

The Power Issue

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IN THIS ISSUE

Bishops Page 3

Stonewall Page 12

Farmworkers' Rights Page 12

Sanctuary Page 18

Sex Workers' Rights Page 20

Reparations Page 21

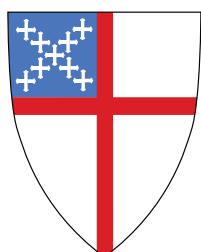
Episcopal Charities Page 34

Global Women's Fund Page 40

Prophecy Page 25

Miracles Page 29

Episcopal-Jewish Exchange Page 31



John Martin. *The Great Day of His Wrath* (detail). Oil on canvas, 1851-1853. Tate Britain, London.

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THE EPISCOPAL NEW YORKER

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8 | Parish Power

Congregations that think about power will be more intentional about building the relationships that they need to thrive, writes the Rev. Gawain de Leeuw.

11 | Power Paradox

True power lies in giving power up, says the Rev. Ben DeHart.

14 | Farmworkers' Rights

The executive director of Rural & Migrant Ministry on his experience of grace in the struggle with secular power to establish legal protections for farmworkers.

16 | Being Boring

Deacon Ann Douglas writes of the power of doggedly showing up.

17 | Invitation

Nothing happens unless you dare to invite people in, writes the Rev. Gina L. Gore.

22 | Giving Our Hearts to God

Marion Altieri writes of God's role in the surgery that saved her life.

32 | Kid Power

Deacon Bill Caruso on the "powerful effects of inviting children to serve the poor, the homeless and the forgotten."

33 | Les Colombes at Heavenly Rest

Pamela Lewis reviews Michael Pendry's installation of thousands of origami doves at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

36 | Diocesan News

Diaconal ordinations; Blessing of the Fleet; Church Club Dinner and Annual Meeting; Cathedral, Yonkers, New Paltz and Greenwich Village Pride; Family Altar Guild in Scarsdale; Deaf LEV/LEM Training; Midtown Ecumenical Outreach; Deacons in Providence; Rider Retires from SCI; Global Women's Fund Grants; New Canon for Congregational Vitality; Holy Trinity Inwood Sanctuary deconsecrated; Epiphany, Manhattan supports Iraq chicken farms.

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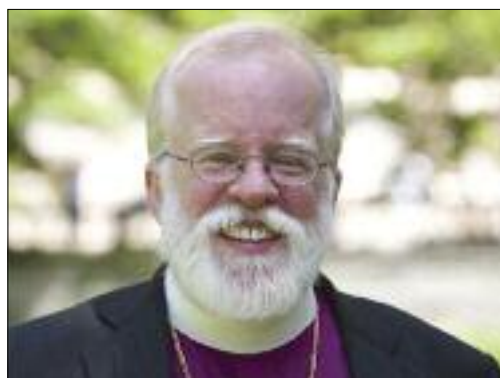
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Real Power Comes Only from God

By the Rt. Rev. Andrew ML Dietsche

Margaret and I have just returned from the first month of what will ultimately be a three-month sabbatical. This first month was spent in Spain mostly, with a few days in Florence, and a little over a week in Germany. I went to carve out a time looking at art and architecture, and particularly wanting to see with my eyes the legacy of that astonishing period of Moorish/Christian rule in Spain from the 12th to 15th centuries, when Muslims, Christians and Jews fashioned a life together of tolerance and harmony and a fusion of cultural expression. I visited 13 art museums, 42 churches and cathedrals, and some additional historic sites from the period of Moorish rule in Spain.

Toward the end of the trip we flew from Florence to Munich, and from there drove to a small village in the Black Forest, Wäldshut, which is where my ancestor Dietsches came from in the 19th century, and then to Heidelberg, where we lived for a while when I was growing up, and finally to Frankfurt, where I was born.

In Munich, we set out in the midst of a heat wave to find a memorial to Sophie Scholl. Sophie was a 20-year-old university student in Munich in the summer of 1942, when her brother Hans and a few of his friends organized a resistance to Adolph Hitler and the Nazi Party, which came to be known as the White Rose. In short order, Sophie joined her brother's movement, and this small group began to distribute leaflets around the university and in Munich, calling on people to resist the unjust and illegitimate power which had seized their country. Sophie's boyfriend had served on the Eastern Front, and returned with firsthand accounts of the concentration camps and the extermination of Jews. These young people began to raise the alarm, and to inform the people of what was being done in their name.



Sophie Scholl



Scholl Memorial

Photos: Bishop Dietsche.

Through the latter part of 1942 and into the new year, they engaged in five campaigns of leafleting. In February 1943 they began the sixth. While she was distributing leaflets, Sophie was seen by a janitor at the school, who reported what he had witnessed. On February 18, Sophie was standing in a plaza at the university, with a stack of anti-Nazi leaflets in her arms, when she saw the Gestapo approaching her. Knowing that she was about to be arrested, Sophie flung the bundle of leaflets into the air, and let the wind carry out the work of disseminating the testimony of the White Rose.

For the next five days, Sophie and Hans and a few of the other young men were tried under a brutal Nazi interrogation, and on February 23 they were convicted of treason. Two hours later they were led out, and one by one they were beheaded on a guillotine. The executioner later reported that in a lifetime of taking people's lives he had never seen anyone approach their end with greater courage than Sophie Scholl. Her final words are remembered: "Such a fine, sunny day, and I have to go... What does my death matter, if through us, thousands of people are awakened and stirred to action?"

I knew that there was a memorial at the university plaza where Sophie was arrested, and we set out to find it and honor her. As one approaches the plaza, it looks like the ground is covered with scattered litter, and papers strewn all over the cobblestones. But as one approaches, it is seen that this is the memorial itself. Copies of the White Rose leaflets have been reproduced in a permanent form, and embedded into the pavement, in a random, haphazard fashion, as though they lie today where they landed when Sophie flung them up into the breeze. It is the exact moment when Sophie was arrested, frozen in time, and the words and pictures on



Stolpersteine

Photo: Bishop Dietsche.



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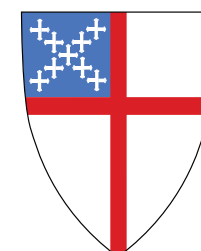
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the leaflets, now preserved for eternity, bear witness to their message and their warning.

In 2003 a survey was taken in Germany to name the top ten most important Germans of all time. Sophie and Hans ranked fourth in that poll, but for respondents under forty they came in first. Over and above emperors and kings, statesmen and philosophers, wagers of war and makers of maps, Sophie and Hans on one fine, sunny day showed the world for ever the eternal power of the Christian witness to peace, life and justice.

A few days later we were in Wäldshut, and came upon two brass squares, four or five inches across, cemented between the stones of the street. They were engraved at the top in German, "Here lived..." And then gave two names, their birth dates, the dates of their deportation, and in the case of one of the two, the date of her execution at Auschwitz. They were sisters, already elderly when they were taken away. We marveled, and were moved, by the simple, modest, but striking remembrance.

Several days later, we arrived in Frankfurt, and stayed in a hotel converted out of a much older, very nice, house. That evening we walked out to supper. On our return to the hotel, we found two more of these brass plaques right in front of our door. "Here lived Albert and Hilde Lipstein." They were deported to Theresienstadt in 1942, and Hilde was killed in September and Albert in October. When we went to our room, I looked up Albert and Hilde on my laptop, and spent the rest of the evening going deeper and deeper into their story. They did indeed live in the house where we were now staying. Albert was a physician, and they were of advanced age. And while they were of Jewish ancestry, they had become Christian converts and members of the Church of the Epiphany in Frankfurt long before they were arrested. But Christian conversion was no protection; all one needed was a single Jewish grandparent to become a target of the Nazis.

I learned that on November 1, 1934, following the rise to power of Adolph Hitler, and led by their heroic and courageous pastor, Martin Schmidt, the thousand-strong congregation of the Epiphany voted en masse to affiliate with the Confessing Church, that movement so associated with Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and which declared that one could not be both a Christian and a Nazi, and set themselves by public declaration in opposition to their government. This was a brave and striking act in the Germany of 1934.

In this last decade, the congregation has committed to placing these memorials,

called "Stolpersteine," Stumbling Blocks, for each person from their parish who was deported and killed because they were of Jewish ancestry. Like Sophie Scholl's memorial, these are placed at their homes, at the point of their disappearance. I learned that the Church of the Epiphany did not invent the Stolpersteine, but that there are over 70,000 of these stones placed in Germany and Eastern Europe, 2,000 in Frankfurt alone. The Stolpersteine for Albert and Hilde Lipstein were laid on May 12, 2012.

At the church's memorial service for these victims in 2011, the historian Hartmut Schmidt said "Here I have a stumbling block in my hand. These stones are called stumbling blocks, not because you stumble over them, they are lying flat in the sidewalks, but because they make sure that you get your head stumbled... Anyone who wants to read the inscription of a stone must stoop, so he has to bow to the name and fate of the victim." When the nine Stolpersteine were laid together at the home of the Roma Adler family, who were removed to Auschwitz, Ricky Adler, one of the three survivors of the family, wrote that "If we all hold together, if we join hands and not pay attention to what generation or descent, origin we are, whether Sinti, Roma, Jew, Turk, Greek, Italian, Belgian or whatever - if we shake hands and say we never want to experience something like that again, I believe we can do it. Our power will communicate to everyone when we stand together and respect one another."

Pontius Pilate asked Jesus, "Do you not know that I have power over your life and death?" And Jesus responded, "Actually you have nothing; real power comes only of God." Adolph Hitler thought that by ruthless force he could fashion a thousand-year reich. It came and went in the blink of an eye. But had he eyes to see he would have known that right in front of him, Sophie and Hans Scholl, and Martin Schmidt and the Confessing Church, each in the moment of their martyrdom, and then, when he had become dust, the continuing legacy and baptismal recommitment carried by the Church of the Epiphany and all the Ricky Adlers in the world, would reveal the fruit of real spiritual power. It is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, generosity, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. Against which no law and no worldly force may assail. An everlasting Kingdom.

Andy

El Poder Real Viene Solo de Dios

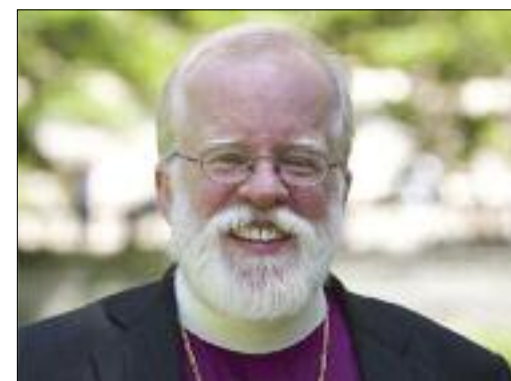
Por el Revdmo. Obispo Andrew ML Dietsche

Margaret y yo acabamos de regresar del primer mes de lo que finalmente será un sabático de tres meses. Este primer mes lo pasé principalmente en España, con unos días en Florencia y un poco más de una semana en Alemania. Fui a buscar un tiempo en el arte y la arquitectura y en particular, deseaba ver con mis ojos el legado de ese asombroso período de la dominación árabe/cristiana en España de los siglos XII al XV, cuando los musulmanes, cristianos y judíos forjaron una vida juntos en la tolerancia y armonía y una fusión de expresión cultural. Visité 13 museos de arte, 42 iglesias y catedrales y algunos sitios históricos adicionales de la época del dominio árabe en España.

Hacia el final del viaje, volamos de Florencia a Múnich y de allí conducimos a un pequeño pueblo en el Bosque Negro, Wäldshut, que es de donde vienen mis antepasados Dietsches en el siglo XIX y luego a Heidelberg, donde vivimos un tiempo cuando yo era niño y finalmente a Frankfurt, donde nació.

En Múnich, en medio de una ola de calor, salimos a encontrar el monumento a Sophie Scholl. Sophie era una estudiante universitaria de 20 años en Múnich en el verano de 1942, cuando su hermano Hans y algunos de sus amigos organizaron una resistencia contra Adolfo Hitler y el Partido Nazi, que llegó a ser conocida como la Rosa Blanca. En poco tiempo, Sophie se unió al movimiento de su hermano y este pequeño grupo comenzó a distribuir panfletos por toda la universidad y en Múnich, llamando a la gente a resistir el poder injusto e ilegítimo que había tomado su país. El novio de Sophie había servido en el frente oriental y había regresado con relatos de primera mano de los campos de concentración y el exterminio de los judíos. Estos jóvenes comenzaron a dar la alarma y a informar a la gente de lo que se estaba haciendo en su nombre.

Durante la última parte de 1942 y hasta el año nuevo, participaron en cinco campañas de panfletos. En febrero de 1943 comenzaron la sexta. Mientras dis-



tribuía folletos, Sophie fue vista por un conserje de la escuela, quien informó sobre lo que había presenciado. El 18 de febrero, Sophie estaba parada en una plaza de la universidad, con una pila de folletos antinazi en sus brazos, cuando vio a la Gestapo acercarse a ella. Sabiendo que estaba a punto de ser arrestada, Sophie lanzó el paquete de folletos al aire y dejó que el viento llevara a cabo la labor de diseminar el testimonio de la Rosa Blanca.

Durante los siguientes cinco días, Sophie y Hans y algunos de los otros jóvenes fueron juzgados bajo un brutal interrogatorio nazi y el 23 de febrero fueron condenados por traición. Dos horas después fueron sacados y uno por uno fueron decapitados en una guillotina. El verdugo informó más tarde que en toda una vida tomando las vidas de las personas, nunca había visto a nadie acercarse a su fin con tanto valor como Sophie Scholl. Sus últimas palabras son recordadas: “Un día tan hermoso y soleado y tengo que irme... ¿Qué importa mi muerte? Si a través de nosotros, miles de personas se despiertan y se ponen en acción”.

Sabía que había un memorial en la plaza de la universidad donde arrestaron a Sophie y nos dispusimos a encontrarlo y honrarla. Cuando uno se acerca a la plaza, parece que el suelo está cubierto de basura dispersa y papeles esparcidos por todos los adoquines. Pero a medida que uno se acerca, se ve que este es el memorial en sí. Copias de los folletos de la Rosa Blanca se han reproducido de forma permanente y han sido incrustados en el pavimento, de forma aleatoria, al azar, como si estuvieran hoy donde mismo aterrizaron cuando Sophie los arrojó al viento. Es el momento exacto, congelado en el tiempo, cuando Sophie fue arrestada, las palabras y las imágenes en los folletos, ahora conservadas por toda la eternidad, dan testimonio de su mensaje y de su advertencia.

En 2003 se realizó una encuesta en Alemania para nombrar a los diez alemanes más importantes de todos los tiempos. Sophie y Hans ocuparon el cuarto lugar en esa encuesta, pero para los encuestados menores de cuarenta años, ellos estuvieron en primer lugar. Sophie y Hans, en un día hermoso y soleado, mostraron al mundo para siempre el poder eterno del testimonio cristiano de paz, vida y justicia, por encima de emperadores y reyes, estadistas y filósofos, hacedores de la guerra y creadores de mapas.

Unos días más tarde, estábamos en Wäldshut y encontramos dos cuadros de latón, de cuatro o cinco pulgadas de diámetro, cementados entre las piedras de la calle. Fueron grabados en la parte superior en alemán, “Aquí vivieron...” y luego daban dos nombres, sus fechas de nacimiento, las fechas de su deportación y, en el caso de una de los dos, la fecha de su ejecución en Auschwitz. Eran hermanas, ya ancianas cuando se las llevaron. Nos maravillamos y nos conmovimos por el simple y modesto, pero sorprendente recuerdo.

Varios días después, llegamos a Frankfurt y nos hospedamos en una casa muy antigua y bonita que había sido convertida en hotel. Esa noche salimos a cenar. A nuestro regreso al hotel, encontramos dos más de esas placas de latón justo en frente de nuestra puerta. “Aquí vivían Albert y Hilde Lipstein”. Fueron deportados a Theresienstadt en 1942 y Hilde fue asesinada en septiembre y Albert en octubre. Cuando fuimos a nuestra habitación, busqué a Albert y Hilde en mi computadora portátil y pasé el resto de la noche profundizando cada vez más en su historia. De hecho, vivían en la casa donde ahora nos alojábamos. Albert era médico y eran de edad avanzada. Y si bien eran de ascendencia judía, se habían convertido en cristianos y miembros de la Iglesia de la Epifanía en Frankfurt mucho antes de ser arrestados. Pero la conversión cristiana no era protección; todo lo que se necesitaba era un solo abuelo judío para convertirse en un objetivo de los nazis.



Stolpersteine

Photo: Bishop Dietsche.

Supé que el 1 de noviembre de 1934, después del ascenso al poder de Adolfo Hitler y dirigidos por su heroico y valiente pastor, Martin Schmidt, una congregación de mil personas de la Epifanía votó en masa para afiliarse a la Iglesia de los Confesores, ese movimiento tan asociado con Dietrich Bonhoeffer y que declaraba

que uno no podía ser cristiano y nazi y mediante una declaración pública se pronunciaron en oposición a su gobierno. Este fue un acto valiente y llamativo en la Alemania de 1934.



Sophie Scholl

que uno no podía ser cristiano y nazi y mediante una declaración pública se pronunciaron en oposición a su gobierno. Este fue un acto valiente y llamativo en la Alemania de 1934.

En esta última década, la congregación se ha comprometido a colocar estos monumentos, llamados “Stolpersteine”, Bloques Tope, para cada persona de su parroquia que fue deportada y asesinada por ser de ascendencia judía. Al igual

que el monumento de Sophie Scholl, estos se colocan en sus hogares, en el punto de su desaparición. Me enteré de que la Iglesia de la Epifanía no inventó la Stolpersteine, pero que hay más de 70,000 de estas piedras colocadas en Alemania y Europa del Este, 2,000 solamente en Frankfurt. La Stolpersteine para Albert y Hilde Lipstein se instaló el 12 de mayo de 2012.

En el servicio conmemorativo de la iglesia para estas víctimas en 2011, el historiador Hartmut Schmidt dijo: “Aquí tengo un bloque tope en mi mano. Estas piedras se llaman bloques tope, no porque tropieces con ellas, porque están colocadas en las aceras, sino porque se aseguran de que te tropieces con la cabeza... Cualquiera que quiera leer la inscripción de una piedra debe inclinarse, por lo que se inclina ante el nombre y el destino de la víctima”. Cuando las nueve Stolpersteine se colocaron juntas en el hogar de la familia Roma Adler, quienes fueron trasladados a Auschwitz, Ricky Adler, uno de los tres sobrevivientes de la familia, escribió, “Si todos nos mantenemos unidos, si unimos nuestras manos y no prestamos atención a qué generación o descendencia, o qué origen tenemos, sea sinti, romaní, judío, turco, griego, italiano, belga o cualquier otro, si nos damos la mano y decimos que no queremos experimentar nunca más algo así otra vez, creo que podemos hacerlo. Nuestro poder se comunicará a todos cuando estemos juntos y nos respetemos unos a otros”.

Poncio Pilato le preguntó a Jesús, “¿Acaso no sabes que yo tengo el poder sobre tu vida y tu muerte?” A lo que Jesús le respondió, “Realmente no tienes nada; el poder real viene solamente de Dios”. Adolfo Hitler pensó que con una fuerza despiadada podía crear un reino de mil años. Vino y se fue en un abrir y cerrar de ojos. Pero si hubiera querido verlo, habría sabido que justo delante de él, Sophie y Hans Scholl y Martin Schmidt y la Iglesia de la Confesión, cada uno en el momento de su martirio, y luego, cuando él se hubiera convertido en polvo, el legado continuo y el nuevo compromiso bautismal llevado por la Iglesia de la Epifanía y todos los Ricky Adlers en el mundo, revelarían el fruto del verdadero poder espiritual. Es el amor, la alegría, la paz, la paciencia, la amabilidad, la generosidad, la fidelidad, la gentileza y el autocontrol. Contra los cuales ninguna ley y ninguna fuerza mundana pueden atacar. Un reino eterno.

+ Andy



Scholl Memorial

Photos: Bishop Dietsche.

When Power Gives Life

By the Rt. Rev. Allen K. Shin

Power is thought to be either coming from the inner self or coming from outside-in. Power is the capacity to cultivate oneself through certain disciplines. It is also something granted to a person through a position or a title. This calls for proper understanding and stewardship of power, not only by the person of power but by everyone in that power dynamic. Power in whatever form does not function in a vacuum but has a context, often that of relationships. Power, then, is a relational transaction in which a certain power dynamic is created and maintained. And power can either be destructive and even deadly or creative and life-giving. To be life-giving, it must be attentive to love, justice and mercy (Micah 6:8). History has proven that power that fails to do this cannot endure, and, in the end, destroys the society or the community that gave it spurious legitimacy. The Bible is filled with stories of human abuse of illegitimate power. When power is life-giving in the Bible, it is always derived from God. The world was created by the power of God's breath and saved by the power of God's incarnate Word. And the kingdom of God is continuously created by the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit, which no one can stop. The Church is the recipient and the steward of this power.

"You will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth" (Acts 1:8). This is what Jesus said to his disciples before his Ascension into heaven. The disciples most likely had no idea of the meaning of this promise or how this was to happen. They were simply told to wait in Jerusalem for a sign. The sign they received and experienced was none other than the Pentecost event. "And suddenly from heaven there came a sound like the rush of a violent wind, and it filled



the entire house where they were sitting. Divided tongues, as of fire, appeared among them, and a tongue rested on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other languages, as the Spirit gave them ability" (Acts 2:2-4).

This is how the Jesus movement began. This is how the Church began, and the Holy Spirit became embodied in the Church from the beginning. As the story continues, the fruit of the power of the Holy Spirit was immediate, as Peter's preaching of the Good News of Christ converted thousands to Jesus that day. Peter might have preached a powerful sermon but what converted those people was the power of the Holy Spirit. It was a miraculous event and such miracles of the Holy Spirit have been part of the Church's stories since then. The disciples who were fired up for Jesus became the apostles for the mission of Jesus on that day. So, the apostolic mission is also in the Church's DNA. The same Holy Spirit runs deeply in the Church's spiritual body and blood. From the beginning, people of different languages and cultures were brought together to form a community of the Jesus movement. Diversity and radical hospitality beyond the boundaries of difference were also part of the early Church.

The Church was born by the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit and can only thrive by being attentive to love, justice and mercy—which is the vocation of the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit.

+ Allen

Cuando el Poder da Vida

Por el Revdmo. Obispo Allen K. Shin

Se cree que el Poder proviene del yo interior o viene de fuera hacia adentro. El poder es la capacidad de cultivarse a través de ciertas disciplinas. Es también algo que se concede a una persona a través de una posición o un título. Esto exige una comprensión adecuada y la administración del poder, no sólo por la persona que lo posee, sino por todos en esa dinámica de poder. El poder en cualquier forma no funciona en un vacío sino que tiene un contexto, a menudo el de las relaciones. El poder, entonces, es una transacción relacional en la que se crea y mantiene una determinada dinámica de poder. Y el poder puede ser destructivo e incluso mortal, o creador y dador de vida. Para ser dador de vida, debe estar atento al amor, a la justicia y a la misericordia (Micah 6:8). La historia ha demostrado que cuando el poder falla en hacer esto, no puede perdurar, y, al final, destruye la sociedad o la comunidad que le concedió espuria legitimidad. La Biblia está llena de historias de abuso humano del poder ilegítimo. Cuando el poder es dador de vida en la Biblia, siempre se deriva de Dios. El mundo fue creado por el poder del aliento de Dios y salvado por el poder de la Palabra encarnada de Dios. Y el reino de Dios es creado continuamente por el poder vivificante del Espíritu Santo, que nadie puede detener. La Iglesia es la receptora y administradora de este poder.

