

Oxicon



*September
2026*

Newsletter
of the Parish of
St. Luke's Anglican Catholic Church
Augusta, Georgia

A Parish of the
Anglican Catholic Church
Diocese of the South

Ramblings from Ye Ole Vicar....

Summer In the South: A Reminiscence

By Rev. Fr. George F. Alexander

As some of you may know, I grew up on the other side of the river, and being a Southerner, I like to reminisce, especially about growing up in a small town in the South, specifically, in Graniteville, then, in Aiken, which was small back in the '40's.

Perhaps, a little reminiscing is a good way to get to know me better.

Not so many years ago, summer was a special time in the South. A time to shed shoes and run quickly across the sandy streets. A time to enjoy watermelon and to lick an ice cream cone before it melts and runs down your arm.

Growing up in a small Southern town, a few decades ago, was like growing up in another world. Only the main streets were paved. Not everyone had a refrigerator. The ice man still delivered cakes of ice for the "ice boxes", in a horse-drawn wagon, no less.

Milk was delivered to the door in glass bottles, with at least two inches of cream on top.

The gas station had glass pumps with big handles that we kids loved to turn.

I could go on and on, and relive wonderful memories of a time when life, at least from a child's perspective, was

simple, comfortable, safe. There were no strangers, only neighbors.

Oh, yes. Summer was special because of the Fourth of July. It was not only a celebration of the birth of our nation but a celebration of family and of community. It was a time when we paused to thank God for this great blessing he had bestowed upon us and the world: a nation of integrity, of morality, of compassion, of family.

Regardless of the "Civil War", we were still a nation of family, and on the Fourth of July, we celebrated! And on Labor Day, too.

But, wherever we were on that day, we all paused to remember not just our forefathers and the sacrifices they made to ensure our independence and to begin this grand experiment we call the United States of America; we paused in prayer. We saluted our flag, and we pledged allegiance to it as representing this great nation that we were certain came into existence by the grace of God.

It came into existence for a purpose: to shine as a light to the world and to ring out, not just liberty and justice for all, but also a manifest destiny to be an example of the highest ideals of morality for the entire world.

Service Schedule

Sunday - 10:00 a.m.

Prayers

Jennifer Beasley, Beverly & Tom, Anne & Lucy, Marsha, Ruth, Leroy & Levine, Rebecca, Fr. McAughey & Joan, Wallace, Beth Odasso, Betty & Fr. Alexander, Sam Nechtman, Sue, Wanda, Maks, Mary, Sharon, Ann Brinson, Patricia & Paul Sharp, Charlotte Galton, Asia Williams, Sarina Moore, & Garrett, priest.

There was no greater pride as a child than to be able to recite the pledge of allegiance from memory; to sing the national anthem without missing a beat; and to recite the Lord's Prayer, all while facing the flag with hand over heart.

Next to watermelon, real barbequed pork, and hand-churned peach ice cream, there were the fireworks. Not quite what we see at the malls or on the riverfront but, nevertheless, impressive for a youngster still sticky from ice cream.

Summer in the South for a youngster meant going barefoot, going swimming, and sitting in front of an oscillating fan. Of course, there were many adventures in the great outdoors, whether playing baseball in a sandy field or catching tadpoles in a small stream; going swimming and getting sunburned; shucking corn on the back steps; and spitting watermelon seeds.

Interwoven in all of this was a sense of family, that we were all family in our

little community, and that Jesus loved us. Of course, He did. We sang the song every Sunday in Sunday School: "Jesus loves us, this I know. For the Bible tells me so."

And, "Jesus loves the little children; all the children of the world."

There was also a sense of right and wrong, of what constituted a family; never was there a doubt of who was the mother, and who was the father.

It was not wealth; it was not whim; it was not social status; it was not just the "law"; it was what God revealed to us from the very beginning.

As a child growing up in the South, I knew very well the story of Adam and Eve. I understood fig leaves and serpents (snakes, by golly), although I was not really sure of the "rib" part.

But more than that, even as a child, I never doubted the moral greatness of our nation and its God-given responsibility to the world.



