

# LENTEN READER

YEAR B

# In The Ages To Come...

This year's theme comes to us from the New Testament Reading from the fourth Sunday in Lent:

## *Ephesians 2:1-10*

You were dead through the trespasses and sins in which you once lived, following the course of this world, following the ruler of the power of the air, the spirit that is now at work among those who are disobedient. All of us once lived among them in the passions of our flesh, following the desires of flesh and senses, and we were by nature children of wrath, like everyone else. But God, who is rich in mercy, out of the great love with which he loved us even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ-- by grace you have been saved-- and raised us up with him and seated us with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, so that *in the ages to come* he might show the immeasurable riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus. For by grace you have been saved through faith, and this is not your own doing; it is the gift of God-- not the result of works, so that no one may boast. For we are what he has made us, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand to be our way of life.

Carl Jung, the great depth psychologist, is quoted as saying: “the foundation of all mental illness is the avoidance of true suffering.” If Jung is right, we would do well to take Lent more seriously or we may be heading dangerously close to spiritual pathology. It is far easier to escape than to turn our eyes toward the pain in our lives and the pain we see hanging on the cross. It turns out, however, that when we avoid facing pain, close our eyes to its existence, and anesthetize ourselves with a pill, a drink, or some other distraction, the pain grows. Jung also said, “what you resist, persists.” What’s more, the bliss so powerfully found in Easter Sunday is paradoxically foreclosed to us if we cannot face ourselves, our feelings, our fears, and the profound losses of Good Friday.

We have all seen and perhaps known, personally, the utter sadness that surrounds a willful and defiant refusal to surrender, to stop fighting, and to take off our armor. It is a self-inflicted punishment that is far worse than the offer extended to us through the practices of Lent. For as we walk, however haltingly, into the shadows, we are granted a vision, far off in the distance, of the faintest glimmer of light. Yes. Almost as soon as we have started our journey, we are given a foretaste of the reward prepared for us “in the ages to come” – the resplendence of Easter morning.

This Lenten Reader, prepared by Episcopal Charities in the Diocese of Chicago, is a collection of meditations and devotions. Through prose, poetry, and photograph, you’re invited to wander with Christ as companion. In the photographs, you’ll see the work of two of Episcopal Charities’ seventeen Legacy Partners. By providing unrestricted grant support to these partners across the Diocese of Chicago, Episcopal Charities steps into the shadows with you so that we might seek transformation for ourselves and for those in need of companionship. You are invited to look, with care, upon the faces presented within. As you do, be confronted by the promise of light—the light of *the ages to come*.

May Christ bring healing to your soul.

Matt Berryman  
Executive Director,  
Episcopal Charities

EPISCOPAL CHARITIES ENVISIONS AN EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF CHICAGO  
FULL OF SPIRITUALLY ENRICHED COMMUNITIES TRANSFORMING AND BEING  
TRANSFORMED, RESULTING IN A MORE JUST AND MERCIFUL WORLD.

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Mathew Berryman, Executive Director  
Cynthia Horvath Garbutt, Director of Philanthropy  
Timothy Beltran del Rio, Operations Manager  
Jonathan Randall Grant, Communications Manager

Episcopal Charities 65 E Huron St. Chicago, IL 60611 United States



# THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

*Almighty God, whose blessed Son was led by the Spirit to be tempted by Satan: Come quickly to help us who are assaulted by many temptations; and, as you know the weaknesses of each of us, let each one find you mighty to save; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen..*

## **Genesis 9:8-17**

God said to Noah and to his sons with him, "As for me, I am establishing my covenant with you and your descendants after you, and with every living creature that is with you, the birds, the domestic animals, and every animal of the earth with you, as many as came out of the ark. I establish my covenant with you, that never again shall all flesh be cut off by the waters of a flood, and never again shall there be a flood to destroy the earth." God said, "This is the sign of the covenant that I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for all future generations: I have set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be a sign of the covenant between me and the earth. When I bring clouds over the earth and the bow is seen in the clouds, I will remember my covenant that is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall never again become a flood to destroy all flesh. When the bow is in the clouds, I will see it and remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is on the earth." God said to Noah, "This is the sign of the covenant that I have established between me and all flesh that is on the earth."

## **Psalms 25:1-9**

*Ad te, Domine, levavi*

1 To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul;  
my God, I put my trust in you; \*  
let me not be humiliated,  
nor let my enemies triumph over me.

2 Let none who look to you be put to shame; \*  
let the treacherous be disappointed in their schemes.

3 Show me your ways, O Lord, \*  
and teach me your paths.

4 Lead me in your truth and teach me, \*  
for you are the God of my salvation;  
in you have I trusted all the day long.

5 Remember, O Lord, your compassion and love, \*  
for they are from everlasting.

6 Remember not the sins of my youth and my  
transgressions; \*

remember me according to your love  
and for the sake of your goodness, O Lord.

7 Gracious and upright is the Lord; \*  
therefore he teaches sinners in his way.

8 He guides the humble in doing right \*  
and teaches his way to the lowly.

9 All the paths of the Lord are love and faithfulness \*.

## **Mark 1:9-15**

In those days Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan. And just as he was coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens torn apart and the Spirit descending like a dove on him. And a voice came from heaven, "You are my Son, the Beloved; with you I am well pleased."

And the Spirit immediately drove him out into the wilderness. He was in the wilderness forty days, tempted by Satan; and he was with the wild beasts; and the angels waited on him.

Now after John was arrested, Jesus came to Galilee, proclaiming the good news of God, and saying, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God has come near; repent, and believe in the good news."

TO  
VOW  
MAE  
STIER

What can I vow  
to you, to me, my son,  
to ensure that what comes next  
is better? Where do I spend  
my money, my time, my energy,  
and in whom do I put my trust?

Where do my vegetables come from  
and why do I think I need another  
pair of jeans or a bigger house  
or to refinish the bathroom floors?

Why do we work ourselves  
to the bone only to lay half-asleep  
on the couch at night, scrolling  
through pictures of someone else's life?

How do I bridge the gap between my neighbor  
and me, what questions can I ask  
so that you feel truly heard? What must  
be done to make sure clean water for all  
is a right, not a privilege,  
and who will follow through on their promises  
to protect the Great Lakes?

How often do I walk away  
from the noise and listen  
to the trees? What can I learn  
from how their roots intertwine?

Can any of our problems  
be fixed by a ballot,  
and can our ballots  
please have better options? Options  
that represent people, not greed,  
options that offer real equity  
and basic human rights,  
that safeguard humans  
and the environment,  
not corporations.

I am not sure the final solution  
is on the ballots this year,  
but surely we can move  
in the right direction.

And then, keep vowing  
to do better. With our money,  
with our time, our energy. Questioning  
the votes we make every day  
of our lives, so that one day,  
maybe, everyone can feel represented  
and protected  
by what, and who,  
is on the ballot.



# SMALL MIRACLES

Moving to a new city in the midst of a pandemic was not the grand decision I believed it would be, especially for a small town boy who has always had fantasies of living amongst skyscrapers and neon lights. So, for obvious reasons, it has been strange being cooped up in my small apartment. When I do leave, the streets are quiet. Damning almost. The sidewalks are mostly empty and the huge skyscrapers I once admired lay uninhabited throughout the week. Even the non-tangible things, like time and whether have an amorphous distorted sense to them.

I know these feelings about this past year aren't unique. Far from it. I feel a collective exhaustion. I think being in a new city, I am able to recognize the denseness of that exhaustion. Throughout the past few months, we've all clung faithfully to our gods or our governments or our news channels to bring us some kind of semblance of normalcy again. Personally, I'm still waiting.

But on a Monday morning, as I wandered around the ghostly streets of a new city, I was reminded of where I find hope; it's in the vastness of despair, where we must choose to recognize it. Whether it was a single office light in a mostly vacant building. Or a flickering street lamp begging to be recognized. Or the fact that I was alive and getting to stand in the magnificence of something new. To me, these are the small miracles that tell me that better things have been here. And like clockwork, in time they will come again.

