

The Arimathean

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"The Gift of Years: Growing Older Gracefully" is the title of a book written by Sister Joan Chittister, OSC. Her book was the focus of a study group that I led on Thursday mornings a few years ago at another church. Our group members read a couple of chapters during the course of the week, then, we gathered together to discuss them.

It was an interesting and fun group to be a part of. We talked about a lot of things relating to aging, i.e., those concerns expressed by Sister Chittister and those of our own. We also laughed a lot. We laughed at ourselves as well as Sister Chittister's humorous comments.

Many of us who are members at St. Joseph of Arimathea are now in our sixties and older. We are definitely experiencing the physical; mental, emotional and spiritual challenges of growing older.

Sister Joan's book is a real gift for every one of us, regardless of age. She helps us see and understand that an old person is an asset to life, not a liability; aging is something to look forward to, not dread. She reminds us that to age is to grow with God.

Sister Joan says: "When we can no longer walk as fast as we once did, we come to see the individual flowers, the cracks in the sidewalk, the children along the way, all the more clearly, all the more consciously, than we ever have in the past. It seems as if one of the functions of aging is to give us the capacity to see what we've missed all the years before.

Perhaps one of the most important dimensions of aging is to bring us to understand that life cannot be taken for granted. Life cannot be devoured, it can only be savored. It is to be savored. It is to be sipped and drunk to the dregs... in every loss and limitation, I face lies, an invitation to go more deeply into life than I have been doing. When breath comes with more difficulty, I smell the air – often for



Acolyte Convention 2010—St. John the Divine

By Bianca Grant



On Saturday, May 15th, I visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, along with some of my fellow

acolytes for the Diocesan Acolyte Festival. It was a wonderful and unforgettable experience. The Cathedral is huge (though not as big as the National Cathedral in Washington D.C. that we visited a few months ago), and very impressive.

I went to two workshops that were very interesting and helpful. These

workshops taught me how to be a better acolyte, what to do and what not to do, the correct way to do things (such as may the sign of the cross), when to do something and why we do certain things in church. Who knew there was so much to know? One of the workshops was really exciting as Father Moretz had us playing "Simon Says" while teaching us about church traditions and their meaning! Also seeing Father Choate there during the workshop made me feel like this was all very important and made me feel special.

The service was great too. We got dressed in our vestments, and joined

the procession of many, many churches into the Cathedral with Bishop Roskam. It was awesome to be there near the altar in the Cathedral.

At the end we had lunch; there was a lot to choose from and it was all delicious! We ate in the Cathedral School. I did not know there was a school at the Cathedral and I was curious to learn more about it. Hopefully I will be able to visit again.



**Monday,
June 14th**

Vestry Meeting
7:15 pm

Front page, cont.

the first time in years. When I see the days running out, each becomes more of an adventure, if I will only make it so."

I think that the words of Joan Chittister are a precious gift to all of us. One critic wrote:

"She invites us to realize that old age is not a drawing away from fulfilling life, but a new life into itself, a life which if lived well will draw us ever closer to the Source of all life." – Seyyed Nasr.

Joan Chittister is an inspiring writer and a person of deep faith. I highly recommend her latest book, "The Gift of years, Growing Older Gracefully"

Faithfully,
Horace †

Thank you's

Although we do our best to send Thank You notes to everyone who takes that extra effort, does a little something more, is generous or kind – we also believe it is important to let YOU know when people do something above and beyond.

A sincere thank you to Mike & Carol Rohl who donated a set of sharp kitchen knives to be used in the kitchen.

A special thank you to Marion Hellthaler, Matilda Scheib and Eunice Riblinger who prepared food for Valerie Davenports Internment service.

A second thank you to Matilda Scheib who also baked a

cake for Dorothy Olson's memorial service.

Thank you Jim Jensen! Whose skill as a carpenter built a second information holding board to match the one outside Reverend Choate's office – if you haven't seen it, please take a look – it is wonderful! Looks like its been there for years!

A BIG thank you to the Parish Parents who took some of our Acolytes to the Acolyte Festival in NYC at St. John the Divine!
Billie-Ann Grant, Jen Haus and Paige Lockwood.

An AMAZING thank you must go out to Randy Haus,

Charles White and Ramon White – who worked hard to mow the Memorial Garden.

To those who donated to the tree damage cost – who did not wish to be named – with sincere and heartfelt appreciation – we thank you.

To all the Volunteers who signed up to make Joey Camp a success this summer – Thank You! Thank You! Thank You!

Last but certainly not least: The Women's Workshop – who as you may know, takes the summer months off. Thank you for ALL your work and ministry this year! See you in September!

