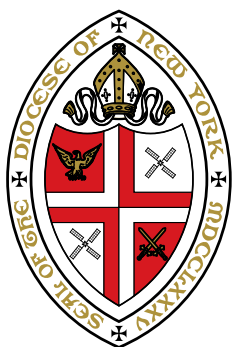


Food Issue

THE EPISCOPAL NEW YORKER

THE OFFICIAL NEWS PUBLICATION OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NEW YORK

FALL 2015



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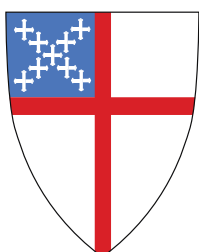
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The Rt. Rev. Andrew M.L. Dietsche

Breaking Bread Together

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

I remember the day I realized that I would never again eat my mother's fried chicken. It was a lonely feeling. It was the feeling that something infinitely precious had slipped away, and I hadn't realized how important it was to me until it was gone. When my siblings and I closed up my mother's house last year, it was not the dividing up of her nicest things that was so poignant to us, but the very ordinary, well used, day-to-day serving bowls in which she had put her own good food in front of us all our lives. It was over those ordinary meals, day after day, that we became family.

At the center of the word "companion" is the root that means "bread," so that when we say that the people we like to be with are our companions, what we mean is that they are the people we eat bread with. I am sure I am not unusual in remembering certain very specific meals that I have eaten and will never forget, though decades may have passed—certain plates of food I can almost still taste, and all of them shared with people I love. It has been over these tables that we have discovered who we are to one another, what we mean to each other. That is especially true in the intimate communities of our families and friends, where the lives we share and the passage of the years are marked by holiday meals held hostage to hide-bound family traditions, comfort foods when we are sick or feeling low, the favorite fruits and vegetables that give anticipation and remembrance to the turning of the seasons. Tangerines and sweet corn in the summer, apple pie and butternut squash in the fall.

But this capacity of bread broken and shared to create and shape our common life is also quite literally what we mean by the Eucharistic community. "On the night in which he was betrayed, Jesus took bread..." And by the words he spoke and the things he did, he tied that paschal meal to the passion and sacrifice he was about to make. We eat and we accept that, in a way perhaps not always or entirely clear to us, this is the body and blood of Christ. It is a taking into ourselves the eternal purposes of God in Christ by which we are saved. We take Jesus' broken body into ourselves and we become what we eat.

But when I place the host into the small hand of a young child, unburdened by theology yet coming forward to the altar with her mother or father, extending her hand for the good food, I remember Jesus' dinner-table promise to the disciples: "Do this for the anamnesis, for the making-present, of me," and I become like that child. Give me the comfort food too. Let me also be at the altar, our table, and discover all over again, over bread broken and shared, who we are to one another and who Jesus is to us, and what this fellowship of well-loved companions means. It means everything.

+Andy

Compartiendo el Pan

Por el Revdmo. Obispo Andrew M.L. Dietsche

Recuerdo el día en que me di cuenta que nunca más comería el pollo frito de mi madre. Fue una sensación de soledad. Fue la sensación de que algo infinitamente valioso había desaparecido y no me había dado cuenta de lo importante que era para mí, hasta que ya no estaba. El año pasado, cuando mis hermanos y yo cerramos la casa de mi madre, lo conmovedor para nosotros no fue el compartir sus cosas más bellas, sino los platos del día-a-día, los más comunes, los súper usados, en los cuales ella nos sirvió su propio alimento durante todas nuestras vidas. Fue en esas comidas cotidianas, día tras día, que nos convertimos en familia.

Al centro de la palabra "compañero(a)" está la raíz que significa "pan", de manera que cuando se dice que las personas con las cuales nos gusta estar son nuestros compañeros(as), lo que queremos decir es que son las personas con quienes comemos el pan. Estoy seguro que no estoy fuera de lo común al recordar ciertas comidas muy específicas que he comido y que nunca olvidaré, aunque hayan pasado décadas. Hay determinados platos de comida que aún puedo casi saborear y compartir con las personas que yo amo. Ha sido en estas mesas que he descubierto quienes somos los unos para los otros, y lo que significamos para cada uno.

Esto es especialmente cierto en las comunidades íntimas de nuestras familias y amigos, donde el pasar de los años y la vida que compartimos están marcados por las comidas de fiestas aferradas a tradiciones rígidas, los alimentos reconfortantes cuando estamos enfermos o nos sentimos bajonados, las frutas y los vegetales favoritos que son un anticipo y un recordatorio del cambio de las estaciones, las mandarinas y el maíz dulce en el verano, el pastel de manzana y de calabaza en el otoño. Pero esta capacidad de crear del pan partido y compartido y de dar forma a nuestra vida en común también es literalmente lo que entendemos como la comunidad eucarística.

"En la noche en que fue traicionado, Jesús tomó pan..." Y por las palabras que dijo y las cosas que hizo, ligó esa comida pasqual a la pasión y al sacrificio que él estaba a punto de hacer. Comemos y aceptamos, tal vez de una manera no siempre o completamente clara para nosotros, que éste es el cuerpo y la sangre de Cristo. Es tomar en nosotros mismos los propósitos eternos de Dios en Cristo por los cuales somos salvados.

Tomamos el cuerpo fragmentado de Jesús en nosotros mismos y nos convertimos en lo que comemos. Pero cuando pongo la hostia en la pequeña mano de un(a) niño(a) chico(a), sin la carga de la teología, y que sin embargo se acerca al altar con su madre o su padre, extendiendo la mano para recibir el alimento bueno, recuerdo la promesa de Jesús en la mesa del comedor a los discípulos: "Hagan esto por la anamnesia, en memoria de mí".

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A Way of Life at Bluestone Farm

By Meredith Kadet Sanderson

At Bluestone Farm in Brewster, the Sisters of the Community of the Holy Spirit and their Companions take in the curious, the seekers, those weary of city life or computer work, the young, the eager, and the unprepared. They open up their life together: It's remarkable, when you think of it, to take in strangers and make them part of your family's work and prayer. I was one of the ones they let live with them a while.

It was the second summer I'd spent farming. I like farming because it is



Bluestone Farmers.

Photo: Catherine Grace, CHS.

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKES

These are more like French crepes and not at all like American-style fluffy pancakes. When I was a child in England, my mother made them for us every Shrove Tuesday. Historically, they had been eaten then to use up the eggs and fat before Lent, and the tradition persists. These quantities will make about 10 pancakes, depending on the size of your skillet.

1 cup all-purpose flour
4 large eggs
1 cup full-fat milk
1 tbsp. butter, melted
1 tbsp. sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp vanilla extract (if you like - I don't.)

Preheat your oven to 350° so that you can stash your pancakes and keep them warm as you make them.

Mix the flour, sugar and salt in the bottom of a bowl. Add eggs, milk, melted butter and vanilla (if using) and blend until smooth (or use a blender—the way you arrive at a smooth batter is irrelevant). Allow to stand for 15 minutes.

Now heat a non-stick skillet over high heat. Brush with butter if you are purist, or a minimal amount of mild, high burn-point oil if you prefer not to risk incinerating everything (I do the latter and things turn out tasting just fine). Immediately ladle in enough batter to coat the bottom of the pan thinly. Tip the pan as needed to achieve this. After about 45 seconds, turn the pancake over. Cook for another 30 seconds or so. You're aiming for a fairly consistent golden brown on side 1, and speckled browning on side 2, with a consistency that is flexible without being rubbery. Adjust heat as necessary to achieve this. Slide the pancake onto a plate and place in the heated oven. Repeat.

To serve, sprinkle pancakes with superfine sugar and spritz with lemon juice. On Shrove Tuesday, at least, do not add jam, Nutella, fruit or anything else. Roll. Eat. Appreciate how good simple things can be.

simple work that takes a lot of time and attention. Farm work is a series of verbs, verbs so alive that they could be illustrated: plan (briefly, before dawn); pick and cut and pluck (rapidly, before the sun gets hot); carry, pour, feed (amusedly, while the chickens crowd around your ankles, clucking); tug and pull (constantly, while the weeds grow always more vigorously); dig, lift, turn (carried away by the rhythm). I would do these things until it was time to stop; the next day, I'd do them again.

Other verbs belonged just as much in life at Bluestone – verbs that balanced the toll of simple work on the active body: Observe. Attend. Rest. Sing. Laugh. Bicker. Talk. Pray. And gather—for meals and around the altar.

I can perfectly picture the delight on each person's face, the sparkle in our eyes, around the communion circle. In grubby t-shirts many days, wiping dirt from our hands before genuflecting at the chapel entrance. One of the Companions would have changed the icon or brought in fresh flowers or something newly growing in the garden. We'd sing, we'd speak: "The body of Christ, the bread of heaven," when celebrating the Eucharist; "Receive this gift of earth," when participating in the sisters' Celebration of Life. Our shared meals had a similar pattern, beginning with a circle in which each person offered a thanksgiving from the day. At the altar and at the table, we shared food and drink produced by a marvelous cosmos of which our daily work was part. Always, we partook in the round, each of us receiving and turning to give to our neighbor in turn. Each of us had a place in the scheme of things, with giving turning over to receipt, work turning over into prayer and back again.

Sometimes I mistake vocation for work only. A priest friend corrected me, a few months back: Vocation always has to do with our life as a whole. To move in the direction of a call, we must gather up every part of our lives. At the farm, my life began to knit together, to make sense as a whole: the pattern of my days, the work I did and the rest that followed, the food I ate and who I ate it with, the prayers I said and who I prayed them alongside. What a gift I was given—thanks be to God.

The author is communications specialist at the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York, and until recently was director of programs for Episcopal Charities in the Diocese of New York.

Our Eucharistic Universe

By Sister Catherine Grace, CHS

We seldom notice how each day is a holy place
Where the eucharist of the ordinary happens,
Transforming our broken fragments
Into an eternal continuity that keeps us.

From *The Inner History of a Day* by John O'Donohue

On the eve of the millennial turn I was sitting on the convent roof, reading *Reclaiming Spirituality* by Diarmuid O'Murchu. It was late afternoon, the sun was dropping toward the Hudson River, and the sky had been brilliantly clear all day. O'Murchu was making the scientific point that at the quantum level matter appears and disappears constantly. Occasionally some of the matter “sticks” in existence. The fecund field where this activity takes place occupies most of the universe—from what we call cosmic space to the internal structure of every atom.

As I gazed at the sky it occurred to me that I was looking the process of creation directly in the eye. But the next thought nearly knocked me off my chair. I was contemplating the face of God. I wasn't thinking about it, I wasn't reading words about it—I was actually watching God at work at that very moment.

When one realizes that Ultimate Mystery is actively and constantly creating everything we know of in the Universe—matter, “dark” energy, cosmic forces, life in all its wild diversity—right under one's nose, one's life tends to change. Mine did, anyway.

In 2003, we decided to create an Earth Literacy Center at our Brewster property, much in the footsteps of Genesis Farm in New Jersey. We had no idea exactly how to do this, or even where to start. Our early efforts told us a lot about what not to do, which was frustrating, but it was also helpful. As we studied, experimented, listened, and prayed, we discovered that the future was inviting us, through the respectful use of the land in our care, to focus on the sacredness of creation. What we experienced firsthand was, as Thomas Berry observed, that all the created order is “the primary revelation of God.”

One sister here had wanted to farm for many years, so farm we did. Suddenly our work began to flow. Farming is hard physical work, of course, but many of the obstacles we had encountered earlier seemed to resolve without much effort from us. The land, the future, and certainly the Holy Spirit have been teaching us what Earth needs at this time and in this place. Our gardens and orchards have thrived, increasing numbers of people come to share our work and worship, and we ourselves are being changed.

With my own interest in the connection between science, spirituality, and creation, I began to explore the deeper meaning of our work. During a quiet reflection one Sunday, my mind was wandering around the process of photosynthesis while my eyes rested on a lovely view

of our main garden through the chapel window.

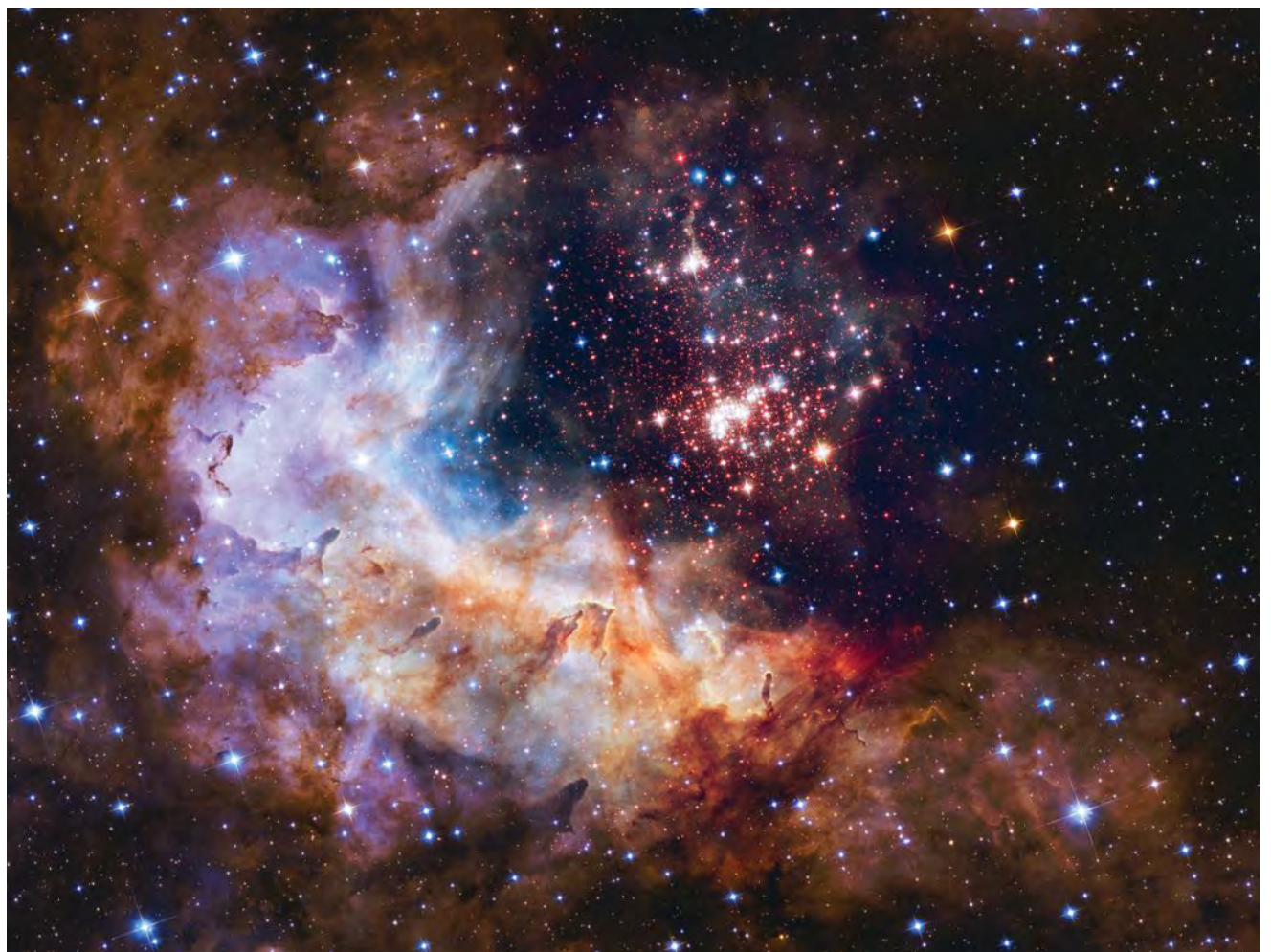
Long ago tiny prokaryotic cells somehow figured out how to capture and hold the energy flooding Earth from the sun—so that later it could be released for use by others, opening the way for an explosion of life on our planet. What I realized that day became a part of the language in our Celebration of Life service, “... with the astounding development of photosynthesis, Earth learned to 'eat the sun'—our first Eucharist.”

When Jesus was teaching the disciples on the night before he was taken into custody, he instructed them during a meal, using the fruit of the land as his teaching tool. “Take this bread, my body ...drink this blood, poured out for you.” Might Jesus have been giving us a broader, richer understanding of the wisdom, the essential oneness and flow, of the amazing cycle of life in all its sacred glory? That by sharing in the eternal energy exchange that drives the entire universe, we are not bystanders but partners in the dance of abundant life?

Whenever we consume food, we are taking in the energy of the sun so that we can go forward, our incarnate bodies nourished, sustained, even delighted by this act. But food—whether for humans, or whales, or stars, or any other part of creation—does much more than that: it shapes the future, one bite, one sip at a time.

Our challenge is to participate in this feast with respect for all the created order. How, then, would it be possible for us to damage any part of the immense beauty that surrounds us?

The author is a member of the Community of the Holy Spirit.



The face of God.

Photo: NASA, ESA, the Hubble Heritage Team (STScI/AURA), A. Nota (ESA/STScI), and the Westerlund 2 Science Team.

Sushi Friday

By Michael Kurth

A new Lenten tradition has been catching on for young adults in the Diocese of New York. On several Fridays in Lent, members of the diocese's Young Adult Network gather together at a Manhattan church around a common table. In keeping with many Christian Lenten practices, we share a meal of fish on Friday. However, this isn't your neighborhood fish fry. Far from it, actually: Instead, we dine on sushi.

Hundreds of pieces of fresh sushi—salmon, yellowtail, spicy tuna (my favorite), and of course, the ever popular California roll. In consuming fish on Fridays, we are following in a centuries-old tradition of many Christians. In his 12th century *Summa Theologica*, Saint Thomas Aquinas mentions members of the Church fasting during Lent, and in particular, abstaining from consuming "animals that take their rest on the earth, and of those that breathe the air and their products." To the happiness of the Young Adult Network, Aquinas thankfully doesn't ban eating fish, and in particular, my beloved spicy tuna.

While the sushi meal is strong impetus, it is not, of course, the main reason why we gather. The young adults who share this Friday feast together also share in common a greater desire—that of community. What we are hungry for goes beyond fresh fish wrapped in rice.

Like the earliest Christian churches two thousand years ago, young adults today yearn to gather in community around a table and food. We bring to the table our whole selves: black and white, man, woman, and transgendered, English-speaking and those for whom English is a second language. In our Young Adult Network, you'll find folks from Wall Street and folks from Spanish

Harlem. There are often pilgrims from off the street, looking for a fresh meal with friendly faces. Food brings us together and strips us of our differences; for at the end of the day, all are hungry, and all must be fed.

While our empty stomachs and desire for community bring us forward, what really leads us to the table is our desire to encounter God and Jesus Christ.

Young adults are hungry for the spiritual connection beyond food and community. When our meal and conversation wraps up on "Sushi Friday" nights, we always end with Compline, a service that thanks God for the day that is passed and prepares our minds for the evening to come. In this service, we pray together as one body. We petition God to watch over us as we depart, but also those whose evening work shifts make our gathering possible—the cooks, the security guards, and transportation workers just to name a few. These simple intentions connect us to God and to the wider community we are a part of.

God is present at our table, in the meals we share and in

the communities we hold dear to our heart. And it is in food and shared meals that we clearly encounter Jesus Christ. For we should not forget that it was in the breaking of the bread that the risen Jesus first made himself known to his disciples. And it is in the most holy feast, that of bread and wine, Jesus' body and blood, that we find the spiritual food to sustain us our whole lives.

The author, who is in his first year at Yale Divinity School, is a member of St. Bartholomew's in Manhattan, a postulant for the priesthood, and serves on the national executive council for Episcopal Peace Fellowship (EPF), where he helps run EPF's Young Adult Network.



The author's favorite.

Photo: Michael Kurth.

Feed My Sheep

By Margaret Diehl

One of the beautiful 17th century Barberini tapestries that grace the cathedral—and on view during the current cathedral exhibition, *The Value of Food*—depicts Christ commanding St. Peter, and is called “Pasce Oves Meas” (Feed my Sheep).

To feed the hungry has always been a central act of worship that recognizes and celebrates the fact that we are all children of God, and that to care for one another in this most basic way is to act in His name. Long before *The Value of Food* was conceived, the cathedral Sunday soup kitchen was feeding whoever arrived to be fed, with staff and volunteers serving some 20,000 meals per year. Of course there are many other churches, temples, mosques, nonprofits, and individuals who feed the hungry in this city and around the nation.

Yet when we consider the abundance of food produced in this country—and the staggering amount of food that is wasted (up to 40 per cent by some estimates)—it is clear that much more could be done without requiring any significant sacrifice on the part of the more affluent. Hungry people on our streets, hungry children in school, hungry elderly getting by on one meal a day is a shameful reality in this, the richest country in the history of the world.

