



St. Philip's Episcopal Church
A Parish in The Episcopal Diocese of Albany
Disciples Making Disciples

Contact Information

Church Office Phone: 315-353-2037
Rector's Phone: 315-212-5507
Church E-Mail Address: stphilips@live.com
Church Website: saintphilipsnorwood.com
Church Service Schedule:
Sunday Morning Eucharist—in person—10:00 a.m.
Morning Prayer 8:00 a.m. online: facebook.com/boswellandco
Vestry Meeting—1st Saturday of the month—10:00 a.m.
Women's Guild Meeting— 2nd Wednesday—Noon
Daughters of The King meeting—3rd Saturday - 10:00 a.m.
Common Cents' Thrift Shop hours:
TBA
AA weekly meetings every Tuesday at 8:00 p.m.
Senior Citizens' Golden Agers meet—Tuesday afternoon
Meeting times are occasionally subject to change.

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St. Philip's Episcopal Church
42 South Main Street
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Norwood, NY 13668
The Rev. Kathryn M. Boswell, Rector

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MaryEllen Casselman, Clerk
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St. Philip's Episcopal Church
42 South Main Street , PO Box 225
Norwood, NY 13668



November-December 2024
Volume 14, Issue 5

*Welcoming the weary,
Dedicated to discipleship*
“Come to me, all you who are weary
and burdened, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you and learn
from me, for I am gentle and humble
in heart, and you will find rest for
your souls.”
(Matthew 11:28-30)

CommonLife

Dear brothers and sisters,

The days are growing short. It's getting dark by suppertime these days, and when Dobby and I go out for our early morning walk, the streetlamps are still shining their pools of light along the dark sidewalk, and the park across the street is still shrouded in shadows. And it's getting chilly!

For the rest of the world (at least our part of the world), the coming months see the year coming to an end, getting darker and colder until the Solstice, and the Christmas holiday, and then, as the days very slowly and very gradually begin to lengthen, and the light slowly begins to return, there is the inauguration of a New Year.

The Church, on the other hand, begins its year in the midst of the darkness. Four weeks before the celebration of Christmas, we begin our new year, straining our eyes and our hearts forward – not only, not even primarily, for the joyful remembrance of Christ's birth, but in expectation of his return, and in breathless hope of the final healing of our hurting world. In our homes, we string colored lights and burn candles against the gathering darkness, along with the rest of the world. But as the Church, we also nourish our weary souls with the presence and promises of the One who is the Light of the world.

This year, I think, our souls are even wearier than usual. War and famine, violence and homelessness, plague our world. Our country is deeply divided, politically, racially, economically. Even here at St. Philip's, we have suffered the catastrophic effects of flooding from one of this year's many hurricanes. And every one of us has suffered our own personal losses and struggles over the past year. We are all in need, more than ever, of the light and hope of Advent.

This Advent, I would like us to focus on the promise of Isaiah chapter 9:2



The Rev. Kathryn M. Boswell,
Rector

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TO:

St. Philip's Episcopal Church

42 South Main Street
P.O. Box 225
Norwood, NY 13668



The people who walked in darkness
have seen a great light;
those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness,
on them has light shone.
You have multiplied the nation;
you have increased its joy;
they rejoice before you
as with joy at the harvest,
as they are glad when they divide the spoil.
For the yoke of his burden,
and the staff for his shoulder,
the rod of his oppressor,
you have broken as on the day of Midian.
For every boot of the tramping warrior in battle
tumult
and every garment rolled in blood
will be burned as fuel for the fire.
For to us a child is born,
to us a son is given;
and the government shall be upon his shoulder,
and his name shall be called
Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.
Of the increase of his government and of peace
there will be no end,
on the throne of David and over his kingdom,
to establish it and to uphold it
with justice and with righteousness
from this time forth and forevermore.
The zeal of the LORD of hosts will do this.

Especially, this Advent, I want to focus the eyes of
our hearts on the Son who has been given to us.
During the four Sundays of Advent, I want to cele-
brate and draw near to the one who is our **Won-
derful Counselor**, our **Mighty God**, our **Everlast-
ing Father**, and our **Prince of Peace**. Come, let us
adore Him!

And even now, may the God of hope fill us with
all joy and peace in believing through the power of
his Holy Spirit.

