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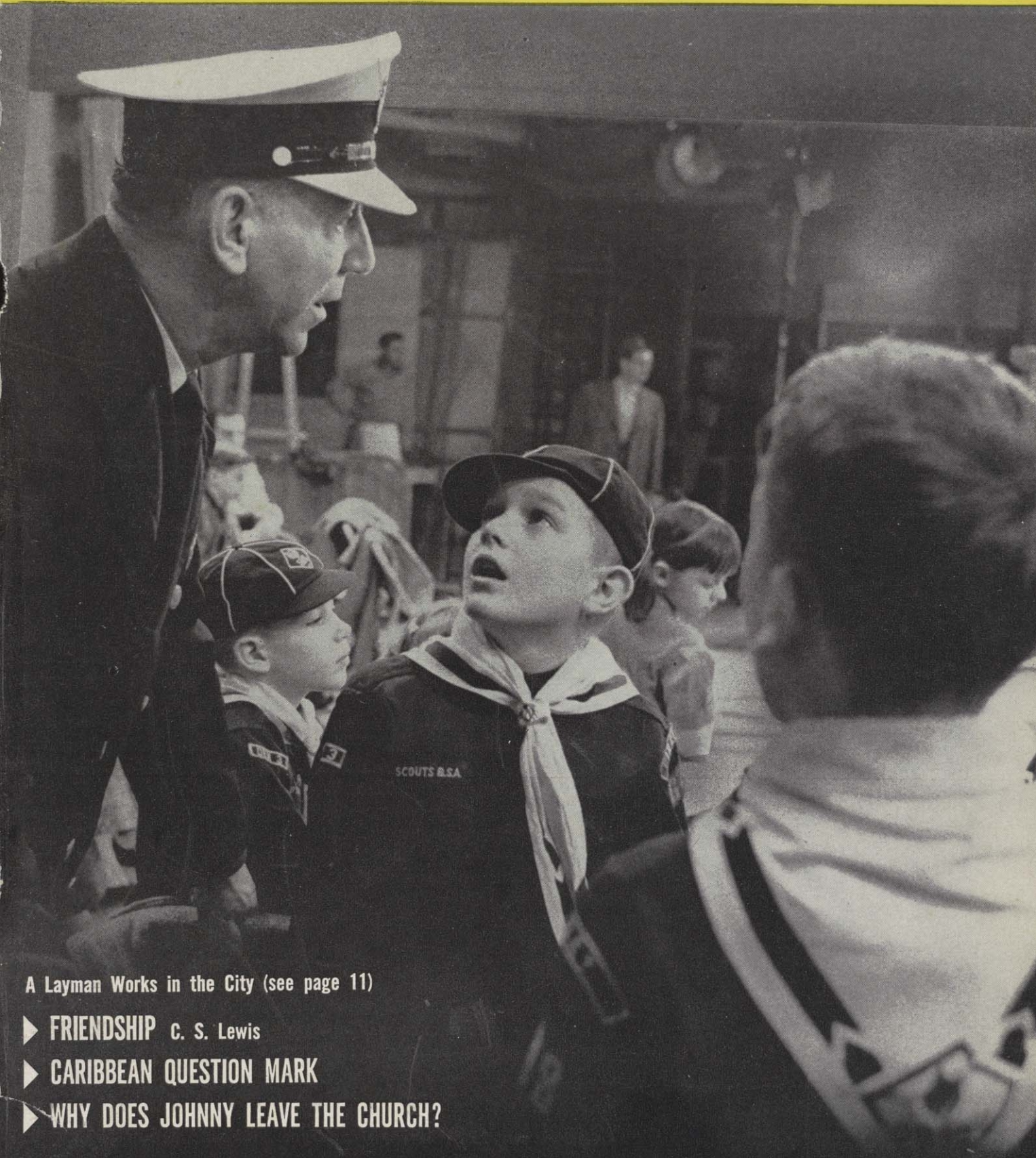
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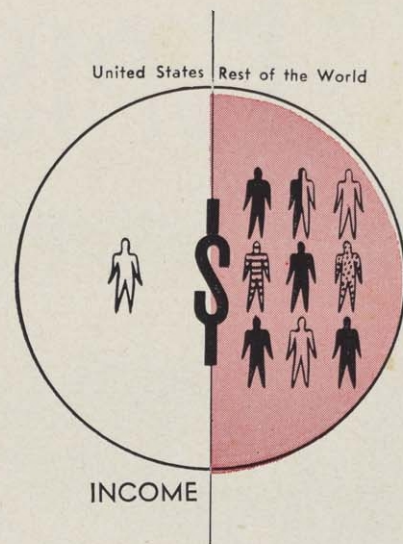
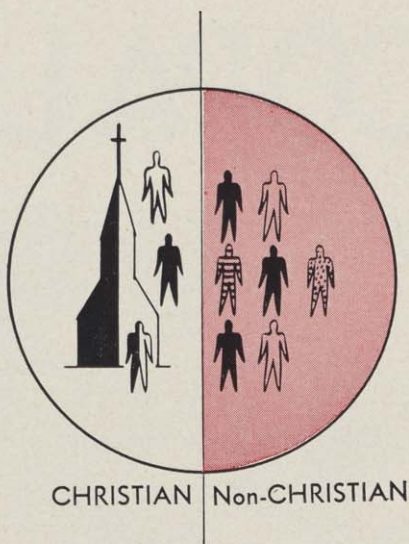
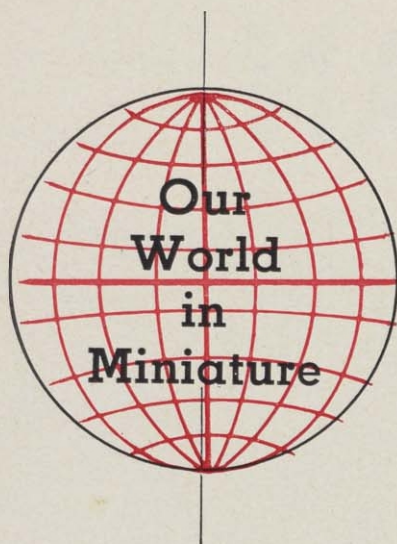
the EPISCOPALIAN

MAY 1960



A Layman Works in the City (see page 11)

- ▶ FRIENDSHIP C. S. Lewis
- ▶ CARIBBEAN QUESTION MARK
- ▶ WHY DOES JOHNNY LEAVE THE CHURCH?



by Henry Smith Leiper

SUPPOSE we could compress the total population of the world, now more than two and three-quarters billion people, into a community of one thousand persons living in a single town. Here is a picture of the vivid contrasts we would then be able to see.

Sixty persons would represent the present population of the United States; the rest of the world would be represented by 940 persons. The sixty Americans would be receiving half of the total income of the entire community; the other 940 people would share the remaining half.

Of the Americans in the town, thirty-seven would belong to Christian churches, and twenty-three would not. In the town as a whole, around 316 people would be classified as Christians; 684 would be non-Christian. Of the Christians in the community, about 125 would be Anglican, Orthodox, or Protestant; about 190 would be Roman Catholic.

At least eighty people in the community would be believing Com-

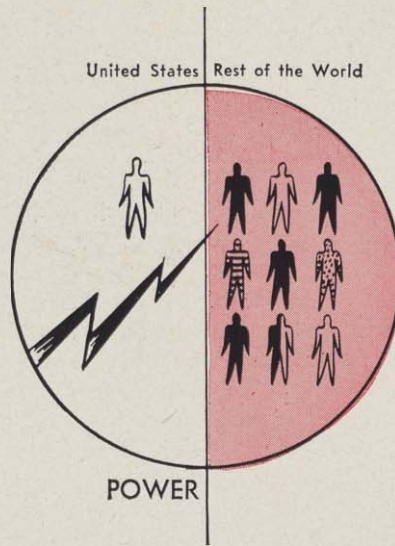
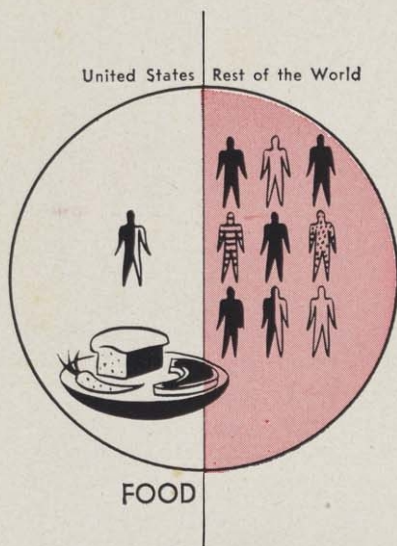
munists, and 370 others would be living under Communist domination.

As for color of skin, roughly 325 people would be white and 675 would be classified as colored.

The sixty Americans would have an average life expectancy of seventy years; all the others would average under forty years.

The sixty Americans would possess fifteen and one-half times as much goods as all the rest of the people. On the average, they would produce 16 per cent of the town's total food supply, but would consume all but one and one-half per cent of what they raise. They would keep most of the remaining food in expensive storage equipment for their own future use.

Since most of the 940 non-Americans in the community would always be hungry, never knowing when they would get enough to eat, a grave situation would be created by the disparity in food supply and the existence of vast food reserves, particularly in view of the fact that



the Americans are eating 72 per cent more than their maximum food requirements. Because the cost of storing their surplus food is so high, the Americans could actually save money by giving away the excess; but many would regard that as the dangerous "give-away" program of soft-headed "do-gooders."

Of the sixty Americans, each individual on the average would have twelve times as much of the community's total supply of electric power as a non-American; twenty-two times as much coal; twenty-one times as much oil and gasoline; fifty times as much steel, and fifty times as much general equipment of all kinds. The lowest income groups among the sixty Americans would be better off than the average in much of the rest of the town.

With the exception of perhaps two hundred persons (representing Western Europe and a few favored classes in other areas, such as South America, South Africa, Australia, and Japan), most of the non-Americans in this imaginary compressed

community would be ignorant, poor, hungry and sick. Half of them would be unable to read or write.

Moreover, half of the people in the community would never have heard of Jesus Christ, or what He taught, or for what He lived and died. On the other hand, more than half would be hearing about Karl Marx, Nicolai Lenin, Joseph Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev and other Communist leaders.

In view of these facts, it is interesting to note that an American Christian family spends, on the average, over \$850 each year for military defenses, and less than \$3.50 a year to share the Christian faith with others.

Out of an average income of \$2,500 per year, donations by each American for charitable purposes, other than private and personal gifts, average less than \$60 per year. This might indeed raise a question as to how seriously he regards the Christian faith, with its great emphasis on peace and good will among men on earth.

*What
do you
think?*

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THE COVER this month introduces readers to Episcopal Leon Graf, a policeman in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Graf's attempts to translate his religion into effective service—and a profile of the parish where he found first help in need and, later, faith in God—are recounted starting on page 11.

In spite of a few mad mixups and some still inexplicable delays, we here are reasonably certain that all of the April copies of THE EPISCOPALIAN have been delivered to all of you. Interest in the Church's new magazine has continued strong this past month. Including special introductory bulk mailings to many parishes, our circulation for the first issue was in excess of 55,000.

Because of this development, we have decided to print this issue on what is called a two-color rotary web press. If circulation continues to grow, we will make regular use of this large, new press, thus saving on production time and paper costs.

We wish we could bring you color photographs and art work in every issue, but we can't afford it. We are planning some more soon, however. Very soon.

We are honored to announce that several parishes have joined Christ Church, Nashville, in subscribing for all of their families. Included are: All Saints', Kansas City, Mo. (the Rev. E. G. Malcolm, rector) with 677 communicants; the Cathedral Church of St. John, Wilmington, Del. (the Very Rev. Lloyd E. Gressle, dean) with 1,054 communicants; St. John's, Powell, Wyoming (the Rev. Harry L. Hoffman III, rector) with 88 communicants, and St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., (the Rev. T. T. Edwards, rector) with 1,137 communicants. The first new mission to join our Parish Plan is St. Thomas, Lancaster, Pa., in the Diocese of Harrisburg.

Several new bylines appear in this issue. Henry Smith Leiper (page 2) is a distinguished Congregational-Christian

minister and home mission leader who lives in Leonia, N.J. Shelby Howatt (page 8) is an assistant editor of THE EPISCOPALIAN and a young woman still in the age group considered in her article. A word of special thanks goes here to the twenty-five workers with youth throughout the nation who contributed time and talent to this study.

Martha Moscrip (page 19) is a busy mother who does find time to teach. She is a director of Christian education and resource leader in the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Colby Dorr Dam (page 22) now lives in Philadelphia after spending many years as a writer in Washington, D.C. Mr. Dam recently returned from a trip to Haiti. William S. Lea of Denver, Colo., (page 35) returned last month from a trip through much of the South.

Chad Walsh, who wrote our lead article in Books, is Professor of English at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisc., and the author of several books on contemporary Christianity, including *Early Christians of the 21st Century*, *Knock and Enter*, and *Campus Gods on Trial*.

Lest you wonder how the Rev. Robert Castle and his family could possibly exist on \$2,400 a year salary (April issue, page 17), the answer is: they don't. THE EPISCOPALIAN inadvertently gave the Castles a massive salary cut. The correct figure is \$4,200, not \$2,400. —HLM

In the Next Issue

THE CASE OF THE CRUSADING CURATE

Lay Reader On A Mission

C. S. Lewis writes on EROS

That Population Problem

the

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Other Listings on page 25

Editorial Comment

Let's Face the Fact:

Religion Is a

IT is the instinct of most Americans, we feel sure, to share President Eisenhower's oft-repeated wish that religion could somehow be kept out of politics.

