

ho'oulu

"to grow...to inspire..."



Summer 2009



We do ourselves a great disservice when we think of Jesus as meek and mild.

There are far too many pictures of a blond haired blue eyed Jesus; and not nearly enough of the black haired brown-eyed Jew who was

God incarnate. Jesus was mild to those who had lost all hope of being accepted by God. Prostitutes, tax collectors, the out casts and the losers. To them he was mild. But to the people in power, religious power, political power, there wasn't much that was mild about Jesus. No.

Jesus was pushy. Jesus, who ran the money-changers out of the Temple. Jesus, who told of the old widow demanding over and over justice from the unjust judge....who finally relented just to be done with her.

Jesus, who told of the man who had company appear at midnight, who ran to his neighbor's house and roused him out of bed for a loaf and a 6 pack, so he could be hospitable to his late arriving guests.

Just so is pushiness the lesson in today's gospel.

Jairus, a leader of the religious establishment, a man who played bridge every Friday with the same Pharisees who wanted to destroy Jesus, is down on the ground. And what?

"He fell at his feet, and begged him repeatedly."

She whom he loved more than anything in the world lay dying. And Jairus, determined to move heaven and earth to save her, insisted, pleaded, begged, Jesus to come.

Jairus was pushy.

And Jesus went with him.

Only to be accosted by another pushy person with a problem!

Early Israel had purity laws. Cleanliness laws. A woman having her period, or some other form of bleeding was unclean. She had no busi-

ness being out in public, much less touching the clothes of this remarkable teacher from Nazareth.

But she was pushy.

She could care less about the rules.

For 12 years her life, and her savings, had been bleeding away. She was determined to get help.

Pushing through the crowds surrounding Jesus, she grabbed his clothes from behind. And the bleeding stopped.

And pushy Jesus demanded to know what pushy person touched him. As she came, trembling forward, this unclean outcast, this pushy outsider, is embraced by Jesus.

He calls her "daughter".

"Go in peace, be healed of your disease. Your (pushy) faith has made you well!"

We my friends, you and I, are invited by God to be pushy. Be pushy in asking what you will of God. Be pushy in seeking glimmers of the Kingdom in this life today. Be pushy in extending to all we meet that God has done something marvelous in Jesus:

He has cancelled our sins

He has cleared the deck

He has made us sons and daughters of God.

Ko kakou HokuKula`a `ula (Our Sacred Guiding Star)

We are a communion of saints who worship Christ and serve others.

We embrace the Hawaiian values of:

ALOHA—We love and respect God and one another.

MANA—We respect the Spirit of God within each of us and all things.

MALAMA—We are good stewards of God's Creation.

PONO—We are righteous and just in all our undertakings.

"Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, 'Rejoice.'" —Philippians 4:4



Too often our faith life wears soft straw hats as we meander about the sweet and mild blond haired blue eyed Jesus who never raises his voice.

We come to church and relax. Putting our feet up, if not in fact, then at least in attitude. All is mellow. All is cool.

Yet, when we really pay attention to the gospel, when the words really sink in instead of floating by on the air of the familiar, we begin to see that in this church we might be better off with army helmets and flak jackets, lest the God who asks us for our all decides to pay us a visit in this place.

Ours is a God who calls us out of ourselves. Ours is a God who calls us, each of us, and every one of us, to the great adventure. You gotta be pushy to go. And it is the adventure as old as creation itself.

Nikos Kazantzakis, the great novelist who wrote *Zorba the Greek* and *The Last Temptation of Christ*, also wrote an autobiography: *Report to Greco*.

There, he tells of the marvelous Call that lives at the center of all that is.

It is a Call (another name for God) that comes before creation. A call that stretches out through the eons of time; yet a call made to us today. He wrote:

“Blowing through the heaven and earth, and in our hearts and the heart of every living thing, is a gigantic breath---a great Cry---which we call God. Plant life wished to continue its motionless sleep next to stagnant waters, but the Cry leaped up within it and violently shook its roots: ‘Away, let go of the earth, walk!’ Had the tree been able to think and judge, it would have cried, ‘I don’t want to. What are you urging me to do! You are demanding the impossible! But the Cry, without pity, kept shaking its roots and shouting, ‘Away, let go of the earth, walk!’”

It shouted in this way for thousands of eons; and lo! As a result of desire and struggle, life escaped and the

motionless tree was liberated.

