



# nova notes

Newsletter of the NOVA Community

January, 2005

## Chair Notes

Here he is, Joseph, lying on our library rug. From behind the chairs comes a big burly angel who speaks the clear, authoritative message to Joseph to claim his son. A girl steps shyly forward and Joseph, heeding the message of the angel, protectively walks away with her as the narrator completes the words of the gospel and we stand in attentive silence.

We have spent Advent focusing on the theme: God is with us: Awaken to the signs and wonders. Many folks have participated in bringing this theme alive through the creation of new altar screens, a unique enveloping Advent wreath of entwined ribbons, greenery and pedestals, a stark altar that was dressed at the Offertory, beautiful music, and the addition of simple meditation before liturgy-- many ways to look for the Babe in ordinariness of life or the rush of Christmas.

But I am wondering if you players understand the impact of your participation: it wasn't cute, it wasn't nice, it was essential—a shift of the prism to our awakening.



We leave aside notions of pallid angels; only a muscular message would serve here as Joseph is called to do something completely beyond his imagination and experience. It is with shock that we register that one of our girls could have been Mary and that in many places in the world girls are betrothed at an early age. And the guts to lie down on the floor in front of a whole bunch of people is but a tiny window on the courage it must have taken for a man to go against everything he knew to be socially acceptable. The steady clarity of our narrator's voice reminds us that we have a great need today to make room for the female voice to be heard in our midst. And so we are touched, transformed--all because of you. We need all the talents of NOVA to continue to challenge one another towards continual awakening and hope you will find a variety of ways to do that.

I am writing on the eve of our Christmas celebration, but I know it will be full of song and life. Marcelline, Ken and I want to wish you the profound love that came to us in the vulnerable form of a soft, little one and the peace that comes with an acceptance of that love.

~Marie Keefe

# Birthdays, etc

## January



Andrew and Lynne Christofferson

2	Marie Pinho
5	Jenny Tuccillo
	Michaela Kane
6	Kahlil Gibran
	Joan of Arc
8	Paul Visokay
9	Dominic Monti (Ordination)
11	Cathy Annunziata
	Whalen-Peck Anniversary
14	Andrew Maussert-Mooney
	Brenda McCormick
15	Glen Passin
16	Larry Goldschmidt
	Aaron Whalen-Peck
18	Clare Guzzo Robert (Ordination)
19	Jim McCormick
23	Kirsten Carroll Teal
	Walter Landry
26	Pat Reinhart
31	Mike Marron

### *NOVA Catholic Community*

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The NOVA Catholic Community Invites You To Celebrate The Eucharistic Liturgy With Us Every Sunday In Arlington, Virginia at Kenmore Elementary School, Arlington Blvd & Glen Carlyn, Arlington Va.

Liturgies begin at 10:15 am.

***newsletter deadline***  
***Sunday, December 23***  
***Please...***

# Liturgies

## JANUARY MUSIC LIAISON .....

Barbara Formosa

### January 2 – Epiphany

Sidney Griffith, ST – Marie Pinho, John Tarrant  
 Sirach 24:1-4, 8-12  
 Psalm 147:12-15, 19-20  
 Ephesians 1:3-6, 15-18  
 John 1:1-18 or 1:1-5, 9-14

### January 9 - Baptism of the Lord

Joe Kenna - Anne Passin  
 Isaiah 42:1-4, 6-7  
 Psalm 29:1-2, 3-4, 9-10  
 Acts 10:34-38  
 Matthew 3:13-17

### January 16 – 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

Ted Keating, SM - Joe Annunziata  
 Isaiah 49:3, 5-6  
 Psalm 40:2, 4, 7-10  
 I Corinthians 1:1-3  
 John 1:29-34

### January 23 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

Joseph Rozansky OFM – Kate Doherty  
 Isaiah 8:23--9:3  
 Psalm 27:1, 4, 13-14  
 I Corinthians 1:10-13, 17  
 Matthew 4:12-23 or 4:12-17

