

St. Joseph's Pilgrims – 2018



themselves.

But these brave pilgrim adventurers are a persevering twelve.

We completed the lost bag paperwork for all twenty one of our bags.

And now they're getting a little testy, but hey: 30 hours awake can be a drag!

So we pressed on and this group continued their pilgrim travel education: we boarded the London Underground "Tube" to travel to the King's Cross train station. With the help of two local angels we met on the Tube, a mom with her daughter Becky Cook, we found our way to the ticket office: the 6pm train we were able to book.

So now we're traveling the English countryside, and most are taking a nap

it's understandable when this incredible trek: allow me to recap: 4:30am on Friday to Fort Lauderdale, at 7 wheels up and away: at Newark, Faisal our coach driver took us to Trinity Wall Street's service at midday,

Then on to Merchant River House for lunch with the Zlatics' close friend Mike then over to the 911 museum the group all did hike.

A moving tour of the museum ended with a walk in the pouring rain.

Then an hour plus ride in Manhattan's Friday rush hour back to Newark airport again.

Then flight delay, flight delay, flight cancellation, new flight, then no flight, then to London there's hope,

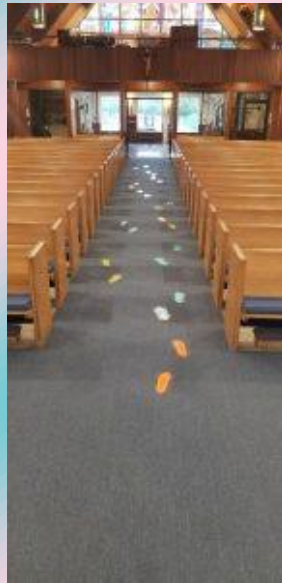
late night flight to London confirmed, but then flight delay, flight delay (all all reaching the end of their rope.)

Then arrival in London, no bags for us there, then a ride on the Tube to the train, a five hour ride to endure up the UK East Coast, and finally Edinburgh we will attain!

PHEW!

Friday – July 27

St. Joseph's – FLL Airport – Newark – Manhattan



Following the foot prints of 12 previous pilgrimage journeys:

This 12th group of Celtic pilgrims now will add their own unique story.

After prayers at the altar on the Sunday before they would depart With bags and pilgrims packed from St. Joseph's their journey at 5am did start.

The flight to Newark arrived on time, and Faisal our driver was ready with the bus, We traveled into New York City without much traffic or fuss.

We attended the service at Trinity Wall Street, the celebrant and preacher Rev. Kristen Kaulbach Miles, She radiated love and warmth both in her voice and in her smiles.

And a nice coincidence of the Holy Spirit, when she talked to some after communion, She comes to Delray Beach often for every family reunion.

We were joined at the service by Mike Checchi, a close friend of Marty and Dee, whose friend Joey is gravely ill, so we circled around, praying that from sickness he would be free.

Some walked and some rode to our lunch at Merchant River House, our lunch spot. We sat under an umbrella overlooking the Statue of Liberty as the pre-storm weather was getting hot.

We walked to the 9/11 Memorial and entered the Museum for our tour.

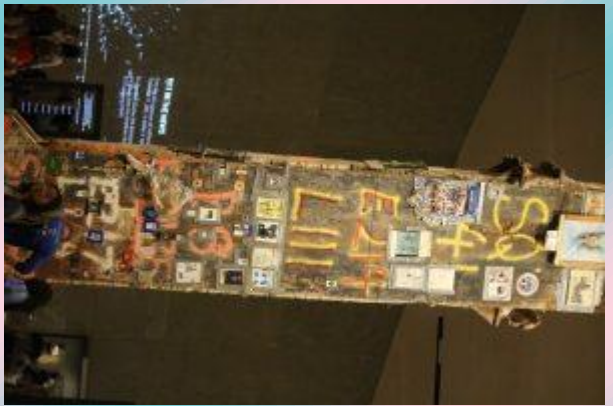
And after that moving experience there, the rain really started to pour.

