



The Dove

Church of the Holy Spirit - 3 Haytown Road - Lebanon, NJ - churchholyspirit.org

OUR MISSION: to become Christ as we serve others, proclaim God's love, and grow in the Spirit



*Photo by local artist Linda Davis Scharck.
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Not Today

Not today. Not in our backyard. The injunction would become a refrain across the next two days. Though unspoken between the couple, it was a mutually embraced imperative. Yes, it was a pitiful cause, but something was going to be done about it. The “it” was a fawn.

The day before, the young spotted deer stood in the lower yard. Stood should be defined broadly here, as it was wobbling. The fawn’s head was turning slowly side to side. None of these slight movements should ever have been noticed. As soon as the dogs lunged out the door, barking from the deck, restrained by railing and baluster, a young healthy deer would have bolted from its place, springing in bounds across the tall clumps of multiflora rose populating the backyard. No trace other than the little white tail disappearing in the bushes.

Like these shrubs, which are invasive, adorned with razor-sharp thorns, and are excessively prolific while producing so little by way of flower (to call them a rose is the height of horticultural exaggeration), all deer, from spotted to antlered, are equally annoying. “Long-legged rodents,” was the epitaph used when coming upon the remaining stalks of a once flourishing perennial. Other vulgarities usually preceded the noun. An evaluation of their worth was only negative, even from the first encounter decades ago, a memory now fresh again:

“Do you want a permit,” the officer said, hand resting on his holster. The single rap on the door was loud and urgent. Opening to the sight of a policeman sparked panic. The moving van had just left that same afternoon. Boxes and misplaced furniture littered the living room. They had spent the past hours fending off young children looking to unpack their toys, learning how the air-conditioning unit needed replacement, and coming to terms with the failure of the movers to keep their few antiques from further distress. Staring in disbelief at the uniformed visitor,

“What?”

“A permit. For the deer.”

An essential cluelessness showed plainly in the eyes of the newly ruralized occupants.

“Look, a car hit a deer out in front there and it crawled to your foundation. Driver’s OK. But I’m going to put it down now and I didn’t want to surprise you when I take the shot. Do you want a permit?”

“For. . .” and the homeowner, not finishing the question, let the word drift off.

“For the deer. You can take it to the butcher.”

“Ahhhh,” was followed by a longer silence of incomprehension.

“OK, then, just come out here and help me drag it to the street. I’ll call maintenance and someone will be along this week to pick it up.”

They walked over to the dying deer half under a boxwood. The officer shot. Twice.

One hand could wrap around both slender ankles. The two of them dragged the carcass across the lawn, it barely making a sound on the grass.

But why the two shots? One would have done it. The second shot was, well, overkill. And then there were the turkey vultures, whose essential function in the universe is responding to death. The maintenance truck would prove redundant. A pack of vultures stripped the deer to hide and bone in less than a day.

Such was that memory, refreshed across the years by regular visions of vultures at their roadkill cafés. The threat of another addition to that memory might have been the cause for the stiffening spine on behalf of the fawn. But the pointlessness of any action and the reinforcing ennui of a stupid universe amidst the everyday humdrum of another deer, more or less, might well have put off the mission until the saving moment would have come and gone.

It's not an endangered species, it's a pest, after all. Maybe it would be kinder just to put it down. Put it down. Such euphemisms are deployed to rationalize, decouple, and avoid. So, there it was, equivocation rising, the daunting unknown of what it would be like to attempt to pluck up an injured deer, giving voice to the, "are you sures," and, "maybe we waits." But one partner never varied, nor wavered in the vigil.

Not today. Not in our backyard.

They had given the fawn a full day, standing in place, thinking the mother would come for it. Someone was going to come for it. Usually there are two fawns together. Leave it alone and the mother will come back for it. Someone will come.

By the morning, it was sitting down, not on its side but with its head up, motionless. An animal wildlife center was located and arrangements made to receive the creature for care, if they were to bring it, some 20 miles away. If they were to bring it. With no previous experience in animal rescue, the plan was set.

