

Magnificat

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Lift High the Cross

On September 14 each year the Church celebrates the Universal Exaltation of the Precious and Life-giving Cross. A major feast of the Lord, the Church prolongs its celebration with specially appointed readings for Divine Liturgy on the Saturdays and Sundays immediately preceding and following. Should it fall on Sunday, it supplants the normal celebration of the Resurrection; equal in rank to Great and Holy Friday, it is solemnly observed with a strict fast regardless of the day on which it happens to fall. Like much else in the Byzantine tradition, the Feast is a heritage from the ancient Church of Jerusalem.

The Emperor Constantine believed he had achieved mastery over the Roman world through the might of the Cross of Christ. He favored the cause of the Christians and, in 313 AD, had

freed them from persecution. In thanksgiving for the doctrinal unity they had reached in 325 at the Council of Nicaea, he resolved to build a great church on the site of Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection. He sent his mother, the aged Empress Helena, to Jerusalem to oversee the

O Christ, our God,
Who were willingly raised upon the Cross,
bestow Your mercy upon the new people
that bears Your name;
and gladden with Your strength
the believers of the true faith,
giving them victory over their enemies,
with Your Cross to protect them in battle,
the weapon of peace
and invincible standard.

project. There, according to tradition, she discovered the wood of the Cross - probably in 326 during excavations for the church's foundations. The completed basilica was dedicated on September thirteenth in the year 335; the following day, as part of the celebration, the patriarch mounted the ambo and solemnly raised aloft the wood of the Cross so that it might be seen and venerated by the worshipping faithful, who repeatedly cried out: **Lord, have mercy!**

The annual repetition of this celebration soon became an occasion for pilgrimage. The nun,

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.

Etheria, a pilgrim from Spain who visited the Holy Land about 380, describes in her journal a week-long festival in Jerusalem held in mid-September to commemorate the dedication of the Basilica of the Resurrection. The principal feature of the celebration seems to have been public veneration of the major relic of the True Cross, which was preserved there. Indeed, Etheria comments that the dedication of the great shrine, a generation or so before her visit, had been fixed to coincide with the date of the Cross' discovery some years earlier.

In the Churches of the Byzantine tradition, elevation (exaltation) and veneration of the cross remain the heart of the Feast's observance. The vicissitudes of ensuing centuries have enriched and expanded the intent of the celebration, however, and the primitive rite, having been inserted into the common structure of daily worship, is now enshrined amid scriptural and liturgical texts suffused with confidence and joy. They expound the Cross to the faithful, as the instrument of salvation, the restoration of creation, the bond of Christians, the source of our glory, and the symbol of ultimate victory.

The Old Testament readings at Vespers speak of it in images and shadows: by wood, Moses renders bitter water sweet (Ex. 15:22-16:1); Wisdom is described as the tree of life for those who grasp her (Prov. 3:11-18); and Isaiah (60:11-16) prophesies that people from all nations will stream to Jerusalem at the revelation of its savior and redeemer. At Matins, Jesus (Jn. 12:28-36) proclaims that the Prince of this World (Satan) will be cast out and that He, when lifted in glory on the Cross, will draw all people to Himself. At Divine Liturgy the Apostle (I Cor. 1:18-24) tells us that while the perishing world considers the Cross to be foolishness, Christ crucified is the power and wisdom of God; and the Evangelist

