

The Women's Issue

THE EPISCOPAL NEW YORKER

THE OFFICIAL NEWS PUBLICATION OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NEW YORK

FALL 2019



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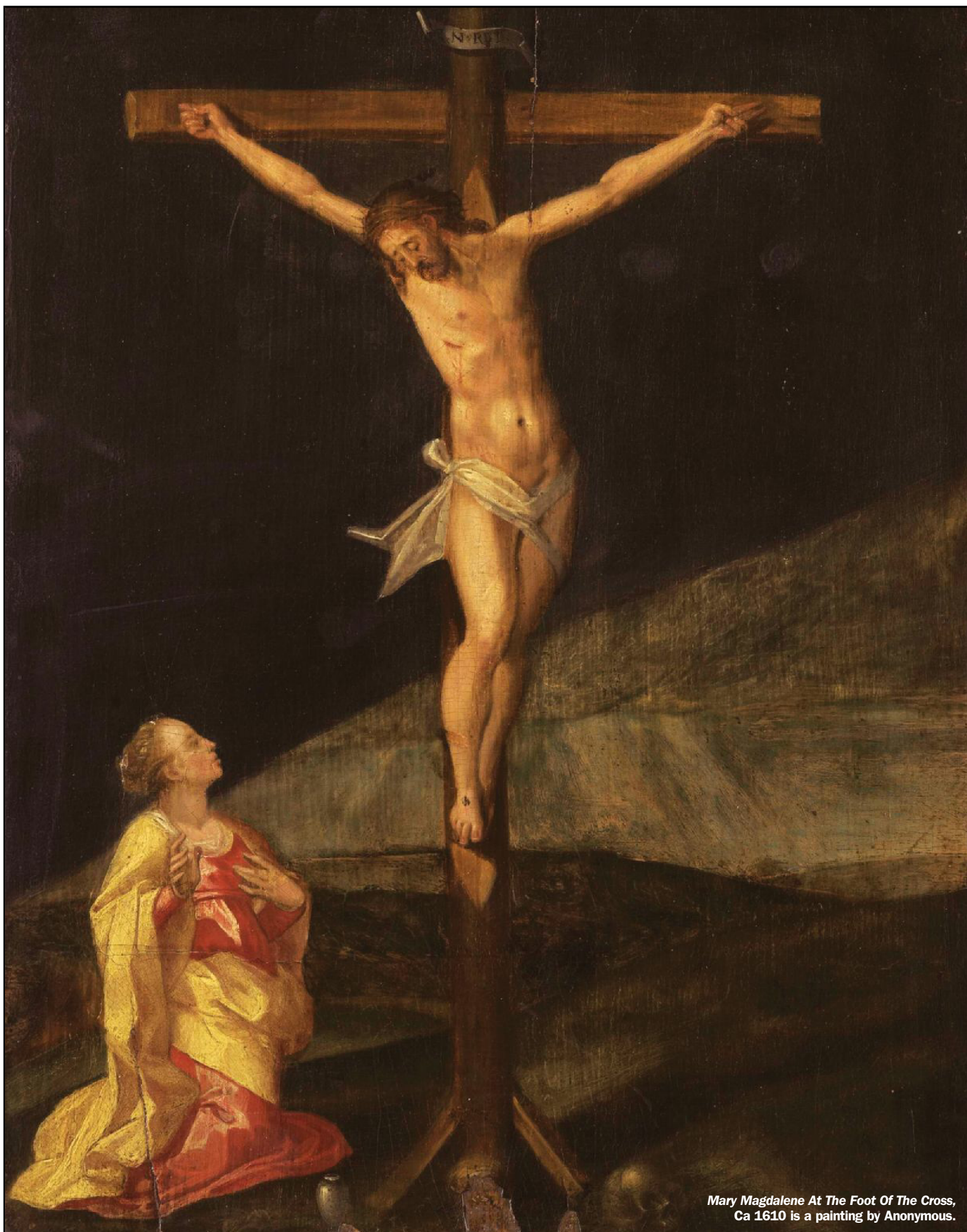
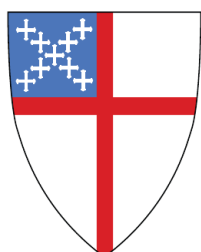
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Mary Magdalene At The Foot Of The Cross, Ca 1610 is a painting by Anonymous.

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The Episcopal New Yorker is sent to all current members of congregations in the diocese. If you are not receiving your copy, please call or email the editor at the contact information listed below. Subscriptions are available for people outside the diocese for \$15 annually. Send checks payable to "The Episcopal Diocese of New York" at the address listed below.

THE EPISCOPAL NEW YORKER

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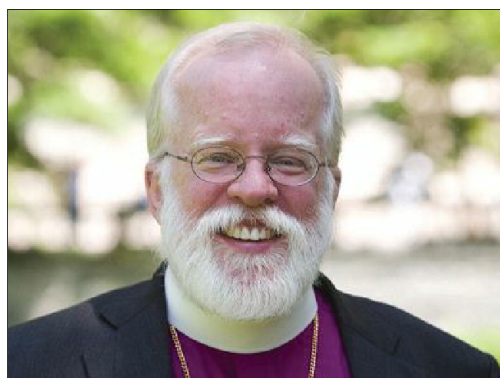
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Some Doors Have Opened

By the Rt. Rev. Andrew ML Dietsche

My mother was an Episcopalian for 87 years, but until she was 50 she was not permitted to enter the church without wearing a hat or doily or some other kind of head covering. For all that time, she sang in the choir and taught Sunday School and cleaned the communion vessels and made dishes for the potluck suppers. But then the 1970s came, and the way was opened for women to take the leadership in the church, both ordained and lay, which had been denied them. So then for the last several decades of her life she was a vestryperson and a church warden and sat on the search committee and chaired the stewardship campaign. She still weeded the church gardens and served on the altar guild, for 30 years as the directress. In the sacristy were stained glass windows of Mary and Martha of Bethany. My mother told me that she and the other women thought about those windows while they ironed the fair linen and polished the silver, and concluded with no stain of resentment that “we are the Marthas around here.” And all the while, as more and more women she knew came forward for ordination, she was so grateful and so proud. She loved the Episcopal Church, and lived in the church both as a servant and as a leader, while women were denied entry into its councils and when those doors were opened to them; and it is clear that she died in a very different Episcopal Church than the one into which she had been born. She was a charter member of Emily’s List and believed in the possibilities of women, equal to any man, so she also celebrated all the changes for women that happened in her church in her life.

When I was in seminary, my daughters were quite young, but they, like all the seminary children, were invited to serve as acolytes on Thursday evenings at the community eucharists. On one of those evenings my daughter Meghan and two other young girls ran down the hallway from the chapel to the library, cassocks and cottas swirling about them, to get a drink from the water fountain, and then turned and ran right back. The following morning I entered the library, and a woman working there asked, “was one of those girls last night your daughter?” And I said that she was. And the woman said that after they ran back out she fell into tears. She said that she was Roman Catholic and would never leave her church, but she had felt a longing to serve as an ordained minister since childhood, knowing all the while that that could never happen, and carried that loss and that pain. “But those little girls,” she said, “will grow up having never known a time in all their lives when the possibilities of priesthood were not available to them.” That is the church my mother was not born into, but lived to see and be thankful for.

This year we marked the 45th anniversary of the historic ordinations in Philadelphia of eleven women to the priesthood. Women have been in ordained ministry long enough to serve whole careers and then retire from them. And I have been privileged to ordain women who, like my daughter, never knew the church when it would not have extended to them that grace. The new bishops of West Tennessee, Kansas and Vermont, all women, sit at my table in the House of Bishops, where just in the last two years the number of women bishops has grown almost exponentially. We still have in our midst Bishop Barbara Harris and Bishop Katharine Jefferts Schori, the first woman bishop and first woman presiding bishop in our church. There is so much to celebrate in the growth and presence of women in the ordained ministries of the church, and we do.

But the canonical changes which happened in the Episcopal Church in the 1960s and 1970s were not only about access to ordination, as historically and sacramentally significant as those changes were. The vast majority of people in the church are laypersons, not ordained, who have never felt the call to ordained ministry and are just fine with that. People like my mother and daughter, upon whom also came the liberation of a new age. For alongside the changes which allowed first for women deacons and then for women priests were changes to the canons which permitted women to serve for the first time on vestries and as church wardens, as delegates to the conventions of their dioceses, and as deputies to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. I remember arriving at my parish as a new rector and being introduced to Dorothy Wood, by then quite elderly, who was remembered for having been the first woman to serve on the vestry of our church. I remember when Pamela Chinnis was elected President of the House of Deputies. These women were icons of the new breeze blowing through the church that brought freedom and possibility to every woman.

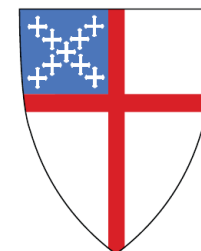
Also essential to our formation as Christians is our growth and development and fulfillment as human beings. Those things which have occurred in our own day to attend to the voice, the dreams, the visions of women—fully half of the human population, and more than half of the church—in the councils of the church, in the seats of power, and in the places where the love of God for all people is proclaimed—council rooms, pulpits and altars—have lifted up all women to be in full the people that God intended them to be, and in so doing brought grace and blessing to every woman, and to every man, across our church and world. I grew up in that old Episcopal Church. I barely recognize it now.

+Andy



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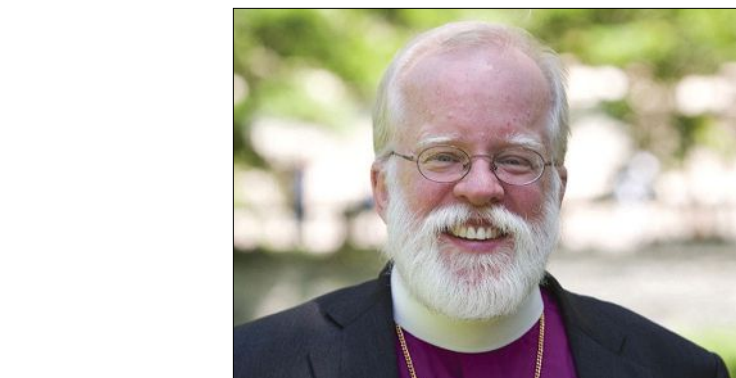
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Algunas Puertas se Han Abierto

Por el Revdmo. Obispo Andrew ML Dietsche



Mi madre fue episcopal durante 87 años, pero no fue hasta sus 50 años que se le permitió entrar en la iglesia sin usar un sombrero o un velo o algún otro tipo de cubrecabezas. Durante todo ese tiempo, cantó en el coro y enseñó en la Escuela Dominical y limpió los vasos de comunión e hizo platos para las cenas compartidas. Pero entonces llegó la década de 1970, y se abrió el camino para que las mujeres, tanto ordenadas como laicas, asumieran el liderazgo que les había sido negado en la iglesia. Así que durante las últimas décadas de su vida fue miembro de la junta parroquial y una guardiana de la iglesia y se sentó en el comité de búsqueda y presidió la campaña de mayordomía. Ella aun desyerbaba los jardines de la iglesia y durante 30 años sirvió como directora en la cofradía del altar. En la sacristía había vidrieras de María y María de Betania. Mi madre me dijo que ella y las otras mujeres pensaban en esas ventanas mientras planchaban el lino limpio y pulían la plata y concluyeron sin ningún tipo de resentimiento que “somos las Martas de este lugar”. Y todo el tiempo, a medida que más y más mujeres que ella conocía se presentaron para la ordenación, estaba muy agradecida y orgullosa. Amaba a la Iglesia Episcopal, y vivía en la iglesia como servidora y como líder, cuando a las mujeres se les negaba la entrada a sus concilios y cuando se les abrieron esas puertas; y está claro que murió en una Iglesia Episcopal muy diferente a la Iglesia donde ella había nacido. Ella fue miembro fundadora de la Lista de Emily y creía en las posibilidades de las mujeres, iguales a cualquier hombre, por lo que también celebró todos los cambios para las mujeres que ocurrieron en su iglesia en su vida.

Cuando yo estaba en el seminario, mis hijas eran bastante jóvenes, pero ellas, como todos los niños del seminario, fueron invitadas a servir como acólitos los jueves por la noche en las eucaristías comunitarias. En una de esas noches, mi hija Meghan y otras dos jovencitas corrieron por el pasillo desde la capilla hasta la biblioteca, las vestimentas arremolinadas sobre ellas, para tomar un trago de la fuente de agua, y luego se devolvieron y corrieron hacia atrás. A la mañana siguiente, entré en la biblioteca, y una mujer que trabajaba allí preguntó: “¿Era una de esas chicas de anoche tu hija?” Y dije que lo era. Y la mujer dijo que después de que salieron corriendo, ella se echó a llorar. Dijo que era católica romana y que nunca abandonaría su iglesia, pero que había sentido un anhelo de servir como ministra ordenada desde la infancia, sabiendo todo el tiempo que eso nunca podría suceder, y llevaba esa pérdida y ese dolor. “Pero esas niñas”, dijo, “crecerán sin haber conocido una época en toda su vida en la que las posibilidades del sacerdocio no estuvieran disponibles para ellas”. Esa es la iglesia en la que mi madre no nació, sino que vivió para ver y estar agradecida.

Este año celebramos el 45 aniversario de las ordenaciones históricas en Filadelfia de once mujeres al sacerdocio. Las mujeres han sido ordenadas al min-

isterio el tiempo suficiente para servir durante carreras enteras y luego retirarse de ellas. Y he tenido el privilegio de ordenar a mujeres que, como mi hija, nunca conocieron la iglesia cuando no les habría extendido esa gracia. Las nuevas obispas de West Tennessee, Kansas y Vermont, todas mujeres, se sientan a mi mesa en la Cámara de Obispos, donde en los últimos dos años el número de obispas ha crecido casi exponencialmente. Todavía tenemos entre nosotros a la obispa Barbara Harris y a la obispa Katharine Jefferts Schori, la primera mujer obispo y la primera mujer obispo presidente de nuestra iglesia. Hay tanto para celebrar en el crecimiento y la presencia de mujeres en los ministerios ordenados de la iglesia, y nosotros lo hacemos.

Pero los cambios canónicos que ocurrieron en la Iglesia Episcopal en las décadas de los años sesenta y setenta no solo se relacionaron con el acceso a la ordenación, tan histórica y sacramentalmente significativos como fueron esos cambios. La mayoría de las personas en la iglesia son laicos, no ordenados, que nunca han sentido el llamado al ministerio ordenado y están bien con eso. Personas como mi madre y mi hija, sobre quienes también vino la liberación de una nueva era. Porque junto con los cambios que permitieron primero a las mujeres ser diáconos y luego a las mujeres ser sacerdotes, había cambios en los cánones que permitían a las mujeres servir por primera vez en las juntas parroquiales y como guardianas de la iglesia, como delegadas a las convenciones de sus diócesis, y como diputadas a la Convención General de la Iglesia Episcopal. Recuerdo haber llegado a mi parroquia como nuevo rector y haber sido presentado a Dorothy Wood, para entonces muy anciana, que era recordada por haber sido la primera mujer en servir en la junta parroquial de nuestra iglesia. Recuerdo cuando Pamela Chinnis fue elegida Presidenta de la Cámara de Diputados.

Estas mujeres eran íconos de la nueva brisa que soplabla en la iglesia trayendo libertad y posibilidad a todas las mujeres.

También es esencial para nuestra formación como cristianos nuestro crecimiento, desarrollo y realización como seres humanos.

Las cosas que han ocurrido en nuestros días para atender a la voz, los sueños, las visiones de las mujeres (que representan la mitad de la población mundial y más de la mitad de la iglesia) en los concilios de la iglesia, en los escaños del poder, y en los lugares donde se proclama el amor de Dios por todas las personas (salas del concilio, púlpitos y altares) se han elevado a todas las mujeres para que sean plenamente el pueblo que Dios quiso que fueran, y al hacerlo trajo gracia y bendición a cada mujer y a cada hombre, en toda nuestra iglesia y en el mundo. Crecí en esa vieja Iglesia Episcopal, ahora apenas la reconozco.

+Andy

The Unlikely Matriarchs

By the Rt. Rev. Allen K. Shin

Matthew's Gospel begins with the genealogy of Jesus. On the one hand, this seems traditional; but it is also intriguing, as it includes five women—Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, the unnamed wife of Uriah, and Mary—in the litany of the names of the patriarchs. Why these particular women?

Tamar (Genesis 38) was Judah's daughter-in-law, married to his eldest son and then to his second son. When both sons died childless, Judah believed she was cursed and refused to give her to his third son. Then he became widowed himself and one day when he went to shear his sheep, Tamar followed him, disguised as a prostitute. Judah did not recognize her, and Tamar provided herself in exchange for his staff, seal and the cord for his goat. Later, Judah found out that Tamar was pregnant, and ordered her to be burned to death—but when she sent Judah his staff, seal and the cord for his goat, he realized what he had done and took her into the family. She gave birth to twins, Perez and Zerah, and Matthew names Perez as Jesus' ancestor.

The Rahab in Matthew's genealogy is Rahab the harlot in Joshua 2, since there is just one Rahab in the Bible. When the Israelite spies in Jericho were on the run, Rahab hid them in her place and saved their lives. Then when the Israelites conquered Jericho, she hung a red cord from the window and her life was spared as promised. According to Matthew's genealogy, Rahab married Salmon and gave birth to Boaz.

When famine struck the land of Judah, Elimelech of Bethlehem took his wife, Naomi, and two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, to Moab. When Elimelech died, the sons married Moabite women, Mahlon to Ruth and Chilion to Orpah. When both sons died, Naomi decided to return to Judah, telling Ruth and Orpah to stay in Moab. Orpah obeyed, but Ruth insisted on going with Naomi. Arriving in Bethlehem, Naomi found that she was about to lose the land that Elimelech had left. So Naomi schemed a plan for Ruth to get the attention of Elimelech's wealthy kinsman, Boaz, who was able to redeem Elimelech's inheritance and married Ruth. Their son, Obed, was the father of Jesse.

The fourth woman Matthew mentions is "the wife of Uriah." This is Bathsheba, whose story is told in 2 Samuel 11. Uriah was a Hittite, employed in David's army. One day David saw Bathsheba bathing from the palace rooftop. He was so infatu-

ated with her that he ended up seducing her and impregnating her. To cover up his sin, David ordered his general, Joab, to send Uriah to the front lines and to make sure he was killed in battle. Uriah died and David took Bathsheba as one of his wives. Because of David's sin, the child she bore died soon after birth. Later, in David's old age, she bore another son who was none other than Solomon.

Despite their powerless and marginalized status, these women were resourceful in protecting themselves. Their resourcefulness necessarily involved their bodies, which men saw as property to own and exploit and which these women used, in turn, to protect their place in the patriarchal culture. More important, however, is their theological significance in the redemptive history of Israel. For despite their status, God used them to preserve the messianic lineage of redemption. In Matthew's account of Jesus' birth, Mary found herself in a similar predicament, becoming pregnant out of wedlock for which she could have been condemned to death. The only difference is that she became pregnant by the power of the Holy Spirit, and the child she bore was none other than Jesus the Son of God. Mary, for Matthew, was the final perfection of this unlikely matriarchal lineage of redemption.

What these five matriarchs reveal is the work of God's grace to bring redemption and justice in surprising ways through unlikely people. God's grace works in the unlikely places of human weakness and suffering and through people who are marginalized and whose bodies are marked by the memories of violent oppression. In her book, *Postcolonial Imagination and Feminist Theology*, Kwok Pui-Lan writes that it is the body that remembers and transmits knowledge and truth through generations by speaking "a language of hunger, beating and rape, as well as resistance, survival and healing." This language displays embodied truths that official history has tried to erase and silence. In this genealogy of Jesus, Matthew gives us a glimpse of the embodied truth of God's redemptive grace, remembered and transmitted through the bodies of these unlikely ancient matriarchs and now perfectly fulfilled in Mary's womb.

+ Allen

Las Matriarcas Improbables

Por el Revdmo. Obispo Allen K. Shin

El Evangelio de Mateo comienza con la genealogía de Jesús. Por un lado, esto parece tradicional; pero también es intrigante, ya que incluye a cinco mujeres (Tamar, Rahab, Rut, la esposa de Urías y María) en la letanía de los nombres de los patriarcas. ¿Por qué estas mujeres en particular?

Tamar (Génesis 38) era la nuera de Judá, casada con su hijo mayor y luego con su segundo hijo. Cuando ambos hijos murieron sin descendencia, Judá creyó que ella estaba maldita y se negó a entregarla a su tercer hijo. Luego quedó viudo y un día, cuando fue a esquilar sus ovejas, Tamar lo siguió disfrazada de prostituta. Judá no la reconoció, y Tamar le brindó el servicio a cambio de su bastón, el sello y el cordón de su cabra. Más tarde, Judá descubrió que Tamar estaba embarazada y ordenó que la quemaran en la hoguera, pero cuando ella le envió a Judá su bastón, el sello y el cordón para su cabra, se dio cuenta de lo que había hecho y la integró a la familia. Ella dio a luz a gemelos, Pérez y Zera, y Mateo nombra a Pérez como el antepasado de Jesús.

La Rahab mencionada en la genealogía de Mateo es Rahab, la ramera en Josué 2, ya que solo hay una Rahab en la Biblia. Cuando los espías israelitas en Jericó estaban huyendo, Rahab los escondió en su hogar y les salvó la vida. Luego, cuando los israelitas conquistaron Jericó, ella colgó un cordón rojo de la ventana y su

vida fue perdonada como se le prometió. Según la genealogía de Mateo, Rahab se casó con Salmón y dio a luz a Booz.

Cuando el hambre azotó la tierra de Judá, Elimelec de Belén llevó a su esposa, Noemí, y a sus dos hijos, Mahlon y Chilion, a Moab. Cuando Elimelec murió, los hijos se casaron con mujeres moabitas, Mahlon con Rut y Chilion con Orfa. Cuando ambos hijos murieron, Noemí decidió regresar a Judá, diciéndole a Rut y Orfa que se quedaran en Moab. Orfa obedeció, pero Rut insistió en ir con Noemí. Al llegar a Belén, Noemí descubrió que estaba a punto de perder la tierra que Elimelec había dejado. Así que Noemí ideó un plan para que Rut llamara la atención del rico pariente de Elimelec, Booz, quien pudo recuperar la herencia de Elimelec y se casó con Rut. Su hijo, Obed, era el padre de Jesús.

La cuarta mujer que Mateo menciona es "la esposa de Urías". Esta es Betsabé, cuya historia se cuenta en 2 Samuel 11. Urías era hitita, empleado en el ejército de David. Un día, David vio a Betsabé bañándose desde la azotea del palacio. Estaba tan enamorado de ella que terminó seduciéndola y embarazándola. Para encubrir su pecado, David ordenó a su general, Joab, que enviara a Urías al frente y se asegurara de que lo mataran en la batalla. Urías murió y David tomó a Betsabé como una de sus esposas. Debido al pecado de David, la (continuado en la paginación 41)

The Day I Met Florence Li Tim-Oi

By the Rt. Rev. Mary D. Glasspool

It was a day in early February, 1989. In fact, it was February 11, 1989, and the reason I am so sure of the date is that it was the day of the Rt. Rev. Barbara Clementine Harris' consecration as suffragan bishop of Massachusetts and the first female bishop in the Anglican Communion. At the time, I was rector of St. Luke's and St. Margaret's Church in the Allston section of Boston, and having worked with Harris and a multitude of others for her election, I had been on the consecration committee and the security sub-committee; and on the day of her consecration, the fear of God was verily upon me. The consecration was held in the John B. Hynes Veterans Memorial Convention Center in downtown Boston; 8,000 people were expected (and came!); and the police presence, both uniformed and undercover, was enough to make me both nervous and watchful.

The setting was a very secular airplane hangar-like space that had been converted into a cathedral by multitudes of people with the help of the Holy Spirit, all of whom sensed that it was an important event. Seventy-five communion stations with three eucharistic ministers each; three entire processions; and reserved seating for close to 300 dignitaries were all carefully mapped out.

This was a time when the Episcopal Church was still dealing with the ordination to the priesthood of the "first women"—the *Philadelphia 11* we called them (as if they had committed a crime)—on July 29, 1974. So when the Rev. Dr. I. Carter Heyward—one of the *Philadelphia 11*—came up to me prior to the processions lining up for the service and introduced me to the Rev. Florence Li Tim-Oi, who was then serving at St. John's Church, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada, and had been invited by Harris to



serve as a concelebrant of the Eucharist, as the *really first* woman ordained to the priesthood in the Anglican Communion, I was a tiny bit confused. Some of us, no doubt, were vaguely aware that a woman had "secretly" (we probably said "secretly" because we didn't know about it!) been ordained first to the diaconate, then to the priesthood during the Second World War in Hong Kong. But all of this, and Li Tim-Oi's forced hard work on a farm and in a factory during the Cultural Revolution in China, and the accusations of counter-revolutionary activity made against her, was a story that had yet to be widely told. The cross-cultural history of the Church's work in other places of the world had not yet in those days been fully considered by Lesser Feasts and Fasts. Nowadays, you can read a synopsis of Li Tim-Oi's history in *Holy Women, Holy Men* or *A Great Cloud of Witnesses*—two sentences from which stand out to me: "When World War II came to an end, Florence Li Tim-Oi's ordination was the subject of much controversy. She made the personal decision not to exercise her priesthood until it was acknowledged by the wider Anglican Communion."

I may have been a little confused at the time, but what I do remember is Florence Li Tim-Oi's kind and gentle voice, her humility and concomitant joy in being present and participating in Harris' consecration, and the love of God that radiated from her beautiful face. It was a day to remember, on more than one count.

El día que conocí a Florence Li Tim-Oi

Por la Revdma. Obispa Mary D. Glasspool

Fue un día a principios de febrero de 1989. De hecho, fue el 11 de febrero de 1989, y la razón por la que estoy tan segura de la fecha es que fue el día de la Consagración de la Reverendísima Obispa Bárbara Clementina Harris como obispa sufragánea de Massachusetts y la primera mujer obispo en la Comunión Anglicana. En ese momento, yo era rectora de la Iglesia de San Lucas y Santa Margarita en la sección Allston de Boston, y después de haber trabajado con +Bárbara y una multitud de otros para su elección, había estado en el comité de consagración y el subcomité de seguridad; y el día de su consagración, el temor de Dios estaba verdaderamente sobre mí. La consagración se llevó a cabo en el Centro de Convenciones Conmemorativo de los Veteranos John B. Hynes en el centro de Boston; se esperaban 8,000 personas (¡y vinieron!); y la presencia policial, tanto uniformada como encubierta, fue suficiente para ponerme nerviosa y vigilante.

