

The Steeple

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Nov 26, 2025



The Weekly Newsletter of St. Luke's Episcopal Church



Returning Thanks

Beloved in Christ,

As Thanksgiving day approaches, I find myself reflecting on how layered this holiday truly is. For many, it is a time of gathering, gratitude, and abundance. Yet for others, especially our Indigenous neighbors, this day carries with it memories of loss, disruption, and the enduring work of resilience. Thanksgiving in America is not a simple story, and it is important that we carry its complexity honestly with open hearts.

At its best, Thanksgiving gestures toward something deeply human: the desire to give thanks for life itself. At its hardest, it reminds us that gratitude must never come at the expense of truth, or of our responsibility to one another.

As baptized Christians, our calling is not merely to feel thankful for what we have but to act in ways that honor the life we share. When we remember that first fragile encounter between settlers and Native peoples, a moment that held both generosity and the seeds of profound loss, we are invited to consider what it means today to live in the best interests of that initial act of hospitality, courage, and care. We are called to read, mark, inwardly digest this sense of generosity and to recommit ourselves to building the kind of community where all lives continue to be safeguarded, honored, and uplifted.

Thanksgiving, then, becomes more than a meal, memory, or holiday. Thanksgiving becomes a practice; a way of speaking life to one another. It becomes a promise that we will work for a world where gratitude is not just spoken, but embodied in justice, compassion, humility, and respect. Whatever our path, this holiday can be an invitation to wish one another life and to consider how our own lives might be given for the flourishing of others.

May your Thanksgiving be filled with warmth, honesty, companionship, and deep and abiding peace. Will you pray with me? Almighty and gracious Father, we give you thanks for the fruits of the earth in their season and for the labors of those who harvest them. Make us, we pray, faithful stewards of your great bounty, for the provision of our necessities and the relief of all who are in need, to the glory of your Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Wishing you a blessed Thanksgiving,
Nick+

At Luke's Place: Nov 28th – Dec 6th, 2025

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| Nov 30 th | Holy Eucharist, Rite I, 8:00am, Chapel
Faith Forum, 9:15am, Metcalf
Holy Eucharist, Rite II, 10:30am, Nave |
| Dec 1 st | Ladies' Prayer Partners, 11:30am, Metcalf
St Matthew Feast Day, 12:15pm, Chapel |
| Dec 2 nd | Spiritual Discovery, 9:30am, Library
Discussion Group, 6:30pm, Rodgers |
| Dec 3 rd | Choir, 4:30pm, Choir Room
YD, 6pm, Rodgers
Advent Soup Supper and prayer, 6pm, Metcalf |
| Dec 4 th | Men's Fellowship, 7am, Metcalf
Bible Study, 9:15am, Metcalf
Green Country Eucharist, 1pm, GCV |
| Dec 6 th | Bookstore Holiday Open House, 10am-2pm, Book Store |
| Dec 7 th | Brunch Bunch Brunch Christmas Treats, 11:30am, Metcalf |

Prayer List

Please pray for: Ben Baker, Steve McCraw, Josh Harris, David Swindell, Connie Finch, Terry Grogan, Tyler Roberson, Jerry Nezam, Lynette Beebe, Jack Smith, Danny Clem, David McAtee, Shawn, Stephanie Gallegos, Pat Sare, Steve Linn, Jean Mason, Adam Thomas, Tom Oakes, Bill Pendley, Mary Wallace, Lynda Stephens, Marcie Zervas, Audrey Harris, Peggy Rockey, Ken Harvey, Nan Buhlinger, Bill Birk, Carol McSpadden, Dionna Cameron, Betty Rogers, Dan & JoAnn Gallery, Freda Bretz, Kathleen Turner, Steve Clark, Lauren Gandy, Susan Brooks, Dean Zervas, Graham Hunt, Frank Molina, and Diane Mitchell.

Please add the following to your prayers for the Last Week after Pentecost
Diocesan Center and Staff The Anglican Church in Aotearoa, New Zealand and Polynesia



Advent Soup and Evening Prayer Every Wednesday during Advent 6pm.

As an Advent offering, We will be having a light soup and bread supper then Evening Prayer. We are still in need of Soup and Bread for these evenings. For Dec 3rd, we still need 2 more soups and 2 more offerings of bread. Our YD will be joining us during the supper time. **The sign up is across the hall from the office.** Please consider bringing soup or bread then lets end the evening in prayer.



Theologians Corner: Catherine of Alexandria

Catherine of Alexandria's story has caught the popular imagination of many generations (she is, for example, one of the personages from whom Joan of Arc claimed to receive regular visits and messages), although most scholars judge it to be simply a work of fiction with no historical basis. No references to her can be traced earlier than the ninth (or possibly the eighth) century.

It is said that Catherine was a Christian maiden of Alexandria in Egypt. She is known to have rebuked the heathen emperor Maxentius for his idolatry, and he responded by offering to marry her if she would renounce her faith. She refused.

