



The Fisherman's Net

"Catch the Spirit"

St. Peter's Episcopal Church
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AUGUST 2011

Pastor's Pen *Fr. David Couper*

Last month I talked about a recent experience John Buchanan, editor of "Christian Century," had with the Holy Spirit in South America. In his other role as a seminary professor, Buchanan met with a number of pastors late one night (it had to be late because every one of the pastors were "tent-makers" that is, they, like St Paul, had full-time day jobs in addition to their pastoral duties. Their "seminary," Buchanan was told, consisted of hundreds of recorded sermons by leading pastors. These recordings were sent out to others pastors throughout the country (most of whom were illiterate -- so the recorded word was the only way they could learn about God, how to lead a congregation, and preach God's Word. All they had were these recordings (the Word of God) and the Holy Spirit. It turned out to be more than enough. They had no prayer book, no church "rules and regulations," nothing that we would call "expected and necessary order and discipline" to baptize, teach and lead those who committed themselves to Christ. But they did have one big thing -- they had the Holy Spirit!

Those of us in the orderly (and somewhat spiritually vacant) Western branch of the Christian faith, would, of course, be shocked by such a faith system. But the reality of life in the world today outside of North America and Europe is that this IS the Church of Jesus and it is the Church that the early followers of Jesus developed for the first 400+ years of the Way of Jesus which came to be called Christianity. It worked then and it still works today.

So what does this mean to us who live in the orderly and disciplined world of the "organized Church"? Is there any application of, or lesson, regarding what God is dynamically doing in South America, Asia and Africa? First of all, I think we are all too "orderly" regarding the message of God in Christ. In our culture we all deeply love and respect order, intellect, restraint, and emotional control. We are a rational people and the idea of a Holy Spirit is almost too much for us to ponder let alone bear! The Spirit of God that permeates both the Hebrew and Christian scriptures is more like the Celtic "wild goose" than a gentle dove. The Spirit is wild, "blows where it will," and does jaw-dropping, stunning miracles. It (He/She) is the creating, healing, teaching, strengthening, and resurrecting force of God in the world.

As you and I journey the days ahead in faith, I pray that each one of us can come "nose to nose" with God's Spirit. It will and can happen. All we have to do is be open to this powerful possibility; being touched and blessed by the God who reaches out. Go for it! Grasp on to it!

It's POLO Time Again!

On Sunday, August 28th at 1 p.m. we will have our "just-about" annual Polo Champagne Benefit at the polo field just east of North Lake off Highway VV. Please plan on bringing hors d'oeuvres or finger food/snacks to share. This will be another of our fund-raising efforts for the Lake County Food Pantry. Thanks to the generosity of the Milwaukee Polo Club we will be "passing the hat" for the food pantry. Remember to bring a lawn chair. We will provide the drinks (champagne and soft). Admission is \$5 and children under 12 are free. You know in the U.K. polo is a dress-up event, so wear a special hat. Be creative! Any questions? Contact Sabine.

A New Member at St. Peter's!

Congratulations to Jamie & Beth McKay on the birth of their daughter, Penny, on July 21! Penny weighed 9 lbs. 11 oz. and was 21 inches long. Big sister Molly and big brother Callum welcomed her home!

St. Peter's Men's Outing!

It's something just for the MEN of St. Peter's! All the men of St. Peter's are invited for dinner and beer tasting on Tuesday, August 23 at 6:00 PM at the Delafield Brewhaus. Come and enjoy the new beginning of a Men's Group for St. Peter's. Enjoy fellowship. Talk about future outings and get-togethers. Please RSVP to Pete Buerosse on or before Sunday, August 21, (262-691-3549, 262-271-5051 or MBread@att.net)

30th Annual Cathedral Hunger Book Sale

The 30th Annual Cathedral Hunger Book Sale will take place from Thursday, August 4th (6:00-9:00 PM, \$5 donation) through Tuesday, August 9th (all dates 11:00 AM to 6:00 PM). This is one of the largest book sales in the metropolitan Milwaukee area, and is unique in that 100% of the profits are donated to local and regional organizations that combat hunger. Over the past 29 years the Book Sale has given away over \$400,000. All types of books, movies and CDs. All Saints' Cathedral, 818 E. Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee

