

St. Joseph's Pilgrims – 2017

Adult Celtic Pilgrimage



Sunday - July 16

Pilgrim Commissioning Rite



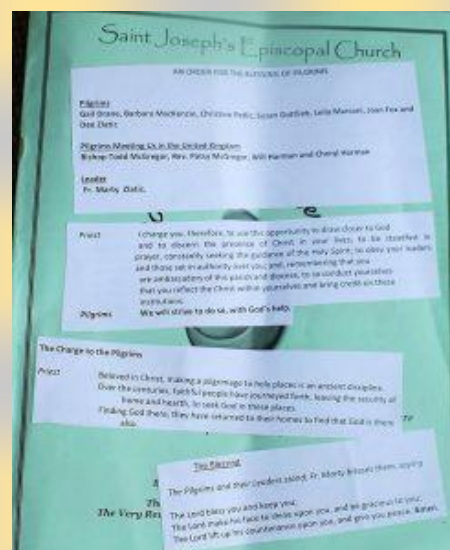
Pilgrims are commissioned. (Karen and Rich Haney proxy for Rev. Patsy and Bishop Todd McGregor).

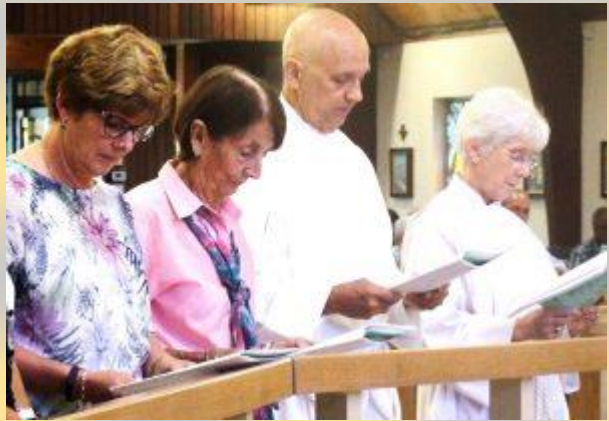


Pilgrims are commissioned.



Pilgrims are commissioned (Bob and Charlotte Lees proxy for Will and Cheryl Harman).





Tuesday - July 18

Departure Day (Ft. Lauderdale to New York to London)

We gathered round the altar after all the bags were loaded, sharing a prayer in which each one's pilgrimage hopes were noted.



Chris Nieberg, Tony Pedic and Steve Gottlieb all agreed to drive and braved I-95 South until at FLL we did arrive.
We checked ourselves in at United, then to the gate
Where the departure of our flight to Newark we'd await.
The plane left on time and had an early arrival in Newark
We walked and found our limo bus and to Manhattan we did embark.



First to the spot where a previous youth pilgrimage had a picnic,
This "Upper Room" sculpture – a good place for our first group pic.



Then to a lunch stop with a view of Lady Liberty on the Hudson River.
All were amazed at the size of the pretzel that waitress Monica delivered.



The 911 Memorial was only a few blocks away
So we strolled over there for the rest of our day.
After a solemn visit to the memorial to those who died that September
We entered the museum for a tour to remember.
So many and so brave, those who entered burning buildings to help out
Now remembered 16 years later as heroes without doubt.



We took a ride to Times Square for a short walk to take in the atmosphere.
We'd haven taken in a show too, but not enough time here.

Comments:

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Will enjoy watching
May all go well.
Love to you, Dee, and the crew!
Gerry and Audrey



We were back on the bus on our way back for our connecting flight.
We thanked Fernando our driver, then on through security for our flight overnight.