El escenario era un espacio muy secular parecido a un hangar de aviones que había sido convertido en un catedral por multitudes de personas con la ayuda del Espíritu Santo, todos los cuales sintieron que era un evento importante. 75 estaciones de comunión, cada una con tres ministros eucarísticos; tres procesiones completas; y asientos reservados para cerca de 300 dignatarios fueron cuidadosamente organizadas.

Esta fue una época en la que la Iglesia Episcopal todavía estaba lidiando con la ordenación al sacerdocio de las "primeras mujeres" el 29 de julio de 1974; las *11 de Filadelfia* las llamamos (como si hubieran cometido un crimen). Así que cuando la Reverenda Dra. I. Carter Heyward, una de las *11 de Filadelfia*, se me acercó antes de que las procesiones hicieran cola para el servicio y me presentó a la Reverenda Florence Li Tim-Oi, que en ese entonces servía en la Iglesia de San Juan, Scarborough, Ontario, Canadá, y había sido invitada por +Bárbara para servir en la

Eucaristía realmente como la *primera* mujer ordenada al sacerdocio en la Comunión Anglicana; yo estaba un poco confundida. Algunos de nosotros, sin duda, éramos vagamente conscientes de que una mujer había sido "secretamente" (¡probablemente decíamos "secretamente" porque no lo sabíamos!) ordenada primero al diaconato, luego al sacerdocio durante la Segunda Guerra Mundial en Hong Kong. Pero todo esto, y el trabajo forzado por el que Li Tim-Oi pasó en una granja y en una fábrica durante la Revolución Cultural en China, y las acusaciones de actividad contrarrevolucionaria hechas en su contra, era una historia que aún no había sido ampliamente contada. La historia intercultural de la obra de la Iglesia en otros lugares del mundo aún no había sido plenamente considerada en aquellos días por las *Fiestas y Ayunos Menores*. Hoy en día, puedes leer una sinopsis de la historia de Li Tim-Oi en *Santas Mujeres, Santos Hombres o Una Gran Nube de Testigos*; dos frases que se destacan: "Cuando la Segunda Guerra Mundial llegó a su fin, la ordenación de Florence Li Tim-Oi fue objeto de mucha controversia. Tomó la decisión personal de no ejercer su sacerdocio hasta que fue reconocida por la Comunión Anglicana de manera más amplia".

Puede que haya estado un poco confundida en ese momento, pero lo que sí recuerdo es la amable y gentil voz de Florence Li Tim-Oi, su humildad y la alegría concomitante de estar presente y participar en la Consagración de +Bárbara, y el amor de Dios que irradiaba de su hermoso rostro. Fue un día para recordar en más de un recuento.

Cooperating to Save a Child: The Women who Protect Moses

Exodus 1:1-2:10

By Helen Goodkin

Until recently, the Bible stories that everyone knew were about men: Jesus, of course, Moses, David, Solomon, Paul, Abraham, the apostles, the list goes on. But, in the last 50 years, feminist Biblical scholars have begun to shine light on the many women who are also part of Biblical history. Some are nameless; some are treated very badly; some are wise and/or sassy. For this issue, devoted to women, it is interesting to focus on the five women who work together to save the life of the infant Moses, because so often it is *the cooperative efforts of women that change the world*.

At the very end of Genesis, the Hebrew people are living in the rich land of Goshen, north of present-day Cairo, under the protection of Pharaoh's governor, Joseph, son of the patriarch Jacob. They work as herders for Pharaoh's animals as well as their own. They have grown in number and in wealth, such that when Exodus opens, we read ominously that a "new king" arose over Egypt, one who did not know or even remember Joseph. The Pharaoh is jealous of the success and prominence of the Hebrew people, and he enslaves them ruthlessly, forcing them to make bricks for his building projects. Still the Hebrews grow and prosper. Pharaoh tells the midwives to kill all the Hebrew boy babies that they deliver. When they refuse, he summons two of them to his palace to demand answers. The midwives state that the Hebrew women are so vigorous and healthy that they deliver before the midwives are able to arrive. He then commands that every boy baby be thrown into the Nile; only girls may live.

The midwives can best be described as the world's first professional women, with a skill necessary for the safe continuance of humanity. The two may also be considered the first known example of civil disobedience. Prior to the rise of feminist Biblical criticism, the reader might have glossed over these two women who speak so forthrightly and who refuse to follow Pharaoh's command because "they feared God." Yet, they are so important to the story that the author accords them names, Shifa, an Egyptian name meaning to be fair or beautiful, and Pu'a, a Canaanite name meaning young girl. We don't know their nationality, and they might have been, like so many healthcare workers today, immigrants in low level jobs. In some ways, it is surprising that Pharaoh would deign to speak to them, but his hatred and fear of the Hebrews has led him to this desperate action. However, these are strong women who will not be intimidated, even by pharaoh.

The story continues with an unnamed Levite and his wife who are expecting a child. (It is only in chapter 6 that we learn they are Jachebed and Amram.) As a child of Levites, this baby is destined for a future priestly role. When he is born, he is *tov*, good, beautiful, just as God's creation in Genesis 1 is *tov*. The

mother hides the baby from Pharaoh until he becomes too big. She then makes a little basket of papyrus, covering it with pine tar. She places the baby in the basket, and the basket into the Nile River. The word for basket also means ark, as in Noah's ark. Just as God watched over Noah during the flood to ensure the continuation of creation, the mother sends her daughter, the baby's sister, to protect and guard him in the water.

When Pharaoh's daughter goes down to bathe, she discovers the crying baby. Recognizing him as a Hebrew baby, she takes pity on him and lifts him out of the water. Thus, a rich, royal Egyptian woman holds the child of a poor, enslaved Hebrew woman. The sister, standing at a distance, sprints into action. She approaches the princess and offers to find a woman to nurse the child. She fetches her mother who is then paid to take care of her own baby. The unnamed sister brings the two unlikely women together. We don't yet know her name, but she is Miriam, the prophet who will play an important role later in the story.

When the child is weaned, Pharaoh's daughter adopts him as her own, naming him Moses, which in Hebrew means "out of the water I have pulled him," but in Egyptian *mose*, the form found here, means that such and such is born, such as Tutmose and Rahmose, the names of pharaohs. The Hebrew baby is raised in an Egyptian palace as a beloved child.

Thus, five women, not men, cooperate to save and nurture the child who will grow up to lead the children of Israel out of bondage: the two lowly, but *named*, midwives, Shifra and Pu'a, risk everything to protect the Hebrew sons. The baby's unnamed mother and sister conspire to give the child a chance at life by placing him in the river and guarding him. The unnamed daughter of Pharaoh rescues him and adopts him. The mother selflessly gives up her child that he might live.

The patriarchal editors of the Pentateuch could not avoid the fact that God worked through these women to ensure the life and safety of Israel's future liberator. The mighty Pharaoh is simply unable to control any of them; they refuse to allow a corrupt ruler to force them to commit evil. The *cooperative efforts* of a mother, a sister, a princess, and two working women of unknown nationality, rescue and ensure the safety of the child—an interesting and unusual beginning, loaded with irony, to the long saga of the liberation of the Hebrew people.



Moses in the Bulrushes (surrounded by pharaoh's daughter and his mother and sister) Mosaic by Marc Chagall in the Baptistery of the Cathedral in Venice France

The author leads the regular Wednesday Bible Study at the House of the Redeemer. Her other articles for the ENY on Women in the Bible include Spring 2019, *Mary and Martha*; Fall 2018, *Ruth and Naomi*; Spring 2014, *The Samaritan Woman at the Well*; Spring 2011, *Wise Women of the Bible*.

Mothers, Mary and Modern Women

By Dana Y. Wu

*When I find myself in times of trouble,
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be*
— John Lennon

Mary's humility, courage and devout nature have been venerated throughout the centuries; her song of praise has inspired *Magnificats* by many composers. With just a few recorded events in the four gospels, Mary is not a fully drawn character as the mother of a revolutionary who shook up the first century status quo: What insight, then, can 21st century women gain from her life on how to embrace the God-given power in their bodies, souls and spirits?

Luke writes of her “yes” when the angel Gabriel appeared to Mary. While Gabriel does try to reassure Mary with a “Fear not,” I have wondered about Mary’s vulnerability as an unmarried pregnant young woman in ancient Nazareth, the hardships of her life as a new mother, the escape to Egypt from King Herod, and then a peasant’s life in Galilee punctuated with arduous family trips to Jerusalem to fulfill Jewish rites.

Two thousand years after the birth of Jesus, the world still faces many of the social problems that Mary knew in the sphere of her home, culture and community. Refugees still flee violence, war and hunger. Women still live in patriarchal societies slow to modernize towards gender equality and inclusion. Women face gender discrimination in education, in the home and in the workplace. Today, Malala Yousafzai, the youngest ever Nobel Peace Prize Laureate, travels around the world to advocate for girls who are fighting poverty, wars, child marriage and gender discrimination in order to go to school.

In the United States, the 2019 workplace remains unfavorable to women. Women earn just 79 cents for every dollar men make. Women predominantly get to “volunteer” for non-promotable, non-revenue generating tasks at the office like planning holiday parties, filling in for absent colleagues, serving on low-level committees and doing other office “housework” that goes unnoticed. In contrast to Mary’s example with her humble “yes” to serve as the “handmaid of the Lord,” women need to say “no” more forcefully and more frequently in the workplace.

This summer’s *New York Times* supplement entitled “The Workplace Still Isn’t Equal for Women. Here’s Some Advice to Navigate It” reminded me of when I was a new working mother in 1997. I didn’t know then how to advocate for myself as a valued employee, believing naively that my part-time work arrangement would be easy to manage. My schedule was often derailed when colleagues planned meetings on the days I was not there. I was too accommodating to insist that the meeting times get changed. “No, I cannot come to the office on Fridays. Please reschedule.” Perhaps I was avoiding being viewed negatively or seen as aggressive or unfriendly if I asserted myself. Research shows that a male in a similar workplace situation would be viewed positively for just “being the boss” or “taking charge.” “Bravery in our culture right now has become a privilege for men,” says Reshma Saujani, Founder and CEO of Girls Who Code and author of *Brave Not Perfect*, “From a very young age, we tell our girls to smile pretty, play it safe, get all As.”



Martin Schongauer *The Annunciation*. Engraving, late 15th century. Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Women are also “taught from girlhood to believe that to be successful, significant, modern and a feminist, a woman had to work outside the home,” says Erica Komisar. At a time when few women were wage-earners, Mary managed a busy household in Galilee as the wife of a working carpenter. As a good Jewish mother, Mary influenced Jesus’ ability to increase “in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man” through her recitation of prayers, scripture and teachings and her religious practice in their home. The Bible doesn’t show Mary speaking the word “no,” which as a parent, is a necessary utterance; but her family relationships reveal her stamina and resolve. Her calmness on realizing that a 12-year old Jesus had been left behind in Jerusalem and then finding him teaching in the temple three days later, is completely mystifying to any panicked parent who has lost (temporarily) a child in a supermarket. Perhaps this characteristic of “pondering and treasuring” in her heart was Mary’s way of being mindful as a mother, of being observant and intentional as she endured both the joys and anguish of seeing her son’s public ministry.

How would Mary join the conversation about today’s #MeToo movement, the Lean-In debate, or the social media pressure of Instagram-worthy “living your best life” moments? Contemporary women can find both truth and inspiration in

how Mary might influence our society right now. As the mother of a leader who challenged followers to make bold choices against strong cultural forces, I imagine her advocating to change workplace policies, to combat the negative aspects of our culture and to create a better future for all girls. This includes supportive environments for women to share their stories of failures and success, of their vulnerabilities and confidence. Even lighthearted ways to shut off internal criticism, as Reshma Saujani does with the hashtag #FailureFriday, encourage women to pursue their goals physically, mentally and spiritually. As she raised a talented orator, Mary might inspire women to vocalize concerns about the real challenges of navigating the balance of a meaningful life and the world of work. Mary’s confidence would serve well in a mentor’s role to lift up young women to imagine roles unconstrained by cultural, social and political conditioning.

Mary’s courageous “yes” ushered in a new era in history and can serve as reminder today to say “no” through action on critical issues like climate change, gun violence and discrimination in our country. 2020 marks the 100th anniversary of the ratification of the 19th amendment which gave American women the right to vote. But radical progress is still necessary on the long path to gender equality. We can encourage business practices that are socially and environmentally compliant, that promote work culture practices of transparency and inclusion, and that spur creativity and innovation.

As a mother in today’s troubling times, I welcome Mary’s words of wisdom on how to raise strong, healthy and motivated citizens who can persist and accelerate brave changes in the world.

The author is a mother of four children and a member of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Chappaqua.

Infinite Overlap: Pauli Murray

By Rainah Umlauf

To write about Pauli Murray is to write uphill. In a world of soundbites, Murray cannot be easily summarized; the breadth of her involvement and the expansiveness of her contributions elude all short summaries. Her accomplishments seem too extraordinary for one person, let alone for a person as narrowly known as Murray.

While only occasionally in the spotlight, Murray was continually behind the scenes. She was everywhere: a pioneering feminist, civil rights advocate, a quiet member of the LGBTQ+ community, a vocal proponent for workers' rights. She was transformative in each of these movements and was a close confidante of some of the most lauded heroes of the twentieth century.

And yet she herself remains barely known, much less beloved, in the communities of contemporary justice fighters. But I believe that Murray is a hero—a saint—of our current cultural moment. The reason she is so unknown is the exact reason we need her now.

Most writers understandably begin with a laundry list of Murray's accomplishments. Constrained by word limits, we summarize her with her most illustrious achievements. As Kathryn Schulz describes in her 2017 *New Yorker* biography, Murray was "a poet, writer, activist, labor organizer, legal theorist, and [the first black woman] Episcopal priest" who "articulated the intellectual foundations of two of the most important social-justice movements of the twentieth century."

Let the details of these contributions sink in:

After graduating as the only woman in her 1944 law school class, Murray wrote an original legal argument later used by Thurgood Marshall to win *Brown v. Board of Education* to declare the unconstitutionality of the racial segregation of public schools. Next, Murray pioneered the legal argument that gender discrimination, like race discrimination, deserved legal protection. Her argument allowed her student, Ruth Bader Ginsberg, to convince the Supreme Court to extend the Equal Protection Clause to women.

Murray was a lifelong friend of Eleanor Roosevelt; she founded the National Organization of Women with Betty Friedman; she was an intimate confidante of James Baldwin. In every degree she received, she broke barriers, and was among the first people of color or women accepted to the universities that she attended. When she was sixty-six, she became the first black woman ordained as an Episcopal priest.

Amidst all her successes, Murray was relentlessly haunted by her "biological maleness"; today we might consider this a transgender identity. Assigned female at birth but understanding her true identity to be male, she incessantly sought hormone therapy and asked doctors for explanations for her "inner conflicts and terrors." She was repeatedly hospitalized for mental illness and gender dysphoria; she was once held at a private psychiatric hospital at 345 Edgecombe Ave, on the corner of 150th street. Today, I live on this same street. I pass it every day.

Murray described herself as "impish." She was mischievous and disruptive, surpassing expectations and resisting conformity, laughing and making trouble. She was ahead of her time and she knew it. Even though her autobiography made only \$40 in

its first five years of publication, she kept all of her notes and her papers. She knew that one day historians would be interested in her story.

Murray yelled her way through life. She ardently advocated for justice; her relentless criticism of President Roosevelt led to Eleanor's nickname for her: "Firebrand." In addition to her passion, Murray was also just loud. Her incessant typing led to periodic evictions. It wasn't until her sixties that doctors realized that she desperately needed a hearing aid; Murray had been shouting much of her life.

Why then, with all of her accomplishments, does she herself remain invisible, known only as the negative space of those around her?

Murray was continually in the margins. Describing her life as a "confused world of uncertain boundaries," she was perpetually in-between, existing in the intersections of a world focused on the binaries. She was interracial in a time of black and white. She understood herself to be neither male nor female in a time when there was little acceptance of gender fluidity. She grew up between classes; she was continually impoverished despite distant wealthy relatives.

In the mid-1960s, she wrote a poem entitled *Prophecy* (abbreviated below):

*I am the child of kings and serfs, freemen and slaves...
Progeny of all colors, all cultures, all systems, all beliefs
I have been enslaved, yet my spirit is unbound
I have been cast aside, but I sparkle in the darkness...
I seek no conquest, no wealth, no power, no revenge:
I seek only discovery*

Of the illimitable heights and depths of my own being.

She wrote this poem at the height of the Civil Rights Movement. Although she worked closely with Martin Luther King Jr., Murray vocally critiqued the way that men dominated the movement's leadership, leaving out black women. Simultaneously, Murray was working with the nascent National Organization for Women but remained furious at their obvious sidelining of women of color in the fight for women's rights. All the while, she privately struggled with her gender identity, unrecognized in a world that barely recognized queer identities.

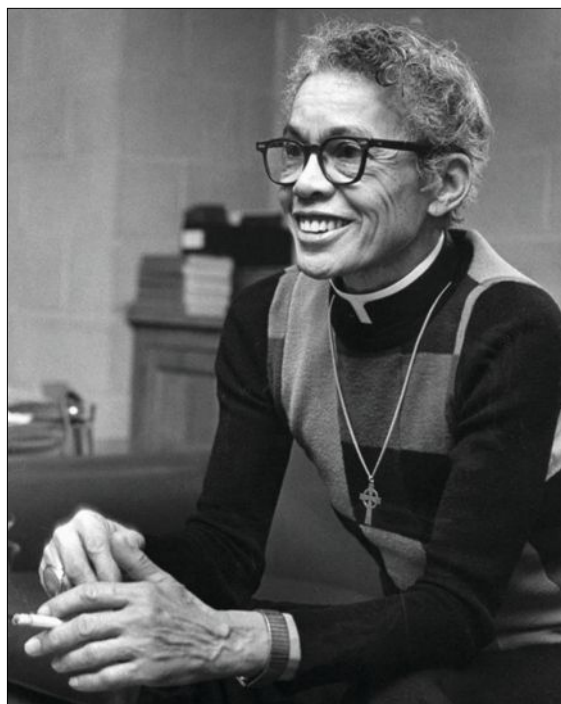
Murray was involved in all of these movements but also apart from them. Because of this, she was a fierce and pioneering advocate for intersectionality, the idea that all marginalized identities—race, gender, sexual orientation, economic class, religious beliefs, citizenship status, etc.—infinitely overlap and interconnect. Through her life on the margins, Murray understood that justice conversations could not occur apart from each other; all identities are in dynamic relation—race shapes gender shapes class... and onward. Murray argued that movements could not stand alone. They needed conversation with, and compassion for, other movements on the justice front.

As we today become more interested in the shared intersections of injustice—rather than remaining isolated in disparate binaries—we increase inclusivity, gain collective power, and transcend isolationist categories towards a more nuanced and whole sense of justice.

We all have many identities, wrapped in countless meanings, histories, and characteristics, in public and in private. Murray exemplifies that we each have a unique radiance that extends beyond simplified categories. When we embrace a deeper, more intersectional understanding of our justice missions, we resist the burdens, pressures and standards that try to dampen the complexities and beautiful nuances of who we are.

May we, individually and in our justice work, yearn for the discovery of the illimitable heights and depths of our own beings.

The author was until recently a member of Trinity Wall Street's Justice and Reconciliation Team, and is now program associate with the Obama Foundation Scholars Program at Columbia World Projects.



Second Wave

By the Rev. Margaret R. Rose

Do you feel different?" was the question someone asked the Sunday after my ordination to the priesthood, some 37 years ago. "No," I responded. "It just feels like me." And that was the surprise.

As a child I'd wanted to be a pediatrician, because that was the longest word I knew, or the president of the United States because that is what all first graders wanted. Later, in high school, a journalist or a pilot. My college search for identity included a desire to become a lawyer, working 15 hours a week in an East Boston legal aid clinic.

But never a priest. Not because I thought it wasn't allowed, but rather, (I am ashamed to say) because my self-image did not include what I considered to be a downwardly mobile career choice. Moreover, I didn't see the Church as a social change agent, able to "make a difference" in the world, but as bound more to private affairs than public social good.

As a cradle Episcopalian in the deep south, church was just part of life. Confirmation class, which I loved, was open to any question. Priests in my small southern parish welcomed all, preached against segregation and even the Vietnam War, all the while ensuring that those who disagreed felt heard, and that pastoral care extended to all. In retrospect, that was pretty world-changing stuff. But I thought of myself as a seeker and activist, one who sought truth for the soul helping create a world of abundance and fairness for all: in my young mind, the church was not up to the task.

I went to divinity school, explicitly not calling it seminary, on a scholarship from the Fund for Theological Education, the requirement for which was to explore the "possibility of ordination." At the time, that was not yet a possibility in the Episcopal Church, so I thought I was safe. My field education was not in a church, but in a shelter and safe house for women. I covered a domestic violence hotline and worked on divestment in South Africa. Yet each year, I renewed the scholarship and felt bound to continue the search.

A fall semester at the Ecumenical Institute of the World Council of Churches

in Geneva changed all that. The study topic that year was *Church, Power and State*. As students, mostly long-time pastors, we lived in community, 65 of us from 35 different countries. Committed Christians, we came with deep differences about everything from who would wash the dishes to politics, theology, social issues and a pedagogy of the oppressed. Our differences were deep and dividing, yet our commitment to worship, to prayer and to our Christian faith, as differently practiced as it was, brought us together, allowing us to disagree with respect and love. Our participation in sacramental worship allowed us, indeed compelled us, to work together seeking justice in our broken world. Worship, shared prayer and sacramental life in community made the connection of justice and sacrament: bridge building, peace building, world building, boundary breaking. For the first time, I experienced a global institutional church that connected one's individual faith with the possibility of social change in the public square. Sacrament and seeking justice went hand in glove.

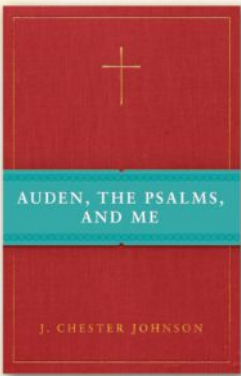
I returned to divinity school for the final year, knowing I must examine more seriously the YES that the scholarship had called me to explore.

The ordination process itself was not without its bumps (or should I say hoops?). It was eased no doubt by the fact that I was straight, white, young, and well educated. The women ordained in Philadelphia and Washington and later after 1976, were the "first wave" who paved the way, who took a lot of heat, and on whose shoulders we stand. Even more important were the lay women whose prophetic voice insisted on inclusive ordained leadership, even when it was not their own vocational call.

The 80s were still early, however, and many of us experienced passive aggressive behavior in our everyday work: invisibility in the job search; an odd line up for communion; a quietly whispered word at coffee hour, "You will never be a real priest." Or the parishioner who came to my office a few weeks after I was installed as rector, "Don't take it personally, but when we hired a woman I knew we were doomed!" Or the kind parishioner who wrote a letter to his bishop friend in another state, "Although a woman, she is an excellent preacher, competent, and good for the parish." Through it all, however, amazing mentors, men and women, lay and ordained, supported, advocated, loved and held my sisters and me, assuring us of God's grace.

Was it worth it? Has the presence of women priests and now more bishops and people of color made a difference? Have we moved more toward a justice-seeking church? A less clericalist one? Have the sacraments brought us together in a time of division? Have we been able to worship and work together across deep divides for that promised abundant life? I pray so, and pray even more that the prophetic role that those lay women called us to long ago has not been lost, so that the church, like "the arc of the moral universe will continue to bend toward justice." (from 19th century – Rev. Theodore Parker, quoted by Martin Luther King, jr.)

The author is deputy for Ecumenical and Interfaith Collaboration for the Episcopal Church and a priest in the diocese.




"This was a gift to my daughter, an Episcopal priest. She began reading it immediately, couldn't put it down."
— Sue Ellen Ruetsch

"J. Chester Johnson tells a remarkable and illuminating triple story..."
— Edward Mendelson, Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Columbia University, and literary executor of the estate of W. H. Auden

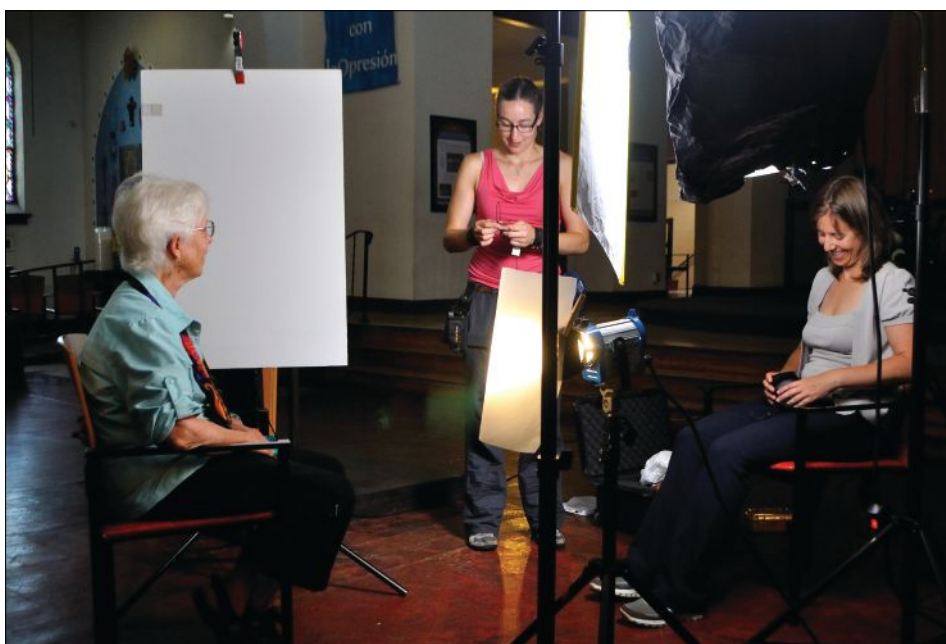
Available from: www.churchpublishing.org or www.amazon.com

Story of the Retranslation of the Psalms
Contained in the Current Book of Common Prayer



The Philadelphia 11 ~ A Documentary in the Making

By Margo Guernsey



Interviewing the Rev. Dr. Carter Heyward.

Photo: Darlene O'Dell.

Almost ten years ago, I reached out to the Rev. Dr. Carter Heyward on a matter unrelated to her ordination. As we talked, details surfaced about the service in Philadelphia at which she was ordained in 1974. She explained why they went outside the canonical process. She told me how the congregation that agreed to host was predominantly African-American; how the media overwhelmed them; how 2,000 people showed up. I was on the edge of my seat.

This journey had begun when a group of women decided they could not bear to wait any longer to follow their call to the priesthood. Two consecutive General Conventions had voted down women's ordination; so, they organized their own service at Philadelphia's Church of the Advocate on July 29, 1974. They instantly became the object of a media frenzy; which of course, makes sense. They had challenged a long-held assumption about who speaks the word of God. From that moment they found they were leading a movement, with deeply personal implications.