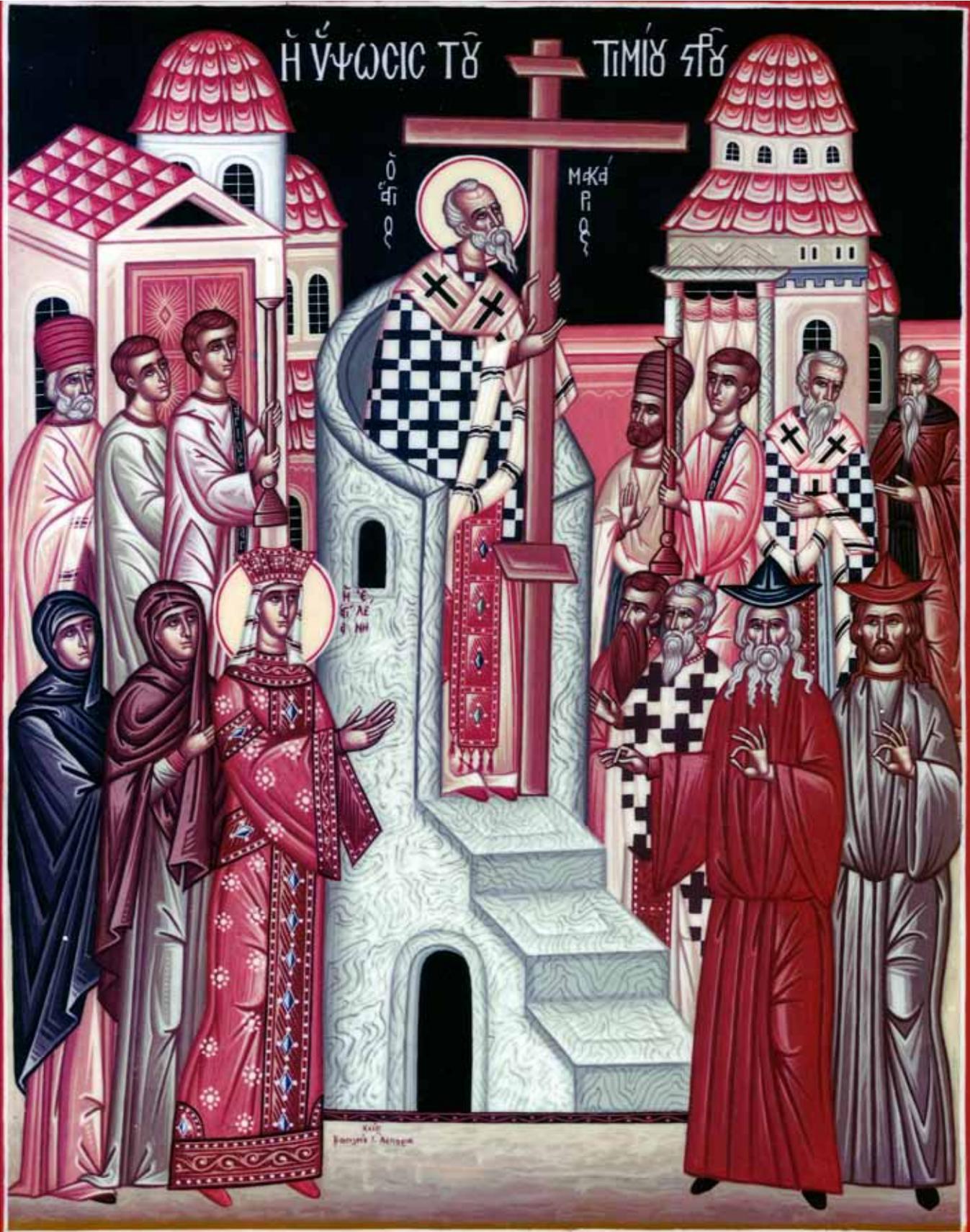
(Jn. 19: 6-11, 13-20, 25-28, 30-35) notes that on the Cross blood and water (symbols of Eucharist and Baptism, the primal Sacraments of Christian life) flowed from the pierced side of the Crucified Christ. The poetry surrounding the Scripture, recalling additional Old Testament prophesies and alluding to the more recent events of its revelation to Constantine and its discovery by his mother, Helena, further glorifies the Cross of Christ and proclaims it the sign and instrument of His victory.