Much love,
Kathryn+



Up-coming Events—For Your Information and Participation

For your information—Mtr. Kathryn will be attending:

November 12-15
Christ the King Center, Greenwich
Presenter: The Very Rev. Dr. Michael Sniffen

We invite you to this special retreat for Priests’ serving in
the Diocese of Albany. The retreat is designed to offer
priests’ a time of enrichment, rest and fellowship as we
worship, learn, dine and relax together. The retreat begins
with evening prayer on Tuesday, November 12th and con-
tinues through lunch on Friday, November 15th. A full
schedule will be posted in mid-October.
The Very Rev. Dr. Michael Sniffen will lead this five-
session preaching retreat that will empower your Gospel
witness with creative approaches, methods, and practices
you can use right away. Preaching will be engaged as a
ministry that evokes an experience of God in hearers and
preachers alike. A significant focus of the retreat will be the
preacher’s relationship in Christ to creation – what Thomas
Aquinas called the primary and most perfect revelation of
the Divine.



**“Now thank we all our God
With hearts and hands and voices!”**

All are invited to the 2024
Community Thanksgiving Service

Tuesday, November 19 at 6 p.m.
at the Norwood United Methodist/
Congregational Church
8 Prospect Street

Join your brothers and sisters of the
Village of Norwood
in giving thanks to our gracious God
for the blessings and comfort of the past year.

Your donations of non-perishable foods or money
will help your neighbors enjoy a happy holiday.



A Christmas Carol

The Shepherds had an Angel,
The Wise Men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

Those Shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing “Glory, glory,”
In festival they keep.

The Wise Men left their country
To journey morn by morn,
With gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Because the Lord was born:
God sent a star to guide them
And sent a dream to warn.

My life is like their journey,
Their star is like God’s book;
I must be like those good Wise Men
With heavenward heart and look:
But shall I give no gifts to God?—
What precious gifts they took!

Christina Rossetti

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty —
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

Christina Rossetti

Christmas Bazaar

St. Philip’s Women’s Guild

Christmas Bazaar

Saturday, December 7, 2024

10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m.

Home-baked goodies

Hot Foods and Hearty Soups



Community Lunches

Invite your friends and neighbors to join us
For a home-cooked meal and good company!
Lunch is served from 11:30—12:30

November 20

Hot turkey sandwiches
Mashed potatoes
Cranberry Sauce
Pie

December 18

Shepherd’s pie
Rolls
Coffee

**Note: because of the holidays, we are holding our Novem-
ber and December lunches on the third Wednesday of the
month instead of the last Wednesday.**

Denise Levertov, “Annunciation”

We know the scene: the room, variously furnished,
almost always a lectern, a book; always
the tall lily.

Arrived on solemn grandeur of great wings,
the angelic ambassador, standing or hovering,
whom she acknowledges, a guest.

But we are told of meek obedience. No one mentions
courage.

The engendering Spirit
did not enter her without consent.
God waited.

She was free
to accept or to refuse, choice
integral to humanness.

Aren’t there annunciations
of one sort or another
in most lives?

Some unwillingly
undertake great destinies,
enact them in sullen pride,
uncomprehending.
More often
those moments
when roads of light and storm
open from darkness in a man or woman,
are turned away from
in dread, in a wave of weakness, in despair
and with relief.
Ordinary lives continue.
God does not smite them.
But the gates close, the pathway vanishes.

She had been a child who played, ate, slept
like any other child—but unlike others,
wept only for pity, laughed
in joy not triumph.
Compassion and intelligence
fused in her, indivisible.

Called to a destiny more momentous
than any in all of Time,
she did not quail,
only asked

a simple, ‘How can this be?’
and gravely, courteously,
took to heart the angel’s reply,
the astounding ministry she was offered:

to bear in her womb
Infinite weight and lightness; to carry
in hidden, finite inwardness,
nine months of Eternity; to contain
in slender vase of being,
the sum of power—
in narrow flesh,
the sum of light.

Then bring to birth,
push out into air, a Man-child
needing, like any other,
milk and love—

but who was God.

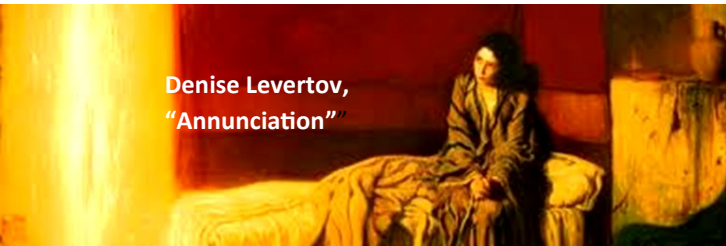
This was the moment no one speaks of,
when she could still refuse.

A breath unbreathed,
Spirit,
suspended,
waiting.