- Mason Pippenger







# Lenten Collects

By Timothy Beltran del Rio

*For use with daily prayers in Lent.*

Merciful God, by your Son's passage through death you have known sorrow and pain: Join us to your heart and mind, that we may embrace your grief and join our losses to yours—which passes forever into the ages with your Son, our Lord, who with the Holy Spirit lives and reigns with you, one God, now and forever. *Amen.*

*Or*

Father of all Ages, you know intimately of creation and destruction, of birth and death; grant us the strength to withstand such knowledge as we experience the tumult of this life, and grant us lasting peace, through Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever. *Amen.*

*Or*

Almighty and everliving God, you alone can understand the unruly and unclean hearts of sinners: Be gracious to us who have strayed, and guide our hearts and minds toward your light so that we might know righteousness; grant us this through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever into the ages. *Amen.*

# PLANTING SEQUOIAS

BR THOMAS STEFFENSEN SSF

Ask questions that have no answers. Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.  
-Wendell Berry, Manifesto: Mad Farmer Liberation Front

There is a part of me that wants to be a farmer. Digging in the dirt, planting seeds and seedlings. Watering, tending, waiting, harvesting. The desire for me is about being connected to something so much larger than myself, this mystery of earth and growth, of fruit bearing. To feel the rhythms of life that living in cities allows us to forget. Only in the grocery store is it berry season all year long and that ability to buy blueberries any time I want takes away some of the miracle of it all. I want to be a farmer because I miss the miracle, the wonder.

Part of that miracle is that whether you are planting blueberries or broccoli, it all begins in the dark. We take the seed, that tiny fleck of matter encoded with the force and wonder of creation and bury it in the ground. We mark the place so we don't lose it and water it as a form of care. We tend the environment making sure everything is just so, but we cannot help the seed directly. The work is done solely by the seed itself. Eventually, inside that tiny seed something begins to move. Slowly, the pressure builds up inside the casing to the point where it finally cracks, sending the thinnest of roots further down into the dark. As the root stretches down, the casing cracks again to allow a shoot to begin its travel upward. It wriggles and fights with the soil, the insect life, the water. It pushes up as it stretches down until it finally breaks through the crust of the soil exposing it to even more danger and spectacle. These weeks of waiting, this struggling unseen in the dark, is what we call growth. It is the beginning of all that lives.

My family always lived on property that allowed us to have a farm of sorts. We had horses a few times, chickens, cows happened, and then the herd of goats. But it was the garden that I loved. Every spring we would prepare the ground and get the seeds, plunging them into the darkness to weave their magic. We always planted a full row of radishes, not because the whole family loved them, but because they grew the fastest. We were impatient and in our excitement we wanted results quickly. Within a week small sprouts would be peaking through the soil ready to start uncurling their leaves.

Most plants, however, are not so quick and their processes take much longer. Unlike corn or eggplant, there are plants that need just as much care and tending that are not for our direct consumption. Radishes grow, we harvest and eat them, and our body breaks down the miracle into bits that we can understand and use immediately. Not all miracles are so direct. Some take time and the building of our anticipation is necessary.

Sequoias hold their seeds tightly in their cones like close-kept secrets. It takes fire or some other intense heat in order for the cone to be convinced to let the seeds out into the open. Before the seed ever reaches the dark of the soil it is burned. We call this growth, too. From that point, the seeds are buried and begin their transformation. It takes hundreds of years for that seed to be the towering monolith we know them to be.

To plant a Sequoia is to say that I will never see it full grown. I will never see the wonder it will become or see how it benefits the world. It will not feed the hungry of today, but it will help with life down the road. It is a belief in the future, of things not yet, of *investing in an age to come*. To plant a Sequoia is so very different from the planting of watermelons or zucchini, pumpkins or quick little radishes. These things feed us in literal ways, hand to mouth sort of ways that a Sequoia does not. To plant a Sequoia is to believe in a community that is not bound by time, to believe in a better world to come. To plant a Sequoia is a gift of love to a stranger not yet born.

There is a part of me that wants to be a farmer. To water and care for and harvest. There is a part of me that wants to plant Sequoias, to leave seeds to grow and surprise those to come. To be a modern day Johnny Appleseed, taking my bag full of seeds and leaving them in the ground with a kiss and a blessing.

As a spiritual director, I often imagine that as I sit with my directees I am helping to tend that garden inside of them where they walk with God in the cool of the evening. That as we sit and chat, we water the hope that is tenderly growing or weed out the spaces that are choked and losing air. We rip out thorns and let the light in. We watch the things that have died break down into the very nutrients needed to feed the new things already bearing fruit. All this too started in the dark with seeds planted by a God who loves us. And even though our lives are not as linear as the life cycle of basil, there are times of sending roots down into the deeper darkness as we stretch upward to engage the world above the soil. We need to be tended to, watered, nourished, pruned so that we can bear fruit that can be given to the world. Whether that fruit offers immediate help like a radish or begins a work that will only be seen by those in the future, both are vital, both are necessary. Both are miracles.

It is out of the dark that the plant emerges, out of the struggle for life, the yearning for the sun, the taking in of nutrients; that it unfolds, bears fruit and offers itself. We do well tending the smaller things in life because they are easier, smaller and we see the payoff right away. But it's the Sequoias that we also need to care for now. Sequoias like justice and equality. Sequoias like freedom and gratitude. Sequoias are planted and cared for today so that in generations to come they will be there, towering reminders of those of us who came before, who dreamt and prayed for those to come, who invested in their wellbeing.

There is a part of me that wants to be a farmer. And maybe in my own way I am. In that light, the dirt feels more like relationships and perhaps watering looks more like prayer. The rows are less uniform, but the colors of the blooms and the ripening fruit, the thickening branches and spreading of leaves are exquisite to see. The seasons are variable in the human spirit, but I am learning what they look like in those around me. And I'm learning not to fear the darkness, that fertile secret place where it all begins. I'm trying my best to care for the melons and berries that feed us now as well as a grove of Sequoias, those tender saplings of justice and hope that will help us build a better world.

Plant sequoias Berry said. Love letters to the future written in miracle and strength, cones and bark. There has been fire and the seeds have been planted. Now it is time to tend them, to care for the environment in which they have been set so that they can weave their magic in the quiet of the earth. This is legacy, this caring. This is prayer, this tending for the future. Then perhaps in a few hundred years as a child walks beneath one of those majestic trees, they will look up and be amazed at the wonder of it all. And in that moment, just maybe, another farmer will be born.

# THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

*O God, whose glory it is always to have mercy: Be gracious to all who have gone astray from your ways, and bring them again with penitent hearts and steadfast faith to embrace and hold fast the unchangeable truth of your Word, Jesus Christ your Son; who with you and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.*

## **Genesis 17:1-7, 15-16**

When Abram was ninety-nine years old, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said to him, "I am God Almighty; walk before me, and be blameless. And I will make my covenant between me and you, and will make you exceedingly numerous." Then Abram fell on his face; and God said to him, "As for me, this is my covenant with you: You shall be the ancestor of a multitude of nations. No longer shall your name be Abram, but your name shall be Abraham; for I have made you the ancestor of a multitude of nations. I will make you exceedingly fruitful; and I will make nations of you, and kings shall come from you. I will establish my covenant between me and you, and your offspring after you throughout their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be God to you and to your offspring after you.

God said to Abraham, "As for Sarai your wife, you shall not call her Sarai, but Sarah shall be her name. I will bless her, and moreover I will give you a son by her. I will bless her, and she shall give rise to nations; kings of peoples shall come from her."

might be saved through him."

## **Psalms 22:22-30**

*Deus, Deus meus*

22 Praise the Lord, you that fear him; \*  
stand in awe of him, O offspring of Israel;  
all you of Jacob's line, give glory.  
23 For he does not despise nor abhor the poor in  
their poverty;  
neither does he hide his face from them; \*  
but when they cry to him he hears them.  
24 My praise is of him in the great assembly; \*  
I will perform my vows in the presence of those  
who worship him.  
25 The poor shall eat and be satisfied,  
and those who seek the Lord shall praise him: \*  
"May your heart live for ever!"  
26 All the ends of the earth shall remember and  
turn to the Lord, \*

and all the families of the nations shall bow  
before him.

27 For kingship belongs to the Lord; \*  
he rules over the nations.

28 To him alone all who sleep in the earth bow  
down in worship; \*  
all who go down to the dust fall before him.

29 My soul shall live for him;  
my descendants shall serve him; \*  
they shall be known as the Lord's for ever.

30 They shall come and make known to a  
people yet unborn \*  
the saving deeds that he has done.

## **Mark 8:31-38**

Jesus began to teach his disciples that the Son of Man must undergo great suffering, and be rejected by the elders, the chief priests, and the scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again. He said all this quite openly. And Peter took him aside and began to rebuke him. But turning and looking at his disciples, he rebuked Peter and said, "Get behind me, Satan! For you are setting your mind not on divine things but on human things."