As we enjoy the autumn harvest and prepare for the holidays, with their wealth of feasts and special foods replete with ethnic, religious, family and personal meaning—as well as those that are sheer indulgence, a celebration of the senses—there



Feed My Sheep: Giving the Keys to Saint Peter (circa 1643-1656). From the set of twelve tapestries, *Scenes from the Life of Christ*, made at the Barberini Workshop: Rome, Italy.

Photo: John Bigelow Taylor.

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

DEAD MAN'S CASSEROLE

Our mother worked on the bereavement committee at Saint Bonaventure's Catholic church in Bloomington, Minnesota.

The ladies on the committee would prepare the food for post-funeral lunch, and the majority of the offerings were “hot dishes” (Midwestern slang for casseroles), and jello salads (orange jello with shredded carrot and raisins was a favorite, for some reasons better left unexamined.)

Since my parents had eight children, our mother was always on the lookout for cheap and filling recipes. As such, she came home from one funeral luncheon and announced that she found a new recipe that she was going to make that night for dinner: Spam casserole. After just one bite, her children renamed it “Dead Man's Casserole.”

1-16 ounce can of Spam, diced. Make sure to retain the gelatinous goo it is covered in for additional flavor.
1-16 ounce package of cooked egg noodles.
2 cans of Cream of Chicken soup.
¼ cup of milk.
½ cup of shredded cheese. Velveta, preferably.

Put the cooked eggs into an 11x13” baking dish.
Mix the soup mixture and milk, and then fold that and the diced Spam into the noodles.
Top with the shredded cheese.
Bake at 325 degrees for 10 minutes.
And if you're feeling fancy, top with crushed potato chips. Serve and try to enjoy.

can be no more profound act of love than to make sure none of this bounty is wasted, that what you cannot or do not eat is donated to one of the many organizations that distribute food.

There may come a time, if the worst climate threats come to pass, when our fields are not so productive, when food consumes a much larger share of a middle class budget than it does now, when there is far less “extra.” The cathedral and most of you are working to prevent this kind of catastrophe; how successful we will be is impossible to gauge. And no matter what we do or don't do, or what the actual human contribution to climate change may be, the future cannot be known.

Beyond the obvious call to justice that a hungry person represents, the idea that someday the choice whether or not to share food may become more difficult—either for us as a nation or for us as individuals—ought to open our hands and hearts, engage our brains in how to overcome problems of collection and distribution, and make our spirits glad that we have this day, this year, this harvest of great abundance, enough to share with all those who need it. The earth and its fruits are a gift; we did not create them; those who discovered the secrets of agriculture and animal domestication are long dead; and most of us do not work the soil. What we have inherited is not ours by right, but rather a result of good fortune and divine love.

Katherine Anne Porter (1890-1980), inducted in the Cathedral American Poets Corner in 2012, wrote, “You waste life when you waste good food.” You waste the life of the animal or vegetable; you waste the life of those that food could have nourished; and you waste your own opportunity to connect with the love around you, to feel the unique delight of preserving the bodies of our human family.

The Value of Food is an attempt to remind us of the importance of food, the dangers to the food supply, the inequities of food distribution and availability, and the reality that the Earth is a single living system that can be too easily perturbed. All sectors of the Cathedral—including the Cathedral School—are involved in one way or another in the exhibition and related programming. Cathedral Community Cares, which addresses issues of hunger directly and through activism, participated in *The Value of Food* by giving cameras to its clients so that they could photograph food in their daily lives: shopping, cooking, eating. These pictures and accompanying quotations are now on display. As you browse the many stunning artworks in the exhibition, look out for this one, look at the faces and lives of your neighbors, and consider what you can do to lessen hunger in our city or wherever you may live.

The author is editor of the Cathedral's newsletter.

Food For Thought: When Art Becomes a Meal

By Robin Kabn

On October 6, 2015, the art exhibition *The Value of Food* opened at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. My husband Kirby Gookin and I are its co-curators and it is the fruit of several months of labor designing a conceptual framework, meeting with the artists and collaborating with the space. Curating is like planning a delicious meal of unique and complementary courses where people are invited to come together and enjoy each other's company.

Our journey to this experience began thirty years ago as college students majoring in art history. We met while working at the same contemporary art gallery. Kirby was a senior at Columbia and I, a junior at Barnard. Back then, we considered the Cathedral a part of our backyard—a place to sit and think, to escape from the pressures of school and the craziness of the city.

What better place to wander lost in thought through chapels as the stained glass windows refract a spectrum of colors on and off the walls? Where would anyone gain a clearer perspective than up on the Cathedral's roof gazing at the sprawling boroughs stretching into the distance as far as the eye can see?

Today, I am an artist and Kirby is an arts writer and a professor of Critical Studies at NYU and the School of Visual Arts. Every few years, we co-curate an exhibition that brings artists and communities together. Part of the inspiration for *The Value of Food* began for me in 2009 in a remote part of the Saharan desert, where I was working on an art project at ARTifariti, a festival organized by artists from Spain and the exiled people of Western Sahara. There, in the five refugee camps where half the population has been exiled since 1974, I lived with different families in order to explore how Sahrawi women cook meals and provide a sense of hope to their families in a place where they must rely on humanitarian aid to survive. I assembled a culinary journal of photos, texts and images that reconstructs the history of the people of Western Sahara through the women's stories recollected while cooking and enjoying meals with their families. When I returned home, I published *Dining in Refugee Camps: The Art of Sahrawi Cooking* with Autonomedia. Peter Labor Wilson, a member of the publishing collective and an artist in our show at the Cathedral, invited me to make a project inspired by the cookbook for Documenta in 2012, the international art exhibition in Kassel, Germany.

For that four-month experience, I invited ten women from the refugee camps in Algeria to create a collaborative art project with me where they erected a

tent—the typical Sahrawi home—in the garden and we cooked couscous and made tea, which we shared with the public. The meal and the women's hospitality engaged each diner in conversation. While eating, drinking tea, sitting cross-legged on the floor around circular tables, we shared stories about our culinary traditions and our cultural heritages, and we discovered how similar our experiences are no matter where we live.

I began to think of my project about food, and the meal's agency to create a peaceful exchange between strangers in the context of the history of art. In 2013, Kirby and I started researching work by artists who explore the dynamic and organic materiality of food and its role in sustaining human life. Because food security, accessibility and sustainability are a global concern, we decided to organize an exhibition that explores how artists are working with issues surrounding food. We also wanted to include a history of seminal works in the history of art that address issues surrounding the land and our relationship to the health of the environment in which we live.

The Value of Food investigates how our decisions about food directly impact the balance of our social, political and ecological future. Installed in a circular path within the Cathedral's 14 bays and 7 chapels, as well as throughout its gardens, the exhibition is divided into seven thematic sections: *Water, Soil, Seed, Farm, Market, Meal* and *Waste*; each representing a spoke in the cycle of food production.

Our show introduces the work of socially engaged contemporary artists who use such new strategies as seed-banking, urban foraging, rooftop farming, composting, cooking and sharing meals in order to explore how food defines the quality of our physical, mental and spiritual well-being.

The exhibition is open to the public free of charge from October 6, 2015 - April 3, 2016. The website www.valueoffood.org will announce the dates and times of a variety of educational programs, workshops and evening events that will occur throughout the show's tenure. Kirby and I urge everyone who is visiting New York, as well as all New Yorkers from all boroughs to come and see the show.

Pull up a seat and join us at *The Tables*. Food becomes a meal only when it is shared.

The author is an artist and the curator of The Value of Food, which can be viewed at the Cathedral through April 3, 2016.



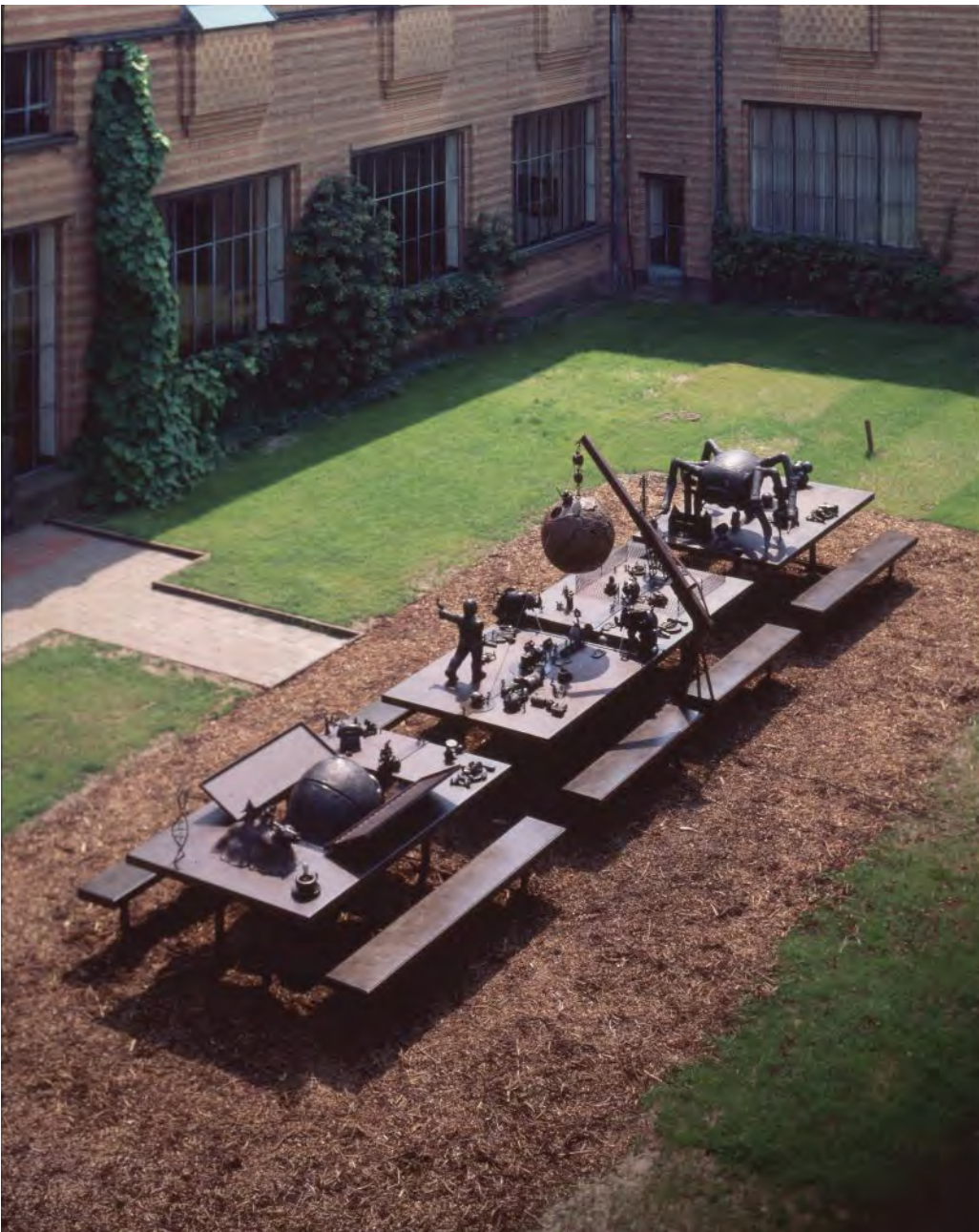
Alexis Rockman, *The Farm*, 2000.

Photo: Alexis Rockman/Sperone Westwater Gallery, collection of JGS Inc.



Alison Knowles, *Make a Salad*, 1962. Still from 2008 performance, Tate Modern, London.

Photo: Tate Modern.



Tom Otterness, *The Tables*, 1986-1987. Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

Photo: Courtesy Tom Otterness Studio.



Claire Pentecost, *Growing Pillar*, in collaboration with Can Ya Love Foundation, 2015.

Photo: Cathedral Archives.

Steak Out at Granite Springs

By the Rev. Matthew H. Mead

Six years ago, when I arrived as rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Granite Springs, we started a few traditions that combined food with major Holy Days in the church calendar. One of my favorites each year was the Ascension Day steak festival.

Planning for this was essential. I would normally line up a guest preacher six to twelve months ahead, we would start advertising during Holy Week and Easter, and about a month before Ascension Day we would hang up a detailed signup sheet. On Ascension Day itself, we went shopping for steak at Restaurant Depot. We always bought the whole “side” of whatever steakhouse cut was on sale. These “sides” are about 17-18 pounds, so for 50 people, we would buy two “sides” of beef (about 35 pounds).

Back at the church, we trimmed the sides of beef and cut them into three inch steaks—yes, three inches—which will give you about 7 steaks per side. Huge steaks have the advantage of giving you wiggle room for doneness, and you can “cut to order” when the steaks are done. After the steaks are cut, generously salt and pepper them (add more salt than you think) with kosher salt. Regular iodized salt is way too salty, but kosher salt is mild—which begins to make some sense of Jesus’ comments about salt losing its saltiness. Don’t use ANYTHING other than kosher salt and black pepper. Your special rub or secret spice mix isn’t appropriate tonight—we want steak, not some concoction you came up with that vaguely resembles a “southwest” Food Network special. Cover the steaks with foil and let them sit out on the counter for about 2 hours until you are ready to cook them (don’t worry, they won’t warm up much and they won’t spoil).

Now set up the grill(s). Make sure you have them loaded with charcoal before your event, and that you have more than enough grilling surface area for all your steaks. Do not add lighter fluid (yet). Once everything is set, make sure that the church is set up and if the Bishop is visiting, clean your office and update all the service registers!

45 minutes before you plan to cook (at Good Shepherd this corresponded with the Peace) make sure that a volunteer goes to the grilling area and adds a ludicrous amount of lighter fluid to the coals. 30 minutes before you plan to cook (at Good Shepherd this corresponded with the ministration of Holy Communion) send that same volunteer back to light the coals. 15 minutes later church will be finished, and you can change out of your vestments and put on the apron (I always cook in clericals, even on my day off—the food tastes better that way).

After the coals have been cooking for about 30 minutes, any trace of lighter fluid is gone. At this point you may notice that your coals are running thin. That means you didn’t add enough coals because you are not used to grilling steak for 50 people. You can add more coals now if you need to, but it will delay your dinner by 20 minutes while they get hot.

Now you are ready. Bring the steaks out, and throw them on the grill (leave

space between each steak). They will cook fast and the fire will get hotter than you expect (lots of grease dripping in everywhere tends to do that). It’s very difficult to overcook these steaks because they are nice and thick, but you can over-char them. Once the outsides are dark, dark brown (not black), they are “ready.” Take each one that is “ready” off the fire and test it with the thermometer. Your steak will increase 5-10 degrees after it is off the fire, so remember that you can

be under your ideal doneness. If it isn’t done yet, put it back on and let it keep cooking.

My general rule is to ask my crowd what they like. Most people seem to like steak hot pink or not so pink (medium rare to medium). There are a few in every crowd who like it well done, and they are a few more who like it rare (hot red). Nobody likes it black and blue (very rare and cool inside), at least nobody at a church party. You started with 14 steaks. I normally cook three rare steaks, five medium rare steaks, five medium steaks, and one well-done. You may think that is slanted towards people who like steak like me, and you’d be right, but there is another reason. The steaks you are cooking are HUGE.

The exterior of each steak is large. Since you are serving these as slices, you will be able to cut a few medium rare slices off every rare steak, a few medium slices off every med-rare steak, and a few well done slices off every medium steak. And again, if you discover that you have a lot of rare left, you can always throw it back on the grill for a few minutes to bring it to medium or well.

Once the steaks are cooked, let them sit for 15 minutes (no less, no more). Then take them to your carving station and carve to order.



Huge steaks give wiggle room for doneness.

The author is rector of The Parish of Christ The Redeemer, Pelham.

TOOLS FOR STEAK FOR 50

- A monster charcoal grill that can cook 14 steaks or three Weber grills borrowed for the event – you can use gas if you want, but you are playing with fire.
- 2 or 3 large bags of charcoal, briquettes or lump are fine but not the kind that already has lighter fluid in it
- Lighter fluid
- 2 large cutting boards
- A sharp chef’s knife
- 2 sharp carving knife sets
- 50 Steak knives (or as many as you can gather)
- 3 sets of oven-mitts
- 3 large tongs
- 1 instant-read thermometer
- Foil
- 3 aprons

Making Spiritual Room for The Other

By the Rev. Ajung Sojwal

One of the greatest gifts God has afforded me as an immigrant into another culture is the expansion of my perspective on all things “spiritual.” By this I mean things that pertain to religious rituals, practices and Christian theology itself. Just as I turned ten, a renewal movement in the Baptist Church to which I belonged, erupted much like the “rush of a violent wind” in Acts 2. Churches were packed, words of prophesy and heavenly visions along with warnings of God’s judgment on unrepentant souls interrupted most worship services. But the most terrifying of them all to a ten-year-old was the call to fast. Being a deeply communal society, a call to fast involved everyone. Whole villages along with our animals fasted, mostly to repent of sins and hopes of thwarting God’s wrath from us. Since then, I have had time to reflect on the people I have met, mostly in India, who live in desperate conditions of poverty. Revisiting their stories, I have come to believe that fasting as a spiritual discipline is a luxury.

I have had my share of days when I have fasted from food. Initially, fasting was more about me than God; me—trying to be more pious, longing to be counted more worthy before God, and forgoing food that I can very well do without. As is the case with all spiritual disciplines, even in fasting, there is a very fine line between aspirations for self-improvement and the real gutting of our selfish nature so God can fill that space. A genuine fast can come about only as a result of confronting our profound propensity toward self-actualization, which ironically is also what makes us the bearers of God’s image. This tension of wanting to live a “holy” life and the real need of our souls to hear God speak in and through our lives is something that all genuine fasting must be able to break through.

Today, fasting from food has become such a fashion fad in the western world that even the thought of incorporating it as a serious spiritual discipline sounds disingenuous and much more susceptible to fall into the path of self-righteousness. A reminder before we take on fasting as a spiritual discipline is that it is not so much about us seeking after God; rather, it is about allowing God to take over our priorities in such a way that we are able to forgo ourselves to make room for the other. The “other” is not just God; it is also what and who is definitely not “I.” In this great culture of celebrating the “I” above everything else, it is no wonder that we are inclined toward the notion of incorporating all spiritual disciplines in order to present a better “I” not just before God and others, but also in our own eyes. “I am a good person” is the slogan that drives most of what we do and desire—in other words, a sense of entitlement because we have been “good.”

As I write this, I have undertaken the spiritual discipline of fasting and prayer for three days. I have plunged into it not so much by a need to understand fasting, but because the dire life situation of a beloved sister has brought me to the place where I realize that I need to hear God’s redemptive voice for both of us. In the midst of having to fight the craving for food at meal times, I am confronted with the overwhelming sense of helplessness to lift this dear sister of mine from her desperate place. Begging before God to change the life situation of this sister I find myself filled with a sense of deep shame and indescribable comfort at the same time. Shame that I dared to imagine anybody’s life situation could be changed because I chose to offer a fast before God, but I am also deeply comforted by the reminder that God’s love for His child is beyond anything I can ever muster. As the pangs of temporary hunger subsided it gets replaced by a tremendous sense to pray for her healing. Having removed myself from the clutter of “my” responsibilities, it became apparent that in her long chain of impulsive and bad decisions is also the story of a life shaped by betrayals, abandonments, and the slow corrosion of self-worth brought on by unfortu-

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

SIMNEL CAKE

This cake is traditionally made for the fourth Sunday of Lent, Rose Sunday, also called Mothering Sunday. Girls in service used to be given a holiday to visit their parents, and they would take a simnel cake as a present for their mothers. The 11 marzipan balls represent the apostles, excepting Judas. This makes a 6-inch round cake. June Arnold Lucas, who was proudly English, made it for us every year during the time I was rector at St. Ignatius of Antioch. As her battle with cancer worsened she finally shared the recipe with a chosen few others who were able to make these special cakes to be brought to the altar and blessed at the end of Mass. They were enjoyed by everyone at coffee time.

