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PIPE ORGAN DEDICATION  
&  
CELEBRATION OF  
RICHARD BRODE  
OCTOBER 3<sup>RD</sup> 2021

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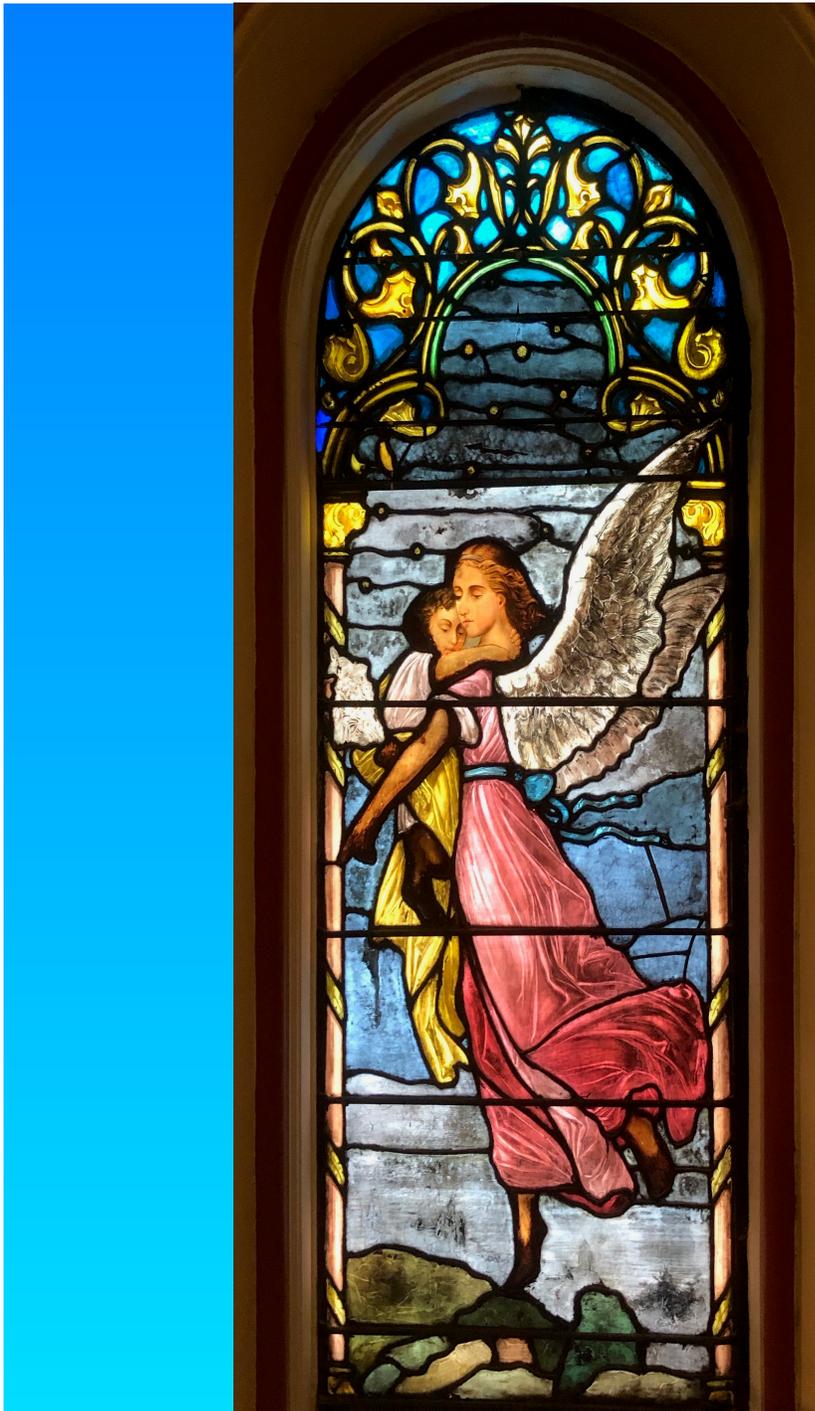