He called the crowd with his disciples, and said to them, "If any want to become my followers, let them deny themselves and take up their cross and follow me. For those who want to save their life will lose it, and those who lose their life for my sake, and for the sake of the gospel, will save it. For what will it profit them to gain the whole world and forfeit their life? Indeed, what can they give in return for their life?"

Those who are ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of them the Son of Man will also be ashamed when he comes in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

# TRANS FORM ATION



St. Leonard's Ministries is a revealing example of the Episcopal Church's drive to create a more just and merciful Chicago. St. Leonard's, highlighted in the following pages, is living the vision we share.

Text by Matthew Berryman  
Photos by Isaac Joel Torres

**S**t. Leonard's Ministries, located on the west side of Chicago, is committed to assisting the formerly incarcerated to make the transition to an independent and successful life. There is hardly any ministry that runs so close to the heart-beat of transformation and resurrection -save the ministry of presence with the dead and the dying- as the work of St. Leonard's. For, as it is mentioned elsewhere in this Reader, when we face the shadows of our lives, our sins, our pain, our suffering—we run straight into the arms of Christ extended wide on the cross who redeems, reconciles, and restores.

The causes and conditions that give rise to incarceration are complex—they are individual and they are collective. It seems clear, however, that interlocking social systems operate to benefit some and oppress others. Perhaps, this is why Jesus' judgment, "I was naked and you did not clothe me; I was in prison and you did not visit me..." strikes so dearly. For none of us can avoid facing the scaffolding of inequity—visible almost from every angle—as we learn more about mass incarceration and the troubling systemic causes and conditions boiling below the surface.

Episcopal Charities is proud to support the life-giving and redemptive work of St Leonard's Ministries. In this agency, we recognize the paschal mystery of Christ: the transformation of all that would thwart the good and loving purposes of God through the power of resurrection.













THREE  
LENTEN  
POEMS  
BY  
FRAN  
WESTWOOD

L        A        Z        A        R        U        S

A sparkler fizzles silent. My jacket wears thin over breastbone,  
elbows. Spent soil freezes, I feel the earth tilt. All things travel  
from heat toward death, but life shriveled too soon—alone  
behind cold rock, essence, a struck match extinguished.  
Anger scratches, the questions of grief drift on. Here, hope flaps  
wordless. Here is a world. The old story of too late healers  
& specialists with best guesses & thought exercises promising,  
we grasp discipline, push down our small bodies of  
hope. My original child, little one weeping a protest against  
all my stone inside. Agreement with life—yes, impossible. Yes,  
lungs of fear. Yes, shouting come out.

WHO I HOLD, OPENS ME

The untamed body of you, ordinary flesh  
child of God. In this and every face  
I hold, from a quiet source inside, I am—

streams from somewhere I don't know.  
A river turns a corner in a wood, it cannot be forced  
to bend another way. It finds a bed, holds roots  
and waters them, grows small bundles of evidence.  
You flow through me

and are not me. I am  
wanting to be known, speaking—  
I am meant to know you, to receive small buds  
whose roots have felt the water. Right here

is me, opened.

I N W A I T I N G

By hunching wintered panes *Lycianthes rantonnetii*  
unclenches a scared fist into petals and a small burnt pot  
of oregano musk shrubs an elderly stem with new leaf. Life  
is waiting in the decision for our days to be coloured in  
by our choosing them. We remember the setting out from Harran.  
The promise at the great tree of Moreh. On a dark night, someone  
says look up. An old womb filled with life. I have one but feel empty.  
The sky, a dead bolt, starless blue. I ache

to know what lives past this weather. After we scrape our visions  
to their original grain. You and I, the thickened paint layers  
gnawed from our tables. Will we recognize our faces? Will there be fruit,  
will a horizon puncture with doors of light and the softened orange clay  
of our days shape—held, dried, as we fill them with soil, seed

# IN AGES TO COME

Br. Thomas Steffensen

I look at my hands, their long fingers, thin palms.  
I look down at my hands and wonder if, when I turn 60, my  
hands will look like my grandfather's hands?

I begin to prophesy how old I will be  
when I don't recognize the face in the mirror as my own but as  
someone else's laugh lined face staring back at me.  
Or at what age I will be when I begin to forget- why I walked  
into a room, or where I was going, or why my hands look like  
yours.

(As my grandfather forgot, he seemed to remember my grand-  
mother – this is my girlfriend, he would say holding her old  
worn hand,

as his mind slipped further away.)  
I wonder if, when I am in my 90's, as he was, if I will be brave  
like that and reach out and announce my feelings to the girl I  
love,

grabbing her by the hand despite how the years have treated us.

And anchor myself in that courage and tell stories  
to those who are gathered that seem like ghosts I've known, col-  
lapsing the distance between their life and my death distribut-  
ing each gift from my own thin hand.



Block Print . Megan Suttman

# THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

*Almighty God, you know that we have no power in ourselves to help ourselves: Keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen*

## **Exodus 20:1-17**

Then God spoke all these words:

I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of slavery; you shall have no other gods before me.

You shall not make for yourself an idol, whether in the form of anything that is in heaven above, or that is on the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. You shall not bow down to them or worship them; for I the Lord your God am a jealous God, punishing children for the iniquity of parents, to the third and the fourth generation of those who reject me, but showing steadfast love to the thousandth generation of those who love me and keep my commandments.

You shall not make wrongful use of the name of the Lord your God, for the Lord will not acquit anyone who misuses his name.

Remember the sabbath day, and keep it holy. For six days you shall labour and do all your work. But the seventh day is a sabbath to the Lord your God; you shall not do any work—you, your son or your daughter, your male or female slave, your livestock, or the alien resident in your towns. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is in them, but rested the seventh day; therefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and consecrated it.

Honor your father and your mother, so that your days may be long in the land that the Lord your God is giving you.

You shall not murder.

You shall not commit adultery.

You shall not steal.

You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.

You shall not covet your neighbor's house; you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or male or female slave, or ox, or donkey, or anything that belongs to your neighbor.

## **Psalms 19**

### *Caeli enarrant*

1 The heavens declare the glory of God, \*  
and the firmament shows his handiwork.  
2 One day tells its tale to another, \*  
and one night imparts knowledge to another.  
3 Although they have no words or language, \*  
and their voices are not heard,  
4 Their sound has gone out into all lands, \*  
and their message to the ends of the world.  
5 In the deep has he set a pavilion for the sun; \*  
it comes forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber;  
it rejoices like a champion to run its course.  
6 It goes forth from the uttermost edge of the  
heavens  
and runs about to the end of it again; \*  
nothing is hidden from its burning heat.  
7 The law of the Lord is perfect  
and revives the soul; \*  
the testimony of the Lord is sure  
and gives wisdom to the innocent.  
8 The statutes of the Lord are just  
and rejoice the heart; \*  
the commandment of the Lord is clear  
and gives light to the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean  
and endures for ever; \*  
the judgments of the Lord are true  
and righteous altogether.  
10 More to be desired are they than gold,  
more than much fine gold, \*  
sweeter far than honey,  
than honey in the comb.  
11 By them also is your servant enlightened, \*  
and in keeping them there is great reward.  
12 Who can tell how often he offends? \*  
cleanse me from my secret faults.  
13 Above all, keep your servant from presumptuous  
sins;  
let them not get dominion over me; \*  
then shall I be whole and sound,  
and innocent of a great offense.  
14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation  
of my  
heart be acceptable in your sight, \*  
O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

## **John 2:13-22**

The Passover of the Jews was near, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. In the temple he found people selling cattle, sheep, and doves, and the money changers seated at their tables. Making a whip of cords, he drove all of them out of the temple, both the sheep and the cattle. He also poured out the coins of the money changers and overturned their tables. He told those who were selling the doves, "Take these things out of here! Stop making my Father's house a marketplace!" His disciples remembered that it was written, "Zeal for your house will consume me." The Jews then said to him, "What sign can you show us for doing this?" Jesus answered them, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." The Jews then said, "This temple has been under construction for forty-six years, and will you raise it up in three days?" But he was speaking of the temple of his body. After he was raised from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this; and they believed the scripture and the word that Jesus had spoken.