Calendar & Times

		<u>Scheduled Reader</u>	<u>Altar Flowers</u>
Aug. 7, Sunday	9:30 am Holy Eucharist	Rick Luedke	Claude
Aug. 14, Sunday	9:30 am Holy Eucharist	Steve Marks	Sabine Lobitz
	11:00 am St. Peter's <u>Annual Picnic</u>		
Aug. 21, Sunday	9:30 am Holy Eucharist	Charlie Brumder	
Aug. 23., Tuesday	6:00 pm <u>Men's Outing</u>		
Aug. 28, Sunday	9:30 am Holy Eucharist	Kathy Marks	Buerosse
	1:00 pm <u>Polo event</u> for Food Pantry		

Lessons for AUGUST

<u>1 Lesson</u>	<u>Psalm</u>	<u>2nd Lesson</u>	<u>Gospel</u>
Aug. 7 1 Kings 19:9-18	85:8-13	Romans 10:5-15	Matthew 14:22-33
Aug. 14 Isaiah 56:1, 6-8	67	Romans 11:1-2, 29-32	Matthew 15:21-28
Aug. 21 Isaiah 51:1-6	138	Romans 12:1-8	Matthew 16:13-20
Aug. 28 Jeremiah 15:15-21	26:1-8	Romans 12:9-21	Matthew 16:21-28

Remember in Your Prayers

“And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he hears us: And if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him” (1John 5:14-15)

- *Pray for the families of the 82+ victims in Norway who were killed by a gunman July 23.
- *Pray for seasonal weather to benefit gardens. Remember those who are adversely affected by the heat and humidity of summer.
- *Keep Fr. Jim Kaestner in your prayers as he bikes in the MS ride to Madison Aug. 6-7.
- *Pray for peace and justice in the world.
- *Pray for the hungry, the jobless, the homeless and those who see no hope in their lives.
- *Pray for our leaders, both national and local, to make good decisions.
- *Pray for the Millennium Goals, especially to eradicate hunger and poverty by 2015.
- *Pray for St. Peter’s and its families, for the present and the future, that we may grow in Christ and be his light to the world.

Let’s Celebrate!

Happy Birthday

August 12 David Claude
August 17 Rev. Jim Kaestner
August 19 Judy Kaestner

Happy Anniversary

August 2 Jamie & Beth Mckay
August 2 Rusty & Diane Olson
August 25 Eric & Dorina Dyrud

If we have missed your birthday or anniversary or listed it incorrectly, please let us know so we may celebrate with you! Submissions or corrections may be sent to the editor: Mbread@att.net

The Spirit at Work!

- *The flower chart has an opening on August 21. Please consider this ministry and sign up! Check out the Breakfast sign-up sheet as well.
- *Mark your calendars for the ASSEW (Autism Society of Southeastern Wisconsin) **Dylan’s Run** on Sunday, **September 11, 2011**. St. Peter’s always has a faithful group of people who support the Run. Stephanie Naze is our coordinator. (See article below)
- ***SAVE THE DATE:** North Lake is having their Harvest Festival Saturday & Sunday, September 17 & 18. St. Peter’s will be participating, no set plans as yet.

St. Peter’s Annual Picnic

St. Peter’s Annual Picnic is Sunday, August 14 at the Luedke’s home, 6178 Highway 83 (about 1 mile south of the church. Look for the American flag on the mailbox!) the fun begins after our Sunday Service. Please bring a dish to pass. Meat for the barbeque and refreshments will be provided. **ALL ARE WELCOME!** Bring your swimsuit and expect to have a great time! Look forward to seeing you at the picnic!

Dylan’s 2 mile Run/Walk is here again!

