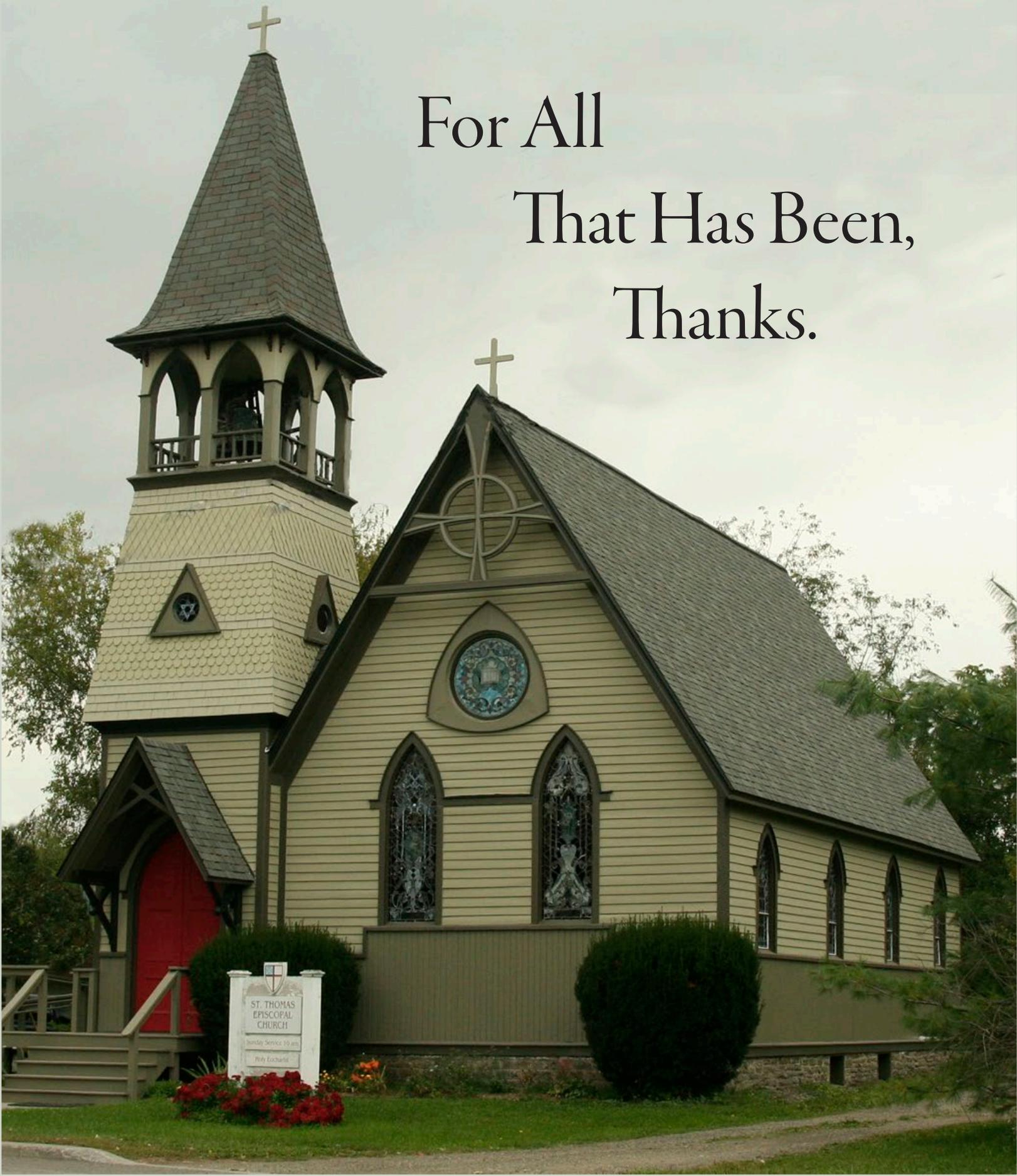


For All
That Has Been,
Thanks.





For All That Has Been, Thanks.

Commemorating the Service of
The Reverend Culver L. Mowers
to the Parish of Saint Thomas Church,
Slaterville Springs, New York,
from 1972 until 2012.
Presented by a Grateful Congregation.

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The Rev. Culver L. Mowers

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March 18, 2012

My dear friends:

For the past several months I have spent a good deal of time reflecting on the past and considering the future. I have thought about and re-read old documents and letters and taken time to look, as best I can, into the coming days and years.

I first conducted worship at St. Thomas' forty years ago this coming summer, on July 9, 1972; September 9 of this year will be my 70th birthday. I believe very deeply, and for a number of reasons, that I must plan to retire from parish ministry.

I have discussed this prospect in some depth with Bishop Adams and with Polly, and they are in agreement with my decision.

Bringing an end to such a long period of ministry and preparing for the future is not an easy task; it will require time for planning, for adjustment and for dealing with the almost innumerable details which (even in a small congregation) must be attended to by the congregation, the retiring priest, and our Bishop. This is why I have decided that my last service at St. Thomas' will be November 4th of this year – All Saints' Sunday.

The general rule when a priest retires is that the priest and family will have no involvement with the parish for at least one full year from the retirement. This will be difficult for all of us; both the congregation and I have become very accustomed to spending most Sunday mornings (as well as other times) together, and the change will be challenging.

There will be many occasions for additional words to be said. But I want to assure you all that our Diocese stands ready to assist you in this transition, in matters both small and large, and issues both predictable and unexpected.

However, I have no doubt that St. Thomas' will both continue and grow in faith and strength, and in the knowledge and love of God. The last forty years have been literally unforgettable for me, and as I prepare for retirement one thing about which I have no doubt is the continued vitality and mission of this congregation.

In closing, let me share with you a favorite quotation of mine from Dag Hammarskold:

“For all that has been, thanks; to all that will be, yes.”



For All That Has Been, Thanks.

Ann Signore

“What are you going to write about?” someone asked. I think I’ll start with the way things were when I began attending St. Thomas more than



Ann Signore

50 years ago! So many of the names of early parishioners come to mind. There were Grant DeLong and Carl McKenzie, who shared stoking the coal furnace in the cellar, Janet and Clarence Stephens and family, Cynthia Terpening, Jean Sloane, Adelaide and Henry Booker and family, Florence and Alton Henry, Roz and Jack Speed (great voice) and more, whose names escape me. Hymn accompaniment was with a tiny pump organ at the right front of the church, played by Janet Stephens or me. Walter Giles was the priest at the time. He and his wife lived in the rectory at Candor and Fr. Giles served there as well as Speedsville and Slaterville. After Fr. Giles came Fr. Ralph Fogg. He and his wife and twin daughters lived in Willseyville and later took up residence in a little house across the street from St. Thomas, near the Speed house. After a lively tour of duty with Fr. Fogg we were served by Frs. Alden Pearson and Richard Koch. Many new parishioners have come since the early days but I will not list names as more of you will remember

who they are. All have been wonderfully warm, gifted, talented people, and I feel so blessed to have known them and worshiped with them.

With Fr. Mowers’ arrival more than forty years ago we became a much more active and enthusiastic parish! There have been many baptisms, confirmations, weddings, funerals, ordinations, plus fundraising activities (Spaghetti Suppers and Rummage Sales) and, of course, the Caroline Food Pantry. Cullie has brought so much to us—far beyond his job description. With his sermons (2000+ and good beyond belief), his musicality, leadership and example, he has done his best to set us on the path to “getting it” and moving toward eternal life. His message has always been that we *already* have everything we need to be the people of God (and all that entails) as revealed through Jesus Christ. I can’t think of a better goal for each of us as individuals and as a congregation, or a better way to thank him for his friendship and service, than to move forward as God’s people. Though smallish in number we are rich with the benefits of his time with us and wish him and Polly all blessings of the spirit in his retirement.



Trudie Kazlauskas, Edna Westbrook, Adolph Kazlauskas,
Anne Kazlauskas

Anne Kazlauskas

When I first attended St. Thomas Church around age 8, there were many people of my own age and their siblings. I was welcomed par-



Anne Kazlauskas

ticularly by Rev. Alden and Dorothy Pearson and their three daughters, Leah, Beth and Robin. Children were given the rare responsibility of being the only musical leaders, encouraging the whole congregation in enthusiastic singing under Leah's unflappable guidance from the reed organ bench, on the strength of one weekly rehearsal. The running of the church seemed to be accomplished with order, discipline, gentleness and respect.

Music was a special focus. Leah was nearly ready for college, but young enough to speak sympathetically to children of all ages. She recognized much older, musically skilled people in the congregation and brought them to us to speak of their experiences, knowledge of hymns, and vocal practice. Her mother inspired by example, her voice soaring among the congregation on every hymn with beautiful tone and perfect tune. Leah gave me my first private piano lessons, patiently taught me bass clef so I could play with both hands, supplied me with simple but unusual classics—the

“Bach to Bartok” series—congenial to my taste. She gave me the tools to begin to take her place at the organ bench soon after the sad day when she left for school, and the family announced that they must move to Camden, NY.

At first, it was very hard. I didn't feel that I knew enough. Most of my new young friends disappeared after our confirmation class was over. People seemed to graduate out of church. A succession of earnest, decent priests-in-charge took over the mission for a year or two. A few were even inspiring, a few troubled. One had teen children and began to teach those few left the importance of becoming involved with church government at parish, district, and diocesan levels. The heady days of '60s protests were over, and we were too young to have been there. We all knew about Kent State, bitterness, and disillusionment. We had to follow the open revolt, the free love years, with the hard, frustrating work of change through the system. But music itself was reduced to the fringes, something to have petty arguments over.

I remember Cullie's first Sunday with us during the year I turned 16. I guess he and his wife Jean were younger than most of the previous church leaders. But there was immediately something else. They reached out to everyone with sympathy, appreciation for everyone's gifts, a moving story, an interested question (or 10!), or a silly joke to set people at ease. Music was suddenly at the center of worship again. I was lucky to be at the keyboard, to be able to work on service music directly with them, to be asked respectfully for my opinion, to listen, and learn so much. Church music was fun again, I felt I had allies, a mentor, many mentors among the people I was able to meet.

For we young people were not only taught, but taken about to participate fully in church affairs for as long as we could. Those were proud

moments when I was excused from school for November weekends at a Diocesan Convention, knowing I would be among people from all over Central New York, staying in a city hotel, helping lead music, readings, and prayers at midnight services, being seated with my delegation, presenting resolutions on political, social and spiritual issues that mattered to the world. We young people were allies and friends, not strangers. We gathered at earlier meetings learning how to co-operate in planning liturgy, how to write effective resolutions that adults could respect, even if not agree with. Spiritual and political action was so much better than just sitting around a class reading about it.

I learned a totally new aspect to church music—the historical pipe organ. As soon as I heard the Marklove instrument in Candor, I knew I had heard a thing of special beauty, and seen a piece of proud craftsmanship that someone near my own area had built. Thanks to Cullie, in 1977 many at St. Thomas were to have one of the ultimate hands-on experiences, helping take apart, clean, and restore another beautiful old instrument, so it could have new life, this time for our own use. I can't forget the anticipation of hearing our little organ, which we had sweated over so much that summer, played over NPR on Christmas Eve afternoon. Thanks to Cullie, I joined the society that helped save so many instruments, to travel all over the country to hear hundreds of concerts in hundreds of beautiful churches and halls in places famous and obscure, to enjoy them with so many friends, lit up by the love of music and overflowing with the excitement of history.