She did not cry, ‘I cannot. I am not worthy,’
Nor, ‘I have not the strength.’
She did not submit with gritted teeth,
raging, coerced.

Bravest of all humans,
consent illumined her.
The room filled with its light,
the lily glowed in it,
and the iridescent wings.

Consent,
courage unparalleled,
opened her utterly.



And Is It Not Enough?

And is it not enough that every year
A richly laden autumn should unfold
And shimmer into being leaf by leaf,
Its scattered ochres mirrored everywhere
In hints and glints of hidden red and gold
Threaded like memory through loss and grief,

When dusk descends, when branches are unveiled,
When roots reach deeper than our minds can feel
And ready us for winter with strange calm,
That I should see the inner tree revealed
And know its beauty as the bright leaves fall
And feel its truth within me as I am?

And is it not enough that I should walk
Through low November mist along the bank,
When scents of woodsmoke summon, in some long
And melancholy undertone, the talk
Of those old poets from whose works I drank
The heady wine of an autumnal song?

It is not yet enough. So I must try,
In my poor turn, to help you see it too,
As though these leaves could be as rich as those,
That red and gold might glimmer in your eye,
That autumn might unfold again in you,
Feeling with me what falling leaves disclose.

MALCOLM GUITE



✕



Fritz Eichenberg, *Christ of the Breadlines*,
wood engraving, 1953.

Fritz Eichenberg, (1901-1990) was born to a
Jewish family in Cologne, Germany, where the
destruction of World War I helped to shape his
anti-war convictions. He emigrated with his
family to the United States in 1933, after Hit-
ler’s rise to power. In his newspaper and maga-
zine work, Eichenberg was politically out-
spoken and sometimes both wrote and illustrat-
ed his own reporting. His best-known wood
engravings were concerned with themes of
faith, justice, and nonviolence. A friend of
Dorothy Day, he contributed regularly to her
newspaper *The Catholic Worker*. His engrav-
ing *Christ in the Breadlines* portrays Jesus not
in a position of power or authority, but as one
of the least of us, silently standing-perhaps un-
recognized-as a poor man among the poor.

✕

*We give thee thanks for our
daily bread...*

After the Flood

After the Flood

On August 9, 2024, the North Country experienced catastrophic flooding in the aftermath of Hurricane Debby which affected many residences, businesses and churches in St. Lawrence County., including our own St. Philip's Church. This is not our first experience with flooding; the church buildings have suffered substantial flooding twice in the past century, in 1974 and again in 2014. This time the church and parish hall basement were entirely filled with floodwaters, right up to the ceiling. Literally everything in our Thrift Shop and basement were gone after the water receded – except an enormous mess and a huge cleanup.

We owe a heartfelt debt of gratitude to the Norwood Village Fire Department, who responded first thing the next morning, and spent the entire day pumping water from the basement. As of October 27, the removal of debris, the cleanup, and the mold remediation has been completed by Jonathan Robla and his crew at FloodPro. Hundred of sodden bags of clothing, along with the rest of the contents of the Thrift Shop and virtually everything else in the basement had to be dragged out and hauled away. All built-in partitions were ruined and had to be removed, leaving nothing but the original stone walls and some 2 x 4' studding. All three furnaces were destroyed, as well as the hot water heater and the organ motor and blower. On top of all that, the flood waters exposed a great deal of mold, which needed immediate attention.

The installation of three furnaces as well as new duct work was begun at noon on Sunday, October 27, by Andrew Therret, from ACT Mechanicals, out of Madrid. The estimate is that this work will take approximately 3-4 weeks to be completed. And so much is still left to do. We are especially grieved that we are unable to use our organ until the motor and blower can be rebuilt, which will be a long and costly job.

Now that fall has arrived, even although it has been an unseasonably warm September and October, it has been a bit chilly the last couple of weeks in our

unheated building! Since it is easier to heat with space heaters, the parish hall has been adapted for the time being as our place of worship. It has been a mixed blessing as many parishioners have mentioned. We miss the beauty of our sanctuary, but since the Parish Hall is smaller, people are sitting closer together, and our voices can be heard more loudly and joyfully as we join in prayer and in song. For the time being, we are happy with our new worship arrangement.

In the meanwhile, there has been a flurry of phone calls and mountains of applications and red tape still to be navigated as we communicate with our insurance company, apply for disaster relief from FEMA, and investigate what avenues of grants or loans we might need, to help with the significant sum that is not covered by insurance. We have been overwhelmed by the generosity and kindness of so many people and organizations who have sent donations towards our repairs and rebuilding. The St. Philip's Church family truly cannot thank everyone enough for their outpouring of prayers, thoughts, and gifts at this time.