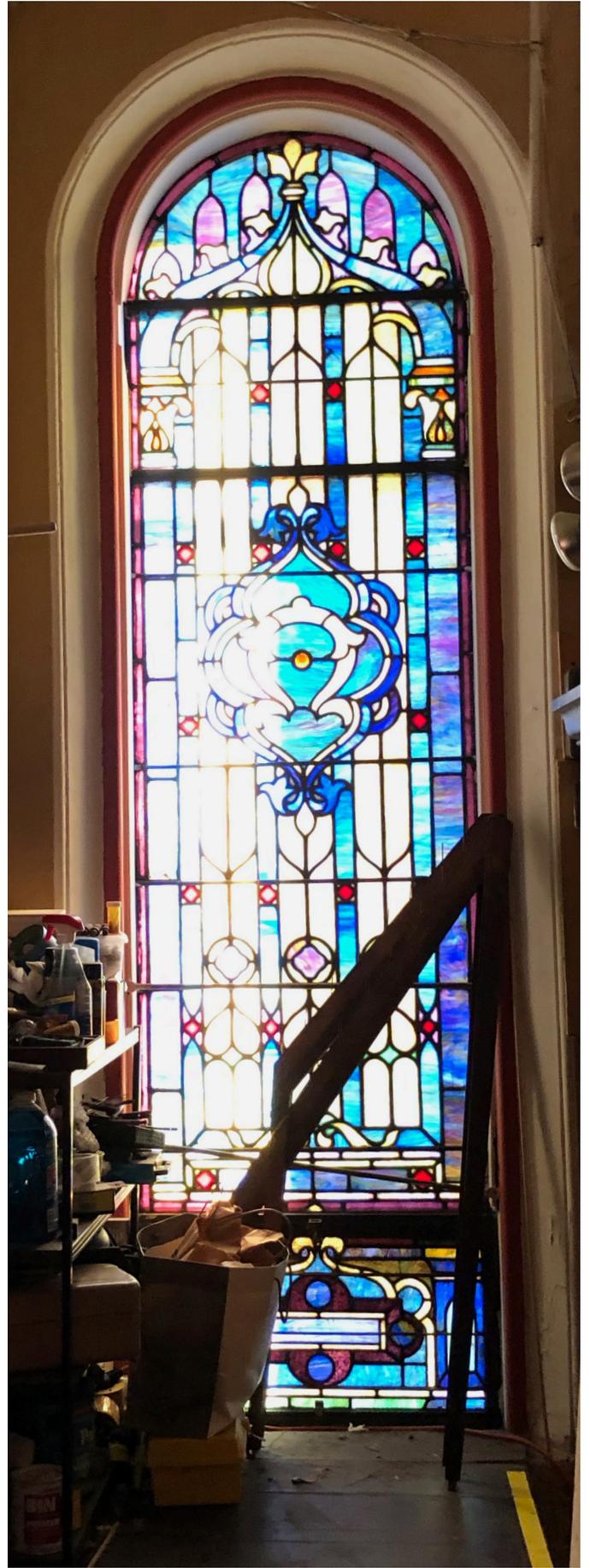
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REMEMBERING  
RICHARD BRODE  
02/08/1951 - 09/24/2020

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ST MATTHEW TRINITY  
LUTHERAN CHURCH  
HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY







## Richard Brode Reminiscences

*I will always remember with respect and love our musical times together*

I first met Richard Brode through pianist Phillip Dieckow, who was himself for many years a pillar in the musical activities at St. Matthew's and Hoboken at large. Under their leadership, I performed frequently in the Great Music at St. Matthew concert series. My private violin and viola students participated in Phillip's Dieckow School of Music recitals held at the church, with Richard providing logistical support; and after Philip's passing, I continued to present my students' annual recital at St. Matthew with Richard's help and presence.

Over the years, Richard regularly invited me to play viola with him during church services, sometimes in arrangements of his own making. I thoroughly enjoyed our musical collaborations. He was unfailingly artistic and encouraging.

Glaringly apparent, even to someone with only peripheral ties to St. Matthew's like me, was Richard's commitment to, and love of, this congregation, which extended so far beyond his musical offerings and projects. I will always remember with respect and love our musical times together; but you will certainly feel a still greater loss.

*Martin Andersen*

*Dear, sweet, kind Richard is looking out for SMT still*

I have attempted to write my memories of Richard so many times in the past few months. It has been so very difficult for me to comprehend that Richard no longer walks with us on this earth and particularly at St. Matthew Trinity.

