Until his coming again:

**Preparing for and Receiving the Holy Communion**

By the Rev. David Benedict Hedges, n/BSG

As a parish with a proud and long-standing commitment to catholic worship and piety, we at Saint Michael’s rightly view the Mass, or the Holy Eucharist, as the center of our common life – the axis around which all our other ministries and activities revolve. Nothing else can take its place. The spiritual benefits we receive by participating in the Sacrament of the Eucharist are the forgiveness of our sins, the strengthening of our union with Christ and with each other, and a foretaste of the heavenly banquet which is now, and will continue to be, our nourishment in eternal life. These spiritual graces nourish us for service in the Church and in the world, and as the Mass ends, and the Deacon says, “Go in peace to love and serve the Lord,” we are sent into the world to be Christ’s hands and feet of love to all we meet.

This is big stuff – the Mass is not merely a fellowship gathering of likeminded believers in order to express our mutual love. It is not merely a lecture about the Bible, followed by a common symbolic meal. It is not merely a way to remember something that happened a long time ago. The Mass brings the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ into our immediate presence, making the power and grace of that event real in our own lives, in our own time and place. The Mass brings heaven to earth, and joins our earthly worship with the angels and archangels who for ever sing “Holy, holy, holy” to God in his direct presence. The Mass takes us forward into the eternal life of the world to come, where all God’s children will feast around the table in heaven.

One of the great benefits of catholic worship like ours is that we do this every single Sunday, or even more frequently with weekday celebrations of the Mass. This means we have frequent access to this mystical supper which unceasingly pours forth such gifts on God’s people. But the corresponding weakness is that because we do this so frequently, it becomes routine – and we can begin to be casual or sloppy about it. The Mass is something we should prepare for carefully!

**Preparing for the Holy Communion**

The understanding of how to prepare ourselves spiritually for the Mass has faded in recent decades in the Episcopal Church. But the Prayer Book gives us guidance on the matter, if only we look in the right place. The Catechism tells us, on p. 860, that the following are required of us when we come to the Eucharist:

- that we should examine our lives,
- that we should repent of our sins,
- that we should be in love and charity with all people.

**Examining our Lives**

Our preparation for the Sunday Mass, therefore, should begin on Friday or Saturday. We should take some time to sit down to examine our lives. This means asking ourselves some simple questions:

- What am I most grateful for? What do I want to give thanks for this Sunday as I make my communion?
- What am I sorry for? In what ways have I
fallen short of God’s call to me, and short of my responsibility to my family and my neighbors this week?

These questions give us spiritual fuel for the Eucharist, which above all is an act of gratitude and thanksgiving, and for the Confession of Sin which is a part of the Mass. The point of examining our lives in this way is not to wallow in shame about our sins, but to be deliberately conscious of them so that we may acknowledge and be forgiven for them, moving forward with joy and a clear conscience. We also strengthen the thanksgiving of the Eucharist when we have prepared ourselves to give thanks for specific gifts that God has given us. It may even be useful to make a list, on a slip of paper, of things we are grateful for, and to place it in the offering basin, where it will rest on the Altar.

Repeating of our sins

For most of us, the act of repenting of our sins means that once we have examined our lives, we resolve to go forward with a changed heart and a change in our ways. But sometimes we need help. Sometimes there is something on our conscience, either new or old, that really bears down on us, and we can’t get the relief we need just by saying the Confession of Sin at Mass. If this is your situation, you should make a formal confession. Many Episcopalians do not realize that we have such a rite, similar to the rite familiar to Roman Catholics. But the Prayer Book provides for a simple rite called The Reconciliation of a Penitent, which provides a way for the worshiper to privately confess his or her sins to a priest. This can be done face-to-face or in a traditional confessional booth (which our church has, a rarity in the Episcopal Church). During this rite, the penitent confesses particular sins to the priest, and the priest provides counsel, direction, and comfort, before giving Absolution, or forgiveness, in the Name of God and of the Church.

