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#### Church Service Schedule:

Sunday Morning Eucharist—in person—10:00 a.m.

Morning Prayer 8:00 a.m. online: [facebook.com/boswellandco](https://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—located on Harrison Street in

Methodist Church Educational Building hours:

Mon, Thurs, Sat—10:00—noon

AA weekly meetings every Tuesday at 8:00 p.m.

Meeting times are occasionally subject to change.

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#### **St. Philip's Episcopal Church**

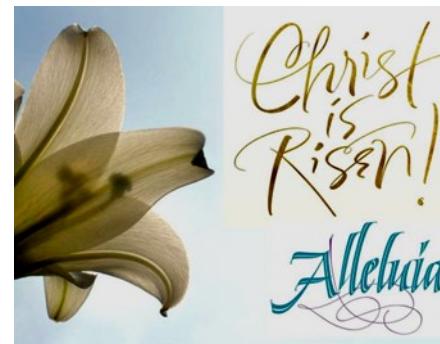
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 The Rev. Kathryn M. Boswell, Rector

#### Vestry Members:

Kathryn M. Boswell, Rector  
 MaryEllen Casselman, Clerk  
 Irene Hargrave  
 Karen Morgan  
 David Ossenkop  
 Romi Sebald, Warden  
 Lucille Waterson



St. Philip's Episcopal Church  
 42 South Main Street, PO Box 225  
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March-April 2025  
 Volume 15, Issue 1



#### *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)



**The Rev. Kathryn M. Boswell,  
 Rector**

# CommonLife

Dear brothers and sisters,

If you are a fan of The Lord of the Rings, you might remember the part, near the end, where Frodo is preparing secretly to leave his homeland forever, and to travel to the eleven lands across the sea. But his good friends, who know and love him, are not so easily fooled, and they keep close tabs on him so he won't slip off without their knowing. Meanwhile, they catch him from time to time, sighing in a melancholy way and murmuring things like, "When shall I ever look down into this valley again?" (If I am muddling the story a bit, I beg the pardon of any die-hard Tolkien fans.)

Whether I am remembering my Hobbit-ology precisely or no, my heart feels very much in tune with Frodo, as I spend my last precious weeks with my brothers and sisters at St. Philip's. To be sure, I am just retiring, and not boarding an elvish ship and heading into the far west. I'll be right here in Norwood, in our same old house, full of dogs and cats and gardens and Boswells. But life is about to change, and there is so much to remember and to treasure in my mind and heart as the time draws near!

I have been blessed – we have been blessed – to be a part of the family of God at St. Philip's these past 14 years, and I don't even know how to adequately express my joy and gratitude to each and every one of you. But I'll try, borrowing a word from St. Paul, as he wrote to the church in Philippi from his prison cell:

*I thank my God in all my remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making my prayer with joy, because of your partnership in the gospel from the first day until now. And I am sure of this, that he who began a good work in you will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ. It is right for me to feel this way about you all, because I hold you in my heart, for you are all partakers with me of grace, both in my imprisonment and in the defense and confirmation of the gospel. For God is my witness, how I yearn for you all with the affection of Christ Jesus. And it is my prayer that your love may abound more and more, with knowledge and all discernment, so that you may approve what is excellent, and so be*

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pure and blameless for the day of Christ, filled with the fruit of righteousness that comes through Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God.

Much love, in our Lord Jesus Christ,  
Kathryn<sup>+</sup>

Prayer:

Gracious God, we thank you for the gift of Mtr. Kathryn Boswell, a faithful servant in your vineyard, and for the years of dedicated ministry she has given to us. As she now enters a new season of life, we pray that you will fill her with peace, joy, and a sense of purpose. May she find rest and renewal, and may she continue to be a source of strength and inspiration to all she meets. We entrust her to your loving care, and we pray that her retirement will be a time of blessing and fulfillment. *Amen.*



A life well-lived, a spirit bright,

A priest of grace, a guiding light.  
Now, as you rest, your work complete,  
May blessings follow, bittersweet.  
From service done to paths unknown,  
May joy and peace be richly sown.  
With open heart and gentle hand,  
We thank you, friend, in this fair land.



## Up-coming Events—For Your Information and Participation



### Lenten Lunch Schedule

- March 12—Knapps Station Community Church  
March 19—St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church—luncheon will be held in the Fr. Amyot Center in Norfolk  
March 26—St. Philip's Episcopal Church  
April 2—Norwood United Methodist/Congregational Church  
April 9—Norwood Free Methodist Church

### Palm Sunday and Holy Week Schedule

**Palm Sunday**—10:00 a.m.—Blessing of the Palms in the Parish Hall, Procession into the Church  
Holy Eucharist  
The Passion of Our Lord

**Maundy Thursday**—5:00 p.m.

**Agape Meal**  
Service begins in Parish Hall  
Holy Eucharist and Washing of Feet

**Good Friday**—5:00 p.m.

**The Holy Communion**—administered from the reserved Sacrament

**Holy Saturday**—5:00 p.m.

*The Order of Worship for the Evening*

### The Sunday of the Resurrection Easter Sunday

The Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.  
Celebration of the Risen Lord  
Celebration Luncheon to follow the service.