"Why didn't I know about this?" I wondered.

I am an independent filmmaker, driven to document and tell the pieces of our history that do not make it into the dominant narrative. Our sense of who we are as individuals, and as a nation, comes from our understanding of our roots. How we do God's work, and our vision of the path to God's liberation, depends on how we understand ourselves. Now more than ever, as the patriarchy flexes its muscles, we must celebrate the work of those on whose shoulders we stand. Their search for liberation is our foundation, and an inspiration as we move forward.


Four years ago, I asked a good friend and cinematographer to join me in documenting the story of these women priests. Our goal was always that the protagonists should tell their own story—but they were already aging, so we could not delay: we began fitting production travel in between other

jobs and family responsibilities.

Since then, we have learned that the heart of this story is not so much the events that led to a change in the canons to allow for the ordination of women in the Episcopal Church—though it is important to understand those historical facts: this is, rather, a deeply personal story of faith, complicated by earthly institutions and the public's thirst for a villain.

We were blessed with an outpouring of support for our Kickstarter campaign earlier this year. Those funds will cover much of the cost of research and filming, but we will have significant post-production expenses including the lengthy editorial process, archive footage license fees, insurance, color-correct, music, etc. We expect to release the film within two years, which is typical for a well-researched, highly produced documentary film. Tax-deductible contributions can be made through our fiscal sponsor, Documentary Educational Resources (DER). Please write "Philadelphia Eleven" on the memo line and send to: DER, 108 Water St. 5A, Watertown, MA 02472. Visit TimeTravelProductions.com to donate online.

The author is an independent filmmaker, who is currently working on a documentary about the "Philadelphia 11."



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Reaping the Harvest

By Dianne Roberts, Esq.

In her essay, *Beyond the Parallel Church: Strategies of Separatism and Integration in the Governing Councils of the Episcopal Church*,* Mary Sudman Donovan contends that throughout most of its history, the Church operated with two separate definitions of church membership: one for men and another for women. Contrary to the prevailing view that the Church was both traditional and democratic, she points out, women were excluded from its political processes, and prior to the 1950s, they were allowed neither to serve on parish vestries nor to represent the parish at diocesan functions. It was not until 1967 that the General Convention approved a resolution that allowed women to serve as deputies to that body and it did not take effect until it was ratified in 1970.

In 2013, at the 50th anniversary of its Stony Point Conference, the Episcopal Church Women (ECW) in the Diocese of New York had the good fortune to have Dr. Donovan, a founding member of the Episcopal Women's History Project, appear as one of our panelists. She provided us with valuable information about the history of the women's struggle to gain recognition in the Church. And indeed, with programs like the Stony Point Conference, the School of Worship, the Spring and Fall United Thank Offering Ingatherings, and its Annual Meeting, the ECW continues to reap the harvest of the past efforts of the women's organizations that advocated tirelessly to expand the roles of women at the parish, diocesan and national levels of our church.

As a measure of the Episcopal Church's progress at the national level, two former New York ECW presidents, Diane Pollard and Yvonne O'Neal, have been elected as diocesan deputies to the General Convention. Both African-American women

have also been elected Church Pension Fund Trustees. Pollard co-chaired the Standing Committee for the Nomination of a Presiding Bishop, which led to the election in 2006 of the Rt. Rev. Katharine Jefferts Schori as the Presiding Bishop—and at the General Convention in 2018, she was elected to the Executive Council, the national body that administers the program and policies adopted by the General Convention.

In their election to these prestigious, formerly male-only, positions in the governance of the church, Diane Pollard and Yvonne O'Neal accomplished what was once unimaginable. Our ECW reaped the benefits of this when Pollard was keynote speaker at our May 2019 Annual Meeting, at which she discussed the role of the ECW and other women's organizations in the history of the Church. In March 2019, O'Neal was the keynote speaker at our School of Worship service where she discussed the prevalence and dangers of human trafficking in our midst.

The ECW has also reaped the benefits of the ordination of women to the clergy. Each March at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, it holds its School of Worship service—an opportunity for the women of the diocese and beyond to come together to worship and to expand their Christian formation growth during the Lenten Season. At these services, we have had female clergy celebrate the Eucharist, share the gospel and discuss profound spiritual truths with us. Female clergy were at one time unimaginable—as was the consecration of a female bishop: but each May at our UTO Ingathering and Annual Meeting, our newly-elected officers are installed by bishops including a female bishop assistant. The once “unthinkable” is now a reality, and is routine in our diocese.

The ECW Stony Point Conference in October and our UTO Ingatherings in May and November showcase many of the momentous changes within the Church. From the 50th anniversary of our Stony Point Conference in 2013 through to today, we have had two female bishops assistant, one female deacon and seven female clergy, including one canon, commune with us. The Stony Point Conference provides an inspirational forum of fellowship, service and panelists who share their beautiful and uplifting stories. Its attendees, who are the women of the diocese, their spouses and guests, listen raptly as female bishops, priests and deacons describe the road they travelled in their quest to serve the church. We, the attendees, get a fleeting glimpse of the humanity of the women who are our spiritual guides. We also learn about their challenges and triumphs, which affords us an organic experience of some of the dynamics involved in the changes that occurred in the church.

The Episcopal Church has changed in fundamental ways. At times it has done so kicking and screaming; at others it has procrastinated and vacillated on the road towards accepting women as equal members in the church. The whole Church has reaped the harvest of these changes. Are they all-encompassing and complete? Some may say no. But the ECW acknowledges them and expresses its gratitude to all those who have advocated on our behalf, both men and women, and who set these changes in motion; and we continue to pray for the ongoing growth of our beloved Church.

*See EPISCOPAL WOMEN *Gender, Spirituality and Commitment in an American Mainline Denomination*. Edited by Catherine M. Prelinger. New York Oxford University Press 1992

The author is president of Episcopal Church Women.

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A Family Affair

By the Rev. Dorothy A. Greene

Our spiritual journey together began in 1974, years before either of us was ordained. I was an acolyte at St. John's Church, Larchmont the only woman—and my younger daughter Hilary became the first girl acolyte in our parish history. She was elected president of the Acolytes' Guild (I voted for her!), reversing our pecking order, at least at church. We often served at the altar together, a very special experience for us both. I used to wonder if we were the only mother-daughter team in the Diocese of New York. Unique or not, we enjoyed our co-ministry.



Two generations!

After playing a variety of roles at St. John's—altar guild member (president for six years), acolyte, and lay reader (as it was then called)—in 1987, I was ordained a deacon; in 1988, a priest. I functioned as supply clergy in and around Larchmont and on Cape Cod, where we summered; conducted a nursing home ministry in both places; and became St. John's priest associate, a position I still hold.

As I figuratively grew closer and closer to the altar, so did Hilary. She became a eucharistic minister at Massachusetts churches she attended, and served on deaneries there. When she was in Larchmont to visit, we again sometimes served together, resuming our mother-daughter liturgical act to our mutual pleasure.

Why and how did Hilary and I follow the same spiritual path? I can't speak for Hilary, other than to say that all three of our children attended church regularly on Sunday. Only for Hilary was the experience meaningful and life-changing. She became very active at St. John's from an early age. In addition to becoming that precedent-setting acolyte, she sang in the junior choir, joined the youth group, and later taught Sunday school. I admired her surprisingly mature devotion to Christian activities and values.

My story is quite different. My husband Jeff was a lifelong parishioner of St. John's, faithful in attendance and active as vestry member and treasurer. It was through marrying him that I became an Episcopalian, after a Christian Science childhood followed by decades of agnosticism. I consider

his bringing me into his beloved church one of his most precious gifts to me. He died of cancer in 1989 at age sixty-four, an inspiration to me, and, I think, Hilary.

In 1982 I became a student at Union Theological Seminary in New York, at first simply because I was interested in theology. I remember feeling on my first day there a keen joy that God and Christ were spoken of in classrooms. I had always loved school and felt I was exactly where I was meant to be. As I gradually began to sense a call to ordained ministry, it was as if I had put my toe in the water and was overwhelmed by a wave.

By whatever means God drew Hilary and me to our collars, I am full of gratitude that I have lived to see Hil get hers. On June 1, 2019, at St. Paul's Cathedral in Boston, I was honored to be one of her sponsors, participating in an awesome service in which she was ordained. She has chosen to become a deacon, a very special calling for which she has been trained, rather than ministering as a priest: her spirituality lies in service more than ceremonial. Since then I have had the privilege of serving with her as she was honored the next day at her sponsoring church, St. Mary's, Barnstable, function as bishop's chaplain at the rededication of the church after extensive renovations, and be installed as deacon at St. Peter's, Osterville, Massachusetts. Hallelujah!

After many years, we have become a mother-daughter clergy pair, aged eighty-eight and fifty-nine, sharing a life experience of devotion to Christ. As Hilary loves to say, "God is good. All.The.Time." Amen and amen.

The author is a priest in the diocese and serves as priest associate at St. John's Church, Larchmont.

God Has a Zillion Refrigerators

By Kappa Waugh

God has a zillion refrigerators, and I am one. Inside find hot sauce of anger, frozen chicken hearts. Open my door to see baked goods, baked bads, half baked ideas. Open my door, God, like a teenage boy, staring till you find my two percent, and drink me straight from the carton. Inside, find containers of curdled hopes, long past their expiration dates. Bend before me God, a small girl searching, searching for the pearl of last night's tapioca. In my crisper, most has gone soft and limp, though some cilantro still puts forth new leaf. Kneel before me, God, housewife of my soul; wipe away the sticky bits, the spills, the spots, clean up the fruits, unused, dried or decaying. Open my door, God, and let my light come on.

The author is a member of St. Andrew's Church, New Paltz.



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Stained Glass Ceilings

Women priests have made extraordinary gains in the last 40 years. But the reality is that often painful barriers to total inclusion still remain.

By *Stewart Pinkerton*

When Katharine Jefferts Schori was elected presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in 2006, her euphoric backers all donned pink “It’s a Girl!” buttons following the vote. It was a stunning accomplishment for the women of the Church to have one of their own become the only female primate in the Anglican Communion, a position comparable in power and authority to that of the archbishop of Canterbury in the Church of England.

Bishop Schori’s election followed by several years another landmark—the installation of the Church’s first female bishop.

In 1989, nine years after becoming a priest, Barbara Harris, an African-American former public relations executive, was elected suffragan bishop of Massachusetts—a position subordinate to a diocesan bishop, who has all the jurisdictional functions. Among other things, Bishop Harris undertook to support the election of the Church’s first black female diocesan bishop, the Rt. Rev. Jennifer Baskerville-Burrows, who now heads the Diocese of Indianapolis.

Given that 40 years ago, women were barred altogether from the priesthood, these accomplishments were certainly laudable—and since then, the track record has by some measures been impressive. Today, 38 percent of the nearly 5,000 full-time priests in the U.S. are women, up from zero percent in 1972.

But the numbers don’t tell the whole story. Much as the election of Barack Obama didn’t signal the end of racism in America, the election of two progressive women priests to high-level positions did not suddenly mean that all Episcopalians were now embracing an activist agenda. There is still subtle and not-so-subtle resistance by some to women in the priesthood and to pay equality. According to the Church Pension Group, for example, the median compensation for senior clergy is \$115,500 for men and \$96,935 for women.

The “it’ll never happen” mindset about female priests that prevailed for so many years got a jolt in 1974 when two retired and one resigned bishop officiated at an unauthorized ordination of eleven women, thereafter known as “the Philadelphia Eleven.”

It was a red alert for the entrenched hierarchy. Two weeks later, the House of Bishops convened in emergency session to denounce what had happened in Philadelphia, and declared the rogue ordinations invalid. The next year, four more “irregulars” were ordained in Washington, D.C. Male priests who invited any of the “illegals” to celebrate the sacraments in their churches were subject to being charged, tried and disciplined for violating church canons. Several were.

“I cannot recognize their priesthood,” said Washington’s then diocesan head, Bishop William Creighton. “Accordingly, I have written each of them ‘directing and admonishing them’ not to perform any priestly function in any parish of this diocese, and requesting them to write me as to their intention with regard to the exercise of such priestly functions.”

Despite such resistance, much as the civil rights movement gained momentum in the turbulent 1960s, the push for female ordination gained traction in the 70s; women increasingly resisted the pushback of church leadership and signed up once-skeptical male priests to the cause as well. It all came to a head at the 1976 General Convention.

Fireworks over the issue dominated the event. There finally emerged, to the dismay of traditionalists, a resolution that declared nobody should be denied ordination because of gender. That resolution would seem to have been dispositive, but resistance continued. For many in the Church, nothing had really been settled.

Bishop Jack Iker, of Fort Worth, Texas, one of four dioceses openly opposed to the directive, said he’d actively resist it. Why? “I cannot compromise my conscience because I have serious theological reservations.”

St. Mary’s Church in Denver seceded from the denomination in formal protest. When his bishop suspended his priestly functions, the rector said, “I’m not leaving my church; it is leaving me.” Then in 1977, Presiding Bishop John Allin blurred the issue by openly challenging what had been agreed to the year before. He declared to a House of Bishops meeting that he remained “unconvinced” that women have a place in the priesthood and that he would neither ordain a woman nor participate in the consecration of a woman bishop.

It wasn’t until 2010 that the last remaining dissenting diocese ordained its first women. By that time, Harris and Schori were fully ensconced in their new jobs. But neither woman, particularly Harris, had clear sailing.

The confirmation process itself proved long and painful for Harris. The objections included that she was a woman, black, and divorced but not remarried. The latter raised questions about her sexuality. One diocese ran her picture on the front page of its diocesan newspaper with a black slash across her face like a no-smoking sign, with the caption “The wrong woman at the right time.”

The hate mail included death threats, most of which came from church people. She had to get an unlisted phone number. On the day of her consecration, the Boston police department offered her a bulletproof vest to wear. She refused. “If some fool is going to shoot me, what better place to die than at an altar?”

Thinking back over what she had experienced and observed during her tenure, Harris told an interviewer, “I think there is still some resistance to women in the episcopate. I do not think that the Church is as open as people might think it is.”

Schori had a better time of it, but still came under heavy fire for her views on gay marriage and ordination. Another spit-roasting issue came out of a sermon she preached while making a pastoral visit to All Saints’ Church in Curacao. Under the headline “For Episcopal Church’s Leader, a Sermon Leads to More Dissent,” *The New York Times* described “another controversy in what has already been (for Schori) a rocky tenure as the head of a troubled, shrinking church.”

The sermon’s text was Acts 16:16-34, which describes the apostle Paul’s encounter with a slave woman and fortune teller who had a “spirit of divination and brought her owners a great deal of money.” Annoyed, Paul decided to order the spirit to leave the woman, which promptly happened. One traditional interpretation of this story had been that it was a simple tale of exorcism.

But Schori saw it differently. Paul deprived the woman, Schori argued, of her gift of spiritual awareness. “Paul can’t abide something he won’t see as beautiful or holy, so he tries to destroy it.” Put another way, Schori faulted Paul for *failing to value diversity*, and not seeing the slave girl’s beautiful “difference.”

The reaction at home was swift and vitriolic. Scathing Web commentary, followed by flame-thrower pieces in *Anglican Ink* and the *Christian Post* challenged the presiding bishop’s “exegetical acumen”; and, reported the *Times*, even questioned “her standing as a Christian.”

Among the indignities Schori was subjected to: the 2010 order by the archbishop of Canterbury that she not wear a mitre when preaching in an English cathedral.

According to the *Washington Post*, during her tenure Schori was subjected to various discriminatory tactics (such as being excluded from meetings) that smacked of segregation practices often employed against African Americans, functionally intimating that she was “somehow unclean or spiritually unacceptable.”

It’s impossible to tell the extent to which these controversies influenced her decision five years ago not to seek another nine-year term as the church’s most powerful and influential voice. In her announcement, Schori said she could “best serve this Church by opening the door for other bishops to more freely discern their own vocation to this ministry.”

The frustrations of women priests today is perhaps best seen through the eyes of those who have endured scrutiny by search committees, whose sometimes hidden agendas are far too often obvious. The priest of a small church in rural Virginia, who said she would be able to speak more frankly if she wasn’t named, has gone through a number of searches before finally becoming a priest-in-charge earlier this year.

“Several times it was evident that I was being interviewed because they felt they needed a woman on their list of candidates,” she says.

“We’re still not the norm,” she adds. What’s the norm? “Straight, male, 40s, married with two kids and a golden retriever.”

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



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Per Ardua

By the Rev. Susan Bowman

I am a cradle Episcopalian who grew up at St. Paul's Church in Petersburg, Virginia. My parents sang in the choir and, until I was 12, I sat in the pew with my grandmother and wished I was a boy so I could carry the cross, and that I'd grow up to be a man so I could do what the minister was doing.

Little did I suspect that this was the beginning of my call by God to be a priest in his church. I must have known it at some deep level, though, because one day at the School of Theology in Sewanee, Tennessee, it came to life. I was listening to a young man tell of how at his son's baptism he became undeniably aware of God's call on his life, when I suddenly remembered all those long-ago Sundays and childhood yearnings. I knew then that God had much more for me to do than "just" go to seminary, which is what I had told my bishop in my interview. The Rt. Rev. C. Charles Vaché, then bishop of Southern Virginia, was a staunch opponent of women in any leadership role in the church. He had adamantly refused every woman who had approached him for admission to the ordination process. But he had recently licensed a woman to serve as an interim priest, so I'd figured maybe he'd look differently on my request to "just" go to seminary.

When I brought my request to the bishop, he thought for a moment and said, "I'm a little concerned that, if you weren't ordained, you'd have a hard time getting a job." He thought for another moment, then said, "Well, I will send you to seminary for a year and we'll see how it goes." I was speechless! He just smiled at me and asked, "How will that be?" Needless to say, I agreed, and floated out of our meeting about a mile off the ground.

The ensuing uproar around the diocese was thunderous. I was the first woman ever to be allowed to go to seminary and when, three months later, I returned to meet with Bp. Vaché to tell him about my life-changing experience and my new mission to become a priest, he looked at me and said, "I knew that." At that moment he became my hero! I'll never forget the moment he looked at me and said, "There will be a lot of flak flying around here, but it is not yours to deal with. This is on me. You just have to be a good seminarian."

In 1984, I graduated in the top five of my class, having served as student body president, and receiving a high recommendation for ordination from the dean and the entire faculty. I had somehow survived a contentious interview with the commission on ministry/standing committee during which I was initially floored by the statement, "We understand you aren't a very good housekeeper," and then asked

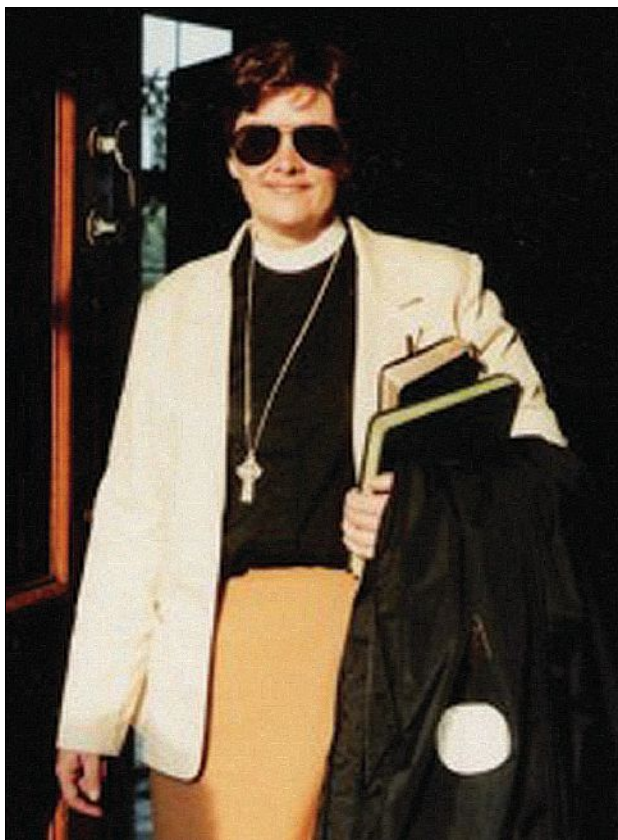
such questions as "Who's going to take care of your son while you're working?" It should have been an omen of things to come but I innocently thought, "Well, it can't get any worse than this, can it?"

Well, I was wrong; and over the next several decades of ministry, through good times and bad, I kept saying to myself, "I should write a book." So, in 2011, I did. The result, *Lady Father*, will speak loudly to anyone who feels called to ministry, is in the ordination process, or is serving in ministry in the church, as well as those in any profession who find themselves in an uphill battle against tradition and discrimination. I lived through it all, and have survived and grown and blossomed, even though there was a moment when I almost gave it all up.

Lady Father begins with the moment when the president of the standing committee told me that they had decided not to approve me for ordination to the diaconate. I was devastated; but in the following hours and days, I felt the unbelievable strength of the seminary community gathering around me. My fellow students, the dean and the faculty were all outraged. The dean, clergy and friends from home, and even the chair of the commission on ministry got on the phone with the bishop—to no avail. As supportive as he was of me and my call, he told me that the advisory groups of the diocese were there for a reason, and he respected their recommendations; therefore, he would not overturn this one. The standing committee only said they would re-interview me in a year. I still

thank God for the commission chair, who convinced the diocesan girls' home to hire me as chaplain—unordained.

To this day, I'm not sure if I would have continued if I had known what lay ahead. After seven almost peaceful years following my eventual ordination, with only a few nay-sayers marring two otherwise comfortable ministries, I took a call to a medium-sized parish in the Diocese of Albany. When I told Bishop Vaché about it, he chuckled and said, "Susan, that bishop doesn't ordain women." "Well," I chuckled back, "I'm already ordained, thanks to you." I was sad to be leaving home, but looking forward to what seemed to be just what I had always dreamed. And for the next eight years or so, things at this parish went fairly well. It wasn't until I began to hear rumors of meetings being held in secret to discuss "what to do with Susan" that I knew I was in trouble. I didn't know what I had done because nobody would tell me, but when a member of the vestry called me and suggested that I take three months to find a new church, I fell apart. With my son urging me to get serious help, I checked myself into a psychiatric hospital for eight days. People



The author, circa 1986.

came to see me who were in on the secret meetings and I could hardly look at them. The bishop came and said they wanted to have one last service with me—but no part of me could face that congregation across a pulpit or an altar again. There were people who had called me a child abuser, a racist, and an uncaring priest, all wanting to gather to say good-bye with a big church dinner. Everyone acted as if nothing had happened, except for one woman who took me aside and profusely apologized, begging me to forgive her for her part in it. It was all I could do to keep smiling, but when one of the youth group girls sang to me “You are the Wind Beneath My Wings,” I knew that all had not been in vain.

After two weeks in a “Broken Priests Retreat” in Pensacola, the bishop declared me ready to supply, which I did for a bit and then was called by a small parish to be priest-in-charge. Again, things went well until some four years later, I was accused of preaching the worst funeral sermon ever and it was downhill from there. I later learned that opponents of women in the priesthood had been sowing seeds of discontent among a number of very faithful parishioners. After a particularly hostile meeting, we somehow came to a relatively quiet parting of the ways, but I was done. I had come to the point where I just couldn't believe

Christians could treat Christians the way I had been treated. I was quitting—the priesthood, the church, Christianity even! I'd had all I could take.

But I soon discovered that God wasn't through with me.

A short while later, I was approached by some Methodists in White Creek, New York to be their Sunday pastor, and I found that I just couldn't say no. I became a “Pastor-on-Loan” from the Episcopal Diocese to this congregation of the dearest, most faithful bunch of Christians I have ever known. They treated me like gold and I pastored them for all I was worth. We became a symbiotic congregation with me putting my Episcopal touch on the communion service and them teaching me their favorite hymns. Along the way, I was healed; and twelve years after we began, I knew that I had nothing left to give. So, we planned a last service during which they offered a moving tribute to me and I happily went off into retirement heaven. As I look back now, I know that, in the words of Maya Angelou, “I wouldn't take nothin' for my journey now.”

The author is a retired priest in the Diocese of Albany. For more information on her memoir, Lady Father, visit <https://ladyfather.com/>.



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The Female Face of Monasticism

By Pamela A. Lewis

"I believe you can look at solitude, community and ministry as three disciplines by which we create space for God."

— Henri J.M. Nouwen

The Conference of Anglican Religious Orders includes 20 religious communities in the Americas that are part of the worldwide Anglican Communion, of which about 55 percent are communities of women. Yet many people are unaware that there are nuns (formally called "women religious") in the Episcopal Church and that women monastics have often been at the forefront of the Church's spiritual, social, and educational activities.

Long before the establishment of monastic orders during the European Middle Ages, Christian monasticism began with the desert mothers and fathers who literally went out to the desert to lead radically ascetic lives dedicated to prayer and fasting. Many of these men and women eventually formed communities, which became the great monastic orders that bear their founders' names. Inspired by their unwavering faith in God, women monastics offered strong moral, spiritual, and intellectual support and rescue to the church, despite the opposition of theologians who insisted that women were unsuited for leadership because of Eve's sin.

Notable among these women monastics is Benedictine nun Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179), renowned for her musical compositions, who was an abbess, physician, and poet, and also deeply involved in the politics of her day. She worked tirelessly to revive an apathetic church and to eradicate clerical corruption. Noted for her learning and visions, Hildegard's mystical writings were collected in a book called the *Scivias*, taken from the Latin *Sci vias Domini*, or "know the ways of the Lord." In this work, her knowledge and detailed understanding of Paul's writings, as well as of the Scriptures generally, distinguished her as one of the church's greatest minds.

A mystic who lived during the Counter-Reformation, Teresa of Ávila (1515-1582) entered a Carmelite monastery at age twenty, and in a vision was called by God to a life of solitude and prayer. She experienced frequent and ecstatic visions (of which one was famously represented in the sculpture, "The Ecstasy of Saint Teresa," by Giovanni Bernini). She founded several houses for discalced (or "barefoot") Carmelite friars and nuns, and her work, *The Interior Castle*, is a classic guide on the mystery of the interior life.

Hildegard and Teresa are towering examples of medieval female monastics, who, despite the challenges and limitations imposed upon them, were still assisted in their leadership by the church's call to celibacy. While singlehood enabled medieval monastic women to devote their lives to prayer and contemplation, they were also free to study and cultivate an intellectual life.