Parish News

Bishop makes Annual Visitation

Archbp. Mark Haverland graced St. Luke's with his Annual Visitation on June 7th, confirming one and receiving another.

Cody McGahee was confirmed, and Jordan Maldonado was received from the Roman Communion.

Cody currently works at a local Petting Zoo, as he continues his education.

Jordan is a Social Worker serving in the Group Home Foster Care Program.



From L-R, Archbp. Haverland, Jordan Maldonado, Cody McGahee, and Fr. Alexander.

An enthusiastic congregation joined the bishop for a light lunch and the opportunity to chat one-on-one with him.

St. Luke's Welcomes New Vicar

The Rev. George F. Alexander has joined St. Luke's as newly appointed Vicar. Fr. Alexander retired in November of last year as Rector of All Saints in Aiken, only a sort-lived retirement.

He and his wife, Betty, are quite familiar with St. Luke's and have visited on special occasions over a number of years.

Betty assists Lucy Whitehorne with the Altar Guild. She also helps out with the Coffee Hour.

Fr. Alexander says he is enjoying the opportunity to serve St. Luke's in this

role and to continue being active as a priest in his presumed retirement. He is enthusiastic about the future of St. Luke's and looks forward to seeing growth in the parish.

Although it's about a 40 - minute commute from their residence in Aiken, both Fr. Alexander and Betty are pleased to be a part of the parish and hope to continue for as long as they are needed.



Foster Home Teens Attend Sunday Services

St. Luke's has become the Church Home for a number of teenage boys in Foster Care.

Jordan Maldonado, a social worker recently received into the ACC, brings the boys from several group homes under his charge to attend the Sunday service. The boys especially enjoy Coffee Hour following the service.

We, at St. Luke's, are grateful to Jordan for bringing the boys to our church and feel that both they and we benefit from their presence.

Unfortunately, we cannot show photos or list names, but perhaps in the future, that will become possible.

Social Media Update

Thanks to **John Dyal**, the parish social media accounts are springing to life again. John has been upgrading the Facebook page and tackling other social media possibilities to make the St. Luke's more visible, such as Instagram, YouTube, and TikTok.

You can visit the Facebook page at: <https://www.facebook.com/stlukeaugusta>

Meanwhile, Fr. Alexander has reinitiated the parish Website, and it's up and running. You can visit it at www.stlukesaugusta.org.

A Cappella Singing

As there is currently no organist available, we enjoy a cappella singing of the hymns. With Lucy Whitehorne and Rebecca Blair leading the congregation, it is amazing how beautiful the hymns sound. With additional voices as our numbers increase, we may never need an organist!

Occasional Services

At this time, no regular weekday services are scheduled; however, if there are enough requests for a weekday service or special Holy Day services, consideration will be given to scheduling them. As we grow, we look forward to offering more services.

Faithful Service

A nudge from Fr. Alexander: as Christians, we are expected to pay faithful and laudable service to God and our Saviour. St. Luke's needs each member to step up and share in the many duties and responsibilities for the smooth running of a parish.

Birthdays

July 28	Beverly Thompson
August 23	Ted Baker
September 4	Leroy Walker
September 9	Rebecca Blair

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Nature

As Seen through the Lens

by Forrest Roberts

Roseate Spoonbills

Location: *Alligator Farm
St. Augustine, Florida*

St. Augustine is the oldest city in the U.S., founded in 1565. birds flying in and out to bring in nesting materials. Roseate Spoonbills just

Carol Sue and I took a short trip to the Alligator Farm in late April, 2022, as I had not been since 2009.

When I was learning digital photography, I went every year from 2005-2009, as it is a perfect place to practice bird photography in April and May, as many birds use it as a rookery. There are always



started appearing there about seven years ago. Egrets, Herons. and other birds have been there for many years. Not having many Spoonbill images in my files was a good reason for the trip.

You will notice a band on one of the adult's legs, as it is used to study their migration routes. It is possible they started coming to the Alligator Farm due to loss of habitat somewhere else.