A few years later I had to leave my family and associates in Slaterville, Ithaca, and nearby places for further musical development and personal challenge, losing the continuity of life among St. Thomas' community. Cullie, I have present-

ed my own rosy perspective of the things that were truly rosy to me, but, I think, important for you and others to know and remember. I was well aware of the troublesome, hard things, even then. How people with vision and imagination often drive away as many people as they attract. How good intentions for sympathetic, effective community get waylaid by impatience, misunderstanding, gossip. I've had my share, and I know you have had much pain and struggle with misunderstanding; some I was around to observe, and some I only heard about in bits of stories. But through it all you have been so lucky in the people who believed in vision, in patient forbearing plodding when vision is dimmed, and they have been lucky in you.

All these years away I have watched as the church community waxes and wanes and waxes again, has matured and maybe even grown up with you. Yes, you have sympathetic listeners and colleagues in most cases now, but that has freed the whole community to achieve so much with so little, as the Diocese has often noted. You still know how to encourage people to be themselves and do their best. When I see and participate in, whenever possible, all the good services done, and the deep richness of community that results from them, I see a group of friends who try to practice truly what they preach. And in that way I respect you and feel at home among you. When I have come back, whatever else I may have been feeling, or even with blessed little feeling at all, I could always trust that during a service you would have something to say about faith and about the world that was worth hearing, that began in such a way and would lead me on a surprising adventure to the end. I've never taken that for granted. But boy, was it hard this summer when I realized that was the last time I would have that certainty!



St. Thomas (mid 1900s?)



St. Thomas (date unknown)



St. Thomas (2006)



St. Thomas (2012)

The Country Parson hath a special care of his Church, that all things there be decent, and befitting his Name by which it is called. Therefore first he takes order, that all things be in good repair; as walls plaistered, windows glazed,...



St. Thomas interior (2006)



...floor paved, seats whole, firm, and uniform, especially that the Pulpit, and Desk, and Communion Table, and Font be as they ought, for those great duties that are performed in them.

—George Herbert, “A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson”

Trudie Kazlauskas

Dear Cullie,

It was quite a jolt to learn that you will retire in early November. And to be reminded that it's been forty years since you came—and breathed



Trudie Kazlauskas

new life into our small parish. It's been a great relationship and I doubt it will be easy to replace you. We're glad you and Polly will remain neighbors and wish you continued good health and fulfillment in your organ work.



Adolph Kazlauskas

Catherine Porter Lewis

Dear Cullie,

Forty years—how extraordinary that seems! And how lucky we are that you've spent all those years with us at St. Thomas. As someone who would almost certainly have remained a member of the “church alumni association” without your presence, I have many reasons for grati-



Catherine Porter Lewis

tude. Your thoughtful, eloquent sermons consistently inform and inspire and challenge us in unexpected ways. Your deep appreciation of liturgy invites us both to value tradition and to embrace innovation with understanding. Your passion for music helps sustain the rich musical environment that our small parish is immensely fortunate to enjoy. You anchor and nurture a truly remarkable community of disparate souls whose care for one another and for the world exemplifies the love of God as I'm coming to understand it. And you have brought us Polly! For all this and more, many many thanks, and many good wishes as you start on your next adventures in retirement.

Susan Crane Larkin

Cullie, in celebration of your fortieth year as a priest at St. Thomas, I'd like to share some thoughts about why I have belonged to this church for thirty-seven years.



Susan Crane Larkin

Too many people tell stories of the scary religious experiences they had to unlearn from youth. I've told you before how fortunate I feel that I never had to do that. Something I don't think I've told you is what I said at my Mother's memorial service at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Nantucket. Here is the last section of my remarks:

What is my connection to the Episcopal Church? I've been trying to understand the connection between my religion, Christianity, the Episcopal Church, and my mother.

I asked Mother once about God. She told me that God is Love, and I've spent much of my life working on understanding the Two Great Commandments:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all

thy mind. Which is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

There is no doubt in my mind that the person who started me on this path is my mother.

Which, since we are in church, is where I might end, but I've saved one more quality for last. I read recently that a basic characteristic of New Englanders is humorous stoicism, and that, I think, describes my parents. When just about everything else was gone, two things remained—music and humor. Through her entire life, whenever Sally could, she cracked a joke. Our parents were masters of the understated one liner. Of course I want to have the perfect line for you right now, but I think I'll offer the opportunity to Mother. The very last words she said were, "We're having a rollicking good time."

I can't think of any other church that would be a better fit for me. A group of people working out ways to connect to each other and to people outside our church, led by a pastor who never stops helping us in our efforts.

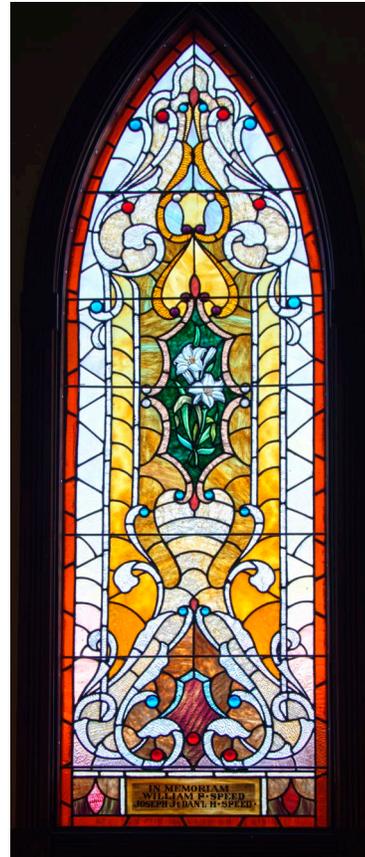
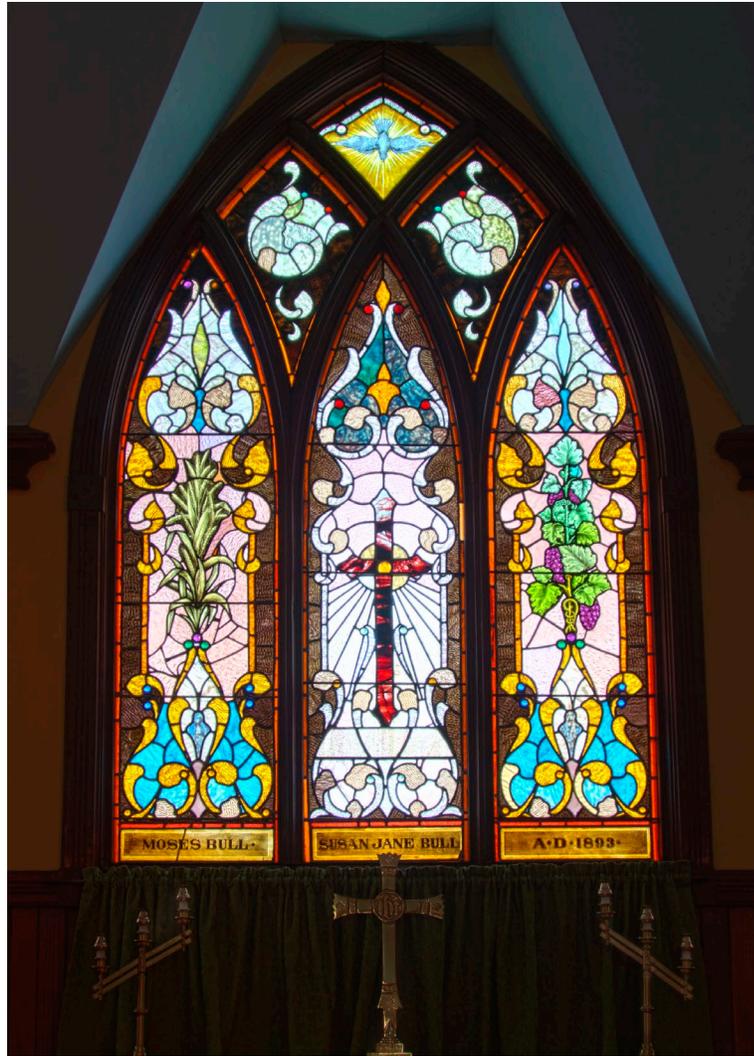
Your leadership and enthusiasm have helped us grow in so many ways. I think Mother's last words say a lot about how we operate at St. Thomas as we continue to move forward with God's message—in every way we can.



Sarah Perry Crane



Jane Hammond's dove for Cullie's chasuble



*Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and aw...*

—George Herbert, “The Windows”

Muriel Likel

Dear Cullie,

I am remembering our first visit to St. Thomas—it was very welcoming and comfortable; we stayed. Sometime later I found out (perhaps an occasion when your mother was visiting) that she and I worked at the Good Shepherd Hospital at the same time.



Muriel Likel

There was a time when some of us took our children to St. John's in Ithaca for Sunday school classes and then afterward returned to St. Thomas for the service, and of course there were a few moments of disruption, but you were very patient. Sometime later classes were held at the Masonic Hall just down the street from church, and you were part of getting that organized.

When my girls were in their early teens they wanted to be with friends while attend-

ing church, so they went to the Presbyterian Church in Dryden, and you were very supportive of this too. But, they have always considered St. Thomas their church and have had their children baptized at St. Thomas.

Some other recollections that I have are:

- § Roz Speed (bless her soul): what a character!
- § Our famous rummage sales at the Masonic Hall, and the mounds of stuff we sold or tried to sell.
- § Berthas' famous spaghetti sauce, and her companions who helped her all day.
- § Forms for the state and national registers.
- § Insulating the basement and later finding out we did it wrong.
- § Clearing the church out completely for renovations (yes, we had cracks in the ceiling and walls and peeling paint) and services being held at the very sweet Ellis Hollow Church.
- § Historic Ithaca's recognition for our renovation.
- § The addition of the bathroom and the addition of our compost toilet. Do we remember when we had no running water at St. Thomas?
- § The special music which is beautiful and always seems to appear magically.
- § Concerts for the food pantry.
- § Your thought provoking sermons.
- § Your gentle manner.

Jane Hammond

St. Thomas has been my spiritual home for more than thirty years. Everyone has always welcomed me, whether I was dressed in my Philadelphia Main Line Ultrasuede and mink or in tee shirt and sandals, whether I stayed after the service to chat or left without speaking to anyone.



Jane Hammond

I first crossed the threshold of the church not long after I moved to Ellis Hollow. It was the day for Morning Prayer: Suzy Larkin was presiding; Ann Signore was at the organ. Ann's mother and I were the congregation. After the service they urged me to come back the next Sunday for Holy Communion, when "Cullie" would be there. I came back the next week and, although I remember nothing about that service, I have been coming ever since.

Why?

As a child I was taken to a small Episcopal church whenever a priest came from another parish to conduct the service, so the building and the small congregation were like coming

home. The service was (and still is) conducted in the same tradition, respectfully and simply.

Everyone at St. Thomas seemed genuinely interested in getting to know me and having me as a participating member. Never had I called any member of the clergy by a given name, but as everyone else called him Cullie, so did I. It was sometime before I even knew his last name. And now even the Bishop is known as "Skip." Formality outside of worship is not in the ethos of this parish.