Walking slowly toward it, the buzz and cloud of flies became a din from a few feet away. The fawn remained motionless. The flies were everywhere on it, and circling wildly about. How to pick it up? How heavy is it? What will it do if touched? Crouching down and still no reaction. Ok, then. Arms around the whole beast and lift. Like air. Maybe twenty pounds, maybe less. It remained motionless, docile. The flies scattered. Gone. Odd that they left so completely. Carefully walking up a steep slope, the hooved toddler was handed up to the waiting salvage spouse. Together, they walked around to the front of the house and the waiting SUV, back hatch opened.

The plan was to get the fawn out of the brush, pass it up, place it in the back of the car and drive to the shelter. Naive in hindsight, but the receptionist at the shelter hadn't offered much advice on how to accomplish their mission.

The fawn seemed agreeable to the embrace but put in the back alone proved . . . dangerous. The fawn started, from enervated to frantic in a single beat. Scrambling its legs, kicking out fiercely, tensing every muscle. The pain and fear of the fawn translated directly, as bruises to the helpers would later attest.

A blanket was grabbed, a give-away merch type or some company's swag. They couldn't remember which, but it finally had a useful purpose and a destination beyond a bin. The blanket was quickly wrapped around the animal, a wildly noncompliant occupant of a flatbed compartment. After kicking wildly, it relaxed into the encompassing arms, now bound around by the blanket. Hatch gently closed and then off, deer and human locked in a seated knot, and the driver in rhythmic rear views alert to shoulder opportunities if needed.

It seemed to them both that they should travel very slowly, creeping around any turns, taking highway stretches well under the limit. The urgency and novelty of the event spread out time before them. This is taking a lot longer. Resignation to the moment took hold. Whatever was supposed to happen today, just ain't gonna. The drive enfolded without drama, without conversation, with one utterly focused on the road, the other resolutely enfolding the fawn, and the fawn tensely calm in that embrace. The animal rescue personnel were uncurious but competent. Of course, they were. The only ones aware of the very unusual nature of the day were the driver and the two passengers. The fawn was simply plucked out of the back of the car, still wrapped in a blanket.

"You don't need the blanket back, right?"

"No. You keep it, if you can use it." "Sure." The deer was taken to the back offices, past the counter in the front reception area. The rescue center was decorated with posters of animals, birds, and a reptile tank, whose sole inhabitant was a shy box turtle making a quarter-hour seem long and tedious. A veterinarian in green lab jacket appeared from the back and advised that the fawn was no longer nursing so it could be fed and cared for before returning to the wild, or what passes for it in western New Jersey.

"Should be ok," the vet said in a flat voice, "There would have been maggots on her from the flies you mentioned but you got her here in time, so that's good."

Maggots. Is there an uglier word in any language?

A check donation was made out toward the care.

“Thanks, and why don’t you call in a few days, say three, and we’ll let you know what happens to her. Yes. It’s a her,” the vet added, seeing the look on their faces.

The drive home was quicker with some conversation about the rescue center, the worker’s confidence in handling animals, what it must be like to deal with that every day, how clueless they both were, and some smiles about their own innocence and, in the silences, a shadow spread from realizing how their sincerity was liable to contempt and disdain. The fawn was not unique. There was no rationale, no larger purpose, no economy, certainly no utility or transaction. But then there was the fur.

The fawn was not unique but it was precious. Never had they held something so soft. Never. So unexpectedly soft. Looking at a distance, deer seemed to be rough and abrasive. The revelation of grasping something so magnificently luxurious will fail to be adequately described in the retelling. It will remain a memory close and permanent, theirs alone between them.

Their choice to initiate the interruption held within it a lifetime of formation. Such acts of kindness are never random nor senseless. When the occasion presents itself, actions arise from previous practice, whether or not a universe is ever changed. The couple together, and each alone, were prompted from a distant past. This kind of choice is evolved and evoked from something deep and almost nameless, though some claim the words. For the couple, it was simply, “Not today. Not in our backyard.”



Philip+
September 2022



Have you signed up? It’s nearly here!

A promotional poster for an auction. The background is a warm, reddish-brown color with large, stylized red gemstones (likely rubies) in the foreground. The text is centered and reads:

40TH SERVICE AUCTION
RUBY ANNIVERSARY
Saturday November 5th
6:30 PM
Church of the Holy Spirit

What is Happening Around Us?