Richard was one of the very first members of SMT to warmly welcome me. I joined this congregation in the fall of 2016 after moving to Hoboken. Richard gave me the treasured tour of the organ loft and educated me about the unique history of the organ and the grand piano that enhance our weekly worship services. The intense love that he had for this church and for the music ministry that he provided in so many varied



ways was so very evident. Richard always made me feel that I was an important and integral member of the church. I remember one time that I mentioned that I was a relatively new member and he so kindly looked at me and said, "I feel like you've been a member here forever!" When I joined the Church Council, I became increasingly aware of his intense devotion to this church and its mission.

Richard was selflessly involved in so many areas of our church life that many people never even knew. His special touches and talents live on in the beauty of St. Matthew's. As I started working on Stewardship programs, Richard was such a wonderful support and helped me execute several different ideas. I would only have to mention an idea and Richard would put together an informational pamphlet, create a new pledge card, and attractively display them in the entry foyer and sanctuary. His touch was throughout the church and still is. I appreciated Richard's soft and gentle humor and his attempts to make everyone feel included.

This past year when we could still gather and have coffee hours, the stewardship committee had a 'Pie Sunday' to encourage everyone to be a piece of SMT. I brought my homemade apple pie that I love to make! I remember him delighting in it ~ both the presentation and the taste. He said, "This reminds me of my Grandma's apple pie and it's almost just as good!" I was so complimented and admired that no one could top his Grandma. That's the way it should be.

I feel that even with his passing Richard had a hand in sending Matthew Hummel to our doors. I don't believe in coincidences. Dear, sweet, kind Richard is looking out for SMT still. Every time that I cross an intersection I think of Richard and his gentle spirit. I miss him terribly.

*Terri Matteo*

### ***Isn't it just gorgeous?***

There are some people who simply make the world more beautiful. They color it with their splashes of light, leaving it a little better than how they found it. Richard was one of those people.

I've had trouble finding the words to write a memory of or tribute to him. Perhaps, because the grief is still so tangible. Or



perhaps, because it's hard to distill his spirit into black text on a white page.

He was the vivid colors on our streamers across the sanctuary, the bright blaring trill of a trumpet on Easter morning, the warm flickers of candles during our carol singalong, the deep tones that resonated from the organ long after the final note was played. Richard was everything that gave our world texture and color — and the reason behind all of it was his love for the church, his love for music, his love for us.

I can't recall the exact day that Richard introduced "Before the Marvel of This Night," composed by Carl F. Schalk, to our choir. But the song, which we sang every Christmas without fail, oddly enough became a defining strand woven into my life. It's a song that makes my heart beat a bit faster, swell up with love a little more, and feel peace like at no other time.

Richard felt the same way — actually, all of our choir did. And maybe that's why it became so defining. Because when you and someone else are deeply affected by the same piece of music, there is a magic that crackles in the air. A shared understanding of how music really does change the world.

One of the final lyrics is, Into one song compress the love, the love that rules above. This is my favorite line ever written. Because, well, isn't it just gorgeous? (As I write, I'm picturing Richard saying that and throwing his hands up in the air with the smiling chortle he would get when discussing music.)

There will never be a way to fully describe the beauty that Richard left in our world. His fingerprints are on our church and our souls, forever. But that line, to me, comes closest. That small lyric, bursting with love and joy, will always be the essence of Richard.

Here's to carrying the song forward, and making the world a bit more beautiful in honor of him.

*Courtney Kochuba*





## ***Not sure I'll ever hear the Jardine without thinking of you***

"YOU CLOSE?" That was the text that I sent to you Richard at 2:25 on Thursday the 24th of September. I had no idea it would be my last text to you or that it was being sent to an ICU room where you would never see it...the notification sound muffled in your backpack. You were never late and we had a 2:00 appointment. Among the loves we shared was punctuality. I was a little annoyed. I should have known something was wrong. The call from Pastor Gary came soon after 2:25 and we hopped in my car and rushed to Bellevue Hospital. I hated seeing you that way but was also glad I got to say goodbye and that an impatient text wasn't ultimately my last communication to you.

I've been putting off writing something here. It seems not only impossible but also disrespectful somehow to try and sum up a 22-year relationship in a few paragraphs so I don't think I'll try. Mostly I think I was just reluctant to let you go. There's a lot of that going on around SMT these days. The problem is that you're everywhere: on the walls, on the website, in the very color of the place and certainly in the music. Not sure I'll ever hear the Jardine without thinking of you. I'm still not sure how we all manage to say goodbye to you but I know we can't hold on either.