By the Cross, Christ destroyed the bonds of sin and death by which we had been held captive by the Enemy. Through it, He clothed us with beauty and made us worthy of heaven. The Cross is the pride of the faithful, the strength of the struggling, the glory of the Apostles, the courage of the just, and the salvation of the saints. The Cross is the Tree of Life that cancels the condemnation incurred by eating from that other tree in Paradise. It is the throne and footstool of Christ, the King who reigns over all the earth. At its elevation we adore the blessed Passion of Christ, which has set us free.

In our monastic church, where, through the great generosity of a now deceased benefactor, we are blessed to have a relic of the True Cross enshrined, veneration of the cross is integral to our daily worship. Once a year, in union of action and spirit with those who have celebrated this great mid-September feast each of these past nearly seventeen hundred years, we raise high the Cross and, with solemn petitions for guidance, health, salvation, and remission of sins, we invoke the Lord's mercy upon His holy people and upon the whole world. Venerating and uniting ourselves to the Cross of our Lord and God and Savior, Jesus Christ, we beg a share in the life He poured forth for the world, and hope to make our own the redemption He has won.

When the spear pierced Your most pure side
 O Christ, our God,
 there poured forth water and blood,
 establishing the new covenant
 and washing sin away.
 For the Cross is the boast of the faithful,
 the strength and victory of kings.

From Matins of the Feast



Ἡ ὙΨΩΣΙΣ Τῆς ΤΙΜΙᾶΣ ΣΤῆθ

ο ἁγίου

Μακάριου

ἁγίου

ΚΑΙΟ
Βασίλειος Α. Αθανασίου

Eternal Memory

His Grace, Innocent Lotocky OSBM, beloved Bishop-Emeritus of the Eparchy of St. Nicholas, reposed in the Lord at age 97 on July 4, 2013. It being the onset of our busiest season, only our two priest-monks and our novice were able to fly to Chicago to represent the monastery at the July 12 and 13 obsequies in St. Nicholas Cathedral.

Bishop Innocent was the oldest bishop in the Ukrainian Catholic Church, worldwide, and a great number of hierarchs augmented the clergy and faithful of the Eparchy who crowded into the Cathedral for the rites. Among those present and concelebrating, in addition to our current Eparch, His Grace, Bishop Richard Seminack, who presided over the initial Panakhyda, were His Eminence, Metropolitan Stefan Soroka, Archeparch of Philadelphia, principal concelebrant of the evening Parastas and of the morning Divine Liturgy; his predecessor, Metropolitan-Emeritus, Stephen Sulyk; His Grace, Basil Losten, Bishop-Emeritus of Stamford, who had served as co-consecrator at Bishop Innocent's Episcopal Consecration in 1981; and His Grace, Michael Wiwchar CSsR, Bishop-Emeritus of Saskatoon, who had been Bishop Innocent's immediate successor as Eparch of St. Nicholas in Chicago. His Grace, Bishop Hlib Lonchyna of the Eparchy of the Holy Family in London, England, preached the homily at the Divine Liturgy, and, at the Parastas, Provincial Philip Sandrick OSBM delivered a eulogy in memory of the monk and bishop, Innocent.

The future bishop was born in 1915 in western Ukraine, then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. After completing his secondary education, he entered the Order of Saint Basil the Great as a novice in 1932, making his solemn profession in 1937, and receiving priestly ordination in 1940. While doing pastoral work in Vienna during World War II, he earned his Doctorate; after additional pastoral work in Belgium he emigrated from war-torn Europe to the United States in 1946.

He served as Superior and Novice Master at a Basilian house in Pennsylvania for five years before being named US Provincial of the Basilian

Fathers. In 1953 he became pastor of St. George Ukrainian Catholic Church in New York City. He served as Novice Master of the Basilians on Long Island from 1958 until 1960 when he was named Superior and, subsequently, pastor at St. Nicholas Ukrainian Catholic Church in Chicago. When St. Nicholas Church was named the Cathedral of the newly established Eparchy of St. Nicholas, Diocesan clergy assumed care of the parish; Father Innocent then served as pastor and Superior at Immaculate Conception Parish in Hamtramck, Michigan, from 1962 to 1981, during most of which time he was also a member of the Provincial Council of the Basilian Fathers in the United States.