### Second Sunday of Easter

*John 20:19-31*

In 1997 I went to New York City for the very first time. I had been enamored with the idea of the place for as long as I could recall, so getting the opportunity to go with some classmates from my high school was a dream come true. As you can imagine, we hit all the touristy hotspots—the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Times Square. Each one felt surreal. My 16-year-old brain could hardly process it all. The memory of that I think of most, however, is about something I *didn't* see. The details are foggy now, but here's what I know: while I was briefly wandering off to see some site, some of my friends had a close encounter with Will Ferrell.

Yes, that Will Ferrell. Of *Anchorman* fame.

At the time he was just taking off on *Saturday Night Live*, doing bits like the Spartan Cheerleader, and I was a huge fan. The idea of even brushing past him on the street was more than I could fathom. And I totally missed seeing him. I regret it to this day. Couldn't the hot dog or whatever have waited?

Now, I know meeting a celebrity isn't the same as an appearance of the risen Jesus, but something about my own missed encounter makes me resonate with the character of Thomas in John 20. Mary Magdalene is the first to encounter Jesus after he is raised on Easter morning. That same evening he appears to a group of disciples who are in a locked room, hiding in fear of experiencing the same fate that Jesus has. He appears among them, speaks peace to them, and—like God in the creation story in Genesis 2—breathes the Spirit upon and into those disciples. They are new creations, part of a new humanity that will join God in the work of creating a new kind of world. It is John's version of the Pentecost story.

Thomas is absent for this expectation-exploding moment. And because of his absence, he just can't buy what his fellow disciples are saying. The idea that the Jesus he has known and loved is alive again—and appearing to his friends but not him—must feel like a cruel joke. For him to accept this shocking turn of events as reality, he will need more than their exclamation that they "have seen the Lord." Thomas demands proof. "Unless I see the mark of the nails in his hands, he says, "and put my finger in the mark of the nails and my hand in his side, I will not believe."

For 2,000 years, as the result of this one line, readers of the Bible have looked back on Thomas as an example of failure and unfaithfulness, as the epitome of doubt. In these moments I feel fortunate to have two millennia separating me from the action of Easter because, to be honest, I would probably have felt the same as Thomas. I respond similarly when someone

makes an outlandish claim and expects me just to accept it without any kind of proof, and I'd wager that you do, too.

Further, the other disciples got to see the risen Jesus, which is why they believe. Thomas didn't, and all he's asking for here is to have a similar opportunity. That isn't all that unreasonable, is it? We've perhaps been a little too hard on history's most famous doubter.

And when we focus so intently on Thomas' doubt, we miss or ignore what happens next. A week later, behind closed doors, Jesus appears to his followers again, and this time Thomas is in the room. Jesus offer what Thomas has wanted, has needed: the opportunity to touch his scars. This is no longer necessary, however, because Thomas knows in his bones who is standing before him. "My Lord and my God" is his ecstatic response.

Thomas experiences a kind of resurrection here—a resurrection of hope, faith, and possibility. This encounter with the risen Jesus powerfully reshapes Thomas' life. Legend has it that he spent his remaining years sharing the message of Jesus in India. While we have no way of knowing if that is actually the case, it is still a testament to the possibilities Easter creates. We should not condemn or disparage Thomas. Instead we should see ourselves in him. Our journeys are lived on the same continuum between doubt and faith, between skepticism and belief.

Thomas discovers that Easter means our worst moments and our worst days do not define us. We can learn, our trust can grow, and we can be transformed. Our stories are not determined by our failures. Guilt, shame, and regret do not get the final word over us. The risen Jesus comes to us, again and again inviting us to experience resurrection right here and right now.

Josh Scott, pastor of GracePointe Church in Nashville, Tennessee, and author of *Bible Stories for Grown-Ups*.

April 2024 *The Christian Century*



*My Lord and my God!*

## Resurrection of the Lord

Mark 16:1-8

**F**REE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST, thank God almighty I'm free at last!" These resounding words are most often remembered as the closing words of Martin Luther King Jr.'s "I Have a Dream" speech, but they are taken from the spiritual "Free at Last":

*Way down yonder in the graveyard walk,  
Me and my Jesus going to meet and talk.  
On my knees when the light passed by,  
Thought my soul would rise and fly.  
Some of these mornings, bright and fair,  
Goin' to meet King Jesus in the air.  
Free at last, free at last,  
Thank God Almighty I'm free at last!*

The freedom described in this spiritual is a freedom born of life after death. The writer is yearning for freedom from the consequences of death. Resurrection, the expected upending of death's consequences, is not only something to reach for but something that changes how we live here and now.

As day breaks on the first day of the week, the women go to a place of death with bags full of spices, expecting the responsibility of masking death's odor. They wonder how the stone will be rolled away, but as they near the tomb they see that someone has already taken care of this seeming impossibility for them. They rush in and have an unexpected encounter with a young man dressed in white. They are no doubt perplexed and confused, maybe even afraid that someone has stolen the body and that their friend will not be able to have a proper burial.

