



ORDER FORM

Chickens and Incense: A Memoir

by Father Archimandrite Jerome

with Sharon M. Knudson

(See Page 2 of this sheet for excerpts from the book.)

350 pages featuring 85 pictures. Full-color, glossy cover, 6”x 9.”

Please fill out this form completely and print legibly.

- ONE BOOK: \$15.00 (plus shipping and handling: \$3.50)
- TWO BOOKS: \$28.00 (plus \$4.50 shipping and handling)
- THREE BOOKS: \$40.00 (plus \$5.00 shipping and handling)
- FOUR OR MORE BOOKS: \$14.00 each (shipping and handling included).

Quantity ordered: _____

Order total: \$_____ Please make your check out to Wordcraft, Inc.

*NOTE: If you wish to order online using PayPal, go to www.SharonKnudson.com
The book is also available at www.Lulu.com by searching for “Chickens and Incense.”*

For autographed copies, please write the name of the person to whom it should be addressed: _____

Comments or requests: _____

* * * * *

PLEASE PRINT: Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: (_____) _____ - _____ E-mail: _____

***We will never sell or lease your information to any other business or call you unless there is a question about your order.*

Questions? Call 651-695-0609
Mail this form with your payment to:
Sharon M. Knudson
724 North Oak Drive
Vadnais Heights MN 55127

Chickens and Incense: A Memoir

From the Introduction (written in 2002):

So our first purpose is to praise God for everything. Then we must take stock of where we have been, where we are, and where we are going. This will help us in our personal lives. Then we have an obligation to guide and instruct others. Age has a certain virtue—older people have been where the younger haven't yet been so we can share our experiences with our own friends and peers. The mutual sharing can be advantageous.

By the grace of God, I will be 72 on my next birthday. When I look back at my own life, I am amazed at how God has led me these years. This amazement affects me in two ways. First of all, I envy family and childhood friends who have stayed in one place and have grown like the tree planted by the river (Psalm 1). Secondly, it is easy to be proud of all the ways God has led me. Vain-glory crops up. Yet, if I am honest and record my faults and failures to the extent that decency permits, along with some of the ways God has blessed me, there will be little room for vanity.

From Chapter 2 (the bicycle accident that caused his permanent limp):

It was 1941, I was 11, and I wanted a bike. Money was scarce, however. Still we managed to scrape up \$12 to order one from Sears, the mail order house. One day, Kenny Wright, Earl Amundson, and I rode all the way to Clear Lake and back, about 13 miles each way, our little terrier Rusty, tongue hanging out, trailing us.

The next spring my fun with the bike came to an end. One day, a little before school was out, I rode up on the north side of the house, came to a stop, and started to get off. Somehow, I don't remember exactly how, I slipped and tumbled over, bruising my hip in the fall. At the same time I hit a rusty nail sticking up in a board and punctured a boil on my arm. No bones were broken but I started to limp badly. During the summer the leg became worse and the pain grew day by day. Yet, I was afraid to go to a medical doctor—I had never been to one. Finally I consented to go to the Amery Clinic, and they said I had an infection in the hip, in the bone, and that I must be hospitalized immediately. Microbes were chewing away at my left hip, and having a good time at it. I was quickly admitted to the Shriners' Hospital in Minneapolis for what turned out to be a three-year stay.

From Chapter 7 (coming back to Wisconsin from Greece and Washington D.C.):

It was June of 1961. The Kalinoglou family (Abraham, Anna, and John) came up from Washington to meet me in New York. They were surprised that I now spoke their native language of Greek and had become Orthodox. We visited another family that they knew in the big city from the old country, and also over in New Jersey we stopped to see some of Jack Logan's people. We also looked up Father Demetrios Constantelos in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, then drove down to Washington, where I had left my things three-and-a-half years before going to Greece. I suppose I stayed there a week before my brother Don and his wife Ruth, and my sister Doris and her husband Phil came out to get me. The trip home to Wisconsin wasn't as pleasant as it could have been. After so much had happened to me in Greece, I was tired and irritable, and this was very noticeable to those whom I hadn't seen since 1956. Thankfully, they seemed to have a good time seeing the nation's capital city for the first time, and the countryside coming and going.

About the Hermitage (written at 6:00 a.m. on a Friday):

St James Hermitage, Vance Creek. No sound of man. No cars speeding by on the township road hidden by the trees. But the birds are singing, cattle are bellowing in the distance—they must be Paul and Betty Anderson's. I hear the sound of chickens too. A rooster is crowing. Grandma always liked chickens—not penned up though. She wanted to watch the rooster lead the hens in their great adventure to find worms and bugs.

An old monk like me carries the monastery and its schedule around in him. From ancient times, the daily life in a monastery alternates between work and prayer, and of course some brief periods of rest and nourishment in between. Right now monks all over the world are almost finished with Matins, which they start at 5 a.m. Then the first hour, maybe a brief break (time permitting), then the third and sixth hours so the divine liturgy can start at 7 p.m. and finish at 8:10 p.m.

A day in a typical monastery isn't quite as serene as it is here at the moment (although one can imagine that when Father Parry is here with family or friends there is *plenty* of action).