



St. George's Episcopal Church
This is a free publication for members and friends
No. 5

www.StGeorgesonline.org

May 2020
Volume 27,

Mother's Day Edition



A MOTHER'S DAY REFLECTION

Mother's Day is a day of celebration and memory. There are mother figures whom we will spend time with this year, call or text our greetings, to whom we will send flowers or for whom we will prepare a special meal. Others of us will only be able to connect by memory. Our beloved mothers, grandmothers, sisters, daughters, mentors, and mother-figures who, although they are no longer living, have left handprints on our hearts.

Whether it has been days, weeks, months, or decades since this special person may have died, there is no recipe for how you should or may feel on Mother' Day or any given day of the year. We might wish there were a formula or recipe for dealing with how we may feel on this day. It is like saying today, "When will this all start to feel comforting again?" There are days when memories bring a smile, a laugh, warm comfort, and maybe even a regret not having the time to bring a positive closure. Our Moms', given all of whom they are, and no matter what kind of background they may have come from, have offered to us the best they had to give.

I would like to invite you to set aside some time this Mother's Day to take a moment to reflect. Find a quiet space and take a few deep relaxing breaths as we do a special remembrance for all Moms' on this special day!

MAY BIRTHDAYS



May 1st Bruce Becker, Addia Troyer

May 3rd Wendy Herbers, Mildred Cox

May 5th John Rash

May 6th Ted Eschweiler

May 7th Joyce Gniot, Brian Salami, Calista Snyders

May 8th Leslie O'Donnell, Ron Holbach

May 12th Dan Westlund

May 13th Christie Kraabel

May 15th John Hofferacker

May 16th Peter Riola

May 17th Raymond Huber

May 19th Iris Alexander

May 20th Priscilla Hagerman

May 24th Mitch Pearlstein

May 29th Diane Moore

May 31st Bonnie Jones

Special Mother's Day Remembrance



"Thanks to those who shared a special memory of their mom!"

A Mother's Day Memory
by Katherine Brown

One of the best memories Leslie and I have from growing up is all the traveling we did. We started camping when I was about 10 years old. We had our tent and took those three week trips every summer. We traveled all over the country from Minnesota to California to Texas to New England, to New York and Washington, D.C., to name just a few of the places we went. You loved planning those trips. Gram always said you got more mileage out of those trips, as you talked about them for months before and then for months afterwards. You were the one who made items to make camping more comfortable (for example a car top carrier and a kitchen cabinet) and organized all the equipment. Leslie and I feel so lucky because of all the traveling we did as kids.

A Mother's Day Memory
by Marilyn Clark

During these strange pandemic times when I find myself involved in tasks unusual for me, I am grateful for the lessons I learned from my Mom over the years.

Sewing masks: who would have thought I would recall how to fill the bobbin and thread the sewing machine? I inherited Mom's wonderful black and gold Singer sewing machine for which she waited in a lengthy queue after WWII ended and the factories resumed peacetime production. My masks were functional but humble.

Baking: I still know my way around the old Sunbeam Mixmaster. Scott proclaimed my recent pineapple upside down cake the best ever (there have not been that many, but welcome praise nevertheless).

Seed starting with my favorite plant sales canceled, I started some easy vegetable and flower seeds in peat pots. The sight of them in a sunny window brings me right back to the family house in Duluth, where Mom set up trays of seedlings in the sunniest bedroom to make the most of the short growing season. I have been gardening for quite some time but never had much luck with seed sowing, particularly indoors. Seedlings would perish of neglect after my initial surge of interest. Gardening is a long-tail process, with attention needed along each step for success. I am determined to do better this time.

All this to say that I do not recall Mom instructing me in a formal way in any of these endeavors—it was more a process of learning by following her around, watching, listening, and asking questions. I am grateful for that time of apprenticeship in the valuable art of homemaking. And I recognize anew this age-old way by which disciples learned from their Teacher.

A Mother's Day Memory by Leslie O'Donnell

My mom Shirley Brown was a member of St. George's with my dad Cy from 1954 until her passing in 2005 and my dad's passing in 2009.

My friends were sometimes jealous of my relationship with my mom because I could talk to her about ANYTHING! She was a very good listener, empathetic, and nonjudgmental. She never lectured us, but gave us advice that was very insightful. She did not always agree with my parenting style, but mostly kept her opinion to herself.

Mom would try anything and was always our biggest cheerleader in everything we did.

One year after Kathie and I had tried and capsized the canoe, my mom and I paddled Minnehaha Creek from my home in St. Louis Park to Kathie's home near Lake Nokomis and could check that off our bucket list.

