*Continued from p. 2*

The cross is the nexus where vertical and horizontal meet, where death and life convene, where sorrow and delight merge. Our natural inclination is to live in a dualistic and Manichean universe of opposites: night and day, good and evil, right and wrong, black and white, friend and enemy. The center of the cross, however, beckons us to leave the simplistic comfort of opposites and, moving towards wholeness, to hold the tension, awaiting and expecting that God, who loves to make all things new, will do exactly that. Holding the tension of opposites, or relaxing in the middle.

All this because Doris has grandchildren she loves and could not be here yesterday

It was neither light nor dark, night or day, when Mary Magdalene set out for the tomb where she and the other women had last seen Jesus' lifeless body. It was before dawn, a time of day is between worlds, gray and mysterious. It may be hard to see what is really there or not to believe what we think we see. In John's gospel, Mary Magdalene goes alone to the burial grounds. What impelled her do this? I might imagine that grief had robbed her of sleep or that she just wanted the consolation of being near Jesus' body, perhaps to touch it. Her love moved her feet on the path under a waning Passover moon.

Why do we go to the graves of loved ones? What do we hope to give? What do we expect to find? A connection between past and present, a bridge between this life and eternity?

In the half-light, Mary discovers that the stone has been rolled back from the tomb. She then runs to get Peter and the other disciple "whom Jesus loved". When they arrive at the tomb and go inside they see the linen wrappings where Jesus' head had lain. They see what they see, but they do not understand. Peter and the other disciple return home.

But Mary stands weeping outside of the tomb. What do we understand when we encounter death? What scares us? What quickens our spirits? Why are memorial services sometimes occasions for joyous Easter lilies that grow out of the soil of deep sadness, the cross amidst the flowers?

A funny thing (another) happened on Good Friday. From the Church office, we emailed a reminder of today's schedule of services. There was a beautiful picture at the top of the message, an abstract painting full of ecstatic Easter colors, energy and jubilation, like a new dawn breaking. When I got home later that day and checked my email, there was the announcement, but where the beautiful artwork was supposed to be, there was nothing but an empty square!

The empty tomb right on my monitor! Another Easter surprise. Isn't that what Easter is about? Surprise, astonishment, even humor? Like Mary Magdalene, we are so preoccupied that we miss the new thing that is happening right in front of our eyes. Mary wept outside and then went back into the cave, the place of burial and birth. She saw Jesus, though she did not recognize him at first, thinking him to be the gardener. Perhaps her tears and the faint light made it hard to see. Or perhaps the possibility of seeing him again was so remote that her mind could not grasp what her eyes beheld.

Then Jesus calls her name, "Mary", and she immediately knows and understands. We sometimes remember the distinctive voice of a loved one even though long departed. Mary is the first witness. She hears Jesus' voice and responds with unbridled surprise, tenderness and joy, "Rabbouni", an affectionate name for Rabbi or "Teacher". Because of its compelling clarity and utter certainty, Mary's

*Continued next page*

moment of revelation here is one we might envy. John closes his gospel by reminding his readers that he has written all this down for those who did not see these things in order that they might believe. That is, he wrote it for us, that Mary's greeting, "Rabbouni", might spill from our lips too.

When I set out to Seminary with Deborah and two young boys (3 and a half years and 3 months), I was an unlikely prospect for ordained ministry. Though encouraged by my home parish, my Diocese had not yet approved me as a Postulant. I had many questions and doubts but the desire to explore tugged. Daily recitation of the creeds caused me to bump into my questions.

My father died on Holy Saturday at the end of my first year at Seminary. Though I saw no empty tomb, witnessed no startling appearances of my father or of Jesus; nevertheless, sitting in Church with my family Easter morning, I felt with power the presence of my father's spirit. I cannot describe what it was like. But it was real, new and transformative. It was also enough. Over the years, I have learned, as Rainer Rilke advised, "to live the questions".

When they hear sacred stories about the empty tomb and the appearances of Jesus after his death, biblical literalists, or fundamentalists, believe that these accounts are factually and historically accurate in every detail. No questions asked or encouraged. At the other end of the spectrum are the skeptics and agnostics, true heirs of the Age of Enlightenment, Cartesian disciples, who know from science that dead people cannot be reborn and then appear to others. Church feels quite uncomfortable to this group. How could anyone believe all this irrational folderol and then even fess up to it in public?

But there is another way, a third way, for honest seekers like us, one that is open and generous. What if today's gospel story of Mary Magdalene's astonishing experience is understood as metaphor; taking nothing away from those who believe the stories to be factually correct. After his death, the followers of Jesus had a profound experience of his presence, spirit and power. When the Temple curtain tore as Jesus breathed his last, his spirit was released and multiplied in a way that was miraculous.

We have witnessed a similar phenomenon following the death of Martin Luther King, Jr. who was assassinated on this day 42 years ago. We have seen it also following the deaths of Mahatma Gandhi, Archbishop Oscar Romero as he celebrated Mass in El Salvador 30 years ago, and in the anonymous Chinese student who confronted a tank in Tiananmen Square. The spirits of Gandhi, King, and Romero are still with us and offering spiritual power. To me that is miraculous. Deceased loved ones also may have this power in our lives. Whatever happened in Golgotha and the days following was a proliferation of spiritual power unequalled, I believe, in human experience.