### January 30 – 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

Bill Callahan - Cackleys  
 Zephaniah 2:3; 3:12-13  
 Psalm 146:6-10  
 I Corinthians 1:26-31  
 Matthew 5:1-12

### February 6 - 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

Joe Kenna - Goldschmidts  
 Isaiah 58:7-10  
 Psalm 112:4-9  
 I Corinthians 2:1-5  
 Matthew 5:13-16

## FEBRUARY MUSIC LIAISON .....

Barbara Formosa



**February 9 - Ash Wednesday FAST +**  
 Readings for Mass at church of **your** choice...  
 Joel 2:12-18  
 Psalm 51:3-6, 12-14, 17  
 II Corinthians 5:20--6:2  
 Matthew 6:1-6, 16-18

### February 13 - 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of Lent

Joe Nangle, OFM - Gloria Mog  
 Genesis 2:7-9, 3:1-7  
 Psalm 51:3-6, 12-14, 17  
 Romans 5:12-19 or 5:12, 17-19  
 Matthew 4:1-11

### February 20 - 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday of Lent

Joseph Rozansky OFM - John Tarrant, Rose Barrett  
 Genesis 12:1-4  
 Psalm 33:4-5, 18-20, 22  
 II Timothy 1:8-10  
 Matthew 17:1-9

### February 27 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Lent

Bill Callahan - Betsy Pugin, Marcelline Niemann  
 Exodus 17:3-7  
 Psalm 95:1-2, 6-9  
 Romans 5:1-2, 5-8  
 John 4:5-42 or 4:5-15, 19-26, 39-42

**Liturgical Year 2004-05 Cycle A****.....please save**

<b>DATE</b>	<b>PLANNER</b>	<b>PRESIDER</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
11/28/2004	Marie Keefe, Kate Doherty	Bill Callahan	1st Sunday of Advent
12/5/2004	Amy Bailey	Jim Jim Coriden	2nd Sunday of Advent
12/12/2004	Ken Chaison	Joe Nangle, OFM	3rd Sunday of Advent
12/19/2004	Heinzens	Joe Joe Kenna	4th Sunday of Advent
12/24/2004	Rosenberg, Gloria Mog	TBA	Christmas
1/2/2005	Marie Pinho	Sidney Griffith, ST	Epiphany of the Lord
1/9/2005	Ann Passin	Joe Kenna	Baptism of the Lord
1/16/2005	Joe Annunziata	Ted Keating, SM	
1/23/2005	Kate Doherty	Joseph Rozansky OFM	
2/6/2005	Cackleys	Bill Callahan	
2/6/2005	Goldschmidt	Joe Kenna	
2/13/2005	Gloria Mog	Joe Nangle, OFM	1st Sun. of Lent
2/20/2005	John Tarrant, Rose Barrett	Joseph Rozansky OFM	2nd Sun. of Lent
2/27/2005	Betsy Pugin, Marcelline Niemann	Bill Callahan	3rd Sun. of Lent
3/6/2005	Heinzens	Joe Kenna	4th Sunday of Lent
3/13/2005	Amy Kyleen Lute & Mollie	Joe Nangle, OFM	5th Sun of Lent
3/20/2005	Mary Gilmartin	Ted Keating, SM	Palm Sunday
3/24/2005	Social Justice Group	Quinn Conners. O. Carm	Holy Thursday
3/25/2005	Meg Tucillo	TBA	Good Friday
3/27/2005	J Mausert-Mooney, Tim White	Joe Kenna	Easter
4/3/2005	Walt Landry	Joe Nangle, OFM	2nd Sun. of Easter
4/10/2005	Cackleys	Sidney Griffith, ST	3rd Sun. of Easter
4/17/2005	Millers	Joseph Rozansky OFM	4th Sun. of Easter
4/24/2005	Carrolls	Joe Kenna	5th Sun. of Easter
5/1/2005	Ormando Kane	Jim Coriden	6th Sun. of Easter
5/8/2005	Judy & Clyde Christofferson	TBA	7th Sun. of Easter
5/15/2005	Marron, Rosenberg	TBA	Pentecost
5/22/2005	John Mausert-Mooney	Joe Kenna	Holy Trinity
5/29/2005	Jeanne Clarkson	TBA	Body and Blood of Christ

