

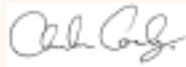
## Dear Companions on the Way...

This Tuesday, finally the campaigning will be over and we will know who we have elected to the various positions of leadership. We will add more names to our intercessions and humbly and sincerely pray that God will guide and watch over those who have authority over us. In the last weeks, campaigns seem invariably to get ugly and this year has been no exception; but even so, I feel blessed to have had the opportunity to vote for people of seemingly strong integrity, virtue and wisdom who have presented themselves for election to public office.

But on this election day, we are the people in the positions of sovereignty. We are the “deciders.” Those who hold office are given their authority by “we the people.” They govern with our consent. I count it a great privilege and honor to have this position of sovereignty, and pray that I use it in a way that honors God, promotes the common good and upholds the dignity and honor of all people.

My daughter turned 18 earlier this year and thus voted for the first time in this election. As I forwarded to her her absentee ballot, I took the opportunity to congratulate her, try to offer some perspective, and instill some sense of the gravity and honor that voting holds for me. I could do no better than to pass on the account written by Desmond Tutu of his experience of voting for the first time in a free South Africa in 1994. So let me share with you some of his words from the opening pages of “No Future without Forgiveness.” Perhaps it will remind you of the honor and privilege that voting is and wash off some of the mud that has fallen on us these last few weeks and months. May you all know the experience of being “transfigured” by the privilege of participating in a democracy.

Shalom,



Andrew

April 27, 1994 – the day for which we had waited all these many long years, the day for which the struggle against apartheid had been waged, for which so many of our people had been teargassed, bitten by police dogs, struck with quirts and batons, for which many more had been detained, tortured, and banned, for which others had been imprisoned, sentenced to death, for which

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others had gone into exile – the day had finally dawned when we would vote, when we could vote for the first time in a democratic election in the land of our birth. I had waited until I was sixty-two years old before I could vote. Nelson Mandela was seventy-six. That was what would happen today, April 27, 1994.

The air was electric with excitement, anticipation, and anxiety, with fear even . . . I had decided that I would cast my vote in a ghetto township. The symbolism was powerful: the solidarity with those who for so long had been disenfranchised, living daily in the deprivation and squalor of apartheid's racially segregated ghetto townships. After all, I was one of them. . .

I went to vote in Gugulethu, a black township with its typical matchbox-type houses in row after monotonous row. There was a long queue already waiting. People were in good spirits; they were going to need dollops of patience and good humor because they were in for a long wait. My first democratic vote was a media event, and many of our friends from overseas were present, acting as monitors to be able to certify whether the elections were fair and free. But they were doing a great deal more than that. They were really like midwives helping to bring to birth this new delicate infant – free, democratic, nonracial, nonsexist South Africa.

The moment for which I had waited so long came and I folded my ballot paper and cast my vote. Wow! I shouted, "Yippee!" It was giddy stuff. It was like falling in love. The sky looked blue and more beautiful. I saw the people in a new light. They were beautiful, they were transfigured. I too was transfigured. It was dreamlike. You were scared someone would rouse you and you would awake to the nightmare that was apartheid's harsh reality. Someone

referring to that dreamlike quality had said to his wife, "Darling, don't wake me. I like this dream."

After voting, I went outside and the people cheered and sang and danced. It was like a festival. It was a wonderful vindication for all of those who had borne the burden and the heat of repression... They had been created in the image of God but their dignity had been callously trodden underfoot daily by apartheid. . .

I decided to drive around a bit to see what was happening. . . It was an amazing spectacle. People of all races were standing together in the same queues, perhaps for the very first time in their lives. Professionals, domestic workers, cleaners and their madams – all were standing in those lines that were snaking their way slowly to the polling booth. What should have been a disaster turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Those lines produced a new and peculiarly South African status symbol. Afterward people boasted, "I stood for two hours to vote." "I waited for four hours!"

Those long hours helped us South Africans to find one another. People shared newspapers, sandwiches, umbrellas, and the scales began to fall from their eyes. South Africans found fellow South Africans – they realized what we had been at such pains to tell them, that they shared a common humanity, that race, ethnicity, skin color were really irrelevancies. They discovered not a Colored, a black, an Indian, a white. No, they found fellow human beings. What a profound scientific discovery that blacks, Coloreds (usually people of mixed race), and Indians were in fact human beings, who had the same concerns and anxieties and aspirations. They wanted a decent home, a good job, a safe environment for their families, good schools for their children, and almost none wanted to drive the whites into the sea. They just wanted their place in the sun.

