

gypsies often traveled together in great caravans known as kumpania. While it traveled, the kumpania maintained contact with other convoys of the same clan moving along separate routes. They would leave signs at crossroads- a bunch of twigs tied with a red rag, a branch broken in a particular way, a notched bone- these signs were most often called patrin. We hope for this zine to be our patrin- messages to our family in exodus.



winter/spring
2006

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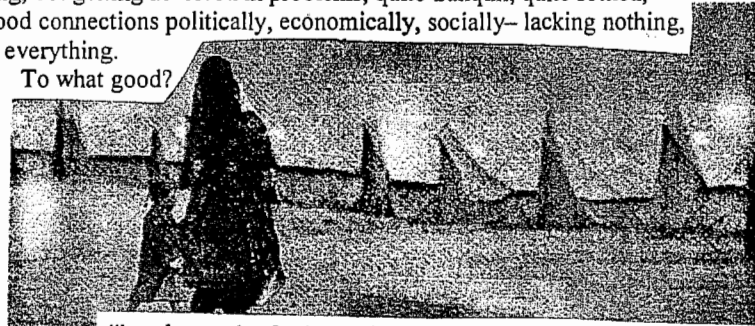
10780 Oxbow Lake Shores Dr.
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INCARNATION:

Those who in the biblical phrase, would save their lives- that is, those who want to get along, who don't want commitments, who don't want to get into problems, who want to stay outside of a situation that demands the involvement of all of us- they will lose their lives.

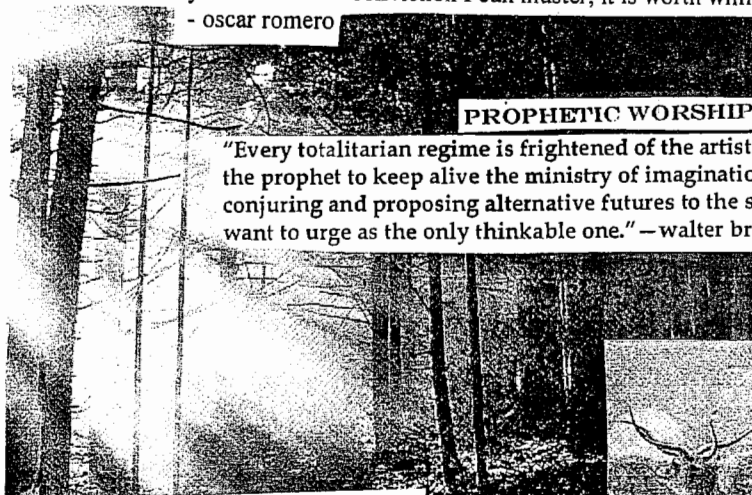
What a terrible thing to have lived quite comfortably, with no suffering, not getting involved in problems, quite tranquil, quite settled, with good connections politically, economically, socially- lacking nothing, having everything.

To what good?



"but those who for love of Me uproot themselves and accompany the people and go with the poor in their sufferings and become incarnated and feel as their own pain and the abuse- they will secure their lives, because My Father will reward them."

Brothers and sisters, God's words calls us to this today. Let me tell you with all the conviction I can muster, it is worth while to be a Christian.
- oscar romero

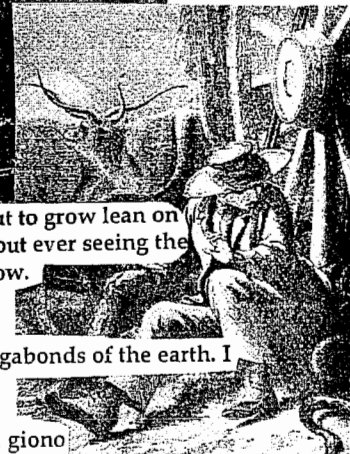


PROPHETIC WORSHIP:

"Every totalitarian regime is frightened of the artist. It is the vocation of the prophet to keep alive the ministry of imagination, to keep on conjuring and proposing alternative futures to the single one the ruler wants to urge as the only thinkable one." - walter brueggemann

VOLUNTARY DISPLACEMENT:

"Men, in truth, were not made to fatten at the trough, but to grow lean on the highways, to pass among trees and more trees, without ever seeing the same ones twice; to go forward through curiosity, to know."