But Wisconsin makes it clear that this is a forlorn wish. The Democratic primary there involved a number of other issues—the farm program and labor policy, for example—and two contrasting personalities. Yet there is no blinking the fact that running through, and across, all these issues there was another, the fact that Mr. Kennedy is a Roman Catholic.

The evidence is impressive that many [Roman] Catholics turned out to vote for Senator Kennedy because he is a [Roman] Catholic, some of them normally Republicans who crossed over into the Democratic primary. Conversely, many Protestant voters plainly voted for Senator Humphrey not from sympathy with his extreme liberalism but because he was a Protestant candidate.

What effect this will have on other elections, we cannot foresee, although it is not an unreasonable presumption that the public impression of Wisconsin Catholic voting almost in a bloc will have the effect of coalescing a non-Catholic vote that might otherwise ride off in many directions. This will be no favor to Senator Kennedy in some other areas of the country.

And if there's no use blinking the fact that Wisconsin has made the religious issue an open one, there is no use either in flaying the voters—[Roman] Catholic or Protestant—for having succumbed to prejudice.

The country would do better, we think, to face the fact honestly that religion is, and always has been, a political issue and that it is not improper for it to be so.

Religious ideas have been the heart and soul of political issues in the Western world since long before the Reformation; they were powerful in the settling of America and the foundation of the country. Implicit in our Constitution is not only the idea of freedom of worship but also of a separation of Church and State, a separation not in form only but in removing any political control of churchmen upon statesmen.

Religious issues cannot be dismissed from people's political minds. Men's religious beliefs embrace not only man's relation to God but also man's relation to man. They thus touch the forms of society around him and so are inevitably deeply political in the truest sense of that word.

The real questions are, rather: What kind of an issue will religion be? And how will it be treated?

To answer those questions, all Americans, [Roman] Catholic and non-Catholic, must ask themselves sincerely whether in the context of America, 1960, the religious differences between Christian churches constitute the same political schisms that they did in, say, 1790.

The burden of that answer, let us face it, falls first upon the [Roman] Catholics themselves. The recent birth control controversy is only one instance in which a political question involves not merely individual religious attitudes but official Church at-

Political Issue

titudes as well. In this, as in other practical questions such as education, a predominantly Protestant country with a tradition of separation between its political leaders and church leaders is bound to ask how much a President of the United States will be affected by the dogmas of a Church.

As a practical matter, these questions are not dampened when a priest of the [Roman] Catholic Church writes publicly, as one did recently, that any [Roman] Catholic President must be bound by the teachings of the [Roman] Church when they conflict with the secular wishes of the country. Nor will they be lessened by an impression, true or not, that [Roman] Catholic voters will vote for a [Roman] Catholic just because he is a [Roman] Catholic.

These are direct questions to which Senator Kennedy, as a candidate, and the bishops of the [Roman] Church, as spokesmen for millions of American Catholics, would be well advised to answer with unmistakable clarity for the whole country to hear.

Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the burden of re-examining the "Catholic issue" in politics falls solely upon the [Roman] Catholics themselves.

The rest of the country needs to ask itself whether there is any realism any more in picturing the present-day [Roman] Catholic Church in America as it looked to Protestants in centuries past, or even as it may look today in different countries with different political traditions.

Senator Kennedy certainly did not

come to public attention as a "Catholic candidate." Whatever political differences anyone may have with him, he won his attention on the basis of his own personality, his political attitudes on such things as farm and labor legislation, and on his activity in the Senate. These things are matters of importance, and it would be a pity if their consideration by the voters was obscured by a religious issue that may exist only in the remembrance of things past.

And one other comment. Religious ideas ought to be a political consideration in a wider sense than that shown in any division within the Christian heritage. In our pre-occupation with the separation of the religious and the secular, we should beware lest we lose altogether the vision that each individual man is touched with a Divine dignity and that he has a greater destiny than to be a mere creature of a secular State.

That is the true religious issue in the politics of our time. Its outcome, in the end, is the destiny of mankind, and in our own society it is more important that we choose upon this issue than upon whether a President is a Methodist, a Quaker, or a [Roman] Catholic.

So let us, by all means, not bar religion from politics. Let us even in this campaign ask ourselves anew the ancient questions about Church and State. But let us make sure we are asking them in the right way for our time.

—WALL STREET JOURNAL

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Why does Johnny leave the Church?

By Shelby M. Howatt



Adolescence is a crucial time for faith. Our attitude toward young questioners can make all the difference. Episcopalians who work with young persons discuss one of the most perplexing religious issues of our day.

AT eight o'clock on a particularly dismal Monday morning, the rector's bedside phone squealed tentatively, then competed full force with its neighbor, the alarm clock. One paralyzed moment later, order was restored and the rector blinked into the receiver.

"Oh, I'm glad you're up," a woman's voice cried.

"Well, I —"

The woman rushed on. "I've been so worried—I don't know what to do. Johnny told me last night, before he went back to school—by the way, this is Mrs. Graham—and after all we've, I mean, you've taught him . . ."

"What did he tell you?" managed the rector.

"He said, well, he said he thinks Christianity is a fairy tale."

The rector sighed.

At a somewhat more coherent hour, the rector attempted to give Mrs. Graham the perspective she obviously needed to meet her "problem." He knew Johnny Graham well, had baptized him and watched him progress from a scarred-kneed first grader in church school to an active member of the parish's youth group. He also knew that whatever influence Mrs. Graham had had over her son's spiritual growth was over. It ended when Johnny began his first struggles toward maturity, and it was certainly over now, with Johnny away from home.

"You can do two things now," he told her, "and

two things only. First, you can continue to be a good Christian example, and secondly, you can pray for him. Anything else will probably do more harm than good."

If Mrs. Graham's parish is like most others in the United States, her son will leave the Church for an extended period of time, along with most of his friends. These young people leave for a variety of reasons; but whatever the reason, it has been estimated that *half of them will never return.*

Despite the so-called "religious revival" trumpeted by the popular press and pulpit, there is a real dearth of communicants between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six in today's Episcopal parishes. Bishops wonder what is happening to all the young people they confirm. The clergy watch daily raids on their young persons by Young Life groups, liberal agnosticism, or just plain apathy. And all the while, the Mrs. Grammys want to know *why.*

The answer begins to unfold shortly after Susan sheds her pigtails and Johnny begins to think how really nice she looks without them. It is about this time that they make the revolutionary discovery that sets off everything else: Parents are not infallible. Neither are teachers nor, for that matter, adults in general. At the same time, Susan and Johnny become increasingly aware that they are individuals in their own right, not merely extensions of their parents.

suddenly, they nevertheless lead to several quite vocal courses of action: one primarily intellectual, the other emotional.

If adults cannot always be trusted to have the right answers, then Johnny must carefully inspect all he has been told was true in the past. He must find his own answers, question every established "truth." And, as Johnny has been raised within the community of the Church, surely he will question the Christian message, too.

Secondly, if Johnny is to become a man, he must be independent, free of adult authority. At the beginning, he may be satisfied with the freedom he feels is his when he speeds down the highway in his own taped-together '48 Ford. Later, he takes pride in brandishing his own door key.

Eventually, though, usually when Johnny leaves his family for preparatory school or college, he finds he is still tied to them by his acceptance of their ideas. These, too, are childish bonds and must be discarded. As a final proof to them and to himself of his independence, he rejects their religious beliefs. What could be more dramatic proof of his adulthood?

Many times, as Smith College student advisor Patricia Page of Northampton, Mass., points out, the Church itself becomes a symbol of all that has restricted Johnny in his past. "I *must* experience," he says, "and religion constricts me, keeps me from experiencing all I want to experience." Still on an emotional plane, Johnny in his new-found independence finds it hard to admit reliance on anyone or anything outside himself.

"How hard it is to call on a Saviour when you don't feel you need one," observes Matthew M. Warren, rector at St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. "Adolescents feel competent, they are vigorous, their health is good, their food and clothing is assured, their lease on life seems to be so permanent and inexpensive, their trust in law is so naive: it is hard for them to live in the strain of the Christian view of life. . . . One should not conclude that there are no insecurities in this stage of life, nor should one say that there are no felt needs, but generally speaking, youth is somewhat like wealth; it is hard to appreciate it when you have it, and yet hard not to trust in it beyond its just deservings."

A final cause for doubt on the emotional level is perhaps the most important one of all. Though it is based on a fundamental misunderstanding of the faith, it nevertheless gives Johnny's young mind a rational excuse for total and unthinking rejection of the Church.

"This most important and first cause of the doubt of most young people," states Rutgers University chaplain Clarence Lambelet of New Brunswick, N. J., "lies in their parents' inadequate expression and practice of their religion. Young people are always idealistic; they

see things as black and white, good or bad, true or false. They do not have the experience to distinguish between a good philosophy badly lived and a bad philosophy well lived. When they hear the teachings of Christ, yet see Christians who are respected members of the Church community not living up to these teachings, they blame the teaching, not the sinner. . . . Young people are often more honest than their elders; they have not yet learned to compromise ideals."

While Johnny's rebellion is still raging, what remains of his childhood's faith is being bombarded from without by another, more rational force.

"The doubts which began in the high school years," explains William A. Eddy, chaplain at Princeton University, "are given language in college." Here the search for originally conceived answers which had its first dim beginnings in early adolescence becomes a living thing. In college, nothing is sacred, nothing assured. All presuppositions are unrooted, exposed, and questioned. Caught in a crossfire between, for example, the zoologist whose faith is in the scientific method and the philosopher who kneels before John Dewey, the Christian student who has taken the Church at all seriously in his past has no choice but to take a very long look at the faith in which he has been raised.

Christianity, according to many, is in for a bad beating at this point. In the first place, the impact on faith of the empirical and social science courses cannot be too strongly stressed, for in almost every instance they reflect and intensify the basic premise on which our American culture rests:

"We live in a culture that gives prior credence to the 'objectivity' of truth, to the proposition that only that which can be verified publicly is worthy of belief," says Lane Denson, chaplain at the Rice Institute and the Texas Medical Center in Houston. Mr. Denson adds that the blow this outlook deals to young Johnny's faith is made all the heavier by the "disproportionate growth of the intellect and spiritual development."

Catherine O. Coleman, headmistress of the Hannah More Academy, Reisterstown, Md., explains that "religious maturity is the product of more years of living than is necessary for mental, let alone physical, maturation. . . . We can teach children the facts," states Miss Coleman, "but their faith will have to be derived from more than we can ever give them. When we try to do otherwise, we are, I feel, attempting to play God and, thereby, denying the true power of God, the Holy Ghost."

But do young Episcopalians really get the facts? If we as Christians truly believe that Jesus Christ is the "Truth and the Light," and as Episcopalians believe that our Church follows the most meaningful road to an understanding of and love for the Saviour, is it not ominous that at this time of intensified searching for

continued on next page

► Why Does Johnny Leave the Church?

the Truth an estimated fifty per cent of our young people leave the Church for good?

Furthermore, documented surveys tell us that sixty-four per cent of the present Episcopal clergy do not come from our own ranks, but from other communions, and during their college years. Our conclusion must inevitably be that something is wrong with our preparation of youth for the intellectual onslaught on faith in the college community.

A majority of college chaplains questioned for this article express grave doubt that even the rudiments of the Christian faith are being instilled in our young people.

"In spite of Sunday school and a brief confirmation class," explains Mr. Lambelet, "most young people have never read the Bible, have no comprehension of basic doctrines on man, God, the Church, salvation, sin, and the sacraments. The Church to them is a quasi-social institution, fuzzily moralistic and optimistic about life hereafter, almost completely irrelevant to the pressing problems of life, and, furthermore, uninterested in them.

"As far as they know, the Church expects them to accept an ancient book (the Bible) which is based on superstition, an angry, cruel God, and unscientific miracles, as literal and inspired truth. When these young people are exposed to the precision of science, the humanity of history, and the compassion of the social studies, it is no wonder that they reject their infantile concept of the Christian religion."

Scott N. Jones, chaplain at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., is fully in agreement with Mr. Lambelet. "Many young people coming to college, where other than Christian beliefs and practices are aggressively maintained, find their intellectual muscle is too weak and flabby to support the Christian position. It quickly turns 'black and blue' under the bruising barrage of other, intellectually fortified positions," he feels. "And when they try to maintain their Christian position against these other beliefs and ideas, they find that their 'chunky' Christian education in the parish leaves them only with the integrity to admit that they cannot hold to Christianity any longer."

It would seem, then, that even though a young person's spiritual development cannot be expected to keep pace with his mental and physical growth, it should at least have the *intellectual* basis for an eventually mature faith by the time he gets to college. As Mr. Jones explains, "They are not taught in the parish to love God with their *minds*, too, and therefore little 'intellectual sweat' has been employed to understand their faith and worship."

"Adolescents can be siphoned off in a round of busy parish activities, worship that expresses their energy, kneeling, standing, acolyting—and put off any serious

question-asking," says Maurice A. Kidder, chaplain at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. Although he applauds parishes using the Seabury Series ("it encourages them to 'think their religion' through their experience"), he joins the majority of college chaplains questioned who deplore the lack of opportunity in most of today's parishes to raise and face questions at an early age.

"It is particularly important for the adolescent to be helped to a more mature understanding of the Christian faith by raising and facing doubts," states Robert A. Moss, headmaster of St. Andrew's School, Middletown, Del. "He needs to accept doubting as a necessary and normal part of growing up, neither fearing to struggle with uncertainty nor denying the power of the light we have to live by."

