



Crossings

Church of the Holy Cross ✠ Episcopal
875 Cotton Street, Shreveport, Louisiana
April 19, 2023

Services

Please see calendar.

The Vestry

Mike Wilkerson, Senior Warden
Tommy Sue Brooks,
Junior Warden
Herschel Richard, Secretary
Fr. Garrett Boyte
Georgiana Gleason
Cheryl McBride
Lyman McKellar
Marshall Middleton
Ginger Paul
Becky Snodgrass
Monty Walford, Treasurer
(non-vestry)

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Contact the Editor

Please send material for articles
to lynn.walford@lsus.edu

Remembering Grandmama

Christine Elizabeth Harper



Even with a month's warning that this time was near, and a lifetime of knowing that it would one day happen, I was not prepared for the profound sense of loss that I'm now feeling. I remember when I was a little boy and learned what death was and that it happens to everyone, I became immediately terrified that my grandmama would die. I was downright troubled with this revelation, and the only thing that would help me sleep at night was that grandmama sent me home with one of her nightgowns so that I could pretend that I was with her. I slept with a death grip on that thing for what must have been weeks.

And so, now that the thing that I dreaded most as a child has finally happened, I have been verklempt all week. I know that everyone's grandma is special to them. I do. But y'all, until I was sixteen years old I spent every Saturday and Saturday night, and all day Sunday, at my grandmama's house. After that I think I stayed every couple of weeks. And while she loved all her grandchildren, I was the first, and I was the only one who got to go to her house Every. Single. Weekend. I'm not rubbing it in, just giving the facts. Sometimes another one of the grands might come to spend the night, but Grandmama always "cleared" it with me, convincing me how much fun it would be to share the weekend with one of my brothers or cousins.

Grandmama was the cafeteria manager at Oak Grove Elementary School, and I ate lunch with her there Monday through Friday until I graduated from high school. Technically, I wasn't supposed to go down to the elementary school to eat lunch, and at some point I think she got in trouble, but she kept letting me eat lunch there. Besides, everyone knew that the OGE food was better than the food at the high school.

Of course I loved Papaw too; God bless him for being so okay with playing second fiddle to Grandmama all those years. When I'd call their house and he'd answer, as soon as he knew it was me he'd say either "Chris, Garrett wants to talk to you" or "Your grandmama is at the nail salon/hairdresser/Walmart, but I'll tell her to call you back." Even now, there are only four phone numbers that I have memorized: my cell, their house phone, and each of their cell phones. Even my cell phone number is based around her. The last digits are 5265, because she was 52 when she and Papaw gave me my first cell phone, and 65 was my football jersey number. And yes, it was her idea.



I could go on and on about all the fun times we had together. A recent memory is of the time Grandmama and Papaw came to stay with me in Shreveport. My building's fire alarm went off in the middle of the night, as it was wont to do, and Grandmama came out of the bedroom, holding her dog and putting on her earrings to escape what she thought was a burning building. So to everyone who commented on how beautiful and elegant she was, "putting your earrings on during a fire evacuation" is the kind of mentality you'll need in order to emulate her.

There are so many more things I want to say, and eventually I will. When Grandmama was in the hospital she told me she wanted me to speak at her funeral. That just wasn't going to happen. I simply could not. I still don't know how Kim and Brandon and Josh and Colt and Kadence did. I was able to do the burial only because of the Holy Ghost and the sheer muscle memory of having said the burial rite so many times. Thank God for the prayer book. Even now, I feel as if my throat is about to jump out of my mouth, and I'm not even talking.

Another thing Grandmama told me, as I'm sure she told others, is that she just wanted her kids and grandkids to be proud of her. Part of me is deeply saddened that it wasn't obvious how proud of her I was, and another part of me is deeply humbled to know that as she lay dying, her biggest concern was that she didn't disappoint us. What a woman!