A list of donors to St. Philip's as of this date:

- * Denise & Mike DiVincenzo
- * parishioners at St. Andrew's Church
- * Matt & Molly McDonald
- * Grace Bible Fellowship
- * Trinity Episcopal Church
- * Judy and Dave Sanford
- * June Wilkins
- * Zion Episcopal Church, Colton
- * James & Ginger Meracile Wolfe
- * Community Lunch Program
- * The Methodist/Congregational Church 's offer allowing the use of their building for the Common Cents' Thrift Shop



St. Philip's Episcopal Church

***“O Holy Night,
The stars are brightly shining!
It is the night
of our dear Savior's birth.”***

2024 Christmas services:

Tuesday—December 24

***Christmas Eve Lessons and Carols at 5 p.m.
followed by covered dish supper***

Wednesday—December 25

Christmas Day Holy Eucharist at 10 a.m.



In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Jn. 1:1

Our little earth revolves in a vast, dark universe. And on its surface storms are blowing — storms of hate, of violence, of rebellion and unbelief. Today we hear voices of so-called theologians saying, “There is nobody out there in the dark; God is dead.” It reminds me of an old story concerning Mark Twain. A report went around that he had died. When someone asked him about it, he said, “Well, it is greatly exaggerated.” My friend, to say that God is dead is greatly exaggerated and actually is only wishful thinking. Those who are saying it are like little boys whistling in the dark, trying to say how brave they are. There is Someone out there, and He is undisturbed by the little storms blowing across this planet, unchanged by our atomic age and space age and the shifting philosophy of men’s minds. Over nineteen hundred years ago He came out of space, out of eternity to be identified with humanity. What relevance does His coming have to your life and to mine in this twentieth century? We still celebrate His birth at Christmastime, but actually who is He and why did He come?

The Gospel according to John introduces Him with three tremendous statements.

In the beginning was the Word
And the Word was with God
And the Word was God

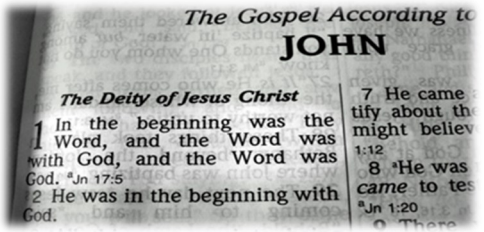
“The Word” is one of the highest and most profound titles of the Lord Jesus Christ. To determine the exact meaning is not easy. Obviously the Lord Jesus Christ is not the logos of Greek philosophy, rather He is the memra of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Notice how important the Word is in the Old Testament. For instance, the name for Jehovah was never pronounced. It was such a holy word that they never used it at all. But this is the One who is the Word; and gathering up everything that was said of Him in the Old Testament, He is now presented as the One “in the beginning.” This beginning antedates the very first words in the Bible, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” That beginning can be dated, although I do not believe that anyone can date it accurately. It is nonsense to say that it is 4004 B.C., as Ussher’s dating has it. It probably goes back billions and billions of years. You see, you and I are dealing with the God of eternity. When you go back to creation He is already there, and that is exactly the way this is used — “in the beginning was the Word.” Notice it is not is the Word; it was not in the beginning that the Word started out or was begotten. Was (as Dr. Lenske points out) is known as a durative imperfect, meaning continued action. It means that the Word was in the beginning. What beginning? Just as far back as you want to go. The Bible says, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” Does that begin God? No, just keep on going back billions and trillions and “squillions” of years. I can think back to billions of years before creation. Maybe you can go beyond that, but let’s put down a point there, billions of years prior to creation. He already was; He comes out of eternity to meet us. He did not begin. “In the beginning was the Word” — He was already there when the beginning was

“Well,” somebody says, “there has to be a beginning somewhere.” All right, wherever you begin, He is there to meet you, He is already past tense. “In the beginning was the Word” — five words in the original language, and there is not a man on topside of this earth who can put a date on it or understand it or fathom it. This first tremendous statement starts us off in space, you see.

The second statement is this, “And the Word was with God.” This makes it abundantly clear that He is separate and distinct from God the Father. You cannot identify Him as God the Father because He is with God. “But,” someone says, “if He is with God, He is not God.” The third statement sets us straight, “And the Word was God.” This is a clear, emphatic declaration that the Lord Jesus Christ is God. In fact, the Greek is more specific than this, because in the Greek language the important word is placed at the beginning of the sentence and it reads, “God was the Word.” That is emphatic; you cannot get it more emphatic than that. Do you want to get rid of the deity of Christ? My friend, you cannot get rid of it. The first three statements in John’s Gospel tie the thing down.