The counter-cultural aspect of female monastic life has changed little since monastic orders came into existence during the Middle Ages. As Sister Heléna Marie, a member of the Community of the Holy Spirit explained to this writer, female monastic communities are places of "radical spirituality" and "radical non-subservience" to



Hildegard of Bingen receiving a vision and dictating to her scribe and secretary. Illumination from the *Scivias*.

authority, and whose members do not live according to traditional female roles. And while these communities continue to sing the daily office, they may also run farms (as does the Community of the Holy Spirit) or be involved in social and global activism on issues such as climate change.

Despite the accomplishments of women monastics, such as Hildegard and Teresa, and the socially and environmentally engaged work of today's communities, survival is, arguably, the greatest challenge which female monastic communities face. In an increasingly secular society where, as Sr. Heléna observed, the "emphasis is on the bottom line"—on holding a well-paying job—and there is a discernible "desacralization" of the natural world, attracting younger people (and younger women in particular) to monastic life has been difficult. Female monastic communities are aging (90 percent of the 50,000 women religious are over 60), and new vocations are sparse.

However, a glimmer of hope may be found in "Nuns and Nones"—a movement of women religious and a diverse collection of younger generation seekers (the ones who claim no specific religious affiliation, thus the word "none") who have collaborated, in various parts of the United States, to form new communities rooted in love and committed to justice, discerning ways to address the social and environmental

challenges of our time. In their interactions with women religious, millennials learn about centuries-old traditions and practices, the spiritual qualities that women embody, and the implications those traits may have for non-monastic communities. It is through such interactions (which often include the seekers' living for a time in the communities), that female monastic communities not only evolve, but expand.

As Nuns and Nones is only a little over two years old, it may be too soon to say whether it is the answer to dwindling numbers of monastics and to indifference, if not outright hostility, to institutional religion. But so far, it seems to be an answer, a "creative idea, where the wisdom that monastics have gained is passed on," says Sr. Heléna. The seekers want something deeper and more demanding in their lives, and many have found it by living alongside the nuns, by joining in chapel to sing the office four times a day, and by worshiping with them. Their quest for true community has infused new life into those which appear to be fading.

Some "Nones" have chosen to pursue a vocation, while others have incorporated what they have experienced into their daily lives and work. This is what *expansion* can look like; it is how tradition can survive through non-traditional means, and how to ensure that a core community and its "charisms" remain, without which monastic life cannot hope to survive.

As Benedictine nun and writer Joan Chittister has observed, the Benedictine tradition is accustomed to questions of reinvention; it is something that becomes new in every generation. Monastic life has always been one of the most vital aspects of the Christian faith; female monastic life has been its heart and soul, and we will all be the better for its preservation.

The author is a member of St. Thomas Church, in Manhattan.

Hidden Figures

By Patricia Allen

We (the Episcopal Church) don't have nuns," a guide at Washington National Cathedral told a group he was leading through a tour of the "Mother Church." One of the people in that group was Sr. Heléna Marie, of the Community of the Holy Spirit, who vividly recalled correcting the man. "Yes we do," she interjected, "I am one!"

The skeptical guide challenged Sr. Heléna Marie, surmising that they may have existed in some by-gone era and were now extinct, she remembered. He was dismissive of the sister even though she stood before him wearing her black habit complete with veil, she said.

Before that disheartening incident in "1990-something"—the exact year escapes Sr. Heléna Marie's memory—she had long resigned herself to the duty of debunking the notion that nuns and religious orders are exclusive to the Roman Catholic Church.

Sr. Heléna Marie, who entered the Community of the Holy Spirit in 1978, believes the ordination of women as priests further secured the status of women religious as hidden figures.

Undisputedly, a stained-glass ceiling shattered with the ordination of the Philadelphia 11 in 1974. The now iconic image of the recently departed Rev. Alison Cheek, standing at the altar elevating the host along with the Revs Carter Heyward and Jeannette Piccard as they celebrated the Eucharist at Riverside Church was a seismic, moon-landing moment in Episcopal Church history, for sure.

Still, the prevailing belief that the ordination of women somehow marked the very beginning of women in religious leadership roles minimizes the countless contributions of hundreds of life-professed women who served the Church in the United States dating back to 1870.

One such woman in the Diocese of New York who wielded considerable power and

influence from the mid-20th century until her death in 1986 was the Rev. Mother Ruth, founder of Sr. Helena Marie's order as well as St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's School in Morningside Heights.

She was a trailblazing leader in education who was an early proponent of multicultural classrooms as vital to childhood development long before busing and school desegregation were mandated.

A native of Harlem who grew up in poverty, Mother Ruth also negotiated a large real estate deal in Putnam County, NY in 1959. The 125-acre property, christened Melrose, became the site of a branch convent, a second school, a farm, two chapels, and a retreat house.

"What she was able to accomplish in the 1950s was truly amazing," said Sr. Heléna Marie. Added to the challenges of being a woman in the white male dominated Church of her time, Mother Ruth also faced blatant discrimination as a person of color. Her initial application to become a Sister in Episcopal orders was rejected in the early 1900s because of "a strain of other blood," she wrote years later in a book on the history of the community.

In 2019, the Church celebrated the 40th anniversary of the ordination of women in a year that also witnessed the increase of African-American women serving as diocesan bishops to five.

The Church equally needs to find space to honor life-professed religious women such as the Rev. Mother Ruth who broke down both racial and gender barriers. As the first and only woman of color to establish an Episcopal Church monastic religious order, Mother Ruth stands with the Rev. Pauli Murray, Bishop Barbara Harris, and Bishop Jennifer Baskerville-Burrows and others in their league of "firsts."



Mother Ruth ca. 1962. Photo: Diocesan Archives

The author is communications coordinator for St. Michael's Church in Manhattan.

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Behind the Veil: Victorian Backlash Against Women's Religious Communities

By Peggy R. Ellsberg

The Victorian appetite for novels made a happy match with the Victorian appetite for religion. During the long reign of the little queen, it is estimated that 40,000 novels were published. “Everybody read them,” my professor Robert Lee Wölff claimed, “and almost everybody wrote them... [a]nd no subject interested the Victorian Gentle Reader more than religion—not love, not war, not crime, not even money.”

Many religious novels are fully worthy of the oblivion into which they have fallen. But even those novels which make poor literature are valuable to us today as documents of social sensibility. And from this category of fiction—that is, poor literature—I’m afraid I shall draw my examples.

In 1868, Disraeli told the House of Commons that “High Church Ritualism and the Irish followers of the Pope have long been in secret combination and are now in open confederacy.” There was loud laughter in the House. “Yes but it is a fact!” the Prime Minister persisted [Norman quoting Hansard, 3, April, 68]. In fact, Ritualism in the Church of England, and Anglo-Catholicism in general, proved so popular and so successful that within a few decades of Disraeli’s hysterical speech, almost every Anglican and Episcopal Church in the world had fully adopted the shocking innovations of candles and flowers on the altar, signs of the cross, and even the establishment of nunneries.

Above all, the smells and bells of High Church Ritualism, not to mention the celibacy required of monastic religious, were thought by many critics to be unnatural for women and effeminate for men. The antipathy of the queen’s personal chaplain, Charles Kingsley, to convents—that is to say, to religious houses where women lived together chastely, without men except for priest-confessors—amounted to a phobia. In his novel *Yeast* he traces the unsanitary drainage conditions in the village to the curse of a sixteenth-century nun, and in fact throughout his opus his obsession with sewers runs parallel with his impassioned defense of the physical benefits of earthly marriage. He is said to have rescued his wife from an Anglican convent on the eve of her first vows. Spared from the horrors of a celibate life, she went on to bear him eight children.

Just as public reaction against the Anglo-Catholic movement surged, hysteria about Romish ritual practices rose to greet the increasing number of convents for women. These “medieval” institutions, abolished by Henry VIII and now springing up again, sent a wave of disgust down the spines of enlightened Protestants. “Popery has not changed,” wrote “Patrick Murphy” [actually G. H. Whalley, MP for Peterborough] in *Popery in Ireland, or Confessionals, Abductions, Nunneries, Fenians, and Orangemen: a Narrative of the Facts* [London 1865], “—has not grown—has not advanced with the times—is not liberal—does not study national interests or individual happiness—but is still the same old persecuting enemy.” The work goes on to describe the rescue of a young girl from a convent where she has been imprisoned for reading the Bible.

There is a substantial record of vehement reactions against women’s religious houses. The period was whipped by a backlash of violently anti-High Church sentiments and statements, but nuns were saved for a particularly stinging punishment. Professor Norman says, “The Protestant tradition certainly suspected that the rule of celibacy was largely a fiction, and that the seclusion of monastic cells invited [almost] unthinkable practices.” There was a certain assumption that monks actually kept harems, and that convents, worst of all, were nothing but brothels maintained for the enjoyment of the clergy. And this was not just a consensus of popular fiction. C. N. Newdigate, MP for N. Warwickshire, founded a committee in 1871 to inspect all convents.

Five Years in a Protestant Sisterhood and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent [1869],

an anonymous autobiography; *In the Net: a Warning to Protestants Concerning Convent Schools* [1910] by the Rev. A. B. DeMille; *Objections to Sisterhoods Considered* [1853] by the Rev. Thomas Thellusson Carter—these are among the tracts that I have sitting on my desk at the moment. But in the freer, more wild-running imaginative world of the novel, where no allegation need be substantiated, frightful indelicacies of every kind are committed by and against women in the name of convent life. Young Jesuits disguise themselves as women to get closer to the fortunes of unsuspecting heiresses; other Jesuits are imprisoned in convents by evil superiors; from Frances Trollope’s *Father Eustace* [1837] to Charles Maurice Davies’ *Philip Paternoster* [1858] to George Moore’s *Sister Teresa* [1901], Victorian women are punished for seeking the all-female environment of religious houses. Particularly horrifying is what happens should these ladies take themselves to confession.

Worst of all, however, is the fear that one’s wife will convert, and demand that one join her and embrace celibacy. In Catherine Sinclair’s *Beatrice: or the Unknown Relatives* [1852], “a Catholic convert wants his wife to become ‘a nun of St. Ignatius’” so that he may become a Jesuit priest. Their two little children are taken from their mother and placed in a convent school, but they escape. Must they go back? The weeping children want to know:

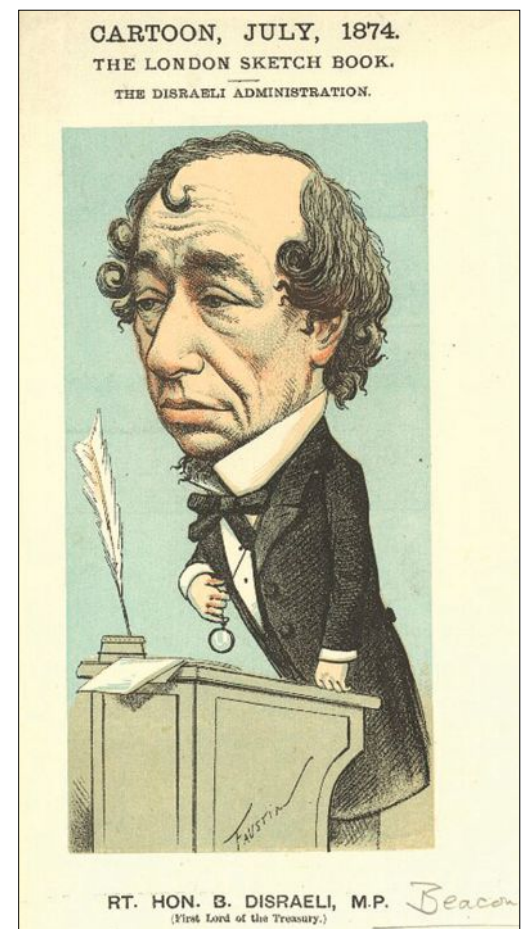
Are we to kiss those nasty old bones, and to kneel before the doll in the muslin frock? I like my own religion best, mama.... I am not accustomed to lick the floor with my tongue.

Hysterical with grief at the thought that her children are forced to commit idolatry, the mother goes into a coma.

Monastic enclosures at times represented a reaction against “progress.” In William Sewell’s sadistic High Church novel, *Hawkstone* [1845], the paternalistic Ernest Villiers, Lord of Hawkstone Manor, says “I wish it were the old times again when landlords and tenants and laborers all hung together; and we had none of these ugly factories.” And so he proceeds to rid the town of all that offends him—not only factories but evangelicals, teetotalers, and women philanthropists. In their place he builds not only a library, but also a *monastery* where young Oxford men can repair, and from which the peasants are admonished never to try to rise about their station.

Throughout his life as a Roman Catholic, Newman continued to debate the fine points of ancient Church doctrine. But the general population was not interested in rehearsing the issues of the Reformation. After the Oxford Movement, anti-Catholicism had boiled down in part to a backlash motivated by the assumption that Catholicism in general, and monastic rules in particular, created independent women and effeminate men. There was frenzied objection to the possibility that Victorian women might be identified with something other than Victorian men. Nuns were portrayed as necessarily denatured. As Charles Kingsley’s wife-to-be knelt before the high altar of her Anglican convent preparing for her vows, she and others like her risked not only the purity of their Protestantism but the heart of Victorian family values.

The author is a professor at Barnard College.



Benjamin Disraeli, British Prime Minister, an alarmed non-fan of High Church Ritualism. National Portrait Gallery, London.

Aiming for Balance

By Stephanie Harris-Ash

As girls, we were taught to be humble, kind, soft and sweet. At a young age our primary colors were pink, we were encouraged to play with dolls, and further encouraged to seek out “Prince Charming”—a most certifiable means of achieving success in life. We were taught always to mind our manners; it was always better to be seen and not heard. This manner of rearing a girl child yielded someone who frequently embarked sooner rather than later on establishing a family with its 2.0 children—often by any means necessary, because most times we felt incomplete without it, even after going to college and becoming moderately successful in our careers. In our steadfast efforts to fulfill and complete, marriage and building a family was like a dangling carrot that drew us on to pounce headfirst, whatever the cost, into many a quasi-committed and unhappy relationship.

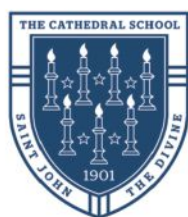
Fast forward to the birth of your own girl child; she is the most precious and most important being. As parents, you vow that there will be no limits to the love and support—financial, spiritual—this child will be offered. Initially, you want to cuddle, shield and protect her but current society’s lessons demand that you cuddle, expose and promote the importance of self-love, self-value, and self-worth. For this girl, the dangling carrot is replaced with achieving goals for one’s own success.

She is taught and encouraged not to fear that inner desire to see how far she is able to go; how well she can compete with her male counterpart because, after all, she is as intellectually equipped as he is.

With this revelation come challenges, especially in the workplace: here she must work more fiercely and prove herself harder or as hard as her male counterparts. She is not allowed to display her femininity or else she may lose respect and be considered weak and ineffective. So, she plays the game better than they do. She focuses and works longer hours because she revels in the satisfaction she receives, but also because she must maintain and safeguard that lead. She now has no time for adequately securing a compatible partner for the next step of developing a family before nature’s alarm clock rings. But technology comes to the rescue and answers the call for procreation. She can truly have her cake and eat it too!

History shows us quite vividly the successes and accomplishments of women. They are great and worthy of proclaiming. Sacrifices have been made for these triumphs but prayerfully we hope the girl of tomorrow will not have to learn that she must relinquish pleasures to affirm her worthiness and value.

The author is a member of St. Simeon’s Church in the Bronx.



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The Dutiful Daughter

By the Rev. Canon Victoria R. Sirota

“Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

I Corinthians 10:12 (King James Version)

It was the day before my eighth grade graduation from Nassau Christian School, an elementary/middle school located in Mineola on Long Island supported by the surrounding Missouri Synod Lutheran Churches. Only later would they rename it “Nassau Lutheran School.”

I was to give the valedictorian address, of which I was rightly proud. The third of three sisters going through this particular educational system, I was pleased to be noticed. Our small and somewhat irreverent class thought the idea of choosing a class Bible verse was funny, and so we came up with, “Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,” finding the King James Version verb forms quaint and amusing as they rolled off the tongue. I also must admit that with all of the masculine pronouns in the Bible (and in the Ten Commandments), I also figured it did not really apply to me.

I have no memory of what I said in that speech, although I believe I expressed some irony about our chosen Bible passage. What I remember was practicing it the day before in the big empty auditorium in the presence of the principal, Dr. Edwin A. Jiede. That was the very first moment I realized that I knew how to speak in public; I knew how to fill the room with sound and not to be afraid of hearing my own voice through the amplification system. This new knowledge surprised and excited me. I had heard my father give hundreds of sermons as pastor of Grace Lutheran Church in Malverne, NY, and also in this very room as one of the chaplains who rotated preaching responsibilities. Up until that moment, I had no idea that public oration might be in my blood as well.

That night, Principal Jiede called my older sister Georgia and asked her what happened at her graduation: who received what award? After she spoke with him, she told me that he was going to pull the same thing on me that he had pulled on her. She had given the valedictorian address, but the award had been given to Alice who was also really smart. She did not know whose grades were actually higher. I told her that this was not possible in my class. I knew I had the highest grades in the class because I did well in sports as well as academics. No one else came close.

The next day I gave my speech, and then came the awards. I did not receive the valedictorian award. Craig received that award, as well as best boy graduate. Penny, whom I seem to remember was caught in a cheating scandal sometime in the winter, received the best girl graduate award. I received no award.

This public shaming was incredibly surprising to me. How could the truth not prevail at a Lutheran school? I thought back to my speech and the Bible verse. It seemed as if the principal had decided that it would be helpful to me to be truly humbled, actually humiliated. I tried to smile for all of the photos taken following the ceremony, but I cried for days, sobbing deeply from my hurt and disillusion-

ment with my school, my teachers, my parents and especially with my Church. And I guess I was also furious at God.

As far as I knew at the time, no teacher stood up for me. Even my father felt that the principal was probably trying to get back at him for his more liberal theology. For me, this was huge. I had been put in my place as a young woman. Who was I to think that I could “preach” to that school—especially without the proper sense of humility? Here I was, finding my voice for the very first time, and I was punished for it. Although I had given the speech, in a very profound way I had been silenced.

I HAD BEEN WARNED about how evil the public Malverne Junior and Senior High Schools would be. Because not everyone there was Missouri Synod Lutheran, they were definitely bad people. I was surprised and relieved to discover this was absolutely not true. Instead, I found wonderful friends who were smart, interesting and kind, and who were from different racial, social, religious and cultural backgrounds. Everyone I met fascinated me. It was as if I had been let out of prison. I rejoiced in the freedom of intellectual arguments and classes that encouraged real discussion and heated debate, not just dogmatic parroting.

I thrived in this heady environment. There were many students who were smarter than I was. How thrilling! I learned how to study and rejoiced in real sports teams where we were allowed to beat the other teams and were not made to feel that this was “unbecoming” of us as young women. Striving to be the best that we could possibly be was encouraged.

When as a senior I found out that I was the valedictorian of a class of 250, I was totally shocked. Again, the fact that I was good in sports and typing (I had taken piano lessons since I was four) as well as academics had resulted in beating out classmates I knew to be smarter than I was.

So here I was, about to give the valedictorian address again, this time to a much bigger room and to many more people. The rehearsal, again, came the day before. When I stumbled on a line, I found myself saying “Whoops!” The English teacher who was coaching me said, “No matter what happens, don’t say that!” Of course, she did not tell me what to say instead.

The next day, in front of the entire class, the faculty and all of our family and friends, I stumbled at the exact same spot. I had memorized the speech but that one line had eluded me. Having retyped my speech the night before because the paper was crumpled, I had actually left out that line. When I looked down to find it, it was not there. And all I could think to say was “Whoops!”

I stopped speaking for what felt like an eternity. Everything stopped and I was mortified. After what seemed like hours (it was probably only a few seconds), I picked up the speech on the next line and finished. Despite the applause, tears came to my eyes. My father, who had been asked to give the opening invocation and who sat on the dais with me, tried to show signs of support, but I was horrified by my

failure to perform well.

This time I had stopped myself. Who was I to think that I was worthy of such an honor and that I could speak with authority to such a crowd?

Unlike eighth grade, however, I was still given the valedictorian award as well as many others. It was a day of triumph despite the fact that I discovered I had internalized the public shaming from eighth grade. I had stopped myself. I had lost my voice.

YEARS LATER I was grateful for some wonderful help from a mature and kind male therapist. We worked through my issues with men in positions of power, realizing that I tended to idolize them as I did my own father—who, after all, stood in for God when he was in the pulpit and at the altar. Being the dutiful daughter had meant obeying and following authority figures, not questioning, and trusting that they were asking me to do what was best for everyone, and also what was best for me. I was now realizing that I had a choice, and that I needed to be more discerning about the power I granted to those who had authority over me.

While still in therapy, my husband Bob, our children and I travelled by ferryboat from New London to my parent's home at the end of Long Island. As we stood on the deck looking out at the water, a somewhat disheveled bearded man came up to me and asked if I was "Vicki Ressemeyer." When I said that I was (that is my maiden name), his story spilled out. This was Craig who had not only gone to Nassau Christian School with me, but who was also at Malverne High School. I had not seen him in years. He had gone to college and left it after a year or two, totally disillusioned with education and with those in authority. He knew that he did not deserve the valedictorian award from eighth grade (especially since he had seen me receive the same award in high school), and he still felt terrible about it. It was eating away at his soul. I assured him that I had never even thought to blame him for this injustice. I was surprised to discover that someone else had also suffered from that action.

The incredible "coincidence" of meeting up with Craig at exactly this moment was a gift. My husband was there, a witness to the real emotional and spiritual pain caused by a quirky decision made by a principal who could not stand to honor the actual achievement of a smart young woman. Up until that point, I suspect Bob was not sure that my description of this past hurt was correct. Now he not only believed me, but he trusted my view of things a little more. And to be able to return to my therapist with this corroboration gave me courage to let go of the pain and move on.

MARTIN SMITH, an Episcopal priest and former monk, writes in his book *The Word is Very Near You: A Guide to Praying with Scripture* that he too struggled with the role of "dutiful daughter." Being a dutiful daughter is different from that of being a dutiful son. There is more obedience

involved, more compliance and loss of true identity. It is allowing oneself to inhabit someone else's version of reality without questioning if that reality is true. It is trying to live in someone else's head. It is a very real form of idolatry.

What are the benefits of being a dutiful daughter? Very simply there is someone in the world who thinks that you are perfect. You are behaving in the absolutely proper and correct way to behave—according to them. However, you have lost your own true identity. You have given up your own discernment and handed it off to someone else. They may be a perfectly good person and have all the best intentions, but no one else living on earth should have that kind of power over you.

That is your "free will," that great gift of God's to each of us. Figuring out how to use that is the story of your life. You cannot just be your parents' daughter or the teacher's pet. You are not called to live within the confines of someone else's reality. Listening to other voices is important when we are growing up and making our first decisions: Who do I want to be? Whose voice do I trust? However, ultimately this critical decision about your true identity is between you and the One who created you. Only you can figure out your unique talents and kinds of intelligence that initially may be hidden. Only you know what truly makes you happy. You cannot be the clone of someone else no matter how hard you try. Idolatry is always death-directed. Discernment about self-truth is life giving and life affirming. In that moment of revelation, you will begin to love yourself in a new way. You will appreciate your God-given gifts perhaps for the first time. And your relationship with the One who made you so wondrously will begin to reveal itself.

The author is priest-in-charge of St. John's Church, Getty Square, Yonkers. This article is an extract from a work-in-progress titled "Out of the Ashes."

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A Woman in the Church

By Diane B. Pollard

When I saw the invitation to submit articles to the *Episcopal New Yorker* on the theme of “women,” I was intrigued: for I have watched the ministry of women in our diocese through a variety of lenses, and have seen the uneven and sometimes unfair view that many hold of what exactly women have contributed—because those contributions were often made “under the radar.”

I am reminded specifically of the work of the diocese’s committee on Women in Ministry—a committee that worked very long and hard during the 1970s and 1980s. I was privileged to be a member of that committee along with Bea Blair, Jane Auchincloss, Nell Gibson, and others. We were an unusual combination of lay and ordained women, but I think we had one very similar characteristic: we were all very vocal! Some committee members were also leaders in the Episcopal Church Women of the Diocese of New York. Through a variety of official and unofficial processes, we urged our diocesan colleagues to learn about topics of the day and to take responsibility for supporting and working for their successful adoption. These

were critical times and the subjects were considered very radical: the ordination of women (we were fortunate to be part of a diocese that firmly supported equality); the understanding and embracing of a women’s right to choose; the then draft “new” trial prayer book—later the 1979 Book of Common Prayer. My service on this committee as well as with other grassroots organizations in our diocese made me become interested in participating in churchwide projects; and these activities, in turn, led to my first election as a deputy to General Convention.

Our activities then have made our Church a more representative institution. But our struggle is far from done; in many ways it is as complicated as it was in the 70s and 80s, only more subtle. I continue to be challenged and passionate about the call for justice and equality in our Church, and feel honored to have participated and worked in these historic times.

The author is a member of the Church of the Crucifixion in Manhattan, and serves on the diocese’s Reparations Committee.

Establishing and Protecting Women’s Rights: New York City for CEDAW

By Yvonne O’Neal

We are living in a world of patriarchy and toxic masculinity with increasing violence against women and girls. Women are striving for equality now more than ever. This year marks the 40th anniversary of the adoption by the United Nations of the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women (CEDAW), which calls on countries to end discrimination against women in areas such as education, health care and family planning, politics, employment, law, international affairs, and budgeting. This human rights treaty represents an international consensus on what constitutes discrimination against women. Although the United States signed CEDAW, it has not ratified it, and is the only democracy and industrialized nation to not do so.

In 1991 and 2003, resolutions of the General Convention of The Episcopal Church supported the ratification of CEDAW by Congress. In 2001, The Episcopal Church was one of some 60 signers to an open letter to the US Senate asking for the ratification of CEDAW. Congress has yet to act. However, San Francisco has been governed by CEDAW principles since 1998.

There is now a national grassroots movement to protect the rights of women and girls by passing local ordinances based on CEDAW principles. The “Cities for CEDAW” movement is taking the global local to ensure the sustainable development goals are met. Buoyed by San Francisco, this movement was launched in New York City in 2014 in preparation for the 58th United Nations Commission on the Status of Women.

Cities for CEDAW is growing, with more and more cities and towns signing on, actively involving local governments and citizens in supporting human rights for women. The Episcopal Diocese of New York is one of the founding members of the New York City for CEDAW coalition. The Episcopal Church has an important role in

spreading the news about Cities for CEDAW. Ann Smith, an Episcopalian feminist, is excited about the movement and how local governments are supporting the rights of women, “especially refugees, migrants, indigenous and others who are marginalized in the United States.” Episcopalian Beverly Nance was instrumental in having a CEDAW resolution passed in Mount Vernon, NY.