Many people object to this rite, saying, “I don’t need an intermediary to tell me that God forgives me.” And while no one is required to make this formal act of Confession, there is something very valuable about doing so with a human witness, in a place where some spiritual perspective and guidance can be offered. You may ask me, your Rector, or any other priest, to hear your Confession at any time and in any place. We are available to you for this purpose and we hope you will avail yourself. The confessor priest will never reveal the content of your confession to anyone. And don’t worry that the priest will be curiously hungering to hear your sins, or shocked by them – there are not really any new or surprising sins. We are all of us trapped in the same bad habits, with only modest variation.

Being in love and charity with all people

During the Mass, once we have heard the Word and prayed for the Church and the World, we confess our sins, signifying that we are “right with God.” So we are ready to approach God’s table. But who likes to have dinner with someone who is an enemy? Who enjoys the awkward tension of sharing a meal with someone we have wronged, or who has wronged us? It is just as important that we “get right” with each other as well. This is signified by the Peace, in which we share a sign of God’s love with each other, a sign that we are brothers and sisters in Christ – and friends in Christ.

But if there is someone you are “not right with,” someone you need to forgive, or someone from whom you need to seek forgiveness, it is not right to go to the Holy Communion – and doubly so if it is a member of the congregation, and someone you are about to receive the sacrament together with at the same Mass. In the Gospel according to Matthew, we read: “If you are offering your gift at the altar, and there remember that your brother or sister has something against you, leave your gift there before the altar and go; first be reconciled to your brother or sister, and then come and offer your gift.” (Matthew 5:23-24) This is how we should approach the Mass. If there is someone you would not like to exchange the Peace with, you should take care of that – you should reach out and seek reconciliation with that person.

In fact, on p. 409, the Prayer Book requires me, as your priest, to speak privately to members of the congregation who hate each other, and tell them they may not receive Communion until they have forgiven each other! This provision continues that if one party is willing to make up, but the other is not, that the person who is penitent may come to Communion, “but not those who are stubborn.” This principle applies in our own discernment as well – if we are willing to reconcile, but cannot because of the other party, we are welcome to receive.

Brothers and sisters, these requirements: to examine our lives, to repent of our sins, and to be in love and charity with all people, are serious commitments and they demand much of us. But I promise you that if you take them seriously and practice them as a regular part of our spiritual life, and that if you approach the Holy Communion always prepared through these three practices, you will grow as a Christian and you will see
positive changes in your life. Your experience of the Mass will be deepened. The most regular of these ought to be the examination of our life, which should happen every week before you make your Communion, preferably the night before.

**Receiving the Holy Communion**

The act of receiving the sacrament itself; the act of coming forward, taking and eating the consecrated bread and wine which are the precious Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; this act is one we do frequently and which should be done with proper care and devotion. In various churches and denominations this is done in various ways: in some churches the bread is brought to the pew; in some grape juice is used; in some the bread is passed around and worshipers tear off their own piece; in some churches, only the bread is shared with the congregation. Practices vary. As people come to St. Michael’s from different churches and traditions, it is helpful to understand Episcopal customs and norms.

In the Episcopal Church, the Communion is ordinarily administered by bishops, priests, and deacons. When there are not sufficient ordained persons to administer the sacrament, lay persons chosen, trained, and licensed may assist. We come forward together to receive the sacrament as a gift from the hands of others, who act on behalf of Christ. We do not take the sacrament ourselves, but receive it, given into our hands.

When the priest Celebrant says or sings, “The Gifts of God for the People of God,” and the bell is rung, this is the signal to come forward for Communion. In large Sunday services, please follow the guidance of the ushers – but at small services without ushers, when you hear these words, it’s time to come to the altar.

