

# Magnificat

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## FOR ETERNAL MEMORY

On Easter Sunday morning, April 11, 2004, Archimandrite Boniface Luykx, founder of Mt. Tabor Monastery and the spiritual father who handed on to us the monastic traditions of the Christian East, reposed in the Lord. In notifying us of his passing, Abbot Joseph, his successor at Mt. Tabor, commented: *Somehow it seems fitting that he who loved so much to celebrate Holy Pascha would be raised from the earth on that day. He would always say that Easter is the time when we "rise with Christ."*

There is a folk tradition among Byzantine/Slavic peoples that someone who dies on Pascha – or, indeed, anytime during Bright Week – goes straight to Heaven. While we are not yet ready to initiate a cause for the Archimandrite's canonization, we much appreciate what our Bishop, His Grace the Most Reverend Richard Seminack, wrote to us a week later: *Archimandrite Boniface must surely have had a glorious encounter with the Risen Christ on Easter Morning. He shall be remembered with great admiration by this eparchy and by all who knew him. He was an extraordinary person. Certainly, he was that!*

He was born on February 6, 1915, in the small town of Limburg in the North of Belgium. Sent to

boarding school at age eleven, he received eight years of rigorous Jesuit education. In October of 1934 he entered monastic life as a Novice at the Norbertine Monastery of Postel, only a few miles from his home town, a "late vocation" at nineteen years of age.

After continued study at the monastery, Fr. Boniface was ordained to the priesthood in June of 1940, just as World War II was breaking out in Belgium. Needing to enlarge the monastery's teaching faculty, the Abbot of Postel sent him to the Catholic University of Louvain for doctoral studies in theology. At Louvain, Fr. Boniface became acquainted with members of the Belgian resistance and, with his Abbot's permission, served as chaplain to the underground movement throughout the War. After five weeks in prison at the hands of Communist insurgents during their attempt to take over the country at war's end, Fr. Boniface returned to Postel and served as a professor of theology.

Through his research, publications, and teaching, Fr. Boniface soon became known as one of the leading liturgical scholars in Belgium. In 1951 he was invited to teach medieval liturgical history for the summer at the University of Notre

We are a Catholic Monastery of the Byzantine Rite, under the jurisdiction of the Eparch of Chicago, and belonging to the Ukrainian Metropolis in the United States of America, which is in union with the Pope of Rome, supreme pastor of the universal Church. We embrace Evangelical poverty, chastity, obedience, and stability of life, according to the Rule of Saint Benedict and the traditions of the Christian East. In our skete at Jacob's Falls, on the shore of Lake Superior in Michigan's Keweenaw Peninsula, we devote ourselves to a common life of prayer and work for the praise, love, and service of God and for the upbuilding of His Kingdom through the arts.

Dame. For the next sixteen years he spent some portion of each summer teaching and preaching retreats in the United States. His major work remained in Europe, however, where he continued to teach theology at his monastery; he was active in the "liturgical movement", and he published numerous books and articles concerning various aspects of liturgy.

Even from his early years at Postel he had taken an interest in the liturgy and traditions of the Christian East. His time at Louvain had provided the opportunity for further study in this area and the occasion to meet many liturgical scholars who were also active in ecumenical research. Many of his writings approach Western liturgical questions with insights gained from his studies in Eastern liturgy and theology. Gradually, he came to the conclusion that the East was his true spiritual home; he longed for the peace and contemplation of Eastern monastic life.

In 1959 he was appointed to the Preparatory Commission on the Liturgy for the upcoming Second Vatican Council. He served at the Council, itself, as an expert on liturgical history, and afterward - until he could no longer agree with the direction in which the reform was being taken - on the Concilium charged with the renewal of the Roman Liturgy. He remained a member of the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for Divine Worship until 1975, but his most important contribution in this area had come fairly early on, when he co-authored paragraphs 37-40 (which dealt with cultural adaptation) of the Council's 1963 Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy.