8 oz. marzipan, bought or made
 8 oz. all-purpose flour, sifted
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 Pinch of salt
 ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
 ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
 ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
 ¼ teaspoon allspice
 Large pinch of ground mace
 6 oz. butter, softened, plus 1 teaspoon to grease pan
 6 oz. soft brown sugar
 3 medium eggs
 2 tablespoons milk
 4 oz. dark raisins
 6 oz. currants
 2 oz. sultanas (golden raisins)
 2 oz. mixed candied peel
 2 oz. glacé cherries, rinsed, dried and quartered
 Beaten egg white, to glaze cake
 Wide yellow or pink ribbon, to decorate side of the cake

• Heat the oven to 350²³⁸/₉₂. Grease and line a 6-inch round cake tin. Roll out a third of the marzipan into a circle slightly smaller than the tin. Set it aside.
 • Mix together the flour, baking powder, salt, spice and mace in a bowl. In a separate bowl, cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs, one at a time, adding 1 tablespoon of the flour with each egg. Beat the mixture thoroughly after each addition. Using a metal spoon, fold in the rest of the flour a little at a time, alternating with the milk. Fold in the fruit.
 • Pour half the mixture into the prepared tin and smooth with a palette knife. Lay the circle of marzipan on top. Pour in the rest of the cake mixture.
 • Bake the cake at 350²³⁸/₉₂ for 30 minutes and then reduce the heat to 300²³⁸/₉₂ and cook for a further hour until a skewer comes out clean. Remove from the oven and leave to cool in the tin for 10 minutes before carefully turning out the cake onto a wire rack to cool completely.
 • Divide the remaining marzipan into two halves. Break one half into 11 pieces and roll each in your palm to form balls. Roll out the other half into a circle to fit the top of the cake. Brush the top of the cake with egg white and place the marzipan circle on top. Brush a little more egg white onto the bottom of each ball and place evenly around the edge of the top marzipan circle. Tie a wide yellow or pink ribbon around the outside of the cake and secure it carefully with 2 pins.
 To be very traditional, June always cut a rabbit from marzipan for the center of the cake. I’m guessing it was put on as a sign that spring was on the way.

nate events that plagued this sister’s life. In her sadness is where I saw the profound sorrow of a God deeply moved by her brokenness; and in that sorrow—God’s gut-wrenching yearning to bring healing. This is the hem of God’s glory, I thought, wherein we find ourselves undone by a glimpse into His unfathomable compassion and yearning for us. In the face of such unadulterated love, the only appropriate response from deep within me is repentance. I found myself repenting for all sorts of things, but most of all for dismissing the presence of God amongst us in the way we choose and prioritize our lives. This, I imagine, is probably where I will get closest to God’s heart—down where dirt is scooped up to be lovingly shaped into someone who bears the divine image.

In this blessed land of plenty, not just in terms of food and other resources but also time, it is, I believe, more necessary than in any other place on earth to reframe the luxury of fasting before God as a spiritual necessity in order to comprehend what it means to be vulnerable before a God who longs for us to feel His heartbeat. Jesus said to his disciples, “Whenever you fast...” (Matt. 6:16). The question for us is not whether we should or should not fast, but whenever we fast. Of course, there are those who, for medical reasons, cannot take on fasting as a spiritual discipline, and certainly it is not a mandate from Jesus. Any spiritual discipline, after all, is something we feel the need for, because in God’s grace we do realize our inability to draw closer to Him without some intentional withdrawal from our worldly attachments. In a world where one person in eight still goes to bed hungry, Jesus’ call to us who are induced to sleep by full and satisfied bellies every night might just be, “could you not stay awake with me one hour?” We are told Jesus had taken the disciples to the garden to pray soon after a feast.

The author is interim pastor at the Church of the Divine Love, Montrose.

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Out of Death Comes Life

By the Rev. Ruth Anne Garcia

- ⁶ The wolf shall live with the lamb,
the leopard shall lie down with the kid,
the calf and the lion and the fatling together,
and a little child shall lead them.
- ⁷ The cow and the bear shall graze,
their young shall lie down together;
and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
- ⁸ The nursing child shall play over the hole of the asp,
and the weaned child shall put its hand on the adder's den.
- ⁹ They will not hurt or destroy
on all my holy mountain;
for the earth will be full of the knowledge of the LORD
as the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah 11:6-9 New Revised Standard Version (NRSV)

The words of the prophet Isaiah have haunted me since I was very young. When I think of heaven, when I think of peace, when I think of the incredible potential for living beings, I think of this passage as one of the clearest visions of what that might look like. We would be so transformed by God's loving knowledge that we would no longer hurt or destroy or war anymore. And we would no longer kill. We would not eat meat. Of course, we would not eat meat. I was sure of that at twelve. I was sure of that at twenty. And, yes, even now I often feel that way.

And so began my odyssey of trying to live healthfully and well without meat for almost twenty years, and having to finally come to terms with the fact that my physical body didn't seem to be ready yet for this realized heaven. Even as I sought to soothe my conscience, my body suffered from anemia, fatigue, and a lack of well-being. And so, I was left alive, if a little battered by existential Scylla and Charybdis, to get on with the work of trying to live as good and ethical a life as was possible and healthful for me. While I continue to wrestle with this issue, I have come to a deeper understanding of the cost of life. And a recognition that there is a cost whether we are vegans or omnivores. There isn't anything we eat that wasn't a living being—even the soil is full of life. As author Lierre Keith notes: "There is nothing you can eat that doesn't involve death. For something to live, something else has to die." We do not get to be innocent bystanders. We are all participants. Our only choice, therefore, is to try to respect, honor, and gratefully accept the sacrifices of our fellow plants and animals and to live lives worthy of these sacrifices.

I grew up in Montana with many friends living on farms and ranches. Most hunted and fished. And yet, it would take many years of life away from Montana to come to understand the importance of what my community did and the ways in which they did it. I was blessed to live in a place where cows graze in pastures and actually come home in the evening and chickens live in coops with large fenced yards to walk and forage. I grew up with hunters like my father who taught us the importance of honoring the dignity of each animal by not only making sure that an animal did not suffer and saying a blessing for any animal culled, but also refusing to let anything go to waste. All meat was dressed immediately and hides sent to those who traded in them. This was the way of the Pacific and Plains Native Americans. It is not the way of the trophy hunters who often flood our state and would take the horns of the buck and leave meat to rot or strap the bodies of these beautiful creatures on the top of their vehicles for hours and hours and so make the meat inedible. It is also not the way of the feedlots and the industrial chicken "farms" where animals live in spaces too small to move and where they have no

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

MOLLY'S CHICKEN

12 skinless, boneless chicken thighs
1 8-oz package Swiss cheese
1 can (10 ¾ oz) cream of chicken soup
1 8-oz stick of butter
1 cup of Pepperidge Farm stuffing

Preheat oven to 275°. Arrange uncooked thighs in bottom of shallow aluminum or Pyrex baking pan. Place a piece of Swiss cheese on top of each piece of chicken. Pour over and spread around cream of chicken soup. Melt butter and pour over all. Sprinkle stuffing mix on top. Cook at 250-275° for 2 hours. Serves 6 - 8.

Note: The dish has gleaned the most amazing comments over the many years I have served it. It is actually known as Molly's chicken. It has been a favorite of the diners for the homeless. My son asked me for the recipe when he wanted to impress the woman he was going to marry and she married him.

access to fresh air, clean water and basic physical comfort and so many suffer and die needlessly.

If it is true that our very lives depend and rest on the death of others, then, as Christians we must have the grace to accept our responsibility and try to make that death as free from suffering and pain as possible. As my young self illustrates, it is much easier to try to excuse ourselves from this reality; but it is an integral part of our spiritual growth to avoid the spiritual bypass. As Aidan Kavanaugh wrote: "We [have] to learn to slay rightly again, to commerce in vital deaths so that the communion of all in all might be restored. There [can] be no shortcuts. We [have] to look the lamb in the eye as we cut its lovely throat, and we [have] to keep that awful memory as we dine thankfully upon its flesh to live. Without that unspeakable memory, we [have] found that we grow quickly cold once again—calculating, unworldly about the World, forgetful that the carrots we pulled in our garden and the wheat we cut in our fields died no less really than the lamb of the liquid eye so we might live. And we entertain...the distant possibility that our lives might have to be yielded up in the same spirit for the life of all, as someone finally said, we could discover life only in throwing it away."

And that is where God, through the person of Jesus Christ, entered into our mortal life cycle and helps us to make sense of the necessity of death. Through the Eucharist, we are met with the once-for-all sacrifice of the Lamb of God. Jesus through his willingness to "live and die as one of us" sought to help us remember that while we cannot avoid death, when we accept it, we can grow into a new life. We can enter into a new understanding and appreciation for life. Jesus tells us to take and eat in remembrance of him; to drink his blood in remembrance of him. How would our lives be effected if we were to do this—to hold in memory his perfect sacrifice and the everyday sacrifices necessary to sustain life? How would we eat? How would we drink?

Would we be moved to be more mindful in our eating? More aware when saying grace? Would we, like our Tibetan brothers and sisters, hang prayer flags in places where animals are slaughtered? Would we, like Dr. Temple Grandin, work on methods to ensure that animals do not feel needless fear and suffering? Would we remember that outside of its hygienic shrink wrap, what we eat was once a living being? Would we give thanks for both the carrot and our fellow humans who harvested it and work the land?

Regardless of how our society idealizes the individual, it isn't as simple as saying "This is my life," because my life costs the lives of many, many others living things. To have life, we take it. Perhaps that is part of the vision of the prophet Isaiah—that being full of God's knowledge is seeing and acknowledging our indebtedness to all life; that while we must, of course, eat, we must do so with great reverence and great gratitude—and try to live lives worthy of the great sacrifice.

The author is priest-in-charge of Grace Church, City Island.

A Radical Thanksgiving Dinner

By Steve Sakson

At St. Bartholomew's Church, we extend a "radical welcome" to everyone. For us, it means welcoming people of all faiths, or no faith, into our community. We also welcome everyone to join in the service of the poor and disenfranchised, no matter where they are on life's economic ladder. In the spirit of radical welcome, we created an independent non-profit corporation to manage our social services mission—Crossroads Community Services Inc.

And also in that spirit, Crossroads developed and fulfilled another radical idea. We invited our donors, volunteers, and the guests of our soup kitchen, pantry, and homeless shelter to plan, produce and sit down together for a sumptuous day-after-Thanksgiving banquet that we call "Fare Share Friday."

At first glance, Fare Share Friday could be mistaken for a traditional annual fundraiser. But it had a more important mission: to unite our community in experiencing a taste of a world without hunger and homelessness. When close to 500

people—half homeless and half housed—streamed in to the St. Bart's sanctuary that night last November, we knew we had succeeded.

One guest, who sleeps in a park every night, put it best: "Tonight, I'm not homeless."

Fare Share Friday came together as the result of a happy confluence of events. But it also came with risk.

Since 2010, Crossroads had provided a Friday-after-Thanksgiving dinner. We picked that day because our guests asked for it. "Everyone feeds us on Thanksgiving," one said. But the day after? Not so much. We were also lucky enough to have the Waldorf Astoria Hotel right next door; the Waldorf's Director of Culinary, Chef David Garcelon and his colleagues began providing this meal, *gratis*, in 2012.

Also that year, St. Bart's replaced its aging pews with more flexible removable chairs, an innovation led by then-rector William Tully. So, we had the space.



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An overhead view of one table at the November 2014 Fare Share Friday Dinner. Photo: Ken Pao



Three of the key players behind Fare Share Friday – Jacques Sorci, Executive Chef of the New York Palace Hotel (left), Rev. Edward Sunderland, Executive Director of Crossroads Community Services, and David Garcelon, Director of Culinary at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Photo: Ken Pao



The Fare Share Friday logo, created by Saatchi and Saatchi Wellness.

remained firmly grounded in our shared vision from start to finish. This allowed us to be productive, even with the uncertainty of doing something completely unknown and unpredictable to us," she said. Quoting the Spanish poet Antonio Machado, she concluded: "Pilgrim, there is no road. The road is made by walking."

This year we'll be doing it all again on Friday November 27. For information or to volunteer please email faresharefriday@crossroadsnyc.org. For tickets or to make a donation go to <http://www.crossroadsnyc.org/fareshare-friday/>.

The author is chairman of the board of directors of Crossroads Community Services Inc.

Last May, Chef Garcelon (a Crossroads board member) and Crossroads Executive Director the Rev. Edward Sunderland were recruiting Executive Chef Jacques Sorci of the New York Palace Hotel to provide daily food for the shelter and soup kitchen. After agreeing to that, Sorci asked about helping with the Thanksgiving meal. Sunderland, who rarely lets pragmatism stand in the way of possibility, wondered if we could go bigger. He asked the chefs "What if we brought together our entire community for a meal?" That was the seed from which Fare Share Friday was born.

Sunderland was convinced the idea had potential for building community among our guests, donors, and volunteers, but he also wanted to make sure that it didn't have the opposite effect. After all, he planned to sell tickets for \$100 each, setting a high bar for paying customers, who would be sitting next to folks just off the street. So, his first move was to check with the soup kitchen regulars. After receiving their enthusiastic support, he approached the broader community. While there were skeptics, he pressed on.

As director of the event, Sunderland recruited Laurel Dutcher, a Crossroads Board Member, whose career with The Hunger Project has been dedicated to establishing the end of world hunger as a possibility. She knew that, to be successful, Fare Share Friday would have to remain committed in the face of uncertainty.

Saatchi and Saatchi Wellness, a division of the global advertising giant, created pro bono the unique Fare Share Friday logo, featuring spoons crafted from nuts and fruit. Crossroads supporters generated social media buzz by posting "spoon selfies," combining their smiles with the logo's symbols in creative ways.

The Palace provided the appetizers and the Waldorf provided the roasted turkey, buttered mashed potatoes, and vegetables, while the pastry chefs from both hotels created an astonishing dessert cornucopia, including red velvet cake, pumpkin cheesecake and a half-dozen other delights.

To create a true banquet hall feeling, we laid down lush red table clothes, while a flower shop, Floralia Decorations, provided an ornate centerpiece at each table. Many other corporate, community, and individual donors contributed—and volunteers from businesses, colleges, and universities joined regular Crossroads volunteers to help out.

At dinner, there were some awkward moments—at first. The secret to breaking the ice was serving the entrées family style. "Once people started passing around the turkey and gravy, we were all equal," a soup kitchen regular observed.

Soon, the big room was abuzz with conversation among the homeless, and the law firm partners, finance executives, teachers, writers, artists, musicians, retirees, and others who joined them.

For Dutcher, the feeling was overwhelming. "Like *Amazing Grace*, like *Brigadoon*, like entering the Land of Oz. It was like lifting the veil and suddenly seeing all of us together in a collective simple moment of clarity and peace—an affirmation that what we long for is already right here among us."

The impact for all the diners was tangible in the smiles, and satisfaction of new relationships formed that night. Although it was not the original goal, we also raised some money. For Crossroads, the impact was global, as the Associated Press' coverage of the event appeared in hundreds of media outlets around the world.

"On the Sunday following, parishioners were returning to church from all over country having read news of their church in the local paper. They were surprised and delighted," said Sunderland.

For Dutcher, the secret of Fare Share Friday's success was commitment. "We

Just Food

By the Rev. Dr. Matthew H. Calkins

The Diocese of New York has long been involved in food. From food banks to soup kitchens, community gardens to intentional community farms, city, suburb and country are connected along the same axis: we all need to eat. Feeding the hungry is a worthy work of charity. But why is lack of access to healthy, fresh, and affordable food a question of justice?

Stewardship of creation is humanity's original mission assignment (to serve and protect the earth: Genesis 2:15). Prophetic voices such as Wendell Berry (*The Unsettling of America*, 1977) have long warned that an industrialized "agribusiness" model that depends on heavily mechanized and subsidized monoculture farming or livestock raising will drive out small diversified farms, empty out rural communities, erode the soil, pollute the water and worsen the atmosphere. And sure enough, the chickens have come home to roost.

And for just as long, alternative models have been tried. Many have failed against the difficulties of high land and labor costs, markets geared to convenience and uniformity, and low prices from the big chains. But a generation of organic and alternative farms and new distribution chains has matured: commune and co-op have become community supported farms (CSAs) and Whole Foods type stores that promote locally sourced and organically grown products. Farm to table and farmer to restaurant connections are emerging. Awareness of the injustice of "food deserts" that aggravate health issues in poor neighborhoods and rural communities has led to calls for community action.

The Diocese of New York is in an ideal position to be part of the solution, to partner with others in this Spirit-led movement. New York City, the cities and suburbs of Westchester and the towns, farms and fields of Putnam, Ulster, Sullivan and Dutchess counties are all part of a single watershed, the Hudson Valley. The conservation group Scenic Hudson has termed the area a "foodshed" and released "foodshed conservation plan" (www.scenichudson.org/foodshedplan) in 2013 that advocates conserving Hudson Valley farmland, training a new generation of farmers and connecting farms to city markets in a "food hub."

How can the church serve as a convener and catalyst to these efforts, and also advocate for those working in the fields, marketing and serving meals, and trying to find and afford fresh and healthy food?

We have been here before. The Cistercians settled the forest edge of Europe with new farms in the Middle Ages. There are still monks and nuns working the fields, among them the Community of the Holy Spirit at Bluestone Farm (www.chssisters.org/melrose-bluestone-farm) in Brewster, and a number of other Catholic and Protestant intentional communities, such as Sisters Hill Farm (Sisters of Charity - www.sistershillfarm.org) in Stanfordville, Sprout Creek Farm in LaGrange (Society of the Sacred Heart - www.sproutcreekfarm.org) and The Farm at Holmes (<http://thefarmatholmes.org>) at the Holmes conference and camp center (Presbyterian). A century ago, Bishop Greer established Hope Farm (later known as Greer School) in Millbrook, a farm and school for children from broken families in New York City. It is now a retirement community—but who



The chickens have indeed come home to roost. A Rhode Island Red cross among Barred Rocks. Photo: normanack, Flickr.

knows what new forms of faith-based farming are plowing toward Bethlehem?

While we work for the future, we must also celebrate and conserve the rich agriculture we have. In May 2015, Grace Church in Millbrook (my congregation) and St Peter's in nearby Lithgow held a "Blessing of the Fields" service around the rogation days of the ecclesial calendar. We toured and blessed local farms and workers, and gathered afterward for barbeque and bluegrass—and to hear speakers from Dutchess Land Conservancy (the landowners), Rural and Migrant Ministry (the farmworkers) and a local chef involved in farm to table dining and "edible education." We hope to build on this effort to cultivate relationships and raise awareness of the sacred nature of God's good earth and its abundance. After all, as Wendell Berry noted in the book cited above, culture and cultivate all come from the same root.

Churches in suburb and city have started community gardens and now host farmers markets in addition to traditional food pantries and soup kitchens. There is work being done advocating for food and environmental justice. In some places, not-for-profit restaurants provide locally sourced food, restaurant jobs and training and support for area soup kitchens (I am thinking of such places as The King's Table (<http://kingskitchen.org>) in Charlotte, NC: "transforming the city one plate at a time"). There are enormous opportunities to make connections among our churches and people that will further the work of feeding the world, building the beloved community, and celebrating the abundance of creation and the work of our hands. If you and your church would like to join in the effort, we can create our own diocesan resource page, planning network and farm to table—even the Lord's Table—movement. As Michael Curry, our new presiding bishop likes to say, quoting the old spiritual, let us put our hands to the gospel plow.

The author is rector of Grace Church, Millbrook.

Mindful Eating

By Anne Mugavero

In New York we are surrounded by a wealth of food possibilities. On the one hand our stores and farmers' markets provide a splendid array of fresh, wholesome, untainted, unprocessed foods. Often, we can buy produce that was picked just a day or two ago. Yet even so, we are tempted by other food that is over-processed and supplemented by chemicals and antibiotics that are difficult to pronounce, much less digest—but which appeals to us because it is easy, fast, often cheap, attractively packaged, and widely advertised.

At St. Bartholomew's in Manhattan in 2014, a study group was formed for the Lenten season to focus on making healthy, responsible eating choices. The first book that we read was *Animal, Vegetable, Miracle* by Barbara Kingsolver. It told about a year that she and her family farmed, and included their rules about farming. It is a good overview of the idea of "sustainable agriculture" or enriching the land by the rotation of crops and pastures of the animals. Kingsolver writes of cooking only the products of the farm and using only locally grown food. We met to discuss the book over a meal that was purchased at a farmer's market just a few blocks from the church.

New York City is blessed with an abundance of these markets, all sponsored by the NYC Greenmarket Program (www.growNYC.org). I grew up on a farm in the Hudson Valley, and until I went to college I thought that eggs had bright orange yolks, that strawberries and tomatoes were red all the way through, and that milk tasted different in spring (when the cows went back out to pasture). College food was just college food, and I didn't think too much about it. My biggest disappointment, however, was a box of strawberries that I bought in February with great delight. On the farm we never had strawberries until June. When I tasted the ones I'd bought, I couldn't believe that anyone would grow such awful fruit, much less sell it. Today I buy at least 90 per cent of our food from farmers' markets; my favorite is Sammascot Farm from Kinderhook, NY. The third generation is now running the farm and it was there when I was growing up, only about 15 miles from my father's farm.