*Trametes Versicolor*  
Turkey Tail, 2021  
Erin Tuttle Lockridge

When I think of Ephesians 2, I am filled with hope at the idea that we may, in the ages to come, be “raised up and seated” with Christ in the heavenly realm. However, I am convinced that we will not be simply plucked from this world and joined with Christ apart from the rest of creation. Instead, all things, “on earth or...in heaven” will be reconciled to God through Christ’s loving death (Colossians 1:19-20; Ephesians 1:10). All of creation will be transfigured and transformed. And though creation groans for this coming day (Romans 8:18-25), the natural world also demonstrates for us the path of death-to-life that leads us to the true knowledge of Jesus. Every morning, when I am helping my children into the day, I look from our second story window, down onto my sleeping garden. There, between dormant plants and a series of rebar arbors, is a stump covered in turkey tail fungus. Its striking beauty and the way it has mantled the stump with the humility of decay serves as a reminder of this very thing.



# TOGETHER

Mike Gecan, Senior Advisor, Metro IAF

A re-reading of Ephesians reminds us of its forward-looking perspective, described in the text as “*in the ages to come.*” But it also highlights another aspect of the dynamic described by the writer: the fact that we are equipped to move into the ages to come together, not individually.

He “hath quickened us together....

“And hath he raised us together, and made us sit together....

“For we are his workmanship....

“For he is our peace...and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us....

“No therefor ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens....”

This emphasis on the fundamental need and the primary value of engaging others and working together is one of the main sources of inspiration for those who organize. The scriptures call us to relate – both in our private lives and in our public lives. And the art and practice of the individual meeting – a one-to-one, face-to-face encounter with a neighbor, a congregant, a co-worker – is the essential starting point for all new and deepening public relationships. In the act of meeting, other persons cease to be strangers or stereotypes to us, and we cease to be strangers or stereotypes to them. The act of meeting individually is radical in the best sense – investing the time and energy to get to the root of relationships. And it forms the foundation for other, larger moments of togetherness – house meetings, research meetings, and public actions of all kinds.

This profoundly collective and relational vision informs the organizing done by the Metro Industrial Areas Foundation affiliates in DuPage, Kane, Lake and Cook counties, with the support of Episcopal Charities. Even during this dreadful pandemic, the leaders of these organizations have continued to stay together and to act together.

Over the past year, for instance, more than 200 leaders of all faiths, races, and incomes have gathered for training and development sessions led by organizers Amy Totsch, Amy Lawless, Adrienne McCauley, Greg Pierce and others.

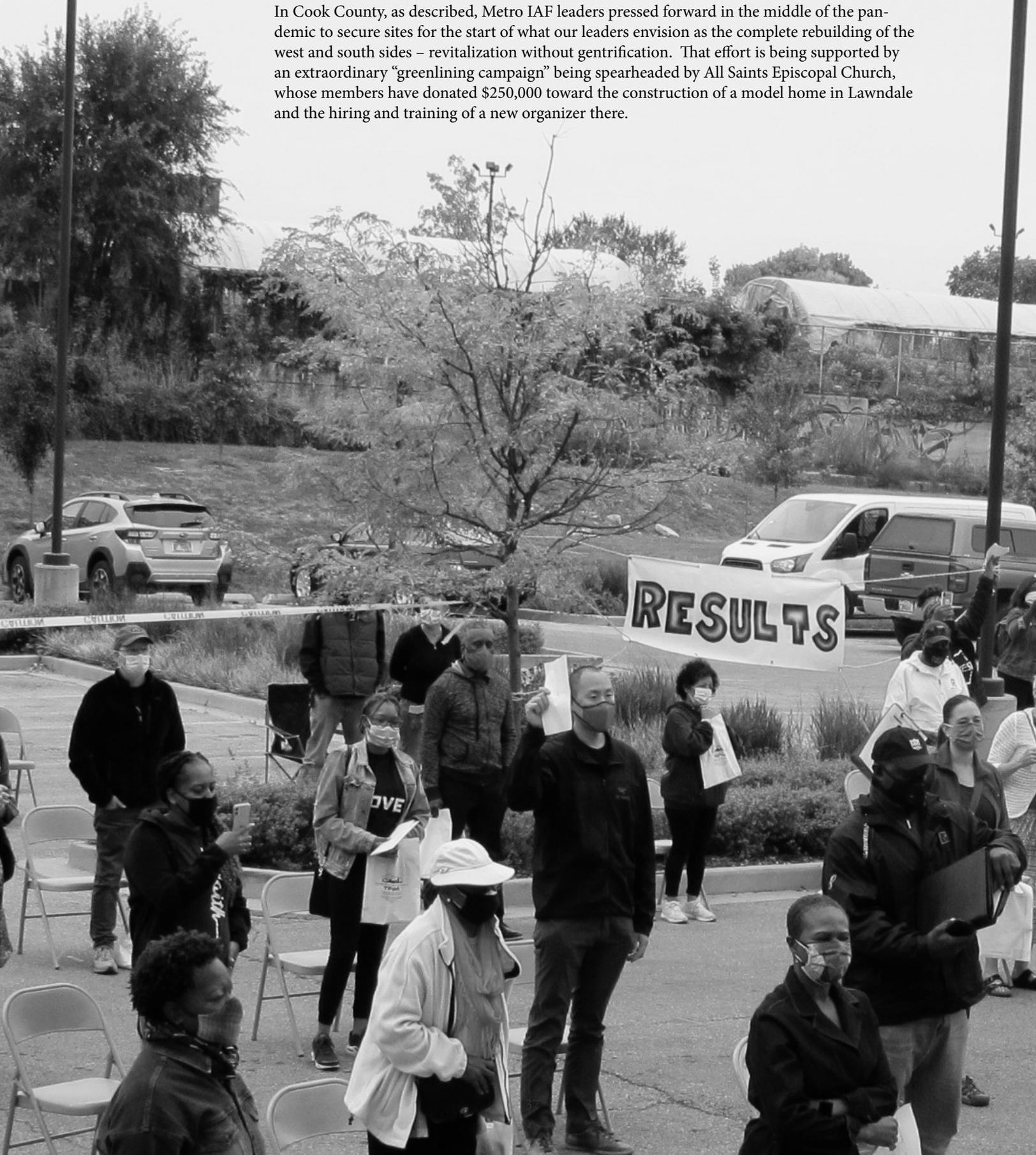
In a safely distant and fully masked setting, a team of 20 leaders met with Illinois Senate President Donald Harmon – in an event that was viewed by more than 500 other leaders in their homes. The goal was to secure capital budget funds for housing, including \$30 million for the affordable housing and specialized housing for those struggling with mental illness – important priorities of the four organizations.

In an outdoor setting, again safely distant and fully masked, 61 leaders met with west side Alderman Michael Scott to welcome his commitment to rebuild the entire west side, beginning with an initial phase of 250 affordable Nehemiah homes. While the process of organizing – the long-term and sometimes pain-staking process of building relationships and deepening trust among diverse leaders – is often seen as less important and less dramatic than the tangible results of organizing, the size and scale of those results depend heavily on the quality of this relational work. If there is no powerful “we,” if there is no true sense of togetherness, then the ability to create meaningful change, to march into better ages to come, is limited. But what about the results? It’s not just about time – *the ages to come* – it’s also about physical space – the new and better and more just places to come.

One example of a better place to come – as a result of the work supported by Episcopal Charities -- is the creation of 48 affordable and accessible apartments, with appropriate services, in Elgin. Local leaders from Elgin congregations, capably assisted by Metro IAF organizer Elizabeth Moriarty, built a broad and deep base of support for this much-needed housing. These leaders calmly and firmly withstood an attempt by a small but hostile faction to keep what this group perceived to be ‘strangers and foreigners’ out of the community. The congregational leaders prevailed. The Elgin City Council members unanimously approved the 48 units. The project is being used as a model by DuPage County, whose board members agreed to construct six additional developments just like the Elgin effort.

In Lake County, the Metro IAF affiliate received a Letter of Intent from a major health institution to donate more than 25 acres of its land for affordable housing in Waukegan. Leaders there have also set up free wi-fi service in five Waukegan neighborhoods so that students, families, and other residents can begin to access education, health, and employment opportunities in areas that have been historically underserved and disconnected.

