



STARCROSS community

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Sharings

Autumn 2012 / Part 2 of 3

THE CHAPEL AT STARCROSS has always been a special point where we can go and remember that God is with us, no matter how we may individually define “God” at the time. All of Starcross is sacred space, but the chapel is one of those “thin places” where the ordinary and the transcendent merge. We simply have to be quiet and let it happen.

The road to the present chapel began with the meditation room in our house in San Francisco before we moved. Wonderful, spirit-filled moments happened there. When we first moved to Starcross a friend donated a big teepee. We raised it on the hill where our house now stands, and it was our chapel for many months. When the weather got intense we moved into the barn, where we meditated in the loft while the cows ate and lowed below. We were there for several years. The children were baptized there. We had many little processions and songs and celebrations. We were there when we buried Sister Barbara, and when we buried Josh.



The Chapel in Autumn



Autumn Leaves on the Altar

The new chapel was built on the highest point of our land in 1990. By then we were overflowing with toddlers and with volunteers who were preparing to go to Romania to care for children with AIDS. It was a very busy, hectic, exciting, heart-breaking time and the chapel was an anchor in our lives. We laughed and cried there. More baptisms, more times of grief. A wax mark on the floor reminds us of Tina’s funeral, when it was spilled. That was also the day when we made a circle and joined hands around Tina’s coffin and two-year-old Holly reached into the coffin and took Tina’s hand.

Many times we have stood on the porch and looked out over our land and the rolling hills beyond, thinking of our place in the universe. We have a prayer we say there:

At our feet is the tiny patch of earth which is our home. Here is the path of history and the mystery of life. This is where we stand. This is where we live. This is where we find the face of God in a tiny wild-flower.



David Escorting Holly on the Chapel Steps

The chapel has six sides, with windows facing in every direction. We gather there every morning to greet the day and every evening to end it. When we share the breaking of bread we feel our connection with all who have gone before us. Sometimes friends join us, and sometimes we have large gatherings, such as Brother Toby's 80th birthday and Holly and Lance's wedding. Watching her walk from the house to the chapel, we could see all the

years of frolic and hardship we had shared with her, and images of her own children who would some day follow her up the hill.

We have often shared this simple but sacred space with friends and we are happy this seems to be increasing. It is a peaceful crossroad at both joyful and difficult times – a place to feel at home.

Each day at Vespers we read from our Memorial Books to remember the date of birth or death of loved ones who have died. This is an ancient monastic custom, and one we are happy to share with others. It gives us a sense of connection with our friends. If you would like us to remember someone just write or e-mail us telling us the name, dates of birth and death, a short statement about the person, and the date on which you wish them remembered. We are honored to do this.

Over the years, as we have quietly listened in the chapel to God and to ourselves, we have found the path we should follow, and the strength to continue.

May this autumn be a time of peace for you.



Renewing My Vows

Sister Marti