He returned to Chicago and the Cathedral Parish in 1981, having been named the second Eparch of St. Nicholas. After his retirement in 1993, he continued to serve the people of St. Nicholas parish, regularly celebrating Divine Liturgy in the Cathedral and becoming Chaplain to the parish Senior Citizens Club. His wisdom, erudition, and gentle sense of humor made him a favorite speaker at gatherings and banquets, and he continued to preach retreats well into his eighties. He remained a venerable and holy presence at parochial and Eparchal functions until shortly before his passing.

We met Bishop Innocent in January of 1994. Sitting in quietly at the meeting with Bishop Michael that resulted in our coming into the Ukrainian Catholic Church, the holiness and quiet humor that so endured him to his people were plainly evident. Subsequent contacts at Eparchal events confirmed our initial impression, and the one time we called upon him for advice, his response was concrete and down to earth, but with a touch of humor. We thank God for having been privileged to know this holy man, eighty years a monk, seventy-two a priest, thirty-two years a bishop, and continuing to serve his people twenty years into retirement. To our most beloved Bishop Innocent may the Lord say, *Well done, good and faithful servant*, and grant him blessed repose and eternal memory.



Hospitality has marked monastic life from the very beginning. The Fathers of the Egyptian and Syrian deserts would welcome traveling strangers into their cells to pray and speak with them, share a simple meal, and perhaps provide a night's lodging. By the sixth century, St. Benedict would comment in his Rule (Chapter 53) that guests *are never lacking in a monastery*, and he prescribed that special care be given to pilgrims and paupers, *because it is especially in them that Christ is received*. Indeed, through many unsettled centuries, monastic houses usually offered the only secure refuge to be found by travelers in open country – rich and poor, alike.

Times have changed, of course, and travelers now have many and varied accommodations available to them. Still, people flock to monasteries, seeking the peace, serenity, and edification that more utilitarian lodgings cannot provide. Monastic guesthouses are often filled to overflowing, and a dwindling corps of monks is hard pressed to keep up; for some communities, hospitality has become the principal focus of the monks' work and a major source of income.

Our **Jampot** work may be seen as somewhat analogous: we provide a service for travelers for which we receive remuneration, and, although it is seldom serene, **Jampot** does afford a point of contact with religious life most of our patrons would not otherwise encounter. More specific contact comes through the occasional special events we host for various groups. This past May we hosted a piano recital and provided dinner for about fifty guests; in June about thirty members of an Evangelical church joined us for Vespers and a meal; and about eighty people recently observed

our thirtieth anniversary with us, celebrating a Divine Liturgy of thanksgiving on a Sunday morning, witnessing the blessing of the monastery's new carillon, hearing the instrument's inaugural recital, and sharing a meal and conversation throughout the afternoon. Still to come are a talk to a group of university students in early October and a talk, an evening meal, and Compline with another toward the end of the month.

The necessity of earning a living and **Jampot**'s demanding schedule make individualized contact more difficult, and we try to guide potential retreatants toward the winter months when our time is less encumbered. Still, summer continues to bring planned visits from family, friends, and patrons of the monastery, and we often happily adjust the workload to arrange an impromptu tour and conference for priests, religious, and the occasional prelate who may be passing through.

This July, with some six weeks notice, His Eminence, Raymond Leo Cardinal Burke, graced



our monastery with a brief visit. Cardinal Burke serves as Prefect of the Apostolic Signatura, the Church's highest court of appeal beside the Pope, himself, and is currently the highest-ranking American serving the Holy Father in the Roman Curia. We have known His Eminence for fifteen or more years, from the time he was Bishop of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Introduced to him at a Cistercian monastery where he had just ordained a monk to the priesthood, we invited then Bishop Burke to visit our own little monastery at Jacob's Falls. When he was named Archbishop of St. Louis in 2004, he was kind enough to invite us to his installation; at the banquet following, we reiterated the invitation, pointing out that, while he was now further away, the trip was certainly doable. In our letter of congratulation for his 2008 appointment as Prefect of the Church's highest tribunal – where he had served as an advocate for five years prior to being appointed Bishop of La Crosse – we noted that he was now truly far away, but that

he still had family in Wisconsin and would, most likely, be relatively near by from time to time.