Prayer List

Alla Borzova's father **Alexander**, Patty Young's friend **Oliver** Simco, **Debbie** Gillett-Hermansen, **Clive** Brown, Billie-Ann Grant's friend **Brenda** Letford, Louis Grant's father **Lloyd**, **The Carpenter's Kids**, Paige Lockwood's friend **Jack** Demers, **Connie** Barrett, The **Udogwu** Family, Charles White's brother **Sydney** and niece **Sheila**, Mary-Carol Miller's friends **Jane** Dunne & **Carol** Vanecek, Jennifer Larrow's friend **Elizabeth** Graves, Barbara Brown's friend **Dottie** Cunningham, Carol Rohl's friend **Jamie**, Althea Serrant's daughter **Grace** Anderson-Smith, Marion Hellthaler's friend **Janet** Aurrigemmma, Warren Stramiello's Grandmother **Shirley** Wurst, **Robert** Ewen and **Gary** Jerolman .



Impromptu Interlude at St. Joe's

By: William Blunt

When Blair, my wife for over 25 years (second marriages for both of us), and I are planning our participation in a 2006 reunion celebration for my class at Edgemont Junior High School, Greenburg, N.Y. – the great class of 1952! – my thoughts turn to St. Joseph of Arimathea. My family had not known about St. Joseph's when I was growing up (I was confirmed at St. James the Less in Scarsdale). But after my sister, Joan, and I had fledged, leaving my parents' protective nest, my mother, Helen Phillips Blunt, and father, William W. Blunt, discovered St. Joseph's. Both of them are buried there.

Thanks to their enthusiasm for St. Joseph's, my daughter was baptized by Rev. McNeely, even though I was living in New York City at the time. And I remember a beautiful memorial service there for my grandmother, Bessie Phillips, who had been able to attend Sunday services on occasion before she entered a

nursing home in Tarrytown. The Edgemont reunion, I think, will provide a great opportunity to visit the church and my parents' graves. However, I don't remember exactly where St. Joseph's is located (Elmsford is a land of mystery to me, a southerner (think Greenburg and Scarsdale)). I'll need to look it up. But when we finally arrive for the reunion I realize that I have forgotten to find St. Joseph's address and get directions. Besides, we decide, our schedule is already crowded with reunion activities. We'll have to make it some other time.

So now it is late afternoon on a clear, crisp September day, and Blair and I are doing our best to drive from Yonkers, where we are staying, to a dinner theater north of White Plains for an event that has been arranged as part of the reunion. The kick-off was a reception last night hosted by Al Krautter, an Edgemont classmate, among long

tables of colorful potted plants in one of the greenhouses of his nursery, and with that to launch us, followed by a luncheon earlier in the day, we are looking forward to the evening's festivities. But we are late – dusk is already settling fast around us – and I'm not at all sure that we aren't lost as well. Even though Elmsford is a sort of blank in my mental atlas of Westchester County, this is supposed to be my neck of the woods and I have touted my local knowledge of the lay of the land, which is why we are on this road. Now, though, it seems disturbingly unfamiliar to me. We both search ahead for the turn the map has promised, and, behind the wheel, I focus intently at the road as its curves and swales quickly unfold and rush at us. Suddenly, a familiar shape looms up for a moment on the right, and just as quickly is gone. I brake the car and search for a side street, or at least a

Impromptu Interlude at St. Joe's, cont.

(Continued from page 4)

wide spot in the road. "We have to turn around," I explain to my mystified passenger.

We do, and shortly find ourselves in the driveway circle in front of the modest, but still stately edifice, set on its grassy knoll with the woods as its backdrop, of St. Joseph of Arimathea, friendly and reassuring even in the deepening gloom. What a happy surprise!

When my father died in 1983, I was living in Washington, D.C.

Blair and I were living in Texas in 1997

when we attended the memorial service for my mother that May, and have been ever since. Yet, when I find myself here, in the sheltering presence of this church, I feel that, in some way, I have come home. In spite of our anxieties of just a minute or two before – worried whether we would get where we were going on time, or were even on the right road – the same feeling of peace and security washes over me now, as we emerge from the car

and stand in the presence of this church, that would have if I had just driven up my own driveway and parked in front of my house after a long absence. All my memories of St. Joseph's, are positive, but I'm sure that the most important source of this comfort which it's presence imparts to me are the feelings my mother and father had for St. Joseph of Arimathea, it's clergy, it's staff, and its congregation.

I know that my parents looked to St. Joseph's and its pastors, beginning with Rev. McNeely, as a special spiritual sanctuary. They were introduced to Rev. McNeely and the church by their close friends Jane and Liston Noble, faithful and enthusiastic members. Although my parents were not always regular attendees, the church became an important part of their lives.

