

Ministry and Vocations Issue

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What's Yours?

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Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Allen K. Shin

Our new Bishop Suffragan was consecrated May 17 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Top: *The Examination*. Bottom: *The Laying on of Hands*. For more consecration pictures and an article by Bishop Shin, please turn to page 20.



Photos: Kara Flannery.



The Rt. Rev. Andrew M.L. Dietsche

Serve the Lord with Gladness

By the Rt. Rev. Andrew M.L. Dietsche

We spend a great deal of time and energy in the Diocese of New York helping people to discern their ministries, and to understand the call they have received from God to love and serve God and God's very own children in the specific contexts of their lives, and with the gifts they have been given for this service. Mostly this involves our work in raising up people for ordained ministry; but the principles are the same in the discernment that takes place in every congregation, as people discover the place where their passions and gifts come together to meet the needs of God's people and the purposes of God's ministry in and through the Church.

Fundamental to this endeavor is our understanding and conviction that there is only one ministry, and it is God's. It is the ministry of God to reconcile the world to himself, through Jesus, and in the power and grace of the Holy Spirit. As Christians we have all been, and are, called by God to participate in that ministry in our whole lives. God calls us to discover within ourselves the particular talents, gifts, abilities and desires that God has built into us and laid on our hearts—and that are unique to each of us, and can put a new face on God's own ministry. So it's all about love. When we talk about the desire welling up from the human heart to give oneself to this ministry of reconciliation and peace, we speak of being "called" to it by God and the church. And when we talk about the specific ways in which any particular person might live out that call, we speak of "vocation."

Frederick Buechner famously said that "Vocation is the place where our deep gladness meets the world's deep need," and I think that what has made that sentence so evocative for people, and so endlessly quoted, is the conviction there that while the work we do in Christian service is for the benefit of the needs of the people of the world, it is also supposed to make us happy. That may be a simple test of vocation: If what we are doing is not making us glad, then it is probably not what God wants us to be doing.

As I am still a relatively new bishop, people ask me often if I like being a bishop. I do like it, but a lot of the work is hard, and there is an awful lot of it, so as with anything that matters and is complicated, there are stresses that come along with it. But what I discover is that the longer I live into this, the more I discover that I am doing what I am supposed to be doing—and that is a satisfaction. And it makes me glad. I pray that this issue of the *Episcopal New Yorker* on ministry will help stir your imaginations and speak to your hearts in your own discernment for ministry, for your call and vocation. That you may "serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with a song."

Sirve al Señor con Alegría

Por el Revdmo. Obispo Andrew M. L. Dietsche

En la Diócesis de Nueva York invertimos una gran cantidad de tiempo y energía ayudando a las personas a discernir sus ministerios, y a comprender el llamado que han recibido de Dios para amar y servir a Dios y a los propios hijos(as) de Dios en los contextos específicos de sus vidas, y con los dones que se les ha dado para este servicio. Mayormente en esto consiste nuestro trabajo para formar personas para el ministerio ordenado; pero los principios son los mismos en el discernimiento que ocurre en cada congregación, en tanto las personas descubren el punto donde sus pasiones y sus dones coinciden para responder a las necesidades del pueblo de Dios y a los propósitos del ministerio de Dios en y a través de la iglesia.

Algo fundamental para este esfuerzo es nuestro entendimiento y convicción de que solamente hay un ministerio, el de Dios. Es el ministerio de Dios para reconciliar al mundo con si mismo, por medio de Jesús, y en el poder y la gracia del Espíritu Santo. Como cristianos, todos hemos sido y somos llamados por Dios a participar en ese ministerio durante todas nuestras vidas. Dios nos llama a descubrir dentro de nosotros mismos nuestros propios talentos, dones, habilidades y deseos que Dios ha construido dentro de nosotros mismos y ha puesto en nuestros corazones—y que son únicos para cada uno de nosotros, y que pueden poner un nuevo rostro en el propio ministerio de Dios. Así que todo se trata del amor. Cuando hablamos del deseo que brota desde el corazón humano para entregarse a este ministerio de reconciliación y paz, decimos que somos "llamados" al mismo por Dios y por la iglesia. Y cuando hablamos de las maneras específicas en las cuales cualquier persona en particular puede vivir ese llamado, hablamos de "vocación".

El célebre Frederick Buechner dijo, "La vocación es el lugar donde nuestra profunda alegría se encuentra con la necesidad más abismante del mundo," y creo que eso es lo que ha hecho esa frase tan alusiva para la gente, y tan infinitamente citada, he ahí la convicción de que mientras el trabajo que hacemos en el servicio cristiano es para el beneficio de las necesidades de los pueblos del mundo, también se supone que debe hacernos felices. Eso puede ser una simple prueba a la vocación. Si lo que estamos haciendo no nos causa alegría, entonces probablemente no es lo que Dios quiere que hagamos.

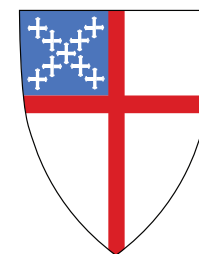
Como todavía soy un obispo relativamente nuevo, la gente a menudo me pregunta si me gusta ser obispo. Me gusta, pero gran parte del trabajo es duro, y hay una gran cantidad de ello, es como con cualquier cosa que importa y que es complicada, hay presiones que vienen con ello. Pero lo que descubro es que mientras más vivo en esto, más descubro que estoy haciendo lo que se supone que debo hacer—y eso es una satisfacción. Y me causa alegría. Oro porque ésta edición del *Episcopal New Yorker* sobre el ministerio sirva para estimular tu imaginación y hablarle a tu corazón en tu propio discernimiento del ministerio, por tu llamado y tu vocación. Para que puedas "servir al Señor con alegría, venir ante su presencia con una canción".

Traducido por Sara Saavedra



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An Accidental Church Lady

By Kara Flannery

I never expected to stay, and after nineteen years I am still here---an accidental church lady in New York.

It began quietly enough. I was working the early shift at the front desk of the Paramount Hotel when a friend told me about a part-time temp job at her church. She said the hours were “weird” and she couldn’t do it. Would I be interested? Since I was trying to pay off my student loans, I jumped at the chance to make a little extra cash. So for eight weeks when I got off the front desk in Times Square, I traveled up to Carnegie Hill to sit at the reception desk at Church of the Heavenly Rest—a daily culture shift the likes of which can only be found in New York.

At that time in my life, I had not spent a lot of time in church, and from the very beginning I was impressed by how welcomed I was in this place. I remember telling curious friends, “Everyone is so nice.” Later, when I accepted the job of parish coordinator, I was not thinking about my career, or a call. I wanted to work here because of the people.

Finding my true vocation at the church happened a few years later. At the time, I was studying photography at the old International Center of Photography, just a few blocks north on 95th Street and Fifth Avenue. There, I learned that photographers often do their best work when they “shoot what they know,” so, for a class project, I started documenting the church where I worked. The church encouraged me—creating the Director of Communications position, a post I’ve held for fourteen years now.

Photographing sacred moments is a great privilege as well as sensitive work. I am always looking for images where relationship and connection in our community are most apparent. I believe these images play a critical role in sharing the story and spirit of our faith community.

I remember an early image I made at our shelter at Heavenly Rest—a volunteer was making his bed for the night as he was telling me how spending a night in the shelter just made him “feel good.” As he snapped his sheet out over the bed, I took several exposures as the sheet flew in the air and down on the mattress. When reviewing the film, I saw an image where the sheet seemed to come to life in the air, enveloping the volunteer as if he were surrounded by God in this place. That picture is one of many that define my work here. Taking it, I felt for the first time that my being there was, like the image itself, no accident.

Flannery is director of communications at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in Manhattan, and a frequent contributor to the ENY as a professional photographer.



A volunteer making his bed for the night in the Heavenly Rest shelter. “When reviewing the film, I saw an image where the sheet seemed to come to life in the air, enveloping the volunteer as if he were surrounded by God in this place. That picture is one of many that define my work here.”

Photo: Kara Flannery.

Everyone Is Seeking Jesus *By the Rev. Matthew H. Mead*

I was ordained by Bishop Sisk in 2004, and have spent my entire ordained ministry in the Diocese of New York: curate at Saint Mary the Virgin, Times Square (2004-2009); rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Granite Spring (2009-Present). I’ve had the great pleasure of being a priest and pastor in two very different congregations in our diocese.

Good Shepherd, Granite Springs, is located about 45 miles north of the city. The church is a classic medium-sized Westchester County church on a picturesque property, nestled between residential developments and two farms. We draw about 110 every Sunday, and of those about 30 to 40 are children. Our entire congregation lives in a 10 mile radius from the church. We are known for our hospitality and family ministries (vibrant Youth, Men’s, Women’s, and Seniors’ ministries).

“Smoky Mary’s,” meanwhile, is a world-famous Anglo-Catholic parish located at the “crossroads of the world.” There, our congregation was about 250 each Sunday, and at least that many over the course of the rest of the week. In addition to a constant flow of tourists, the church draws from all over the tri-state area.

Though there are differences between these congregations and communities, I think that ministry in each is remarkably similar. Everyone is seeking Jesus: the tourist who wanders from loud chaos outside to the holy ambiance of Saint Mary’s, the teen learning about faith while balancing church alongside a dozen other commitments, the

lover of choral music who regularly traverses bridges or tunnels to worship, and retirees who are seeking a Christian community and a way to practice hands-on outreach. Though the details may be different, I’ve found that everyone is seeking Jesus, and they tend to find Christ through pastoral care, worship & preaching, outreach, education, and fellowship.

I love being a priest and rector. It can be frustrating when the copier breaks, the sound system goes haywire, the plumbing leaks, or the dollars don’t go far enough. That said, being a priest means living in the real world where things break, people get sick, and life often isn’t fair. The congregations that I’ve been blessed to serve may look different on paper, but they are made up of people who need the love of God in Christ and do their best to spread that love to others.

God willing, I will continue my priestly ministry for several more decades. In that time, the world will certainly change and many of the details that I take for granted today will evolve or fade away; but I believe people will continue to seek Christ, and I am confident that my ministry will continue to revolve around spreading the love of God in Christ through pastoral care, worship & preaching, outreach, education, and fellowship.

Mead is rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Granite Springs.

Steeled for Love: On the Making of a Warden

By Lynnaia Main

I never once thought of becoming a warden, even as a vestry member. Nor had I thought of the role of a warden as a ministry. Clearly defined descriptions are elusive. Wardens don't figure in scripture; "elders" come close. The Episcopal Church's canons stipulate that wardens are to contact the bishop when their parish is without a rector, and ensure that services continue¹. Wardens take charge in the rector's absence, as happened at Saint Esprit recently during our rector's sabbatical, and can officiate at Morning Prayer.

So, "Just Do It" was the mantra by which this ministry unfolded for me. I learned that wardens are the backbone and interface for parishioners and clergy. For clergy, wardens are trusted allies, confidantes, cheerleaders and friends—supporting, guiding, advising, gently challenging when necessary. Wardens can offer open, honest insights that might escape the rector's attention. They act as a shield for the congregation. For parishioners and vestry, "the buck stops here." Wardens initiate leadership, and they listen, listen, listen—to suggestions, complaints, conflicts, gossip, fears, joys, crises. They are conflict mediators, security guards, public safety officers. They have an eagle's eye on the big vision and latest goings-on and a detailed eye tending pesky, "unspiritual" problems: toilet leaks, burnt out light bulbs, missing recycling bins. Wardens also can end up, unwittingly, in some very funny, unexpected parish situations!

Being a warden has meant taking on new roles, but also yielding to transformation. Pre-warden, ministry to me meant Sharing Christ's Love. I imagined myself a loving, laidback, comforting shepherd and sister to my fellow parishioners. Rules were minor details, nuisances. Post-warden? Goodbye Sweetie Pie, hello Mama Toughlove. It stripped me down to some hard—and hardcore—understandings about God, Jesus,

*"Goodbye Sweetie Pie,
hello Mama Toughlove"*

the church and myself. Whereas love came naturally, boundaries and discipline did not—despite being necessary, even healthy. Whereas before, pleasing others meant saying "yes," saying "no" became a precious transaction, key to preserving sanity, but also risking others' love and respect. A thick skin and a sense of humor proved crucial to address conflicts, resist triangulation and swallow personal critiques. Being a warden can be isolating, lonely. You can't really be friends with fellow parishioners in the same way, pursue the same church activities or soak up Sunday worship for your own spiritual benefit. Your personal and spiritual needs line the bottom of the barrel; it's wise to take them outside the parish, rather than seek out the clergy who (yes, gives excellent spiritual care, but now) looks to you for support.

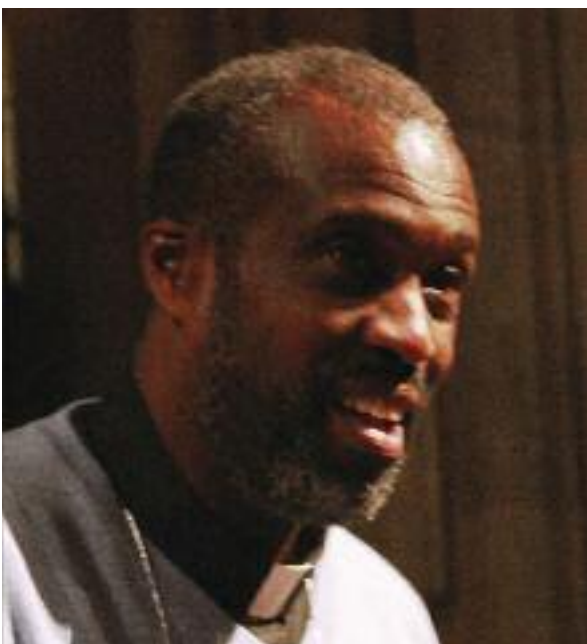
Four years in, two to go, God has shown me that being a warden means being "steeled for Love." I have found strength and a steely resolve that is vital and life-giving to a ministry founded in Love—Christ's love. Steel that undergirds, providing structure, safety and security, enabling a community to thrive. Steel that protects, withstands storms and erosion, much like a steel skeleton supports stadiums, skyscrapers and bridges. Steel that I didn't know was there and doesn't come from me, but from God. Where love came naturally, being a Warden has steeled me for fuller (and healthier) Love that is ours to receive from Jesus our Savior, through the Holy Spirit. For the joyful privilege and responsibility entrusted to me in this ministry, I give thanks to God and to Saint Esprit.

Main is the warden of L'Eglise du Saint Esprit in Manhattan, and Officer, Global Relations for The Episcopal Church.

¹Vestry Papers, January 2009. Episcopal Church Foundation.

Collaborative and Relational *By the Rev. Bertram G. Bennett, Jr.*

Inclusive, shared, relational—these are words that come to mind when I think of my ministry. I'm a cradle Episcopalian. I was born in New York, baptized at the Church of the Crucifixion, and raised at the Church of St. Edward the Martyr in Spanish Harlem, a high church with sung Mass, where I was active as acolyte, youth leader, and later, seminarian. I learned early the need for a relational, shared ministry: a common ministry, involving both church and community leaders.



The Rev. Bertram G. Bennett, Jr. Photo: Nicholas Richardson.

During my senior year at the General Theological Seminary, I went to St. Margaret's Church in the South Bronx, first supervising the Summer Day Camp and then a feeding program, and after graduation serving as their curate. My ministry there basically consisted of visiting the sick and assisting in the worship services.

Wanting to build up my administrative skills, I went to the Church of St. Matthew & St. Timothy in Manhattan. Still balancing church and community (summer day camp, after school program,

Sunday school superintendent), it was there that I also learned about the incorporated church (housing, senior citizens program, two Head Start programs). This was ministry translating into changing lives.

Upon returning to the South Bronx (the poorest congressional district in the U.S.) as priest-in-charge of St. David's Church, the meaning of ministry became clear: It is not being a lone ranger or suffering servant, but a leader. Ministry is collaborative, relational. The congregations in our Interparish Council worked together to form ways to share ministry—the South Bronx Episcopal Mission Association, the Coalition of Directly Aided Congregations, a Jubilee Center. We also reached beyond denominational lines to form South Bronx Churches, which has a five-point agenda based on Jesus' teaching, asking the blind man, "What do you want me to do for you?" We do not assume we know what people want or need, but include them in the conversation, like Moses being taught by his father-in-law Jethro to delegate (i.e., share) responsibility.

The goal is to incorporate and include people; we come as many, leave as one. We are a gathered and sent community. Our community is changing (Latino and African), and we need to change also. Money is not our only resource, but people willing to share their time and talents in meeting new challenges and opportunities. To that end, St. David's is presently undergoing a Parish Development initiative and exploring new ways of doing evangelism and outreach, so that we can continue effectively to welcome our wonderfully diverse community.

Finally, there is one other word that I think of concerning ministry: Thanksgiving—what keeps me grounded in my vocation is the Eucharist.

Bennett is the priest-in-charge of St. David's Church in the Bronx.

Why Altar Guild? *By Janice J. Landrum*

When I was first invited to serve on the altar guild, it was the only Eucharistic service available to girls. We could polish brass, arrange flowers, and prepare the chalice, tasks that were all important, though boys could serve as acolytes. Female priests were only rumors. But I look fondly on those times, because they were not for me defined by what I couldn't do, but by what I could. Our ministry was as important and holy as any other, essential to the life of the church and the administration of the sacraments.

Now that women can serve in every capacity in the church, why do I still choose to "do God's dishes"? For the same reason that some enjoy walking a labyrinth or practicing meditative yoga or centering prayer: preparing the altar for Eucharist is a form of prayer in motion.

I enter the sanctuary alone, when it is silent and the only light filters through stained glass. I can do my initial work in that dimness...dusting off the fair linen, moving the missal into place, bringing down the candlesticks. When I polish them I remember the light of Christ in the world, the light that overcomes darkness. I have to remember to trim the wick, too, so that the candles will light seamlessly, providing a moment that signals prayer to many worshippers.

As I change the altar hangings, I remember they'll adorn the Lord's Table for Communion, and I remember the women who created them. One of our church women recently led us to embroider new white hangings. Because I helped, I know just how many hours Karen spent to make the labyrinth design glow in shimmering shades of gold. As I put it in place, I get to see up close all that needlework, all the shades of purple she used to give dimensionality to the grapes and sheaths of wheat. Sue embroidered the veil and burse, following the same needlework pattern designed more than 100 years ago by the ladies of the church then. We decided that



When the author was first invited to serve on the altar guild, female priests were only rumors. She continues now because "preparing the altar for Eucharist is a form of prayer in motion."

Photo: Wikipedia.

following their pattern would be a fitting tribute to our predecessors.

Next I arrange flowers, marveling at the beauty God has created in nature, changing with every season. In advent we use evergreens, a solemn anticipation of the season of Christmas. We break all the bounds of nature in the northeast with clouds of baby's breath and roses for Christ's birth and Mary's sacrifice. For all of Lent we leave the altar without flowers, remembering this penitential season in absence. When we prepare for Palm Sunday sometimes Pam and Kirsten bring their children to help with splitting palms; kids love helping, and it means so much more to them the next day when they know the palms every worshipper holds were created by them. And at Easter, the joy of the empty tomb is expressed with an explosion of floral branches and lilies. We're lucky that at All Saints' we have a community garden, and besides growing potatoes and onions for the local food pantry, we grow some of the flowers we use on the altar. Picking flowers from our garden is a spiritual experience, too: what has God provided this week? How can the twist of that blossom be used to point to the cross? When I think I'm finished with the arrangements, I check from my knees at the altar rail: what will participants in the Eucharist see when they look up?

My work—or prayer—is done for the moment. Later, Florence and Paul will re-set the altar between services, Rose will clean up after our final service, and Claudia will take linens home for washing and ironing, anticipating the next feast of bread and wine.

Landrum is a member of All Saints' Church, Briarcliff Manor, where she serves on the altar guild.

God Had Other Plans *By the Rev. Carla E. Roland Guzmán*

I never thought I'd be a parish priest! When I went through discernment at 20, I was sure that I would use my engineering degree as a missionary somewhere around the world. As a matter of fact, I did so for a summer when I travelled to Venezuela to do a short-term mission for the Presbyterian Church (USA). This feeling didn't change in seminary or even while in graduate school.

I never thought I'd be a parish priest, so although called to ordained ministry, I've always taken comfort in the passage from Ephesians 4, where it states that "The gifts he gave were that some would be apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers..." because then I've known that not all priests live out their ministries in parishes.

I never thought I'd be a parish priest, but God had other plans when he brought me to the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy (SMST), first as a supply priest, then as a part-time assistant, and later as the rector. When I first came here, it seemed like a temporary calling in the midst of the journey toward non-parish ordained ministry; and, yet, after almost 10 years, I feel that I still have work to do here.

I never thought I'd be a parish priest, but I have been able to express my ordained

ministry here at SMST in ways that use all of my language, engineering, teaching, management, mission and other skills. And even in those areas where I feel I fall short, I serve a joyous and diverse congregation that fills in the gaps and cares for their pastor and for their neighbors.

I never thought I'd be a parish priest, but I've always known that to be a priest meant to help others live out their baptismal covenant, and thus I take heart in the rest of the passage from Ephesians (4:12-16), knowing that all priests in their own way work... to equip the saints for the work of ministry, for building up the body of Christ, until all of us come to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to maturity, to the measure of the full stature of Christ.

There are days when I ask myself why I am a parish priest, why I'm in a place that continually pushes and challenges me beyond my comfort zone, and the only answer I come up with is that until God changes his/her mind, I know I am here because God wants me to be here, and be the parish priest to this community in this idiosyncratic corner of God's kingdom.

Roland is rector of the Church of Saint Matthew and Saint Timothy in Manhattan.

New Respect for Marthas

By Amanda Vaill

More and more in recent years I've noticed that when talking about anything connected with church or parish life, many people—whether they are priests or not—say they are “called” to do something: a job, a volunteer opportunity, a task. But I didn't feel *called* to serve on the altar guild at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. I didn't (and don't) think of it as my *vocation*. I was simply asked to do it, by the then director of the altar guild; and my initial reaction—like most everybody's when they are asked this question—was to demur. But I thought again. The church had been recently, and radiantly, refurbished after a horrific fire, and helping to maintain its restored beauty seemed a worthwhile endeavor. It was also an endeavor few others were volunteering for. So, somewhat reluctantly, I said yes.

In short order, I learned a whole new vocabulary: *burse*, *piscina*, *lavabo*, *paten*, *corporal*, *purificator*, *chasuble*. I learned how to get red wine stains out of fine linen (not to be confused with *fair* linen, which covers the altar) with a dab of Ivory soap—the bar, not the liquid. I learned what to do when someone drops consecrated bread on the floor (eat it), and why you put a corporal (the liturgical placemat) under the vested stack (the liturgical place setting)—and no, I am not going to tell you the reason; for that you have to join the altar guild at your church.

Most of all, I learned a new respect for the Marthas of this world. Saint Luke tells us of how Jesus came for dinner at the house of Mary and Martha: Mary sat at Jesus's feet, listening to him talk, and Martha, “distracted” (as the New English Bible has it) or “cumbered” (King James) with all the details of making and serving dinner to the great man and his entourage, asked Jesus if he wouldn't tell her sister to lend a hand in the kitchen. Jesus gracefully sidestepped this sibling altercation: “You are worried... about many things,” he said tactfully, “but one thing is needed. Mary has chosen the best part.”

In short order, I learned a whole new vocabulary: burse, piscina, lavabo, paten, corporal, purificator, chasuble.

Many exegetes have drawn from his remarks the conclusion that we should all emulate the lilies of the field, arrayed without effort more gorgeously than Solomon in all his glory, and stop worrying about what we will wear—or, by extension, eat, or put on the table. And it's a short step from there to the idea that liturgical housekeeping (worry about “many things”) is not just less important than, say, transmitting or receiving God's word (“the best part”)—a notion I once had myself—but somehow

repugnant. I can't tell you the number of times that I've invited people to join the altar guild only to have them back away from me in horror, saying, “I don't do silver-polishing.” That's for the Marthas, it's implied; these people want to be Marys. They're not called to silver-polishing.

But someone has to make sure that there will indeed be bread and wine to share in the feast that is the center of our worship; that there will be plates for the bread and cups for the wine, a bowl of water and a towel for the washing of hands—and, yes, if those cups and plates and bowls are sil-

ver, that they are polished. Someone has to set out the missal and the Gospels, and the candles that signify God's presence among us. Someone has to care for the linens on our altars, and the vestments the priests wear.

It might be said that such tasks aren't essential to the work of worship: that they're concerned with external details rather than with inner truth. But if you're alert to the meaning of what you're doing, the inner truth reveals itself through those very details. The altar guild's work, it turns out, has at least as much poetry in it as it does silver polishing. It might not be your vocation. But sometimes a call isn't something as portentous as a voice in a whirlwind or a burning bush. Sometimes it's a question: a question to which the answer is, “Here I am.”

Vaill is a member of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in Manhattan, where she serves on the Altar Guild.

More Exciting than Expected

By the Rev. Theodora N. Brooks

My ministry as a parish priest can be described as exciting, challenging, and very fulfilling. No, it is NOT what I expected—but at the same time I can honestly say that my vision of my future ministry while I was in seminary was not as exciting as it is today.

It is easy to say that ministry in the poorest congressional district in the nation is very different from a colleague's ministry in an affluent community. But I will say there are similarities too. The people in my community have the same needs as others elsewhere—safe streets, great schools, a clean environment, health care. However, lack of money limits our community's access to what is readily available and expected in high-income communities, where there are better resources. Nevertheless, our ministry reveals that regardless of the community, all of us have

deep spiritual and pastoral needs that are not always fulfilled by the size or lack of a paycheck or investment portfolio.

I admit that I admire the membership of megachurches, but I am also aware that there is a large staff to help meet the pastoral needs of those congregations. Of course, the size of the congregation does affect its pastor's ministry. If my congregation had more money, we would definitely be able to invest in local and global mission endeavors and do creative ministry without having to worry about the challenges that come with having limited resources. As we speak I have just received a “love note” from Mr. Edison...as in Con Edison!

Brooks is the vicar of St. Margaret's Church (Longwood), in the Bronx.

Ministry of Arts *By Marion Williams*

A profusion of paper, bowls, colors and objects scatter the floor. Jazz sounds by the baptismal font. Tabletops are loaded with jars, baskets and food. While this scene could appear chaotic, there is, however, order to it; this is the work of a group of people engaged in creative exploration of symbols and images of faith at the Church of the Epiphany in Manhattan.

The ministry of leading groups in spiritual exploration through art developed over several incarnations from my own artistic background and faith journey. Born into a multi-generational family of artists, nurtured in the art process, I learned how that process helps enrich faith through working through blocks and creating space to discover fresh meaning in symbols and images.

When I entered General Seminary in my 50s, an artist with no plan for ordination, it quickly became clear to me that the pursuit of lay ministry required dedication, flexibility and a willingness to be transformed.