"Cuando el Espíritu Santo venga sobre ustedes; recibirán poder y saldrán a dar testimonio de mí, en Jerusalén, en toda la región de Judea y de Samaria, y hasta en las partes más lejanas de la tierra" (Hechos 1:8). Esto es lo que Jesús dijo a sus discípulos antes de su Ascensión al cielo. Lo más probable es que los discípulos no tenían idea del significado de esta promesa ni de cómo sucedería. Simplemente se les dijo que esperaran en Jerusalén una señal. La señal que recibieron y experimentaron no fue otra que el evento de Pentecostés. "De repente un gran ruido que venía

del cielo, como de un viento fuerte, resonó en toda la casa donde ellos estaban. Y se les aparecieron lenguas como de fuego, repartidas sobre cada uno de ellos. Y todos quedaron llenos del Espíritu Santo, y comenzaron a hablar en otras lenguas, según el Espíritu hacía que hablaran". (Hechos 2:2-4).

Así comenzó el movimiento de Jesús. Así es como la Iglesia comenzó, y el Espíritu Santo fue encarnado en la Iglesia desde el principio. A medida que la historia continúa, el fruto del poder del Espíritu Santo fue inmediato, como la predicación de Pedro de la Buenas Nuevas de Cristo convirtió a miles de personas ese día. Pedro pudo haber predicado un poderoso sermón, pero lo que convirtió a esas personas fue el poder del Espíritu Santo. Fue un acontecimiento milagroso y tales milagros del Espíritu Santo han sido parte de las historias de la Iglesia desde entonces. Los discípulos que fueron llenados de pasión por Jesús se convirtieron en los apóstoles de la misión de Jesús ese día. Por lo tanto, la misión apostólica también está en el ADN de la Iglesia. El mismo Espíritu Santo corre profundamente en la sangre y cuerpo espiritual de la Iglesia. Desde el principio, personas de diferentes lenguas y culturas se unieron para formar una comunidad del movimiento de Jesús. La diversidad y la hospitalidad radical más allá de los límites de la diferencia también formaban parte de los inicios de la Iglesia.

La Iglesia nació por el poder dador de vida del Espíritu Santo y sólo puede prosperar prestando atención al amor, a la justicia y a la misericordia, que es la vocación de dicho poder vivificante del Espíritu Santo.

+ Allen

The Power of One

By the Rt. Rev. Mary D. Glasspool

Sometimes I get asked the question, *Well, what can one person do about all this?* My initial response is *Whatever one person can do!* And while it's usually a good idea to see what one can do in a larger community, I believe that the power of one is potentially the greatest power in the universe. The challenge for us as individuals is to learn how to turn that power on.

Consider the power that comes through one electric light bulb. One person can flick the switch, and if everything's connected, a whole universe of power feeds in to the one bulb. The light bulb is connected by wires to an outlet; the outlet to a power station; the power station (let's say) to solar generators connected to light rays and through years of time to the sun—which is connected in ways we still don't understand to billions of other suns. The light bulb, and those who made it, didn't create the energy that makes it work. All they did was design a channel through which the energy flows. For the individual Christian, *faith* is that channel through which the power of God wants to flow into and out of our lives.

The Fourth Evangelist says to us: "But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave **power** to become children of God." (John 1:12) We Christians have only to receive the gift and claim our *power of One*. "Arise, shine, for your light is come!" (Isaiah 60:1) The shining that we do comes from being connected to the ultimate source of power, to the Light already sent into the world: Jesus the Christ. With that power comes the responsibility of continuing Jesus' mission and ministry in the world. And the power of that One is the greatest power in the universe. Our challenge is to stay connected and make sure the switch is on.

A story is told of Trinity Church, Copley Square in Boston. After the death of their beloved rector and then Bishop of Massachusetts, Phillips Brooks, Trinity's parishioners wanted a statue to honor him, and hired Augustus St. Gaudens to do the work. He came to Trinity to get to know the recently deceased Brooks better. The architecture didn't help him, nor did Brooks' old office. He then went to



Brooks' parishioners, to his friends, to the vestry, to the Harvard community that loved Brooks so much; but he still couldn't get a handle on who this preacher was or what made him special. He spent weeks reading Brooks' sermons and lectures at Harvard and Yale. These didn't help either.

In desperation, St. Gaudens went back to Trinity one last time. He stood in the center aisle. The huge church was empty except for an elderly woman bent in prayer. When she had finished, she gazed up pensively, and St. Gaudens went over to her. He confessed to her his frustration at not being able to grasp who this man was that he was supposed to sculpt. The woman turned to him and said, *Sir, if you want to know our preacher, you must first know his Master.*

St. Gaudens went back to his room, and wrote in his diary days later, *I read the Gospel of Matthew for the first time, and I realized I had spent my life in the crowd. I had never met this man named Jesus.* Without knowing and understanding the source of Brooks' own power in life, St. Gaudens could never have understood Brooks at all. If you have ever seen this statue on the grounds of Trinity Church, you will know that Phillips Brooks stands tall with one hand on a lectern, the other in the air as if preaching. Behind Brooks stands the figure of Jesus, with one of his hands laid gently on Brooks' shoulder.

Do we each have the *Power of One*? Are we connected to the ultimate power source of the universe so that all our actions and activities are driven by that divine charge? Is the switch *ON*? If it is, we will be living lives that stand for something, lives that long for something, lives that proclaim something, and lives that bring God's love and justice to this world.

El Poder de Uno

Por la Revd^{ma}. Obispa Mary D. Glasspool

A veces me hacen la pregunta, *Bueno, ¿qué puede hacer una persona acerca de todo esto?* Mi respuesta inicial es *¡Cualquier cosa que una persona pueda hacer!* Y aunque por lo general es una buena idea ver lo que uno puede hacer en una comunidad más grande, sin embargo, creo que el poder de uno es potencialmente el mayor poder en el universo. El desafío para nosotros como individuos es aprender a encender ese poder.

Considere el poder de la energía que viene a través de una bombilla eléctrica. Una persona puede activar el interruptor, y si todo está conectado, todo un universo de poder energético alimenta a esa única bombilla. La bombilla está conectada por cables a una toma de corriente, la cual a su vez se conecta a una central eléctrica; la cual está (digamos) conectada a generadores solares que están conectados a los rayos de luz y a través de años de tiempo, al sol; el cual está conectado de maneras que todavía no entendemos a miles de millones de otros soles. La bombilla, y los que la hicieron, no crearon la energía que la hace funcionar. Todo lo que hicieron fue diseñar un canal a través del cual fluye la energía. Para el cristiano individual, la *fe* es ese canal a través del cual el poder de Dios quiere fluir dentro y fuera de nuestra vida.

El Cuarto Evangelista nos dice: "Pero a quienes lo recibieron, y creyeron en él, les concedió el poder de llegar a ser hijos de Dios." (Juan 1:12) Los cristianos sólo tenemos que recibir el don y reclamar nuestro poder de *Uno*. "¡Levántate, brilla, porque ha llegado tu luz!" (Isaías 60:1) El resplandor que viene de estar conectados a la fuente última de poder, a la Luz ya enviada al mundo: Jesús el Cristo. Con ese poder viene la responsabilidad de continuar la misión y el ministerio de Jesús en el mundo. Y el poder de ese Uno es el poder más grande del universo. Nuestro reto es

mantenemos conectados y asegurarnos de que el interruptor está encendido.

Se cuenta una historia de la Iglesia de la Trinidad, en Copley Square, Boston. Después de la muerte de su amado rector y luego obispo de Massachusetts, Phillips Brooks, los feligreses de la Iglesia de la Trinidad querían una estatua para honrarlo, y contrataron a Augustus St. Gaudens para hacer el trabajo. Él llegó a la Iglesia de la Trinidad para conocer mejor al recientemente fallecido Brooks. La arquitectura no le ayudó, ni la antigua oficina de Brooks. Luego fue a los feligreses de Brooks, a sus amigos, a la sacristía, a la comunidad de Harvard que amaba tanto a Brooks; pero todavía no podía saber quién era este predicador o qué lo hacía especial. Pasó semanas leyendo los sermones y conferencias de Brooks en Harvard y Yale. Esto tampoco ayudó.

En la desesperación, St. Gaudens regresó a la Iglesia de la Trinidad una última vez. Se paró en el pasillo central. La enorme iglesia estaba vacía, excepto por una anciana doblada en oración. Cuando terminó, miró hacia arriba pensativamente, y St. Gaudens se acercó a ella. Le confesó su frustración por no ser capaz de comprender quién era este hombre que se suponía que debía esculpir. La mujer se volvió hacia él y le dijo, *Señor, si quiere conocer a nuestro predicador, primero debe conocer a su Maestro.*

St. Gaudens volvió a su habitación, y escribió en su diario días después, *leí el Evangelio de Mateo por primera vez, y me di cuenta de que había pasado mi vida entre la multitud. Nunca había conocido a un hombre llamado Jesús.* Sin conocer y entender la fuente del propio poder de Brooks en la vida, St. Gaudens nunca podría haber entendido a Brooks en absoluto. Si alguna vez has visto esta estatua en los terrenos de la Iglesia de la Trinidad, sabrás que Phillips (continuado en la paginación 42)

Relating

By the Rev. Dr. Gawain F. de Leeuw, OA

If there is one misunderstood theme to building a parish, it is power, and the power of building relationships.

It's easy to understand power, for example, as money or authority. Money can buy a boiler, solve a problem, pay for an electrician, or a lawyer. Authority can tell other people what to do. But there are other sorts of power.

Power is the ability to act.

In a congregational context, power can be seen in the roles and responsibilities of the rector and vestry. But it can also be held in the person who controls communication; or in the members who have influence due to longevity or loyalty. Power can be the ability to motivate friends. It's the capacity to work together to have a shared meal, to rebuild a deck, or to plant a garden. It's the power to invite someone over for a shared meal, a community education event, or a worship service.

To act in a parish includes all the work needed to gather individuals in worship. It is the ability to gather into small groups. Power is being able to tell your story; it is the ability to listen. Power is asking questions and building relationships. Power is leading people to the eucharist.

Churches are at the hub of different sorts of power. When it can harness and align them, the church can become a more effective agent of transformation. It can

not only teach people how to pray together, but how to form lasting relationships, and how to overcome the range of obstacles that individuals face.

I suggest that churches leave a lot of power on the table.

Part of the reason for this is that we live in an easily-distracted time. Social media is not often where power resides, in spite of its seductiveness. The real potential for power remains in the possibility of human connection. And this means that power is fundamentally the act of relating.

In community organizing, we call the fundamental unit of power the *relational meeting*. In the relational meeting, two individuals sit down together to learn what motivates each other, and if there is the capacity to work together.

The relational meeting brings together two central practices of the church: evangelism and reconciliation. The position of humble curiosity about the spiritual life of another is the core practice of evangelism; and the act of two individuals engaging each other is how to reconcile with Christ and others. This creates the potential of power between two people, who can better act in accord. With this relational power is the potential to transform people, build communities, and do justice. In a healthy relationship, we might see all three.

I have seen power change when individuals learn how to use the Book of Common Prayer without the priest. Power is when the laity in my congregation visit each other in the hospital. Power is found in small groups and fellowship networks. People have used power ranging from forming a softball team and a biker gang to participating in protests under a church banner. They may brew beer together for the church picnic, or work with other churches to pressure public officials to be responsive. In each, they understand it is that there is power in relating.

Relating takes practice and requires consistency. Relating is not friendliness, therapy, or pastoral care. It requires initiative, curiosity, and risk-taking. Not everyone in a parish will want to participate. Churches often exist in places of learned helplessness or are instinctively comfortable with the status quo—and the power that might come with a transformed church might seem too explosive to handle. After all, once a parish is known to be a place for power, it will attract a much wider and less easily-controlled group of individuals.

Much of church life can be disempowering: the long meeting that never goes anywhere; church conflict about small details; arguing over \$200 budget items; the inclination to grumble rather than participate or collaborate. Add to this anxiety about paying bills or a leaky physical plant, and it's easy to feel helpless.

But with discipline, congregations that think about power will be more intentional about building relationships both within and outside the parish. They will not be shy about sharing why their church is a place that matters. They will spend less time on pointless meetings. They will reduce the stress of filling out paperwork that nobody needs. They will instead have more time for the relationships that give them meaning. And maybe they'll find their congregations, and their impact, growing.

The author is rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, White Plains.

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Choice: Rome vs. the Antichrist

By Stephen Morris

“For the mystery of lawlessness is already at work; only he who now restrains it will do so until he is out of the way.” (2 Thess. 2:7)

In his second epistle to the Thessalonians, St. Paul makes this cryptic remark as he discusses the Antichrist, the “man of lawlessness” and “son of perdition.” Who restrains the Antichrist? St. Paul presumed his audience knew. Later readers had to surmise. No less than St. Augustine threw up his hands and exclaimed, “I admit the meaning of this completely escapes me” (*City of God*, 20.19). He was, however, willing to make a few guesses; the answer he thought most likely was the Roman imperial power. St. John Chrysostom, roughly Augustine’s 4th-century contemporary, also mused that St. Paul meant the Roman Empire but could not say so plainly because if he had suggested that Rome was not eternal but “would be dissolved, they would immediately have overwhelmed him,” charging him with treason and slander against the Empire (*Homily 4 on 2 Thessalonians*).

Chrysostom considered the Antichrist to be the personification of chaos, anarchy, and destruction. There had been many such antichrists and there would be many more to come (cf. 1 John 2:18), each more horrific than the last (*Homily 3 on 2 Thess.*) until there was finally one, THE Antichrist who was the last in the series and the most horrific of them all. It was the power of Rome—even in her

pagan days—that kept complete anarchy and destruction at bay. By making universal peace a reality, Rome made possible the experience of Beauty in all its senses. Beauty is one of the divine attributes and it is in becoming beautiful that the human race reaches or expresses salvation, i.e. communion with the Divine.

Chrysostom urges the faithful to join in this maintenance of peace and keep the Antichrist at bay by engaging in mutual pardon and reconciliation in the context of liturgical, common prayer (*Homily 4 on 2 Thess.*). Mutual pardon and prayer are the expression of love and reveal the power of God to overcome division and isolation, i.e. Death.

Good Byzantine citizen that he was, Chrysostom thought of himself as a Roman living in the New Rome of the ongoing Roman Empire that continued to restrain the Antichrist. Trusting a royal figure to fend off supernatural evil is a primeval religious idea with deep roots; Chrysostom taps into these ideas which would continue to be felt for centuries after his preaching.

In fact, Chrysostom did not live to see the fall of Old Rome in Italy and would all the more consider himself a citizen of the Roman Empire which had simply moved its political bureaucracy from Italy to the Bosphorus. Furthermore, the Church Fathers would say that “that which restrains the Antichrist” only completely collapsed in 1917-1918 with the fall of Austro-Hungary in the West and of imperial Russia in the East as these were the last two governments claiming to be the continuation of the Roman Empire. Margaret Barker points out a similar ancient Israelite belief that the kings of Israel were the first line of defense against the evil angels in her study, *The Lost Prophet*.

But those same Fathers and theologians who saw Rome as the primary defense against the Antichrist also saw the ambiguity of Rome’s situation. They knew that neither God nor the Devil was present without human cooperation. The woman clothed with the sun in Rev. 12 cooperates with God and becomes the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem. She is beautiful. The scarlet woman of Rev. 17 is seductive and alluring but she is not beautiful. She is Rome and insofar as she rejects Truth, she becomes the slayer of martyrs, drunk with their blood. Insofar as she accepts Truth and keeps away anarchy, she is the restrainer of the Antichrist rather than his handmaid and partner. The Scarlet Woman can repent. Even the Antichrist who escorts the Scarlet Woman is human—not the Devil incarnate, contrary to many popular movies—and therefore has the choice to cooperate with God or fight against Him.

When early or medieval commentators on the Book of Revelation identified a contemporary as the Antichrist, this possibility of choice made the sense of betrayal cut even deeper: the wicked could have chosen otherwise. Though the Fathers knew that each person faces a few defining moments of choice in their lives, these choices continue to be reaffirmed or need to be rejected every day. That ongoing choice is what makes repentance possible. The Antichrist can change his path at any moment. The Scarlet Woman is, at the moment of decision, capable of giving herself over completely to the destruction of beauty and light or of turning aside from that path of destruction. She can remain the Whore of Babylon or become the Virgin Mother of the faithful, the “holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride for her husband” (Rev. 21).

The power of choice is hers.



St. Augustine – the meaning of St. Paul’s words escaped him. Detail of a painting by Sandro Botticelli, ca.1480.

The author is a former priest of the Orthodox Church and a member of St. Ignatius of Antioch Church in Manhattan.

Give It Away

By the Rev. Ben DeHart

I think the true nature of power can be summed up in a lyric from Kanye West. You may be tempted to roll your eyes, but I believe that a biblical understanding of power is found at the end of his 2010 hit single POWER (yes, all caps). It goes like this, “Have you got the power to let power go?”

The same idea is found in Steven Spielberg’s *Schindler’s List*, in which an intoxicated SS officer turns to Oskar and tells him that he is on to him: he knows why he never gets drunk. “That’s your control,” he says. “Control is power. That’s your power.” To this Oskar replies, “True power, Amon, is when we have every justification to kill and we don’t. A man steals something... he begs for his life, he knows that he is going to die, and the emperor pardons him... That’s power, Amon. That is power.”

The gospel lesson for Christ the King Sunday this year (Nov. 24) takes this kind of power even further. In it we read about the crucifixion of Jesus. You might think the assemblers of our lectionary were crazy, but you’d be wrong. For while all four gospels are trying to get you to answer the question, “Who is Jesus?”, Matthew, Mark, and Luke do so in a very unlikely way.

In each of these gospels, Jesus comes onto the scene doing incredible things. He does wonders that get people to ask questions like, “Who is this that even the wind and seas obey him?” But whenever they are sure that they have him figured out, the Gospel writers show us how they have, in fact, gotten him all wrong.

The ultimate example of this is around the time of the transfiguration: Jesus asks his disciples, “Who do you say that I am?” Peter answers, “You are the Messiah.” (In other words: You are the King.) And he’s right—more right than anyone has been up to this point in the Gospel. Only to get it completely wrong. For once Jesus goes on to say that the Messiah must suffer and die, Peter won’t have any of it. He rebukes Jesus because he cannot fathom a king who would willingly suffer and die. He has no room in his paradigm for a power that lets power go.

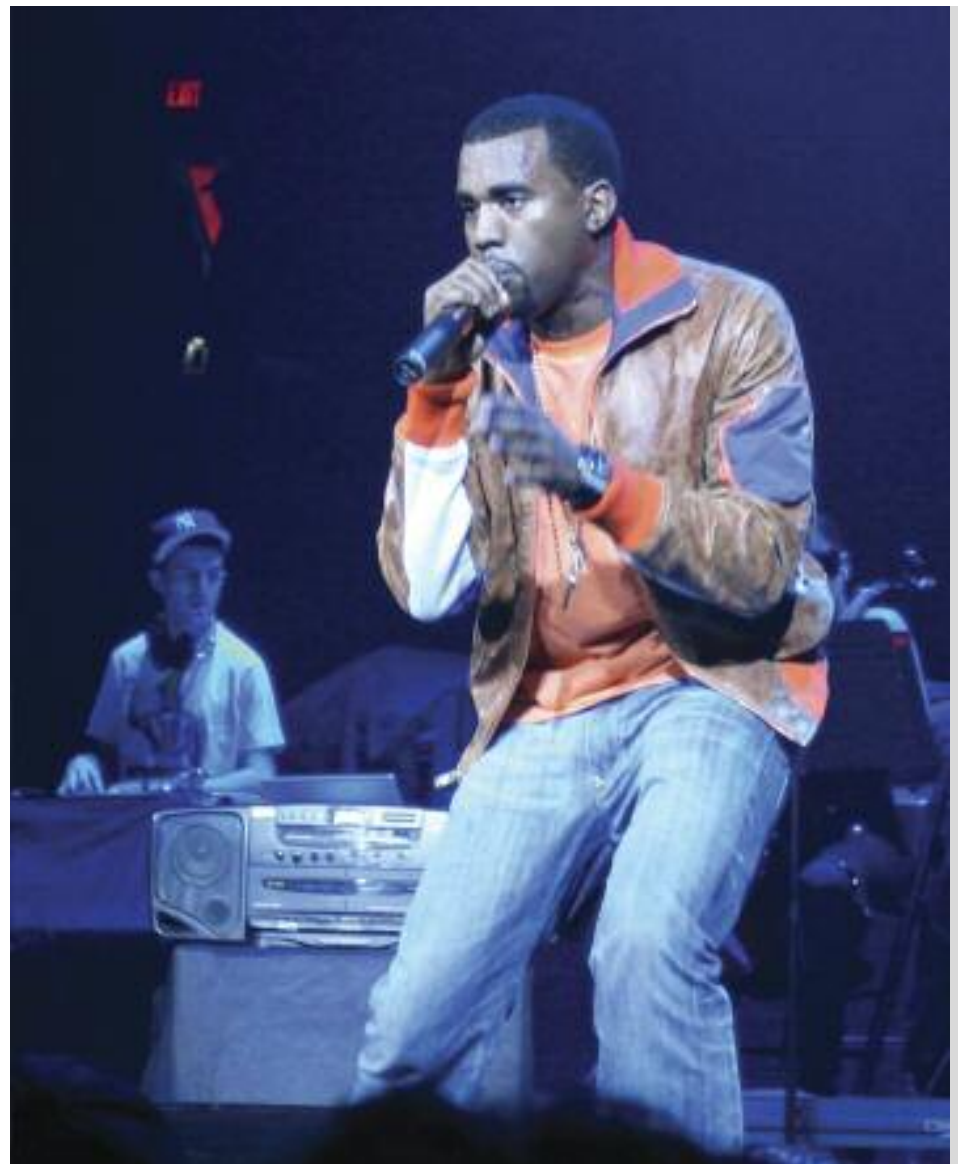
The strategy of the gospel writers is to keep us guessing about Jesus’ identity until the very end—until the picture is completely clear—when we see the Christ helpless on a cross and hear a centurion proclaim, “Surely this man was the Son of God.” According to these Gospels, if we do not understand him like this then we are like Peter: we don’t understand him at all.

We see this paradoxical identity of Jesus in the Christ the King reading from the Gospel according to Luke. This is where the disciples witness their king dying a most inhumane death. Left to breathe his last, he cries out, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” With his dying words, this king chooses to pardon. These “worthless men,” the emperor lets them go.

As powerful as this is, the horror does not end here. The crucifiers continue to laugh and scoff. But in their mockery they unknowingly declare his identity: “He saved others,” the religious leaders taunted, “let him save himself if he is the Messiah.” “If you are the King of the Jews,” the soldiers mocked, “save yourself.” “Are you not the Messiah,” the criminal jeered, “then save yourself.”

Luke’s use of repetition not only makes clear that Jesus is king, but reveals the kind of king he is. From out of the mouths of scoffers, the reader is not only shown that Jesus is Lord, but that he is a lord who saves—a king who pardons even at his own expense.