Our group at St. Bart's encourages people to go to the markets, which are commonplace in the city. We draw attention to them by distributing seasonal produce to groups in the church. Kale chips, which we make ourselves, are a favorite at our teen meetings, and we had the participants in our family summer Sunday school eating raw string beans, sugar snap peas, carrots, and cherries. We also have a lending library in one of the meeting rooms at church. By simply signing it out in a notebook, people can check out any book, from Wendell Berry to Mark Bittman with cookbooks thrown in.

Since Lent, we've continued reading books and meeting over dinner. We're not a consistent group, but there is a core of "regulars." We discuss a book, but we also consider the food issues currently in the media: the cruelty of the large commercial animal feeding operations, the cost to our environment of transporting food from one continent to another, the cost to our health of the use of antibiotics in the raising of our animals—as well as the lack of attention to nutrition as a whole. We are very aware of how much we deviate from God's intention in our wasteful and unthinking eat-



These herbs growing this past summer on the St. Bart's third floor terrace show how a small amount of space can produce an abundant, aromatic and flavorful harvest. Photo: Millard Cook.

ing habits. Cooking is a big topic and whenever possible, we prepare the dinner together so that cooking techniques can be shared.

We have read a number of books: Joel Salatin's *Folks, This Ain't Normal*; Michael Pollan's *An Omnivore's Dilemma* and *Food Rules, An Eater's Manual*; Will Allen's *The Good Food Revolution*; Dan Barber's *The Third Plate*; Mark Bittman's *A Bone to Pick*; and we are currently into Michael Pollan's latest—*Cooked: A Natural History of Transformation*. Our dinners focus on food from the local farms and therefore follow the seasons. This spring and summer, we had "Celebrating Asparagus," "Everything Green" and "Summer is Here" dinners; coming up in October will be autumn and then in January we will highlight the winter market. We had a field trip last fall to Dan Barber's Stone Barns Agriculture Center (and we also picked apples). Being on a farm was a first for about half of our group. Flowers have always been an interest at St. Bart's, but now we have also begun growing herbs in raised beds on the third floor terrace.

Most of the food eaten in America is produced on large commercial farms that grow only one crop, ranging from shrimp raised in Thailand to corn, soy, and canola in our Midwest. Raising only one crop, like corn, means that chemicals (from the petroleum industry) must be used as fertilizer and Roundup as a weed killer. These chemicals seep down the Mississippi and into the Gulf of Mexico, creating a dead zone at the mouth of the river.

Most of our local farmers, on the other hand, practice "sustainable agriculture," in which the soil and water are improved with each year of farming. Our group works at bringing this concern to the congregation. Sustainable agriculture is the only approach that will preserve the world that was given to us and provide food for the over-crowded population. Of course if you buy from a local farmer, you will have to cook it yourself. Giving more time and effort to how and what we eat inevitably involves cooking. That, by the way, is the only way you know what you are eating.

The author is a member of St. Bartholomew's, Manhattan.

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“Every Meal is Sacred”

By Stewart Pinkerton

Seated on a folding chair in the parish house of St. Thomas Church in Amenia, NY, is Donna, a woman whose kind but weary face reflects the stress and desperation of being poor.

Donna, age 58, is here at the church’s Food of Life (Comida de Vida) Food Pantry to pick up enough basics to provide three meals a day for three days. From a menu of this week’s dinner offerings, she picks rice and beans and ground turkey—two of her favorites—plus a loaf of bread and some fresh tomatoes, cucumbers and eggplant grown in the church’s large nearby garden.

For Donna, the food pantry is essential life support. “I’m a homeowner on a fixed income,” she says, “after the mortgage and car payment, there is never enough left to spend on food.” This she explains in a calm, matter-of-fact way, reflecting no shame or self-consciousness whatsoever about her predicament. But her attitude also underscores the dignity, equality and trust with which she and the 80-100 other “neighbors” (the preferred term) are treated by the rector, the Rev. Elizabeth Fisher, known to everyone simply as “Betsy,” and the pantry’s volunteers when they show up every Friday afternoon. Each week the pantry gives out about 1,300 meals for about 150 people. That amounts to 65,000 meals a year.

One regular is Harry, a solidly built man with thinning hair, dark, troubled eyes, and a flushed face. He wears a red undershirt and sits by himself at the end of the row of folding chairs, up against a corner, not engaging anyone. Harry’s main food issue is that he doesn’t like to eat anything green, certainly not the kale the volunteers are pushing today (not very successfully at that). “Harry, you’ve got to eat your greens!” Betsy chides. Without missing a beat, Harry banters back: “Get over it!” Which prompts chuckles from those in earshot who appreciate Harry’s gruff humor. “Like our parishioners, Harry and the others are just part of our community,” Betsy says. “We’re all the same.”

The church itself, completed in 1851, looks as if it has been transplanted from the English countryside. Designed by Richard Upjohn, whose elegant work also includes Trinity Church in lower Manhattan, St. Thomas is an exquisite example of Gothic Revival style, in white painted brick with a sharply pitched gabled roof and a bellcote. Inside are two Tiffany windows and a six-rank Odell organ that dates back to 1886.

St. Thomas is one of 48 or so of the diocese’s 200 parishes that receive food-related grants from Episcopal Charities, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit that is technically

separate from the diocese but functions as its outreach arm, using its independent status to secure money from generous individuals, corporations, foundations and parishes.

Last year Fisher’s church got \$14,000 from Episcopal Charities towards its food pantry, an amount that covers only a small amount of the \$85,000 in operating costs. The rest comes from a couple of other foundations, an annual appeal that’s mailed out to the community, plus individual “asks” and gifts from local businesses and organizations, some of which are unsolicited.

Fisher recently returned from vacation to find a nice surprise—an unexpected check for \$5,000. “When you are faithful to the mission, what you need shows up,” she says. As if on cue, about 15 minutes later, a local farmer arrives at the parish house with three boxes of tomatoes and a large clear plastic bag with a mix of just-picked green and wax beans.

Henry Enright, Director of Development for Episcopal Charities, says that Betsy’s situation is somewhat unique, as the church is tucked away in the north-eastern corner of Dutchess County, literally right up against the Connecticut state line. The area has a large group of recent immigrants who don’t have the support networks others who grew up there have. Absent the food pantry, some would have to travel up to 20 miles to get the food they need. “For many people, time is hard to come by, between working hard and family responsibilities,” Mr. Enright says. “There’s not a lot of leisure time in their lives. So Betsy is providing the gift of food *and* the gift of time.”

St. Thomas is one of only a few parishes in the diocese with its own working garden to help supply its pantry. The rustic-looking garden, comprising 16 oversized rectangular raised beds made of cedar logs, is surrounded by high deer-proof wire fencing supported by large cedar posts. Fed by plumbing and piping from the back of the parish house, each raised bed has its own embedded irrigation system.

All this cost \$60,000 to put in, about half of which came from Episcopal Charities in the form of two pass-through grants, one from the Samuel J. Freeman Charitable Trust and the other from the Claire Friedlander Family Foundation. Betsy raised the rest from the Community Foundation’s Farm Fresh Food Fund (\$10,000 grant) and from the Marcia Brady Tucker Foundation, a family foundation of a parishioner (\$20,000 grant). “I do *a lot* of fund-raising,” Betsy says.

In the colder months when the garden is under snow and fresh produce isn’t available, the pantry provides canned and boxed food items—oatmeal, pasta, tomato sauce, rice, beans and other vegetables. A freezer holds meat items. Next to it is a refrigerator for things like eggs and milk. It even has diapers and school supplies on hand for families in need of such things. “We make do with what we have, but somehow are always able to provide a range of nutritional food,” says Robin Capers, a paid employee who supervises the pantry. Salty snack food and “treats” are discouraged, but Robin won’t turn away a local bakery’s donation of sweet rolls, mini-cakes or cookies. “I guess everyone deserves a treat from time to time,” she concedes.

When the food pantry idea first came about in 2009, there was no space in the parish house for it. Solution: Simply roll portable metal shelves on wheels into the main aisle of the church each Friday. A photo looking like a Target food aisle plopped in the middle of the church hangs in the pantry as a reminder of its more modest beginnings.

It’s an odd-looking juxtaposition, but it represents an important spiritual link: What is done in the pantry is the embodiment of what is done in church. As the Eucharist is a sacred meal, so too is the act of distributing food to the poor. “Every meal is sacred,” says Betsy. Her favorite dismissal line: “Worship is over, let the service begin.”



You’ve got to eat your greens, says the Rev. Betsy Fisher.

The author serves on the Episcopal New Yorker editorial advisory board.

Pantry Partnership in Mt. Kisco

By Betsy Meyer

The appealing smell of fresh bread fills the air as we bag bagels for a Tuesday night pantry distribution. The bread donated by our local Panera Restaurant may be a far cry from the loaves and fishes Christ distributed to the hungry crowds that followed him, but to me they both represent hope, the bread of life. This evening six of us from St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Bedford are working side by side with a group from Bet Torah Synagogue. Whatever our faith, we share the same joy and feel blessed that we are able to make a difference in the lives of our less fortunate neighbors.

One of the things I love most about the Mount Kisco Interfaith Food Pantry is that we are an interfaith organization, and our board members and volunteers come from diverse religious, cultural, and economic backgrounds. The pantry was founded almost 25 years ago by the United Methodist Church and Bet Torah Synagogue; just two years later, St. Mark's Episcopal and two other congregations became sponsors. Today we are supported and sustained by 13 local churches and temples (including two additional Episcopal churches—St. Matthew's, and St. Stephen's, Armonk). We are the community we serve, and our strength and uniqueness come from the combined energies and talents.

In some ways we have drawn our congregations closer together in the common cause of feeding the hungry. St. Matthew's hosted members of our Pantry board at a Sunday service a year or so ago. Our wonderful and welcoming rector, the Rev. Terry Elsberry, took time to explain parts of the service as he went along, and then reassured everyone that all are welcome at our communion rail. It was an eye opener for many, and helped reinforce the feeling of our all being one people no matter how we worship God. I'm hoping we can do more of these visits and would personally love to experience a Jewish service.

Our recent "Clergy Summit" brought together the ministers, priests and rabbis from our member congregations for an important presentation on the current state of our pantry. To fully support us, our clergy need to know 1) the extent of hunger in our community, and 2) the pressures and changes we now

face as an almost all-volunteer organization. We need financial and spiritual support, and we need dedicated people with the talents and experience required to run an organization now distributing nearly \$500,000 worth of food a year.

The growing number of people we serve every week, the rising cost of food, and the many, many volunteer hours needed to keep the pantry humming are daunting. Yet it all comes together through the dedication and compassion of our multi-faith group. Our mission statement says it best (and we worked hard to get the words just right):

The Mount Kisco Interfaith Food Pantry is an affiliation of faith-based congregations dedicated to providing supplemental food to persons in need in the greater Mount Kisco area. We are committed to creating a healthier and stronger community. Our volunteer efforts respect the dignity of those we serve and are an expression of the spiritual mission of our member institutions.

In a time when countries are closing their borders, neighbors are fencing out neighbors, and hunger is a crisis both here and abroad, we all need to do what we can to change the world. It may be only a relatively few people in the greater Mount Kisco area, but we are making a difference by providing a critical lifeline of healthy and nutritious food to the needy—and giving our clients hope! Tonight that bread and those bagels will pass from our hands to those of people in desperate need of our love and compassion and respect. We can see in their eyes and grateful smiles, that our pantry, truly a community of all faithful people, demonstrates the tremendous and beautiful power of faith in action.

The author is a member of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford.

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

EASTER TRADITIONS

We take Lent and Holy Week very seriously at Christ Church Bronxville. So after a solemn Triduum, by the time Easter arrives in the second half of the Great Vigil on Saturday night, everyone is ready for a celebration!

At our house the Easter feast begins with a supper after the Vigil—we want a good meal that's festive, but not too much trouble. We often start with a salumi plate of cured Italian meats and then have a real Fettuccine Alfredo with homemade pasta, lots of cream and Parmigiano Reggiano—a fitting prologue to the real party the next day.

On Easter day we have our big meal as a long lunch, that can take most of the afternoon, but we start with an egg cracking contest at the table. Everyone chooses an egg from the basket & smashes it with their neighbor. The one that doesn't break is the champ of that round. These eggs are the first course, eaten with freshly grated horseradish, an amazing combination, if you never tried it. My kids loved this game when they were young, still do in fact—interactive food is a fun addition to formal dining.

Boiling and dyeing eggs is something that everyone does, but with mixed success. A few years ago I learned a trick that really helps give you perfectly cooked eggs (not over-cooked with a green halo on the yolks). You basically steam the eggs, not boil them. Steam is an even 212°, whereas the temperature of boiling water drops when you add the eggs and the rebound to a boil is the variable that makes timing tricky. Details are in the recipe below.

Also dyeing can be quite simple. I use basic food coloring: just put about 10-15 drops of the color in a teacup (or similar) with a dash of vinegar. You can mix the primary colors to get additional hues: red + blue = purple; red + yellow = orange; yellow + blue = green, etc. Add boiling water to about 2/3 full & you're ready to dye. Use some brown eggs as well as white ones. The brown ones will give interesting (more muted) colors. Red and purple work especially well on the brown eggs.

BOILED EGGS

Directions

Bring 3/4" of water to a vigorous boil in a wide pot or skillet with a tight lid. Gently add cold eggs (right from the fridge) with tongs or a large spoon, being careful not to crack them. (Add as many as you like, but one layer is preferable.) Put lid back on and start timer: 6.5 mins for soft boiled; 8.5 for set yolks that are still soft; 10 mins for fully cooked. This is for standard large eggs. If you use smaller eggs, cut the time; if larger eggs increase the time (about a 45 seconds to a minute in each case). Quail eggs are small so give them just 2.5-3 minutes.

Immediately put eggs in ice-water bath to stop cooking. If you're dyeing them, dry them first. I suggest the 8.5 minute eggs. I find them much more delicious (and fun) when the yolks are not completely set.

FRESH HORSERADISH

Ingredients

1 medium horseradish root
1/3 cup good white wine vinegar (white Balsamic is excellent)

Directions

Peel the horseradish root and rough-chop it into pieces, about 1" in diameter. Add horseradish to a food processor and process until finely chopped. Gradually add the vinegar through the feed tube. Do NOT remove the lid, or if you do, stand back. The smell is very strong! Process well to mix in vinegar. Mixture should be moist, but not soupy. Add more vinegar if needed.

Stand back and remove lid. Again, a warning not to get too close—it's powerful stuff. Put it in a jar with a tight lid & refrigerate until ready to use. It will keep for several weeks, losing a bit of potency as it ages.

After Easter, use the leftovers for an excellent Bloody/Virgin Mary or mix in a Béchamel or Hollandaise for roast beef or poached fish, or just boil more eggs!

The Fable of Shepherd's Kitchen

By the Rev. Deacon Vonnie Hubbard

Once upon a time, in the Kingdom of God, there lived a group of disciples-in-training who answered the call of the Shepherd to “feed my lambs” by serving at a local soup kitchen. Each and every Saturday and Sunday they prepared and served a basic nutritious meal for hungry folks, whether their hunger was for food or for companionship.

The disciples-in-training formed teams to manage the work. One team wrote grants and did fundraising. Another team prepared and served the food. Another team cleaned up. And one team was responsible for securing the food and supplies from local donations, supermarkets, and commercial distributors.

Whether the team wrote grants or mopped floors, they all worked very hard to be good stewards of God's bounty.

And because they were good stewards, each week members of the food team went to the local food bank to gather menu items to round out the salad greens, vegetables and fresh fruits, all available without cost to agencies serving the less fortunate.

The food team never knew from one week to the next what food they'd

find. One day the team found cases of squash, carrots and zucchini. That weekend the soup kitchen served Pasta Primavera Salad with Italian Vegetables (see recipe below) on Saturday. On Sunday the menu was Roast Chicken with Rice Pilaf and organic spinach and mushrooms.

And little by little the disciples-in-training began to experience the partnership of being a servant, living with faith and relying on the faithfulness of God. Becoming disciples, sharing what God provides with those in need—whether of food, a kind word or a simple smile.

Hubbard is the director of Shepherd's Kitchen in Newburgh, and deacon at St. George's, Newburgh.

Shepherd's Kitchen feeds the poorest of the poor, approximately 100 people and 115 meals every Saturday and Sunday, based at Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh. Shepherd's Kitchen was founded as a joint ministry of the Hudson Valley Clericus and other local partners, and is now entering its 20th year.



Paul Ciccone, Russell Hallock, Jr. and Chantal Haskew, of St. Anne's Washingtonville, serve lunch to guests at Shepherd's Kitchen on a recent Sunday afternoon.

SHEPHERD'S KITCHEN PASTA PRIMAVERA SALAD MAKES 100 SERVINGS, 3/4 CUP PORTION

*Go to the Food Bank to gather fresh vegetables for the weekend.
Look for 24 pounds of salad greens and vegetables for tossed salad.
Also look 20 pounds of other vegetables for side dishes.
What you find will determine the menu for the weekend.*

INGREDIENTS

- 10 pounds assorted medium sized, penne, rotini pasta (donated by the generous staff of a local skilled nursing facility who held a food drive to support Shepherd's Kitchen)
- Boiling water
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 20 pounds total of any combination of the following:
 - Asparagus, yellow squash, zucchini chopped; carrots, cut into cubes
 - Bell peppers, red, green or yellow cut into matchsticks
 - Mushrooms, sliced;
 - Grape tomatoes or diced tomatoes, green beans, cut 1 inch pieces
- 2 cup yellow onion, minced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- Dressing
 - 5 cups mayonnaise
 - 2 cup olive oil
 - 2 cups lemon juice, or cider vinegar or red wine vinegar
 - 1/4 cup Italian seasoning
 - 2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper

DIRECTIONS

1. Go to the foodbank. Look through all the free fresh produce. Gather the freshest vegetables, about 20 pounds. Try not to take more that you need. Leave some for the next group. Trust God. There will be more next week.
2. Bring the large pot of salted water to a boil. Add pasta and cook until tender yet firm to the bite, 8 to 10 minutes; drain.
3. While the pasta is boiling, cut all the vegetables into bite size pieces.
4. Mix dressing ingredient together. Whisk to combine.
5. Mix cooled cooked pasta, and the vegetables.
6. Place in serving pan, no more than 2" deep.
7. Refrigerate – serve chilled at 40o or less.



Donald Laurencell and Diane Massey of St. Anne's Washingtonville have been involved in Shepherd's Kitchen from its earliest days and still serve regularly.

On the Other Side of Bad Luck

By Mandy Culbreath

Every Sunday after Trinity's 11:15 a.m. service, our Brown Bag Lunch Ministry continues the liturgy by preparing food for those who need it in our geographic area, here in Lower Manhattan. Coffee is poured, priests remove their liturgical attire, and parishioners, maintenance staff and I walk back to the sacristy and carry carts of food to the front of the church. Soon after, the historic Trinity chancel, where we all shared Holy Eucharist, turns into a packing station for more than 400 lunches. Long tables of tuna cans, water, juice, raisins and any other donated snacks rest at the most sacred center of our church. The front rows of pews are filled with parishioners readying the brown bags to be packed on the altar.

Why is Trinity so committed to the Brown Bag Lunch Ministry? Simply, to help transform our community, our neighbors, and ourselves. I often catch myself tempted to craft a narrative about fighting food injustice and how we are helping the mentally ill, homeless and discarded in society. Honestly, though, no Christian should celebrate food insecurity work because the gospel seeks to dismantle the very practices that make this necessary at all. Addressing hunger has always been a Christian teaching, in Jesus's parables and life.

But what is hunger? It's poverty. I'm fortunate to work with an amazing team at a transformative time that allows grant-making, supporting community partners who are addressing the roots of poverty—the reason people need brown bag lunches in the first place. In the meantime, though, Trinity offers emergency food assistance six days a week at two locations: Trinity Church, Sundays, 2–3 p.m. and Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 12:45–1:45 p.m.; and at St. Paul's Chapel (front porch) Fridays and Saturdays, 12:45–1:45 p.m.

Americans acutely live this hunger in real ways—even on Wall Street; and the truth is our food line is a silent rebellion, calling attention and addressing a problem that every Wall Streeter should notice on their lunch break. Hunger hurts. Hunger can tear people and families apart emotionally, physically and sometimes spiritually. It can cause people to seek relief in drink or drugs, or to strike out in helpless fear, frustration and humiliation. As many as one in 10 people in our New York City community face that exact dilemma today. Their families are hungry. But keep in mind that in this context “addressing hunger” does not mean that we somehow can or are directly reducing the number of people who might (from time to time) need food assistance, how often they might need help, or how much help they will need. As a general rule, the only things that significantly reduce need levels are economic booms, increases in wages, construction of low-income housing and increases in government aid programs. Food programs don't provide any of these solutions: We simply provide food to address an immediate need.