Shortly after matriculating, I was asked to offer drumming and art to the soup kitchen guests at Church of the Holy Apostles. What began with two drums in the yard grew into a program with regular attendees and teaching artists. Funded by Trinity Church to create a model for parish outreach, the group began to accept drumming “gigs,” and to exhibit their art. I was drawn into an agent role, and found myself prepping them for a short on CBS television.



Maria Cabrera, Tree of Life mandala, Acrylic on Paper, Church of the Epiphany Art Spiritual Direction group, 2013
Photo: Marion Williams.

Exactly what kind of ministry this was, I couldn't tell you, although I loved the work. Looking at my art from that period, I see how deeply I was being transformed by my experience at General and my work at Holy Apostles.

Transformation is the ongoing theme with the group at the Church of the Epiphany. Since 2011, my ministry has been to develop a program for parishioners and neighborhood friends using art in group spiritual direction. Happily delving into themes such as the *Feminine Face of the Divine*, *Creation*, or *Impermanence*, the participants are grounded in mutual respect and creative support for each other, and have formed a unique group within the parish community.

Bringing the development of my ministry full circle, this year I've been awarded a grant from the Evangelical Education Society of the Episcopal Church to adapt the model of the use of arts in spiritual direction that I created for Holy Apostles for the creation of a manual on the subject, and to conduct two trainings at General Seminary in the Fall and Spring, dates to be announced.

Williams has developed many arts programs in the New York area and is currently completing an M.A. in Pastoral Counseling at Fordham University. For more information about the series at Epiphany or the trainings at GTS please contact her at 212-288-1809 or at Williams.marion2009@gmail.com

A Quest for Justice *By the Rev. Glenn B. Chalmers*

Life is not lived in a straight line. Sometimes it seems downright circular.

Thirty years ago, I started my ordained ministry as vicar of a vacant inner city church in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Looking over the long-neglected rectory in the shadow of refineries and the New Jersey Turnpike, a friend remarked that, “It's not the end of the world, but I'm sure on some mornings you can see it from here.” I established some outreach ministries with community residents and launched a congregation. In time, we started a soup kitchen. Thirty years later, I find myself at yet another soup kitchen—the largest in the tri-state area—across the Hudson River.

My walk to work today takes me past the Catholic Worker, where I lived thirty-two years ago, when Dorothy Day was still with us as a living, inspirational presence. These and other formative experiences continue to guide my own ministry, vocation and spirituality. The quest for justice, the call to charity, and helping to create diverse faith communities reflective of their neighborhoods have guided my vocational path.

Whenever I tire of “Church-ianity,” I recall the words of George McLeod,

founder of the Iona Community: “I am recovering the claim that Jesus was not crucified in a cathedral between two candles, but on a cross between two thieves; on the town garbage heap; at a crossroads so cosmopolitan that they had to write his title in Hebrew and in Latin and in Greek . . . and that is where Christ's people ought to be, and what church people ought to be about.”

Youthful idealism has been tempered over the years by the realization that our best intentions and faithful impulses have the capacity to do more harm than good. Charity, however well intentioned, is never a substitute for justice: Treating the recipients of our services as clients falls far short of the mutual relationship and the ministry of empowerment to which we are called; there is something amiss when the people served during the week look so different than those gathered around the altar on a Sunday morning. “Catholic” is so much more than a word in a creed.

I struggle still with these issues: less clear now about the answers, but no less passionate about the questions.

Chalmers is rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Manhattan.

The Power of Prayer

By Betsy Braun Lane

When I came to St. Mary's Church, Scarborough over twenty years ago, it was as a seeker. Through the preaching at St. Mary's, I first realized the message of God's grace and the gift of his unconditional love. Through friendships formed in small group Bible study and in the prayer ministry, I entered into a renewed, if sometimes tenuous relationship, with Christ.

One of the church vestry members, Penny Snyder, was a resource of prayer and discernment. She prayed with great compassion, and was instrumental in introducing the teaching and practice of intercessory prayer for healing to the congregation. When Penny was killed on an icy road in December of 2003, I wrestled with the grief and anger of loss by assailing God with questions. In his mercy, he allowed me to come to know him in a more intimate way, and eventually I asked him what he wanted from me: He "answered" in just two words, "Be available."

The next day, after Penny's funeral, I went over to introduce myself to Nigel Mumford. Nigel had been Penny's mentor, and is a leader in his own healing prayer ministry. I wanted to thank him for the blessings I had received as a result of prayer time with Penny. After a brief question or two, Nigel asked if he could pray for me. He was undeterred by the hundreds of people milling about. I responded with some ambivalence, but his invitation was compelling, and I agreed. He anointed my head and the palms of my hands with oil, while praying that I be given the ministry of

prayer and gifts of healing. As he prayed, I was experiencing a great flood of warmth, light, copious cleansing tears and an inner transformation. When Nigel asked my response to the prayer time, I said that it felt as if puzzle pieces, my life, had snapped into place, in peace and order.

At the time, I had only a partial understanding of the experience. I knew that I wanted to learn more about the Holy Spirit's presence and power of prayer. For the last ten years since then, in affiliation with Christian Healing Ministries, an ecumenical, sacramental based ministry begun by Francis and Judith MacNutt, I have continued to study and serve in regional prayer ministry. Those words, "be available" have become my mission statement.

At St. Mary's, in November 2012, we again began to teach prayer and healing classes and to offer healing services on the third Sunday of every month. Many of the participants come from area Protestant and Catholic churches, which advances our goal of bringing healing and renewal out into the community.

To share this wonderful experience further, we have invited Nigel Mumford to return to St. Mary's for a healing prayer conference on September 13 and 14, 2014. It is titled, "Loved, Forgiven, Free," and we pray that many will come and experience God's grace and healing love through the outpouring of Jesus' Spirit.

Lane is a member of St. Mary's Church, Scarborough.

Let the Service Begin

By the Rev. Elizabeth B. Fisher

This year I will celebrate the 10th anniversary of my ordination to priesthood. I have spent the majority of those 10 years in the small rural parish of St. Thomas, Amenia Union. I thought I was being ordained for hospital chaplaincy. God had other ideas.

I am the first full time vicar at St. Thomas in 150 years. When I arrived, there were 16 members and no real "bones" of a parish, with the exception of a wonderful altar guild and a commitment to warm, welcoming coffee hours. Hidden within those two things and those sixteen people was the call for the parish—Radical Hospitality. And together, we built St. Thomas from the ground up. Today, it has about 90 members on the books, and is home to Food of Life, a weekly food pantry that feeds an average of 170 people per week. We just dedicated the Giving Garden at St. Thomas, a large community garden where we will grow all the fresh produce for the food pantry. The last seven years have been transformative for all of us at St. Thomas.

What I have learned from this experience is that you don't have to be big to do great things. You need to know your gifts and listen to how God wants you to use those gifts *for the broader community*. The question when I arrived at St. Thomas was not what I could do for those 16 people—it was what could those sixteen people and I do for the community around us? They already had what they needed to start—a sense of the importance of community worship and an emphasis on hospitality in all its forms. We started by building on those two gifts, stayed focused on the mission, and began looking outside our doors to the community around us to see how we could use those gifts. We started small, because we were small. And we are *still* small, and probably always will be. But God works really well with "small"! Like the parable of the mustard seed tells us, God only needs a few seeds to produce a hundred fold. We aren't trying to be something we are not at St. Thomas. We are just committed to being who God called us to be, and using our gifts for the greater good.

The greatest thing I have learned in these ten years is that it is not all about us who are inside the church. It's about the world beyond those church doors. We

gather each week to remember who we are and whose we are—God's children and brothers and sisters in Christ. We gather to hear the word, break the bread, remember the call that Jesus gave us. And then the real work begins, outside those doors, out in the community. I end each Sunday service with the words "The worship is over, let the service begin." My role as the priest is to keep pointing the people in the direction of service and empowering them for service through preaching, teaching and pastoral care. The Holy Spirit does the rest. My priesthood at St. Thomas has shown me how true those words of St. Paul to the Ephesians are: "Glory to God whose power, working in us, can do infinitely more than we can ask or imagine...."

Fisher is vicar of the Church of St. Thomas, Amenia Union.



The Rev. Betsy Fisher dedicating the Giving Garden at St. Thomas' Church, Amenia Union.

Photo: Nicholas Richardson

Ministry of Remembrance *By Catherine A. Costello*

It started with a tree—for in one sense, it was the tree that toppled on my family plot in St. George's Cemetery in the late 1980s that got me involved with the cemetery committee; in another sense, it was a tree that proved to possess deeper, stronger roots—my family tree.

Fortunately, the gravestones of my grandmother, two of my uncles, and my mother were not impacted by the tree that fell that day. Ultimately, however, my *life* was greatly affected, for it was then that I began my long-term commitment to make a difference in our parish's 7.4 acre cemetery.

Both my aunt, who was a second mother to me, and my father have also been laid to rest on the top of the hill near South William Street in the City of Newburgh. My grandfather and two other relatives are buried in a section of the "flats," not so far from Clark Street.

In October 2013, I was tromping through the dew-drenched grass at 7:30 a.m., along with fellow committee member Richard Simms. We were meeting a fencing contractor. My feet were wet and cold, but my heart was glad. It was first thing on the morning of my birthday, and I was sharing the sacred ground where my Mom, Dad and so many of my family are buried. Just as God and my parents gave life to me, I know that the cemetery is a life-giving gift to me. The cemetery is a place of connection where I have come to appreciate the Communion of Saints.

In 2010, the parish began to pray for the "community at rest in St. George's Columbarium and St. George's Cemetery" in our Sunday worship. The next year, we began remembering individuals by name, two at a time, in alphabetical order. Acknowledging this connection in prayer has benefits for the living. This winter, I learned from one of our wardens that she was pleasantly surprised to find herself praying for her great-grandmother Adelaide, who had died when Linda was very young.

I myself was nearly upended on a recent visit. As I turned to leave, I "happened" to look at a small tombstone nearby. I spied the name of a woman we had prayed for the day before. Annie had died in 1941 in her 78th year. It felt good to know she had been lifted up in prayer by our subsequent generation.



The author in St. George's Cemetery, Newburgh.

Photo: C. A. Costello.

Our ministry of remembrance is born of love for the living and the dead. Our cemetery committee, parish members and many others from the greater Newburgh community have been called to be community for those at rest there. In addition to those whose remains rest here, we have a responsibility to the families and friends, to the neighbors, and to the future.

Our ministry is to continue the restoration, maintenance and preservation of our hallowed grounds where so many bodies of the faithful departed have been committed in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

St. George's Cemetery has allowed me to use my time and talents in a ministry of remembrance that, I pray, bears witness to Christ and redounds to His glory.

Costello is a member of St. George's Church, Newburgh, where she is Cemetery Committee Chair.

Linking Art and Faith *By Timothy Lewis*

My mother loved the Episcopal Church, and liberally shared this love by insisting that I accompany her to services most Sundays. I had studied piano, and the hymns and canticles I encountered on these enforced excursions took up residence early on. Following Confirmation, at about age 14, church attendance was left up to me, and I promptly rebelled.

It was when I went on to college as a piano major that a chance encounter with the chapel organist sealed my fate. Although it would be years before I was comfortable with terms like "call" and "vocation," there was an element of inevitability to all of this. I was free to make a choice, but there was only one possible choice to make: my musical and spiritual life would be forever intertwined.

I treasure this linking of art and faith for I find there is a time when that which has been prepared in private longs to be made public; a process which has launched innumerable concerts, book parties and gallery openings. My life in the church gives me the opportunity to refine and share the two things that I hold most closely: spirituality and music.

I'm convinced that much of this sharing takes place on the level of pure emotion, and it is the elegant liturgies of the Book of Common Prayer which provide the sense of security necessary for this openness to take place. Strengthened by the structure of the service, and freed by music, we are able to encounter God in ways that might not be possible through words or music alone.

When I think of some of the liturgies I've experienced during my 35 years as a



The author at the organ console, Grace Church, White Plains.

Photo: Michael Heffner.

musician in the Diocese of New York, I don't always remember what was said or sung, but I do remember how I felt during those services. The emotional content seems to be what I've carried away, and perhaps that says something about the way we encounter God.

It's been my good fortune to make music with three different congregations, and each has approached God in its own way. While musical style varies from church to church, and musical taste from person to person, we do seem to share a desire to be moved by music, and to use it as a point of connection with God and each other.

Our music program at Grace Church in White Plains includes choirs for adults and young people, plus an extensive series of concerts which offer yet another point of entry into the life of the parish. Grace is a diverse congregation, and although our music is grounded in the Anglican tradition, we make wonderful journeys into the world of Spirituals and other music from around the world. Best of all, the congregation loves to sing.

Being called to participate in the liturgical life of a parish has meant that I am challenged to articulate my beliefs, both musical and spiritual, with some regularity. I remain grateful for this ongoing process of growth, and for the language of music and the energy of the Spirit which sustain me when words seem shallow and inadequate.

Lewis is director of music at Grace Church, White Plains and Artistic and managing director of Downtown Music at Grace, a concert series in residence at the church.

Being a Sub-Shepherd *By the Rev. Charles H. Howell*

After I was ordained, I began working as an assistant to the rector. Each day I carried out the tasks my rector assigned to me. I took Communion to shut-ins; I celebrated the Eucharist at nursing homes; I celebrated the Wednesday night Eucharist; I worked with the youth group; I led a couple of committees; I prepared couples for marriage; and I preached every other week. I thought to myself, “This priest stuff is a breeze.” I figured that by the time I was middle-aged I would be grey-headed and very wise. It’s now 19 years later, but only one of those things has come to pass, as a cursory glance in the mirror will show. Much to my surprise, I find the exercise of priesthood more difficult and complicated now than when I was ordained. I think that I am now more aware of the subtleties and nuances of each situation, and of my own limitations and sinfulness.

My spiritual director in seminary taught me that the Good Shepherd is the guiding metaphor for pastoral ministry, and that has influenced me ever since. I conceive

of my vocation as being set apart to go ahead of the flock, scouting for spiritual food and drink, looking for sheep who are lost, and protecting the flock, particularly its most vulnerable members. As the Prayer Book ordinal says, I am charged “to nourish Christ’s people from the riches of his grace, and to strengthen them to glorify God.” Looking for the nourishing spiritual food and drink in places I have never been before, feeling the responsibility of caring for the flock, and pulling myself or being pulled out of a few ravines has been humbling and difficult but also enormously rewarding.

If I manage to last another twenty years, maybe by then I’ll have it all figured out, but I doubt it. I’m starting to think that the gift of being a sub-shepherd and walking with Jesus the Good Shepherd and his people is enough, more than enough.

Howell is rector of Christ Church, New Brighton, Staten Island.

Complementary but Separate *By J. Michael Hull*

I was born into the role of clergy family. My grandfather, my father, most of my uncles, some cousins were all Southern preachers. When my grandmother married my grandfather, she took piano lessons—though she had no musical skills—because she knew that the preacher’s wife was supposed to play the piano and lead the choir. As a family, we joked that my father preached, my mother played the piano and sang the solos, while my two brothers and I took up the offering.

When my now husband, Robert, and I went to seminary in 1979, it was “cool” to let people know that I was the partner of a seminarian and living in married student housing. In Robert’s first parish, I thought I needed to prove my worthiness as a clergy spouse by singing in the choir, teaching Sunday school, hosting potluck suppers at our house, etc. That “Super Spouse” mentality continued into his subsequent parishes for another thirty years.

As I have matured in my faith, I have struggled to discern my own, separate ministry. I refer to myself as “in recovery” from being a clergy spouse. As does any member, I do have a repertoire of gifts which can be of service to the church. Some of them are traditional, such as singing in the choir, and some I have had to develop. I am now in the first congregation where I am not the last one to leave after an event and I don’t have to fold up the chairs, put away the tables, and check the lights.

Robert was called to Trinity St. Paul’s, New Rochelle seven years ago. Instead of my giving up my job and home, as my mother had whenever my father changed parishes, we decided as a couple that I would continue working in Connecticut. But I was drawn to the New Rochelle church and community, and we decided that we would move our family, and that I would commute to Connecticut for work. My ministry drew me more into the secular community of New Rochelle, where I have been able to teach English as a second language, participate in the arts community, bring the community into the church, participate in civic projects—take my faith out into the world.

One of the richest blessings of this expansion of my own ministry has been participation in the diocesan Anti-racism Committee. I have grown in my understanding of God’s love for all people and deepened my faith. There are folks on the committee or who have known me in this capacity who don’t even know that I am a clergy spouse. My credentials or contributions are not connected to my identity as a priest’s husband. Sometimes I feel *incognito*, because I am accustomed to being recognized in church settings as Fr. Robert’s partner.

I pray that I will continue to serve God in the church, as God calls *me* to ministries that are complementary to but separate from my role as a priest’s husband.

Hull serves on the diocesan Anti-Racism Committee.



The author (foreground) seated with participants in the 2013 Jonathan Daniels Pilgrimage on the steps of the Martin Luther King, Jr. residence, Atlanta, GA. Photo: Nicholas Richardson

Discernment and Ministry in the Diocese of New York

A Conversation with the Rev. Canon Charles W. Simmons, the Diocese's Canon for Ministry.

ENY: Could you describe the diocesan approach to ordination and discernment?

I think we should ask first what exactly the church as a whole is seeking to achieve through its canonical procedures for deciding whether or not to accept a person for ordination. When confusion arises, it is usually at this broader theological level, and not with regard to specific procedures. In my experience, in fact, a too narrow preoccupation with processes and procedures can distract us, and can obscure the holiness of the vocational journey.

The church's discernment process is really an attempt to do two things: first, to be as responsive to God as humanly possible—here the church acknowledges that God is the author of the call to ministry; second, to attend to the church's own leadership needs. The criterion for doing the latter is St. Paul's admonition that God's purpose in calling people into ministry is the building up of the body of Christ (Ephesians 4:12).

Dioceses might vary in terms of the weight given to one or the other of these concerns at any particular time. But in the end, we are all seeking to ensure that our discernment is both grounded in God's prior activity, and focused on the common good of the church. Imagine for a moment a continuum, with those at one extreme concerned solely with vocation, and those at the other extreme with professionalism. I'd describe the Diocese of New York as occupying the mid-point on this continuum, struggling to maintain the delicate balance between these two extremes.

The mandate for this comes directly from Bishop Dietsche. One of his most significant statements on the diocesan approach to discernment was the sermon that he preached at the 2013 Mass of Collegiality, in which he cautioned that a priest cannot afford to lose the vocational core of ordained life. The promise the church makes to the needful people of a hurting world is that *it will be the church and its priests will be priests*. This sermon set the stage for several conversations with the Commission on Ministry. In these conversations, the bishop has repeatedly reiterated his view that what he is looking for in those seeking ordination in the diocese is the emotional health to navigate the tension between vocation and career.

How does our approach compare with what other Episcopal dioceses are doing?

Discernment is basically the same throughout the Episcopal Church, in that what we do is governed by Title III of the *Canons and Constitutions of the Episcopal Church*, which deals with ministry. While dioceses may differ in how they implement a specific aspect of this Canon, the differences as a whole are usually not substantial—although one diocese in particular, which I not at liberty to name, has caught my attention. Confronted with similar challenges to ours, it has taken the bold step of restructuring its entire discernment process around a list of seven qualities that it seeks in a priest. Every decision made, from the initial stages of discernment through formation and ordination, is guided by this list. My guess is that having such clear criteria not only demystifies the discernment process, but also makes decision-making easier.

Easier decision-making sounds very attractive. Are you advocating this as an approach the Diocese of New York should adopt?

No. While I admire the coherence and transparency this approach engenders, I'm concerned that going too far in this direction will restrict the movement of the Spirit. One lesson I take from my maiden year in the Ministry Office is that the church's discernment differs inherently from other forms of decision-making. At stake in each decision the church makes is its very identity as a witness to the work of God. Moreover, I believe that the collective wisdom of church history shows that the church grows in its discernment when it is willing to recognize and acknowledge actions of God that go beyond its present self-understanding.

Still, it is important for the church to have clarity about what it seeks in its leadership. One of the most striking things about Luke's account of the election of Matthias is the very definite idea the Jerusalem church had of what it sought in an apostle. Such clairvoyance is not only mandated by the changing nature of the times in which we live, but can also itself be seen as a faithful response to the movement of the Spirit. As I mentioned earlier, Bishop Dietsche and the Commission on Ministry have already begun a conversation about the qualities desired in those seeking ordination in our diocese. I anticipate that this conversation will continue, and that together we will refine and clarify the qualities it seeks in a priest. My guess is that in the end, though, the Diocese of New York will maintain a creative balance between what God wills and its own institutional needs. We owe it to the church to be as certain as humanly possible that those we present for ordination are truly called by God.

Have you had a chance to review the data on ordinations? What can you tell us about the number of vocations, ages, ethnicity and cultural backgrounds of those being ordained?

We've reviewed the statistics for the last three bishops: Bishops Moore, Grein and Sisk. In the 41 years of these episcopates, 307 priests were ordained in the Diocese of New York. This works out to about seven new priests annually, a figure that has remained fairly stable. The most interesting thing has been the growth of female ordinations—53 per cent of those ordained during this period were women. It was at some point during the episcopate of Bishop Grein that the number of females being ordained surpassed males, so that 57 per cent of the priests that he ordained were women, and 62 per cent of those ordained by Bishop Sisk. This puts New York well above the national average of about 50 per cent female ordinations in the last decade.

The age data have not been as significant. The average age of those ordained during the same period has been consistently around 40. Meanwhile for ethnicity we were unable to locate data for Bishops Moore and Grein, but the information from the Sisk episcopacy is a good indicator of recent trends: 79 per cent of those he ordained were of European ethnicity, 11 per cent Hispanic, eight per cent African and two per cent Asian. Of those, 70 per cent were from Manhattan, 19 per cent from Region II, nine per cent from the Mid-Hudson and two per cent from the Bronx.

How about diaconal ordinations?

The diaconal picture is not as clear, mainly because we haven't had the opportunity to review data for the Grein episcopacy—which was the high moment of the diaconate in the Diocese of New York. Again, therefore, we have to rely on the data from Bishop Sisk's time. He ordained 20 deacons for an average of roughly two a year, with females, at 70 per cent, even more significant than for priests. Ethnicity, meanwhile, is basically the same as for priests; 75 per cent of those ordained deacons were ethnically European. One major difference, however, was age, with 60 per cent of deacons ordained over the age of 50. In terms of geographic location, we see a better balance for deacons than with priests. Only 45 per cent of those ordained were from Manhattan, with 30 per cent from Region II, 15 per cent from the Mid-Hudson, five per cent from the Bronx, and one per cent from Staten Island.

What would you say these data mean for parish life and the larger mission of the church?

I can't answer that question adequately in a short interview, but let me just say that from a ministry perspective the ordination data call for an extended conversation around three issues: first, we need to take a new look at the role of women in the church, recognizing that we have lived through the first generation of female priests

and that the Diocese of New York has been a pioneer in this regard; second, we must address the need to diversify church leadership—not as a matter of social justice, but as one that impinges on the holiness of the church; and third, we must talk about stewardship, understood here broadly as a sharing of resources. How do we best use the resources that we have in places of abundance to benefit the less fortunate among us? There is no easy answer to these issues. My hope is, however, that they would draw us into conversation about what ultimately matters in the life of the church, and thus lead to an even deeper discernment of God’s will and the kind of response it calls forth.

The questions have so far come from us; in closing, is there anything you would like to say?

Two things.

The first is that we need to broaden the conversation about discernment beyond the ordination process. So far, I’ve spoken about discernment in very limited terms, but the truth is, it’s very useful way of making decisions that have relevance for all aspects of church life and Christian living. I would like to see a greater emphasis on discernment, for example, among those sensing a call to a particular lay ministry, as well as in the administrative, property and mission decisions churches make. My guess

is it would strengthen the quality of church leadership and allow for decisions that are more responsive to the Spirit’s leading.

Secondly, I want to share a story from my recent travels, which has inspired me in my work as Canon for Ministry. When supplying recently at one of the parishes in Staten Island, I met a 10-year-old boy who has already sensed a call to be a priest, and has begun shaping his life to respond to that vocation. I had a delightful conversation with him, his family and the wardens about what a gift it is to have such vocational clarity, offering whatever advice I could about how this early potential might be realized. It was a beautiful thing to see this young man so in love with the altar, prayer book and the liturgical life of the church.

This encounter was a moving experience for me, not only because it allowed me to relive my own youthful call but, more importantly, because it alerted me once again to God’s presence alive in the church, ahead of our limited discernment, summoning a new generation to the blessedness of a life offered in service to God. In the end, it reinforced my sense that discernment is really about finding ourselves in the places God has ordained that we should be. It is an ongoing process of praying, listening and storytelling, in which the whole church has a role to play.

Simmons is the diocese’s Canon for Ministry.

Have Miter, Will Travel: Reflections from an Assistant Bishop

By the Rt. Rev. Chilton Knudsen

As I bring to a close, in early June, my ministry as Assistant Bishop of New York, I am filled with gratitude to have been part of your life in this astonishing and diverse diocese. I have baptized your babies, confirmed and received your new (and renewed) members, listened to your sorrows, celebrated your victories, prayed over your decisions (including the election of Allen Shin as your Suffragan), trouble-shot your struggles, and celebrated the Sacraments of our Redemption week after week in your congregations. Without exception, you have welcomed me warmly.

You have been more than tolerant of my feeble efforts to preside in Spanish and French, and you have cared for me in countless ways, small and large. It has been an honor to walk with +Andy your wonderful bishop, and to welcome +Allen, your new Suffragan, as he takes up his ministry with you. It has been a great joy to welcome new diocesan staff members and support them in finding their “sea legs” as servants in diocesan ministry. You are in good hands!

In 2008, when I retired from a grace-filled decade of ministry as Bishop of Maine, I could not have foreseen that God would call me into serving as a bishop-in-between; a “temp” if you will. But this is what my vocation has become: to serve a diocese in the “meantime” in preparation for the next chapter. This call has required me to learn to love and let go; to say a heartfelt “hello” while knowing that a “good-bye” would follow all too soon. This vocation asks me to connect quickly and let go freely. Thank you for helping me to learn how to do that.

God has called me next to serve as Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Long Island, to begin in September 2014. I’ll be sending love and thanks across the East River, and I will never forget our time together. I love you, Diocese of New York. Thank you for every moment. God bless you, every one, and always.

Knudsen, who is the retired diocesan bishop of Maine, served as assistant bishop of New York from April 2013 to June 2014. She will take up the position of assistant bishop of Long Island in September.



The Rt. Rev. Chilton Knudsen

Photo: Kara Flannery.

Why Priesthood, Why Now

By the Rev. Stephen C. Holton, STM

“In all that you do, you are to nourish Christ’s people from the riches of his grace, and strengthen them to glorify God in this life and in the life to come.”
(The Examination, Ordination of a Priest, BCP 531)

Our people work long hours to prop up a dying civilization. Like the ancient Israelites, they must gather their own straw and their own well-being, to make the bricks to build the Temples within which that civilization observes its rituals of birth and death. We are called to something more.

