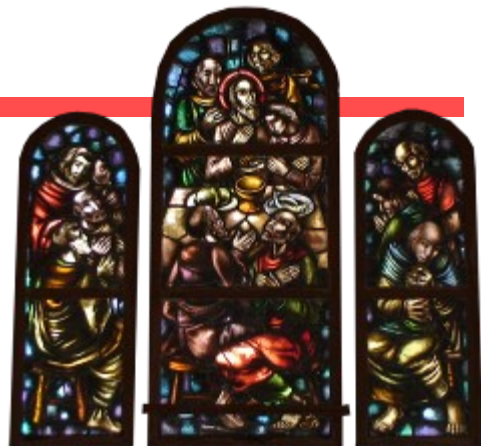




The Journey

St. Mary's Episcopal Church

An Online Monthly Pictorial News Record



July 2021

Let us this month

- * Get Your COVID Vaccine
- * Pray for peace in the South China Seas
- * Check and update emergency supplies in the house
- * Tell Fr. Charles if you have a musical talent
- * Jump at the chance to help another
- * Remember you **can** be a blessing to others- just do it



Soldier Chapel gets New Windows

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Windows propped against outside wall ready to be installed - see page 4



Photo by Graham White

Reflections

by Fr. Charles A. Browning II
Priest in Charge

OF SAINTS AND BULLS

As I write this, I am celebrating the tenth anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood. It's also the same morning that I learned of the death of Greg Noll, a legendary surfer, at the age of 84. These two things are connected for me.

Around the start of the summer of 1996, just before my eighth grade year, I discovered punk rock and skateboarding. Both of these helped to foster my own latent rebellious streak, bringing to my attention a whole world of hypocrisy that surrounded me: in my church, my (Christian) school, and in popular culture in general. I would spend the remaining four years fighting with school administrators and frustrated with just about everything. I was energetic and very self-assured. I also lacked tact at that age.

I realize now that my school, parochial to my childhood church, did not really know what to do with me. I wasn't traditionally athletic, nor proficient in the kinds of academics that are easily measurable (I repeated algebra about three times and my science grades weren't anything to

celebrate, but I was quite engaged in English, Bible, and History—I was also quite fond of art and drama—however I was not a big fan of doing homework). Additionally, I tended to ask the sorts of questions that keepers of a particular status quo would prefer I didn't ask.

The funny thing to me in all of this is that, though I was branded as a troublemaker, I was among the most faithful church-goers in my school. The “good kids” were quite adept at hiding the fact that they partied on the weekends. I, on the other hand, spent much of my extra-curricular time at church—and willingly so.

By the time I reached my eleventh-grade year, I was over it all. I was unbelievably frustrated, but also insufferably self-righteous. My entire existence was either an ongoing exercise in defending myself from criticism or calling out various authority figures for their own blindspots and double-standards that tended to, in my mind, excuse ungodly behavior from my peers so long as it was hidden and didn't affect the marketability of my school.

But in March of 2000, I stood up on a surfboard and everything changed.

My youth pastor, who had helped coach me in my early skateboarding, started pestering me and my friend Josh about going surfing with him sometime. Josh went first and told me “bro, you gotta go.” So, during my spring break of that year, I made a trek to New Smyrna Beach—almost two hours away from Orlando—and rented a beat-up longboard from Inlet Charley's. I clumsily paddled it out at Bethune Beach and paddled it into some whitewater, and stood up, riding until my fin scraped the sand.

The wave was small. Maybe knee high. The fact that such a small amount of water could carry me, that I could ride it, blew my mind. Suddenly, I realized exactly where I stood in the grand scheme of the universe.

My frustrations had come from a mindset where I saw myself as the starring player in some grand movie. I had been operating under the assumption that I was the center of God's attention and that the world needed to bend itself around me. Yes there were hypocrisies and small injustices. But I felt the sting of those things more deeply because I felt that they were all rooted in people not paying heed to God's will in MY life. I was mad that they all couldn't accept that they were secondary characters in my story.

In short, on that wave I was humbled. And put in my place. If God could create such a thing as an insignificant wave that had the ability to push me on a board, or tumble me on a sandbar, then what could He do when He REALLY wants to show off?

That wave was almost like God saying to me, "I'm the star player, not you. You can get your focus wrong and lash out at everything around you, or you can relax and ride along with the powerful thing I'm doing."