So we wiped out their gift shop of all their rain ponchos to walk back to the bus and keep dry,

we met up with Faisal, and crawling along in Friday rush hour traffic, dealt with a leak in the van's ceiling up high.

We returned to the airport to connect to our flight, and we had lots of time to spare, and as we soon would find out, we had PLENTY of time, till we'd ever be back in the air.





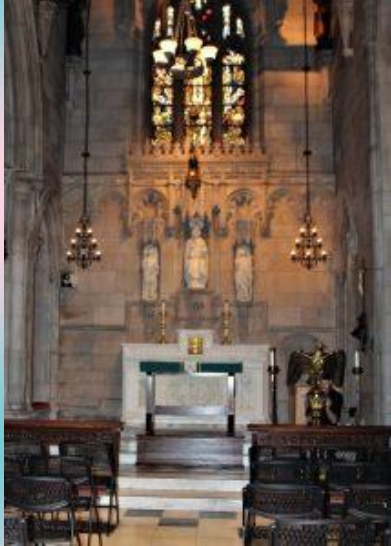


**NATIONAL SEPTEMBER 11
MEMORIAL MUSEUM
AT THE WORLD TRADE CENTER**

*Beyond the compelling need to make this a memorial to world peace,
the World Trade Center should, because of its importance,
become a living representation of man's belief in humanity,
his need for individual dignity, his belief in the cooperation of men,
and through this cooperation his ability to find greatness.*

WORLD TRADE CENTER ARCHITECTURE 304









Sunday – July 29

Edinburgh – Rosslyn Chapel

Since all that we had were the clothes on our back
We couldn't be concerned about any churchgoers talking smack
about the outfits we've been wearing now for the 3rd consecutive day
But with open hearts they welcomed us – to St. Matthew's Rosslyn we came to pray.
A big crowd gathered at the church with pilgrims from all different places
Fr. Joe introduced us as returning guests, for some were familiar faces.
Fiona joined us and gave a private talk in a covered area outside.
Then we came inside with the rest of the public for a tour by the local guide.
We departed to a mall to grab a picnic lunch, but the rain made us amend our plan
We bought our food and drinks at Marks & Spencer, then back to the bus we ran.
And just as we were preparing to shop at Boots for the toiletries that we all needed,
A driver named Marius called Fr. Marty with news that all hopes exceeded:
He was just leaving London with all 21 bags, and was headed up north our way,
It would be late tonight, but we were sure to receive all of our luggage today!
So we revised shopping plans, and went back to the town, for two hours to roam or rest,
Then headed to dinner at Contini Italian, where the Stramash musicians would be our guest.
The food was tremendous, the room was just right, and after such a saga these last 3 days,
A little wine lifted spirits, we listened and sang after dinner – the group is coming together in many ways.
And to top it all off, when we arrived back on the bus, and walked into the hotel front door,
A sight for sore eyes, and bodies and hearts: there were all 21 bags in a pile on the lobby floor.

(with apologies to Casey at the Bat:)

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Pilgrimage 12 that day.
We still had only the clothes on our back and Monday morning we'd drive away
To the remotest spot in Scotland where baggage would never arrive.
It looked like we go to Iona, and with no luggage, we'd have to survive.
But a man who's called Marius from out of the blue, telephoned Fr. Marty at lunch
And said he was leaving the city of London, with all 21 bags for this bunch!
So with new hope sprung eternal, we went on our way – to free time and then on to dinner
Then boarded the bus to come back to our rooms, with our fingers crossed for a winner.
Oh somewhere in this Scottish land, the sun is shining bright,
And somewhere Stramash bands are playing, and somewhere hearts are light

And somewhere men are laughing, but tonight pilgrims shout:
For there are suitcases in our rooms now: all 12 pilgrims have lucked out!