All I can say really is that I love you. I loved every moment we worked together and I hope you know how much you taught me: about being a Christian...about being a person of integrity...about being light in a dark world. I feel badly for the people who will never get to meet you. People who will never hear your silly laugh or get to experience your righteous anger at the state of the country but mostly, people who will never get to experience your unbridled love of music in a church setting.

Dear Richard. I wish you weren't late for our appointment that day. I wish you hadn't decided to get a haircut first. I wish you had returned a text to me saying: "sorry I'm late...stopped at Starbucks. You want something." But in reality, you did answer my question because yes...you'll always be close.

*Mark Singleton*



## ***Richard's memory and positive impact in my life is eternal***

Bert and I wept in our kitchen when Richard died. My shock quickly became intense anger at the injustice of his death. Anger at God and the chaos of 2020.

My anger has, mostly, settled into deep sadness. Our family is fortunate to have many happy memories of Richard to comfort our grief.

My favorite childhood movie was the 1994 rendition of *Little Women*. I imagined walking down the aisle to the hymn "*For the Beauty of the Earth*" - just like the March family sang when Meg married John Brooke. Richard balked at me when I shared this with him while wedding planning in 2015, saying "But that's not a wedding march - or any sort of march!" He ultimately relented and beautifully played the song as our processional. Two and a half years later my heart swelled as Richard played "*For the Beauty of the Earth*" during my daughter's baptism - entirely unprompted but fully appreciated.

Other cherished memories include his steady presence at our Thursday night meditations and the organ lesson he gifted Bert for his 30th birthday. I miss his familiar greeting while passing the peace and I miss his familiar figure in the organ loft. I miss our private jokes and easy kinship.

Bert and I did not spend time with Richard outside of church but we loved him as a close friend. My grief and sadness will eventually fade, but Richard's memory and positive impact in my life is eternal.

*Cassie Hartmann*





## ***The kids, their mouths agape, watched the pied piper become a juggler***

Of course, I can never think of Richard without thinking of his beloved Jardine organ and his well-worn, black, patent leather organ shoes. He knew that instrument inside and out, and even when it was in disrepair, he knew how to work around the quirks to make a joyful noise.

I especially love thinking of how he shared it with young kids. When I was on SMT staff, Richard's organ tour was a traditional part of our first communion classes. On that special day, Richard would lead the group of inquisitive fourth and fifth graders up the creaky old stairs to the organ loft. He looked like the pied piper as the kids -- many of whom had never been up there before -- oo'ed and aww'ed as they saw the sanctuary from a whole different vantage point. He'd sit on the organ bench and put on his organ shoes, explaining why he needed a whole different pair to play this special instrument. The best part was when he took the kids behind the scenes to show them the pipes, explaining the various ranks and materials and how they worked to make different sounds. Finally, Richard would play a piece, the kids gathered close around him, their mouths agape as they watched the pied piper become a juggler -- simultaneously pulling knobs and working multiple keyboards with his hands and feet.

This was the quintessence of Richard's ministry: While he knew the Jardine better than anyone and had a skill no one else at SMT possessed, Richard didn't treat the organ loft like his cloister. He actively worked to make it a place where all were welcome, even the smallest of us. Thank you, Richard, for showing us what the Kingdom looks like.

*Katie Colaneri*

## ***Richard cared very much about liturgy & the appropriate place of music within it***

I remember moving to Astoria, Queens, in April 1983 shortly after graduating from college, just around the corner from Trinity Lutheran, Long Island City/ Astoria. As a choir singer and lifelong Lutheran, I was naturally attracted to Trinity and its choir. Richard Brode was the organist/choir director (more appropriately, "Minister of Music", considering all his input into the worship



life of the congregation), and I grew to admire him very much as a church musician. He cared very much about liturgy and the appropriate place of music within it. Later, when I eventually started leading the handbell choir, Richard was always willing to collaborate on handbell and organ arrangements. I was very saddened when he moved on to a new position. I loved his dedication to his music, to his church, and to his Lord! God bless you, Richard, and peace be with you! Love you. Sincerely,

*Richard Walker*

***The most wonderful, welcoming, joyous, talented, committed musician & leader***

My husband Jeffrey and I attended SMT off and on from approximately 2006-2010, and we sang in the choir there intermittently. Richard was always the most wonderful, welcoming, joyous, talented and committed musician and leader. He taught both of us so much, and we both have such cherished memories of him, his wonderful smile and laughter, his wonderful voice and organ playing. We so wish we had brought our two young sons to St. Matthews to visit and to meet Richard. We are both so very sad to hear of his passing, and praying for his husband and for all of the St. Matthew's family (past & present) as we mourn this great loss. Love,