Hope you enjoy viewing them as we really enjoy taking them.



[Note: this is a series of nature photography by Forrest Roberts, who, with Carol Sue, has traveled extensively, both of them photographing the wonders of Nature.]



Liturgically Speaking

The Reality Of God: Around Us and In Us

A recent Sunday sermon on the passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans focused on love, God's Love for all of his Creation, as evidenced by the beauty which surrounds us. All we have to do is to open our eyes. It is but a foretaste of the beauty that awaits when we enter into our heavenly home.

That sermon brought to mind the piece I wrote for My Notebook in October 2014. So, it is reprinted as follows:

The search for life outside our solar system has yielded some amazing discoveries, the latest being i-propyl cyanide, an organic molecule that is somehow tied to amino acids, necessary for the existence of life.

Yet, for all man's efforts to discover life elsewhere than earth, our planet remains alone as the sustainer of life in the universe.

The search, though, is necessary, and reflects the nature of man as a curious, restless creature, destined to explore and seek after knowledge, even to find the origin of his existence.

All the while humankind searches the universe, the obvious is within his sight, without the need of giant telescopes, or space probes sent out to explore the cosmos.

Nature, in her wondrous beauty,

speaks out, clearly and loudly, demonstrating the divine origin of all creation, demonstrating organization, demonstrating a rational system of physical laws.

By nature, I am referring to all of God's creation, and, although there may be some things in the world around us we don't especially care for, there is divine beauty in all that God has created.

I marvel each morning when I awake and look out the window at the trees and flowers, grass and shrubs, and listen to the birds, watch them as they flit from limb to limb in the trees, and glide across the yard.

It is absolutely amazing when one thinks about it: all this beauty, seemingly simple, yet so complex. Life! In all of the universe, our planet alone sustains "life"!

While the scientific world proclaims randomness in creation, randomness throughout the universe, they still expect all research to be verified and repeatable. Yes, randomness must be repeatable?

If we apply the rationality with which God has imbued us, we must come to the conclusion that creation was not an

(Continued on next page.)

Liturgically Speaking continued.....

accident, something spontaneous with no origin.

The idea that life is an accident in itself goes against rational thinking: something created with no origin?

We are no accident. All the beauty that surrounds us is no accident.

We, all of creation, are the product of a divine reality, God, who has revealed Himself to us as a God of love and beauty.

He did not create us and abandon us.

In the fullness of time, He entered directly into our world, living among us in the form of Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Eternal Godhead, providing us a way to be united to Him in life eternal.

Each year, following the Church calendar, we celebrate His Incarnation, His Life, His Death, His Resurrection, His Ascension, and the sending of His Holy Spirit on Pentecost.

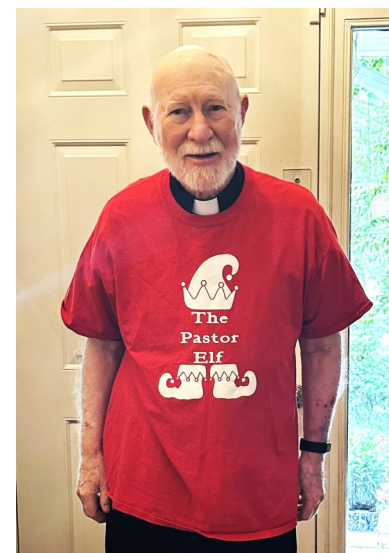
What we witness, what we experience, what we come to believe through our faith as Christians is that we are not a random accident in the cosmos but are the product of a loving God who created us in His Image and Likeness, and whose desire is to bring us into an eternal union with Himself.

That Divine Desire is fulfilled through love, and we share in that desire through the exercise of our own free will, accepting His Mercy and His Grace freely given.

The proof that God is the origin of all creation is in us, through us, and around us; and more to the point, his reality is made manifest in that we cannot prove He doesn't exist!

Baptism Leads to Designation as "Elf"

The lettering may be difficult to read in the photo, but it does say "Pastor Elf".