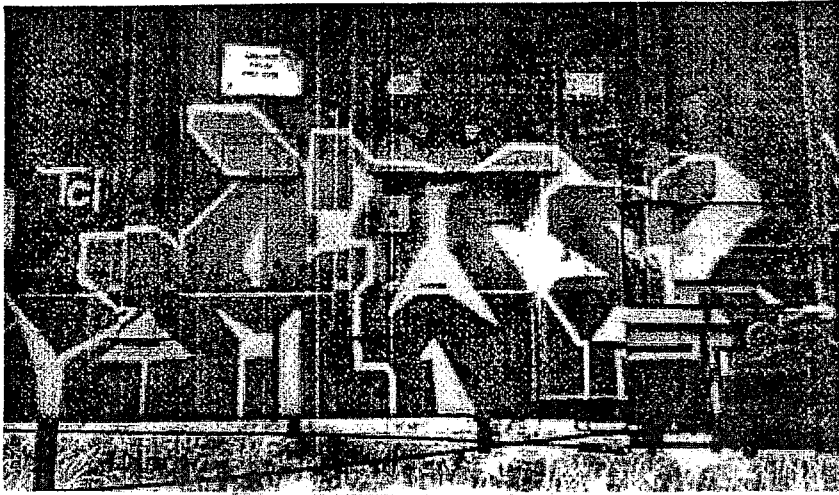


The essential thing is to become again the light vagabonds of the earth. I am against the power of men.

-from joy of man's desiring by jean giono

①

BACK ISSUES OF PATRIN CAN BE FOUND ON OUR WEBSITE



Jesus, the Christ, died and rose and walked this earth again. He came to His disciples and told them to wait for that which the Father had promised: the Holy Spirit. Then He ascended and Acts 1 records "...they went to the upper room where they were staying; that is Peter and John and James etc... these all with one mind were continually devoting themselves to prayer..." They were together; praying, waiting, and attentive. Perhaps they recalled the words of the Psalmist: "I would have despaired unless I had believed that I would see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait for the Lord; be strong and let your heart take courage; yes, wait for the Lord." (27:13, 14) Their Master and friend was gone for a time, but He said He wouldn't leave them as orphans. Soon the Spirit descended with fire, and their lives were radically transformed forever. They fashioned a new community that was a divergence from all known paths before or since. They broke with the world. They broke with selfishness and greed. They broke with hatred and violence. They broke with superstition and philosophy. They broke with cheap talk and safe distance. They broke with politics and rulers, saying "there is another King- Jesus". They broke with all the social taboos of the day while breaking bread together; as land owners began to eat with laborers; men ate with women; masters ate with slaves; Jews with Gentiles. All were one in Christ, and in Acts 2:43 we find described one of the main characteristics that this community was experiencing, "Everyone kept feeling a sense of awe..."

Awe is a state of being that is experienced when you find yourself in the presence of a mysterious something outside of yourself, transcendent of yourself, something holy; and when you have the feeling that this other presence desires to enter you, perhaps possess you. Something that is beautiful beyond what you already know, and is terrifying because it is unknown. And if you are open to this invasion this other will transform you, and you will joyfully venture into the new

He is the sacrifice that fills our hunger. But if we don't know this to begin with, then how will we understand the person and love of Christ? It's like trying to teach a child to drink water when they've not yet experienced thirst. Human teaching/preaching can only go so far, and then there's the instinctual feeling of the body and spirits need that is undeniable. It is this that I want to proclaim, which is why I place so much emphasis on hunger. Because- if everyone in the factory remembers their hunger for God, then it is inevitable for those who know us and are watching to remember also.

The problem is that people approach God from the wrong positioning. The word 'prayer' has lost its grip among many in the world today. It often stands as more of a convenient monologue ruled by the one creating it, than ever the overbearing dialogue with Christ. If prayer were truly present in our lives, then our circumstances would not be changed nearly as much as we ourselves would be changed. But just like human relationships, we are often bound to what only we have to say. And respecting our hunger is what brings us to this place of change and reality. The distribution of true love and works comes only from this.

It affects everything in the project. Without it, nothing is filled or produced. That's not to say we're trying to manufacture a false sense of suffering/joy, rather we just don't want to avoid the obvious. When we know how much we need God, then to put it simply: we have God, and can give his Goodness.

5.) Tell us about some of the things that the porchfront factory has done? What are some things that the porchfront factory is going to do in the future?

We've served meals, made a record, produced letterpress, had a factory celebration, and spent days with the people. It seeps into everything we're doing. I hesitate to always refer to our action as "factory works", because it's just us wanting to give the glory to God. The name is just a way of inviting others, not separating ourselves from them.