The young man tells them to not be alarmed: Jesus is no longer there because he has risen. "Don't be alarmed"—this seems callous at best, maybe even mean-spirited. Of course they are alarmed! Less than 48 hours ago they watched in horror as Jesus was taken down from the cross. I am, on some level, offended by the attitude of the white-robed man, or at least I deeply empathize with these sisters. Everything around them says death, so they come to the tomb, expecting death. But they are met instead with an empty tomb and a word about resurrection. They are told to witness the empty place where Jesus' body has been. All these years later, their Easter experience is not too much different from ours.

March 2024 *The Christian Century*

They expect death, they are met with an empty tomb, and *then* they get a word about resurrection. This is exactly what we have today. Welcome with the expectation of death in this dying world all around us, and then we receive a word of resurrection. God always seems to do things the hard way. They *saw* Jesus suffer and die. Why doesn't God allow them to come to the tomb and watch Jesus walk out into the light of a new day? Wouldn't it be easier for us if we could see the same thing these women had, a word about resurrection that flies in the face of everything that we know to be true.

What I love about Mark's version of the story is that the women's initial experience of this word of resurrection is unsettling. The hope of the resurrection does not emerge instantly. Their first response is to be unsettled. For what can be more disorienting than being provided evidence that the single most constant reality of life—death—is no longer a constant? We should all tremble in the wake of such a realization.

What does it take to move past that trembling, to believe the unbelievable and be free? And what if believing isn't enough? We can't come to the tomb again and leave only with some new belief. These sisters don't just believe that Jesus died; they watched it, they lived it, they are still mourning. They didn't go through all of that just so they could show up and recite a prayer. There must be more.

If we really believe in this resurrection, we must believe it down to our very bones. You can't halfway believe in resurrection. Either he got up from the grave, or he didn't. And if we really believe that he got up, then that belief should transform our every day: who we are and what we do has to be different. Belief in the resurrection changes our very existence, right here and right now. We are free from the normal bounds of death's consequences and exist in this world with newfound confidence born of resurrection power. It's a confidence that breaks the chain of limitations that we put on ourselves, one that allows us to be at our best in this world. Free at last, free at last, thank God Almighty we are free at last.—TAJ



*You can't conceive, my child, nor can I or anyone, the appalling strangeness of the mercy of God.* **GRAHAM GREENE**

**DOROTHY SAYERS** writes that to make the Easter story into something that neither startles, shocks, terrifies, nor excites is "to crucify the Son of God afresh." Certainly that would have been unthinkable for Jesus' first followers, who experienced it firsthand: the heady excitement of his entry into Jerusalem, the traitorous cunning of Judas and the guilty recognition of their own cowardice, the terror of his slow suffocation, and finally the disarming of an empty grave and a living body resurrected from the dead.

As for us, his latter-day disciples, few would deny the magnitude or drama of these events. But how many of us embrace their pain and promise? How many of us, even at Easter, give Christ's death and resurrection any more attention than the weather?

To observe Lent is to strike at the root of such complacency. Lent (literally "springtime") is a time of preparation, a time to return to the desert where Jesus spent forty trying days readying for his ministry. He allowed himself to be tested, and if we are serious about following him, we will do the same.

First popularized in the fourth century, Lent is traditionally associated with penitence, fasting, almsgiving, and prayer. It is a time for "giving things up" balanced by "giving to" those in need. Yet whatever else it may be, Lent should never be morose—an annual ordeal during which we begrudgingly forgo a handful of pleasures. Instead, we ought to approach Lent as an opportunity, not a requirement. After all, it is meant to be the church's springtime, a time when, out of darkness of sin's winter, a repentant, empowered people emerges. No wonder one liturgy refers to it as "this joyful season."

Put another way, Lent is the season in which we ought to be surprised by joy. Our self-sacrifices serve no purpose unless, by laying aside this or that desire, we are able to focus on our heart's deepest longing: unity with Christ. In him—in his suffering and death, his resurrection and triumph—we find our truest joy.

Such joy is costly, however. We arise from the horror of our sin, which crucified Christ. This is why Meister Eckhart points out that those who have the hardest time with Lent are "the good people." Most of us are willing to give up a thing or two; we may also admit our need for renewal. But to *die* with Christ?

Spiritual masters often refer to a kind of "dread," the nagging sense that we have missed something important and have been somehow untrue-to ourselves, to others, to God. Lent is a good time to confront the source of that feeling. It is a time to let go of excuses for failings and shortcomings; a time to stop hanging on to whatever shreds of goodness we perceive in ourselves; a time to ask God to show us what we really look like. Finally, it is a time to face up to the personal role each of us plays in prolonging Christ's agony at Golgotha. As Richard John Neuhaus (paraphrasing John Donne) advises, "Send not to know by whom the nails were driven; they were driven by you, by me."

And yet our need for repentance cannot erase the good news that Christ overcame all sin. His resurrection frees us from ourselves. His empty tomb turns our attention away from all that is wrong with us and with the world, and spurs us on to experience the abundant life he

promises. "Christ must increase, and I must decrease," the apostle John declares, and his words resonate through the readings collected in the book *Bread and Wine*. The men and women who wrote these readings faced the same challenge we do; to discover Christ—the scarred God, the weak and wretched God, the crucified, dying God of blood and despair—amid the alluring gods of our feel-good age. He reveals the appalling strangeness of divine mercy, and the Love from which it springs. Such Love could not stay imprisoned in a cold tomb. Nor, need we, if we truly surrender our lives to it.