**Receiving the consecrated Bread**

When you come to the altar step to receive Communion, please step all the way forward to the step. Standing back from the step makes it difficult for the minister to reach you! Hold out your hands together with open palms, placing your right hand on top of your left hand. St. Cyril of Jerusalem wrote that you should “make your left hand a throne for your right hand, since the latter is to receive the King.” Let the minister place the Bread in your hand, and then lift your hand to your mouth and open your mouth, placing your tongue just inside your lower lip, and the minister will place the Bread on your tongue. Reception on the tongue became customary during the Middle Ages, but the most ancient practice is to receive the Bread in the hand. The Book of Common Prayer from 1559 until 1928 required that the minister “deliver the Holy Communion to the People into their hands,” establishing the ancient practice of Communion in the hand as the norm for Anglicans.

**Receiving the consecrated Wine**

Receiving the consecrated Wine from the common cup is a matter about which people have strong preferences. However, there is a strong and consistent norm in the Episcopal Church, which is that communicants should drink from the cup. The first indication of this is Christ’s command, “drink this, all of you.” The cup of blessing at the Last Supper was a cup of wine shared after the supper, and not during it. The bread and wine were taken, blessed, given, and consumed separately. The Book of Common Prayer specifies that “Opportunity is always to be given to every communicant to receive the consecrated Bread and Wine separately.”

However, many people wish to receive the elements simultaneously, that is, by dipping the Bread into the Wine and receiving them together. This is also known as intinction. Intinction is believed by many to be more sanitary than drinking from a common cup. However, if each communicant dips his or her own Bread into the Wine, the actual risk is much greater. Hands, and not mouths, are the part of our body which most contributes to the spread of disease. Think of all the places your hands have been and all the things they have touched! Now think of dozens of fingertips reaching into the cup, and possibly coming into contact with the wine.

If you wish to receive by intinction, the much cleaner practice is to leave the Bread in your hand, and allow the minister to dip the Bread into the Wine, and place it into your mouth, as outlined above.

While epidemiologists and the CDC cannot completely certify that the Holy Communion from the common cup is a completely sanitary practice, evidence is clear that the common cup does not pose a health risk. There are no recorded medical cases of anyone ever getting sick because of the common cup. Countless billions of Christians throughout history have received the common cup on countless occasions without harm. Therefore the best practice is to drink the Wine from the cup as offered. The next best practice is that the minister intinct the Bread, and place it in the communicant’s mouth.
In many congregations, these matters are never discussed, and many communicants, especially those from other churches, proceed by guesswork and watching others. It is my intention that by writing to you about preparation for Holy Communion that the parish may grow in its depth of experience of Eucharistic living. By giving guidance on how to receive, my hope is that through shared practice and clear standards, we can receive the Holy Communion in ways that are consistent with our Episcopal and Anglo-Catholic traditions, and ensure the cleanliness which will benefit every communicant. Please speak to me directly if you have any questions or concerns. †

Senior Warden’s Column
By Reed Karaim

As the new senior warden for St. Michael’s, I thought it made sense to start my first column by telling you just a little bit about myself, before sharing a few thoughts about our church community.

My wife, Aurelie, and I moved to Tucson from Washington, DC, in 2000 with our then one-year-old daughter, Alexandra. I was raised within a serious Roman Catholic family, but as an adult, I found the Episcopal church to be more in line with my personal beliefs, which include the strongly held conviction that women should be able to hold any position that men hold within a church – or any institution, for that matter. I also believe that God loves and recognizes the love between straight and gay people alike, that what matters is the kindness, consideration and respect we bring to relationships, not whether they are with a man or a woman. The open-hearted nature of the Episcopal faith in these areas and others has made it a church I have been proud to call home since sometime in the 1990s.

My first encounters with St. Michael and All Angels came simply because it was close to our home: the Episcopal church down the street. But it was the terrorist attacks of 9/11 that formed a more substantial bond. Aurelie lived in New York for several years during and after college, while Washington had been my home for 15 years before we came to Tucson. We had, and still have, friends in both cities. I even worked inside the Pentagon as a reporter for a time.

