

Stacy B. Stringer

Weekly Window

July 27, 2008

“Never say never” is perhaps an unusual inscription for an ordination cake, but it was fitting for mine. Never comfortable with organized religion, I stopped attending the church of my childhood once I reached adulthood, and I stayed far away until twelve years ago.

So, what happens when you mix a non-churchgoer with a workaholic? I could never have foreseen that the result would be joining the Episcopal Church. My first visit to Holy Spirit in Houston was a favor for a dear friend, but I unwittingly fell in love at first sight. A year later my husband, Steve, and I were received into the church.

What kept me coming back for more were the exquisite music and the sustained welcome by the members, staff, and clergy of Holy Spirit. To Steve’s and my surprise, ministries like choir, vestry, stewardship, EFM, and teaching became an essential part of my life. (I had previously placed most of these on my “Never!” list.)

Concurrently, in my career some of my “Never!” pronouncements were also reversed, the most significant of which was accepting a position with Enron. Through a series of divine synchronicities, some delightful and some painful, my world was unmistakably shifting.

What happens when you mix a crumbling mega-corporation with a restless, contemplative Christian? For me the answer was a sabbatical. During this year more of my “Never!” assertions were transformed into the unexpected. *“What no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the human heart conceived, what God has prepared for those who love him.”*

It is now five years later and I am blessed beyond measure to be among you as Trinity’s “curate,” and I am honored to be a part of your remarkable traditional and contemporary worship life. I delight in this vibrant, historic, diverse community of faith and look forward to meeting every one of you.