## Liturgical Year 2004-05 Cycle A

### .....page 2

Date	Planner	Presider	Notes
6/5/2005	Ormando Kane	Abbott Aidan Shea, OSB	
6/12/2005	Emma Violand		
6/19/2005	Betsy Marron	Joe Kenna	
6/26/2005	David Mog	Sidney Griffith, ST	
7/3/2005	Michelotti		
7/10/2005	Marie Pinho		
7/17/2005	Tim White		
7/24/2005	Peggy Meyer		
7/31/2005	Joe Annunziata		
8/7/2005	Meg Tucillo		
8/14/2005	Victoria Robinson		
8/21/2005	Marie Keefe and Marceline Niemann		
8/28/2005	Michelotti		
9/4/2005	Ann Passin		
9/11/2005	Joe and Barbara Formosa		
9/18/2005	Jeanne Clarkson		
9/25/2005	Millers		
10/2/2005	Kate Doherty		
10/9/2005	Judy and Clyde Christofferson		
10/16/2005	Victoria Robinson		
10/23/2005	D. Carroll - S. J.		
10/30/2005	Victoria Robinson		
11/6/2005	Betsy Pugin & John Tarrant		
11/13/2005	Nancy & John Veldhuis		
11/20/2005	Alida Yath-Cruces		Christ the King

**Note: Please notify Gloria Mog if planners make any changes or switches from these dates – 703-522-1812**

# Thank You, NOVA ...



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Dear Emma and Nova...

I am very grateful for your donation of \$us. 250. for the children of Salomon Klein.

I am enclosing pictures of the children.

We are most grateful for your regular help. May our Common Father bless you.

Gratefully,

/s/ Sr. Stephanie Murray



## An Old Jewish Folk Tale



On the first day, God created the cow. God said,

“You must go to the field with the farmer all day long and suffer under the sun, have calves and give milk to support the farmer. I will give you a life span of sixty years.” The cow said, “That's kind of a tough life you want me to live for sixty years. Let me have twenty and I'll give back the other forty.” And God agreed.

On the second day, God created the dog.

God said, “Sit all day by the door of your house and bark at anyone who comes in or walks past. I will give you a life span of twenty years.”

The dog said, “That's too long to be barking. Give me ten years and I'll give you back the other ten.” So God agreed.



On the third day, God created the monkey. God said, “Entertain people, do monkey tricks, make them laugh. I'll give you a twenty-year life span.” The monkey said, “How boring, monkey tricks for



twenty years? I don't think so. Dog gave you back ten, so that's what I'll do too, okay?” And God agreed again.

On the fourth day, God created man. God said, “Eat, sleep, play, have sex, enjoy. Do nothing, just enjoy, enjoy. I'll give you twenty years.” Man said, “What? Only twenty years! No way, man. Tell you what, I'll take my twenty, and the forty the cow gave back, and the ten the dog gave back and the ten the monkey gave back, that makes eighty, okay?”

“Okay,” said God, “You've got a deal.”

So that is why the first twenty years we eat, sleep, play, have sex, enjoy, and do nothing; for the next forty years we slave in the sun to support our family; for the next ten years we do monkey tricks to entertain the grandchildren; and for the last ten years we sit on the front porch and bark at everyone.



Life has now been explained.....

~cheerfully submitted by *Jerry Barrett*



John Cackley

# Christmas, 2004





# IN THE VINEYARD...OR TRENCHES

## Greetings friends...

I haven't chatted with some of you for awhile. I hope you are all in good Spirits and are continuing to be a presence for peace.

November is busy with CTA in Milwaukee, witnessing to close the School of the Americas in Georgia and then in D.C. with the bishops. Now exams. Looking forward to next week when I'll be mailing Dorothy Irvin's latest calendar on women's leadership in our church to all 300 of our bishops.