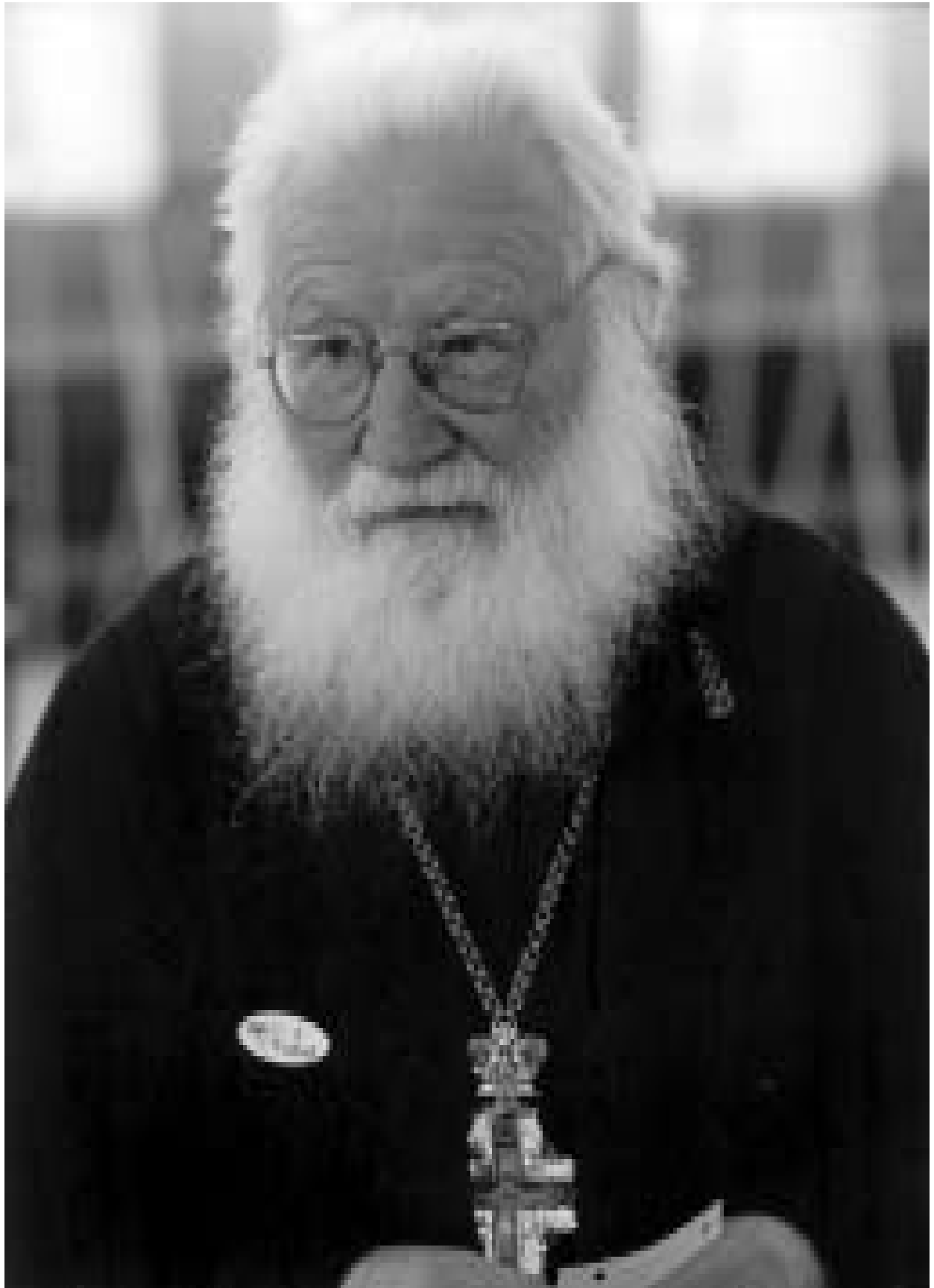
Meanwhile, events elsewhere were moving Father's life in a quite different direction. At the request of a Belgian missionary order and with the consent of his Abbot at Postel, he went to the then Belgian Congo in 1960 to set up a resource center for African bishops. Shortly after his arrival, a group of young missionaries begged him to found a monastery there as a witness to the more spiritual side of Christianity. The local archbishop, the missionary provincial, and the Apostolic Nuncio all agreed, and Fr. Boniface

zealously set about the task in addition to serving at the resource center and teaching at the local University. Income from his American summer teaching made possible the purchase of land and the erection of the monastic buildings. Candidates were recruited, and on March 19, 1966, the Feast of St. Joseph in the Western Church, monastic life officially commenced at the Monastery of the Assumption. The following year he ceased his summer work in the United States.