After I started surfing, I became a man obsessed. I began to learn the history and the various figures. I learned about the Duke and Eddie. I learned about the first crew of Californians in the post-war era who made trips to our islands and began attempting to surf parts of the North Shore that were largely unknown outside of Hawai'i—that, or to first surf a place like Waimea Bay, which only exists because it was dredged out to make Waikiki Beach.

One of the figures that caught my attention was a man nicknamed "Da Bull." Greg Noll surfed the biggest waves. He was arrogant and fearless. He always wore prison striped trunks, one of the first surfers to have a visual signature. But it was the story of a wave surfed in Makaha in 1969 that has always stuck with me.

People say that Noll would embellish the story a bit every time he retold it, like a fishing tale. He would inflate the size of the wave, add bits of

drama to the details. But the simple facts are this: it was a winter swell, the 4th of December. The waves were so big that beaches were closed. The swell had uprooted trees and washed out portions of the Kam Highway. Authorities were issuing citations to anyone attempting to paddle out. No one was. But Noll watched it and decided to go. The wave he caught was, for decades, considered the largest wave ever ridden.

The way Noll would tell it, he made it outside and waited for a set, sitting for over an hour. He then sees this gargantuan wave on the horizon, the water droplets on his board trembling at its approach. He turns and paddles. The wave is thirty-five feet. No, forty-five! No, fifty! Maybe a hundred! He makes the drop, is screaming down the face of the wave, attempting to turn into it. He rides for awhile, but ultimately wipes out, getting washed in.

Then—and this is the thing that makes this wave a thing of legend—once back on shore, Greg Noll quits surfing.

He walked away.

I can't remember if it was the documentary *Riding Giants* or if it was in *The Endless Summer Revisited* or some other documentary I saw, but I remember watching Greg "Da Bull" Noll, well into his sixties, say that he quit surfing because that wave completely humbled him.

He said that he was practically begging God to give him a wave he couldn't handle. And then He did. Noll walked away from surfing because he was scared that he would die trying to surf a wave that matched his own arrogance.

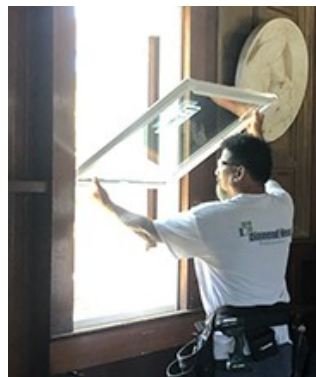
That story resonated with me, but in an opposite way. Like Greg Noll, a wave humbled me. But his was gigantic and made him leave surfing. Mine was tiny, but kept me coming back. Whenever I feel a bit too "big for my britches" as my grandmother might say, I like having the reminder that God's ocean can knock me back down to size.

Chapel's New Windows



These windows will go on the sides and back of the Chapel.

Window on the right is complete



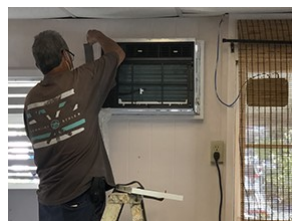
Now that the job is done, the chapel is so bright inside!

Looking forward to attending the possible Evensongs in the Fall.



Installers from "Diamond Head Windows" did a great job

New A/C IN ANNEX



"Halleluiah!" "Praise the Lord!" Residents of the annex are so grateful for the install - as the living room temperature was 85 to 90 degrees almost consistently.

smomjourney@yahoo.com

The Journey Team Together Since 2014



JOURNEY EDITOR:
Fr. David H. Blanchett

PROOFREADER:
Charlene Date
(not pictured)

WEB MASTER
Richert Au Hoy



Why Juneteenth by Fr. Charles A. Browning II

On Thursday, the United States added their first new federal holiday to the calendar since the establishment of Martin Luther King, Jr. Day in 1983. This new holiday, known popularly as “Juneteenth,” but also sometimes referred to as Black Independence Day, is set aside to mark the moment that slavery effectively ended in the United States.