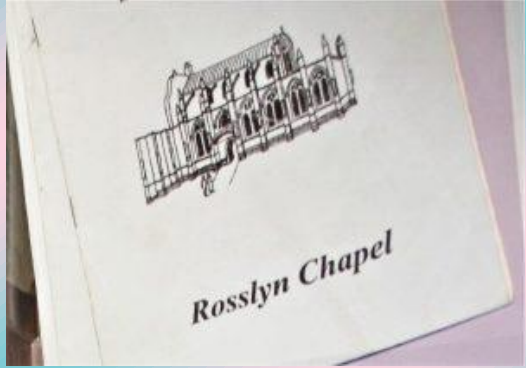












Monday – July 30

Edinburgh to Iona

With ALL luggage in the van, Fr. Marty and Linda Caruso headed out, To shop for 5 days of meals at the grocery store: it would take them 3 times to finish check-out.

But they arrived at the Oban Ferry Terminal with a little time to spare, We all boarded the ferry, luggage van and all 12 pilgrims there.

An extra special treat as we sailed from Oban to Craignure,

Our Edinburgh guide and friend Karen was there with her husband and sister on a tour.

Then from Craignure across Mull, going from east coast to west,

Linda and Fr. Marty in the van, an exciting bus ride for the rest.

Finally, a short ferry from Fionnphort, and to Iona we'd arrive

A 30-minute walk to the hostel, for Fr. Marty and the luggage, a 5-minute ride.

Linda and Marty worked on unloading, hostel owner John helped a ton and with staff person Julie assisting, we soon would be done.

So that when the walking pilgrims arrived at the door

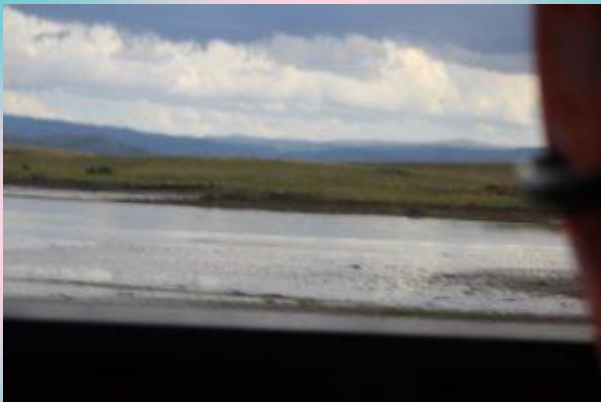
Sorting the groceries in the kitchen was the next needed chore.

Then all pitched in quickly to make a quick gourmet dinner

It all went so smoothly – obviously these sous chefs aren't beginners.























1 COMMENT

1.



Emily Nell Lagerquist

AUGUST 3, 2018 AT 4:24 PM

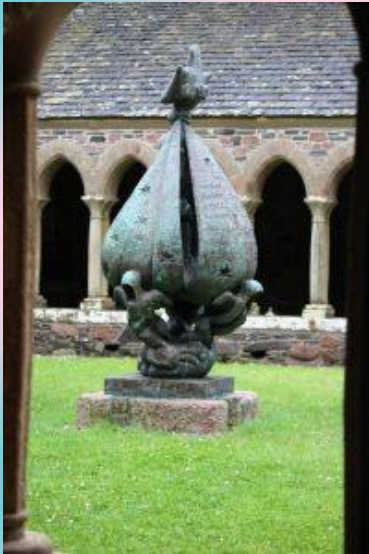
Delighted to hear that in fact you did (eventually) receive your luggage and that it did not go to Australia or New Zealand. Many blessings for a continued spirit-filled pilgrimage. Much love to all Emily Nell

Tuesday – July 31

Iona



We walked down to the Abbey for a tour with Helen our guide
And saw the ancient stones and granite altar inside
We prayed in the little Chapel of St. Columba all squeezed in,
For ages the holy spot where Iona pilgrimages begin.
Later we remembered pilgrim Hannah, who in 2007
dove into the Iona cold water, and this angel in heaven,
started a trend that our youth since that day
have followed by taking the plunge in the water the "Hannah Crosbie" way.
Hannah went to heaven last year, and her mom brought some of her ashes along,
so after hugs and a prayer, "Down to the River to Pray" was our song.
At dinner that night we were joined by Julie, Chris and visitor Graham,
Then a rain-soaking walk to the healing service – we looked like we swam.