Like them we are called into our wilderness to start fresh. There we will meet the God who made us in his own image—and not for slavery in a foreign land, but for freedom in a Promised Land.

Some idiot has to lead them there, or some idiots. That would be you. Some idiot has to say that this slavery is killing us, though it does fill our flesh pots. Some idiot has to point out that it’s raining frogs, and now would be a good time to go. Some idiot has to lead the people to an impenetrable barrier of a Red Sea, and suggest that our God will lead us through, to life on the other side.

Some idiot, who has met that God in prayer, in his or her own wilderness, can do this. Some idiot, who is on a first Name basis with that God, can do it. That would be you.

So off we go, the armies of empire behind us, and nothing but losers and slaves around us.

God seemed to think that this was a pretty good beginning for building a kingdom of God, for building a people who would “glorify God in this life and in the life to come,” maybe because they had no other loyalties.

So here we are again, happily on the far side of our own empire. “Tower and temple fall to dust.” But again, happily, “God’s power, hour by hour, is my temple and my tower.” (Hymnal 1982, 665)

Of course, we know what happened next. They got a law, were constituted as a people, crossed the wilderness, and entered the Promised Land; all without a business plan. Well, there was one—love your neighbor and take a day off in order to love God.

Moses kept them together in that wilderness; he made sure they took the day off, taught them their history and educated them in their promise. Then they entered the Promised Land, without him. They didn’t need him. They had relearned their identity as creations in the image of God.

Now they were ready to settle that land, produce its abundance, and become a light to the nations. That was their job.

There has been much work on the role of the laity—to “proclaim by word and example the Good News of God in Christ.” (Baptismal Covenant, BCP 305). There has been much work on the role of the diaconate, that “at all times, your life and teaching are to show Christ’s people that in serving the helpless they are serving Christ himself.” (The Examination, Ordination to the Diaconate, BCP 543).

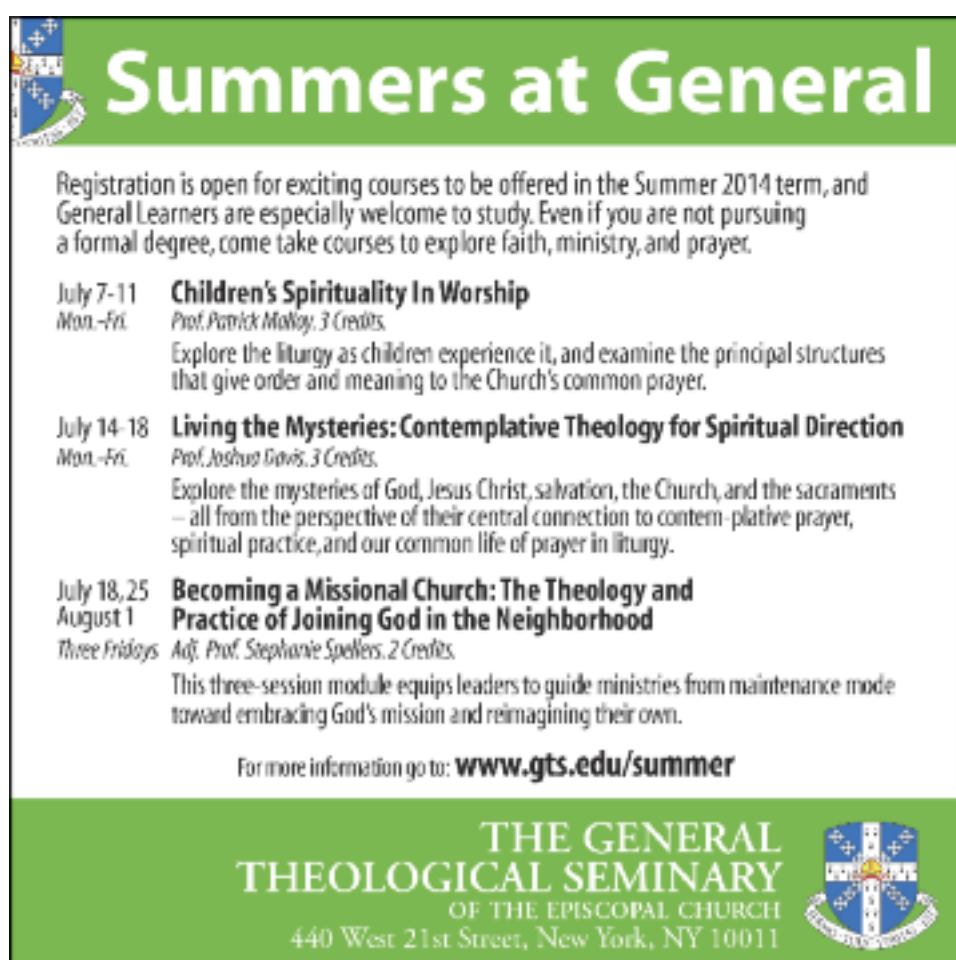
There has been less good work, recently, on the role of the priest. “The Hellenists complained against the Hebrews because their widows were being neglected in the daily distribution of food. And the twelve called together the whole community of the disciples and said, “It is not right that we should neglect the word of God in order to wait on tables” (Acts 6:1-2).

People are still complaining. The world is still complaining. There is desperate need. Work needs to be done. It is being done by those more qualified than us. It would be so easy for us to leave our studies and our prayers to join them in that work.

To do anything else—to call people to any other kind of life, to envision its existence, to perceive our identity as something more than slaves—seems like the work of an idiot.

But it is the work to which we are called. And prayer is the gift we are given. And Scripture is the resource that we have. What the Lord lacks is leaders. Come, let us lead.

Holton is Assistant for Christian Formation at St. Barnabas, Irvington and Director of the “Warriors of the Dream” program in Harlem.



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Transition in the Diocese of New York

By the Rev. Canon Deborah Tammearu

The Acts of the Apostles tells us the story of what may be the very first search process in the church. Judas is dead, and the apostles desire to replace him and restore their number to twelve. Peter, the Search Committee Chair, describes the sort of person they want: it's got to be someone who has been traveling with them and Jesus "all the time" from Jesus' Baptism in the Jordan to the end at Calvary. Luke's account goes on to tell us how this person was chosen:

So they proposed two, Joseph called Barsabbas, who was also known as Justus, and Matthias. Then they prayed and said, "Lord, you know everyone's heart. Show us which one of these two you have chosen to take the place in this ministry and apostleship from which Judas turned aside to go to his own place." And they cast lots for them, and the lot fell on Matthias; and he was added to the eleven apostles. (Acts 1: 23-26)

Two millennia have come and gone, but there is much about that process which works as well now as it did then. Churches still entrust the calling of their priest to committees, and committees still gather to decide what characteristics, spiritual gifts and other capabilities they would like this person to embody and manifest. While I'm pretty confident that lots are no longer drawn to make the final determination, I am very certain that prayer continues to play a vitally important part in the call process.

What the apostles did then, and what we do now, is to respond to the changes in our common lives brought about during a transition in priestly leadership. Change, by its nature, can be startling, upsetting and discombobulating. Even good change (new job, new home, new baby) is stressful. It can be tempting to want to maintain the status quo during a transition, to sit tight until the new priest arrives. But transitions can be times of wonderful revitalization for congregations, when new opportunities for service and ministry can be explored and attempted.

Both the world and the church are different than they were, even just a generation ago. We are experiencing changes on an almost daily basis. In the last decade, we have witnessed more priestly retirements than ordinations. We are watching communities morph dramatically from one sort to another, and churches which once were financially able to sustain a position for a full-time priest now find themselves able to fund and sustain positions which are half-time or less.

What does this mean for us as we face the future together? The changes we are experiencing affect both parishes and priests. As Amos so wisely said, "I am neither a prophet nor the son/daughter of a prophet," and none of us can predict how the Church will look in another generation or two. I believe we may see more bi-vocational priests, priests who have a secular job which provides income, and who also have pastoral care of a small congregation. Another possibility, one which we are already working to bring about, is an area pastorate, where two or more churches work together to share a full-time priest. I hope to see deacons

serving in these pastorates, and I hope to see our younger priests mentored by their more seasoned colleagues, as well. Having served as a shared priest, I can personally speak to the synergistic results of such cooperative arrangements. Our intent is for congregations to thrive, not merely survive, and being faithfully creative as we look ahead will be an important part of our common diocesan life.

Here's another question. How is the Office of Transition Ministry different than the Deployment Office we used to have? Simply put, *deployment* (still used in some dioceses) sounds as though we move priests around our diocese like pieces on a chess board, and we just don't do that. *Transition* acknowledges the changes and opportunities which confront a congregation during an interim time, and addresses them in a more pastoral way.

The Office of Transition Ministry exists to assist congregations while they are in transition, and while that may seem like an obvious thing to say, it is also important to say that neither Bishop Dietsche nor I have a "one size fits all" mentality. What we have is a time-tested and proven process to help congregations in their priestly call discernment. It is an adaptable process, which can be used by any congregation of any size. I view myself as a partner with congregations in transition, a co-worker in Christ, as St. Paul wrote, as I guide the process on behalf of Bishop Dietsche and the diocese, as we seek the best possible priest for every one of our parishes.

The process is clearly a bit more complex now than it was when our faithful forebears drew the lots which resulted in adding Matthias to the apostolic core, reflecting the growth and complexity of the Church herself. The desired result, though, remains the same: the call of the right leader to a community of faith.

Tammearu is the diocese's Canon for Transition Ministry.

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Women Clergy

Forty years ago, on July 29, 1974, following growing pressure over the previous two decades for women to be ordained as priests (and significant conservative counter pressure), eleven women—the Philadelphia Eleven—were “irregularly” ordained to the Episcopal priesthood at the Church of St. Stephen and the Incarnation in Philadelphia. The House of Bishops immediately invalidated these ordinations, and sanctioned the bishops who had presided over them. Nevertheless, in November 1974, again at St. Stephen’s, one of the 11, the Rev. Alison Cheek, became the first Episcopal woman to celebrate the Eucharist publicly; and this was followed in September of 1975 by the “irregular” ordination of a further four women. Less than a year later, the 1976 General Convention formally approved the ordination of women, and in 1977, 69 women were ordained in the Episcopal Church. Here, the Rev. Barbara Crafton, who was ordained in 1980, reflects on her experience as priest.

Learning by Doing *By the Rev. Barbara Crafton*

Women would bring their special sensitivity to the priesthood, we were assured in the days before there were any women priests. We would bring that unique mother-magic we all possessed. We would bring that nurturing softness, the intuitive *je ne sais quoi* women are born with. How could anybody possibly oppose such an obvious good? Easily, it turned out. Many people just couldn’t picture a woman as a priest and didn’t particularly want to try. They felt that way until they actually met one. Some of them continued to feel that way even after that. Some still do, to this day. Some were rude to us publicly, and didn’t even realize they were being rude—*principled*, I think they would have called it instead. But most people hung in there and allowed us to begin, to start learning how to be priests.

And it would not be long before both the hopes and fears about what women priests would be like yielded to actual experience. Not surprisingly, the stereotypes about us were weighed in the balance and found wanting: some women priests were nurturing, and some were not. Some were intuitive, and some were not. Some were good listeners, and some were not. Some were liberal, and some were conservative. Some were skilled administrators and some were not. Like the men who had preceded them in the many centuries of the church’s life, each brought the complexity of a personality and an individual history to the vocation. With women, as with men, it would prove impossible to know *who* we were just by knowing *what* we were.

What strikes me, looking back over the decades since I was ordained a priest in 1980, is how young I was when I started out, how young and how arrogant! I was academically strong, and thought that this fact ensured that I would be a good priest. Not so: being bright makes life interesting, and it can contribute good things to a vocation, but it doesn’t make one. I was musical. I was funny. All these qualities would be real

assets, I was sure. I was a good judge of character, I remember thinking then, not yet having learned the critical importance of assuming nothing about another person. I am embarrassed when I remember my younger self.

A story:

I was still in seminary, in the midst of Clinical Pastoral Education, in which students work as chaplains at a hospital, learning a lot about that work and even more about themselves and how they come across to other people. A man had just died, and I was on duty.

Would I come and speak to his widow, please, in the family waiting room? Of course I would. I knew just what to do. I took my important self to the waiting room, where the bereaved woman sat waiting in the couch.

I was so sorry, I told her. She had lost the companion of many years. I could only imagine how terrible that must be for her, I said, watching for her reaction. She sat there quietly for a moment, her purse in her lap. Then she spoke.

“I’ve hated that man for forty years,” she said. “I’m so glad he’s finally gone.”

Oh,” I said, taken aback. I don’t recall the rest of my response. All I remember is what she taught me, which was to Assume Nothing.

That was so long ago now—34 years. I didn’t know yet how many things about ministry you can’t learn in school. You have to learn them by doing them, over and over. You learn them best the way you learn best about most things, by making mistakes and having to clean up after them. You don’t forget what you learn that way.

Crafton is a priest in the diocese, runs The Geranium Farm, an online institute for the promotion of spiritual growth and practice, and is the author of many books.

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The Order of Urban Missioners

By Patrick Hammer, Jr., OUM

The Order of Urban Missioners was born out of the sometimes difficult and dangerous mission of urban ministry, and meant to be a protection of prayer and confraternity. Its first Covenanting took place in 2000 in Baltimore, in the Peace Chapel of the Cathedral of the Incarnation. Vows were heard by the Diocesan Bishop of Maryland, the Right Reverend Robert W. Ihloff. 27 people, lay and clergy alike, were there, including the founder, our Canon Pastor and vicar of the Congregation of Saint Saviour at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Rev. Canon Victoria (Vicki) Sirota.

In September 2009, the Episcopal Diocese of New York's chapter of the Order began with a Covenanting at our Cathedral. Again, Sirota was there—and she remains the main Convener. The two current Co-Conveners are the Rev. John Farrell and the Rev. Thomas Pellaton.

Sirota based the rule of the order in part on the Benedictine Rule, and in part on London's 19th century Society of Saint Margaret, which was begun by John Mason Neale, who was active in the Oxford Movement. Members of the Order of Urban Missioners wear a visible sign—maybe you have seen our cross within a circle and square, designed by Baltimore artist Deborah Patterson? It is a symbol of our ministry, like Christ's, on the city block, and in the world. The squaring of the circle symbolizes the struggle between the earthly and the heavenly.

My fellow missioners and I have felt the call to urban ministry and believe that our simple rule of spiritual discipline helps us to be faithful to that call. I know it has for me. It is comforting to know a group is praying daily for all our intentions; I, in turn, pray by name for all of them, read and contemplate the Bible daily, and say the Daily Office almost every day. The order's rule centers me in these.

We meet one Saturday a month from September through June in Cathedral House. The day always begins with a shared potluck breakfast. Around the table, we discuss our needs and concerns, especially the challenges of living out the vow we make when we covenant each September. I have been a member of the order for two years. My vow last year was to live in love. This year it has been to find the sacred in the secular. This September I hope to vow “to look, to see, to breathe.”

After our discussion, we have a short meditation by one of our members on a subject ranging from music, to poetry, to the road to sobriety, to church and monastic history. We fall into a Holy Silence after this for a while. When silence is broken we finish any business left undone from earlier, pray within a circle one final time, and usually sing to scurry the demons away. We then head over to the Cathedral to the Chapel of Saint Martin of Tours for Corporate Eucharist at 12:15 p.m. with (you guessed it) one more brief sermon before we part.

I find myself about to take annual vows for the third time this September because it binds me to the discipline I need to pray, meditate, and read scripture daily; but I find myself “signing on” for others reasons too. Great friendships have developed over these years. I have seen people, including myself, transformed and very different from who we were at the start of the year. Tolerance and love for each other is paramount; we have no greater example of that caring



Br. Patrick Hammer, Jr. at the Easter Vigil.

Photo: Hal Weiner, OUM.]

than our own Mother Vicki.

We all have different temperaments and needs, different ministries, different worries and concerns; we are people of all colors, female and male, lay and ordained; we are young and old, straight and gay, cradle Episcopalians and new to the richness and diversity of the Anglican Communion.

Hammer is a member of the Order of Urban Missioners and serves on the vestry of the Cathedral Congregation of Saint Saviour.

To find out more about the Order of Urban Missioners please contact the Rev. Victoria Sirota at vsirota@stjohndivine.org or call 212-316-7456.

The Vocation of the Suffragan Bishop

By the Rt. Rev. Allen K. Shin

Plus photos from the consecration on May 17.



The Bishop Suffragan-Elect before the service.

Photo: Kara Flannery



Bishop Dietsche in the procession.

Photo: Ben Hider

Words cannot express the immense honor and privilege I feel in being called to serve the clergy and people of this great diocese as its Suffragan Bishop. I am humbled by the gift of this awesome ministry entrusted to me, and deeply grateful to so many people who have offered their congratulations and well wishes.

A number of others, however, have been cautious with their congratulations, wondering if the title, “Suffragan,” might imply that I will “suffer instead of the diocesan bishop.” A certain level of suffering is, I am sure, part of this ministry, as Paul admonished his protégé bishop, Timothy, to endure suffering for the sake of the Gospel. But, the word, “suffragan,” in fact comes from the Latin word, *suffraganeus*, which means “supporting” or “assisting.” So as Suffragan Bishop, my role is to support and assist Bishop Dietsche in the oversight of this diocese.

In the ancient church suffragan bishops, called *Chorepiscopi*, were elected or appointed by diocesan or metropolitan bishops to assist them in the oversight of the growing number of churches and their clergy in the minor rural cities. As the church grew in wealth and political power in the Middle Ages, the *Chorepiscopi* fell out of fashion. With their own area jurisdictions, they were often found to be political and economic hindrances to the metropolitans, who sought to keep firm control over the church’s increasing wealth and power.

In England, *Chorepiscopi* were revived by the Suffragan Bishops Act of 1534, which created 26 new suffragan bishoprics. With Henry VIII’s marriage to Ann Boleyn in 1533 and with the seeds of Reformation now fertile in the English soil, it was a clever move engineered by Cranmer, most likely to ensure support for Henry’s reform program. In 1539, with the wealth confiscated from the monasteries which he had destroyed, Henry endowed many episcopal sees, further ensuring their support of his cause.

In the post-Reformation England, the Parliament, which became increasingly secular and Protestant, gradually acted to abolish a number of suffragan bishoprics in the name of efficiency. When the Parliament acted to abolish five suffragan bishoprics in the See of Ireland in 1831, it became an occasion for John Keble’s famous Assize sermon in 1833, called “National Apostasy,” which severely criticized the Parliamentary act as an act of apostasy and inspired a renewal movement, called the Oxford Movement. Then in 1835 John Henry Newman published a short treatise, “The Restoration of Suffragan Bishops,” as a recom-

mendation to reestablish the suffragan bishoprics which the Parliamentary acts had abolished. Today in the Church of England there are sixty-six suffragan bishoprics with geographical oversight.

In the Episcopal Church, suffragan bishops have continued to be elected and deployed, currently numbering about 15. Some dioceses deploy their suffragan bishops with their own geographical oversight, while some others do not. In the Diocese of New York, there have been 10 suffragan bishops before me, traditionally with oversight of the northern region of the diocese. During the time of my predecessor, Bishop Catherine Roskam, this was changed so that she shared the oversight of the entire diocese with Bishop Sisk. Bishop Dietsche has continued that policy, but divided our oversight in terms of committees and programs. I have been given the oversight of the Diocesan Council and some of its commissions and committees such

as Congregational Development Commission, Christian Formation, Campus and young Adult Ministries. I look forward to nurturing the various committees and ministries for God’s mission. I will also share in liturgical duties of the



The Examination.

Photo: Ben Hider



The Laying on of Hands.

Photo: Kara Flannery



The new bishop and his wife are greeted by the people.

Photo: Kara Flannery



Bishop Shin greets his predecessor as Suffragan, Bishop Catherine Roskam.

Photo: Kara Flannery



Former Presiding Bishop Frank T. Griswold III greets the new bishop.

Photo: Kara Flannery



The Bishop Suffragan celebrates his first Eucharist as a bishop.

Photo: Kara Flannery

Bishop, and in the oversight of some congregational issues as they arise.

I feel that this is an exciting time in the life of this diocese, and that I am privileged to share in this journey with Bishop Dietsche and the people of the diocese. Our work in the next few years, as Bishop Dietsche has articulated on several occasions, is to develop a stronger and deeper sense of common mission and a common strategic vision. The journey toward this goal began with the initial diocesan-wide Indaba process, which has created a lot of positive energy and excitement among those who participated. The next phase of that Indaba journey of holy conversation will be rolled out in the fall, and I look forward to taking part.

As I write this article, two weeks have passed since my consecration, and I have four visitations under my belt. Each day has been a mystery unfolding; it has been wonderful and exciting to embrace the unknown. In a Fresh Start session with the priests new to this diocese, someone asked me if I was surprised with my election as Suffragan Bishop. Yes, I was, and I think many people were also. But, if there is one thing I have learned in life, it is that the Holy Spirit always works her grace in surprising and mysterious ways. My job is to remain open to God's surprising grace, and to embrace the wonder of this awesome gift each step of the way.

One of the books I read as I was preparing for the episcopal ministry was "Holy Bishops in Late Antiquity," by Claudia Rapp. This is an interesting study of the evolution of bishops from model Christians to model citizens, as their ministry evolved from that of the ascetical and spiritual authorities in the early church to include the more pragmatic and civic duties in the changing times of the fourth and the fifth centuries. Yet Rapp concludes that the way "that these career bishops are depicted in the hagiographical medium confirms the enduring appeal of the spiritual and ascetic underpinnings of the episcopal role, even in a changing world."

I would go even further, and say that it is precisely the spiritual and ascetic underpinnings of their episcopate that kept the bishops focused on the mission of the Gospel and thereby holding together the church in turmoil during this period. In just two centuries, from 325 to 553, five ecumenical councils were held to settle the most fundamental theological issues of faith. The late antique bishops engaged in these debates, which turned shamefully ugly and violent at times, not so much for their political ambitions and civic duties but out of their profound concern for salvation and their faithfulness to Jesus Christ. I pray for even a small grain of such faith and spiritual grounding in these changing times.

In conclusion, I would like to quote from the sermon that Bishop Griswold preached at my consecration, which sums up for me the spirituality of the episcopal ministry I would like to practice. "My experience has been that the more elaborate your title, the more you put on externally, the more you are obliged to take off within. And, the higher you ascend in the eyes of others, the more you are invited to descend into the truth of your own poverty, and to acknowledge your weaknesses before God. Let us ponder on this day of celebration that perhaps this interior stripping is the most hidden and precious invitation and gift of episcopé."

Shin was consecrated Suffragan Bishop of New York on May 17.



The recession.

Photo: Kara Flannery

Service First *By the Rev. Deacon William Cusano*

What would happen if I wiped the slate totally clean, tossed out all the assumptions, removed all my preconceptions, ignored the voice of reason, and listened for God's voice? What would I hear?

The first thing that comes to mind is, "Peace be with you."

Another way to say that is, "Do not be afraid."

The other day, a group of us got together for dinner and the topic of time came up. Each of us had an example to share of how our children seem to be held prisoner to their jobs, having no time when they are not contacted and on call. They have no time to stop and listen, to be at peace; and they are always afraid of losing what they have.

That is a terrible way to live. I know, because I was living that way until the inevitable happened and I lost my job.

As I dutifully worked through the process of preparing my resume, assessing my strengths and identifying my skills, I realized something. I wasn't as passionate as I thought I had been about the job to which I had devoted so much of my time in the past. It was as though a voice was whispering to me and the message was to look elsewhere.

In my five-year plan, my look ahead to where I thought I could best apply my skills, I listed a desire to do something in ministry. I had never seen that as an option before, and I certainly didn't see how I could do it full time.

I was already involved in a prison ministry called Kairos Outside, and was completing a four year course in Christian ministry called EfM (Education for Ministry). I served as a lay Eucharistic minister in my church and had led our outreach committee for several years. But there was something missing. I was passionate about all of these things and continue to stay involved to this day, one year after my ordination as a deacon.

So, what is different?

The difference lies in the way I look at my life and my life's work. I am still work-

ing at growing my business, something that began with a dream seven years ago, and is evolving in new ways all the time; and I am still very involved in Kairos, helping to spread the word of God's love to more and more women impacted by incarceration; and I am now a mentor of an EfM group that I started two years ago. So, you could say that being called to ordained ministry has not changed things much, but it has in a big way.

For the past year, I have been actively serving as the deacon at St. James' Church, Fordham in the Bronx, a wonderful 160 year old Tiffany gem that is overflowing with a blend of tradition and hospitality that extends from the heart and embraces all who enter. What I have come to see more clearly than I could when I was trying to fit my service in ministry into what little time was left in a hectic work week was that I had my priorities all wrong.

This is what comes first. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added onto you.

In January, we began an experiment at St. James. We knew that there was a segment of our population, including members of the congregation, who were in need. We started the Elijah Project to teach new employable skills, the first of which is video production. The goal was to create an apprenticeship program that would be geared toward outreach. We gather and share a meal, work on our projects and then take donations of canned and dry goods out to people who are shut-in or in need. By April, we signed our first paying client, bringing money to the church's outreach program.

By putting my passion for serving first, my eyes have been opened to new ways to combine work and ministry, creating a vocation from an occupation. Sure, the struggles and the uncertainties are still there, preying on my thoughts, but when they surface, I think of the words "Peace be with you," and I regain my focus.

Cusano is deacon on staff at St. James' Church, Fordham in the Bronx.

Vocation and Ministry— From Vision to Reality *By the Rev. Deacon Denise LaVetty*

For some, vocation is a clear-cut path and an obvious road to follow. But for most of us, the recognition and acceptance of vocation is a dark corridor of unknowing, an unidentified void, the unease of a job unfinished.

For me, this feeling of incompleteness permeated my life. My struggles and frustration with it led me to look at things in a more tactile and visual manner. Instead of thinking of what I wanted to do with the rest of my life, I began thinking in terms of "What do I want my life to look like?" And, of course, "What does God want my life to look like?" It may seem simplistic and it is! But when we are too far in the weeds and can't seem to think clearly about what our vocation is and what ministries that vocation, lay or ordained, entails, this imagery can help.

I saw myself serving God by serving others. I wanted to be present for others in moments of need, grief, and even joy. I wanted to bring new ideas to others to open doors for them to feel more participative in their own faith and ministries. I wanted to study and better understand not just the surface elements of our faith but to look under the hood and see how it all came together and what keeps it working—and to bring that knowledge to others.

Once I had this picture clear, the next step was to discover how that could best be accomplished for me. Should I pursue this role as a lay person, or in an ordained ministry? This launched the inevitable "discernment process" which begins very privately—a kind of pre-discernment—as you think and imagine the



Deacon LaVetty at the altar of Ecclesia Ministries with the Rev. Canon K. Jeanne Person.

Photo: Gene Bourquin.

possibilities; then you begin to articulate to others—perhaps it’s a close friend initially, perhaps it’s your Rector—but whoever it is, once you begin to speak of it, the train has pretty much left the station.

