FOREWORD

In compiling a history of St. Luke's, it was the feeling of the committee that a collection of memories of various parishioners from different age groups might be more appealing than just a collection of dates and events.

Included, also, are contributions from some of our former Rectors and communicants, as well as some specific data researched from past Vestry meetings, histories, and memos. Old photos depicting people and events help form a greater link between the past and present.

With many thanks to all who helped in any way, we hope you approve our method of delivery, and that you enjoy the finished product.

The History Booklet Committee

Catherine Bastian
Walter Boston
Orlo Derby
George Exley-Stiegler
Alice Garlock
Emily Knapp, Chairman
Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ:

The celebration of an anniversary is always an important occasion in life, be it in our personal lives or in our corporate life as the Body of Christ. It is a time when we look back to remember and relive the story that has brought us to this day. We look back with a sense of thanksgiving for the many baptized persons who have given so much to create the community known as St. Luke's. It is also a time when we look to the future. God is calling us to mission, to proclaim the Good News of the Gospel in this part of the world now and in the future. St. Luke's has been given a rich heritage and also a challenging future.

I join with the members of St. Luke's in celebrating this important milestone in the life of this wonderful community.

Faithfully,

William G. Burrill
In celebrating our Sesquicentennial, we have taken time out from our busy schedules to honor our past and to refresh our memories of our rich heritage, that of the Spirit of God working in and through the community of St. Luke's. The stories and pictures that follow are just a few examples of this heritage. I hope that you will have as much fun reading about our past as I did.

Our past both comforts and challenges us at the same time. There is comfort in knowing that each generation has struggled as we do to live out the word of God; that the people of St. Luke's have been a living witness to God's presence; and that the people of St. Luke's, time and time again, offered their gifts and resources to people in need. But we are also challenged by our past to do at least this much.

Our past is meaningless if it does not help shape our future. Our past is not a chain that secures us as if we were a museum piece, but rather a multi-layered springboard that is the base by which we leap to new heights. How do we define and carry out the Mission of the Church? The people in the following pages answered this question for their generation. They call out from the pages of this book, challenging us to do the same.

In the Love of Christ,
Fr. David K. Robinson
Rector, St. Luke's

O most holy God, we give you great praise and thanksgiving for the Saints of our past that witness to your glory. Strengthen our faith so that we may create with you a living witness to your presence. Make us, O Merciful Savior, a reconciling and healing force in the world proclaiming the Good News of Christ. And empower us through the working of the Holy Spirit to actively support and advocate all gifts of your Creation through the working of the Body of Christ at St. Luke's. AMEN
HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS

1825-29 Probable dates during which the first "teas" were held by Episcopal women, possibly in the home of Mrs. Heil (Phoebe M.) Brockway.

1838 St. Luke's was organized as an independent parish of the Diocese of Western New York of which this area was originally a part.

1854-55 Date of the building of the original church of Medina sandstone at a cost of some $6,000.

1866-68 Rectory lot and house on Main Street were purchased, and subsequently a portion of land and a barn thereon were sold in order to remodel the rectory.

1873-74 Organ was moved from the rear gallery to the left front of the church, and a new bell was purchased and installed in the tower and rung on Easter Day 1874.

1882-84 The present chancel, choir and sanctuary, were added to the original church, and numerous furnishings given including the present altar.

1902-05 Cary Memorial Parish House was built through gifts of monies in memory of Martha A. Greenough Shannon, among others, and was constructed of Medina sandstone on land purchased with a gift of $3,000 from Mrs. Jane E. Cary.

1926 Chancel was reordered by constructing new choir stalls, changing the pulpit to the Epistle side and placing the Baptismal Font below the organ loft.

1928 Rectory was remodelled and a new roof put on making it as it appears today. A new heating plant to serve the church, parish house and rectory was installed.

1937 St. Luke's became a part of the new Diocese of Rochester.

1947 Church of the Incarnation, Spencerport, was closed and its members became part of St. Luke's Parish.

1956 Old gymnasium of the Parish House was converted into new classrooms in order to enlarge and improve Sunday School facilities.

1961 New electronic organ purchased.

1964 Part-time College Chaplain and Religious Education Assistant developed a Coffee House Ministry to college students.

1966 Re-establishment of the church in Spencerport ... as St. Mary's Mission.

1970  New prayer book used on a trial basis by Father Durland. Leonard Taffs appointed choir director. Letter of appreciation to Grace Schlageter for her work with the junior and senior choirs.


1974  Budget $29,200. Grant of $2,650 from Diocese for operation of Crypt. Voted thanks to A. W. Bruce on his retirement as Warden.


1980  Capital Funds Drive with Joe Matela as Chairman.

1983  Church school rooms in basement repaired and renovated.

1985  Exterior of church renovated and stone repointed. A pictorial directory was compiled.

1986  The Rev. Robert Page, Priest-in-Charge, after resignation of Father Soller, from 1/1/86 to 9/15/86.

1987  Rectory leased to a commercial interest and a housing allowance made available to the Rector in lieu of Rectory.
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<th>PRIESTS AND BISHOPS OF ST. LUKE'S</th>
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<td>Willis H. Barris 1854-56</td>
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<td>A. Cleveland Coxe 1866-99</td>
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<td>B. Forest Bond 1942-45</td>
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<td>Burtis M. Dougherty 1945-53</td>
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<td>David A. Crump 1953-56</td>
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<td>George E. Stiegler 1956-64</td>
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<td>H. John VanDuyne 1963-65</td>
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<td>Philip E. Wheaton 1964-68</td>
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<td>Denton D. Durland 1968-73</td>
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<td>John E. Soller 1973-85</td>
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<td>David K. Robinson 1986-</td>
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DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER (from 1937)

| Bartel H. Reinheimer 1932-47 |
| Dudley S. Stark 1947-63 |
| George W. Barrett 1963-69 |
| Robert R. Spears, Jr. 1970-84 |
| William G. Burrill 1984- |
ROSSWELL SMITH (1787-1868)

When St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church was organized September 20, 1838, Roswell Smith was chosen to be one of the first two Wardens. At that time church services were held in the First Baptist Church, but when plans were formulated for the new edifice to be erected at the corner of State and Main Streets, Mr. Smith was among the first to be in favor of the plan, and gave generously toward its construction.

A very early settler in this area Roswell Smith owned about ten acres of land on the east side of the village. He was drawn to that section because of the many springs that were found there.

In the very early days, Mr. Smith owned and operated a large grist mill that depended upon water for power to turn the mill wheel. Located on the south side of State Street, just west of where Gordon Street is today (at that time there was no Gordon Street), it was a large structure, and occupied quite a bit of land.

Farmers came from miles around to have their grain ground into flour and meal. At the harvest time many teams of horses drawing wagons filled with grain lined the street as they waited their turn for the milling to be done.

Mr. Smith and his family occupied a house that was south of the mill. In time the house was moved a short distance, and the street we know as Spring Street was opened and developed.
A pump in front of the Smith house held a tin cup, from which passers-by helped themselves to a drink when they were thirsty. It was said to be the coolest, clearest water around, and several of the neighbors drew their daily water supply from its pump.

Owned and occupied by Roswell Smith and his descendants until 1971 when it was sold, the former home of one of our first Wardens still stands on the south side of Spring Street.
The history of a church isn't just a record of stones and mortar, wrought iron, beams and arches. It's men, women, and children—oldsters and babies, all coming together with one purpose—a need to worship God in the way that they have chosen.

It was because of such a need, that on September 20, 1838, a group of men gathered together in order to approve the articles of incorporation of St. Luke's Parish.

Though it was several years, 1855 in fact, before our present church building was completed, a band of the faithful continued to gather in various halls and other churches in the village, in a more or less regular basis.

Churches mean people working together for the things they need to carry on God's work. Each generation has its dreams and goals. Some are fulfilled, and others are not.

1838-1988—One hundred fifty years. The Parish of St. Luke's has gathered within its folds, the rich, the poor, the scholarly, the laborer, and more. All gather, with their own individual dreams and worries, and depart with their hearts lighter, ready to carry on the tasks set before them.

One hundred fifty years! May we in this generation leave worthwhile, lasting evidences of our hopes and dreams to future generations!

"At the St. Luke's Festival held April 7 & 8, 1891, a souvenir booklet of 36 pages was gotten out by the Church Guild with a story by the famous authoress, Mary Jane Holmes, and other original articles from the pens of Messrs. John J. Kingsbury, James W. Adams, George H. Allen and Mary C. Allen. Over one hundred and fifty dollars was netted from this booklet."
In the late 1940's St. Luke's set up a 60-day note with our friendly Lincoln-Rochester branch in town for $1000-$1200, to be borrowed in crisp, new $10 bills. The purpose of this short term borrowing was to base a parish effort on the parable of the talents during the six weeks of Lent.

Each person, adult or older youngster, would be given a ten dollar bill as they left church one Sunday morning. There would be no strings attached, no record kept of who got a $10 bill. All one was asked to do with the "talent" was to put it to work in some fashion and return it and any money earned with it on Easter Sunday. Once again no record would be kept of what an individual turned in, or if the person turned in anything!

Individuals of all ages did many things by way of using, investing, the talent given. The stories of what people did were a joy to hear.

My favorite, and one of the most fruitful ventures, was the one by an older lady in the parish, affectionately known by most of us as "Grandma Shafer." Mrs. Shafer was a small, wiry woman who was an avid walker. She would walk almost everywhere, almost any distance at any time, often regardless of heat, wind, rain or snow! Her talent project was the making and selling of dishcloths—she used her $10 to buy supplies. Then she would crochet the dishcloths and then go from door to door selling them, as she would say "for her church."

Early one February evening while a heavy snowfall—of that sometimes light and fluffy variety—was still coming down on top of the few frozen inches already on the ground, Mrs. Shafer was out walking around the neighborhood selling her dishcloths. When one neighbor opened the door and saw her, she wanted to know what Mrs. Shafer was doing out on a night like this. To which Grandma Shafer replied: "I was sure people would be staying home tonight, so I put my ice-grippers on over my overshoes and came out. After all, who is going to turn down an old lady who comes to their door selling dishcloths for the church on a night like this!"
Christmas Eve services at St. Luke's have a whole treasury of memories around them for me. This small one was the Christmas Eve when shortly after the service began a weather-related power outage put all the electric power in the church out of commission. All we had to see by were the candles on the altar, and those on the brackets attached to the ends of the pews along the center aisle. But we got along. Just as the end of the sermon neared and I was repeating the words from St. Luke's Gospel "And the Glory of the Lord shone round about them," you guessed it—the power came on and the lights blazed . . . just as if it had been planned that way all along.

I had only been ordained a couple of years when I became Rector of St. Luke's. So it was obvious that any help, guidance, or constructive criticism members of the congregation might offer would probably be helpful. Probably in all the forty-four years of my active, ordained ministry no helpful hint, no constructive criticism, was ever more kindly offered than these words from Mrs. Gifford Morgan, a long-time and loyal member of St. Luke's:

"Mr. Dougherty," she said one day, "I do not know whether you are aware of the habit you have of dropping your voice at the end of the sentences during your sermons. It bothers me, because I, for one, want to hear everything you have to say!" Who could fail to respond to such criticism so kindly, so flatteringly, given!"
What was St. Luke's parish life like during the late 50's and early 60's as remembered by the rector of that time?

One Sunday in the autumn of 1956, Paul Beaumont, Lee Derby, and Burt Donovan appeared unannounced in the congregation of Trinity Church, Camden, N.Y., in search of a propsective candidate for rector of St. Luke's Church, Brockport. A few weeks later, I received an invitation to come to Brockport, Edna and I met with the Vestry and Parish Council of St. Luke's for the purpose of interviewing each other. The following day we also talked with several residents of Brockport, and, of course, with the Bishop of the Diocese.

Two memories of our Vestry and Parish Council discussions stand out. First, "Why do you have a Parish Council? The church canons have no provision for such a body," I asked. At that time (1956) the Episcopal Church permitted "men only" to serve as vestry. In response to such restriction, St. Luke's had organized the Parish Council to share vestry responsibilities so that women as well as men might participate in the decision-making of parish life. Although present day need for Parish Council has changed, 25 to 30 years ago, the Parish Council and Vestry met as one decision making body with both sexes of the human family responsible for our good as well as not-so-good decisions.

Secondly, during the interview in 1956, it seemed that all Vestry and Parish Council members participated knowledgeably, describing the varieties of church life, worship and financial conditions of the parish. Both Edna and I were happy to be a part of that kind of shared caring community of Christians. Further, some members served on Diocesan Committees--a way of saying: "We're not some isolated congregation on the edge of the church."

Brockport, as a community, appealed to us as a happy, healthy place where our family could set down roots. Our first impressions of St. Luke's and Brockport in general proved to be correct.

The Saturday before the Stiegler family moved to Brockport, A. W. Bruce came into the church to prepare for Sunday's worship. On the wooden chapel altar he found a box filled with rumpled paper and several lighted candles.
Had he arrived thirty minutes later, no doubt the church would have been in flames.