The attack was shattering for us in the way it was for all Americans, but it also struck us at a very personal level. As we tried to make sense of it and the resulting American military response, we joined a gathering along Wilmot Street to pray for peace, led by Father Smith. That day, a prayer vigil held in the rain, and Father Smith’s response through the following weeks to the tragedy, which was the essence of Christian faith in its compassion for everyone involved, even those who proclaimed they were our nation’s enemies, marked the beginning of a deeper commitment to St. Michael’s. It would lead us to enroll our daughter in the school, which she would attend all the way through 8th grade, and to my own initial involvement in the vestry.

In the years since, I’ve seen St. Michael and All Angels go through many changes, but the constant has been the quiet dedication of so many parish members to the church and the social causes that have always been a central part of its mission. I am not going to name names because the list would be too long, but quite a few people here have been a personal inspiration to me. I am lucky to be working today with several of them who remain involved in making our church and world a better place.

Like many members of this parish, I had fallen into the habit of most often going to mass at the same time on Sunday, in my case, 7:45 AM. But when I became senior warden, I felt I should get back in touch with the other services, so over the course of the last couple months I have made sure I visited every one at least once.

I did this, really, just to get an up-to-date overview of our community, but I have been surprised by how it also has been a renewing exercise in faith. From the joyful anarchy of the Family Mass to the beautiful structure and formality of the High Mass, to the intimate and lovely Spanish Mass, we are one church that reaches people with many voices, many invitations to celebrate the mystery and gift of our faith.

I know we all have reasons we go to whichever service we go to, but if you have a chance, I highly recommend checking out one of those you don’t regularly attend. You may find yourself unexpectedly moved by seeing the mass revealed in a new context. You might see some new faces, or at least parish members you haven’t seen in awhile. You may, as I did, realize that we have a larger and more diverse membership than it appears in any one service. But whether or not any of those things happens, you will find yourself welcomed. In that welcome, in the power of its fellowship, you will be reminded of why we are all blessed to be part of St. Michael and All Angels Parish. †
Journeys in Prayer
By Steve Wagner

“I know your innermost thoughts and feelings and hear the deepest longings in your soul. Even before you are able to express what is within, I hear it. I know your weakness, your fears. I know your yearnings. I identify with what’s in your heart. Ever present by your side, I give you rest.”

No, these are not lyrics taken from a love song, they are my quick condensed paraphrase of a few Bible verses about prayer [Exodus 33.14; Isaiah 41:10; Isaiah 65.24; Matthew 7.7-11; Romans 8.26-27]. Before I continue, though, a little about my background.

I was raised in a seriously religious Roman Catholic family, with an uncle and cousin who are priests. The family dynamic was one of presenting a “perfect” image. Why, we even had a document framed on the wall in my parents’ bedroom from The Pope, granting us some kind of strange dispensation. I had no clue what that meant but I can remember going in there often, reading it, thinking we were protected in some magical way. Well, in 1964 when I was 12 years old, our perfect family was shattered. My older brother had his first psychiatric break and made a suicide attempt that nearly killed him, jumping from the 6th floor of a psychiatric hospital. Things would never be the same.

Six years later, when I left for college, the effects on my family had only deepened. Turned out my brother had severe Bipolar Disorder which he lived with for the next 50 years. Also by then I had developed a couple serious phobias, was plagued by social anxiety, and was beyond confused about my own identity. To be kind about it, I was vulnerable. But no way did I want anyone to see the vulnerability. Remember, I came from a “perfect” family. Somehow, I made it through my freshman year but was now ripe pickings for being swooned by the many cults that were popular on campus. If the Moonies had come along, I’d have become a Moonie. Instead, I just became a “born again” Christian, joining the group The Navigators.