J. Vernon McGee
https://www.blueletterbible.org/Comm/mcgee_j_vernon/eBooks/when-god-became-man.cfm



To-Do List

For in relation to the absolute there is only one tense: the present.
—Søren Kierkegaard

On my to-do list, like pulling the clematis
from the yard, waist-high tangles
that would’ve been easier to yank
years ago. For now, it creeps
echoing the mildew inside
on ceilings and walls. One gets accustomed
to the smell, to stumbling when playing
with the dog. One accommodates,
as when the cheap handyman laid
a crooked floor, learning
not to trip in the dark. As long as
a single sink works, one can wash
one’s hands of the business.

DEVON BALWIT

*I have been young, and now I am old,
but have I seen the righteous forsaken,
or their children begging bread.*

*The righteous are always generous in their lending,
and their children shall be a blessing.*

— Psalm 37:26-27

Whoever Hears These Words

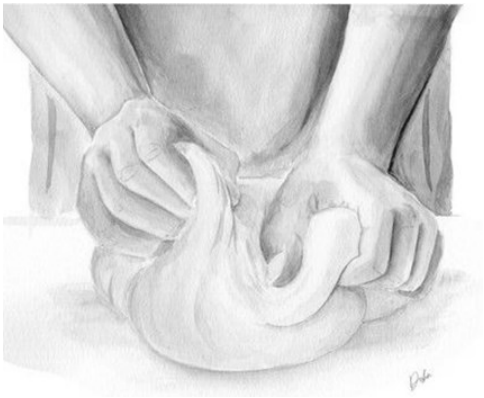
Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Humanly speaking, we could understand and interpret the Sermon on the Mount in a thousand different ways. Jesus knows only one possibility: simple surrender and obedience, not interpreting it or applying it, but doing and obeying it. . . He does not mean that it is to be discussed as an ideal, he really means us to get on with it.

Our Daily Bread

Leonardo Boff

The need for bread is an individual matter, but the satisfaction of that need cannot be an individual effort; it must be that of a community. Thus we do not pray “My Father,” but “our Father.” . . . This bread that is jointly produced must be distributed and consumed in concert with others. Only then can we truthfully ask for *our* daily bread. God does not hear the prayer that asked only for *my* bread. A genuine relationship with God calls for maintaining a relationship with others. When we present God without our own needs, he wants us to include those of our brothers and sisters. Otherwise the bonds of fellowship are severed and we live only for ourselves. We all share the same basic necessity; collective satisfaction of that need makes us brothers and sisters.



Gratitude is a Practice

At 33 years old, I was diagnosed with Stage IV Hodgkin’s lymphoma that had metastasized to my spine. After going through 18 months of hospitalizations, surgeries, chemotherapy, and treatments, I asked my oncologist, “When will I be out of the woods?” He answered, “You will never be out of the woods.” Having worked so hard to stay alive, I had not grasped the degree of uncertainty and struggle that would come with being a survivor. Understanding that my life would only ever be lived with the caveat of “for now” was sobering. I wondered so many things: How do I continue to live this way? What am I able to count on? ... How do I live while expecting to die?



The first few years of uncertainty and remission put the blessings of my life in sharp relief. I was in super-soak mode – every experience was saturated with new meaning, and I was absorbing it all fully. I did not know any other way to live the moments I had than to greet each one as gratefully as I could. Not sure how much more time was mine, I was awestruck by every moment, every person, and every thing. Being grateful the first few years was relatively easy and revelatory. I would wake up in a room bathed in light, hear birds singing, and notice I was still breathing...I could put both feet on the floor and walk freely to a kitchen where I could make a cup of tea. It was enough to make me start each day with tears of joy. Being alive was enough...

But over time, all those amazing reasons to feel grateful joined the ranks of the taken-for-granted. I got healthy and busy. I began chasing goals and the fulfillment they promised. I martyred myself to a job, complained about things like traffic, my weight, and colds. I ruthlessly compared myself to others, succumbed to retail therapy and debt, and suffered from stress. Each year that passed, I built up a kind of gratitude tolerance – what used to be enough got left in the dust in the pursuit of having more. Having cheated death, I began cheating life.