Through the generosity of a benefactor, we were able to accept his invitation to the events surrounding his elevation to the College of Cardinals in November of 2010. We were in Rome for the Consistory and Papal Mass at St. Peter's, we attended receptions for the new Cardinal at the North American College and at the Renaissance palace where the Apostolic Signatura meets, and our priest-monks were privileged to concelebrate his Mass of Thanksgiving, along with a dozen or so bishops and about twenty other priests. We were awed and humbled to participate in such august assemblies.

His own visit here was considerably less intense. Arriving on a Monday afternoon, he joined us for Vespers and afterward shared dinner and light conversation with the monks. He celebrated Mass in the morning following our Divine Liturgy and then had a simple breakfast before a quick tour of the monastery. A long-time purchaser of jam for gifts at Christmas and Easter, he took a keen interest in the workings of the again operative Jampot kitchen and availed himself of a few items in the sales room. Above the escarpment we described the intended development of certain areas and showed him our young orchard; he spent a few moments fish-gazing at the pond and walked a short leg of the trail. Then, after an hour's in-depth conversation with our priest-monks, it was time for him to leave and resume his busy summer schedule.

We are most grateful for His Eminence's acceptance of our long-standing invitation. Though less than twenty-four hours in duration, we see it as the most significant event of what has been an eventful summer. In particular, we appreciated the opportunity to speak with him directly and with an openness not possible at the large ecclesial events that had occasioned our previous encounters. We continue to pray earnestly for Cardinal Burke's health and well-being and for the success of his work in service of the Holy Father and in behalf of the Church.

A Testimony

Personal testimony is not our usual style in these pages. **Magnificat** articles receive no byline, and first person narratives are almost exclusively expressed in the plural. Cenobitic monastic life is a communal endeavor, redounding to no one's individual praise or benefit except in matters of personal salvation. We have always sought to convey this quality in our public communications, written or verbal. But many wise and trustworthy people have counseled me that certain recent events need to be made more widely known. I endeavor to recount them now, some twelve weeks after their passing, before time erodes their memory.

On Sunday, June 16, 2013, I awoke with moderate pain in my feet and a feeling of weakness in my right leg. Attributing this to fatigue, tension over the still unresolved situation at the **Jampot**, or, perhaps, some recent dietary indiscretion, I, nonetheless, thought it prudent to assist at Divine Liturgy from the choir, rather than serve for two hours standing at the altar. A young woman we had known since her childhood visited the monastery that day along with her own six children. Although the pain and weakness continued unabated, I was able to interact with mother and children throughout the afternoon from a chair in the community room.

By the following morning the condition had spread to both legs. The pain was most severe in the feet, and I had difficulty walking. It worsened and began to spread upward throughout the day and evening; my hands also began to ache. By Tuesday morning I could walk only with support, and increasingly frequent spasms of pain wracked my entire body, causing it to go rigid. I contacted our physician's office as soon as it opened, and I was able to secure a morning appointment with his assistant. Two monks helped me into the car, and Fr. Ambrose drove me the twenty-five miles to the clinic in Lake Linden.

My symptoms, which were continually increasing in severity, baffled the assistant; and the physician, when called in for consultation, after

a brief examination, ordered me to go immediately to the emergency room at Portage Hospital in Hancock. The physicians there concurred with his tentative diagnosis of Guillain-Barre Syndrome, an autoimmune disease attacking the peripheral nervous system, which could result in total paralysis and death. I was not, at the time, exactly aware of the ramifications of the diagnosis. I was relieved, however, that they had assigned a name to the condition and had a strategy for treating it. They began administering frequent doses of Dilaudid – which moderated but did not eliminate the pain – and arranged for me to be transferred to Marquette General Hospital the following day.