What must our response be, as parents or members of the Christian community, to all the young Johnnies? The general consensus of those questioned is that we need a revitalized understanding of the very real role of the questioning spirit in the life of the Church. Seymour St. John, headmaster of the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn., points out that the Church's inner vitality does not come from conformists without thought. "If we would try to indoctrinate less and to share not only our own faith but our own doubts more, we would develop a stronger, more imaginative, more creative brand of Christian and Christianity."

The Church's problem, then, it would seem, is not with the Johnnies who have sufficient conviction to have doubts in their adolescence. As David B. Collins, chaplain at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., explains, "Real disillusionment is always good—look at the word: it means getting rid of illusions." The problem lies with a far greater number who, through indifference or complacency, simply ignore the Church in these formative years.

"If you are going to do anything for youth," states Mr. Kidder of Mount Holyoke, "you will have to start in with the parents who are the shapers of youth. Somehow we must do what even the hydrogen bomb has failed to do: show them that, completely apart from bull markets and bonuses, their 'lot is cast in slippery places.' As they send out a signal to confront the Way, the Truth, and the Life, they will unknowingly 'blood' their children into looking beyond the obvious, into asking small questions that a child can dare to hear answered."

For it is small questions, encouraged and prayerfully answered by parish and family, that best prepare Johnny for the larger questions of adolescence. The spirit of search which is our heritage must be his from the beginning. Only in this way can we fairly hope that the great search of adolescence will lead him back into the fellowship of the Church.

CALL CHRIST CHURCH

by Allison Stevens

photographed by

David Hirsch

Each Sunday after church, Patrolman Graf and his wife visit the cemetery where their young son was buried. "God seems so close to us here," says Mr. Graf. "Our visits have been a great help in learning to pray."



A Cincinnati policeman overcomes a deep personal tragedy through Christian service in the inner city

A CALL came for Christ Church, Cincinnati. A policeman's eleven-year-old son had been playing with his father's revolver. The boy had accidentally shot and killed himself. Could someone come?

When a young minister arrived at the home of Patrolman Leon Graf, the room was filled with neighbors, none of them in any way connected with the parish. "We've always heard that when you're in trouble you should call Christ Church," one of them said. "So we did."

That telephone call was the start of a brave new life for patrolman Graf. Today, with new insight and the constant renewal he finds in the Church, Leon Graf is attempting, through his contacts with the city at large, to be a Christian in the world.

continued on next page



CALL CHRIST CHURCH continued

"YOU don't think, not about what's really important, until something like that night comes along to make you think," says Leon Graf, and you are impressed by the gentle, measured speech of this big, friendly man. "Sure, I was brought up to go to church," he adds, "but you know how it is, you just don't think about it."

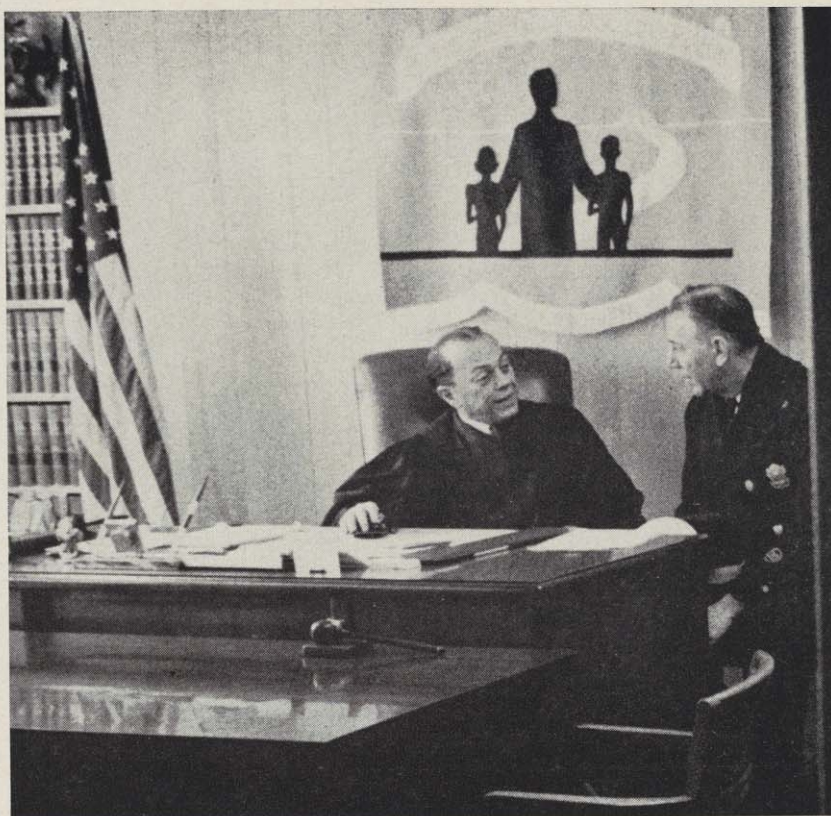
The child who had died was an only child, and the Grafs could have no more children. Purpose is added to Patrolman Graf's life through his devotion now to the children of other people. He is on the Youth Committee at Christ Church, which works with youngsters of the neighborhood, many of whom do not get adequate attention at home.

"I believe that this is where I can do the most," the policeman says simply, as he explains the many ways he daily meets young people through his job. The extra hours that might have been consumed with grief are busily filled by work for the Fraternal Order of Police, which is doing remarkable work in Cincinnati to provide facilities for young people for sports and social activities.

Mr. Graf appears regularly on Play It Safe, the Fraternal Order of Police television quiz show for children, which promotes traffic safety. Seen there, and as a frequent guest on other local television programs for youngsters (below and left, opposite), Patrolman Graf is well known to Cincinnatians, who have friendly greetings for him when they pass a corner where he is directing traffic.

Championship boxing matches this spring, sponsored by the Police group, will bring in



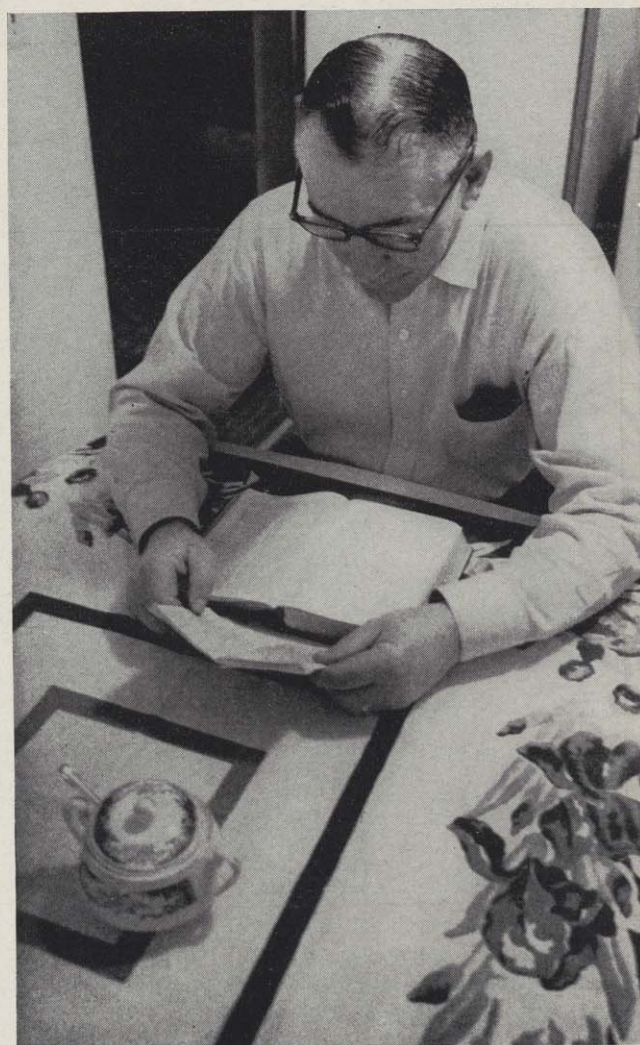


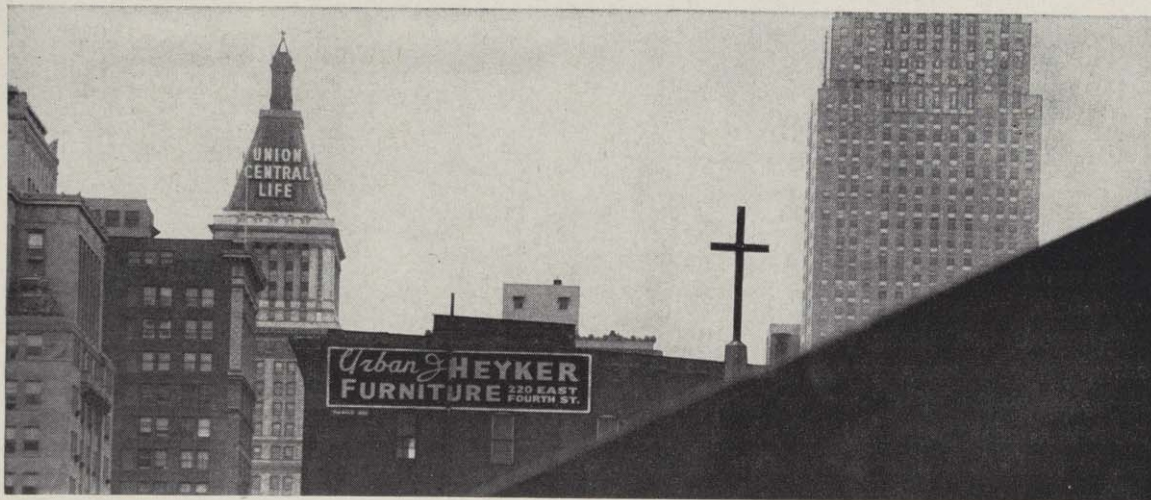
much-needed money for the youth program. Leon Graf is co-chairman of the committee for the matches, which he promotes at every opportunity, including the TV plug on another children's program (left) which stars Police Lt. Arthur Mehring.

Juvenile Court Judge Benjamin Schwartz (above right), a fellow-booster for the Fraternal Order of Police, is also a good friend. "Many times I turn up at his court to try to help one of the kids or to give testimony," says Leon Graf, "but as often as not it is to work on committee matters for the Order."

Two years after the tragedy, Mr. Graf and his wife were confirmed at Christ Church, and they have been steering friends and neighbors to their parish. Day's end finds the policeman in the bright, modern Graf kitchen, where he reads and studies a portion of the Bible before bedtime (right). Notes, with comments on passages outlined for each day, have been a great help, he says. "And since there's a passage for every day, they keep me from putting off until tomorrow."

"I do not have all the answers," says Patrolman Leon Graf. "Not even for myself, and certainly not for all those kids. But this I do know: although I may not understand all things, God knows what He is about."

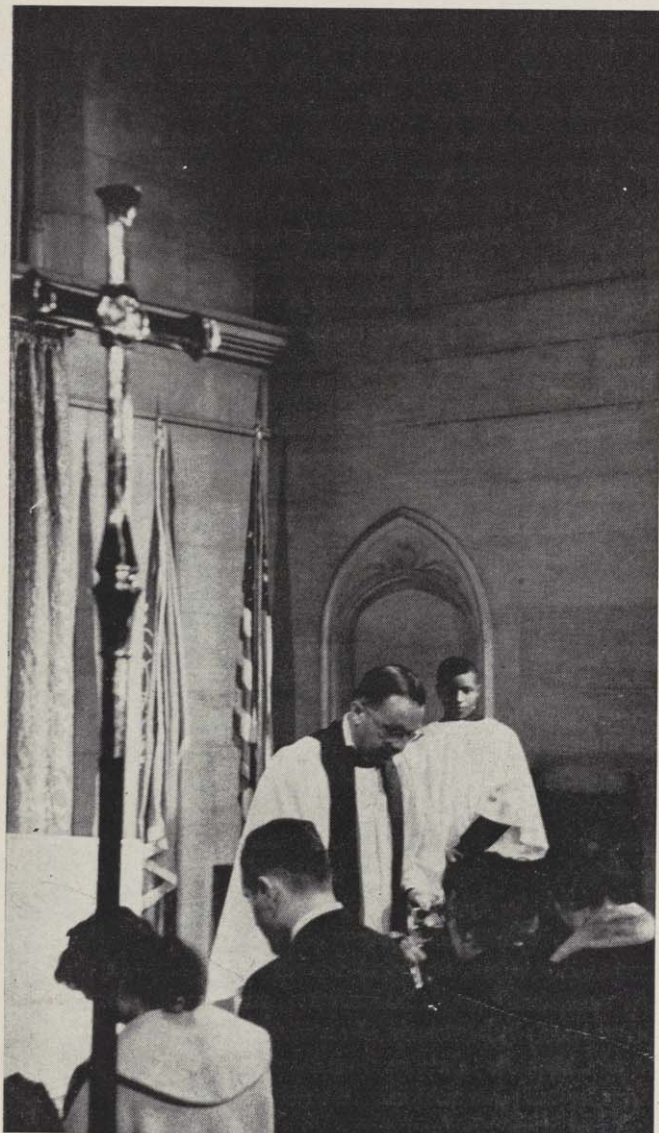




Cross atop Christ Church stands out against the skyline of downtown Cincinnati

CALL CHRIST CHURCH *continued*

The Rev. Morris F. Arnold (below), rector of Christ Church, points out that the centrality of worship must be made evident in the social services provided by a parish



*One of America's
that a church can
in the midst of*

ASK Leon Graf about his parish, and he will speak earnestly of the warmth and sincerity that he and his wife found there. For many others, the name Christ Church brings to mind the social awakening led by liberal churchmen at the end of the last century.