This is the deep inversion of the Gospel writers. This is their scandalous claim: a claim that only makes sense if he was, in fact, vindicated. If he was not raised



Kanye West got it right.

Photo: Phil Romans, Wikimedia Commons.

from the dead, this is sheer sentimentalism. If he is not God-in-flesh, this is at best nihilistic art. But if he was vindicated, it means that the way we ordinarily think about power is completely upside-down. If he did, in fact, rise, it means that the one who was given “all authority in heaven and on earth” won this power through defeat, by letting power go.

If the reader will embrace this scandalous claim, then there is a whole new way of looking at the setbacks and defeats of this life. For if it is true that “his power is made perfect in weakness,” then there is comfort in apparent failure. If it is true that the power of God is so often displayed in this paradoxical way, it means that true power is not in fame, wealth, winning an election, or even in control. It means that true power is shown by letting power go; by giving it away.

The crucifixion story does not offer quick fixes or easy answers. But the comforting word of this text for sufferers is that despite present loss there is still hope to be found in the one who works out his purposes in the darkest of circumstances.

This is good news. It means that God is up to something in the midst of our deaths. It means that despite our setbacks and defeats, nothing that we have done has been in vain. And the reason for our confidence is that we serve the One who vindicates lost causes; the reason we do not lose heart is that we have a God who “raises the dead and calls into existence the things that do not exist,” both in this life and in the life to come.

So then, in the sure hope that nothing is wasted, do not be afraid: “let [your] power go.”

The author is associate rector at the Parish of Calvary-St. George’s, Manhattan.

Hope and Courage: From the Stonewall Riot to Stonewall 50 and World Pride NYC

By Stanley J. Weinberg

Richard Nixon was still in the White House. The war in Vietnam raged on and we were close to the end of a tumultuous decade; one of hope and joy, but also of grief and sorrow, since so many heroic figures were martyred for the cause of social justice and human rights.

It was in the '60s that I came of age and could no longer deny that I was not responding to girls as my friends were. With both fear and excitement, I began to acknowledge to myself that I was a homosexual. At that time, one rarely heard the word, and no one acknowledged their homosexuality. Though I somehow knew that there were other homosexuals in the world, I had no idea who or where they were. On the street one heard words like faggot, fag, queer, fairy, and other demeaning terms that I knew referred to people like me.

In college, at age 17, I discovered a gay and lesbian table in the cafeteria, and learned the word gay—a word that the gay community chose for itself to repudiate the view of homosexuality as deviant, disordered, and pathological. The following year I was summoned by the Draft Board for a physical. The questionnaire included a question about homosexuality. I knew that I could not be truthful. It would be the first of many times that I would deny that aspect of my identity. Acknowledging my homosexuality was far more dangerous than being sent to Vietnam, from where I might return alive. Were it to be known, my life would not be worth living.

In 1969, homosexual acts and even homosexual gathering places were illegal. Exposure as a homosexual had grave consequences and was dangerous. Homosexuals had to be guarded and secretive, and they only revealed themselves to other gay people and a few trusted straight friends. “Coming out” was not at all what it is today in progressive major cities.

Since it was illegal to provide a place for homosexuals to congregate or to serve alcohol to homosexuals, gay bars were owned by the Mafia. They served as private clubs for gays and lesbians, and were the only relatively safe and respectable places to socialize and meet other gay people. They were often raided for political reasons, or as a result of police corruption. It was not unusual to see signs in their windows indicating “This is a Raided Premise.” In fact, that was one way of knowing that it was a gay bar. Usually, when raided, only the manager and bartenders were arrested, but patrons too were at risk.

In the early morning hours of June 28, 1969, a riot broke out at the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in the West Village, in response to a particularly violent police raid; this escalated into violent demonstrations that lasted until July 1st. The Stonewall Riot, as it was called then—it’s now referred to as the Stonewall Uprising—literally and figuratively sparked the modern gay liberation movement, now evolved into a far more inclusive LGBTQIA+ worldwide human rights movement.

Fifty years ago, it would have been unimaginable that I would be writing this as a legally married gay Episcopalian psychotherapist. Fifty years ago, gay Episcopalians, including priests and bishops, and gay psychotherapists were “invisible,” passing as best they could as straight. Schools of social work and psychoanalytic and psychotherapy institutes were teaching the prevailing homophobic theories and practices. I was being taught that as a homosexual I was considered severely disturbed and a poor candidate for psychoanalysis. Treatment was available, but all too often conformed to the definition of torture rather than treatment. There were adolescent boys and young men who were involuntarily hospitalized and subjected to aversion therapies that included electric shock to their genitals while being shown gay pornography. Adult men who were arrested under sodomy laws were often given a choice of submitting to chemical castration or serving time in jail.

Fifty years ago, I could have been arrested in my own home under sodomy laws, or entrapped by an undercover officer in a bar, restroom, movie theater, or park. All organized religions preached that homosexuality was detestable and an abomination. Prejudice and oppression of LGBT persons was the norm in every parish and diocese within our church. Literature, film, theater, and television presented homosexuals as fodder for jokes or as pathetic creatures destined to a grim future. Every social system intersected to inform me that I was worthless, and that if it was known that I was a homosexual, my life would not be worth living.

A committed relationship, which homosexuals were thought to be too narcissistic and promiscuous to realize, was a liability as it might blow your cover. Lovers were referred to as “friends” or “roommates.” Denying and betraying yourself was a way of life. Those of us who could not successfully pass as straight were subject to all forms of discrimination, humiliation, and violence. Victims of assaults, even murder, were more often than not held responsible for their victimization. “Homosexual Panic,” a psychiatric diagnosis until it was removed in 2013 from the Psychiatric Diagnostic Manual, was used successfully as a defense in criminal cases as “stand-your-ground” laws are being used today. Only very recently, New York State became the seventh state legislature to ban such defenses.

So much that was unimaginable on that day in 1969 has come to pass. In 2013, the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA) was declared unconstitutional; in 2015, the Supreme Court struck down all state bans on same-sex marriage and Marriage Equality became the law of the land. Currently, we have an openly gay, Episcopalian, married mayor, Pete Buttigieg, who is being taken seriously as a presidential candidate. Yet we still have a long way to go. In our country, LGBTQIA+ communities are still being discriminated against and there has recently been a rise in hate crimes. Transgendered individuals are particularly discriminated against and subject to police

harassment. Pseudo-scientific conversion therapy, which has been denounced by the scientific community, is still being legally practiced in 41 states. Courts are hearing arguments that laws against discrimination infringe on religious freedom and the Supreme Court is considering whether the 1964 Civil Rights Act offers LGBTQ+ citizens protection from discrimination.

In our own church there has been much progress. In 1974, the Episcopal organization Integrity, which has been renamed The Episcopal Rainbow, was founded by Dr. Louie Crew and continues to work hard for full inclusion of LGBT persons in the Episcopal Church and for equal access to its rites. In 1977, Ellen Marie Barrett, a founding member of Integrity, was the first open Lesbian to be ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Paul Moore at the Church of the Holy Apostles. And in 2003, Gene Robinson was the first priest in an openly gay relationship to be consecrated a bishop in the Episcopal Church and the first in a major Christian denomination. Mother Barrett's ordination and particularly Bishop Robinson's set off shock waves throughout the Anglican Communion that reverberate to this day. In many parishes and dioceses, prejudice and oppression remain the norm. Though we now have other gay and lesbian priests and bishops in some dioceses, in 2003 Archbishop Rowan Williams excluded Robinson from the Lambeth Conference. Currently Archbishop Justin Welby has disinvited the spouses of gay and lesbian bishops from the 2020 Lambeth Conference. The Anglican Communion still defines marriage as "a lifelong union of a

man and a woman," and there are dioceses, particularly in Africa and the Caribbean, that are vehemently opposed to full inclusion of LGBT persons within the church.

Stonewall World Pride was particularly celebratory this year as the 50th anniversary of the Stonewall Uprising was commemorated, and because New York was chosen to host the World Pride Celebration. There was and is much to celebrate; but there is danger in forgetting the past, and there is still much to protest. Human rights are fragile and never to be taken for granted: as in 1969, we have a dangerous president in the White House, and with support from members of the other branches of government, all the gains since the '60s are being threatened.

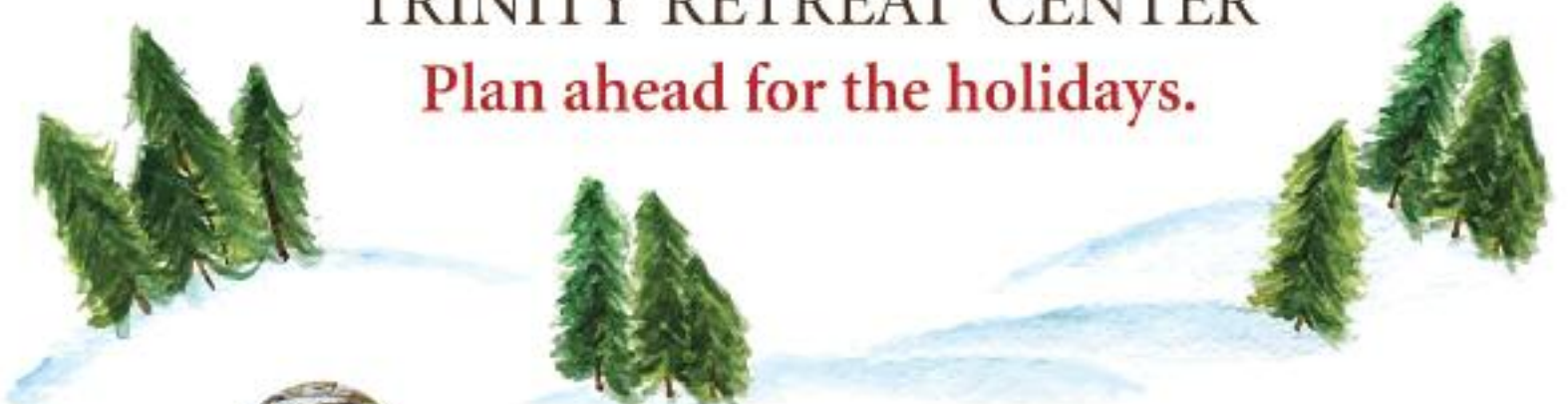
Though there are dark clouds on the horizon, in the darkest of times there have been extraordinary as well as ordinary people who brought hope and light into the world. In 1845 Frederick Douglass, prophet of freedom, wrote the following: "A new world has opened upon me. Anguish and grief like darkness and rain can be depicted, but gladness and joy like the rainbow defy the skill of pen and pencil."

And now the site of the once notorious and infamous Stonewall Inn is a New York Historic Site and the Christopher Park across the street is now a National Monument, part of the National Park System.




The author is a member of the Church of the Ascension, Manhattan and a psychotherapist in private practice.

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Power Confronts Power

By the Rev. Richard C. Witt, Jr.

The peace of God which passes all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God... and of Jesus Christ our Lord. (BCP)

If you want peace, work for justice. (bumper sticker)

It is not easy for the Church to acknowledge Christ's power when confronting the disenfranchising effects of our society's political systems. But when we do, we are blessed to experience a moment of grace.

In the early 1990s, a group of farmworkers discovered that they were excluded from many basic rights afforded other workers of New York, including both protection when bargaining collectively and the right to a day of rest. They asked if Rural & Migrant Ministry would stand with them, adding our voices to theirs. They wanted equality and their dignity to be honored. The legal exclusions they faced were rooted in Jim Crow era laws that denied black workers their humanity. They were also rooted in an agricultural system that has been based on exploited labor since the founding of our country.

Rural & Migrant Ministry (RMM) was created by the Diocese to love our rural neighbors, who were easily isolated and marginalized, and to bear witness to the power of the resurrection. Our goal in this mission has been to ensure that all are welcome at the table—whether policy-making table, decision-making table, dinner table, or the altar. We have devoted ourselves to the removal of barriers that keep people from those tables.

The plea from the workers seemed like a simple and honorable one and our willingness to affirm this request seemed righteous. We were warned, by those familiar with the ways of the Capitol, that it would take decades. As we began this journey in faith, we had no idea that the barriers would be so strong. The challenge in seeking inclusivity of any of God's children lies in the reality of speaking truth, God's truth of love, to a secular power that frequently coopts institutions, perceptions and relationships, especially within the historical agricultural system in the United States.

In the beginning, it was fairly easy to stand with the farmworkers because they were so marginalized that they were no threat to the system. But slowly, as their voice gained an audience, their power grew. Unions, students and activists joined with the faith community in standing with them across the State. The media took notice and extended editorial support. Then the agricultural industry began to push back. Others began to push back as well. Many in the food justice movement did not like to discuss labor injustice because it caused conflict and impinged upon the movement's good karma. When many congregations began to participate in Community Sustained Agriculture (CSA), the quest for farmworker equality conflicted with their emerging relationships with farmers. Still others said that as many of the farmworkers were immigrants, they did not deserve equality.

During RMM's years of standing with the farmworkers, there were arguments

about the boundary line between prophetic and political. Some said RMM should stop engaging in politics. I am not clear about where the boundary line is. Politics is about the distribution of power: to love thy neighbor, to be beacons of God's love and to seek justice in our society leads one to the table of politics. The very nature of our call is to call for the just and equal treatment of God's children. When the power of society is unequally distributed and is harming people – leading them to lose their sense of self, losing hope and suffering—then how can the Church not act?

We in the Church subsequently found ourselves in a difficult situation. On one side were the farmers and the agricultural industry. Farmers are a part of our daily lives. They are frequently our friends, neighbors, and community leaders. We know them through CSAs and farmers' markets. We hear their voices through powerful lobbying groups. They have power and they maintain a pastoral and peaceful status quo. On the other side are the farmworkers, who are isolated and removed from our daily circles. How often do we get to know their stories? How often do we get to work alongside of them? Do we share the table with them, or hear their opinions in politics? We have an historical agricultural system that cannot be maintained, a system that depends upon exploited labor—that keeps us from knowing the humanity of its laborers and that pits farmers against farmworkers.

It is a false dichotomy. As people of faith there is an alternative path—one that is rooted in the love of Christ for all, and that seeks the inclusion of all at the table. We have long said at RMM that our efforts to seek the inclusion of farmworkers do not mean we seek the exclusion of the farmers. Nonetheless, as the farmworkers got closer and closer to passage of a bill that would give them equality, the Farm Bureau began to play upon concerns of the farmers. Stories of the plight of poor, suffering family farms began to appear throughout our communities and within the press. Legislators and others began to ignore the plight and stories of the farmworkers instead choosing to focus on the farmers, clinging to an oppressive system. The standard line became: "farmers can't afford change." In the face of this widespread pressure, it was difficult to push for justice and hard to feel the peace and grace of God.

According to one definition, grace is the *enabling power and spiritual healing offered through the mercy and love of Jesus Christ*. Amid this long journey with the pressure of secular power and fear pushing back, how did we experience the power of Christ? Upon reflection I would especially hold up three areas.

One was tradition. We were consistently guided by the tradition of our faith and history. Those who have gone before us, experiencing the forces of oppression, have left a vision that directed us. We found an authenticity in their experiences because they matched what we were experiencing. One evening several years ago there was an important vote in the NYS Senate. It was a vote that we expected to win, because we really believed we had the votes. Alas, when they counted them, we fell short by four as some key senators changed their votes. I

was outside the chamber afterwards, feeling dejected, when a member of our youth group, a Mexican girl, came up to me and asked what was wrong. I went on and on about how frustrated I was. Maria looked at me. “How long have you been at this?” I said about 20 years. “Moses was in the desert for 40 years... suck it up!” was her reply. I sucked it up and kept going forward, rooting myself in Moses.

Maria’s words gave light to the second source of our power: the voices of the marginalized farmworkers. There was an authenticity in their presence that connected us to scripture and tradition. When they spoke, they spoke of survival and of their dreams of justice. How could we not respond, for their voices were the voices of Christ? When they risked their livelihoods, and indeed their own safety, how could we not stand with them? When they marched across the State on bloody feet, how could we not march with them? They were determined, and they were hopeful. They gave us power, a power that is almost indescribable. These were moments of grace.

Finally, there was a third realm of power that grew from the first two: community. Through the years we built community. I think often of the prayer of St. Chrysostom in which we are reminded that when two or three are gathered in the name of Christ that God will be in our midst. Slowly through the years people from all corners joined us, and they brought much wisdom and energy. The movement toward justice requires a great deal to overcome oppressive structures, and none of us has all that is required within us. As our ally Betty reminded us, we needed a diversity of people. We needed those from lower incomes, because they were used to making things happen out of nothing. We needed those from

middle incomes because they were experienced in moving in the midst of systems, and we needed those from higher classes, because they were used to things working out. We benefitted from the labor unions who knew how to battle and were also rooted in solidarity. We were strengthened by those from the academy and their ability to argue from facts and figures. Elders were a key part because of their wisdom and experience, and youth were essential because of their fearlessness and energy. It became clear to me that they looked to the Church to be present in this struggle. There was no questioning about ulterior motives or self-interest. Rural & Migrant Ministry was the gatherer of these remarkable and determined people, and from our collective gathering we all grew in power.

When the vote finally came in the Capitol after 25 years, a vote that would begin the process of equality for farmworkers, it was deeply satisfying. But ultimately, that was not the victory. The victory was the journey of walking alongside, all those years, those who had sought to proclaim and live justly. It was a long journey, and along the way, some of us had been held captive, been fired, been shot at, been buzzed by crop-dusting planes, and several saints had died. But it has been a journey filled with grace as we have been connected to an empowering glimpse of the holy. I heard a voice from a farmworker years ago, who looked around as we marched into Albany at the hundreds of allies and said with wonderment and pride: “These Gringos are here for me!” In that moment, I felt a peaceful healing that came from the power of standing with Jesus.

*The author is the executive director of Rural & Migrant Ministry.
<http://ruralmigrantministry.org/>*



Lobbying in Albany for the Farmworkers Bill.

Photo: RMM

The Mundane

By the Rev. Deacon Ann L. Douglas

The officer at the desk in the administration building is explaining my situation to her fellow officer. “She needs an escort to the chapel in 112 Lobby. Can you observe her walk to the top of the hill?”

“What is it with these volunteers and escorts—they look pretty safe to me—are they going to go rogue between here and the chapel? I don’t think so!” He looks at me and smiles, then nodding his head in the direction of the access gate, he begins to walk ahead.

I thank the duty officer, show my hand stamp under the black-light reader and go through the gate following my official escort.

Once outside the admin building, we have a long walk up a steep hill to the older buildings which house some of the women inmates upstairs, with classrooms, meeting rooms, offices and the chapel at ground level. Postmodern ugly mixed with old ugly, the complex of structures screams *institution, penalty, suppression of beauty*. In other words, *haute correctional facility!*

“So, Sister, what takes you to the chapel?”

Hurrying to keep up with his long stride, I decide not to correct him on my title, but go with the effort at pleasantries—not the norm by any means.

“I hope to speak with a few women privately, then later, facilitate a bible study.”

“Good work, the women sure can use you. Their lives are kind of messed up for sure.”

“We all do what we can.” I thank him as I sign in at the chapel lobby and set about my afternoon.

I ponder his certainty that I will be of use. Just by looking at me, he has made assumptions about who I am, who I represent, what I might bring to the situation because of some hidden characteristics.

I feel a fraud.

Do I allow my false credentials to carry me in his estimation, or do I reveal that I am a flawed Anglican, trying to live into what Jesus is asking me to do? And it is loud and ugly here, and I am hot and cranky.

Then I remind myself that while I am not sure I will save hearts and minds, though that remains my prayer, I do know what I can do well: I can be reliable, predictable, trustworthy, rule abiding, honest—boring, but dependable. Did I mention prompt and consistent? Boring. Rather like a good dog. Faithful to my task.

Woody Allen famously suggested that 80% of life is showing up. In my case, I get 95% on the test of dependability and showing up when assigned. In the world of the incarcerated, people showing up as promised or assigned are a rare commodity. In fact, for many, the correctional system is the first full experience with schedules and expectations from which there is no straying. The women must respond to a tight schedule which includes jobs, meals, meds, school, standing counts 4 times a day, cross campus movements at certain points of the day. You are where you are supposed to be or else. This is a new experience for some: a discipline which can both stifle and create a new level of safety at the same time.

This week the correctional facility will hold a function to honor the many volunteers at Bedford Hills.

They enter the institution to teach in the college-bound program, conduct GED classes, direct artistic presentations through *Rehabilitation through the Arts*, assist the women raising service dogs, and conduct bible studies and other religious activities. Because there is a nursery with about 15 babies on the campus, some folks even come in just to “cuddle” and play with the babies while Mom goes to school or parenting classes. Nothing very glamorous or earth shattering, but they show up consistently, eagerly, and faithfully to do the simple task of loving, within the larger task of “rehabilitation.”

When we enter the chapel on Mondays for our Episcopal Eucharist service, the women thank us. They thank us not for the service, necessarily, or the music they get to sing, though they do love to chant the Psalms. They don’t usually thank us for the inspiring messages, though they are completely attentive when we offer our words. No, mostly they tell us how much they appreciate our being there. Esperanza tells me every week as she hugs me during the Peace: “Thank you, for you are here.”

Where else in the world can we as loving Christians receive praise for just showing up and being ourselves? In many ways, this was Jesus’ message. You don’t have to be all about saving the world, though it is a good thing; it is enough to make one person’s life better and richer just by sharing what God has given us—a smile, a word of appreciation, encouragement, positive feedback, kind honesty.

There is plenty of room at the banquet table for philanthropy and largesse. To make large dents in the inequities around us, we need it all. But there is also room for the worker bees who set the table and make small talk with the nervous guests.

What if they gave out awards for dependability and reliability of service? What a powerful message that would be!

For now, I will follow the long-legged officer up the hill to my assigned duties, privileged and excited to do what I can—Woof!

The author is deacon on staff at All Saints’ Church, Briarcliff Manor.



Rather like a good dog—faithful to her task.

Photo: Erica Ribeiro, Pixabay.

Invitation

By the Rev. Gina L. Gore

This is a story about the power of invitation.

On a Saturday afternoon in lower Manhattan, I was in charge of the effort to hand-dye 1,800 wooden eggs in 4 hours. I began by setting out a sandwich-board sign on the church sidewalk, directing volunteers where to go, and “welcoming” passers-by who might be intrigued to join the activity.

Then through an open door, I spotted two men in our grounds, appearing somewhat lost. “We’re looking for the thrift shop,” said one, whose name was Nico.

“That’s closed for renovation,” I explained. “But we’re dyeing 1,800 eggs and need your help. Please come join us!”

“No thank you,” replied Nico quickly, while his friend, Brandon, simultaneously blurted out, “Sure!”

What happened next was none of my doing. The men seamlessly and courageously joined our small group of volunteers, engaging with everyone, creating dynamic glittered color washes for the eggs.

On a break, two key reactions emerged: deep gratitude for “inviting us in”; and curiosity about what else was happening. I told them about a volunteer opportunity at our Saturday night program serving LGBTQ+ homeless youth and young adults.

“That’s tonight? We’re coming!” said Nico.

“And what do you do with 1,800 eggs?” asked Brandon.

“We hide them in our gardens and open the gates to hundreds of neighborhood children after the service on Sunday. Want to come?” I asked, braced for “no.”

“Not a chance! Too many people,” said Nico. “But when do you hide the eggs?”

“At 7:00 a. m. on Easter. Want to come?” Again, I braced for “no.”