The factory celebrations are when the whole assembly comes together to offer its work and celebrate. It's really like a big feast between the participants, artists, musicians, cooks, farmers, etc. The point, as I've said, is to eat and rejoice over Christ's sacrifice, to celebrate and honor him. As we congregate in nuptial gladness, we celebrate not only the kingdom ahead, but the kingdom that is already within. Last October '05, we covered Chattanooga's Miller Park with wildflowers, and all works of the people. We served 2 free meals, gave away clothes/basic needs, sang and danced in the park.

We are currently becoming a non-profit organization. This will enable us to receive grants for expenses with celebrations, recordings, a letterpress workshop, publications, meals, etc. Some future plans are to continue developing the music, establish a letterpress workshop, annual factory celebrations, public weekly meals, grow a garden, and mostly just time with people. There are many needs, and we cannot ignore them. One of the largest is simply friendship and time.

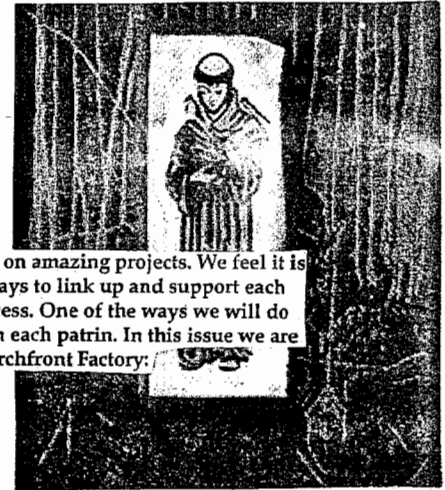


Liturgical Incarnations
By tabu

We all engage in rituals. Whether it is a diligence to adhere to religious laws or just social customs, even down to the basic habits of everyday life, humans are creatures that respond to life by recognizing patterns and forms, by celebrating seasons and cycles. They help us to remember, they remind us of who we are and where we came from and why we are here. They exist in human practice on every level—from what to say when someone sneezes to how to exorcise demons. They form us as people in how we think, act, and respond to each other and the universe. It is a manifestation of a culture. Culture meaning that integrated pattern of human knowledge, belief, and behavior that depends upon man's capacity for learning and transmitting these ideas to each other and to succeeding generations.

We have all been deeply intellectually and emotionally affected by the cultures and rituals we have grown up and participated in. Those of us who are believers, and have come to acknowledge the American culture and its practices as containing many ideas and beliefs contrary to the way of Christ, have either been left feeling alone without a personal tradition or we have been viewed as hypocrites when we continue to align ourselves with our birth culture. So what is the culture of Christ? It is somewhat impossible to flesh out, as His Kingdom is not of this world and we are strangers and exiles here. At the same time, we are supposed to be representing that coming Kingdom. We pray as our Lord taught us that His Kingdom would come and His will would be done on Earth—right now—as it is in heaven. So how do we represent that Kingdom? What ideas, beliefs, knowledge and practice teach us and shape us to follow Christ closer and represent Him beautifully?

As our little community has been thinking these issues out and desiring to express that with others, we have been drawn to the ways many of our ancestors in the faith practiced and expressed this same struggle. The primary concept we have been researching is Liturgy (also known to many as the rites observed in the mass of the Catholic, Coptic, and Orthodox churches). In my opinion, the mass is the most beautiful and complete Christian art ever made. Liturgy is "a customary repertoire of ideas, phrases, or observances, a rite or body of rites that is prescribed for public worship". The etymological root is *leitourgia*—Greek for the "work of the people." It is the public service—what the everyday, ordinary folks do to remind each other and celebrate who they are, and who God is, and what that means for our lives.



There are many Christian communities working on amazing projects. We feel it is important for all of these communities to find ways to link up and support each other. We would like to be of service in this process. One of the ways we will do that is by highlighting a particular community in each patrin. In this issue we are glad to introduce you to Aimee Wilson of the Porchfront Factory:

1.) What is the porchfront factory?

The factory is a non-profit assembly of musicians, artists, gypsies, wire-framers, writers, gardeners and more that want to give the glory in all they are and do. This in itself, we know is impossible, because we're humans, made of flesh and too weak to bear God. But it is in the very emptying of ourselves through friendship, labor, knowledge, servitude and prayer that the vocation of the factory is made manifest. And that vocation is simply to live what we believe out. To us, there is no separation between belief and life.