Situated in a downtown commercial district, with a diminishing lower-income housing area nearby, Christ Church parish has long been a center for community activity. Before there was a YMCA or a Community Chest or any of the non-sectarian civic organizations in Cincinnati, Christ Church was all these things to much of the community. The clinics and neighborhood programs that flourish today have their beginning in that earlier day.

The mass flight to the suburbs forced several Cincinnati churches to decide whether to move out, or close, or try to adapt to circumstances. Christ Church, already committed to the neighborhood as its parish, found the transition difficult, but challenging.

Since most of the middle-income housing has been razed for the new express-way, there is no real residential district in the downtown city today. Most of the 2,382 parishioners come from some thirty-one outlying communities, some of them traveling as much as thirty-five miles to church on Sunday, and again for midweek activities. Twelve per cent live within a mile radius of the church.

Their loyalty to the parish and their enthusiasm for

A Sunday morning visitor (right) signs the guest book in the Christ Church vestibule. A small cross on his lapel will assure that he is welcomed and urged to come to coffee hour after the service, too. The Bishop of Alaska, the Rt. Rev. William J. Gordon, Jr. (below), was also a guest. He preached at a family service and again at the eleven o'clock; met the congregation informally at coffee hour. The parish's strong support of overseas missions is backed up by a personal interest in the Church's missionaries.



great congregations proves keep its ministry vital the changing city

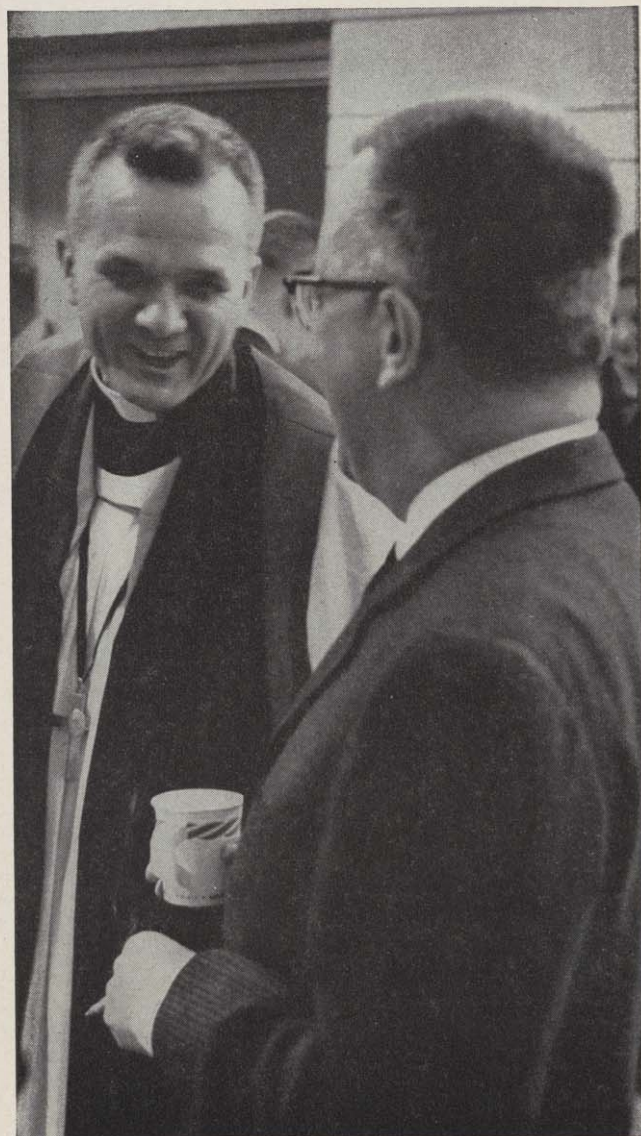
the Christ Church program, including an intense mission-mindedness, do not die out. As the younger parishioners come along, they too are caught up in the spirit of Christ Church, and they give their leadership to the downtown parish.

The late Dr. Frank H. Nelson, who in his forty years as rector did much to fashion the spirit of Christ Church, perhaps best expressed that spirit in his repeatedly stated conviction that: "This Church is a mission; it is not a private club . . . It is not a place where only those who belong may come; except that everyone who will come belongs by right . . . every man, woman or child.

"We come for our needs, but we have got to go out to bring the answer of those needs to the city where we have fellowship, the city that gives its fellowship to us, to bring courage to the brave, and consolation to those who mourn, and hope to those who are losing faith, and vision to those who have despaired. . . . That is why this Church is here. That is why we have it open every day."

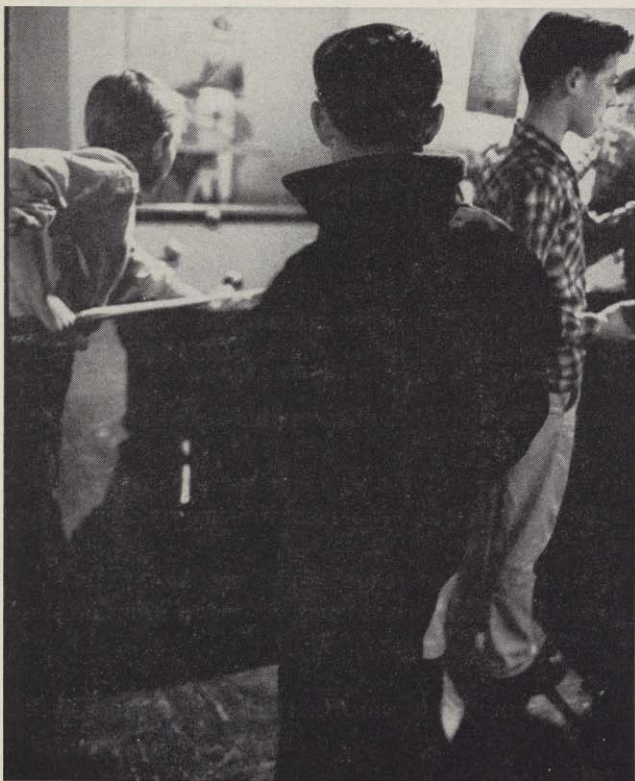
The Church staff is well organized. Clergy are four in number: the rector, the Rev. Morris F. Arnold, is assisted by the Rev. George A. Marshall, the Rev. James R. Moodey, and the Rev. F. Montagu P. Pearse III.

Together, the clergy of Christ Church last year toted up 4,726 pastoral calls and 1,856 pastoral conferences. The rest of the parish staff accounted for 3,885 conferences and over 500 calls. An estimated 55 per cent of the parish's ministry is to non-parishioners: The enor-





CALL CHRIST CHURCH *continued*



At the teen canteen on Thursday nights (above), or in the Boy Scout troop that the parish sponsors, parish and neighborhood children meet.

mous variety of people who have reason to call upon the help of a downtown church, and those whom the Church goes out to seek.

Through the generosity of this and past generations, Christ Church has a fine set of parish buildings. There is a six-story parish house, with gymnasium, library, numerous meeting rooms, an auditorium, a complete kitchen, and clergy and staff offices. A new air-conditioned church building provides also, in the undercroft, a complete auditorium-dining room and stage, with seating for five hundred at dinner or one thousand at a meeting.

The whole parish plant is constantly a-buzz with the activities of twenty-nine parish organizations. Three of these come under the heading of purely social-service activities; five are women's groups, including altar and chapel guilds and women's auxiliaries. A half-dozen are for young people. There are four branches of the Girls' Friendly Society—one each for grade school girls, teenagers, marrieds, and seniors. There are activities for nearly all ages and interests, with a particularly active young adults' fellowship, the Candlelighters.

One of the specialized organizations of Christ Church parish is the summer camp committee, which works to provide healthful vacations in Christian surroundings for some sixty boys and girls, some from parish families and some from the neighborhood. A new camp site has been

◀ The Christ Church program today might give a less-experienced parish a real case of schizophrenia. Christian Education, young people's groups, altar guilds are in full swing, side-by-side with an active and sometimes noisy program for the children of the neighborhood.



Albert Sickles (left became a member of the parish through his younger brother, Calvin (foreground), and both were baptized, with their parents' co-operation, at Christ Church. "We could baptize half the kids in the neighborhood tomorrow," says the Rev. James R. Moody (center), "But can we baptize a youngster, knowing that he will go back to the influence of a non-Christian home?" Older brother Frank (at window) hopes to be an engineering draftsman, but study is difficult, when the three brothers and their parents share only one bed-sitting room and a kitchen.

given by a Jewish former Boy's Club boy, now a wealthy judge.

The social work at Christ Church means a lot to a lot of people. The Christ Church staff refer 95 per cent or more of the cases that come to them, "but this is done with real concern for people," says Mr. Arnold, "and there are many who need pastoral help in the remaining 5 per cent."

CHRIST CHURCH'S closest neighbors are newcomers to Cincinnati and in many cases to city life. During World War II, and since, large numbers of coal miners and small farmers have left the mountain sections of Kentucky for the promise of the city.

Many have been religious folk, but, more often than not, their pentecostal background does not seem to sustain them in the harsh new urban life. Others have no religious founding of any sort. Some are Roman Catholics; some are married to Roman Catholics, in a culture that is strong in its feeling on religious differences. For one reason or another, most people in the neighborhood do not attend church. Their youngsters, however, do haunt the parish house and keep the club programs crowded and lively.

A Boys' Clubber or a Scout from this group often steps tentatively into the Christian Education office, or

comes by on a Sunday morning to ask about church school. In many cases he is drawn by the friendship of a parish Boy Scout or one of the clergy or parish staff.

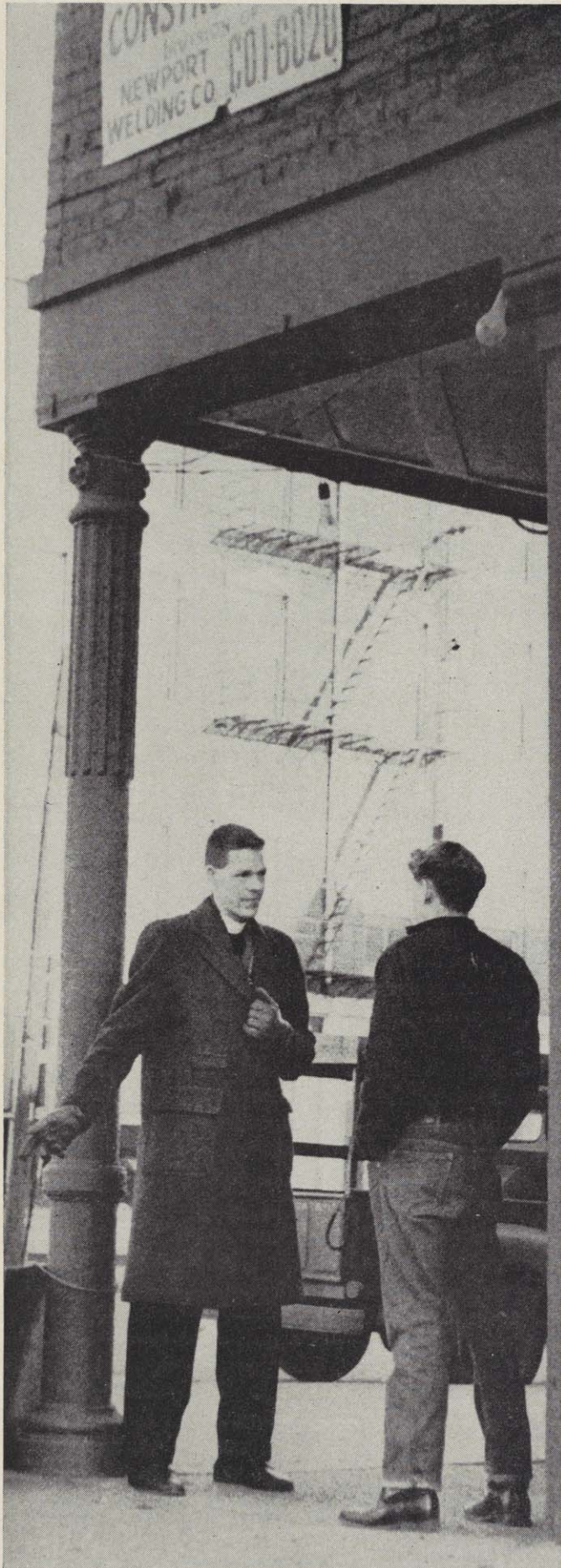
From the start, the young inquirer belongs to Christ Church. It is his Church. And with careful nurture and many, many prayers, he comes to know that he is Christ's child.

Calvin Sickles was a Boys' Club boy who came to Sunday school. When Calvin asked to be baptized, as many of the youngsters do, one of the parish clergy went home with him to talk with his parents. Consent was readily forthcoming, but who would stand for him as sponsors?

It was decided that Frank and Marylyn Street, who taught Calvin's fourth grade church school class and were his good friends, would be his godparents. And here began a relationship that has seen several people in new and rewarding situations. The Streets, with their young son Scott, Calvin Sickles, his parents, and his brothers, Frank and Albert, embarked upon an experience that they could not possibly have anticipated.

When Albert was ready for Baptism, the Streets were pleased to be godparents for him, too. Not long after, Albert was seriously hurt in an automobile accident, and the Sickles family learned to lean upon the support and friendship of Albert's godparents and his parish.

The clergy ran steady taxi service for the Sickles' out



Christ Church clergy visit regularly with the Sickles family and with other families in the neighborhood. Mr. Moody (left) is a familiar figure on the streets, and acquaintances stop to chat with him.

to Cincinnati General Hospital, where Albert lay unconscious for three months. The parish prayed and waited, waited and prayed. No one really thought Albert would live.