Fifty philosophers were set to refute her in a public debate. She easily won every point, and made them look foolish. The emperor, a sore

loser, had them burned alive. The emperor went out of town on business, and when he returned, he discovered that Catherine had converted his queen and the 200 soldiers of the empress's bodyguard. This was too much. He had the Empress and her soldiers put to death. Catherine was sentenced to be tortured on a spiked wheel, but the wheel flew apart and the fragments killed

many of her accusers. After this and other marvels, Catherine was beheaded, and from her veins flowed not blood but milk. It is said that the angels carried her to Mount Sinai, where St. Catherine's Monastery is now located.

Catherine is often depicted carrying a spiked wheel, representing the manner in which it was proposed to put her to death. The "catherine-wheel," a form of fireworks that spins as it burns, is named for her.

Catherine is patron of preachers, philosophers, librarians (probably association with the Library of Alexandria), young girls, and craftsmen working with a wheel (potters, spinners, etc).

The Mt. Sinai monastery was built by Justinian in 527, and has borne the name of Catherine since the eighth or ninth century. The monastery still survives and has a vast but uncatalogued treasure of ancient manuscripts. One of the earliest known manuscripts of the complete New Testament, the Codex Sinaiticus, was found there, borrowed by the finder, and never returned to the monastery!

I wonder what the overdue fine is for that thing?

Together we pray: Embolden thy church, O God, with the stories of thy saint Catherine, that we might face all trials and adversities with a fearless mind and an unbroken spirit, knowing that we are more than conquerors through Jesus Christ who strengthens us. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Concerns current needs are: sugar and "just add water" pancake mix.

Bookstore will be closed the week after Thanksgiving to prepare for the Holiday Open House December 6th.

Star Tree

Thank you to everyone who has donated Barbie Dolls. This Sunday is the deadline to leave them under the Star Tree. DHS will pick them all up Monday morning. Thank you for your generosity.



CALLING ALL ST. LUKE'S ARTISTS/CRAFTERS

The Bookstore would like to feature the talent here at St. Luke's. Paintings, sketching, sewing or handwork, beading, jewelry making etc. Items will be displayed and can either be for sale or for display only.

Contact Cathy Perrier at 918-336-7974 or 918-520-9927 for further information.

TUESDAY DISCUSSION GROUP

The Tuesday Discussion Group will meet Dec 2nd at 6:30pm in Rodgers Hall. Discussion will be on Judgement.





Christmas Treats

Sunday , Dec
7th, after
10:30am service

Birthdays & Anniversaries for Nov 30th - Dec 6th

Birthdays

Doug Freebern (11/30)
Nan Buhlinger (12/3)
Jen Peterson (12/3)
Jo Baughman (12/4)

Anniversaries

If your or a love one's name doesn't appear on the list, please email or call the office, and we will add your birthday and/or wedding anniversary



*St. Luke's
Episcopal Church*
**Bookstore
& Gifts**



Christmas Open House

Saturday

Dec. 6th

10am-3pm

Sunday

Dec. 7th

11:30am-3pm

A selection of inspirational books, gifts, and
seasonal items perfect for Christmas giving
will be available.

**ENJOY HOLIDAY TREATS
& DOOR PRIZES**



Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving always has a way of sneaking up on me—not unlike how Christmas seems to erupt the moment the last porch light clicks off on Halloween night. Growing up in Logansport, Indiana and later in Southeastern Oklahoma, the holiday felt slower, simpler, and grounded in a rhythm I assumed would last forever. Back then, everything from the crisp air to the smell of my grandma’s rolls seemed permanent. As a kid, I never imagined those seasons would change or that I’d someday become the adult saying, “*Well... things just aren’t like they used to be.*” Yet here I am, completely proving my parents and grandparents right.

Our Thanksgiving trips to Tulsa were always something between a family pilgrimage and a low-budget remake of *National Lampoon’s Vacation*. No matter which corner of the map we were starting from—Indiana cornfields or Oklahoma hills—we loaded the car like the Griswolds: snacks in every cupholder, arguments about temperature settings, and someone inevitably asking, “Are we there yet?” before we cleared the driveway. But the moment we arrived, Grandpa greeted us with the TV already tuned to the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade, the Detroit Lions warming up like they actually had a shot, and the Cowboys game waiting in the wings. If I close my eyes, I can still hear him giving play-by-play commentary that absolutely no one asked for—but everyone secretly loved.

And then there were the newspaper ads. Actual paper. Actual ink on your fingers. We’d spread them across the living room floor, circling items with the intensity of generals planning a military operation. Black Friday meant getting up before dawn, bundling up, and strategically navigating crowds that behaved like wild animals released into a department store. Now? Black Friday starts sometime in mid-October, lasts 47 days, and the “doorbusters” are delivered by a bored UPS driver who hides them behind a planter. It has lost some magic—and perhaps a little chaos—but maybe that’s the price of convenience.

As the years have passed, Thanksgiving has changed in deeper ways too. With my grandparents gone, and now heading into my second Thanksgiving without my mom, the holiday feels both familiar and entirely different. There’s an emptiness where their voices used to be, a quiet spot in the rhythm of the day where I still half-expect to hear my mother’s laughter or my grandparents shooing everyone out of the kitchen. Grief has a way of reshaping traditions—not erasing them, but softening their edges, coloring them with memory. And yet, even in the ache, there’s gratitude for the years we had, for the foundations they laid, and for the love that still threads its way through every dish, every story, and every moment we gather.