In the 50's and 60's many congregations, including St. Luke's, were responding to changes in worship life. The national liturgical church movement beginning in the second quarter of the 20th century encouraged us to change from a reserved, formal, priest and choir directed worship to a eucharistic (thanksgiving) centered worship in which the Christian community gathered around the Table of our Lord bringing our family life and situations of the world into our worship and receiving the spiritual love and caring for the coming days and months ahead. Through this change in emphasis, we saw our churches as communities of Christian believers. Within that shift, St. Luke's gradually revised its emphasis both in the kind of prayers offered and the persons who led them.

Lay readers (unfortunately at that time only men) shared with the Rector in leading worship, meeting regularly as a group, not only to dole out various parts of the worship service; but also to deepen our own understanding and faith through worship. Lay readers regularly assumed pastoral roles while the Rector was on vacation, study leave, or ill.

In 1957 two dedicated church women lovingly prepared the altar and sanctuary for Sunday worship. One in her senior years of life, and the other a vibrant and happy young woman. These two persons graciously invited all the women of St. Luke's, including teenagers, to join in the formation of the altar guild. Many participated, and again it was an opportunity to do more than just ecclesiastical housekeeping, but to share together and understand more about the Christian faith as expressed in our worship life.

Officers and leaders of church groups began their newly elected or appointed responsibilities with prayers of dedication and commitment as part of the regular Sunday worship experiencing the support and encouragement of God and the St. Luke's community as well.

A caring worshpping community expressed itself in other ways as well. Many baptisms and weddings became parish community affairs in addition to family events. More and more funerals of church people took place in church rather than at the funeral home; and a network of church people found ways to comfort and support families in times of bereavement.

The repair and redecoration of the church building became subjects of lengthy discussion, planning and activity of many people in the congregation.
Old worn out kneeling hassocks became a nuisance. During the Rector’s sermons, a vestry member, an industrial arts teacher, designed on the back of an offering envelope, a kneeling bench and a jig to mass produce them in the parish house. At least twenty men and women produced the present day kneelers in a matter of a few days.

After an extensive discussion the altar and sanctuary were redesigned and painted. Drafty stained glass windows needed repairs and protection glass. No one remembered the actual composition of the black church floor, probably some kind of cork. Pews were shifted around and crews of church people carefully handled the bulky sanding machines to refinish it. Church school rooms and parish hall were completed by volunteer, "homestyle" carpenters, parishioners, including the Rector who on one occasion hammered the wrong "nail" and was consoled by a church member "Don’t feel badly, George, I can’t preach." A new church organ, heating system and boiler were installed which called for extra energies for funds and stewardship. After the building had been reordered and painted, the then Bishop of Haití entered the church with the Rector. In mid-sentence, the Bishop stopped, paused and said, "Oh, how beautiful."

As a church community we felt a sense of physical accomplishment. We tried to share the planning as well as the execution. In spite of good intentions, very sadly we made mistakes and hurt some people by not consulting them when we should have. Through the love and credit of some of those persons, we were able to talk through our blunders and remain a caring Christian community.

One of our church custodians stands out in memory. He was a young man with physical handicaps and the County Department of Social Service had declared him "unemployable" and thus ineligible for "public relief." He came to the church when we needed someone saying: "I clean the house where my mother and I live--I know I can do your cleaning work here." From then until he reached retirement he has been a "gainfully employed person" in jobs at the Post Office and the college. A new life began for him when he started work at St. Luke’s.

Learning and growing in the Christian faith took many forms. A new church school teaching plan had been inaugurated—the Seabury Series which brought mixed reviews from church people. Although doctrinal content was clearly included, the stress lay with helping children feel and recognize a Christian religious experience at their own age level and understanding. Teacher training became a totally different experience from past attempts. St. Luke’s
participated and joined the ebb and flow of personal opinion: "Not like when I was a child. Times and needs are different now." And thus went the debate.

A most interesting adult bible study group carried on for some five years. Members of the group took turns leading discussions and teaching. The Rector's role? Consultation with the leader; suggest and offer background material to him or her also. A religious lending library was kept in the back of the church and received regular use from a few church people.

One of the important characteristics of St. Luke's has always been contributions to parish life made by faculty and a few students attending S.U.N.Y. College at Brockport. We never had large numbers of students. But St. Luke's informal presence at the college was there in the 50's and 60's. In 1962 St. Luke's called an Assistant Minister, the Rev. John Van Duyne, whose ministry was divided equally between parish ministry and unofficial chaplaincy at the college. The Diocese paid half of the cost and St. Luke's paid half. The most memorable event of a college nature took place on an unplanned occasion, the day President John F. Kennedy was killed. During the evening college students feeling the impact of this national tragedy began drifting into St. Luke's church. We left the church lights on all night. Many, many young students stayed there until the early hours of the morning.

There are memories of many activities and relationships shared by St. Luke's church—people in the community and beyond. Church of the Epiphany, then located in Rochester, was seeking approval to move to the suburbs, the Gates-Chili area. As a prospective neighboring Episcopal Church, St. Luke's by canon law, needed to either approve or disapprove such a move. One Vestry person, knowledgeable about the Rochester area where Epiphany Church was located asked: "Why such a move? A big supermarket is being built in that neighborhood." Then the other factors were discussed. "It is an all black neighborhood." Epiphany Church was (at that time) an all white congregation. Much discussion at St. Luke's Vestry—Parish Council ensued. They did not want to approve a move that had racial implications. The Rector and Wardens were delegated to talk with the Bishop. In pragmatic terms, we had little choice. The presence of an all white congregation entering an all black neighborhood for Sunday prayers was an affront to that community. It proved how ineffective our church canons can be. By the time one can be of some constructive help, the damage is already done. When the new Rector of Epiphany was installed,
Bishop Barrett preached quite clearly about this situation asking that appropriate change in racial attitude take place.

One January winter a bad ice storm took place causing severe damage to electric power and telephone lines as well as to trees. For over a week Brockport, Clarkson, and much of Hamlin were without electric power. Most seriously affected were the rural areas dependent upon electricity for well pumps, heat and light. Many were forced out of their homes. In response to this emergency, St. Luke's Parish House was converted into an emergency shelter, the Red Cross providing a generator for power, heat and light, and large numbers of blankets, cots, etc. Each family was given a Sunday school room. There were common meals in the parish hall. Some parish members helped with varieties of needs. Most fascinating of all, an instant community developed in that building with skills of many shaping the roles and responsibilities. Among the stranded people living in the Parish House were: A chef from the airport restaurant (he planned meals), a nurse (she supervised health and sanitation problems in our crowded conditions), a primary school teacher (skilled at handling children's problems), and countless "adopted grandparents, aunts and uncles" who liked to entertain with children's stories.

St. Luke's actively participated in the ecumenical migrant ministry program in the Brockport, Hamlin, and Sweden area. Conditions and methods of harvesting were vastly different in the 50's and 60's. Church people and clergy were in close touch with county agencies relating to migrants. We spent many hours at the migrant camps and took migrants to medical and hospital facilities at times of injuries or sickness. Most delightful of all was the summer-long migrant children's nursery school the churches sponsored. Many people from St. Luke's volunteered going to the camps, loading little ones in their cars and teaching and entertaining these children all daylong while their parents worked in the fields.

So many wonderful memories—but each church person needs to remember that the knowledge of the past is only good as foundation for present growth. A Christian community is a living, loving, caring, changing social group. When we live in the past, we become ossified in our own edifice complex. May I sum up with a famous statement made in the 1960's by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsey: "The church that lives to itself will die by itself." Praise God for the caring community of St. Luke's!
REFLECTIONS ON MY YEARS AT ST. LUKE'S

Philip E. Wheaton

An overseas experience like our twelve years in the Dominican Republic makes one keenly aware of how much culture and sociology affect our Christian faith. Our experience at St. Luke's, Brockport, reinforced this awareness through what is called "reverse culture shock"; our re-entry into the United States. The Wheatons' four years at St. Luke's represented a quiet clash between these different cultural experiences and perceptions beyond our personalities and faith perspectives. Those earlier experiences ultimately led me to decide to return to "my first love" among the Latin American and Caribbean peoples where I started my ministry and with whom I've been working closely over these past twenty years as director of the Ecumenical Program for Interamerican Communication & Action in Washington, D.C. I open with this cultural reflection as a kind of confession since it affected our ministry in Brockport more than we were able to verbalize or even realized ourselves at the time.

We had gone through a similar cultural shock when we first arrived in the Dominican Republic in 1952, especially since that also meant getting used to a Latin culture in the context of a fascist dictatorship, as well as in terms of our work among poor Dominicans and British West Indians. All of those cultural impacts implied some radical adjustments for us as white, middle class Episcopalians from Minnesota. Yet, over the years, in Santo Domingo--where our four children were born--we gradually fell in love with the Dominican people and took on many of their cultural attributes. That explains our emphasis on things Latin when we came to Brockport, such as our parish Caribbean meal in the fall of 1964 and our trip to Santo Domingo in August 1965 with some of St. Luke's young people with Shirl and Warren Harding, while the fighting was still going on there. Those efforts represented attempts to maintain links with our past.

Once such cultural shock was duly noted, however, it is equally important to emphasize that notwithstanding our difficulty in adjusting to certain
prejudices and idiosyncracies we found in upstate New York, the best part about St. Luke's were you wonderful people who welcomed us into your lives notwithstanding our own "feet of clay." Compared to all the parish activities, services and programs, the best part of my ministry at St. Luke's was visiting your homes and getting to know you personally. These are the experiences that stick with me most vividly over the years and which I miss the most about Brockport. For that, I want to thank you, since we certainly felt at times like "strangers in your midst"... who were graciously taken into your lives.

This same personalismo is what I remember most about my work with the lay readers, altar guild, vestry and parish committee meetings... do you remember what a crazy penchant I had for those parish committees? That shared ministry with A. W. Bruce, John Burr, Fletcher Garlock, Warren Harding and all the other lay readers really made those first months at Brockport meaningful. Indeed, as I recall the efforts with the Jr. and Sr. choirs especially the inspiration of the Schlageters, Phyllis' work with the Church School teachers, our youth meetings in family homes, our ecumenical pastors' breakfasts and our annual Christmas decorating of the church... it is the faces that keep coming back and all the hours of volunteering and commitment those efforts represented. So most of all, I want to thank you all for that sharing, indeed, that's what the Body of Christ is all about--the people of God--in spite of our foibles and foolishness. You are St. Luke's main gift to me; a rich and multifaceted one to be sure!

There were five issues or events which stand out for me at Brockport, so I will use them as a way of telling my small part in this history of St. Luke's parish. The first of these was the Crypt Coffee House ministry under the nave of the church for college students from Brockport and sometimes for our own high school students. That ministry was created, as many of you know, by John VanDuyne, who challenged us all both with his preaching and his work among the students on campus. It was a great shock to learn that John died suddenly in 1986(?), which I learned about from Fletcher and Alice Garlock when visiting them. Ironically, I have been working with people at the parish where he last served, All Saints, in Pasadena, California. We have developed a program called North/South Dialogue and that parish publishes our little theological tract by the same name. In any case, it was John's ministry at the Crypt that pulled me into aspects of campus life at Brockport State where Al Brown was president at the time, as well as being a member of St. Luke's. I remember
that ministry especially in terms of all those nights when the faithful from
the church gave freely of their time serving up café au lait to the students
in the Crypt as they listened to the latest guitar songs.

The second issue that stands out for me—and for which some of you may
still have not forgiven me!—was my attempt at liturgical "reform" at St.
Luke's reflecting the new liturgical developments coming out of the Second
Vatican Council in the early 1960's. Do you remember my "freed-standing altar"
and our even more radical plan to reconstruct the sanctuary? Apart from the
"furniture moving" aspect of that intent, its real purpose was to emphasize
the church as a family, a "priesthood of all believers," with the priest
facing the people. While those specific innovations were not so important, I
am convinced that the theological intent behind them is, as has been proven by
the impact of liturgical reform on the Catholic church in Latin America; its
return to indigenous language, bible study, communidades de base and liberation
theology. In their wake, they not only produced a renewal of the Church but
the martyrdom of hundreds of catechists and Delegates of the Word (lay readers,
if you will) highlighted by the assassination of Oscar Romero in El Salvador
in 1980. They were prophets of their people; seeds of the new Church and as
the Bible reminds us, "there is no redemption save through the shedding of
blood." Anyway, that's why the liturgical reform meant so much to me at the
time and some of the theological rationale behind my somewhat theatrical
liturgics.