Wednesday - July 19

London to Canterbury

We had cleared our seat pockets in front of us of all our personal items
But somehow there developed a glitch in our system:
When we counted up the pilgrims after exiting the plane,
Someone was not with us – how did we lose Gail Drane?
We proceeded to the long lines at Heathrow immigration
And arriving there much to our happy exhilaration
There was Gail in the line -- way far up ahead;
Somehow she had passed us up and through the terminal had sped.
So now we had all pilgrims and soon all luggage too,
We soon were in the arrivals hall as through customs we all flew.
We found Barbara MacKenzie awaiting us, but then couldn't find our coach
But towards our caravan of luggage carts eventually it approached.
Our driver is from Punjab, India, and Santam is his name.
From his cautious, careful driving it's clear that safety is his aim.
He drove us straight to Canterbury – 2 hours from Heathrow,
We arrived at the hotel – from Canterbury Cathedral, just a stone's throw.
An interesting set up: going up and down hallways and stairs
Bringing up the luggage and finding your room: a bit of a nightmare.
But the closeness to the cathedral and the incredible hospitality of the staff,
Made the tired group feel welcome, and wrong turns just brought a laugh.
There was a desire to change money and pick up some things the ladies required.
Amazing that all were ready to walk and shop, since they were a little tired.
A Marks & Spencer moment occurred, when the ladies shouted to their pastor
“We'll meet you in lingerie,” (and Fr. Marty walked out faster.)
A tea house called “Tiny Tim's” provided high tea before they closed,
Then the chance for Evensong at the Cathedral, not a single one opposed.
A beautiful solemn service with the Canterbury men's choir,
Then a walk for soup and ice cream (of course!), before we all retired.

Thursday - July 20

Canterbury

A bit of rain was falling as we prepared for this big day,
But since we'd be inside the weather did not get in our way.
Our parishioner Helen Lipton who splits her time in her UK home nearby
Joined us for the day (her wonderful UK voice you'd all identify).
Our cathedral tour guide came and much to Helen's surprise,
His name was John and someone who she immediately recognized:
They had sung together in a choir for some time in days gone by,
So another reunion was achieved, helping our group to unify.
We entered the cathedral with John leading the way
We loved how cathedral chaplains periodically stopped visitors to pray.
We visited the holy site where Thomas Becket died.



We walked the steps that pilgrims have climbed since 1070 when he was martyred.
And then a spiritual highlight: we had a private Eucharist in the crypt,
With Episcopal Books of Common Prayer provided for our script.
Helen knew a French bistrot nearby called Cote' that really sounded great,
And with legendary saints from St. Joe's with that name, we remembered Alda and Ray
as we ate.
After our lunch we walked Queen Bertha's Way, who with King Ethelbert centuries ago,
Brought faith back to this part of the world from which Christianity would grow.
First to the oldest church in the English-speaking world, the church of St. Martin of
Tours,
Those who walked awaited Helen and others in her car, who had to take a few detours.



We reflected and journaled on the grounds of the church on what was now a beautiful sunny day,
Then walked to the site of St. Augustine's Abbey, for some virtual reality play.





After touring the site, we walked back to town, to complete a day that was great.
We debriefed over dinner at Old Weaver's Restaurant, where previous St. Joe's pilgrims ate.
We said goodbye to Helen until we see her in the fall,
Our big Canterbury day completed – a good time had by all.

Friday - July 21

Canterbury to York

We packed up all the luggage and did the reverse trek down the stairs,
And a pleasant surprise before us, Todd and Patsy McGregor both were there!
It was a long drive to the north, so we departed without delay
It felt like I-95 with accidents and traffic along the way.
After a Cambridge rest stop and a shout out to C. S. Lewis
Looking at the clock we knew what the slow down was doing to us,
We had to delay our tour of York Minster until Saturday morning
We'd have to skip Whitby which was a little disappointing.
But we arrived into York at a beautiful hotel.
Some wanted to see the Shambles, so we took a walk for a spell,
Then ended at Betty's Tea for a traditional dinner
So far on this pilgrimage no one's getting thinner.





Saturday - July 22

York to Durham to Lindisfarne

It would be a day of cathedrals with York Minster and then Durham thereafter
Another mix up with the luggage van brought Fr. Marty some laughter:
They "upgraded" us to a bigger van, and from last year, he knew this wouldn't work
"They won't let me take that on the ferry," he explained to the clerk.
So the search was then on with calls to all the lots in England for Thrifty,
To find a replacement – and the one that's in Darlington turned out quiet nifty.
It was right on the way to Durham – our next stop,
So while the others toured the Minster, he hurried up there for a van swap.
The tour of York Minster was appreciated by all,



Then they set off to Durham – a 2-hour haul,
Where Fr. Marty was waiting with the van swap achieved,
With the group back together, we all were relieved.
We walked up towards the cathedral, and had a late lunch to eat,
At a place near the cathedral with Lebanese treats.



Then over to the cathedral, and just inside the door
There was Lilian Grove, awaiting us on the narthex floor.
She's a legend at Durham, and a St. Joseph's friend,
And she knows everything about the Cathedral, from beginning to end.
We prayed at the tomb of the Venerable Bede,
Then finished at Saint Cuthbert's shrine, (a Sanctuary indeed!)