You've heard that I'm on the Women's Ordination Conference board, where I chair the Ministry of Irritation. Okay, you can stop laughing now! A natural? Always on my best behavior with the bishops.

Anyway, I thought I'd share my latest witness with you all...and since I must raise money for WOC, if you can spare some, please send it to them and put "Janice" somewhere on the check. The address is WOC, P.O. Box 2693, Fairfax, VA 22031-0693. Maybe you'd like to join too and get our publication for which I write about every other issue.

You also are welcome to pass this reflection on. Meanwhile, we do the One Work in our daily lives...

Blessings of Light and Peace,  
Janice

by Janice Sevre-Duszynska

The Mass had not yet started when I heard her voice call out -- reverberating through the Shrine over the heads of hundreds of bishops and clerics. I knew it was Kathy Boylan, a fellow prisoner of conscience from two years earlier. Her words gave me strength as she appealed to the bishops: "Condemn war and the slaughter of 'innocents' in Iraq!"

It was the first evening of the National Council of Catholic Bishops annual meeting in Washington, D.C. Even with most of the bishops now gathered at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, I could see Kathy clearly, near the altar rail. When she spoke, no one moved -- not even a security guard. (They were not arresting Kathy!) The very air above us appeared to grab her message and hold it there in silent applause. Moments (perhaps seconds) later, I too stood to witness, dressed in alb, stole, and cincture. As I called out, "Remember! Christ calls both men and women to priesthood," I felt an artillery of eyes take aim at me."

Kathy and I had again spoken out; but it was not the "School of the Americas Watch" or in a Columbus, Georgia courtroom before we headed off to different prisons. And it was not a policeman who came to handcuff me but a lone usher who almost gently directed me and my WOC companion, Diana Wear, back behind rows of habit-garbed nuns, to our original seat in the second row of the second section.

I thought I could breathe more easily now. I was wrong. My eyes had just rested upon two men in front of us, each wearing a rainbow sash, when I heard a cleric announce from the altar that "any persons wearing protest clothes or symbols will be denied the Eucharist." My eyes bore deeper into the rainbow sashes of gay rights, the emblem of DIGNITY and Soulforce.

But soon, in my mind, the mandate for sacramental denial became an echo weakened by the more pastoral words of Bishop Wilton Gregory, who (in his homily) spoke of racial/ethnic harmony and social justice. When I heard him say prophetically that "some day there would be justice for women in the church," I allowed myself to believe that, indeed, the outgoing head of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops was speaking directly to my plea.

Yet, when it was time to receive Holy Communion, the opening mandatum -- "no symbols of protest" -- began to ring again, like a small bell in my head. I had no idea what would happen. As it turned out, Diana, in her purple stole, and I, in my priestly garments, were given Communion hosts. As I turned to the pew, however, I saw the men in the rainbow sashes standing, their arms out-stretched, their hands open and slightly shaking. They had been denied the Eucharist, I suddenly realized. Still standing, I placed my right hand on the shoulder of the man in front of me. Diana did the same to his partner.

In solidarity we four stood together united, we, the outcasts, the marginalized men and women. We stood, as a breathing memorial cast in flesh-and-blood, for the rest of the Mass. Every bishop could see us alive with song, our bodies swaying, our tears wetting the floor.

I felt the love of these men for each other -- and for all outcasts from the "proper" church. I was filled with their suffering. The image rose up inside of me that we were the modern day lepers. And once again I was transformed...

*(Continued on page 10)*

# VINEYARD WORK CONTINUED

*(Continued from Emma, page 9)*

It all began after our Women's Ordination Conference board meeting ended on Sunday afternoon, November 14th. Judy Johnson, Diana Wear, and I had driven into the District. Like the bishops, we had a reserved room at the Hyatt Regency Hotel near Union Station. They would be holding their annual USCCB conference. We would be witnessing on the sidewalks outside the hotel. And we hoped that our presence inside would challenge them

Needless to say, we had some challenges of our own ahead of us. (Just getting our "Ordain Women" signs out of Judy's car trunk and up the elevator without having the signs confiscated seemed daunting enough.) I didn't know just how much of a "presence" we would be permitted, where the lines would be drawn. Had the rules changed since I had been banned from the Hyatt three years earlier? I wondered, again dressed in alb, stole, and cincture, modeling priestly behavior as an image of my witness.