Meanwhile, Fr. Ambrose waited outside the emergency room, conveying by phone to the monks back at the monastery what information he managed to learn. The monks, themselves, prayed about the situation and also contacted the Carmelite nuns in Iron Mountain, as well as various friends of the monastery, to ask for their prayers. One couple had noticed Fr. Ambrose in the emergency waiting room, and had emailed to express concern. When they came to the monastery the next day for their regular Wednesday morning visit, Fr. Basil explained the situation to them, as it was then known; he prayed with them, and they said they would also contact some of their friends in prayer groups at various local churches.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 19, the Feast of the Holy Apostle Jude in the Byzantine liturgical calendar, after a wild ambulance ride that covered the hundred or so miles in about an hour, I arrived at Marquette General, where a room and a team of specialists were waiting for me. They examined me further, ordered a spinal tap for the following morning to confirm the diagnosis before beginning treatment, and started to explain to me what they were already reasonably certain my condition was.

Guillain-Barre Syndrome is a condition in which the body's defenses begin to attack and

destroy its own nervous system. Weakness and, ultimately, paralysis spread upward from the extremities toward the trunk, where, if unchecked, they can interfere with some vital bodily function – usually breathing – and cause death. The condition has no known cause, although it often makes its appearance after some major infection. (I had had a severe bout with influenza earlier in the spring, which had required a prescription of steroids to overcome.) There is, as yet, no cure, but with proper treatment the condition seldom proves fatal. It could result, however, in some permanent impairment, particularly in an older person. Because of my severe pain, I had sought medical attention early; the prognosis for a complete recovery seemed good. They would begin treating the condition there, in Marquette, and, if unable to arrest it, they would transfer me to the University of Michigan Hospital in Ann Arbor. I was looking at four to six weeks in the hospital, and then a year or more of recovery and rehabilitation in a medical care facility or nursing home.

I now began to grasp the seriousness of the situation. I had been concerned with the immediacy of the pain, offering it up and thinking of little more. Now I contemplated a very different future. There would have to be major – potentially devastating – adjustments to the life of the monastery, as well as to my own. The trials and difficulties of the past several months seemed as nothing, considering what lay ahead. How could this all be worked out?

As the neurologist and another physician continued to discuss with me long-term care options in our area, I felt as if a great weight were lifting from me. “It’s gone,” I said. “The pain is gone.”

“What do you mean?” asked the neurologist. “This syndrome does not just leave; it requires treatment.”

“The pain is gone.”

“The pain. What about the weakness?”

“I feel normal; I think I can stand.” I was sitting on the side of the bed and got to my feet

without aid. At the neurologist’s request I stood on my toes and then rocked back on my heels. I walked around the room.

“Are people praying for you?” she asked.

“Yes.” I knew the monks were praying and that they had contacted the Carmelite nuns, and I knew members of my family were praying. I did not yet know about the Lutheran, Methodist, and Evangelical prayer groups our friends had contacted in this particular instance, but I knew of the many people of all faiths – and none – who prayed for the monastery and the well-being of its members.

“Well, God has heard their prayers. You appear to be cured. As far as I’m concerned, you can go home.” Looking to her companion she said, “We have just witnessed a miraculous healing. Miracles do happen.”

In the great joy of my return to the monastery, I was reminded of the paralytic whose friends went to extraordinary measures to bring him to Christ (Mk. 2: 3 ff.), since his condition had prevented his coming on his own. The Evangelist notes that it was their faith that moved Jesus to cure the man both physically and spiritually. I had not thought to pray for my own healing; the pain had been too great; it had been a dominating reality that I had to endure, and I could think of little else. I had united it to the Cross of Christ, but I had not asked to be relieved of it. That thought had been beyond me. The prayers of others had carried the day.

