

Renaissance Faire Plans Proceedeth

Hearty thanks to everyone who came to our information session October 11. Those in attendance got to see The Rack, our visual representation of the faire's structure. The Planning Guild wants to get as many parishioners involved as possible, so The Rack is where you can put your name in the area that interests you. Want to work with kids in the games area? There's a spot for you. Want to learn Elizabethan country dances? Welcome aboard! Want to build things, count money, make phone calls? We can definitely put you to work. The more, the merrier, as they say, because we're not just showing the community who we *were*, we're showing it who we *are*.

The Web site is up and running—check it out at RenFaireSFCSA.org. Steve Wood was the genius who got it put together in spite of all sorts of difficulties. It just

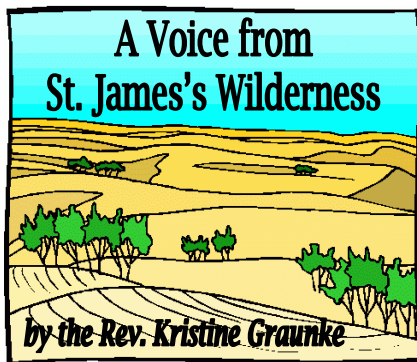


shows you: Even if your skills are decidedly 21st century, there's a way you can help make this event happen.

Voting on the t-shirt design is under way—drop some money in the jar by the one you like best. (Checks are fine. Or stock certificates.) Voting will continue in the narthex between the services each Sunday through November 8—vote early and often. We're using the money to have the t-shirts printed up, and we're trying to have them ready to sell before Christmas. What better gift could there be?

If you have suggestions we could use, please e-mail me at RenFaireSFC@att.net. The Planning Guild is considering *everything*. Remember, our parish mission statement is Celebrating God's Love with Everyone. Don't miss out on the biggest party we've ever had!

—Holly Zook, Faire Chair



I recently started attending the Saturday evening mass at Our Lady of Guadalupe in Hebronville. The mass is in Spanish and I hope it will tune my ear to appropriate liturgical phrases that may be useful in an Episcopal setting. The experience has brought back memories of when I was a child and didn't understand a lot of what was said in church. I apparently was a restless child and it was hard for me to sit still. My parents chose for our family to sit way in back, so they could quietly escort me or my twin sister out of worship. Kathy seemed to have less trouble with the whole thing than I did.

At Our Lady of Guadalupe, I also sit far in the back. It provides a great

view of the whole church. There are a couple of people who bring young children—probably grandchildren—to the service. I feel a sense of solidarity with these youngsters and I enjoy seeing how they make themselves comfortable on the pew and busy themselves with pursuits of their own.

It's amazing how the church itself speaks messages when the preacher isn't understood. Don't get me wrong, I do try to listen, and I catch occasional words and concepts. It helps that the readings are almost the same as the Episcopal Church's. But before long, my attention wanders and my gaze focuses on other things, like the huge crucifix that hangs prominently high up above the altar. We didn't have one of those in my childhood church. It struck me a couple of Sundays ago that Jesus clearly knew what would happen if he challenged the worldly powers. That did not stop him from going ahead and clearing out the temple. That's a sobering thought. For me, if I don't think there's a chance of having a fair hearing, I won't even state my case. "It won't do any good..." I've said

more than once.

Thoughts such as these come to me as the cadence of the preacher's words flow throughout the building. I enjoy seeing the faces of those who do understand. The preaching must be good, because a lot of people pay attention.

My favorite parts of the service at this point are the memorized prayers, especially the Lord's Prayer. That one I can follow and even figure out what the words mean. "Padre nuestro...." I hope to have it memorized before too long. In the meantime, I'm coming close to "Padre nuestro" from the vantage point of a child who doesn't know the language. Does God care that we don't understand everything? Way back in the church, enjoying the lessons, comfort, and challenges offered, it strikes me that God cares much more about how much we simply love him. ✠

Pastor Kris is vicar of St. James Episcopal Church in Hebronville, Texas, and also happens to be married to the rector of St. Francis, San Antonio.