After some challenging years, dramatic wake-up calls, and my share of spiritual suffering, I came to realize that maintaining a grateful perspective is a true practice...This capacity for grateful perspective is a muscle I needed to build and use, and it is still something I need to nurture and tend daily...The practice of looking at the world through grateful eyes and with a grateful heart is an exquisite end in itself.

Kristi Nelson, *Wake up Grateful: The Transformative Practice of Taking Nothing for Granted*. (North Adams, MA, Storey Publishing, 2020) 1-2,3

For Trust in God

O God, the source of all health: So fill my heart with faith in your love, that with calm expectancy I may make room for your power to possess me, and gracefully accept your healing; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*
BCP p. 461

Heal me, hands of Jesus,
and search out all my pain:
restore my hope, remove my
fear and bring me peace
again.



Cleanse me, blood of Jesus,
take bitterness away; let me
forgive as one forgiven and
bring me peace today.



Know me, mind of Jesus,
and show me all my sin; dis-
pel the memories of guilt,
and bring me peace within.



Fill me, joy of Jesus: anxiety
shall cease and heaven’s se-
renity be mine, for Jesus
brings me peace!

The Ogdensburg Journal, 7 September 18

SCHOOL.

THE REV. J. H. TYNG BEGS TO APPRISE THE public that he proposes opening a School for the thorough instruction of a limited number of lads, at an early day, of which more particular notice will be given. Meanwhile those interested will please refer to Mr. E. A. WATROUS, Ford Street. (st1d1w)

The Ogdensburg Journal, 8 July 1871 — Page 2

CARD.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD GIVE NOTICE THAT he intends re-opening early in September, the School now under his charge, at the Brick House on Washing- ton Street, west of Isabella. J. H. TYNG.

E. S.—A reliable person may find a good opportunity to obtain convenient rooms in the above house at very moderate terms, on application to E. A. WATROUS, Ford Street. (je30d1m)

The Ogdensburg Journal, 11 September 1872 — Page 3

SCHOOL.

THE SCHOOL IN CHARGE OF THE UNDERSIGNED will recommence on Monday, the 9th of September, at the Brick House on Washington Street, near Isabella. Terms, etc., as heretofore. Parents are requested to ap- prise Mr. T., freely and fully, of their wishes in respect to the studies to be pursued by their children at the outset, rather than at a subsequent time, and his best efforts will be given to meet their views. Ogdensburg, Aug. 27, 1872. J. H. TYNG. (au2Sdtf)

survived by his wife Matilda and two children, Emma Degan Tyng (1836-1901) and Russell Degan Tyng (1844-1882). He was predeceased by eight children: Charles Degan (1830-1831), Lucy Maude (1831-1849), George Dudley (1832-1833), Susan Elizabeth (1834-1835), Sarah Elizabeth (1838-1839), Mary Russell (1840-1843), Frances Higginson (1842-1843), Dudley Higginson (1844-1858).

Of interest, Rev. Tyng’s brother, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng (1800-1885) was a noted and respected clergyman who served as Rector of both St. Paul’s Church and St. George’s Church in Philadelphia. Fr. Stephen had two sons that were Episcopal priests, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng Jr. and the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng. In 1858 at the age of thirty-three, Dudley while visiting the barn on his farm, reached down to pet a mule and caught his sleeve in a corn-thrashing machine, partially severing his arm. It was necessary to amputate his arm and he died a few days later. On his deathbed, he urged his father to stand up for Jesus and to preach for all to do the same. The Sunday after his funeral, Dr. George Duffield, one of his assistants, wrote the hymn, “Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus” and credited it to him.


The Ogdensburg Journal, 5 October 1870 —

SELECT

CLASSICAL SCHOOL

THE UNDERSIGNED, IN COMPLIANCE WITH the request of several parents, has undertaken the establishment of a private school for the thorough in- struction of a limited number of boys in this city. The great need of such a school here cannot be ques- tioned. Its success and permanence must mainly de- pend upon the early and steadfast co-operation of pa- rents. Mr. T. brings to his share of this enterprise the expe- rience of many years given to the education of youth of both sexes, in various parts of our country. Refer- ences will be abundantly furnished to those who seek them. TERMS.—There will be one continuous session of ten months. The charge for this, at present, is fifty dollars for the year, payable semi-annually on the first December and first of May. Pupils will be received while there are vacancies, at \$15 per quarter, payable in advance. Further enquiries may be made either of the under- signed or of Mr. E. A. Watrous. JAMES H. TYNG, A. M. Isabella St., September, 1870. (st28d1w)

MaryEllen Casselman is a cradle Episcopalian, raised in Massena, NY, an only child of parents who with her paternal grandmother respected and valued the history of their forebearers and raised her to do so also. Her ancestry rang- es from Irish emigrants to Lower Canada during the po- tato famine to those who came in the Palatine immigration becoming United Empire Loy- alists and settling in Upper Canada. She spent most of her life in various parts of the country (AZ, TX, NC, IL) working with the MRDD population, coaching Special Olympics and working as a Registered Nurse in Oncology and Hospice. Wherever she lived she attended a local Episcopal Church, however, it was not until she became a member of Grace Episcopal Church in Syracuse in the late 1980s that she became intrigued with church his- tory.