The third event which I recall—though it didn't affect St. Luke's as much
as it did the larger Brockport community—was the issue of migrant laborers,
the Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and southern blacks who worked in the harvest of
upstate New York's crops. The Rev. Bruce Bowen of the Presbyterian Church took
the lead in that ministry in which I participated to a lesser degree and which
challenged the miserable living conditions, health conditions and lack of
education for those migrant workers and their children. Some of you may recall
the CBS documentary "Harvest of Shame" which we showed at the church back then
and New York State was part of that shame in terms of low pay given to those
working in the orchards and cabbage fields in the area. That unjust use of
cheap labor represented a flash-back for me to the slave labor of Haitian cane
cutters in the Dominican Republic for a pittance in order that we Americans
could have nice, white sugar on our tables at low cost. As an aside, you might
be interested in knowing that when Bruce Bowen moved to the Silver Spring area
here, he invited me to preach at his installation service, which I did.
The most disruptive and yet, I believe, the most humanizing experience during my time with you was that of the Kodak-F.I.C.H.T. struggle in Rochester for which the Council of Churches put up the money to hire Saul Alinsky of Chicago to do that organizing. It's an important part of St. Luke's history since George Stiegler played a key role in Alinsky's work which really shook up Kodak's management, but which--at the same time--brought them into the modern world of race relations in this country. At St. Luke's I tried to deal with this issue at the pastoral level by "talking it through" with a number of members who were very upset about the church's involvement. I still feel that was an example of one of the few times when the Church in that area had become involved (up to then) in a truly prophetic ministry.

The fifth issue which impacted me while at Brockport, though it was only the beginning then, was the Vietnam War, which Father John Van Duyne and I were involved in with students at Brockport mainly through gatherings at the Methodist chapel on campus. That tragic event triggered deep emotions in me because of its parallel to the U.S. invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965 in which some 3,000 Dominicans were killed, some of them friends of mine. After I moved to Washington, D.C., I was arrested some eight times in small sit-down protests over the war which really tested my faith since that came at the same time as my separation from Phyllis and the children, which--as you can imagine--really tore me apart. While these last few years have begun to heal some of those wounds for our nation, they also represent a time when some of the same kind of policies have been repeated, making it clear to me that many people in this country still don't understand the difference between democracy and empire, mainly I think, because these two realities lay deeply mixed and confused in our collective psyche. By the way, I'm writing a book about this issue which I hope will be published this year, entitled Empire & the Word.

While each of these events or issues has its negative aspects, for me they represented just the opposite; creative challenges, reflecting the "signs of our times" and a testing of our faith. I regret that over the years I haven't had more contact with some of you when we might have discussed these matters and shared these concerns, but such is the life of former pastors and the result of physical separation. So this is by way of playing "catch-up" history." Nonetheless, I have stayed in touch with some of you: with John and Flo Burr occasionally; performing a wedding for the Schlageters a few years back; and, this last August officiating at the wedding of Donna Denham and Mark Anthony
Lacatena at the home of Kay and Don Denham up on the 4th Section Road. Over that same weekend, I had a meal with George Stiegler and Anne Exley who provided me the service book from St. Luke's so that marriage could be duly recorded. The night before the wedding, we went to dinner in Brockport and met Bob and Charlotte Northrup and Barbara and had a few nice moments catching up on the past. These brief contacts have meant a lot to me.

So we move on in this life but the roots stay with us, which reminds me of how some of the small seeds we planted have borne fruit in terms of the Dominicans who moved to the Brockport-Rochester area. Some of you may recall our adopted daughter Vickie Pappaterra who is now back in the Dominican Republic with her three children. Mara Manon who stayed with St. Luke's families and was a well-known student at Brockport. And Relton Roland, a Dominican lay leader from our San Andres parish in Santo Domingo now lives in Rochester and is a leader in the Hispanic community there. His mother Irose recently died and just a couple of weeks ago I was in Santo Domingo with some students from Union Theological Seminary in New York and our van went by the Roland's old, very poor home . . . and I thought about those days 30 years ago when I peddled my bike up to their home in the hot Caribbean sun and of how those "original steps" brought into being developments that now live on long after "our time."

To bring you up to date on my family, I'm finally a grandfather through our daughter, Ann, who gave birth to a baby last October. Liza is studying medicine at George Washington University in D.C.; Michael is also in D.C. where he heads up a musical group called Istquerye, after the Mayan goddess of the arts. Sandra is studying for her M.A. in community planning at the University of Texas in Austin, while Ann is studying for an M.A. in architecture at the University of Virginia. She is married to Jonathan Currier who is a candidate for the Episcopal priesthood . . . if you can believe it! Phyllis now lives in Palo Alto, California, where she teaches art. I remarried in 1975, a good woman from Dallas named Sue Knickerbocker who is an elder in the Presbyterian Church here in Takoma Park. We have two children, Rebecca (11) and David (8) so I'm still playing the role of father for which I have a tremendous amount of wisdom though not always enough patience! Please, if you are in the D.C. area, give us a call.

Philip E. Wheaton
7211 Spruce Avenue
Takoma Park, MD 20912
(h) (301) 270-9038
(w) (202) 332-0292
MY YEARS AT ST. LUKE'S
by Denton D. Durland

Dear Parishioners and Friends:

I am sure that I am joining a long list of those who wish you well at the time of your One Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary. You have not just survived these many years; you have stood at the crossroads of Brockport life for many generations.

As I recall my years as your Rector (1968-1973) it was often difficult to see the woods for the trees. Through the 1960's into the 70's in a college town the Church could hardly ignore the national issues of those days—the Civil Rights and the Peace Movements. That was not always a comfortable role for the Church to be in. The debate was always lively to what extent or even if the Church should involve itself with the issues of the national agenda. Some of you may recall a back pew parishioner who confronted Deacon John Burr in the midst of a sermon to attend to the gospel and stop talking about Viet Nam. The Vestry vigorously debated the college ministry in the Crypt Coffee House at many of their meetings.

In our corporate worship the "green book" and the "zebra book" were sources of constant stress. A performance of Jesus Christ, Superstar, and a Good Friday Liturgical dance in the Church proper, both with large town and gown congregations, had tongues wagging for weeks.

I came to you married and left a single parent. With the dubious distinction of being the first Rector in the Diocese of Rochester not to resign his post when his marriage failed, yet another stress was placed on you. Your instinct was to be compassionate, while you had to learn to live with something else new and different.

What I see is remarkable today about those five short years in the larger and longer life of St. Luke's is that while you were confronted within and without by change you were able to disagree agreeably. The Church, the community and the world are radically different from 1838 and even 1938. St. Luke's Parish shares with the Anglican Communion the gift of unity with diversity. I know you give thanks for an illustrious and sometimes courageous past. My hope and prayer is that this anniversary will set your course for a future full of hope and courage.
Reminiscences of St. Luke's
by John E. Soller

Some years back during my tenure as Rector of St. Luke's, I was asked to preach at a reunion of part of my family in North Carolina. This reunion is held annually at a Southern Baptist Church in North Carolina. It is a religious service with a picnic following. Taking as my text a passage from the book of Revelation, I spoke of what joy it was to be able to celebrate family history as Christians. We could leave the judging of our forebears to a compassionate and loving Jesus and not take it upon ourselves to worry about the various skeletons rattling in the closet: the horsethieves, moonshiners, bootleggers, etc. My genuine joy in celebrating all of our forebears received a chilly response from those amongst the congregation who were the most self-consciously born again. Only the sinners amongst the family group seemed to be able to appreciate this particular kind of joy.

This is only mentioned by way of introduction to the fact that the history of a parish is very much like the history of a family. There are a few recognizable saints, rather more obvious scoundrels (in parish history the scoundrels are less likely to be horsethieves than sanctimonious hypocrites) and a vast majority of simply "garden variety" sinners. Most of the priests and rectors of a parish, I hasten to add, will fall in the same category as the vast majority of people. Celebration of life together is certainly the keynote of the Christian life in any parish. Celebration, it is noted, is not really necessary for those few obvious saints; their hearts are filled with joy all the time that celebration comes so naturally to them that it is not a necessity. Celebration is impossible for the naysayers and the scoundrels since joy is foreign to them. To the vast majority of us, garden variety sinners, celebration is essential in order to remember and focus on redemption rather than to wallow in our human fallibility.

In the mid-seventies St. Luke's moved, as did the whole church, towards more eucharistic centrality in worship and the early reception of Holy
Communion by young people based upon a better understood theology of the baptism. To facilitate this at St. Luke's we changed the traditional pattern from that of children coming to church and leaving before the sermon to their going to classes first and returning to join their parents during a hymn at the time of the offertory for the eucharistic celebration. No change in the church ever occurs without controversy and this was no exception. People objected to trying to hold a book while passing the plate, persons wondered about how the scuffling of children's feet and that children's voices, God forbid, would detract from the solemnity of the prayer of consecration, etc. But it was tried and with tremendous success. It still surprises me that many Episcopal churches continue the old pattern of children leaving the church early. What a thrill it was on the many good Sundays to see a half empty church become a comfortably filled one as the young people joined their families. It became a major and a highpoint of our worship together (as the offertory should be). As I noticed from the altar smiles appearing even on the faces of the perpetually uptight, I knew that a major liturgical and theological battle had been won.

I hope I will be forgiven if two other reminiscences are of a more personal character. The first happened in Advent of 1981 on the fifteenth anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood. What occurred was a Eucharist around the table and a parish supper. The parish house was filled and my heart still warms at the mutual joy experienced on that occasion. It was a real family celebration and the memory of it I will never forget.

Another vivid memory was in 1983 on the tenth anniversary of my beginning as Rector of St. Luke's. I began officially on Advent Sunday, December 2, 1973. On the first Sunday in December in 1983 I made some reference to that fact during the service. Several people spoke to me afterwards with congratulations wishing me many more years, etc., one or two even commiserated. And that was that. I felt no disappointment, after all, a tenth anniversary of a rector of St. Luke's Church was unique in living memory and unique events are sometimes difficult to deal with. Having no expectations also is one of the best safeguards in the world against disappointment. Then one Sunday afternoon nearing Christmas as I was settling in for a Sunday afternoon nap, a knock came on my bedroom door and the voice of the late Tom Sanfillipo asked if I would come over to the parish house as some people wanted to see me. I immediately thought of some kind of pastoral emergency. There had been
plenty of those in my ten years!! So I quickly dressed and went with Tom across to the parish hall. No sooner had I entered the hall than I saw that it was decked out for a party and that it was in fact a celebration of my tenth anniversary as Rector. It was a wonderful occasion, the memory of which I will long cherish. There were some gifts given to me that day which I will also not part with as long as I am on this earth. It was a highpoint in my years at St. Luke's.

One of the parishes, which I currently serve, was founded not many years after St. Luke's. It has a wall in its parish hall in which there are pictures of all the former rectors as well as former bishops of the Diocese. There is room for quite a number more. Even if there were a wall large enough in the parish hall at St. Luke's for such a display, it might be a valid sesqui-centennial historical exercise to speculate on why such an historical collection has never been attempted. History after all does have its lessons. If we do not heed them we become history's unwitting victims. It is in this sense, I believe, that history can be said to repeat itself.

To the All Knowing and Compassionate Judge I will more than confidently leave the final verdict on the years 1973–1985. What I can say about that period is that a rectorship of that length is unique in the twentieth century history of St. Luke's Church and was only surpassed once before in the nineteenth century. This is interesting in itself. Most of all, I hope that this sesquisicentennial time will provide the people of St. Luke's an opportunity for an honest and realistic assessment of the past so that the many more years to come may be blessed with an ever more faithful witness to the gospel of Jesus Christ. This is certainly my prayer for you all.
St. Luke's Parish 1929-45
Brockport, N.Y.

by Helen W. Dobson

The Rev. Alexander N. Keedwell 1929-31

The 16th Rector of St. Luke's Parish arrived with his mother Oct. 1929. Fr. Keedwell was very high church and special instructive programs for the young people were held in the church after school hours including "Stations of the cross," etc. A two weeks mission in Nov. 1930 conducted by Father Harrison of the Order of Holy Cross proved an inspiration to many who attended, including adults.

About this time a gift from the Estate of the late Mrs. Sabbaton was received. Many needed repairs were completed.

Mr. T. H. Dobson, for many a years a Vestryman, Junior Warden, Senior Warden and Lay Reader, passed away Dec. 11, 1930. Mr. Gifford Morgan, due to ill health, resigned after years of service for St. Luke's Vestry.

Sept. 30, 1931 - Rev. Keedwell, who preferred to be called Father, resigned to enter a larger field in Pennsylvania.
Fr. Henry of St. Pauls' Church, Rochester, accepted the call to Brockport to begin Dec. 28, 1931.

As boy scout commander and a member of the area committee he made a valuable contribution to the Boy Scouts in this community. Mrs. Henry's interest in our Sunday School was appreciated by the parents.

Gifts of money were received from the Estates of Miss Ella Barnard and Miss Marjory Stanley and the rector returned $400 presented to him.

A newly decorated and furnished room in the Parish House for the kindergarten was made a memorial to Charles Edward Henry II. A fund was established.

Plans for a commemorative service of St. Luke's were made by the Rev. Leland Henry and committee to be held Nov. 1, 1938.

This 1838-1938 centennial celebration of our Parish was to have as its purposes:

1. A fitting expression of our gratitude to Almighty God and to the faithful men and women who through the century have built their lives with the lives of St. Luke's.