“We’ll be there!” they both exclaimed.

I still had doubts. “Give me your coffee order now, and I’ll bring it for you Sunday at 7:00 a.m. if you’ll come.”

And they did! Right on time. Early that Easter morning I’d opened two emails, expecting cancellation. Nico wrote, “You bring the black coffee and I’ll bring the gratitude and smiles! Thank you for making my Easter memorable and fun!” Brandon wrote, “Black coffee is great and I have a question: I have two nephews that I’d love to bring. Do I need to sign them up?” Nico and Brandon hid eggs, bonded with a small and devoted group of people, and stayed well past the opening of the gates.

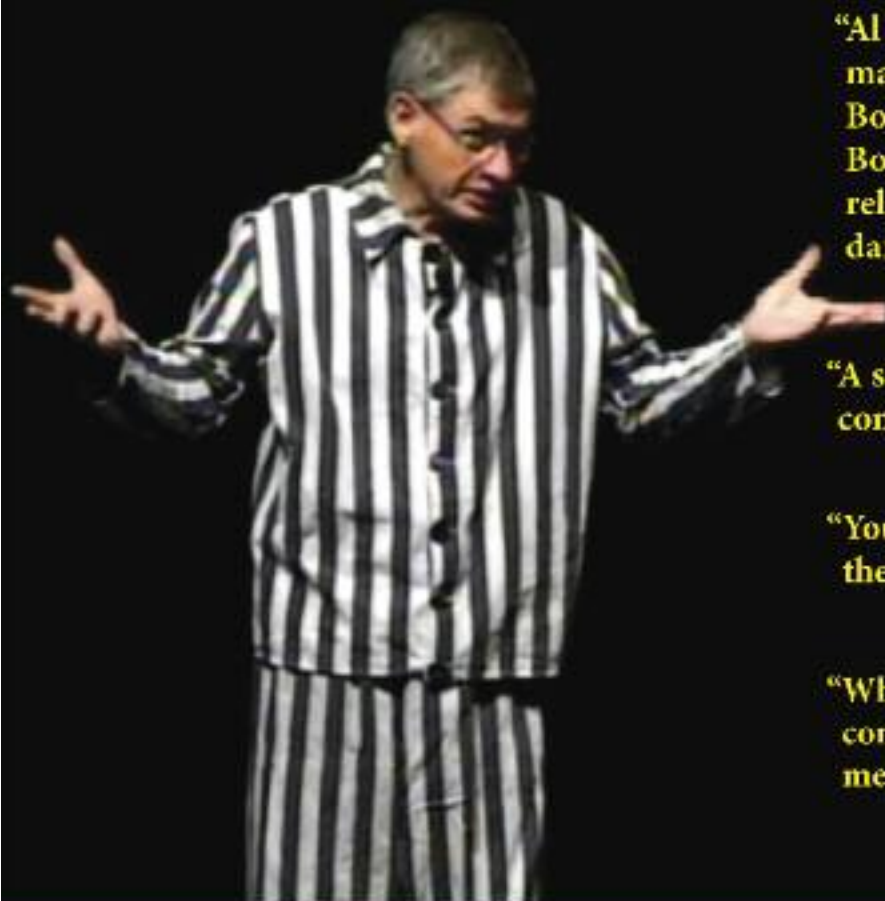
The next month Brandon wrote again: “Are there any other events happening? I feel like I should return sometime soon.”

Brandon and Nico’s serendipitous participation in our community is the result of audacious invitation. This is how belonging turns into behaving. This is us being willing to lean into a truly welcoming attitude, despite the awkward, vulnerable feelings.

Nico and Brandon are two of many I invited in this year—whether to a church event, to a service, to deeper participation, to wider ministry, to youth groups, to church planting, to parent’s groups, to teach, cook, bake, decorate, make art, or make music—all with the accompanying message that friends are always welcome. Invitation begets invitation! We needn’t focus overmuch on whether or not our invitation will light a person’s fire: the Holy Spirit is in charge of that. All we need be is daring enough to invite.

The author is associate priest for children, youth & family ministries, St. Luke in the Fields, Manhattan.

A View from the Underside: The Legacy of Dietrich Bonhoeffer



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-Bill Moyers

Contact Al Staggs: al@alstaggs.com | www.peacewithjustice.com

Sanctuary

By Hannah Eisner

When the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was first imagined in the early 19th century, it seemed a quixotic idea to build a massive American cathedral in the middle of New York City. The hope was to create one that not only served the Episcopal Diocese of New York but also any person who wished to enter. Once the charter was finally acquired in 1873, the builders set their sights high. How else could they build something big enough to fit all of New York City inside?

Today, the cathedral sits atop a hill in Morningside Heights on 11.3 acres of buildings and gardens shared by many communities, residents, and visitors. These thousands of tons of stone, metal, and stained glass stretch 601 feet in length and reach 125 feet in height beneath the massive tiled dome in the crossing. This famously unfinished building remains one of the world's largest cathedrals and a crossroads for people from all walks of life.

One of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine's perennial strengths is its power of place. Walking up the steps and through the doors, one-time visitors and every-day worshippers are struck by the majesty of its vaulting, colorful windows, and often by the reverent buzz of activity conducted by the many people who call it home. At other times, there's silence—as if the whole place had been waiting there, all these years, just for you to experience it.

This idea of place was integral to the cathedral's most recent art exhibition, *The Value of Sanctuary: Building a House Without Walls*, which featured works by over 40 artists. The word “sanctuary” commonly describes both a holy place and a place of refuge, and it has come to prominence again with increasingly visible attacks on immigrant rights in the United States and around the world. The language of sanctuary spans religious, political, cultural, and artistic spaces. What, the exhibition asked, does it mean for the cathedral to be a sanctuary? How can it truly serve all people, as it was intended to do?

The Value of Sanctuary featured programs that probed these questions, including *Rise Up: Tiananmen's Legacy of Freedom and Democracy*, a multidisciplinary performance co-presented with PEN America and Humanitarian China. In 1989, a series of student-led demonstrations were held in Beijing's Tiananmen Square until they were forcibly suppressed by the government. Armed troops and tanks was deployed against the crowd, killing and wounding thousands. Many activists and artists who spoke out about the massacre were imprisoned and exiled. Thirty years later, the Chinese government still does not acknowledge this history and censors those who attempt to commemorate it.

This spring, some of the original student protesters were joined at the Cathedral by activists, artists, and preachers from around to world to commemorate the events at Tiananmen Square and their import for international freedom movements today. These world-shaking powers of free speech, memory, and social action were literally grounded in that of place: from the original disruption



The Rev. Dr. William J. Barber II at the Cathedral.

Photo: Isadora Wilkenfeld.

and subsequent repression in Tiananmen Square, to the role served by our cathedral as a surrogate place of commemoration, to the creative space carved out by the testimonials, poetry, and music shared that evening.

As the evening came to a close, The Rev. Dr. William J. Barber II, one of today's leading social justice advocates, linked the legacy of the 1989 protests to his long career of dismantling the interlocking injustices of poverty, systematic racism, ecological devastation, the war economy, and religious nationalism. Dr. Barber invoked a particular moment in the cathedral's history, when Bishop Horace Donegan famously proclaimed to over 136,000 Episcopalians and others that “the Church cannot remain on the sidelines” of social issues that impact the very people that it serves.

“On this day 55 years later,” Dr. Barber reflected, “some may say, ‘Why does the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine concern itself with the business of free speech? Why does it concern itself with the creating of sanctuary and a safe place to display all this work by artists and activists? ...Because it is the church's business to involve itself in moral issues.’” Barber added, “There have to be some places, both in language and in preaching and in imagery, that dare to tell the truth. We must shift the moral narrative, and we must reorder speech.”

These places Dr. Barber describes—physical, artistic, and spiritual—are where sanctuary can be found, even if only for a moment. Likewise, the Cathedral's ability to be sanctuary relies on the bodies that fill it. Together, we can “reorder [our] speech” to create a place that is safe enough for people to ask questions, feel uncomfortable, be heard, and learn from one another.

The author is coordinator of programming and external affairs at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

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Sex Workers' Rights: Power to Choose?

By the Rev. Adrian Dannhauser

The worst kind of power is oppression disguised as liberation. This is the power dynamic that undergirds the sex workers' rights movement. Currently, New York is seeing a push to decriminalize all aspects of the sex trade. New York State Assembly Member Richard Gottfried and Senator Julia Salazar recently introduced bill A.8230/S.6419, which would accomplish just that. On a positive note, the bill would have the effect of decriminalizing those who are bought and sold in prostitution: prostituted people would no longer be arrested, prosecuted or criminalized. But the bill's other provisions are much more controversial: they would allow pimping, brothel-owning and sex buying to become legal activities in New York State, provided the persons being sold for sex are over 17 years of age.

Sex workers' rights organizations claim that consenting adults should be allowed to do whatever they want with their own bodies—"my body, my choice." But "choice" is the operative word. In most cases, prostitution is more aptly described as "my body, his choice." It's not sexual liberation but sexual exploitation. According to Sanctuary for Families, New York's leading service provider and advocate for survivors of gender violence, 90% of people in prostitution in the U.S. are trafficking victims. This means that only 10% of prostituted people have any real choice in what happens to their bodies in the sex trade.

Real choice means making an informed decision not based on an addiction to drugs, interpersonal violence, or coercion from a trafficker. It means someone must have the mental capacity to make such a decision and not be suffering from harms routinely associated with prostitution, including PTSD, dissociation, suicidal ideation, and violence endured at the hands of pimps and johns. Finally, true choice means there are real alternatives in an individual's life. A prostituted person is

almost always poorer and more vulnerable than the sex buyer. The sex industry is predicated on racial, gender and income inequality. Inequality is the fuel that keeps the sex trade going; true progressivism means fighting to end a system that reinforces such inequality. At a time when we are culturally taking a stand against violence and harassment towards women and marginalized groups, creating spaces of inclusion and opportunity, why would we take a step backward by allowing these very groups to be further exposed to the harms of prostitution?

Advocates fighting for full decriminalization argue that the problem of human trafficking and violence in the sex trade will be helped by bringing it out of the shadows. However, when prostitution is fully decriminalized—as it has been in Germany, New Zealand and the Netherlands—the demand for commercial sex rises and the sex industry expands, creating a surge in human trafficking to fill the supply, along with a secondary illegal market for underage bodies. Perhaps Gottfried and Salazar should heed these words of the prophet Isaiah: "Woe to you who call evil good and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness." (Isaiah 5:20) Woe to anyone who would sanction the world's oldest oppression.

The author is associate rector at the Church of the Incarnation, Manhattan and chair of the diocese's Anti-Human Trafficking Committee.



Power to the People – Social Justice Advocacy

By Roberta M. Todd

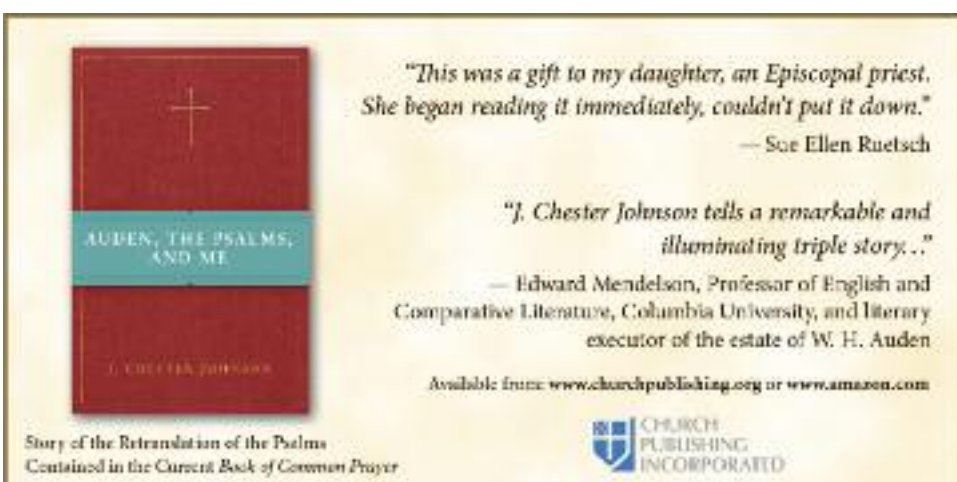
When I first heard the term "Power to the People" in the 1960s, I associated it with Black Power and violent revolution. I distinguished this from the non-violent disobedience associated with the Civil Rights Movement. Now in my retirement, with more time to call my own—and more knowledge—I've broadened my definition: now I feel that power of this kind is (and was in the Civil Rights era) social justice advocacy with the goal of making—or preventing—a change in our society. And following the

2016 election, I see more evidence of advocacy of that kind—more instances, in fact, of "Power to the People" in action.

Humankind has always at times enjoyed "Power to the People" and exercised that power to make changes; sadly, it has all too often not done so with moral correctness. But if we Christians, who follow the doctrine of "loving God and my neighbor as myself," would join together to advocate, we have the numbers to be a strong influence for good on policies in our country.

An excellent tool for Episcopalians to exercise "Power to the People" in that way is the Episcopal Public Policy Network (EPPN)—a grassroots network of Episcopalians across the country dedicated to carrying out the Baptismal Covenant call to "strive for justice and peace" through the active ministry of public policy advocacy (www.episcopalchurch.org/OGR/action-alerts). EPPN provides participants with policy positions based on General Convention and Executive Council resolutions. They draft these positions into email communications that you can send to your congressional representatives. When I participate in an EPPN action, I become more educated on the issues—and that in turn makes me better able to articulate coherent positions in daily conversation. Also, I understand that I am adding my voice with others so that our government hears from those on the side of moral correctness.

The author is a member of Christ Church Riverdale, Bronx where she coordinates the social justice ministry.



A Step Toward Reparations

By the Revs. Alison Quin and Chuck Kramer

As most Episcopalians in the Diocese of New York know, we are in the midst of a three-year cycle of Lamentation, Apology, and Reparation for the diocese's culpability in the abuses of the slavery era.

But what that cycle and the work of the Reparations Committee has really been about is power: the love of, and abuse of, power over others. We are addressing the abuse of power in the kidnapping, enslavement, torture, rape, separation, and overall subjugation of an entire group of people.

At the same time, we are addressing the *right* use of power in seeking to correct the sins of the slavery era. It is the right use of power to recognize one's fault, to grieve it, to apologize for it, and to repair it as best we can. In the case of slavery, one way to repair is to preserve artifacts of the era and to educate.

The executive committee of the diocese's Mid-Hudson Regional Council and the board of managers of the Mid-Hudson Region have fully embraced the work of the Reparations Committee.

Recently, they were afforded the opportunity to exercise the right use of power when asked to contribute toward the purchase of a graveyard—but not just any graveyard. This was a grant of \$5,500 to the Kingston Land Trust to help purchase and preserve as an historic site a long-forgotten burial ground for enslaved and free blacks in Kingston.

From 1750-1878, hundreds of slaves and freed blacks were buried in the Pine Street African Burial ground on the edge of Uptown Kingston, in an area known as "Armbowery." When the City of Kingston expanded in the late 19th century, the property was sold to private owners, and the cemetery was in effect erased from history. For over 100 years, it did not appear on city maps and had no official recogni-

tion. About 30 years ago, a city historian drew attention to it. Since then, several attempts to purchase it have been made, but were not successful.

In February of this year, the land came up for sale by the bank that owns it through foreclosure. The Kingston Land Trust, together with an organization called Harambee, formed the "Protect the Pine Street African Burial Ground Coalition" and launched a fundraising effort to raise \$200,000 to buy the land and preserve it as an historical site. Harambee is a Mid-Hudson Valley coalition of organizations, churches and individuals that supports and promotes the strengths of the community through cultural and educational events for youth and adults. Harambee means "Bringing People Together" in Swahili.

So far, they have raised the amount needed to buy the land, but are continuing to raise funds to make improvements to the property to preserve it. Our gift of \$5,500 will help realize the goal of this effort to honor the dead and uncover the erased history of Africans in this area.

Reparations will not happen overnight. Reparations for centuries of slavery and its aftermath will take time, perseverance, dialogue, and creativity. There is no simple, one-time solution to the devastation suffered by the African American community.

The parishes of the Mid-Hudson are extremely grateful to be able to support this project as an act of repentance and reparations for the role of the Episcopal Church in the sin of slavery.

The authors are rector of the Church of Christ the King, Stone Ridge and rector of St. James' Church, Hyde Park.

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Giving Our Hearts to God: The Ultimate Power Play

by Marion E. Altieri

If anyone had told me at my Hello Kitty 60th birthday party at the beginning of March, 2016, that I'd be packin' artificial parts by the end of that month—I'd have laughed.

I felt great at my party, and very loved.

20 days later, I fainted. Then, twice more in the next four days. By that third faint, I decided to hit the ER to make my friends happy. I assumed that I'd be told that I work too hard—to get more sleep—etc., etc.

Instead, after 14 hours of tests, I was told that, when I was eight years old—52 years before—I'd had rheumatic fever. Well, I knew that. What I didn't know—and no one suggested, over half-a-century—was that my aortic valve had stopped growing during that bout of the fever.

I had emergency open-heart surgery. *You know, the operation that inspires fear just at the suggestion. The one in which one's sternum is sawed in half, and the patient is filleted. The heart is stopped, dead, with 100 mEq of potassium chloride, the lungs deflated as a machine both breathes and pumps blood on behalf of the incredibly vulnerable, unconscious patient.*

Yes, this happened to me. Never in 60 years—or, a million—would I have ever believed that I'd be the willing victim of a magician who would saw part of me clear-through, in order to save my life.

On the other side of that surgery, I had the most excruciating pain I'd ever experienced—and a mechanical aortic valve. (The valve will outlive me: I had to register it, like a toaster. During that conversation, the registrar told me that my new body part had a warranty. I asked how long, he said with a bit of a giggle, "Two hundred years.")

There are so many things to tell you about this experience, but I shan't stray from my mission here in *The Episcopal New Yorker*. (I'm writing a book about it all, perhaps you'll read it one day.)

I'm here to discuss the power of God in the lives of Christians. Having a clicking machine in my chest is a sobering thing. I hear it every time I sit or stand still, every time I lay my head on a pillow. Like "The Telltale Heart"—my mechanical valve clicks away. I had to learn to ignore the sound, or lose my mind.

I came to a place of acceptance: that meant, I decided to embrace my new bionic life. I'm a lifelong fan of every *Star Trek* series. Last year, Dr. Ellen (my dear friend of 27 years, and health proxy) took me to Ticonderoga, New York, to see none other than William Shatner (the original Captain Kirk). As I arrived, decked out in my red shirt, *Next Gen* com badge and phaser—I realized: "Oh, my GOD! I'm BORG!"

"Resistance is futile!" Ellen confirmed.

Others at the event had snazzier *Trek* costumes, including Ellen—but I may well have been the only one sporting *genuine Borg parts*.

As strange as it may sound to non-*Trek* fans, this thought empowered me in a way I cannot express. Only a *Trekkie* will understand the full measure of my delight: I can attend conventions now wearing anything, really—because We Are Borg.

What does this have to do with the power of God in my life, or yours?

When my surgeon, the brilliant Dr. Niloo Edwards, saw me for my follow-up visit one day before I was sprung from Rehab Hell, as I called it—he explained everything that had happened during my surgery.

Before my surgery, several nurses and aides had told me, that Dr. Edwards was a devout Roman Catholic, but really, I'd dismissed the info as being "nice."

But that day in his office, he asked at the end if I had any questions. I pointed to the lapel pin on his lab coat: a red enameled bird in flight.

"Yes! That red bird on your lapel—would that be the Holy Spirit?"

He laughed, "You don't think I do this ALONE, do you?"

He reminded me then that, the night before my surgery, he'd stood at the foot of my bed and told me that there was no reason to be afraid. (I was so stoned on Hospital Happy Juice that I still have no recollection of meeting him that night.) He'd said that, every time he performs thoracic surgery, he lays his hands on his patient in the OR. Aloud, he gives his hands, heart and brain to the Lord. By giving his whole self to Jesus, Dr. Edwards always knows that his patients are in the care of the one who made that vulnerable soul whose body lies on the table.

In fact—during my surgery (as happens sometimes, he reported): twice he saw his hands doing things he'd not planned. The movements were not in his notes: he hadn't even thought of doing those two things. Each time, he thanked the Lord, aloud—because the Lord God, Himself, was working on my body, through his hands.

Imagine that. I exploded into tears, leapt up and hugged the doctor so hard he gasped.

Every day since that day in 2016, I think at least once about the fact that, YES—the God who spoke the universe into being—who breathed life into all animals and humanoids on every planet—who keeps the universe running, who creates and re-creates every single day—THAT God, that triune One—He was *inside my body*, in a way that relatively few people have experienced Him. (Compared with the billions who've lived, ever.) I am almost-singularly-blessed, in that I know for *certain* that God loves me: He took the time and the love to enter my body through the willing hands of a devout Catholic. If there's a better word than awe for what I feel and know—I've not-yet found it. I am in awe².

How does this speak to those of you reading this? The next time your priest encourages you in her/his homily, to give your heart to God—DO IT. The figurative heart of that homily is directly connected to your literal, fleshy heart—both my cardiologist (a devout Muslim) and my (Catholic) surgeon confirmed that. Giving your heart—your emotional center, the root of your very being—to the Creator who loves you enough to die for you on a cross—can only deepen your relationship in ways you cannot imagine at this moment.

Give your heart, all of it, to our Lord. He wants that deeper relationship. You need it. And, as even the Borg know: Resistance is futile.

The author is a member of the Parish of Christ the Redeemer, Pelham.

Was Paul Right?

By Jungja Jacqueline Hong

I have been church-hopping from one denomination to the other throughout much of my life, expecting to find that forever elusive perfect church. But a day arrived when I came to my senses and realized that there was no “perfect church”—for it existed, like a mirage in the desert, only in my deluded mind.

In my own defense, the church hopping phenomenon is shared by many others. People expect and wish the church to be an ideal place, untouched and untainted by social ills, where all are welcomed and loved according to the teaching of Jesus. In fact, of course, beyond the function of the worship, church is where ordinary people seek power and often exercise it according to their own whims—not much different from secular organizations.

So when St. Paul writes “Let every person be subject to the governing authorities; for there is no authority except from God, and those authorities that exist have been instituted by God,” (Romans 13:1) I can’t help being skeptical. Was Paul simply a defeatist, or a pacifist in the political environment in which he found himself? The mighty power of the Roman Empire was not something that one could confront and expect to live. Was he therefore saying that it is wise for individuals to accept all power as God given instead of haplessly resisting it?

St. Paul’s difficult words bring more questions than answers. Where did his belief regarding authority/power come from? Must we accept corrupted power, dictatorships, misplaced power, all these as “God given?” If so, then we are at risk of marching in the wrong direction led by incompetent or misplaced leaders, as we see in the herd instinct of the animal world.

A good example is the migrating flock of elegant mademoiselle cranes, which make an arduous ascent to the summit of the Himalaya to reach their over-wintering grounds in India, risking death from hunger, fatigue, and the predations of the golden eagle. They make this ritual journey mindlessly—the repetition of millennia—although there is a less arduous route through the Khyber Pass.

Another example is the African buffalo, which, driven by herd instinct, runs from a handful of lions whether it’s necessary or not. A herd of buffalo as a whole has more power than a few lions—with its powerful horns it can gore them to serious injury or even to death. By grouping together, buffalo can defeat lions; but instead they run in panic, often resulting in young ones being separated from the herd and becoming easy prey.