*Sarah & Jeffrey Stephens*

***An excuse to play the Steinway? Twist my arm!!!***

He was so very generous with his time and so great with the kids. He would always take the extra time to accompany the kids for our Christmas pageant every year. I remember how he let John Meusel be his helper during service in the organ loft. He was also responsible for the sanctuary renovation that allowed the space for the antique Steinway piano to be moved upstairs to be enjoyed by all. Actually when he first started playing for the Christmas pageants the Steinway was still in the community room and when I asked him to help, he was like a kid... "An excuse to play the Steinway? Twist my arm!!!"

*Wendy Pflaum*



## ***He was incredibly generous with his time and gifts***

When our church, St. Paul's Lutheran in Jersey City, was preparing to celebrate our 125<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2009, it was recommended that we contact Richard at St. Matthew Trinity about logo design ideas for our anniversary materials. I don't remember who made the recommendation, but we were told that he done that for SMT's last anniversary and was very artistic and creative.

Richard was happy to help, and not only was he artistic and creative, he was incredibly generous with his time and gifts. He designed letterhead, postcards, invitations, thank-you notes and flyers, and then made copies of everything for us and would not accept payment. It was such an outpouring of generosity and kindness that made us feel truly connected to him as a fellow member of the Body of Christ and to his ministry at SMT, which was broad and wide.

I also remember that when I served SMT as Vice-Pastor during two vacancies and attended council meetings, he always greeted me so warmly like we were old friends, with a hug and again, kindness. I am grateful to have known him, to have been in his orbit, however briefly, and to have been the recipient of his loving generosity.

*Jessica Lambert*

## ***He believed in the music first and the God given gifts that we all possess***

Richard was such an inspiration to me. He welcomed me right into his circle and wanted me to sing. I felt like he really believed in his choir and his friends and he touched my heart and my life and brought me out of my shell. He was such a very special and talented man who believed in the music first and the God given gifts that we all possess. He knew how to foster and nurture our talents and for that he will forever be loved and remembered.

*Rebeka Schleifer*



## ***"I'm Richard!!"***

I have a lot of fond memories of Richard - singing in the choir, *"Before the Marvel of this Night,"* sharing an easy laugh, comparing notes on favorite teas and talking about his trips to Germany and Williamsburg. (And let's not forget trying to help him round up the choir for practice when we wouldn't stop socializing during coffee hour after church!!) He was truly an inspiration to me, as a musician, but more importantly, as an incredible human being and friend and I always looked forward to our conversations. Both of my boys were mesmerized by his piano and organ playing during services and the care he took to include them in both services and conversations was always genuine.

One of my favorite Richard memories included my son Zach, when he was a toddler. After church one day, Zach took the bulletin and his little piano and set them up at the bottom of the staircase. He played as loudly as he could, pounding like Richard during *"You are Holy."* And then Zach took the piano and bulletin up to the stairway landing, sat back down and played again. When we asked what he was doing, he beamed *"I'm Richard!!"* Zach was running up the steps from the piano to the organ, just like Richard did for all those Sundays.

*Carmen Johnson*

## ***He was one of the most genuinely nice people I have ever met***

I was only at St. Matthew Trinity for two short years when I lived in the US. But I immediately felt at home at the church. Richard's music and his friendly nature when we talked after church played a big part. He was one of the most genuinely nice people I have ever met.

*Gerhard Hofer*

## ***He was compassionate and really "got it"***

I bumped into Richard exactly 3 times all in brief passings, I could tell right away he was bright, compassionate and really 'got it.' I wish I had known him longer, Godspeed!

*Bill Bayer*



## ***Richard will always be associated with Christmas Eve***

One year after the Christmas Eve service, my friend Phillip Dieckow (an SMT member who passed away several years ago) invited my family, LaTanya Hutchins (whom many may remember for her beautiful solos), and Richard and Humberto to his apartment for Christmas treats. We had a fun time and what began as a one-time thing turned into a tradition, lasting from the time my sons were young teens until they were college graduates. My memories of Richard in the church are a blur—choir rehearsals, services, concerts, anniversaries, funerals, Christmas, Easter.... But these Christmas Eve celebrations stand out because we got to know Richard and Humberto, learning about their love of travel, and that like my family, they enjoyed talking politics (with Phillip rolling his eyes in boredom). After Phillip died, we tried to keep up the tradition for a couple of years in the organ loft, but I think we finally all admitted we were bone-tired by the holidays and exchanged hugs instead.