These days, I’ve grown to love beginning Thanksgiving with Morning Prayer, which helps settle my nerves before diving into the marathon of cooking, hosting, forgetting one essential ingredient,

running to the store, and pretending I'm *not* stressed. Morning Prayer gives me room to breathe, to sit with the joy and the grief together, and to reflect on the blessings and challenges of the past year. It's a grounding reminder that gratitude doesn't depend on everything being the way it used to be—only on noticing God's presence in what is.

I'm deeply thankful for St. Luke's—our church home where grace meets humor, where tradition meets joy, and where community feels beautifully alive. I'm grateful for Father Nick, our wardens, our vestry, and the entire church staff who keep our parish thriving with love, dedication, and more patience than most of us deserve.

As we gather around our tables—no matter how chaotic or calm—may we carry with us a sense of gratitude for what once was, what is now, and what's ahead. Tradition changes, families grow, and the world moves quickly... but Thanksgiving remains a place to rest, remember, and rejoice.

Below is the Collect for Thanksgiving from the *Book of Common Prayer*, a prayer I'm holding close this year:

The Collect for Thanksgiving

Almighty and gracious Father, we give you thanks for the fruits of the earth in their season and for the labors of those who harvest them. Make us, we pray, faithful stewards of your great bounty, for the provision of our necessities and the relief of all who are in need, to the glory of your Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.

Wishing each of you a blessed and joy-filled Thanksgiving. May your travels be safe, your tables full, your memories warm, and your hearts at peace.

-Chase



Christmas Concert coming up
December 14th, 4pm
Metcalf Hall

Refreshments served after concert

Donations will be taken to benefit Agape

Pie

(Submitted by Mother Andrea Jones)

The function of pie is bribery, pure and simple. Think about it: the three little kittens get pie AFTER they have washed their mittens. In our family, after you ate your dinner. . .you got pie. Not before. You didn't have to eat everything on your plate, unless you dished it out for yourself (*remember the poor starving people of China, Poland, Armenia, etc. who would relish those peas*). My children could politely refuse to eat a certain dish, but outright rejection did not earn the right to dessert. You could go hungry if you liked, in America we will eat tomorrow. In our house anyway. But back to pie.

For me, pie is the epitome of dessert. Cake is ok. Cookies are good. Pie is perfect! Fruit pie ranks highest on the pie-o-meter. Given the choice of more than one kind of fruit pie (my mother-in-law baked at least four kinds at Thanksgiving), my eyes glazed trying to decide which I truly wanted. Our youngest son, Tim solved the problem nicely. When asked which pie he would like said, *One of each, please!* Which let the whole family off the hook and forever after said, *I'll have one of each, please.* "Out of the mouths of babes." But back to pie.

My mother-in-law, once said, *You know the first bite of pie is heavenly. The second bite is, well, good. The third bite is just pie.* My first reaction was, BLASTPHEMY! Pie is just soooo good. But then I began to notice, the second bite of pie IS less wonderful than the first.

In the scientific community π (Pi) is a mathematical constant that states the ratio of a circle's circumference is equal to its diameter. However it is an irrational number, transcendental number – a number that is not the root of any nonzero polynomial having rational coefficients. The transcendence of π implies that it is impossible to solve the ancient challenge of squaring the circle with a compass and straight-edge. For thousands of years, mathematicians have attempted to extend their understanding of π , sometimes by computing its value to a high degree of accuracy. (*Wikipedia*) Another pie of sorts.

The circle is an ancient symbol for the God of no beginning and no ending, entire within God's self. This sort of pie cannot be measured even by zero, nonzero or other computations of the human mind. At the burning bush God said to Moses, I AM THAT I AM. And yet God has chosen to dwell with us, in Spirit and Truth. How awesome is that?

There it is, three visions of pie. Humanity wrestles with mathematics and slowly grasps the mechanics of the universe. We eat our home-made pie and rejoice in its richness. But God, wow, God feeds our minds and bodies and our souls. Thanks be to God.

Collect for the First Sunday in Advent (Nov 30th)

Almighty God, give us grace to cast away the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life in which your Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the living and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal; through him who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.



The feast day for [St. Andrew the Apostle](#) is **November 30 (transferred to Dec 1st this year)**. This day is celebrated annually to honor the apostle who was the brother of Simon Peter and one of the first disciples to follow Jesus.

- St. Andrew is celebrated on this day in the Catholic and Orthodox traditions.
- The date is also significant as St. Andrew's Day in Scotland, where he is the patron saint.
- He was a fisherman who left his trade to become a follower of Jesus after being a disciple of St. John the Baptist.

Collect for the Feast Day of St. Andrew: Almighty God, who gave such grace to your apostle Andrew that he readily obeyed the call of your Son Jesus Christ, and brought his brother with him: Give us, who are called by your holy Word, grace to follow him without delay, and to bring those near to us into his gracious presence; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen. (BCP)

We will have Eucharist on Dec 1st, 12:15pm, in the Chapel to celebrate the Feast Day of St. Andrew

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