## Calendar of Upcoming Events

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- November 2 . . . . Daylight Saving Time ends  
November 2 . . . . Durango Choral Society Concert  
November 7 . . . . St. Mark's day at  
Manna Soup Kitchen  
November 9 . . . . *Artist's Way* Study Group Begins  
November 15 . . . . Artists of St. Mark's Meeting  
November 26 . . . . Thanksgiving Ecumenical Service  
at Christ the King Lutheran  
November 27 . . . . Thanksgiving Dinner  
at the Fairgrounds  
November 30 . . . . Youth Sunday  
December 1 . . . . World AIDS Day Service  
December 6 . . . . Annual Holiday Bazaar

## It's Bazaar Sign-up Time!

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Now is the time to sign up to support the annual St. Mark's Holiday Bazaar Saturday, December 6. There are SO many ways that you can help!

- Help with table set up
- Bake pies or other delicious treats
- Donate hand-crafted items to sell
- Help sell breakfast and lunch fare
- Work at the St. Mark's booth, and more.

The bazaar is most successful when lots of people pitch in to make it that way (and it's fun!) When the time comes closer, we will have fliers available for folks to post in the community. Please contact Tonya Wales for more information at 259-4166 or [detwales@msn.com](mailto:detwales@msn.com)

## Durango Choral Society's Vive la France!: November 2

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The Durango Choral Society (including several members of St. Mark's) celebrates all things French with music for choirs, organ, harp, and strings. The major work on the program will be Gabriel Fauré's beautiful *Requiem* for choir and chamber orchestra. The fabulous acoustics of the Community Concert Hall will resound with Louis Vierne's spectacular *Carillon* played by special guest organist Scott Hagler. (This is the first time that audience members will hear the sound of a church organ in the Community Concert Hall!) To round out this exquisite program, the choirs will sing selections from Bizet's brilliant opera *Carmen* with special guests Gemma Kavanagh and Bradley Ellingboe. Flutist Rochelle Mann and harpist Rosalind Simpson will perform works by Ibert and Ravel. This concert is dedicated to the memory of Sarah Jones, who was a longtime singer and board member of the Durango Choral Society. Vive la France! Sunday, November 2, 2008 at 3:00 p.m. in the Community Concert Hall. For tickets call (970) 247-7657.

## Mary Hardy's New Address

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Mary Hardy has relocated to Boulder and is getting settled in her new place. Keep in touch!

Mary Hardy  
P. O. Box 7035  
Boulder, CO 80306

## The Artist's Way Study

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Are you a creative person? Is your creativity somehow stifled by the pressures of life? We often pray to God as the Creator, Redeemer, and Savior, but have you ever explored the creative aspects of yourself and your relationship to the Creator? Jill Carlson will be facilitating an Artist's Way group, based on the book by Julia Cameron, during the Adult Education hour between services (9:00–9:45 on Sundays).

You do not need to be a practicing artist to attend, just interested in exploring creativity in your life. This will be a 13-week course, with part before the holidays and part in the spring. You will need to purchase a copy of *The Artist's Way* by Julia Cameron. It is readily available through online bookstores, used bookstores and many other sources. Attendance at all of the sessions is not required, but there will be exercises associated with the readings, so it will be helpful. We will start on Sunday, November 9 with an introductory meeting.

If you plan to attend, please send an email to Jill at [songquilter@gmail.com](mailto:songquilter@gmail.com) so she can send you the book's introductory chapter to read prior to the first session.

## Calling All Artists and Craftspeople!

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Artists of St. Mark's is our new organization of painters, quilters, sculptors, photographers, calligraphers, watercolorists, potters, collage artists...in other words, all creators of visual arts.

We had a great meeting in October, and we'll meet again Saturday, November 15 from 8:30 to 9:30 a.m. in the Parish Hall to continue discussions on group exhibits, joint creative opportunities, workshops, and more.

Please bring a breakfast item to share if you are able, and be thinking of ideas for our gathering.