New York City for CEDAW works closely with the Mayor’s Office and was instrumental in the genesis of the New York City Commission on Gender Equity which is now a full city agency. New York City for CEDAW coalition members testified last year at the hearings of the City Charter Revision Commission. The testimonies were well received and there is still hope to enshrine CEDAW in the revised City Charter. In her testimony, the author stated, “We must reaffirm the rights of all our citizens for a just and equal society. We believe that now is the time for the City to incorporate the principles of CEDAW in the Charter revision. This will be a win-win for every woman, every man, every girl, every boy and New York City will indeed be the Beloved Community that the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke of.”

As a grassroots movement, New York City for CEDAW encourages community involvement and wants all voices to be heard in making CEDAW a reality in NYC. In the coming months a series of community meetings will take place in all five boroughs. Churches are urged to host these meetings where people in the communities can come together and tell their stories and give their vision of what a just and gender equal society should look like.

The author serves as warden of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Manhattan, and on the Diocesan Council.

Women's Work?

By Liz Hill

When Ascension parishioner Joan Castagnone thought of starting a parish needlework guild, she asked associate priest the Rev. Posey Krakowsky for help; last September, thanks to Joan, a group was formed. Mother Posey had established a similar group at Christ Church, Riverdale, in 2008, and Ascension needleworkers were excited at the prospect.

About eight of us—although the whole group is larger—meet monthly, starting new projects, continuing current ones, and presenting finished work to be collected for distribution. Knitters and crocheters, we make throws, chemo hats, caps for mariners and baby clothes. The throws are for the laps of people in hospice, chemo hats for cancer patients undergoing radiation. These not only help to restore confidence in appearance diminished by hair loss, but also help the patient's body retain heat. The caps are donated to the Seamen's Church Institute and given to crew members who are on board, often in violent weather, for as long as two or three years. The baby clothes are taken to Mt. Sinai Hospital. Most items, such as booties and hats that seem doll-sized, are for premature babies, for whom the hats, helping the body to retain heat, can be life-saving. Other items, mainly sweaters, are going home as gifts for needy babies born there.

This year, we are pairing with St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Nogales, Arizona, to help migrants at our southern borders. Those seeking asylum wait in

Mexico for a hearing for an average 3 ½ to 4 months, and one of their biggest problems is boredom. But many of these people come from communities with strong needlework traditions, to which they have turned, making items which are then sold in the States to support St. Andrew's migrant ministry. More important, as we needleworkers know, is the healing of body and soul that comes with working with our hands. For this, Ascension needleworkers have assembled supply kits containing such items as needles, thread and scissors, which are sent to St. Andrew's and then taken across the border.

Groups such as ours have a history. Not very long ago, many churches had Dorcas societies, which provided, and usually made, clothing for the poor. The original Dorcas (Acts 9:36,39) had done just that. On his deathbed, the fifth century bishop Paulinus of Nola asked about some clothing that he had ordered for the poor. The Copts seemed to knit as early as the fourth or fifth centuries, and some Scandinavians in the tenth. The medieval knitters' guilds were almost entirely male. Dorcas and her companions were apparently all women. The Ascension group, although mostly women, includes three men. So whose work is knitting? Isn't it time to reject this stereotype?

The author is a member of the Church of the Ascension in Manhattan.



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Confidence Is Key to Empowering Young Women in the Middle East

By Heidi Shott

Dua'a Bisharat has plans to change the world one girl at a time. Bisharat is general director of Saviour's School in Zarqa, the second largest city in Jordan. Owned and operated by the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem, Saviour's School serves about 300 students in kindergarten through grade 12, including low-vision and blind students. This industrial city is tense with economic strain and turmoil intensified in recent years by a vast influx of Syrian refugees.

"Acceptance of women in the workforce is limited by the lack of childcare, public transportation, and a low minimum wage," Bisharat said, "Even well-educated women feel it makes more sense to stay at home and serve the family."

While literacy rates among men and women in Jordan are almost identical, at 99.8 and 99.7 percent respectively, the country ranked 138 out of 144 of those studied in economic participation and opportunity for women according to a 2018 report by the World Bank.

Jordanian women make up only 15.3 percent of the workforce in a country where traditional societal norms frown on women finding employment outside the home and participating in the political process.

With boys at Saviour's school outnumbering girls two to one, Bisharat and her teachers "work extensively with our girl students to provide them with the kind of nurturing and encouragement a girl needs to become all that she can and wants to be in the future."

Young women students there can attest to that. Nāgham, a senior who started at Saviour's School in first grade, explained, "I like that my school contains girls and boys in the same classes. When I go to university, I will already know how to cope with males unlike other girls who haven't gone to mixed schools. I will be confident."

Muna Abulail, who teaches ninth grade English, said that her teaching methods are the same for boys and girls but she must often be more strict with boys because of the traditional gender roles in Arab society. "When they reach the last age I teach, they are sometimes taller than I am and I must prove to them that I am in charge. I must be strict as well as compassionate."

Girls are encouraged to find their voice in the classroom. "This is a safe place. I went to a government school and some girls there were bullies. I faced this thing. The girls at Saviour's School do not face bullies here." Abulail said, "Boys talk more in class, but don't worry about the girls. They have good character! They often beat the boys."

When Jordanian families face financial hardship and must pull a child from school, it is often the daughters who must forgo their education. Bisharat has high hopes for

the girls under her care at Saviour's School. "We give them the courage and experience to face the challenges ahead. They are a can-do generation, and we offer them the education that will allow their leadership skills and character to strengthen and blossom."

Raneem, a junior, is clear about her goals for the future. "I want to be a dentist. When I would visit the dentist as a child, I was amazed by his work. I want to fix the teeth and help the people."

Just 55 miles away from Zarqa as the crow flies, but nearly a four hour car journey because of a border crossing and Israeli military checkpoints, Jerusalem's Princess Basma Centre, overlooking the Mount of Olives, is another humanitarian institution operated by the Diocese of Jerusalem. In addition to being an internationally-accredited rehabilitation center for children with disabilities and a field placement center for graduate students across therapeutic disciplines, Princess Basma operates an inclusive kindergarten through grade 12 school. About 40 percent of its more than 450 students are diagnosed with a disability.

Young women enrolled at Princess Basma's school face the additional challenge of learning to find their voice in a society that places a huge stigma on people with disabilities. However, just as Bisharat and her staff at Saviour's School create a safe culture to foster confidence and accomplishment for girls, the leaders at Princess Basma cultivate the same Christian values in their students regardless of gender, religion, ethnicity, disability, or economic circumstances.

In Lara, a 16 year-old senior with cerebral palsy, confidence and optimism about her future burst through. Her connection to Princess Basma extends far beyond her memory. Her parents first brought her to the center for therapies when she was three months old, and she has been a student in the inclusive school since kindergarten.

"[Our teachers] can anticipate what our needs are and know how to help us, depending on our disability. This school gives to students who don't have disabilities the opportunity to be introduced to differences and to accept each other in a school environment. This is not always available at other schools," she explained.

"In this school, there is no difference between boys and girls. We all have the same rights to speak up in class," Lara said. "In some communities, not all women have all their rights so maybe it is different from one culture to another. Because women are half of the society, we are obliged to have our rights equal to men." She added, "with the self-confidence I have gained by being a student here, I know that when I go to university I will have the confidence to accomplish whatever I want to do."

When asked what her dream job might be after she completes her studies, she said, "I would like to be president of something! I would like to be in a role that allows me to represent people with disabilities. I will not be silent for anyone's rights."



Lara, a senior with cerebral palsy, talks about what she's learned by as a student at Jerusalem's Princess Basma Centre's inclusive school.

Photo: American Friends of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem.



Raneem, Nāgham, Noor, and Christena, with their English teacher Muna Abulail, are students at Saviour's School in Zarqa, Jordan.

Photo: American Friends of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem.

The author serves as communications director for the American Friends of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem.

Women Make Community

By Mary White, M.D.

Two months after the January 12, 2010 earthquake in Haiti, I boarded a plane for Port-au-Prince. Although I had been to Haiti several times, those mission trips were conducted with the Episcopal Church. I was traveling on this occasion with an NGO to deliver medical care at a field hospital in the town of Fond Parisien.

The hospital sat on a bare hilltop overlooking Lake Azuei, which separated Haiti from the Dominican Republic. The site had been donated by Love A Child orphanage; rows of tents housed patients who had been operated on in a Dominican hospital and brought back to Haiti to receive post-operative care. We would be responsible for the 275 patients who remained.

I had never worked with the NGO, nor had I ever worked in a field hospital. I slept in the sleeping bag and pup tent that I was told to bring with me. Meals were shared at an outdoor kitchen serving chicken, rice and beans. Although well-maintained toilets with indoor plumbing were provided by the orphanage, our outdoor showers were made of loosely hung, blue tarps which flapped open with breezes coming from the valley.

Previous mission trips with the Episcopal church had been bracketed by worship services where we prayed with our Haitian colleagues, said grace at meals and attended compline in the evenings. These were not on the agenda at the field hospital. Needless to say, the lack of structure, both physical and spiritual, was an unfamiliar experience.

But as I lived and worked at the hospital, I began to detect a strong sense of community, mutual care and generosity among the patients and their family members. A little neighborhood had developed, and I realized that the fabric of that makeshift community was formed and sustained in large part by the Haitian women in different ways.

For instance, individual children had been surreptitiously left at the hospital by families who were unable to care for them. A UN protocol for handling “unaccompanied minors” guided the process for their final disposition, but it usually took several days or weeks to place the children. As I made my medical rounds from tent to tent, I would occasionally be surprised to see an unfamiliar youngster sitting on the lap of one of my patients—a woman who was recovering from a below-the-knee-amputation or a woman with a metal external-fixator device holding together the bones of her shattered arm; when I asked about the child, they simply said that the child had been found.

Women and girls cared for each other in less than pleasant circumstances. Most of us are familiar with portable restrooms with their stuffy, smelly, fly-infested atmosphere; they are usually missing soap and toilet paper. The plastic doors cannot be propped open and they slam shut if not guided during closing. All of the patients, including permanently disabled ones, were assigned to use port-a-potties, but staff members were instructed to use the orphanage’s toilets with indoor plumbing. My chagrin about this wrongheaded situation turned to an acute sense of guilt when I observed a little girl attending to a woman on crutches at the latrine; she guided her over the 4-inch lip into the space while holding the door so the woman could squeeze herself and the crutches in. Another time, when a woman in a wheelchair needed to use the bathroom, I saw three other women helping her out of the chair and into the potty. There were not enough staff, medical or otherwise, to stand by the toilets to help our patients, so the women and girls did so.

Each tent held cots for four patients of the same gender. Tents occupied by male patients tended to have few clothes and possessions, and the men were often out of their tents, socializing, looking for jobs and permanent shelter, working in a local enterprise or helping us with translations. But tents housing female patients included several children who often slept in the same cots as their relative. Bags of clothes and personal belongings were stacked against the tent canvas walls; confiscated bars of soap might



A tent at the Fond Parisien Field Hospital, February, 2010.

Photo: Marshall Segal, Flickr.

be seen underneath them. Laundry hung from tent poles. My morning rounds would often interrupt the communal breakfasts they shared in the home-like atmosphere that the women had created.

On Sunday, our last full day at the hospital, I was on my morning rounds when the translator, Assonic, pointed out a couple dozen patients who were slowly processing up a hill behind the field hospital. Most of them were women on crutches or who pushed walkers; children in slings, or with socks over their amputated arms, skipped alongside them. Granted, they were facing away from me, but I heard not a sound.

“They are going to baptize a baby that was born just before the earthquake,” Assonic said.


“I didn’t know there was a church over there,” I said.

“There isn’t, but one of the women discovered that there is an aquaculture pond for breeding tilapia, and she thought of using the pond for the baptism,” he said.

I learned later that several other children and adults were also baptized with the tilapia.

Just as they had shown that a home could be created in truly difficult circumstances, so could the Haitian women find a baptismal font for performing the sacrament. And in that moment, I recognized that the Episcopal Church had been with me all along.

The author is a member of St. James’ Church, Manhattan and serves on the diocese’s Global Mission Commission.



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6:30 p.m. \$25

As Halloween makes its seasonal appearance, the Metropolitan Opera prepares a revival of Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's harrowing masterpiece *The Queen of Spades*. Suzanne Martinucci, Met Opera Quiz panelist, will present a program on this opera.

Nov. 14 **Pre-Thanksgiving Wine Tasting**
6:30 p.m. \$20

Join us as we partner with K&D Wines & Spirits to sample delicious wines just in time for the holidays.

Nov. 17 **Play Reading - "Spitting Image"**
3:00 p.m. \$20

Join us for a live reading of this original comic drama by Anthony McKay, produced by I Fabbri's Anthony Newfield. Lottie, an aspiring opera singer, struggles to reclaim her own soul while grappling with her crumbling marriage and her dominating mother.

Nov. 20 **Fabbri Concert: Intimate Broadway**
7:30 p.m. \$50

Join us for the first of the three concerts in the 2019-2020 Fabbri Concert Series. Musical theater stars and Tony Award nominees Kate Baldwin and Bob Stillman perform an unforgettable evening of theater music. The evening will inhabit a space between recital hall and Broadway stage.

Dec. 9 **Christmas Party - "The Gift of the Magi"**
7:00 p.m. Suggested Donation: \$20

Jim and Della love each other madly but are practically penniless. What will they do about Christmas gifts? Anthony Newfield, Broadway performer and artistic director of I Fabbri, and a group of fellow actors will present a reading of O. Henry's classic short story. This House tradition will be followed by caroling and a festive reception.

Dec. 14 **Advent Retreat**
10:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. \$30

In this Advent Quiet Day, the House of the Redeemer's December priest-residence Fr. Gary Hall will lead retreatants through a series of reflections on several of George Herbert's best-known (and a few less famous) poems. The day will also include time for prayer. Lunch will be provided.

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Community

Women's Circles: an Eternal Spiritual Liturgy

By the Rev. Deacon Hollis H. Galgano

Twenty some years ago, I read the novel *The Red Tent* by Anita Diamant for my monthly women's book club. It imagines and recounts an ancient practice of women gathering monthly in a place called the "red tent," an actual place and practice where women menstruated together, heard one another's stories, raised children communally, and where multi-generational women supported each other throughout the many stages of their lives. The characters in the book were based on the famed biblical lives of Rachael, Leah and other wives and children of the patriarch Jacob. Many monthly book club gatherings later, our book group still gathers to drink wine, talk about our kids and husbands, and open up about our pains and sorrows. The friendships formed in our book group have now spanned thirty years, and our bonds with one another run deep.

Back in 2006, when I was a postulant to the diaconate, I began attending monthly women's circles in the tradition of the Native American "talking stick" circles. Strict protocols are adhered to: each woman when holding the talking stick is given total attention by the others as she takes her turn to speak from her heart. No one may interrupt or comment; rather, one hears occasional sighs, and *Aho's* (amens). The "sacred Kleenex" is passed around the circle, as tears inevitably flow when women share their deepest stories. Month after month, at the same "time of the moon," women's stories are told, spoken from their hearts. Women listen intently, and "hold space" for each other with open hearts as they are deeply heard.

Attending these monthly circles became a part of my monthly cycle and I still long to return each month to this honored and sacred tradition, similar as it is to customs of the women of ancient Israel and other ancient cultures.

Over the last year, I have attended Friday morning "Coffee Table Communion, at the Companions of St. Mary the Apostle in West Park, led by founders, Sisters Shane Phelan and Elizabeth Broyles. While the gatherings are open to people of all genders, 95 percent of the time it is a women's circle. "I'm not sure why this is," Sister Elizabeth offers. "I think it speaks of the powerful draw of community for women, and an awareness that we need each other as we seek to become more of who we are—women of God in this world that She loves profoundly. In a Spirit-filled time we open the scriptures together through lively conversation, then break bread. The women who gather speak of receiving the deep nourishment of Word and our sacred meal as the Body and Blood of Christ is shared around the circle. Whether four or fourteen come, deep Communion in the company of women happens."

Presently I attend a Tuesday evening gathering at Christ's Church, Rye called "Wine, Women and Word," led by director of Christian Education, Mary McCarthy. We gather around an elliptical table, drink wine and share our stories. Topics have ranged from women mystics to the history of the Nicene Creed and the gnostic gospels. Women open up about their reactions to patriarchy, women's history mis-told, and their personal spiritual journeys. It is a powerful time—therapeutic, bonding and deeply spiritual. Magic occurs when women gather and share their stories—or one might say, the Holy Spirit is present, weaving Her love into a beautiful container of sisterhood, a 21st century 'red tent', if you will.

The author is a deacon on staff at St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

The Global Women's Fund: Forging New Relationships and Providing Opportunities for Women and Girls Around the World

MISSION STATEMENT: *We seek to effect positive change by educating Anglican women for transformation of themselves, their families, their communities, and the world.*

The Global Women's Fund (GWF) was called to action in 2004 by Bishop Catherine Roskam as a response to the United Nations Millennium Development Goal #3 of promoting gender equality and empowering women. GWF's board has worked tirelessly to build relationships and raise funds in order to continue this important and far-reaching work. With the support of our generous donors, the Fund has provided tuition scholarships to help exceptional Anglican women achieve their potential in countries where women historically have been left behind. By supporting women in an ever-widening network and an increasing variety of fields of study, we have been able each year to increase the number of lives that we affect in a positive way. By empowering women, the Global Women's Fund lifts up not only the woman, but her family and her community too.

In past years, GWF scholars have embarked on studies in fields including theology, business studies, science, medicine and technology, to name a few.

The two young women pictured here, Judie Mae Galano and Megie Ann Daluson, have recently completed their studies at Easter College in the Philippines.



Global Women's Fund scholars Judie Mae Galano and Megie Ann Daluson, who recently completed their studies at Easter College in the Philippines.
Photo: Global Women's Fund

They received baccalaureate degrees in criminal justice education, with their parents and relatives in attendance to witness their achievement. Their adviser was the Rev. Alyse Sibaen, who is herself a past recipient of a GWF scholarship, and to whom the Fund is grateful for her mentorship of young women who are now following in her footsteps.

Another key part of the Global Women's Fund's work is to provide grants for one-time seminars, in which groups of women and girls come together in a central location for training in a particular field of study. In previous years, seminars have covered topics such as self defense for girls (India), pastoral counseling and mental health (Philippines), leadership for women and girls (Swaziland), gender justice and theology (Kenya), and economic self reliance (Congo).

When these women and girls are provided with the means to tap into sustainable opportunities they can return to their home communities and share what they have learnt with others—and so the ripple effect begins. One example of this is our recent partnership in the Congo with the two year-old Diocese of Goma, to which we made a seminar grant that provided the female members of its churches with the ability to increase their confidence and their skills, both technical and financial, in order to undertake income-generating activities to alleviate poverty and create jobs. This seminar is expected to impact 600 women.



Bishop Mukaniwa of the Diocese of Goma with GWF seminar participants.

Photo: Global Women's Fund

In the words of Bishop Desire Mukaniwa of the Diocese of Goma:

By facilitating and empowering women to become economically active it is hoped to make a significant impact on levels of poverty within the different communities involved in the seminar. Providing increased income will contribute directly to the improvement in the quality of life of the families concerned; for example better nutrition and greater opportunities for the education of children. It is also expected that there will be a knock on effect within the communities increased levels of spending leading to further development of economic activity.

Additionally, a grant was given to the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem, for a seminar in capacity building for women's ministry in parishes where young women will be trained in leadership roles. Other seminar grants were distributed in Uganda, Ghana and Democratic Republic of Congo.

To date, scholarships and grants have been distributed to 18 countries in the Americas, Africa, Asia and the Middle East. Sixty-six women have received tuition scholarship assistance and 3,000 plus women and girls have benefited from the group seminar trainings. To date the GWF has distributed in excess of \$250,000 in funding.

There is so much more for us to do to ensure that more Anglican women in developing countries are provided the same opportunities as we enjoy ourselves. We invite you to learn more about our work and to make a donation by visiting episcopaldiocesenya.org/gwf

Sharon Luke is the Global Women's Fund's administrative assistant at the diocese. Should you have questions about our, feel free to reach out to her at gwf@diocesenya.org.

Jonathan Daniels Pilgrimage 2019

By Michelle Leach

A martyr is described as “a person who voluntarily suffers death as the penalty of witnessing to and refusing to renounce a cause.” Many martyrs of the Civil Rights Movement have names that seldom go unmentioned when we think about the fight for equal treatment and rights of people of color: Martin Luther King, Jr., Emmett Louis Till, Jimmie Lee Jackson are a few. But there are hundreds of thousands of names that are not talked about enough today, especially with teenagers. They were of all genders, races, religions, beliefs, and orientations. Exploring some of the lives of these people, analyzing the pain and torment they went through, and gaining guiding lights of strength and courage in our own lives is only a small part of what the Jonathan Daniels Pilgrimage provides.

This year’s pilgrimage was a trip of all female high-school students. Due to this, we all naturally understood each other, and hit it off almost immediately. We were all strong-willed, and like-minded. While our lives were vastly different, and our personalities complicated, as any teenage girl’s would be, we bonded through our discussions. Before we had even set foot on the plane, we had, on our own, discussed what this trip meant to us, and how we would use what we learned for good outside of the pilgrimage.

For me, this trip was a method to remember how far people of color have come, while also trying to figure out what I can do, as an African-American female Episcopalian in our generation, to move that process along. I am living in a world where history is repeating itself, and it seems like only few can see it. Between detention camps where people of color are once again being separated from their families, to police brutality where people of color are being savagely, and sometimes fatally, beaten and shot, I wanted to remind myself that many people had once faced these same issues, and I hoped that would help me see that there is hope for a better future.

The Equal Justice Initiative has built a museum and a memorial in honor of those who fought and died for civil rights. Not only are both the Legacy Museum

and the National Memorial for Peace and Justice amazingly eye-opening, they both contain some of the most heart-wrenching things we observed on this trip. The Legacy Museum begins with a virtual walkthrough of a slave warehouse, where you can see black men, women, and children viciously pulled away from each other and placed in cells. Some are singing hymns; others seem to be staring into you, with sad gazes. One of the most impactful holograms I witnessed was one of a little girl. She looked to be about seven or eight, and reminded me of my younger sisters back home. I will never forget the moment when she looked up from the ground of her single cell, as she stood there by herself, and said “I hope Mama’s okay.” My heart absolutely sank. I could not imagine one of my sisters being separated from our family, and not even worrying about her own safety, but worrying about ours. And, as sad as it was, it reminded me of certain images I have seen on the recent news, which really turned my stomach.

The National Memorial for Peace and Justice has over 800 steel pillars, representing victims in American counties in which racial lynchings, fatal beatings, drownings, and shootings by white mobs took place. Not only was it sickening to see how many pillars and names there were, we were all absolutely appalled by how many counties had “unknown” written instead of a name. This meant that a human being had been viciously murdered, and nobody had cared enough to document who the person was.

There is a water wall in the middle of the memorial, with a message engraved that reads, “... For those abandoned by the rule of law, we will remember... with hope, because hopelessness is the enemy of justice.” The seven of us sat facing this quote, in silence, hardly believing that this could be real. The sadness and grief for these people and families was felt throughout the group.

The day after that, we turned our outrage into action. We drove to Hayneville, AL to participate in the Jonathan Myrick Daniels Pilgrimage and the Holy Eucharist at the Hayneville Court House. Daniels died after he stepped in the path of a shotgun blast fired by a sheriff’s deputy at 17-year old Ruby Sales. In the walk to honor his life and sacrifice and the sacrifice of the other martyrs, the teens got to pick a poster to carry, each one honoring one martyr. The youngest girls of our group, two others and I, chose to hold the posters of Addie Mae Collins, Cynthia Wesley, and Carole Robertson. These girls were three of the four victims of the 16th Street Baptist Church bombing. As I carried Addie Mae’s poster to the site where Jonathan Daniels was murdered, I felt such gratitude for every martyr who had paved the path to an amazing life for me, and others like me. Had they never fought, I could still be in a segregated school, with barely usable books and supplies, being relentlessly teased by other children about something I couldn’t control if I wanted to, and wanting to stay home, for fear of torment and rejection. So as we walked, I prayed. And I thanked them. And it may have been just me, but I truly felt their spirits afterwards during the Eucharist.

The Jonathan Daniels Pilgrimage is an amazing experience, one that was truly gratifying for me. I realized that teens like me had fought for what they believed in, against adults and society, and that I could do the same thing. I am using this experience to inspire myself and others to use our voices, to say what we know, and believe in ourselves. While the world has gotten much better since the days of Jonathan Daniels, there are still many things that need to change. As teens, the girls and I realized that we have more than enough resources to speak our minds, and give hope to others and that, once again, we shall overcome.

The author is a member of the Church of St. Luke and St. Peter, St. Cloud, Florida.



2019 pilgrims with their hands on Jonathan Daniels’s name on the Southern Poverty Law Center’s fountain tribute to martyrs of the Civil Rights Movement, in Montgomery, AL. Photo: Carla Burns.

The Children Never Gave Up

By Gioana Linares

The Jonathan Daniels Pilgrimage was one of the most amazing experiences I've ever had in my life. Not only did I meet amazing people, I saw many amazing monuments and museums that were both very inspirational and eye-opening.

One monument especially made me think about how grateful I am for my life. That was the Peace Memorial built by the Equal Justice Initiative. It made me very sad seeing how badly people treated other people. But out of the whole trip, the best part was learning about the Children's March which happened in Birmingham, Alabama. It was amazing how the children gathered together and went to jail again and again. The kids knew what they wanted for their future. They knew their rights and they never gave up. It was very inspirational and showed me that it wasn't only the adults who fought for equal justice. I am so grateful for the pilgrimage. I met amazing people and became great friends with them. We formed an amazing little family even though we were different girls from different places and backgrounds.

The author is a member of the Youth Arts Group of Rural & Migrant Ministry.



2019 Pilgrims, with (back left) Lucy Mercado and Carla Burns, on the porch of Dr. Martin Luther King's childhood home in Atlanta, GA. Photo: Carla Burns.

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American Poets Corner Inductee

Harriet Jacobs: A Life Unquenched

By Isadora Wilkenfeld

When Harriet Jacobs was born, in Edenton, North Carolina, in 1813, the facts of her birth marked her indelibly as among the lowest of the low in American society. African American (long before that term was first formulated), with parents held in bondage by two separate white owners, she was thrust as a newborn child into the crucible of chattel slavery. Her gender, too, weighed heavily against her. Female, black, and of mixed descent (her father was the child of a white slaveowner and the enslaved black woman forced to bear his offspring), Jacobs entered the world at a time in American history when even one or two of those details would have been enough to render her life practically worthless to the ruling class, the condition of whose control over life in the Southern states was the routine degradation of their enslaved labor force.