*The Editors  
Bread and Wine  
August 2002*

**THE BALLAD OF READING GOAL**  
*Oscar Wilde*

....And thus we rest Life's iron chain  
Degraded and alone:  
And some men curse, and some men weep,  
And some men make no moan:  
But God's eternal Laws are kind  
And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,  
In prison-cell or yard,  
Is as that broken box that gave  
Its treasure to the Lord,  
And filled with the unclean leper's house  
With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy those whose hearts can break  
And peace of pardon win!  
How else may man make straight his plan  
And cleanse his soul from Sin?  
How else but through a broken heart  
May Lord Christ enter in?



*So it is ourselves that we must spread under Christ's feet, not coats or lifeless branches or shoots of trees, matter which wastes away and delights the eye only for a few brief hours. But we have clothed ourselves with Christ's grace, with the whole Christ — "for as many of you as were baptized into Christ have put on Christ—" so let us spread ourselves like coats under his feet.*

*ANDREW OF CRETE*

## In The News

### Emilie Vallete Clarkson (Moore)



Emilie Vallete Clarkson was born in Potsdam, New York 31 January 1863 a daughter of Thomas Streatfeild "T. Streatfeild" Clarkson and Ann Clarkson. After attending local schools, she graduated from Potsdam Normal School in 1885

and then spent several winters in New York City studying art under private tutors.

In 1888 she began studying at the Chautauqua School of Photography from which she graduated in 1890; she then joined the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York. The following year she received a bronze medal at the Philadelphia Art Show for her exhibition of her lantern slides. At the Boston Art Show she received mention in the *New York Times*, 4 April 1892, "Miss Emilie Clarkson's clever portrait and genre pictures were delightful." An article by the New York Camera Club in the *New York Times*, 26 March 1893 read, "Miss Emilie Clarkson's set of slides illustrating animals, landscapes and figure studies were thoroughly appreciated by an enthusiastic gathering. She expects to send a large exhibition to the Philadelphia exhibit." Later that year she received a gold medal for a presentation done in London and the Photographer's Club of Paris gave special notice of several of her works.

*The Potsdam Herald Reporter*, 27 December 1946 noted: "The best example of America's regard for her work appeared in Munsey's Magazine for July 1894. In that there is a handsome half-tone engraving of her photograph, "On the Racquette," which won highest honors at the summer exhibition of the New York Society. The magazine made the following comment, "Miss Clarkson is almost too well known among amateurs to need special mention. She is a

painstaking worker, judging everything from an artistic standpoint and her pictures are met with deserved success wherever shown. She covers a wide range of subjects, some of her figure studies and characteristic rural scenes being especially good."

Emilie was married 13 July 1901 to William Alonzo Moore (1861-1922) in 'Holcroft', her father's residence in Potsdam, by her uncle the Rev. Augustus Vallette Clarkson and Rev. Reynold M. Kirby. (Rev. A.V. Clarkson founded St. Augustine's Episcopal Church in Croton, NY and was their rector for fifty-one years. Rev. R.M. Kirby served Trinity Church, Potsdam and surrounding churches for twenty-five years.) William was born in DeKalb, educated locally, and graduated from Union College prior to coming to Potsdam as manager of his father's woodworking shop. William and Emilie spent their married life in Potsdam during the summer months and in New York during the winter months.

Matthew Clarkson (1675-1702), the first of the Clarkson family to come to America, was the son of an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. David Clarkson. The Clarkson family continued for generations generously supporting Episcopal Churches. Some of the most prominent founders of Trinity Church, Potsdam, were uncles of both Emilie's parents, who were first cousins. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were given over the years to the Church. Further local information can be found in the book, "A Historical Sketch of Trinity Church Potsdam, New York; 1835-1896."

It is unknown to the exact extent of Emilie Clarkson Moore's contributions to St. Philip's Church. However, Emilie's name first appears in the *Vestry minutes*, April 10, 1932 "It was moved and voted that the Rector address to Mrs. Wm Moore of Potsdam, a letter of deepest appreciation for her Easter gift to St. Philip's Church." *Vestry minutes*, January 13, 1935, "Mr. Shepard expressed

THE GIFT OF GIVING

### The Lamb

By William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee

Gave thee life & bid thee feed.  
By the stream & o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing wooly bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice!  
Little Lamb who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee

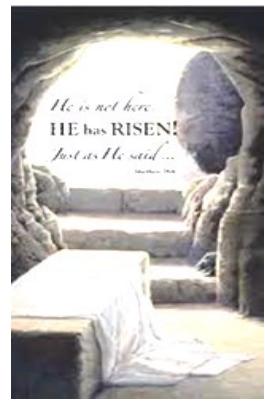
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!

He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb:  
He is meek & he is mild,  
He became a little child:

I a child & thou a lamb,  
We are called by his name.

Little Lamb God bless thee.  
Little Lamb God bless thee.