Last Call: Don't Forget to Vote by Tuesday, November 8th

If you are a registered voter in Hunterdon, the County Clerk's Office in Flemington has all the information you might need. Call 908-788-1214. or check the website: [Hunterdon County Clerk's Office](https://www.hunterdonnj.com/county-clerk). The League of Women Voters can provide the locations of all NJ polling stations and mail drop boxes such as the one pictured below.

<https://www.lwvni.org>



Shoe Drive for Stewartsville Middle School Performing Arts Club

BRING YOUR GENTLY-WORN SHOES TO CHURCH

Parishioner Dale Dabour directs the club; Sidney Ryan and Levi Chardoussin are also members! Check with Dale for the end date (daledabour@gmail.com)



All Stem Brothers car wash locations are offering free washes to veterans from November 11—18. We thank them for their generosity!

Good News Home for Women Annual Gala

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18 AT RAZBERRY'S BANQUET CENTER

Tickets are \$150 each adult; \$75 for children 8 and under. Razberry's is located on NJ Rte. 12 outside Frenchtown. Email info@goodnewshome.org or call 908-806-4220

Clinton Dickens Days

FRIDAY—SUNDAY NOVEMBER 25-27

Carriage rides, costumed carolers, gorgeous decorations. Get in the spirit and shop local!

Clinton's Annual Holiday Parade

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2 (SHUTTLE SERVICE AVAILABLE TO PARKING AREA)



B Movie

Come on, mama, come on! Open your eyes, stay with us.

Wayne, Wayne.

Come on, sweetheart. You'll just feel a little pinch.

(O no, the sweetheart guy.)

Open your eyes, mama. ... I think they will admit her.

Wayne, Wayne. Who in blazes is Wayne? She keeps calling for him.

* * *

This is Dr. Watson. He wants to listen to your chest. Just sit up a bit.

Open your eyes if you can. That a girl!

Wayne, Wayne. There she goes again. Is her son on the way?

What's your date of birth, Mrs. Larson?

Wayne, Wayne. I have a pill here for you. Can you tell me your date of birth?

* * *

A young man wearing a Pizza Hut T shirt leaned on the bed's safety bars

And stared down at his softly snoring mother. Now what? he thought.

At least I got that damn dog out of her car and back to her apartment.

He pushed away the thought that she might die: more complications.

What am I supposed to do?

Suddenly she opened her eyes. *What are you doing here Ralphie?*

Tell them I want to go home. They can't keep me here!

You can't go home, ma, you have pneumonia.

I want to go home. Help me find my shoes.

No, you have to stay here until they say it's OK.

I'm leaving Ralphie, right now.

Ralphie sighed dramatically.

In there, in the locker. Hurry.

He opened the locker next to the bedside table

and pulled out her coat and a basket stuffed with clothes.

She put her coat on over her hospital gown and swung her skinny legs over the edge of the bed.

He stuck his arm out awkwardly and supported her as she shoved her feet into her shoes.

This was probably against some law.

The two slowly sidled out of the room and called the elevator.

Luckily the nurses were laughing at some clever remark.

As they approached apartment 303, she called out, *Wayne, Wayne.*

Child of God

The question posed, and I supposed...
What does it mean to be a Child of God?

A child is innocent, filled with love,
Pure and untouched like a white flying dove.
A child is special and vulnerable too,
Full of curiosity and questions without a clue.

And God spelled backwards is dog,
Now there is a reason for that blog,
Dogs have unconditional love and loyalty
Are present to life with no signs of royalty

God created us all and each of us is unique
And so this definition is something we each individually seek
Kindness and compassion, humility and joy
These are the characteristics that we try to employ

We can't always get there because human we are
But being a Child of God doesn't have to seem far
If we work each day believing in ourselves
We will find our purpose and joy like Christmas elves

To look at the greater good and serve our fellow human beings
We can each support the greater meanings
Of life on this earth with a greater intention
Proud to be a Child of God in our daily interventions.

Janet Matts



Janet recently travelled in upstate New York at the height of "leaf-peeping" season. This is one of her photos of Lake Minnewaska.

How Do I Get Outside of Myself?