In Cook County, as described, Metro IAF leaders pressed forward in the middle of the pandemic to secure sites for the start of what our leaders envision as the complete rebuilding of the west and south sides – revitalization without gentrification. That effort is being supported by an extraordinary “greenlining campaign” being spearheaded by All Saints Episcopal Church, whose members have donated \$250,000 toward the construction of a model home in Lawndale and the hiring and training of a new organizer there.



Across the region, Metro IAF affiliates have designed and initiated a new Community Purchasing Alliance (CPA) so that congregations, schools, health centers, social service agencies, and non-profits can negotiate together for their energy, equipment, materials, and other needs. This will help reduce these costs so that more money can be spent on the vital, direct, relational work that is so critical to the reknitting and rebuilding of our broken or strained relationships with our fellow citizens.

Each action and event by the organizations supported by Episcopal Charities demonstrates the power of people working together. The leaders who have led and sustained these actions have translated the image in Ephesians of “the middle wall of partition” being broken down into the reality of dynamic new relationships, imaginative new solutions to complex social problems, and new policies and new facilities that enable more of God’s children to live the fullest possible lives.

The vision of a better time and more beautiful space come together in another text in the Book of Zechariah: “There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with a staff in his hand because of age. And the streets of the city will be filled with boys and girls playing there.” -MG





I continue to see my own restoration  
and resurrection,  
Plain truth and the power  
to uplift the world  
with my words.

Grant me strong courage then,  
You who have the golden  
strength of a lion and  
a roar to match.

Cynthia Horvath Garbutt

from *Women's Uncommon Prayers*  
(Morehouse Publishing, 2000)

In this precious time for reflection, the powerful words of Ephesians remind us it is the gift of grace from God that makes all things possible for each of us. How we each manifest that gift is as varied and wonderful as the gift itself. And it is a call for us to act out of our abundance of inner riches – love, kindness, compassion, to care for our world.

A true love of humankind in times of great challenge, combined with God's gift of grace, means our capacity to positively change the world together is boundless. There is no small evidence that the need continues to be ever greater, but so in direct measure is our ability to respond in a meaningful way. It is both a duty and an honor which demands courage. Yet we can take heart that in the ages to come, starting now, God reveals and revels in our efforts to help one another. Through infinite kindness, He shows Himself and the exceeding riches of his grace through our risen Lord. (Ephesians 2:7) CHG

Illustration by Guillaume de Sardin



“Covenant”

An outstretched human hand is met with a benevolent flaming gaze, the presence of the Holy, enshrouded with the rainbow of promise.

Brianna Kelly

# THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

*Gracious Father, whose blessed Son Jesus Christ came down from heaven to be the true bread which gives life to the world: Evermore give us this bread, that he may live in us, and we in him; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen*

## **Numbers 21:4-9**

From Mount Hor the Israelites set out by the way to the Red Sea, to go around the land of Edom; but the people became impatient on the way. The people spoke against God and against Moses, "Why have you brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? For there is no food and no water, and we detest this miserable food." Then the Lord sent poisonous serpents among the people, and they bit the people, so that many Israelites died. The people came to Moses and said, "We have sinned by speaking against the Lord and against you; pray to the Lord to take away the serpents from us." So Moses prayed for the people. And the Lord said to Moses, "Make a poisonous serpent, and set it on a pole; and everyone who is bitten shall look at it and live." So Moses made a serpent of bronze, and put it upon a pole; and whenever a serpent bit someone, that person would look at the serpent of bronze and live.

## **Psalms 107:1-3, 17-22**

### *Confitemini Domino*

1 Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good, \*  
and his mercy endures for ever.

2 Let all those whom the Lord has redeemed  
proclaim \*  
that he redeemed them from the hand of the  
foe.

3 He gathered them out of the lands; \*  
from the east and from the west,  
from the north and from the south.

17 Some were fools and took to rebellious ways;  
\*  
they were afflicted because of their sins.

18 They abhorred all manner of food \*  
and drew near to death's door.

19 Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble,  
\*

and he delivered them from their distress.

20 He sent forth his word and healed them \*  
and saved them from the grave.

21 Let them give thanks to the Lord for his  
mercy \*

and the wonders he does for his children.

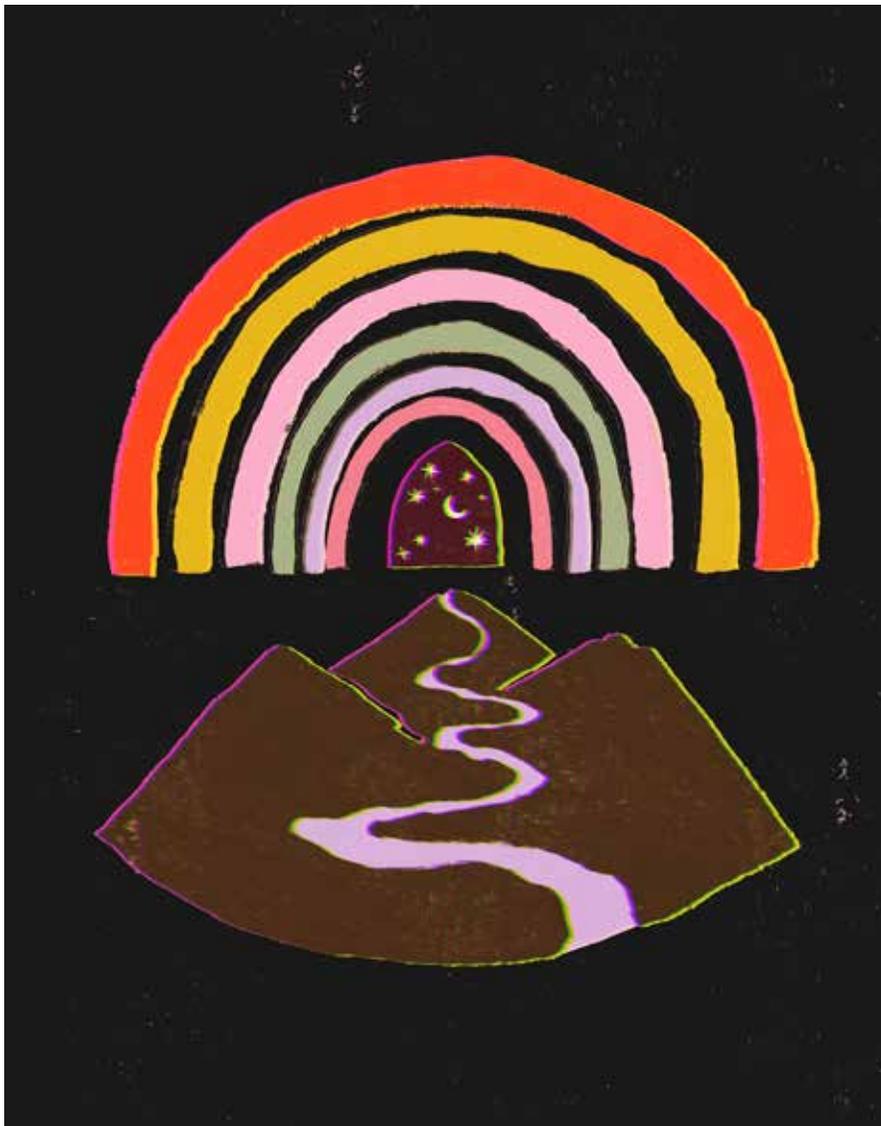
22 Let them offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving \*  
and tell of his acts with shouts of joy.

## **John 3:14-21**

Jesus said, "Just as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whoever believes in him may have eternal life.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life.

"Indeed, God did not send the Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him. Those who believe in him are not condemned; but those who do not believe are condemned already, because they have not believed in the name of the only Son of God. And this is the judgment, that the light has come into the world, and people loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil. For all who do evil hate the light and do not come to the light, so that their deeds may not be exposed. But those who do what is true come to the light, so that it may be clearly seen that their deeds have been done in God."



“A Way in the Wilderness,”

A door to the cosmos appears just beyond the edge of the well-trodden path, a depiction of Holy Providence in a desolate place.

Brianna Kelly

On my desk sits a very old stone.  
Conservatively a billion years old,  
some say as many as three.  
Found on the beach near an old monastery  
on an old island off another old island,  
I hold this rock when I need to come home.