#### Easter dawn

He blesses every love that weeps and grieves  
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept  
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's  
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept  
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs  
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.  
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,  
Or recognize the Gardner stand there.  
She hardly hears his gentler question, 'Why,  
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light  
That brightens as she chokes out her reply,  
'They took my love away, my day is night.'  
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say  
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

MALCOLM GUISTE

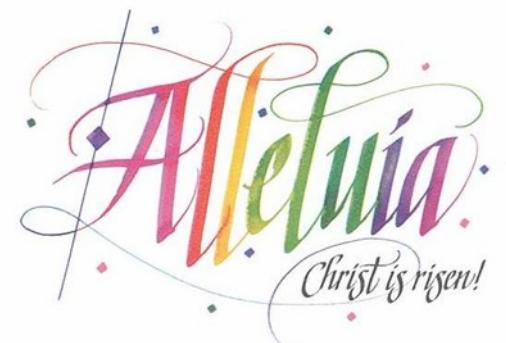


Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!  
Our triumphant hold day, Alleluia!  
Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!  
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which he endured, Alleluia!  
Our salvation have procured, Alleluia!  
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!  
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia!  
Praise eternal as his love, Alleluia!  
Praise him, all you heavenly host, Alleluia!  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!



appreciation for all things Mrs. Moore has done for the church, and a rising vote of thanks was given to her." *Vestry minutes May 13, 1936*, the Rev. Dr. Haley, rector expressed his "appreciation for the gift of the new Pipe Organ, given by Mrs. Moore." The gift registry for the Church also relates that with the gift of a Skinner Pipe Organ, Mrs. Moore also "gave complete choir vestments to the Church". The same registry also notes in 1939 the "Gift of velvet cushions for pews and choir stall by Emilie Clarkson Moore." In 1938 a monetary gift was given by Mrs. Moore to enable the construction of the parish hall with the first Annual Meeting held there in January 1939. *Vestry minutes December 9, 1940*, related, "Motion was made and seconded that a letter of thanks be sent by the secretary to Mrs. Moore for her gifts of a new furnace and blower for the Rectory and sidewalks for the Parish House." *Vestry minutes August 10, 1941*, read, "It was voted that Mr. W. F. Borrman, clerk, write to Mrs. Moore and thank her for the heating plant installed in the church on behalf of the Vestry and Church."

Emilie died 13 December 1946 at the age of eighty-three. *The Potsdam Herald-Reporter 27 December 1946* excerpt of her Will read, "I give, devise and bequeath to the St. Philip's Church of Norwood NY, the sum of Thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) to be devoted to the purposes deemed best for the said Church by the Board of Trustees thereof. This gift shall be known as a memorial to William A. Moore and Emilie V. Moore."

Emilie V. Clarkson's Collection of 470 Lantern Slides are available for viewing at St. Lawrence University.

MARYELLEN CASSELMAN, HISTORIAN



A special meeting of St. Philip's Vestry was held on Sunday, March 9, 2025, to discuss the proposal and estimate given by Bradley Day, President of Allen Organ Studios, for the purchase an Allen Organ for St. Philip's Church, which will replace the Skinner Pipe Organ that was damaged by the August 2024, flood.

The "proposal and estimate totaling \$31,900, to be paid in three installments as per attached," A motion was approved and seconded by The Rev. Kathryn M. Boswell, and Lucille Waterson, all members voted yes, motion passed.

The signed contract along with the first installment was sent to Mr. Brad Day which facilitated the start of building the organ. The estimated completion date for production is around June 25, 2025.

Part of the funding will come from an undesignated donation given to St. Philip's by Marjorie Hart Worden. The Vestry felt it would be fitting as her husband Wilfred "Goog" Worden was Organist and Choir Director at St. Philip's for many years.

There will be a fund for anyone who wishes to donate towards the purchase of this organ. Donations may be sent to: if a check, made payable to St. Philip's Episcopal Church, - PO Box 225, 42 South Main Street, Norwood, NY 13668, Attention: Treasurer.

A brief description of the Organ: Allen Organ, GENISYS G100, 35 Stops with GENISYS Voices, Two-Manuals, standard AGO foot pedal board.

Plans to hold a public recital with a guest artist will be made in the future after the organ is installed.



## *MISERERE MEI DEUS*

DR. DAVID OSSENKOP

After being rebuked by the prophet Nathan for committing adultery with Bathsheba and being complicit in the murder of her husband, Uriah, King David created Psalm 51 (Psalm 50 in the Vulgate). This heartfelt expression of repentance has inspired many composers to their best efforts.



Most major composers set the Latin text, beginning “Miserere mei Deus.” One of these was written by Renaissance composer Josquin Desprez (c. 1450-1521). His magnificent motet, composed for Duke Ercole I of Ferrara about 1503, and scored for five voices (SATTB) in three parts, makes use of the first phrase of the Psalm

throughout as a cantus firmus stated in the first tenor. Throughout the motet this phrase is presented on different scale degrees in coordination with other verses. In Part I, the phrase is first heard on the note e' (e above middle c) in conjunction with the remaining words of the first verse ("secundum magnam misericordiam tuam" ("according to Thy lovingkindness") and is repeated seven times, each on a different degree, until the octave below (e) is reached. The cantus firmus in Part II begins on e with the words of verse eight, "auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam," ("give unto me the sound of Thy joy and Thy gladness") and ascends back to e' in verse fourteen with the words "exsultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam." ("my tongue shall sing rejoicing unto Thy justice") Part III of Josquin's work begins with verse fifteen, "Domine, labia me aperies, ("Lord, open Thou my lips") with the cantus firmus on e', and concludes with the cantus firmus descending scalewise to a.