How do the male and female disciples describe the indescribable, their experiences of Jesus' powerful presence in their lives after his death? The language best suited for this is that of story and metaphor. Metaphor teases our imaginations and invites us to ascend to the high peaks of truth and beauty. This language does not seek to challenge or repudiate historical accuracy, but does point to what is most important, that is the meaning of holy events.

That meaning is found in the marriage of opposites, in the beauty of the lilies and the suffering of the cross. Jesus' spirit of transformation and love lives powerfully, then and right now.

Happy Easter!

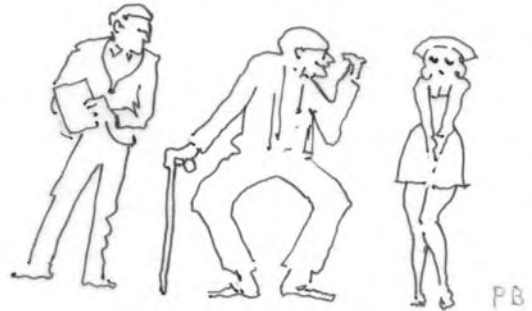
*(I am deeply indebted to the pioneering scholarship of John Dominic Crossan and Marcus Borg, who have influenced much of what I have to say in this sermon.)*

### The Unedited 'Erb

Gaile, for my next month's column, since we are right next door to a facility where they say The Serenity Prayer every day, I thought it would be apt to publish The Senility Prayer, which I found in the Letters to the Editor of the Yale Alumni Magazine. Probably John went right over it.

#### The Senility Prayer

God grant me the senility  
To forget the people  
I never liked anyway,  
The good fortune  
To run into the ones I do,  
And the eyesight  
To tell the difference.



*Be assured that I have no one in particular, nor any particular group of people, in mind.*

*Your humble stringer,  
Herb*

*Herb Prem is a frequent contributor to the newsletter and a member of St. John's Church. Ed.*



May God bless you with anger at injustice, oppression,  
and exploitation of people, so that you may work for justice,  
freedom, and peace.

May God bless you with tears to shed with those who suffer pain,  
rejection, hunger, and the loss of all that they cherish,  
so that you may reach out your hand to comfort them and  
transform their pain into joy.

And may God bless you with enough foolishness to believe  
that you can make a difference in the world, so that you can do  
what others claim cannot be done.

Jennifer R. Strawbridge

## APRIL / MAY CALENDAR

### SERVICE SCHEDULE EVERY SUNDAY

8:00 a.m. – Eucharist I

10:00 a.m. Eucharist II

12:00 noon – MISA



**Breakfast Served ~ First Sunday of the Month ~ 8:30-9:30 a.m.  
ALL WELCOME!**

Every Tuesday	7:00 p.m.	Drumming Circle
Every Wednesday	7-9 p.m. ~	English as a Second Language (ESL) Class
Every Thursday	5:30 p.m.	Puentes Class
Every Friday	4:00 p.m.	Choir Rehearsal; New voices always welcome!
Every Friday	6:00 p.m.	Al Anon
Every Saturday	4:00 p.m.	AA

### April

15	Thursday	5:00 p.m.	Vestry Meeting
17	Saturday		Consecration of Ian Douglas in Hartford
18	Sunday	3:00 p.m.	Hotchkiss School Concert Benefit for Haiti
21	Wednesday	12:30 p.m.	Salisbury Music Association Meets
24	Saturday	9:30-4:00 p.m.	Ropes Course with the Confirmation Class at Indian Mountain.
28	Wednesday	11:00 a.m.	Noble Horizon Service at Noble Horizon

### May

1	Saturday	8:15 – 4:00	Safe Church Training here at St. John's
8	Saturday	11:00 a.m.	Beth Kopp Memorial Service at Church of the Transfiguration in Norfolk
12	Wednesday	12:30 p.m.	Salisbury Music Association meets
13	Thursday	5:00 p.m.	Executive Meeting
16	Sunday	1:30 p.m.	Confirmation Class Meets
20	Thursday	5:00 p.m.	Vestry Meets
22	Saturday	11:00 a.m.	Confirmation with Bishop Lauren Ahrens
23	Sunday		<b>PENTECOST</b>
31	Monday		Memorial Day Parade – Office Closed

June 13 Sunday 3:00 p.m. Blessing of the Animals

St. John's Episcopal Church  
12 Main Street  
Salisbury, Connecticut 06068

Phone: 860-435-9290



The Mission of St. John's Church

- To reveal through worship the presence of God
- To grow spiritually in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ
- To reach out to others through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Dear Readers:



Please know that this Newsletter is also available by email.. Let us know if you are interested [sjsalisbury@sbcglobal.net](mailto:sjsalisbury@sbcglobal.net). It is also available on the St.John's website [www.stjohnssalisbury.org](http://www.stjohnssalisbury.org)