One person I remember well from the early days is Roz Speed, with her forthright comments and her acerbic wit. Then one morning she showed another side of herself. Someone had brought a cake which was being shared by all after the service. Roz came over to ask if I wanted a piece. I explained that with a cast on one arm from my fingertips to above my elbow, I couldn't hold a plate and use a fork at the same time. Roz disappeared and returned with cake and fork. She proceeded to feed me bite by bite. It was very good cake.

In my early years here, the church building was in bad repair: the paint in the sanctuary was peeling; plaster was beginning to fall, the pew cushions were worn and lumpy; the exterior was all white and needed repairs and repainting. Then Roz died and left the parish \$75,000! Such a sum was beyond our wildest dreams. We used this legacy to take care of all the problems with the building. Some of the money provided the match a New York state grant for repair of the stained glass windows.

One problem for me is that, with no more than twenty souls at a service, many people seem to take roll as they look around the congregation, noting who is missing. Many a Sunday morning, feeling tired or lazy or running late, I have pulled myself together and gone to church so I wouldn't have to explain the next

week where I had been the week before. And, of course, I leave the service spiritually revived for the following week.



Roz Speed



The St. Thomas Christmas star

Alicia Dale Alexander

The reason we first attended Saint Thomas about 25 years ago, was because Suzy Larkin's son, Chris, told my son Ian what an awesome church it was. Now, maybe that was because the Gowan boys also went to church then, and the kids could swing on the bell rope after service, then head on down to the little grocery store for penny candy while we grown-ups all coffeed and chatted, or maybe it was because Chris, too, saw the little light orbs that Ian saw as a youngster while Cullie spoke, that Ian thought were just part of the church experience.



Alicia Alexander

At any rate, our family began to attend Saint Thomas with a certain irregular regularity for many years, generally arriving 5–10 minutes into the service, much to my frustration, and the annoyance of some and amusement of others in the congregation. The abiding spiritual focus and the Sunday-Go-To-Meetin' ritual

both were a healthy part of our lives as a family. We met some of our life-long friends there: Kathleen and Hank Rochell and family, Tom and Elizabeth Miller and family, Esther Gowan and family. Certainly Cullie endeared himself to us all. Certainly the small but faithful congregation always made Church seem like family, with its odd assortment of stoic regulars and regular occasionals, some of whom we knew and liked better than others, as always is in Church and families.

My spiritual journey lead me both farther into and farther away from Saint Thomas at various points in time. I was the Sunday School teacher for the children of Saint Thomas for a couple years, back when Sunday School took place in an Old Masonic Hall, I think it was. And then, a few years later, I moved off into the Born Again church experience, which taught me a significant amount about what doesn't get discussed in nice Episcopal Churches, and saw Miles of Miracles. I spent time in the radical Catholic Worker Movement, getting arrested for helping to close down the School Of

The Americas, worked the downtown Loaves and Fishes with the children, and learned a lot about what the Born Again Movement has a hard time dealing with. So in the end I had hung out with the Right Wingers *and* the Left Wingers and basically learned it takes two wings to truly fly, and that The Path, like Route 66, looks different in Chicago than it does in Oklahoma or New Mexico.

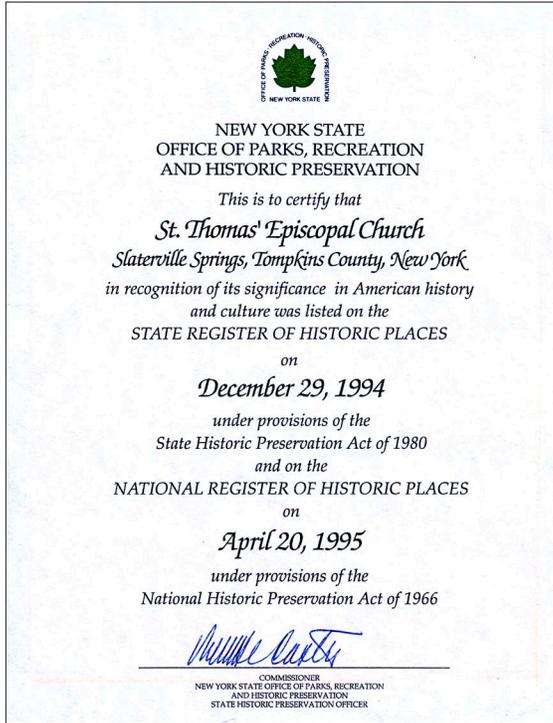
Yet it was Cullie who baptized both my girls, Beatina and Jessica, and married my son, Ian, to his bride. And that is significant. And it is Saint Thomas where my family all want to go on the rare holidays we are all together. My kids have all grown and flown now, and without question have taken with them much of what was reinforced and given to them at Saint Thomas, the beauty and kindness, the rituals, the insights into humanity—for better or for worse—and all of our attempts to be better people. And that alone is reason enough to say a large and heartfelt *Thank you* and God Bless you, Cullie, for your dedication to the cause! May you have an exciting and joyful retirement!



Beatina, Ian, and Jessica

Historical Notes

St. Thomas parish was organized on May 4, 1892. The cornerstone was laid August 22, 1893, and the church was first used for worship on February 25, 1894. Virtually all of the furnish-



ings, as well as all but one of the windows, are original. The sanctuary area was rearranged in the early 1970s to provide more space for liturgy. In the late 1970s, the pre-Civil War organ was moved here from Virginia and restored, largely by parish volunteers. The interior was repaired, woodwork cleaned and sealed, and original colors restored in 1991. In 1994 the building was placed on the New York State Register of Historic Places, and in 1995 on National Register of Historic Places. The exterior was repainted in a probable recreation of the original color scheme in 1999, for which the parish received a citation from Historic Ithaca and Tompkins County.

The Rev. Cullie Mowers first celebrated the Eucharist at St. Thomas Church on July 9, 1972. Since then he has conducted 1,952 services for the parish, which have included 65 baptisms, presentation of 21 persons for Confirmation, 29 marriages, and 25 funerals. His time as rector here has spanned the ministries of four bishops of our diocese—Cole, Whitaker, Joslin, and Adams— and just over $\frac{1}{3}$ of the congregation's history.

The congregation commissioned a new stained-glass window to honor Cullie's ministry. The window was designed and built by Jerome R. Durr of Syracuse, an expert on architectural art glass who had also restored our outside windows. On November 3, 2012, the new window was installed over the doors between the narthex and the nave.

Cullie's final service was conducted on November 4, 2012.



Jerry Durr



Betsey and Jay Morley

When we first moved to Ithaca someone suggested that we go to St Thomas to “hear that man preach”. We stayed for over nine years, and Cullie never disappointed! We remember on one of the first visits Cullie was sitting in a pew with his broken leg propped up; and the time when we were issued blankets because the furnace was broken. It soon became apparent that everyone helps where needed in this parish. I could help with the weekly cleaning of the church with my dear friend Trudy. I could mow the lawn, until the bees sent me to the hospital.

We loved the music, the greening of the church at Christmas, rummage sales, spaghetti suppers, and other traditions. We took great pleasure in giving to the church my parents’ victorian vases for the altar flowers.

We were truly sorry to leave Ithaca in 1995 and miss being part of the St. Thomas community. We wish God’s blessings on Cullie and the church community as they all move on to new ventures.

Andrew Walkling

Dear Cullie,

I often like to say that St. Thomas is such an extraordinary place because of all the people who contribute so much to its vitality and well-being. But there can be no doubt that you

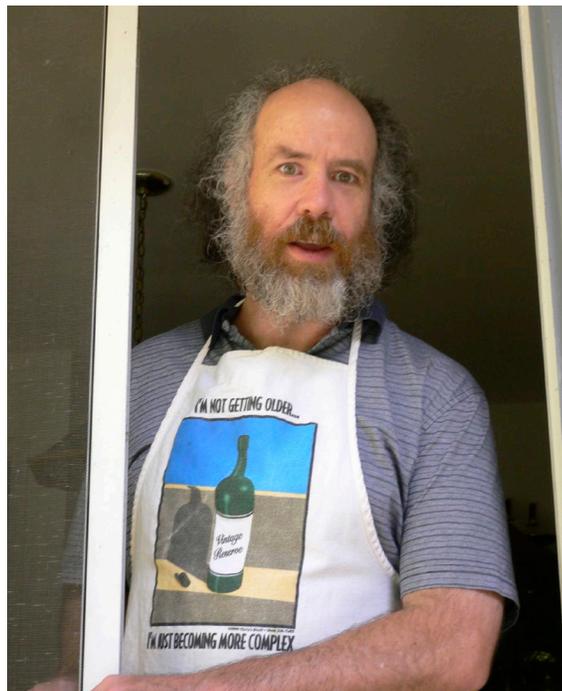


Andrew Walkling

have been the linchpin that has made it all hold together over such a long span of time. Without your passion for ministry—through liturgy, music, preaching, and a profound commitment to social justice—we at St. Thomas would never have been able to achieve such a full flowering of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. I am deeply honored to have been able to worship and collaborate with you over the past two decades of my association with St. Thomas, and I know that your work and example will live on as a legacy for this community for many years to come. Congratulations on a life and a ministry well-lived, and thank you for all you have given us!

Jeff Haugaard

Cullie, becoming an active member of a parish family, after being away for decades, raised a lot of anxiety for me. One reason that I was able to do this easily at St. Thomas was your preaching:



Jeff Haugaard

typically filled with hope and with clear indications of God's expectations for us, and God's willingness to work with us as we struggle to meet them. I often felt reinvigorated by your preaching and came to see how it represented God's ability to reinvigorate me.

Your decades-long dedication to a small, rural parish (initially, small, rural parishes), helped me to see the importance that a parish can have in a rural community and the role that the Rector can have in keeping a parish a vibrant part of that community. Part of the call that I feel to try to do what you have done has been propelled by your example. For that, I will always be grateful.

Margaret Johnson

I arrived in Ithaca in the late summer of 1993, a time in my life when God was nudging me to return to regular Church attendance. As a cradle Episcopalian I started to visit Episcopal churches in the area but was not drawn to anyone in particular one. I had a golden retriever named Jezebel, who, because of arthritis, was being treated on a regular basis by Dr. Taus on Slaterville Road. I began to notice this little church not far from his office and saw an Episcopal Church sign. It didn't seem to me that such a small church (white at the time and in need of paint) would have any regular services. Remembering that I grew up in a very small church along the Delaware River I thought some Sunday I will attend services here.



Margaret Johnson

Then on Ash Wednesday of 1994, returning from the vet in the early evening, I saw lights on in the Church. It was like the Holy Spirit saying "Come". I did not go in since I had no idea when the service had begun. I did come the following Sunday. I do not remember Cullie's sermon but do remember that he spoke

about the need to no longer support capital punishment. For me this was very positive. The congregation was friendly and the ambience of the Church was peaceful and Spirit filled. Before I left I said to Cullie I would return. Little did I know how long that would be.