I’ve been serving as deacon for St. John’s Church in the Village since my ordination in 2011. I am also the deacon for Ecclesia Ministries in Madison Square Park, and last year, I was privileged to be appointed Interim Head of the Diaconal Formation Program for our Diocese.

I was even more blessed as I became familiar with my first class of postulants, who were all in their second year of the three-year process. Their enthusiasm, their sense and certainty of ministry, was an inspiration. Since as we grow and as situations change we must continually discern not only calling, but where that calling is leading us, I asked them to visualize what their future diaconate would look like. “What do I look like as a deacon?” “Where am I going, what am I doing, and who’s around me?”

Charles Simmons, diocesan Canon for Ministry, and I asked the postulants to summarize the past year of formation and present their reflections to us during our final session of the semester. Their comments were deeply inspiring and it was an absolute joy to see their transformation. Here are some of their thoughts.

Postulant Shirley Lawson relates her learning this past semester with the “Road to Emmaus” passage in Luke, “*Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road to Emmaus, while he was opening the scriptures to us?*” She reflected on the richness of the instruction she received and how the Deacon’s ministry is an “...Icon of service...always open to where the need is.” Her Clinical Pastoral Training module left her with a strong sense of “...the sacred gift of being instruments of God’s love to people in need.”

Postulant John Wirenius connected his second year of formation with the “Strait Gate and the Narrow Way” of Matthew 7:13-14, saying he finds himself “...consistently surprised by what a growing process it is. We are constantly called to challenges that are, at first glance, intimidating, but when we try to enter that “strait gate” and take it into ‘the narrow way,’ the grace of God supports us.” He expressed the privilege of being present to families in crisis during his Clinical Pastoral Training, recognizing that “...it wasn’t me, it was God, working through His Church. I just had the honor—the sometimes scary honor—of being the worker to answer the call that hour, that day.”

Postulant Br. Luis Antonio Rivera-Rivera, faced health challenges this past semester yet was not deterred. He shared that he really needed to “...give it all to God,” and that as St. Theresa stated, we should “Let nothing disturb thee, nothing dismay thee, all things pass, God never changes.” Instead of considering his unique challenges a burden, he viewed them as “a non-traditional learning” which only served to enhance “...the traditional and formal diaconal formation program.” Luis sees his formation as a “...progressive transformation of myself...a gratifying, humbling and spiritually rewarding process, a discovery process into the greatness of serving, of becoming a visible and intentional instrument for Christ’s kingdom on earth.”

For these three exceptional postulants, the formation goes on, the transformation continues; and for them and all of us, the question must always be “Who do I want to be?”, “Who does God want me to be?” Consider the possibilities!

LaVetty is deacon on staff at St. John’s in the Village, deacon for Ecclesia Ministries, and interim head of the diocese’s diaconal formation program.

Religious Communities in Today’s World

Br. Robert Sevensky, OHC

Recently addressed an ecumenical gathering of European religious—Roman Catholic, Orthodox, Anglican, Lutheran, Reformed. Assembled on the banks of Vistula River outside Krakow, Poland, the fifty delegates explored the challenges and opportunities facing traditional religious orders in a changing world.

I discovered that the dynamics that shape our American religious scene characterize much of Europe as well. Indeed, the pull toward secularism is more pronounced in many European countries, both those that enjoy an advanced standard of living as well as those that, after decades of Communist repression, have in large part lost their religious moorings.

Over the centuries, religious faith has become a matter of personal choice. And now, increasingly, that choice has taken the shape of becoming what sociologists call “None.” That is, more and more people, especially young people, no longer identify with any particular faith tradition or institutional expression. Currently, about one in three Americans under the age of thirty falls into this category, and the ratio is only likely to increase.

But this in no way implies that such people are uninterested in spiritual questions or activities. In fact the vast majority report believing in God; forty percent report praying or meditating regularly. Far from being opposed to the spiritual quest or uninterested in spiritual practices, we have become a nation of seekers. Faced with this development, religious communities like the Order of the Holy Cross have a significant ministry to offer.

Religious communities provide a welcoming, non-judgmental space for times of quiet, education or sabbatical. Each year literally thousands come to Holy Cross

Monastery in the Hudson Valley seeking time away, time out. They come for spiritual direction and counsel. They come to ask questions or to simply be and let the wind of the Spirit blow where it wills.

Seekers discover here a place where “technologies of the Spirit” can be explored. They are invited to experience methods of prayer or meditation. They enter into the Great Silence. They participate in the daily round of liturgical worship without being asked prematurely to commit themselves to an institution or even to the faith.

People come looking for a rule or pattern of living that will ground them in holiness, often expressed in a desire for balance in the midst of the hectic pace and demands of contemporary living. Some 800 Associates of Holy Cross worldwide witness to this.

Young people come seeking models of Christian community, of life together rooted in Christ and engaged in the world. People tell us they find Christ in our community life. Our prayer is that they leave better able to see Christ in the parish, the classroom, the workplace, the home.

The Order of the Holy Cross was founded in the Diocese of New York in 1880. In addition to Holy Cross Monastery, we have communities in Toronto and Santa Barbara, and in Grahamstown, South Africa, where we operate a school for the rural poor of the Eastern Cape. Our brothers work in a variety of settings in and outside the monastery. We join with similar communities throughout the diocese and the world in cooperating with God’s surprising creativity in renewing lives and transforming society, culture and Church.

Sevensky is Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross.



Eucharist at Holy Cross Monastery, West Park.

Photo:Community of the Holy Cross.

Another Way *By Brother Robert Magliula, OHC*

When the word “vocation” is used in church circles, it most often refers to the ordained ministry. Yet Christian monastic vocations have been around since the second century. For the first 500 years, that vocation was primarily a lay calling. As with all calls, a monastic vocation is but one way of living out our baptismal covenant. It is not something added to our nature, but is its most complete expression.

Unlike the call that leads to setting apart a person by ordaining them to a specific ministry within the Church, the monastic call is harder to define. It’s like trying to describe why you love someone. The longing, yearning, seeking—which is persistent and personal—is very specific, and nothing else will satisfy it. A monastic vocation is a response to that deep desire for God and God’s desire for us that we all have within us. Love of God and others is the aim of the monastic life, its very essence. As we grow into the image of God as the beloved and come to know and respond to God’s love for us, this increasingly makes sense only in terms of a radical Gospel living.

I recall a sermon preached at a brother’s profession years ago. The preacher asked why one would take such a step. His response was that some people have a worse case of this desire than others, and just can’t help themselves. At the time, I thought it was the best explanation I had ever heard of what was going on for me. Often the call comes in our youth. But unless we have had contact with monks or nuns, we

are without the vocabulary to name it. In the Episcopal Church exposure to monasticism remains rare.

Humans are relational beings. Only in relationship do we know and become ourselves. The Rule of St. Benedict situates the individual search for God within a communal context that shapes as well as supports the quest. For Benedict, the community is not simply the place where one seeks God, but is itself the vehicle for encountering God.

The vow we profess as Benedictines is threefold: Obedience, Stability, and Conversion of our way to the monastic way. The latter includes common ownership, depending on the community for all our needs, and celibacy, making Christ our primary relationship from which all other relationships flow. Rather than a restriction or limitation, this becomes one great affirmation. The vow invites us to face three basic demands if we are to seek God: to listen, not to run away, and to be open to change. Monastic formation is a unique, life-long journey. It is sustained in the interaction with our truest self, with God, and with others.

Monastics live at the heart of the Church and the world, not only for their own sake but also to invite others to come themselves to a deep heart, to come to the center of their own being, to the Source of all, and be a channel of that life in the world.

Magliula is a member of the Order of the Holy Cross.

Theological Education—It's for Everyone

By the Very Rev. Kurt H. Dunkle



General Theological Seminary: “serves the baptized in *all* of their vocations.” Photo:Wikipedia.

On Ascension Day in Inverness, Scotland, while on a recent family trip, I heard the Episcopal bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness preach at a young lady's confirmation. He recounted his own confirmation preparation as a youth, remembering his parish priest's instructions on the purpose of altar candles. “They're the ‘landing lights’ for the Holy Spirit” he remembered from his classes. Naturally, the congregation laughed; oddly, he didn't.

It made me think about what happens at church, and how we prepare the flock for ministry—but more how we prepare it for vocation. Sure, I heard his sermon, which used his recollection as a jumping off point for a talk about mission and ministry as they relate to a new confirmand. But I couldn't help wondering about those “landing lights,” and how they guide us in vocation.

When I was a parish priest, the first thing people thought about when they felt God's call on their lives was to leave their current profession and become a priest. I would listen and poke and prod, ultimately asking about their baptism. My approach always ended with an analogy of a pizza pie.

“In baptism,” I would say, “you receive the whole pizza pie of ministry in the church with a little, teeny, tiny slice removed: absolving sin, blessing things and people, and consecrating bread and wine at the Eucharist. Everything else is fully

available to you in baptism.” My parting assignment was always the same: pray about how you need that little, teeny, tiny slice to fully live into God's call to you.

Most—but not all—never pursued ordination. All it took was a prod to open their eyes to the fullness which God calls forth in all of us. It really is applicable for all types of vocations: true, life-giving, world enhancing vocations. Like being an investment banker; or a magazine reporter; or a kindergarten aide: You know, the kind of vocations which God calls us to. Seriously.

How would God run an investment bank? He would want to, by the way! Have you ever seen an economy without access to capital? It's utterly crushing. The Christian question, therefore, is not whether to *have* investment banks and bankers but rather how they *act*. Don't we want the baptized involved in those decisions?

How would the Church staff and run newspapers and magazines? Not just churchy ones, but the financial press—or yachting magazines? Would we design them to enable people, and to promote justice in all quarters? Would life be richer and fuller if publishing was led by the baptized? How would Jesus be as a kindergarten aide? Well, you get the point.

I'm still making that same inquiry, but now with a different audience: an entire institution designed to educate and train priests. For 197 years, right in the heart of the Diocese of New York, General Seminary has been the Episcopal Church's primary training spot for Episcopal priests and bishops. But General, along with all seminaries in North America affiliated with any mainline denomination, has seen a decrease in the numbers of priests we are called to train. Yet our mission remains strong because we are not exclusively focused on that very narrow slice of the pizza pie.

General Seminary serves the baptized in *all* of their vocations. Would that investment banker be a better banker with a course or two of theology under her belt? Would writers, editors and publishers be better writers, editors and publishers in this Kingdom on Earth if they had a deeper appreciation of the Psalms and the Gospels? How would that kindergarten aide eat from the buffet of a little liturgical training and use it to enhance play time for his students?

None of these vocational enhancements needs to end in a degree. But they all end with a better world. The usual suspects for seminary education are not the “usual suspects” any more. General students don't *necessarily* come with a white collar in their future. Theological education, whether with an intentional degree in mind or just a class or two, is for *everyone*. It's for the Kingdom.

Now, about those “landing lights”...

Vocations of serving Christ in the world, whether as ordained clergy or as the banker, writer, or kindergarten aide, are all enhanced by theological thinking, education, and training. There is no question that a better prepared Body will change lives. But those same vocations, exercised within the larger group of individuals called the *Church*—that place where the Holy Spirit works most powerfully—can change the *world*.

During that good Scottish Ascension Day sermon I was so intrigued by the “landing lights” analogy that my mind wandered. I wonder—what if those lights really defined a take-off zone? I suspect, in fact, that this vocational stuff is all about engaging the landing... and preparing for the take-off.

Dunkle is Dean and President of The General Theological Seminary.

The 2014 Mockingbird Conference Asks ‘Can You See the Real Me?’

By Melina Luna Smith

Is there any question that occupies more of our time and energy than ‘Who am I?’ No matter where we are in life, regardless of our religious leanings, the search for—and maintenance of—an identity seems to be as fundamental as it is irresolvable.

A few months ago, the parish of Calvary St. George’s in Manhattan hosted an event exploring the topic from a variety of different perspectives: the 7th annual Mockingbird Conference.

The three-day gathering has been taking place at St. George’s Church every spring since Mockingbird Ministries was founded there in June, 2007. The conference is just one way that the organization pursues its mission of “connecting the realities of everyday life with the Christian faith in fresh and down-to-earth ways.”

In addition to such events, Mockingbird hosts a popular blog (www.mbird.com) and runs an ongoing publishing initiative—*Grace in Addiction* and *The Mockingbird Devotional* being two recent examples. They also recently debuted a print magazine called *The Mockingbird* that explores the intersection of faith and culture with playfulness and curiosity.

But back to the recent event, at which Mockingbird enlisted seven quite disparate identities to do the heavy lifting: an English novelist/professor (Francis Spufford), a moral psychologist at NYU & TED speaker (Jonathan Haidt), a columnist/cartoonist at the *New York Times* (Tim Kreider), a children’s book author (Sally Lloyd-Jones), a



The Rev. Jacob Smith with Bishop Dietsche at the Mockingbird Conference.

Photo: Mockingbird Ministries.

Reformation historian (Ashley Null), an Episcopal minister (Paul Walker), and the Director of Mockingbird (David Zahl).

In addition to the main speakers, the conference included specialized breakout sessions on topics as diverse as church history, literature, television, mental health, parenting and romance. Nothing was off limits! Fortunately, Mockingbird does more than just feed the mind and soul—one of the hallmarks of the event is the delicious meals and ‘table fellowship’ that the attendees enjoy each evening.

The overall hope of the event was to convey a little of what speaker Francis Spufford describes in his new book

Unapologetic, the notion that “Christianity is recognizable, in ordinary human terms—made up of the shared emotions

of ordinary adult life, rather than taking place in some special and simple-minded zoo.” Whether or not they succeeded remains to be seen—but thanks to the wonders of the Internet, you can judge for yourself! Mockingbird has made all of the sessions available for free download on their website (www.mbird.com).

Perhaps it’s foolish to give away such rich content, or perhaps that’s just... who they are.

Smith is a board member of Mockingbird Ministries and a member of the Calvary St. George’s Church in Manhattan.

Learning to Minister

By Donna Devlin

After being in Education for Ministry (EfM) for two years, I couldn’t wait to become certified as a mentor. I knew that was what I wanted, and I felt that it truly was a call to me, beyond my basic “wanting” it.

In due time, I was certified, and I began recruiting for my own group. I reached out to all the churches in my town, especially the Lutherans. There was interest, but there was never one night when six interested people could commit to meeting for the necessary length of time. For the next four years, the results were always the same—and I began to doubt that I’d really heard the call to mentor, of which I’d earlier been so sure. Then one October, I was asked to take over a long-standing EfM group that had just lost its mentor—and one and a half weeks after that, to take on another group whose mentors were not able to continue.

Seven years later, both groups are still strong and faithful. In my life there have been some hard times—the death of my husband and loss of my home: without the support and ministry of each of those groups, I hate to think of how much harder that road would have been. They knew how to minister, and did they ever!

Each of the two group is profoundly different—geographically, gender-wise, economically, philosophically, theologically—often at opposite ends of the spectrum. But through the EfM structure, they have all been able to dig deep, and to bring out a larger, more whole understanding of themselves and of their ministry, without ever putting the name “ministry” to their experience.

Members of one group say that for them, EfM is an affirmation of their baptismal vows; it is Eucharistic; it is a group of strangers realizing that they are no longer strangers, but close friends and more. One says there is a connectedness one to the other; another finds that it brings a feeling of completeness. One says that being in EfM has made it possible to believe that she can be part of passing something worthwhile

along to another generation; another says that to him EfM is the body of Christ. A new single foster mom has found that through the new material this year, she is able not only to understand the mechanism of theological reflection (TR), but to use it in her everyday life with her work and her boys. Each week, she shares her personal TR with us as she digs into the readings.

The following is an edited excerpt from the graduation sermon given by a recent EfM graduate:

For me, one of many qualities that have been so gratifying about my EfM learning experience is that it is a process never quite perfected—but a truly continuing education—much like mature life, God willing, can be. “Thinking theologically” is a profound way to recognize and resonate with what comes our way in the secular and spiritual realms.

We can often emerge with more questions than answers—ones that we put to ourselves as well as the ones put to us—and that’s not only fine, but rewarding. It brings light-bringing gifts of grace, and a deeper perspective—one that even “know it all” scholars, such as I am wont to be, recognize as God always knowing better than we do ourselves where we need to be, and what He is asking us to do in order to be in accordance with His love and His challenges for us, even though those things may be unclear at the time. It is our recognition of dependence on His Will in our life events that can bring the comfort and clarity of purpose that we are seldom just “going it alone.”

As I understand ministry, these students, past and present, really do “get it.” They show what EfM is all about.

Devlin is director of Christian education/formation for Children’s Ministries at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and an EfM mentor.

Cursillo: Not a Retreat, but a Renewal

By Kathleen Munroe

I “made” my Cursillo, as we say, 28 years ago, in October 1986. That means I went to NY Cursillo #28, a three day renewal weekend—not a retreat by any means! As a conservative cradle Episcopalian, I was a bit afraid that I was about to be sucked into a cult, but my rector had gone, as had some good friends in the parish, and all highly recommended it. I felt that my spiritual life needed a boost, so I was willing to give it a try.

It was an exciting, emotional, and fun filled weekend, that sent me home a changed person. Cursillo is often described as “an encounter with Christ,” and it certainly was for me. It had taken the words of the teachings and given them flesh. I found I heard the Gospel in a whole new way, as if it was being spoken just to me. I felt that I was ready and able to take on the promises made for me in baptism and by me in confirmation. I had been involved in parish life before this, but now I saw it as the lay ministry it truly was, and not just nice, social, volunteer work.

One of the main goals of Cursillo is to create and strengthen Christian leaders in their churches, families and workplaces. It is a weekend of teaching, prayer, fellowship and love, that sends us out empowered to “do the work we have been given to do.” We are supported by the power of the Holy Spirit, which is so actively at work within the Cursillo movement. And we are supported in our ministry by the tools given to us on Cursillo, by group reunion and Ultreya—times of meeting with brothers and sisters in Christ to share our journey, our goals, and our joys and sorrows. This networking keeps us focused and feeds us!

About five years after I went, my husband George decided that I was the one having all the fun and it had something to do with “that Cursillo weekend.” He was finally interested! George made *his* Cursillo on NY#45, and for the next 22 years we worked together for the Lord with renewed purpose, both for Cursillo and in our parish, and in the world. Cursillo also strengthened our marriage and our faith life together.

George’s lay ministry became Teens Encounter Christ (TEC), a youth movement

in the diocese; he was an adult chaperone for the national Episcopal Youth Event; we both became active in a midnight run ministry in our parish, and have remained so for over 20 years. In my own parish, St. Mary’s Mohegan Lake, I have been a lay Eucharistic minister, altar guild director, vestry member and warden, among other things. I have served on NY Episcopal Cursillo Secretariat, which is the governing board of Cursillo, for almost 20 years, because I truly believe in and support the ministry it offers. Both George and I ran Cursillo weekends, and have served on many teams, hoping to share with others the wonderful loving experience we had. I currently manage a prayer request site for all NY Cursillistas.

Undoubtedly the best gift of all from Cursillo is the many hundreds of friends we have made all over the diocese, people we never would have met any other way. This was particularly evident to me in the love poured out by the many friends from all reaches of our diocese who attended George’s funeral last year.

When I hear Cursillo spoken of as a secret society, or hear of churches that don’t want it in their parish, I am saddened that those parishes and their people are losing out on the gifts

Cursillo can bring to a parish family. Although I have always been a joiner, Cursillo gave me a sense of ministry, and the spirit and the strength to carry it out. Cursillo showed me that I can work for the Lord in many ways, and that everything we do should be to the glory of the Lord. Cursillo gave me a desire to study and read, to learn, and share my gifts; and the assurance that I will always be part of a Christian community. De Colores!

Munroe is a member of St. Mary’s Church, Mohegan Lake.

For information about Cursillo visit www.nycursilloepiscopal.com



The Lifeblood of Ministry

By Myriam Choate

I work for the educational programs at San Andres Episcopal Church in Yonkers. I am not a priest; my parents are. The distinction is important, because growing up, it was the difference between having to be at church once a week and choosing to be at church all week. I saw “ministry” as something my parents did with their clergy friends. Now that I am “at church” six to seven days a week, I’m pausing to re-examine my role at church—my role in ministry. When there is only one priest in the building, some must wonder when is “ministry” happening? Always.

As an Episcopalian, I see the purpose in my work with children being tied to the message of the Gospel, and in the imperative to “Do justice.” It is not always so easy to see after school programming or summer camp as ministry, perhaps

because there are programs all over the place with no association to church; but each lay person who gets involved, forms relationships, and gives even just an hour of time, is doing ministry. As with our educational programs, our Food Pantry is operated by lay persons, and notably, members of our immediate surrounding community—the very same people for whom this pantry is vitally necessary. You begin to strip away the notion that “ministry” means helping those less fortunate, and come to realize we all have needs, and we can all help.

For years I have been asked, “So, when are you getting ordained?” The answer is still never. That’s always been a funny way to profess my independence from the “family business,” but in truth, I never need to be ordained to feel empowered for ministry. I like the idea that Martin Luther posited way back when: the priesthood

of all believers. We are all the Body and we are all the Hands. As the Body, we have cares, joys, and needs. As the Hands, we nourish the body, feeding it with the work we are each able to do to meet those needs, calm those cares, and celebrate our joys.

I have come to see the work of the laity as the lifeblood of outreach and ministry, especially when it is the product of partnerships with communities and individuals whose calling to serve does not come from scripture. In our educational programs, we have three teachers, two amazing weekly volunteers who are former teachers from a partner church, and some thirty Sarah Lawrence College students, devoting their time and love to our program. The Sarah Lawrence vol-

unteers have unique opportunities to build consistent relationships with our students, tutoring them, reading to them, or playing with them. Our priest, my mother, once told a group of Sarah Lawrence students, "I don't know what your personal beliefs or non-beliefs may be, but I want you to know that I see your presence and your work here as ministry. I thank God for each of you." I agree with her sentiment entirely.

Choate is the director of the after school program at Iglesia San Andres in Yonkers.

Together in Unity *By the Rev. Patti Welch*

When I was in middle school, I owned one of those Bibles where all the words of Jesus were printed in red. Remember them? Did you ever own one?

At 12, I was a firm believer that if the words were printed red, then there was no question about it, Jesus said them. And let me tell you, I grew passionate about those words in red. In my 8th grade English class I was given the assignment to write a persuasive speech. I chose the red lettered words of Jesus found in the 14th chapter of John as the basis for my argument; "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." My point? If you didn't believe this to be the absolute literal no-kidding about it truth, you were doomed. Period. These were red letter words after all!

Not very much later, I was invited by my teacher to record books for the blind during class time, sequestered by myself for the remainder of the semester in a quiet room adjacent to the school library. In retrospect, I know perfectly well why I was removed from the class. But at the time it didn't dawn on me how intolerant my speech had been to my class peers, many of whom included students of the Jewish and Hindu faith, or for that matter, were agnostic or atheist. Interestingly, I don't remember having a conversation about it. If one took place, it didn't have much impact on me or perhaps more likely, I wasn't open to hearing what was being said.

It may seem ironic that today I work as a chaplain for an Episcopal school for children of all faiths. On the other hand, perhaps I'm a bit like St. Paul, except that my conversion wasn't to the Christian faith, but to the recognition of the many paths to God. The passion I feel for educating my students in world religions, giving voice to their beliefs or non-beliefs, and creating space to ask questions of meaning and purpose, arose, in part, because of my middle school years as a zealot



Cathedral School students at the Bhakti Center, where the worship of Krishna and Radha is practiced. Photo: Cathedral School.

for Christianity. When it finally dawned on me how judgmental and sanctimonious my behavior had been in those middle school years, I vowed to do my part in opening the hearts and minds of those I teach to the value and beauty of the world's diverse faith traditions. At the Cathedral School it is our tradition to dip apples in honey on Rosh Hashana and wish one another a "sweet new year." On Nirvana Day, we practice a Buddhist Metta meditation for world peace. And the teaching stories of the Sufi character, Mullah Nasrudin, are a favorite of my middle-schoolers. Together we learn from one another so that we may evolve into a more perfect humanity that reflects the vast and eternal love and shalom of God.

Welch is the chaplain of the Cathedral School.

A Funny Thing Happened . . .

By Helen Goodkin

...on the way to studying the Bible. I found a ministry as a teacher: granted, a part-time, itinerant teacher, but a teacher nonetheless. I do this mostly on Sundays, in churches around New York, with folks who share my passion for understanding Jesus of Nazareth and the world and culture in which he lived.

My decision, 14 years ago, to go to seminary was a very “me” centered thing. I had become fascinated with the Gospels, and needed desperately to put them into context, to develop for *myself* some understanding (I will never *fully* understand) of the story of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, from the exodus to Jesus’ death and resurrection, from the warnings of the prophets to the theology of the epistles. Jesus, Moses, Abraham, Mary and Martha, Paul: Who were these people, and what are they saying today?

When I started seminary, I was “of a certain age”; terrified does not begin to describe how I felt about re-entering the classroom—and I had no idea what I would do next. My kids had graduated, and I was lucky enough to have the luxury of two years of uninterrupted study of the Bible, including Greek and Hebrew.

Little did I suspect that along the way, some folks would find that I helped to open up the Bible for them, to demystify things, to overcome fear and puzzlement, to place Biblical stories in the context of history—especially that of first century Roman Palestine. Because I had worked in healthcare and with disabled individuals, the healing and miracle stories took on special meaning; because I had spent

time in the Middle East, I brought insights into the culture and customs of that area. The enigma of Jesus’ parables provided fertile ground for struggling with what Jesus’ words mean today.

So, on many Sunday mornings, often in Lutheran and Methodist Churches as the Holy Spirit has led me, you will find me and fellow Christians reading the Bible together and struggling with its contexts, ancient and modern. As one participant so graciously e-mailed, “Often teachers try to ‘pin’ the moral of a parable down to an encapsulated maxim...you helped us to open them up to renewed meaning, to explore the possibilities and contradictions within the text...your work enriched us and challenged us to...revisit Luke, to discover new ways of living and learning within a life of faith.”

The catechism teaches that the first order of ministry is the laity, whose role is to bear witness and to use our gifts to carry on Christ’s work in the world. If, through sharing my study of the Bible with small groups and through my writing, I can do that for just one person every time I present, I am practicing a ministry that expands the Kingdom of God...little by little. And, as the faith of others is enriched and stretched, I find blessing and enrichment for myself as well.

Goodkin is a member of the Church of the Epiphany, Manhattan, where she serves on the vestry. You can email her at belengoodkin@att.net, if you would like to learn more.

The enigma of Jesus’ parables provided fertile ground for struggling with what Jesus’ words mean today.

Being Willing to Say “Yes”

By the Rev. Mary Cat Young

I was 14 years old when I first floated aloud the possibility that “I might be a priest when I grow up.” At the time, I didn’t think of it as a conversation about vocation, just a possibility I was willing to entertain. But the friends who were in that circle all seemed to think that this possibility seemed fitting. I hadn’t said the words to be shocking to anyone, but as they all nodded their heads affirmatively, I was the one shocked at the realization that my musing might actually mean something. I kept quiet about this question for some time after that day, but began listening more deeply to the impulse that had caused me to speak, and for God’s affirmation that this might be asked of me.