Many people are unable to pray for themselves. They may not know how to pray, may not believe in the power of prayer, or may be otherwise constrained; often they are even unaware of their need. So, we must pray for them, especially if we have been asked. A request for prayers is not just a formality or pleasantry, more often than not, it is a cry for help. We must never let it go unheeded

For God hears the prayers of all people, especially those made on behalf of others.

Hieromonk Nicholas, Hegumen

Thirty Years!



of progress along the way, and an orientation toward the future.

The dedication of the carillon – whose bells were individually blessed and anointed with Holy Chrism prior to being raised into the tower in early July – was a truly fitting crown for the celebration. It represents both the fulfillment of original intent and an opening toward the future.

Bells are integral to the functioning of a church. In the Byzantine/Slav tradition they are often described as singing icons. As the painted icons within the church color and manifest the holiness of its interior, the sound of bells warms and sanctifies its exterior and surroundings, extending an acoustic sphere of holiness from the building into its environment. Their ringing proclaims the Mysteries celebrated within and offers all who may hear a foretaste of their beauty. Heeding their summons to prayer, the faithful are quieted in mind and soothed in spirit, rendered more disposed to the holy action they

This past month we marked the thirtieth anniversary of our August 29, 1983, arrival on this blessed shore. In celebration of this happy event, we offered a special Divine Liturgy in thanksgiving for the past mercies that have allowed us to persevere and progress to this juncture, and in anticipation of those yet to come. About eighty friends and benefactors of the monastery crowded into the monastery church for the morning Liturgy and then assembled in the cloister and rose garden to witness the dedication and final blessing of the carillon that now graces our bell tower. After listening from various vantages in and around the monastery to Lisa Klinsky Knutson's beautiful performance of the instrument's inaugural recital, many were able to stay for refreshments and conversation throughout the afternoon. The celebration was a consoling and uplifting occasion, an acknowledgement





are about to undertake. Before a word is spoken, their voice begins the worship.

Bells of different timbre, rung in concert, call forth a jubilation appropriate to major feasts and other festive occasions; thus, monastic churches, as well as cathedrals, often house a complement of them in their belfries. Our own bell tower was designed accordingly; the carillon provided by the Verdin Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, fits neatly into the bell chamber, and the structure readily supports the six thousand pounds of weight added by the bells and their ringing mechanisms. The thirty-six bronze bells were cast and tuned in the Netherlands and range in diameter from 29-1/2 to 7-7/8 inches and from 550 to 24 pounds in weight. Sounding the notes from low C to the C above high C, the three-octave carillon accommodates the various liturgical bell functions traditional to the Byzantine/Slav Churches and is capable of a wide variety of ecclesial and secular music.

Since their dedication, we have begun ringing the bells prior

to Vespers on Saturday evening and Divine Liturgy on Sunday morning. At about noon on Sundays, after Divine Liturgy, we have played brief recitals of familiar hymn tunes, and, on Labor Day, we offered passersby a short concert of patriotic music. We hope to do the same for future civic holidays and, perhaps, provide a regular series of noonday recitals during the summer months. Soon we will begin adding music from the day's Services to the periods before Vespers and Divine Liturgy. Thus, the carillon offers many possibilities for continued enrichment of our monastic worship and for furtherance of our artistic apostolate, as well.

We express our deepest gratitude to all who helped bring this aspect of the monastery's growth to fulfillment, especially those who dedicated bells or otherwise contributed to its financing. Provision of the carillon was a major endeavor, a fitting point of demarcation for the first thirty years of this monastery's existence. May God abundantly reward your generosity; may each sounding of the bells be for you a blessing, now and into the future.