The next week I fell on an ice covered sidewalk at work and fractured my leg in two places. A combination of God, my experience that day at St. Thomas, and Cullie made me call Cullie and tell him what had happened, and that it would be awhile before I returned to St. Thomas. It was over 3 months before I returned, in crutches. During that time Cullie visited and brought the Eucharist. Not having any idea who Margaret was, the congregation prayed for my healing.

That first Sunday I returned everyone was welcoming and I felt I had come home. This is a feeling which has never left me. I continue to feel welcome and supported in my Spiritual life. Cullie has listened and supported me in more ways than I can mention, from encouraging me in the Education for Ministry Program to the taking of vows as a religious Solitary. To have the congregation be witness to my being received as a religious solitary and their continuing support continues to be inspiring. I particularly remember the five minutes of silence during the service. I can still feel the lifting up of prayers to God.

Thanks be to God for the time and leadership of the Rev. Cullie Mowers and to all who were, are, and will be members of the St. Thomas family. There is and always will be an aura of God, the Holy Spirit, and all who have gone before as anyone enters this place. It cannot be explained, but many who enter the doors of St. Thomas sense it. *Amen.*



Margaret and Jonah

Cullie and the congregation have always been tolerant of me and my dogs. Narry a complaint about barking outside in the car during services.

A story comes to mind of one Ascension service. There weren't many in church and my Golden Retriever, Jezebel, was really making a lot of noise barking, barking, barking outside in the car. During Cullie's sermon I looked him, and he nodded his head. So I went outside and brought her inside. She was very quiet and went up to the altar rail with me and received a blessing from Cullie.

Then there is weekly Evening Prayer where first Jonah, and now Jasmine, are welcomed in the service. Jonah was somewhat sedate. Jasmine on the other hand has to greet every one and bring them a toy. I am not sure how this started but thanks everybody. Just another example of a loving, caring and welcoming community of all who enter these doors.

Jeannie Freese-Popowitch

St. Thomas is a very special place that has blessed my family off and on for almost seventy years. My godfather was rector there in the 1940s, a gentle man who greatly influenced my spiritual journey by his example of unconditional, non-judgmental love, and an unwavering, but growing, evolving faith. My mother cherished her time as organist there, playing every Sunday until she could no longer pump the organ, just before my brother was born in 1947. My Baptist father almost made it to the light at St. Thomas, where he found flexibility and good biblical debate that allowed him to participate in meaningful ways while they lived in Slaterville. I had become an Episcopalian in the early 80s but found myself without a church home; sure enough, the journey brought me back to St. Thomas, thriving under Cullie's guidance and example. For a variety of excuses and reasons, I have not been able to attend very often, but am so grateful for the welcome that is mine when I can, a spirit that Cullie has nurtured in this place.

In 1997, my husband Frank and I were married at our home. He was a man of faith who had been excommunicated from the Catholic Church many years previous because of a divorce over which he had no control; it shook his faith in organized religion to the core and he was literally afraid of clergy. He had attempted to maintain some relationship with his Creator outside a church, even building a sanctuary in the woods, complete with stone pews and an altar. There he hoped God would still meet with him on occasion in spite of what the church had said. Frank was from a deeply spiritual and religious Ukrainian home; the priest came for dinner every week and the house was blessed in a ritual that he had seen

several times growing up. When we were married, Frank wanted no part of being married by a priest or in the church, but we were building a home at the time, and we both wanted it to be blessed, creating sacred spaces on the land, and an altar in the home. Cullie was wonderful to us and especially to Frank. He showed up to the house blessing in jeans and a flannel shirt, *not* what Frank was expecting, and they spent the next hour in Frank's shop talking woodworking and God knows what. All I know for sure was that my husband was comfortable with God again after that and very grateful to have a bit of sacred ground around him. Cullie did the Ukrainian house blessing, moving from room to room with a lit candle and welcoming God's presence in every nook and cranny; the cabin, the fields and the woods would forever proclaim the glory and protection of God. Our life was blessed in this place. When Frank died last year, he had asked that his ashes be scattered on the land, his little patch of sacred ground where his faith was sustained and love affirmed. I will always remember Cullie's flexible, unconditional, non-judgmental love to us that allowed my precious Frank to grow and evolve in his faith. I am so thankful for his gift to us. This is the magic of Cullie's ministry and leadership at St. Thomas; he is not what folks expect, but so much more. At the Caroline Pantry, he wears that flannel shirt instead of a collar, a gentle servant loading boxes for delivery into his car with a hug or kind word to both staff and patrons alike. The Faith he does not compromise, but waters and feeds by example, so that all can grow in their journey closer to one another and their Creator. Thank you for sharing yourself with us for so many years. May you receive ten fold the blessing that you have given to us, your St. Thomas family.



Muriel and Fred Likel



Dave, Kristen, and Cooper Garrett with Cullie



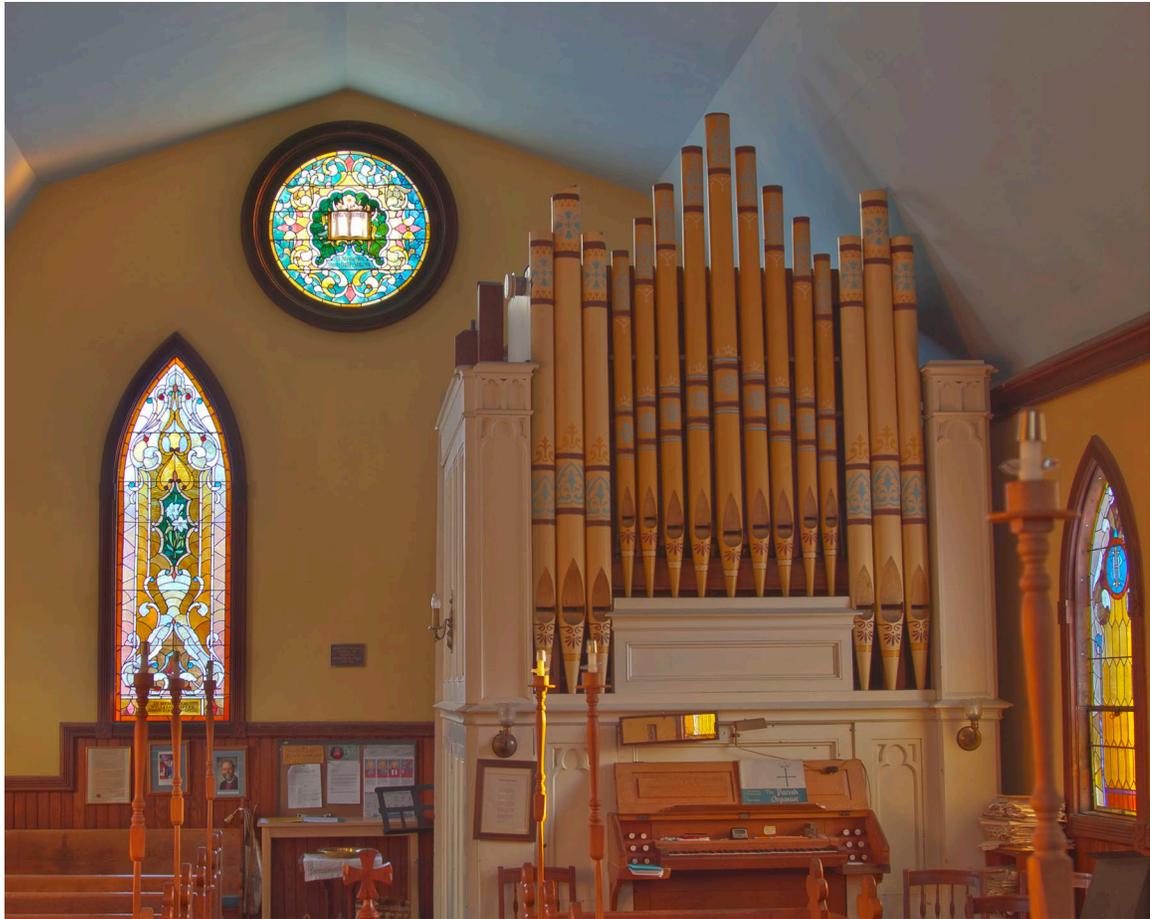
Maylon at the organ



Shannon Berndt



Chris Larkin and Trudie Kazlauskas



Open Diapason	8'	58 notes, mostly 1898
Melodia	8'	46 notes; open wood pipes from Tenor C; harmonic wood pipes from c1; old, not original.
“Tremolo”		Notes #1-12 of Melodia; stopped wood, 1898.
Dulciana	8'	58 notes; notes #1-12 stoppered metal; 1898 from Tenor C
Octave	4'	58 notes (1898)
Flute	4'	from Tenor C; 46 notes. Wood with chimneys in bass, capped metal with chimneys with starting at c1; old, not original.
Twelfth	2 ² / ₃ '	58 notes; made from 1898 Salicional.
Fifteenth	2'	58 notes; original.
SubBass	16'	17 stopped wood pipes, #1-13 original
Violoncello	8'	13 open wood pipes; original; #14-17 open metal, not original

The Organ at St. Thomas Church

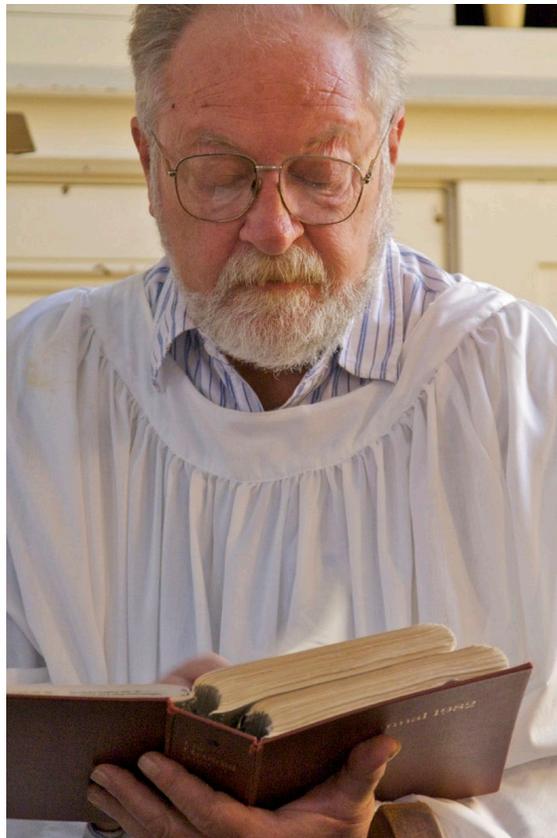
Between 1894 and 1977, instrumental music at St. Thomas was provided by reed (pump) organs, the last of which was a large one-manual Kimball instrument. In 1977 Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Franklin, Virginia, offered St. Thomas their historic organ, which was being replaced by a new pipe organ, if the parish would restore and use it. The disassembled organ moved by The Organ Clearing House, arrived in March and was stored in an unused church nearby. It was partially set up by the end of the year, and heard on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* on Christmas Eve. The completed organ was dedicated on April 1, 1979. A large portion of the tedious restoration work was done by members of the parish under professional guidance.