We knew we were under constant surveillance, even when we walked through the lobby wearing our purple stoles as our sole symbolic gesture for women-priests, especially when we stopped in the lounge and restaurant, both filled with men in black. There was always the possibility of arrest. (Judy had been arrested in Denver last summer for merely entering the hotel where the bishops were staying.) My memories of arrest went back three years earlier, to the very same hotel we were ensconced in now.

In a very eerie *deja vue*, I grabbed at more memories -- I checked the restroom where, in 2001, Eileen DiFranco and Maria Marlowe of Philadelphia had waited for me while I read aloud (to the assembled bishops) my statement on justice for women. Now I remembered that day and blessed them for having been there.

Later that afternoon, Diana, Judy and I witnessed outside as the bishops arrived. We stood so they could see our signs. Sometimes a bishop would let his eyes sneak a glance our way and, in a few rare instances, we held on to the glance just long enough to allow our souls to touch. We were, for an instant, no longer being "the other."

The new morning I again donned my alb, cincture and stole and Judy locked her mother's pearls around my neck, a symbol (for WOC) of gentle but persistent irritation. We joined the Soulforce activists in silent vigil in front of the hotel. On the sidewalks with them, Kathy Boylan was holding up her poster, condemning the war in Iraq. Soon more activists for women's ordination filled the sidewalks as we began our street liturgy and Eucharist.

As the bishops came outside for a break from their meetings, we called on them to join us. Instead, members of Soulforce became part of our community. Later, Bishop Tom Gumbleton visited with us as he always does. While he was chatting with Diana, Gerry Rauch and Regina Nicolosi, I draped a purple stole and then a necklace of pearls around his neck. (No--not Judy's mother's!)

For the rest of the day we witnessed, until the bishops processed into the buses that would take them to the Shrine for the climactic liturgy. As they did so, anti-abortionists were shouting out to them. Perhaps to avert the outbursts, some of the bishops turned toward our group, toward the "Ordain Women" poster and toward me as I walked --as an outcast leper might--with a large cross draped with my purple stole.

Through the two days of witnessing, and especially after the incident at the Shrine (with its "close encounters" with the unkind) I began to think of a young man, Francis of Assisi, who had feared lepers. He even detested the sound of the bells they had to wear to signal their approach. Then, one day, he dismounted his horse, touched a leper, and kissed his hand. He had tamed his fear.

The next time I witness to the bishops (in Chicago come June), I'll be bringing along bells, the old-fashioned kind, like the ones the altar boys used to ring during the Consecration. And, yes, I'll bring some extras for Soulforce, too. The bishops will hear us.

~Janice Sevre-Duszynska  
[\[rhythmsofthedance@msn.com\]](mailto:rhythmsofthedance@msn.com)  
 November, 2004

**Creche Procession, Christmas Vigil, 2004**



## *Recipe for a Happy New Year*

Take 12 fine, full-grown months; see that these are thoroughly cleansed from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate, and jealousy.

Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts.

(This batch will keep for one year. Do not attempt to make more than one batch at a time—many people spoil the entire lot in this way.)

Prepare one day at a time as follows:

Into each day, put 12 parts of faith,

11 of patience,

10 of courage,

nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and spoil the flavor of the rest),

eight of hope,

seven of fidelity,

six of open-mindedness,

five of kindness,

four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it),

three of prayer,

two of meditation,

and one of well-selected resolution.

If you have no conscientious scruples,

add a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour love liberally into the whole, and mix with vim.

Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat.

Garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness—and a Happy New Year is a certainty.

—from "Leaves of Gold"

January, 2005  
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