2. A strengthening of the loyalty of our people to the Parish and to the world wide work of the Church.

3. An effort to lift the burden of debt under which we labor.

4. A vision of possibilities of Christian services which lie before us, as we enter our Second Century.

St. Luke's, Brockport, was organized under laws of N.Y. State, Sept. 17 to 21, 1838 and admitted as a Parish Nov. 1, 1838 at the first convention of a Diocese of Western N.Y., meeting at Trinity, Geneva, N.Y.

April 1937 a large class was confirmed at a beautiful service with Easter music, Hayden's Imperial Mass.

Feb. 23, 1937, Fr. Henry resigned to enter service at St. George's, New York City. A farewell dinner was given Fr. and Mrs. Henry. Pictures were taken by Lieutenant Wingfield of Rochester. After the war he was in charge of Social Relations at the Cathedral in New York.
The Rev. George W. Wyatt 1937-42


Mrs. Wyatt Hull (Mrs. Bessie), organist for many years, resigned and Mr. Stephen Webster was engaged as choir leader and organist.

A committee provided transportation for several Clarkson children to our Sunday School.

A few ladies of St. Luke's Guild met with the Vestry and due to the efforts of all Guild members needed funds were contributed.

Many gifts were appreciated: money, silver pieces from Misses Jessie and Mary White's estate, wrought iron railing for front steps from Mrs. Charles Lee, etc.

Contributions were made to Red Cross by rental of upper floor of Parish House to be used one day a week as a workroom. Fr. Wyatt served a year at Mary Jane Holmes Chapter, Order of Eastern Star as Patron.

Charles Decker and Tilden Chappell passed on after many years of service in the Vestry. Due to ill health, Dr. Horace Mann resigned after faithful service.

Time of service changed from 10:30 to 11:00 a.m. with Sunday School before church.

At the centennial service held Nov. 1, 1938, the Rev. George Edward Norton of St. Paul's, Rochester was preacher, assisted by the Rev. W. H. G. Lewis, former St. Luke's Rector. Dr. John Hazen read greetings from neighboring parishes and former rectors. The historical pageant included: Beginning of St. Luke's Church, 50 years ago and The Parish Today. Among hymns sung were: "For all the Saints who from their labors rest," "We love thy place, O God, wherein thine honour dwells," "Jesus shall reign" (verses 1, 2 & 3, "Blest be the tie that binds" (verses 1, 2 & 5), "Rise Up, Oh Men of God," "Christ is made the sure foundation," "Christ, the head and cornerstone," and "The Church's one foundation, Is Jesus Christ her Lord."


A reception in the Parish House followed. Many historical articles were on display. Fr. Wyatt asked for improvement in Sunday School and the use of the gym for the young people. Fr. and Mrs. Wyatt left Brockport for Mexico in 1942. When Mrs. Charles Wadhams was in Mexico, she visited the little Dominican church, where Fr. Wyatt served.
Vestry and the people of St. Luke's regretted the resignation of Fr. Bond Nov. 1, 1945 to accept a call to St. Mathew's Church, a parish in Toledo, Ohio.

1881 - "The Episcopal Church bell sounded the alarm of fire early New Year's Day. Many of the firemen didn't hear the bell; therefore, much damage resulted to an establishment on Clinton Street, the property of Underhill and Smith, being known as 'The Granger Mills'."
St. Luke's Church
Brockport, New York
by Harold G. Dobson (c 1960)

A settlement in 1803 was developed on the Lake Road, which was on the old stagecoach route. In 1822 Messrs. Seymour and Brockway bought land on either side of the Lake Road, and the settlement became the Village of Brockport on April 6th, 1829.

It was only a few years later, that members of the Anglican and Episcopal faiths, met together in various homes and halls, and on the 17th of September, 1838, the male members met and approved the articles of incorporation of St. Luke's Parish, the date of organization was recorded as September 20th, 1838.

The signers of the certificate were Elias B. Holmes, Jerome Fuller and Samuel J. Davis. For several years church services were held in various halls in the village, subsequently the Free-Will Baptist Church was leased and occupied until the constructin of the present church edifice. The first Rector was the Rev. Tapping Reeve Chipman. Jerome Fuller was the first delegate from St. Luke's to the meeting of the Diocese of Western New York, at which time the Rev. Wm. H. Delancey was elected Bishop.

The present Church was constructed in 1854 and 1855. It was built of Medina Sandstone with a 70 foot spire, at a cost, exclusive of grounds, of $6897.05. The dimensions were 42 by 72 feet. One of the interesting interior features was the choir gallery and organ loft in the rear of the Church.

On Christmas Eve 1867, the children of the Sunday School presented the baptismal font. Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes, the authoress and an active member of the parish, wrote a little book, entitled "The Christmas Font" which told the story of the boys and girls raising money for the gift. They picked fruit, piled wood, gave up chewing gum, and ran a fair. Carved in the lovely Italian marble of the font, are these words, "Presented by the children of St. Luke's Sunday School, Christmas 1867" followed by "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

The year 1873 saw the removal of the gallery and organ loft. At that time the organ was moved to the front of the Church, and the chancel enlarged.

The next major improvement to the Parish property was the erection in 1903 of the Parish House. It was made possible through generous gifts of Jane B. Cary and Martha Shannon, and was at first known as the Cary Memorial. The Parish House has been an important factor in the life of the parish. It
has housed shows, musicals, sales and various meetings and dinners. It has been used by the Boy Scouts and athletic groups, for whom a gymnasium has been set up in the basement. It was once used as a hospital for a week, when a public clinic was held for tonsillectomies. Practical nurses from all the churches, including nuns from the Roman Church, assisted the medical staff and the trained personnel.

St. Luke's parish is proud of her many stained glass windows, many of them old, and representing the apostles and saints of the church. The most recent window filled the last available space, at the rear of the Church, representing the patronal Saint, St. Luke, and was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gardner Dobson, in memory of their parents. The windows at the rear, above the entrance, show landscape scenes, a lake tinged with gold, by the rising sun filling the central lancet, the side panels representing branches of thick pines, silhouetted against the glowing sky. This window was produced by the Tiffany studios of Favrile glass, without paints or enamel of any kind. Bishop Charles Henry Brent dedicated these windows in 1914, in which he stated to him illustrated perfectly a title, "Peace, Perfect Peace."

At another Christmas Eve Service held in 1917, the beautiful window over the Altar, "The Nativity," was dedicated "In loving memory of Arnold Morgan Manning, erected by his mother." The window was dedicated by Emmons P. Burrill, who was Rector at the time. The subject is admirably worked out in three openings, but looking at the window, one is not conscious of the mullions that divide it. In the center are the Mother and Child, with the light of the guiding star shining down upon Them. On each side stand the shepherds, leaning on their staves, the expressions of awe and reverence on their faces being clearly brought out by the mellow light of candle at their feet. Angels hover over the group. The colors of the Tiffany Favrile glass are blended perfectly, the snow white dress of the Virgin and the delicate greens and purples of the Shepherds' clothes shade into deeper colors, where the shadows darken. This window was selected by the Eastman Kodak Company as their Christmas display several years ago, and was shown on the gigantic screen for several weeks, at the Grand Central Terminal in New York City.

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past years members of the parish have donated generously in money and in work. The heating plant has been modernized, masonry on the church has been repointed. The parish property includes a rectory on Main Street adjacent to the Church, which has been redecorated and made more adequate for the Rector and his family.

The parish family has included many leaders in the civic life of the village. There have been talented musicians, authoress, Mary Jane Holmes, of national reputation, and men and women closely associated with the business and social life of the village.

Daniel Holmes was a member of the Vestry for over fifty years. His wife, Mary Jane Holmes, an authoress of note, was a leader in the guild and a teacher in the Sunday School for many years, as was her husband. Thos. H. Dobson was also a member of the Vestry for many years, as was Geo. Harmon, Fred Caswell, Dr. John L. Hazen, Dr. Horace J. Mann and many others. Some years ago, in an effort to increase interest in the business affairs of the parish, a plan was adopted for a rotation of members so that the younger men of the parish might serve as vestrymen and wardens.

In recent years there has been a great growth in the parish, due in part to the increase in enrollment in the State University College at Brockport. The parish recently added a priest as college chaplain, and assistant to the Rector. Recent years also have seen the installation of a new modern organ, and a senior choir, directed by a member of the State University Music Department and the addition of a helpful junior choir.

A Tribute by former Pastor, Dr. C. T. Seibt, to Mary Jane Holmes.

"The thought of Mary Jane Holmes has been an inspiration to me both while I was Rector here and since I have been away. Mrs. Holmes was preeminently a Christian woman, not only in attending the Church services, but in her daily life she lived as God would have her live..."
My Memories of St. Luke's, Brockport
by Harold Richards (1967)

While I do not remember the event I was baptized by Dr. Selbt (as an infant), however I did not attend Sunday School until about 7 years of age, shortly after the coming of Dr. John S. Littell to the Rectorship of our church. He was a wonderful man with a great amount of interest in his young people. As we grew older he trained us at the Rectory to sing in the choir. Things concerning our faith--attitudes towards our fellow man and other religions--were deeply impressed in our minds and are still remembered by those of us who have survived him. May God's face ever "Shine upon him." I shall never forget him at St. Luke's altar on communion Sundays--he wore a white robe with a high stiff collar. His face was adorned with a mustache and a small pointed beard which was red in color. He strongly resembled one of the great master's paintings of Jesus kneeling at Gethsemane. No matter how dark the day was outside, when he knelt at the altar a ray of light always seemed to shine on him through a small window over the door at that time (later plastered over) that opens on the side chapel. I used to sit in the choir stall and watch him, completely awed by that ray of light upon him and the marked resemblance to that painting.

The organ at that time was a bellows affair and the Sexton, Mr. Harry Ellender (father of our Mrs. Hecox) had to pump it. There was an opening at the east end of the organ where the bellows and pump were located. On two or three occasions I remember Mr. Ellender was ill and Mr. Littell would ask a couple of us boys to take over the pumping which we thought was a real good deal. We would ride down on the long handle.

In the choir at that time I remember such folks as Helen and Alice Wadsworth, Marie and Edith Dean, Marion Hebbard, Thomas Ellender, Edna Ross, Marjorie Mann, Nellie Nelder, Susie Bordwell, Delia and Alice Patten.

Then under Dr. Littell's reign the Parish House was built, thanks to Mrs. Cary and generous gifts from others.
We boys were given the use of the basement for gymnasium purposes. Here we were instrumental in developing basketball players that eventually became so outstanding that they played on the Village team that had a great reputation in those days.

I would be a bit remiss if I failed to mention my very first Sunday School teacher—Miss Lydia Field—she being an own cousin of my grandmother Richards. She was also the aunt of the Hon. Henry Harrison—with whom she lived.

She was a very sweet person—a true lady in every respect. She was about 4 feet 8 to 5 feet and wore cute little bonnets. I always thought that Webster must have looked at her and put the word lady with its meaning in his dictionary. Because of impaired hearing she had to give up teaching Sunday School and "Auntie" Mame Clark took us over.

Some of the members of the congregation I remember are Mr. & Mrs. Charles Root, Mr. & Mrs. George Benson, Sr., their daughter Miss Louise (Mrs. Farrell), Miss Minnie Cropsey, Miss Jennie Wilcox, Mary Jane Holmes and her husband, Daniel (she wielded a strong hand in running the matters of the church), Mr. & Mrs. Thos. H. Dobson—who with Daniel Holmes were long time wardens of St. Luke's.

In my mind's eye I can still see Mrs. D. S. Morgan with her regal manner walk down the aisle to her pew. Mary Hart Allen was another of the faithful and her sister Margaret.

Miss Harriet Hazen moved into Brockport during Dr. Littell's rectorship. She became choir mother and looked carefully to see we were properly vested. Miss Hazen was the first to assume the duty of tapping the communion bell.

Among the men were Eddie Holt, Ted Benson, Harry and Fred Gretton, Mel Bordwell, George Benson. The boys in the choir with me were Homer Swart, Kenneth Patten, Wilbur Simmons, and Morris Durham. Mrs. T. S. Dean was one organist, later Harold Dobson supplied.

Harold Dobson was Crucifer—and at one time had a cassock with too much train—Morris Durham and I were leaders of the choir because we were shortest in stature. As we could not get very close to Harold's train because of its length, there was quite a space between us and those behind us kept jabbing hymnals in our necks to get us to close the space. Finally one Sunday in ascending to the Chancel steps, Harold's feet got mixed up in his train and he went flat on his face and the cross in the middle of the Chancel. Needless to say the train was taken off the cassock and Morris and I moved in closer.
"Auntie" Mame (Miss Amelia) Clark as she was known to most of St. Luke's was teacher of the Boys Sunday School class of our age group. She taught me my advanced catechism--Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, Apostles and Nicene Creeds and the rest of it. It had to be word for word with her.