The organ was apparently built before the Civil War by a German craftsman in the Philadelphia area, rebuilt in 1898 by Adam Stein of Baltimore for the Franklin church, and moved (with no apparent additional changes) to their present building in 1914. Tonal changes made during the restoration returned the instrument to an approximation of its pre-1898 state; minor additional improvements have been made since then. There are 336 pipes, arranged in nine ranks (sets), seven played from the manual keyboard and two from the pedalboard. The mechanism is entirely tracker (mechanical) action; the only electrical component is the blower, added in 1914. In 2006 the pedalboard and both Pedal stops were enlarged from 13 to 17 notes and the blower replaced.

Keyboard compasses: 58/17; flat, straight pedalboard set to left of center

All pipework is enclosed in a single swell box except for the two Pedal stops and notes #1–15 of the Open Diapason, which are in the facade.

The Fifteenth, the lowest 13 pipes of the Pedal Subbass and Violoncello, and the smaller pipes in the facade are original; the Dulciana, Octave and most of the Open Diapason date from 1898; the Twelfth was created in 1977 from pipes of the 1898 Salicional; the Melodia is from an 1872 organ by Steer & Turner; the metal pipes of the Flute were found in the basement of a church in Auburn, NY. They and the eight pipes added to the Pedal in 2006 are old, but not original.



Maylon Flood

Art Berkey

I have often felt deeply grateful for the many blessings experienced at St. Thomas Church, but never before tried to put such into words. Cullie's approaching retirement, given his significant contributions to those experiences makes this an appropriate time, although some feelings are difficult to put into words.



Art Berkey

A friend once told me the best time to retire is when you are still having fun and will also be missed. The former appears true for Cullie, and the latter is without doubt. Although the lessons are both ancient and repeated, Cullie has a unique ability, probably a reflection of his own deep belief and commitment, to relate each to basic truths for daily living that inspires me to reflect on how to grow in my own ministry. As a regular attendee for a number of years I do not recall hearing the same sermon twice. This same commitment is reflected in the high esteem Cullie is held in the Diocese. As a rela-

tive newcomer, comments on early days of St. Thomas indicate the church although small, has evolved into a big little church with the faith and hard work to successfully operate the food pantry to which Cullie's and Polly's contributions are significant. Although he will be difficult to replace, Cullie leaves a committed debt-free church for any successor. Thank you Cullie for all your kindness and inspiration to my ministry.

While St. Thomas without Cullie Mowers will be different, and a competent Rector is an essential component, the laity are really the church. Participating on the Transition Committee in development of a description of St. Thomas caused me to stop and both recognize and appreciate the privilege to worship here. One can be different, yet accepted respected and cared about. My life experiences, especially in the Korean war, give a different perspective on approaches to peace. This caring is reflected in concern and help for fellow church members as well as the positive attitude toward clients in the pantry.

While this has been present in all churches I have attended, never so total nor consistent as at St. Thomas. I also appreciate, unlike many other organizations I have participated in, everyone at St. Thomas pitches in in the work to be done.

Things will be different with a new Rector, but St. Thomas will still be the St. Thomas that contributes so much to each of us. Hopefully I will be able to make a contribution toward that continuity.

Gladstone B. Adams III

Cullie, I am delighted to offer you my sincere congratulations on the occasion of your well-earned retirement from over 40 years of service to the kingdom of God in the Diocese of Central New York. I am deeply grateful for the multitude of gifts you have shared with the good people of the Diocese through your participation in committees and commissions over the years and most recently as District Dean.



Bishop Skip Adams and Cullie

No doubt the parishioners of St. Thomas, Slaterville Springs will feel your departure most deeply as the spirit and vitality of that parish is so engrained in your shared DNA. In these changing times it is almost unheard of that decades-long pastorates take place in a single Diocese, yet Central New York was blessed to have you here throughout your entire career. That feat deserves special recognition in and of itself!

You are a blessing among us and I look forward to your continued presence in the Diocese as you move on to this new phase of your life and ministry.

May you and Polly be blessed with health and happiness through a long and fulfilling retirement.

Peter Bodycombe

Cullie, I am glad to have met you, and that I stuck around after the first visit to St. Thomas church. I hope you know how much I respect you—your levity, and your carefully woven sermons, and this is from a guy who falls asleep easily! More than once you have clearly spoken about the things that are around us but that you just can't see, things that are taken out of context, and finally about God.

You are an example of how the St. Thomas community makes people feel included and cared for.



Peter Bodycombe



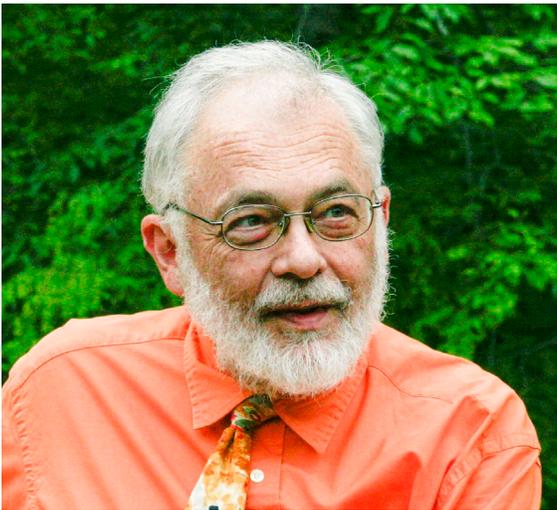
Diane Stone



Esther Gowan



John Gowan, Ben Lewis, and Cathy Vawter (1974)



Phil Lewis



Maria Lewis and Tim Larkin (1970)



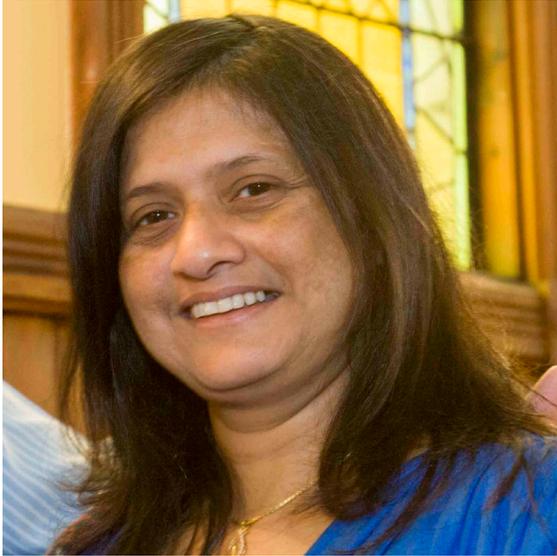
Ian Armiger



Jessica Theopold



Beatina Theopold and Cullie



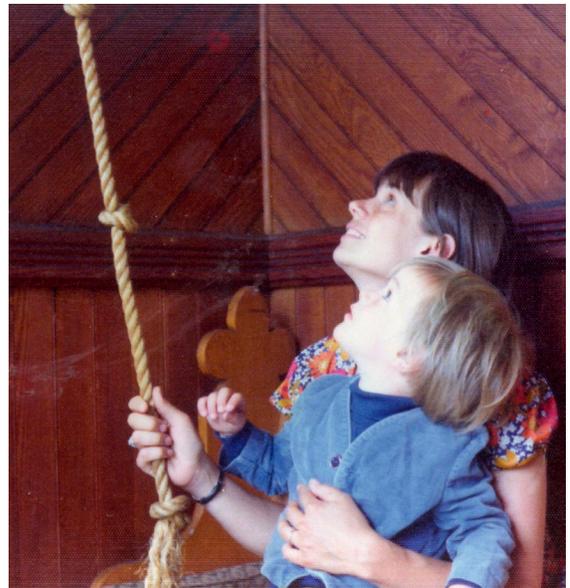
Lakshmi Damayanthi



Andrew Walkling



George Stewart-Walking



Suzy and David Larkin (July 4, 1976)



Dalva Hedlund



Art Berkey (pen and ink drawing by Roy Murdock)



Cullie



Chris Larkin

Doreen Perelli

Doreen wrote this in her autobiographical piece for *Newsnotes* in 2006:

Members of my family who are still in England frequently visit me. Four years ago my sister came for a visit. She is an Anglican, so we came to St. Thomas Church. I have been very happy in having found such a wonderful congregation of friends.

After Doreen passed away in 2009, her brother Peter wrote us:

Doreen was very brainy, and had extensive knowledge of many things... When we came to stay with her we could talk about anything except Religion or the Bible. She held it at arm's length, but when she went to St. Thomas with my sister Pam, she found people so friendly that she kept going. When my wife Margaret and I came across in 2006 she was quite open, and we were allowed to pray with her, a big change. We are certain that she found Jesus Christ as her own personal Saviour, and is now with the Lord.



Doreen Perelli

Beth Evans

Cullie, I can only imagine that St. Thomas-ites are gulping and wondering how they will find their way forward without your loving ministry among that flock. For all that your departure will rock many boats there, I also know that retirement can bring a unique and well-earned joy and satisfaction, and I wish you and Polly endless days of just that: rest, deep refreshment, joy, and satisfaction.



Beth Evans

To my last day, I will never forget the kindness the St. Thomas parish extended to me when Ralph died, and I was in school and had a mortgage to pay. The generosity and kindness of that small parish was overwhelming, and it was what made it possible for my daughters and me to remain in our home. I know that that help came from a variety of sources; I also know that those sources were reflecting the spirit and goodness of their spiritual leader.

You were very much a pastor to me when I came to St. Thomas, myself, Cullie. We had some conversations that helped me hold on in dark nights. You are a Christ-bearer in a world that needs so many of them. Thank you for being that for me and for countless others.

Pat Brhel

I first came to St. Thomas because of the concert to raise money to repair the windows. I stayed because of Cullie Mowers and the other people I found. I'm only partly joking when I tell people that St. Thomas is the only church in town that will let me in the front door. I didn't go to church regularly for over 30 years because every church I went to had a number of people who didn't like my socially liberal viewpoint, what I read, or what music I listened to. While most of the people I met who were regular attendees at some church, whether it was Catholic, Baptist, Methodist or Mormon, were nice enough superficially, they were often restrictive and judgmental of me, of other church members and of the world at large.



Pat Brhel

At St. Thomas I've found a group of people who truly do their best to follow the teachings of Christ. They think about what they do in relationship to the world. Cullie's sermons often inspire me, and I look forward to hear-

ing them. I also look forward to the sermons, if that's the correct word, of Jane, Margaret, Linda, and Suzy on Morning Prayer Sundays. I'm proud that we've embraced the Episcopal Peace Fellowship and have joined their mission as a church. I'm proud that we have women as priests and a gay bishop. I don't feel that I have to censor what I say or hide who I am.

The way that all the members of the church have stepped up to help the Caroline Food Pantry, each in the way that best suits them, is an inspiration. The fact that everyone is allowed to contribute as and when they can, whether it's delivering 20+ boxes in a snow storm or picking up the occasional roll of paper towels, and no one ever says "You're not doing enough" or "You're not good enough" is proof of a community that is accepting of each person's differences in health, financial security, family situation, as well as their place on the path of their own lives. They treat the food pantry clients as fellow human beings, and they don't maintain an us and them separation. Cullie and Polly go out of their way to help other people, as do the other church members, including Suzy and Art. Linda puts incredible energy into the struggle for Peace on Earth all year round. They are truly amazing in what they are willing to do for people outside their families and social circles. Church members are even accepting of people who go to other churches, or not at all. Our diversity and our willingness to become a family in spite of, or maybe because of it, is testimony to the church members' truly liberal and Christian spirit. I feel like I've found a philosophical and spiritual home for the first time in my life.