If we remember back to our elementary school days, Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation 1862. This Proclamation effectively ended the institution of enslavement in the United States and helped usher an end to the Civil War. It went into effect on January 1, 1863. However, the Civil War was still an active conflict and would be for the next two years. During that time, people were still enslaved in the remaining Confederate States and it wouldn’t be until June 19, 1865 that the final slaves were freed. This occurred when General Gordon Granger of the Union Army arrived in Galveston, Texas to declare the end of the war and that all slaves were now permanently freed. Immediately, the final 250,000 enslaved people were now emancipated.

In Black communities throughout the United States, June 19th has been commemorated with observances and gatherings for some time. Colloquially it became known as “Juneteenth” and has been largely unknown outside of Black communities until fairly recently.

This new holiday is arriving at a crucial time in our society. Tensions around race seem to be higher than at any other time in recent history (probably not since the LA riots in 1992). Already we are seeing backlash to the establishment of Juneteenth as a federal holiday, with people either decrying it as “political correctness/wokeness run amok” or just simply saying that they don’t see the point. This is par for the course, as people reacted strongly to the establishment of MLK Day—however, they lacked the mass communication technologies of our current era.

It seems that federal holidays elicit strong responses. And so they should. Because a federal holiday is akin to our calendar of commemorations in the Episcopal Church (which, incidentally, there is discussion to add Juneteenth to our calendar at the next General Convention). These holidays mark important moments that define a particular society or community. The days we mark as significant say

adding Juneteenth to the federal calendar, in my opinion, helps underscore the wider American philosophy of liberty. As luminaries such as King, Howard Thurman, and W.E.B. DuBois strove to remind us, the cause of “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” is something that is ongoing, something that must apply to every person in our great country if it is going to apply at all. King, in his last speech, put it this way: “All we say to America is, ‘Be true to what you said on paper.’”^{*} Juneteenth is a celebration for all of us in the United States that we held true to what we said on paper. That all of humankind is created equal and all of humankind is meant to be free.

Louis Menand, in his monumental work *The Metaphysical Club*, notes that the Civil War served both as a validation of the “American experiment” (that, in the end, “union” prevails) as well as the catalyst for a dramatic change in how America thought of itself (rooted largely in the caveat that “people who live in democratic societies are not supposed to settle their differences by killing one another”). His book traces the impact that Oliver Wendell Holmes, William James, Charles Pierce, and John Dewey had on developing the culture that would replace the one lost by the Civil War. Menand notes in his preface that these men were all in accord that the survival of important ideas “depends not on their immutability but on their adaptability.”^{***} The American concept of liberty applying to all people is an idea that carried radical implications from its first utterance—largely because the people who first uttered it tended to believe that “all people” actually meant “all people who owned land” which, in their context, referred largely to males who had come from England and were *allowed* to own land. But the idea as written was never that specific and so it was always open to interpretation and reassessment.

Over the subsequent generations, these ideas have been reinterpreted and reassessed. And in each of these instances, the ideas have proven their resilience and the depths of their importance. America celebrates July 4 as the day where American liberty was “won.” June 19 is a celebration of the day American liberty was enriched. We are a better country because of the ending of slavery. And this is something that all who claim the identity of “American” ought to celebrate.

As Christians, days such as Juneteenth are opportunities for us to reflect on things like “liberty in Christ” and our task in furthering the journey toward godliness. Both the people who enslaved others and the people who led the

We Honor The Men on Father's Day



Fed Them Too!

Sang
To
Them!



This year **Kimery** Ushijima was in charge of Father's Day bentos. **Jackie** picked up a cake for the Father's Day brunch and another cake and leis for Bridget's "aloha oe". **Ruth** made the pickled cucumbers; **Isaiah and Roy** made the smoked beef; **Laurie** made the lamb and provided the bottled waters; **Kimery** made fried rice and links; **Tamae, Amy, Arlene and Sets** donated chicken, spam, and kamaboko; **Jackie** donated fruits. Thanks to **Brittney, Kris, Kyle and Tamae** for packing up the bentos. We can't forget **Charlene** who painstakingly made her layered jello and mochi. Many thanks to **Richert** for playing the piano and all the women singing. Many thanks if I inadvertently forgot you.

Kimery Ushijima



Continue from page 3 "Da Bull

In like manner, I think of the two saints' feast day on which I was ordained. Peter, successful fisherman and clear big talker of Jesus' entourage, after a night of waves and storms falls down on his knees and says that he's a sinful man unworthy to be in Jesus' presence. Paul, then Saul, a self-assured religious radical committed to doctrinal purity, winds up on his butt, blind and begging Jesus for forgiveness.