The Streets got to know the Sickles' well. And the Sickles family came to know and appreciate each other more than ever before.

Then Albert came home, still very sick, barely able to talk and partially paralyzed. The Streets, Mr. Moody, and several others from Christ Church visited the Sickles home for a service of thanksgiving for Albert's return home. Soon after, Mr. Sickles started coming to church on Sundays with Calvin. Albert comes too, when he is up to it.

Albert still can not lead a normal life; he may never be able to. But the people of his parish are hoping and praying for Albert. He belongs to Christ Church.

CHRIST CHURCH has had many neighbors, from the first families of Cincinnati who lived in the big town houses, now gone, to the most recent newcomers in the tenements, who are the only remaining residents of the neighborhood.

Like Leon Graf, the parish senses that it must continue to be outgoing. As new neighbors move in, there is the challenge of finding acceptance among them and ways to bring them to Christ.

"The true Church of Jesus Christ does not exist for itself," says Mr. Arnold, "but for all the world: all the people in the community, in the downtown area, in the whole city of Cincinnati, in the whole diocese, the whole United States, the whole world. Yes, the whole universe. The missionary concern for those outside itself is not an idle whim. It is the be-all and the end-all of the Church's and the Lord's very life."

me?



don't
have

Time to teach Sunday School

By MARTHA MOSCRIP

The days are warm and bright. The flowers are in full hue. The month is May, and there's trouble in the air—church school trouble.

The big moving vans begin to pull out of town. And the first church school teacher resigns: "My husband is being transferred. I hate to leave, but . . ." The old recruitment problem is back again with us.

Surely no one is so foolish as to bring the parable of the wise and foolish virgins up to date by waiting until September. Certainly right up until the opening day of church school and (alas) sometimes even after, clergymen, vestrymen, Christian education committees, directors of religious education, and church school superintendents all over the country will be hard at work filling vacancies on the faculty.

Why is this task so gargantuan?

Why do we have to phone and phone, and call and call, and make last-minute shifts and compromises? Why are there so many "I'm sorry's" for every "I will?" Let us examine some of these "I'm sorry's" and try to hear and understand what they are really saying:

- I'd really like to but I can't possibly find the time. Certainly not this year.

- My children are too young to come, and my husband can't always find the time to take over for me.

- Sometimes we have to take trips on Sundays and I couldn't be there.

- My husband (or "I," if a man) may be transferred at any time. It seems too bad to begin and not be able to carry through.

- My children are old enough to

come, but there is always sickness in the winter. I'm afraid I'd have to miss too much.

- My children are grown now, so I'd like to feel free to come to another service. (This is usually from the person who ten years ago was too busy with young children.)

- I don't know enough about the Bible to teach.

- But I couldn't—I don't know anything about teaching.

- I'll help but I won't take charge—put me with the beginners' department.

- I can't possibly teach; I tried it once and I was miserable.

- Ask me to do anything else but teach; it frightens me.

All these excuses, varied as they are, really seem to be saying only

continued on page 20

I don't have time to teach Sunday School *continued*

four things: I have no time to teach; I can't see far enough into the future; I don't know enough; and, this is not my vocation.

Let's take the last reasons first. Answers ten and eleven are probably saying that while *we* may be asking, God has not really called those *we* ask. There are some people who are unable to respond in this way. It is too bad when they find it out only after a miserable experience. Those who feel that they belong in this category should be very sure to examine their motives, because it is even more unfortunate when a class misses the experience of having a loving and dedicated teacher, all because of timidity.

We who have some doubts about our abilities in this area can test them without injury to the pupils or miserableness on our part, by acting as assistant to a more experienced teacher. If we truly know we are *not* called to teach, then let us say *No*, firmly and without guilt, and serve in some other capacity. Church schools need secretaries, supply handlers, treasurers, musicians, occasional chauffeurs, preparers of handwork, and actively interested parents, too.

Then there is the large group of really humble people who feel that they do not "know enough." If you are one of these, talk to your rector or another school officer about how much concrete help you can expect. Most parishes today have planned orientation sessions for teachers at the beginning of the year, as well as a program of on-going training to help both the new and the inexperienced teacher. Programs of individual counseling are often available so that you can receive week-by-week advice in lesson planning.

Borrow some of the new teaching manuals from whatever course your parish is using, and see how much help they give. Ask to see the supplementary material available. Then remind yourself that all of us are teach-

ing—and learning—all the time. We can't help it. It is a part of living. Church school is only you teaching something definite and being aware that you are doing it.

Last of all, relax. What you teach by just being yourself will be more powerful than anything you transmit by the cleverest technique or the wisest words. Almost any good teacher at the end of a year can honestly say, "I am sure I learned more than my pupils, and we all had fun doing it."

This leaves the first six responses to consider. All of them are concerned in some way with time. Either people cannot "find enough time" or they feel they cannot see far enough into future time.

Nobody can see into the future.

All of us have children who might get sick, husbands who might be away; and many, many of us have had to adopt the migratory habits of the genus *Homo Americanus*. We are not being asked, however, to commit ourselves to anything except what we think we can do now. This is why many parishes have adopted a system that requires two teachers to a class, or have built up a team of substitutes who can be called upon.

Because teaching Sunday school should not be a life sentence, many parishes are asking people to pledge three years. This sets a term to the individual commitment and raises the quality of teaching in the church school. The plan allows for a one-year apprenticeship and guarantees a solid core of expert teachers in the church school at all times. If everyone who was asked gave these three years there would be no recruitment problem at all.

Finally we come to most of us, who are pushed and pulled by the pressure of community demands upon our time and energy. Parent-Teacher Associations, Scouts, League of Women Voters, area charities, local government units, clubs, all are worth-while organizations with worth-while goals. But, there is only so much time left after home and family. Too often we let ourselves drift into involvement with too many

groups. How do we decide when to say No and when Yes?

When a canvasser calls to ask us to pledge part of our material possessions to the Church, it is comparatively easy to see the nature of the demand. We remember "All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee." Even more truly does this all refer to the intangibles of talent and time. Man, created in the image of God, is the only creature with a knowledge of past and future time. Man is also the only creature with the ability to see the truth and the talent to transmit it. Surely these gifts must be offered back to the Great Giver.

In every church school there seems to be at least one teacher from a family with many members and no household help. Such people have learned to apportion their time so that it is given to the family, the Church, and the community. Having decided how the time is to be spent, these people say a firm "No, thank you" to everything else. They avoid the frustration of trying to half-do too many things. We teach our children care of and respect for property and money. What are we teaching them about the stewardship of these other, more valuable gifts?

Once not too long ago, a mother hung up the phone after she finished telling her rector that she was "terribly sorry but she just didn't see how she could find the time to teach" a church school class. The rapid drum of small feet interrupted her thoughts.

"Bobby—aren't you in bed yet?"

"I'm getting in, Mommy."

"Did you brush your teeth?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"Did you put your socks in the hamper?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"Did you say your prayers?"

"I didn't have time."

"Bobby Parsons, you get right out of bed and do it. We always have time to do what God wants us to."

"We do? O.K., Mommy."

Mrs. Parsons paused, one foot on the bottom step, then turned and picked up the phone to dial the rectory number.



“Because I wasn’t getting enough sleep,
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“There’s nothing worse than staring at the ceiling all night. I know. I used to. Just too keyed up to sleep. And how tired I always was the next day!

“I finally went to the doctor. He said I might be like a lot of people he’d seen lately: drinking too much coffee. He explained that some people can’t take all the caffeine in coffee all the time; suggested I start drinking Postum instead. Postum hasn’t a speck of caffeine in it, can’t irritate your nerves or keep you awake.

“I took his advice. And in just a few days I began to sleep better. Why don’t you try Postum for 30 days? You’ll find yourself sleeping better—and feeling livelier, too. And you’ll like the way Postum tastes.”



Postum

is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods



HAITI

CARIBBEAN QUESTION MARK

In our concern over Castro and Trujillo, are we neglecting Haiti, a sister republic with plenty of problems?

By COLBY DORR DAM

THIS IS HAITI, where:

- Ten thousand square miles of stark volcanic mountains rise, like a giant molar tooth, out of the emerald-sapphire sea.
- Population density is greater than India or China.
- Dynamic, flamboyant national art and sculpture appear everywhere in Port-au-Prince, in hotels, homes, stores, and public institutions.
- A million erect, sturdy women walk five to ten miles before dawn, down mountain trails to market, with bushel baskets of produce on their heads.
- Naked children eat gravel to stop their hunger pangs.
- American tourists relax in fifty-dollar-a-day hotels, perched like eagles' nests on the mountainsides.
- Voting citizens are "registered" by fingernails notched and dipped in ink, because of the 90 per cent rate of illiteracy.
- The average farm-family income is estimated to be thirty-five to forty cents a day.
- The world's oldest Negro republic—long a portent for the colored peoples of Africa and Asia—still struggles to make democracy work.

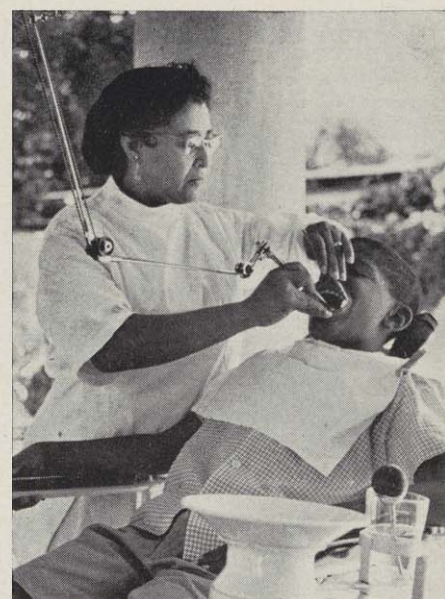
Petionville, Haiti, W. I.—"There can be," says the Rt. Rev. Charles Alfred Voegeli, Episcopal Bishop of Haiti, "no real political, health or economic evolution so long as approximately nine out of ten people are illiterate. The people can not take a rightful place in the life of their country. It means that ninety per cent are exploited, practically pariahs. As one young man of the Church put it, 'It is bad enough to be poor, but to be a poor fool is intolerable.' Part of the Church's work of redemption must be through education."

The Rev. Père Rigal Elisée, an Episcopal clergyman in Haiti, asks, "Can you who are accustomed to supermarkets, piled with foods of every kind, understand people to whom a few pennies can often mean the difference between life and death? We did not ask to come here; we were brought here in chains, as slaves, to work for the white man. Thousands of our people died for political freedom; what is this freedom without soil, food, health, education or hope for tomorrow? Is it only freedom to starve?"

It is, indeed, little more than this in the stark peninsula west of Port-de-Paix, one of the worst areas in Haiti, where government and private agencies are distributing many thousands of tons of Point Four basic foodstuffs to keep people alive.

It is a land fit only for goats and hogs; 5 per cent or less of the land is arable. Erosion is aggravated by the fact that Haitians throughout the country strip the mountains of trees to make charcoal for their stoves. There is no other fuel, and the government can not stop them.

With a social vision for his people burning in his mind, Père Elisée began his Episcopal priesthood in 1953, with a school for fifteen students housed in a



Madame Pierre heads a family of eighty-four members (left), all of them Episcopalians. Asked if she would like to return to voodoo, Madame Pierre, who has been an Episcopalian for forty-two years, replied with a vigorous "No, sir!" (Right) In the open-air foyer under the classrooms at the College of St. Pierre, stand three dental chairs where students' teeth are cleaned or filled for one *gourde*—20 cents.

thatch and mud hut on a hill overlooking Port-de-Paix on Haiti's northern coast. Today, his Church of the Holy Innocents has some 500 members. The corrugated iron roof leaks rain onto the altar and makes puddles on the bare cement floor; the rough board pews are patched and wobbly; and the seven electric bulbs, hanging from the rafters, have no shades. But the people come, and keep on coming. Their responses in their services are strong and clear and in the soft, starlit evenings the hymns ring out in praise over the pitiful shacks and shanties where they live.

Behind the Church, facing on a large playground, is the elementary school with classrooms for six grades. Here 132 children are taught arithmetic, grammar, English, geography, hygiene, history of Haiti, natural science, domestic science, embroidery and Christian education. Across the court yard are kitchen facilities where free hot lunches are served. Food is provided by CARE and the Missionary District of Haiti.

Père Elisée maintains a heavy personal schedule. On the Sundays when he goes to one or more of the Church's five missions up in the mountains, the Port-de-Paix services are held at four and six in the morning. There are early morning services on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and evening prayers on Friday and Sunday. From four to six in the evening on Sundays, Père Elisée holds open-air services at various outstations. Until a year ago, he traveled through the mountains on horseback but now he has a jeep, thanks to the beneficence of a woman from Connecticut who heard him speak and gave him \$2,000 to use for a jeep. The corkscrew mountain trail approaching Port-de-Paix must be seen to be believed. Nothing but a jeep or heavy truck could survive more than a few trips, for eight rivers have to be forded and in the rainy season they are roaring torrents which make all travel impossible.

In the area under Père Elisée's supervision, an estimated 85,000 Haitians subsist on tiny patches of ground. He also has charge of the work on La Tortue Island, across the channel, where Père LaFond Lapointe has a church with 424 members and 134 communicants. This twenty-eight-by-five-mile island has a population of about 30,000. Père Lapointe operates three primary schools with 77 pupils.

"If we fail to take care of our young people," Père Elisée reminds us, "the Communists will do the job for us. We don't want to see here a repetition of what is happening in Cuba." He is constantly thinking, planning, and talking of his next major project, an Episcopal Trade School. "Our people have character, ability, eagerness to learn and a tireless capacity for work; but without education they are helpless."