Although it was to prove physically devastating to him and nearly fatal, in later years he would look back on his time in Africa as the most important period of spiritual formation in his life after his early childhood. Moreover, his African experience also convinced him of something he had long suspected: that Eastern spirituality and liturgy - either Byzantine or Coptic - were much better suited to inculturate the Christian faith in the third world; the Coptic tradition was already native to Africa, and what the Byzantine tradition had accomplished for the Slavs in the tenth century it could surely do again for the Africans in the twentieth. He began to put that conviction into practice and created for his new monastery an Africanized liturgy and monastic observance that drew elements from both East and West.

Circumstances, however, were to bring an end to his participation in the experiment. He suffered gunshot wounds during a devastating bandit attack on the monastery in 1968; the following year he nearly died in an automobile accident. He was, in fact, declared dead and, according to local custom, placed in a coffin to be buried. He revived that evening, however, and underwent extensive surgery at the University clinic to restore his left leg and reattach his severed right foot. After a long recuperation, he was able to walk again, but multiple transfusions with unscreened blood had left him with recurring hepatitis and severely declining health. His weakened state and the increasing political chaos in the now independent Congo forced his return to Europe in the spring of 1971.

Later that same year he found himself back in



the United States, teaching at the former St. John's Provincial Seminary in Plymouth, Michigan. Almost immediately, friends began to encourage him to found another monastery and put into practice here what he had learned in Africa. After much prayer, with the permission of his Abbot at Postel, and the support of Detroit's John Cardinal Dearden, Fr. Boniface, at age 56, undertook the immense work, and Mt. Tabor was born.

He and his first postulants lived first in several places in the greater Detroit area. When the cold, damp winters of Southeast Michigan proved too much for Father's still fragile health, the young community relocated to California, ultimately rooting itself in a mountain valley outside the small town of Redwood Valley in Mendocino County. Their move from Michigan's cold had also removed them from the protection of Cardinal Dearden, who was open to liturgical experimentation and had encouraged their Eastern life-style. The Bishop of their new home was not so receptive and soon became openly hostile.

On the advice of the Apostolic Delegate, Mt. Tabor sought to place itself under the jurisdiction of an Eastern Hierarch. When the Ukrainian Catholic Eparch of St. Nicholas in Chicago received them and approved their Typicon (Constitutions), they felt it a great blessing, and, as Fr. Boniface put it during our first meeting, "It has been nothing but blessings ever since!"

We came to know Archimandrite Boniface during the last decade of his long life. When we first spoke with him in the winter of 1994 he was seventy-nine years old, had been a priest for fifty-four years and a monk for sixty. He had published several books and hundreds of articles in half a dozen different languages. Though he had forgone his academic career in favor of devoting himself to his monastery, he still taught at the Sheptytsky Institute when it came to Mt. Tabor each year for its summer session, devoted two days a week to research and writing in the monastery library, and attended annual meetings of the ecumenical Kievan Church Studies Group.

He was very hard of hearing and walked with an unusual, but determined, gait, due to the near fatal car accident in Africa some twenty-five years before. He was otherwise physically robust, his mind was sharp, and he was very much in command of the huge base voice that made him such a powerful presence in liturgy.

We had been sent to Mt. Tabor by the Eparch of St. Nicholas to observe the liturgy and life there and, if we still felt called to embrace the Byzantine monastic tradition, to work out with Abbot Boniface the details of how we might be accepted into the tradition and formed. The liturgical experimentation and hybridization that had marked the Monastery of the Assumption and the early days of Mt. Tabor were behind him; his approach to liturgy was now solidly Byzantine. He had an immense respect for the received tradition, and his watch-word was always *authenticity*. We fell in love with the liturgy immediately; within a short time we had also become convinced that Eastern monasticism was in fact, as Fr. Boniface had predicted in his response to our first letter, *the home we had been looking for all that time without even knowing it*.

Father proved a tough, shrewd negotiator - though also, as it turned out, a wise one. Much to our dismay, our talks reached an impasse on the afternoon of the second day; in our disappointment and frustration we contemplated an early departure. The next morning, however, he came over to our table at breakfast and said: "Yesterday I told you what you *must* do, and you told me you could not. Let us meet again this afternoon, and you tell me what you *can* do."