The reality is that every-day Americans get along okay until they lose their job or their work hours are cut back, or their purse gets stolen, or the transmission goes out in the car, or a child gets sick—and then suddenly there

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

PASTIERA DI GRANO

(Sweet Neapolitan Easter Wheat Pie)
Pastiera Di Grano has other names such as Pastiera Di Pasqua (Pasqua means Easter) and pizza gran or just sweet wheat pie. It is traditionally made at Easter but there are a few Italian restaurants and specialty markets that make it year round in NYC.

Ingredients

Filling
½ c. shelled whole-grain soft wheat*
Water
Strips of peel and juice from 1 med. navel orange
(try to peel orange without pith. Strain juice of seeds and pulp)
1 container (15 oz.) ricotta cheese
4 lg. eggs
½ c. granulated sugar
¼ c. mini or regular semi-sweet chocolate chips
¼ tsp. ground cinnamon

Pasta Frolla (sweet pastry dough)
2¼ c. all-purpose flour
¼ c. granulated sugar
½ tsp. salt
½ c. cold butter – cut into small pieces
2 lg. eggs – beaten
Confectioners sugar – garnish

Preparation

To make the filling, put ½ c. wheat in large saucepan and cover with water. Bring to a boil over high heat and boil 2 min. Remove from heat, cover and let soak 1 hour. Drain and rinse the wheat. Put back in saucepan, add 4 c. of water, the orange peel and juice. Bring to a boil, reduce heat to low. Cover and simmer 1 hour or until wheat is tender but still firm. Drain into a colander, remove peel and chop fine. Mix remaining ingredients in a large bowl. Stir in wheat and peel. (you do not have to put ALL chopped peel into filling, adjust to your liking) Cover and refrigerate until ready to use. (It should be chilled because if you proceed while warm, the chocolate chips will melt.)

To make pastry, mix flour, sugar and salt in medium sized bowl. Cut in butter with pastry blender or with fingers until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add eggs and stir with fork just until dough holds together. Shape 2/3 of the dough into a ball. Wrap in plastic and flatten slightly. Repeat with remaining 1/3 portion of dough. Refrigerate at least 30 minutes or until firm enough to roll.

Preheat oven to 400 °F.
Roll out the 2/3 portion of dough to a 13" diameter. Dust top with flour and roll dough loosely around a rolling pin. Put into a 9" deep dish pie plate and press lightly against bottom and sides. Trim edges of dough to make even. Pour filling into crust. Roll out remaining 1/3 portion of dough into a 10" diameter. Cut 12 half inch strips with a knife. Arrange half the strips 1" apart over the filling. Longer ones near the center. Lay remaining strips in the opposite direction. Trim and gently press to bottom crust. Fold overhanging dough loosely over edge of filling so it lays flat. Bake 30-35 min. until filling is set and top is lightly golden. Cool completely and dust with confectioner's sugar. Refrigerate. (Best eaten the next day! Let pie come to room temperature before serving.)

*You can purchase this wheat during the Easter Season at Alleva, 188 Grand Street at the corner of Mulberry in NYC. A small container for \$1.99 can make 3 pies.

aren't enough dollars to cover the household's needs. These are the types of reasons why most people seek food aid—not because they are multigenerational welfare recipients or don't know how to budget, work or cook. They are just like you or me, but on the other side of bad luck. They've been thrown for a loop by circumstances and for a couple of months they need help. But as soon as possible they will get back on their feet and we won't see them again.

Some will immediately object that providing food to hungry people is only a Band-Aid. Indeed it is, but sometimes a Band-Aid is exactly the right tool for the job. There is certainly a place and a crucial role for those who pursue long-term solutions to hunger. I pray every day for their success, and work tirelessly with them to brainstorm and report on what I see and feel on the ground. Still, you and I have our own role to play. There are people and families who are hurting and suffering right now, and we have the ability to help those people. Churches can definitely play a significant role in achieving long-term solutions to poverty and hunger, but the operative definition of “ending hunger” in our work is: “Whenever anyone in the geographic area we serve ever experiences a time of needing food assistance, they can readily access timely, adequate, appropriate assistance sufficient to see them safely through that time of need.”

The author is program coordinator for Social Outreach & Brown Bag Lunch at Trinity Wall Street.

Things You Can't Do Via Skype

By Wendy Urban-Mead

I read a piece this week by someone who experienced the funeral of a friend by way of live-stream video. He was unable to attend the funeral in person because he was on one coast and the funeral was on the other. This led to a series of musings on his part that questioned the equivalence of virtual and in-person communication. We exchanged a few emails about this. What follows flowed out of those exchanges.

I felt compelled to share thoughts on my heartfelt and long-held belief that sitting together with people, in the flesh, is the most important form of presence there is; that writing a letter in my own hand is more intimate than typing and far more so than emailing. While I use phone calls, texts, emails, and letters to communicate with my associates and loved ones, nothing surpasses actually being there. Bodily presence, and co-breathing—sharing of the same air—these are irreplaceable forms of communication and fellowship. We come into this world in our bodies and we live life with our bodies—even our use of gadgets requires an interplay between our bodies and the machines.

This line of thinking informs why I attend live performances. It is crucial to put my body in the car and drive to the theater and breathe the same air as the actors or musicians, experience the manifold, uncountable forms of presence that sharing the same space provides and thereby opens the way for experiencing the artistic expression in as many uncounted ways. My presence at a performance even helps to create the art—actors respond to the energy of their audience members, for example, creating a different theatrical piece each time it is performed as the cast encounters a different audience each time. A DVD of the play to send to grandparents is a pale and unsatisfying alternative to actually being there. It is true that sometimes this is the best we all can do, as unfortunate as that is. We make the best of it. It is probably better than nothing. And yet, a glib remark to the effect of, “oh well, at least they’ll get to see the DVD” to me is just not even in the same galaxy.

A friend came to visit last month. He brought with him some cookies that his wife had baked. We sat down together, eagerly opened the tin and ate some. I felt so close to Jen—her hands had prepared those biscotti and cookies. Something of her that was so tangible, even taste-able, had physically traveled the miles from Ohio in his car and was now at our table.

Perhaps all of this is why sharing meals with people is so important. Maybe this is why I bother to fix food for us to eat together every day. You can’t share a meal via Skype or email or text or video live streaming. You are either sharing—and both eating—the soup or you are not. It is a vivid, irreplaceable expression of incarnation—our enfleshment—and of presence.

The author is a member of St. James’ Church, Hyde Park.



It's great technology, but you still can't eat together via Skype. Photo: woodleywonderworks, Flickr.



Some of the 5,000 ears of corn that Graze on Faith volunteers shuck each year for children in the Washingtonville school district. Photo: Graze on Faith.

Graze on Faith: “Taste and See that the Lord is Good.”

By the Rev. Lise Worthington

Psalm 37 tells us that those who hope in the Lord will “settle the land and Graze on Faith”—and so, in the Hudson Valley, a partnership between Blooming Grove United Church of Christ, St. Anne’s Episcopal Church in Washingtonville and others has done just that, spreading the Gospel by supporting the ideas of eating locally, eating seasonally, feeding, and planting gardens.

Graze on Faith is a mission to match local farmers with local hungry. It mirrors the biblical concept of gleaning and four corners. Through it, we strive to live and show others the psalmist’s call to “taste and see that the Lord is good,” with farmers donating fresh vegetables for use in community dinners and free distribution in the Graze on Faith farmer’s market held every Friday at the local thrift store.

Both churches have turned church grounds into community garden space for feeding those less fortunate, and have collaborated in shucking and preparing 5,000 ears of corn every year for children in the Washingtonville school district so that fresh vegetables can be served on the food lines.

We have recently begun to expand its outreach to include providing fresh fruit, in the form of local apples, to a fledgling “backpack” program designed to address hunger for families at risk, and also expanded on existing relationships to begin providing the local school district with the use of plots in our community gardens so that kids can have hands-on experience with “settling the land and grazing on faith.” So, Graze on Faith as a joint mission in our local community is sharing gospel responsibility by being active and committed to addressing local issues of land, food and sustainability.

Certainly it can be said that here in Washingtonville, both St. Anne’s Episcopal Church and the Blooming Grove United Church of Christ have joined gladly in responding to the prophetic voice that says, “settle the land and Graze on Faith.”

Worthington is pastor of Blooming Grove United Church of Christ, a trained chef, and founder of the Graze on Faith program.

St. Mary's, Manhattanville Renews Its Garden Mission

By the Rev. Mary Foulke

St. Mary's Church on West 126th Street is blessed with a modest plot of land in the middle of what is now urban Manhattan. There is a mighty oak in the middle of the front yard that provides shade in summer. Over many years there have been flowers to add beauty to the space, and rose bushes planted in memory of church members who have died. In February 2012, St. Mary's established a "farm" here—a vegetable and fruit garden to supplement the provisions of St. Mary's Food Pantry, and to bring the community together. Because the soil was contaminated by lead and heavy metals (remnants of a defunct paint factory), raised beds with fresh soil were installed; that summer, as many as 600 pounds of produce were gathered and given out. In the midst of an interim period (2012–2014) the raised beds were used for a community garden in which individuals cultivated their own crops, followed by a fallow year because of construction on the property. In the fall of 2014, attention returned to the garden; in spring 2015 we cleaned up and planted flowers, kale, tomatoes and herbs. It has been a chaotic year of experimenting rather than planning—so this month a committee has gathered to develop a plan. Our first step was to develop a mission statement.



St. Mary's, Manhattanville—blessed with a modest plot of land. Photo: Diocese of New York.

OUR MISSION:

To celebrate creation and heal human relationships with the natural world. It is a simple statement that connects us with our history on this land and who we are as a church including our commitments to peace and justice, and our desire to continue to contribute to the health and healing of our community.

Specifically we identified five goals:

1. To develop and sustain a beautiful and nurturing natural space where all are invited and welcome to find respite and enjoyment.
2. To honor the legacy of native people who first cultivated this land and the subsequent dispossession of peoples that continues to have an impact to the present (see the Presiding Bishop's Pastoral Letter on the Doctrine of Discovery and Indigenous Peoples, May 16, 2012; www.episcopalchurch.org/posts/publicaffairs/episcopal-presiding-bishop-katharine-jefferts-schori-issues-pastoral-letter).
3. To provide healing and empowerment to all people who have experienced alienation from the land as a result of enslavement, exile and forced labor.
4. To contribute green space to our Harlem neighborhood in cooperation with other organizations seeking to address environmental pollution and its related public health dangers (see for example: www.weact.org/cleanair).
5. To promote access to fresh local food, greater food justice, and healthy eating by growing fresh herbs and vegetables for distribution through St. Mary's Food Pantry.

This fall we will again be cleaning up and readying the garden for an exciting fresh start in 2016. We hope that the readers of the *Episcopal New Yorker* will keep us in their prayers even as they pursue their own ministries of celebration and healing human relationships with the natural world.

The author is rector of St. Mary's, Manhattanville.

Once It Was a Parking Lot

By the Rev. Tom Faulkner

One of the foci for our parish ministry at Christ Church, Sparkill has been ecological activism. We were co-founders of the Sparkill Watershed Alliance, have been volunteers at Tallman State Park, and have hosted luncheons for the annual Keep Rockland Beautiful cleanups in our area. Several years ago we ripped up a four-car macadam parking lot and created a vegetable and flower garden, the Christ Church Eco Garden. We trucked in fertile soil, built raised beds and surrounded it with picket fencing, paid for by church members buying sections of fencing. The garden has been a great success! This year we grew beans, tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, peppers, pumpkins, carrots, zucchini, and various flowers and spices. The Sunday school planted milkweed to help with the survival of the monarch butterflies. Each week, the produce has gone to Maggie Conway House, a residence for mentally challenged adults which we support, and to the county's People to People program. We also encourage our sexton to pick vegetables for himself and the immigrant community in Haverstraw. Some is even available for parishioners at coffee hour on Sunday!



Eco Garden peeks through Eco Garden signage. Photo: Christ Church, Sparkill

The author is vicar of Christ Church, Sparkill.

Food for All: The Rev. Canon Peter Larom writes from "retirement" in Connecticut

We have had very good success with a "Common Good" type garden as has Grace Episcopal nearby. These gardens are big and productive church projects that also involve several hundred community participants too. We have received over \$30,000 in state funds, and other generous grants. "Common Good" means that all the produce goes to the neighborhood food pantry. Two additional start-ups have followed this model, which is differentiated from a "Community Garden" where folks have their own respective patches.

Our "Food for All" Garden has 75 150 square foot beds, and produces about 5,000 to 6,000 pounds of produce per season. That would be about \$50,000 worth of fresh, organically grown produce between the two Episcopal based gardens.



Some of the 5,000+ pounds of produce grown each year in the Food for All garden. Photo: The Rev. Canon Peter Larom.

Larom, now retired, was until recently director of Incarnation Camp and Conference Center in Ivoryton, CT, and previously executive director of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Feeding the Hungry Diocese-Wide

By Leeanna Varga

From Staten Island to Poughkeepsie, from urban neighborhoods like the South Bronx to rural Dutchess County, Episcopal Charities funds and supports 94 parish-based outreach programs, 47 of which feed hungry people across the Episcopal Diocese of New York. Grants range from \$2,000 to \$20,000.

These feeding programs include food pantries, sit-down community meals, brown bag lunches, and home-delivered meals for a wide range of people: seniors, families with children, people living with disabilities, and immigrants, including many working people whose incomes are not sufficient to meet their basic needs.

Many of these parish-based programs began in the 1980s as a response to what was assumed to be a temporary crisis in the rising number of people who were homeless. Over the past three decades need has only increased, and programs have adapted to changing demographics. A program which once delivered home cooked meals to people living with AIDS now serves anyone affected by chronic illness. Another which once served senior citizens in a predominantly white, low-income neighborhood now primarily serves young Latino families.

The Great Recession, which officially began in December 2007 and lasted until June 2009, produced a spike in the need for services. And despite recent increases in the employment rate, demand remains steady. Why? According to a U.S. Census report released in September, the real income for average Americans is 6.5% lower than it was in 2007. Meanwhile, inflation and higher food prices have kept food insecurity rates high, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture reports 14.3% of U.S. households experienced food insecurity at some point last year.

“Thank God for the food pantries,” said one client of the food pantry at St. Paul’s Church in Poughkeepsie. She is a 53-year old grandmother, who along with her husband is raising two grandchildren on his part-time salary. Their income is too high to qualify for the Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program (SNAP), but the increase in other household costs leaves them juggling bills such as heating oil, electricity, medical expenses, and food. “I’m grateful for any help I can get,” she says.

In addition to food, community meals also help to counter the social isolation that can result from homelessness. When asked what the Guild of St. Margaret Soup Kitchen, sponsored by Grace Church in Middletown, NY means to one long-time guest, he said, “Everything.” He explained that if you are homeless you are always moving or thinking about moving, away from people who don’t want you to sit where you are, away from the police. “The soup kitchen gives a place to put your head together, a place to connect with people,” he added.

Over the years, programs have developed goals beyond meeting their clients’ basic needs. In an effort to promote health and wellness, some have added nutritional counseling, including workshops on meal preparation and micro-gardening. Many have begun serving healthier meals, including fresh produce. Many pantries now offer clients choice in the food they receive, accommodating personal or cultural preferences. Others are addressing the root causes

of poverty and unemployment, offering assistance applying for government benefits, employment counseling, job training and placement.

Looking ahead towards 2016, many programs anticipate increasing need. As the outreach arm of the diocese, Episcopal Charities will continue to assist and strengthen them in their efforts to serve.

The author is director of programs at Episcopal Charities.

COMMUNITY KITCHENS

All Saints' Community Meal, All Saints Church, Manhattan
Angel Food East, St. John's Church, Kingston
Brown Bag Lunch Program, Trinity St. Paul's Church, New Rochelle
Cathedral Community Cares, St. John the Divine, Manhattan
Christ and St. Stephen's Church Brown Bag Lunch Program, Manhattan
Christ Church of Ramapo Feeding Ministries, Suffern
Christ Church Saturday Breakfast, Warwick
Crossroads Community Services, St. Bartholomew's Church, Manhattan
Friday Food Fest, Holyrood Church, Manhattan
Guild of St. Margaret Soup Kitchen, Grace Church, Middletown
Holy Apostles Soup Kitchen, Church of the Holy Apostles, Manhattan
Holy Trinity Neighborhood Center, Church of the Holy Trinity, Manhattan
Lifting Up Westchester Soup Kitchen, Grace Church, White Plains
Our Lord's Soup Kitchen, Grace Church, Bronx
Shepherd's Kitchen, Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh
St. Ignatius of Antioch Church Soup Kitchen, Manhattan
St. Margaret's Feeding Ministry, Bronx
St. Michael's Saturday Kitchen and Pilgrim Resource Center, Manhattan
St. Peter's Neighborhood Dinner & Mobile Food Pantry, Port Chester
Sunday Meals Program, Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy, Manhattan
Wednesday Night Homeless Feeding Program, Church of the Epiphany, Manhattan

FOOD PANTRIES

Michael D. Fender Food Pantry, Church of the Ascension, Manhattan
Brewster Community Food Pantry, St. James', North Salem and St. Andrew's, Brewster
Brown Bag Lunch and Food Pantry, St. Thomas' Church, Mamaroneck
Caring Hands Food Pantry, St. John's Church, Monticello
Christ Church Community Outreach and Holiday Basket Program, Staten Island
Comida de Vida Food Pantry, St. Thomas' Church, Amenia
Community Food Pantry, St. Mary's Church, Mohegan Lake
Fed By Grace Food Pantry, Grace Church, Port Jervis
Community Center of Northern Westchester, Church of the Good Shepherd, Granite Springs
Jayne Brooks Food Pantry, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck
Mount Kisco Interfaith Food Pantry, St. Mark's Church, Mt. Kisco
New York Common Pantry, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Manhattan
San Andres' Food Pantry, Yonkers
Sloatsburg Food Pantry, St. Mary's Church, Tuxedo Park
Ss. John, Paul and Clement Emergency Food Pantry, Mount Vernon
St. Andrew's and St. Luke's Food Pantry, Beacon
St. Ann's Church Food Pantry and Soup Kitchen, Morrisania, Bronx
St. Edmund's Church Food Pantry, Bronx
St. George's Food Pantry, Newburgh
St. Mary's Community Meal and Food Pantry, Staten Island
St. Mary's Food Pantry and Soup Kitchen, Manhattanville, Manhattan
St. Paul's Church Food Pantry, Poughkeepsie
St. Peter's Food Pantry, Chelsea, Manhattan
St. Peter's Love Kitchen and Love Pantry, Westchester Square, Bronx
The Food Pantry at Zion Church, Wappingers Falls
Trinity Place Community Center Food Pantry, Trinity Church, Mt. Vernon

The Broken Bread that Binds

By Kelly Skaggs

Many years ago, I had a dream in which Jesus was handing out French pastries on a street corner saying, “I am the bread of life.” That image really stuck with me, because delicious pastries are perhaps more analogous to the extravagance of God’s love than the dried wafers we usually have at the Eucharist. But when we meet God every Sunday at that dinner table, we partake nevertheless of the very best bread there can be—bread that gives us life. At that table, God meets us with unbounded hospitality without expectation and without exception. We are invited to come as we are.

We often reflect on how this simple meal informs who we are and how we live, but do we often ask ourselves how it should shape how we eat?

Eating is not meant to be a solitary experience. At least two people have to be present for the Eucharist, and the gospels tell us numerous stories about Jesus dining with his friends and followers. We are church to one another when we eat together at the communion table, of course—but not just there. Coffee hour is a marvelous Episcopal institution because it is a time, ideally, when we can check in with one another on how things are going and welcome new people. Sharing a meal binds us together—and my best church memories revolve around sharing one with my fellow parishioners. I recall church potlucks from my youth in the Midwest with tables heaving with food. When I moved to the South, I learned that we couldn’t have any sacramental rite without ham biscuits and pimento cheese sandwiches.

But as much as I miss ham biscuits, it’s not really about the food. It’s about the intergenerational gathering of misfits, eccentrics, normal Joes, up-and-outers, down-and-outers, and everyone in between who make up the kingdom of God. When we eat together, we are fulfilling not only a basic human need, but also a spiritual need to connect with one another.