As a young black girl, born into slavery, Jacobs faced a life of the harshest possible conditions, even supposing she survived into adulthood. Although her extended family was a beloved presence in her life as a child, their enslaved status meant a constant risk of being separated and sold away from one another—a fear that came true for Jacobs when, at age twelve, she was bequeathed to her mistress's niece in a will that separated Jacobs from her family. Her new mistress's father began sexually abusing Jacobs almost as soon as she entered the household. The sexual torment of enslaved black women by white men was, at the time, an open secret in Southern American society, and Jacobs struggled to evade the predations of her owner's father by forging a relationship with another white man, with whom she eventually had two children of her own.

The birth of her children did nothing to end the sexual violence Jacobs faced, and, taking hold of her bravery with both hands, she made the fateful and, surely, emotionally wrenching decision to escape, alone, to freedom. For almost seven years, Jacobs hid in a tiny crawlspace in her grandmother's cabin, able to see and hear her children through a knothole when they visited, but unable—for her safety and theirs—to speak to them or let them know where she was, or even that she was still alive. Eventually, her two children (along with her younger brother) were sold to their white father; somewhat ironically, this was in fact the outcome Jacobs, still in hiding, had desired. Knowing they were at least partially safe with their father, Jacobs was now able to truly escape the South, and made the difficult trek to New York and freedom.

In 1849, Jacobs and her family were living in Rochester, New York, part of the growing antislavery movement, where she met prominent aboli-

tionists like Frederick Douglass. Douglass had published his autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, in 1845, and soon Jacobs decided to write and publish her own story. Jacobs' autobiography, *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, was published in Boston under the pseudonym Linda Brent in 1861. The first fugitive slave narrative published by a woman, *Incidents* was further distinguished by its insistence upon speaking the unvarnished truth about the sexual harassment, assault, and violence that enslaved black women endured at the hands of white men.

The publication of *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* helped fan the flames of the abolitionist movement, rousing the consciences and consciousness of white women, in particular, who had previously been able to overlook the suffering and survival of their African American counterparts. During the Civil War, Jacobs, along with her daughter Louisa, continued her work in support of African American freedom. Her work with the New England Freedman's Aid Society, among other organizations, enabled her to travel back to the South to help care for injured and displaced refugees and orphans. She continued this work until she died, a free woman, at the age of 84.

This November, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will induct Harriet Jacobs, along with the groundbreaking novelist and essayist Ralph Ellison, into the American Poets Corner, the highest commendation that we as an institution can bestow upon the great authors this country has produced. *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* is more than a memoir: it poses a demand, with all the fierceness of Jacobs' will to survive and thrive, that the American people look upon the cruelty of slavery, the hypocrisy of misogyny, and not turn away. It demands recognition of its author's full humanity.

The voices, the resilience, and the hard-earned joy of black women are a testament to the unquenchable power of life as it, against every odd, finds a path forward, unfolding into the present and leading us towards the future. Jacobs will join other African American women authors in the Poets Corner, including Phillis Wheatley and Zora Neale Hurston. Together, these literary lions add depth and dimension to the legacies of American history and American life, reflecting a populace whose ancestors survived nearly unimaginable brutality—and whose descendants continue to pursue liberty and freedom in this 21st century.



Harriet Jacobs in 1894. Unknown photographer.

The author is manager of programming and communications at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

THE MEANING OF MARY MAGDALENE: DISCOVERING THE WOMAN AT THE HEART OF CHRISTIANITY

BY CYNTHIA BOURGEAULT
SHAMBHALA PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2010

Reviewed by Philip B. Spivey

In some circles today, there is a growing effort to re-examine the role of women in the long march of human progress. In the secular realm, *The New York Times* has led the effort in journalism through its recent publication of obituaries of women who lived and died underneath the paper of record's radar. This ongoing project is called "The Overlooked." The *Times* now acknowledges that these women (many of them women of color) were denied public visibility. Why? The *Times* conjectures that there are a number of possible reasons including "...a judgment call by the editor who didn't deem the death newsworthy." It could be said that these judgment calls say more about the systematic erasure of powerful women from public awareness than the decisions of any particular gatekeeper. In the Bible, Mary Magdalene would appear to be one such woman: clearly, she was at the epicenter of Christianity's birth and although honored with an "obituary," contemporary biblical scholars are coming to find that in reality her official resume is gossamer-thin. This is what we know about her: that according to later tradition (but not according to the synoptic Gospels), she was a former sinner; that Jesus cast seven demons out of her, and that she subsequently became his honorary "13th Apostle." And, oh by the way, she witnessed his crucifixion; witnessed his burial; and was the first witness to his resurrection. None of the Apostles can claim this record. Like Sister Wendy, if we permit ourselves to "sit with this picture" for a just a brief while and allow the elements of this portrait to sink in, we might begin to perceive an asymmetry between what we know about Mary and the legend of Mary passed down through the centuries. We might say: "Geesh! *This* Mary witnessed virtually every axial-point in Jesus's earthly ministry. Could it be that Mary was much more than a Jesus groupie?"

One of the contemporary scholars taking a closer look at Mary Magdalene's résumé is the Rev. Dr. Cynthia Bourgeault, an Episcopal priest, lecturer, prolific author and founder and faculty member of several Wisdom Schools in the United States and Canada. Her book, *The Meaning of Mary Magdalene: Discovering the Woman at the Heart of Christianity*, summons a host of texts from the Western and Eastern Wisdom streams to uncover, discover and recover the biblical figure that Dr. Bourgeault has come to believe was central to Jesus's earthly ministry. Further, she provides compelling analysis for her assertion that Mary Magdalene was in fact, "first among Jesus's disciples."

As she delves for the "greater story of Mary," the author identifies what she finds as material enough for a "deep awakening" in the Christian Church. Primary sources for her research are the so-called "Gnostic Gospels" of Thomas, Philip and Mary Magdalene, and Bourgeault devotes the better part of her book to break-

ing these three gospels apart. What she uncovers and eventually discovers becomes the basis for an essentially "incarnational" recovery of the Magdalenic legacy as we are invited to see her greater story, long obscured by prejudice and political expediency. Bourgeault offers up an enfolded Mary and Jesus for our consideration and through meticulous scholarship, she paints a portrait of two rounded and fully articulated human beings. From this, Mary Magdalene emerges as a three-dimensional life force. If the things Bourgeault has uncovered ever rise to the level of a "discovery to be taken seriously" in the Church and in the public awareness, the author believes that they could well fuel the kind of Christian renaissance the world is sorely in need of now.

Wisely, the author does not ask us to believe her findings, i.e., how does the veracity of the Gnostic Gospels stand up to the canonical ones? She does not broach that question because her working ethos does not covet right belief over compelling evidence and, when some of the puzzle pieces are missing, a honed discernment for extrapolation. She doesn't claim that the non-canonical gospels replace canonical ones; rather, she posits that the non-canonical gospels add an extraordinary "depth of field" to the canonical ones. Her praxis is this: she asks us to test the plausibility of these texts within the context of what we *already* know about the teachings of Jesus. She wants us to weigh the fact that there is a two-thirds, or more, overlap of material between the canonical and non-canonical texts. (What lies in the one-third of non-overlapping material, she suggests, is the kernel or the "Big Bang" of ancient Christianity.) Finally, the author asks us to ponder the fact that a significant number of modern scholars now believe that the Gnostic Gospels were written contemporaneous with the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; possibly, even earlier. The author also reminds us that many of the extant gospels of that time did not make the cut for what became the New Testament, the Gnostic texts among them. With some irony, Bourgeault notes that the Gospel of John "just barely made the cut."

Quite literally, the beating heart of this book is the author's arrival at *the path of conscious love*. Bourgeault traverses many highways and byways of religious history, tradition, myth, and orthodoxy to find a realm spacious enough hold it: "Conscious love is about love in the service of transformation." It's different from puppy love, love at first sight, physical love, platonic love, agape love, self-love, even love of God. The manifestation of conscious love is kenosis, self-emptying, and this is what Jesus was all about. Gingerly, faithfully and in the service recovering Jesus' transformative teaching, Bourgeault parts the waters of tradition between the paths of asceticism, celibacy and self-denial and the paths of enlightenment and transcendence that utilize sensate body rituals. She says: "'Conscious love' is a good middle ground. It emphasizes the life affirming and implicitly relational nature of the path, and the word 'conscious' makes clear

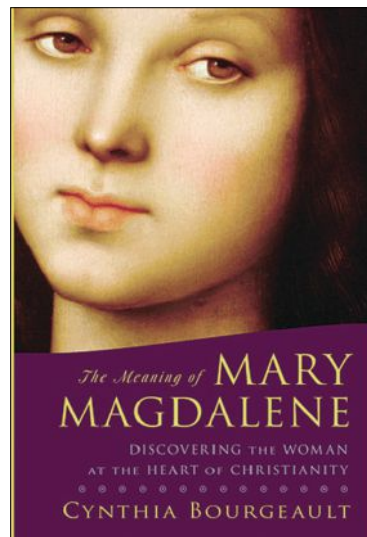
that the touchstone here is about transformation [of our consciousness], not simply romance." She goes on to say, however, that conscious love in no way precludes (or prohibits) romantic love; it's just not first priority.

The difficult work of *conscious love* is relational and can provide the Christian an alternative to the aestheticism and sexual renunciation that was widespread after the 4th century and became the voice of orthodoxy in the Church. *Conscious love* operates within a unified field of reality that is non-binary and non-dual and where false dichotomies are immediately seen for what they are. When we operate with a non-dual mindset, it obviates the need for psychological splitting that weaponizes the forbidden parts of ourselves as we jettison them into the fabric of society where they take the form of tribalism and all manner of "isms". Conscious love removes the need to deny any part of ourselves because everything belongs. It embraces the both/and of reality. Perhaps most importantly, conscious love directs the vital work of removing the mote from our eye through the power of relationship with another (of any gender, or no gender declaration.) According to Bourgeault, this is what Jesus taught Mary Magdalene and this is what they shared at the deepest levels. This is what Jesus and Mary modeled for the twelve Apostles. And if we "sit with this picture" long enough, we can even begin to imagine, at least I can, that the coda to their story might be just this: that Jesus perfected Mary's divinity and that Mary perfected Jesus' humanity. Is that what Jesus really meant when he said: "Follow me"?

This is a slow-going read as you can well imagine; as much for the ample opportunities to "... mark, learn and inwardly digest" as for the moments to savor. Bourgeault is much more than a gifted writer: she brings a remarkable degree of "deep listening" to everything she touches. This translates into an ability to break down complex concepts into bite size pieces that are digestible and ultimately fortifying because they stick with you. Some of her formulations are, frankly, breathtaking—and they resonate on some very deep level. The reader also enjoys further clarity through her style of communication: this is not turgid prose. She writes as if in conversation with you; unfamiliar terminology is carefully explained; and there's a back and forth of a singular kind as she invites us to "sit with this picture" for a while. She invites us to taste and see.

That said, this book will not appeal to everyone. It's radical (spelled n-e-w) conclusions will upset the traditionalists. But for those of us who, like Dr. Bourgeault, think that Christianity in the 21st century is suffering from the "potted plant" syndrome, this book is a font of spacious and fertile new pathways to explore.

The author is a lay person in the diocese.



Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "SAINT JEROME PRAYING IN THE WILDERNESS"

By Pamela A. Lewis

Artist, theorist, scientist, inventor and teacher (not to forget a good lyre player, too), Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) embodied the term "Renaissance man." By many attestations, particularly those of the 16th-century art historian Giorgio Vasari, Leonardo da Vinci was physically attractive ("divine," according to the author in a 20-page biography) genial, and highly intelligent. He enjoyed fine and colorful clothing (pink was his favorite) and, reflective of his fascination with curly hair, kept his own hair and beard long and carefully curled. Almost from the moment that this illegitimate son of a notary and a sixteen-year-old domestic servant left his humble, rural home in Tuscany and entered the already culturally vibrant worlds of Milan and papal Rome, his extraordinary mind and artistic talents were recognized and celebrated.

Vasari never met da Vinci (the biographer was born in 1511), but for the purposes of his biography later became well acquainted with accounts of the master's restless intellect, which impelled him to learn everything he could about, well, everything. Leonardo was in the business of investigating the how and why of the world around him: how paints and varnishes were produced, how nature functioned, and, perhaps most significantly, how the human body was internally structured and expressed itself outwardly.

But this hunger to know and understand had its drawbacks. Leonardo's constant researching, experimenting, and self-interrogation often resulted in either incomplete work or no work at all, leaving a long line of disappointed and fist-shaking patrons. Vasari has Leonardo himself explain in his biography that, "*men of genius sometimes accomplish most when they work the least.*" What to some appeared to be laziness, distractedness or downright incompetence, was instead his tireless search for truth and perfection, and a quest for what author Ross King in his book *Leonardo and "The Last Supper"* (2012) called "a new visual language."

Which brings us to *Saint Jerome Praying in the Wilderness*, until recently on special loan at the Metropolitan Museum from the Vatican Museums in Rome to commemorate the 500th anniversary of Leonardo's death. While there has always been much scholarly debate surrounding the authenticity of da Vinci's *oeuvre*, the Jerome painting is one of about a dozen widely acknowledged to be by the artist. It is not known, however, why or for whom the picture was made. Carmen C. Bambach, the Met curator who organized the exhibition, has proposed that da Vinci probably began the painting around 1483, soon after relocating from Florence to Milan. He continued to

work on it until his death, but left it—like much of his output—*non finite*: "unfinished."

But when we understand we can forgive. Looking carefully at this painting we can forgive the artist's maddening habit of not completing what he started, because we arrive at an understanding of what was going on in his mind, and realize that he, too, was struggling with the process of creating this work. Among the important points to be learned about *Saint Jerome* is da Vinci's method of painting, about which its partially done state serves to instruct.

An early Christian saint, Jerome (347-420 A.D.) is best known for having translated the Bible from

Hebrew and Greek into Vulgate Latin. Many medieval and Renaissance paintings typically show him serenely at work in his study, accompanied by his attribute, a lion (from whose paw, legend has it, the saint removed a thorn), that is either lying nearby or at Jerome's feet, like a docile pet.

In this painting, Leonardo does away with the tranquil scene and replaces it with one of searing emotion. Jerome is no longer the calm Bible scholar but a suffering hermit, as described in 13th-century author Jacobus de Voragine's *The Golden Legend*. He is not surrounded by books and the trappings of a learned man, but by the forbidding, rocky setting that is his home. Sometimes depicted as a cardinal attired in the vestments of that station, Jerome is here barely covered with a carelessly draped cloth. Almost toothless and gaunt, he is the very portrait of the ascetic whose sus-

tenance is meager. His mouth open in prayer, and,

training his hollow-socketed eyes on a small and faintly visible crucifix at the right side of the panel, Jerome holds a stone in his outstretched right hand, with which he is about to deliver a mighty penitential blow to his chest. Its mouth opened in a great roar, his lion companion in the lower right of the panel seems also to speak, as if saying, "No, Jerome, don't do it!"

Compelling as it is, the story the iconography relates is only part of this work, for its incompleteness offers the key to understanding da Vinci's approach to building his paintings.

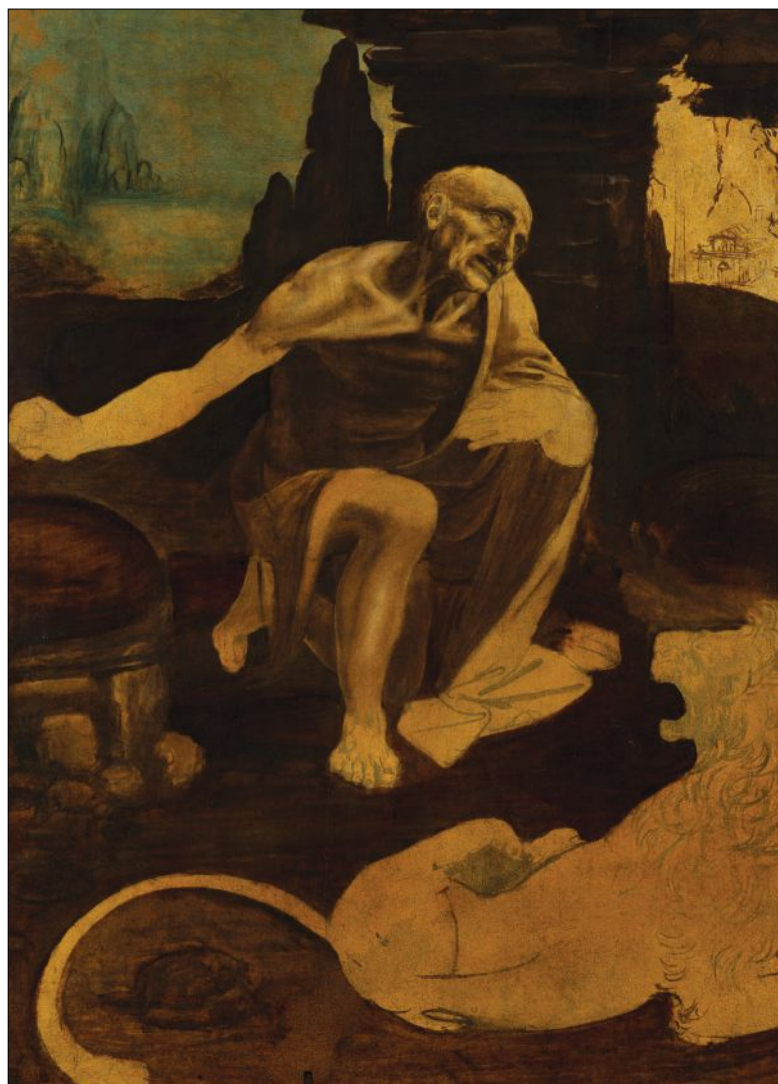
Conservators have determined that da Vinci had an on-again, off-again relationship to this painting, working on it for a time, then putting it aside until later. Certain areas of the panel received his full attention, while others were given only preliminary treatment. Whereas, for example, the lion is only a silhouette awaiting further modeling, and Jerome's lower right arm is sketchily executed, shading imbues life and imparts a naturalizing musculature to the neck and shoulder. In his theories on human physiognomy and gestures, Leonardo wrote that the outward expressions of the face and body communicate the "motions of the soul." Thus we can discern Jerome's spiritual agony, which the interplay of light and shadow on the saint's face convincingly reveals. All that time Leonardo spent with cadavers and doing autopsy drawings clearly paid off.

Infrared reflectography reveals that Leonardo was determined to produce an anatomically correct underdrawing for the saint's body, and the Met, in its typical thoroughness, included helpful illustrations. In the upper left behind Jerome he also added a bit of blue sky and a green tree to the otherwise limited palette, and used his fingers to distribute the pigments in this area, creating his trademark soft-focus effect; strikingly, his fingerprints are visible on the painted surface.

Prominent cuts and repair lines of the wood can be seen around the saint's head, perhaps done with the intention of acquiring the most commercially valuable portion. Sometime between 1787 and 1803, Swiss painter Angelica Kauffmann (1741-1807) acquired the panel. After her death, legend has it that Cardinal Joseph Fesch (1763-1839), Napoleon's uncle, found the separated parts in an antiques shop and at his shoemaker's. The painting entered the Vatican Museums collections on September 5, 1856.

When great Italian artists died, one of their works was typically featured as part of the funerary display. Following this tradition, "Saint Jerome" was displayed by itself in a starkly lit but otherwise darkened gallery of the Lehman Wing, evocative of a chapel setting.

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



Leonardo da Vinci *Saint Jerome Praying in the Wilderness*. Tempera and oil on panel. Ca 1483.

Diocesan Budget

Narrative Budget for 2020

The Proposed Budget was approved by the Diocesan Council on September 24, 2019.

PART 1 – EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

In 2020 the Finance Committee, Budget Committee, and Finance Office should conclude a multi-year cleanup of our budget and financial systems and reporting. We have reorganized our Budget and Finance Committees and each is working effectively with Council, the Trustees, other Committees/Commissions of the diocese, and the Bishops' staff. We are in the process of overhauling our Financial Reports, the Budget, and Budget process to ensure more transparency. We have crafted and implemented and will continue as needed to develop policies and procedures for the staff and congregations around financial matters. We have completed an audit of some of the endowment funds and are evaluating changes that need to be made to process or systems to enhance our financial reporting capabilities of our systems and accounts. We are still planning several special projects of the Finance Committee for 2020.

We are also happy to report that our focus on limiting expenses and highlighting the necessity of full payment of Apportioned Shares by every congregation has allowed us to make the transition from significant deficits in 2017 and 2018, to a forecast surplus in 2019, and to a healthily balanced budget for 2020.

The surplus for 2019 is forecast to be more than \$500,000. It is important to note that the forecast surplus is based on accrual rather than cash income numbers – in other words it is based on *billed* Apportioned Shares and *forecast* bad debt/non-payment (see Addendum 3 and 4 attached to this Report). We have studied historical trends and actual 2019 payment on a congregation-by-congregation basis, and we believe this data supports our forecast on income. Our forecast surplus is also based the fact that money was budgeted but not spent in several areas, the largest drivers being certain lines that were fully budgeted for but not fully staffed/spent in 2019 (i.e. Administration/Controller, Regional Pastorates, South Bronx Initiative, Special Projects of the Finance Committee).

2020 Proposed Budget income is forecast to be up by about \$780,000. This is driven by higher calculated apportioned shares and lower bad debt (projected adjustments and projected underpayment). Our bad debt forecast is based on analyzing every congregation's current situation as well as its payment history for the past ten years. Details are provided in Part 2.

The 2020 Proposed Budget generally keeps spending flat for staff, offices, and program – a 6% medical expense increase and a 2% cost of living increase is budgeted for everyone

who is paid from the diocesan operating budget. The 2020 Proposed Budget increases spending in targeted areas that should facilitate growth and health in our congregations and evangelism around our diocese: increased grants (Property Support, Congregational Development, Sustainability, Hispanic Ministries, etc.); increased program funding for Congregational Development; increased funding for Campus Ministry; new funding for Church Plants and Revitalization. The budget increases reserves so the known special expenses of the next decade (Episcopal Elections, Lambeth, General Convention, etc.) will be adequately funded. The budget also includes a substantial increase in our Assessment to the Episcopal Church. Details are provided in Part 3.

Our ability to budget increases in other areas or create new programs is limited by our income. It is essential that every congregation pay its full or adjusted Apportioned Share, and while we have made some progress in moving towards full compliance, we are not there yet. Our efforts are hindered by underpayment but also when congregations fail to submit parochial reports (we rely on that data to calculate accurate Apportioned Share numbers). The Chief of Finance and Operations is required by Canon 17 to provide information to Convention about which congregations have paid Apportioned Shares in full, have paid Adjusted Apportioned Shares in full, have Apportioned Share arrears, and have submitted Parochial Report, audit, and stipend information. A check-sheet with that information is provided to every Delegate at Convention – I encourage you to look at your own church on this sheet and see which canonical obligations your parish is fulfilling and which it is not. If your congregation is not fulfilling one or more canonical obligations, I encourage you to inquire of your Vestry how your church intends to comply with the canons.

PART 2 – INCOME FOR 2020

Line 001: Gross Calculated Apportioned Shares (as of August 31, 2019): Calculated Apportioned Shares increase from 2019 by about \$300,000. The "as of" date takes into account the reality that the Finance Office has not necessarily received every congregation's parochial report which includes NOI for the preceding year. When NOI is missing, the Finance Office assumes a 5% increase in NOI.