It is as if we do not want to leave the table. So by deliberately going to the places of pain, compassion, desire and hearing, and facing our need...we are fed and able to feed. As the early Eastern Orthodox Church would often meet in nuptial gladness over the Eucharist meal, so do we go to the table to eat. "The communion with the risen Lord gives rise to gladness, for the communicant experiences the presence of the Redeemer and is assured that he himself belongs to the kingdom of God. The celestial wedding supper had begun, the kingdom of God was come, blissful communion with the Lord already existed."¹ The urgent thing we must know is that the kingdom is not only ahead, but it is already within. The factory is not just the work and participation of what is to come, but the active realization of what already is. That is the revelation of Christianity: Christ waiting to feed within.

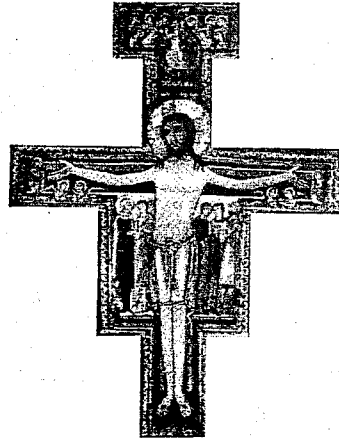
And so we do hands-on service/projects such as serve meals, participatory music, art, letterpress, annual celebrations, publications of the peoples work, and more. We know there is no such thing as "us" and "them", so therefore are actively looking for ways to provide basic needs, to befriend and go to the world, rather than expect it to come to us. It is hard to sum up what we do, since we just want to locate basic needs and develop our time and skills around it. So things will always be changing, so long as we're eating.

Ambition leads us to take matters into our own hands and then teaches us that unless we work hard, unless we provide safety for our children, unless we have enough money, unless we defend ourselves with weapons, that no one will. How does this mindset create in us a dependency on God or any real trust in Him?

Our practices are the incarnation of what we believe. America forces us to engage in a liturgy of self-worship. To battle this, the people of God desperately need to be enacting a liturgy of opposition to that culture—a liturgy of love for our enemies and neighbors, of dependency on His grace, and one that can re-instill that mysterious awe of our Creator and Liberator that begins the wisdom of His Kingdom's ways.

So, Liturgy is a form, a way of communicating, to organize and collectively gather to inspire change and realize our need of God. This form keeps our faith from being a reflection of the entertainment culture, or fitting in with the demands of consumerism, or being dismissed as just another academic arena. Liturgy lets us communally engage together, and with God, in art and beauty that brings together the ancient and modern; the body, heart, and head. It restores mystery; which causes awe; which births wisdom. It is a form that leads us to engage with our beliefs, physically and verbally acting them out and interacting with our brothers and sisters, as opposed to going and watching someone else perform, or passively listening to someone speak on a topic. A common excuse people give for leaving their church community is, "I wasn't getting fed." This feeling is caused by one of two problems. Either the motivation for participating in communal worship is merely self-focused, or the ritual that we are involved in doesn't actually help us engage in the presence of God and His body.

So we are experimenting with renewing this form and hoping to create a practice that can direct us to the heart of God, unite us together across cross-cultural barriers, and actively participate together in a sacrament that grows our faith and carries on the tradition of our spiritual ancestors. For if the forms are not bringing us to God, then the forms must change.

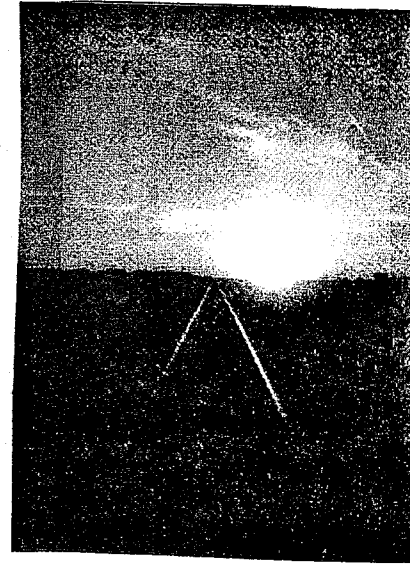


"History would have been a lot less bloody if there was a greater distinction between dedication and ambition. Therefore I will die for my beliefs, but I will not kill for them." —Bathroom graffiti wisdom at the Fleetwood diner, ann arbor, MI.

⑦

The road has felt closer to home in that there is none. No roofs and fences to put my evils under or behind; less physical spaces and places to ease my weary head of its fears. I am held out more in the open where my First Love is all to turn to. I have had to rely on Him in situations I preferred not to. As a result He is present to my senses more. It has been fascinating to see how He provides for what I had so often provided for myself.