I never imagined a future -  
at least not this now in my timeline.  
My little boy dreams only got me to college.  
I never dreamed me settled like sand into stone,  
only ever in motion moving marching forward.

Three billion is too long to think,  
though a lifetime might well be too.  
This rock was old when that old monastery was new  
and the monks offered their futures to the God  
whose timeline runs off the page  
past my middle-age and this old stone and  
both our beginnings and ends.

Does this rock imagine a future?  
Could they see first those monks and later me,  
with millennial mosses growing in between,  
all drawn to an island on the margins of time  
to plant a seed between has been and will be,  
and join a conversation held in silence  
that stretches on and over any tomorrow.

To the one who made this stone and  
this world and these words:  
Hold me as I hold all that has been  
formed by the downward pressure of time, your love  
pulling together these sundered stories into bittered hope.  
Bless me to sink in place, to settle in the mossbed of now  
until my dust-born bones return home to stone.

**OLD STONE** . The Rev. Connor Gwin

## **Elijah on Mt. Carmel**

### **Kristina Erny**

It is another morning where  
we are zipped up heavy.

The dross of nightfall  
& yellow-dust coats our lungs.

So, too, we all awakened:  
is this enough? Suppose

the trench is dug. We few  
remain, & we stand as

sentries to I forget what,  
but we are here. Press

play on today's prayer for  
fire. That meat you

halved, quartered, waits  
for its roasting, its

chance to burn. I woke  
and came to see. I woke

and am standing near.

**I AM - Kristina Erny**  
a reassemblage of "flash" by hazel hall

I am less sun wearing oblivion.  
(I cannot even).

Death jaws snap at myself.

The hazel beats lived,  
re-reap chaos;

I must, am  
certain,  
sleep, in my yet, not yet.

Life is me, incompleted.

Of more, of burden, out of flash dignity, of hungry space.

Who dies?

Who is an eye time tears?

Who I am not, not  
and of the flesh.

My claws waked death,  
not breaths.

The of  
the to  
has not

To life's hall  
of untasted halves,  
like if, if...

They may not unlearn...

And?

# BEHEMOTH

Elizabeth Pottinger

Job gets a new family. Astro Boy  
is Tobio, or close enough.

Little Boy sleeps. Mimi  
carries him in  
strokes his grody fur every hour  
but he's still cold in the morning and Dennis still breaks  
frosted ground. Pond-side Buddhas  
watch and copper frogs strumming  
Spanish guitars are frozen  
mid-funk.

Trusting God means quit  
throwing a tantrum and look up.  
Journeys begin with steps except  
this staircase climbs to Takeshi's Castle  
and here comes a goodly rubber ball to subtract my life by ten flights

but praise Him for grilled  
cheese in the hospital  
and fruit—breakfast  
fries—supper  
you—asleep  
on the floor next to me in my beeping bed.

Creek chub  
shimmers red in rusty bucket, the squirming body I plunk  
in the current. Squat  
on the riverbank and wait for him to swim back—

asleep in the mud  
earth arms coil round my wrists  
a leafy catheter growing down  
my throat but my sisters are jackals  
and their teeth rip roots, hold my hair back  
to cough up splinters, drag me to rest  
in a junkyard. They said God is coming by  
with a wagon. Feel the wheels rumbling distant.

# PURSuing RECONCILIATION

Tessa Pauls

when i wake in the morning,  
i feel the weariness and hollowness  
    deep in my bones,  
    in my heart and soul.  
i feel the heaviness and fatigue  
from the darkness of injustice--  
persistent, systematic, endless, needless injustice--  
    and for a moment  
wish it was possible to opt out.  
    to be able to walk away  
and make someone else take responsibility.  
    in the back of my mind,  
    a voice whispers,  
“quiet does not mean there is peace.  
it means there is indifference.”

as i rise to begin my day,  
i feel the pull to engage in the brokenness--  
    to lean in to contrition and empathy,  
    to ask the Divine for boldness  
    to peel back my heart  
until only humility and service remain.

as i move throughout my day,  
i hear the voice say,  
    “do not hold back.  
    do not shy away.  
    the world seems hopeless--  
    trust in My hope.”  
i feel my heart grow stronger,  
my voice grows more steady,  
my steps more assured as i come to understand:  
    to serve is to empty myself  
and be filled with divine hope.

when darkness falls,  
the voice holds me close and breathes,  
    “yet, even now,  
    there is light.  
i am here to make all whole.”  
    and in its presence,  
i feel the promise of newness,  
the assurance of cleansing waters of mercy,  
    and the hope for reconciling  
    the pain and suffering  
with the release and true peace  
that comes with light eternal.

# THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

*Almighty God, you alone can bring into order the unruly wills and affections of sinners: Grant your people grace to love what you command and desire what you promise; that, among the swift and varied changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen..*

## **Jeremiah 31:31-34**

The days are surely coming, says the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah. It will not be like the covenant that I made with their ancestors when I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt—a covenant that they broke, though I was their husband, says the Lord. But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, says the Lord: I will put my law within them, and I will write it on their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. No longer shall they teach one another, or say to each other, “Know the Lord,” for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest, says the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and remember their sin no more.

## **Psalms 51:1-13**

*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.

*Or*

## **Psalms 119:9-16**

*In quo corrigit?*

9 How shall a young man cleanse his way? \*  
By keeping to your words.  
10 With my whole heart I seek you; \*  
let me not stray from your commandments.  
11 I treasure your promise in my heart, \*  
that I may not sin against you.  
12 Blessed are you, O Lord; \*  
instruct me in your statutes.  
13 With my lips will I recite \*  
all the judgments of your mouth.  
14 I have taken greater delight in the way of your  
decrees \*  
than in all manner of riches.  
15 I will meditate on your commandments \*  
and give attention to your ways.  
16 My delight is in your statutes; \*  
I will not forget your word.

## **John 12:20-33**

Now among those who went up to worship at the festival were some Greeks. They came to Philip, who was from Bethsaida in Galilee, and said to him, "Sir, we wish to see Jesus." Philip went and told Andrew; then Andrew and Philip went and told Jesus. Jesus answered them, "The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. Very truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains just a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit. Those who love their life lose it, and those who hate their life in this world will keep it for eternal life. Whoever serves me must follow me, and where I am, there will my servant be also. Whoever serves me, the Father will honor.

"Now my soul is troubled. And what should I say—'Father, save me from this hour'? No, it is for this reason that I have come to this hour. Father, glorify your name." Then a voice came from heaven, "I have glorified it, and I will glorify it again." The crowd standing there heard it and said that it was thunder. Others said, "An angel has spoken to him." Jesus answered, "This voice has come for your sake, not for mine. Now is the judgment of this world; now the ruler of this world will be driven out. And I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all people to myself." He said this to indicate the kind of death he was to die.

# SILE

# INCE

“There are always two sides to my photographs: the image in its finality, and who I was at the moment of its conception.”

Clementine Riggenschach shares her hopes and dreams for the future as captured through a tumultuous season in Greece.



The photos in this series were taken when I lived in Greece for ten weeks. It was my first time abroad, and I quickly fell captive to the rich natural and cultural beauty of the country. There was beauty all around me, especially in the most humble moments and spaces — a silhouette cast by a setting sun or the remnants of a café after hours.

I look back fondly on this work, but not without reservation. While these photos are some of the best I have ever captured, they were taken during a time where I faced immense religious and existential grief. For the casual onlooker, there would be no detection of the sorrow I felt. I was in a state of deconstruction of my faith, and at the time I was left with nothing. I felt guilty and demoralized.



What I find most striking is the contrast of a time of inner turbulence and the images I find most beautiful. For me, taking photos is a discipline of constant self-confrontation. Often it is about making peace with the darkest parts of myself and coming to terms with them.

These photographs show two concurrent stories. On one hand, they are an exciting practice of observing beauty in unsuspecting places. On the other, there is longing and frustration with what is yet to come. Fittingly for the season, they contemplate both imminent glory and inward mortal strife. CR





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# EMBER DAYS

## I. LENT

One way to wait is to let the flesh fall away.  
It was the closest I had come to patience—  
I gave up the ghost of touch, hot breath,

that electric compression of air as a hand  
closed on my wrist, as an arm came close  
to slide along my back. My skin sang

for loneliness. Each week, I swam  
covered in chlorine, wake's splash  
magnified & reflected back to my ears.