A bunch of us are ditchin’ church, **Sunday, September 11th** to do some fancy footwork to get a leg up on Autism. If you’d like to join our team, Tyler’s Striders, please fill out a team registration form and sign the team roster with your desired shirt size. Registration fees are \$20 for adults and \$13 children. (Fees include FREE admission to Indian Summer Festival on the Summerfest grounds – the *final* ethnic festival of the season!)



If we're hoofin' as a team, I'd need all fees and forms turned in by **AUGUST 7th** so I can get the team packet in the mail.

The day of the event, there's a light continental breakfast and opening activities at the Miller Lite Oasis stage. Gates open to participants at 8:30a.m.; we generally arrive about 9:30. We should have our Tyler Striders poster out marking our camp. As you cross the finish line, there are more light snacks. But look for fellow Striders; we'd love to get a team photo before we split up!

If you're interested in raising pledges or running, there are *fantabulous* prizes to won. The closing ceremony and awards presentation is back at the Miller Stage at 11a.m. Otherwise, I encourage you to enjoy the country's largest Native American Pow Wow. The music, chanting, and dancing are spectacular and uplifting. The costumes are amazing. There are shows and demonstrations throughout the grounds. And if you're feeling a little guilty about skipping church, there's an inspiring Spiritual Ceremony at the Potawatomi Stage. (Go straight there after you finish the walk because it'll already have started.) Our family thanks you for your continued support.

Love, Tyler and his family.

If you are not planning on walking, you may make a donation. All regular fees or donations should be made out to ASSEW. Look for forms in the Narthex.

THE OLD FISHERMAN Author Unknown

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore . We lived downstairs & rented the upstairs rooms to out-patients at the Clinic. One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. 'Why, he's hardly taller than my eight-year-old,' I thought as I stared at the stooped, shriveled body. But the appalling thing was his face, lopsided from swelling, red & raw. Yet, his voice was pleasant as he said, "Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'till morning."

He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success; no one seemed to have a room. "I guess it's my face. I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments..." For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me, "I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning." I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. I went inside & finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. "No thank you. I have plenty", and he held up a brown paper bag.

When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take a long time to see that this old man had an over sized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children & her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury. He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was prefaced with thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He was thankful for the strength to keep going.

At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him. When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded, & the little man was out on the porch. He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, "Could I please come back & stay the next time I have a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair." He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind." I told him he was welcome to come again.

And on his next trip he arrived a little after seven in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish & a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen. He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice & fresh. I knew his bus left at 4 a.m., and I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us.

In the years he came to stay overnight with us there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden. Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish & oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk three miles to mail these and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious. When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning.. 'Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers by putting up such people!'

Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice, but, oh if only they could have known him, perhaps their illness would have been easier to bear. I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude..

Recently I was visiting a friend who has a greenhouse. As she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, 'If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!'

My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of pots," she explained, "and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden."

She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven. "There's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. "He won't mind starting in this small body."

All this happened long ago -- and now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand..

The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart.'

Never look down on anybody, unless you're helping them up.

"Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no point."

Senior Warden's Reflection by Andy Marks

I was lost but ...

While my older brother, Tom, was in the Marine Corps stationed in Da Nang during the Vietnam War, I was living under the shelter of a 2-S student deferment attending college at UW-Whitewater. My dad had been a decorated veteran of World War II having taken part in over 50 missions. At one point prior to graduating, I had considered dropping out of school and enlisting. The pride, honor, and family tradition of serving, was enticing me to sign up. Friends and family convinced me to finish school first, and after graduating from college, the Vietnam War was winding down. Part of me will always regret that I never served, but another part of me wonders how I would have handled combat. I've read and heard enough about the effects of war on an individual psyche to realize that very few who endure combat are never the same. I know two people who are still dealing with post-traumatic stress since returning home from Vietnam. I can't imagine dealing with that.