At times, mostly troubled times
I like to get outside of myself

Tumbling out into unknown territory
Like a child rolling sideways down a hill

Filling me with joyful abandon
Of the freedom of letting go

Filling me with joyful abandon
As I frolic away down gentle hills

Letting my insides out
from my troubled soul

Luisa LoCascio Matarazzo

*(Luisa joined CHS fairly recently, and we
welcome her and her talents!)*

Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs
is a stair
where I sit.
there isn't any
other stair
quite like
it.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
so this is the stair
where
I always
stop.

Halfway up the
stairs
Isn't up
And it isn't down.
It isn't in the
nursery,
It isn't in town.
And all sorts of
funny thoughts
Run round my head.
It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!



A. A. Milne

Autumn at CHS



Daughters of the King inductees with Father Rollins on a recent October Sunday. Shown (left to right) Deacon Dot Hospador, Sally Bird, Eva Lesniak. Missing, Cecilie Bulcha.

We give thanks to the volunteers working around us. Unpaid and often unrecognized, we thank them for their time and devotion. We pray that they find purpose and fellowship through volunteering. We pray for projects in areas that suit their abilities and organizations' needs.

Amen.



— Adapted from Church of England, Diocese of Worcester



Among the unsung volunteers at CHS are members of the Altar Guild, who quietly ready the sanctuary for worship, including using their artistry to choose and arrange the plants and flowers that bring us joy.



Annual Blessing of the animals on Tuesday, October 4th. David Cahall photos.



Autumn at CHS continued



At Formation/Sunday School, each child constructed their own Lego display. They then presented them at church and explained what each one represented! Dave Dabour photos.



Autumn at CHS continued

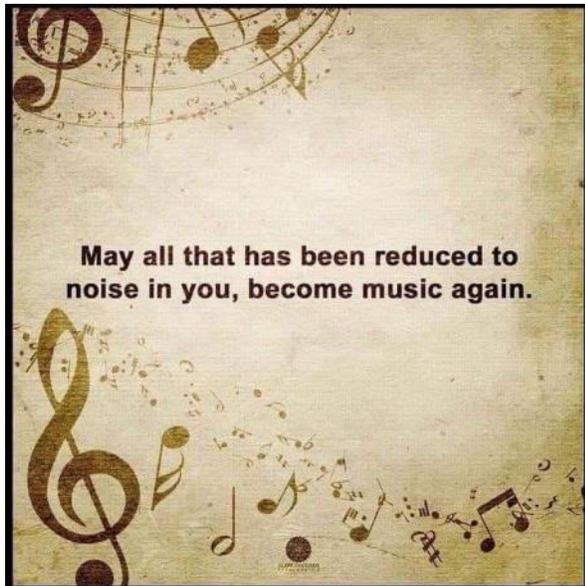
Halloween in Annandale 2022. Candy gone. Lots of little ones this year with parents in costume. And the one really outstanding feature? Courtesy and grace. Parents insisting on thank you's from toddlers barely old enough to say the words. A big brother who could have come back for seconds, but made sure we knew he was bringing the little ones. He did not take a second piece of candy, but we would have happily given him one. We noticed a more racially diverse crowd this year- only notable because Hunterdon County has been traditionally homogeneous. That was nice to see.

— Cate Brome Mattison



Below is the sort of backyard view that is balm for the soul. And the colors changed within seconds during one recent sunset, according to photographer Sharon Tripodi. She often captures the lake behind her home and posts the images on Facebook.



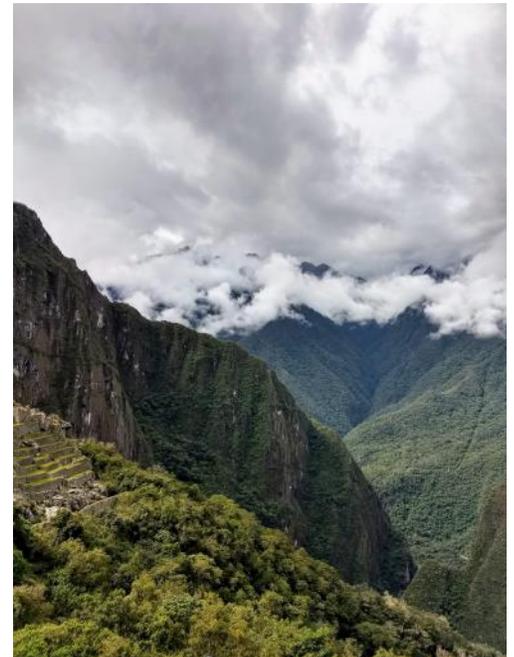


The image to the left is provided courtesy of K.L. Joanna "DJ" Depue, author and Episcopal Deacon, and one of the contributors to Barbara Cawthorne Crafton's Geranium Farm. To peruse its many wonders, access the website at www.geraniumfarm.org.