At the Jampot



Jampot has labored this summer under significant constraints. Bureaucratic delay and a late spring conspired to prevent timely design and installation of the new septic system, and we were unable to use our kitchen for production during May and June. The gentlemen at **Fitzgerald's Restaurant** in Eagle River kindly extended us the use of their kitchen during the off hours for jam making and some baking, and we were able to keep the shop open with reduced offerings throughout the down time. But the logistics of moving materials and product back and forth, the difficulty of working in a facility designed for a different purpose, and the limited time of its availability to us, made for a very trying two months. **Jampot** finished the period with a shortfall in revenue of 28% from the preceding year.

May and June are quiet months in our area, and the actual dollar amount of the shortfall was relatively small when considered as a percentage of the whole year's revenue; it was largely made up by the modest sales increases shown in the very busy months of July and August. Still, we

were much relieved to be in our own kitchen and able to call back our employees on June 27, a week ahead of the Independence Day weekend. Things have gone reasonably well since then.

Though late in arriving and cooler and wetter than in the recent past, summer has been bountiful in many ways. Almost all the wild berries produced abundantly, even those that are often shy, such as the wild strawberry, which blooms so early, and the bilberry, which had been almost nil during the previous two seasons. There will be no lack of material for jam production during the coming months. Nor has there been any lack of consumers. We had waiting lines out the door on many days, and the first Saturday in July (Independence day weekend) and the second Saturday in August (Eagle Harbor Art Fair) again shattered sales records. But the near disaster of the first two months continued to haunt us.

Though shy in revenue, May and June are vital months in **Jampot's** season. With fewer customers and less demand for fresh bakery, more time can be devoted to building inventory. The surplus of jam, confections, and fruitcake produced during those months helps carry us through the busy times when cookies and muffins dominate the kitchen. Even then, we usually need to bake more fruitcake in late August, and holes begin to appear on the jam shelf, as well. This year we had no inventory to rely on; we were selling things as quickly as we produced them; we were working late most days, and we were not keeping pace. By the end of August we had less than half our usual varieties of jam on the shelf and even fewer fruitcakes and little or no inventory in the warehouse.

We were grateful for the quieter weeks after Labor Day, which have allowed us to catch up somewhat as we head into the busy weeks of the color season. The long hours continue, and we will forego our usual break at the end of door sales. We trust that the Lord will provide what is needed – as He always has – to ensure the availability of the items offered on the following pages for your personal or gift-giving pleasure.

HOLY TRANSFIGURATION SKETE
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The Next Thirty

Although it culminated in a joyous celebration and leaves the monastery equipped with a long hoped for musical instrument that supports both its liturgical life and its artistic outreach, our thirtieth year at Jacob's Falls has entailed more than its share of frustration and tension. We continue to feel the effects.

The fate of our **Jampot** storage building remains in the hands of the State Court of Appeals; without a quick resolution, it faces its third winter in an unfinished state. The loss of a quarter of the season's production time that resulted from the delay in design and approval of **Jampot's** new septic system hampered us through the summer and continues to demand extra long hours as we head toward the shipping season; it will make itself felt through the remaining months of the year and, perhaps, beyond. Moreover, the system finally approved is complicated, and it has proven expensive, both in design and installation; this, too, will have lasting consequences.

But, more than something hoped for, the new septic system is a long past due necessity. Though its inception has been fraught with tension and its outcome, at times, in question, its

completion at season's end – when diminished traffic allows the necessary excavations through our parking lot – will provide the infrastructure needed for on-going growth. We emerge from the permitting process much enlightened; future such projects should be less problematic and encounter fewer roadblocks.

More than anything else, however, this year has been marked by expressions and demonstrations of support from many good people. The customers who responded to **Jampot's** unusually spare shelves with understanding and words of encouragement, the old friend whose strategically placed phone call broke through the bureaucratic logjam, the new friends whose concern led them into other areas of community relations, the help extended by various State offices, and the friendly visit from a Prince of the Church, all bode well for endeavors yet to come.

No doubt, the next thirty years will also bring their share of difficulties and surprises. The experience of the past and the continued prayers and good will of our friends allow us to face them with confidence. The Lord's abundant blessings upon them all!