My memories of Richard will always be associated with Christmas Eve, my favorite night of the year, when the city streets are quiet and empty, baby Jesus has been placed in front yard crèches, and time seems to stand still—at least for a moment. I will also remember Richard when I sing the words of *"Before the Marvel of this Night,"* one of his and the choir's favorite anthems that we sang every year at Christmastime: *"Sing peace, sing gift of peace; sing bliss, sing endless bliss; sing love, sing God is love."*

*MaryJo Rhodes*

## ***We slid top speed down a hilly road in Queens...as the icy wind came rushing in***

I met Richard in 1985 – we both worked for the same employer in separate companies but in adjoining office space.

Years ago, when Richard was music minister at a church in Queens, I attended several concerts at the church and my brother, John, occasionally attended with me.

One winter, during the Lenten season, the church had a series of midweek services with a speaker from different religious denominations – Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist, etc. At the



time I was a volunteer at St Francis of Assisi Church in NYC and worked with Fr. Alcuin who was asked by Richard to speak at one of the services.

Fr. Alcuin accepted the invitation even though the evening chosen for him was just after a terrible snowstorm. We (Fr. Alcuin, Richard and myself) took the subway from 32nd St., NYC to Astoria and trudged through ice-covered sidewalks along Steinway Street. My brother, John met us at the church and though the service that evening should have been cancelled because of the brutal weather, we all showed up to participate but I seem to recall we were practically the only ones who showed up along with the flutist.

After the service, John, who had the only vehicle, offered to drop us off at our subway stops and train station. Father Alcuin and Richard were returning to Manhattan via subway, the flutist was going to another subway station and I was going to Jamaica Station. John appeared in a tiny jeep which he was in the process of restoring. The plastic covered door and the other door without plastic were both closed by tying a rope. There were five of us. John and Richard sat in the front seat. Father Alcuin and I sat behind them and the flutist was wedged in the back of the jeep. I remember his posture as slanted. John nonchalantly rode (slid) at top speed down a hilly road in Queens as each of us clung to whatever we could cling to as the icy wind came rushing in. Fr. Alcuin's blanched face lit up the jeep and the flutist's slanted body (wedged behind the seats) anchored the vehicle.

Apparently, we safely reached our destinations as I do not recall anything after that slide down the hill. Fr. Alcuin never mentioned the evening to me and Richard knew better than to mention it but I will never forget taking off on that sleigh ride with the five of us packed in like frozen sardines after an evening of prayer and hymns with Richard.

Many years have gone by since we first met, but Richard's love for Humberto, his church and his calling as Music Minister has never wavered.

*Phyllis Klecka*





## ***We were like a couple who had been married for 25 years***

How to begin? Maybe first with the story of Richard and my relationship: Several years ago a group was setting up the flowers for either Christmas and Easter and Richard and I were bantering back and forth as we usually did. In the midst of our "discussion" or "argument" Pastor Mary remarked that the two of us were like a couple who had been married for 25 years. And just like that we became husband and wife.

Richard would end up really getting married, but as I told him Humberto may be his husband but I was still his wife. The three of us shared concerts. Richard introduced me to Williamsburg and of course that trip to Germany. Richard and I would explore churches and museums while Humberto found a place to sit or a shop to wonder through.

When I decided to give my great nephew a train set when he was one or two, of course I went to Richard for suggestions. Ewan, that nephew, grew to love of trains. And when he and his mother came to visit, I told Richard that I had told Ewan that he could see Richard's train set in the organ loft. Richard immediately held up his hands and said - no it is not perfect. Well he made it perfect and Ewan and Nicholas from SMT sat there in awe as the trains sped around the tracks. The adults were amazed how neither of them grabbed a train car. This was an adults toy after all!!!

The Tuesday before Richard's accident, Richard let me into the SMT Center. I remarked that I had physically not seen him since Easter. Of course he said no. And we bantered. Later that evening Richard zoomed in for the church council meeting and told Dan to tell me to shut up. I so miss those digs, that back and forth and the love.