She was one grand person—one of those sweet old fashioned ladies that lived in those days. A real devout Christian woman who gave much to her church in time and effort. "Auntie Mame" was an aunt of the late Dr. Horace J. Mann, his mother's sister.

At one time part of the Sunday School was held in the basement of the church under the chancel and the first few Christmas trees I remember were there as it was not thought proper to have it in the church itself.

Where out Parish House stands was the residence of a Mr. and Mrs. Fellows--behind it was a small house owned by the church used at times as the Sexton's home. At one time vacant, it was used for Sunday School purposes. Mrs. Holmes' girls' class met there.

Among some of the early members I remember are Mrs. Wilson Moore and her sister Mrs. Richard Garrison and Mr. Garrison and their mother, Mrs. Scranton, Mrs. John White, Sr. (a present member), her brother-in-law, Wm. B. Sylvester, Dr. Wm. B. Mann and his son Dr. Harry J. Mann and Mrs. Mann, Mrs. David Bruce and her daughter Herne and son Marshall, Mrs. John Lawler (mother of Mrs. Al Willis), Mrs. Ida Gordon, Mrs. & Mrs. John Wadsworth, Mrs. Ashley, Mr. & Mrs. Phillip Swart, Mrs. & Mrs. Jas. Patten, Miss Cox, a sister of Mrs. Patten, Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Roberts and son Charles, Miss Mamie Bridgeman, Mrs. Cary (who gave the Parish House), a Mrs. Palmer, Miss Jessie and Mary O. White. Miss Hazen also saw to washing and ironing altar linens.

A Mrs. Palmer was in charge of Sunday School. When I was small, one day they had a sleigh ride party for the kids. She had promised to have me picked up for this ride. Somehow I was overlooked. She was so terribly embarrassed that she came to apologize and presented me with a very nice gift which may have appeased the injury but I still would have preferred the ride.
Recollections of Mrs. Charlotte Garrison

Many pleasant memories were recalled by Mrs. Charlotte Garrison, one of our long-time parishioners, as she reminisced with her daughter, Mrs. Edgar Barnes, Catherine Bastian, and Emily Knapp, of an earlier time in the life of St. Luke's.

Dr. Samuel George Hermance and Mrs. Hermance moved their family of six daughters and one son to Clarkson October 16, 1900. There, all but one daughter grew to maturity, married, and remained in the area.

Sometimes the family rode to church in their horse-drawn carriage, but usually ample time was allowed to walk the sidewalk that stretched along the west side of the road.

Attendance at church in those days was "spotty" during the year, but special services such as Easter and Christmas swelled the congregation to greater size. People seemed to sit in the same pews each week, more from habit than design, for there were no pew rentals at that time.

One person in particular that Mrs. Garrison remembered seeing in church was Mary Jane Holmes, the noted lady author, who occupied the same seat on the south side, toward the back. Daniel Holmes, the author's husband, wasn't as regular in attendance because of his poor health. However, when Mrs. Garrison became a student at Brockport Normal School, she often met Daniel Holmes as she walked to school. As she recalled, he always wore a white carnation in his buttonhole.

The inside of the church was much as it is now, except that gaslight fixtures, mid-way between the pews have been replaced--the first time by hand-wrought metal ones made by George Brown, a local blacksmith, and faithful member of St. Luke's Church. He also fashioned the tall, hand-wrought candelabrum used today on special occasions. The present lighting fixtures were installed in the 1960's.

The lovely voices of past choir members were recalled, as names such as Laura Hazen, Elizabeth Mulree, Charles Paine, Harry Nesbitt, Harry Gretton, Eloise and Dorothy White, and others, were mentioned.

Christmas pageants of long ago, in which the children took part, brought back memories of that generation's "regal trio," as Oakley Furney, Harold Dobson, and Bowie Patton took the part of the three kings.

Family names, some as familiar now as they were back then--Gordon, Morgan, Mann, Raleigh, Palmer, Manning, Harriet Hazen (Miss Hazen, always), the White
sisters, and favorite Sunday School teachers such as Ella Robinson, stirred fond memories.

The Ladies Auxiliary and Women's Guild were recalled, as were countless Bazaars and Baked Food Sales put on by the women of St. Luke's.

Recording the memories of a person such as Mrs. Garrison reminds us that it is the effort of one generation and then another, that carries on the continuity of the family of St. Luke. Each age, working to do its best at the time, and passing on the worthwhile, lasting foundation to the next.
The Reverend William Lewis served St. Luke's from 1907 to 1915, having replaced the well-liked Father John S. Littel. He was a quiet, dignified man, usually called, "Mr. Lewis" as the titles of "Priest" and "Father" were not used by the congregation at that time.

The service was held at 10:30 in the morning and Sunday School was after the service. The Communion Service was conducted once a month and the service of Morning Prayer on all other Sundays. Mr. Lewis wore a black cassock, white surplice and tippet; very plain, simple robes.

The Ascension window was above the altar and a dossal curtain hung from the bottom of the window to the floor behind the altar. The curtain was changed to represent each season of the church year—green, red, purple and white. The use of the dossal curtain was discontinued when the top of the altar was removed.

The pulpit was on the north side of the chancel, and the lectern and baptismal font on the south side, the opposite of their locations today. The altar, choir stalls, pulpit and lectern were in light oak. About three long stairs extended below the arch and across the chancel.

The pipe organ was located back of the grill work with the manual on the north wall and with pipes above it and behind the grill.

On each side of the altar was a high backed chair, one for the Bishop and the other for the clergy.
The congregation was small. Only a few sat in the front pews, the majority favored the back half of the church. This seating continued over the years in spite of various ministers' requests to sit closer to the front of the church.

One of the few persons who sat in the front, about three pews back on the extreme north side, was Mrs. Bailey, a widow. She was a small, thin individual, wore glasses, a little hat and seemed to sit ramrod straight in her seat.

The Parish House, built about 1903 from monies donated by Mrs. Martha Greenough Shannon and Mrs. Jane E. Cary, was in its original state. Around the State Street entrance was a 3 foot stone wall extending from each corner of the Parish House building to the street sidewalk and to the entrance walkway. There was a cement floor in this outside patio. This wall and floor deteriorated and were later removed.

In the basement of the Parish House was a gymnasium, used by others as well as church members.

The entrance and stairways were the same as today except the stairs and railings were of dark oak wood. The first floor, now the dining room, had folding doors of oak making two rooms or one as needed. The bay windows had small diamond shaped panes and opened outwards. There was a fireplace with an oak mantel in each section. The fireplaces were later closed and the folding doors removed to make one large room with a large doorway replacing the two small doorways to each section. In the north half of the room there was a large square piano and brass candelabra on the fireplace mantel. There were pictures of the Reverend Littel and Mrs. Greenough Shannon on the walls.

Where the secretary's office is now was the room in which the choir ladies robed, and the men of the choir used what is now the minister's office.

Sunday School was held in the Parish House with classes in both sections of the first floor being separated by the folding doors. There were wooden folding chairs with carpeted centers in the seats. The Sunday School was very small and when heat was lacking in the Parish House, classes were held in the church. The Lewis children were in Sunday School and Mrs. Lewis served as a teacher.

A few evening services, probably during Lent, were held in the basement room at the foot of the stairs of the State Street entrance to the crypt.
The second floor of the Parish House had a large auditorium with a stage on the south end. On the east side of the stage there was a small room with a dumb-waiter running from the kitchen below to the second floor. A small room with a stairway going down to the first floor existed on the west side of the stage. In the early days of the Parish House plays were put on by a small theatrical group, some members of St. Luke's being James Seymour and Mrs. Cary.

There were folding doors between the auditorium and the north section of the second floor and there was a fireplace, an extension of the fireplace in the first floor below. On the west side of this room was a beautiful square rosewood piano said to have belonged to Mrs. Cary.

The Sunday School's Christmas tree and party were sometimes held in the auditorium, and the Guild, the women's group, held large suppers there setting their tables in both sections with the folding doors open.

When the Reverend Lewis resigned in 1915, he was succeeded by the Reverend Emmons Parkman Burrill, a "high churchman," and the congregation went from "low church" to "high church." Father Burrill held a communion every Sunday and wore beautiful robes. He was very energetic and well-liked. With the help of Mrs. Burrill, a group of women not members of the Guild, were organized into the "St. Martha's Chapter" and both the Guild and St. Martha's worked on money-making projects. He also organized the "Daughters of the King" from the teenaged girls of the Parish. All of these organizations were later disbanded.

Under the Reverend Burrill the choir expanded. Charles McLean Paine became choir director, having returned to his home in Clarkson after giving up his singing career. He gave voice lessons and brought a number of his pupils into the choir, among them Harry Nesbitt and Henry Gretton. Dr. and Mrs. Hazen and Harold Dobson became choir members and later Mr. Paine's nieces, Dorothy and Eloise White, also his pupils. Harold Dobson, while not a trained organist, often substituted for the regular organist. When the old pipe organ sometimes failed, he would disappear through the little paneled door on the east side of the organ and somehow would bring it back to life. Many times he also conducted the church service as a lay reader in the unexpected absence of the rector.

The choir benches were of light oak as were the individual choir desks with kneelers. In 1926 these were replaced with longer choir stalls extending out a short distance beyond the chancel arch and the pulpit was moved to the
Epistle side and the baptismal font and lectern to the opposite side. This was occasioned by the Frederick Sabbaton Memorial, given by Mrs. Sabbaton, due to the Sabbaton's having been married many years before in St. Luke's.

Reverend Burrill really instituted the Christmas Eve Midnight candlelight service. The service was a mass mostly sung by the choir with the beautiful music of Gounod and others and donations of many Christmas greens made the service a memorable one. The church was filled, not only with Episcopalians, but by many from other churches which did not have midnight services.

Some persons who should be remembered for their many years of long and faithful service to St. Luke's are Harold Dobson and Harry Nesbitt in the choir, and Miss Harriet Hazen as a teacher in Sunday School and a member of the Altar Guild, and Miss Ella Robinson as a teacher in Sunday School.
My Experience at St. Luke's
by Orlo L. Derby

I came to St. Luke's in the fall of 1941. The Reverend Forrest Bond was rector and he apologized for the small number in the congregation. There were three young schoolgirls in the choir. St. Luke's was not thriving!

I returned from Army service in 1946. Apparently, St. Luke's had survived the war years and we looked forward to better things. We needed a new rector and finally secured the services of the Reverend Burtis Dougherty, a recently ordained relative of the Roman Catholic Cardinal of Philadelphia. "Bert," as we used to call him, was young and intellectually able, with a good sense of humor and an impatience with our conservative ways in Brockport! As a vestryman, I attended meetings where he asked why vestryman present did not attend church and pay their pledges. Shortly afterward, we were looking for a new rector.

In the interim, services were conducted by many of us who were lay readers. We were determined that there would be a service of some sort every Sunday at St. Luke's!

Finally, we secured the services of an about-to-be-ordained priest, David Crump. We helped him to address invitations for his wedding to Anne Harris. Dave was enthusiastic, innovative and what he lacked in experience, he made up in vigor. Since we could not afford a choir director, he volunteered (with some urging!) to conduct the choir for a time.

The Reverend George Stiegler was next. With his pastorate, we began to achieve a measure of stability at St. Luke's. We began to pull ourselves out of a condition of just existing. He had a stable home and family life, and was able to give a much needed order to St. Luke's for a number of years.

He was succeeded by the Reverend Philip Wheaton. Phil tended to be very positive, particularly in the conduct of the service. He was a social activist and his sermons espoused his controversial views. Many in the congregation did not share his views, but he did endear himself to many, especially the young, idealistic members of the church.

The Reverend Denton Durland succeeded Phil Wheaton. He was a wonderful pastor, who went out of his way to visit the sick and minister to the troubled. When my sister needed hospitalization, he went with us, waiting with us for several hours in the lobby before she was admitted.

The Reverend John Soller followed Denton. He began his pastorate with great promise and under him we made considerable progress. Our financial
problems improved. He was very conscientious in seeing that services at the Cupola Home were maintained and bettered. He resigned as the aftermath of some health problems. At present, he is very busy ministering to several parishes in the southern part of the diocese.

The church before the war was content, I feel, to be the haven for a few very wealthy individuals, and some ordinary working folks. Budgets were low, and only partially achieved after strenuous canvassing. After the war, I remember going to a wealthy parishioner for her pledge. I was ushered into her presence, and before I could say anything, was given a check for $250 and ushered to the door. Another time I was canvassing a former politician in Brockport, who gave me back a pledge card with a modest pledge. In the course of the conversation, I mentioned my own pledge of $5.00 a week. His eyes widened and he said, "Oh, that's a very fine pledge."

Vestry meetings tended to be very formal—concerned mostly with repairs, expenses and whether we could stay solvent. There was always a crisis of leadership, both in the clergy and especially the laity.

Church attendance in the 40's tended to be spasmodic. A larger and larger congregation tended to be characteristic in the 50's and 60's, with some variation when the rector tended to be more severe in his sermons!