Thus, we would return to Mt. Tabor for six to eight weeks each winter for the next four years, learning the Byzantine Rite and absorbing the Eastern monastic tradition through study and experience, then taking it home and making it our own through practice. By the end of that time all of us had received monastic consecration, and the two founders of our community had been ordained priests. We had what was needed to continue and grow as a monastery in



the Eastern tradition.

A year later, in the fall of 1999, Archimandrite Boniface laid down the burden of guiding Mt. Tabor. The following spring he returned to Belgium, to Postel, the Abbey of his formation more than a half century before. We saw him only once more, in the late winter of 2001.

Following a long planned pilgrimage to Rome, we extended our travels northward into Belgium. Postel being nearly impossible for us to reach, Fr. Boniface arranged to meet us at the bi-ritual Abbey of Chevetogne in the southeast part of the country. It was March 19<sup>th</sup>, the Feast of St. Joseph in the Western Church and the thirty fifth anniversary of his monastic foundation in Africa. He seemed vigorous as always and said he was well. Although he missed life in an Eastern monastery and the splendors of the Byzantine

liturgy, he was grateful for the hospitality of his old Abbey and for the care the younger monks were giving him. He had brought with him many notes on topics to discuss with us; in the end, though, he only exhorted us to persevere in our Eastern monastic observance and to remain zealously faithful to the precious tradition he had handed on to us.

Archimandrite Boniface would often say that authentic monastic life cannot be improvised; it must be learned from the wisdom and experience of a monastic Father. Only then would one be able to take one's place in that long procession of Eastern monks that stretched back to the time of the Apostles. We thank God for the privilege of having taken our place in line through the teaching of so great a man.

# The Founder

**If you seek perfection, go, sell your possessions, and give to the poor. You will then have treasure in heaven. Afterward, come back and follow Me.**

(Mt. 19-21)

Some two and a half centuries later, another rich young man heard these words read out in the parish church of his small Egyptian village. Anthony was then barely twenty years of age and, by the standards of his time, was, indeed, very wealthy, having inherited an estate of rich farm land on the recent death of his parents. Understanding the Lord's words as being meant for him, he immediately went home and gave the best of his land to his neighbors. He sold the rest of the estate and gave the proceeds to the poor, except for a little he thought he would need to provide for himself and his young sister. Some time later, he again heard the Lord speak to him in church: **Enough of worrying about tomorrow. Let tomorrow take care of itself** (Mt. 6:34). Giving away the remainder of his wealth, he placed his sister in the care of a "house of maidens", and withdrew into solitude.

Anthony lived out his call to perfection for more than eighty years afterward, dying finally at a hundred and five. He endured long solitary periods in the desert, but at other times he allowed disciples to gather around him, instructing them on the ascetic life, and forming them into monasteries. He exhorted martyrs during the last persecution before the Peace of the Church and preached against the Arian heresy in the next generation. He won undying fame as a holy man and wonderworker; the story of his life inspired many to embrace the ascetic struggle. In both East and West, St. Anthony is venerated as the Father of Monks.

Yet, St. Anthony cannot in any real sense be called the founder of monasticism. It already existed when he took up the struggle. His visits to other ascetics and hermits during the early years of his conversion attest to its flourishing, even in rural Egypt. And the "house of maidens" to

which he entrusted his sister could just as easily be described, using the terminology of later times, as a convent of nuns.

Indeed, Christianity seems to have always had its monks and nuns:

The community of believers were of one mind and heart. None of them ever claimed anything as his own; rather, everything was held in common. With power the Apostles bore witness to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great respect was showed to them by all; nor was there anyone needy among them, for all who owned property or houses sold them and donated the proceeds. They used to lay them at the feet of the Apostles to be distributed to everyone according to his need.

(Acts 4:32-35)

This ideal way of life was no doubt lived out in many early Christian communities, at least by special groups. Such groups may well have exercised other asceticisms, as well. St. Paul's frequent mention of virgins and widows seems to indicate their already established special status within the Church.

By the second century, loose groups of ascetics had gathered around parish churches in many places and were held in special esteem by the Christian community. These informal groupings of ascetics persisted for a fairly long time. One such group of pious souls in central Italy received St. Benedict in his flight from the world around 500 AD.