And so, as I know everyone else in the family is, I am just so incredibly proud of my grandmother. I will be sharing some more stories as soon as I get to where I can talk about her without turning into a blubbering mess. Weeping may last the night, but joy comes in the morning. I loved her more than anything in the world, and grief is just another form that love takes.

The Rev. Garrett Boyte



Calendar for April

Saturdays	Evening Prayer, Rite I	6:00 pm	Online
Sundays	Holy Eucharist, Rite I	9:00 am	Chapel
	Parish Choir rehearsal	9:45 am	Nave
	Children's Sunday School	10:30 am	Education Building
	Holy Eucharist, Rite I	11:00 am	Nave
Mondays, Tuesdays	Evening Prayer, Rite I	6:00 pm	Online
Wednesdays	Book Study	10:30 am	Library
	Holy Eucharist, Rite I	Noon	Chapel
	Evening Prayer, Rite I	6:00 pm	Nave and online
Thursdays, Fridays	Evening Prayer, Rite I	6:00 pm	Online
Tuesday, April 18	Vestry meeting	6:00 pm	Library

Prayer List

James Adams	Jean Dooley	Robert Henley	Amanda Taylor
Ellen Dunlop Belote	Anne Fellers	Geoffrey Jenkins	The Taylor family
Margaret Boudreaux	Wes Gearhart	Peggy Kirkland and family	Robert Todd
Sarah Lou Brackman	John August Gianforte	Chloe Kyles	Louis Wallace
Mike Brown	Austin Gleason	Richard Liles	Connie Wiggins
Nikki Brown	Georgiana Gleason	Maureen Locke	Bill Wright
Jack Carlisle	James Griffith	Della McCranie	Mary Wright
Mike-y Carlisle	Loraine Guerrero	Jesse Paul	Sheryl Wright
Kyle Chandler	Michael Guerrero	Scott Porter	The people of Ukraine
Taryn Chandler	Richard Hadwin	Brady Sessions	Survivors of gun violence
Teresa Crow	Sandra Hadwin	Catherine Spaht	
The Drew Dodson family	Chris Harper	Paul Spaht	

We pray for those who serve and are served by Providence House.

In the diocesan cycle of prayer we pray for Good Shepherd, Lake Charles,
the Rev. Dr. Mitzi George (Kevin), the Rev. Petroula Ruehlen;
for St. Michael and All Angels, Lake Charles, the Rev. Andrew Christiansen (Rachel);
for Leonidas Polk Memorial, Leesville, the Rev. William Phillips (Lynn);
and for Trinity, DeRidder, the Rev. James Lueckenhoff (Linda).

Lay Ministries

The Third Sunday of Easter: April 23, 2023

Lectors: Melissa Fowle, David Richard
Prayers of the People: Becky Snodgrass
Eucharistic Ministers: Carolyn Mahlen, Herschel Richard
Acolyte: James Woodham
Ushers: Tommie Sue Brooks, Cheryl McBride, Bill Richard
Altar Guild: Tommie Sue Brooks, Cheryl McBride

The Fourth Sunday of Easter: April 30, 2023

Lectors: Holly McIntyre, Herschel Richard
Prayers of the People: Herschel Richard
Eucharistic Ministers: Robert Henley, Lucie Thornton
Acolyte: Hadley Jackson
Ushers: Laura Wilkerson, Mike Wilkerson
Altar Guild: Laura Wilkerson, Mike Wilkerson



Service Music

The Third Sunday of Easter: April 23, 2023

Mass: Mathias and James
Psalm 116: Response—Middlebury; Plainsong, tone V.iii
Anthem: Festival Canticle—Richard Hillert
Hymns: 296 Engelberg; 495 In Babilone; 306 Sursum corda; 318 Nyack; 193 Puer nobis
Organ: Deck thyself, my soul—J. Alfred Schehl; Jubilate—Fela Sowande