My husband and I make a point of having dinner together every night. This is a small commitment that we make to each other to be present. Sometimes we argue, sometimes one of us is too tired or stressed to speak, and often it is the only time we have to talk to each other all day. It’s the best part of my day without fail.

Cooking meals for our families on a daily basis and for our friends on occasion is an act of love. It is such a simple way to show hospitality and care. Sometimes we lose sight of this in the busyness of our lives. Food does not just nourish our bodies. It also brings us together where we can share our lives with one another and minister to each other by being present to one another as Christ is present in the Eucharist. Our God comes to us as bread. It is fitting then that potlucks, church picnics, and coffees hours are part of church life because we meet each other as we break bread. We extend the reach of God’s love when we open our tables and our lives to one another and to the stranger. Such hospitality does not require beef Wellington or our homes to be spotlessly clean. I have

some friends who every Friday cook up a pot of meat sauce and serve spaghetti to whoever happens to show up. It’s an open, standing invitation they have with their friends and neighbors.

The author is an erstwhile food blogger, runs a Facebook page for people who are interested in food, and is married to the rector of St. Stephen’s, Armonk.



A ham biscuit, but it’s not really about the food.

Photo: joefoodie, Flickr.

SOUTHERN PIMENTO CHEESE

INGREDIENTS

- 1lb extra sharp cheddar, grated
- 1/2lb cream cheese, room temperature
- 8oz jar of pimentos (or chopped roasted red peppers)
- 1/2c. mayonnaise
- chopped jalepeño (pickled or fresh) to taste
- garlic salt, black pepper, and cayenne pepper to taste

DIRECTIONS

Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Chill for a couple of hours. Serve with crackers for a party.

For a church reception or afternoon tea, spread the pimento cheese on white bread slices trimmed of crust to make sandwiches. Cut into triangles.

More Than a Sandwich

By the Rt. Rev. Allen K. Shin

When I was living in Oxford, England, I met a homeless man named Neil who used to sit near the entrance to St. John's College on St. Giles', with an old mongrel dog, selling *The Big Issue*—a weekly newspaper run by a charity, which the homeless were given to sell so that they could earn some money rather than just begging.

With Christmas approaching, I asked Neil what he was doing for the holiday. He told me that he and his mates were usually invited to Christmas dinner at a community center, but that in the past, he had visited his daughter in London every Christmas. He said that once, when he'd had a job, he had lived with her and her family; but then he had started drinking, which had made him abusive—and eventually his daughter had thrown him out of the house. After that, when he had sobered up, he had at first continued to visit his daughter every Christmas, but would start drinking again and inevitably get drunk, which always spoiled the family Christmas dinner. So now, he told me this with a guilty and sad look, he didn't go there for Christmas dinner any more. He missed eating with the family, he said. Then I bought him a sandwich and one for myself, and sat and ate with him—and this became our Monday ritual most weeks. I could hardly understand his Cockney accent as he went on and on about something, and he probably knew that I couldn't.

Then one day, I didn't see Neil anymore. Another homeless man sat on the same spot where he had been. I asked the man about Neil, but he didn't know him or what had happened to him.

In his book, *Food and Faith*, Norman Wirzba writes that “eating together is

an occasion in which people learn to become more attentive and present to the world and to each other,” and likens it to *perichoresis*, the Greek word for the mutual sharing of love and making room for one another among the three Persons in the Trinitarian life of God. I certainly wouldn't describe my eating with Neil in such highbrow terms—but the relationship I developed with him certainly became meaningful not so much through our conversations, in which I hardly understood him most of the time, but simply due to our eating together. The spiritual significance of sharing a meal is best exemplified by Jesus in his ministry to the outcast and the sinners. Sharing food with each other, Wirzba describes, is to “collaborate with God's own primordial sharing of life,” for God created the living creatures to eat in order to live and gave us the gift of food.

In his essay, *The Gift of Good Land*, Wendell Berry observes that “to live, we must daily break the body and shed the blood of Creation. When we do this knowingly, lovingly, skillfully, reverently, it is a sacrament. When we do it ignorantly, greedily, clumsily, destructively, it is a desecration. In such desecration we condemn ourselves to spiritual and moral loneliness, and others to want.”

What Berry describes is precisely what we practice in the Eucharistic eating of the Body and Blood of Christ. We eat the Body broken and drink the Blood shed of Jesus Christ in his self-sacrificing act of love on the Cross. The saying of Jesus, “I am the bread of life,” is often spiritualized in our interpretation and understanding, and privatized for our personal piety. But by subtly equating the ordinary bread and blood of creation we consume daily with the sacramental

Body and Blood of Christ, Berry makes a profound theological and spiritual connection between our mundane daily food consumption and the Sacrament of Eucharist.

As Wirzba writes, “...death is not simply the cessation of life but its precondition. Death is eating's steadfast accomplice.” In the Eucharistic meal, Christians become deeply aware of Christ's death, which gives life. Every time we eat, we become aware of the death of some living creature, by which we are nourished. Eucharistic eating honors and promotes life, and that is why sharing of food creates communion.

Eating, even if one eats alone, is an invitation to a communion with others, and other living creatures, and ultimately with God. What Neil and I shared in those times was more than sandwiches.

The author is the bishop suffragan of the diocese.



St. Giles', Oxford.

Photo: Tejvan Pettinger, Flickr.

Kaiser Rolls in Bedford Hills

by Dana Y. Wu



The Kaiser roll, an essential ingredient.

Photo: Kobako, Wikimedia.org.

Sharing food is at the heart of much of parish life. At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Chappaqua we have potlucks, bake sales and coffee hours, and our annual Strawberry Festival (now in its 78th year). We also share meals with others through our outreach programs. We make chili and coffee and pack brown bag lunches for the Midnight Run, which delivers food and clothing to the homeless in New York City. We bring canned goods, pasta, cereals and holiday hams for the Interfaith Food Pantry. We collect Thanksgiving turkeys for our sister parish, San Andres in Yonkers. We fight hunger with our “Souper Bowl of Caring” held on Super Bowl Sunday. We have “Good St. Maryans” who deliver dinners to parishioners who are ill or grieving, or welcoming a new addition to the family. These programs enable us—young and old together—to share our blessings with those less fortunate in a hands-on way that enlarges our hearts and minds.

Regardless of our culture or ethnic tradition, when we break bread with others at a table, we see each other’s faces and share stories. But what about the faces behind prison gates?

The Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, a maximum security prison for women, is located 10 minutes from our church. Through the years, individual parishioners have volunteered there, and our Sunday school has prepared lunches for the children who visit their mothers at the prison’s “Hour Children’s Center,” which is named to acknowledge the important hours that shape the life of a child with an incarcerated mother: the hour of their mother’s arrest, the hour of their visit, and the hour of her release.

Unlike the prison’s stark visitation room, the Hour Children’s Center is a decorated room with comfortable seating for the children. The lunches we provide there are a source of real nourishment for both children and mothers, with the food set up on a long table, family style.

Ginger Ramsey was our Sunday school liaison with the children’s center for many years. She helped arrange the lunches and delivered them—and was very clear to me that we must have kaiser rolls for those sandwiches! For our most recent lunch delivery, we prepared trays of lunch meats, cheese, lettuce and tomato. Rebecca Sussman, director of the teen program at the Hour Children’s Center, said that it was a huge delight for the mothers to make the sandwiches together with their kids and to have a choice. These little things—a kaiser roll,

a choice of one slice or two of cheese, making lunch, sitting family style—are what I take for granted in my daily life.

Since I’ve been the liaison, we’ve strengthened our connection. One year, our Rite 13 class attended “Mothers of Bedford” at the Jacob Burns Film Center in Pleasantville. The kids then sponsored a gift drive for the teen center and hosted a viewing of the documentary, at the Chappaqua Public Library.

Imagine this scene that Ms. Sussman shared with me—children running up and greeting other inmates before hugging their own mom because they are all so excited to reunite with friends. As children become teens over the length of years of their mother’s prison sentence, they form bonds with each other through these visits in the Hour Children’s Center: It is where happy moments for the moms and children can happen in a natural way, over lunch, just like in homes throughout the world; it is where birthdays are celebrated, good report cards are complimented, and warm hugs as well as bad news get shared. Those few precious hours together with their moms, fellow inmates, and peers are a chance for quality family time and true connections to develop.

When we prepare and deliver these lunches to the prison, we share in the hope that our Sunday school community can help to nourish the hearts and minds of these families. With our kaiser rolls, we break bread with families broken by the debilitating reality of incarceration. 80 per cent of women in US prisons today are mothers of school-age children. The historic visit by Pope Francis highlighted this tragic fact—the United States has the largest number of individuals behind bars as well as the highest rate of incarceration in the world.

How many tender hearts are broken with the pain of an absent mother, a missing father? Our simple lunch reaches inside the prison gates to provide encouragement and support to grandmothers, mothers and children until the hour of release.

The author is a member of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Chappaqua.

For more information about the documentary, visit www.mothersofbedford.com. For more information about donating to the Hour Children’s Center, please go to the website www.hourchildren.org.

Eat a Diverse Digital Diet!

By Kyle Oliver

Several years ago, I heard my colleague Mary Hess of Luther Seminary give a talk called "Technology, Theology and Teaching." In it she shared her belief in the need for a discerning personal practice that is essential not just for leadership in theological education but for basic 21st-century citizenship.

Her topic?

Our consumption of media.

Her advice?

Cultivate a diverse diet.

That means grabbing plenty of nutritious goodness (I'm thinking *News Hour* and historical biography at the moment) before the confectionary (*Scandal?*, BuzzFeed articles with numbers and/or animals in the headline?). It also means getting in touch with the ways our souls and bodies give us feedback on how we're doing (so that eye strain from screen-reading or pangs of smartphone withdrawal take on for us the same urgency as sudden weight gain or loss would).

As someone whose primary ministry is supporting church leaders in using technology and media in *their* ministries, I have found this food-based metaphor both evocative and useful. No one ever went far wrong advocating balance and moderation in matters of personal wellness and effectiveness, perhaps especially among Anglicans.

But if I'm honest, the real source of my gratitude for Mary's advice is personal. Her heuristic has helped me stay on something resembling a balanced diet in a job where online overconsumption and malnutrition are occupational hazards.

So begging your indulgence for stretching this *Episcopal New Yorker* issue's theme a bit (and for any puns that follow), allow me to share a few practices inspired by Mary's metaphor.

Seek variety on your plate: I'm no nutritionist, but it seems to me reasonable and fitting that eating for variety—different colors, textures, and food groups each day—would be a recipe for success.

The same goes for media consumption. I'm likely to develop a more balanced outlook on the world if I get my news from a variety of sources, networks, and media. I'm likely to better nourish my need for meaning, insight, and connection if the art I enjoy stimulates different senses and explores different facets of the human experience.

Social media pessimists like to lament the "cocoon effect," the ease with which we can curate for ourselves an online world where we're surrounded by people who look, think, and act just like we do. That's an easy and tempting thing to do, especially if we have lived mostly in such communities in real life.

But there's also never been an easier time to hear from a variety of voices and perspectives, to trade insight and encouragement with people whose path in life is very different from our own. The customizability of digital media cuts both ways, and with God's help we can make choices that are challenging and enriching as often as they're comfortable.

Go fast when you must and slow when you can: A common hurdle for dieters is the cost (in time, money, and convenience) of eating better. The same

RECIPES FROM AROUND THE DIOCESE

RUM RAISIN ICE CREAM AS SERVED TO BISHOP TUTU

1 cup raisins
¾ cup dark rum
2 cups half and half
2/3 cup sugar
5 egg yolks, beaten
1 cup heavy cream
½ tsp vanilla

Place raisins in a small bowl and pour the rum over; let steep for 3 to 4 hours.

In a double boiler, heat the half and half over barely simmering water until scalded. Whisk the sugar into the beaten egg yolks. Whisk in some of the hot half and half, return the mixture to the pan, and cook over barely simmering water, stirring constantly, until the custard coats the spoon.

Drain the raisins, reserving the rum, and stir them into the custard. Immediately place the pan in a bowl of cold water and stir to cool to room temperature. Stir the cream and vanilla into the mixture. Cover and refrigerate for 2 to 3 hours, or until thoroughly chilled. Freeze in an ice cream maker according to manufacturer's instructions. When almost completely frozen, blend in the remaining rum.

I made this ice cream for Archbishop Desmond Tutu in 1997, while he was staying at GTS undergoing medical treatment in NYC.

goes for our media consumption. It's quick and convenient to skim articles, listen to music in the background, or otherwise participate in culture haphazardly and on the go. On top of that, the cheap and easy stuff is much likelier to be junk food.

I certainly don't want to vilify mobile reading/listening/watching (when are New Yorkers *not* on the move?). And skimming is a valuable skill when our media outlets send so much content our way (notice that word *outlet*).

Still, it's particularly important in this media landscape to preserve our ability and desire to watch, listen, and read slowly and deeply. I found a recent episode of WNYC's "Note To Self" particularly helpful in thinking through this issue (search "The Bi-literate Brain" to find the episode).

So take a lesson from the slow food movement and from home cooks everywhere: remember that the most delicious fare is prepared with love and should be savored with thanksgiving. It's almost always worth the cost.

Surf globally ... and locally: As members incorporate of a much older world wide web of mutual connection, Christians should be especially grateful for the global scope and instant access of modern communications (just ask the road-weary St. Paul). It's remarkable to be able to exchange words and pictures in an instant with our communion partners.

But don't underestimate the riches available just outside your door. Neighborhood-based blogs, news sites, hashtags, and social networks can be a boon to ministers and churches seeking deeper connections with their communities. Be sure to get a feel for what others there are cooking up before contributing dishes of your own.

Speaking of local, if all this has left you hungry for, as they say online, "More Like This," I cannot recommend more highly the aforementioned *Note To Self*. The show's stated goal is "finding balance in a digital age." It's clear that host Manoush Zomorodi genuinely cares about how technology is shaping our lives, and the positions the show stakes out avoid both entrenched ludditism and naive technophilia.

But whatever you serve up for your next media meal, I hope you'll find Mary Hess's metaphor helpful. Our media habits matter as much to our lives with God, neighbor, and self as our food habits do. Bon Appétit!

The author is digital missionary and instructor in the Center for the Ministry of Teaching at Virginia Theological Seminary and lead curator and coordinator of the e-Formation Learning Community.

Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

AMAZING GRACE NEDERLANDER THEATRE THROUGH OCTOBER 25.

BOOK BY ARTHUR GIRON, BOOK, MUSIC
AND LYRICS BY CHRISTOPHER SMITH,
DIRECTED BY GABRIEL BARRE

Reviewed by Stephanie Cowell

The new musical *Amazing Grace* tells the story of John Newton, the notorious 18th century British slave ship captain who found God's redemption and then went on to become an abolitionist and writer of hymns—one of which is among the most beloved in the world.

"It wasn't just hyperbole when he says in the hymn he was a wretch," says writer/composer Christopher Smith. "He really was a wretch." And we see some things on stage we wish we could turn away from: an auction with slaves pulled from a crate, and the selling by Newton of the house slave who raised him and adored him. Johnny Newton, as played by exquisite singer and boyish actor Josh Young (a Tony award nominee), has almost to drown both literally and morally before he sees the

light. And when he sings his great song of redemption, "Testimony," leaping between the ropes and sails of a ship, it is hard to stay in your seat.

But a few years before that, not knowing what to do with his angry, hard-drinking son, Captain Newton (Tom Hewitt) allows Johnny to be press-ganged into a brutal navy ship's crew. Later captured by an African princess, he nearly dies but does not change his ways. We have a long journey to sail with this rebellious young man.

The excellent cast also stars the great actor and Tony winner Chuck Cooper as Newton's slave/manservant and moral authority. Laiona Michelle as the house slave Nanna brings down the house with her song of hope "Daybreak" and sweet soprano Erin Mackey is Mary Catlett, who loves Newton yet fights slavery herself as an abolitionist. Tiny actress/singer Rachael Ferrera is incredibly appealing, while the wickedly talented Harriett D. Foy thrills and appalls us as that princess in Sierra Leone who is in the business of selling her own people and makes a slave out of the shipwrecked Newton.

The *Amazing Grace* production, filled with scenes of shipwreck and gunfights and rebellion, is

riveting. Yet more fascinating still is the story of the writer/composer Christopher Smith who sixteen years ago, while a policeman in rural Pennsylvania, found a book about Newton and without any musical or dramatic training, began to make a play about him. Neighbors invested small sums of money in the project until larger funders came to the rescue. A cast gathered. The play went to Goodspeed Opera House, and then ran in Chicago to a packed theater. Married and the father of three children, Smith often commutes from his Pennsylvania home to Broadway's Nederlander Theater to talk to audience members about the show and how it came to be.

At the final ensemble, the whole audience rises with the cast to sing the hymn *Amazing Grace*.

Amazing Grace ends its present Broadway run at the Nederlander on October 25th to prepare for its national tour. By then, I will have seen it several times. In the end, it reminds me of the best person I can be and I leave the theater each evening with "precious grace" and soaring with love.

The author is a novelist and a vestry member at the Church of St. Ignatius of Antioch, Manhattan.



Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

EXHIBITION REVIEW: PEDRO DE MEÑA'S *ECCE HOMO* AND *MATER DOLOROSA*

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
EUROPEAN SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE
ARTS (PERMANENT COLLECTION)
GALLERY 611

Reviewed by Pamela A. Lewis

Pedro de Meña's *Ecce Homo* and *Mater Dolorosa* are placed near a corner of European Galleries 611, surrounded by the soaring and dramatic canvases of El Greco, Velázquez, and Zurbarán, the heavy hitters of mid-17th century Spanish Baroque art. But they cannot be overlooked. Attention must be paid, so to speak, to this wondrously carved and painted wood pair, which became part of the European Sculpture and Decorative Arts permanent collection in 2014.

Usually enhanced by paint and other media, carved wood sculpture reached its height of naturalism and expressiveness in 17th century Spain, and Pedro de Meña (1628-1688), native of Granada, became one of its masters, producing a series of half-length figures such as the ones that are the subject of this review. During this period, painting and sculpture were closely aligned, and many artists practiced both. El Greco frequently used sculptural models to achieve the dramatic poses of the figures in his paintings, and many of Zurbarán's subjects also have a sculptural heft.

The *Ecce Homo* and *Mater Dolorosa* (completed between 1674-1685), slightly smaller than life-size and incorporating partial-gilding, polychrome, glass, and resin, represents Christ and Mary his mother, side by side and facing the viewer; each figure is captured in a moment of intense physical and psychic suffering. "Behold the Man," the first half of the sculpture's title and Pontius Pilate's commanding words in his presentation of Christ to the crowds who called for his death, exhorts the viewer to look upon the stripped and bloodied figure, depicted here as the Man of Sorrows, a familiar representation in Christian iconography. Mary, Mother of Sorrows, her face tear-streamed and anguished, places her right hand on her bosom, and extends her left in a gesture that both pleads for succor and appeals to the viewer to take pity upon her and her suffering son.

We would have to have hearts of stone not to be moved by a sculpture of such arresting realism. While our era may appear to have the corner on graphic displays of physical torture and violence in theater or in film (think Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ*), artwork such as de Meña's reminds us that such depictions have a long history in Western art. The crown of thorns piercing Christ's forehead, the blood-soaked rope that binds him, and the bruises and whip marks covering his skin draw the viewer into the intense suf-



Pedro de Meña (Spanish, Granada 1628–1688 Málaga) *Ecce Homo*. Partial-gilt polychrome wood. ca. 1674–85.

Photo: Metropolitan Museum of Art.

fering of the subject. The artist's use of resin for tears and glass eyes and real hair for eyelashes also imbues the sculpture with a heightened "you are there" immediacy, dismissed by some art historians as bad-taste religious art.

Therein lies the dilemma which de Meña must have confronted: How does the artist create devotional art that is spiritually charged without running the risk of teetering into maudlin theatricality? How real is too real? Yet, despite the vivid red of Christ's mantle, Mary's outward gesture, and its emotional poignancy, the *Ecce Homo* exudes a reserved dignity. To give the figures greater physical presence, de Meña carved the drapery separately (and bulked it

up) from the figures and then "dressed" them in that drapery. This extra sculptural step both imparts energy to the figures and also accounts for the resulting deep shadows within the cloth's folds.

In his *Ecce Homo*, de Meña set out to create a work of art, as well as a work of religious devotion meant to inspire not idolatry, but contemplation of Christ's and Mary's passion. De Meña succeeded in addressing both objectives, having left to the world an unusually beautiful and moving sculpture with which the viewer will have an unforgettable encounter.

The author is a member of St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue.