When I consider all the people misled by misguided leaders and the tragic results of that, I’m more than ever determined to follow the guidance of the Holy Spirit rather than blindly accepting all power as “God given.”

On Good Friday this year, I walked into a neighborhood church for the Stations of the Cross service. On the wall hung an extraordinarily large dark wooden cross. The sound of the contemporary praise songs filled the church. As attendees lined up to approach the cross at the urging of the priest, I hesitated in my pew. As the cantor continued the praise songs, I began to feel

moved by them, though I was never a fan of the style of the music. It felt as if the cantor sang just for me alone, nudging and encouraging me to approach the cross. Eventually, I stood in line, still unsure what I must do. But when I came to the imposing cross, I naturally knelt below it, touching the end of its vertical arm. Immediately and with little effort on my part, a stream of prayer entered my consciousness. As I prayed, I felt the strong impression that the prayer was just right for me, and I felt right in asking God to restore what I have lost in my life because of myself.

I am convinced that this came from the Holy Spirit. What other power is more meaningful and more real to believers than the power of the Holy Spirit? What other authority is higher than God’s? Therefore it is I who has the authority and the power over my life through Him. After all, is it not what I did with my life that counts at the judgement day, not what the church or the world did to me or for me?

The author is a member of the Cathedral Congregation of St. Saviour.



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Do We Have a Problem?

By Justin Bischof

Power, Power, Power. We are bombarded by it constantly in every part of our lives. Our jobs, our relationships, our society and everything in-between. One cannot make it through a single day without experiencing its all-encompassing effects.

How do you react when you hear it? If you are like most people, it conjures up a myriad of conflicting feelings: conflicting because power can be so fulfilling and nurturing—whether in the form of the glorious electricity for your summer AC, or the joy of an effective, powerful and inspiring leader. Sadly, it can also be destructive and terrifying if you are being held against your will, or feel trapped in a destructive institutional situation or a bad relationship.

Power is a necessity of existence. It provides the tools to create and keep your life, an organization, or a society organized and running smoothly. Without power there is chaos, disorder, pain and suffering. The bad news is that those same terrible things that happen when we do not have power also occur when power is abused. It is when leaders lose sight/control of their responsibility to use their power morally that the word power gives us the cold shudder down our collective spine. You know that feeling when you start out your day with positive and happy intentions, but come up against power in its destructive, self-serving form and end your day feeling less than empowered, to put it mildly.

Moral power sounds straightforward enough, right? It is what we are taught both to believe and to do as devout Christians. We should treat others with Christian kindness, respect, charity and love. We should not just “talk the talk” but “walk the walk.” The challenge is that the very nature of power can both undermine and elevate morality and thereby cloud our Christian upbringing and sensibilities. The mention of immorality usually leads us immediately to assumptions of sex, drugs and rock and roll. But immoral power is a very different animal.

Let’s start with the really bad news. How can power undermine the morality of those in leadership roles? Sadly, let us count the ways, as there is almost an unlimited supply of examples. Are we being bullies, are we being secretive, is it our way or the highway, are we faking our humility, are we being petty, are we being vindictive? Most of all, are we being servants or self-serving? Henri Nouwen, in his book *In the Name of Jesus: Reflections on Christian Leadership*, notes, “What makes the temptation of Power so seemingly irresistible? Maybe it is that Power offers an easy substitute for the hard task of love. It seems easier to be God than to love God, easier to control people than to love people.”

The great news is that there are so many ways power can elevate the morality of those in leadership roles. Are we acting with love, are we inspiring, are we offering true selfless guidance, are we nurturing, are we leading by true example? Asking ourselves these questions on a daily basis and truly following through with intention will make an enormous difference in the lives of those around us who depend on us.

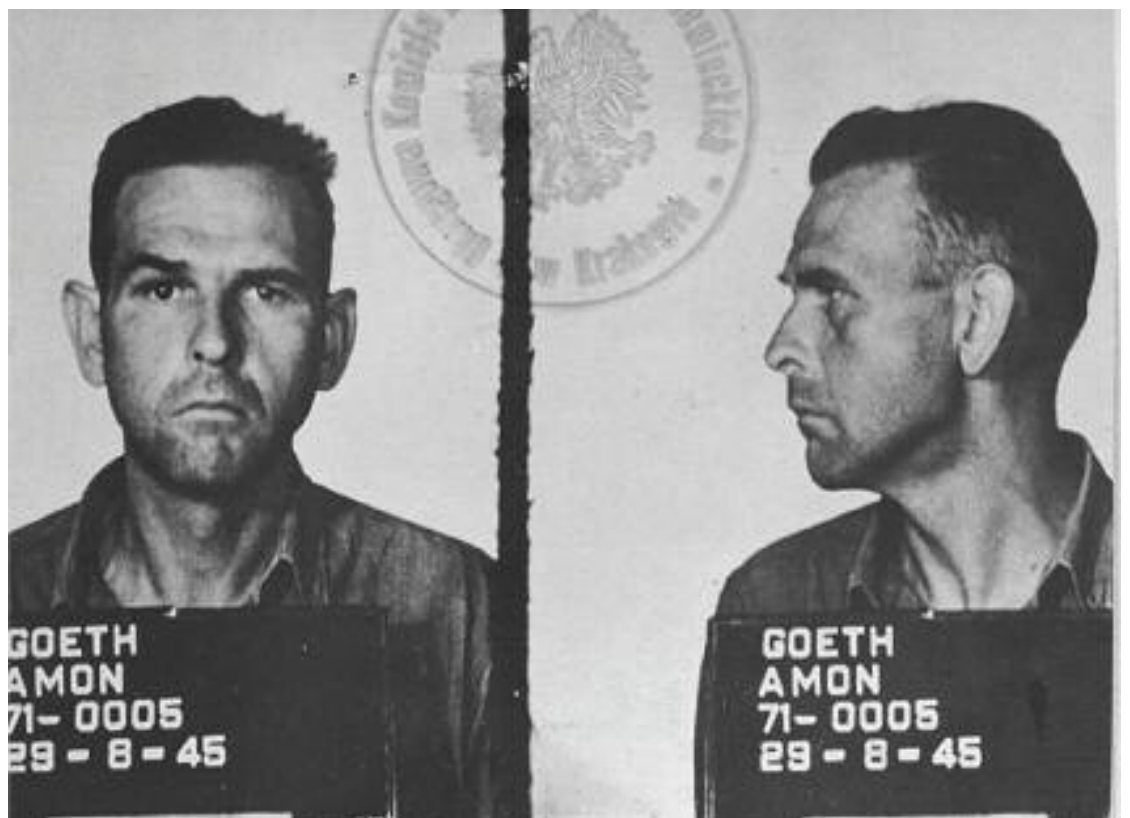
Both scenarios apply to every kind of institution and situation. How should this be different for the Church? The obvious answer is Jesus Christ. We do not have to look any further than his words. What is so devastating to so many in the Church is the shattering of the myth, the hope, the desperate desire to be in situations where power is indeed a moral power. We all know of situations where this is blessedly the case and how life affirming it is for everyone involved—leaders and followers alike. But we also all know of situations where immoral power is present and how destructive, disheartening and just plain disappointing it is. What is so important to remember is that all these emotions apply not only to the followers

but also, ultimately, to the leaders as well. We all have our own deeply tucked away memories of when we were immoral in our actions. While we may have felt “good” at the time, it only slowly came back to haunt and stalk us.

We all know the axiom “True power is having it and choosing not to use it.” I find this has become a glib and easily disposable sentiment in today’s world. Thankfully, two examples—one sacred and one secular—always remind me of its truth. In the epic and powerful movie *Schindler’s List*, the eventual hero Oscar Schindler tells the horrific camp commandant that true Power is having the ability to “pardon” people in his camp instead of torturing and/or killing them. The commandant is initially intrigued and almost seduced by the idea and seems, if only momentarily, to understand the real attraction in using such power. Of course, he fails miserably and immediately returns to his murderous ways. Matthew 4:8-9 recounts the devil’s offering Jesus all the kingdoms of the world if only he would succumb to idolatry and bow down before him. Jesus was offered a bounty of immoral power to tempt him and he, thankfully for us, rejected it. But, of course, we know that his true power was his knowledge of what was to come and our salvation, and true moral power.

Choosing moral power is not always the easiest or most intuitive path. As we have said, power is an integral and necessary part of human existence. It allows us to function as individuals as well as members of larger organizational structures including the Church. I have spent decades both as leader and follower, and I know the temptations and pitfalls of both. The moments I have been most proud of have been when I have been able to “walk the walk” and not just “talk the talk.” Authenticity in leadership is what every follower craves. It is what Jesus Christ gives us through his words and his ultimate sacrifice for humankind through his Crucifixion and Resurrection. May we all strive to be moral leaders of our Church.

The author is a conductor and organist in New York City.



1945 mugshots of the murderous concentration camp commandant, Amon Goeth. True power, Oskar Schindler told him (according to the Spielberg film, *Schindler’s List*) is having the ability to pardon people.

Photo: Wikimedia

Then and Now—The God-Given Power of Prophecy

By the Rev. Maxine Cleghorn

The prophets of the Old Testament exercised the power that God gave them in order to reveal God's nature. They used it to condemn, to convey God's mercy, love and promises, and to comfort God's people. In the Bible, power is often referred to as "might": God, the *Almighty* One, confers his power on whomever he chooses to work on his behalf.

Prophets were endowed with power from God. This, they asserted, did not merely enable them to act, but to be God's mouthpieces: and so they often prefaced or ended their messages with "Thus says Yahweh" or "Thus says the Lord" or "Says the Lord of Hosts" or "The lord said to me." In doing this, they witnessed to the power of God over their own lives, while declaring that God required people to allow for God's rulership over *their* lives as well.

One way that prophets exercised power was by condemning. Amos condemned Israel's life of luxury at the expense of the poor, referring to the Israelites as "Cows of Bashan who oppress the poor and needy"; he also poured scorn on Israel's hypocritical ritual practices. Isaiah, meanwhile, cried out that "All people are like grass, their constancy is like the flower of the field"—powerful words that called the Israelites to examine their own lives and make adjustments.

Revealing God's mercy, love and promises was another way in which the prophets used their power to communicate to declare a reversal of punishment, restoration, and reinstatement. The prophet Ezekiel proclaimed the reversal of the sour grape condem-

nation (punishing children for the sins of their ancestors), replacing it with individual accountability. Another prophet, Tobit, boldly proclaimed God's promises to repatriate the Israelites and restore the relationship between them and God.

The power that the prophets asserted was understood to be informed by the authority conferred on them by God; without that God-given authority, indeed, they would not have been prophets at all. Despite the often extreme circumstances in which they lived and operated, moreover, the prophets did not prophesy timidly, but boldly on God's behalf—true power indeed!

What can we learn from this? Today, in practicing prophecy, the church must not flinch from boldly proclaiming the good news. With the same spirit of bravery as the prophets of the Bible, we should be the voice of reason, the conscience of the nation, defender of the defenseless, strength to the weak and power to the powerless. We should act on, and, be informed by scripture and sound tradition. As we perform bodily and spiritual works of ministry, in the power of the Holy Spirit, we must always assert that Christ is our sure foundation and that the God of Hosts is our refuge. Like the prophets, we must continually make it known that our power comes from above and, by extension, that our authority is conferred on us by the one supreme power and supreme authority, God.

The author is a priest in the diocese.

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Power in the Gospels

By Helen F. Goodkin

Perhaps the most obvious use of the word power in the Gospels relates to Jesus' healing miracles, almost all of which are attributed to his "power," or rather God's power working through him. Early in his ministry, Luke reports the healing of the man with the unclean spirit. Everyone was amazed, wondering by what "power and authority he commands the unclean spirits to come out." (4:31-37) The gospel writers note that "the power of the Lord was with him to heal," (Luke 5:17) and when the woman with the flow of blood just barely touches his cloak in search of healing, Jesus immediately notes, "someone touched me, for I noticed that power had gone out from me." (Luke 8:46)

One of the hallmarks of Jesus' ministry are these miraculous cures; but the long-lasting power of Jesus' message is not to be found in the healings, but in the post-resurrection encounters of Jesus with his disciples. It is here, following his arrest, trial, and death, that the risen Jesus displays his true power, the power of reconciliation.

As the crowd yells in full voice, "Crucify him. Crucify him," the disciples have fled in fear; they do not remain with the man whom they had followed for so long. Throughout the long Sabbath Saturday, we hear nothing of them, for they are afraid and hiding.

On Sunday morning, everything changes, and the four gospels provide similar accounts of the events related to the empty tomb. Each reports Mary Magdalene was there, but the number and names of the other women vary. Angels appear in white robes and tell them that Jesus is not in the tomb because "he has been raised." An outside force, the power of God, has overcome death by raising Jesus to life.

When the disciples learn about the empty tomb, they are surprised, fearful and confused. But almost immediately the resurrected Jesus starts appearing in Jerusalem and the Galilee. He returns to the scene of the crime, not raging with vengeance, not seeking punishment or retribution for the evil done to him. Rather, he greets the disciples in peace and calls them by name. As God had reached out many times to the Israelites, Jesus reaches out with forgiveness to rebuild bonds of affection, to reestablish relationships, and to empower the disciples to continue his mission. Through the power of their experience of the resurrected Jesus, they begin to understand Jesus as the Son of God.

The conversation with Peter in the last verses of John (21:15-23) quintessentially captures how Jesus went about creating new and stronger relationships with the disciples, transforming them from clueless followers to emboldened leaders.

Peter has had a very checkered career. In John 6:69, he proclaims that Jesus is "the Holy One of God," and in 13:37, he announces that he will "lay down his life for



The high priest's slave loses an ear. Mosaic in St. Mark's Basilica, Venice. Photo: Ekkehard Ritter. Image Collections and Fieldwork Archives, Dumbarton Oaks, Trustees for Harvard University, Washington, D.C.

Jesus." But, by the time we get to the Last Supper, Peter refuses to have his feet washed, totally misunderstanding Jesus' actions, and then he wants to be washed all over! (13:1-38)

When the soldiers come to arrest Jesus, Peter draws a sword and slashes off the ear of the High Priest's slave. (John 18:10) Peter supports violence while Jesus remains non-violent in the face of death. Jesus had predicted that before the cock crows, Peter would deny him three times. All four gospels report Peter's triple denial on the night of the trial. He flees as Jesus is condemned, and he is completely absent from Calvary.

Jesus knows and understands Peter. The story about his being naked and swimming to shore after the previous fishing expedition (John 21:1-14) says it all. Nonetheless, Jesus seeks him out, offering forgiveness and reconciliation. Peter and the disciples may have fled, but God does not give up on them. Despite everything, Peter and the others belong.

Three times Jesus asks, "Peter, do you love me?" and each time Peter says, "Yes, Lord, you know that I do." But, by the third time, the very human Peter (21:17) does admit that he is hurt and annoyed that Jesus continues to ask. Twice Jesus says, "Follow me." And good old Peter, instead of saying, "Yes, Lord, I will follow you," points to his rival, the Beloved Disciple, and says "What about him?" (21:21)

To the very end, Peter is deliciously human and deliciously flawed, but he is selected to feed and tend Jesus' sheep. He becomes the good shepherd of the flock that Jesus shepherded during his lifetime.

Each apostle, in his own way, had a similar experience of the presence of Jesus, though they are not all recorded. Those that are, come to us in stories that often seem quite odd, even fantastical; but how else to describe what happened, but in story? These experiences turned the ragtag group into the powerful evangelists of the Book of Acts. They realize the futility of the violence that brought about Jesus' death, they understand the enormous power of God's forgiveness, and they are overawed that Jesus' presence remained with them after his death. They understand the meaning of the kingdom Jesus proclaimed, and they witness in their lives the experience of resurrection, sharing new life in the Spirit, offering forgiveness in Jesus' name, and bringing healing and reconciliation. They become the powerful force that continues today as the Christian faith.

Are we not also called to witness in our own lives this power of healing and reconciliation of which the world has so much need?

The author is a regular presenter in area churches on biblical topics and leads the Wednesday Afternoon Bible Study at the House of the Redeemer Manhattan.

The Cross and the Cup: God's Power—and Ours

By Judith Mason

We begin the Nicene Creed by saying together, “We believe in one God, the Father, the Almighty.”

But how do we know that God is almighty? Spanish has two verbs for “to know”: *saber* and *conocer*. *Saber* means to know something intellectually; *conocer* means to know it relationally, experientially. We know God’s power relationally, experientially and existentially.

Power in the secular world of our experience is usually understood as the power to control. God’s power is the power to set free—to liberate from all forms of oppression, estrangement, sin and death.

It is God the Son, the second person of the Trinity, who actualizes that power (by and through the Holy Spirit). Our part in this is to merge into the death-to-resurrection action, built deep into the structure of the universe, of “the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world.” Attempts to use any other form of our considerable power will only crack the door open for the demonic—as the story of Jesus’ temptation makes all too clear.

Our unity with Christ, then, of necessity involves our suffering. That suffering usually takes the form of either the Cross or the Cup.

We are perhaps better acquainted with the more “active” form of the two: the Cross. When we are participating in Jesus’ Cross, we still retain something of our own power, if nothing more than the freedom to decide how we will deal with our pain.

In the 1980s, I was a chaplain at an Episcopal hospital which had an enormous room of more than 3,000 square feet that I thought of as the warehouse of living death. I hated when I had to go in there. Patients on ventilators, most of them brain-dead, lined its walls, with the nursing station situated squarely in the middle. There were no windows, the lights were left on 24 hours a day and the same muzak kept looping over and over and over again.

Often in my visits I would linger with the one patient there with whom I could enjoy some verbal communication. She of course would write her responses.

“How do you stand it?” I asked.

“Because there’s something I can do,” she wrote. “There’s always something you can do. I begin on my left and pray for everybody in order around the room. When I get to me, I pray for me and then I start in all over again. There’s always something you can do.”

Sometimes, however, there does not seem to be anything at all that we can do of our own free will. When any apparent power on our part is null and void, we are drinking from the Cup of Christ. And yet that is where we experience—*conocemos*—God’s power to be almighty, usually to the benefit of somebody else, for some other cell in Christ’s incarnate body. Slaves in Egypt, in the antebellum South, de facto in much of our contemporary world and Raquelle in the South Bronx were and are all able to know existentially in Jesus’ Cup the almighty power of God.

In 1991, Raquelle was a lusciously gorgeous young woman with a sweet nature and limited intelligence. It made for an appealing innocence, radiating out into the rough environment of the AIDS hospice where she resided and I was the chaplain. Told that she had less than a month to live, she cried out, “But I’m so young!” But then a few days later she told me that she wanted to be cremated and have her ashes thrown into the currents of the Atlantic Ocean “because I always wanted to visit Disney World.”

She was given her prognosis two weeks after the birth of her only child, John. Her mother, a registered nurse of Caribbean background who lived in Queens and was named Phyllis, had thrown Raquelle out of the house at 15 and the young girl had lived the last three years of her life on the streets of New York, becoming at 17 simultaneously pregnant and HIV-positive. When I was with her in her labor, she asked me to call Phyllis, who refused to come. She had not seen her daughter since she was 15, nor did she ever see her alive again.

And yet Raquelle desperately wanted her mother to take John when she died to spare him from going into “The System.” But Phyllis, despite all the best efforts of our

social workers, hedged and stalled. Raquelle had dictated a letter to John which began: “You were what I always wanted. I loved you even before you were born.” She went on to talk about her life and her dreams for him, and how she rejoiced that he had already turned HIV-negative. Phyllis came the day after Raquelle’s death to scrutinize John and

was handed the letter for him. She began reading it and then started to cry: “She was my only child but I had no idea who she was.” She then scooped up the baby out of his plastic hospital-type wheeled bassinet, affectionately calling him “Johnny” through her tears, and brought him home to Queens.

The risk factor for HIV (behaviors aside) is always your oppression: are you black? gay? a woman? poor? an immigrant? a senior? In this country currently there is much warmongering based on *my* oppression versus *your* oppression. It is tearing our society apart. But HIV/AIDS demonstrates *in our own flesh* that all oppression is of a piece and we are all in this together.

When one member of Christ’s incarnate body is tyrannized, we all experience, we all know—*conocemos*—that oppression. When through his Cross or Cup, Christ brings about our individual and corporate liberation, *conocemos*: we all know, we all encounter, we all dwell together in God’s almighty power.

A Prayer for Our Country

Lord Jesus, you taught us that any power we possess must be used to empower others. Let this fulfillment of your great love fall upon the wastes of our rages and of our grief that there may be peace in our hearts, peace in our homes, peace in our land and peace in our world; for that same Love’s sake. Amen.

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

Marie's Story

By the Rev. Deacon Elena L. Barnum

Some years ago, I was ministering with a young woman whom I'll call Marie, who had grown up in the West Indies and been educated in Anglican Church schools. Marie was very devout, an excellent student who lived her life centered in God. But something frightening had happened to her. Some members of her family were active in occult practices. As a young girl she had either observed or actually participated in these voodoo rituals. She was so terrified by what she had experienced that she buried this fear deep within her soul.

From time to time, her fear would be stirred up. Marie's solution was to pray harder, longer, louder. The more frightened she became, the greater her intensity in prayer; but her prayers were based in fear and failed to bring her comfort or strength. Eventually, she was diagnosed with a psychiatric disorder and given counseling and medication to help her live a balanced life. As long as she took her medication and talked with someone about her fears, she was fairly stable—for a while.

When she was in her early 20s, Marie and her family moved to New York City. This was a very different environment from anything she had known, and spiritually and emotionally more than she could bear. Her fits of fearfulness increased and intensified.

She would stop taking her medication, become paranoid about talking with those who were supporting her in her healing and, instead, begin to see the devil in everyone and everywhere. Several times she made herself homeless.

Marie would spend hours in her church. Whenever it was empty she would begin to shout her prayers. It was frightening to hear her, and, on several occasions the church was not empty, or someone coming in to pray would encounter Marie raging at the devil.

I was part of the church's outreach healing ministry. Marie and I had talked often, and I was one of the few people she would still trust—at least enough to let me pray with her or just sit quietly with her after one of her rages. Everyone was very concerned for her: her physical well-being was deteriorating, and she was refusing to eat, sleeping only a few hours each night on public benches and spending her days at the church. I was part of a support team that included Marie's social worker (a lapsed Roman Catholic), and a doctor (a non-practicing Jew) who was coordinator for psychiatric services for homeless persons. Our goal was to try to get Marie the help she needed while also protecting her from one more violent, traumatic street arrest when in one of her fits of rage and paranoia. We did not believe Marie could survive one more such episode—that she would be so completely broken down that no treatment plan could be more than minimally restorative.

Somehow, we had to convince her to go into hospital willingly, and I was the only one of the team Marie would still speak to—if the others came into view, she would rage at them and run away.

The church had a lovely Lady Chapel adjacent to the nave. On the day we hoped to bring Marie to the hospital I went there to pray. I was anxious, apprehensive, and had no idea how I could possibly break through her defenses. I knew there was nothing I personally could do, but I believed God could work through me—and through the social worker and the psychiatrist. God said to me “stand clear and visible as a beacon of prayer.” I was terrified I'd fail and, at the same time, was aware of a strength in obedience that was strangely peaceful. Then, as I rested in the prayer, I heard Marie come into the back of the church and begin to march up and down, shouting at the devil.