Fr. Alexander was presented the T-Shirt following the Baptism of one of the foster children attending St. Luke's each Sunday.



Slow-Roasted Pork Country-Style Ribs

By Fr. Alexander

Cooking is perhaps one of my favorite pastimes; indeed, you might say that it's a hobby, which, fortunately, Betty shares with me, and we complement each other in the kitchen

This hobby has led us to writing a cookbook (still in draft). We are still sorting out our favorite *original* recipes.

Our Summer Favorite

This is a great summer recipe, or any time, but especially the Fourth and Labor Day, and is reminiscent of times past in the South. The key to the recipe is the rub, which works for a variety of meat dishes.

Actually, the secret is the rub — and the procedure!

It all begins with a couple of pounds, or so, of pork country-style ribs (look for the real meaty ones). Don't be lured into buying other rib styles; the result will not be the same — good, I'm sure, but not the same.

Slow-Roasted Pork Country-Style Ribs:

2 -3 lbs Pork Country-style Ribs
Olive Oil Spray (extra virgin olive oil)
Salt & Pepper
Rub (recipe follows)
Barbeque Sauce (*Jack Daniel's Original No. 7 Recipe*)

Rinse the ribs and pat dry. Arrange in a roasting pan, first spraying the bottom of the pan with extra virgin olive oil.

Next, salt and pepper the ribs, sprinkle generously with the rub, and spray with olive oil. Turn the ribs, and do the same for the other side.

Cover, and allow to marinate for at least two hours; overnight would be preferable.

Heat oven to 300 degrees, and place the ribs in the oven, covered, about on the middle rack.

Roast for about an hour; then turn the ribs, and continue to roast until they are tender to the point of nearly falling off the bone.

Remove from oven, and place in a broiler pan. Coat with barbeque sauce, and briefly place under the broiler. It can be done on the grill, as well.

Our preferred barbeque sauce is *Jack Daniel's Original No. 7 Recipe*. If there is one you like better, that's fine but it does void the guarantee for the finished dish.

Now, here's....

The Rub

Ingredients:

3 tbs + 1 tsp	Chili Powder
2 tbs + 1 tsp	Hungarian Paprika
1 tsp	Black Pepper
2 tsp	Dry Mustard
1 tsp	Kosher Salt
1 1/2 tsp	Ground Coriander
1 tsp	Cumin
1 tsp	Chipotle Chili Powder

Mix all the ingredients and voila! *The Rub*.

Andiamo a Mangiamare!

Saint of the Month

St. Swithun, Bishop (c. 800 - 862)

Born in Hampshire about the year 800, during the reign of Egbert of Wessex, Swithun was educated at the Winchester monastery, where he was later ordained priest by Helmstan, bishop of Winchester (838 - c. 852).

Swithun was known for his humility, and when the king learned of him, he appointed him tutor of his son, Æthelwulf, and considered him among his chief friends and counselors. In 852, Swithun was named bishop of Winchester when Æthelwulf succeeded his father as king.

Little else is known of the life of Swithun, and he is scarcely mentioned in any document of his own time. His death is entered in the Canterbury manuscript of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and his signature is appended to the witness lists of several Anglo-Saxon charters.

There is an interesting proverb surrounding St. Swithun that says if it rains on his feast day, July 15th, then it will rain for 40 days:

*St Swithun's day if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain
St Swithun's day if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain nae mare*

At his own request, Swithun was buried outside the church, where his grave



St. Swithun v.
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might be subject to the feet of passers-by, and to the raindrops pouring from on high.

Swithun is best known for his piety and his zeal for building new churches and restoring old ones, and for many post-humous miracles. He died on July 2, 862, but his feast day is celebrated on July 15th, when his remains were removed to a shrine inside the cathedral, a day during which it poured, supposedly to show Swithun's displeasure with the move.





St. Luke's Anglican Catholic Church

Clergy

Archbishop Mark D. Haverland, Rector
The Rev. Canon Jonathon Foggin, Priest-in-Charge
The Rev. Fr. George F. Alexander, Vicar

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