After college I made the decision to test the waters of ministry, accepting a position as youth minister in a congregation and working with parents and youth to deepen our relationships with Christ and one another. The first week I was in the job, my new rector and boss asked how long I might stay before heading off to seminary. Once again, I was the one who was surprised at someone naming this potential in me, while I was still pondering the question. I worked hard for three years doing the work I felt called to do, loving the community I was called to serve in and

listening for God to reveal the next invitation to say “Yes” to.

Attending seminary far from home and answering my first call to ordained ministry even further from home, I had the experience again and again of finding myself right in the community I needed to be in, serving the people in particular places, in ways that felt unique to me, my gifts, my skills, my growing edges, my successes. I found myself doing and being an embodiment of priesthood in a way that I could not have imagined in that first musing, but which affirmed that I had stumbled upon, and said yes to an invitation that truly was mine.

My sense of vocation comes from a place of being able to be authentically and fully me, the person I was made to be. I am a person who cares, who serves, who loves, who sometimes misses, but more often truly connects. It took years of listening, discerning and being willing to say yes to the possibility that yes indeed, I will become a priest when I grow up, after all.

Young is the chaplain of Canterbury Downtown and the diocese’s liaison for young adults.

A Commitment to Caring *By John Talty*

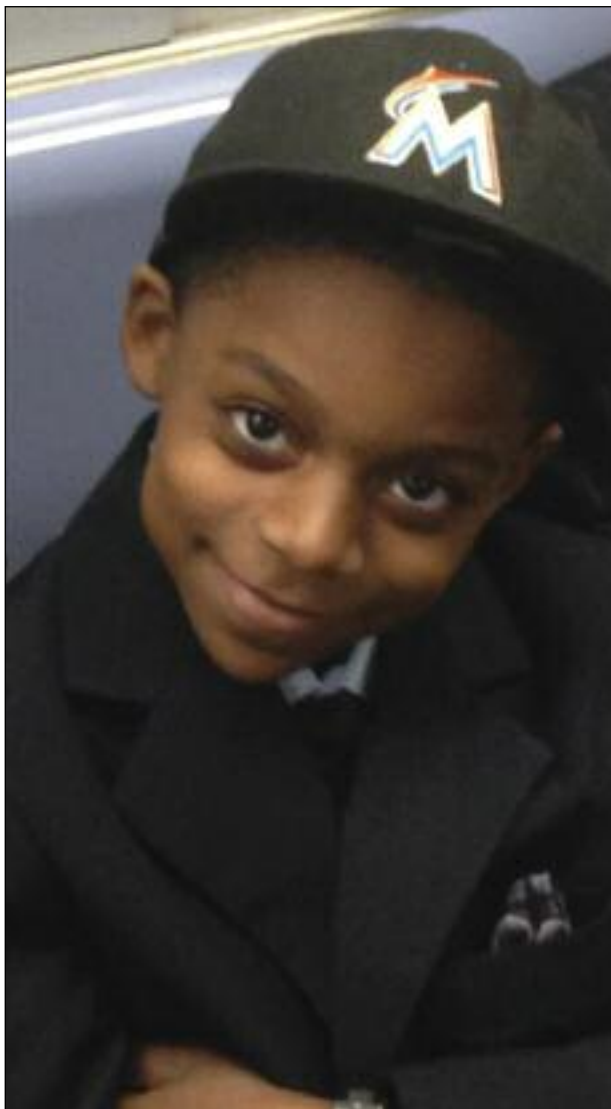
My wife Adèle and I had our four children baptized in the Episcopal Church because we wanted them to become members of a family where somebody will always be looking out for them. From the time they were babies, our kids knew God's care through the ministry of their Christian family. And watching that happen, I felt so strongly that every human being deserves to grow up and grow old in the embrace of a caring community. The promises made in baptism speak to that. Baptism marks us not only as humans who deserve care, but as ministers who are responsible to extend compassionate care to others.

Nowhere is such care more evident than in the lay-led outreach ministries of our parishes. As the president of Episcopal Charities, I've had the opportunity to visit many of the 99 parish-based outreach programs we support. In every corner of our diocese, I've been privileged to witness profound acts of caring, and the glow of human connection. Lives change when we live up to our baptismal commitment to one another, our promise to love our neighbors as ourselves. One very recent story comes particularly to mind:

Jey is a third grader who has been a student at the Washington Heights Choir School (WHCS), a free afterschool music enrichment program offered at Holyrood Church in Upper Manhattan. Born to a homeless, crack-addicted mother, he's been raised by his grandmother. She has worked hard to give him a good life. Incidentally, she's been helped in this not only by WHCS at Holyrood, but by emergency feeding programs like the food pantry at St. Bartholomew's Church in Midtown Manhattan, where she regularly selects nutritious food for herself and her boy.

Soon after Jey first enrolled at WHCS, his tutors noticed that he was struggling with homework. Investigation by program director Loraine Enlow revealed that his teacher's concerned letters home were going unread, because Jey's grandmother is functionally illiterate. WHCS volunteers worked with Jey's school to have him transferred to a new classroom where he'd be better supported, and doubled up on his homework help sessions. With a little extra encouragement, he was an eager student.

Jey's big opportunity came when the prestigious St. Thomas Choir School at



Jey in Uniform.

Photo: Episcopal Charities

St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue offered WHCS students an opportunity to audition. But Jey had been spending so much time catching up on basic homework that his musical training had lagged behind. So Loraine and a few volunteers asked Jey if he'd be willing to do some extra vocal rehearsal sessions every week. He agreed, and in the time leading up to the audition, Jey and his teachers stayed late and came in on extra days to prepare. Their hard work paid off. This fall, Jey will enroll in the St. Thomas' Choir School with a full tuition scholarship, and the school has arranged to cover the cost of his housing, food and clothing. Jey's grandmother couldn't be more proud.

Sometimes as a layperson in the Episcopal Church, I can forget—or be a bit abashed—to call my volunteer work ministry. But a story like this reminds me that the responsibilities and privileges of ministry aren't confined to ordained clergy. I'm awed by the network of ministers who made Jey's big opportunity possible—and change lives in ways big and small every day. In our ministry we truly depend on each other, coming together to act as the Body of Christ. This is what Episcopal Charities is all about, for me. Jey's story is possible because of not one, but a community of uniquely gifted parishes and individuals. To change a life, it takes a food pantry in Midtown that helps a grandmother feed her family, a music program that honors her grandson's gifts, and a world-class music school providing scholarships that open doors. Jey's community is expansive. It includes the staff and volunteers of these extraordinary programs and the staff

and leadership of Episcopal Charities, which provides funding and expert support to these programs. It includes everyone in this diocese and beyond who supports WHCS, and programs like it, through Episcopal Charities. All of us are ministers; all of us are honoring our baptismal vows and our commitment to our fellow human beings. A community of caring helped Jey on the path to realizing his full potential as a child of God. This is what I want for every child and adult in our Diocese, just as I wanted it for my children.

Talty is the president of the Board of Directors of Episcopal Charities, and a member of Saint Matthew's Church, Bedford.

Service at Another Level *By Heather Krulewski*

“It’s bittersweet—I’m so grateful and happy to have my home back but I’m sad to see you go and will miss seeing you all every day.”
(Said by a homeowner affected by Hurricane Sandy)

In the last nine months spent with the Episcopal Service Corps on Staten Island rebuilding homes devastated by Hurricane Sandy, I have realized that it is in the relationships formed between myself, my fellow interns, the homeowners we serve, and the volunteers we lead that I find God. We rebuild homes—there is a very visible sign of our labor—but we do more than that. What often goes unseen is how we serve people by being present and listening to their stories. It is in those moments when I am connecting with a homeowner or a volunteer that I feel closest to God, that I feel I am doing work that serves the greater good, a ministry of presence if you will.

The work we do is incredibly rewarding. Every day as I drill another piece of sheetrock up, paint another wall, or hang another door I see the physical transformation of a space, and my place in that transformation. It’s a tangible and lasting reward to see at the end of the day the progress we’ve made, to see how our service is effecting change not only in the home we’re working in, but in the community as a whole. But what stays with me are the tears of homeowners when we tell them we can help them, and then again when we show them a finished home. Those tears are priceless to me; they tell me that what I’m doing matters.

It’s that idea that what I’m doing reaches people at their core that tells me I’m doing ministry. Ministry takes service to another level, a deeper more spiritual level. Ministry goes beyond simply serving the physical needs of others. It requires real presence and a listening ear to hear what people really need. On the outside, the homeowners we work with need their houses to be rebuilt so they can have their lives back. But what is less obvious is their need for someone to share their story with, for someone to chat with to dispel their loneliness, their need to feel some agency in the



“Staten Island Episcopal Service Corps Heather Krulewski, Dane Miller and Erin Stumbras with Darrell Hayes (left), after completing another house.” Photo: EDNY Disaster Response.

process, their need to give back in some way. If I don’t take a moment to be with the homeowners and listen to what they really need, which so often is more than just the walls of a house, I miss out on so much.

Ministry for me is a holistic and communal event where we are encouraged to recognize and respond to the deeper needs of our shared humanity; it’s not a one way street.

Krulewski is an Episcopal Service Corps volunteer working on Sandy Relief on Staten Island.

“That Could Be Me” *By Veronica Dagher*

Most evenings, (when I remember), before I go to sleep, I thank God I have my own comfortable bed to sleep in.

Not every woman in New York City is so lucky.

Sure, I knew there were homeless women (and men and children) but they were largely nameless faces I’d sometimes see on the subway. I didn’t actually know any homeless people personally. And, I had my own assumptions—many of them incorrect—about who they were and why they were homeless.

That was until I started spending the night volunteering at the shelter operated by Crossroads Community Services at St. Bart’s in midtown. Among other services, including a food pantry and breakfast program, Crossroads, under the direction of the Rev. Edward Sunderland, operates an overnight shelter for up to 10 homeless women 365 days a year.

Volunteers arrive around 6 p.m. to prepare dinner or heat up meals generously donated by our neighbors, including the chefs at the Waldorf-Astoria. Our shelter guests arrive about 7 p.m. They set up their cots for the night and then dinner is served.

The night goes quickly as it’s light out at 9 p.m. I haven’t heard too many ladies object to the early bed time though—after a long day working at their minimum-wage jobs, applying for permanent housing, or being out on the streets, our guests

are usually exhausted.

Morning comes swiftly. We wake up at 5 a.m. and a bus takes the ladies to a drop-in shelter about an hour later.

On many levels, volunteering at the shelter is one of the easiest volunteer opportunities I’ve ever had. I eat good food, chat with interesting women and then go to bed on Park Avenue.

But volunteering at Crossroads has also changed me in ways I never expected. After hearing some of the ladies’ life stories, I’ve realized how much of my good fortune in life is thanks to the time and place I was born.

It’s made me less selfish. When I feel too tired to fulfill my volunteer shift, and would rather go home and sleep in my own bed, I think about our guests who would spend an unsafe and restless night on the street if we weren’t open. And perhaps most importantly, it’s made me think more about what it means to be a Christian. If I say I am a Christian and I believe Christ is in me and in everyone else, then who am I to have assumed I had nothing in common with our shelter guests? After all, that could be me.

Dagher is a New York-based reporter and member of St. Bartholomew’s Church, Manhattan.

A Slap Upside the Head *By the Rev. Mary Frances Schjonberg*



The writer at work in Zambia.

Photo: Mary Frances Schjonberg

When I went to seminary, I assumed I was going there to learn how to be a parish priest, and that was how I lived out my vocation for nearly five years. But when it came time to look for my next call, everything changed.

I assumed I was looking for a parish job but, after being involved at various stages in a number of parishes' processes, nothing materialized.

Then, I got a call—a phone call—from Bob Williams, who was then heading Episcopal News Service. He had a reporting job open that he envisioned filling with a priest—me, for instance—who was a good reporter and writer, and who knew what people in the pews did and did not know about this church.

Bob had previously tapped me as a Convention Daily reporter for the 2003 meeting of General Convention, that historic time when the Episcopal Church gave its consent to Gene Robinson's ordination and consecration as the bishop

of New Hampshire. It had been heady to be back in the game (I had been a newspaper journalist for nearly 23 years before I was ordained) but, it had also been good to go back to my church office. So ...

"No," I told Bob. "I am a parish priest now."

"Okay," he said. "I'll call you in a few weeks."

This went on for months. Bob called and pitched; I said no.

In the midst of my resistance, I read a profile of Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger that said he would periodically go to Pope John Paul II to plead that he was really a seminary professor. John Paul would respond that the church and God needed him right where he was.

It was like a slap upside the head to me: So "call" wasn't God obligingly affirming what I wanted to do. "Call" was God and the church saying "You are needed here, now."

All those parish doors had stayed closed, but the doors to the Church Center stood open. Maybe I ought to pay attention.

In the nine years since, my sense of this work as a call and a ministry has only grown. And, I have learned that some of us will have different

calls to ministry at different times in our lives.

In this call, I feel that I have a very large congregation to whom I am responsible for telling this church's stories. Being an "ordained journalist" is different from my previous journalistic existence. I try to live my baptismal vow to seek and serve Christ in all people. I sometimes ponder how the vow to "strive for justice and peace among all people, and respect[ing] the dignity of every human being" corresponds to the unofficial "lay" journalist's vow to "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

And, I often pray Prayer 39 on page 827 in the Book of Common Prayer, that asks God to direct those "who write what many read... that they may do their part in making the heart of this people wise, its mind strong, and its will righteous."

Schjonberg is an editor/reporter for the Episcopal News Service.

Called to Write *By Rick Hamlin*

Back in 1875, former Civil War General Lew Wallace was traveling across the country by train, headed to a Civil War reunion, when he ended up seated next to the famous agnostic Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. The discussion turned to religion, and Wallace, a nominal Christian, found himself stumbling to explain his faith. To his chagrin, he realized how little he knew, and was determined to read the Bible and early Christian history in earnest. Knowing that he'd get more out of his study with a goal, he conjured up a novel from his research. The book? *Ben Hur*.

There's an old trope that says "Write what you know." Maybe. But I also believe that we write what we don't know in order to discover and understand it, to learn more about it. Like Lew Wallace. And that seems to be especially true

when we write about faith, trying to pin down the numinous and put it in words.

I've spent 30 years reading, editing, rewriting, tweaking and alas, rejecting stories about faith for *Guidedposts* magazine. We have some two million subscribers and receive hundreds of manuscripts every month from them. I don't doubt that most people who send in stories feel indeed called by God to share what's happened to them. I do my best to help them in that process.

Sometimes when I talk to them I feel like both shrink and spiritual director, probing for something deeper than what they put down on the page. Of course, I'm looking for tangible details, "What color were the walls in the hospital room? What was your nurse's name? What was the last thing you heard before you went

under anesthesia?” As in the Bible, specifics help tell a story. The transforming light of the Transfiguration becomes vivid when we read that Jesus’ garments were white “as no fuller on earth could bleach them” and we can hear His down-to-earth voice when He asks, “Are not two sparrows sold for a penny?”

But I also try to understand how an emotional struggle conveys a spiritual truth, something that will help a reader. Our particular editorial mission is narrative, not essays, and a story must have both conflict and change. The protagonist must have learned something. When someone says “I grew in my faith when I went through my divorce” or “job loss” or “spouse’s death,” I want to know how. And who helped? All the better if it’s a next-door neighbor or school friend. I like stories that show faith at work in everyday situations. How did you forgive your sister after your mother’s death when she took the tea service right out of the dining room and knew that your mom had always promised it to you?

Rejecting stories isn’t necessarily fun, especially when you have to resort to that bland phrase, “This doesn’t fit our editorial needs.” It’s much harder to explain edi-

torial quandaries like “We’ve got too much cancer in this issue” or “All our narrators can’t be eight-five years old” or “Your incredible transforming experience is actually quite common; I’ve got three of them in inventory already.”

Finally, what I truly believe is that writing, whether your story gets published or not, is a godly thing. Truth to tell, I have as many unpublished books to my name as published ones, and I felt called to write every one of them. They were all meant to be, even if for a very small audience.

I recall an interview I had with singer/songwriter Noel Paul Stookey, the Paul of the classic folk-singing trio “Peter, Paul and Mary.” I asked him if people ever sent him songs saying, “God gave me this song and I had to write it down.” How on earth did he respond? He said without a shred of irony, “I tell them, ‘I do believe God gave you that song. Perhaps he meant it just for you.’”

Hamlin is editor of Guideposts, a member of St. Michael’s Church, Manhattan, and serves on the Episcopal New Yorker editorial advisory board.

Through Glorious and Grim *By the Rev. Canon Richard (Peter) Larom*

My vocation began with my ordination at the Cathedral in Garden City, Long Island, with Bishop Jonathan Sherman presiding, in 1972. Since that time I have had the privilege of serving four wonderful parishes over 18 years, teaching in a Ugandan Seminary for four years, and directing two quite different but nevertheless exciting non-parochial church organizations: Incarnation Camp and Conference Center in Connecticut and The Seamen’s Church Institute of New York and New Jersey—ten years at each.

It seems a long time...44 years in all. Yet as I add up the number of years of these seven institutions, the length of *their* service, and it is altogether 1020 years of pastoring and praying, building up, teaching and beautifying, advocating and preserving...and I come away spellbound by the many and diverse ways we as God’s family honor Christ. I am in awe of the breadth and integrity of God’s mission so manifested, and I feel grateful that I have some small part in it all. And also grateful that my partner in life, Margaret, has found so many ways of her own to serve in God’s mission.

In graduating from General Seminary, the “ordinands” immediately thought: “ministry in a parish.” I didn’t expect that years later I would try to direct America’s oldest co-ed camp, or try to create a state of the art training center for inland mariners. Yet I believe it isn’t so much each of our *skills* per se that help us through the deep learning challenges of our vocations, but the faithfulness of so many that have been called to lay and ordained ministry...showing up, being patient, asking enough questions, praying often, spending a few more hours than the number of work hours we ask of others.

I loved those years at General, and I believe, along with others who had a chance as lay or ordained folks to have time for such study, that the time we spend reading New Testament or Theology does directly mold us to be people of faithfulness. Whether it be chaplaincy, EfM, teaching in a Christian setting, or leading youth retreats, it is “formation” molded by vocations, parochial or institutional.

Those who work for us or with us may cringe at our elementary guitar playing, our overnights on Cathedral floors, our endless moving of folding tables and chairs. But those who serve Christ respect “staying the course,” they respect the offering up of energies, they respect the shoulder to shoulder work we do together with the many who serve Christ, each in their day and each in their own way. This is what makes their formation and our vocation so exciting and rewarding.

Vocation was very much on my mind when I recently I attended the 25th Anniversary of a homeless shelter, called Open Arms, in White Plains...a part of the



Peter Larom with Earl Graves, publisher of Black Enterprise, Jesse Jackson, and Cab Calloway at the Hope for the Homeless Dinner, 1991

overall outreach ministry of Grace Church. In 1985 I was rector there, and together with many other dedicated advocates planned, raised money for, and built the shelter serving 38 men. It took three years! The Anniversary was a splendid and wonderfully organized event, honoring so many that had been sponsors, donors and leaders. Fundraising dinners seemed so much a part of those kind of ministries.

But at this particular dinner, what was especially wonderful was that the staff we put together 25 years ago, the counselors working day to day with a challenging population, were still working at Open Arms doing incredible ministry! Several of them had come through the program themselves in those early days and continue to labor with great distinction. It was that evening, those moments, when I realized that the best thing our beloved church has to offer, whether in the parish setting, or the institutional setting (Grace Church, White Plains excelled at both) is our sheer staying power, serving through glorious and grim, honoring the past while glimpsing, just up ahead, new and wonderful and difficult and daring ways in which Our Lord can use us for ministry in His Name.

Larom, who is rector of the Church of the Holy Advent, Clinton, CT, was until recently Director of Incarnation Center, and continues as Camp Chaplain at Incarnation Camps.

Change Your Mind and Take Action

By George Potanovic Jr.

The spiritual components of my life speak to the heart of why I do what we do—why I am who I am. I do not think of ministry as a means of converting others, but rather as a means of empowering others—to find their own voice, their ethical values, their sense of right and wrong, and to realize that it is within our ability to affect change for the better, within our own lives, within our community and within our world.

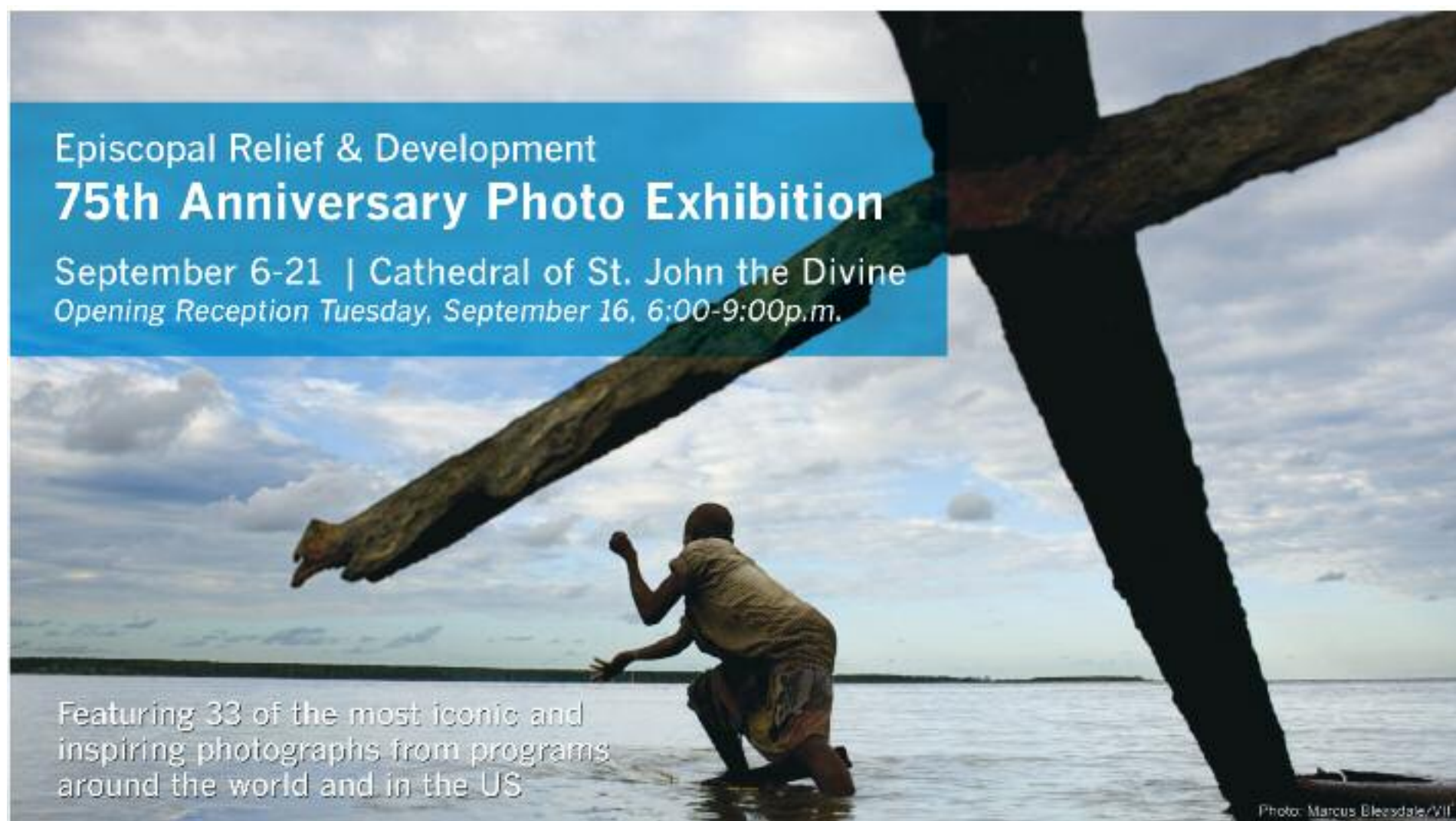
In our super-sized, bigger is better, excess-driven society, environmental activism is usually thought of as being a somewhat marginal activity—the hours are long, the commitment is great, it doesn't pay anything and you are often faced with insurmountable odds. The other side is well-financed, has the title, the training, the expertise, and the political influence; its members are well respected within the circles of business and government. So, what motivates that person who raises their hand, who dares to stand up to challenge the status quo, demand justice and fight for an issue with nothing personal to gain and little chance of actually realizing the benefits that may eventually come to future generations? If you look inside of yourself, you might realize the answer

to that question, because the first step of real change often begins with our own.

When we were young, many of us were more idealistic and believed that we could change society, and in many ways we did. However, the real, lasting change occurs in our minds and causes us to act. Action can take many forms including talking to neighbors, attending a meeting, taking a photograph, writing a letter to the local newspaper and calling on your elected representatives.

What is most important is to realize that we are not alone—that your concerns, your fears and your hopes are often shared by others who feel them as deeply. It is through connecting with others that you confirm your belief of what is really important. It is through taking action that you accept the responsibility of acting on your beliefs. It is through finding your voice that you renew your spirit, overcome fear and realize the truly important purpose that one individual can make in this world.

Potanovic serves on the diocesan Committee on the Environment and is a member of the Chapel of St. John the Divine, Tomkins Cove.



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“Re-Membering” the Body of Christ: A Diocesan Reparations Committee Update

By Lindsey Briggs

Every morning I look out of my window and see our local bus station across the street. One night, I came home to find a flier taped to my door. The bus station was moving: During a construction project in 2010, a 17th century graveyard for free and enslaved Africans had been found, long paved over and forgotten beneath the bricks and concrete. Meanwhile, when I go to church I am greeted with memorials on the walls and over the crypts. Names, dates, and in the case of people like Peter Stuyvesant, a bust in the church yard and a stain glass widow, have been left to honor the dead. Encountering these two images daily—the bus station and the church memorials—reminds me that the past is always with us here in the present.

As the newest member of the diocesan Reparations Committee, I was impressed that our diocese was not shying away from taking a hard look at how our past has shaped our present. Not a day goes by without race-related news filling up our screens and newsfeeds. Race is one of those issues many would rather not talk about. Some of us are afraid we will say the wrong thing; some of us have been so wounded we don't want to risk getting hurt again in conversation; and some of us feel so overwhelmed by the state of things that working to change our society feels impossible.

But when I was introduced to the Reparations Committee something sparked up in me, and that something felt like hope. I met thoughtful and passionate Christians who wanted to excavate the source of so much pain. The committee dug deep into the root of racism and slavery in the U.S. and Caribbean, and had the courage to address the loss that has never been properly honored.

It is often said that the church is 20 years behind the broader culture; but attending an event hosted by the Reparations Committee infused me with hope that our church could become a model for how to examine the past and begin to repair the present.