When I was growing up, she made all my formals for prom or costumes for various events, and I still have the formal she made for my senior prom, an absolute favorite!

We went camping every summer growing up, and Mom and I built a car top carrier in our basement that we named "The Albatross" because it turned out bigger than expected and was challenging to get out of the basement; but something we used for many years! After she retired my mom decided to volunteer for the Animal Humane Society where I worked as a Vet Tech for 38 years. She enjoyed seeing firsthand what I did every day and we became closer because of this.

I was always proud to call her my MOM!

A Mother's Day Memory

by *Carole Leonard*

Many years ago on a Mother's Day morning when my oldest daughter Lori was about 4 years old, she came into my bedroom and exclaimed that she was going to bring me cinnamon toast for a breakfast in bed. So a little while later she came into the bedroom proudly with a plate of toast. When I looked at the toast, it was grayish in color, so I asked her to please bring me the can of cinnamon. Back then, all of the spice tins looked the same except for the name. When Lori brought me the can that she had used, the name of the spice was "Poultry Seasoning."☺ This is when "It's the thought that counts" has true meaning. We have had many a good laugh about this over the years.

A Mother's Day Memory

By *Rachel Santos*

Mom Meets Minnesota

My mother was always very loyal and supportive of her kids wherever they went. When I moved from San Diego for college, and then to other cities, she never failed to visit, to give her blessing on my, or, once I was married, our new place. She had moved from Puerto Rico to New York during WWII, and then to San Francisco and finally landing permanently in San Diego with great relief. She was definitely a warm weather girl! The first time she came to visit Minnesota was for the Christmas holidays in 1992. I knew that any coat she would bring from San Diego would not be match a Minnesota winter, so we planned to provide everything she needed once she got here. As a typical, fun Minnesota thing to do, we took her to see the Holidazzle parade downtown and I offered her a heavy coat, gloves etc., but she was insistent that her little gloves and "heavy" coat she brought would be more than enough. After a lot of back and forth "discussing", I relented. She enjoyed the cute costumes and lights of the parade and was impressed at how the young children playing around did not seem at all bothered by the cold! After a while, I noticed that she had gotten pretty quiet. I looked at her closely and saw that her lips had turned blue! She mumbled her face was so cold she could barely speak!! Time to call it a night. After that outing, she dutifully wore the oversized parka, the fat gloves and the earmuffs we supplied. She did repeat for years after "If I lived there, I would never leave the house!"

A Mother's Day Memory

by Fran Bly

My mother was the minister's wife. They served churches in smaller rural communities in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Nebraska. The expectations for church and community involvement were large. In addition to raising 5 children and teaching school, she taught Sunday School, led Bible Study, served on altar guild, and sometimes even did the bulletin! She lived in eight different communities, and each time she came to love new people and learn their stories. In the last three communities they lived, she wrote and published a book about one of the amazing citizens from that town. She once told me she wanted her tombstone to say, "she loved nature, children and books". She died three years ago shortly after her 99th birthday.

A Mother's Day Memory

by Edward Altmeyer

My mom Beatrice Barrett Altmeyer. A very special memory of my mom was as she was aging, and her health was suffering a little, she always was mentally sharp and made every effort to care for me in her heart.

Wishing you the best Mother's Day this year and many more.

ST. GEORGE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

5224 Minnetonka Boulevard

St. Louis Park, MN 55416

952-926-1646

www.stgeorgesonline.org

Office hours Monday-Friday, 8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.

The Rev. Thomas J. Gehlsen, Ph.D., Rector

tomg@stgeorgesonline.org

The Rev. Diane McGowan, Deacon

smarl@aol.com

Barb Wilson, Parish Administrator

office@stgeorgesonline.org

Heather Whitesell, Children and Youth Coordinator

heatherw@stgeorgesonline.org

John Hoffacker D.M.A., Organist/Choirmaster

johnh@stgeorgesonline.org

Vestry:

Kathleen Boe, Rector's Warden

TBD, Parish Warden

Laura Harmon, Clerk of the Vestry

Connie Kotula, Treasurer

At Large: Lindsay Benjamin, Jane Sandsmark, Sarah Shulte, Cyprian Troyer, Jill Burns, Gregg Jacobson,

Bruce Becker and Racheal Santos

Artists-in-Residence:

Cristina Czaia, Soprano

Christina Christensen, Mezzo Soprano

Benjamin Jeitz, Tenor

William Vaughn, Bass

This page is meant to be blank.