Animals appeared—worms---making themselves at home in water and mud. ‘We’re just fine’, they said. ‘We have peace and security; we’re not budging!’

But the terrible Cry hammered itself pitilessly into their loins. ‘Leave the mud, stand up, give birth to your betters!’

‘We don’t want to! We can’t!’

‘You can’t, but I can. Stand up!’

And lo! After thousands of eons, man emerged, trembling on his still unsolid legs.

The human being is a centaur, his hoofs are planted in the ground, but his body from breast to head is worked on and tormented by the merciless Cry. He has been fighting, again for thousands of eons, to draw himself, like a sword, out of his animalistic scabbard. He is also fighting—this is his new struggle—to draw himself out of his human scabbard. Man calls in despair: ‘Where can I go? I have reached the pinnacle, beyond is the abyss.’ And the Cry answers, ‘I am beyond. Stand up!’

As Bishop Robinson put it: “The Cry is God’s Spirit within us, and indeed within all nature—calling us constantly out of ourselves, and beyond ourselves, in order to be ourselves.” Robinson, *In The End* God, 9.

And the Cry is Jesus. The Jesus who pushed through the crowds surrounding the house of Jairus. “Go away!”, “She’s already dead!” they told him.

He didn’t listen. He pushed on. Out of the house went everyone, everyone save the three closest disciples, Jairus and his wife. And the little girl.

Jesus, the Cry made flesh, took her by the hand, and gently said, “*Talitha cum*”. “Little one, stand up.”

And she did.

Hear the pushy Jesus today. Hear the Cry, who is God, insist that we too push. Push against injustice. Push against hatred, Push against resentment. Push toward forgiveness. Push toward reconciliation. Push toward peace. For he says to you, and he says to me, “*Talitha cum*”.

“Little one, stand up!” +amen



**St. John's
Members at
All-Windward
Church Service,
June 21 2009,
held at St.
Christopher's**



**Melody Loyola is
received into the
Episcopal Church
(her arm)**

On Wednesday, May 27th 2009 we bid a
farewell to our
dear friend and
member Cliff
Barracclough in
Kaneohe Bay.





To My St. John's Ohana,

On behalf of my wife Melody and myself, I want to thank all of you for welcoming us into this wonderful family in Kahalu'u. Thank you for all of your support with my time editing the newsletter and all my endeavors. This, unfortunately, will be the last edition I'll be officially doing.

Currently I have a blog set up call "Going on Faith", which can be found at goingonfaith.wordpress.com. This will be a way for me to share my discernment process with all of you.

My current address is 2416 Menokin Drive #12, Alexandria, VA 22302. Any letters or reminders of home would be greatly appreciated. And please keep us in touch with what's going on at St. John's and in your lives.

I can honestly say that I have not truly known what it is like to be a humble child of God until I became a part of this wonderful faith community called St. John's By-the-Sea.

The other evening, Melody and I invited our neighbors for dinner. And when we started talking about our spiritual paths in getting here, I explained that my experiences with St. John's shaped me to deeply understand what I've read, heard or always known about my faith. That this understanding can be said simply as loving our God with our whole being and loving others as we love and respect ourselves. I learned this from all of you.

You will all be my inspiration as I head off to seminary in the fall.

We miss you all and you will be in our hearts and prayers.

Aloha, Leo and Melody Loyola



Come join us for an evening of tasting the finest of wines from around the world. Sample our mouthwatering appetizers and signature dishes. Bid on our exciting silent auction items.

Mingle to the sound of live music, setting the mood as you look out towards beautiful Kaneohe Bay.

Saturday October 10, 2009

6:00-9:00 pm

St. John's By-the-Sea Episcopal Church

Ho'okano Hall

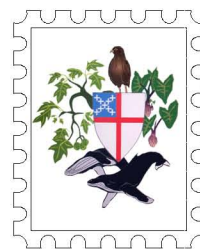
**\$30 per person gets you
through the door**

All proceeds for this event go towards St. John's By-the-Sea Episcopal Church and its ministry within the Kahalu'u Community and beyond.

Call for reservations or to make an auction donation call 261-9941.



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welcome to st. john's by-the-sea episcopal church

Sunday Service (Church Hall)
& Sunday School (Ho'okano Hall)
Starting at 9.30am

Wednesday Eucharist/Healing Service
Starting at 9.30am
(followed by Morning Adult Bible Study)

Evening Adult Bible Study,
Wednesdays at 5.30pm