At each turn, my lungs' new burn  
lit up my shoulders, & my spine stretched,  
electrified. My body, itself, a little in love

with chlorine's indiscriminate sting.

## II. PENTECOST

Signs descend from above: comets, falling  
stars, pinpricks of hydrogen. Try to tell the future  
at night—astronomy marks each moment, whether

we see the stars' hot traces or we turn away.  
This new language burns my tongue. Orion  
lies forgotten beneath the city's asphalt

mirages. Other men haunt our sidewalks.  
Even now one waits for me in the crickets' buzz.  
The pull of him, there outside the doorway,

somewhere outside of pheromones—the moon  
must pull at water this way, small & insistent,  
shifting boats along darkly rippled surfaces,

turning oceans inside out.

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### III. FEAST OF THE HOLY CROSS

Clouds flirt with our trees as they wave,  
their green leaves turned to gold in afternoon's  
lowering sun. We walk all night, planning

rooms & how they might unfold:  
yellow kitchen, green halls, windows  
in the south wall, one red door to open

when we return. In dusk's rippled light,  
we don't see the shards we will uncover.  
Gaslight, asbestos-covered wire, gin-breath,

night terrors. Where will we sleep; what will we do  
with the empty room? Slivers slip beneath  
our skin. Look at our fingertips, needles

hanging from the bloodless pads.

### IV. FEAST OF ST. LUCIA

In December, while we fill our days, cold  
seeps through frame & lathe & plaster.  
The calendar poises itself on the edge

of superstition. Days smell like smoke  
& silver, swinging at our sides  
as if we had all the world's time

to plan, to tidy up, to map each corner  
of the year. Winter stretches out before us,  
languid, like a lover whose apologies

we know too well, like an ocean, chilled,  
at midnight. We fall back towards the sun  
despite ourselves. The room, periwinkle,

fills unwontedly with light.

# EMMA APRILE

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# DAILY READINGS

## **Week of 1 Lent**

### **Sunday**

Psalms 25:1-10

Genesis 9:8-17, 1 Peter 3:18-22, Mark 1:9-15

### **Monday**

Psalms 77

Job 4:1-21 Ephesians 2:1-10

### **Tuesday**

Psalms 77

Job 5:8-27, 1 Peter 3:8-18a

### **Wednesday**

Psalms 77

Proverbs 30:1-9, Matthew 4:1-11

### **Thursday**

Psalms 22:23-31

Genesis 15:1-6, 12-18, Romans 3:21-31

### **Friday**

Psalms 22:23-31

Genesis 16:1-6, Romans 4:1-12

### **Saturday**

Psalms 22:23-31

Genesis 16:7-15, Mark 8:27-30 or Mark 9:2-9

## **Week of 2 Lent**

### **Sunday**

Psalms 22:23-31

Genesis 17:1-7, 15-16, Romans 4:13-25, Mark 8:31-38

### **Monday**

Psalms 105:1-11, 37-45

Genesis 21:1-7, Hebrews 1:8-12

### **Tuesday**

Psalms 105:1-11, 37-45

Genesis 22:1-9, Hebrews 11:1-3, 13-19

### **Wednesday**

Psalms 105:1-11, 37-45

Jeremiah 30:12-22, John 12:36-43

### **Thursday**

Psalms 19

Exodus 19:1-9a, 1 Peter 2:4-10

### **Friday**

Psalms 19

Exodus 19:9b-15, Acts 7:30-40

### **Saturday**

Psalms 19

Exodus 19:16-25, Mark 9:2-8

## **Week of 3 Lent**

### **Sunday**

Psalms 19

Exodus 20:1-17, 1 Corinthians 1:18-25, John 2:13-22

### **Monday**

Psalms 84

1 Kings 6:1-4, 21-22, 1 Corinthians 3:10-23

### **Tuesday**

Psalms 84

2 Chronicles 29:1-11, 16-19, Hebrews 9:23-28

### **Wednesday**

Psalms 84

Ezra 6:1-16, Mark 11:15-19

### **Thursday**

Psalms 107:1-3, 17-22

Genesis 9:8-17, Ephesians 1:3-6

### **Friday**

Psalms 107:1-3, 17-22

Daniel 12:5-13, Ephesians 1:7-14

### **Saturday**

Psalms 107:1-3, 17-22

Numbers 20:22-29, John 3:1-13

## **Week of 4 Lent**

### **Sunday**

Psalms 107:1-3, 17-22

Numbers 21:4-9, Ephesians 2:1-10, John 3:14-21

**Monday**

Psalms 107:1-16  
Exodus 15:22-27, Hebrews 3:1-6

**Tuesday**

Psalms 107:1-16  
Numbers 20:1-13, 1 Corinthians 10:6-13

**Wednesday**

Psalms 107:1-16  
Isaiah 60:15-22, John 8:12-20

**Thursday**

Psalms 51:1-12  
Isaiah 30:15-18, Hebrews 4:1-13

**Friday**

Psalms 51:1-12  
Exodus 30:1-10, Hebrews 4:14 — 5:4

**Saturday**

Psalms 51:1-12  
Habakkuk 3:2-13, John 12:1-11

**Week of 5 Lent****Sunday**

Psalms 51:1-12 or Psalms 119:9-16  
Jeremiah 31:31-34, Hebrews 5:5-10, John 12:20-33

**Monday**

Psalms 119:9-16  
Isaiah 43:8-13, 2 Corinthians 3:4-11

**Tuesday**

Psalms 119:9-16  
Isaiah 44:1-8, Acts 2:14-24

**Wednesday**

Psalms 119:9-16  
Haggai 2:1-9, 20-23, John 12:34-50

**Thursday**

Psalms 45 or Psalms 40:5-10  
Isaiah 7:10-14, Hebrews 10:4-10, Luke 1:26-38

**Friday**

Psalms 118:1-2, 19-29  
Jeremiah 33:1-9, Philippians 2:12-18

**Saturday**

Psalms 118:1-2, 19-29  
Jeremiah 33:10-16, Mark 10:32-34, 46-52

**Holy Week****Palm Sunday**

Psalms 118:1-2, 19-29, Psalms 31  
Mark 11:1-11 or John 12:12-16, Isaiah 50:4-9a,  
Philippians 2:5-11, Mark 14:1 — 15:47

**Monday**

Psalms 36:5-11  
Isaiah 42:1-9, Hebrews 9:11-15, John 12:1-11

**Tuesday**

Psalms 71:1-14  
Isaiah 49:1-7, 1 Corinthians 1:18-31, John 12:20-36

**Wednesday**

Psalms 70  
Isaiah 50:4-9a, Hebrews 12:1-3, John 13:21-32

**Maundy Thursday**

Psalms 116:1-2, 12-29  
Exodus 12:1-4 [5-10] 11-14, 1 Corinthians 11:21-26,  
John 13:1-17, 31b-35

**Good Friday**

Psalms 22  
Isaiah 52:13 — 53:12, Hebrews 10:16-25 or  
Hebrews 4:14-16; 5:7-9, John 18:1 — 19:42

These are the Daily Office Readings for the season of Lent in the year 2021 CE. The Daily Office was originally designed for use at Morning Prayer and Evening Prayer. We suggest using the Readings throughout the season of Lent to spend time reflecting on Scripture. Whether you follow a formal Morning and Evening Prayer service or simply take a few moments in your day, we trust that you will encounter God in the text in some meaningful way, as we and those who go before us have throughout the centuries. You will find more concerning the Daily Office Lectionary in the Book of Common Prayer (1979) on Pg. 934. All Biblical readings in this volume are from the NRSV.



Block Print . Megan Suttman

# EDITORIAL BOARD

## **Mason Pippenger**

Mason Pippenger is a 23-year-old photographer and writer in Chicago, Illinois. In his work, he explores the sometimes murky waters of race, sexuality, culture, and humanity in whatever medium that is.

## **Jonathan Randall Grant**

Editor of this publication and communications manager at Episcopal Charities. Before coming on staff with Episcopal Charities, Jonathan received his BA in History from Asbury College, and served as the Artist in Residence at The American Church in Paris. He spent the last decade producing photo shoots and writing for magazines and online publications. His great passion is exploring the intersection of Art and Faith, and is frequently painting altarpieces for churches throughout the United States and Europe as well as speaking on this topic at conferences and retreats.