MaryEllen Casselman, Historian



Local
Church
History
At the
Episcopal
Mission
Churches
of
The St.
Lawrence
Deanery,
et al

Rev. James Higginson Tyng

James Higginson Tyng was born in Boston, Massachusetts 12 May 1807, a son of the Hon. Dudley Atkins and Lydia Higginson Tyng. Following graduation from Bowdoin College with an A.B. in 1820, he studied theology with the Rt. Rev. Thomas Church Brownell in Hartford, Connecticut and the Rt. Rev. A.V. Griswold D.D. in Bristol, Rhode Island. After serving as a lay reader for a year he was ordained a deacon 26 July 1829 by Bishop Griswold.

On 16 January 1830, in Boston, he married Matilda Augustus Temple Degan (b. 12 June, 1808, Leghorn, Italy - d. 30 May 1883, Exeter, New Hampshire, daughter of Dr. Charles Furlong Degan, Esquire (1771-1822) and Elizabeth Vassell Russell (1771-1824).

As a deacon he first served Trinity Church, Martinsburg, Virginia, until 1832, when he was returned to Pennsylvania to serve at Grace Church in Honesdale and Truth Episcopal Church in Bethany. The Rt. Rev. Henry Ustick Onderdonk D.D. admitted him to the Holy Order of Priests in St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia on 9 June 1833, with his brother, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, giving the sermon. He resigned from work in Pennsylvania in January 1834, and accepted a missionary position in Tallahassee, Florida. Arriving in May he began holding services at St. Paul's Church, Quincy as well as other churches in the Diocese and conducted a select school for girls which he advertised as a "Female Seminary". He also helped raise enough money to erect a church, St. John's Episcopal Church in Tallahassee.

Fr. Tyng returned to Pennsylvania and in 1839, began service as the first rector of Grace Church in Honesdale. In 1842, he became rector of St. Anne's Church in Middletown and nearby St. Peter's Church in Smyrna, Delaware. He remained there for 2 years, leaving to minister in New Jersey. He is found in Newark in 1845, as "Principal of the Newark Academy. A chartered Institution. A Female School of the Highest Order. Providing a Classical Education", a position he held for several years. In 1848, in addition to the school, he worked in earnest to assist in the formation of St. Philip's Church serving African-Americans in Philadelphia. Although he maintained a residence in New York he

served as a presbyter in New Jersey and in 1852, assumed the position of rector of the Church of the Redeemer in Morristown where he remained until 1858.

Leaving New Jersey in 1859, he assumed the Rectorship of St. Luke's Church in Chelsea, Massachusetts where he served for two years before becoming the rector of St. Peter's Church, Drewsville, and missionary in Charleston, New Hampshire. He assumed charge of St. Luke's Church in Walpole in 1862, and continued in Charleston at St. Luke's Church which he was instrumental in establishing. The following two years he worked diligently, attempting to join the two churches as they were only 3 miles apart, however being unsuccessful he left in 1865, to assume a position in New York. For the two years he is found living in New York City but not serving at any particular institution.

On April 21, 1868, during the Bishop's annual visit, he assisted the Bishop with Holy Communion at St. Paul's Church, Kinderhook. During that year he also supplied at St. Mark's in Hoosick Falls for the first 18 Sundays in Trinity due to the illness of their rector. On August 1, 1869, when making his visit to Christ Church in Morristown, New York the Bishop related understanding of the sadness of the congregation after the death of their beloved rector, Dr. Humphrey after an illness of over two years. He stated that he felt the congregation would do well with their new rector the Rev. Mr. Tyng.

In 1870, he established a Classical School at St. John's Church in Ogdensburg and as a missionary took charge of St. Luke's Church in Lisbon. He was commended the following year by Bishop Doane for "most acceptable service." In 1872, on the bishop's visit to Ogdensburg Rev. Tyng said the Litany and the Bishop preached and confirmed 61 persons.