BRUSH STROKES

BOOK BY STEPHEN CHINLUND, BOOK AND LYRICS BY JIM SEMMELMAN, MUSIC BY BERT DRAESEL.

Reviewed by Nicholas Richardson

If you were to name two topics that a brace of collaborating Episcopal priests would most likely address in a theatrical production, sex and assisted suicide might not, even in 2015, be right at the top of your list. This, in many ways, is precisely the point for the Rev. Stephen Chinlund, who wrote the original play on which the musical *Brush Strokes* (music by the Rev. Bert Draesel, lyrics by Jim Semmelman) was based. These two topics are, after all, two of the great unmentionables of older age—perhaps *the* two—and Chinlund is not only now well over the boundary into older age himself, but was pastorally involved with people facing the delights and challenges of advancing years long before he reached them himself.

Brush Strokes, billed as “A Roller-Coaster Musical About Art, Love & Growing Old” ran briefly at the Hudson Guild Theater in mid-September, and it certainly deserves to come back for longer exposure. It addresses the issues of relationships in old(er) age head on and, at times, movingly, but always with charm and without, for the most part, cloying sentimentality. It tells, in telescoped form, the story of the relationship of Virginia (Joy Franz), a dedicated and talented artist in her seventies who is quite clear that she has no interest in new relationships, and Eric (Chuck Muckle), a lawyer and recovering drinker who pursues an initially unwilling Virginia and eventually wins her. At intervals as the story unfolds, Virginia’s granddaughter Mitzie (Hanah Seusy) appears to the side of the stage as a kind of modern-day Greek chorus, commenting on and adding texture to the action as she leaves voicemail messages for Virginia, in which she reacts to the progress and interruptions of Virginia and Eric’s relationship, and incidentally introduces us to the vicissitudes of her own life: boyfriend, inadvertent pregnancy, unemployment, etc.

At the heart of *Brush Strokes* lie, on the one hand, the question of the possibility of debilitating illness, and the burden that it places on the other half of a partnership; on the other, the rewards of shedding our protective shells and aversion to perceived risk that prevent us from living life to the full in every way. High on Virginia’s list of reasons for not getting involved with Eric is her fear that she will be physically and/or mentally immobilized by a stroke or some other affliction. When she insists that Eric agree to

assist her in her suicide if such a fate befalls her, Eric balks, and their relationship temporarily splutters before they pass through the storm to enjoy the rewards of more cheerful times. When these are—inevitably, given the nature of mortality—brought to a halt, it is in a way that both meets Virginia’s expectations in one way, and confounds them in another, as it is Eric and not she

who is stricken with debilitating illness, and she who has to make the painful decisions.

When *Brush Strokes* reaches the stage again, do your best to see it, whatever your age. It will entertain you and make you think in equal measure.

The author is the editor of the Episcopal New Yorker.

HOUSE OF THE REDEEMER

7 East 95th Street, New York, NY 10128



UPCOMING EVENTS-ALL ARE WELCOME!

Fabbri Chamber Concert Series will open fall 2015 with Philharmonic Chamber Soloists: Musicians from the New York Philharmonic as well as artistic director and pianist, Kazuko Hayami. The season opening will feature “Strings in Swingtime” (selections by Jerome Kern plus additional American standards) and the Brahms Piano Quintet, Op. 34. A reception with the artists will follow.

Tickets are \$40 at the door. Advance tickets are \$35 (\$20 for students). Please call for tickets and series subscriptions. Friday, October 30, 7:30 pm

Everything you ever wanted to know about being a missionary... Please join us for a question-and-answer session with the Rev. Cn. Dr. Sandy McCann (November Priest-in-Residence) and Dr. Martin McCann, who have spent 12 years in Africa as missionaries with The Episcopal Church.

Free of charge. Thursday, November 5, 6:30 pm

Remembrance Service On November 17 the Eucharist will be celebrated in memory of those who have supported the House over the years. Anyone wishing to memorialize a family member or friend is invited to contact the House office at (212) 289-0399 or info@houseofthereedeemer.org

Tuesday, November 17, 5:30 pm

Annual Holiday Party Anthony Newfield, Broadway performer and artistic director of I Fabbri, will continue the House tradition of a reading of *A Christmas Carol* followed by caroling and a festive reception. **Suggested donation: \$20. Monday, December 7, 6:30 pm**

Annual Advent Retreat The House’s Annual Advent Retreat will be in conjunction with Church of the Heavenly Rest. Subject and retreat leader to be announced. **Lunch provided. Reservations required as space is limited. Fee: \$25 (Scholarship opportunities available for CHR parishioners. Contact Tuesday Rupp at TRupp@heavenlyrest.org). Saturday, December 12, 10:00 am-2:00 pm**

A restless creative spirit brings the need for constant change... In this interactive workshop discover the creative and spiritual realm of art. All participants will have time with the instructor, artist Jane Smithers, to discover their creative spirit! For more information on Ms. Smithers please visit: www.janesmithers.com **Suggested donation: \$15. Tuesday January 19, 6:30 pm**

ONGOING PROGRAMS

Morning and Evening Prayer Monday-Friday 8:00 am and 5:30 pm.
Eucharist Tuesday evening and Thursday morning (September-June)
Wednesday Bible Study, 3:30-5:00 pm

For more information about these events or about the House, please visit us at www.houseofthereedeemer.org or call (212) 289-0399

2015

Proposed Diocesan Budget for 2016

The proposed Diocesan Budget for 2016 will be presented for approval at the Diocesan Convention on Saturday, November 14, 2015. The Budget and Finance Committee has prepared a narrative budget to accompany these spreadsheets. This narrative is available on the diocesan website. Please go to www.diocesenyny.org> The Diocese> Governance>Diocesan Budget and click on the appropriate link.

	2015 Budget Projection	2015 Estimated Budget	2016 Proposed	Variation From 2015 Estimated Budget
INCOME				
Gross Assessments	\$9,369,000	\$9,369,000	\$10,252,800	\$883,800
Projected Unpaid Assessments	(1,873,800)	(1,946,000)	(1,886,500)	59,500
Net Assessments	7,495,200	7,423,000	8,366,300	943,300
Gross Congregation Support Plan Contributions	532,000	521,500	494,500	(27,000)
Projected Unpaid CSP Contributions	(170,000)	(182,000)	(100,000)	82,000
Net CSP Contributions	362,000	339,500	394,500	55,000
Allocation from Investment Income	1,175,000	1,200,000	1,250,000	50,000
Contribution to General Endowment (Trinity Cap)	-	-	(368,000)	(368,000)
Trust Income	150,000	175,000	175,000	-
Fee Income	100,000	125,000	125,000	-
Transfers from Reserves	273,950	406,700	283,700	(123,000)
Total Operating Income	\$9,556,150	\$9,669,200	\$10,226,500	\$557,300
DISBURSEMENTS				
Canonical Requirements of a Diocese in the Episcopal Church	\$905,200	\$901,000	\$901,000	\$-
The Episcopate and Support	1,285,740	1,417,400	1,598,400	181,000
Staff & Support for Ministries & Congregations	1,267,560	1,353,000	1,383,000	30,000
Funding for Leadership in Missions & Congregations	2,463,750	2,366,000	2,461,500	95,500
Grants & Programs for Congregations	500,000	517,000	535,000	18,000
Diocesan Ministry & Outreach Programs	345,500	339,800	366,500	26,700
Diocesan Administration	2,330,400	2,402,500	2,397,900	(4,600)
Communications & Archives	344,900	345,000	370,700	25,700
Diocesan Convention Costs and Meetings	35,100	27,500	127,500	100,000
Provision for Medical Insurance Increase	78,000	-	85,000	85,000
Total Disbursements	\$9,556,150	\$9,669,200	\$10,226,500	\$557,300
Surplus (Deficit)	-	-	-	-

	2015 BUDGET	2015 ESTIMATED	2016 PROPOSED BUDGET	VARIATION FROM 2015 ESTIMATED BUDGET
CANONICAL REQUIREMENTS OF A DIOCESE IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH				
ASSESSMENT TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH	\$850,000	\$850,000	\$850,000	-
ASSESSMENT TO PROVINCE II	22,200	18,000	18,000	-
RESERVE FOR DEPUTIES TO GENERAL CONVENTION	13,000	13,000	13,000	-
RESERVE FOR DELEGATES TO PROVINCIAL SYNOD	5,000	5,000	5,000	-
RESERVE FOR FUTURE EPISCOPAL ELECTIONS	10,000	10,000	10,000	-
RESERVE FOR LAMBETH	5,000	5,000	5,000	-
TOTAL CANONICAL REQUIREMENTS OF A DIOCESE IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH	\$905,200	\$901,000	\$901,000	-
THE EPISCOPATE AND SUPPORT				
BISHOP OF NEW YORK	\$267,700	\$267,000	\$267,000	-
BISHOP SUFFRAGAN	240,540	242,400	242,400	-
ASSISTANT BISHOP	-	-	125,000	125,000
BISHOPS' OFFICE EXPENSES	380,500	450,000	485,000	35,000
RESERVE FOR DISCRETIONARY FUND-HOSPITALITY	26,000	26,000	30,000	4,000
SHARED TRAVEL	40,000	80,000	95,000	15,000
CANON TO THE ORDINARY	170,800	190,000	189,000	(1,000)
CANON FOR PASTORAL CARE	160,200	162,000	165,000	3,000
TOTAL EPISCOPATE & SUPPORT	\$1,285,740	\$1,417,400	\$1,598,400	\$181,000
STAFF & SUPPORT FOR MINISTRIES & CONGREGATIONS				
ARCHDEACON FOR MISSION	\$235,400	\$225,000	\$224,000	\$(1,000)
CSP COORDINATOR & STEWARDSHIP OFFICER	157,660	155,000	156,600	1,600
CANON FOR MINISTRY	212,200	215,000	230,000	15,000
CANON FOR TRANSITION MINISTRY	208,200	215,000	215,000	-
CANON FOR CONGREGATIONAL VITALITY	161,000	168,000	174,400	6,400
LATINO/HISPANIC MISSIONER COORDINATOR	-	90,000	95,000	5,000
PROPERTY SUPPORT DIRECTOR	147,200	150,000	153,000	3,000
MID HUDSON REGION	145,900	135,000	135,000	-
TOTAL FOR MISSIONS & PROGRAMS TO DIOCESE	\$1,267,560	\$1,353,000	\$1,383,000	\$30,000
FUNDING FOR LEADERSHIP IN MISSIONS & CONGREGATIONS				
ASSISTANCE PROVIDED TO CSP CONGREGATIONS	\$1,300,000	\$1,275,000	\$1,338,300	\$63,300
THE HARLEM INITIATIVE	210,000	185,000	160,000	(25,000)
REGIONAL PASTORATE INITIATIVE	220,000	250,000	297,000	47,000
GROWTH & TRANSITIONAL SUPPORT	100,000	86,000	43,000	(43,000)
HISPANIC COMPENSATION	400,000	340,000	393,200	53,200
CAMPUS MINISTRY	233,750	230,000	230,000	-
TOTAL FUNDING FOR LEADERSHIP IN MISSIONS & CONGREGATIONS	\$2,463,750	\$2,366,000	\$2,461,500	\$95,500
GRANTS & PROGRAMS FOR CONGREGATIONS				
DIOCESAN LAY SALARIES	\$169,000	\$60,127		
MTA TAX	0	0		
MEDICARE - EMPLOYER	3,000	821		
FICA EMPLOYER	10,000	3,510		
HEALTH & DENTAL INS	40,000	19,842		
LONG TERM DISABILITY	0	103		
WORKMANS COMP	0	0		
LAY PENSION	24,000	9,872		
CONGREGATIONAL DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION PROGRAMS	\$25,000	\$25,000	\$25,000	-
CHRISTIAN FORMATION COMMISSION PROGRAMS	-	10,000	10,000	-
FIRST STEP GRANTS	20,000	20,000	20,000	-
NEXT STEP GRANTS	30,000	30,000	30,000	-
PROPERTY SUPPORT GRANTS	350,000	350,000	375,000	25,000
HISPANIC MINISTRIES GRANTS	75,000	92,000	75,000	(17,000)
TOTAL GRANTS & PROGRAMS FOR CONGREGATIONS	\$500,000	\$517,000	\$535,000	\$18,000
DIOCESAN MINISTRY & OUTREACH PROGRAMS				
ECUMENICAL AND MULTI-FAITH COUNCILS CONTRIBUTION	\$10,500	\$10,500	\$10,500	\$-
ECUMENICAL & INTERFAITH COMMISSION	10,000	6,000	6,000	-
GLOBAL MISSION COMMISSION	45,000	45,000	45,000	-
EPISCOPAL ASIAN MINISTRIES	-	-	15,000	15,000
RURAL AND MIGRANT MINISTRY	45,000	45,000	45,000	-
SOCIAL CONCERNS - COMMISSION	55,000	52,300	55,000	2,700
SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT GOALS	-	-	10,000	10,000
CHRISTIAN FORMATION FOR YOUTH AND YOUNG ADULTS	70,000	71,000	70,000	(1,000)
SUPPORT FOR EPISCOPAL CHARITIES	110,000	110,000	110,000	-
TOTAL DIOCESAN MINISTRY & OUTREACH PROGRAMS	\$345,500	\$339,800	\$366,500	\$26,700
DIOCESAN ADMINISTRATION				
CATHEDRAL COST SHARING AND RENT	\$592,300	\$560,000	\$552,800	\$(7,200)
OFFICE SERVICES (COMPENSATION)	246,000	245,000	225,200	(19,800)
ADMINISTRATION (COMPENSATION)	915,000	910,000	904,700	(5,300)
OFFICE SERVICES EXPENSES	21,000	32,500	35,000	2,500
ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES	163,100	125,000	115,000	(10,000)
IT EXPENSES	110,500	110,000	104,600	(5,400)
OVERHEAD AND FIXED OBLIGATIONS	282,500	420,000	460,600	40,600
TOTAL DIOCESAN ADMINISTRATION	\$2,330,400	\$2,402,500	\$2,397,900	\$(4,600)
COMMUNICATIONS & ARCHIVES				
PUBLIC AFFAIRS & ARCHIVES COMPENSATION	\$237,200	\$237,000	\$262,000	\$25,000
PUBLIC AFFAIRS EXPENSES	6,750	6,500	6,000	(500)
EPISCOPAL NEW YORKER	90,000	90,000	92,000	2,000
WEB MANAGEMENT	6,000	6,000	5,700	(300)
ARCHIVES EXPENSES	4,950	5,500	5,000	(500)
TOTAL COMMUNICATIONS & ARCHIVES	\$344,900	\$345,000	\$370,700	\$25,700
DIOCESAN CONVENTION COSTS AND MEETINGS				
JOURNAL AND DIRECTORY	\$5,000	-	-	-
DIOCESAN CONVENTION	83,100	83,000	200,000	117,000
DIOCESAN CONVENTION (FEE INCOME)	(58,000)	(58,000)	(75,000)	(17,000)
COUNCIL/CONVENTION MEETINGS	5,000	2,500	2,500	-
TOTAL DIOCESAN CONVENTION COSTS AND MEETINGS	\$35,100	\$27,500	\$127,500	\$100,000

Diocese Seeks Chief of Finance & Operations

The search committee appointed to seek a permanent replacement for interim diocesan Chief of Finance and Operations Canon Michael McPherson recently published a summarized description of the position's requirements and invited both applications and suggestions of others who could fill the role, as follows:

Working very closely with Bishop Dietsche, this individual will oversee the financial and operational affairs of the diocese, with a staff of 15, and will serve on several diocesan committees. She/he will also spend considerable time working with local parishes.

The successful candidate must fully embrace the mission of the diocese and enthusiastically work in harmony with multiple stakeholders within the distinctive culture of the church. In addition to strong general management and technical financial skills, she/he must be a collaborative leader with a compassionate, empathetic and patient nature.

Please contact the search committee at EDNY@ridgewaypartners.com if you would like more information, to submit suggestions of people who could fill the role, or to apply yourself.

Michael McPherson, who had previously served as the diocese's chief administrative officer under Bishops Grein and Sisk, has acted as interim Chief of Finance and Operations since the retirement of Allen Barnett in 2014.

Reflections of a Pilgrim

By the Rev. JoAnne C. Campo

Very early in the morning of August 13, Cyen Peterkin of St. Andrew's in Hartsdale gathered with our bishops and other pilgrims from the Diocese of New York to participate in the Jonathan Daniels Pilgrimage. This year marks the 50th anniversary of his death. Along with the others, Cyen visited the Birmingham Civil Rights Institute, the 16th St. Baptist Church, the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma, and the Martin Luther King, Jr. National Site. "I learned the history of my people," she said. "And what I found so interesting is most of the people I learned about were people I've never heard of in school or anywhere... if it wasn't for this trip, I would have still been naive about my people's history."

While Cyen was excited and enthusiastic about having made the pilgrimage she was also deeply reflective about her experience and what she learned. "One thing that sort of bothered me throughout this trip is that everyone kept saying Martin Luther King was the whole movement... but that's not true. What about the martyrs that risked their lives? What about the children who boycotted? Where are their credits?"

Cyen, a sophomore in high school found this trip "an eye opener." The experiences of the pilgrimage have inspired her to help improve other young people and "educate them on our past. So that there isn't a repeat of events."



Rachel Saraceni in the garden she designed.

Photo: Zion. Dobbs Ferry

Children's Peace Garden in Dobbs Ferry

The Children's Peace Garden at Zion Episcopal Church in Dobbs Ferry was conceived and designed by Rachel Saraceni, a Zion 8th grader and member of Girl Scout Troop 2147, to fulfill the community service requirement for The Girl Scout Silver Award. All of the children at Zion participated in creating the garden; they studied the mosaics and symbols of the early church, created mosaic stepping stones of cement, colored glass tiles, stones and shells, and learned about the importance of making peace and sharing peace among family, friends, and throughout the world. A bake sale was held to raise funds to purchase a Peace Pole, which proclaims, "May Peace Prevail on the Earth" in English, French, Greek and Algonquin. These languages were chosen "out of the hat" among all the languages important to members of the congregation. Rachel and her parents, her brother, and other adults cleared the rocky soil, put in new plants and pathway, laid down 24 mosaic stepping stones, and built the garden arbor which marks the entrance to the Shelia Biggs Garden Chapel. Sunday morning worship during the summer months is held in the Garden Chapel; walking through the quiet beauty of The Children's Peace Garden calms the heart and spirit before worship, and has become a place of deep listening to each other, and of prayers for the peace of the world.

A Recommitment to Our Mission: the Diocesan Strategic Plan

In late August, Bishop Dietsche announced the launch of the year-long strategic plan process for the Diocese of New York that he had first introduced at the Diocesan Convention in November 2014. The development of the plan is being facilitated by the Rev. Gay C. Jennings and Steve Smith. Jennings is currently president of the House of Deputies for The Episcopal Church and vice president of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society; Smith served for twenty years in senior roles for financial services firms including five years as executive vice president of the Church Pension Group in charge of its property-casualty and medical insurance operations. He now maintains a part-time practice as an executive coach and as organizational consultant to not-for-profit organizations.

“The purpose of the strategic plan is to recommit ourselves to the mission given to us by God, to assess the work we do in the name of God, and to create good, sustainable structures to shape and support that mission,” Bishop Dietsche wrote in announcing the launch of the process. “The work of the coming year will identify opportunities, strategies and vision for the mission we have been given that are sustainable, innovative and accessible. This will require of us a review of our governing bodies and practices with an eye toward adapting our common life to advance that mission. We must develop a common understanding of, and name, the marks of a healthy congregation, while providing avenues for the bishop and diocese to intervene in settings of catastrophic decline. We will distinguish between those congregations that need short-term assistance to come through a troubled time from those where intractable poverty demands a permanent commitment from the diocese, and we will create and shape new structures for support of local ministries. We will propose canons to give recognition and standing to new and innovative local ministries that are not necessarily parochial. We will re-examine our participation in global mission and our financial commitment to the larger life of the church. The diocesan assessment budget must be a missional document that reflects the work God has given us to do, expresses our common commitment to that work and our support of it, and which gives clarity about our priorities.”

The full text of the Bishop's announcement may be read online. Please go to [www.diocesenyny.org/News and Publications/News](http://www.diocesenyny.org/News%20and%20Publications/News) then scroll down to find the news item.

Ordinations, September 19



Front row left to right: The Rev. Lisa Posey Krakowsky, the Rev. Rachel Preston Wildman, the Rev. Suzanne Marie Culhane, the Rt. Rev. Andrew M.L. Dietsche, the Rev. Stephen Pierre Hagerty, the Rev. Kristin Lee Saylor, the Rev. George Williamson Taylor, and the Rev. Robert Karl Chambers.