“Lord,” I prayed, “you are doing this. This has to be you because I can't move.” And then I went into the main part of the church to stand at the foot of the aisle next to the communion rail.

Marie saw me and continued to rage and march up and down. She would not look at me. Her shouting became louder. I began to despair, and I prayed again for strength and courage and faithfulness in obedience. And God replaced my fear with an outpouring of love—a love so strong that as I stood and watched Marie, I was completely sure of her receiving God's healing grace. I could have stood there for hours—however long it took for

“Lord,” I prayed, “you are doing this. This has to be you because I can't move.”

Marie to be done with her rage.

I don't actually know how long it was. It seemed no time at all. Gradually she grew quieter; the fear left her face and she became still and peaceful. I just stood there. Very quietly she moved toward me and knelt at the communion rail beside me. I continued to stand, praying silently with her.

After several minutes, the social worker and the psychiatrist came into the church and waited at a respectful distance. The most extraordinary peace filled the physical and spiritual space that held us all together—the Episcopal deacon, the lapsed Roman Catholic and the non-practicing Jew—working in perfect silent concert doing God's work.

Eventually Marie stood up. She very slowly turned to face the social worker whom she had previously identified as evil and refused to speak with. The social worker and the doctor were absolutely still, their faces filled with compassion and hope and love for this beautiful broken child of God.

Marie walked toward them and said, “May I bring my Bible?”

And they moved off together to the car that was waiting to take Marie to a small hospital nearby. No police car, no ambulance, no big city emergency room, no violent street arrest.

God's miraculous healing grace poured out in the lives of us all—three unlikely partners carrying our God's will for a lost child.

The author is a deacon in the diocese.

Activating Miracles by Transforming Our Planks

By Matthew Behrens

There exist such powerful winds in today's world, pushing humanity's boat in various dangerous directions, that it feels like we need a miracle to turn ourselves around. Most of us are so unbalanced by these winds that we forget that we all possess the capacity to generate miracles—a power bestowed by God and reinforced through our thoughts, our actions and our ability to love.

The Pilgrimage

In August 2018, Christ Church Bronxville organized a youth group pilgrimage to the Diocese of Cuernavaca, Mexico, led by our youth minister, McKenzie Burton, and the Rev. Yamily Bass-Choate, the diocese's liaison for global mission. Having taken many trips with Christ Church, I was eager this time to serve as a chaperone, one who demonstrates the vulnerability needed to participate fully in the purpose of the pilgrimage: to serve and evolve alongside each other.

Throughout the trip we immersed ourselves in Cuernavaca's culture, tasting *chilaquiles*, crafting *piñatas* and playing *fútbol* with kids from a local orphanage. We witnessed the city's socioeconomic dynamics, from affluent, suburban communities to poor, urban ones. We helped restore the Cathedral of Cuernavaca, sanding and painting its structure to reflect God's beauty. We worshipped alongside one another, feeling God's familiar energy emanate from unfamiliar priests. On our last night, with our newfound relationships and understandings, we found ourselves asking: What does God call us to do with these experiences? My heart believes the answer comes in stages. First and foremost, God calls us to understand our Self.

The Planks

Each one of us has a purpose we must discover. Fully to understand our truest Self requires the courage to look where it is often hardest to venture. In Matthew 7:1-5 and Luke 6:41-42 Jesus asks, "Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother's eye and pay no attention to the plank in your own eye?" These planks distort our vision of our Self and of each other, inhibiting us from achieving the critical state that we need to reach to harness God's miracle energy. I find that only by stripping away the noise—phone notifications, Instagram posts, political pundits—can I be present enough to inventory my planks: Why am I afraid? How do I treat myself? How do I treat others? And why?

Only through this dialogue can I dismantle the insecurities and negativities that prevent me from generating miracles. Once I truly acknowledge the God in me, I can move onto the next stage of recognizing that the same God is inherent in others.

The Bridges

In projecting our planks onto others, we fragment our common humanity. But when we see ourselves in each other, when we understand our successes and failures



2018 Christ Church, Bronxville youth group pilgrims in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Photo: McKenzie Burton.

as inherently connected, we engage one another as sisters and brothers worthy of our love and sacrifice.

Each Cuernavaca morning before the group awoke, I found myself having coffee with Danny, who thoughtfully cooked us three meals every day. Both guarded, at first we only made small talk; our planks manifested themselves in an unwillingness to be vulnerable. A few days into the trip, Danny revealed that he was an artist. As he unveiled one of his paintings for the group, I felt his hesitancy to share a glimpse of his truest Self. Countless times, I too have felt the fear of judgement for what I hold sacred. In that moment, I saw my Self in his Self. Danny was not just a neighbor, he was my *brother* deserving of the same validation and love we all need to transform our planks into bridges—bridges that enable us ultimately to connect to God's miracle power.

The Lattice

Throughout the trip, our Cuernavaca diocese family modeled a selflessness that sustained our common home and higher purpose: Mother Anita's wisdom guided our spiritual intentions; Danny's culinary care nourished our bodies; Teo's musical acumen encouraged us to sing and dance; Becky's proficiency in English and

Spanish advanced our learning outside of the classroom. These interconnected bridges of love and sacrifice powered our community.

On our last night, Bishop Cruz and Mother Anita led us in a powerful meditation, in which the whole diocese decorated the chapel with hundreds of candles, creating a star-like luminescence. At the end of the service, each individual lit a candle and placed it beneath the flags of our two countries, illuminating the prospect and promise of global unity. It was after this profound culmination that we found ourselves asking: What does God call us to do with these experiences?

The Present

Though I am not yet complete in God's image, I evolve from where I am today. For my Self, I carve out time most days just to be, to reflect and to question myself honestly without judgment; in my day-to-day, I do my best to ensure that everyone I encounter, whether it's a neighbor, a janitor or a Senator, knows that I value them; in my communities, I speak to young men about the need to transform unhealthy notions of manhood that fuel sexual violence and gender inequity; for our global community, I've stopped eating meat because, in whatever ways feel right for each individual, we all must make sacrifices to prolong Earth's sustainability.

The urgency to shift the perils of today's world cannot be overstated, but knowing that I am just one of God's billions of bridges inspires me to keep going, to help transform our planks into a boat that we collectively steer towards love and justice. Even in the face of powerfully vicious winds, God bestows on us an even stronger, more resilient force: Miracles.

The author is a member of Christ Church, Bronxville.

A Room of Their Own

By Fay Wright

Truly living into empowering our youth as full members of our parish started with a storage room and two 16-year-old young women who had a vision for a youth space that provided a “sanctuary” for the church youth group.

At the Church of the Good Shepherd in Granite Springs, we believe we empower our youth and that we acknowledge them as vital members of our parish; but in spite of that, there was for many years no place at the church where the youth group could engage in meaningful conversations without interruptions from younger children or their parents, or being moved on from the living-room-like Guild Room to make way for committee meetings.

That was three years ago. Now, Good Shepherd’s high school youth group has its own dedicated space where they meet every week to discuss what being a Christian and an Episcopalian means to them. It began when two young women, Brittany Alexander and Sidney Rosso, went to the vestry with a plan to empty a storage room, clean and paint it, and fill it with colorful bean bags for the youth group to use. The adult leaders advocated for the youth group’s voice and space; Brittany and Sidney presented a colored drawing of their vision for the space; and the vestry not only approved their plan, but provided a budget!

The youth group cleaned and painted the space, with one wall painted with chalkboard paint to provide space for capturing discussion notes or drawing as the Spirit leads them. Rainbow tie-dyed beanbags, rainbow string curtains and hanging plants make the space colorful, homey and, most importantly, theirs. The décor might not be what the vestry or adults anticipated, but it was what the youth wanted, and we empowered them to make a space that was theirs: a home at church.

All Good Shepherd’s high school youth (grades 9-12) belong to youth group, and they join the weekly conversations as they can. With the new room, they always know where we meet and that we are there for them.

At the room’s dedication for the youth group, all of its members put their handprints on the wall. As youth rise into 9th grade, they too add their handprints; and when they graduate 12th grade, they sign and date them. Bishop visitations are marked with the bishops signing the blackboard wall with a silver sharpie, becoming a presence in the room. Bishop Dietsche did a drawing on the handprint wall that we cherish. When graduated youth return at the holidays, they also return to the room, sitting with the friends who are now the leaders of the group.

We created a space for them to feel at home, and where they can return, all the while acknowledging their important place in our parish, empowering their voice at the table.

The author is a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Granite Springs, where she is the adult youth group leader.



Max Palmer, Sidney Rosso, David Kaprelian, Brittany Alexander by the chalkboard in the Youth Group room. The quote is important to the youth group, to support engagement and empower them to make their voices heard.



Jonathan Trinidad, the Rev Hal Roark (rector), Gabriella Fulton, James Ross, Melody Rubino participating in placing their hands on the wall in the youth group room as they become 9th graders and members of the high school youth group. Noted the drawing by Bishop Dietsche on the wall just above James’ head.



Jack McKenna and Max Palmer sign their handprints as they graduate from high school and youth group.

Photos: Church of the Good Shepherd.

The Power of...

Affiliation *By the Rev. Susan C. Auchincloss*

Changing hearts and minds calls for a particular form of power—not persuasive power, much less the power of force. It calls for affiliative power. The Diocese of New York’s Episcopal-Jewish Relations Committee has a remarkable example of just that kind of power at work.

On the weekend of the Sixth Sunday of Easter, St. Gregory’s Church in Woodstock and the Woodstock Jewish Congregation pulled off an amazing exchange. On Saturday, the synagogue welcomed a sizable number of guests from the church to their Sabbath worship, and on Sunday *vice versa*. On Saturday, Rabbi Jonathan Kligler explained the structure and meaning of the Jewish service to the whole congregation; and when it came to the sermon, the Rev. Matthew Wright preached. Again, *vice versa* on Sunday. On both occasions the “home” congregation learned more about their own faith and practice. Both congregations received the sermons—not with *open* applause, but certainly applause in their hearts.

St. Gregory’s substituted brief passages from the *Talmud* and *Midrash* for the reading from Acts. These allowed Rabbi Jonathan to preach about how God’s word divided into seventy languages in order that “the whole world” could understand. This not only explained the congregations’ exchange, but prepared the way for the Christians to experience Pentecost in a more profound way two weeks later.

What motivated such an experiment? Rabbi Johnathan said, “I feel strongly how in this historical moment people are trying to build walls; I have to be absolutely proactive in taking them down.” Father Matthew spoke of being so moved by the friendship and level of trust that the two congregations had developed over the past several years that he wanted to take it to a more intimate and vulnerable level.

In fact, Wright was taken aback by the depth of feeling that came through; there were many more tears than he expected. He, and not only he, felt a sense of healing.

Both priest and rabbi encountered challenges. Father Matthew felt the imbalance between Christians—who could enter a synagogue without qualms—and Jews, many of whom had been raised to fear Christian churches. His challenge was to try to keep

the Jews from being knocked out of a spirit of worship by references to the Trinity or the Messiah, and at the same time not downplay Christian symbols. For instance, after saying the Creed, he invited Rabbi Jonathan to say the Shema, a prayer that serves as a centerpiece of the morning and evening Jewish prayer services.

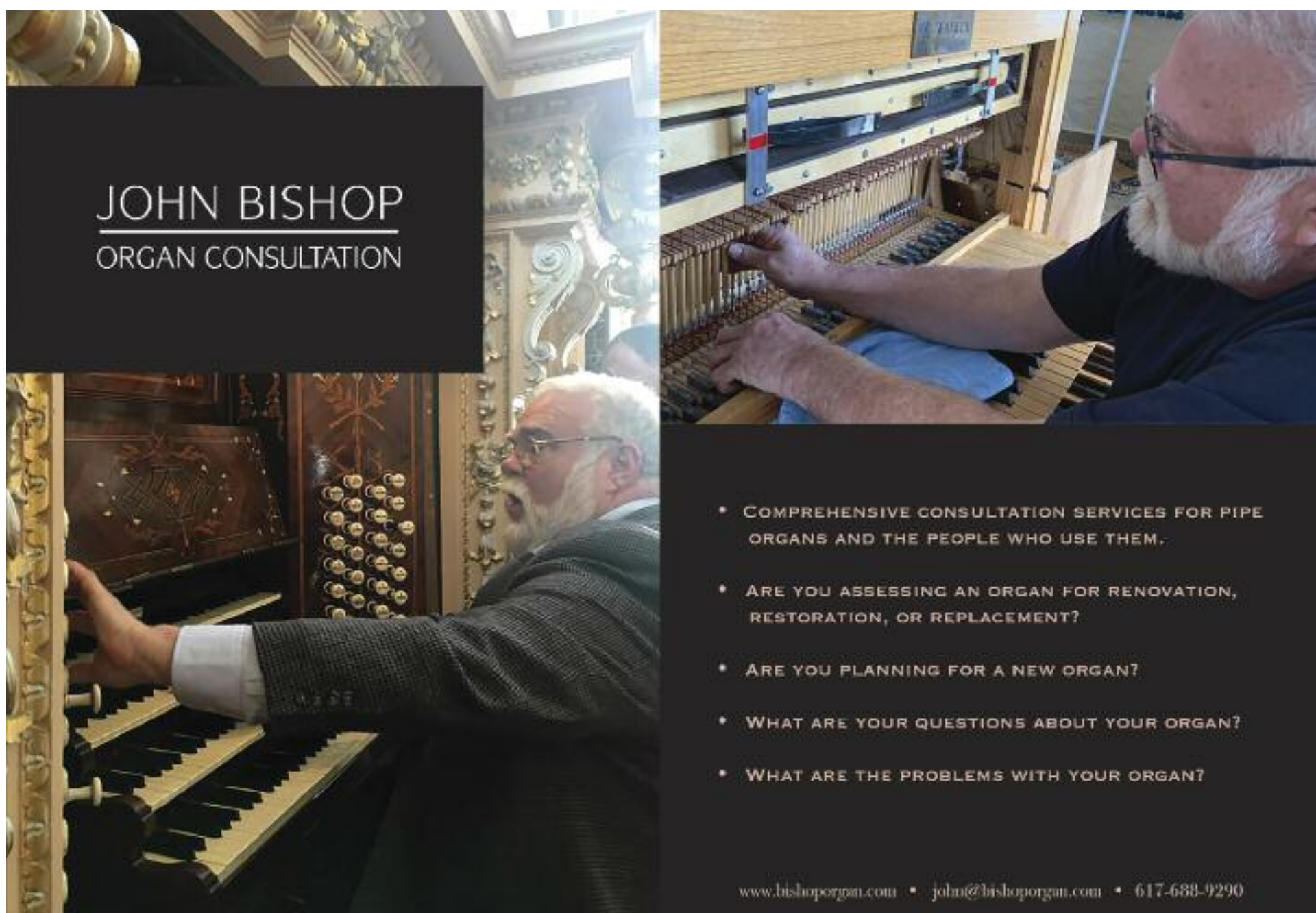
Rabbi Jonathan felt the challenge to be really, really clear to his people: those who were not ready to go to church would not be judged for not going. He himself was taught never to go near a church, and many feel the same to this day. Communion felt odd to him, although he thinks it’s beautiful; and as he says, the power of the ritual is palpable. That the exchange proved so meaningful to both congregations is due in part to the many weeks that Rabbi Johnathan spent preparing his congregation for the experience.

Both groups learned a lot. Rabbi Jonathan spoke of walking parallel paths: “We think we’re unique, but we’re working from the same source material.” Father Matthew pointed out an example of this: at the WJC they raised the Torah; at St. Gregory’s they raised the Gospel. So back-to-back succession helped greatly to give a strong sense of the parallel paths. Father Matthew spoke of his learning an even deeper appreciation for the Jewishness of Jesus.

The overall impact gave both clergy—and surely their congregants—a sense of awe. In fact, as Rabbi Jonathan said, “something tectonic happened... hard to describe... you experience your common humanity.” Then he laughed and said, “...especially when it’s your competitor.” Father Matthew spoke of a felt sense that “what we’re doing is rooted in what they’re doing—going from head to heart and body.”

If power can be defined as a means to enable, that is, as a means to make social actions possible, two congregations in Woodstock gained greatly in affiliative power. One of the worshipers from St. Gregory’s wrote that the experience had changed her life. Asked how, she said that she had always opposed anti-Semitism on an intellectual basis; now it went so much deeper. *They are family.*

The author is priest associate at St. Gregory’s Church, Woodstock.



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Power in the Little Ones

By the Rev. Deacon Bill Cusano



Milton School in Rye, Mrs. Sheridan's first grade class.

Photo: Caritas of Port Chester

After witnessing the powerful effects of inviting children to serve the poor, the homeless and the forgotten, I understand why Jesus said we need to be like the little ones.

When I started working at Caritas of Port Chester three years ago, I had no experience in running a soup kitchen and food pantry. In fact, I had only visited a few pantries and kitchens when learning of the ministries of some of my fellow deacons. What I noticed in them and in ours was there were very few children.

It makes sense. Children go to school and mothers of pre-school children may not feel comfortable bringing the little ones to a soup kitchen. They may bring them on pantry day, since they quickly shop and go. Contact and time with others is limited.

Most of the volunteers are older, some much older, retired or otherwise available one or more days a week.

Once a year, a group of students from Oakland Catholic High School in Pennsylvania visits for a three-day mission trip. I encountered them for the first time after I had been on the job only a few months. I was told I had to find something for them to do for the three days they were with us. When I asked what they had done on previous trips I was told they cleaned the storage room, took inventory, painted the bathrooms, assorted manual tasks that had nothing to do with serving the hungry or engaging the community. What's wrong with this picture?

Well, I thought they should be able to tell a story about the people they met, rather than the work they did, work no different from what they could have done back home. After three days watching them become immersed in interacting with our guests, I noticed a change. Everyone was smiling.

Their presence changed the mood in the room. Everything they did, they did with

a smile and an honest desire to show the love of God through their presence. When they left, people asked when they would be returning, and that gave me an idea.

We had a policy requiring children younger than 17 to have a parent or guardian serve with them, and we told parents that children under 14 were too young. I believe that policy was justified in individual cases, when one parent and one child served, but what if a whole class comes? Would they have to be 14 or older if their teachers came with them, like a field trip?

I started working with Middle School Language Arts teachers who were excited about the prospect of practicing Spanish with some of our guests. Wednesdays and Saturdays are Pantry Days at Caritas, so we decided on Wednesdays for school visits. I would meet with the teachers and students in their classrooms, explain the jobs in our pantry, answer questions about food insecurity and poverty; and then throughout the school year, they would come, 23 students and three teachers at a time. The bus would pull up while we were setting up our pantry, and then in would flow the kids!

One of the teachers would be invited to explain in English and Spanish that the students were there to take over all the jobs in the pantry for the morning, and the guests were encouraged to talk to them in either language. Instantly, the room lit up with smiles.

Last Summer, while most schools were on break, we invited the New York School for the Deaf to come. There again, we discovered most of the community projects they had worked on were behind the scenes, packing bags of food at the food bank, working in a community garden, or stocking shelves. What the teachers and coaches wanted was engagement with the community so that the students could communicate with more than each other. Once again, the room was abuzz with joyful noise, and the barriers to communication came down.

There is evidence of the amazing power of the Holy Spirit in the smiles of children.

We attend Safe Church training and we learn of all the red flags we should be aware of when inviting anyone into our space, and we are well aware of the risk factors. But with the teachers, staff and volunteers all focused on keeping the interaction safe, we have found the benefits last beyond the time of the visit.

Over the last three years, the program has grown to four schools, and we have had students come back as volunteers on Saturdays, bringing their friends and family with them. They say there is safety in numbers and it is obvious to us that the space feels safer than it did three years ago. Mothers are even bringing their little ones to lunch throughout the week, not just on pantry days.

I can't say the change in our community space is all because of the kids; but I can tell you that without them, you can feel the difference.

This week, I met with the Coordinator of Community Service Projects at a local school and we talked about next year. Who knows? Maybe one day in the future, we won't need separate organizations to feed the hungry. It may be totally run by little ones.

The author is executive director of Caritas of Port Chester. <http://caritasofportchester.org>

Views and Reviews

ARTS AND LITERATURE

EXHIBITION REVIEW: “LES COLOMBES”

THE CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST
THROUGH AUGUST 18, 2019

Reviewed by Pamela A. Lewis

How can we represent the “spirit” in art? What emotions does the word “release” evoke, especially for those waiting to experience it or for those who have only just received it?

In “Les Colombes” (French for “The Doves”), artist Michael Pendry has set out to answer these questions in his ethereal installation, which has been journeying around the globe since 2007. Currently it is on view in its first East Coast venue, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Manhattan’s Upper East Side, where it was created in partnership with Hudson Link for Higher Education in Prison, a non-profit formed in 1998 to provide college education, life skills and reentry support to incarcerated and formerly incarcerated men and women.

Pendry, who is also a stage designer and actor, has created a work that comprises over 2,000 (yes, someone counted them) white origami doves folded by members of Hudson Link, New York City school children, Heavenly Rest parishioners, and people around the world. The 90-year-old Heavenly Rest’s lofty, Gothic-inspired ceiling serves as the backdrop against which these paper doves “fly” above the nave (suspended by almost invisible cables) in an entrancing serpentine formation. “The doves create an atmosphere of calmness,

gentleness and virtue as they fly through the air in an arrangement which appears to be a loose flock of birds. Folded by so many people, the doves in their unity stand for the right to peace and freedom for all people,” says Pendry. As a recognizable symbol of spirit and peace, particularly in Western iconography, the dove is an appropriate choice to communicate the artist’s message around these themes and what he views as the world’s desperate need to live by them.

“Les Colombes” also brings attention to the issue of mass incarceration in the United States by exploring what “release” means to those who are imprisoned or who have been recently released. In addition to the messages of peace, resilience and hope which participants are invited to write on their folded doves, they are asked to compose their thoughts on what “release” means to them—release from burdens, pain, addiction, or from whatever they seek to overcome. Pendry collects those new doves bearing their inscribed messages and uses them in future installations.

“Les Colombes” has traveled to far-flung cities such as Berlin, London, Jerusalem, and San Francisco. In the wake of the poisoning of former Russian spy Sergei Sripal and his daughter Yulia in March of 2018 in Salisbury, England, an installation of the work was organized for that city, and many of that Salisbury’s community groups were encouraged to fold and write their thoughts on the doves to show “resilience in response to the nerve agent attack.” The doves were then displayed in the nave of Salisbury Cathedral during the spring and summer of that year.

The installation at Heavenly Rest is the culmination of a first year of programming under the church’s New Arts Initiative that has included group, solo, and collaborative exhibitions, as well as educational and spiritual programming focused on those shows.

Our eyes, which instinctively rise to admire Heavenly Rest’s stately columns and glorious stained-glass windows, can take extra delight at the sight of the lovely origami birds that float in the nave’s changing light. Although made from plain white paper and pencils or pens to write a message, the doves’ simplicity belies the power of the 45-foot long installation. It is the power of beauty, serenity, and restraint. Neither loud nor insistent, “Les Colombes” quietly invites us to pause and to reflect on “spirit” and “release.”

There is a limited number of private group tours with the artist. For more information, contact Lucas Thorpe, Program Organizer, at lthorpe@heavenlyrest.org.

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



Les Colombes, installation by Michael Pendry at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Photo: Pamela A. Lewis.