Roman composer Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652) wrote his setting in the 1630s on commission from Pope Urban VIII for performance in the Sistine Chapel. It is scored for two choirs: the first for five voices in a SSATB disposition and the second for four voices in a SATB arrangement. The choruses alternate with sections made of simple counterpoint in a falsobordone style containing repeated notes are followed by sections of unison chant are interspersed with those in canon. For nearly two hundred years it was forbidden to make copies of the score. However, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) heard the score during his stay in Rome at age fourteen in 1770, copied the score, and heard the Holy Week performances. Pope Pius VI was so impressed by the young Mozart that he gave Mozart the Chivalric Order of the Golden Spur. Performances of Allegri's Miserere still produce a轰动 (hōng dòng) effect.

During the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries several excellent Miserere settings were written for chorus and orchestra. Among the best of these are the grand motet by French composer Jean-Baptiste Lully (1632-1687) and a large-scale cantata composed in 1809



A circular portrait of Johann Sebastian Bach, an elderly man with long, powdered grey hair, wearing a dark red robe over a white shirt with a cravat.

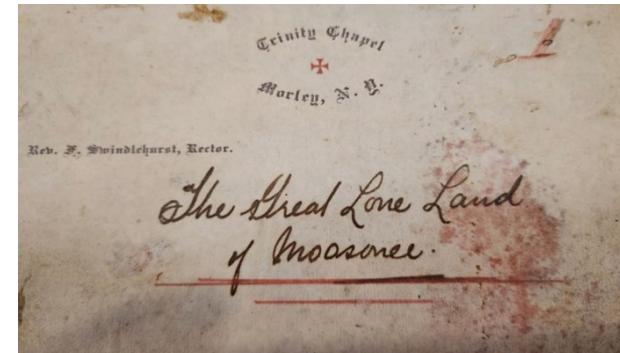
by German polymath E. T. A. Hoffmann (1776-1822), which is distinguished by some deeply moving passages. Works for solo voices and chamber ensemble were created by eighteenth century composers, including Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), who fitted a German translation, "Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünde," ("Lord, extinguish my sins") to the music of Giovanni Battista Pergolesi's (1710-1736) *Stabat Mater*.



Lots of parties and fits by way of farewell; \$50 of glittering gold from the vestry; traveling case and a typewriter from a guild; \$150 from a community club; a check from Dr. Brook, rector of St. Thomas's, New York; formerly the archdeacon of Albany; a trunk, umbrella, fountain pen and desk set from the police and fire departments and a watch from the men of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. Someone ought to have given him a truck to get his gifts to Canada. Such treatment will tempt a lot of persons to resign."

He returned to New York in 1934 to serve at St. Thomas's Chapel (formerly the Church of the Good Shepherd est. 1868) in New York City where he remained until 1941. He then served for a period of time at St. Elizabeth's Chapel in Eagle Valley, New York. St. Elizabeth's was built in 1921 as a chapel with adjoining cemetery for members of the Hamilton family. It was dedicated of the memory of Elizabeth Schuler Hamilton who died during the Spanish Influenza. She was the great-great granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton.

The Rev. Swindlehurst died 20 January 1957 at a nursing home in Flushing, Queens, New York. His obituary related he had resided at the nursing home since his retirement. He was survived by one brother Edwin who lived in Toronto.



While serving at Trinity Church in Morey the Rev. Frederick Swindlehurst wrote a 39 page manuscript on his time spent in Moosonee. It was transcribed at St. Lawrence County Archives in Canton, NY where the original remains. The below picture is signed:

*Yours sincerely  
Fred Swindlehurst  
Morley*



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 ranges from Irish emigrants to Lower Canada during the potato famine to those who came in the Palatine immigration becoming United Empire Loyalists 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



n, MaryEllen Casselman,  
s Historian

*Many thanks to Historian MaryEllen Casselman for her continued research and writings about the Episcopal Churches and their Rectors in the St. Lawrence Deanery!*



## Rev. Frederick Swindlehurst

Frederick Swindlehurst was born 21 January 1879 in Accrington, Lancashire England the son of William Swindlehurst (1834-1906) and Ellen Grimshaw (1839-1912). The family emigrated to Canada in the late 1890 and settled in Montreal. In 1897 Frederick embarked on a journey to the Diocese of Moosonee located on Hudson Bay, Ontario to serve as a lay reader to the Cree Indians. 16 September 1900 he was admitted to Deacon's Orders by the bishop of Moosonee Rt. Rev. Jervois Newham D.D. and ordained in 1902. He went back to Montreal for a short period of time for further training in theology but returned to serve as a missionary in Moosonee until 1905. He was received into the Diocese of Albany on 7 October 1905 and began serving as the missionary to St. James Church, Hogansburg and rector of St. Paul's Church, Fort Covington. At the State Convention of Diocesan Missions held at St. John's Church in Ogdensburg 9 May 1906, Fr. Swindlehurst talked about his missionary work in Labrador, an area of more than 350,000 square miles served by just six missionaries. Speaking from experience, he told of the difficulties for missionaries, not only the extreme climate and loneliness but also difficulty with the Cree and Eskimo languages.