What distinguishes the monasticism of St. Anthony and his fourth century brothers from its earlier forms is its radical separation from the world.

Previously, all Christians had been to some extent separated from the world. Even when they were not actively persecuted, Christians had to avoid most aspects of public life. Military or government positions, academic posts, court appearances, even theatrical and sporting events were likely to occasion some pagan observance of the State religion which an observant Christian

could not tolerate.

The conversion of the Emperor Constantine changed all that. At its beginning of the fourth century Christianity had been outlawed, punishable by death; by its end it was the official religion of the Roman Empire. The Faith had become a road to social advancement; thousands of luke-warm souls flooded in.

Bishops began to be given the duties and responsibilities of Roman magistrates; often they assumed their life style, as well. The office of once humble shepherds came to enjoy prestige, wealth, and power; it came to be sought after by the ambitious. Even for the sincere, the new-found influence brought a temptation to rely on political and social solutions for spiritual problems. The Kingdom of God was often too closely identified with the worldly realm.

By fleeing the world and its honors, the monks bore striking witness to the transcendence of the Christian message. Their heroic asceticism, their radical living out of the Gospel, and their rejection of worldly standards were seen as a new martyrdom. The blood of martyrs had been the seed of the Church; the witness and prayers of monks now kept its spirit alive.

Devoted to works of the Spirit, they also had great practical impact on the Church and the surrounding world during the ensuing centuries. In the West, copying books, developing new farming techniques, and converting barbarian tribes, they preserved civilization in the face of general governmental and social collapse.

In the East, where the Roman Empire endured another thousand years, monasteries never attained to the wealth and power their Western counterparts sometimes held, yet their influence, particularly in the spiritual realm was tremendous. The great Fathers of the Eastern Church were all monks, and its theology bears a definite mystical and monastic stamp. Moreover, despite hierarchical timidity and imperial might, the monks resisted heresy, even to the point of death, and zealously preserved the faith that had

been handed on to them. Through their valor the Church in the East remained orthodox and developed its distinctive characteristics.

Monasticism in the Christian East has retained its primitive form. Eastern monasteries remain mostly independent units, each living out the common tradition in its own unique manner, under the protection of the local bishop. The great Eastern monastic rules are mostly exhortation and counsel rather than specific legislation. Thus, Eastern monasticism is not divided into separate orders, each looking back to the charisms of its particular founder. The East knows but one Order of Monks and but one source of monastic life: the Gospel of our Lord God and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Hearing the Lord's words and heeding His commands, certain Christians in every age have devoted themselves to constant prayer without losing heart (cf. Lk. 18:1). They have renounced sexual activity for the sake of the Kingdom (cf. Mt. 19:12) and have undertaken to live like angels in heaven (cf. Mk. 12:25). They have given up their possessions that they might be true disciples of Christ (cf. Lk. 14:33). They have fasted in the Bridegroom's absence (cf. Lk. 5:35) and kept vigil, awaiting the day of His return. Denying themselves, they have shouldered the Cross and followed in His footsteps (cf. Mt. 16:24).

Their striving after a particular perfection in no way lessens the perfection required of all believers (cf. Mt. 5:48). Rather, it encourages, supports, and fills out the holiness of all God's people.

Monasticism stands at the very heart of the Church. Its one true founder is Christ, the Lord, and its life breath is the Holy Spirit. With the hierarchy it is guardian and guarantor of Holy Tradition. It remains, even in the midst of these frenetic times, a powerful beacon of faith and a true witness that the Lord's Kingdom is not of this world.



## The Beacon

Seen from a mile away across the waters of Great Sand Bay, our new church gleams like a jewel on a swath of velvet. **Jampot** patrons often recount their first impression of the sight. “My heart stopped”, one woman said; “I haven’t seen anything like that since I left my home in Ukraine so many years ago.” An Orthodox priest recalled visits to the north of Russia, where churches and monasteries have been so often sited on the shores of lakes. Many people have commented on the beauty and appropriateness of the location: *somehow it just seems to belong there, like a lighthouse on a rocky coast.*

Indeed, the bright dome, making several increasingly prominent appearances as one approaches from the east, has drawn many to stop for a closer look. Some are satisfied with taking photographs, but most are curious to see the

inside, as well, and we are often asked: *Do you give tours of the monastery?* Sometimes we are able to accommodate with a visit to the church – the rest of the facility being the monks’ living quarters, library, and office, and, therefore, closed to public view. During the busy summer months, however, no one can be spared from the **Jampot**, and such requests must remain unfulfilled; most people understand our reluctance to leave the holy place open and unattended.