In this milieu of French-Catholic culture, practical Protestant idealism, African voodoo worship and American-type democracy, the Episcopal Church program has been developing under the leadership of the Rt. Rev. Charles Alfred Voegeli, Missionary Bishop of Haiti and his predecessor, the Rt. Rev. Harry R. Carson.

There is a new Episcopal College of St. Pierre with a Haitian faculty of twenty-two members. The enrollment of 250 students this year will reach 350 in 1961. St. Pierre, under the direction of M. Roger Jean, offers a seven-year classical curriculum.

At Léogâne, thirty miles west of Port-au-Prince, a new concrete primary and elementary school is nearly completed. It is under the direction of the Rev. Pierre Thévenot, who supervises eight churches and missions, and is priest-in-charge at Holy Cross Church, Léogâne.

We visited the family community of Madame Valcine Adolph Pierre, at Petite Rivière. Aged seventy and a widow, Madame Pierre heads a family of eighty-four,

continued on next page



Père Rigal Elisée (left) with teachers from the School of the Holy Innocents

all Episcopalians. Their village has fifteen thatch-and-mud houses, and a church that will seat the whole family. Seven cows and various chickens, pigs, goats and ducks wander casually around the two-acre farm. The annual total cash income of the whole Pierre family is about \$35; but the children are bright-eyed, laughing, and full of fun.

In a glamorous setting on the palm-shaded beach at Mont Rouis stands the small Episcopal Seminary of Haiti, founded in 1944 by Bishop Voegeli, where candidates for ordination receive a four-year theological training. The Seminary Chaplain is the Rev. William C. Buck of Louisiana, formerly a member of the Cathedral staff at Dallas, Texas. The Dean is the Rev. N. Carlyle Spitz of the Holy Trinity Cathedral staff at Port-au-Prince. There are presently six students, of whom three are Haitian, one British, one American, and one Dominican. Many of the Haitian priests, including the Very Rev. Roger Desir of the Cathedral Staff, were trained here.

In this rugged, inaccessible land, where a proud people face their hunger, disease, and suffering, St. Vincent's Episcopal School for the Handicapped, under the direction of Sister Joan Margaret, S.S.M., is doing a notable work of human salvage. The school currently has about one hundred handicapped cases, one hundred under-nourished babies and two hundred outpatient and orthopedic cases. From Nouvelle Touraine, during a single week this year,

thirty emaciated children were brought in. In some areas, Sister Joan estimates the infant mortality rate as high as 45 per cent.

The case histories illustrate how the school helps the disabled to become self-supporting. After a month at St. Vincent's, an amputee without lower limbs was fitted with artificial limbs. He is now back at his trade of tailoring, and earning his own living. Twelve similar cases have been fitted with artificial limbs and are now back at work.

A child of four, with deformed legs, had them both amputated and was sent to Jamaica to be fitted with artificial limbs. He returned able to walk, but the deaf boys in the school's artificial limb shop did not approve of the new legs because he could not wear shoes and socks with them. They made new braces and legs for him and fitted them with cork feet. Now the child walks with shoes and socks and long pants.

A blind boy enrolled at the age of fourteen, finished grade school in three and a half years, passed his government certificate exams with high grades, and took two years of high school in one. Then he spent four years at Perkins Institute for the Blind at Watertown, Massachusetts, and took a teachers' training course. With a class of eighteen blind children, he now teaches arithmetic, English grammar, abridged braille, and music. He plays the organ at the school chapel services, also the violin and the accordion. He was a member of the band that appeared

on Haiti's first television show. He speaks fluent French, English and Spanish.

"Our major aim," said Sister Joan, "is to get the child back into normal society. Twelve cases are going to regular school, eight of them with braces and two in wheel chairs. At the age of eight, all our blind children start piano and typing lessons and many of the deaf are taking dancing lessons."

The struggle of the Church against poverty, illiteracy and voodoo is complicated because: (1) only one out of seven children of school age is presently enrolled in school; (2) the bulk of the real national income derives from the farm-family economy at the open markets, on a personal barter basis; it is without records and nontaxable; (3) the family land is divided up among each successive generation of inheritors; as the generations multiply, the productive area available for each family shrinks. It is virtually impossible for the peasants to secure new land.

Although the immediate problem here is the relief of hunger and suffering through improved agricultural production, the long-range solution for Haiti is the education of a generation of business and financial leaders equipped to develop their own commercial enterprises, to expand employment, and to broaden the tax base. Episcopal education is making a notable contribution to this end; but the work is retarded by limited building funds and a shortage of Haitian teachers.

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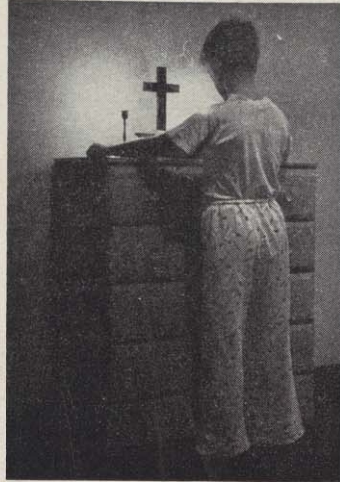
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FRIEND

FRIENDSHIP is—in a sense not at all derogatory to it—the least *natural* of loves; the least instinctive, organic, biological, gregarious, and necessary. It has least commerce with our nerves; there is nothing throaty about it; nothing that quickens the pulse or turns you red and pale. It is essentially between individuals; the moment two men are friends they have in some degree drawn apart together from the herd.

Without Eros none of us would have been begotten and without Affection none of us would have been reared. But we can live and breed without Friendship. The species, biologically considered, has no need of it. The pack or herd—the community—may even dislike and distrust it. Its leaders very often do.

This (so to call it) “non-natural” quality in Friendship goes far to explain why it was exalted in Ancient and Medieval times and has come to be made light of in our own. The deepest and most permanent thought of those ages was ascetic and world-renouncing. Nature and emotion and the body were feared as dangers to our souls or despised as degradations of our human status. Inevitably that sort of love was most prized which seemed most independent, or even defiant, of mere nature. Affection and Eros were too obviously connected with our nerves, too obviously shared with the brutes. You could feel these tugging at your guts and fluttering in your diaphragm. But in Friendship—in that luminous, tranquil, rational world of relationships freely chosen—you got away from all that. This alone, of all the loves, seemed to raise you to the level of gods or angels.

But then came Romanticism and “tearful comedy” and the “return to nature” and the exaltation of Sentiment; and in their train all that great wallow of emotion which, though often criticized, has lasted ever since. Finally, the exaltation of instinct, the dark gods in the blood. Under this new dispensation, all that had once

commended this love now began to work against it. It had not tearful smiles and keepsakes and baby-talk enough to please the sentimentalists. There was not blood and guts enough about it to attract the primitivists. It looked thin and etiolated; a sort of vegetarian substitute for the more organic loves.

I have said that Friendship is the least biological of our loves. Both the individual and the community can survive without it. But there is something else, often confused with Friendship, which the community does need; something which, though not Friendship, is the matrix of Friendship.

In early communities the cooperation of the males, as hunters or fighters, was no less necessary than the begetting and rearing of children. Long before history began, we men have got together apart from the women and done things. We had to. And to like doing what must be done is a characteristic that has survival value.

We not only had to do the things, we had to talk about them. We had to plan the hunt and the battle. When they were over we had to hold a post-mortem and draw conclusions for future use. We liked this even better.

We revelled in technicalities. (“He might have known he’d never get near the brute, not with the wind that way” . . . “You see, I had a lighter arrowhead; that’s what did it” . . . “What I always say is—” . . . “Stuck him just like that, see? Just the way I’m holding this stick” . . .) In fact, we talked shop. We enjoyed one another’s society greatly; we braves, we hunters, all bound together by shared skill, shared dangers and hardships, esoteric jokes. Away from the women and children.

WHAT were the women doing meanwhile? How should I know? I am a man and never spied on the

SHIP

One of the great
Christian writers discusses
the least natural of
the Loves of Man

mysteries of the Bona Dea. They certainly often had rituals from which men were excluded. When, as sometimes happened, agriculture was in their hands, they must, like the men, have had common skills, toils, and triumphs. Yet perhaps their world was never as emphatically feminine as that of their men-folk was masculine. The children were with them; perhaps the old men were there, too. But I am only guessing. I can trace the pre-history of Friendship only in the male line.

This pleasure in cooperation, in talking shop, in the mutual respect and understanding of men who daily see one tested, is biologically valuable. You may, if you like, regard it as a product of the "gregarious instinct." To me that seems a roundabout way of getting at something which we all understand far better already than anyone has ever understood the word *instinct*. I prefer to call it Companionship—or Clubbability.

This Companionship is, however, only the matrix of Friendship. It is often called Friendship, and many people, when they speak of their "friends," mean only their companions. But it is not Friendship in the sense I give to the word. By saying this I do not at all intend to disparage the merely Clubbable relation. We do not disparage silver by distinguishing it from gold.

Friendship arises out of mere Companionship when two or more of the companions discover that they have in common some insight or interest or even taste which the others do not share and which, till that moment, each believed to be his own unique treasure (or burden). The typical expression of opening Friendship would be something like, "What? You too? I thought I was the only one."

We can imagine that among those early hunters and warriors single individuals—one in a century? one in a thousand years?—saw what others did not; saw that the deer was beautiful as well as edible, that hunting was fun

as well as necessary, dreamed that his gods might be not only powerful but holy.

It is when two such persons discover one another, when, whether with immense difficulties and semi-articulate fumbings or with what would seem to us amazing and elliptical speed, they share their vision—it is then that Friendship is born. And instantly they stand together in an immense solitude.

In our own time Friendship arises in the same way. For us, of course, the shared activity and therefore the companionship on which Friendship supervenes will not often be a bodily one like hunting or fighting. It may be a common religion, common studies, a common profession, even a common recreation. All who share it will be our companions; but one or two or three who share something more will be our Friends. In this kind of love, as Emerson said, *Do you love me?* means *Do you see the same truth?* Or at least, "Do you care about the same truth?" The man who agrees with us that some question, little regarded by others, is of great importance, can be our friend. He need not agree with us about the answer.

Notice that Friendship thus repeats on a more individual and less socially necessary level the character of the Companionship which was its matrix. The Companionship was between people who were doing something together—hunting, studying, painting, or what you will. The Friends will still be doing something together, but something more inward and less widely shared and less easily defined; still hunters, but of some immaterial quarry; still collaborating, but in some work the world does not, or not yet, take account of; still travelling companions, but on a different kind of journey.

That is why those pathetic people who simply "want friends" can never make any. The very condition of

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FRIENDSHIP *continued*

having Friends is that we should want something else besides Friends. Where the truthful answer to the question *Do you see the same truth?* would be "I see nothing and I don't care about truth; I only want a Friend," no Friendship can arise—though Affection of course may. There would be nothing for the Friendship to be *about*; and Friendship must be about something, even if it were only an enthusiasm for dominoes or white mice.

WHEN the two people who thus discover that they are on the same secret road are of different sexes, the friendship which arises between them will very easily pass—may pass in the first half-hour—into erotic love. Indeed, unless they are physically repulsive to each other or unless one or both already loves elsewhere, it is almost certain to do so sooner or later. But this, so far from obliterating the distinction between the two loves, puts it in a clearer light. If one who was first, in the deep and full sense, your Friend, is then gradually or suddenly revealed as also your lover, you will certainly not want to share the Beloved's erotic love with any third. But you will have no jealousy at all about sharing the Friendship. Nothing enriches an erotic love so much as the discovery that the Beloved can deeply, truly, and spontaneously enter into Friendship with the Friends you already had; to feel that not only are we two united by erotic love but we three or four or five are all travelers on the same quest, have all a common vision.

The co-existence of Friendship and Eros may also help some moderns to realize that friendship is in reality a love, and even as great a love as Eros. Suppose

you are fortunate enough to have "fallen in love with," and married, your Friend. And now suppose it possible that you were offered the choice of two futures: "*Either* you two will cease to be lovers but remain forever joint seekers of the same God, the same beauty, the same truth, *or else*, losing all that, you will retain as long as you live the raptures and ardors, all the wonder and the wild desire, of Eros. Choose which you please." Which should we choose? Which choice should we not regret after we had made it?

From what has been said it will be clear that in most societies at most periods Friendships will be between men and men or between women and women. The sexes will have met one another in Affection and in Eros, but not in this love. For they will seldom have had with each other the companionship in common activities which is the matrix of Friendship.

Where men are educated and women not, where one sex works and the other is idle, or where they do totally different work, they will usually have nothing to be Friends about. In a profession (like my own) where men and women work side by side, or in the mission field, or among authors and artists, such Friendship is common. To be sure, what is offered as Friendship on one side may be mistaken for Eros on the other, with painful and embarrassing results. Or what begins as Friendship in both may become also Eros.

In one respect our own society is unfortunate. A world where men and women never have common work or a common education can probably get along comfortably enough. In it men turn to each other, and only to each other, for Friendship, and they enjoy it very much. And I hope the women enjoy their feminine Friends equally. Again, a world where all men and women had sufficient common ground for this relationship could also be comfortable.

At present, however, we fall between two stools. The necessary common ground, the matrix, exists between the sexes in some groups but not in others. It is notably lacking in many residential suburbs.