Our visit was completed with an Evensong in the choir,
Led by a choir from South Carolina that we all admired.
Back on the bus, we traveled north to Newcastle,
We walked the Millennium Bridge (unlike last year – no hassle),
We walked to Aneesa's for a quick dinner buffet,
Then 71 minutes to Lindisfarne, to complete a wonderful day.

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

Comments:

Lorraine Baker

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Thrilled to see everyone's enjoying their time together. Lillian is a special lady and imparts her impeccable knowledge for sure.

Praying God's continued protection as you journey on this pilgrim way!

Blessings and love always,
Lorraine

Sunday - July 23

Lindisfarne

We arrived at Holy Island late on Saturday night,
so to sleep in on Sunday seemed to be right,
We met up at St. Mary's for the 10:45 service
And Rev. Kate was presiding, an additional bonus.
Her friend Lilian had called her after our Durham visit yesterday,
And told her we wanted a "Kate talk" during our Holy Island stay.
She agreed that she'd join us tomorrow at 10,
The pilgrims met back at the main house, for some chowder from Cullen.
We had our first pilgrimage session with all 12 pilgrims together,
And talked about walking, though the weather could get better.
In the midst of our talking, Andy Raine bounded in,
And his joy-filled expression made us all grin.
We planned his time with us and then gave them a break,
To explore Holy Island or a short rest to take.
We met back for dinner with fresh spinach and salmon,
Physical and spiritual nourishment aplenty – on Holy Island there's no famine.



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Lorraine

Cheryl May

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Hope you visited the renovated Open Gate. Looking forward to more verse and photos.

Evelyn Weicker

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So happy that you all arrived safely and it appears you are having a good time—the 9:30 service seems strangely different without you all — praying for you daily -
EvelynW.

Monday - July 24

Lindisfarne

Wonderful stories of the Celtic saints of long ago,
Were shared by Rev. Kate whom past Lindisfarne pilgrims know,
Without a single note she engaged us for 2 hours
And this day is so special – this was only the first of two authors!
For shortly after Kate Tristram departed for home



In walked Mary Fleeson from the Lindisfarne Scriptorium,
A world expert on Celtic knotwork of whom most of you have heard,
(Her artwork adorns St. Joe's floor for The Word Beyond Words.)
After a lunch and conversation, a hands-on Celtic knotwork workshop
Each drawing intertwining lines (some had to untangle their "impossi-knots.")
We then finished the day with dinner and reflecting in prayer,
Both Rev. Kate and Mary – it's been a day beyond compare!





Tuesday - July 25

Lindisfarne

Some free time this morning to explore Holy Isle
Some opted to pray at St. Mary's a while,
Some hiked to St. Cuthbert's Island for some alone time and quiet
Then we met Andy for brunch – and with a warm afternoon climate,
We learned some new movements of liturgical-type dance
Andy showed us some new ones, our skills to enhance,



An especially powerful one was the veil of tears song
When each one walked through their emotions were strong.





Wednesday - July 26

Lindisfarne

A day for each person to find a thin place,
To walk to the beach, or the Prayer Hollows space,



Followed by an after-lunch talk by Andy on more of the Celtic saints,
Some chose to reflect and some chose to paint,
some walked to the places to see recent archeological finds
(including a chapel, and graves of all kinds.)



We came together for dinner and then walked to the beach for the sunset
As we listened to the seals howling, the scene was the best that we've seen yet.





Thursday - July 27

Lindisfarne

Thursday July 27 – a special date indeed,
32 years ago today, Todd and Patsy were wed,
So the pilgrims had plotted an anniversary surprise:
A Eucharist at Cuthbert's Cave became a wedding reprise.



With our flower girls collecting Patsy's bouquet along our way



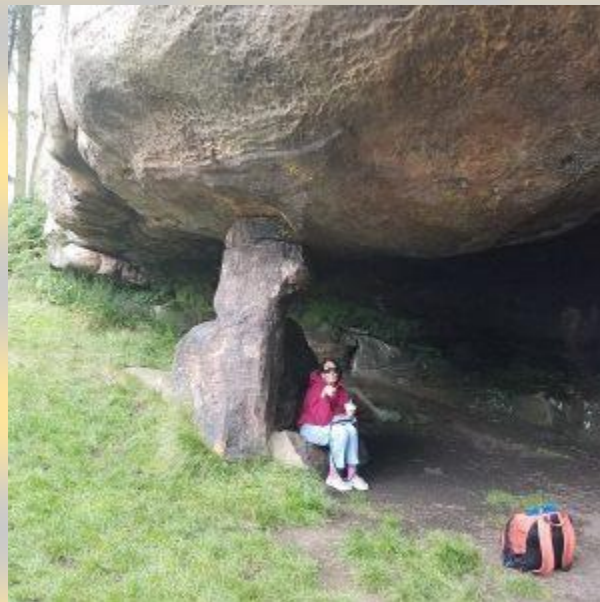
They renewed marriage vows and then the marriage blessing we'd pray