It is always open during Services, of course, and we usually invite inquirers to the next Vespers or to the Sunday Divine Liturgy. Some do manage to attend; others happen to drop in. One young lady recounted how some friends had told her: *It was so cool! We just went in, and there was all this chanting!*

Most, however, are not so bold, and they re-

gard an invitation into the unfamiliar with some trepidation. One woman asked if a Protestant would feel comfortable at our 10:00 AM Sunday Service. We replied that we did not know; we supposed it would depend on the Protestant; in any case, she would be welcome. As it turns out, we have a number of Lutherans and Episcopalians – Protestants of liturgical traditions – who come with some frequency to Vespers and seem to be quite at home with the Service. Roman Catholics most often prefer to attend the Divine Liturgy, or, as they say, “Mass”. In either case, the Services proceed with their own inner logic, and – to those who are open to them – they quickly no longer seem so strange.

For the many, however, who have not yet joined us in prayer, or for those for whom the experience has left unanswered questions, we will undertake in future issues to offer some explanation and exposition of our Services. We will confine ourselves for now to a few general considerations.

We are Catholics of the **Byzantine (Ukrainian) Rite**. We are in communion with the Pope of Rome and with the billion souls, world wide, who acknowledge his spiritual authority. We have, however, our own hierarchy, with our patriarch in Ukraine, our metropolitan archbishop in Philadelphia, and our local bishop in Chicago. Our liturgical, theological, and spiritual heritage, which we have from Christ and His Apostles, comes to us through Constantinople, by way of the Baptism of Kievan Rus in 988 AD. We share this heritage with the millions of Eastern Orthodox Christians who are also of the Byzantine Rite.

Various design elements of our church – the shape of the domes, the style of the crosses, etc. – exemplify our Byzantine/Slav heritage. Those familiar with these matters will readily predict, therefore, the major architectural features and furnishings to be found inside, as well as the manner of worship.

The usual posture of prayer in the Byzantine tradition is standing. Except for one bench

along the west wall – which may be used by the aged and infirm or those who for other reasons cannot stand for long – the church has no pews. Out of respect, we would ask visitors to stand, at very least, for the Lord’s Prayer, the Gospel reading, the processions, the incensations, and the blessings.

The Services are almost completely sung or chanted. There is much movement by the clergy – particularly in the Divine Liturgy – and the worshippers frequently bow and cross themselves, and sometimes come forward to venerate the Cross, the Gospel Book, or an icon. Visitors who strive to emulate these practices will experience a greater share in the spirit of the Service. However, they should not feel pressured to do so; no one will notice, one way or another, since everyone, people and clergy alike, face the same direction most of the time. The Services also make liberal use of incense, and lamps and candles are lit and extinguished at significant moments. Occasionally there are anointings and distributions of non-Eucharistic bread and wine of which all may partake.

Byzantine worship is, thus, active and dynamic, and it engages all the senses. Though often long – three hours is not unusual – the Services carry the participants along with a sense of timelessness, and catch them up into a glimpse of eternal glory.

We hope visitors to our area will increasingly take the opportunity to worship with us in our church, not with the casual curiosity of tourists, but with the zeal of pilgrims. Certainly, the only way to appreciate the beauty and value of the building, itself, is to experience it in the use for which it was created. It was built, as we have often said, for the honor of God – that is, for the honor we render Him in worship. It is not some sort of static monument, nor a mere museum housing a collection of icons. It is, rather, a vessel of praise, a house of prayer, a holy temple where one may approach God amidst the glories of Divine Worship. May it ever serve as a beacon drawing us all closer to Him.



# Another Scoofy Sighting!

Shortly after we first arrived at Jacob's Falls we heard an intriguing thing. A visitor told us of hearing tales in his childhood about tiny people who lived in the gorge of Jacob's Creek. He had never seen them, of course, but the stories had been so convincing to his young mind that whenever his wanderings took him into the gorge, he would find himself peering into small caves, under overhanging roots, or into cracks in the rocks, seeking traces of their presence. Though he had never found any evidence, he still half expected that one day he just might catch a fleeting glimpse of one out of the corner of his eye.