And speaking of music, Eva Lesniak took this recent photo of Alexei Tartakovsky, organist, concert pianist, choir director, and motorcycle aficionado (check out his boots) CHS is fortunate to have him as our Director of Music. His Sunday preludes and postludes on the grand piano are magical gifts to us all.

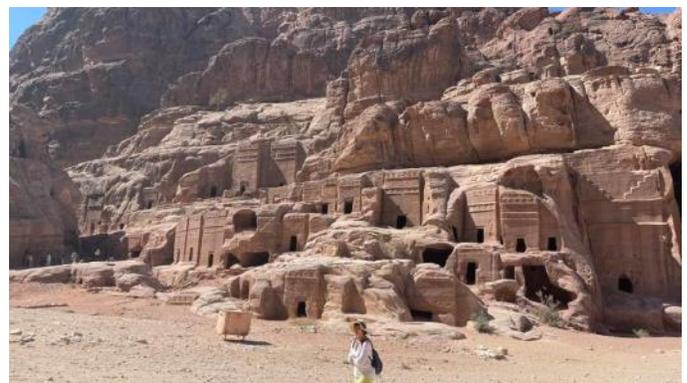
During the warmer weather, professional photographer and CHS parishioner Dave Dabour sets up an outdoor rain machine where dancers, cheerleaders and other athletes can strut their stuff. What fun!
<https://dabourphoto.com>



Machu Picchu Vicki Brooks photo



Sunflower. June Filipski photo



Petra. Sue Quinlan photo

Pulse of the Parish

BIRTHDAYS

November

Susan	Gerish	4
Alex	vanVeldhuisen	4
Kristina	Cagno	5
Philip	Carr-Jones	6
Jo-Anne	Cirafesi-Kane	6
Jean	Wallace	11
Bob	Jones	15
Linda	Schroeder	15
Trent	Marlow	19
Darla	Babcock	23
Charlie	Curtin	27

December

Natalie	Marlow	8
Holly	Warnowicz	8
Marilyn	Smetana	9
Ray	Olsen	11
Fanta	Fofana	15
Barbara	Burton	21
Susan	Marcella	21
GJ	Waller	25
Ricky	Waller	25
Jan	Paxton	31
Sarah	Shive	31

January

Patrick	Taylor	3
Patti	Bierwirth	5
John	Rollins	10
Bill	Schneider	10
Dale	Dabour	12
Shaughnessy	McKellan	12
Julie	Stine	12
Liz	Cannizzaro	18
Greg	Schroeder	18
Jaime	Gora	21
Caroline	Iler	22
Larry	Ingram	23
Bob	Kane	28
Patricia	Chester	29
Fran	Ingram	29
Wayne	Cagno	30
Eli	Jones	31
Tony	Shallo	31

We welcome into the household of God

Antonia Grace Mastroianni, daughter of Casey and Scott Mastroianni, on October 9, 2022. Philip and Jan Carr-Jones are the proud grandparents!

May They Rest in Peace

*Rev. C. David Follansbee, Father of Andy Follansbee
Art Carney, Father of Dale Carney Dabour
Lucille Haldeman, June Filipski's aunt*

Light perpetual shine upon them and all the saints in Heaven.

Making a Prayer Request

You may enter a request for prayer or thanksgiving on the CHS Website. On-line requests go to the CHS Prayer Chain. Requests sent to the church office by email (to admin@churchholyspirit.net) or phone (908-236-6301) do not. If you receive the twice-weekly emails you will find a link to prayer requests there. You can also enter a special request before the services on Sunday (check the Narthex for the sign-up sheet) and it will be included in the Prayers of the People.

If you are a member of the Prayer Chain and have not been seeing prayer requests, check your spam folder.

Hold the Dates

November 5th — 40th Annual Service Auction (LIVE!)