*Leslie Neve*

## MUSIC MINISTRY REPORT (October 4, 2020)

*Richard G. Brode, Music Minister, as told to Daniel J. Stoll before he joined Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Liszt, Chopin, Brahms and all of his favorite composers. Richard will always be with us.*

Words cannot describe the shock of the passing of our beloved Richard on September 25<sup>th</sup> after he was tragically hit by a SUV in Times Square. His music soared through the St. Matthew Trinity sanctuary for nearly 20 years. No one who saw him play will forget how he pounced on keys, pushed and pulled valves, and leapt on the pedals of the original 1877 Jardine Organ in the loft creating an awe-inspiring sound ever since he had become music minister in 2001.

“What you are looking at is a big orchestra with 28 different instruments,” he said of the 1,600-pipe organ. “It takes a ton of planning to look at each hymn to see how the music reflects the lessons of the gospel, to envision the poetry. The music and the scripture speak to each other.”

Richard’s deep love for music began in 1969 while he was a student at University Heights in the Bronx, the Arts and Sciences campus of New York University (now Bronx Community College). Even though he was a math major, he enrolled in a music history course and was enthralled by the composers he was learning about. When his church where he grew up in Astoria, Trinity Lutheran Church, asked if he would be interested in learning how to play the organ, Richard’s curiosity was piqued.

“I never really liked taking piano lessons when I was growing up,” he said. “But at least I learned how to play. And I thought it would be fun to try to play the music I was learning about in school.” He practiced for months going back and forth from the Bronx and Astoria in between classes. His feet wouldn’t act independently making learning how to use the pedals difficult.

But he persevered and finally, the last Sunday in June, in the same church where he was baptized, he played his first notes in front of his congregation. “Sounds from heaven,” Richard recalled, noting he was playing an Ernest M. Skinner organ, “the Rolls Royce of organs,” he said with a gleam in his eye.

Richard switched his major to music history and began a lifelong journey exploring the intricacies of Bach, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven and the other great composers that would eventually lead him to St. Matthew Trinity in Hoboken.

A lifelong New Yorker, he actually found himself in Hoboken a year before he would come to St. Matthew Trinity. After a steak dinner at Arthurs Tavern, Richard and his friends strolled up to Castle Point, the highest point in Hoboken, for the view of New York City. They circled through the Stevens campus coming down the steep 8<sup>th</sup> Street incline where Richard was surprised to see a Lutheran church. “I thought to myself, wow, this church looks pretty neat,” he remembered.

St. Matthew Trinity needed an organist a year later and the congregation couldn’t believe it when they found Richard. Thus began Richard’s next chapter of his life with the people of St. Matthew

Trinity Lutheran Church. When he arrived, he immediately started to make changes to enhance the musical experience at the church. He tore up deep red carpet in the balcony that was absorbing the sound. He removed wood paneling that had been blocking stain glass windows allowing the morning light to beam through the chamber. He had the pipes thoroughly cleaned.

His most radical change came when he engineered with Mark Singleton the move of the church's 1884 Steinway Concert D piano from the lower Parish Hall up a floor to the front of the church. This required the removal of the first row of wooden pews and the careful rigging, lifting and transport of the 990 lb. grand piano.

Richard had a deep appreciation how special his life at St. Matthew Trinity had been to him and how much he enjoyed playing. "To be honest, the organ is a beast to play," he said. "It always needs something repaired. There are five to six notes on the pedals I have never heard. But I just love playing it. I think of the 125 years people played before me...sounds from a century ago, and it's still as beautiful as it was."

**P.S....** Those notes that Richard never got to play will now be heard thanks to the spirit and generosity that led to the organ restoration. But as Mark Singleton and I went around the dusty wood loft behind the organ on a sunny September Sunday, Mark showed where there were still some notes that could not yet be fixed. In a way that's comforting – linking the beauty and imperfection of this magnificent instrument to the past, present, and future and binding Richard's love and glorious presence with us for two decades at St. Matthew Trinity forever.