Glory Be

By the Rev. James L. Burns

I don't really know
if a Big Bang
started the whole
Shebang,
I'm willing to cede
to science on that.
But, truth be told
I prefer
the Big Breath
rather than the Bang.
God's exhale (perhaps a sigh)
setting everything in motion.

This came to me
on a walk today,
between thunderstorms
with their big bangs
and such,
and while they were
reloading,
the sun came out,
and the breeze came up,
and the door was open,
so I took off
like a kite.

The tall grasses and alfalfa
on the hill
swayed
in syncopation,
an invitation to dance.
The wild flowers
were paying homage
to Monet.
And there was enough
Queen Anne's Lace
for her majesty
and all her ladies in waiting.

I took off my hat
and let the breeze
blow me away,
and thought,
next time around
maybe we should baptize
with wind, not water.
The breath of God.
It could blow you away,
dancing, painting, waiting,
birthing beauty.
Glory be to Breezes.

Announcing Youth Opportunity Grants 2019-2020

In April, Episcopal Charities' Board of Directors approved \$333,700 for Youth Opportunity Grants to 35 community outreach programs. Programs awarded are located across the diocese, and include summer camps, afterschool programs, children's arts opportunities and more.

Children's Arts

Christ Church, Bronxville: Young at Arts
Christ Church, Staten Island: Community Outreach Youth Programs
Grace Church, Nyack: Amazing Grace Circus! Big Top Summer Camp
Holy Trinity, Inwood, Manhattan: Pied Piper's Children Theatre Academic Year
Holy Trinity, Inwood, Manhattan: Pied Piper's Children Theatre Summer Intensive
Holyhood Church, Manhattan: Washington Heights Choir School
St. John's, Monticello: Nesin Cultural Arts Academic Year Program
St. John's, Monticello: Nesin Cultural Arts Summer Music Academy
St. Paul's on-the-Hill, Ossining: After School Music Program

Children's Academic Enrichment

Grace Church, Manhattan: GO Project
Grace Church, White Plains: Brighter Futures Mentoring Program
All Souls' Church, Manhattan:
Manhattan North IPC Summer Educational Project
Episcopal Church of Our Savior: Jubilee Enrichment After School
San Andrés, Yonkers: After School Program
San Andrew's, Bronx: After School Program
St. Ann's, Bronx: After School Program
St. Ann's, Bronx: Freedom School Summer Program
St. Edmund's, Bronx: After School Program
St. Luke in the Fields, Manhattan: The Go Project at St. Luke's
St. Margaret's, Bronx: After School Program
St. Michael's, Manhattan: Homework Help
St. Peter's, Port Chester: Learning Center

Summer Recreation

Christ Church, Poughkeepsie: Summer Camp
Grace Church, White Plains: Brighter Futures Summer Camp
Church of the Incarnation, Manhattan: Incarnation Camp-Pioneer Village
San Andrés, Yonkers: Summer Program
St. Andrew's, Bronx: Summer Camp
St. Edmund's, Bronx: Summer Camp
Sts. John, Paul, and Clement, Mt. Vernon: Summer Vacation School
St. Mary's, Manhattan: Summer Camp
St. Peter's, Port Chester: Summer Program

Skills Building

Grace Church, Millbrook: EPIC Regional Youth Leadership Program
St. George's Church, Newburgh: Girl Power Program
Church of St. Matthew & St. Timothy, Manhattan: Angels Basketball Program

Health and Wellness

St. Luke in the Fields, Manhattan: Art and Acceptance



A performance by children enrolled in the Pied Piper Theater Arts Program at Holy Trinity Inwood.



Musicians in collaboration at Incarnation Camp.



Studying in the after-school program at St. Margaret's in the Bronx.

Photos: Episcopal Charities.

Second Annual Episcopal Charities Diocese-Wide Day of Service

Episcopal Charities held its second annual Diocese-Wide Day of Service on Saturday, May 18. This year's event drew 147 participants, which was more than 100 over last year's total. Service sites included 15 different community outreach programs throughout the diocese, up from 5 last year.

Volunteer participation included parish groups from St. Luke in the Fields; Trinity Wall Street; St. James', Fordham; St. Mary's, Harlem; St. Ann's, Bronx; St. Thomas Fifth Avenue; Christ's Church, Rye; Christ Church, Bronxville; the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; St. John's, Monticello; St. Andrew's, Manhattan; All Saints, Manhattan; the Church of the Atonement, Bronx; Grace Church, Manhattan; St. Mary's, Staten Island; and Christ Church, New Brighton. Volunteers helped serving meals to hungry New Yorkers, planting children's gardens, stocking food pantries, sorting clothes for community thrift stores, painting youth art spaces, and greeting homeless LGBTQ youth at a drop-in center.

The impact of these service projects spanned the diocese from the West Village in Manhattan to Sullivan County in the Mid-Hudson Region. Not only did our volunteers engage in meaningful service, they also interacted with each other making powerful connections and strengthening our communities. If you are interested in connecting with a volunteer opportunity in any region of our diocese, please contact the Episcopal Charities Volunteer Coordinator, Emily Collie-Beard at 212-932-7354 or email ecvolunteers@diocesenyc.org.



Volunteers at Crossroads Community Cares at St. Bartholomew's, Manhattan.



Members of the clean-up crew at Nesin Cultural Arts in partnership with St. John's, Monticello.



Volunteers packaging food for the pantry at St. James', Bronx.



Digging in to help plant the children's garden at St. Ann's, Bronx.

Photos: Episcopal Charities.

Ordination of Deacons, Saturday May 11, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine



Back row left to right: The Rev. Canon Charles W. Simmons; the Rev. Deacon Adeline Smith; the Rev. Canon John D. Perris; the Rev. Deacon David F. McDonald; the Rev. Deacon Denise J. LaVetty. Front row left to right: The Rt. Rev. Mary D. Glasspool; the Rev. Deacon Wilson Estil; the Rev. Deacon Julett Noreene Butler; the Rt. Rev. Andrew ML Dietsche; the Rev. Deacon Suzanne McNiff; the Rev. Deacon Robin Lee Ritter Newman; the Rt. Rev. Clifton Daniel, III.

Blessing the Fleet Kicks Off Seamen's Church Institute Fundraiser



Bishop Suffragan Allen K. Shin and Bishop Assistant Mary D. Glasspool in vigorous action June 6 at the traditional Blessing of the Fleet preceding the Seamen's Church Institute's Silver Bell Awards Dinner at Chelsea Piers. Also in the picture, the Rev. James Kollin, SCI's Port Chaplain at the International Seafarer's Center, and the Rev. David M. Rider, SCI's president and executive director.

Photo: SCI.

Church Club Annual Meeting and Barbecue

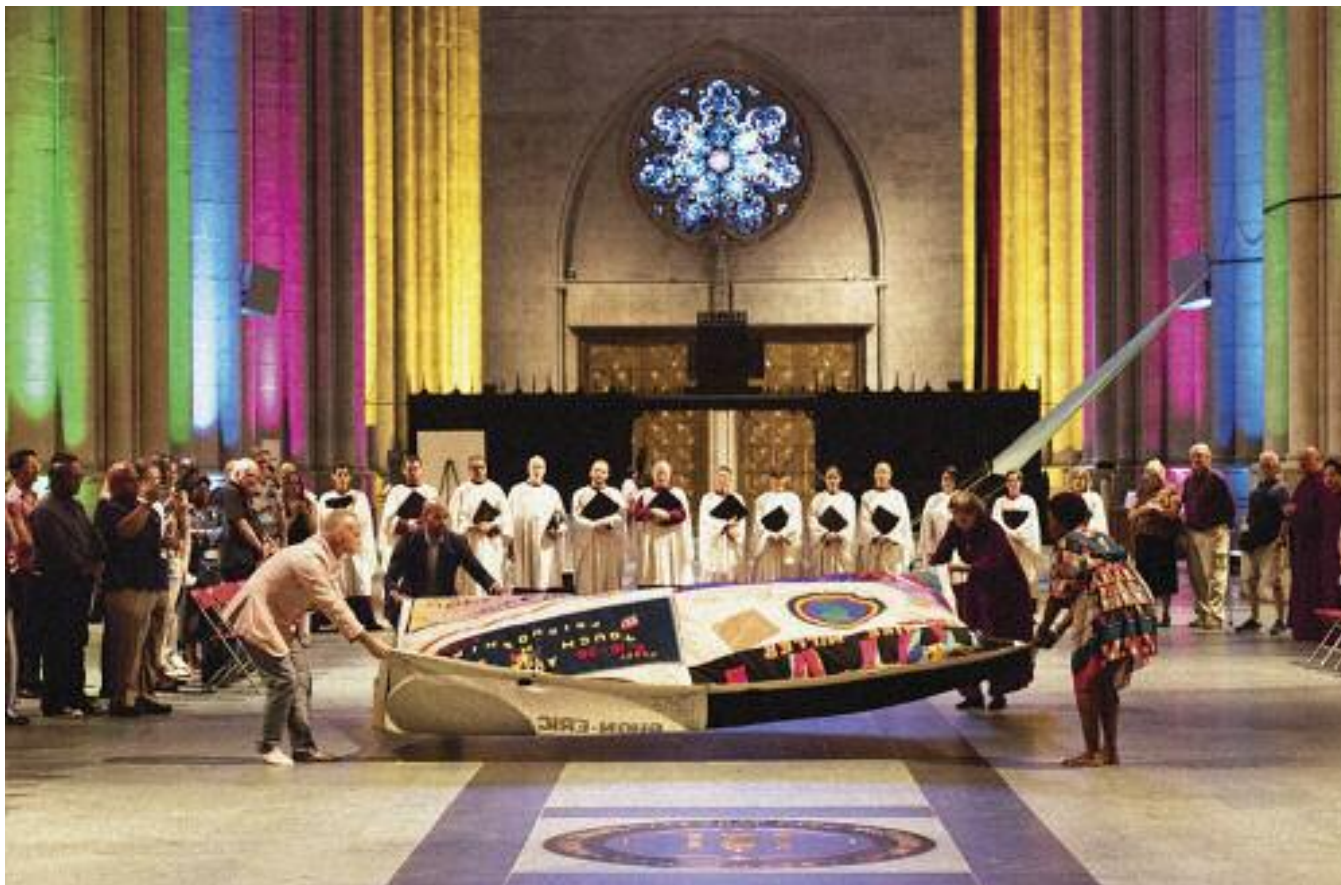
The Church Club hosted its Annual Meeting and Barbecue on Monday, June 24, at the Church of St. John's in the Village, with more than 50 members and guests in attendance.

Vice president Muriel Kneeshaw highlighted the many successful programs of the past year, from *Fighting Human Sex Trafficking in Our Communities and our Diocese* to *How to Talk to Children About God*. The Church Club also had eight outstanding candidates for its 2018 Young Adult of the Year Service Recognition Award, which was presented at the Annual Bishop's Forum in November to Merrick Williams of the Diocese of Long Island.

Executive director Susan Ridgeway wrapped things up by emphasizing the goal of further growing the Church Club membership and strengthening its feeling of community. She also noted some of the programs planned for the upcoming year, including the 4th Annual Meet and Greet on Sunday, September 15 at All Saints' Church in Park Slope, and the Annual Bishop's Forum in November with the Rt. Rev. Carlye Hughes, Bishop of Newark.

Church Club membership is open to all lay Episcopalians, Episcopal Church clergy, and laity of other faiths throughout the U.S. For more information or to inquire about membership, email Susan Ridgeway, Executive Director at churchclubny@gmail.com or call the Church Club office at (212) 828-7418.

Cathedral Pride



An Evensong and Spirit of Pride Celebration was held at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Sunday, June 23. Three 12x12" blocks of the AIDS Memorial Quilt were ceremonially unfolded during the Spirit of Pride event. Each block contains the panel of a victim of the epidemic with a close connection to our Cathedral community and were installed around the AIDS Memorial in the Cathedral nave. Photo: The Rev. David Rider

Stonewall Commemorated in New Composition



The 50th anniversary of the Stonewall Uprisings was marked in many ways around the diocese. St John's in the Village commissioned chamber music from 20-something gay composer Leonard Bopp, who based his work (for counter-tenor and string trio) on fliers advertising the first commemoration, 'Liberation Day' in 1970. It was premiered at the opening of St John's June-long all-LGBTQ art exhibition in the church's gallery and subsequently professionally recorded.

Pride in Yonkers



St. John's Getty Square and Zion Church in Dobbs Ferry shared a booth at the Yonkers Pride festival. Pictured is the Rev. Mary Grambsch from Zion and vestry member Christopher Canty from St. John's. Photo: Donna Davis

Church Club Hosts Bishop of Salisbury at 132nd Annual Dinner

The Rt. Rev. Nicholas Holtam, Bishop of Salisbury, England, was the honored guest and speaker at the Church Club of New York's 132nd Annual Dinner Gala on May 13 at the Yale Club of New York City.

In his address, Bishop Holtam noted that Salisbury is home to one of four original versions of Magna Carta (the Great Charter of the Liberties), which was drafted in the year 1215 by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Marking Magna Carta's 800th anniversary in 2015, Salisbury Cathedral was listed as the 7th top visitor attraction in the world, according to Lonely Planet; it also boasts the oldest operating mechanical clock in the world. The Bishop noted, however, that just last year, Salisbury made international headlines in a less positive way, when a military-grade nerve agent was used in a public space to target a former Soviet agent and his daughter.

Speaking about things of a more theological nature, Bishop Holtam reflected on the importance of having hope in times of darkness and doubt. "That sense of facing the dark cloud and of seeing hope even when there are difficulties, is a really important part of Christian faith. This isn't just about the glass being half full, or half empty, it's about having a really solid sense of hope, that there is something more which we will get to, but we have to persevere."

Leading the Church of England on issues of global warming and climate change, Bishop Holtam emphasized the responsibility of Christians for the care of the environment. He implored that "We can't go on consuming in the same kind of way. We have got to find a different way of living, and start living sustainably."



The Rt. Rev. Nicholas Holtam, Bishop of Salisbury, at the May 13 annual dinner of the Church Club of New York.

Photo: Church Club of New York.

Pride March in New Paltz



The Rev. Deacon Robin Beveridge carries a banner with the Episcopal shield. Episcopalians from five parishes marched. Photo: Colleen Culwell

Setting the Table Takes on New Meaning for a Parish's Families

By Andrea West

As co-directors of the Altar Guild at St. James the Less, Scarsdale, Jan Lamb and I frequently discuss ways to recruit new members. At the start of 2019, we had about 20, but even so, at times we are stretched: we have an active church, with Eucharists at 8:00 a.m. and 10:00 a.m. every Sunday and multiple weddings, baptisms, and funerals—all of which require the service of the Altar Guild.

Joining the Altar Guild has been a surprisingly meaningful part of my worship. It's a quiet, behind-the-scenes ministry. For its members, it offers a special space where we can worship and serve. It was important to me to share this space with my family: so when one of my team members was away or out sick, I would ask my 10-year-old daughter to count the wafers, and my 15-year-old son to dry the vessels after I washed them. At 6'3", my husband can change the candle in the sanctuary lamp without going on tip-toes, and my 13-year-old son enjoyed filling the candles with oil. I loved when we worked together to get everything put away so we could enjoy coffee hour together. Sometimes, they would sneak a slice of homemade cake into the sacristy for me to enjoy while I worked.

Even so, my Altar Guild duties usually took me away from my family; so I asked myself, what if I used them to bring us together? The idea to create a family team was born! I already knew how much they loved to help me: now it was time to make it official.

With the support of our rector, the Rev. Astrid Storm, I approached fellow vestry member Omaira Crane. She is already a member of several committees, but I felt that this could be enjoyed by her whole family. We soon featured the idea in the monthly newsletter, *The Messenger*—and recently a third family has expressed interest in joining!

There are some tasks that I would allow only my eldest child to do: for example, handling the silver vessels, which are easily dented and expensive to repair or replace. Changing the frontals on the altar is a job where I am grateful to have many hands, however, even little ones.

I have fond memories of being at church with my mom, helping her serve tea and coffee, polishing the pews, and simply enjoying being part of something wonderful. It was the start of my spiritual journey. I hope that in the same way, my children will always hang on to the memories of our teamwork on the Altar Guild, and the seed of service and worship will continue to grow throughout their lives.

Omaira agrees. "When Andrea approached me about the family altar guild idea," she said, "I was excited to share an activity at the church with my family. I also believed that this experience would allow my faith and appreciation for St. James' to grow, and looked forward to having that happen alongside my family."

My advice to families interested in joining the Altar Guild is to be patient. It takes time to learn how to vest the chalice, not to mention learning to pronounce all the Latin names



Altar Guild family style. Photo: Church of St. James the Less

of the vessels! And there will be ups and downs: there will be days when your children won't be happy getting up early to go to church on a Saturday; there will also be days when they perform their duties quietly with reverence, and you will be so proud of these young thoughtful individuals.

At 45-years old at the time of joining the altar guild, I enjoyed being the youngest member. But no more. Now our youngest member is aged 8!

If you're interested in making the Altar Guild a family affair at your parish and have questions, feel free to reach out: andreamwest@hotmail.com.

The author serves on the vestry at St. James the Less, Scarsdale.

Beacon Parade



St. Andrew's and St. Luke's Church walked in the Memorial Day Parade in Beacon. Anthony Lassiter, a member of the church, was the organizer of the parade and the MC of the ceremony that followed. Former member of St. Andrew's Robert Lanier was the keynote speaker. Photo: St. Andrew's & St. Luke's Church

First Ever LEV/LEM Training For Deaf, Hard-of-Hearing



Deacons LaVetty and Bourquin look on as ASL interpreter, Mary Darrah-MacLean puts the training in visual language.

Twenty-seven people were at Manhattan's Holyhood Church June 22 to participate in the first-ever diocesan Lay Eucharistic Minister/Lay Eucharistic Visitor (LEV/LEM) training especially for people who are deaf, hard-of-hearing, sign language interpreters, and others who know or are learning sign language.

For Deacon Denise LaVetty, the diocese's lead LEV/LEM trainer, it was a new experience. "I was a bit nervous at first because of so many things to be aware of, such as speaking slowly so I would not be too far ahead of the interpreters. As I got past some hurdles, things went smoothly. I'm fairly certain this was due to the enthusiasm of the group and the obvious appreciation of the day and the desire to learn about this ministry. Some wonderful questions were asked, which enhanced the experience. It was an extremely rewarding and blessed day and a privilege to assist in training this wonderful group."

Deacon Gene Bourquin, the diocese's pastoral missionary to the deaf, explained that training is a key component to supporting and growing the participation of deaf people in the life of the Church. This means bringing the community together and providing high quality interpreting. "The feedback on the training was so positive – it was a historic day for us," Gene said.

Ecumenical Outreach in Midtown Manhattan

By Pamela A. Lewis

Created in June 2017, the Ecumenical Outreach Partnership is a collaboration among three midtown congregations: Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Saint Thomas Church, and St. Patrick's Cathedral. The partnership works to enlarge the level of support extended to homeless men and women, as well as to others in need of social services.

The partnership's member churches fund the full-time position of its director, John Sheehan, LMSW, who is often to be seen in his deep purple hoodie and baseball cap that reads "Fifth Avenue Ecumenical Outreach Partnership," as he provides street outreach between 43rd and 57th

Streets, from Madison to 6th Avenues. Saint Thomas and St. Patrick's also refer walk-in clients and individuals to John, whose office is located at Fifth Avenue Presbyterian.

Although the partnership serves a diverse clientele, the majority are male (70 percent), white (52 percent), and adult. About 80 percent are mentally disabled. Since John and his staff began the partnership, 380 clients have come through the door, not including those already on the streets.

John brings over 40 years of experience in human services to his role, and sees "meeting the person where they're at," as the important point of departure towards establishing a relationship with clients. Following the philosophy of trauma-informed care, clients are made to feel physically and psychologically safe, in the form of coffee, toiletries, clothing and other necessities (donated by members of the three churches), which in turn give dignity and hope. While primary needs are met, the ultimate goal is to remove individuals from the streets and to find emergency housing, medical care, and Social Security and veterans' benefits for them. John also hopes to add computers and computer training to the program.

Donations of clothing are welcomed and may be brought to the front desk of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Those interested in volunteer opportunities or in offering pro-bono services should contact John at jsheehan@fapc.org.

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



Ecumenical Outreach Partnership director, John Sheehan, LMSW, in his trademark purple hoodie and cap.

Photo: Pamela A. Lewis.

Deacons Gather in Providence



New York deacons in Providence.

Photo: Deacon Geri Swanson.

Eleven deacons from the Diocese of New York found their way to Providence to take part in the Triennial Conference of the Association for Episcopal Deacons at the Renaissance Hotel in Providence, Rhode Island June 6 to 9. The theme of the gathering was "The Power of Hope: Transformation through Reconciliation and Relationship." Over 250 deacons, aspirants to the diaconate and spouses from across the United States and Canada were in attendance including the Rev. Deacon Lis Martinez, the only ordained vocational deacon on the island of Cuba.



Staatsburg Retirements

This past June, St. Margaret's Church in Staatsburg celebrated the service and upcoming retirements of the Rev. Deacon Carolyn Verbeck Brindle and its vicar, the Rev. Canon C. Allan Ford. Photo: St. Margaret's, Staatsburg.

Rider to Retire: Seamen's Church Institute President & Executive Director Will Step Down in 2020

The Seamen's Church Institute (SCI) announced in June that its president & executive director, the Rev. David M. Rider, will retire in 2020 after 12 years of service, during which he has overseen SCI's growth, development, and positive influence.

Under Rider's leadership, SCI modernized its world-class simulator and training facilities in Paducah and Houston. These facilities and their outstanding staff now serve thousands of mariners annually. This education and safety initiative dovetailed perfectly with the work of SCI's chaplains who support mariners on US inland rivers and their families, forging ever-closer relationships with the vital community that serves American and world trade. At the same time, Rider steered SCI through a comprehensive upgrade of its Port Newark International Seafarers' Center, which provides hospitality to thousands of seafarers arriving at the East coast's largest port each year.

Rider also oversaw the major Future of Mariners capital campaign to strengthen SCI's long-term investments and sustain its mission for the next 185 years of service.



The Rev. David M. Rider on the river.

Photo: SCI.

Divinity, Biochemistry, Law, and More: The 2019 Grants by the Global Women's Fund

Also, a Special Evening at Vassar on October 25

For school-age girls in rural areas of developing countries, menstruation can be a major obstacle to education. Often without access to sanitary pads or tampons, girls are forced to stay at home during their periods. In a given school year, girls can miss as many as two months of learning, creating a structural disadvantage relative to boys in seeking higher education. A lack of safe water, meanwhile, can increase health risks when makeshift pads cannot be properly washed. Also, with menstruation a taboo topic in many local cultures, girls suffer social isolation.

To address the problem, the Global Women's Fund of New York has granted the 2019 Kathi Wáts Grossman Award, for a seminar of outstanding vision and design, to the Soroti Diocese of Uganda, for a seminar project addressing menstrual hygiene management. The three-month seminar project, to be held later this year, will provide skilled tutors in primary and secondary schools across the diocese to educate teachers and girls on how to make and use menstrual pads, with the aim of helping girls to stay in school. Teachers will also be trained to educate other teachers in the skill, creating a network of future support for the higher education of Anglican women. "The primary mission of the Global Women's Fund is higher education for Anglican women," explained Judi Counts, Chair of the Fund's board, "but first we have to help girls get there."