Recently I read a book entitled *Until Tuesday* written by Luis Carlos Montalvan. In the book former Captain Montalvan describes his life after serving two tours of duty in Iraq. Luis Montalvan was a highly decorated captain who sustained serious wounds while in Iraq. After returning home, however, the pressures of his physical wounds, traumatic brain injury, and crippling post-traumatic stress disorder, took its toll. Spiraling downward, alienated from family and friends, unable to sleep, he was barely able to survive. Only by abusing alcohol and drugs was he able to cope, and there seemed little hope that Luis would improve. Then Luis met Tuesday and his life began to change. Tuesday, a beautiful and sensitive golden retriever, had been trained to assist the disabled. Tuesday gave Luis his life back. Tuesday's ability to turn on lights, open doors, and sense the onset of anxiety and flashbacks was just part of his many talents. His main talent, however, which seems inherent in most dogs, was that unconditional love

he bestowed on Luis. Being a dog lover, I found this story to be very moving and uplifting. Father David talks about God-time, the time it takes for God to answer our prayers. Perhaps there is something that could be called God-way, the way in which God answers those prayers. The way for Luis was through a dog named Tuesday, and for him it's probably not ironic that Dog spelled backwards is God.

You know you are in a WISCONSIN HEAT WAVE when~

The birds have to use potholders to pull worms out of the ground. • The best parking place is determined by shade instead of distance. • Hot water now comes out of both taps. • You can make sun tea instantly. • You learn that a seat belt buckle makes a pretty good branding iron. • The temperature drops below 95 degrees and you feel a little chilly. • You discover that in July it only takes 2 fingers to steer your car. • You discover that you can get sunburned through your car window. • You actually burn your hand opening the car door. • You break into a sweat the instant you step outside at 7:30 AM. • You realize that asphalt has a liquid state. • The potatoes cook underground, so all you have to do is pull one out and add butter, salt and pepper. • Farmers are feeding their chickens crushed ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs.

What We Sing: # 435 “At the Name of Jesus”

This hymn is set to a wide variety of melodies, some of which make it grand and confident, others quieter and more reflective. It is the work of Caroline Maria Noel (1817-77), the first of a remarkable group of sickly Victorian hymn-writing spinsters. She belonged firmly to the Evangelical wing of the Church of England. Her father, Canon Gerard Thomas Noel, was himself a hymn-writer and so was her uncle, the Hon. Baptist Wriothlesley Noel. Caroline wrote her first hymn at the age of seventeen and then didn't write any more until she was forty. It was illness that turned her back to hymn-writing. She hoped that her verse would cheer and comfort others who were sick. She wrote a large number of hymns during the last twenty-five years of her life, which she spent in almost constant pain and sickness. “At the Name of Jesus” first appeared in her second volume of hymns and was probably written early in the 1870's.

It is based on the passage in Philippians 2:9-11:

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him; and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.” Caroline Noel wrote it with Ascension Day processions in mind, which may partly explain its length, but it is appropriate for congregational use at any point in the Church's calendar.

Caroline changed the wording of the first line of her hymn, “in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow”, to coincide with the Revised Standard Version of the Bible which came out shortly before she died.

Nearly all hymnals have now restored the original. The second verse of the hymn is commonly omitted. Our hymnal also omits the third verse. Also, we use “Christians” in verses four and six instead of “brothers.”

Verse 2 Mighty and mysterious

In the highest height,
God from everlasting,
Very light of light:
In the Father's bosom
With the spirit blest,
Love, in love eternal,
Rest, in perfect rest.

Verse 3 At his voice creation

Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

Bike MS

The National Multiple Sclerosis Society Wisconsin Chapter's "Bike MS" will take place Saturday thru Sunday, August 6-7. Once again Fr. Jim Kaestner will join the bikers going from WCTC to UW-Whitewater and then on to Madison. Not only can we wish him well, pray for his safety and those riding with him, but we can contribute to providing help to those with this disease. If interested, please make out your check to "MS Society—Wisconsin Chapter and send it to Fr. Kaestner, N52 W37111 Washington St., Oconomowoc, WI 53066.

GO FR. JIM ! We are with you!

*The sermon went on and on. Finally, the priest paused and asked, "What more, my friends, can I say?" From the rear of the nave came a hollow voice: "Amen."

*The average man's idea of a good sermon is one that goes over his head—and hits one of his neighbors.