I'm sure that with the thoughtful direction of Margaret and other committee members we'll find a new pastor who will continue to help us grow as Christians and as fellow human beings.



Cullie and Sue Bryson



Josephine, Sabina, and Cecilia Rose Jenkins-Ortolano



Cole Gruberth and Cullie



Bill George and Cullie



Presiding Bishop Katharine Jefferts Schori



Suzy Larkin on her Triclops

Polly Mowers

Visiting St. Thomas for the first time almost ten years ago was such a pleasant and friendly experience that I returned as the clergy wife a couple of years later. Back home friends were hoping I could still be the parishioner I had been, and I assured them that the community at St. Thomas was very accepting. Everyone was encouraging rather than discouraging that I could be involved in any way I chose. When helping to clean the church building for Easter, Suzy Larkin accepted my request to help clean the composting toilet. I knew I had “arrived” and there were no expectations imposed on my participation. I will miss the loving, caring and accepting community that has been my church home for nine years.



Polly Mowers

Shannon Berndt

I came to St Thomas in because I loved the beautiful building from the outside. That was in 2005. Now, in 2012, I love the outside, the inside and all the quirky people that come and go and stay.



Shannon Berndt

I feel deeply rooted at St. Thomas. The sense of community and belonging is incredible. In difficult times, this has been my family away from home. You have all been so generous with your time, your patience and your hearts. It is truly a treasure for me.

I have learned so much about life and community, the church and myself at St. Thomas.

I love to come on Sunday mornings and have a sermon that makes me think and challenges me—every week.

I love the way the morning light filters through the West windows.

I love the smell of Mrs. Meyer’s Geranium cleaner. I could go on and on.

Mostly, I love the people. It has been both a privilege and blessing to listen to Father Cul-lie and to the wonderful Lay Leaders over the years. I have been inspired, and challenged.

I look forward to many more years at St. Thomas. Thank you and bless you.

Linda Gaither



Linda Gaither

I sing a song of the saints of God, patient and
brave and true,
Who toiled and loved in Slaterville Springs for
the Lord
they loved and knew.
Many were teachers, at school and at U., and
some made
art or gardens or good stew;
They were all of them saints of God—and I
mean, God
helping, to be one, too.

They loved their Lord, so dear, so dear, and his
love
made them strong;
They lifted the canned goods and sorted the
bread,
to feed our neighbors all month long.
Maylon played the organ and Cullie was the
priest, who
preached up a storm for the Eucharist feast,
And there's not any reason, no not the least,
why we all shouldn't be saints, too.

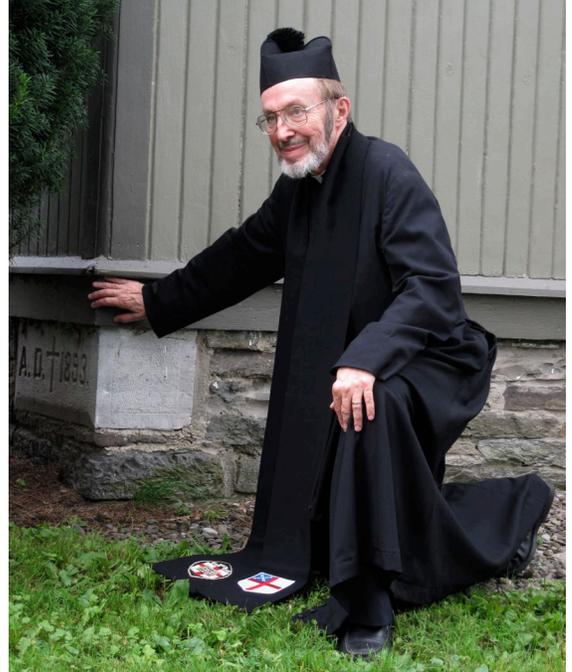
They lived not only in ages past, there are
brothers
and sisters still;
St. Thomas is bright with the glorious saints
who live to do Jesus' will.
You can meet them in Brooktondale, Varna &
Dryden,
and in Caroline, Richford and Ithaca
they're stridin',
For the saints of God are just me and you,
May our children please be saints, too!



The Shield of St. Thomas



Erma Mowers



Cullie at the cornerstone event (2009)



Cullie and Polly



Chris Sabas



Janet and Al Vidovich

Anne Rodda

It all started with a flood. In my absence, a feeder line to the toilet had broken and had been flowing freely from the town source for two months. Big, black rosettes of mold covered the walls, and everything was saturated. The water bill for the quarter was \$4,580. The place had to be gutted, and the restoration took ten months.



Anne Rodda

I ran to the room with my cherished reed organ, in my family since 1886. The restoration crew knew that if it were not dried out evenly, it would crack. They took it to Cullie Mowers to save.

After three months, missing my organ, I called Cullie, then a stranger to me, and asked whether I could come visit my organ. “Come Sunday afternoon. You can play as long as you wish.” came the cheerful reply. It was the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

When I saw the organ, I was overwhelmed, as it was more beautiful than before. It had

been lovingly rubbed with linseed oil and restored. In addition, Polly took a small piece of vintage fabric I had and fashioned two matching covers for the pedals.

In the last month of the house restoration, a catastrophe in every way, Cullie and Polly took me and my beagle in, treated us like family, and included me in all their meals. Cullie took loads and loads of professional books I no longer wanted to the library book sale. They both listened patiently every evening to my horror stories and stood by me in every way until the egregious errors were fixed.

In the months that followed, I decided to check out St. Thomas, where I found a warm, loving congregation, brilliant sermons, beautiful music, good friends and folks who got the message and went out and lived it.

Later on, I was casting about for little ways I could pay back a small portion of Cullie and Polly’s kindnesses, so I checked out the food pantry and found that helping there was fun. I also found out that Cullie and Polly spend every day of their lives helping other people—it is their unassuming way of life.

When I had surgery last summer, Polly shopped for me, did Reiki on me, and helped me recover.

For six years now, every time I have traveled (several times a year), they have both volunteered to look after my house, drive me to and from the airport, water plants, collect papers and mail, check for leaks, and whatever else could ease my mind and make sure I had a home to return to.

I could go on, but I’m out of time.

I will forever cherish Cullie’s and Polly’s friendship and be thankful that they have been part of my life.

Karen Compton

Dear Cullie,

Some of us struggle trying to express in a few words the impact your weekly sermons and all the facets of your ministry have brought into our lives. We still cannot comprehend life without you at our little church in Slaterville Springs.



Karen Compton

Annie K. Smith once told me that she believed your sermons should be presented at a church a thousand times larger than our church. I agree. The clarity and simplicity of your weekly message, your obvious lengthy Bible study, your warmth and humor, and your brilliance are gifts to us that can never be forgotten. We all know Christ better because of you, and perhaps have become better people. Thank you, Cullie.

Polly has been a special gift to us through her generous and gentle spirit. Thank you, Polly. What powerful contributions you have both made to our lives.

Congratulations on your retirement with freedom and time to explore new possibilities, travel, and time for family and friends and to have fun together.

Wishing you much happiness in this exciting new chapter of your life as a couple.

Katy Grace

The feeling I experienced upon entering St. Thomas was that of coming home. Just walking in and kneeling in one of the old pews felt comfortable and familiar. I already had had the pleasure of meeting Cullie and Polly, and with their warmth and openness I knew it would be okay to see about making St. Thomas my new church home. I was not prepared to be settled about the decision of a new parish so readily. But, there is a sense of a special kind of presence within the walls at St. Thomas. And the sermons! Cullie knows how to make the gospel come alive and be relevant to how one lives out that gospel in their life. The members of the congregation welcomed me so warmly, and the music was a good fit for me. I felt that this was a place where I could be part of that diverse and active community. My intuition that first time has proven to be so very accurate. I feel blessed, challenged, supported, and encouraged here. I'm truly thankful.



Katy Grace



Peter Bodycombe, Jeff Haugaard, and Bishop Skip Adams



Cathy Keyser



Keith Jenkins and Cecilia Rose Jenkins-Ortolano



Jane Hammond



Linda Gaither and Beth Evans

Cynthia Bouldin

Dave and I had passed the little church in Slatterville Springs many times on our way to see one or the other of our family further east. We knew the priest's name, Cullie Mowers, as he was an organ builder mentioned by one of our former priests who also did that for part of his living. When we decided to come for a visit, here was this small but vital parish led by a man and wife so full of love and faith. The parishioners were the same. They gave solace to our battered souls. We found concern, acceptance and sermons full of depth and help.

Also St. Thomas's windows always inspire me. They contain depictions of what made this parish work in earlier times, the corn and grapes, both crops and food in this former farm community watched over by the dove, the Holy Spirit which nurtures us all.

Who could ask for more?



Cynthia Bouldin

Eleanor Magargel

I am a Presbyterian, but I go to the Episcopal Church because I love Cullie!



Eleanor Magargel



David Bouldin

Betsy Yavits

Over ten years ago when my daughter was taking riding lessons, I drove by St. Thomas at least two times a week, wondering what it might be like. My first visit to St. Thomas wasn't until June 2011, when I attended Evening Prayer. I was immediately awe-struck! After the service, when Polly walked outside with me I knew St. Thomas was where I belonged.



Betsy Yavits

Sunday sermons by Cullie have been so inspirational and hopeful. My faith has been renewed this past year, due much in part to your words of wisdom, Cullie. And Polly, I have loved sitting in front of you for the hymns. You have the voice of an angel.

Thanks for welcoming me into your parish. I will miss being with you both.

Barbara Schramm

I so enjoy attending St. Thomas Church in the summertime when I'm not singing at my own church.

The atmosphere is warm,
The people are welcoming,
I always come away uplifted.

Cully passes on pearls of wisdom that seem to be tailored for me. How did he know those were the words I needed to hear on a particular Sunday?

One Sunday, he shared these gems:

- § Live as if God matters.
- § Do what God asks you to do.
- § Be free,
- § God is today, not tomorrow.

Attending St. Thomas Church and knowing Cully and Polly is such a blessing.

For this I give thanks.



Barbara Schramm



Annie K. Smith



Muriel Likel and Peter Bodycombe



Jennifer Svitko



Jean Dedrick



Joe and Sue Ortolano, Cullie, Stephanie Ortolano, Keith Jenkins, Nancy Jenkins holding newly baptized Josephine Ray Jenkins-Ortolano, Sabina Jenkins-Ortolano



Patches



Jonah

Jerry Gould

Cullie and I were born on the same day. Not simply the same day of the year (September 9) but also the same year (1942), and roughly 50 miles from each other as the crow flies. With a coincidence of this sort, one cannot help but think about the similarities and differences in our lives and personalities.



Jerry Gould

This book is about St. Thomas and Cullie, so there is no need for me to dwell on myself or which of the following are similarities (few) or differences (many). And as I've known Cullie only a few years and have been with him only occasionally, I will preface these assertions with "to the best of my knowledge":

Cullie is gentle, and gentlemanly.

Cullie accepts life as it is, while pondering how it could be better.