**THE STONE
of Echodi**

To your right is the oldest carved stone to survive on Iona, probably carved within a generation of Columba's death in 597.



795 the first wave of Viking raiders storm
Iona's sacred shores. They plundered the mon
peatedly over the next 200 years, terroris
nks and seizing their precious possessio

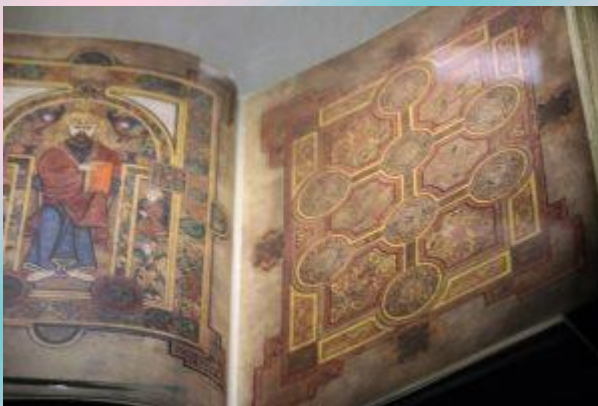


settle in this area and those dreaded
raids were becoming less common.

Despite the threat of attack,
Iona Abbey continued to thrive.
The sanctity of Columba's isle
endured and the monks kept
producing works of art like
St Matthew's Cross (over your
left shoulder), which was carved
in about 900. If you haven't
already done so, take some time

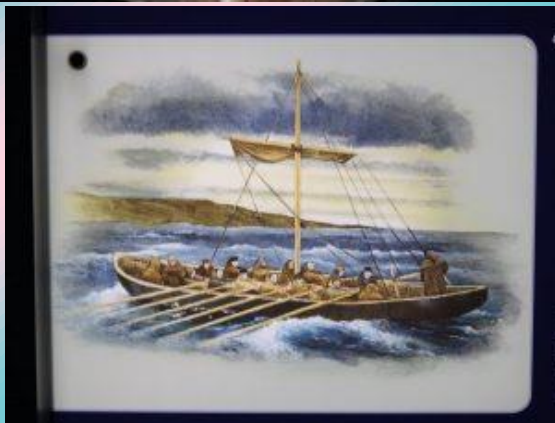
Business as usual?

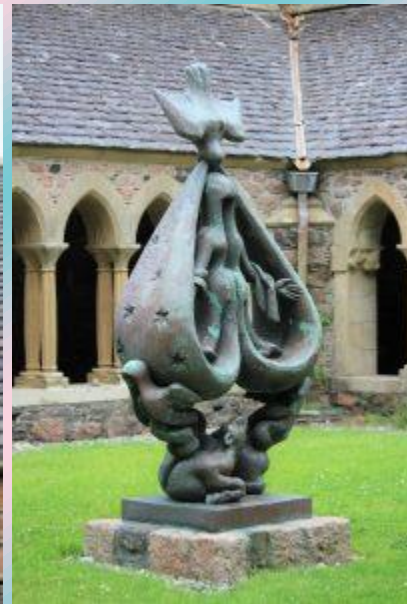
Viking ships were light, fast and easy to beach, so they could launch surprise attacks on the abbey. However, from about 850 Scandinavians began to settle in this area and those dreaded raids were becoming less common.



Below: This *Book of Kells* is a replica. To protect it from Viking raids, the original was taken to Kells in Ireland, where it became associated with the monastery there. Scholars used to believe the work had been finished in Ireland. However, it is now accepted that this great gospel book was completed here on Iona.

Replica book on loan courtesy of a private collector.
The original is on display in Trinity College, Dublin.