These past several years of spiritual discernment and ordained ministry have taught me a very

simple and profound truth, one shared by all who've encountered the power of God: it's better to ride the wave of what God is doing in His creation than to forget that He's in charge.

Whether you're a promising young pharisee, or a captain of industry, the most celebrated big wave surfer, or a punk kid with an axe to grind, the Lord wants a relationship with you. But sometimes, He knows that you need to know your place first.

Continue from page 5 "Juneteenth"

work of emancipation were operating under a belief that their causes were endorsed by Almighty God. This is a sobering thought for us. And such sobriety is consonant with many of our other holy days in the church. We rejoice at the birth of God among us at Christmas, while always the reminder that it was our sinfulness behind His coming gives a subtle sting. "What child is this?" we sing on that magical day, yes. But we also sing "Good Christian, fear: for sinners here the silent Word is pleading."***

In the end, Juneteenth is a celebration of the most significant cultural shift to take place in the United States after the War for Independence. It is also an opportunity for sober reflection on our mistakes and the chance to learn from them. It is both rejoicing and confession. Which makes it resonate with every other commemorated holy day.

NOTES

* King, Martin Luther, "I See the Promised Land," *I Have a Dream: Writings and Speeches that Changed the World*, James M. Washington, ed. Harper Collins: 1992. p. 197

** Menand, Louis. *The Metaphysical Club*, Farrar, Status, and Giroux, New York: 2001. pp ix-xii

*** Hymn 115 in *The Hymnal 1982*



Jackie Mok presents a lei to Bridget Kubley with love from St. Mary's. It was Bridget's last Sunday as she is moving permanently to the mainland.

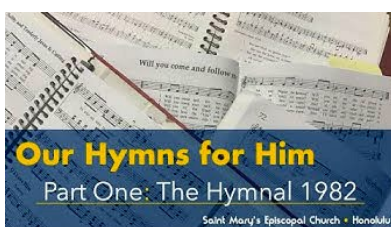


Saying Goodbye to Bridget



Pablo Cortez III is with Lydia Hathaway (left) and Bridget Kubley

Our Hymns for Him



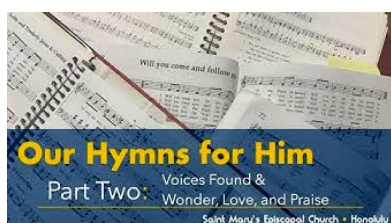
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xFo60NeZqu0>



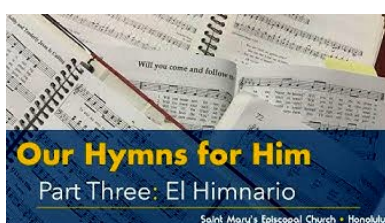
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oNykQWTqxDM>

Christian Formation Classes

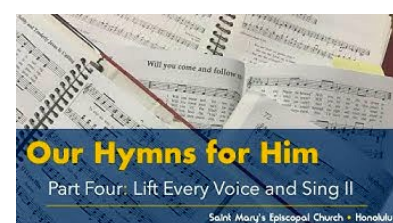
June sessions can now be watched on YouTube -
click on the "Our Hymns" image to watch



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j44QzmVhNlc>



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w1l0s9SPv8>



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dnoJRoFByk>

Road Map



An Online Monthly Pictorial News Record

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The Journey
BACK ISSUES
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Vestry Meeting

10:15am
July 18



Sunday Worship Service 9:00am

In-Person and Live Streamed
on YouTube & FaceBook

Fr. Charles
Camp Mokuleia Chaplain
11th-16th July

Sandwich Ministry
Sundays 3:30pm

In Memoriam

5-Shizuko Sasabuchi
8-Clarence Tom
16-Yoshi Sasabuchi
22-Pablo Secretaria Jr.



21-Bill & Jackie Mok

July Birthdays

2-Cora Browning
10-Christopher Mok
23-Cainna Browning
28-Donald Hardaway
28-Laurie Lee

Prayer Ministry

8:15am
Sundays in
Soldier Chapel

Christian Formation Classes

July 21 & 28

Wednesdays: 6pm
Live Stream on YouTube

Saint Mary's Honolulu