Cullie acknowledges death when it is natural and non-violent as a simple passing to a bet-

ter life and nothing to be feared or distressed by.

Cullie delivers interesting sermons.

Cullie is very musical, and knowledgeable about music.

Cullie repairs organs expertly (but does not know how to play them).

Cullie does not lose his temper, but does speak his mind.

Cullie's faith envelops everything he does and says.

Cullie is admired and respected by everyone who knows him.

Barbara and I wish Cullie and his wonderful wife Polly the very best in their future, and look forward to seeing them often.



Barbara Gould

Libby and Peter Hedrick

Cullie, dear, we were saddened to hear that you will leave St. Thomas in November. It is hard to imagine this church without you. You have been a faithful, loving and inspiring pastor and excellent steward of your beautiful physical plant. The windows are fabulous, and the restorations were splendid. The concerts held under your tenure were marvelous, and we *love* your priorities: You had an organ before you had a bathroom! Good on you.

We greatly appreciate your community service, too, especially your willingness to provide a “plucker trucker” for NYS Baroque’s school programs. How could we have provided these presentations without you?

Your congregation, and even those who attended only now and then, will miss you all to pieces. Peter and I will be away (National Parks this fall) for your last service, but will be thinking about you and your congregation.

We wish you all the best for your retirement: happy productivity, relaxation, new horizons, relaxation, old well-loved activities, relaxation. And we hope to see you out and about at concerts and other events as ever!



Peter and Libby Hedrick

Clare Fewtrell

The Oriana Singers have very happy memories of giving concerts and singing at the occasional service at St. Thomas Church over the years.



Clare Fewtrell

The intimate setting and great acoustics of your beautiful church made it a delightful place to sing. However, it was the warm welcome and appreciative audience provided by Cullie and his congregation that encouraged us to come back again and again. Some of us are not regular church goers, and we often performed somewhat risqué madrigals or liturgical music out of its correct season, but this was tolerated with a smile. We were even allowed to sing the Credo of the mass instead of reciting it with the congregation.

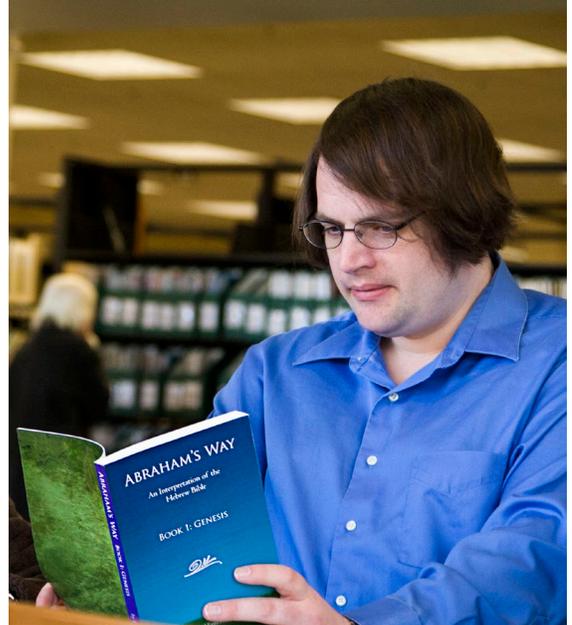
Wishing you all the very best in your retirement.



Ann Signore, Cullie, Trudie Kazlauskas, Muriel Likel, Jane Hammond



JoAnn Douglas Short



David Larkin



Sue Hoskins, Cullie, Steve Hoskins, and Bill George



Christine and Bob Stephens

Anne Hedrick

I have gotten to sing at Cullie's church several times, mostly as a guest musician at Christmas or some other occasion, a couple of times with the Oriana Singers, and once with a pick-up group doing a benefit for the new window. I really like the atmosphere there—such a small church, but so friendly and welcoming—and Cullie's preaching always leaves you feeling like it's a hot day, and you just had a drink of cool water.



Anne Hedrick

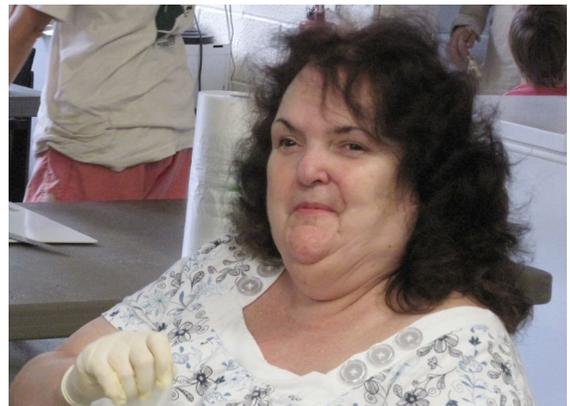
Carla Gray and Jan Schick



Carla Gray

We met Cullie and Polly when we were helping out at the food pantry about six years ago. We knew Cullie was one of the directors of the food pantry and the Pastor of St. Thomas Church. Through the years we learned how both Cullie and Polly have helped so many people by providing rides, delivering medicines and food items for shut ins, and feeding pets while owners are in the hospital or rehab. Several times they wound up adopting the pets themselves! When you call and ask if they can help with a problem, you can be assured that they will figure a way to work it out.

They say some people are one in a million but we think this couple makes two in ten million!



Jan Schick

Timothy Larkin

This appeared in the September 2008 issue of *Newsnotes*.

For Cullie

on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of his ordination.

The year was nineteen sixty-eight;
On Friday, June 14, your fate
 Arranged for you a life renew'd,
 A sacred ordination.

Although the nation was aghast
For Kennedy and King, no blast
 Lays down the care a shepherd bears
 By call to ordination.

Now, by the rite the bishop sings,
Your hands unhouse and house the King,
 And serve the dish that you enrich,
 Because of ordination.

Some time has passed since that brave day.
O, tell the years: of lustra, eight,
 Or double score, or decades four,
 Since your ordination.

And who would ask that time should flow
Serene and flat? Better to know
 A storm or two, and see them through,
 —sail through disordination—

And survive to know the pleasant truth,
That age, hands down, surpasses youth,
 Since growing old bursts the mold:
 Glad defabrication.

Having shed the masks of youth,
Shepherd, pipe a tune to truth—
 Harsh or sweet, keep the beat
 Commenced at ordination.



Robert C. Ayers - S.U. Chaplain
Culver L. Mowers (What is he thinking?)
Walter M. Higley BISHOP
Roswell G. Williams LITANIST
Donald R. Grindy PRESENTOR



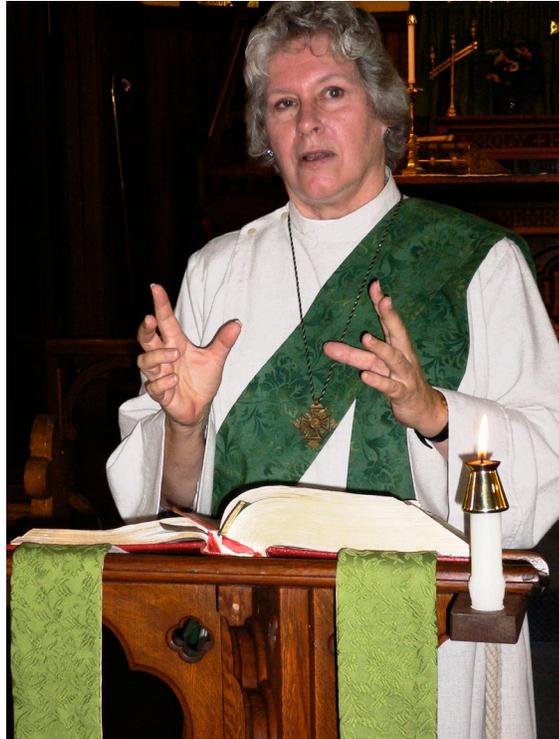
The Oriana Singers Left to Right: Jim Hedlund, John Wootton, Diane Schwartz, John Zollweg, Sherry Smart, Harold Mills, Marj Smart, Paul Mosbo, Andrea O'Hara, Clare Fewtrell



Back: Linda Gaither, Ann Signore, Bill George, Sue & Steve Hoskins, Joann Neale, Jeff Hangaard, Pat Brhel, Art Berkeley, Maylon Flood, Peter Bodycombe, Joe Perelli, Andrew Walkling
 Middle: Jean Dedrick, Trudie Kazlauskas, Annie K. Smith, Shannon Cockbill, Diane Stone, Cullie Mowers, Muriel Likel, Polly Mowers, Margaret Johnson
 Front: Jane Hammond, Cole, Grace, & Corie Gruberth, Cullie Mowers, Kaytli Rehbock, Suzy Larkin, Cathy Porter, Doreen Perelli



Cullie and Presiding Bishop Katharine Jefferts Schori



Daisy Kirkpatrick



Cullie, Bishop Skip Adams, Margaret Johnson, Sister Margo

David Larkin

The Lord's Prayer: Matthew 6:9-15

Our Father, who dwells in the heavens,
may your name be set apart and regarded as
holy,
may your reign and kingdom appear to us,
may your will indeed come to pass, as it is in
heaven, so also on earth.
Give us today the bread and the food that we
have need of,
and forgive our debts and pardon our trans-
gressions,
just as we have forgiven those who have of-
fended us.
And do not bring us into temptation and trial,
but save us from the hands of the wicked one.



David Ephraim Larkin



Dorothy Pierce



Dorothy Pierce

Days and nights
pass through this early winter
like dripping blue junctures
of the stories told of you.
Joyful stars and bubbling drifts
carve paths into your smiles now;
they tunnel quiet reasons
for your other likeness newly lit.

There is enough to tell
of this beautiful delivery;
God is keeping a fruitful watch
and singing your peaceful roads.

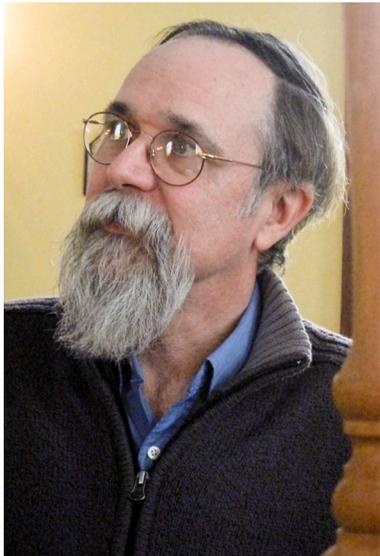
Sacred fingers touch your door,
careful steaming leads each ridge,
towering days and psalms of night
bless another photograph.



Cullie on Rogation Day

God's light shines through the people
touched by His presence
pass peace and good will to all.