Wednesday – August 1

Iona

The weather today is both windy and rough
Sailing to Columba's Bay would be unsafe and tough
So Captain Mark made the call that we'd sail, but not south to the Bay,
We'd go north along Mull's coast, and blaze a new pilgrim's way.
With Barbara at the helm, and then Mary as our guide
We saw many seals and birds on a windy day outside.
Mark anchored the boat in a cove from the wind protected
Then after our lunch, on the Storm at Sea gospel we reflected.
Then came the rain and the wind as we sailed back
After Mark's masterful docking, some stopped for Hot Toddys and a snack.
Today, once again, this group journeyed not where we intended to go,
But this continues to be a pilgrimage of "firsts," wherever the Holy Spirit blows.
Unexpected challenges, changes, and more,
But this group has been up for them all – more than any group before.



Thursday – August 2

Iona

Free time in great measure was the order of the day
A concert at the abbey, or a walk to Columba's Bay
Walkers were Bryan, Beth, Linda, Marty & Dee
Almost ten miles round-trip it would be.
They made it and loved it and came back for dinner
And heard from the others that the concert was a winner.
After prayer and dinner, half the group chose to hike
Back down to the Abbey for a service they liked.

Friday – August 3

Iona

A festival crowd on nearby Mull forced a change
For our departure schedule we had to rearrange.
Since we couldn't get Saturday passage on the ferry for the van
Marty must depart tonight away from the St. Joe's clan
So today was a day to pack up food and luggage
For Marty & van to depart on a Friday night voyage.
Meanwhile with good weather and free time for each
Some walked up the Dun hill, some went to the beach
After Marty departed, in thanks for all the care they have shown
A final night banquet with Chris, Julie, John and friend Joan.
A beautiful sunset was a fitting finale
And for a last Iona prayer some walked down to the abbey.

Saturday – August 4

Iona to Lindisfarne

Sheep without a shepherd? Not this pilgrim troupe,
Though Marty was gone, they were an organized group.
Thanks to hostel owner John, four in his car he could carry,
And the rest were out early to walk in the rain to the ferry.
We continued our theme of transportation hiccups,
For the Mull bus broke down, but thank you God: another bus right behind for our pick-up.
We made it in time for the ferry back to the Oban port,
And there was coach driver Ian waiting as our personal escort.
A traditional stop at St. Conan's, the beautiful church on Loch Awe,
(Built by a son at the request of his ma.)
After the Green Welly rest stop, a long 4 ½ hour ride,
But by 6 at Holy Island (an hour ahead of the tide).
We sorted our luggage and pilgrims into the three living spaces
But the porter rejected carrying more bags up staircases.
Then all helped with the slicing and dicing and cooking
Before long, at a beautiful Mexican buffet we were looking.
Then with the sounds of a wedding reception band in the distance
We all went to bed: a reward for a long day's persistence.

Sunday – August 5

Lindisfarne

With the long travel yesterday, in our three houses we would rest
Breakfast on our own, then for church at St. Mary's we would be guest.
We met Rev. Kate Tristram, who agreed she would meet
Tomorrow at our place – so we're in for a treat.
Lunch back at our main house, a farm house called St. Coombs
Then with beautiful weather, we had free time to roam.
All helped prepare Sunday dinner, venison and salmon,
Prayer and fellowship, ending a perfect day here for everyone.
A pleasant surprise at the end of our night,
Andy Raine met everyone, then off to bed before midnight.

Monday – August 6

Lindisfarne

We slept in a little, St. Coombs at 9:30 we met,
At morning prayer we would find out what prayer partner we would get.
We had each been carrying a "burden" rock from Iona for a while,
And like ancient monks before us, they travelled with us to Holy Isle.
Now another will carry that burden for us in our prayer,
Till the end of our time here, our burdens we'll share.
The rest of the morning was an inspiring talk by Rev. Kate,
Her two hours flew by and everyone thought it was great.
We threw lunch together because at 1pm we were due,
To meet Mary Fleeson: Celtic Knotwork to learn how-to.
The Fleesons have an exhibition right now at St. Cuthbert's Centre,
All were rightly impressed with patient Mary as teacher and presenter.
With the weather so nice, the group walked the town a bit,
Mark and Mary's Lindisfarne Scriptorium was a big hit.
Then with lamb for our dinner, we finished with prayer and reflection,
An early morning tomorrow: back to Edinburgh our direction.
To recover the day we missed when we started our pilgrimage:
Visiting Edinburgh Castle and Inchcolm, sailing under the Firth of Forth bridge.