***Daniel J. Stoll***



## Music at St Matthew Trinity 2018/2019



### THE SINGERS

\*

David Fullner  
Bert Hartmann  
Carmen Johnson  
Courtney Kochuba  
Jennifer Marsh  
Bernadette Oberndorf  
Mary Jo Rhodes  
Mark Singleton

### THE INSTRUMENTALISTS

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Richard Titone, *Trumpet*  
Marshall Farr, *Trumpet*  
Ryan Foster, *Trumpet*  
Greg Erickson, *Trombone*  
Jeremy Kempton, *Trombone*  
John Henry Lambert, *Trumpet*  
Matt Smalkan, *Bells, Chimes, Rhythm*  
Daniel Wintersteen, *Tympani*  
Jason Meusel, *String Bass & Percussion*  
Nancy Kito, *Guest Organist*

Now going into my nineteenth year at St Matthew Trinity, I say again that it is still such a pleasure to be here, to make music amongst you, to sing with you, and to participate in the daily and yearly life of the church. 2018 and 2019 has brought the joys of baptisms, of weddings and the weekly meetings of all of us in gathering together in Word and Sacrament. What a gift. And what a place to be.

And as I wrote last year, our annual Handel's Messiah Sing-a-Long was, as usual, a wonderful experience with the Steven's inspiring choir - really consider joining us again this December - and our own Advent & Christmas Service of Lessons & Carols with brass quartet and percussion. Despite the difficulties of getting choir members together to rehearse - it is extremely rare to have a whole to

have all our members together for a practice - they did with some rather difficult music. And of course, working with all the instrumentalists and singers for the Advent, Christmas, Lenten and Easter Services is a great experience. I mean, who wouldn't enjoy playing with their own brass quintet, tympani players, bell and percussion players.

And good news! I think we've found an organ builder who will be repairing the George Jardine & Son organ very soon, finally bringing back the pedal notes which have been silent for almost two decades, not that we haven't been trying for all these years and reinstalling three and a half ranks of pipes which have been sitting aside the organ just waiting to speak again.



# FESTIVAL ORGAN CONCERT

SUNDAY ■ JUNE 9<sup>TH</sup> 2019 @ 1:30PM

RICHARD G BRODE, ORGANIST  
CELEBRATING 50 YEARS OF MINISTRY



ST MATTHEW TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH  
HUDSON & 8<sup>TH</sup> STREETS ■ HOBOKEN, NJ ■ [STMATTHEWTRINITY.ORG](http://STMATTHEWTRINITY.ORG)

GEORGE JARDINE & SON ORGAN ■ BUILT IN 1877



## This Church

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**This church** confesses the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; our Creator, Redeemer, and Advocate.

**This church** confesses Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and the Gospel as the power of God for the salvation of all who believe.

**This church** believes in the Word of God, and receives God's Word in Jesus Christ, the Word incarnate; in proclamation of God's message to us as both Law and Gospel; and in the canonical Scriptures, the inspired and written Word of God, which provides the authoritative source and norm for proclamation, faith and life.

**This church** accepts the historic creeds (Apostles, Nicene, Athanasian) as true declarations of the faith, and the Lutheran Confessions as faithful witnesses and interpretations of the faith.

**This church** is gathered around God's Word and Sacraments, and its worship flows into witness and service that proclaims God's love to this broken world.

**This church**, awash in God's baptismal grace, creates a safe place for all of God's children.

**This church**, knowing its unity in Christ and uniquely gifted for ecumenism by its confessions, works in God's kingdom as a bridge-church for diverse traditions that share this faith.

**This church** maintains a deep and abiding commitment to ministry with children and youth.

**This church** engages in global mission with deep respect for the rich gifts of our brothers and sisters in other lands and so understands this mission engagement as primarily focused in accompaniment.

**This church** believes that the risen Christ is encountered daily in God's world, and so we commit ourselves to be a public church, working for justice and peace for all.

**This church** continues a rich heritage of theological reflection and discernment and is dedicated to strong theological education in preparing leaders.

**This church** believes in the vocation of the baptized to ministry in daily life, translating Sunday's faith into Monday's world.

**This church** is committed to interdependence in its three expressions and as the vision for networks of mission agencies in the United States and throughout the world, including Lutheran Services in America, Lutheran World Relief, Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service, Lutheran Disaster Response, and the Lutheran World Federation.

**This church is the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America.**



# ST MATTHEW TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH

*Where tradition & inclusivity meet*

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Hoboken, New Jersey 07030



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www.StMatthewTrinity.org

The Rev. Gary LeCroy D.Min, *Pastor*  
Matthew Hummel, *Minister of Music*  
Courtney Kochuba, *President*



Member  
EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA



A RECONCILING IN CHRIST Congregation