What we lacked in St. Luke's was a dedication toward showing love toward our neighbor: we have been too much concerned with the heating plant, the roof or the rectory. We lacked gratefulness toward God for what he has done for us and the necessity for translating this into action in the world.

My relationship with the church finds its greatest meaning in seeing the sanctuary light glowing above the altar and in participating in the sacrifice of the Eucharist. Then I feel I am reunited once more with my relatives who have gone "beyond the veil," and am participant in a world-wide act of redemption. This takes us beyond crying children, our own sins and shortcomings and all the barriers of class, to a view uniting us in adoration of God, and a dedication to our fellow man.
Sunday School Days of the 1950's
by A. W. Bruce

Prior to 1955 there were no Church School classrooms as we see today, and the Church School day started with an abbreviated form of Morning Prayer conducted by the Superintendent of the School. The pupils then went to their classes. Wires strung across the second floor room held wires from which curtains were hung to form spaces for classrooms!

That floor was one large room, with a stage, and an auxiliary kitchen—dumb waiter and stove included.

The basement, or downstairs, was a gymnasium type room. (In another item, herewith, the past history role of that room will be dealt with in detail.)

During the Rectorship of Father David Crump, it was decided the time had come to take remedial action, and build, as it were, decent Church School rooms. After many informational meetings and a series of fundraisings, the work began.

The "gym" floor was torn up, cement laid, and tile was installed.

After the preliminary tearing down, the actual building of the rooms began. Using plans drawn by Willis Knapp, the present facilities evolved.

I feel I was privileged to have been the Superintendent of Church School during that period, and to have had a role in the transition.

Order of Sir Galahad members - 1931

Back Row: Claude Alger, Fred Gillespie, Jr., Frank Palmer, Art Coleman, Roy Bennett, John Thompson, Grant Adams, Horace Muesebeck.
Front Row: Edward "Bud" Hoyt, Ray Eldred, Frank Raleigh, Fr. Keedwell, James Crary, Gerald Townsend, George Marks.
Memories of David L. Meyer

You would think that after 23 years association with St. Luke's in Brockport we would have many happy memories. And you would be so right as in the 21 years we have been away from Brockport our thoughts and recollections of those days are forever fresh.

I hope that this letter is not too late as you have advised us several times that the 150th anniversary of St. Luke's is approaching and we must respond with a few thoughts about that edifice that was so dear to us. I told Louise that hopefully St. Luke's is still filling the hearts and minds of parishioners. In our case we are so firm in our faith that was nurtured there that we are having difficulty in accepting what has been done to the Prayer Book.

But I must go on to more pleasant thoughts. You must know that for these 21 years out here on Shrove Tuesday I can smell pancakes all day long! Believe me when I tell you that even the hairs in my nose are that impregnated! And by this time there must be vast antique value attached to that battered aluminum pitcher we used to pour out the pancake batter onto the griddle. Can other folks still hear Burt Donovan hit the griddle with the pitcher to knock off the drip of batter as a batch was being prepared for the ravenous customers? I can recall every crease in that beat-up old relic of a pitcher since it seemed that during clean-up it "happened" to be my job to clean that pitcher. For sure, Burt Donovan never cleaned it up!

Didn't it always seem that something needed to be fixed, repaired or replaced? I recall helping to paint the inside of the Church, sometime around 1948-50 I suspect. There was our priest, Father Burt Dougherty up at the very top of the ladder painting the peak of the nave! Being a recent convert, it seemed to me he was performing an Ascension for my benefit and I secretly hoped he did not think it necessary to demonstrate graphically the descent of the Holy Spirit!

The sight of mourning doves feeding outside in the yard brings to mind the sound of pigeons inside the chimney trapped by the sealed wall of the Parish House.

Louise just showed me a "flyer" that was put out by St. Luke's announcing the "Crypt Coffee House" which outwardly featured the red door on State Street that led into the boiler room! This effort to excite the interest of college and high school students of all faiths was started by Father John Van Duyne, Father Stiegler and Dr. Derby. And this was another labor of love by those of
us who were involved. We not only used the boiler room but do you remember
the Nativity manger that Father David Crump had us install in the undercroft?
Complete with live sheep! It would be nice if I could recall the names of the
participating Sunday School children.

While I am not now on the Vestry here at Trinity in Findlay, you can well
imagine what thoughts went through my mind during the several terms in which
I did serve.

Well, I better move over and let some other "lost" souls reminisce. And
as some of our young friends say to us, "you guys hang in there."
Louise J. Meyer Remembers St. Luke's

I think our first appearance at St. Luke's, as a family, was in the Fall of 1946. Dave had been in Brockport for over a year, but housing was a problem in 1945 and so Davy and I had stayed with my parents until we could have a house in Brockport. We started to St. Luke's shortly after we moved and Davy went into his first Church School—with Olive Edmunds as his teacher. Little did I know that I'd soon be involved in doing just what Olive was doing that morning!

I don't know how long it took for someone to line me up as a "teacher" but I do know that we had just a few little ones when I started—and one was Emily Pattison, another was Barbara Northrup and Jimmie Sutton. I remember he played the piano for me and told me about his grandfather, in Canada, who was a band leader. I had helped with Church School kindergarten before I was married, as an assistant to my cousin who was also my Godmother, and I have always loved little children, so enjoyed it very much.

After we moved out here, to Ohio, in 1967, I got right into the same old thing and taught Church School for at least 15 years here. In fact, I am now seeing "my children" graduating from High School—and some being married here. It is as though I have had two lives—lucky me—with so many children to remember and love.

But—to go back to St. Luke's: Mrs. Fahmer (Sally) and I "held the fort" upstairs and down, in the Church School alone for some time. There just weren't enough children at one time to warrant any larger staff. And, so, the grades were often combined and maybe some children had the same teacher "forever." Then, we began to grow—and the basement rooms were made into classrooms. Here I remember some of the older ones—Sharon Leidig, Dorothy Kerman and then E. J. Hamil, David Ruger (whom I loved), Charles Clark (who wrote to me when he was in the Service in Alaska), Andy and Kenny Burke (our neighbors and my Godsons), Peter Gordon. And I must tell you a dear remark of Peter's: We sang "America, the Beautiful" one Sunday and I asked him what part he liked the best—and, this being the era of "The Purple People-Eater," he replied—"The purple-headed mountains!" Of course, Peter could have been speaking as an artist.

Nancy Seever helped with the classes, too, when she was just a teen-ager. She was very competent and later brought her niece and nephew to Church School. One niece, Betty Donahue, later taught there, as well.
The Episcopal Church Women—the old Auxiliary—also was of great interest to the women of St. Luke's and, since we were so close to Rochester, we were well-informed on matters of women's work. Betty Dougherty was our rector's wife when we moved to Brockport and was a leader in the organization. I think that I probably held every office in the ECW—and we all "took our turns"—and everyone learned from the experience. I have continued out here—21 years at Trinity Church, Findlay.

I can remember attending a service for Fred Knapp, when he was given the Boy Scout "God and Country Award." It was most impressive—Don Hare played the trumpet during the program—and I thought it would be such an honor if my son could have that some day. Well, David did serve as an acolyte for years and was also a Boy Scout, but, somehow, the "God and Country Award" never materialized—and by that time, he had had his "reward" by learning much about his church through his acolyte training, with Louie Smith in charge.

I can see St. Luke's Church so well—though we've never been back. We sat beside the "Flight into Egypt" window—and at one time, Fletcher and Alice Garlock, with "the little Garlock boys," sat in front of us. Now, I know that those boys are grown up—and even married!

Names of good women whom I hope some others will recall—Miss Jean Staples, who lived "up South" (an expression I learned in Brockport), in Sweden Center. Jean was an invalid and unable to attend church services—but Dave and I visited her, and once or twice we took our Church School class to her home on a Sunday morning and had lessons there. She loved it. Incidentally, we continued this custom—Advent Sunday—with other groups and visited Marjorie Herendeen, former College librarian, one time, also.

Then, there was Miss Frances Groves—dear, faithful Frances. When our David was a small boy, he called her "Grovesie" and I apologized to her but she was much amused and said she'd "known a man who called her that years ago!"

Then, there was Agnes Richardson—and Wilma Epke—who always interested me because they'd been born on the Isle of Guernsey! Good ECW workers . . .

And, let us not forget Anne Covert, Mrs. Manley (Grandma) Shafer, Evelyn Shafer, Marian S. Wadhams, Lillian Richards, Edna Bruce, Mrs. Gifford (Fanny B.) Morgan—Lillian Willis—Kay Kerman—oh, so many good friends—Edna Stiegler . . . Edna asked me to go to a funeral in the church with her because she and George (our rector) were afraid there might not be many people there and he felt that
the congregation should support this family. So, Edna and I went and wept
with the family with complete sincerity and love.

I almost added Chrystal Hoffman to this list—and she will laugh if she
reads this, remembering the time that her name was inadvertently added to the
list of the departed ECW members—and she and I sat, actually in tears (of
hilarity!) listening to Bishop Stark praying for her!

I know that I've missed the names of many dear friends—for in my
memory—every one at St. Luke's is "a dear friend."

Ladies' Church Aid Society,

ST. LUKE'S PARISH, BROCKPORT, N. Y.

Chief Directress, - Mrs. C. T. Selbt.
Secretary, - Mrs. Daniel Holmes.
Treasurer, - Miss M. W. Jewett.

Committee on Church Work:

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Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Geo. H. Allen, Mrs. Boyall, Mrs. Thos. Cornes,
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Mrs. D. S. Morgan, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Olden, Mrs. Reynolds,
Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Robert Steed, Mrs. Van Eps,
Mrs. Whiting, Miss Jennie Wilson.
The Beauty That Surrounds Us
by Emily L. Knapp

As I sit in church on Sunday, surrounded by the stained glass windows, and polished wood and brass, my thoughts focus not only on the objects themselves, but on the people whose love for St. Luke's was such that they could find no greater way to express that love than to leave these lasting memorials.

These beautiful gifts, though material ones, create a feeling of closeness to those who once occupied the pews we sit in, bowed their heads and knelt to pray as we do, and walked to that same altar to receive Communion from the same cup we do.

In this time of celebration, may we pause to remember some of these gifts, and in so doing may feel the presence of those who have gone on before--

The chancel underwent two extensive changes in the 1880's and 1920's but the beautiful carved altar was a gift of James H. Seymour in 1883. Originally it had a carved reredos attached to the back, and the entire structure was of a natural dark wood finish. The design of the reredos allowed for niches where brass flower vases, a gift in memory of Stephen Peters given by his parents, and the cross, a gift of James H. Seymour the Christmas of 1881, were placed. Beneath the Nativity window, and behind the reredos hung a lovely damask dossal cloth, which was a memorial to Mrs. Margaret Maloney, by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bastian. The reredos was removed, and the altar painted white in the 1950's or early '60's.

The altar or communion rail, which replaced an earlier one, was a gift in memory of Mary Ann Raleigh in the 1920's. Inside the rail on the Gospel side was the Bishop's chair, and there was also a Rector's chair, both of which were purchased with surplus money earned by the children when they raised money to buy the font. They were of matching style, with elaborately carved backs, and had upholstered seats. Both were removed when the benches were placed along each wall for use by the acolytes.

A credence table on the Gospel side held the Alms Bason, and on the Epistle side, another credence table held the Eucharistic candles (gift of James H. Seymour, 1899) and the Missal stand (gift of the Little Workers--Christmas 1881 - Rev. C. T. Seibt, Rector) and the Missal itself which contained the 1928 Order of Holy Communion, a gift in memory of Thomas Dobson, and Mary Gardner Dobson, 1958.

The silver Ciborium was given in memory of Heidi Derby.
The Sanctuary light was given in memory of Mary E. Lawlor, by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Willis.

The smaller processional cross on the Gospel side has been a fixture in St. Luke's for many years. The cross on the Epistle side was given in memory of Donna Jean Reynolds by her parents in 1961.

The wrought iron grillwork above the Font was originally intended to show some of the massive pipes that were a part of the beautiful pipe organ that was a gift of Martha A. Greenough Shannon--dedicated on Ascension Day, 1902.

In the late 1950's and early '60's the old pipe organ was removed, revealing the space that had been occupied by young bell-ringers of long ago, as well as the space where the massive organ, keyboard and other pipes were housed. In making the change, enough room was found to accommodate not only the new organ, but also closets, shelves, sink, etc., to form a new sacristy, funds for which were used from the Memorial Fund, and from a bequest of George Gordon. The organ itself was given as a Memorial from a number of St. Luke's parishioners in memory of loved ones, the names of whom are listed on a brass plaque to the right of the grillwork.

The Celtic Cross that hangs suspended from the center of the arch was given in memory of Edna Marie Cowlis Stiegl from her family.

The telescoping brass extension rail at the altar, and the wrought iron handrails at the steps to the chancel and to the doorway to the Parish House were fashioned by Jack McAfee, former St. Luker; Jack also designed the folding kneeling benches used by all of us, that replaced individual kneelers that were always sliding out of reach when they were needed.