IN a plutocratic neighborhood where the men spend their whole lives in acquiring money, some at least of the women have used their leisure to develop an intellectual life—have become musical or literary. In such places the men appear among the women as barbarians among civilized people. In another neighborhood you will find the situation reversed. Both sexes have, in-

deed, "been to school." But since then the men have had a much more serious education; they have become doctors, lawyers, clergymen, architects, engineers, or men of letters. The women are to them as children to adults. In neither neighborhood is real Friendship between the sexes at all probable. But this, though an impoverishment, would be tolerable if it were admitted and accepted.

The peculiar trouble of our own age is that men and women in this situation, haunted by rumors and glimpses of happier groups where no such chasm between the sexes exists, and bedevilled by the egalitarian idea that what is possible for some ought to be (and therefore is) possible to all, refuse to acquiesce in it. Hence, on the one hand, we get the wife as schoolmarm, the "cultivated" woman who is always trying to bring her husband "up to her level." She drags him to concerts and invites "cultivated" people to the house. It often does surprisingly little harm. The middle-aged male has great powers of passive resistance and (if she but knew) of indulgence; "women will have their fads." Something much more painful happens when it is the men who are civilized and the women not, and when all the women, and many of the men too, simply refuse to recognize the fact.

When this happens we get a kind, polite, laborious, and pitiful pretense. Wherever the men meet, the women must come too. The men have learned to live among ideas. They know what discussion, proof, and illustration mean. A woman who has had merely school lessons and has abandoned soon after marriage whatever tinge of "culture" they gave her—whose reading is the women's magazines and whose general conversation is almost wholly narrative—cannot really enter such a circle.

She can be locally and physically present with it in the same room. What of that? If the men are ruthless, she sits bored and silent through a conversation which means nothing to her. If they are better bred, of course they try to bring her in. But the efforts soon fail and, for manners' sake, what might have been a real discussion is deliberately diluted and peters out in gossip, anecdotes, and jokes. Her presence has thus destroyed the very thing she was brought to share. She can never really enter the circle because the circle ceases to be itself when she enters it—as the horizon ceases to be the horizon when you get there.

Her grandmother was far happier and more realistic. She was at home talking real women's talk to other women, and perhaps doing so with great charm, sense,

and even wit. She herself may be as clever as the men whose evening she has spoiled, or cleverer. But she is not really interested in the same things, nor mistress of the same methods. (We all appear as dunces when feigning an interest in things we care nothing about.)

THE presence of such women, thousands strong, helps to account for the modern disarrangement of Friendship. They are often completely victorious. They banish male companionship, and therefore male Friendship, from whole neighborhoods. In the only world they know, an endless prattling replaces the intercourse of minds. All the men they meet talk like women while women are present.

This victory over Friendship is often unconscious. There is, however, a more militant type of woman who plans it. I have heard one say "Never let two men sit together or they'll get talking about some *subject* and then there'll be no fun." Her point could not have been more accurately made. Talk, by all means; the more of it the better; unceasing cascades of the human voice; but not, please, a subject. The talk must not be about anything.

This gay lady—this lively, accomplished, "charming," unendurable bore—was seeking only each evening's amusement, making the meeting "go." But the conscious war against Friendship may be fought on a deeper level. There are women who regard it with hatred, envy, and fear as the enemy of Eros and, perhaps even more, of Affection.

A woman of that sort has a hundred arts of breaking up her husband's Friendships. She will quarrel with his Friends herself or, better still, with their wives. She will sneer, obstruct, and lie. She does not realize that the husband whom she succeeds in isolating from his own kind will not be very well worth having; she has emasculated him. She will grow to be ashamed of him herself. Nor does she remember how much of his life lies in places where she cannot watch him. New Friendships will break out, but this time they will be secret. Lucky for her, and lucky beyond her deserts, if there are not soon other secrets as well.

All these, of course, are silly women. The sensible women, who, if they wanted, would certainly be able to qualify themselves for the world of discussion and ideas, are precisely those who, if they are not qualified, never try to enter it or to destroy it. They have other

continued on next page



FRIENDSHIP *continued*

fish to fry. At a mixed party they gravitate to one end of the room and talk women's talk to one another. They don't want us, for this sort of purpose, any more than we want them. It is only the riff-raff of each sex that wants to be incessantly hanging on to the other.

The preceding pages have, I hope, made clear why, to me at least, it seems no wonder if our ancestors regarded Friendship as something that raised us almost above humanity. This love, free from instinct, free from all duties but those which love has freely assumed, almost wholly free from jealousy, and free without qualification from the need to be needed, is eminently spiritual. It is the sort of love one can imagine between angels. Have we here found a natural love which is Love itself?

BEFORE we rush to any such conclusion, let us beware of the ambiguity in the word *spiritual*. There are many New Testament contexts in which it means "pertaining to the (Holy) Spirit," and in such contexts the spiritual is, by definition, good. But when *spiritual* is used simply as the opposite of corporeal or instinctive or animal, this is not so. There is spiritual evil as well as spiritual good. There are unholy, as well as holy, angels. The worst sins of men are spiritual. We must not think that in finding Friendship to be *spiritual* we have found it to be in itself holy or inerrant. Three significant facts remain to be taken into account.

The first, already mentioned, is the distrust which Authorities tend to have of close Friendships among their subjects. It may be unjustified; or there may be some basis for it.

Secondly, there is the attitude of the majority towards

all circles of close Friends. Every name they give such a circle is more or less derogatory. It is at best a "set"; lucky if not a "coterie," a "gang," a "little senate," or a "mutual admiration society." Those who, in their own lives, know only Affection, Companionship, and Eros, suspect Friends to be "stuck-up prigs who think themselves too good for us." Of course this is the voice of Envy. But Envy always brings the truest charge, or the charge nearest to the truth, that she can think up; it hurts more. This charge, therefore, will have to be considered.

Finally, we must notice that Friendship is very rarely the image under which Scripture represents the love between God and Man. It is not entirely neglected; but far more often, seeking a symbol for the highest love of all, Scripture ignores this seemingly almost angelic relation and plunges into the depth of what is most natural and instinctive. Affection is taken as the image when God is represented as our Father; Eros, when Christ is represented as the Bridegroom of the Church.

Let us begin with the suspicions of those in Authority. Friendship, I have said, is born at the moment when one man says to another "What! You too? I thought that no one but myself . . ." But the common taste or vision or point of view which is thus discovered need not always be a nice one. From such a moment art or philosophy or an advance in religion or morals might well take their rise; but why not also torture, cannibalism, or human sacrifice? Surely most of us have experienced the ambivalent nature of such moments in our own youth? It was wonderful when we first met someone who cared for our favourite poet. What we had hardly understood before, now took clear shape. What we had been half ashamed of we now freely acknowledged. But it was less delightful when we first met someone who shared with us a secret evil. This too became far more palpable and explicit; of this, too, we ceased to be ashamed. Even now, at whatever age, we all know the perilous charm of a shared hatred or grievance. (It is difficult not to hail as a Friend the only other man in college who really sees the faults of the Sub-Warden.)

Alone among unsympathetic companions, I hold certain views and standards timidly, half ashamed to avow them and half doubtful if they can after all be right. Put me back among my Friends and in half an hour—in ten minutes—these same views and standards become once more indisputable. The opinion of this little circle, while I am in it, outweighs that of a thousand outsiders: as Friendship strengthens, it will

do this even when my friends are far away. For we all wish to be judged by our peers, by the men "after our own heart." Only they really know our mind and only they judge it by standards we fully acknowledge. Theirs is the praise we really covet and the blame we really dread.

The little pockets of early Christians survived because they cared exclusively for the love of "the brethren" and stopped their ears to the opinion of the pagan society all round them. But a circle of criminals, cranks, or perverts survives in just the same way; by becoming deaf to the opinion of the outer world, by discounting it as the chatter of outsiders who "don't understand," of the "conventional," "the bourgeois," the "Establishment," of prigs, prudes, and humbugs.

THIS is the second in a series of four articles by Dr. Lewis on the Loves of Man. The articles are part of his forthcoming book, **THE FOUR LOVES**, which will be published in July by Harcourt Brace and Company.

THE EDITORS

It is therefore easy to see why Authority frowns on Friendship. Every real Friendship is a sort of secession, even a rebellion. It may be a rebellion of serious thinkers against accepted clap-trap or of faddists against accepted good sense; of real artists against popular ugliness or of charlatans against civilized taste; of good men against the badness of society or of bad men against its goodness. Whichever it is, it will be unwelcome to Top People. In each knot of Friends there is a sectional "public opinion" which fortifies its members against the public opinion of the community in general. Each therefore is a pocket of potential resistance. Men who have real Friends are less easy to manage or "get at"; harder for good Authorities to correct or for bad Authorities to corrupt. Hence if

our masters, by force or by propaganda about "Togetherness" or by unobtrusively making privacy and unplanned leisure impossible, ever succeed in producing a world where all are Companions and none are Friends, they will have removed certain dangers, and will also have taken from us what is almost our strongest safeguard against complete servitude.

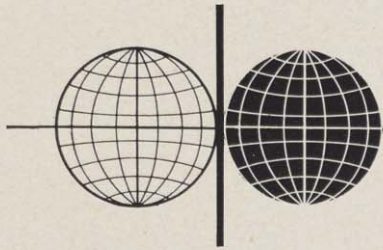
A CIRCLE of Friends cannot of course oppress the outer world as a powerful social class can. But it is subject, on its own scale, to the same danger. It can come to treat as "outsiders" in a general (and derogatory) sense those who were quite properly outsiders for a particular purpose. Thus, like an aristocracy, it can create around it a vacuum across which no voice will carry. The literary or artistic circle which began by discounting, perhaps rightly, the plain man's ideas about literature or art may come to discount equally his idea that they should pay their bills, cut their nails, and behave civilly. Whatever faults the circle has—and no circle is without them—thus become incurable. But that is not all. The partial and defensible deafness was based on some kind of superiority—even if it were only a superior knowledge about stamps. The sense of superiority will then get itself attached to the total deafness. The group will disdain as well as ignore those outside it. It will, in effect, have turned itself into something very like a class. A coterie is a self-appointed aristocracy.

I said above that in a good Friendship each member often feels humility towards the rest. He sees that they are splendid and counts himself lucky to be among them. But unfortunately the *they* and *them* are also, from another point of view *we* and *us*. Thus the transition from individual humility to corporate pride is very easy.

It was once at some kind of conference two clergymen, obviously close friends, began talking about "uncreated energies" other than God. I asked how there could be any uncreated things except God if the Creed was right in calling Him the "maker of all things visible and invisible." Their reply was to glance at one another and laugh. I had no objection to their laughter, but I wanted an answer in words as well.

It was not at all a sneering or unpleasant laugh. It expressed very much what Americans would express by saying "Isn't he cute?" It was like the laughter of

continued on page 38



PRAYERS ARE NEEDED—

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, has urged all Anglicans to pray for a solution of the critical racial situation in the Union of South Africa on May 31, the fiftieth anniversary of the Union's formation. A form of prayer has been suggested by the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, who was exiled by the South African government in 1956 for advocating an end to racial segregation: "God bless Africa, guard her children, guide her rulers, and give her peace." ● Commenting on the South African situation, the Archbishop of Canterbury urged Christian people to keep in mind that the Church there has been virtually silenced, and that "almost any adverse comment on the state of affairs may be treated as an offense." Dr. Fisher cited a message sent by the Archbishop of Capetown, Joost de Blank, in which Bishop de Blank spoke of "the determination of his church people to stand by their faith, and especially of the steadfastness of African clergymen and congregations in locations and townships which have suffered violence. Praising God for their witness," Dr. Fisher said, "we must pray that they may be strengthened to resist the evil of apartheid and to overcome it in themselves and others by the power of the love of God." ● After mentioning the Anglican Communion's long-standing opposition to apartheid, Dr. Fisher said that the Archbishop of Capetown "asks us to pray especially that the government will begin to consult with leaders of all races who believe in reconciliation."

ABSENTEES FROM HISTORY?

—In South Africa itself, Anglican prelates continue to protest the government's racial policies. The Rt. Rev. Richard Ambrose Reeves, Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, left the country to avoid arrest after he had attacked the police action at Sharpeville, where seventy-two African demonstrators were killed. In a subsequent message, Bishop Reeves wrote, "As Christians, we dare not pretend that we have no responsibility for all that is happening in South Africa. . . . To do that would make us absentees from history." ● Another outspoken opponent of

apartheid is the Anglican Archbishop of Capetown, Joost de Blank, who has repeatedly appealed for church action against racial injustice. "Like justice," Bishop de Blank says, "the Church must be seen to be a Church by the highest in the land and the humblest African languishing in jail." The bishop has also warned of a growing anti-Christian feeling among South African Negroes as a result of the apartheid policy. "If the Christian faith is doomed in Africa," he states, "then the idea of white supremacy . . . will be rightly blamed as the primary cause of its destruction." Bishop de Blank's stand has involved him in serious controversy with the Dutch Reformed Churches, which he considers to be identified with the government and its racial policies. He has declared that, unless the Dutch Reformed Churches repudiate apartheid, other churches should cease to be "associated with them in any council or federation." ● The World Council of Churches, after a meeting with a personal representative of Bishop de Blank, sent one of its associate general secretaries, Dr. Robert S. Bilheimer, to South Africa to investigate the racial situation and consult with religious leaders.