We were amused. If ever there was a place that seemed suited to habitation by elves, faeries, gnomes, or leprechauns, our gorge was it. Its many nooks, cracks, and crannies, would provide perfect shelter for such little people – should they happen to exist. There was a certain magic to the cool dampness of the place, alive with the gurgle of tumbling water; we always expected the unusual whenever we would venture in. Perhaps one day, one would jump out at us.

It has not yet happened, but over the past twenty or so years we have continued to muse on the matter, speculating on just how small they would be, what they would look like, and how they might make their way in the confines of their narrow world. Would they be young, old, or, perhaps, ageless? Would they live alone or in communities? Would they be few or many? How might they dress, and would they have anything to tell us should we eventually meet one?

Certainly, living close to the earth in such a magically mysterious place, they would have to possess a unique perspective, and, perhaps, a profound wisdom. We wondered if they might ever venture out of their tiny realm and for what possible reason. Might it be to lend some helping hand to the benighted big people who were always botching things up outside?

In time we came to call them Scoofies.

Some years back, with the help of Colin Gifford we were able to capture – on paper, of course – one of these heretofore unseen little inhabitants of secret places. Now, our friend Norm Breyfogle has allowed us another quick glance at their world and circumstances. These seem, in fact, not so different from our own. All of us, after all, depend on what the Lord provides, and we must exercise all the wit, ingenuity, and energy He has given us to secure the bounty.

Now, here is a wisdom in which we all can share!

Like our little friends on the opposite page, we remain very busy. Our summer was cooler and wetter than usual. While not much encouragement for plunging into the Big Lake, it yielded lush vegetation than we have seen in many years. Though late in arriving, the berries were plump, plentiful, and available for an exceptionally long time. While we cannot attribute it to the help of Scoofies, the thimbleberry harvest proved exceptionally quick and bountiful. We had our quota of two thousand pounds within a couple of weeks. The wild strawberries also produced very well, and we were able to keep that precious jam on the shelf throughout the season for the first time in many years; we are also pleased to include once again this delectable “red gold” in our Special Trio.

Despite the conventional wisdom about high gasoline prices and cold, wet weather, **Jampot** hummed throughout the summer. Road closure for a few weeks around Labor Day slowed things down a bit, but the onset of a glorious autumn saw the return of very busy days. Now at color's peak, and with two extra heavy weekends ahead, we look forward to the more relaxed pace of the coming mail order season.

We hope you will be able to enjoy, and share with friends, some of the delicacies enumerated on the following pages.

# Change and Remembrance

Our address has changed. After several years of discussion and a few false starts, the emergency response system 911 has been set up for Keweenaw County. As a result, since early summer, everyone in our remote area now has an official street address. Despite the confusion resulting from the change taking place during our busy season – we still, for instance, have not ordered new letterhead – the new system is a definite improvement; those who may be seeking us out for the first time will have less trouble finding us.

Not, of course, that it has proven impossible in the past! **Jampot** is perhaps the best known business in our area, and people have continued to seek us out. Quite a number managed to negotiate the recent detours to reach us. It speaks well for the determination and loyalty of our customers; it also reminds us of just how important that little business has been.

First time visitors sometimes comment, with reference to the new church: *The jam business must be really good!* We are quick to point out

to them that while, the shop does, indeed, now provide a little more than what is necessary for our survival, its profits are hardly up to funding the construction of the church; contributions are what make it all possible. Yet, most of our benefactors first came to know us through the **Jampot**.

It all points to the wisdom of what we were told years ago by an elderly priest shortly before his death. We had been at Jacob's Falls only a few years and had just paid off our initial land contract when he made his only visit to our struggling monastery. After an afternoon of conversation and touring the property, he commented: *I can see there is a lot to be done here, many things need attention. My advice is to put your efforts into the **Jampot**. That is what will make everything else possible.*

We have always remembered his words, we commemorate him at every Divine Liturgy, and we thank God for having allowed us to meet him. We thank God also for the very many good people who over the years have proven his

HOLY TRANSFIGURATION SKETE

Society of St. John

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