This is a task that our committee cannot, however, do without you. Change to "Corinthians 1 12:13 describes our Baptismal Covenant by saying “we were all baptized into one body—Jews or Greeks, slaves or free.” We need your stories, your thoughts, your feelings if we are all going truly to be transform into this one body.

At the 2013 Diocesan Convention, many of you supported our work by taking our survey. We asked: *When you hear that there are parishes in our diocese that were complicit and/or that profited the institution of slavery, what feelings come up for you?* *Top Answers: 1. Shame 2. Sad 3. Anger. We asked: When you hear that the diocese is exploring the meaning and possibility of reparations for slavery, what feelings arise?* *Your top answers: 1. Peace 2. Joy.*

Race, and with it slavery, brings up many different feelings for people. Those reported by respondents to our survey tell me we have all been wounded by the breach that it has created in our society. White supremacy, in its many explicit and implicit forms, has terrorized the bodies and souls of black and brown people; it has also poisoned whites by disconnecting us from our brothers and sister and from our own souls.

Our feelings often fuel the stories we tell. As a white person, feelings of shame and guilt may lead me to tell a story that alleviates my bad feelings. Every feeling—anger, sadness, hope, fear, joy—motivates us to tell ourselves a certain story. As people of the book, we know that the stories we tell inform our beliefs and actions. If we don't interact with people who are different than us in a real and honest way, we only get one part of the story, we only experience one part of the body of Christ, we only touch one part of God.

In our workshops, the Reparations Committee examines our connections to the slave trade and its aftermath from many angles. Our film, *The Diocese of New York Examines Slavery: Talking about Reparations, Repair and Reconciliation*, follows the journey of people both white and black as they wrestle with their personal and collective response to slavery. We also explore how the history of the slave trade and its aftermath intersects with the experience of other people of color in the U.S. Together we try to know the bigger story; together we try to meet God in each other.

Paul explains the hardest part of truly being one body in 1 Corinthians 12:26: “If one member suffers, all suffer with it...” If we are in communion with the full body of Christ, we feel our brothers and sisters' pain. The aftermath of slavery, including Jim

Crow and housing and hiring discrimination, has created and continues to create immense physical and psycho-spiritual suffering in the United States. We want you to help us write a new story. Can we bring our emotions and thoughts, our souls and our bodies to create that new story—one in which all bodies, past and present, under bus stations and in church crypts, are treated with the dignity God gave each of us at birth? What is Christianity worth, unless we continue in the way of Jesus, described by Paul as making all things new?

In the next year the diocesan Reparations Committee is expanding its initiatives, and we want you involved. There are many ways to connect, explore, and engage:

- Like our page on Facebook and get updates on new initiatives. (<https://www.facebook.com/EDNYReparationsCommittee>)
- Invite us to lead a workshop at your church. (lbriggs@heavenlyrest.org)
- Watch *The Diocese of New York Examines Slavery: Talking about Reparations, Repair and Reconciliation* on YouTube. (part 1 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xWTm6y62lM8>; part 2 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ML_AD1oxjus; part 3 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xbI2hOQd0Pg>)
- Help our 2014 summer intern collect information about your church's history with the slave trade and the abolitionist movement.

Briggs is a member of St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, parish program coordinator and assistant to the rector at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and serves on the diocesan Reparations Committee.

OUR DEFINITION OF REPARATIONS:

Reparations is the process to remember, repair, restore, reconcile and make amends for wrongs that can never be singularly reducible to monetary terms. The process of reparations is “an historical reckoning involving acknowledgement that an offense against humanity was committed and that the victims have not received justice.”

(Bernice Powell Jackson, Executive Minister for Justice Ministry, The United Church of Christ).

RESPONSE TO OUR SURVEY AT 2013 DIOCESAN CONVENTION

We asked: What does “reparations” mean to you?

You said:

“Acknowledging past mistakes in thinking and actions that caused harm. And doing what is necessary for healing.”

“Not sure.”

“Making up for wrongs, making whole”

“Concrete response to unthinkable injustice- and the need to make that injustice concrete, and that response thinkable.”

“Making up for wrongful or harmful behavior. Doing the right thing that wasn't done before.”

“Atonement”

“Admission, discussion, making appropriate amends in terms of relevant change and interventions as necessary in today's world.”

“Apology and reconciliation”

“Reconciliation, the love of God, Christ's work”

“Coming together to see if somehow we can make things better going forward - it seems impossible to ‘make things right’.”

“Acknowledgment that our foundations are built on injustice -unperceived at the time.”

Continue the discussion at

<https://www.facebook.com/EDNYReparationsCommittee>

Cathedral Development: Using the Glebe for Christian Stewardship

By the Rt. Rev. Andrew M.L. Dietsche

I am told that our little house in Poughkeepsie is on land that was once part of the Christ Church Glebe. I find that very interesting. One can also see the old Glebe House, the residence of the parish rector, still standing on Main Street, which now houses the city's historical society. The marks of our first history are still around us.

When Anglican churches were established in the colonial period there was also always created a glebe to go with it. The glebe was a farm or a gristmill—the generator of an assured income—and it was these resources that supported and sustained the ministry of the church. Those capital assets are mostly gone, and in later generations the church came to depend on other sources—the generosity of wealthy benefactors, the building of endowments, the rental of properties, and of course the contributions of its members. Many parishes have established schools and senior housing and other institutions to serve their communities and to provide income for the church, and these institutions also serve as modern glebes to continue the ministry of our parishes in our own day.

The clergy and vestries of a number of our parishes and I have engaged conversation about the possibilities inherent in the responsible stewardship and development of fallow property assets to bring sustainability to congregations and provide the resource opportunities for expanding mission and ministry. In a time when the economics of being the church are as complicated as they are today we are urgently called to explore all of the avenues and opportunities before us to support sustainability and launch new ministries. And I am convinced that we are called again, where possible, to consider what a glebe might look like in the twenty-first century.

This consideration has been for two decades the work of the trustees of our cathedral. Some years ago the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine partnered with a developer to build a substantial apartment building on the southeast corner of the cathedral close. That combination of market-rate apartments and affordable housing has served our community well, and represents the first step of a larger development plan to put the cathedral on a long-term sound financial footing.

The second part of that development plan has been in preparation since the 1990s, and is now coming to fruition. The giant hole in the ground on the north site of the cathedral close gives testimony to the beginning of a two-year building venture that will result in two new apartment buildings, which like the earlier development will include both market-rate and affordable housing. The income from these buildings will provide the financial base to support the cathedral over the coming century.

This has not happened without controversy. It is true that this development represents a rather full use of the north site, and there are people in Morningside Heights who worry about the impact of introducing this many new people into an already congested neighborhood. Others have concerns about the creation of buildings of this size so close to the cathedral building. They have raised questions about the obscuring of certain views of the building, and of compromising the architectural integrity of our historic church by what they anticipate to be an unfortunate crowding. You may have seen news stories regarding this controversy and editorial commentary on this construction. Some of these stories have intended simply to



Artist's impression of part of the new north development, showing the broad approach to the Cathedral's north transept.

Photo: Handel Architects.

report the fact of the controversy, but others have weighed in with opposition to this construction and presented rushed, eleventh-hour proposals of other plans. The part of the story which these articles have largely failed to tell is the great number of people in the neighborhood of the cathedral, and across the city and diocese, who understand why this is being done and share our conviction that this is needed, if the cathedral is to go forward in health, and is the appropriate and responsible stewardship of this property asset.

I am convinced that the critics of this development are acting and writing in good will. They love their neighborhood and they love our cathedral, and any change of this magnitude naturally makes them anxious. I have been troubled, however, by the inability of so many of our critics to understand the economics of being the church in the twenty-first century, and of the astonishing burden of supporting an institution the size of Saint John the Divine. More than that, though, is that it is clear that while they do not understand these economics, they also do not want to. The cathedral needs this development, and without it I believe that we will in our own day live to see it shuttered. This work is our responsibility. It is Christian stewardship. And it is the cathedral's glebe. This is how we will sustain and guarantee not only the integrity of this great building, but the programs and ministries that flow from it into the city and diocese.

And I want you to know that the space between the cathedral and the apartment building will be as wide as Lexington Avenue—a landscaped area of vehicle and pedestrian access, with new space for the people of the neighborhood to stroll the grounds of the close. We will attractively stabilize the ruins of the burned north transept for future rebuilding, with a broad, lovely new access to the cathedral from 113th Street. Some views of the church may be compromised, but extraordinary care has been taken to preserve every important view, especially from Amsterdam and Morningside Avenues. This development will serve our life and purpose well, and, I am convinced, it will do so with delight.

A Unique Convening Authority

By the Very Rev. Dr. James A. Kowalski

“Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
such a light as shows a feast,
such a feast as mends in length,
such a strength as makes his guest.”

from “Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life,” George Herbert, 1633

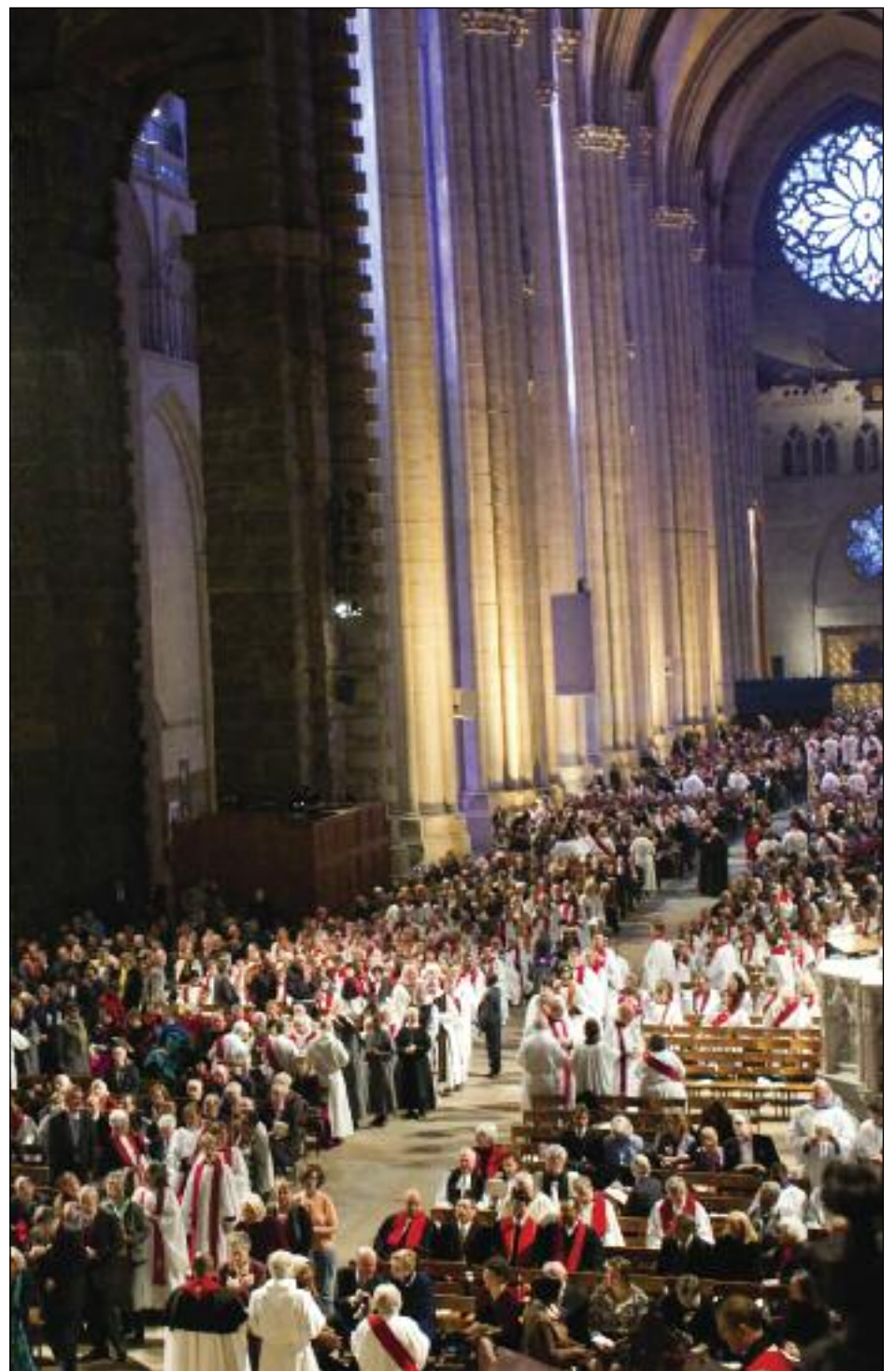
The Diocese of New York, which played an important part in the history of the Episcopal Church, did not have a cathedral as early in its ministry as some other dioceses. There were robust debates and delays, questioning how, with deep Anglican (i.e., British) roots, the new diocese in New York could give birth to a truly American cathedral. Parishes were already vitally part of the life of the city, raising the question of what a cathedral would add to already vibrant ministries. The founders of the Cathedral continued to dream about creating a place large enough to put the “great conversations” of each age under its roof.

More than a century later, more than two-thirds completed and with a legacy of service to the city, nation and world, people have come to see this cathedral as a house of prayer for all. People of every faith and no faith, across cultures, in arguably the most trans-national city in the world, feel welcome here. They tell me across the street and around the world that Saint John the Divine is their cathedral! The cornerstone was laid in 1892, as Ellis Island became the major portal for the Great Immigration, and the Cathedral’s mission was shaped by the celebration of ethnic diversity. Its High Altar would include menorahs, a grand Persian carpet (removed after the fire) and Shinto vases. Being incomplete is fortunate—because certain aspects of the American story do not yet have voice in the Cathedral’s fabric, and await a full telling. A profound example is slavery, African-American narratives and the construct of “race” to sustain white power. How will this second century of service inform the “completion” of the Cathedral in and for our time?

I began to meet interfaith clergy in March of 2002, when I officially arrived as Dean. After 9/11 and the Cathedral’s fire, I asked them about rebuilding the North Transept. I posited that perhaps we might build a restored transept as an interfaith chapel. I learned much about our ministry from their response: “Why would you do that? The Cathedral has always invited us to use all of its spaces to worship; we would never want you to build a separate space for us.”

This is the largest Gothic cathedral in the world. It has earned a unique convening authority, as liturgy, art and other forms of discourse bring people together when other traditions and conflicts polarize them and undermine the capacity of religion to be a force for good. The vast spaces of the Cathedral are configured and used to gather people. Diversity and differences animate mutual respect and the potential to see more clearly what is, and to re-imagine what can be, as we become advocates who address societal issues and endeavor to solve them. In our time, we can see the importance of bringing people together rather than polarizing them, as we watch so many communities and nations torn apart. We believe that we are seeking and serving Christ in all people everywhere. That is why we engage in conversations about immigration, living wages, affordable housing, human sexuality, equal justice, and education. As Christ’s Body is again broken, such peace and justice making *re-member*—put back together—that Divine embrace, incarnate or enfolded in our human efforts.

Why build a cathedral for that? This diocese and our faith tradition believe that



The Cathedral of St. John the Divine: Configured and Used to Gather People. Photo: Kara Flannery

incarnation—God’s daring to become fully human in Jesus—radically changed the reality of people and the world. The founders envisioned the Cathedral as the Word incarnate in stone. The Cathedral engenders awe and reverence, as we come into its expansive and jaw-dropping beauty. Its dimensions of length and height cause us to soar and stretch—in heart and mind—and we are changed. The Cathedral amplifies the messages of the paintings, sculptures, plays, concerts, lectures, discussions, and liturgies. These various forms of discourse become revolutionary as they not only connect us to our heritage, but also push us into new insights. As our imaginations are educated about the world as it could be, we are invited to enter into the imagination of God.

Jesus did that often. We live out lives in grace fed by and sent out from the Eucharist, a glimpse of the heavenly banquet and a future made present. He said, “God’s commonwealth is like this.” Jesus wanted us to understand why He gathered those from the margins and the outcast at those tables. Those who saw Jesus at tables like that became enraged. Perhaps we who see it today are enraged, too. When we are, it is likely because they and we fear that all tables have limited seats. To invite others means that we will be displaced.

This feast sheds a new light—as the length of the table and the expanse of time grow, its mending power works even more effectively. That is how we—and the societies around us—can be healed. No cathedral can be long enough to do that. Yet we can represent that mission. Do this—again and again. I will be with you every time. Feed the world, share. In the brokenness see the truest meanings of wholeness. That is what He promised—to be Bread for the life of the world, for everyone, everywhere.

Kowalski is Dean of the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine.

Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

GOSPEL IN BRONZE AN INTERVIEW WITH TIMOTHY P. SCHMALZ, SCULPTOR OF “HOMELESS JESUS”

By Pamela A. Lewis

Breaking into the solemnity of this year's Lenten season was news of the dramatic (and-controversial) bronze sculpture, *Homeless Jesus*, created by artist Timothy Schmalz, a native of Ontario, Canada. A devout Roman Catholic, Mr. Schmalz has created many religious-themed sculptures. *Homeless Jesus*, inspired by Matthew 25, represents Jesus as a blanket-shrouded homeless man lying on a park bench, his exposed feet bearing the nail wounds of the Crucifixion. The sculpture has been acquired by Saint Alban's Episcopal Church in Davidson, South Carolina, and has attracted much attention ever since. The sculptor was invited to the Vatican to meet Pope Francis, to whom he presented a smaller version of the work in wood and resin stone. Pamela Lewis interviewed Timothy Schmalz for the *Episcopal New Yorker*.

How did you become a sculptor?

I fell in love with sculptured pieces at age 14, and began sculpting obsessively at that age. I found sculptures so attractive that I felt it was something I should do. I also had great high school art teachers, who made sculpting spiritual and fun. I did life drawing relentlessly, and eventually attended Ontario College of Art; at about age 19 or 20 I had my own studio. But I became so obsessed with art, that I dropped out of the school—never returned nor graduated. It was sink or sculpt. I dreamt something and started to sculpt about that dream. Then I found the great masters—Bernini, da Vinci—who began to influence me a lot.

You have been described as one of the most celebrated sculptors to emerge from this continent in 100 years. What does such a description mean to you?

It is more of a compliment to Christianity, which is what inspires me. For all the artists out there, there is a deficit of those who want to embrace faith. Christianity is my claim. Were it not for Christianity, I would not be a sculptor. Creating as a sculptor is a spiritual act. To paraphrase Saint Francis' suggestion to preach the gospel everywhere and sometimes use words, I say to preach everywhere and use art. In that way, you become an instrument of God's will to proclaim the gospel.

How would you define “religious art”? What

should it do for the viewer?

Religious art is a form of preaching. I read a good deal of the work of René Girard, who says that preaching should deepen our sense of God and spirituality; religious art should do that, too. Artwork has just as much power as a sermon or a work of theology. There is instant accessibility. The Protestant Reformation destroyed many works of art; not because of the ideas, but because the images were so powerful.

You create religious art in a time when it is not generally held in high esteem. Why do you think this is so?

It's the fault both of artists and of the church. There is a laziness today, because the masterworks have



Homeless Jesus by Timothy P. Schmalz

become invisible, and the works produced today are trite and garish, as if pumped off from an assembly line. We get second-rate religious art as a result. The church is at fault for not encouraging artists to produce high-quality religious art.

What in the work of Bernini and da Vinci moves you?

Their works embody optimism and hope, and they touched on something bigger. They had great technical skill and powerful execution. With skill and execution, anything is possible. These artists' work is a call to action for me.

How did you develop the idea for “Homeless Jesus”? How long did it take to complete it?

Not that I heard voices, but it was an inspiration from God. In Toronto, I saw a homeless man on a bench who was totally covered up. To me, this person was sacred, yet invisible to others. My heart recognized that this was Jesus I was seeing, and I could not release that until I sculpted it. I thought I should do a visual translation of my experience so that others could have that experience, too. I took my cue from Matthew 25, to have the sculpture's face obscured. The work also

merges with the environment, therefore there's a bit of space on the bench for people to sit next to the figure of Jesus. I began working on the piece about two years ago after I had seen the homeless man in November. I worked on it for about eight months, and finished it on Boxing Day. For about a year it was in a crate without any home.

The sculpture is so realistic that a woman living near St. Alban's Church called the police to report a homeless man on a bench, and it has elicited both positive and negative reactions. What are your thoughts on these opinions, and has the level of response surprised you?

Some comments have been very intelligent, and even if some people and writers have had problems with the work, there is a sincere attitude about the piece. In the end, it is more about the person than about the work itself. The sculpture is not something that can be shoved away. Oscar Wilde once said something about how people did not notice fog until artists started to paint it. Many people are becoming more aware of the homeless because of “*Homeless Jesus*.” Even a homeless man told me how much he valued it. It's a 5' 6" figure on a 7' bench; you can't tell something like that, “Move on.” I am trying to represent Christian truths by giving hands and feet in my art to God. It is also my way to show care for the homeless. It's an uncomfortable sculpture, because Christianity is an uncomfortable religion; it's a faith that both comforts and haunts us.

Religious art and artists have not been without controversy—figures such as Michelangelo and Caravaggio come to mind; or contemporary artists like American Andres Serrano, whose 1987 work “Piss Christ” (a plastic crucifix submerged in the artist's own urine), drew a lot of negative comment. For some, “Homeless Jesus” is very unsettling. How far should an artist go in conveying difficult messages or depicting holy figures in uncomfortable ways? Is there a line that should not be crossed?

There's a world of difference between “Piss Christ” and what the masters did or what I do. One is shock for the sake of shocking, while the latter is to show the shock of the gospel. Works like “Piss Christ” are ambiguous and nihilistic; it's lazy art. The truth of the gospel, of Matthew 25, is far more shocking than a plastic crucifix.

Lewis is a member of St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue.

THEO HOBSON, REINVENTING LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY

BY THEO HOBSON

EERDMANS, 2013. 340 PAGES

Reviewed by the Rev. Euan Cameron

This brilliant, complex book presents a theological manifesto. Theo Hobson argues for “cultic-liberal Christianity,” rooted in collective worship, and proud of its working relationship with a “liberal state.” He acknowledges that this is a difficult project, in the light of the prevailing secularism, and the disenchantment with the term “liberal” among many theologians. However, he makes a strong case that it is desirable and necessary.

The book uses “liberal” in two very different ways. Hobson bluntly calls them “good” and “bad” liberalism (pp. 2-3). “Good” liberalism builds affinity between Christianity and the liberal state. “Good” liberalism believes that the Gospel will flourish in a political system where faith is not coerced, and the churches can do their work without the burden and temptations of being “established.” (The author believes passionately in disestablishment.) In contrast, “bad” liberalism is the liberal theology that tries to strip Christianity away of its embarrassing irrationality, its mythologies, and its cultic practices. In effect, it tends to make Christianity dwindle away into secular liberal ethics.

The first three chapters explore the context and origins of “liberal” Christianity in Theo’s “good” sense. They track the ancestry and history of the disestablished churches. “Church,” in Hobson’s writing, mostly means the Protestant churches: his whole argument offers both a critique and a celebration of trends within historic Protestantism. The hero of the first part of the book is John Milton, who in the trauma and chaos of the English Civil War called for a church wholly emancipated from the secular power.

However, the Protestant Christianity that desired freedom from government control and gave birth to the “liberal state” had a flaw. It undervalued the power of ritual, of ceremony, of beauty, of sacraments. Hobson knows, but does not dwell on, the fact that sacramental ritualism was espoused by Anglicans like Archbishop Laud or the authors of the 1662 Prayer Book, who courted and served an authoritarian persecuting state. One irony about Hobson’s project is that different parts of his ideal typically belonged to people who bitterly opposed each other.

Chapters four to ten propose a sophisticated analysis of how Protestant Christianity succumbed to the “allure of reason,” of how “bad” liberalism prevailed and caused havoc in modern Christianity. This section grades key figures from the past for how well or badly they advanced “good” or “bad” liberalism. He has some heroes: Martin Luther, Blaise Pascal, and Søren Kierkegaard mostly come

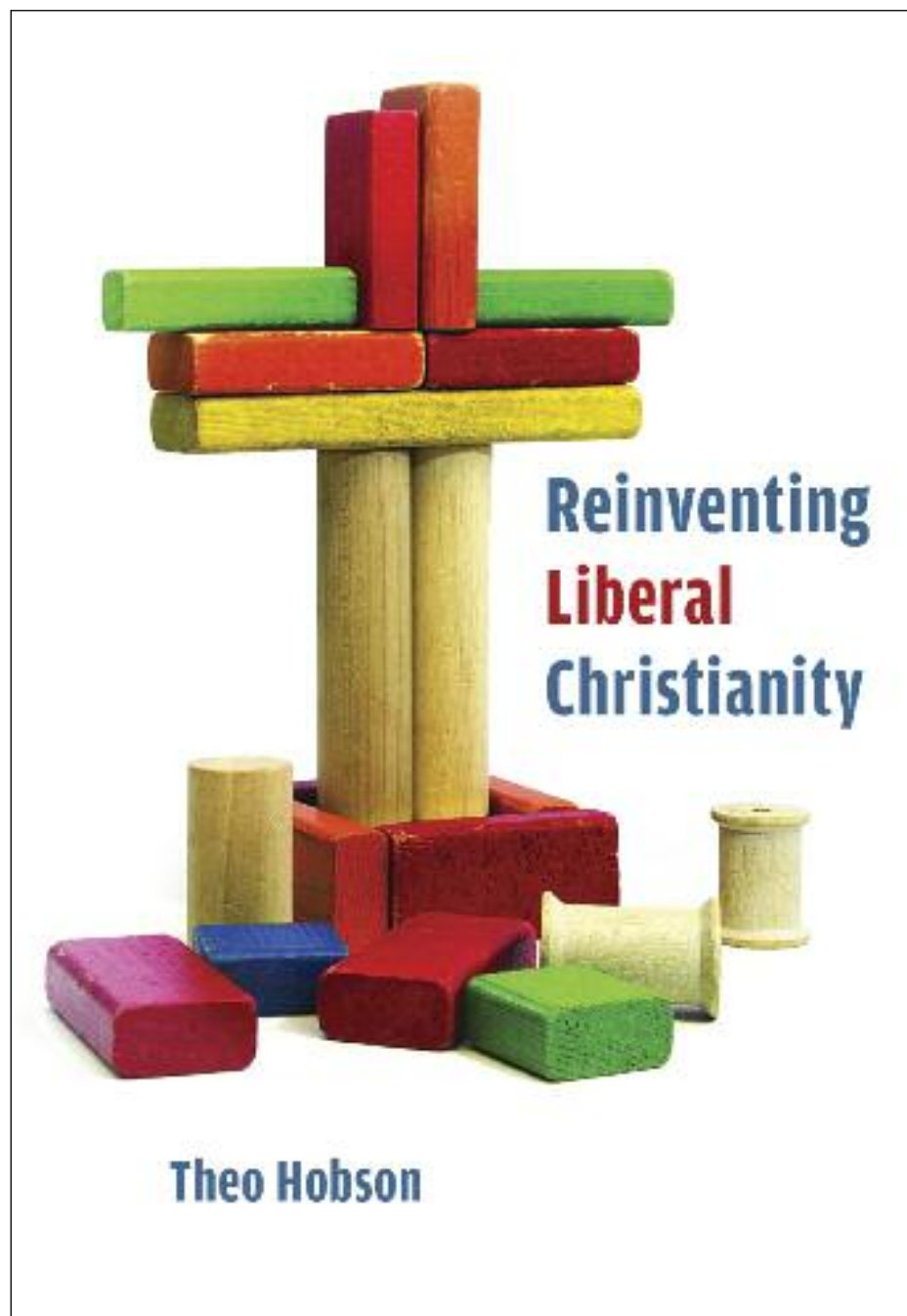
off quite well. However, Hobson expounds the works of all these writers selectively, as he must. Sometimes (especially with Reinhold Niebuhr) his approach does rough justice to its subjects.