## **Tessa Pauls**

Tessa Pauls is a creative at heart, with an interest in honest representations of the human experience. She has primarily focused on music and theater in her creative pursuits, and has always had a fondness for reading and writing. A transplant from Portland, OR to South Bend, IN, she began writing poetry when she was fifteen and has uncovered both profoundly religious and profoundly human truths through the process of writing.

## **Grant Lewandowski**

Grant Lewandowski (b. 1996) is a photographer based in Chicago. He primarily focuses on themes of community, religion, and family history. He plans to continue observing the relation between these themes and experiences within different areas of his life. Grant prefers to show this work within printed form to provide a tangible, more intimate experience.

## **Egan Millard**

Egan Millard has worked as a journalist in Alaska, Maine and New York City, where he grew up. His poetry has appeared in *The Worcester Review*, *Cirque*, *The Aurorean* (featured poet, Spring/Summer 2019), and “Building Fires in the Snow” (University of Alaska Press, 2016), the first-ever anthology of LGBTQ Alaskan writers, and is forthcoming in “From the Farther Shore: Discovering Cape Cod and the Islands Through Poetry” (Bass River Press, 2020). He now works as a reporter and editor for the Episcopal News Service and lives in Boston.

## **Lyric Morris-Latchaw**

Lyric Morris-Latchaw is a visual artist and urban farmer living and working in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her work explores the intersections of contemplative Christian spirituality, agriculture, art-making, and environmentalism. Alongside her art practice, she (along with her husband Matt and two other friends) runs a pay-as-you-can pizza restaurant called Moriah Pie, using exclusively produce grown in their urban neighborhood of West Norwood.

## **Kristina Erny**

Kristina Erny is a third culture poet who grew up in South Korea. Her work has been the recipient of the Tupelo Quarterly Inaugural Poetry Prize and the Ruskin Art Club Poetry Award, and has been published by *The Los Angeles Review*, *Yemassee*, *Bluestem*, and *Tupelo Quarterly*, among other journals. She holds an MFA from the University of Arizona and currently lives with her family in Kentucky.

## **Br. Will White, CMJ**

Brother Will is a vowed Episcopal religious whose community (The Community of the Mother of Jesus) was founded at the Church of the Atonement. Their four vows of Justice, Tenderness, Humility, and Contemplation have become the cornerstone for Will’s life and spiritual practice. He lives in the Edgewater neighborhood of Chicago and is the parish administrator of Church of Our Saviour in Lincoln Park. He serves on the Board of Sacred Ground Chicago, and Urban Spirituality Center, and serves on the Diocesan Council.

# CONTRIBUTORS

## **Mike Gecan**

Mike is senior advisor to the Industrial Areas Foundation after serving as a lead organizer in Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York and national IAF Co-Director until stepping aside 20 months ago when he turned 70. He has done extensive writing -- two books (Going Public and After America's Midlife Crisis) as well as numerous essays and opinion pieces in the Chicago Sun Times, New York Daily News, New York Times, Wall Street Journal, Boston Review, and The Nation. He and his wife live in New Jersey and have three adult children and three grand children. He was born in Chicago, in West Garfield Park, and attended Our Lady of the Angels School, St. Ignatius College Prep, and Yale.

## **Fran Westwood**

Fran Westwood's poetry was shortlisted for Room Magazine's 2020 Poetry Contest and has been published by or is forthcoming in various journals including Contemporary Verse 2, The Hopper, Channel, Prairie Fire, The Night Heron Barks, Inanna's Canadian Women Studies Journal, Recenter Press, Stay Journal and Sunlight Press. Fran writes, grows vegetables and works at a mental health and addictions agency in Toronto, Canada. You can find her on Instagram @fran.westwood

## **Isaac Joel Torres**

Isaac is a Chicago-based photographer. His passion for art began with illustration and design—since then, photography has allowed me to combine those multidisciplinary outlooks in my approach to photo narrating.

## **Erin Tuttle Lockridge**

Erin Tuttle Lockridge lives with her husband and two children in Norwood, Ohio. She and her husband, Robert founded Moriah Pie, a pay-as-you-can pizza restaurant that served their community for eight years, using the produce they grew in gardens around their neighborhood. She is an environmental educator, and loves discovering God's creative love in the most humble places.

## **The Rev. Connor Gwin**

Connor Gwin is a poet and priest. He is an Associate of the Order of the Holy Cross, an Anglican, Benedictine monastic community in West Park, New York. He finds God primarily in silence, the beauty of nature, and the Book of Common Prayer. Connor lives and serves in Charlotte, North Carolina, with his wife and their daughter.

## **Cynthia Horvath Garbutt**

Cynthia Garbutt is the Director of Philanthropy at Episcopal Charities, a new position that speaks to our desire for meaningful growth. Cindy is also an attorney, poet, encaustic artist, and brings to her new role a wealth of philanthropy experience and vision architecture. She lives in Chicago with her husband Stuart, is the mother of two, and serves as a lay eucharistic minister at St. Chrystostom's Church.

## **Timothy Beltran del Rio**

Timothy Beltran del Rio is the Operations Manager at Episcopal Charities, a writer, singer, and an accidental astrologer. He stumbles frequently into new topics of inquiry, and cannot manage to keep his number of active hobbies below 7. He is slowly but surely accruing the necessary credits to be awarded a BA in Theology. Feel free to reach out to him at any time in the Episcopal Charities office for friendly conversation or with any questions.

**Elizabeth Pottinger**

Elizabeth Pottinger recently graduated from Asbury University with a bachelor's degree in biology. Her work has been previously published in several issues of "The Asbury Review," where she served as the editor-in-chief. She enjoys incorporating her scientific background into her poetry and often writes about the interplay between belief and belonging. She plans to attend physical therapy school in the fall.

**Br. Thomas Steffensen**

Br Thomas Steffensen is a member of the Society of St Francis, an Episcopal Franciscan religious community. He is a writer and author as well as a spiritual director, teacher, and discernment facilitator. He currently lives and serves in Manhattan, New York.

**Clementine Riggensch**

Clementine Riggensch is a Chicago-based artist who specializes in photography and abstract painting. Her fluency in two contemporary art forms reflect a distinct aesthetic sensibility marked by her use of color and shadows. She fashions her images to capture beauty in stasis—whether that be during her travels, throughout her daily routines, or on the blank canvas itself.

**Emma Aprile**

Emma Aprile holds an MFA from George Mason University, and works as a copyeditor of fiction, essay, and poetry for Sarabande Books and other independent small presses. Her poetry has appeared most recently in Belt Publishing's Louisville Anthology, edited by Erin Keane, as well as in Shenandoah, Antiphon, and other journals both online and in print. She lives in Louisville, Kentucky, with her family and their small black dog.

**Mae Stier**

Mae Stier is a poet, photographer and entrepreneur based in Empire, Michigan. She is passionate about Lake Michigan, daily swims and her community.

**Megan Suttman**

Megan Suttman is a printmaker, collage artist, and forest school teacher. She spends her time making art, and playing in the forest with children in the Ohio River Valley on Shawnee and Myaamia land. Lately she's been combining visual and written elements to create books inspired by mysticism, reverence for the natural world and human complexity. You can find more of her work on instagram: Osageandfern

**Matthew Berryman**

Matthew Berryman is the Executive Director of Episcopal Charities. Prior to joining Episcopal Charities, he was Executive Director of Reconciling Ministries Network - a national, faith-based organization working for the full inclusion of LGBT people in The United Methodist Church. He came to that role after 3 years of law school where he worked in law firms and as a legal editor of LexisNexis. From 2002-2009, Matt was pastor of United Methodist parishes in Florida and the United Kingdom. As a consultant he has led training events for The United Methodist Church, the Forum for Theological Education, Emory University, The Episcopal Church (USA), and others. He received a BA from The University of South Carolina and an M.Div. from Emory University.

**Brianna Kelly**

Brianna Kelly (she/they) is a multi-media artist, musician, and lay faith leader in Cincinnati, Ohio serving as Creative Liturgical Arts Coordinator for The Noon Service, a new worshipping community of the Episcopal Christ Church Cathedral. While currently working on her debut full length record with her partner, she creates evocative and symbolic illustrations rooted in the liturgical incarnation tradition exploring the synthesis of the natural world, sacraments, scripture, queerness, embodied theology, mysticism, dreams, and liberation for all.

Instagram: @poormarigold



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