And a "wedding reception": a cave picnic lunch
This sure is a creative pilgrimage bunch.
They had Patsy and Todd drop some glass and some stones
Separately indicating they began life alone,
Then they mixed glass and stones all together as one,
(It's not in the prayer book, but it added some fun.)



Then some time to reflect and start writing our personal collect each to discern his personal subject.



After a hike to the bus, we came back to the causeway,
 For the traditional pilgrim's walk, each to do is his/her own way.
 Then we washed each other's feet at the end of the trail,
 We were especially proud of our wonder girl Gail,
 She hiked to the cave, and then back to the bus,
 And then did the whole pilgrim's walk with the rest of us.



Then at night we had scheduled a special Mexican meal
And with champagne, "best man" Will offered a toast that was ideal.
Then our bride and our groom cut the cake for dessert,
It was a wonderful celebration – and a real group effort.
Then the Raines who had joined us for the celebration dinner
Gave a post-dinner concert that was a real winner.



























Friday - July 28

Lindisfarne

Each St. Joseph's pilgrim group gets their own unique component
And today was this group's chance to do something new and own it:
They sailed over to Inner Farne Island: our first pilgrims to visit the place
where Cuthbert lived his last years (puffins were everywhere in this space).
We received an impromptu lecture in the chapel by Anne Wilson,
The archivist who joined us for prayer and part of the hymn when she was done,
Then after a picnic lunch most took a walk all around
Observing the many species of birds which did surround.
We made a short stop to pray in Bamburgh city
And the church where St. Aidan died had a new shrine – very pretty.
We paused for a prayer at the spot where he died,
Then had to get back before the tide turned, so it was a quick ride.
We prepared a final dinner with the Raines and Rev. Kate,
And had a Shabbat service after we ate,
Then hugged all goodbye as we started to pack,
Hoping someday to Holy Island we all could come back.

Saturday - July 29

Lindisfarne to Edinburgh

Everyone pitched in, finishing the clean-up and load
Then down to the Lindisfarne Priory we strode,
For a traditional final Eucharist by the Saint Cuthbert statue,
(we had permission this time, so this was in no way a taboo).



We prayed for those back home who made possible this journey,
And all other pilgrims who prayed here previously.
Then off to the bus, and two hours north to Queensferry,
Where Karen McCormack, our friend greeted us kindly.
We boarded the ferry to what's called "The Iona of the East":
In the Inchcolm Abbey refectory we shared a picnic feast.



We did an "um" meditation up in the Warming Room
Then the tour of the rest of the Abbey resumed:
The Chapter House, the Cloister, the small Hermit's Cell,
And some climbed the tower, who braved the narrow stairwell.



Then back to the ferry and it was off to the city,
We arrived at Fraser Suites, our Edinburgh hotel that was very pretty.
We walked down to our dinner right on the Royal Mile,
And the name of our restaurant made Todd and Patsy smile.
For we had secretly arranged for the group reservation at
"The Royal McGregor," -- how appropriate is that!

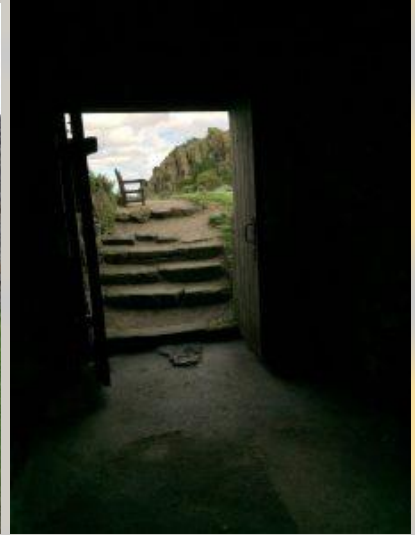


We had a great evening, sharing stories and laughter,
Some energetic ones walked more in Edinburgh thereafter.