In 1874 he was dismissed from the Diocese of Albany to the Diocese of Florida. Nothing else is known of him until his death in Brooklyn, NY April 16, 1879. He was buried in Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn and was



Eat and Drink

God is not a god of hearsay,
a virtual god, an outsourced god.
No remote, second hand, copy-of-a-copy god.
This religion isn't about what you believe,
that paper religion, an idea you can think about.
This religion isn't a recipe; it's the meal.
Real food. You digest it.

Jesus is not explaining God. He's feeding us God.
He is the bread of God.
You have to eat it.
It surrenders itself inside you,
becomes part of you.
Don't just think about it;
don't merely believe. Eat it.

Take him in, this Jesus bread.
Savor the aroma of his love, his grace,
the flavor of his trust in God and in you.
Wrap the mouth of your soul around him and eat.
See how he tastes on the tongue of your heart.
Bite off a chunk of that forgiveness,
chew it gratefully, and swallow it all.
Drink in that presence with you in every Gethsemane,
every Golgotha, drink it in and let it fill you.
Take all of who Jesus is into yourself.
Stuff yourself with him.
You are what you eat.

Steve Garnaas-Holmes



*Praise you, Father, for your People.
For old people, young people;
tall people, short people;
wise people, simple people;
black people, white people,
red yellow, and brown people
(and green and blue ones, too,
if there are any,
and all shades in between
that we don't know about).*

*Praise you, Father, for making us,
your children,
in so many varieties.
Praise you for making each of us
so different,
for making each one of us
unique.*

*Father, don't let us use those
differences
as a cause for
barriers
between is.
Teach us to rejoice
and delight in them
as you do.*

November 2024

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat

					1 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m. ALL SAINTS	2 Vestry—10 a.m. Common Cents—10 a.m. ALL SOULS/ALL FAITHFUL DE- PARTED 
3 PENTECOST 24—HOLY EUCARIST - 10 A.M.— ALL SAINTS DAY OBSERVANCE	4	5 Common Cents 10-2:00	6	7	8 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m.	9 Common Cents 10-noon
10 PENTECOST 25—HOLY EUCARIST - 10 A.M.—HEALING SERVICE	11	12 Common Cents 10-2:00	13 Women's Guild —noon	14	15 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m.	16 Daughters of the King—10 am Common Cents 10-noon
17 PENTECOST 26—HOLY EUCARIST - 10 A.M.	18	19 Common Cents 10-2:00 Community Thanksgiving Service—6 pm	20 Community Lunch—11:30— 12:30	21	22 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m.	23 Common Cents 10 closed at noon, will re- open Dec. 3
24 THE LAST SUN- DAY AFTER PEN- TECOST— CHRIST THE KING - HOLY EUCHA A.M. 	25	26	27	28 THANKSGIVING 	29	30 SAINT ANDREW THE APOSTLE

December 2024

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat

1 THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT—HOLY EUCARIST— 10 a.m.	2	3 Common Cents 10-2:00	4	5	6 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m.	7 CHRISTMAS BAZAAR—10 – 1:00 Common Cents 10-noon
8 THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT—HOLY EUCARIST— 10 a.m.— HEAL- ING SERVICE	9	10 Common Cents 10-2:00	11 Women's Guild—Noon	12	13 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m.	14 Vestry Mtg.— 10a.m. Common Cents 10-noon
15 THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT— GAUDETE SUN- DAY -HOLY EU- CHARIST—10 a.m.	16	17 Common Cents 10-2:00	18 Community Lunch—11:30 –12:30	19	20 Bible Study— 10:00 a.m.	21 DAUGHTERS OF TH KING—10 A.M.; ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE Common Cents 10– closes at noon today, re-
22 THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT—HOLY EUCARIST— 10 a.m.	23	24 Christmas Eve – Lessons & Carols— 5 p.,m. followed by a covered-dish	25 THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST - CHRISTMAS DAY—HOLY EUCARIST—	26 SAINT STEPHEN, DEACON AND MARTYR	27 SAINT JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST	28 THE HOLY INNOCENTS
29 THE FIRST AFTER CHRIST- MAS—HOLY EUCARIST— 10 a.m.	30	31 Third Sunday in Advent— Gaudete Sunday —which means “Rejoice” in Latin. It is a day to celebrate joy and hope in the middle of Advent, which is a time of preparation for Christmas. The day is marked by the lighting of a Rose -colored candle, and the use of Rose - colored Vestments worn by the Priest and used on the Altar.				