Tuesday – August 7

Lindisfarne to Edinburgh

Our Holy Island homes are a bit more spread out than before
So we all met Mary, Barbara, and Kay at their door.
Their house is the furthest away from the rest,
And they've been walking to us constantly without protest.
Ian drove us back to Edinburgh (this time by bus, not by rail),
To board the Forth Belle and to Inchcolm to sail.
We arrived at the Abbey and to the monk's refectory we walked,
We re-enacted how they ate there (except that we talked).
We visited the monk's cell, where the hermit gave shelter to Alexander the First,
Then in Charles Milling's honor, an "Om" meditation in the Warming Room
(unrehearsed).
A bit of time to wander remained, then walked back to the landing,
and after a bus trip to Edinburgh Castle, there Karen MacCormack was standing.
We walked through the crowd and then went on her castle tour,
Ending at St. Margaret's Chapel, like all groups before.
But the Chapel was locked up, so Karen the Castle Warden did implore,
And shortly thereafter, they unlocked the door.
We started to sing Sanctuary, and the warden told us to exit.
(We sang and walked slower than the UK with Brexit.)
We exited slowly, singing with the warden looking at us grim,
Today for these pilgrims – Sanctuary's a recessional hymn!
A sad goodbye to Karen, and we were back on the bus,
Now having fully regained the first day stolen from us.
Back at Holy Island, on our leftovers we dined,
Reflection and prayer, and a wee dram or wine.

Wednesday – August 8

Lindisfarne

With the long day at Edinburgh, the pilgrims slept in,
9:30 at the Farmhouse, the brunch would begin.
Then in a great morning session, Andy and Anna led us
With prayer, and singing, poems and dancing they fed us.
And in the afternoon, to learn some dance all were approving,
Our Veil of Tears exercise was very moving.
Then to finish the day, most walked the Pilgrim's Way,
Then helped prepare our banquet for the end of the day.
The Fleasons all joined us, and also Andy Raine came,
Then after the dinner, Anna Raine did the same.
Anna led us in Compline, to complete a glorious day
We crashed about ten, for tomorrow Durham's 2 hours away

Thursday – August 9

Lindisfarne to Durham to Scotts View

The monks carried the dead body of their beloved saint
For seven years around Northumbria without complaint.
We departed today at 8 on a similar quest,
With tired but not dead pilgrims, to Durham where Cuthbert rests.
We met up with Lilian Groves, Durham's famous cathedral guide
She took us out to the cloister (too noisy inside),
She gave us the history of this beautiful space,
Then back in the building, she explained everything in the place.
She showed us some new things no other group had seen,
Then ended at Cuthbert's shrine in its setting serene.
Beth lit a candle for us as we prayed,
Then with "We are pilgrims on our journey," our voices we raised.
Lilian had read the Celtic blessing she adapted for St. Joe's years ago,
Then invited us to walk to see the shrine of another favorite saint she knows.
We ended the tour at Venerable Bede's shrine,
After hugs and goodbyes to Lilian, on Lebanese food we dined.
We stopped in at Thornton's for a pilgrimage treat,
The ice cream that's there just cannot be beat,
Back to the bus we traveled the back roads to Scotts View,
A beautiful site that even Sir Walter Scott's horse knew.
Then a bus ride home with music of the group's favorite songs
A late snack for dinner, then prayer and sharing: this day was long!