Theo Hobson pleads for a new kind of (Protestant) Christianity: one fully grounded in the sacramental worship life of the community, and in faith as a “semiprivate cultic event” (p. 322). This Christianity should espouse and defend the “liberal state” when it defends freedom of conscience and the right of religion to be voluntary. Hobson has some critical words for former Archbishop Rowan Williams: the latter, he fears, encouraged religious communities to behave in illiberal ways.

This book is witty, usually very clear, and powerfully written. Hobson loves the church and writes passionately about it. He displays great erudition, and wears it lightly. The book will be a great provocative text for seminarians. Its clarity deserves high praise, when some modern theologians seem to revel in obscurity.

One ought to register gentle reservations about it all the same. The author holds strong views, and his passions color the entire book. Theologians are graded according to how well or poorly they conform to the author’s canon of right ideas. Since his subjects were unaware of these criteria, at best they espouse one part of his project but fail in another. His likes and dislikes sometimes collide or interweave, and make the arguments quite intricate (e.g. p. 208).

At times Hobson’s appreciation of “cultic” ceremonies seems a little overdone. Theo approves of the transgressive, uncontrollable quality of ritual because it disables arrogant rationalism. Yet this instinct, left to itself, can leave worship empty of meaning. John Calvin (p. 95) remembered how in his Catholic childhood the parading of images lost any narrative content for the participants. Hobson seems to lament the loss of sacred performance. Yet the Book of Common Prayer itself arose from a felt need to ensure that liturgy was “understood of the people” (Article XXIV), for worship with the word.



The book does not aspire to set out what liberal Christians should believe. Hobson prizes faith, but seems reticent over its content. For instance, he praises Martin Luther’s “dialogical method,” but plays down the reformer’s commitment to “the Word,” for which he was prepared to live and to die.

One might raise a more fundamental challenge. Past movements in Christian thought belong in their own time and context. Many found their inspiration chiefly through responding to the perceived failures or obsolescence of their predecessors. Is it really helpful to tell figures from the past what they “should have been doing” by the author’s present-day standards (e.g. p. 253)?

At no point in history has there ever been an ideal, essential, “correct” form of Christian life, worship and polity. All human forms are transient expressions of a divine grace, which manifests itself in untidy alliance with human cultures and fads. Or does that make me a “bad liberal”?

Cameron, who is the Henry Luce III Professor of Reformation Church History at Union Theological Seminary, is a transitional deacon in the Diocese of New York. He will be ordained a priest in September.

Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

ZEALOT: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS OF NAZARETH

BY REZA ASLAN

RANDOM HOUSE, 2013. 336 PAGES.

Reviewed by Helen Goodkin

Last summer, the Internet was buzzing with an interview of Dr. Reza Aslan, author of *Zealot*, by the religion correspondent of Fox News, who expressed disbelief that a Muslim would (should?) write a biography of Jesus of Nazareth. Despite the fact that Aslan has degrees in religious studies and sociology and is a professor of both religion and creative writing at the University of California, Riverside, the interviewer was highly skeptical of his research and his motives. Left unsaid was the fact that there are several Jewish New Testament scholars who have written superbly on Jesus (Amy-Jill Levine, Paula Fredriksen, and the late Geza Vermes, for example) and Christian scholars who have written extensively on Mohammed and Islam (Karen Armstrong, for one).

So what's the fuss? The book focuses not on the Sunday school Jesus, but on Jesus the man, who lived in the highly charged environment of the Roman-occupied, apocalyptic, first century Palestine. This is the story of a poor Galilean who dared to challenge Roman hegemony in the Jewish land as well as the rich and powerful rulers, Temple authorities, and landowners who disregarded the rights and livelihoods of the common people. Prof. Aslan writes that knowing how Jesus died tells you a lot about who he was. Since the Romans only crucified people who had committed crimes against the state, they clearly saw Jesus as a threat to the Roman order.

The thesis of the book is not particularly new, but Aslan is a skilled writer, and it is a very good read, provided one is ready to double check some of what is being proposed. There are extensive notes, detailing his sources and often the positions of scholars with alternate interpretations, which the reader ignores at her own peril. They are also some slips that should have been caught; salt air does not waft off the Sea of Galilee, a large, fresh water lake, but on the whole, this is a fine book which should motivate the reader to explore the New Testament as well as other authors cited in the book.

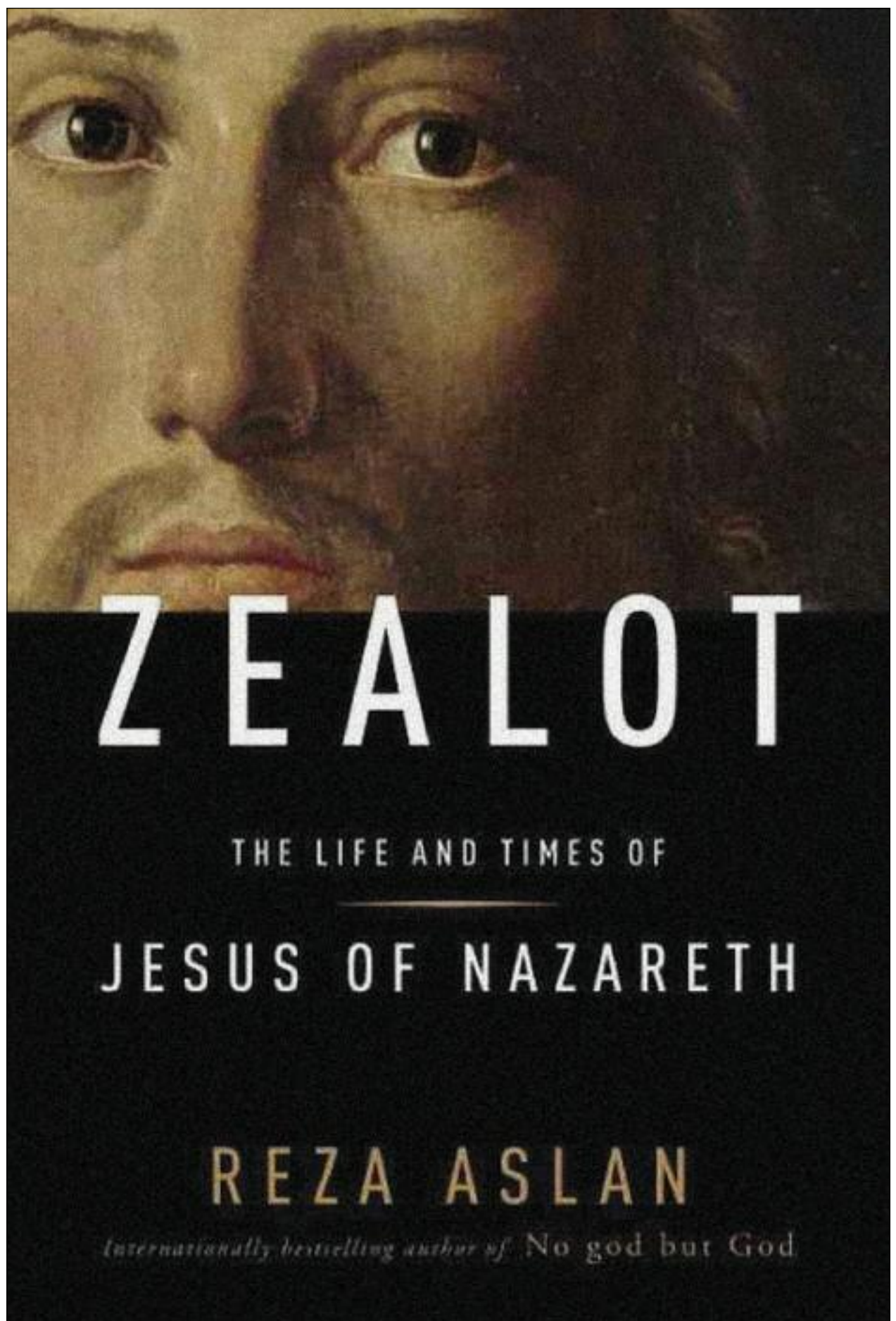
However, I find Aslan's method of conflating different gospel accounts of specific incidents concerning. His description of the overturning of the Temple money changers is placed, as it is Matthew, Mark, and Luke, at the beginning of Jesus' last week in Jerusalem. But, while these writers simply speak of overturning the cash tables, Prof. Aslan describes how Jesus actually released and drove out all the sacrificial animals, sheep, oxen, and doves, creating a riotous scene of mayhem appropriate to the cinema. Where did that come from? I re-read John, whose Temple scene takes place early in the Gospel, not at the end, and there it is; Jesus not only upsets the money changers, but also releases the animals, creating an assault not just on corrupt money practices, but on the entire cultic practice of the Temple. The Gospels present two different views; for Aslan, they all run together.

Similarly, he confuses the calling of the disciples found in the Synoptic Gospels with John's description in which his earliest followers were disciples of John Baptist. Which is correct, we shall probably never know, but to me, the varying gospel traditions ought not to be conflated, but respected.

Zealot provides a piece of the puzzle of who Jesus was and what he stood for, and, more importantly, it sheds light on the turbulent life and politics of Roman Palestine. What is not in this book is the Jesus of faith, the spiritual leader whose intention was to usher in a new way of relating to God and to humanity, to create a world based on "loving one another," to inaugurate the Kingdom of God. His

message so changed the lives of an ever-increasing groups of people that a powerful faith and religion formed around this man, Jesus of Nazareth, whom believers called the Son of God. But, as the last 2,000 years have revealed, there are many facets to Jesus of Nazareth. As John's Gospel concludes, "There are also many other things that Jesus did; if everyone were written down...the world could not contain the books that would be written." Despite some concerns, this one is worth reading.

Goodkin is a member of the Church of the Epiphany, Manhattan, where she serves on the vestry. She frequently presents on Biblical topics for area groups and churches.



The American Sabbath at Risk

By the Rev. Stephen Holton, STM

Wast year in 2013, for the first time, stores opened on Thanksgiving Day. Last year, workers who could have been spending time with their families, had to spend it at work for fear of losing their jobs. Last year, small business owners, who could have been spending time with their families, had to open for fear of losing their business.

They had to do this so we could shop. They had to do this so that so many of us, who could not bear to spend time in rest and celebration with our families, had to seek the more familiar pursuits of indulging our greed. We had to give in, once more, to the cultural clarion that we never have enough; but we can buy it, and not from God.

From the Law to the Beatitudes, God makes clear that stuff is never enough. God has already provided what we need, before we even knew God. Sin is in desiring more.

Our ancestors—from yesterday to centuries ago—came to this good land seeking to escape those who would control their lives and families in order to produce wealth. Some were dragged here and lost everything to produce wealth. Some who were here lost everything to those who would control them, in order to produce wealth.

We cannot sell the final symbol of our human birthright. We cannot sell the final day on which we celebrate the aspiration to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—so long pursued, so long denied. We cannot stand by while others sell it for us, or to us

The vocation of all religions is to support freedom, family, relationships, and the times of rest to celebrate them. For this reason, a “Resolution to Support a Thanksgiving Sabbath” will be introduced through the

Trinity Wall Street Honors Leaders for Social Change in the Dioceses of Zambia

At its Ascension Day service on May 29, Trinity Wall Street named three individuals from Zambia as its Global Fellows for 2014 in recognition of their outstanding contributions as leaders of social action programs in their dioceses. Mrs. Susan Mumba Chulu, the Training Chaplain for the Diocese of Eastern Zambia, teaches members of the Mother’s Union to use local resources and survival skills to sustain the group, church, and their families. She also coordinates fundraising programs for the diocese. The Ven. Emmanuel Yona Chikoya, Archdeacon for the Southern Archdeaconry in the Diocese of Lusaka, is parish priest for Livingstone West Parish, Project Director for Livingstone Anglican Children’s Project, and a leader in several projects to increase church income in Livingstone, including the construction of retail shops and guest rooms for travelers. Mr. Evans Mwewa, the Treasurer for the Diocese of Northern Zambia, manages the finances for the diocesan income-generation programs, 10 commercial offices, and two residential properties that support the mission and ministry of the Church.

“The ministries of the 2014 Trinity Global Fellows...reflect the deep commitment to social transformation embraced by the members of the worldwide Anglican Communion,” said the Rev. Dr. James H. Cooper, Trinity’s rector.

The award to each Fellow covers his or her time and professional development activities, as well as compensates his or her parish for loss of services during the sabbatical.

Ecumenical & Interfaith Commission at the 238th Diocesan Convention in November. (To view the text of the resolution, please go to www.diocesenyny.org > The Diocese > Conventions > The 238th Diocesan Convention and click on the link in the right hand menu.)

A Rabbi once spoke at my town’s Interfaith Thanksgiving Celebration. He spoke of the Jewish love of this day. Never, in all the lands in which the Jews have traveled, have they also been able to celebrate a national day—because it was always a religious day, and to celebrate it would be to adopt that religion. Thanksgiving Day is not on anyone’s holy day of the week or the year. It does not undermine any of the religions of this country, nor does it endorse any other. We even eat the right food. Let’s eat it with those we love, on this day; and work for freedom all the other days.

Holton is assistant for Christian formation at St. Barnabas, Irvington, and director of the “Warriors of the Dream” program in Harlem.

**Field a Foursome for the greater glory of your parish!
Win the Episcopal Outreach Challenge Cup!
Wrest it from the hands of St. Luke’s, Katonah!**



Community Outreach Golf Outing

September 15, 2014

Hollow Brook Golf Club

Cortlandt Manor, New York

Benefitting The Community Food Pantry & Outreach
at St. Mary’s, Mohegan Lake

Early Registration (before August 1)

\$175 - Individual/ \$650 – Foursome

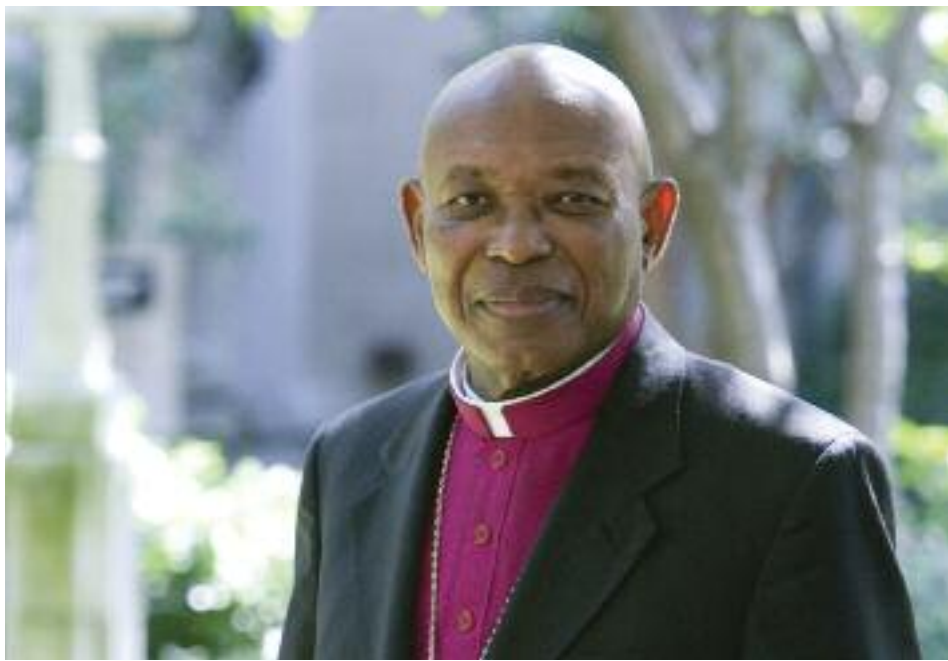
Registration (after August 1)

\$195 – Individual/ \$750 Foursome

<http://www.golfdigestplanner.com/25955-stmarysgolf/index.html>

Bishop E. Don Taylor September 2, 1937 – May 24, 2014

The Rt. Rev. E. Don Taylor, retired Vicar Bishop for New York City, died on May 24 at Phelps Memorial Hospital in Sleepy Hollow. Bishop Dietsche wrote:

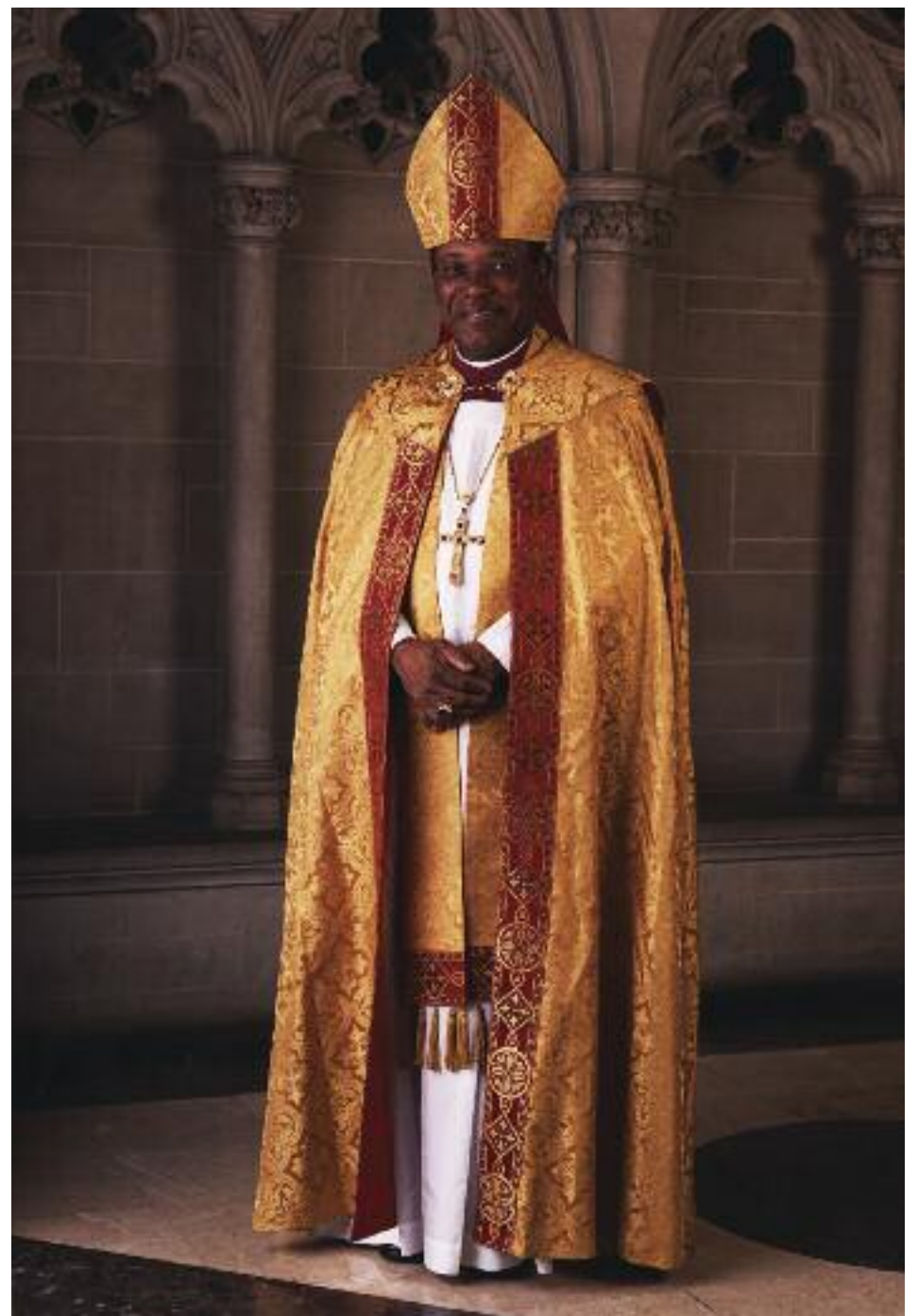


The Rt. Rev. E. Don Taylor.

Photo: Kara Flannery

He also served as a visible link to the Anglican Church in Jamaica and throughout the West Indies for the great number of Caribbean-American Episcopalians in the Diocese of New York. In this last season of his life, I had the privilege to come to him as a brother bishop, and I am confident that I speak for Bishops Sisk, Grein, Roskam and Donovan, all of whom shared episcopal ministry with Don in New York, in expressing our sorrow at his passing, our love for him, and our respect for the legacy he built in the ongoing life of this our diocese.

The service booklet for the Requiem Eucharist for the Rt. Rev. E. Don Taylor is available as a pdf online. Please go to www.diocesen.org > Bishops and then click on the link in the right hand menu bar.



The Rt. Rev. E. Don Taylor in episcopal vestments.

Photo: Kara Flannery

Bishop Taylor held the distinction of being the first West Indian to become a Bishop in The Episcopal Church. Born and raised in Jamaica, he was ordained a priest in 1961 and began a ministry at St. Mary the Virgin, then a small mission in Kingston, Jamaica. In 1970, he left a flourishing congregation to take up his next appointment as Headmaster of Kingston College. He came to the United State in 1973 and served communities in Buffalo and Atlanta for some 14 years, until election in 1987 as Bishop of the Virgin Islands. As Bishop, his strong pastoral ministry contributed to significant church growth. A former radio announcer, he established a Diocesan Radio Studio and proclaimed the gospel in weekly broadcasts.

In 1994, Bishop Taylor returned to the United States mainland to assume duties as Assistant Bishop in this diocese, in the newly created position of Vicar Bishop for New York City, an area covering Staten Island, Manhattan and the Bronx. Bishop Taylor was especially beloved for his pastoral ministry and his commitment to promoting community development. Always he cared most about the people he served. "I haven't done spectacular things, haven't raised millions of dollars," Bishop Taylor once said about his ministry as Vicar Bishop. "I've just tried to be a faithful, loving and caring bishop."

Upon his retirement, he answered the call to serve, once again, in his homeland and in 2009, he was appointed Rector of the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, more widely known as the Kingston Parish Church, in the Diocese of Jamaica and the Cayman Islands.

I wish again to express my profound gratitude to the clergy and lay leaders of our diocese who, in these last weeks since his stroke, visited Bishop Taylor and joined me in pastoral and sacramental ministry. Many of you offered care and companionship to Bishop Taylor in his journey towards God, expressing the love of this diocese for him. I will add personally that it was my great pleasure to work as friend and colleague with Don on the staff of this diocese through the last ten years of his ministry here. Nothing could be clearer than that he loved being a bishop, and his service to and ministry in this diocese was always characterized by the broad, infectious smile and deep laugh that signaled the profound joy at the center of his being.

LETTER

From the Rev. Michael Relyea

As a retired priest of the Diocese of New York and an Air Force veteran, I thank you for printing in your Spring 2014 issue Fr. Alagna's very clear and challenging critique of the Church's compliance with the idolatries of militarism and nationalism seen through the abuses such as use of the national flag as a liturgical object and prayer exclusively for "all who serve our country." I was associate pastor at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery and learned that in 1969, under rector Michael Allen, the U.S. flag was removed at the demand of St. Mark's Black and Brown Caucus and others in the congregation.

I have passed Fr. Alagna's article on to a number of church people outside New York since the acceptance of militarism and nationalism often goes unchallenged in our culture

First NY Indaba Concludes with Celebration



Diocesan Indaba participants at the concluding celebration and barbecue at Good Shepherd, Granite Springs, Saturday, May 3.

The first series of Indaba conversations to take place within the Diocese of New York concluded on Saturday, May 3, with a celebration and barbecue at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Granite Springs. About 200 people from the 54 congregational teams were present, along with many of the 17 Indaba facilitators. Groups of three congregations, each representing very different contexts for mission, met together over three weekends in October, January and April to experience what the life of the church looks like in another part of the diocese.

Bishop Dietsche spoke to those gathered on May 3 about the importance of the Indaba for the Diocese of New York. He noted that the enthusiasm that was so evident among those gathered indicated that the Indaba had succeeded in building new, and sometimes unlikely, friendships across the three regions of the diocese. The goal of the Indaba, to develop "a shared understanding of our common life," is well underway thanks to the experience of the Indaba weekends. Teams of four from each congregation spent three weekends together, Saturday morning through Sunday afternoon, with each congregation in the group hosting a weekend. During that time, the host team acquainted their visitors with the life of the congregation and its community; time was also spent getting to know one another on a personal level. Visitors were the overnight guests on Saturday night in the homes of host team members or others from the congregation.

Also present for the May 3 concluding gathering was Angharad Parry Jones from the Continuing Indaba Project at the Anglican Communion Office in London, which has organized Indaba conversations on a Communion-wide level and advised Anglican dioceses and groups on local adaptations of the Indaba process. She spoke of the impact Indaba has had on strengthening relationships across the Anglican Communion. The Diocese of New York, joined with the Diocese of Derby in the Church of England and the Diocese of Mumbai in the Church of North India, was one of five pilot Indaba groups bringing dioceses from around the Anglican world into conversation with one another. Friendships formed during that Indaba continue to grow, as does a deeper appreciation of the very different contexts for mission that exist in different settings.

Bishop Dietsche and Archdeacon William Parnell announced on May 3 at the concluding celebration that new opportunities for Indaba conversations within the Diocese of New York will be unveiled shortly. The celebration concluded with a big barbecue of pulled pork sandwiches and all the trimmings, hosted by the Reverend Matthew Mead and members of the Church of the Good Shepherd. Blessed with a beautiful day, tables were set up on the church grounds where Indaba group members ate, visited with one another, and shared highlights of their Indaba weekends.



Prayer ribbons at Christ Church & San Marcos, Tarrytown, May 11, for the kidnapped Nigerian girls. Photo: Christ Church

Prayer Ribbons in Tarrytown for Nigerian Girls

The congregation of Christ Church & San Marcos, Tarrytown tied yellow "Bring Back Our Girls" ribbons to the church railings May 11, calling for the return of the more than 300 girls kidnapped April 15 by Boko Haram in northern Nigeria.

Archbishop of Korea Seated on Cathedral's International Cathedra



Bishop Shin, Archbishop Kim and Bishop Dietsche

During Evensong on Sunday, May 18, Archbishop Paul Kim of South Korea, who had traveled to New York to attend Bishop Shin's consecration, joined an illustrious company of predecessors when he was seated by Bishop Dietsche on the international cathedra (throne) of the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine. The cathedra, located in the choir of the cathedral directly opposite the throne of the Bishop of New York, was instituted by Bishop Grein in 1989 as a means of recognizing and showing honor to visiting primates and religious leaders.