Line 002: Total Adjustments due to 12.5% Cap & Adjustment Board (as of August 31, 2019): This line lowers Gross Calculated Apportioned Shares for 2019 by the amount

PROPOSED 2020 BUDGET: SUMMARY

Budget Line	Description	2018 Revised Budget	2019 Budget	2020 Budget	2019 Budget vs 2020 Budget PERCENT	2019 Budget vs 2020 Budget CASH
INCOME FROM APPORTIONED SHARES						
001	Gross Calculated Apportioned Shares (as of August 31, 2019)	\$ 12,709,926	\$ 12,805,844	\$ 13,109,557	2.37%	\$ 303,713
002	Total Adjustments due to 12.5% Cap & Adjustment Board (as of August 31, 2019)	\$ (1,456,897)	\$ (666,714)	\$ (422,157)	-36.68%	\$ 244,557
003	CSP Transition Apportioned Share Reductions	\$ (32,012)	\$ (29,616)	\$ (31,394)	6.00%	\$ (13,919)
004	Reserve: Projected Bad Debt & Projected Adjustments	\$ (750,000)	\$ (1,500,000)	\$ (1,250,000)	-16.67%	\$ 250,000
005	Net Income From Apportioned Shares	\$ 10,471,017	\$ 10,609,514	\$ 11,406,006	7.51%	\$ 796,492
INCOME FROM OTHER SOURCES						
006	Total Allocation from the General Endowment	\$ 815,000	\$ 851,218	\$ 891,493	4.73%	\$ 40,275
007	Contribution to General Endowment (25% Cap)	\$ (95,430)	\$ (206,875)	\$ (161,750)	-21.81%	\$ 45,125
008	Trust Income	\$ 97,000	\$ 97,000	\$ 37,000	-61.86%	\$ (60,000)
009	Fee Income	\$ 97,700	\$ 97,000	\$ 80,000	-17.53%	\$ (17,000)
010	Diocesan Convention Fee Income	\$ 75,000	\$ 75,000	\$ 75,000	0.00%	\$ -
012	Net Income From Other Sources	\$ 1,115,370	\$ 913,343	\$ 921,743	0.92%	\$ 8,400
013	Contingency (3% of total income)	\$ (158,166)	\$ (350,356)	\$ (374,748)	6.96%	\$ (24,392)
014	Total Income	\$ 11,428,221	\$ 11,172,501	\$ 11,953,001	6.99%	\$ 780,499
DISBURSEMENTS SUMMARY						
100	Total Assessments to The Episcopal Church	\$ 1,052,386	\$ 1,235,500	\$ 1,765,500	42.90%	\$ 530,000
200	Total Convention Expenses	\$ 228,000	\$ 227,500	\$ 265,000	16.48%	\$ 37,500
300	Total Episcopal Function	\$ 853,000	\$ 853,000	\$ 853,000	0.00%	\$ -
400	Total Episcopal Support Staff	\$ 1,350,000	\$ 1,391,000	\$ 1,400,000	0.65%	\$ 9,000
500	Total Staff Support for Congregations & Diocesan Ministries	\$ 969,500	\$ 969,500	\$ 961,000	-0.88%	\$ (8,500)
600	Total Funding for Strategic/Mission Settings	\$ 2,478,824	\$ 2,549,000	\$ 2,675,000	4.94%	\$ 126,000
700	Total Diocesan Ministries & Outreach	\$ 593,400	\$ 532,500	\$ 578,000	8.54%	\$ 45,500
800	Total Grants & Loans	\$ 410,000	\$ 470,000	\$ 619,000	31.70%	\$ 149,000
900	Total Diocesan Finance & Operations	\$ 3,317,620	\$ 2,769,501	\$ 2,699,501	-2.53%	\$ (70,000)
950	Capital Expenditures Budget	\$ -	\$ -	\$ 60,000	new	\$ 60,000
1000	Provision for Salary & Benefit Increase (See narrative re: Medical)	\$ -	\$ 175,000.00	\$ 77,000.00	-56.00%	\$ (98,000.00)
1100	Total Disbursements	\$ 11,252,730	\$ 11,172,501	\$ 11,953,001	6.99%	\$ 780,500
1200	SURPLUS (DEFICIT)	\$ (66,509)	\$ 0	\$ (0)		

Diocesan Budget

PROPOSED 2020 BUDGET: DISBURSMENTS

Budget Line	Description	2018 Revised Budget	2019 Budget	2020 Budget	2019 Budget vs 2020 Budget PERCENT	2019 Budget vs 2020 Budget CASH
101	Assessment to The Episcopal Church	\$ 1,036,886	\$ 1,220,000	\$ 1,750,000	43.44%	\$530,000
102	Assessment to Province II	\$ 15,500	\$ 15,500	\$ 15,500	0.00%	\$0
100	Total Assessments to The Episcopal Church	\$ 1,052,386	\$ 1,235,500	\$ 1,765,500	42.90%	\$ 530,000
201	Reserve for Annual Diocesan Convention	\$ 175,000	\$ 175,000	\$ 175,000	0.00%	\$0
202	Reserve for Future Episcopal Elections	\$ 25,000	\$ 25,000	\$ 50,000	100.00%	\$25,000
203	Reserve for Deputies to General Convention & Provincial Synod	\$ 15,000	\$ 20,000	\$ 25,000	25.00%	\$5,000
204	Reserve for Lambeth Conference (Travel & All Expenses)	\$ 5,000	\$ 5,000	\$ 15,000	200.00%	\$10,000
205	Diocesan Council Meetings	\$ 2,500	\$ 2,500	\$ -	-100.00%	-\$2,500
200	Total Convention Expenses	\$ 228,000	\$ 227,500	\$ 265,000	16.48%	\$ 37,500
301	Bishop of New York	\$ 285,000	\$ 285,000	\$ 285,000	0.00%	\$0
302	Bishop Suffragan	\$ 244,000	\$ 244,000	\$ 244,000	0.00%	\$0
303	Bishop Assistant	\$ 244,000	\$ 244,000	\$ 244,000	0.00%	\$0
304	Bishops' Shared Travel (inside and outside diocese, excluding Lambeth)	\$ 50,000	\$ 50,000	\$ 50,000	0.00%	\$0
305	Bishop of New York Hospitality Expenses	\$ 30,000	\$ 30,000	\$ 30,000	0.00%	\$0
300	Total Episcopal Function	\$ 853,000	\$ 853,000	\$ 853,000	0.00%	\$ -
401	Bishops' Office Expenses (TOTAL)	\$ 480,000	\$ 508,000	\$ 530,000	4.33%	\$22,000
402	Canon to the Ordinary (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 238,000	\$ 238,000	\$ 205,000	-13.87%	-\$33,000
403	Canon for Pastoral Care (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 162,000	\$ 175,000	\$ 180,000	2.86%	\$5,000
404	Canon for Ministry (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 235,000	\$ 235,000	\$ 240,000	2.13%	\$5,000
405	Canon for Transition Ministry (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 235,000	\$ 235,000	\$ 245,000	4.26%	\$10,000
400	Total Episcopal Support Staff	\$ 1,350,000	\$ 1,391,000	\$ 1,400,000	0.65%	\$ 9,000
501	Canon for Congregational Vitality & Formation (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 185,000	\$ 185,000	\$ 192,000	3.78%	\$7,000
502	Liaison for Global Mission (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 180,000	\$ 180,000	\$ 161,000	-10.56%	-\$19,000
503	Director of Diocesan Property Services (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 154,000	\$ 154,000	\$ 173,000	12.34%	\$19,000
504	Mid Hudson Region (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 137,000	\$ 137,000	\$ 115,000	-16.06%	-\$22,000
505	Public Affairs (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 313,500	\$ 313,500	\$ 210,000	-33.01%	-\$103,500
506	Archives (Expenses & Compensation)			\$ 110,000	New/Broken out	\$110,000
500	Total Staff Support for Congregations & Diocesan Ministries	\$ 969,500	\$ 969,500	\$ 961,000	-0.88%	\$ (8,500)
601	Campus Ministry Clergy (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 430,000	\$ 374,000	\$ 475,000	27.01%	\$ 101,000
602	Hispanic Clergy Compensation	\$ 440,000	\$ 440,000	\$ 475,000	7.95%	\$ 35,000
603	Congregations in Strategic Settings Clergy Compensation	\$ 730,000	\$ 1,000,000	\$ 1,100,000	10.00%	\$ 100,000
604	Regional Pastorate Initiative Clergy Compensation	\$ 590,824	\$ 450,000	\$ 245,000	-45.56%	\$ (205,000)
605	Harlem Initiative Clergy Compensation	\$ 145,000	\$ 160,000	\$ 160,000	0.00%	\$ -
606	South Bronx Initiative Clergy Compensation	\$ 75,000	\$ 75,000	\$ -	-100.00%	\$ (75,000)
607	Church Plants & Revitalization			\$ 220,000	New	\$ 220,000
608	CSP Transition Clergy Compensation	\$ 68,000	\$ 50,000	\$ -	-100.00%	\$ (50,000)
600	Total Funding for Strategic/Mission Settings	\$ 2,478,824	\$ 2,549,000	\$ 2,675,000	4.94%	\$ 126,000
701	Congregational Development Commission Programs	\$ 10,000	\$ 10,000	\$ 15,000	50.00%	\$ 5,000
702	Operational Support for Strategic Hispanic Congregation	\$ 25,000	\$ 25,000	\$ 25,000	0.00%	\$ -
703	Multicultural Ministries (New Community)	\$ 12,500	\$ 12,500	\$ 25,000	100.00%	\$ 12,500
704	Christian Formation Commission Programs / Young Adult Ministry	\$ 70,000	\$ 65,000	\$ 65,000	0.00%	\$ -
705	Social Concerns Commission	\$ 138,400	\$ 80,000	\$ 81,000	1.25%	\$ 1,000
706	Ecumenical and Multi-Faith Councils Contribution	\$ 10,500	\$ 10,500	\$ 10,500	0.00%	\$ -
707	Ecumenical & Interfaith Commission	\$ 10,000	\$ 10,000	\$ 10,000	0.00%	\$ -
708	Global Mission Commission	\$ 50,000	\$ 50,000	\$ 52,000	4.00%	\$ 2,000
709	Companion Diocese Relationship		\$ 40,000	\$ 40,000	0.00%	\$ -
710	Rural and Migrant Ministry	\$ 50,000	\$ 50,000	\$ 50,000	0.00%	\$ -
711	New York Service & Justice Collaborative (Episcopal Service Corp)	\$ 25,000	\$ 25,000	\$ 25,000	0.00%	\$ -
712	Episcopal New Yorker	\$ 92,000	\$ 54,500	\$ 54,500	0.00%	\$ -
713	Support for Episcopal Charities	\$ 100,000	\$ 100,000	\$ 125,000	25.00%	\$ 25,000
700	Total Diocesan Ministries & Outreach	\$ 593,400	\$ 532,500	\$ 578,000	8.54%	\$ 45,500
801	Property Support Committee Grants & Loans	\$ 350,000	\$ 365,000	\$ 425,000	9.59%	\$ 60,000
802	First Step Grants	\$ 10,000	\$ 10,000	\$ 20,000	50.00%	\$ 10,000
803	Next Step Grants	\$ -	\$ -	\$ 30,000	0.00%	\$ 30,000
804	Hispanic Ministries Grants	\$ 50,000	\$ 50,000	\$ 60,000	20.00%	\$ 10,000
805	Sustainable Development Goal Grants	\$ -	\$ 45,000	\$ 84,000	82.22%	\$ 39,000
800	Total Grants & Loans	\$ 410,000	\$ 470,000	\$ 619,000	18.51%	\$ 149,000
901	Administration (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 1,212,051	\$ 1,600,000	\$ 1,595,000	-0.31%	\$ (5,000)
902	Office Services (Expenses & Compensation)	\$ 315,000	\$ 315,000	\$ 325,000	3.17%	\$ 10,000
903	IT Expenses	\$ 236,000	\$ 150,000	\$ 175,000	16.67%	\$ 25,000
904	Special Finance Committee Projects	\$ 457,620	\$ 400,000	\$ 200,000	-50.00%	\$ (200,000)
905	Web Management	\$ 9,000	\$ 4,500	\$ 4,500	0.00%	\$ -
906	Professional Expenses (Legal, Audit, etc.)			\$ 100,000	New/Broken out	\$ 100,000
907	Overhead and Fixed Obligations	\$ 511,949	\$ 300,000	\$ 300,000	0.00%	\$ -
908	Cathedral Cost Sharing and Rent	\$ 576,000	\$ 1	\$ 1	0.00%	\$ -
900	Total Diocesan Finance & Operations	\$ 3,317,620	\$ 2,769,501	\$ 2,699,501	-2.53%	\$ (70,000)
950	Capital Expenditures Budget			\$ 60,000	New	\$ 60,000
1000	Provision for Salary & Benefit Increase (See narrative re: Medical)	\$ -	\$ 175,000	\$ 77,000	-56.00%	-\$98,000
Grand Total Expenditures		\$11,252,730	\$11,172,501	\$11,953,001	6.99%	\$780,500

approved (as of August 31, 2019) by the Adjustment Board. It also includes any adjustments required by the 12.5% maximum year-over-year increase enshrined in Canon 17.

Line 003: CSP Transition Apportioned Share Reductions: This line reduces Gross Calculated Apportioned Shares via the "CSP sunset plan" which was part of the Strategic Plan in 2017 and is the aggregate sum of apportioned shares that are calculated but not billed to some former Congregational Support Plan (CSP) churches during their transitional period. 2020 is the final year of the sunset plan.

Line 004: Reserve: Bad Debt & Projected Adjustments: This line reduces Gross Calculated Apportioned Shares. The Budget Committee (working with members of the Finance Committee, Adjustment Board, Bishop's Office, and Finance Office) determines a realistic amount of bad debt that might occur by projected adjustments or underpayment. This determination is done on a congregation-by-congregation basis and takes into account his-

torical payment trends from the past decade, accumulated arrears, whether the congregation has been in contact with the adjustment board or bishop's office, and realities in the life of the parish. The Bishop of New York, Executive Committee, and Board of Trustees are provided with a report from the Budget Committee detailing this analysis, and identifying any congregation that is not in compliance with the canons. The bad debt forecast for 2020 is better than that of 2019 by \$250,000.

Line 005: Net Income from Apportioned Shares: Our net income from Apportioned Shares for 2020 is forecast to increase by almost \$800,000. This is the direct result of increased compliance by congregations.

Line 007: Contribution to General Endowment (25% Cap): This line is either zero or a negative line. The Canons of the Diocese of New York state: "If the Apportioned Share of any Congregation shall exceed 25% of the total budget of Diocesan expenditures in any one

budget year, the excess shall be applied to the Diocesan General Endowment Fund.” (Canon 17.3.4). This is commonly referred to as the “Trinity Cap” since the Apportioned Share of Trinity Church, Wall Street, has from time to time exceeded ¼ of the total unified budget of the diocese for a given year. The amount of money in this line is the portion of Trinity’s Assessment which cannot fund the operating budget (thus it is negative) and which is therefore transferred to the General Endowment of the Diocese of New York. The exact amount transferred is determined after the annual audit and is based on actual disbursements.

Line 008: Trust Income: Trust income comes from two trusts which are designated to fund the Episcopacy. Income from one of these trusts has been reallocated to fund sabbaticals for our bishops (Note that sabbaticals for bishops are not eligible for Lilly Grants).

Line 013: Contingency (3% of total income): An additional contingency of about \$375,000 is built into the budget on the income side.

Total income is budgeted for 2020 at \$11,953,001 which is an increase of \$780,499 or 6.99% over the 2019 Budget.

PART 3 – DISBURSEMENTS FOR 2020

The disbursement budget has been slightly recategorized so that it more closely aligns with our internal and audited financial statements.

100 Section

Line 101: Our Assessment to the Episcopal Church for 2020 is based on updated calculations after a meeting between our Controller and the Treasurer & Chief Financial Officer of the Episcopal Church. The formula, calculation form, and mandate around Assessments changed in 2015: the overall percentage dropped from over 20% down to 15%; the Episcopal Church modified the form and clarified that certain exemptions that had been assumed in the past could not be taken; and the mandate changed from an “Ask” to an “Assessment”. We have budgeted our full Assessment for 2020, and the Finance Office will continue to review whether or not we are eligible for any exemptions. Though the increase is significant at \$530,000, we are pleased that the Diocese of New York is in full compliance and that we are still able to increase funding in other areas.

200 Section

Line 202: The Reserve for Episcopal Elections is doubled to ensure we have enough money for future elections and consecrations.

Line 203: The Reserve for General Convention and Provincial Synod is increased to cover forecast expenses in 2021.

Line 204: The Reserve for Lambeth Conference is increased to cover forecast expenses in 2020.

Line 205: This line covered the costs of meetings of the Convention Planning Committee, the Standing Committee, the Council of the diocese, and the Commissions and Committees of the Council of the Diocese. Expenses associated with this line have been moved to Administration beginning in 2020.

300 Section

Every line in the 300 section is budgeted at 2019 levels.

400 Section

Line 402: Canon to the Ordinary line decreases in Budget. The 2019 Budget carried over relocation expenses from 2018.

Other lines in the 400 section are budgeted at 2019 forecast levels.

500 Section

Line 502: Liaison for Global Mission is decreased due to a change in benefits and is in line with 2019 forecast levels.

Line 503: Director of Diocesan Property Services (Expenses & Compensation) is increased to 2019 forecast levels.

Line 504: Mid-Hudson Region is decreased due to a change in hours and is in line with 2019 forecast levels.

Line 506: Archives has been broken out from Line 505: Public Affairs (formerly “Public Affairs & Archives”) and the aggregate total of lines 505 and 506 is in line with the 2019 Budget and forecast.

600 Section

Line 601: Campus Ministry was under budget due to transitions in chaplaincies in 2019. The 2020 budget assumes every position is filled.

Line 602: Hispanic Clergy Compensation is budgeted in line with 2019 forecast levels and assumes every position is filled.

Line 603: Congregations in Strategic Settings Clergy Compensation is budgeted in line with 2019 forecast levels and assumes every position is filled.

Line 604: Regional Pastorate Compensation is budgeted in line with 2019 forecast levels

and assumes one Regional Pastorate will remain inactive.

Line 606: South Bronx Initiative was not spent in 2019. Funding and oversight of this line is now included in Line 607.

Line 607: Church Plants & Revitalization is a new line. Please see Addendum 4: Disbursement Line Descriptions for a description of the line. Bishop Shin has direct oversight of this line. As noted, it includes funding for initiatives in the South Bronx.

Line 608: CSP Clergy Compensation has completed its three-year step down in funding and is now zeroed out.

700 Section

Line 701: Congregational Development Commission Programs is increased by \$5,000.

Line 702: Operational Support for Strategic Hispanic Congregation is budgeted in line with 2019 Forecast levels.

Line 703: Multicultural Ministries (New Community) was increased to \$25,000.

Line 713: Support for Episcopal Charities has been increased to \$125,000.

800 Section

Line 801: Property Support Committee Grants & Loans has been increased to \$425,000.

Line 802: First Step Grants is increased to \$20,000.

Line 803: Next Step Grants was restored to \$30,000.

Line 804: Hispanic Ministries Grants was increased to \$60,000.

Line 805: Sustainable Development Goal Grants is fully funded at \$84,000 per Resolution of the 2015 General Convention to be 0.7% of our budget.

900 Section

Line 901: Administration is reduced because some professional expenses have been broken out into a new line (Line 906).

Line 903: IT Expenses is budgeted in line with 2019 forecast levels.

Line 904: The Finance Committee expects to continue various special projects. Special Projects is budgeted at \$200,000.

Line 906: Professional Expenses (Legal, Audit, etc.) is a new line, but expenses for this line formerly were in Line 901: Administration.

Line 908: Cathedral Cost Sharing and Rent remains at \$1 per an agreement reached with the Cathedral in 2018.

950 Section

Line 950: Capital Expenditures Budget is a new line to fund occasional capital expenditures that are outside the normal operating budget. In 2020 this will fund an updated alarm system at Synod House for the diocesan and bishops’ offices.

1000 Section

Line 1000: Provision for Salary & Benefit Increase includes forecast cost of living increase (at 2% for 2020) for personnel funded by this budget. Beginning in 2020 medical insurance increases (at 6% for 2020) are included alongside benefits and compensation – this is possible because the budget process is now completed in September rather than in August.

Total disbursements are budgeted for 2020 at \$11,953,001 which is about \$780,500 or 6.99% more than the 2019 Budget.

PART 4 – CONCLUSION

The budget is balanced and we are in a far better financial place than we were in 2017 and 2018. The budget committee followed a very conservative approach in 2018 and 2019 which resulted in a forecast surplus both years. We are confident that we can increase disbursements modestly in 2020. As much as possible we continue to be focused on maintaining core expenses including requirements of being an Episcopal Church and commitments to diocesan staff and strategic settings.

We have an excellent team. I am very grateful for the support and oversight of Bishop Dietsche and his staff. I am very grateful for staff of the Finance Office, in particular Esslie Hughes, Allison Epstein (and her predecessor Masiel Jordan), and Karin Almquist, who have done the lion’s share of the work on this budget and for the Finance Committee and the Budget Committee. I am very grateful for Sr. Faith Margaret, CHS, for her work as Treasurer. I am also very grateful for Keith Rook (and his predecessor Billy Wright) whose work chairing the Finance Committee and overseeing Special Projects has been exceptional. Lastly, I am grateful for the hard work and time put in by the numerous members of the Finance and Budget Committees.

We invite your questions about any of the lines and changes we have suggested. We ask that you support this budget.

In Christ and on behalf of the Budget Committee,

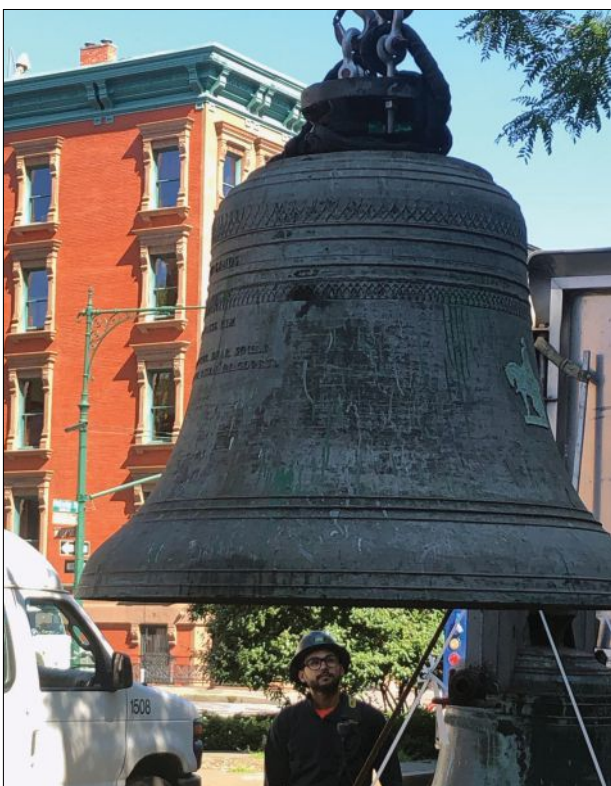
The Rev. Matthew Hoxsie Mead,
Chair of the Budget Committee of the Diocese of New York

Ordinations to the Priesthood on September 14 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine



Left to right: The Rev. Canon Charles W. Simmons, the Rt. Rev. Clifton T. (Dan) Daniel III, The Rev. Deacon Robin Newman, The Rev. Brandon Cole Ashcraft, The Rt. Rev. Andrew ML Dietsche, The Rev. Lindsey Ruth Briggs, The Rev. Deacon George Diaz, and The Rev. Phillip A. Jackson (Preacher).

Bells of St. Martin's Temporarily Removed

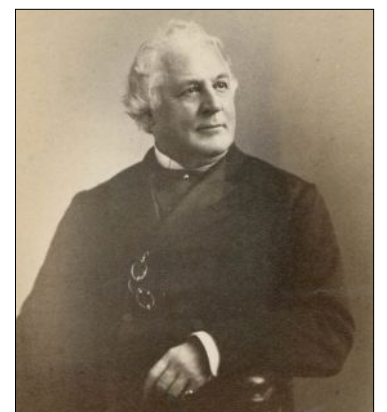


The largest of the St. Martin's bells after removal from the tower. Photo: The Rev. Tom Newcomb

On September 17, the 42 bells of St. Martin's Church at 230 Lenox Ave. in Harlem were temporarily removed to facilitate restoration of the church's tower. During the removal of the bells, which form the essential part of one of only two carillons in New York City, the Rev. Tom Newcomb, who serves the congregation as supply priest, and Bishop Dietsche's canon to the ordinary, the Rev. Canon John D. Perris, conducted a service of blessing on the sidewalk outside the church. The St. Martin's congregation is currently worshipping in Donegan Hall in Diocesan House on the Cathedral Close, pending completion of the restoration work.

Diocesan Convention to Vote on 1860 Anti-Slavery Resolution

In 1860, John Jay, II, the grandson of the Supreme Court justice and a member of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, introduced a resolution at the Diocesan Convention that called on the bishop to write to the diocese to condemn the slave trade then being carried out here. Surprisingly to some contemporary readers, perhaps, many Episcopalians in New York at that time remained connected to the slave trade, in spite of the fact that it had been made illegal in New York State in 1799, and all remaining enslaved people in the state had been freed in 1827. Because of this, Jay's efforts fell on stony ground, and the resolution was tabled. Now, nearly 160 years later at the 2019 diocesan convention to be held in Tarrytown, November 8 and 9, the Reparations Committee will bring forward a resolution calling on the convention to "remove the 1860 Resolutions from the table and adopt said 1860 Resolutions with retroactive force and effect." Doing this, the committee writes "is the right thing to do and will move us closer to the 2020 Diocesan Convention when we are calling on the Episcopal Diocese of New York to execute a formal apology for the sin of slavery."



John Jay II (1817-1894), an ardent and active opponent of slavery.

New Priest and New Revitalization Program at St. Peter's, Chelsea in Manhattan

The arrival in October of the Rev. Christine Lee as priest-in-charge of St. Peter's Church on Manhattan's West 20th Street, marks not only a new ministry for her, but the beginning at the parish of an exciting new church revitalization program, the first of its kind in our diocese.

"With additional new members blended with the existing congregation, a new vision for mission and growth will emerge under Christine's leadership," said Bishop Suffragan Allen K. Shin. "St. Peter's as an incubator community for development and revitalization of other communities in the diocese is a new paradigm that has not been tried before."

As Bishop Shin indicates, Lee has brought a group of new members with her to join the current congregation—and she plans to also include a Sunday school for children, congregational development initiatives, and leadership training.

"I have been inspired by the leadership at St. Peter's and their desire for the church to be a sign of life and hope," said Lee, who was most recently vicar at All Angels' Church. "There is a lot of fear and anxiety in our world today, and sadly some of that has been caused in the name of God. Our desire is for St. Peter's to be a place where all are welcome and can encounter the love of God in these challenging times."



The Rev. Christine Lee. Photo: St. Peter's Church

New Director of Diocesan Property Services

On July 23, Bishop Dietsche announced the appointment of Egbert Stolk as director of diocesan property support. He took up his position on July 31, and his office is located in Diocesan House, on the Cathedral Close.

Stolk will provide advice and assistance to congregations regarding maintenance and repair of buildings and land, and guidance to them in applying for property support grants and loans. He will also be responsible for overseeing all property owned by the diocese, and for advising me, my staff and the Trustees and Standing Committee on all real estate-related matters.



Egbert Stolk. Photo: Nicholas Richardson

Egbert comes to the diocese from the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, where he has most recently served as Senior Landmarks Preservationist—a role in which he has been responsible for handling all proposed work on New York City religious properties. He graduated from Utrecht University in the Netherlands, and received master's degrees in military history from the University of Amsterdam, and in historic preservation from the University of Vermont.

Episcopal Charities Advent Days of Service

Last December, Episcopal Charities celebrated its second annual Advent Days of Service by partnering with six community outreach programs across the diocese. Together with over 100 volunteers, we took a break from the hustle and bustle that comes along with the holidays and focused on the true meaning of Advent. This Advent we will host volunteer days with ten of our community outreach programs across the diocese each Saturday of Advent. Volunteer opportunities will include creating holiday arts and crafts with children, making care packages for immigrant families, serving meals at community kitchens, stocking food pantries, and painting children's arts spaces!

For more information about the Advent Days of Service programming or regular volunteer opportunities, please contact Episcopal Charities' volunteer coordinator, Emily Collie-Beard at 212-932-7354 or by email at ecolliebeard@diocesenyc.org. To register to volunteer this advent, please go to <https://ecvolunteers.wufoo.com/forms/advent-days-of-service/>. All volunteer opportunities are family friendly and welcome all ages and groups are encouraged to attend!



Episcopal Charities volunteers making Christmas crafts with children from St. Ann's Afterschool Program in the Bronx.

Archbishop of South Sudan Visits Diocese

A luncheon was held at Diocesan House September 4 to welcome Archbishop Justin Badi of South Sudan and his wife, Joyce Solomon Eremadowa Modi, to the diocese.



The Rev. David Copley, Ms. Judi Counts, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Bilal, Ms. Joyce Solomon Eremadowa Modi, Bishop Diocesan Andrew ML Dietsche, Archbishop Justin Badi Arama, Bishop Assistant Mary D. Glasspool, Bishop Suffragan Allen K. Shin, diocesan chief of finance and operations Ms. Esslie W. Hughes.

Photo: Nicholas Richardson

Two Bishops Honored



Bishop Chilongani with the Rev. Yamily Bass-Choate, diocesan liaison for global mission.

Photo: Nicholas Richardson

New Diocesan Controller Appointed

On August 21, the diocesan offices welcomed Allison R. Epstein as she took up her position as diocesan controller. In addition to managing all the daily financial activities, Epstein will work closely with program and congregational leaders to provide guidance regarding the finance and accounting issues that affect them. “Once she has had a chance to settle in,” Bishop Dietsche wrote, “I encourage you to call on her as appropriate for assistance in those areas.”