Back row left to right: The Rev. Canon Charles W. Simmons, the Rev. Deacon Paul S. Kahn, the Rev. Deacon Luis Rivera-Rivera, the Rev. Deacon Denise LaVetty, and the Rt. Rev. Allen K. Shin.

Photo: The Rev. Gladys Diaz

Task Force on Socially and Environmentally Responsible Investing Issues Report and Recommendations

In mid-September, the Diocesan Task Force on Socially and Environmentally Responsible Investing published its report, together with resolutions that it will ask delegates to approve at the November 14 Diocesan Convention.

Both report and resolutions are available at <http://www.episcopalny.com/investment-task-force/>.

Summary of the Task Force's Recommendations

- The diocese should establish a community development investment program.
- The diocese should adopt sustainable investing as an institutional investment policy goal.
- The diocese should sign on to the UN's Principles for Responsible Investment.
- Each governing board in the diocese should carry out a review of its own investment policies and practices for investment management in light of its understanding of the Church's faith and mission, develop ethical guidelines for investing, and consider divesting from fossil fuel companies, particularly coal companies. This applies to the Diocesan Trustees, to the Trustees of the DIT, to the board of every other institution related to the diocese, and to the governing board (vestry) of every parish.
- The diocese should divest from companies in the coal business.

Global Women's Fund Update

In early September, Archdeacon Bill Parnell and board member Judi Counts traveled on behalf of the Global Women's Fund to Dodoma, Tanzania, where they met with five women who have benefited from scholarship awards given by the Fund. In addition, they had the pleasure of meeting with Bishop Dickson Chilongani of the Diocese of Central Tanganyika, the Rev. Hilda Kabia the new Dean (and first female) of Msalato Theological College, the Rev. Moses Matonya, and the Rev. Sandy McCann.

Two of the women the Revs. Tumaini Sarakikya and Grace Malabeto, have graduated and are fulfilling their pledges to give back to their community. They are now working in positions that enable them to improve the lives of other women, their communities and their families. Three other women, Aksa Kipaya, the Rev. Pendo Magayo and the Rev. Anna Johanna are currently studying at Msalato Theological College.



Front row left to right: The Revs. Tumaini Sarakikya, Anna Yohanna, Pendo Magayo, Grace Malabeto and Aksa Kipaya

Back row left to right: The Rev. Moses Matonya, Archdeacon Bill Parnell, The Rev. Sandy McCann, The Rev. Hilda Kabia, Judi Counts

Photo: Tktktktktktktk

Peace: A Series of Small Actions

By the Rev. Deacon Bill Cusano

When we think of peace, we tend to imagine it in global terms—an end to *all* fighting, a settling of every conflict, a complete resolution of differences. When we dream this big, we may find ourselves doubting that peace is in any way achievable, or wondering how it begins.

But perhaps we are looking at too big a picture.

When Paul writes to the Romans (12:18) “If it is possible, so far as it depends on you, live peaceably with all,” he gives us a simple statement about peace; rather than focus on the big peace, he says, we should focus on each little peaceable act.

That is exactly what a small group of visionaries is doing at the Jerusalem Peacebuilders-Kids4Peace Leadership Camp in Brattleboro, Vermont, where this summer a few of us from St. James’, Fordham saw peaceable acts up close as we worked with young leaders on a unique video project: *Three Sabbaths*.

The idea for the video was born in November 2014 at an informal Holy Land reunion in Rye, NY, where the Brattleboro camp’s founder and former chaplain to the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, Canon Nicholas Porter, described a place at which teenagers from opposite sides of the knotty Palestinian conflict—Christian, Jewish and Muslim—confront their feelings, beliefs and differences. Porter’s account made us hungry for exposure to those teenagers’ thoughts and dreams—we wanted to know what peace looks like through the eyes of a generation who are ready and courageous enough to give it a try.

Seeing this as an opportunity to work together, I offered the services of a group of volunteers at Saint James Fordham to help him create a video documenting the work of the camp. I explained that in January of 2014, we founded “The Elijah Project of St. James’, Fordham,” a volunteer effort to turn creativity into a ministry to feed mind, body, and soul; and since then, a small group of dedicated parishioners have met regularly to take on projects from video production to web design—learning new skills, meeting new people, and sharing time, meals and love.

Canon Porter (whose partner in founding the camp was his wife, Dorothy) enthusiastically invited us to Brattleboro as part of an unusual experiment. Could members of St. James’, he asked, share our love of storytelling with the



One of the *Three Sabbaths* participants.

Photo: Jeff Lewis



Here’s how it works.

Photo: Jeff Lewis

program’s young voices and empower these Israeli, Palestinian and American teens to carry their stories to the world?

This we could do!

This past summer, four of us drove up to Brattleboro from the Bronx, equipped with video cameras paid for by donations from friends, families and supporters, who offered words of encouragement that we shared upon arrival. The project immediately took flight. Throughout our three-day stay, we assisted in video production and editing—and after we left, a documentary film-maker, Gordon Fischer, generously worked with the campers to help them turn their video clips into a finished product.

Because the focus of the camp was leadership development, we gave them a challenge. They would capture a glimpse of the Sabbath Day from the perspective of the three faiths, but to do that, they would have to depend on each other to get the job done. They made all the decisions on the structure of their teams, what they chose to film and how they assigned the work. They learned that they had to respect Sabbath restrictions and customs within each faith, which gave all of us an understanding of how important it is to listen to each other’s concerns and needs. They did not have to give their names, but after a week working together, when my wife and I returned to help them wrap up, they decided to film the closing credits with each member sharing who they were, where they were from, and what faith they observed.

What we learned from these courageous teenagers, who had traveled from far and wide to work, eat, pray, study, and play together, is that peace is not an immediate end-state, but a journey. It is a series of small actions, each challenging the norms and standards we have come to accept, and plowing forward faithfully toward the unknown.

When we left Brattleboro, we did so with the hope that the bonds we made will grow stronger

with time and not crumble under the weight of oppression, anger, fear and neglect. We pray to continue working with these young leaders and with those who follow in their footsteps. Perhaps one day all of us will marvel at the sight of that New City, built without walls, on the hill.

The author is deacon on staff at St. James’, Fordham.

In response to the “Love and Tolerance” issue of the *ENY*

Perhaps after two thousand years of trying and failing to love one another Christians should cut themselves some slack, lower the bar a little and aspire to something that is not as theologically exalted but is pretty good, such as tolerating each other. Maybe the idea that we can love everybody all the time is vain, hubristic, human-centric and actually kind of dumb. We are clever mammals on this animal planet and just a part of creation. Are all the other animals exhausting themselves trying to love all the other animals or are they peaceably minding their own business and tolerating each other? Except of course when they are hungry, mating or defending their young, and then all bets are off.

Serious subjects demand precise understanding. What is love? What is tolerance? Love is active positive energy towards another. One delights in the beloved, wishes good things for them and feels affection and attachment towards them. Tolerance is benign but not that interested. It is patient and accepting and wishes no harm or interference.

Think of the people you love the most whose lives are closely intertwined with your own. How much of the time do you feel active delight and affection towards them and how often are you critical, impatient, exasperated and really just wishing for a little time for yourself?

Now think of the rest of humanity, of all the individuals that our religion commands us to love. Okay, lots of them are alright—one can love them in a vague, abstract way. But staggeringly huge numbers of them are, quite frankly, horrifying. Judging by the news, they (we) are ignorant, vain, cunning, insane, greedy, stupid and cruel. We slaughter each other in horrible ways and are callous and brutal towards our own children. Does one love young Mr. Dzhokar Tsarnaev and his pressure cooker full of nails? Does one love the mother and her boyfriend who hung her three year old son up by his feet and beat and tortured him for three days until he died? Does one love the men who punish a woman for being raped by flogging her publically for adultery? It often seems as though the only sane response to other human beings is to run away from them as fast as one can. Is it possible to love and run at the same time?

Even Jesus couldn't do it. Was Jesus feeling loving when he kicked over the money lender's tables or was he just plain fed up with people who turn religion into a commercial enterprise?

Speaking of Jesus, one wonders if beatific-all-love-all-the-time is really what he asks of us. In Matthew, Mark and Luke he asks us to love God and love our neighbor as ourself. It wasn't until John, when the theological imagination was starting to run away with itself, that Jesus asks us “to love one another as I have loved you.” Which means love as God loves. Was Jesus, in the Great Commandment, simply giving us a rephrasing of the Golden Rule, to treat oth-

ers as you would like to be treated? Are we God or are we human?

Love is a good thing. But tolerance is a good thing too. No one who looks at the past hundred years of history can believe that Christendom made much progress in getting people to love each other. Maybe we should actually be aiming for tolerance. Have we been trying to run before we know how to walk?

When I was getting religion I was plagued by a delusion and a fear. The delusion was an image of me as a Christian. I imagined myself always patient, always smiling, always kind and always serene. The fear was that I could never live up to this image and that if I failed God (who was only an idea at that point) I would somehow be hopelessly and irretrievably lost. Both delusion and fear, after my conversion, seemed equally absurd.

By then I understood that God loved me unconditionally, as I was, with all my flaws and weaknesses. I knew that religion was not calling me to some perfect ideal but to my own humanity. As a human I have good days and bad days but God's love is constant. It's impossible for me to fail God not for God to fail me.

As a human my capacity for love is limited. It's often overwhelmed by my hatred of cruelty and suffering. When grief and rage force me to turn away in anguish from man's inhumanity to man I take comfort in the sure knowledge that God never turns away and that His love is infinite. Where I cannot love, I accept my limitation and let God love for me. I know that God loves Dzhokar Tsarnaev and the people he harmed, loves the mother and her boyfriend and her poor doomed little child and the woman who was raped and all of her tormentors. Knowing God loves them gives me comfort because I know that every human being deserves unconditional love and that humans torment others when something inside of them is unloved and broken. Knowing all this helps me to be tolerant, to be patient, to accept and to do no harm. When that's the best I can do, it's okay.

Unrealistic expectations crush the spirit. When we feel forced to achieve the impossible we either live with a constant sense of guilt and failure or we simply give up and reject religion altogether—or we pay lip service to it without any real effort to live the life it calls us to.

Religion, like anything else, is about the art of the possible. If it doesn't engage reality, it has no value. I see no harm and a lot of possible good in a careful reassessment of what our religion demands of us. Where we can't love let's try for tolerance. If we actually achieved that we might find that true tolerance is a milestone on the road to love and a better world for us all.

Sheba Ross Delaney

St. John's Bible Visits Hudson Valley

By *Laura Nicholls*

The Saint John's Bible, the first hand-lettered, hand-illuminated Bible produced in more than 500 years, was created under the artistic direction of Donald Jackson, one of the world's foremost calligraphers and senior scribe to Queen Elizabeth of England.

The Bible was completed in 2011 after more than 12 years of work by a team of scribes based in Wales and artists located around the world. Its permanent home is the Hill Museum and Manuscript Library at Saint John's Abbey and University in Collegeville, Minnesota.

Mount Saint Mary College in Newburgh will be home to two volumes of the Heritage Edition of the Saint John's Bible through May 2016. The Heritage Editions are full-size, museum-quality fine art reproductions of the original that were created to share the beauty of Bible with people around the world.

St John's Church, Cornwall, will host a special introductory illustrated lecture on the making of the Bible. Mt. St. Mary's two volumes (the Pentateuch, and the Gospels-Acts) will be available to view. Laura Nicholls, a parishioner and calligrapher who studied with some of the calligraphers, artists and bookmakers involved, will give the presentation at St John's Church, 60 Clinton St., Cornwall, on Sunday, November 1 at 2:00 pm. Good will offering, and refreshments will follow the talk.



Laura Nicholls of Cornwall discusses the Pentateuch volume of St. John's Bible with the Dominican Sisters of Hope in Mt. Vernon, NY.

Photo: Laura Nicholls.

EL MENSAJE DEL OBISPO (continuo de la paginacion 3)

Y me convierto en ese niño. Del mismo modo, denme el alimento reconfortante. También permítanme estar en el altar, nuestra mesa, y sobre el pan fraccionado y compartido descubrir todo de nuevo, quiénes somos el uno para el otro y quién es Jesús para nosotros, y qué significa esta comunión de compañeros bien amados. Significa todo.

Traducido por Sara Saavedra



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

BISHOPS' VISITATION SCHEDULE

OCTOBER 25 (22 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Augustine's, Manhattan

Bishop Shin: Grace Church, West Farms

Bishop Wolf: St. Philip's, Manhattan

NOVEMBER 8 (24 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: All Saints', Briarcliff Manor

Bishop Shin: St. Peter's, Westchester Square

Bishop Wolf: St. George's, Newburgh

NOVEMBER 15 (25 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Joseph's, Elmsford

Bishop Shin: St. Edward the Martyr, Manhattan

NOVEMBER 22 (CHRIST THE KING)

Bishop Dietsche: Christ the King, Stone Ridge

Bishop Shin: Christ Church, Poughkeepsie

NOVEMBER 29 (1 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche: Holyrood, Manhattan

Bishop Shin: Grace Church, Nyack

DECEMBER 6 (2 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Augustine's, Croton on Hudson

Bishop Shin: St. John's, Tomkins Cove

Bishop Sauls: San Andres, Yonkers

Bishop Wolf: San Juan Bautista, Bronx

DECEMBER 13 (3 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche: Holy Trinity, Pawling

Bishop Shin: St. Andrew's, Bronx

DECEMBER 20 (4 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche: Trinity Church of Morrisania, Bronx

Bishop Shin: Crucifixion, Manhattan

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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.

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For-profit display rates (figure are per insertion)

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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.

CLERGY CHANGES

	FROM	TO	DATE
The Rev. George W. Taylor	Ordained Priest September 19 (Diocese of NY)	Assisting Priest, Mount Vernon Episcopal Ministry	November 1, 2015
The Rev. Tobias S. Haller, BSG	Vicar, St. James' (Fordham), Bronx	Retirement	November 2, 2015
The Rev. Audrey Bailey	Interim Assisting Priest, Mount Vernon Episcopal Ministry	Priest-in-Charge, St. Francis & St. Martha's, White Plains	November 8, 2015
The Rev. John F. Beddingfield	Rector, All Souls, Washington, DC.	Holy Trinity (88th Street), Manhattan	November 22, 2015
The Rev. Dr. Robert S. Dannals	Rector, St. Michael & All Angels, Dallas, TX	Interim Pastor, St. Bartholomew's, Manhattan	October 1, 2015
The Rev. Daniel La Rue Gross	Rector, Emmanuel Church, Chester Parish, Chestertown, MD	Rector, St. Alban's, Staten Island	October 1, 2015
The Rev. Gladys Diaz	Associate Priest, Grace Church / La Gracia, White Plains		October 5, 2015
The Rev. J. Cooper Conway	Interim, Christ Church, Poughkeepsie	Priest-in-Charge, St. Paul's on-the-Hill, Ossining and Trinity Church, Ossining	October 16, 2015
The Rev. Gwyneth MacKenzie Murphy	Interim Pastor, St. Mary the Virgin, Chappaqua	Interim Pastor, Good Shepherd, Granite Springs	October 19, 2015
The Rev. Victoria D. Duncan	Interim Pastor, St. Mary's by-the-Sea, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ	Interim Pastor, Christ Church (New Brighton), Staten Island	October 27, 2015
The Rev. Garrett Mettler	Supply	Interim Pastor, Trinity, Fishkill	September 1, 2015
The Rev. Robert D. Flanagan	Supply	Interim Pastor, St. James the Less, Scarsdale	September 8, 2015
The Rev. Deacon Ella L. Roundtree-Davis	Deacon, Trinity St. Paul's, New Rochelle	Deacon, Christ Church, Bronxville	September 13, 2015
The Rev. Stephen P. Hagerty	Ordained Priest September 19 (Diocese of NY)	Interim Pastor, St. Stephen's, Pearl River	September 15, 2015
The Rev. K. Alon White	Supply, St. Luke's, Katonah	Interim Rector, St. Paul's, Riverside, CT	September 20, 2015
The Rev. Leigh Mackintosh	Curate (Shared), St. Ignatius of Antioch, Manhattan and St. Matthew & St. Timothy's, Manhattan	Associate Rector, St. Michel's, Manhattan	September 27, 2015
The Rev. Samuel J. Smith	Assistant Priest, St. Michael's, Manhattan	Priest-in-Charge, St. Paul's, Stockbridge, MA	August 1, 2015
The Rev. Robert Karl Chambers	Ordained Priest September 19 (Diocese of NY)	Priest Associate, St. Michael's, Austin, TX and Pastoral Care Advisor, Robinson Creek Hospice, Austin, TX	August 5, 2015
The Rev. N. Chase Danford	Assisting Priest, Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights	Assistant Rector for Youth and Family, Grace Church, Manhattan	August 17, 2015
The Rev. Rachel P. Wildman	Ordained Priest September 19 (Diocese of NY)	Curate, St. Paul's, Bedford, MA	July 1, 2015
The Rev. Patrick Ward	Supply	Priest-in-Residence, St. Luke's, Eastchester	July 1, 2015

We Must Be the Light on the Hill: Reflections following a Train Ride

By the Rev. Steven J. Yagerman

On August 21 this year, I took the morning train from Amsterdam to Paris. A few hours later, on the same line, a man began randomly shooting passengers. Fortunately, he was subdued before there was massive loss of life. Although I wasn't on that particular train and wasn't physically endangered, it's hard not feeling the proximity of terror. In Amsterdam, I can't say I felt any premonitions, but there was a clear awareness of the social segregation between secular (outwardly indistinguishable between believers and non-believers) and Muslim people. Having read in *The New York Times* about the three Muslim 15-year-olds in London who were "radicalized" and ran off to join ISIS in Syria, I could sense that the kind of segregation and social tensions that I saw would create an atmosphere of frustration, which would lead to some individuals escaping the restrictions of a rejected class by accepting their despised state and then amplifying it with an embrace of a violent fundamentalist reaction. All movements have their radical expressions. Just as cold war conservatism gave rise to the virulent purges of Sen. Joseph McCarthy, so too does a lack of integration and acceptance lead some to radical and sometimes violent solutions. The examples are legion—including on the train a few hours after mine.

Instead of worrying about our immigration problem and looking for a wall, deportation or some other final solution, we could begin by showing a curiosity and an embrace of the cultures that we have heretofore despised and rejected. Because Cuban immigrants were embraced as anti-communists during the cold-war period, they became productive and prosperous, revitalizing and transforming South Florida since the 1960s. The Haitians who were (at the same time) fleeing oppression every bit as oppressive were captured, incarcerated and returned at great peril to their lives. For those who got through, their neighborhoods in South Florida were marked by continuing poverty and despair.

What is so hard about keeping the same door that we came in through open to those who come after us? Is not the foundation of the Judeo-Christian ethic to show hospitality and compassion to the sojourner in our land? Isn't the lack of this hospitality one of the things that the ancient prophets cited as a reason for the calamity of the ruling nation?

I felt the personal presence of my own incipient racism when I befriended a Mexican young man who, although highly educated and well read, could only find work as a busboy in a restaurant. Smarter than his employers and probably than most of his customers, he felt his spirit crushed as he invisibly moved about the tables providing service to those who ignored him and if forced to pay attention, despised him for his skin color. I had not yet noticed, in restaurants, how

the people "like us" spoke about wines and knowledgeably informed us about the menu and wore white, while the Latinos moved about in black t-shirts without human contact to serve and not be seen. How long does it take before we become two humanities? How long does it take before the sensitive spirit is crushed under this pervasive racism? How long before the oppressed begin to break away and fight back in any way available to them? Isn't the restaurant a fantasy world where ideals are enacted for a while... we are royalty to be served; we don't shop, we don't cook, we don't clean, but we order, demand and reward the servants. Isn't this fantasy, this temporary reality, a metaphor for how our society works, or in fact doesn't work?

If we are not part of the solution we are part of the problem and this problem will, as it was in the days of the prophets, be our undoing. A gospel that saves us and not them, is the opening for devaluing the other. We must

somehow understand the universal, (trans-national, trans-racial, trans-etc.) message of our common humanity. Beyond the specifics of language and theology, we must become the people who see that there is neither Jew nor Greek, straight nor gay, Muslim nor Christian. It's not that there are no differences, but the differences are of no real consequence at the profound level of spirit, these human divisions were rejected by the Jesus. In Acts, Peter says "Truly I perceive that God shows no partiality between people." Neither should we! Can we see where we participate in the structures that divide? Can we be the light on the hill that shows forth a new and better way?

I hope so.

The author is rector of All Saint's Church, Manhattan. This article is an edited version of one that was earlier published via social media.

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