Most of us know the story of how the children of the Sunday School held a fair to raise funds to buy the font, and that it was presented on Christmas 1867. Mary Jane Holmes, a parishioner; and lady author, helped with the production of the fair.

The beautiful oak pulpit is inscribed: "Daniel Holmes - Warden - A.D. 1883." Daniel, a lawyer, was Mary Jane's husband and long-time Clerk of the Vestry. Both of them served St. Luke's in many capacities.

The Litany desk was presented to St. Luke's by Netty B. Seibt, wife of the Rev. Charles T. Seibt, Rector of this church for the longest period of any of its clergy--1872-1890.

There is no inscription on the Pascal candle stand, but for the past several years, the candle, as needed, has been provided by an anonymous donor.
The Communion table, once a gift to the mission church in Spencerport from a Diocese in Kenya, had been unused since the church in Spencerport closed. It was brought to St. Luke's from the Diocesan House.

Two lovely linen altar cloths were handmade for the table by Mrs. Emily Day.

The American flag, its standard and base, and the standard and base for the Christian flag were given as Thank Offerings by Mr. and Mrs. Willis Knapp. The Christian flag was given in memory of Edward Doty, Coxwain in U.S. Coast Guard, the first boy from this area to give his life for his country in WWII, presented by his grandmother, Mrs. Charles Hardy.

The Remembrance Book in the rear of the church contains the names of those in whose memory gifts to St. Luke's have been made.

The brass offering plates were given in memory of Mrs. Margaret Maloney, by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bastian, and in memory of Mrs. Charlotte Peters by her family.

The guest book and shelf (once on the west wall by the door), was a gift in memory of Mrs. F. Arnold Manning, founder of the Needlework Guild.

The red carpet was given by Mrs. Edna Bruce, who had intended to make a specific bequest in her will for the same, but realized the need for it and helped with the selection of it, had it installed, and enjoyed it herself before she passed away.

Memorials to former members of St. Luke's have been directed to the purchase of new hymnals and prayer books. Name plates bearing their names may be found inside the front covers. Other gifts to the Memorial Fund have made possible the purchase of the amplification system.

The beautiful white Chasuble, embroidered with gold threads was a gift from Mr. and Mrs. George Dunn.

The Pall used at the time of funerals was a gift from the Fowler Funeral Home.

One of the silver bread boxes used for Communion was a gift from David and Louise Meyer on their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

The small Communion kit which holds the necessary equipment for the priest to carry when he visits the sick, was a gift from Mrs. L. B. Shafer.

The Holy Bible on the Lectern was given in memory of Mrs. Ada Bean.

The plaque on the south wall tells of the gift of Mary Follette Sabbaton, through whose efforts a great amount of work was done to the interior of the church. The plaque states:
"To the greater Glory of God, and in loving memory of Frederic Augustus Sabbaton, born 1830—died 1894. This church was made more worthy in the year 1926, by his wife."

Not only in these beautiful objects mentioned above, but wherever our eyes look, we are reminded of the love of others.

The beauty of the windows of St. Luke's is appreciated by all of us. Each one is unique in its own way. Together they encircle us with a serenity that we find only in St. Luke's.

A 1904 copy of the Brockport Republic described the installation of two of them, after four years of planning by a committee that had been appointed to plan and design the windows so that the whole series would represent the life of our Lord.

The sequence was planned as follows: beginning on the Gospel side,
1. The Angel of the Incarnation, St. Gabriel; 2. the Apostle of the Incarnation, St. John; 3. vacant space assigned to the childhood of our Lord; Nos. 4, 5, and 6 belong to the ministry or work of our Lord; 4. being the Good Shepherd or ministry of care and rescue; 5. the raising of Jairus' daughter, or the ministry of powers; 6. the figure of the Saviour speaking His first comfortable words, ("Come Unto Me"), and in the attitude of invitation, or the ministry of comfort and salvation; next, one window still vacant belongs to the Passion; No. 8 to the Resurrection, the Rabboni or Magdalen window; then the work of our Lord continued in the world, Nos. 9 and 10, St. Peter and St. Paul; and at the east or altar end, No. 11, the Ascension, heralded by angels after Fra Angelico.

Remember, this was back in 1904!

The two windows dedicated that 24th Sunday after Trinity in 1904 were the one depicting the raising of Jairus' daughter, given by Mrs. Maria Louise Benson in memory of her family, and the figure of the Saviour speaking His first comfortable words, given by Mr. Henry S. Madden, in memory of his mother. These two windows are in the back of the church, one on the north wall, the other on the south wall.

The newspaper article tells about the harmony of the colors, and how painted glass, "which chiefly stops the light, is entirely absent from the windows, except on hands, feet and faces. The colors are fused into the glass and are thus made to transmit the greatest amount of light." The term "stained glass" comes from fusing or burning the color into the glass.
A close look at the windows today shows us that the plans of that long-ago committee were pretty much carried out; for beginning at the east end of the Gospel side we find: No. 1, The Angel of the Incarnation, St. Gabriel inscribed: In Memoriam, Jennie E. Colby Roberts, by her parents. No. 2, Write:-Blessed are the Dead Who Die in the Lord, erected by the Sunday School (St. John) In Memory of Maria, wife of the Rev. E. S. Wilson. No. 3, The Flight Into Egypt erected by Daniel Holmes and Mary Jane Holmes, his wife. No. 4, To the Honour and Glory of God, in Loving Memory of Albigence Waldron Cary died August 30 and his Wife Caroline Cary died July 10th, 1862 and their son Joseph Clinton died Aug. 7, 1884 this window is placed here by Jane E. Cary, wife of Joseph Clinton Cary July 1888 (Signed Ramsey London). No. 5, Erected by Mrs. Maria Louise Benson To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of her Husband and Children. No. 6, In Loving Memory of our Mother Sarah S. Madden Nov. 6, 1829-Jan. 9, 1891. No. 7, In Loving Memory of George Colley Gordon 1849-1898 and his wife Ida Hooker Gordon 1855-1946 (Signed Louis C. Tiffany). No. 8, RABBONI (Jesus' hands raised in forgiveness) To the Beloved Memory of Eva Hill Foster died October 18th 1887 "The Lord Is Risen Indeed." No. 9, To the Glory of God St. Paul and In Memory of Chas. E. Greenough died October 22, 1880 Aged 27 years. No. 10, St. Peter In Memory of A. F. Brainerd, Warden.

Originally, as shown in early pictures of St. Luke's, the window over the Altar depicted the Ascension. As far as we know, it was dismantled and parts of it were used for the windows between the church and parish house, and also in the front entrance.

On Christmas Eve of 1917, the present "Nativity" window was presented in loving memory of Arnold Morgan Manning (1894-1916) by his mother, Mrs. Sara M. Manning. The window was dedicated by Rev. Emmons P. Burrill, who was the Rector at the time. The Tiffany "Favrile" glass is a perfect example of the blending and shading of the colors.

This particular window was photographed by Eastman Kodak Co. in the 1950's and developed into a large panorama-type picture, which was on display in Grand Central Station in New York City, where millions of travelers viewed its beauty.

Another beautiful Tiffany window that we are apt to miss seeing is at the rear of the church, on the west wall, near the peak in the roof. The inscription reads "Good Will Toward Men." It was a gift in memory of Mrs. Fedelia Church and Mrs. Alling Merritt, and was dedicated by Bishop Brent in
1914. The three parts of the lower group show landscape scenes, a lake tinged with gold, the rising sun filling the central lancet, the side panels representing branches of thick pines silhouetted against the glowing sky. Bishop Brent, seeking a suitable name for the window, said he thought a perfect title would be "Peace Perfect Peace."

I was present the morning the Dobson window was dedicated in the early 1960's. Given in memory of their parents, John and Belle Wadsworth, and Thomas and Mary Gardner Dobson, it was a gift to St. Luke's from Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dobson. A fitting gift indeed, since St. Luke, the Physician is the Patron Saint of our church, the Dobson family, well-known, and loved for many years as members of St. Luke's, and Harold Dobson and his father Thomas, were pharmacists and owners of the Thomas H. Dobson Drug Co. on Main Street. I think the soft, delicate colors of the glass used in the window help to portray the gentleness and tenderness of the physician, St. Luke, whose feast day is October 18.

We are surrounded by such a host of memories and reminders of all the men, women, and children who have "walked this way before," and have left behind such a legacy for all of us. It is our duty to love and care for all these things for future generations.
Junior Choir - 1987-88
Emily Beers
Heather Burch
Donald Frey
Shannon Keck
Chris Kenney
David Kenney
Gary Kenney
Scott Kenney
Kory Knapp
Amanda Lysy
Kim Lysy
Lindsey Milliman
Felicity Montgomery
Lucy Montgomery
Sarah Robinson
Amy Vallee

ST. LUKE'S STAFF

Rector - The Rev. David K. Robinson
Wardens - Joan Archibald, Mo Beers
Vestry - Gary Avery, Nancy Bell, Jim Burch,
                   Dick Frey, Fletcher Garlock, Lew Gwyn
                   Bill Henderson, Dennis Lysy, Joan Smith
Parish Council - Carol Beers, Sharon Fiorito,
                   Clare Gwyn, Jonathan Keck, Red Knight,
                   Barbara Milliman, Bob Parsons, De Reed,
                   Penny Schumacher
Church School Coordinator - Pat Sagawa - Retired in 1988, after
                   14 years of faithful service
Present Coordinator - Patience McPherson
Organist & Choir Director - Richard Stover
Jr. Choir Director - Elizabeth Banner
Parish Secretary - Judy Hugelmaier

Tonsillectomy Clinic held in St. Luke's Parish House in the early 1920's.
CHURCH SCHOOL TEACHERS

Kevin Bell
Megan Fee
Charlie Frey
Dick Frey
Mary Ann Knapp
Jennifer McPherson
De Reed
Opie Reed
Pat Sagawa
Penny Schumacher
Heather Sutton

CHOIR

Janet Brodesser
Bob Brooks
Jean Brundage
Terry Carbone
Bob Clow
Patty Clow
Emily Day
Lee Derby
Anne Eastman
Sid Eastman
Bill Henderson
Linda Krens
Dorothy Leidig
Rich Miller
Sally Montgomery
Helen Myers
Jocelyn Rowley
Lukas Tanojo
Bev Walker

ALTAR GUILD

Betty Bo
Marguerite Casseday
Betty Dunn
Mildred Flagler
Alice Garlock
Beth Grygiel
Sylvia Jones
Barbara Kewin
Emily Knapp
Shirley Knight
Jane Korber
Dorothy LeSchander
Janet Rowe
Joan Smith
Barbara Stanford
Mary Traugott

ACOLYTES

Scott Andrews
Todd Andrews
Emily Beers
Kevin Bell
Frank Fee
Megan Fee
Donald Frey
Meri Henderson
Shannon Keck
Gary Kenney
Scott Kenney
George Manitis
Mike Mault
Carrie McPherson
Sarah Robinson
Andy Sutton
Chris Weinbeck
Steve Weinbeck

LAY READERS

Jim Archibald
Mo Beers
Walter Boston
Bob Brooks
Frank Clow
Ed Gucker
Dennis Lysy
Hans Osterhoudt
Phil Tierney

St. Luke’s Church
Brockport, N. Y.

Eunamous Parkman Burrill, Rector

Christmas-tide 1918

Communion may be made at the Holy Eucharist

Christmas Eve, 11:45 P. M.
Christmas Day, 11:00 A. M.
Thursday—St. Stephen, 9:30 A. M.
Friday—St. John Evangelists, 9:00 A. M.
Saturday—Holy Innocents, 9:00 A. M.
First Sunday after Christmas, 8:00 and 10:30 A. M.
Wednesday, January 1—Circumcision, 9:00 A. M.

MIDNIGHT EUCHARIST

Processional—Hymn 60,
Kyrie—Gounod’s St. Cecilia Mass.
Gloria in Excelsis—Gounod.
Gloria Tibi—Gounod.
Gratias Tibi—Gounod.
Credo—Gounod.
Offertory—Holy Night, Adolphe Adow.
Sanctus Corde—Marbecke.
Sanctus—Gounod.
Benedictus qui venit—Gounod.
Agnus Dei—Gounod.
Hymn 49.
Recessional—Hymn 68.
St. Luke's Episcopal church was organized on the 20th of September, 1838, with a small but influential membership. The present church building has been used for over fifty years, having been erected in 1855 and consecrated in July, 1856 by Bishop De Lancey. The church has had thirteen rectors of whom Rev. C. H. Selby and Rev. John S. Littell are first and second respectively in actual length of service. The former is probably best known of all the rectors, he having served Brockport for 18 years. Shortly after leaving here, he was advanced to a seminary professorship.