While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Walter Scott (1771-1832)



Comments:

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Hail the McGregor's!
Fun Times in Edinburgh. Wish I could be there again!
Journey on everyone!

Sunday - July 30

Edinburgh to Iona

Today is the long journey all Iona pilgrims will recall,
Bus to ferry, then another bus to ferry: it's an all-day haul,
And once you arrive on the Iona's shore,
It's almost a mile walk to the youth hostel front door.
Will and Fr. Marty left early, luggage loaded in our van,
To get a headstart on groceries was our group's plan.
Everything went like clockwork, and quite a shopper is Will,
The group helped us finish, then we played the big bill.
The van was now packed from ceiling to floor,
There just wasn't room for anything more.
Satnam and his wife transferred the group to the ferry pier,
And some feasted on seafood from a kiosk that was near.
The ferry from Oban gave the pilgrims great views and more
During the 45 minute sail over to Mull's eastern shore.
Then off to the bus for the winding hour trip,
Will and Marty in the van driving at a speedy clip.
(For the last ferry to Iona was awaiting this very last coach
And Will and Marty were already there with the pilgrims' approach.)
With Iona Abbey now in view, we ferried for the 10-minute ride,
Then began the walk over to the island's north side.
Fr. Marty and Joan drove ahead in the van,
To get a head start unpacking was pilgrimage plan.
But upon arrival there was John, and helpers Kristof and Antoine,
Working amazingly fast that soon unloading the van was done.
When the walking pilgrims arrived, we needed only to organize the food
After which a short meeting with John and the hostel staff ensued.
We settled in to the hostel with dinner, Eucharist, and prayer,
The long journey day is over --- and finally we're there!

Monday - July 31

Iona

MoA bit of a sleep in after yesterday's long trip,
Some even opted breakfast to skip;
We gathered for prayer before a meditative walk
Up to Iona's highest point, without any talk.
8 of 12 pilgrims made it, prayed for each other at the crest,
(tomorrow at the Abbey we'll pray for the rest).
After lunch some explored the beaches and scenery,
With the cows and the sheep amidst all the greenery.
This thin place has captured the hearts of this pilgrim band,
It's hard to imagine a place closer to God than this land.
We enjoyed a nice dinner and before our night's rest,
We reflected and prayed on what each today liked the best.











Tuesday - August 1

Iona

After gathering for prayer down to the Abbey we'd get
But with a lot of wind and rain everybody was wet,
We entered St. Columba's shrine to pray for the four
Who had not managed to climb the hill the day before.
Then we toured the abbey and the museum in back,
And in St. Michael's Chapel, all pilgrims then sat,
And wrote their own version of Psalm 23,
Then to have a light and late lunch we'd all agree
Before our big dinner party tonight with John and Rachel his wife,



And our new friend Joan who's been a Benedictine most of her life,
And the workers from the hostel, Celine and Antoine,



And Kristof the policeman, who tomorrow would be gone.



Wednesday - August 2

Iona (Columba's Bay)

We set off for the pier a little past nine,
Some of the leisure walkers left early to get there on time.
Mark was waiting for us and preparing his vessel,
He and his son Stuart were anchored between Iona and Mull.
We put up the sails on this day with lots of wind and sun
And 'womanning' the helm, Captain Leila had some fun,
We sailed down to the south end, seeing seals on the way,
The calm waters provided easy landing at Columba's Bay.
We each found a rock, then the labyrinth we walked,
Then after placing them in the center, we ate and we talked.
Some climbed nearby hills and others foraged through the rocks,
And with the dark clouds approaching, Mark looked at his clock,
Saying it's held off much longer than the forecast had said,
So we dinghied back to the sailboat, and then motored instead.
As the rain started on us, we came back up the coast,
Admiring the rugged beauty of the shoreline: this day's a favorite for most.





Comments:

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Dear Fr. Marty & 2017 Pilgrims, It's been wonderful to live vicariously with you as you've traveled from Canterbury, Lindisfarne, to Iona & Columba's Bay. Brings back wonderful memories of experiencing many "thin places" on that Holy Island where I felt God's presence in such a truly mighty way. My thoughts & prayers for safe travel continue as you move on to your next destination. Miss you & can't wait to hear even more about your pilgrimage when we're all back together in Florida. Jesus loves you & so do I! Bobbie