Friday – August 10

Lindisfarne to Inner Farne to Bamburgh to Cuthbert's Cave

The last chance for Holy Island free time was early today,
Then at 11am to Seahouses we were off and away,
To board the small boat for the hour long sail to Inner Farne Isle,
Though the rain was a bit of a bummer, seals and puffins made us smile.
We gathered in the 14th century chapel built in honor of Saint Cuthbert,
At first it seemed dingy and dark, filled with dim light and bird dirt,
But after a while as we prayed in this space,
It seemed a bit more like a Celtic thin place.
Ataica (from the D.R.) gave a historical talk for us there,
and was excited to stay for our Eucharist prayer.
When Andy read his poem about St. Cuthbert's presence here,
She had a smile on her beaming face that went from ear to ear.
A father and young daughter joined just at communion time,
They came up for communion (she like the bread but not the wine).
We only had a few short seconds for the boat would soon set sail,
So Ataica led a quick little hike to see a puffin burrow along the trail.
And an extra added bonus that gave us all a little laugh,
The quirky captain zig-zagged the boat to find a puffin for her to photograph.
We continued on to Bamburgh, and stopped at Saint Aidan's Parish there,
We said a prayer at St. Aidan's shrine, and saw the location where,
The wooden plank placed high above in the baptistery ceiling,
Indicating the place where Aidan died, (to many who touched, it has brought healing.)
We continued on to Cuthbert's Cave, but the weather was not so great,
So only 5 walked up to Cuthbert's Cave, the rest on the bus chose to wait.
But the sun came out for those who walked, like a Red Sea in the sky,
With clouds to the left and right of us, warmth and sun as we walked by.
We heated up for dinner all the food that still remained,
Then prior to cleaning up, we reflected on all that we have gained,
From Rev. Kate, the whole Fleeson family, and from Anna and Andy Raine,
Lindisfarne has become our Holy Isle – we're all so glad we came.

Saturday – August 11

Lindisfarne to York

*An amazing discovery for restaurant owner Clarrie,
Things feared down in our basements can often be scary,
But when they fixed her floor,
They discovered so much more:
She's now entertaining Roman ruins unwary.*

There's a lesson for pilgrims in this, Clarrie's story
We often forget or don't know our foundation of glory
For just as she discovered the house she bought sat on rocks
From a second century Roman home! – what a shock.
At her restaurant The Rattle Owl, we had a culinary treat,
The food and the 4th floor atmosphere could not be beat,
But another surprising foundation we found,
Is her amazing staff who walked up and walked down.
With each drink, with each course, they walked 4 flights of stairs,
We're remembering Harriett and Anna and Justina in our prayers.

The earlier trek took us to York from Holy Isle,
We stopped at the causeway for a ceremony for a while,
Each one discovered their foundation – their secret prayer partner this past week,
They returned to each one, the special Iona rock we were to seek,
They had carried it for us – a burden lifted from our care,
And now returned it back to us to hurl into the air.
Then we continued on to York, and toured the Minster there,
Bernard our guide with many stories and explanations to share.
We're discovering more foundations – a cloud of witnesses and saints,
Today we add William of York, to whom Bernard did us acquaint.
We journeyed to his tomb, in the church's foundation down below,
And prayed at William's tomb for his patience and forgiveness, without ego.

Some then listened to a singer who Gay and Andrea really liked,
A group wanted to see the Shambles, so to Harry Potter's Diagon Alley they hiked.
But the lasting image of the day is standing with Clarrie in her basement,
Hearing the story of her life, from lawyer to restaurateur as her replacement,
Finding as we've seen in so many places along our way,
Incredible foundations – saints of yesterday and today.

Sunday – August 12

York to Canterbury

It seemed strange at first for the preacher to quote Monty Python in York Minster – such a holy place

With some words from a poem about a Horace who ate himself, starting with his face.

But his point was good – we become what we eat, so in receiving the Bread of Life

We're meant to be a loaf of bread and go out, and of ourselves, "give the world a slice."