With the Navigators, we were trained to memorize the Bible. My OCD side kicked in and I became an expert memorizer. Seriously, I had 200 passages down pat, all written on itty bitty cards. I loved ones on answered prayer and God taking away fears: “Whatever you ask in my name, I will do it” [John 14:13, 14]. “Whoever says to this mountain…” [Mark 11:22-24]. “Cast all your anxieties on Him.” [1 Peter 5:7]. The words empowered me. They also led me to misuse and distort prayer. Praying instead of studying, praying instead of acting, praying instead of getting counseling. As a big sports fan, I admit I prayed more than once for the Cubs to win a championship! (Yeah, God was slow.) A lot of my praying was just me trying to control my situation. And trying hard to control God.

Now, in spite of my being so far off course, this was the time I began to experience prayer as my refuge. I was living with an inner despair right below the surface, and it could finally be unmasked. This went on for years. I still couldn’t share it with a person but I could share it with God. And I do believe he was hearing the deepest longings in my soul. The words of my prayers back then didn’t really matter much. The specifics didn’t matter. He heard what mattered. “For we do not know how to pray as we ought, but the spirit himself intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words” [Romans 8:26]. You know, I used to have much embarrassment about those years, even shame. No more. The memories help me stay in touch with my own vulnerability.

People will ask, “Does God answer prayer?” Maybe the question itself is misguided. It helps me to refocus on “God listens.” Sometimes I can trust this. As the listening occurs over time, one outcome is that we get to know ourselves in deeper ways. There’s a place for prayer that extends beyond words and logic, into arenas we may not yet even be conscious of. It’s freeing to pray without judging ourselves but simply observing ourselves. In the process, we grow in discovering our true self. As an empathic mother sees into the soul of her young son and grows in “knowing” her son as he ages, God sees into us. Unlike the mother, though, God knows our true self in perfection. In prayer, we discover what God already knows.

A helpful book is True Prayer by the British Anglican priest Kenneth Leech. He says, “In Christian understanding there is no knowledge of God except through communion with people, and in prayer we communicate not only with God but with each other at the deepest possible level of our beings.” The act of praying for another is sacred. There is a level of intimacy in this. In the praying, we identify with the experience and emotions of the person. The more the genuine empathy, the deeper the prayer. A friend and I have been talking about prayer and he spoke of how simply thinking about another is prayer. He’s right. A form of prayer I
personally use is The Jesus Prayer: “Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner.” I like its meditative quality and it symbolizes for me that specifics are overrated. It honors God as God. I use it for myself and others, simply replacing the “me” with the person I’m praying for.

I’ll end with a prayer by Thomas Merton from Thoughts in Solitude. He said it’s a “prayer everyone can pray.” It may help us on our own unique journey of prayer: “My Lord God, I have no idea where I am going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really know myself, and the fact that I think that I am following your will does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I believe that the desire to please you does in fact please you. And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing … And I know that if I do this you will lead me by the right road, though I may know nothing about it. Therefore will I trust you always, though I may seem to be lost and in the shadow of death. I will not fear, for you are ever with me, and you will never leave me to face my perils alone.”

Parishioner Profiles:
An Introduction
By Karen Funk Blocher

Are you a cradle Episcopalian, or did you choose this denomination later in life? What first attracted you to St. Michael and All Angels specifically, and what is it about this place and its people that encourages you to stay?

The Messenger wants to know! Over a decade ago, in the 60-year history of this publication, Parish Administrator Alicia Basemann used to profile different parishioners from time to time, a tradition I’ve long wanted to revive. This not only enables us learn more about each other, but it can prove inspirational as we read about a variety of spiritual journeys. It may also be helpful to discover, as the Nominating Committee sought to learn during our recent transition, what St. Michael’s is doing right, and what we can do better as a parish.

Marjorie King has offered to interview parishioners for this ongoing feature. The first of her Parishioner Profiles appears immediately after this introductory article. Or if you prefer to tell your own story, that works, too! I’ll start. Please forgive me if you’ve read parts of this story before:

I grew up attending a Roman Catholic church in Manlius, NY. My mom was a lapsed Catholic who nevertheless wanted her two children to be raised in the Church. By college, I had many of the same reservations my mom had before me, and I dropped out when I got married and moved to Columbus, Ohio.