In 1907, he became the missionary at Trinity Chapel in Morley. The following year the co-adjutor bishop of Albany, the Rt. Rev. R.H. Nelson, visited Trinity for confirmation and the *Ogdensburg Journal* 20 May 1908 reported: "The Rev. Mr. Swindlehurst should be congratulated on the interest shown by the people for the church and its teachings under his supervision and untiring energy."

*The Potsdam Herald Reporter* 1 October 1909: "The Rev. Frederick Swindlehurst, rector of Trinity Episcopal Chapel, Morley village has been elected an active member of the Artic Club of America in consideration of his long sojourn among the Indians and Eskimos, living in the subarctic of Canada. The Artic Club has its headquarters in New York City. Mr. Swindlehurst has been looking forward to attend the banquet but illness in his parish prevented his attendance."

It was necessary for him to take a two month 'vacation' due to illness in 1911. He submitted his resignation two years later, preaching his last sermon in September 1913 and assumed the position of rector at Gloria Dei Episcopal Church in Palenville, New York. He remained there until 1915 when he returned to Montreal to enlist in the Canadian Armed Forces.

His next annual reports to the Bishop read: "Somewhere in France, Nov. 14, 1916

My Dear Bishop- I have been doing duty as a private in the Ninth Canadian Field Ambulance at the front and have done what work I could among the men. I have taken charge of several services. At present I am at the advanced dressing station, stationed and living in a dug-out about twenty feet below ground. The rats and vermin

are everywhere in evidence and render sleep difficult but when one gets really tied out, he sleeps anyway. With every good wish and kindest regards. Faithfully yours, F. Swindlehurst"

"Report from Jan. 1, 1917 to Dec. 31, 1917 From January 1<sup>st</sup> to July 1<sup>st</sup> I was acting as a stretcher bearer and "first aid" man to the wounded. On Sunday, when possible, I held service for the men of our Corps, the 9<sup>th</sup> Canadian Field Ambulance, wrote letters at the request of the wounded passing through out hands and ministered to those who requested it when there was no Chaplin at hand. On July 1<sup>st</sup> I left France and returned to England on duty, having been granted my commission as Captain on the field, and was appointed Chaplin of the No. 12 Canadian General Hospital at Bramshott Camp. Visited hospital once a week. Visited patients on seriously ill list and ministered to them. Wrote to parents of sick and wounded letting them know condition of patient and arrange affairs with officials for some of the patients. Had services every week for patients and officers, men and nursing sisters of the hospital. Took charge of several battalion church parades. Rev. F. Swindlehurst, Diocese of Albany.

"The Rev. Frederick Swindlehurst offers the following report for Gloria Dei Church Palenville. From January 1<sup>st</sup> to April 5<sup>th</sup> 1918, I was chaplain in Canadian Expeditionary Force, stationed in Bramshott Camp in England. On transport I was in command of lifeboat No. 4 and held services on Sunday, visited sick and wounded daily and assisted the men in their entertainments. In Montreal I was on military duty but assisted the clergy on Sunday, preaching five services and celebrating twice. I lectured in aid of war auxiliaries during my furlough, speaking in aid of Red Cross, Liberty Loans, etc. giving my services free of charge to the societies requesting my assistance, in this work I gave ninety-eight lectures and addresses. In July I was placed upon the Reserve of Officers and given permission to resume parish work which I did on July 15, taking my former parish of Palenville at the request of the bishop."

During the summer of 1918 he returned to the North Country and gave several lectures to churches, business organizations and town hall meetings. He told how he went to France early in the war with Canadian troops. He fought in the deadly battle of Ypres Salient and at Vimy Ridge and was commissioned as Captain and stayed until the capture of Avion. He was then sent to England as Chaplain to a Stationary hospital and invalided home. He also related, sadly, serving with his brother Arthur who was killed in action at the battle of the Somme.

The Rev. Mr. Swindlehurst began serving as rector of St. Andrew's Church in Scotia in 1919 and remained there until 1927. An article in *The Witness*, April 12, 1927 read: "The Rev. Frederick Swindlehurst as served in the diocese of Albany for twenty-two years. He resigned his rectorship at Scotia the other day to accept an appointment as chaplain of Immigration Service at Toronto.

tive a cappella passages, especially in Part I, as well as many outcries to God. One cannot help being overwhelmed by the beginning of Part II, "Audi, auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam," ("Hearken, o give unto me the sound of Thy joy and Thy gladness") and the crescendo from f to fffff at the very end of the Psalm,