Rural & Migrant Ministry Youth Economic Group Gets New Home: Needs Help with Painting, Cleaning, Renovating

The Youth Economic Group (YEG) of Rural & Migrant Ministry (RMM) has been blessed with a new home in the form of the parsonage at the Liberty United Methodist Church in Liberty, NY, which will provide them with valuable project and meeting space and volunteer living space.

RMM needs your help to make it a reality—with things like painting, major cleaning, small renovations etc. Starting in August, they are asking for 'work groups' to join them for a day to help us prepare the new Center. If you think a group (small or large, or even one person) can come and join us for a day, or if you need more information, please contact their office at 845-485-8627.

St. Mark's in the Bowery Commemorates Victims of Gun Violence



Planting crosses with the names of New York gun violence victims in the church yard of St. Mark's in the Bowery on Palm Sunday. Photo: P. Feuerstein.

The members of St Marks in the Bowery ended the Palm Sunday liturgy by planting crosses in the church yard covered by T shirts with the names of New Yorkers who died by gun violence this year.



The new, well-protected, raised bed garden at Amenia Union on May 25. It is greener now! Photo: Nicholas Richardson

New Garden to Supply Food Pantry at Amenia Union

Sunday, May 25 saw the blessing by the Rev. Betsy Fisher, vicar of St. Thomas, Amenia Union of a new raised bed garden at that will provide fresh produce for the church's food pantry. The garden, which is of impressive size and received support in the form of a grant from Episcopal Charities, was built using cedar harvested from the church's own property.

\$10,000 Raised: Global Women's Fund Thanks Women Clergy



Women of the clergy and other contributors to the Global Women's Fund Sister-to-Sister Tribute at Ogilvie House, May 8. Photo: Nicholas Richardson

On May 8, the women clergy of the EDNY gathered at Ogilvie House for a tea at which Bishop Knudsen thanked them for their generosity in raising \$10,000, establishing funding for the Sister-to-Sister tribute to Bishop Roskam. Margaret Dietsche, a Global Women's Fund board member, hosted the gathering.

The Sister-to-Sister tribute is part of the Global Women's Fund, whose mission is to grant seminary scholarships to women who are on the ordination track in the developing world. Two recipients were chosen: Jenny Gudia Baladdeng Pinge from the Philippines and Siede A. Williams from Liberia. Jenny will be attending St. Andrew's Theological Seminary in Manila and Siede will be attending Cuttington University in Suacuco Bong County. Both women are on the ordination track and will receive a Masters of Divinity. The women clergy signed cards sending prayers and good wishes to each recipient. The bond of a shared journey and the knowledge that many are supporting their effort to become ordained is a blessing to both women.

This Fall the Sister-to-Sister clergy will gather again to raise another \$10,000 for seminary scholarships. This program is a win-win...women clergy helping educate women clergy as an honor to Bishop Catherine Roskam, founder of the Global Women's Fund.



Heavenly Rest's Director of Music and Organist, Mollie Nichols, at the celebration of her 25 years in that role. Photo: Donna Ruf.

Heavenly Rest's Director of Music and Organist Celebrates 25th Year

On Sunday, June 1, the congregation of the Church of the Heavenly Rest celebrated the 25th anniversary of Mollie Hall Nichols as its Director of Music & Organist. In honor of Mollie, the Offertory anthem, "Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled", by Paul Halley, was commissioned by Church of the Heavenly Rest; parishioner Bruce Saylor composed the communion anthem "Praised Be the God of Love" (with text by George Herbert), and former chorister Nora Linde, composed an Anglican chant for the Psalm. The service was followed by a festive reception featuring a video slideshow of Mollie's 25 years of ministry.

St. Gregory's, Woodstock Celebrates Opening of Horticultural Therapy Garden and Labyrinth



The new labyrinth at St. Gregory's, Woodstock.

Photo: Nicholas Richardson

On Saturday June 7, the parishioners of St. Gregory's Church were joined by members of the Woodstock community and Bishop Dietsche for a garden party to celebrate the opening of a newly completed horticultural therapy garden and wheelchair-accessible labyrinth adjoining the church's existing and very beautiful garden. Bishop Dietsche spoke briefly and blessed the garden, music wafted through the air, people walked or wheeled through the labyrinth, and liberal quantities of food and beverages were

Trinity Wall Street Names Next Rector

Trinity Wall Street has called the Very Rev. Dr. William Lupfer, the Dean of the Trinity Episcopal Cathedral in Portland, Oregon, as its next rector. Dr. Lupfer was named at the Vestry's June 11 meeting to succeed the Rev. Dr. James H. Cooper in February 2015. He will be 18th Rector of the parish, which chartered in 1697.



The Very Rev. Dr. William Lupfer, Trinity Wall Street's next rector.

Photo: Trinity Wall street

New York Altar Guild 2015 Grant Cycle

Applications for New York Altar Guild's (NYAG) 2015 Grant Cycle, which should be for projects in keeping with the purpose of the Guild, should be submitted to the Grants Committee by February 2, 2015. Such projects might include refurbishing an organ, new cabinetry in a sacristy, repair of stained glass, etc. (For more information on the background to the NYAG's grants, please go to www.diocesenyn.org > Christian Life > The New York Altar Guild.)

Please contact Grants Committee Chair Miss Jean Grainger, 215 East 79th Street, Apartment 14A, New York, New York 10075-0854 or jcgrainger@aol.com for further information, Guidelines and an Application. Grant award(s) will be announced following the Guild's April Board Meeting.

WANT TO PLACE AN AD IN THE EPISCOPAL NEW YORKER?

As the official publication of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, *The Episcopal New Yorker* reaches more than 31,000 households representing every congregation in the diocese. Reaching laypersons and clergy, this newspaper informs, inspires, teaches and promotes understanding among the diverse constituencies in the diocese.

Advertisements can be purchased for a single edition or in groups at a discounted rate.

Non-profit display rates (figure are per insertion)

Ad size	1 ad	2 ads
Full Page	\$1250	\$1125/insert
1/2 Page (7" x 10" horiz., 5" x 14" vert.)	\$700	\$630/insert
1/4 Page (5" x 5")	\$400	\$360/insert
1/8 Page (5" x 2.5")	\$195	\$175/insert

For-profit display rates (figure are per insertion)

Ad size	1 ad	2 ads
Full Page	\$2200	\$2000/insert
1/2 Page (7" x 10" horiz., 5" x 14" vert.)	\$1000	\$900/insert
1/4 Page (5" x 5")	\$485	\$435/insert
1/8 Page (5" x 2.5")	\$300	\$270/insert

Sheet and envelope insertions available for an additional fee.

2014 ad deadlines:

February 15 for Spring issue; May 31 for Summer issue; August 31 for Autumn issue; November 30 for Winter issue.

To submit an ad or to receive more information, contact the editor of *The Episcopal New Yorker* at: 1047 Amsterdam Ave., New York, NY 10025 Tel: 212-316-7520 e-mail: ads@episcopalnewyorker.com.

Keep Up With Goings-On in the Diocese

Sign up Online News, the diocesan events and announcements email Go to www.diocesenyn.org > News & Publications > Online News.



The Rev. Dr. Gideon Jebamami at the Global Dalit Rights March, Washington, D.C., June 21
Photo: Diocesan India Network

Diocese Participates in Historic Anti-Caste Discrimination March

Members and friends of the India Network, Dalit Issues Subcommittee participated on June 21 in Washington, D.C., in the first global march on behalf of the Dalits (Untouchables) of India, other Asian countries and the diaspora, sponsored by the International Commission for Dalit Rights (ICDR). The focus of the march, which was joined by participants from India, Nepal, Canada, Guatemala, and US states as far away as Michigan, was to demonstrate solidarity for people who have faced caste based discrimination. Johanna Shafer spoke outside the White House on behalf of the diocese. Concurrent marches were held in San Francisco and New Jersey.

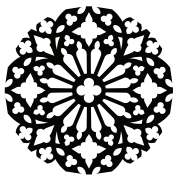
The group was advocating for endorsement by the White House of the UN Human Rights Council's "Principles and Guidelines for the Effective Elimination of Discrimination Based on Work and Descent". The march also was advocating for passage by the US Congress of a binding resolution against caste based discrimination. You can be a part of this historic occasion by calling your congressional representative and asking them to see that House resolution # 566 is supported and moved out of committee for a vote.

CLERGY CHANGES

	FROM	TO	DATE
The Rev. J. Cooper Conway	Interim Pastor, St. Paul's on-the-Hill, Ossining and Trinity Church, Ossining	Interim Pastor, Christ Church, Poughkeepsie	April 1, 2014
The Rev. Mark R. Wood	Interim Pastor, St. Thomas', Mamaroneck	Interim Pastor, St. Paul's on-the-Hill, Ossining and Trinity Church, Ossining	May 1, 2014
The Rev. Joanne Izzo	The General Theological Seminary	Assistant (Half-time), Christ Church, Tarrytown	June 8, 2014
The Rev. Richard (Rik) Pike	The General Theological Seminary	Assistant Minister, St. Matthew's, Bedford	June 22, 2014
The Rev. Keith A. Voets	Assistant Rector, St. John's, Essex, CT	Associate Rector, St. Barnabas, Irvington	June 24, 2014
The Rev. Dr. Joel C. Mason	St. Mary the Virgin, Chappaqua	Retirement	June 30, 2014
The Rev. The Rev. Andrew C. Mead	Rector, St. Thomas, Manhattan	Retirement	June 30, 2014
The Rev. Eileen Weglarz	Supply-Plus, St. John's (Wilmot), New Rochelle	Interim Pastor, Christ Church, Hudson, NY	July 1, 2014
The Rev. Eric F. Cosentino	Rector, Church of the Divine Love, Montrose	Retirement	July 31, 2014
The Rev. Rev. Andrew G. Butler, III	Supply	Rector, Christ Church Riverdale, Bronx	August 1, 2014
The Rev. Leigh Mackintosh	Berkeley Divinity School at Yale	Curate (Shared), St. Ignatius of Antioch, Manhattan and St. Matthew & St. Timothy's, Manhattan	August 1, 2014
The Rev. Canon Carl F. Turner	Canon Precentor, Exeter Cathedral, United Kingdom	Rector, St. Thomas, Manhattan	September 14, 2014

Cathedral Calendar

LATE SUMMER/EARLY FALL 2014



The Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine

1047 Amsterdam Avenue at 112th Street
New York, NY 10025 (212) 316-7540

For details of ongoing programs, tours and workshops at the Cathedral please visit www.stjohndivine.org.

TICKETS AND RESERVATIONS

Unless otherwise noted events do not require tickets or reservations. Tickets for all performances other than free or "suggested contribution" events may be purchased directly from the Cathedral's website, stjohndivine.org, or by calling (866) 811-4111.

Please visit the Cathedral's website, stjohndivine.org or call the Visitor Center (212) 316-7540 for updates and additional event and tour information.

ONGOING PROGRAMS, TOURS, WORKSHOPS

The Great Organ: Midday Monday

Cathedral organists provide a 30-minute break for mind, body and spirit at 1:00 pm with an entertaining and informative demonstration of the Cathedral's unparalleled Great Organ.

The Great Organ: It's Sunday

The Great Organ: It's Sunday invites established and emerging organists from across the U.S. and around the world to take their turn at the Great Organ and present a free 5:15 pm concert.

PUBLIC EDUCATION AND VISITOR SERVICES TOURS AND CHILDREN'S WORKSHOPS

Public Education & Visitor Services offers Cathedral Highlights, Vertical, and Spotlight Tours. All tours meet for registration at the Visitor Center inside the Cathedral entrance, at 112th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Highlights Tours: \$6 per person, \$5 per student/senior. Vertical Tours: \$15 per person, \$12 per student/senior. Spotlight Tours: \$10 per person, \$8 per student/senior.

Highlights Tours

Mondays, 11 am – Noon & 2 – 3 pm,
Tuesdays – Saturdays, 11 am – Noon & 1 pm – 2 pm, Select Sundays 1 pm – 2 pm

Explore the many highlights of the Cathedral's history, architecture, and artwork, from the Great Bronze Doors to the seven Chapels of the Tongues. Learn about the Cathedral's services, events, and programs that welcome and inspire visitors from around the world. No prior reservation necessary.

Vertical Tours

Wednesdays, Noon – 1 pm; Saturdays,
Noon – 1 pm & 2 pm – 3 pm

On this adventurous, "behind-the-scenes" tour, climb more than 124 feet through spiral staircases to the top of the world's largest cathedral. Learn stories through stained glass windows and sculpture and study the grand architecture of the Cathedral while standing on a buttress. The tour culminates on the roof with a wonderful view of Manhattan. Space is limited to 20 people 12 years of age and older, and reservations are recommended. For reservations, visit the Cathedral website or call 866 811-4111. Bring a flashlight.

The Phoenix: Spotlight on the Exhibition

Saturdays, 3 pm – 4 pm
Select Fridays and Sundays

Climb through the Cathedral's walls and walk along its corridors for an exclusive look at the contemporary art exhibition, The Phoenix: Xu Bing at the Cathedral.

SUNDAY SERVICES

8 a.m. Morning Prayer & Holy Eucharist
9 a.m. Holy Eucharist
11 a.m. Choral Eucharist
4 p.m. Choral Evensong

DAILY SERVICES

Monday-Sunday

8 a.m. Morning Prayer
8:30 a.m. Holy Eucharist (Tuesday & Thursday only)
12:15 p.m. Holy Eucharist
5 p.m. Evening Prayer

Visitors will participate in a lively discussion about the exhibition's artworks, and their themes of urbanization, migration, and renewal. This tour explores the monumental Phoenix, two twelve-ton sculptures suspended in flight from the Cathedral's 124-foot vaulting, and Background Story, a lightbox "painting" crafted from natural debris. \$20 per person, \$15 per student/senior. Space is limited and reservations are recommended. For reservations visit the Cathedral website or call (866) 811-4111.

Textile Treasures

Select Fridays, 2 pm – 4 pm

Explore the Cathedral's magnificent art collection with a special focus on textiles! This unique opportunity includes a behind-the-scenes visit to the Cathedral's world-renowned Textile Conservation Lab, which conserves tapestries, needlepoint, upholstery, costumes, and other textiles. Particular attention will be paid to the Barberini collection of the Life of Christ tapestries, given before there was even a cathedral to display them in, and the Acts of the Apostles tapestries, based on cartoons by Raphael. \$20 per person, \$15 per student/senior. Space is limited to 20 people 12 years of age and older. For the tour schedule and reservations visit the Cathedral's website or call (866) 811-4111.

Medieval Birthday Parties

Saturdays & Sundays, by availability

Celebrate your child's birthday with a two-hour party in the Medieval Arts Workshop, where children sculpt gargoyles, weave, make brass rubbings, carve a block of limestone, and much more! For children ages 5 & up. Call the Public Education & Visitor Services Department at 212 932-7347 for more information and reservations.

Nightwatch

The Nightwatch program has been updated and expanded with three exciting and innovative offerings: Nightwatch Crossroads, Knightwatch Medieval and Nightwatch Dusk & Dawn. For more information visit stjohndivine.org or contact: (212) 316-5819/ nightwatch@stjohndivine.org.

ADULTS AND CHILDREN IN TRUST (A.C.T.)

To learn about the many nurturing year-round programs for young people offered by A.C.T., please call (212) 316-7530 or visit www.actprograms.org.

CATHEDRAL COMMUNITY CARES (CCC)

Please visit www.stjohndivine.org for more information on CCC programs, which include health screenings at the Nutrition, Health and Clothing Center, the Clothing Closet, Sunday Soup Kitchen, SNAP/Food Stamps Program, and Walking Club

SELECTED PROGRAMS AND SERVICES:

JULY

I LOVE NEW YORK: SPOTLIGHT ON THE CITY

Sunday, July 12, 10 am – 11:30 am

Celebrate New York City and its indomitable spirit with

a special tour of the Cathedral. Learn how the Cathedral and City serve as places of diversity, tolerance, and human achievement. Hear stories of New York's immigrants, inventors, and artists who have helped shape the City and the world. Visit the Firefighter's Memorial and see New York City's skyline in sculpture. Led by Senior Cathedral Guide John Simko.

STONE CARVING WORKSHOP

Sunday, July 12, 1 – 5 pm

Join Cathedral Artist-in-Residence Chris Pelletieri for a full afternoon exploring the time-honored craft of stone carving. This exciting class places emphasis on practicing ancient skills while doing level-appropriate projects. Beginner and experienced students are welcome. Space is limited to six participants. Reservations and advance payment are required of participants. \$300.00 per person for the class, tools and materials included.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS: SPOTLIGHT ON SYMBOLISM

Sunday, July 13, 1 pm – 2:30 pm

Explore the signs and symbols in the Cathedral and discover the unique attributes that characterize saints. Learn what role animals and Greek letters play in the iconography of the paintings, glass and stone, and how these legends have inspired artists through the centuries. Led by Senior Cathedral Guide Becca Earley.

TEXTILE TREASURES: SPOTLIGHT ON CATHEDRAL TAPESTRIES

Friday, July 18, 2 pm – 4 pm

This unique guided tour includes a "behind-the-scenes" visit to the Cathedral's world-renowned Textile Conservation Lab, which conserves tapestries, needlepoint, upholstery, costumes, and other textiles. Particular focus will be the Barberini collection of the Life of Christ tapestries and the Acts of the Apostles tapestries, based on cartoons by Raphael. \$20 per person, \$15 per student/senior. All participants must be 12 years of age or older and reservations are recommended.

STONE CARVING WORKSHOP

Sunday, July 12, 1 – 5 pm

See description for July 12.

SECRETS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE: SPOTLIGHT ON HIDDEN IMAGES

Sunday, July 20, 1 pm – 2 pm

What are a stripper and the signs of the zodiac doing in our stained glass windows? Find out on this tour that puts the spotlight on surprising images in glass and stone. Led by Senior Cathedral Guide Tom Fedorek.

THE CATHEDRAL IN CONTEXT: SPOTLIGHT ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

Sunday, July 26, 10 am – Noon

The Cathedral spurred the growth of Morningside Heights into becoming one of Manhattan's most unique neighborhoods. Go back in time on an illustrated walking tour of the neighborhood and its historic architecture and institutions, and learn about its development into the "Acropolis of Manhattan." The tour begins at the Cathedral and ends at River-

side Church. Led by Cathedral Guide Bill Schneberger. \$15 per person, \$12 per student/senior. All participants must be 12 years of age or older and reservations are recommended. This tour requires extensive outdoor walking and use of stairs.

AUGUST

WITHIN THE WALLS: EXPLORING HIDDEN SPACES

Sunday, August 2, 10 am – 11:30 am

This extended tour features "behind-the-scenes" climbs in both the eastern and western ends of St. John the Divine. In the East, descend into the unfinished crypt and then ascend Rafael Guastavino's beautiful spiral staircase to incredible views high above the altar. The western climb presents an amazing view down the entire length of the world's largest cathedral. Led by Senior Cathedral Guide Tom Fedorek. \$20 per person, \$15 per student/senior. All participants must be 12 years of age and older and reservations are recommended.

THE CATHEDRAL IN CONTEXT: SPOTLIGHT ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

Sunday, August 3, 1 pm – 3 pm

See tour description for July 26.

TEXTILE TREASURES: SPOTLIGHT ON CATHEDRAL TAPESTRIES

Friday, August 8, 2 pm – 4 pm

See tour description for July 18.

STONE CARVING WORKSHOP

Sunday, August 9, 1 – 5 pm

See description for July 12.

WITHIN THE WALLS: EXPLORING HIDDEN SPACES

Sunday, August 16, 10 am – 11:30 am

See tour description for August 2. Led by Senior Cathedral Guide John Simko.

SEPTEMBER

METTAWEE RIVER THEATRE COMPANY: THE DANCING FOX

Friday, September 5 – Sunday, September 7, 7:30 pm

The Dancing Fox: Wisdom Tales of the Middle East gathers material from the shared folk traditions of Jews and Arabs, including the writings of Sufi mystics, along with fables and folklore of the region. In these tales we encounter some clever foxes, dim-witted fish, a vengeful snake and other colorful creatures, as well as a number of wise and foolish humans. New perspectives emerge from the comic twists and tragic turns of their adventures. A variety of masks, puppets and giant figures will be used to flesh out the particular realm of each tale.

EPISCOPAL RELIEF & DEVELOPMENT 75TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION ART EXHIBITION

On view Sunday, September 6 – Sunday, September 21

This touring photo exhibition shows Episcopal Relief & Development's mission of "healing a hurting world" in action around the world, from China to Ghana to El Salvador to Louisiana to New Jersey, and points in between. Visit episcopalrelief.org for more information.

METTAWEE RIVER THEATRE COMPANY: THE DANCING FOX

Friday, September 12 – Sunday, September 14, 7:30 pm

See description for September 5.

NIGHTWATCH DUSK & DAWN

Friday, September 26 and Sunday, September 27

Nightwatch Dusk & Dawn is designed for adults seeking time away from their busy lives for soul renewal and spiritual direction. This two-part series will offer a Friday evening of meditation, chanting and a teaching from a spiritual leader. Saturday will be a half-day retreat in a workshop style setting, led by a guest facilitator. Participants will have time to learn and practice the tools of meditation, chant and relaxation, as well as group reflection, question and answer, and private prayer. Visit stjohndivine.org to register.

BISHOPS' VISITATION SCHEDULE

JULY 13 (5 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. James', Fordham

AUGUST – NO VISITATIONS

SEPTEMBER 7 (13 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Ann's, Bronx

Bishop Shin: St. John's, Staten Island

SEPTEMBER 14 (14 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Mary's, Tuxedo Park

Bishop Shin: St. Philip's, Manhattan

Bishop Sauls: Grace, Port Jervis

SEPTEMBER 28 (16 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Grace, Middletown

Bishop Shin: All Saints', Manhattan

OCTOBER 5 (17 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Cathedral

Bishop Shin: Messiah, Rhinebeck

Bishop Wolf: St. Luke's, Eastchester

OCTOBER 12 (18 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Sts. John, Paul & Clement, Mt. Vernon

Bishop Shin: Trinity, Fishkill

OCTOBER 18 (SATURDAY)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Luke's, Somers

OCTOBER 19 (19 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Andrew's, New Paltz

Bishop Shin: Holy Communion, Mahopac

Ministry and Service in the Military

By the Rev. Judith Ferguson

People enter the military for all kinds of reasons: to serve their country with honor, to find adventure, for job opportunities, and to test the limits of who they are—“when I come to the end of myself who am I, who will I become?” Whatever their reasons for joining, after their basic training, they are formed by and become steeped in duty, honor, and country. Their service is a vocation and a ministry as much as it is a respected profession. Soldiers hear a call from the people of the United States and their leaders to serve and protect them. They live in a culture that promotes altruism, selfless service, personal courage, respect, education, virtue, integrity, expertise, stewardship of professionalism, being peacemakers and being guardians of freedom. As in any group, there are people who do this very well, people who live it out in wrong ways, and all those in between. But most people in the military live up to their personal and professional standards, and go way beyond what is required. They are human beings who love, have families, are faithful and spiritual.

A few weeks ago at our church near West Point, we gathered around one of our officers. Everyone in the congregation put his or her hands on him, and said prayers for his safety and protection. He was going to Afghanistan for a year. The weight of the situation was evident to us all: he was putting his life on the line for his country and for his fellow citizens. In his face and the face of his wife we saw purpose, and we saw risk. As well as his wife, he was leaving behind his two teenagers who, now much older than when he was last deployed, understood that their father was going away from them for a dangerous year. He was doing this—and his family was letting him do it—for the benefit of us citizens and of our country. A month earlier, another of our officers had also gone off on a tour of duty: two human beings leaving behind all that is dear in order to attend to the needs of our nation, to provide safety and protection for those in need elsewhere, and to offer strength and support; two families sacrificing a year of relationship with husbands and fathers, so there may be peace and security in a suffering, violent place.

Over the past 13 years in our West Point campus ministry, I know of only one of our graduates who has died in Iraq or Afghanistan. He graduated from the Academy, got married, and went off to minister and serve. An IED exploded under his vehicle, and he was killed at 23 years of age. When his parents received his belongings, they noticed that he had a marker in his Book of Common Prayer. It was placed at prayer 25 on page 823, *For those in the Armed Forces of our Country*: “Almighty God, we commend to your gracious care and keeping all the men and women of our armed forces at home and abroad. Defend them day by day with your heavenly grace; strengthen them in their trials and temptations; give them courage to face the perils which beset them; and grant them a



Cornelis Cornelisz van Haarlem *The Angel Appearing to the Centurion Cornelius*. Pen and black ink with gray wash and white heightening on paper prepared with diluted red chalk, , late 1590s. National Gallery of Art, Washington. Photo: P. Feuerstein.

sense of your abiding presence wherever they may be; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

I talked with some of our Episcopal cadets about writing this article. What did they want people to know? “That with God, there is forgiveness,” they replied. It was extremely important for them to know God’s forgiveness, and that as leaders who would be responsible for other people’s lives they are human above all—needing themselves both to show and to receive forgiveness. They also wanted people to know how faith links in with being a good soldier. “I would say that it is essential,” one said. “...We have to serve honorably and do things the ‘right’ way, and faith is an essential element of that—whatever your faith may be. It provides the psychological body armor that allows us to do the things we need to do in the service of our nation—which at times means taking life and/or giving our own—and return as productive citizens of the nation.”

This past week, we said goodbye to our senior cadets, called “Firsties.” They are embarking on new chapters in their lives, fully believing that they are helping, ministering and serving their fellow citizens,

leaders, country and Constitution. They understand the weight of the task in front of them, and the joy of aiding and ministering to others. They know they have Jesus in the midst of their struggles, and have the faith to say that there is no randomness. Even in chaos, in dying or living, the Spirit is in the nanosecond, the neutrino light passing through all matter; and they are ok going forward into the unknown with whatever God has in store for them.

When our Firsties graduate, we give them Bibles (and other gifts). Inside each Bible is written: “In Caesarea there was a man named Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian Cohort, as it was called. He was a devout man who feared God with all his household; he gave alms generously to the people and prayed constantly to God” (Acts 10:1-2). Peter encountered Cornelius. Jesus encountered centurions and soldiers, proclaiming one to have the most faith he’d seen in all Israel. When spat upon, beaten and nailed to the cross, Jesus didn’t blame them. As Jesus hung on the cross, one of the soldiers proclaimed Him to be the Son of God. They guarded His tomb, were there outside during his resurrection, and encountered an angel of the Lord. No condemnation or judgment; love and grace—yes.

We are in the presence of noble people who give their all for us. They live by strict professional codes of ethics and rules of engagement. Many love and serve God. They are worthy of our respect and honor, and of our ministry.

Ferguson is the Episcopal civilian chaplain to the United States Military Academy, West Point, and rector of the parish of the Church of the Holy Innocents and St. Mark’s Chapel.