—captain napkinz



The wicks go up in flame, and suddenly you forget everything you ever learned. All the moves and methods, all the practice it took to get you to this place, crumble away with your confidence. You freeze. The rushing sound of the kerosene flames fills your ears and all the air around you. All you see in the darkness are the blazing spheres at the ends of the chains hanging from your trembling fingers. It slowly comes to you, and your wrists spin the familiar spirals and circles. Sometimes with poise and grace, but often with tension and clumsiness. You remember everything you left behind, the self-protective barriers you built to keep challenges (and challengers) at a safe distance. You taste the fumes; self, bitterness, ambition, and pride being burned away. You think of the fear you began with, fear of pain and humiliation, now the thrill of risk for beauty is found with joy in your right hand, and holy fear in the other.

Amma Syncletica said, "Great endeavors and hard struggles await those who are converted, but afterwards inexpressible joy. If you want to light fire, you are troubled at first by smoke, and your eyes water. But in the end you achieve your aim. Now it is written: 'Our God is a consuming fire.' So we must light the divine fire in us with tears and struggle."

⑫

she looked out the window at the mountains climbing up beside the highway and had a moment where all the veils before the eyes of her life were transparent. Being at the bottom of a valley looking up makes the whole of the world expand for her and she feels deep in herself: This trip is never going to end. There is no destination. If I make my home in some town it will not ever be able to change this fact, it would never stop the calling out of this expanding world. This road goes on forever. and it was true for a moment with a clarity that made the knowing neither good or bad but only sure. And then it was gone.

Now these are things that people say, but never ever mean. But still, She woke up this morning with the residue of that moment, as she does each morning. Not good or bad but undeniably real and true. —the duchess

*"Allons! whoever you are come travel with me!
 Travelling with me you find what never tires.
 The earth never tires,
 The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first, Nature is rude
 and incomprehensible at first,
 Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd,
 I swear to you these are divine things more beautiful than words can
 tell.
 Allons! we must not stop here,
 However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling
 we cannot remain here,
 However shelter'd this port and however calm these waters we must
 not anchor here,
 However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we are permitted
 to receive it but a little while."*

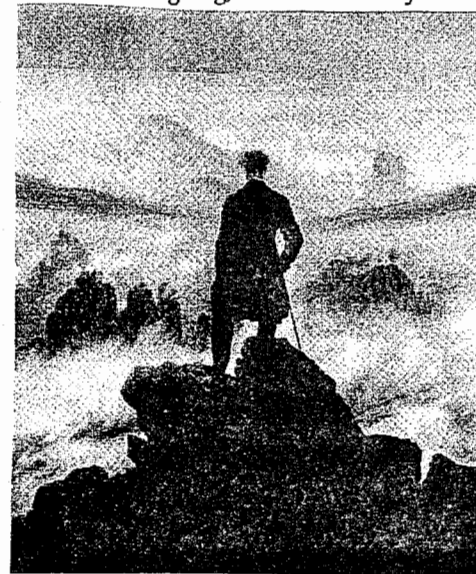


The road is a whirlwind of fear, trust, humility, and hunger for God. Thoughts of isolation show their face on a daily basis. Yet in the little things I find more peace and strength in the Father only because a majority of my American comforts do not exist on the beltway. My life is not defined by the road or music for that matter but marked of sin and struggle like all else. The road has brought me to a place with greater understanding of the nature of Christ than I ever had before. It's almost been five years for me on tour and my time in the bus may be short or long, and I have no idea what the future holds but the Father always remains faithful, and I dare not attempt to plan out my own life.

SIR Jonny Vibrato

9

"the wind blows where it wishes and you hear the sound of it, but do not know where it comes from or where it is going; so it is with everyone born of the spirit." John 3:8



All Hallow's Eve

by Count Tabu

Old broken man
 Personal hurricane
 Barely can he hold his staff
 Lost the compass miles back
 Shakes the dust from his feet
 Drums from the city
 -a distant throbbing-
 the heart he left behind?
 The pulse in the valley?
 He dares to find out
 Stranger kicks him some food
 It is enough
 Simple acts can be miracles
 He looks me in the eye with a
 Contented desperateness
 Asks me to drown him
 In the public fountain
 Spirit met us incognito
 And whispered
 "I will change everything,
 but then I have a need of you."
 We say yes.

The only request is that we never stop giving birth.

10