—Barbara Schramm



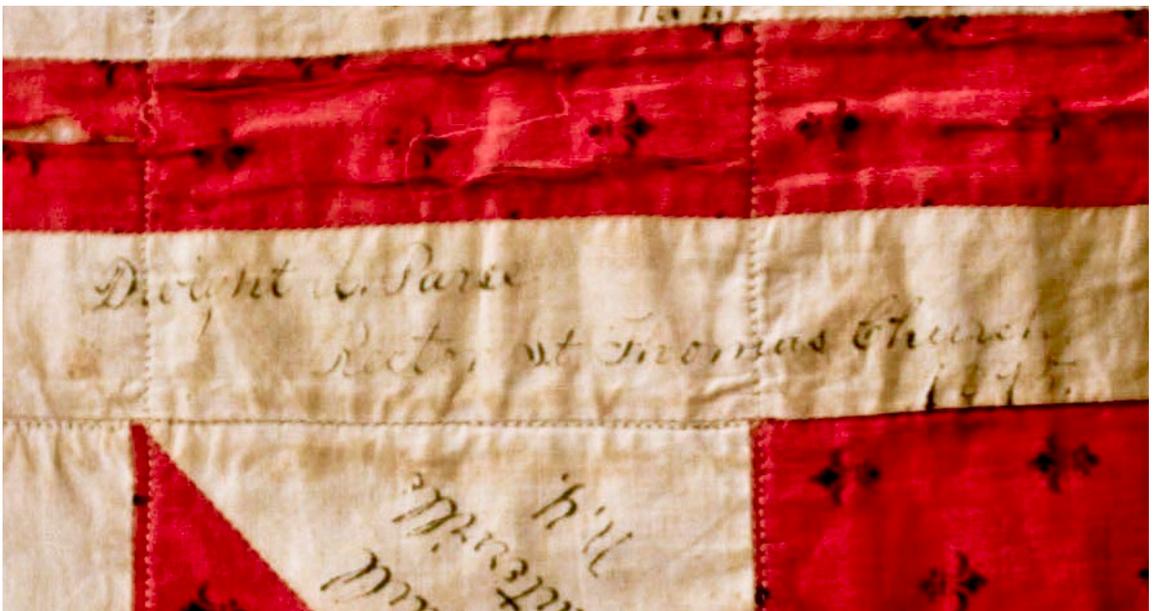
Andy Pierce



Anne Tillman



Cullie and Garrett Minarski



Signature of Dwight Parse, Rector of St. Thomas, 1895



Cullie, Linda Gaither, and Bishop Skip Adams

Alexei Waters

Beauty, when it is fully made manifest, never withers; it remains ageless and never ceases to enthrall. If laughter bequeaths laughter and faith reveals wonderment, then you, Cullie,



Alexei Waters

are among the blessed of the earth. For you embody the very best of a person of faith, a member of the ordained clergy and all socially engaged pipe-fitters. Even more, you are one of the most compassionate people I have ever had the privilege of knowing.

On a personal note, when I first moved to Fountain Manor in August 2011, after spending almost 9 months recovering from a near fatal accident at Cayuga Ridge, you met with me and prayed. You helped me develop the will to use my faith to remain patient, to continue believing that I could be healed and even find a new sense of purpose in life. That happened faster than I ever imagined. My pain remained a constant presence, always appearing when I was least prepared. But I discovered that listening to your words of encouragement and know-

ing that you and the parishioners of St. Thomas were praying for me, helped me entered a period of efflorescence, a sign that my life mattered, and that there are always compelling reasons for hope.my life

I think of the wisdom of your preaching, the patient care with which you not only explicate the plain meaning and the context of Biblical passages, but use your presence to inspire me to read the same passages in the lectionary again. That is a tremendous gift. And to think that you have been serving the Episcopal Church and all of God's children for 40 years at St. Thomas and the Tompkins County community is a testament to God's grace and your goodness. This may be the end of your formal leadership, but only the prologue to the glories things that await you as you continue your journey in faith. Just remember to laugh at life's ironies, the overwhelming contradictions of humanity, and the joy of the Lord will continue to be your strength, bring you joy, restore your spirits, and become manifest in your cheerful disposition.

Milana Hames

The first service I attended at St. Thomas was the on the Sunday of a 4th of July weekend. I *loved* it! I loved everything about the experience; the church building itself, the music, the organ, Maylon, the congregation, the service, and Cullie. We missed St. John's in Capitola, California, another small gem of a church, where we had been active members until we had to move to Ithaca for Stefan to pursue a PhD. But after that first Sunday I knew we had at last found our church home in New York. I was relieved and delighted. The following week I returned with Stefan, and while that service was Morning Prayer, Stefan too felt we had at last arrived home. The fit was perfect. It is an amazing congregation of talented, energetic, and unique individuals who, when coming together, have made the whole better than the sum of the parts. They welcomed us with open arms. The congregation, Cullie, and Polly have comforted us, loved us and stimulated spiritual

growth. The experience moved Stefan to finally seek confirmation, after years as a practicing, but unconfirmed Episcopalian.

There is always *so* much love, we always leave warmed, comforted, and inspired. Refreshed and energized to get back into the job of being alive and trying to let the love of Christ show in our thoughts words and actions.

Cullie: what can I say about him? Well, the obvious; he is loving, brilliant, dedicated, and very alive, and offers a wonderful sense of humor; he's a wonderful rector. Polly is a warm, loving, witty and hard working; a wonderful Christian and a large part of the engine that drives the congregation. They make a wonderful team and have taken on food for the hungry, and consolation for the bereaved—a wonderful example of the second of the Two Great Commandments in action. They have also brought the blessing of wonderful music to St. Thomas. We feel great love and gratitude to both of them and will truly miss them badly over the next year.



Stefan and Milana Hames



The Caroline Food Pantry





Cathleen Donovan



Chris Pothier



Cathy Porter Lewis and Suzy Larkin



Diane Dougherty



Tammy Longabaugh and Mary Anne Hamilton

The Caroline Food Pantry

A lot has happened since we took over the Caroline Food Pantry in 2003. It's hard to believe that it's been nine years, or maybe it just seems like we've always done it; it depends on what kind of day we're having. We've won a number of awards, including, one year, best pantry overall, out of 185 agencies. We're recognized as one of the leaders in our area and have even been talked about nationally. The first year we took over the pantry we started a garden, thanks to help from one of our VISTA volunteers, Joe Papas. It's expanded every year since then and is now 50 x 175 feet, with an additional equal space loaned to us by the Hatch family farm and more space at the Brooktondale Community Center as part of the B.I.G. (Brooktondale Inspirational Gardens) program. We're also growing small fruits and herbs.

We work with agencies such as Catholic Charities to hand out personal care products and have provided information and items such as energy efficient light bulbs to help clients save money. We'll continue that sort of cooperation with "Get Your Green Back" a program of Cornell Cooperative Extension that encourages more sustainable living, and other agencies that can provide assistance. We'll also offer flu shots this fall.

We've added a clothing and kitchen supplies closet, given out seeds and plants every spring, and this year we handed out chickens to clients who were interested and able to take care of them. The plants and the chickens increase the clients' self sufficiency, improve their nutrition, and help reduce the number of people who come to the pantry in the summer months.

From our original 64 families and less than 200 people a month, we now have over 300 families, and have served over 1000 people in

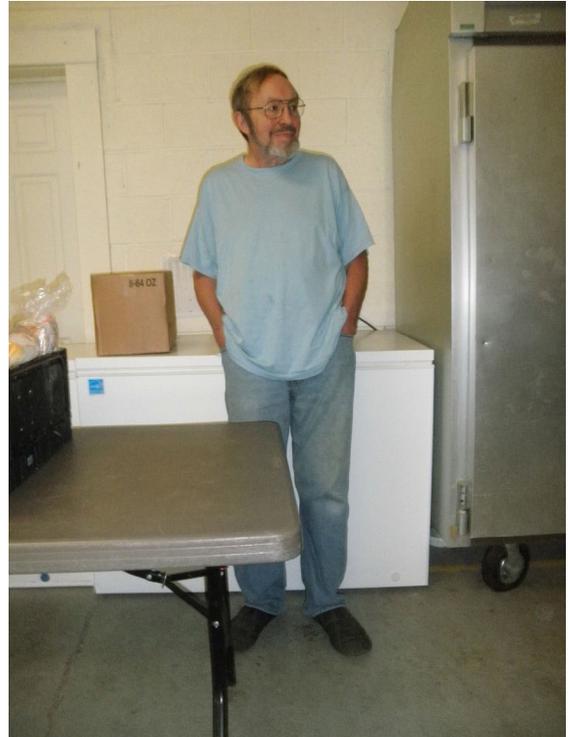
a busy month. On the 1st and 3rd Monday of the month we pack and deliver over 70 boxes for several routes, and have a large group of people walk in and select their own food from a variety of 16–20 items, which includes canned vegetables and fruit, tuna, at least one other protein, pasta or rice, sauce, cereal, dairy products, fresh produce when available and occasionally treats. When it's available we offer pet food, a big help to the clients who are trying to keep their animals, which are often their best friends. We try to help the children with Halloween costumes and usually have birthday presents and cake mix available. Parents struggling to pay the bills really appreciate the opportunity to give their children a little celebration. We also set up a Christmas display with free toys, other presents, and donated gift wrap. Just before school starts each fall we hand out paper, notebooks, pens and pencils to help struggling families. We've published a gardening manual and a cookbook.

Our volunteers frequently are recognized for their efforts and have won volunteer of the year awards from the Town of Caroline and other agencies. I believe we have the best group of volunteers in the area. Our work force consists of folks in good shape financially and also clients who need what we have to offer, and we try not to differentiate between the two. Volunteers, in addition to serving at the pantry, pick up bread and pet food, work in our gardens, helped produce the cookbook and help our clients with things like applying for health care, for home improvement grants and voter registration. Everyone is treated as an equal and valued member of our community and on a distribution evening you cannot tell who are the client workers and who are Cornell retirees. We are all members of our community and the Caroline Food Pantry family.

—Pat Brhel



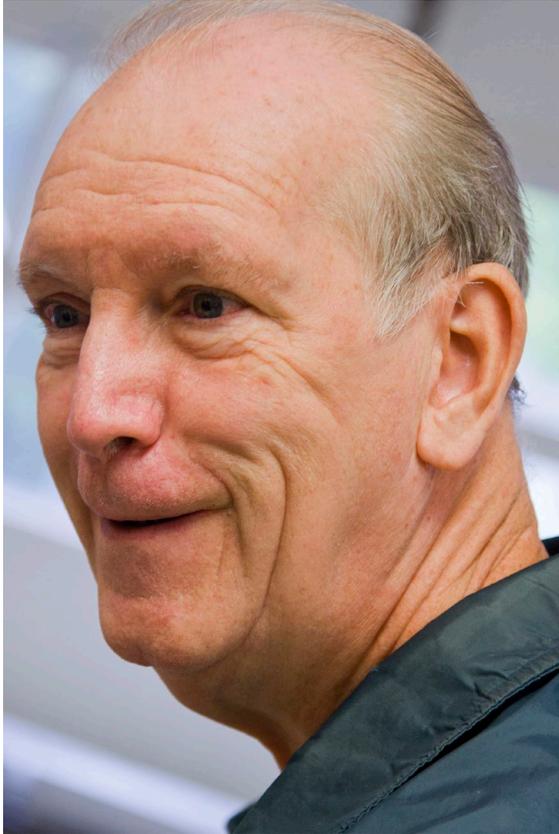
Art Strait



The Supervisor



Suzy Larkin and Carla Gray



Jim Merrill



Robert Cornell



Jozefa Drost



Ted Sobel



John Martin



Michael Parkhurst



Anne Rodda, Linda Loomis, Betsy Selover, and Lonnie Lux

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Small plaque or notice on the wall.

Small framed notice or certificate on the wall.

The Parish Organist