It was while Mr. Littell was rector of the church that the construction of the Cary Memorial House, now commonly referred to as the Parish House, was begun. The erection of this building was made possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Shannon and Mrs. Jane E. Cary, after whom it was named; and by the industry of St. Luke's Guild, which had saved $2000 during a term of years; together with hundreds of subscriptions made by persons of all ages, callings and religions. The formal opening of the house took place May 4, 1905. The building is a handsome and durable structure of brown stone, two stories high and beautifully furnished and modelled throughout. In the basement is a good-sized gymnasium equipped with over $500 worth of apparatus, which money was subscribed by public minded citizens. The first floor consists of the guild room, the rector room, the choir room, a dining hall and a kitchen. The second floor is devoted to an assembly room capable of seating 1000, and to a public library. Connected with the assembly hall, which is often used for dancing and plays, are suitable dressing rooms. The building is fitted throughout with gas and electric lights, steam heat and other modern conveniences. The house, though built largely through the efforts of Rev. J. S. Littell, is open to all, regardless of religion, who care to make use of it.

The present pastor of the church is Rev. W. H. G. Lewis.
ST. LUKE'S CELEBRATES ITS 110TH ANNIVERSARY
Thanksgiving Services Sunday

This Sunday, being the Sunday nearest St. Luke's Day, the Parish family of St. Luke's Church will observe the 110th anniversary of its founding. All the members of the Parish will join in a service of thanksgiving for God's many blessings through the years.

In the year 1838 St. Luke's Parish was formed with Samuel H. Davis and Roswell Smith as Wardens, Ansell Chappell, Jerome Fuller, A. B. Bennett, Elias B. Holmes, Stephen Baldwin, Peter Sweat and Seth King as Vestrymen. The Rev. Tapping Reeve Canipman was the first Rector of the parish. The Church building was at that time located on the corner of Main and Holley Streets, on the site now occupied by the First Baptist Church.

In 1854 construction on the present church building was begun. Records show the cost of the building to have been around $6,000. One of the interesting features of the church interior at the time of its construction was the gallery in the rear for the organ and choir. The year 1873-74 saw the removal of this gallery and the moving of the organ and choir to the chancel of the church. On Easter Sunday, 1874, the bell now in use was rung for the first time.

The Cary Memorial House, more popularly known as the Parish House, was added to the church property in 1903. In 1925 the Rectory was completely remodelled and enlarged.

In the history of the parish, particularly in the first half-century of its life, many of its Rectors went on to distinguish themselves in the academic field as professors in the seminaries and colleges of the country. Among the lay members of the congregation there were many distinguished citizens of the community. Names of men and women identified with the history of the community, as well as those of others less well-known, appear on page after page of the parish records in testimony of their loyalty and devotion to the Church.
St. Luke’s Parish

The Rt. Rev. David Lincoln Ferris, D.D., L.H.D.,
Bishop of Rochester

The Rt. Rev. Bartel Hilen Reinheimer, D.D., LL.D.,
Bishop Coadjutor of Rochester

* * *

The Rector, Churchwardens and Vestrymen
of St. Luke’s Church
in the Village of Brockport

The Rev. George Wyatt, Jr., B.S., Rector
Horace J. Mann, M.D., Senior Warden
M. Tilden Chappell, Junior Warden

Vestrymen

Marshall P. Bruce
Fred M. Caswell
Harold G. Dobson
Archibald A. Griffiths

George B. Harmon, Clerk

* * *

Organized under the laws of the State of New York
September 17 to 21, 1838

Admitted as a Parish November 1, 1838 at the
first Convention of the Diocese of Western New York
meeting at Trinity Church, Geneva

Commemoration Service

All Saints’ Day, November 1, 1938

Commemoration Service

Processional Hymn: 295, For all the saints, who from their
labor’s rest

Opening Sentences, Versicles and Responses
(Prayer Book, pages 21 and 25)

Psalm 122: Prayer Book, page 503

Lesson: I Corinthians 3, verses 9 to 17

Hymn: 465, We love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honour dwells.

Historical Pageant

First Episode: The beginning of St. Luke’s
Parish
Hymn: 480, Jesus shall reign (Verses 1, 2 and 3)

Second Episode: St. Luke’s Parish fifty years
ago
Hymn: 489, Blest be the tie that binds (Verses 1, 2
and 3)

Third Episode: The Parish today
Hymn: 492, Rise up, O men of God (All verses)

Creed, Versicles and Collects
(Prayer Book, pages 29 to 31)

Hymn: 457, Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone

Rector of St. Paul’s Church, Rochester

Offertory, Closing Prayers and Benediction

Recessional Hymn: 464, The Church’s one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord
Aceto, Ellen
Aget, Jerry & Sandy
Kelly
Ames, Brian & Jane
Appell, Carol & Morris
Andresen, Chriss & Wendy
Andrews, Todd
Archibald, James & Joan
Arva, John & Donna
Avery, Gary & Nancy
Scott
Avery, James
Avery, Laurel
Ballard, Beatrice
Banner, Craig S. & Elizabeth
Barstow, Douglas & Joan
Bastian, Harry & Catherine
Beach, Roberta
Beckett, Alice
Beers, Morris & Carol
Kathleen, David, Eric, Emily
Bell, Jonathan & Nancy
Erin, Kevin
Bo, Howard & Betty
Kristi Heintz
Boston, Jennifer
Jessica, Joshua
Boston, Walter & Abbie
Bowen, Bess
Brice, Lewis & Patricia
Brodesser, Rheinhard & Janet
James, Thomas
Brooks, Robert & Jean
Bruce, A. W. & Giggie
Brundage, Jan
Buongiorno, Gladys
Burch, James & Lori
Colin, Heather
Burch, Melvin & Sharon
Theron, Travis
Burrows, David
Carbone, Fred & Terri
Heather, Frederick
Carr, Winnie
Cassaday, Ralph & Marguerette
Cassiday, Brigitte
Theresa, Jennifer
Chase, Gary & Pam
Eric, Chris
Clow, Frank & Alida
Clow, Fremont & Sara
Clow, Robert & Patty
Codda, Sandra
Coller, Arthur & Florence
Cooper, David & Marge
Dahlhein, Jay & Ann
James
Day, Dorothy
Day, Emily
DeBaun, John & Ricki
Bridget, Carl, Brian
Delahanty, Marjorie
Derby, Orlo & Verdel
Dilcher, Ronald & Jane
Doe, Robert & Susan
Erin, Katie
Donahue, Clifford & Pat
Donahue, George & Shirley
Donahue, Harry & Anne
Donovan, Burton & Marjory
Drake, Gladys
Dunn, George & Betty
Duryea, Alva
Eastman, Sidney & Anne
Eddy, John & Cheryl
Lisa, Kristen, John
Eldridge, Alice
Emens, Dan & Julie
Exley-Spiegler, George & Anne
Fee, Frank & Peggy
Megan, Frank
Ferraro, Richard & Judy
Chris
Fessenden, Margaret
Fiorito, Richard & Sharon
Christopher
Flagler, Mildred
Fletcher, Vivian
Fraleigh, Warren & Sondra
Christine
Frey, Richard & Anne
Charles, Donald
Fuller, John & Doris
Gabel, Richard & Marge
Gable, Edward
Gallagher, Brian & Erika
Garlock, Fletcher & Alice
Garlock, Fletcher T. & Karen
Morgan, Joanne
Garlock, Samuel & Kitty
Garlock, Charles & Elizabeth
Garrison, Charlotte
George, Bernard
Good, Chester & Marilyn
Gooen, Melissa
Graf, Michael & Susan
Gridley, Ona
Grygiel, Beth
Gucker, Edward & Judy
Cyn, Lewis & Clare
Gage
Habgood, Charles
Hamilton, Lois
Hamm, Allen & Barbara
Harding, David & Gundula
Stephanie, Erin
Hare, Donald & Sandy
Harper, Dorothy
Haynes, Pauline
Heath, Tad & Teddi
Hefke, Edson & Barbara
Heinrich, John & Lola
Henderson, William & Kitty
Meredith
Hitchcock, Evelyn
Hitchcock, Lucius & Carol
Hjelle, Larry & Jean
Angle, Mark, Chris
Hoben, Anne
Hoffman, Fred & Chrystal
Holzer, Michael & Linda
Bradley
Hoy, Leland & Helen
Hughes, Diane
Hughson, Arnold & Mary Jane
Jamele, Helga
Jobes, Marie
Johnson, Jeffrey & Jan
Lindsey, Jeffrey
Jones, Donald & Sylvia
Jubenville, Robert & Virginia
Kane, Peter & Peggy
Jacob
Kays, Barbara
Kaznowski, Thomas & Ruth
Keck, Jonathon
Shannon, Joshua
Kenney, Gary & Carolyn
Christopher, Gary, Jennifer
Kenney, Gregory & Judy
Greg, Deanne, Scott, David
Kevin, Barbara
Kihn, Thomas & Gail
Chris, Theresa
Knapp, Norman & Mary Ann
Kory, Kyle
Knapp, Willis & Emily
Knight, Harold & Shirley
Korber, Eugene & Jane
Krens, Andrew & Lynda
Andrew, Stacey
Kruchten, Anne
Kruchten, Holly
Kruchten, William & Linda
Lancashire, Elizabeth & Hester
Landes, Jeffrey & Susan
Leidig, Robert & Dorothy
LeSchander, John & Dottie
Lester, Michael & Debra
Lysy, Dennis
Christopher, Kimberly, Amanda
Lysy, Sharon
Maccafee, Dana & Ruth
MacNaughton, Kay
Mahan, Mildred
Maisel, Frederick Jr. & Waltraud
Manitsas, George
Manitsas, Irene
Mann, Marjorie
March, Blanche
Marshall, Stephen & Linda
Aimee, Michael, Casey Mault
Maw, Leora
Maxon, Richard & Margot
McDonald, William & Chris
Megan, Kyle
McPherson, Donald & Patience
Jennifer, Carrie
Miller, Richard
Miller, Robert & Lauren
Joel
Millman, Kenneth & Barbara
Lindsey, Thomas
Montgomery, Richard & Sally
Lucy, Felicity
Morgante, Elizabeth
Morris, Raymond & Jackie
Myers, Edgar & Helen
Nash, Wesley & Kathy
Buddy
Newcomb, Richard & Joan
Paul, Nancy
Newton, Harry & Gwendolyn
Northrup, Robert & Charlotte
Nowatchik, Minnie
Ogden, Joyce
Osterhoudt, Hans & Marjorie
Parker, James & Lillian
Amy, Lisa, Carrie
Parsons, Robert & Esther
Paul
Piersa, James & Joanne
Piddington, Deborah
Prue, Randy & Marlene
Rapaille, Michele
Reed, Opie & De
Opie, Jennifer, Kelly
Reilly, Evelyn
Robinson, David & Patricia
Sarah, Julie, Christopher
Roffe, Michael & Rebecca
Rogers, Gordon & Melanie
Luke, Quintin
Rowe, George & Janet
Rowe, William & Julie
Adam
Rowley, Arthur & Jocelyn
Ruger, Dorothy
Sagawa, Hidetake & Pat
Paul, Shirley, Carolyn, Jennifer
Schinaing, Anne
Katie, Emily
Schlageter, Bruce & Grace
Schmackpfeffer, William & Linda
Lori, Billy, Danny, Greg
Schrum, Charles & Jeanne
Schulz, Elizabeth
Schumacher, Kenneth & Penny
Jason, Todd
Schwalm, Maldwyn & Pam
Lisa, Katie, Maldwyn II
Schwartz, Ira & Irene
Scott, Paul & Doris
Seadek, Shirley
Seever, Shirley
Seever, Nancy
Sheffield, Carol
Amy, Jennifer, Holly
Siegfried, David & Cindy
Kelly, David
Sisson, Ralph & Harriet
Evan
Slone, David & Paula
David, Laurie, Kelly
Smith, Donald
Smith, louie Jr. & Joan
Smith, Rudolph & Faith
Stanford, Douglas
Stites, Robert & Donna
Stoll, David & Sarah
Shannon, Derek
Stover, Richard
Sullivan, Glenn & Laura
Sean, Paul
Sutton, James & Ann
Heather, Andrew
Taggart, Laurie
Tanojo, Lukas
Tardge, Edmond Jr. & Beverly
Taylor, Jean
Thomas, Jeffrey, Krista
Thompson, Marian
Thompson, Robert & Doris
Thompson, Warren & Priscilla
Tierney, Philip & Joan
Traugott, Ray & Mary
Tripp, Calvin & Vera
Tuttle, Nellie
Walker, Beverly
Wallin, Russell & Josephine
Wannenwetsch, Jack & Nancy
Krista, Kurt
Ward, Linda
Warner, Allen & Cheryl
Webster, Marcia
Todd
Webster, Robert & Hollis
Mary Beth, Adam, Edward, Cassandra
Weinbeck, Robert & Susan
Christopher, Stephen
White, Ruth
Whited, Clark & Frances
Whited, Clark Jr. & Barbara
Benjamin, Andrew, Matthew
Wing, Betty
Catherine, Gregory, Pamela
Wright, Iva
Zastrow, Leon & Marguerite
Zastrow, Leon Jr. & Esther
Zugo, Stephen & Carol
Chris, Melissa