Allison comes with significant and very relevant financial and managerial experience, most recently with the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn, where she has served as senior accountant since May, 2018. For the two years before that, she was an audit supervisor with the accounting firm of Grassi & Co., having previously held positions with Marcum LLP, BDO USA LLP, and KPMG LLP. She is a graduate of the State University of New York at Old Westbury, where she earned a Bachelor of Science degree in accounting.



Allison R. Epstein.

Photo: Nicholas Richardson



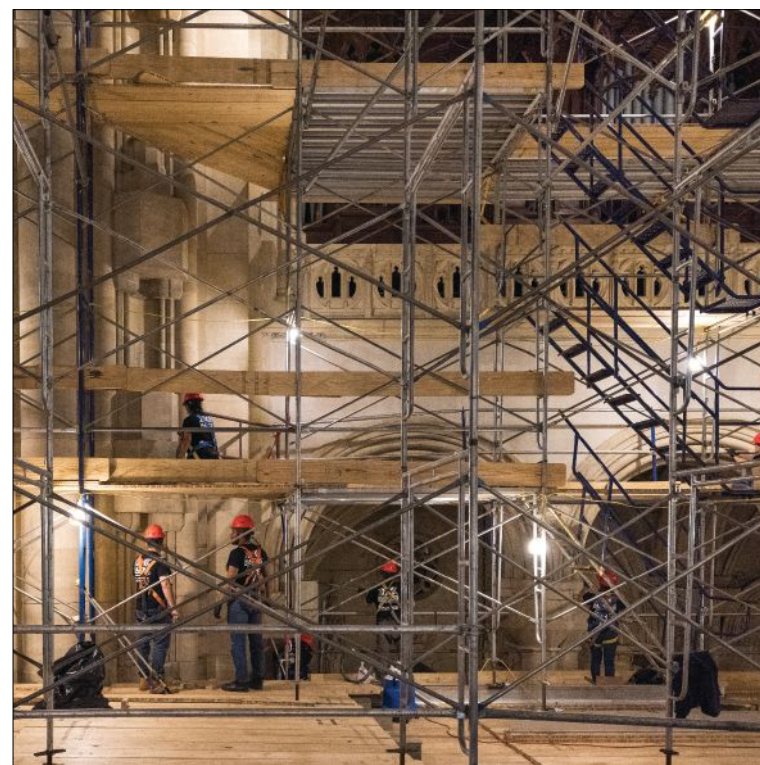
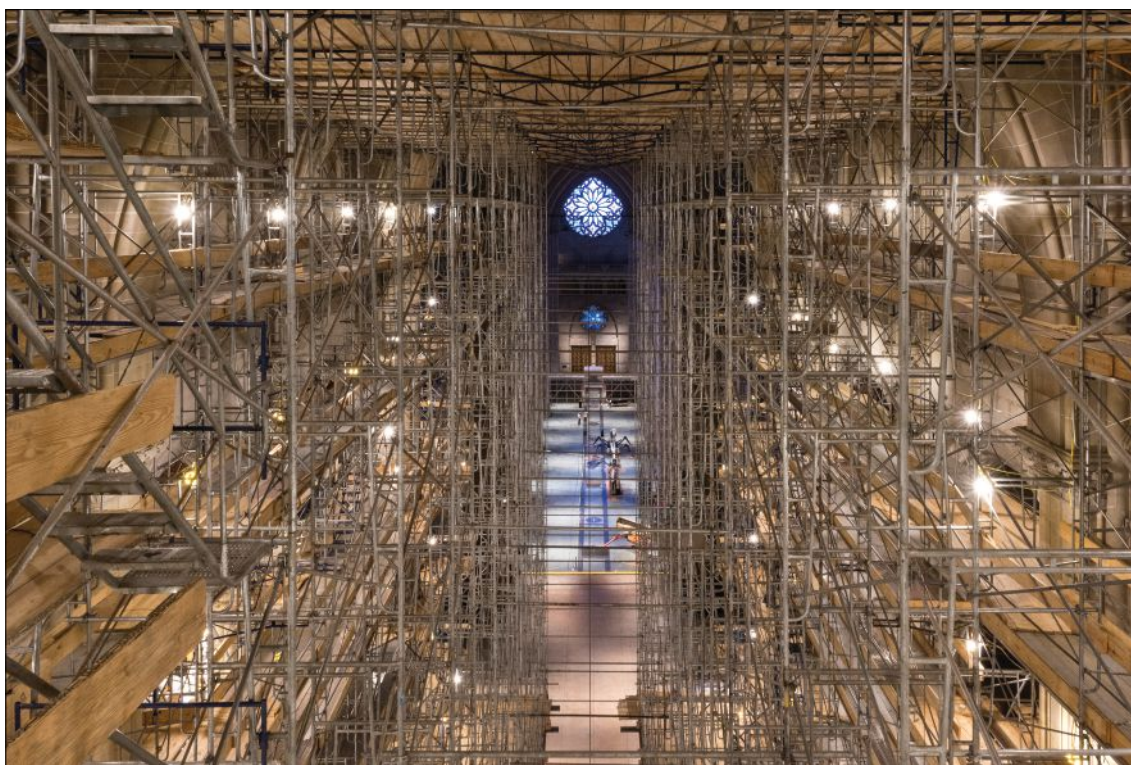
Archbishop Dawani (right) and Bishop Dietsche at the installation of the archbishop on the International Cathedra of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, October 6.

In the space of three weeks this fall, two bishops were added to the roster of those who can claim a place on the International Cathedra whenever they visit the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. On Sunday, September 15, the Rt. Rev. Dixon Chilongani, bishop of our long-time companion diocese of Central Tanganyika, preached at evensong and was seated on the International Cathedra by Bishop Dietsche (hypothetically rather than in physical fact; the throne itself is currently inaccessible due to restoration work being done in the cathedral following the fire earlier this year). A few weeks later, on October 6, it was the turn of another long-time friend of the Diocese of New York, the Most Rev. Suheil Dawani, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem and archbishop and primate of the Episcopal Church of Jerusalem and the Middle East.

Cathedral Restoration

Following a fire on Palm Sunday, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is undergoing cleaning and restoration work.

Photographs by the Rev. David M. Rider.



OBISPO ALAN K. SHIN *(continuado de la paginación 5)*

niña que ella dio a luz murió poco después de nacer. Más tarde, en la vejez de David, ella tuvo otro hijo que fue nada menos que Salomón.

A pesar de su estado de impotencia y marginación, estas mujeres fueron ingeniosas para protegerse. Su ingenio necesariamente involucraba sus cuerpos, que los hombres veían como propiedad para poseer y explotar y que estas mujeres usaban, a su vez, para proteger su lugar en la cultura patriarcal. Más importante, sin embargo, es su importancia teológica en la historia redentora de Israel. Porque a pesar de su condición, Dios las usó para preservar el linaje mesiánico de la redención. En el relato de Mateo sobre el nacimiento de Jesús, María se encontró en una situación similar, quedando embarazada fuera del matrimonio por lo que podría haber sido condenada a muerte. La única diferencia es que quedó embarazada por el poder del Espíritu Santo, y el hijo que tuvo era nada menos que Jesús, el Hijo de Dios. María, en los ojos de Mateo, fue la perfección final de este improbable linaje matriarcal de redención.

Lo que revelan estas cinco matriarcas es la obra de la gracia de Dios para traer redención y justicia de manera sorprendente a través de personas poco probables. La gracia de Dios obra en los lugares poco probables de debilidad y sufrimiento humanos y a través de personas marginadas y cuyos cuerpos están marcados por los recuerdos de la opresión violenta. En su libro, *Imaginación Postcolonial y Teología Feminista*, Kwok Pui-Lan escribe que es el cuerpo el que recuerda y transmite el conocimiento y la verdad a través de las generaciones al hablar “un lenguaje de hambre, palizas y violaciones, así como de resistencia, supervivencia y sanación”. Este lenguaje muestra verdades encarnadas que la historia oficial ha tratado de borrar y silenciar. En esta genealogía de Jesús, Mateo nos da una idea de la verdad encarnada de la gracia redentora de Dios, recordada y transmitida a través de los cuerpos de estas improbables matriarcas antiguas y ahora perfectamente cumplida en el vientre de María.

+ *Alan*

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BISHOPS' VISITATION SCHEDULE

NOVEMBER 3 (ALL SAINTS')

Bishop Dietsche: Cathedral
Congregation of Saint Saviour

Bishop Glasspool:
All Saints', Briarcliff Manor

NOVEMBER 10 (22 PENTECOST)

Bishop Shin: St. James', Fordham

Bishop Glasspool:
Holyrood, Manhattan

NOVEMBER 17 (23 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche:
St. Edward the Martyr, Manhattan

Bishop Shin:
Christ the King, Stone Ridge

Bishop Glasspool:
Good Shepherd, Greenwood Lake

NOVEMBER 24 (CHRIST THE KING)

Bishop Dietsche:
St. Paul's, Poughkeepsie

Bishop Shin: Holy Trinity, Pawling

DECEMBER 1 (1 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Andrew's, Bronx

Bishop Shin:
St. Augustine's, Croton-on-Hudson

Bishop Glasspool: St. John's, New City

DECEMBER 8 (2 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche:

Trinity St. Paul's, New Rochelle

Bishop Glasspool: Grace, Middletown

DECEMBER 15 (3 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche:

St. Anne's, Washingtonville

Bishop Shin: St. Clement's, Manhattan

Bishop Glasspool:
St. Stephen's, Pearl River

DECEMBER 22 (4 ADVENT)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Simeon's, Bronx

Bishop Shin: Ascension, Staten Island

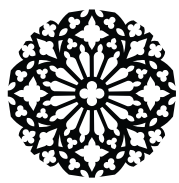
Bishop Glasspool:
St. Ignatius of Antioch, Manhattan

CLERGY CHANGES

NAME	FROM	TO	DATE
The Rev. Deacon Elena Barnum	Diocese of Connecticut	Deacon, St. Michael's, Manhattan	April 14, 2019
The Rev. Canon C. Allan Ford	Vicar, St. Margaret's, Staatsburg	Retirement	June 30, 2019
The Rev. Steven W. Schunk	Priest-in-Charge, Regeneration, Pine Plains	Priest-in-Charge, St. Mary-in-the-Highlands, Cold Spring and Priest-in-Charge, Regeneration, Pine Plains	July 15, 2019
The Rev. Martha Korienek	Interim Priest, Grace, Hastings-on-Hudson	Chaplain, Cathedral School for Boys, San Francisco, CA	August 4, 2019
The Rev. Drew Courtright	Curate, St. Paul's, Concord, NH	Assistant Minister, St. Matthew's, Bedford	August 19, 2019
The Rev. Deacon Julett Butler	Ordained Deacon May 11 (Diocese of NY)	Deacon, St. Paul's, Poughkeepsie	September 1, 2019
The Rev. Brandon C. Ashcraft	Ordained Priest September 14 (Diocese of NY)	Curate, Good Shepherd, Austin, TX	September 1, 2019
The Rev. Julie M. Hoplamazian	Rector, St. Luke and St. Matthew, Brooklyn	Associate Rector, St. Michael's, Manhattan	September 1, 2019
The Rev. Megan E. Sanders	Rector, St. Paul's, Pleasant Valley	Chaplain to Canterbury Downtown, Diocese of NY	September 1, 2019
The Rev. Sarah A. Wood	Chaplain, Mission Hospital, Asheville, NC and Vicar, Church of the Advocate, Chapel Hill, NC	Interim Chaplain, Trinity School, Manhattan	September 1, 2019
The Rev. Daniel Lennox	Sr. Associate Rector, St. Luke's, Darien, CT	Chaplain, Trinity-Pawling School, Pawling, NY	September 3, 2019
The Rev. Deacon Eugene A. Bourquin	Deacon, Cathedral of SJTD, Manhattan and Pastoral Missioner to the Deaf within the EDNY	Deacon, Holyrood/Santa Cruz, Manhattan and Pastoral Missioner to the Deaf within the EDNY	September 8, 2019
The Rev. Deacon Suzanne McNiff	Ordained Deacon May 11 (Diocese of NY)	Deacon, St. James the Less, Scarsdale	September 8, 2019
The Rev. Deacon Robin Newman	Ordained Deacon May 11 (Diocese of NY)	Deacon, St. Luke's, Bronx	September 8, 2019
The Rev. Lindsey Briggs	Ordained Priest September 14 (Diocese of NY)	Assistant Priest, Christ & St. Stephen's, Manhattan	September 14, 2019
The Rev. JoAnne Izzo	Interim Priest-in-Charge, Good Shepherd, Bronx	Interim Priest-in-Charge, Trinity, Roslyn, NY	September 14, 2019
The Rev. Lisa Graves	Rector, St. John's Huntington, WV	Priest-in-Charge, St. John's Church (Tuckahoe), Yonkers	September 15, 2019
The Rev. Leigh E. Hall	Rector, St. Nicholas-on-the-Hudson, New Hamburg	Rector, St. Nicholas-on-the-Hudson, New Hamburg and Interim Campus Minister, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie	September 15, 2019
The Rev. Lisa P. Mason	Rector, St. David's and School, San Antonio, TX	Rector, St. John's, Larchmont	September 15, 2019
The Rev. Canon Franklin L. Reid	Retirement	Priest-in-Charge, Good Shepherd, Bronx	September 15, 2019
The Rev. Alejandra Trillos	Priest-in-Charge, San Andres, Yonkers	Rector, St Paul's / San Pablo's, Salinas, CA	September 16, 2019
The Rev. Victoria D. Duncan	Supply, Diocese of NY	Priest-in-Charge, St. John's, New City and Priest-in-Charge, St. Paul's, Chester	October 1, 2019
The Rev. Christine K. Lee	Vicar, All Angels', Manhattan	Priest-in-Charge, St. Peter's (Chelsea), Manhattan	October 1, 2019
The Rev. Deborah A. Lee	Priest-in-Charge, St. Paul's, Chester and Assistant Priest to the Rector, Christ Church, Warwick	Associate Rector for Discipleship & Community, St. Bartholomew's, Manhattan	October 1, 2019
The Rev. Deacon Wilson Estil	Ordained Deacon May 11 (Diocese of NY)	Deacon, Haitian Congregation of the Good Samaritan, Bronx	October 3, 2019
The Rev. Alison Quin	Rector, Christ the King, Stone Ridge	Retirement	November 24, 2019
The Rev. Jan Nunley	Priest-in-Charge, St. Peter's, Peekskill	Retirement	December 1, 2019
The Rev. J. Douglas Ousley	Rector, Incarnation, Manhattan	Retirement	December 7, 2019
The Rev. Michael Phillips	Vicar, Trinity, Saugerties	Retirement	December 31, 2019
The Rev. Amanda B. Eiman	Associate Rector, St. David's, Wayne, PA	Rector, St. Philip's, Garrison	January 19, 2020

Cathedral Calendar

NOVEMBER 2019-DECEMBER 2019



The Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine

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

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

DAILY SERVICES

Monday–Saturday
8 a.m. Morning Prayer
12:15 p.m. Holy Eucharist
5 p.m. Evening Prayer

TICKETS AND RESERVATIONS

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

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

ONGOING PROGRAMS, TOURS, WORKSHOPS

The Great Organ: Midday Monday

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

The Great Organ: It’s Sunday

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

PUBLIC EDUCATION & VISITOR SERVICES

ONGOING TOURS & EVENTS

Highlights Tours

Mondays, 11 a.m. – Noon & 2 – 3 p.m.
Tuesdays – Saturdays, 11 a.m. – Noon & 1 p.m. – 2 p.m.

Explore the many highlights of the Cathedral’s history, architecture, and artwork, from the Great Bronze Doors to the seven Chapels of the Tongues. Learn about the Cathedral’s services, events, and programs that welcome and inspire visitors from around the world. \$14 per person, \$12 per student/senior. No prior reservation necessary. Meet at Visitor Center.

Vertical Tours

Mondays, 10 – 11a.m.; Wednesdays & Fridays, Noon – 1p.m.; Saturdays, Noon – 1 p.m. & 2 p.m. – 3 p.m.

On this adventurous, “behind-the-scenes” tour, climb more than 124 feet through spiral staircases to the top of the world’s largest cathedral. Learn stories through stained glass windows and sculpture and study the grand architecture of the Cathedral while standing on a buttress. The tour culminates on the roof with a wonderful view of Manhattan. \$20 per person, \$18 per student/senior. All participants must be 12 years of age and older and reservations are recommended. For reservations visit the Cathedral website or call (866) 811-4111. Bring a flashlight and bottle of water. Meet at Visitor Center.

NIGHTWATCH

The Nightwatch series offers two exciting and innovative programs: Nightwatch Crossroads Christian and Nightwatch Crossroads Interspiritual. For more information visit stjohndivine.org or contact: (212) 316-7518 / nightwatch@stjohndivine.org.

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

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

CHILDREN’S QUEST FUND

Help us to invite children from many countries, religions and economic levels under the shadow of the beloved Cathedral. While any amount will help, \$1,000 enables a child from a low-income family to participate in a premiere summer camp experience. Please send donations to the Cathedral, designated “A.C.T.’s Children’s Quest Fund.”

DIVINE SATURDAY CELEBRATIONS

Celebrate good times with ACT’s new and improved Divine Saturday Celebrations, with a variety of birthday activities for kids to enjoy! It’s a great time for parents and children alike. Speak to a party manager for details at (212) 316-7530.

CATHEDRAL COMMUNITY CARES (CCC)

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

SELECTED PROGRAMS AND SERVICES NOVEMBER

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK: DURUFLÉ REQUIEM AND RACHMANINOFF VESPERS

Tuesday, November 5, 7:30 p.m.

Director of Music Kent Tritle conducts the Oratorio Society of New York chorus and soloists in Sergei Rachmaninoff’s a cappella *All-Night Vigil* and Maurice Duruflé’s *Requiem*. For tickets and more information, visit stjohndivine.org.

MEDIEVAL 2.0: SPOTLIGHT ON TRADITIONS TRANSFORMED

Saturday, November 9, 10 a.m.

What does New York’s Cathedral of St. John the Divine share with the great medieval cathedrals of Europe? How does it depart from that tradition? Join Senior Cathedral Guide John Simko for a tour of architecture and stained glass that focuses on St. John’s unique blend of modern New York and me-

dieval Europe. Tickets are \$18 per person, \$15 per student/senior.

THE THANKSGIVING TABLE CHILDREN’S WORKSHOP

Saturday, November 9, 10 a.m. – Noon

Children celebrate the spirit of Thanksgiving in this special workshop as they draw inspiration from a Thanksgiving tale and their own personal experiences to create cornhusk dolls, clay pinch pots, stylish turkey hats, and more. Recommended for children ages 4 – 8 years old. \$10 per child with accompanying adult. Check in at Visitor Center upon arrival.

THE AMERICAN POETS CORNER:

INDUCTION OF RALPH ELLISON AND HARRIET JACOBS

Sunday, November 10, 4 p.m.

Join authors, critics, and lovers of American literature at this special Choral Evensong as we celebrate novelist Ralph Ellison and memoirist and reformer Harriet Jacobs, the 2019 inductees to the American Poets Corner.

INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY

Wednesday, November 20, 7:30 p.m.

The Cathedral Choir and Orchestra presents the U.S. premiere of Patrick Zimmerli’s oratorio, based on the poetry of Alan Seeger. Visit stjohndivine.org for tickets and more information.

THE CATHEDRAL IN CONTEXT:

SPOTLIGHT ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

Sunday, November 23, 1 p.m.

The Cathedral spurred the growth of Morningside Heights into becoming one of Manhattan’s most unique neighborhoods. Go back in time on an illustrated walking tour of the neighborhood and its historic architecture and institutions and learn about its development into the “Acropolis of Manhattan.” The tour begins at the Cathedral and ends at Riverside Church. Led by Cathedral Guide Bill Schneberger. All participants must be 12 years of age or older and reservations are recommended. This tour requires extensive outdoor walking and use of stairs. Tickets are \$25 per person, \$20 per student/senior.

DECEMBER

CRAFTS AT THE CATHEDRAL

Friday, December 6 – Sunday, December 8

Join us for our annual craft fair, sponsored by the Congregation of Saint Saviour. The fair will be held in the Nave of the Cathedral, an unsurpassable location for lovers of handmade beauty. Visit stjohndivine.org for hours, admission pricing, and more information.

CHILDREN’S WORKSHOP:

SEASON OF LIGHTS

Saturday, December 14, 10 a.m.

In this special workshop, children and their families brighten up their winter with a read-

ing of Nancy Luenn’s Celebrations of Light, learning about winter festivities from around the world. After exploring the many sources of light in the Cathedral, including stained glass windows, families are then off to the workshop. Activities include rolling beeswax candles; cutting Chinese and Taiwanese paper lanterns; and sculpting clay candelabras inspired by Hindu floating lamps, Jewish menorahs, and Kwanzaa kinaras. Recommended for children ages 4 – 8 years old. \$10 per child, with accompanying adult. Check in at Visitor Center upon arrival.

FANTASIAS AND CAROLS: A CATHEDRAL CHRISTMAS

Saturday, December 14, 7 p.m.

The Cathedral’s annual Christmas concert, a beloved holiday tradition, this year features music by Ralph Vaughan Williams, George Frideric Handel, and Giovanni Gabrieli performed by the combined Cathedral Choirs, Orchestra, and Soloists all under the direction of Kent Tritle and Bryan Zaros. The whole audience is warmly invited to join in singing favorite Christmas carols, led by the choirs and orchestra!

EARLY MUSIC NEW YORK: NOVA, NOVA

Sunday, December 15, 2 p.m.

Ensemble in Residence Early Music New York, under the direction of Frederick Renz, continues its annual holiday tradition with this scintillating program of seasonal carols and motets from the Middle Ages and Renaissance. Also offered on December 22 at 2 p.m. and December 25 at 2 and 5 p.m.

40TH ANNUAL WINTER SOLSTICE

CELEBRATION

Thursday, December 19, 7:30 p.m.

Artist in Residence Paul Winter returns for this seasonal favorite! This multi-media event features musicians, vocalists and the 25 dancers and drummers of the Forces of Nature Dance Theatre. A dazzling extravaganza of music and dance, these performances offer a contemporary take on ancient solstice rituals, when people gathered together on the longest night of the year to welcome the return of the sun and the birth of the new year. Tickets also available for performances on Friday, December 20 at 7:30 p.m. and Saturday, December 21 at 2 and 7:30 p.m.

CHRISTMAS EVE LESSONS AND CAROLS

Tuesday, December 24, 4 p.m.

The Cathedral Choristers are joined by members of the Cathedral Choir in this family-friendly service, featuring readings, Christmas carols, and larger-than-life puppets to tell the Christmas story. Kent Tritle and Associate Choirmaster Bryan Zaros lead the Choristers. No passes are needed to attend!

CHRISTMAS EVE FESTAL EUCHARIST

Tuesday, December 24, 10 p.m.

Prelude music begins at 10 p.m. The Bishop of New York celebrates the Eucharist and preaches. The Cathedral Choirs and Orchestra perform a festive mass setting and anthems, as well as classic Christmas carols. This beloved service is open to all. Passes are not needed to attend this service—there is plenty of seating! Visit stjohndivine.org for more information.

NEW YEAR’S EVE CONCERT FOR PEACE

Tuesday, December 31, 7 p.m.

Founded by Leonard Bernstein in 1984, the annual New Year’s Eve Concert for Peace is a signature Cathedral event with performances by the Cathedral Choir and Orchestra led by Director of Music Kent Tritle. General admission seats are free and open to the public on the night of the show. To purchase tickets for reserved seats, visit stjohndivine.org.

Getting to Belonging

By the Rev. Astrid Joy Storm

I have an assertive unconscious mind. Here's the sort of dream it might churn up, and recently did:

I'm on something like a church retreat, staying in a small wood-paneled room. It's attached to other rooms like a hotel, but my room is at the end of the row and it's cantilevered over a raging ocean. The room is getting soaked and buffeted by waves. Someone moves me to a safe, dry interior room. It's usually occupied by another priest, she explains—in fact, it's that priest's usual room. But since that priest isn't here today, I can stay there.

That priest is a man.

Since 2016, I've served as the first woman rector of the Church of St. James the Less in Scarsdale. Before that, I was at St. Nicholas in New Hamburg, a church that in its search process after my departure seriously had to reflect on whether it could ever consider a male priest. New Hamburg to Scarsdale, St. Nicholas to St. James the Less—it was cultural whiplash in many ways.

The people of Scarsdale are progressive, and the congregation is full of women leaders, many of them very accomplished and prominent in their fields. Any true detractors objecting to my sex left before I came or within the first year, and they were somehow made to know they had to leave quietly. On occasion I've been told, typically after I've made a big decision, that I'd been "cold" or "controlling" in that familiar sexist idiom. I point it out sometimes, and usually it's well taken. There *was* an anonymous letter my first year suggesting a woman priest shouldn't feel secure enough to preach challenging sermons. I threw it away, though I sometimes still wonder who the writer was and if he (I assume it was a he) is still out there listening.

The cumulative force of these remarks or encounters can weigh at times, but my unconscious usually tucks them away and lets me go about my business as a confident, secure and well-supported woman leader. Then I go to sleep and I'm in a little room buffeted by waves, saved only because the male priest who occupies the



safe, interior room just happens to be away.

Women, people of color, and minorities know the persistent, perfidious voice that tells us we don't really belong. It's not just *our* job to fix it. Words like "Anglican patrimony," using only male pronouns for God, wearing stoles that drag along the floor as we walk because they're too big, these are subtle reminders that we're new here, the fit still awkward. (An Army saleswoman, when I once considered aloud whether to buy a larger sized chasuble for any possible male successor, pointed out she's never once heard a male priest worry if his chasuble would be too large for a

woman.) It's the church's job to be on the lookout for all the ways it still contributes to this problem.

The rest is the slow work of time, and an individual's (also slow, and exhausting) work of asserting her or his belonging.

An embarrassing scene from my past sometimes flits into my mind. I was having lunch out, 23 years old, a postulant to the priesthood and a mere two years removed from my fundamentalist upbringing. Across the table from me was a rector in her mid-forties (like me now), and I actually said to her that there seemed to me plenty of women in church leadership. That—let me stop and cringe—we'd soon be needing to convince men to be leaders. I wish hard-earned wisdom could somehow be shoved into the minds of the young, but it can't. The failure to understand just how powerful sexism is may be just part of being young, and was especially so for me.

But today I speak as one who belongs—not quite in the center, yet not one precariously perched over a cliff, either. I prefer to think I'm somewhere between those two, uncomfortable enough to be empathetic but comfortable enough to be a confident and effective leader in the church.

The author is the rector of the Church of St. James the Less, Scarsdale.