November 6th — Advent begins (and celebration of All Saints: bring photos of your loved ones)

November 13th — Breakfast between the services and launch of Giving Tree!

Link for Giving Tree donations via PayPal goes live on CHS site (or by check at church)

November 24 — 10 am Thanksgiving service (virtual only)

November 27 — Christ the King Sunday and Advent 4

December 4th — Breakfast with Santa (Dave Dabour will take pictures!)

December 11 — Last Day for Giving Tree Donations

December 21 — Winter Solstice: Evensong, 7 pm

December 24 — Christmas Eve services at 4 pm and 7 pm

December 25 — Christmas Day service at 10 am only

January 1 — New Year's Day service at 10 am only

January 6 — 4 pm Feast of the Epiphany service; pizza and de-greening of the church

January 22 — 9 am single service and Annual Meeting

February 22 — Ash Wednesday

April 2 — Palm Sunday

The Great Three Days

April 6 — Maundy Thursday

April 7 — Good Friday Service Day and Liturgy

April 8 — 6:30 pm The Great Vigil of Easter

April 9 — Easter Sunday

Recurring Meetings

Mondays **1:00-3:00 pm. Knit/Crochet and Chat at the church

Tuesdays **6:00 am, Bible Study (zoom link on the website)

**P6 inside where it's warm (four Tuesdays at 7:00 pm from October 25 to November 15)

Wednesdays **3:00 — 6:00 pm Virtual Chaplaincy with Deacon Michelleslie Call 908-442-8063 (GIB TONE)

Thursday **7:30 — 9:00 pm Vestry meeting, usually 3rd Thursday of the month. All welcome

Fridays **10:15 am, Second Friday Prayers with CSJB

**4:00 pm — 7:00 pm, Virtual Chaplaincy with Deacon Michelleslie Call 908-442-8063 (GIB TONE)

Saturdays **7:00—8:30 pm Youth Group Meeting

Sundays **8:00 and 10:00 am, Virtual or in-person services (Eucharist can be delivered at home if requested).

**9:00 am on second Sundays—breakfast between the services and Got Change Collection

**12:00 pm — 6:00 pm, Virtual Chaplaincy with Deacon Michelleslie. Call 908-442-8063 (GIB TONE)

Meetings are held in person and/or on Facebook Live and Zoom where noted. Links are posted on the CHS Website, by email in Saturday's CHS News and in the Sunday bulletin. If you have questions or information to share, call the church at 908-236-6301 or email admin@churchholyspirit.net. While you're on the CHS website, see what else is going on. www.churchholyspirit.org

Church of the Holy Spirit — Who's Who

Vestry:	Senior Warden	Marianne Van Deursen	689-6251	marianne.vandeursen@comcast.net
	Junior Warden	Meg McKenna	328-5909	ladybassist@comcast.net
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		Eli Jones	399-6286	elijns2@aol.com
		Marge Keller	391-5078	marge.keller@comcast.net
		Tracy MacGeorge	973 865-9272	tracy.macgeorge@churchholyspirit.net
Staff:	Rector	Philip Carr-Jones	236-6301	philip@churchholyspirit.net
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	Deacon	Michelleslie Maltese-Nehrbass	892-2745	deacon michelleslie@gmail.com
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	Church Office		236-6301	admin@churchholyspirit.net
	Cleaning Service	Papics Janitorial Svce	782-4459	
	Sunday Sexton	Joanne Shallo	328-2374	jshal7@aol.com
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	David Marlow	216-6943	davidbmarlow@gmail.com	
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The Rev. Philip B. Carr-Jones, Rector

The Rev. Dorothea N. Hospador, Deacon

The Rev. Michelleslie Maltese-Nehrbass, Deacon

www.churchholyspirit.org

Check out CHS on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/churchholyspirit>

During the never-ending pandemic, when some of our worship continues to have a virtual component, check the CHS website and the Thursday and Saturday CHS News for updated information. If you aren't on our email list, you'll miss a lot. Especially if you're new to our parish, make sure we know how to reach you! Don't assume that we do — nobody's perfect and there are no mind readers here. If we have your email and you aren't receiving the CHS News and other announcements, you might want to check your Spam folder. Zoom and Facebook Live are simple to use. Ask if you need help. We want you with us!