A huge visiting choir sang the service today, with beautiful selections from Mozart,

A fitting accompaniment to hear beautiful harmonies in a place filled with beautiful art.

We went to the Chapter House for a fancy coffee hour and met parishioners there,

Some searched and found the Green Man hidden in the carvings above a chapter house chair.

Then off for a lunchtime afternoon tea at the Duchess of York next to the museum of trains,

A fitting location for this pilgrimage group (see July 28 which explains).

A long bus ride then followed – 6 ½ hours to Canterbury from York,

Some slept, some talked, some sang, some danced, and some even popped a cork.

We arrived at Canterbury Gate, and Niata helped to carry our bags to each and every room

The word a-maze-ing is fitting for this place, in the very shadow of Becket's tomb.

Monday – August 13

Canterbury

The seat of the Archbishop makes this a place renowned
And the history dates back to Roman times as we have found.
Our hotel's quaint nooks and crannies hints of pilgrims long ago,
Now a modern Canterbury Tale created by characters you know:
We met up with Helen Lipton, St. Joe's snowbird who lives near,
Her friend and parishioner Jeff was the guide for us to hear,
He marched us through the Cathedral, the focus of our visit to Canterbury
Then steep steps to climb to All Saints Chapel – for some a little scary.
We celebrated a Eucharist, remembering all who've gone before,
From pilgrims from St. Joseph's, to all the saints of Celtic lore,
With thanks to all who made it possible for us to pilgrimage here,
All who've covered while we're gone, and for all we hold so dear.
Jeff our guide brought his wife Pat to join us for the Eucharistic celebration,
Helen joined us for a bistro lunch for this special occasion.
Most did Queen Bertha's Walk, at St. Martin's Church we would begin,
(one of the years they'll open the place, and we'll actually get in!)
With some quiet time, some worked on collects, some silently walked around,
After a quick short hymn, a photo or two, we began to walk back down.
We stopped at St. Augustine's Abbey for those who wanted a visit,
Then went to Evensong at the cathedral and the choir was exquisite.
To finish the day, we walked down the way, to Old Weavers for a meal,
With Helen, Jeff and Pat with us, we made the Worldwide Anglican Communion "real".

Tuesday – August 14

Canterbury to London

A sad bit of news when we awoke in the morning:

A London car terrorist had struck without warning,
in just a few hours we all would be there,
and London security advised all to take care.

They had re-routed our tea bus that went round the city,
but we still sipped our tea and drove around on a day that was pretty,
Then after the tour, we took London Cabs to a park called St. James,
to rest and share our collects in a place of St. Joe's pilgrimage fame,
We went close to the spot where our pilgrimage lot of 2005 went for safety
during bombings that took place, police told us this space, was the securest that we
could be.

After collects all were shared, some rested, and some walked on this sunny London day
we all chose to ride or walk, then we met up at the play.

It was a fitting way to end, to see "*The Play That Goes Wrong*" tonight,
for this has been the pilgrimage that starts wrong, but ends up right.

A sad goodbye to our driver Ian,
it's been really good to see him,
we packed our bags and went to bed,
with the long journey home tomorrow ahead.

Wednesday – August 15

London to Houston to Fort Lauderdale to HOME!

God of the scaffolds, who heals and sustains,
You've enabled us to deal with our burdens and pains,
Just as the first twelve came to follow and learn,
You've given to these twelve, 18 days to discern,
Though our hearts can be broken, as we live through life's seasons,
In many ways you have spoken, that each heart has reasons,
That reason does not know, but you call us to go,
Deeper and deeper to find, our own peace of mind,
And your scaffolding embrace, keeps us in place,
Till at last we can look back, with mended fissures and cracks,
And know again we'll be whole, with You in control.

So God of the scaffolds, reinforce each of us,
As we search for your presence, help us to trust,
To know you support us when all seems to go wrong,
Reinforce you will hold us till again we are strong,
Reinforce the thin places that enable us to Your presence awake,
And with each of our lives, a new cathedral make.

LLL, Fr. Marty