Established in 2004 in response to a global need to empower women and promote gender equality, the Global Women's Fund, an outreach of the Diocese of New York, offers full-tuition grants for the higher education of Anglican women in the developing world. Recognizing education as key to increasing the contributions and influence of women in their local communities, the Fund has supported the higher education of more than 65 Anglican women. Yet the Fund also provides grants for educational seminars that have reached thousands of Anglican women and girls. The Kathi Wáts Grossman Award is one of two named grants awarded each year.

The second is the Catherine S. Roskam Scholarship for advanced theological studies. In 2019, the Roskam Scholarship has been awarded to Emily, 31, in the Diocese of Butere, Kenya (*due to security concerns in some countries, the Global Women's Fund publishes only the first names of scholarship recipients*). Emily is an ordained Anglican



priest seeking to strengthen her ministry by earning a Bachelor of Divinity degree at St. Paul's University. Presently, she ministers to and with children, in church and local schools, helping them not only to build a relationship with Jesus, but also to address challenges of growing up in Kenya – pressure to drop out of school to support families, early pregnancy, and female genital mutilation. "Emily is both very pragmatic and faith-filled," said the Rev. Deborah Dresser, a board member who participated in the reading group for theology applications. Added the Rev. Canon Vicki Sirota, also a member of the reading group, "Emily speaks passionately about how her college education will impact the future aspirations of young girls and women in her society."

The 2019 scholarships to global Anglican women also include:

Yuster, Tanzania – Applied Theology
Buenefa, India – Biochemistry
Naomi, Tanzania – Law
Ikima, Uganda – Early Childhood Development
Sarah, Democratic Republic of the Congo – Social Work and Administration.

The other seminars to receive 2019 grants are:

Training Women to be Economically Self-Sufficient, Ghana
Enhancing Awareness of Gender-Based Violence,
Democratic Republic of the Congo
Capacity Building for Women's Ministry in Parishes,
West Bank, Israel-Palestine.

In all, the Global Women's Fund made scholarship and seminar grants exceeding \$52,000 in 2019.

All this is made possible by the financial generosity of donors who believe in the Fund's education mission. Next fall, Episcopalians in the diocese and friends of the Fund will be able to contribute by attending a special fundraising evening on Friday, October 25, at Vassar College, with Bishop Dietsche and guest speaker Jodi Dean, an American political theorist at Hobart and William Smith Colleges and Director of the colleges' Fisher Center for the Study of Gender and Justice. Prof. Dean's new book, *Comrade: An Essay on Political Belonging*, which explores revolutionary relationship in politics, will be published in early October.

For further information on the Global Women's Fund and to make a donation now online, visit the website: episcopaldioceseny.org/gwf.

The Rev. Victor Conrado Appointed Canon for Congregational Vitality and Formation

Bishop Dietsche announced July 11 the appointment of the Rev. Victor Conrado to serve as the Canon for Congregational Vitality and Formation for the Diocese of New York, replacing the Rev. Canon Altagracia Perez-Bullard. He will take up his position on August 15.

Conrado will provide leadership to the arenas of congregational development, vitality and formation and Latino ministries in the diocese. He comes to the diocese having most recently served as associate for ministries for the Diocese of Chicago in which capacity he was responsible for congregational development and congregational transition,

and as associate rector at St. Mark's Church in Glen Ellyn where he was responsible for starting a Spanish-language ministry and for Christian formation.

Born in Colombia, Conrado received his MDiv at the Jesuit Theological Seminary in Nairobi, Kenya in 2000 and was ordained to the priesthood in Colombia in 2001. He emigrated to the US and was subsequently received into the Episcopal Church by the Bishop of Chicago in 2009 and his orders were received in 2011. He brings a great deal of experience in congregational vitality and formation and is a trainer for the College for Congregational Development.



A Tiny Church Building Says Goodbye, Strengthening a Small Congregation's Faith

By Ann M. Votaw

In a tearful ceremony led by Bishop Suffragan Allen K. Shin, Holy Trinity Church in Inwood—Manhattan's most northerly neighborhood—was deconsecrated June 16 after almost a century of worship. The Rev. Canon John Perris and Holy Trinity's vicar, the Rev. J.W. Dell, assisted at the deconsecration service, which was attended by more than 50 people.

Plans for Holy Trinity call for the demolition of the deconsecrated sanctuary, the development of part of the church property as a residential building, and the gut renovation of the Parish House to provide a new and greatly improved sanctuary and other amenities.

Holy Trinity currently consists of two buildings on a rocky hilltop in Upper Manhattan. The largest is the Parish House designed by architect John Russell Pope, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1929. The smaller is the quaint one-story space that was never designed to be a church, but has served as one until now. The originally-planned grand gothic style church was never built – a victim of the 1929 stock market crash.

"Thank you, Lord, for letting us use this building," Bishop Shin prayed as he stood in the center aisle, palms open. "But it has seen its day." Church members chuckled at this as they thought of the years of leaks and plumbing issues. Smiling, Bishop Shin continued: "We give it back to you. We also want to thank



Holy Trinity's organ dismantled and awaiting removal.

Photo: Holy Trinity, Inwood.

you for the new beginning. We thank you for the gift of the new risen Lord."

The bishop challenged parishioners to stay connected during their transition—from this small structure and later into a refurbished Parish House. "Our job is to reset the DNA of your community," he said.

The author is a member of Holy Trinity Church, Inwood, in Manhattan.

Epiphany, Manhattan Supports Re-Establishment of Chicken Farming in Northern Iraq

By Helen F. Goodkin

Because of its long relationship with the Church of the Epiphany in Doha, Qatar and the Diocese of Cyprus and the Gulf, the Church of the Epiphany in Manhattan was asked by St. George's Anglican Church in Baghdad to assist with fund-raising efforts for the re-establishment of chicken farms on the Nineveh Plains, south of Erbil.

For centuries, the area has been home to Christians, who worship in Aramaic, the language of Jesus, primarily in the Chaldean Catholic Church and Assyrian Church of the East. They have also been a crucial component of Iraq's economic life, developing a variety of agricultural sectors, particularly chicken farming in this region. The city of Qaraqosh was home to up to 100 farms that provided poultry and other livestock products to the entire nation.

The Iraq war and the onslaught of ISIS destroyed the area, including the farms. Countless thousands died, and even more were forced to become refugees. Today, as stability returns, many former farmers with the skills and desire to rebuild this industry remain in the area. With help to restart their farms, these men and their families will create jobs, bring economic growth and community development, and instill pride in a brave and resilient people that have had many years without hope.

St. George's Anglican Church in Baghdad, along with US organizations Stand With Iraqi Christians (SWIC) in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and International Christian Concern (ICC), a Washington-based NGO, have begun to redevelop and grow this vital industry. A manager employed by both St. George's Church and ICC has been vetting and recruiting farmers for the project over the last six months.

A pilot project of two farms was started in April 2019, and already over 6,000 chicks have been brought to market. Two additional farms will start in the summer, and if the funds can be raised, six more will start in the fall.



One of two chicken farms that were rebuilt in May.

Photo: Courtesy of ICC and SWIC.

The total start-up cost is approximately \$13,000 per farm, which covers the cost of 3,000 chicks, feed, water, electricity and veterinary care, including immunizations. SWIC, working with Epiphany and others, has committed to raise \$6,000 per farm, ICC has committed \$3,000 per farm, and the remaining \$4,000 is provided as "skin in the game" by the farmer, who must also possess the land and chicken coops to adequately house the initial 3,000 chicks.

It is anticipated that once the first group of chicks goes to market (usually in about 50 days) each farm will be self-sustaining, using a portion of the proceeds from the first flock to procure the next batch of chicks, feed, etc. All future funds raised will be devoted to starting up additional

farms. However, the participants stand ready to support the project farms should unforeseen difficulties arise.

The economic benefits of this program extend well beyond the farmer and his family and include additional day laborers who work on the farm, the veterinarians and their staff, feed suppliers, hatchery workers, transport workers, processors, marketers and sellers of both live and processed birds. Finally, the people of Iraq will benefit greatly from an improved, nutritious, and less costly source of food. At the same time, this and other projects in the area will provide stimulus to create a stable community, allowing many refugees who fled the Nineveh Plains to return to jobs, housing, schooling, and other community services.

Watch the SWIC video about this project. <https://youtu.be/CoFg6vR4fn4.e>.

Anyone interested in this project, should contact Laura Noggle at finance@epiphanynyc.org.

OBISPA MARY D. GLASSPOOL (continuado de la paginación 7)

Brooks se levanta con una mano en un atril, la otra en el aire como si predicara. Detrás de Brooks se encuentra la figura de Jesús, con una de sus manos puesta suavemente sobre el hombro de Brooks.

¿Tenemos cada uno el *Poder de Uno*? ¿Estamos conectados a la fuente de poder definitiva del universo para que todas nuestras acciones y actividades sean impulsadas por esa carga divina? ¿Está *encendido* el interruptor? Si es así, viviremos vidas que representan algo, vidas que defienden algo, vidas que anhelan algo, vidas que proclaman algo y vidas que traen el amor y la justicia de Dios a este mundo.



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BISHOPS' VISITATION SCHEDULE

SEPTEMBER 1 (12 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Stone Church, Cragsmoor

SEPTEMBER 8 (13 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Ascension & Holy Trinity, West Park

Bishop Shin: St. Mary's, Manhattanville

Bishop Glasspool: St. John the Evangelist, Barrytown

SEPTEMBER 15 (14 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Christ Church, Riverdale

Bishop Shin: St. Peter's, Lithgow

Bishop Glasspool: St. Bartholomew's, Manhattan

SEPTEMBER 22 (15 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Mary's, Mohegan Lake

Bishop Shin: St. Thomas', Mamaroneck; St. Edmund's, Bronx

Bishop Glasspool: St. Paul's, Ossining

SEPTEMBER 28 (SATURDAY)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Mark's, Chelsea

SEPTEMBER 29 (16 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: Grace, Port Jervis

Bishop Shin: St. John's, Ellenville a.m.; Divine Love, Montrose p.m.

Bishop Glasspool: St. Francis & St. Martha's, White Plains

OCTOBER 6 (17 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Francis' Day, Cathedral

Bishop Shin: St. Phillip's, Manhattan

Bishop Glasspool: Calvary-St. George's, Manhattan

OCTOBER 13 (18 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Mark's, Mount Kisco

Bishop Shin: St. Stephen's, Armonk

Bishop Glasspool: Trinity, Saugerties

OCTOBER 20 (19 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Paul's, Poughkeepsie

Bishop Shin: St. George's, Newburgh

Bishop Glasspool: St. Luke's, Bronx

OCTOBER 27 (20 PENTECOST)

Bishop Dietsche: St. Paul's, Poughkeepsie

Bishop Shin: St. George's, Newburgh

Bishop Glasspool: St. Luke's, Bronx

NOV 3 (ALL SAINTS')

Bishop Dietsche: Cathedral Congregation of Saint Saviour

Bishop Shin: Resurrection, Hopewell Junction

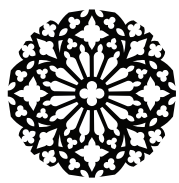
Bishop Glasspool: All Saints', Briarcliff Manor

CLERGY CHANGES

	FROM	TO	DATE
The Rev. Loyda Morales	Priest-in-Charge, Mediator, Bronx	Rector, Good Shepherd, Hartford, CT	April 21, 2019
The Rev. Glenn B. Chalmers	Rector, St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Chapala, Mexico	Interim Priest, All Saints', Briarcliff Manor	April 28, 2019
The Rev. Patrick J. Ward	Priest-in-Residence, St. Luke's, Eastchester	Interim Priest, St. Luke's, Katonah	May 1, 2019
The Rev. Steven W. Schunk	Associate, Messiah, Rhinebeck	Priest-in-Charge, Regeneration, Pine Plains	May 12, 2019
The Rev. Canon Albert J. Ogle	Vicar, St. Peter's (Lithgow), Millbrook	Interim Rector, St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill, PA	May 19, 2019
The Rev. Canon Ada Wong Nagata	Priest-in-Charge, Our Savior, Manhattan	Retirement	May 26, 2019
The Rev. Yesupatham Duraikannu	Interim Priest, St. Andrew's, Bronx	Priest-in-Charge, St. Andrew's, Bronx	June 1, 2019
The Rev. Michael Robinson	Chaplain, Trinity-Pawling School, Pawling, NY	Head of School, Stuart Hall School, Staunton, VA	June 1, 2019
The Rev. Canon Victoria Sirota	Priest-in-Charge, St. John's (Getty Square), Yonkers	Rector, St. John's (Getty Square), Yonkers	June 1, 2019
The Rev. Matthew Welsch	Assoc. Rector & Youth Minister, Good Shepherd, Towson, MD	Minister for Youth & Family, Trinity Wall Street, Manhattan	June 3, 2019
The Rev. Steven W. Schunk	Priest-in-Charge, Regeneration, Pine Plains and Priest-in-Charge, Regeneration, Pine Plains	Priest-in-Charge, St. Mary-in-the-Highlands, Cold Spring	July 15, 2019
The Rev. Leigh P. Mackintosh	Assistant Rector, St. Michael's, Manhattan	Chaplain Resident, VCU Health System, Richmond, VA	June 16, 2019
The Rev. Timothy L. Morehouse	Chaplain, Trinity School, Manhattan	Upper School Chaplain, The Iolani School, Honolulu, HI	July 1, 2019
The Rev. Mary Cat Young	Chaplain, Canterbury Downtown, Diocese of NY	Assoc. for University Ministry, Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, NC	July 31, 2019
The Rev. Victor H. Conrado	Associate for Ministries, Diocese of Chicago and Priest Associate, St. Mark's, Glen Ellyn, IL	Canon for Congregational Vitality, Diocese of NY	August 15, 2019
The Rev. Lauren E. B. Kuratko	Priest Associate, Christ's Church, Rye	Rector, Grace, Hastings-on-Hudson	August 18, 2019
The Rev. Robin L. James	Priest-in-Charge, St. Andrew's, New Paltz and Chaplain, SUNY New Paltz	Rector, Grace, Liberty, MO	August 31, 2019
The Rev. Dr. Patrick S. Cheng	Associate Rector, Transfiguration, Manhattan	Theologian in Residence, St. Thomas, Manhattan	September 8, 2019
The Rev. Alison J. Turner	Director of Children & Family Ministry, St. Thomas, Manhattan	Associate for Children and Family Ministry, St. Thomas, Manhattan	September 8, 2019

Cathedral Calendar

AUGUST 2019-OCTOBER 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

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.

CATHEDRAL THROUGH TIME: CELEBRATING 125 YEARS!

Saturday, August 31, 10:30 a.m.
For over 125 years, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine has been a part of New York City history. From sacred to secular, prayers to performances - it is an architectural wonder driven by a mission to be a house of prayer for all people. Walk through time, recalling the early days of construction (and its history), to discover how its mission of welcome has guided the structure, programming and future of this great cathedral. This tour concludes with a climb up a spiral staircase for a behind-the-scenes view of select architectural features. Led by Cathedral Guide Gene Carlucci. Tickets are \$18 per adult, \$15 per student/senior.

SEPTEMBER

METTAWEE RIVER THEATRE COMPANY: THE RINGDOVE

Friday – Sunday, September 6 – 8,
7:30 p.m.

Mettawee River Theatre Company returns to the Cathedral to present *The Ringdove*, first produced in 1988. The Ringdove is drawn from *The Panchatantra*, a collection of allegorical tales whose origins reach back over 2,000 years, to ancient India. The central characters are a crow, a rat, a turtle and a gazelle, whose adventures, behavior and relationships reflect many aspects of human nature. The production tells the story of the creatures' growth in friendship with each other, as they achieve strength and harmony through cooperation and understanding.

ORDINATION OF PRIESTS

Saturday, September 14, 10:30 a.m.
Visit diocesen.org for more information.

OCTOBER

MUSICA SACRA - MUSIC FOR A GOTHIC SPACE: MACHAUT, JOSQUIN, AND GREGORIAN CHANT

Monday, October 21, 7:30 p.m.; pre-concert recital by the Newark Boys Chorus at 7 p.m.

The 2019-20 season of Great Music in a Great Space kicks off with a performance by Musica Sacra of Guillaume de Machaut's majestic *Messe de Nostre Dame*. Visit stjohndivine.org for tickets and more information.

GREAT ORGAN: DAVID BRIGGS

Tuesday, October 29, 7:30 p.m.
Artist in Residence David Briggs presents the music of J. S. Bach, César Franck, Marcel Dupré, and Franz Liszt, and the world premiere of his own variations on "Take the A Train." Visit stjohndivine.org for tickets.

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.

Don't forget to become a fan of the Cathedral on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram!

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.

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.actprograms.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)

All programs meet in the CCC office, the Sunday Soup Kitchen or the Cathedral A.C.T. gym unless otherwise specified. Please visit stjohndivine.org for more information on CCC programs.

NUTRITION, HEALTH AND CLOTHING CENTER

The Center hosts monthly HIV testing (in partnership with Care for the Homeless), as well as blood pressure, heart health, diabetes, and other screenings throughout the course of the year. Please visit our website for upcoming screening dates or contact (212) 316-7581, ccc@stjohndivine.org.

CLOTHING CLOSET

Gently used men's, women's, and children's clothing can be donated to the CCC office Monday through Friday

10am-5p.m. Tax receipts available upon request. Contact: (212) 316-7581, ccc@stjohndivine.org.

SUNDAY SOUP KITCHEN

Every Sunday in the A.C.T. gym. Breakfast, 10 a.m.; Lunch, 12:30 p.m. Contact: Robert Finn, Food Program Manager, at (212) 316-7579 (T/W/Th after 12 p.m.).

SNAP/FOOD STAMPS PROGRAM

(in partnership with the Human Resources Administration, The Food Bank for New York City, New York City Coalition Against Hunger, and Columbia University-SHOUT) Tuesdays and Wednesdays (by appointment only).

Pre-screening and, if eligible, help with online applications and recertification is available. Contact: (212) 316-7581, ccc@stjohndivine.org

SELECTED PROGRAMS AND SERVICES AUGUST

HARLEM HAVANA

Saturday, August 3, 2 p.m.
Harlem Week 2019 kicks off at the Cathedral with an afternoon of live performance. Visit stjohndivine.org for more information

I LOVE NY: SPOTLIGHT ON THE CITY

Saturday, August 3, 10 a.m.
Celebrate New York City and its indomitable spirit with a special tour of the Cathedral. Learn how the Cathedral and City serve as places of diversity, tolerance, and human achievement. Hear stories of New York's immigrants, inventors, and artists who have helped shape the City and the world. Led by Senior Cathedral Guide John Simko. \$18 per person, \$15 per senior/student.

GATEWAY TO THE NEW JERUSALEM: SPOTLIGHT ON THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE WEST FRONT

Saturday, August 24, 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

Meditation on the Tree of Life

By the Rev. Canon Jeffrey Golliher, PhD

For thousands of years, the sacred tree, the axis mundi at the “center” of everything, has occupied an exalted place in how people experience and conceive of life’s meaning. Living today, in the “here and now” as we conceive of it, that singular, symbolic, but spiritually real tree seems a long way off. In our religious tradition, it figures prominently near the beginning of Genesis in the Garden, but even that seems a world away. So before turning to the sacred tree, let’s begin where we are—the only starting place we’ll ever have. Maybe the sacred tree will not be so far away after all.

Recently, the number of people who share with me, as a serious pastoral matter, their worrisome frustrations or alarm about difficulties in everyday conversation has substantially increased. They’re talking about their families and friends, telling me about divisions that have happened within their families to an extent they’ve never known, and the loss of friendships for the same reasons. Much of this is related to politics, but that’s not all of it. For example, their social networks online give the impression of being very personal, extensive and immediate, yet their lives feel, from the inside out, unexpectedly impersonal. Something isn’t right. In their minds, they go over it again and again, like repeatedly watching the same movie, which adds to the frustration. It’s exhausting, but even that might not be obvious. The outer disturbance reflects an inner disturbance, and vice versa.

Increasing ambiguity in our ideas and assumptions about “power” and “persons” seem to underlie much of it—as if the ground of existence is shaking. Just hearing those words spoken in conversation or in the media is likely to get my attention. Whether or not we’re aware of it, I suspect this is true for most everyone, especially in the church. I’m not thinking of the meaning of words found in dictionaries, but the larger, lived meanings—meaningfulness—that make up our everyday lives. My experience is that when we’re paying close attention in almost any conversation, we’ll hear echoes of “power” and “person” swirling in the background—their meaning unresolved, up for grabs. As the ground of our existence seems to shake—for reasons of political, economic, social, and ecological upheaval—so do our assumptions about core meanings in life. Meaning becomes fluid and life feels shaky, for better or worse.

This is what I mean by “for better or worse.” That fluidity (and ambiguity) could be a good sign in difficult times, if it suggests that our creative juices are flowing—if we’re spiritually awake and willing enough to go spiritually deeper, to realize the mess we’re in, and to search for a better course. But it’s not good, if it only suggests the kinds of confusion and divisive forces that are created by manipulation, domination, and propaganda—the very opposite of genuine creativity.

Either way, all this is about how we create a large part of our common life,:



Rembrandt van Rijn. *Satan Tempting Christ to Change Stones into Bread*, 1635/1640.

Photo: Courtesy National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

what St. Paul would have called our “world” and the “principalities and powers.” Bonhoeffer wrote in a similar way by describing “a life together” as the cherished, to die for goal in life. Powerful worldly forces are at work these days, forces that divide our “life together” into layer upon layer of “us” versus “them,” which would force us to forget any deep spiritual understanding of what it might mean to be a person or how to be with other persons. When this happens, the world becomes thing-like. Other people become thing-like. All God’s creatures become thing-like.

Because this happens, Christians follow the way of Jesus, choosing faith over fear, discerning in our hearts and minds what it means. If all goes well, we’ll know that our efforts will not be enough: and then, we’ll stop talking to ourselves

long enough to find that forgotten inner silence – in which our minds rest long enough to hear the Spirit speak. An intuition, a voice, seems to come out of nowhere: “Being right about moral issues is important and good ... but down deep in the soul, I’m not actually asking you to be right ... I’m asking you to be loving. Everything else will follow.”

When the inner silence fixes our attention even more, a door opens: – “the gate” that Jesus talked about and was. We feel it, but without knowing how to move ahead. The Spirit comes to our assistance, whispering, “Do not be afraid, I love you.”

We want to trust all this, but the place seems totally unknown—so we start talking to ourselves again, trying to talk ourselves out of everything that has happened, without realizing what we’re doing.

Now the Spirit says plainly, “This is your choice ... you can either empty yourself, or fill your self with yourself and the world. Pick up your cross, or continue to build crosses. What do you really want?”

We say “yes” to self-emptying and cross carrying with our hearts and souls. But the unknown, the darkness, is overwhelming. The Spirit knows this too and says, “Pick up your cross and I’ll carry you through the darkness. We’ll fly together, your cross and you on my back, all the way home.”

“Home”—what do you mean? The Spirit then becomes a luminous form saying, “You are home ... you just haven’t realized yet where you live or your God-given work.”

When we pick up our cross and carry it, we begin to be changed, just as the cross becomes the sacred tree. The world God created is alive with the Spirit. Our work is to care for God’s world, every bit of it. God is calling us home. What are we waiting for? – Now is the time.

The author is missionary, St. John’s Church, Ellenville, and assistant minister provincial for sacred ecology, The Society of St. Francis, Third Order.