## Ecumenical Thanksgiving Service

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This year the ecumenical, community-wide Thanksgiving Eve worship service will be hosted by Christ the King Lutheran Church on Wednesday, November 26 at 7:00 p.m. The offering from this praise service of Thanksgiving helps to support the community Thanksgiving Dinner.

## A Durango Thanksgiving: Thursday, November 27

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You are invited to Thanksgiving Dinner on November 27 from noon to 2:00 p.m. at the La Plata County Fairgrounds Exhibit Hall. If you are lonely, want to be a part of a larger family, you're hungry or can't cook (or you don't like to cook), this community gathering is for you! If you would like to volunteer to help or would like to pre-arrange a ride to the event, please call Gordon at 259-4061. Those who would like to donate a pie (or more!) may deliver them to the fairgrounds by 10:00 a.m. on Thanksgiving morning. Last year, more than 100 meals were delivered to the homebound.

## World AIDS Day Service: Monday, December 1

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On Monday, December 1, St. Mark's will host a World AIDS Day Service at noon. It is a time to remember all whose lives have been affected by AIDS, those who suffer with the disease and friends and family who support them.

## Manna Soup Kitchen News

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Friday, November 7 is our day to cook at the Soup Kitchen. You can work from 9:30 a.m. to about 1:30 p.m. or you can work the first or last two hours. There is a sign-up sheet in the Parish Hall Communications Center.

The Soup Kitchen is also still in need of a variety of supplies. Add an item or two to your shopping cart, drop them by the church and we'll get them to the Soup Kitchen:

- Pasta
- Cold cuts
- Cooking oil
- Toilet paper
- Soft-scrub cleanser
- Clorox bleach
- Onions
- Plastic forks, knives and spoons
- Individually wrapped cheese
- Dish detergent
- Instant coffee
- Regular coffee
- Sandwich bags
- Aluminum foil
- Potatoes

## Volunteer to Teach Skiing and Ski for Free!

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The Adaptive Sports Association of Durango is seeking volunteers to teach skiing and snowboarding to people with disabilities this winter. You can make a difference in students' lives, meet great people, and earn free lift tickets. No experience is necessary, but volunteers must be at least intermediate skiers or snowboarders. Training is free and volunteers earn one day of free skiing for each day volunteered. Interested volunteers should attend one of two orientation meetings, which will be held on November 5 and 6 at the Rec Center in Durango. Returning volunteers will meet from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. and new volunteers will meet from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. For more information, call the adaptive Sports Association office at 259-0374 or e-mail [annmarie@asadurango.com](mailto:annmarie@asadurango.com).

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# 4 Weeks of PEACE

SOUL BREAK AT ST. MARK'S

A half-hour contemplative service of prayer, song and silence with readings and prayers by Hafiz, Pema Chodron, Rabbi Rami Shapiro, Thich Nhat Hanh and others. All are invited!

**Wednesdays at 5:30 p.m.**  
**October 22 and 29, November 5 and 12**

St. Mark's • 910 E. 3rd Ave. • (970) 247-1129 • [StMarksDurango.com](http://StMarksDurango.com)

# Poet's Corner

## The Psalm of Then

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*by Nicholas Samaras (as published in Image)*

Then, the Lord heard me in the wilderness  
of my soul.  
Then, the lost place of me became clear.  
Then, I recognized distraction for what it is.  
Then, I was freed from the desert of diversion.  
Then, I was moved to the green oasis within me.  
Then, the still voice of the Lord was as the  
depth of water.  
Then, I could cease the constant music in my head.  
Then, I could move beyond myself and the  
noise of myself.  
Then, I could hear the smallness of my own voice.  
Then, I the still voice of the Lord was as the  
depth of water.  
Then, the lost place of me became clear  
as a cascade.  
Then, I could hear the bass of my name.  
Then, I heard the Lord in the wilderness of my soul.  
Then, stillness and stillness and stillness sang.

## Augustine's Confessions, 10.27.38

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*by Timothy Murphy*

Wrongly thinking that beauty lay without,  
blindly I cast about.  
How late did I begin  
to realize your beauty lay within.  
To one bereft of sight  
you said Let there be light.  
Thus to my deafened ear  
you called, you cried! hoping that I might hear.  
I thirsted, hungered, yearned.  
You touched me, and I burned.  
How late I came to you,  
to beauty ever ancient, ever new.  
How late I came to you.