Fast forward about 17 years, during which I tried intermittently to decide what I believed, but didn’t attend church. I didn’t want to be a hypocrite, chanting a creed I wasn’t sure I agreed with. But when I was in college, a friend of mine applied for seminary to be one of the early female priests in the denomination. Although she was turned down, I nevertheless got from her a somewhat positive view of the Episcopal Church. My favorite writer, Madeleine L’Engle, was also Episcopalian. When I finally realized that I was never going to discover what I believed without actually doing anything, I decided to give an Episcopal Church a try.

The choice of which one was simple. A few miles up the road from my home was a church with a sign out front that I really admired. It said, “Jesus was a Refugee.” So one Sunday morning I went over there, too late for the early mass, a little too soon to go in for the High Mass. But the high mass turned out to be pretty much exactly what I wanted. It had all the ceremony of the Catholic mass of my youth, and some of the same words. Juggling a bulletin, a prayer book, a lectionary book and a hymnal was challenging for someone who grew up with a printed weekly missal, but at least I had a general sense that the basic mass was close to what I remembered.

Even so, I might not have returned for a second visit had I not been befriended that morning by Suzanne Mullinger, who introduced me to Father Smith. Their interest helped to overcome my doubt and my shyness. I proceeded to pepper Fr. Smith with emails full of theological questions, but he did not presume to tell me what, exactly to believe. In the long run, I think that was more helpful than handing me a One True Answer.

Why did I stay, and why did I get more and more involved as the years went on? Liturgically, I was at home with the vestments, the readings, the prayers, and the sacraments. Theologically, I appreciated the emphasis on using my own intellect in conjunction with scripture and community, and the lack of condemnation of birth control, LGBTQ identities, etc. Architecturally, I loved the beautiful old building. And socially, I appreciated a community that cared about the refugees, the poor and the downtrodden, as well as each other. Although I’ve still never quite nailed down exactly what I believe, I have never for one minute regretted my choice of a spiritual home.

How about you? What is it about St. Michael’s that brought you to this community, and encouraged you to stay? Please get in touch with me or with Margie King, so we can share your story. †
Parishioner Profile: John Parsons
By Marjorie King

You may have seen John as an acolyte for the 10:15 Mass. He started attending St. Michael’s last year, just after arriving in Tucson to pursue his graduate studies at the University of Arizona in Political Science. In fact, when choosing a grad school, he studied Episcopal churches near each of the universities he was pursuing. His choice of the U of A was somewhat influenced by St. Michael and All Angels!

John is from Denton, Texas, near Dallas, where he was baptized and raised as a Southern Baptist. As a child he was drawn to the Roman Catholic ritual and vestments. Like many other adolescents, he pulled away from all religion for a time. During his undergraduate years at the University of North Texas, he became fascinated by different religions and studied them on his own. He particularly loved the Eastern Orthodox Church but was not welcomed there as an openly gay male. He found the Canterbury Episcopal Ministry at the UNT. He felt at home immediately and plans to be confirmed. In his own words, “It is possible to be gay and Christian! To be with people who explore Christianity deeply!”

What most attracted John to St. Michael’s? He has attended churches with a strong emphasis on theology, or on social action, but St. Michael’s has a balance between the two. Our high church rituals “reflect the awe in which God should be worshipped … God is bigger than we will ever be.” The simple, thoughtful, and beautiful liturgy communicates a broader belief in God as “majestic but not snobby.” St. Michael’s architecture adds to John’s worship experience. Our courtyard and shrines invite him into a separate, sacred space for the worship of God.

John has enjoyed counseling undergraduate students while at the U of A. This coming year, he is off to New Zealand for a college counseling job and a year of discernment of God’s plan for his life. St. Michael’s sends our prayers and very best wishes with you during your travels and spiritual journey. †

i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
—E.E. Cummings

Margaret at the Women’s March. Photo by Marjorie King.