The Fourth Sunday of Easter: April 30, 2023

Mass: Mathias and James
Psalm 23: Metrical setting—Crimond
Anthem: Sheep may safely graze—J. S. Bach
Hymns: 208 Victory; 343 St. Agnes; 304 Land of Rest; 645 St. Columba
Organ: My shepherd will supply my need—Louie L. White; "...beside still waters"—Dan Locklair; Ceremonial March—Herbert Sumsion

A Journey from Trauma to Triumph

Notes from Holy Cross Hope House

By Donna Earnest, Assistant to the Rector for Hope House Management

Derrick

Derrick came to Hope House in November of 2019, fresh out of jail. What stood out most about him was that he was a very quiet young man. As Derrick continued to use Hope House services, we witnessed his unfolding. He was articulate, respectful, mannerly, and kind to others. He still stayed to himself, but it was obvious that he was seriously working on getting himself together. After eight months of getting to know each other and building a relationship through our short conversations, Derrick shared his story with me.



Derrick's first memories are of when he was two or three years old. They are horrible, traumatic memories. The first is of watching his six-year-old brother being beaten to death by his mother and father. Those meant to love and protect brutally took away their child's life. The next memory is of being taken away from his home and put into state custody.

Both of Derrick's parents were charged, convicted, and sent to prison, and, eventually, Derrick's grandparents were given custody of the little boy. Derrick will tell you that he had a wonderful life with his grandparents, and to this day he refers to them as his parents. They taught him to be respectful, to have good manners, to always be honest, and no matter what, to show kindness to others. They always made sure that each day was fun, and there was always laughter in the house. They taught life skills to Derrick, which he thought of as chores and routines. Year round he worked in a garden with his grandfather, and he helped his grandmother with cooking and other chores. As he grew, he learned to fix things and even to create things out of nothing.

Derrick had many days of darkness as a child. When he was nine years old his world was once again rocked, this time by his grandmother's death. Derrick and his grandfather stayed close and made it through the hard days that lay ahead, but the laughter in the house had come to an end, and the trauma was steadily building.

Derrick had just turned eighteen years old when his grandfather passed away. Now, there was no brother, mother, father, or grandparents. The only two people he felt really loved him were both gone. Derrick found himself alone.

He was now on a journey without one person he could call family. Bad decisions maneuvered him straight into a life of trouble, and he ended up spending a total of twenty years incarcerated. Being incarcerated gave him time to think about life, and he decided that it was time for him to become the person his grandfather and grandmother had spent years cultivating. He made the best of his

life in jail. He studied and earned his GED, participated in the work release program, and associated with like-minded people.

Derrick doesn't let his emotional scars define him. He will tell you it's God's grace that gave him a new life. Derrick is now living in his own apartment. He is giving back to his community and to Hope House. We at Hope House may not be Derrick's blood relatives, but we consider him family. We're so thankful that God allows us to witness Derrick's transformation and walk this journey with him.



Mark Your Calendars for Pride Mass!

Our fourth annual LGBT Pride Mass is coming up in June! Holy Cross is an inclusive Episcopal church that welcomes LGBT people in every area of ministry, and we are also traditional in our worship of God. You can have both!

Join us for Pride Mass on Saturday, June 10, at 5:00 pm. All people of good will are welcome, and we really mean it. To find out more about us, just visit our website or Facebook page, and browse our worship services online.



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Mission Statement: *To restore all people to unity with God and each other through Christ.*



Hope House: There is an ongoing need for coffee, sugar, creamer, laundry detergent **pods**, disposable razors, and personal-size hygiene products (soap, shampoo, deodorant, etc.) Please take your donations to 762 Austen Place or to the church office. Thank you for your continued support.

Forward Day by Day for **April** and **May**, in both standard and large-print editions, is available in the Narthex and the Undercroft.

The Most Rev. Michael B. Curry, Ph.D., D. D.
The Rt. Rev. Jacob Owensby, Ph.D., D. D.
The Rev. J. Garrett Boyte, M.Div.
The Rev. Mary Richard
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