I remember where my mother's and father's ashes are bur-

ied, and we walk to the spot, above a brook, under a tree that was spindly and little when my father's gravesite was chosen. Now it is much more robust. The grass is neatly clipped around the markers and they are readable even in the fast-fading light. We pause for a few minutes to pay our respects. Blair loved my mother, but since I've known her she has regretted that she never knew my father. I sense that somehow this moment of contemplation brings them closer. Seeing my parents' graves after so long does spawn memories that remind us of our loss; but seeing them in such a peaceful, intimate setting, almost at one with nature, and in the shadow of this church, rescues us from sadness. Instead, as we turn toward the car, I feel what can only be described as a kind of joy. The church that presides over this scene, and rectory,

Culinary Corner

This month's Culinary Corner was brought to you by "Nutrition News for Seniors" from Westchestergov.com Provided by the Nutrition Division of the Westchester County Department of Senior Programs and Services.

I must take a moment and thank Eunice Riblinger who was thoughtful enough to bring this to my attention – and boy did it get my attention! I found it thought provoking and immediately useful – how many things can you say that about?!

Part I

New Reasons to Season

Spices and herbs make food taste great. They also help add flavor without adding salt, fat, or sugar – making it easier to follow today's health recommendations. Now there are even more reasons to season!

Emerging evidence suggest that spices and herbs not only please our palate, they may actually help maintain good health. Since spices and herbs are derived from plants, they share many of the same benefits of fruits and vegetables.

For instance, spices and herbs are surprisingly rich in antioxidants with levels comparable to fruits and vegetables, including many of today's popular "super foods". You may be surprised to learn that ½ teaspoon of ground cinnamon contains as many antioxidants as ½ cup of raspberries or strawberries or ½ cup of pomegranate juice. Since spices and herbs are dried, they become a more concentrated source of natural antioxidants.

Emerging research is beginning to evaluate whether there are health benefits linked to these "Super 7 Spices." More data, including controlled human studies, are needed before conclusions can be made.

Spice/Herb	Research Focus
Cinnamon	Blood sugar regulation
Ginger	Gastrointestinal symptoms, Muscle pain
Oregano	Inhibit bacterial growth,, Inflammation
Red Peppers	Satiety and metabolic rate
Rosemary	Inhibit inflammation, Cognitive function
Thyme	Reduce cell damage caused by free radicals, inflammation
Yellow Curry (Turmeric)	Inflammation, heart health and cognitive function

Next month's Arimathean: How to boost your antioxidant intake by following the tips on Super 7 spices and Herbs!

Impromptu Interlude at St. Joe's, cont.

look dark, and we don't really have time to investigate further. So, after a final look, we climb back into our vehicle, and nose cautiously back onto Saw Mill River Road.

Blair turns to me as we leave St. Joseph of Arimathea behind us and head north again. "That was so beautiful," she says. "Doesn't it look as though there should be room left for us

under that tree, next to that little brook, when our time comes?"
 "Yes." I smile. "Yes it does."
 Then we continue on our journey.

Save the Dates!

- Women's Workshop is on hiatus until September.
- Sandwich Brigade – June 23rd & 30th at 9:30am
- Morning Prayer: Monday thru Thursday 10am
- Parish Parents Group Meeting June 13th after 10:30 service
- Labyrinth Committee Meeting June 13th after 10:30 service
- Vestry Meeting Monday, June 14th at 7:15pm
- Martial Arts Seminar Saturday June 19th 10am-1pm
- Joey Camp Starts on Sunday June 20th – Volunteers are ALWAYS welcomed!

Altar Flowers

June 6	Anne P. Harmon and the Harmon family in loving memory of Fred Harmon
June 13	Mary & Obie Clifford
June 20	Carolle Metroka in loving memory of her husband Jules Metroka
June 27	Mr. & Mrs. Robert J. Dellenback in loving memory of The Reverend Walter H. McNeely

ST. JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

2172 Saw Mill River Road
White Plains, New York 10607

(June 2010)

"To succeed in life, you need
three things: a wishbone, a
backbone and a funnybone."
~Reba McEntire

The Rev. Horace Choate, Rector
Rick Ewen, Sr. Warden Chris Larrow, Junior Warden
Vestry: Ben Alexander, Suzette Atkins, Clive Brown, Catherine Gmoser, Jennifer Haus,
Donna Rosengren, Katie Saliba, Althea Serrant,
Donna Rosengren, Treasurer * Patty Young, Clerk
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Glad Tidings!

Happy Birthday to:

06/05	Jordan Grant
06/07	Christopher Barnaby Terri Patterson
06/08	Virginia Kinney
06/11	Andrew Gmoser
06/13	Carolle Metroka
06/17	Alan Aguais
06/18	Hiromi Motohashi
06/20	Peter Oberdorf Warren Stramiello
06/21	Sharon White
06/23	Christopher Jalicki
06/24	John Miller