Margaret Savage, 1923 – 2017
By Bonnie Edwards

The first thing that comes to mind about Margaret Hicks Savage is not that she was petite, but that she was powerful.

Age 93, thinking about going into politics, attending rallies and speaking at them.

You remember not just Margaret’s wonderful array of hats, but even more what went on inside of them. Was she elegant? No doubt, but be it not forgotten, smart as a whip as well. She could dress like a Baroness, but, have an understanding of the difficulties of the life of a peasant, even indeed an identification with those in our world who suffer because of the greed of others.

Devoted to change and improvement in the state of all mankind; one moment eloquent and the next able to scrub dead cockroaches imbedded in thick kitchen grease so that she could eat and cook in that kitchen in India and then be able to devote her days to shadowing the footsteps of Mother Teresa (literally).

She preferred elegance in speech as well. “Must you call them kids? Those are really baby goats, could you not refer to them as children.” Even as I try to write this right from the heart I am aware of grammar and punctuation needs. Margaret would not like a sloppily worded, punctuated or spelled tribute. No, Ma’am, not at all.

Always when I gave her a ride home she would thank me and I would have to reply “No favor here. It is always ‘worth it’ for the sheer and unadulterated pleasure of your company” — and mean it too.

Margaret would have hated leaving unfinished manuscripts at home, but love the fact that she was able to publish and have “out there,” Every Family
Has a Secret. She would hate leaving the planet behind, but would be ever so relieved that she left while she could still, if dimly, see it and most important of all live life on her terms, independent to the last. She would love it that she, with the help of Galyn, could still entertain in the manner she had so often aspired to and achieved.

She would love to know that her writer’s group goes on. She would hate to know that she didn’t get her chance to sit with us during the International Bazaar in the writer’s corner, sign copies, and sell her biography of her father, Robert Emmitt Hicks.

When I first knew “of” Margaret Savage, well, I simply sensed she seemed too much of a lady, too far above me on the social scale for us ever to be friends, but we became just that, laughing together at the vicissitudes of life, at the sheer irony of changes around us, at the flailing of our own egos and expectations against ‘the what is’ rather than the ‘what the might be.’ Never vulgar but always forthright, calling a spade a spade that was Margaret. She was a wonderful friend. I will miss her, but she is never far away and every time I sit down at the computer with my hands poised to invent and entertain, I will know that Margaret is urging me on to accomplish more, do it better and always to celebrate the process as much as the product of writing. That is, my dear, “If you must write fiction.”

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The Messenger
St. Michael & All Angels Episcopal Church
602 N. Wilmot Road
Tucson AZ 85711

SUNDAY SERVICES
7:45 AM Mass with Homily
9:00 AM Family Mass
10:15 AM High Mass with Sermon
12:30 PM Misa en Español
5:00 PM Mass with Homily

WEEKDAY SERVICES
Tuesday: 8:10 AM Lower School Mass*
Wednesday: 12:10 PM Healing Mass with laying on of hands
Thursday: 9:40 AM Upper School Mass*
Saturday: 8:30 AM Low Mass
Friday: 8:00 AM Low Mass (Rite One)
* during school year only

MORNING PRAYER
7:15 AM Sunday
7:30 AM Monday through Friday
8:15 AM Saturday

OFFICE HOURS
Monday - Thursday 8:30 AM – 4:00 PM
Friday 9:00 AM – 12:00 Noon

Clergy
The Rev. David Benedict Hedges
Rector
The Rev. Clare Yarborough
Priest Associate & Chaplain
The Rev. Jorge Sotelo
The Rev. Peter Cheney
The Rev. Jeffrey Reed
The Rev. Ben Garren
The Rev. Ellen Morell
Deacon Michael Meyers,
Deacon Tom Kinman
Assisting Clergy

Staff
Margaret Delk Moore,
Head of School
Nancy Vernon,
Parish Secretary
Douglas Leightenheimer,
Music Director and Organist
Karen Funk Blocher,
Bookkeeper and Communications Director