Scottish composer James MacMillan (b. 1959) has been associated with the chamber choir The Sixteen for much of his career, and he wrote his a capella Miserere for the ensemble in 2009. It is scored for SATB chorus, with divisi and soli in each voice part. As is the case with Allegri's composition, polyphonic passages alternate with unmeasured chant. The chanted passages are occasionally divided between male and female voices. In the polyphonic episodes, tempi and dynamics change in accordance with the text. In singing the words "Amplius lavame ab iniquitate mea," ("Wash me thoroughly from my transgressions") sopranos and altos are directed to keen and cry, and "Asperges me hyssopo, et munda-bor," ("With hyssop, purge my soul, and I shall be clean") requires a pleading tone ff. The section "Libera me de sanguinibus," ("From blood guiltiness deliver me") is to be sung ff and emphatically, and the final polyphonic episode, beginning "Tunc acceptabilis sacrificium justitiae," ("Then pleasing shalt Thou find the sacrifice of righteousness") brings MacMillan's Miserere to a peaceful close.

(MANY, MANY THANKS TO DAVID FOR SHARING HIS PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF MUSIC WITH US. THE SEASON OF LENT WOULD BE A PERFECT TIME TO LOOK UP THESE WONDERFUL SETTINGS OF KING DAVID'S PSALM OF DEEP REPENTANCE. YOU COULD FIND THEM ON YOUTUBE, AND LISTEN AS PART OF YOUR LENTEN DEVOTIONS.)

(Also, in 1957, the Norwood-Norfolk Symphonic Choir under the direction of High School Vocal Music Director Esther Scott, accompanied by local piano instructor, Ethel Bidwell, and I was also a member of the choir, performed Part III of Dello Joio's *Psalm of David* NYSSMA Competition at Crane. K. Morgan)

## Psalm 51 Miserere mei, Deus

1 Have mercy on me, O God, according to your loving-kindness; \*  
in your great compassion blot out my offenses.  
2 Wash me through and through from my wickedness \*  
and cleanse me from my sin.  
3 For I know my transgressions, \*  
and my sin is ever before me.  
4 Against you only have I sinned \*  
and done what is evil in your sight.  
5 And so you are justified when you speak \*  
and upright in your judgment.  
6 Indeed, I have been wicked from my birth, \*  
a sinner from my mother's womb.  
7 For behold, you look for truth deep within me, \*  
and will make me understand wisdom secretly.  
8 Purge me from my sin, and I shall be pure; \*  
wash me, and I shall be clean indeed.  
9 Make me hear of joy and gladness, \*  
that the body you have broken may rejoice.  
10 Hide your face from my sins \*  
and blot out all my iniquities.  
11 Create in me a clean heart, O God, \*  
and renew a right spirit within me.  
12 Cast me not away from your presence \*  
and take not your holy Spirit from me.  
13 Give me the joy of your saving help again \*  
and sustain me with your bountiful Spirit.  
14 I shall teach your ways to the wicked, \*  
and sinners shall return to you.  
15 Deliver me from death, O God, \*  
and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness, O God of my salvation.  
16 Open my lips, O Lord, \*  
and my mouth shall proclaim your praise.  
17 Had you desired it, I would have offered sacrifice, \*  
but you take no delight in burnt-offerings.  
18 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; \*  
a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise.  
19 Be favorable and gracious to Zion, \*  
and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.  
20 Then you will be pleased with the appointed sacrifices, with burnt-offerings and oblations; \*  
then shall they offer young bullocks upon your altar.



# March 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>
<i>The Last Sunday after Epiphany</i> Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		<i>Ash Wednesday</i> Holy Eucharist & Imposition of Ashes—5:00 p.m.	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Common Cents—10:00—Noon
<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>
<i>The First Sunday in Lent—Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.</i>	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Women's Guild—Noon	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Common Cents—10:00—Noon
<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>
<i>The Second Sunday in Lent—Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.</i>	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Lenten Luncheon—St. Andrew's - Noon	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Daughters of the King—10:00 Common Cents—10:00—Noon
<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>
<i>The Third Sunday in Lent—Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.</i>	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Lenten Luncheon St. Philip's—Noon	Common Cents—10:00—Noon		Common Cents—10:00—Noon
<b>30</b>	<b>31</b>					
<i>The Fourth Sunday in Lent—Mid-Lent—Laetare - Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.</i>	Common Cents—10:00—Noon					

# April 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
<b>1</b>						<b>1</b>
	Vestry Meeting—10:00 a.m.					2
	Common Cents—10:00—Noon					3
						4
						<b>5</b>
						Vestry Meeting—10:00 Common Cents—10:00—Noon
<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>
	The Fifth Sunday in Lent—Holy Eucharist—10:00 a.m.	Common Cents—10:00—Noon	Lenten Luncheon—Free Methodist—Noon	Common Cents—10:00—Noon	Women's Guild—Noon	Daughters of the King—10:00—Common Cents—10:00—Noon
<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>
	The Sunday of the Passion: PALM SUNDAY—10:00 a.m.			MAUNDY THURSDAY—Agape Meal & Holy Eucharist—5:00 p.m.	GOOD FRIDAY Stations of the Cross—Noon Service—5:00 p.m.	HOLY SATURDAY—Service 5:00 p.m.
<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>
	The Sunday of the Resurrection: EASTER SUNDAY					
<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>			
	The Second Sunday of Easter					