CALL TO UNITY—Patriarch

Athenagoras I of Istanbul, spiritual head of 300 million Eastern Orthodox believers throughout the world, has called for renewed efforts toward unity on the part of all Christian churches. In an Easter message the seventy-three-year-old patriarch said it is "not possible for us to accept that this division should be continued and perpetuated to the detriment" of Christ's work. ● Peace, love and unity, said Patriarch Athenagoras in his Easter encyclical, should distinguish all Jesus' followers. "The barriers which the ages have raised between the Christian denominations," he wrote, "do not make impossible their mutually approaching each other again, and their coming together, now that in recent times the expressed good will on the part of Christian leaders gives us cause for comfort and enlightenment." ● Patriarch Athenagoras has on several previous occasions indicated his desire for greater understanding among all Christian groups and the uniting of spiritual forces against the dangers of

world

scene

Communism, atheism and materialism. "We are divided by so few things, leave them aside," he urged in a Christmas appeal last December while touring the Middle East. He stressed at that time, however, the difference between "union" and "unity," asserting that "a dogmatic union" between the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches is "impossible." Unity, he explained, means harmony, accord, conformity between the Churches, while union signifies their uniting into one. • Under the patriarch's sponsorship, the first Pan-Orthodox meeting since 1921, scheduled to be held at Rhodes, Greece, next September, is expected to result in the formulation of an Eastern Orthodox statement on Christian unity.

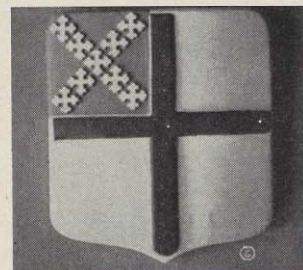
SALARIES UP IN CHURCH-RELATED COL-

LEGES—College faculty salaries have risen an average of 10.6 per cent throughout the nation in the last two years, the U.S. Office of Education reported last month. Salaries are increasing more rapidly in private colleges, most of which are church related, than in state or municipal colleges. Average salaries in the private colleges, however, still lag substantially behind those paid in state universities. • The average faculty stipend in private colleges during the present 1959-60 academic year is \$6,510 a year, compared with \$5,700 in 1957-58. Average faculty salary paid in the undergraduate colleges of state and municipal universities is \$7,040 this year, compared with \$6,470 two years ago. The average salary of full professors in private colleges is \$8,850 a year, against \$7,360 two years ago, a gain of 20.2 per cent. The stipend for full professors at state universities has increased to an average of \$9,350 a year, compared with \$8,530 two years ago, an increase of only 9.6 per cent. • For other faculty ranks, the average salary of associate professors is now \$6,700 in private colleges, and \$7,430 in state schools; assistant professors draw \$5,720 in private colleges and \$6,330 in state universities. Instructors draw an average of \$4,840 in private colleges and \$5,250 in state universities.

LUTHERANS FORM NEW CHURCH

BODY—Church history was made last month when three major Lutheran groups united to form the American Lutheran Church. Participating in the merger—which crowns more than ten years of negotiations—were the American, Evangelical, and United Evangelical Lutheran churches. The new denomination has a membership of 2,258,092 baptized persons in more than 5,000 local congregations in the U.S. and Canada. Its headquarters will be in Minneapolis.

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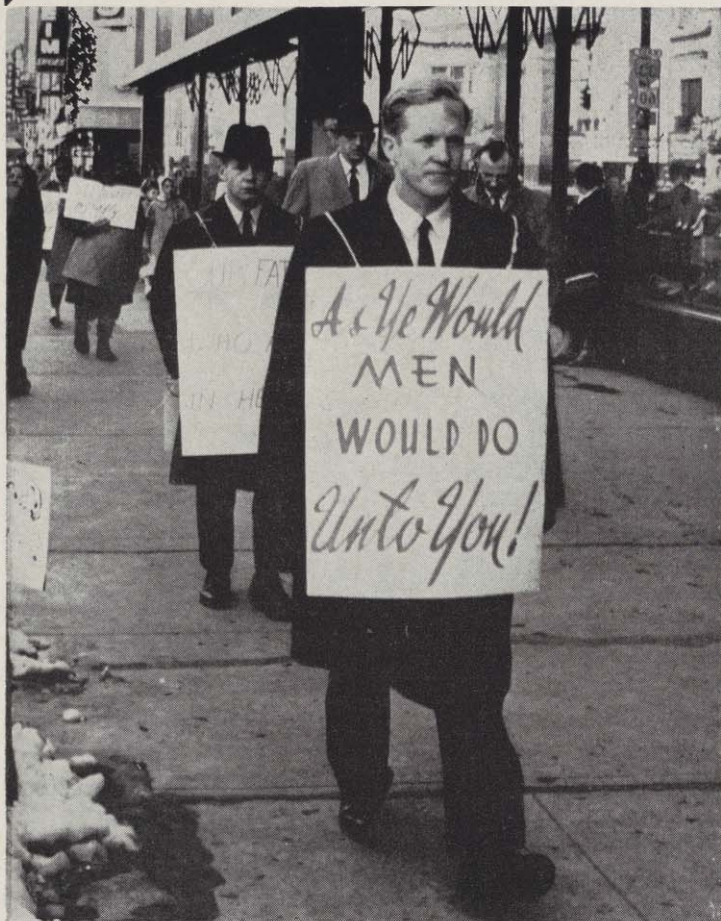
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NO COMMERCIALS NEEDED—A recent proposal by a group of promoters to establish a \$15 million "Bible Storyland" in San Bernardino County, Calif., has drawn vigorous protests from the clergy and laity of Southern California. A resolution of protest was voiced by the Rt. Rev. Francis Eric Bloy, Bishop of Los Angeles, and the Executive Council of the Diocese, in support of the stand taken by the Episcopal priests and congregation in the Cucamonga area who joined in the formal protest made by the interdenominational Ministerial Unions of Upland and Ontario. The resolution stated in part: "We protest most vigorously this blasphemous use of Holy Scriptures for purposes of an amusement park. We believe the prospectus seriously distorts the sacred history of both Christians and Jews and holds it up to ridicule."

PLAGUE OF THE PIGEONS—Pigeons are plaguing the Rev. Charles D. Kean, rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D.C. In a recent communication entitled "Pigeons vs. People," the embattled clergyman told his parishioners about the church's contest against the birds. • Battle was begun by the pigeons, whose numbers, personal untidiness, and fondness for loud choruses of cooing in the middle of Morning Prayer made them a disruptive influence in the parish. After futile efforts with "mop, bucket and muttered imprecations," Epiphany took the offensive by putting a bird-repellant around its windows. But this hardened into a substance which the pigeons seemed to find a more comfortable roost than cold stone. Then the church tried mechanical snakes. To these the pigeons reacted first with terror, then with terrorism. "They circle around, zoom in, and dash the snakes to the sidewalk below," Dr. Kean related. • As Epiphany's tactics met total failure, the pigeons launched a counter-offensive. They moved into the church ventilators, and even invaded the sanctuary and attacked church personnel. A complete (and costly) set of screens stopped this, but left the basic problem worse than ever. So the rector, in final desperation, rented pigeon traps from a pest exterminator. Once trapped, the pigeons meet a humane and painless death. "Since November we have accounted for over 200 pigeons," states Dr. Kean's communiqué. "But the pigeons have retaliated through propaganda warfare. By planting stories in the newspapers, the pigeons succeeded in attracting sympathizers, and we at Epiphany have been under continued pressure not only from the pigeons themselves, but from pigeon-lovers. At this point, the war is far from over."

FACTS AND FIGURES—In the last ten years, the Roman Catholic Negro population increased three times as fast as the general Negro population, a Roman Catholic source reports. • Portions of the Scriptures have now been published in a total of 1,151 languages and dialects, according to the American Bible Society. Complete Bibles are available in 219 languages, complete New Testaments in 271 others, and at least one book of the Bible in an additional 661 languages. There are still perhaps 1,000 tongues in which no part of the Bible has yet been published.



White students from Union Seminary (Presbyterian), Richmond, Va., join Negro college students protesting segregated lunch counter service at a downtown department store. "As Christians, we see segregation based on race as evil," the seminarians said.

Christian Dilemma In the South

The former editor of Episcopal Church-news finds that southern Episcopalians are often bewildered but quietly determined to seek Christian answers to a crisis complicated by tradition, prejudice, and human selfishness.

By WILLIAM S. LEA

THE Church in the South today is bewildered and confused. Confronted by extremists on one side who would like to use force and compulsion in order to eradicate segregation overnight and by those, on the other hand, who resist any change whatsoever, southern churchmen are divided and uncertain.

Those who try to think as Christians find themselves in a serious dilemma. They discover that they are caught between the position of the moral perfectionists who deal only in absolutes, and the more practical idealists who realize that in a sinful and a selfish world the patterns of social behavior cannot be changed in a day.

Race relations have long been a major concern of the Church. The Christian ideal in these matters has been stated clearly and unequivocally

by the Anglican Congress, the Lambeth Conference, and by General Convention and Provincial resolutions throughout the Episcopal Church: segregation is wrong. Long before the Supreme Court decision, the Church in the South had taken a prominent lead in the promotion of racial understanding. The difficulty, however, comes in the application of the ideal to the actual, in putting our principles to work in the concrete circumstances of the southern community.

Any clergyman or Christian layman who tries to be objective in the matter of segregation and to state a critical opinion based upon Christian moral principles is apt to meet a violent reaction today. A person who speaks forthrightly on the racial issue seems to many of his fellow parishioners to be a traitor.

The southern tradition has, for many, been an idyllic way of life in the "once upon a time" of yesterday. Today, this southern dream, this image which has for so long been cherished, is threatened. But this didn't happen suddenly. It began long before that day in May, 1954, when nine black-robed Justices of the Supreme Court in far away Washington, D. C. decided that segregation in southern schools must end. The Dixiecrat revolt of 1948 was the culminating expression of a new kind of regional defiance.

In 1952 southerners may have felt that Mr. Eisenhower was on their side in the business of States' Rights, but when his administration filed a brief before the Supreme Court asking for the end of segregation they felt betrayed and isolated. This has

continued on next page

led to an unreasoning hostility and to an irrational sense of injustice. This produces an atmosphere in which men are finding it difficult to hear the Christian moral demand, even when it is proclaimed.

This is true, despite the fact that the South has long prided itself on being Christian. The heart of the South often has been called the "Bible Belt," but the Bible has been having some strange interpreters in this part of the country recently. Just as in South Africa, so in the southern part of the United States today extreme positions of racial apartheid are defended by Biblical texts. The mixing of the races is said to be contrary to the Law of God.

Despite this popular southern notion—indeed in the face of it—several of the strongest churches have spoken boldly in favor of desegregation. It is when the individual parish priest stands up to speak that the trouble begins. If he defends the Christian position and insists upon integration as a moral principle, he is apt to be labeled an impractical idealist, or a traitor, or even a Communist.

In the difficult day, what is the Church in the South actually doing? What is the Church saying? To answer these questions I have talked to many of my fellow southerners. I have exchanged letters with many more of them. I shall not use their names in this article because one of the sad aspects of the present situation is that many of our best people cannot say in public what they feel deeply in their hearts. If these men did, they would lose contact with their own people, and their effectiveness might come to a sudden stop.

One distinguished southern editor, and a loyal layman of the Episcopal Church, told me that "as for the part the Church is playing in integration, the ministers, generally speaking, are far out ahead of their congregations."

Here is one of the most difficult aspects of the Church's problem. This can become more serious if pres-

sure is brought to bear in trying to force a Christian stand on the racial issue before the people are ready to hear it. Several southern bishops have told me that resolutions on this issue which originate in New York, or which come from agencies of the national Church, often do more harm than good. I quote one southern bishop directly: "the atmosphere has become better (in our area) but is periodically set back by some of the pronouncements of our national Church and other Churches." These words are from one who has been heroic in the statement of the Christian ideal in his diocese.

There is little evidence of any active program for desegregation in southern parish churches. Few parishes in the South even have what might be called "token integration," although many parishes have had Negroes attending their services regularly for generations. This is not as easy today as it was ten years ago. I know of one parish in South Carolina, for example, which in the days before the Supreme Court decision used to have a few Negroes in the congregation but which recently faced a major parish crisis because one Negro soldier came to church with a white buddy from a nearby army training camp.

It has been said that in the matter of racial discrimination the Church, despite all of its proclamations, is one of the worst offenders. A bishop wrote to me as follows: "One mission in our diocese is integrated to the extent that on the first Sunday in July of last year I confirmed a colored man and his son. The people knew that this was in the offing, and about fifty per cent of the congregation has simply quit coming and quit contributing to the Church, although very few of them have transferred elsewhere." In this same diocese, on the other hand, the summertime youth conference has been integrated since 1955, and the bishop has spoken boldly and from a deep Christian conviction about the race question in several of the diocesan con-

vention addresses which he has given since his consecration.

There have been several instances where clergymen have met open opposition from their people when they have tried to take a stand in favor of integration. Many of the clergy have had to stand considerable verbal abuse. Bishops and clergy continue to get anonymous, threatening, letters. Undoubtedly the Church has lost some support because of its position. One bishop pointed out to me, however, that "there have been those who have come forward on the other side, also."

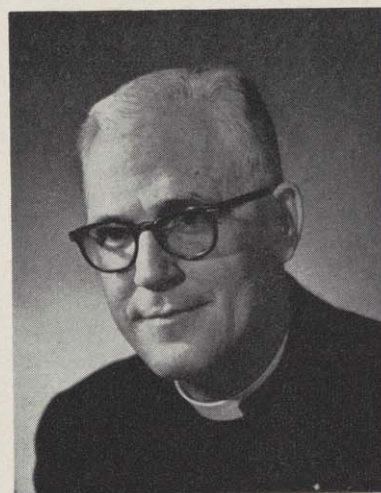
Despite this rather gloomy picture there are, nevertheless, certain signs of hope. It is true that communication between the races has broken down in many places, that tensions have increased alarmingly in the last few months, and that things may have to get worse before they can get better. But where the Church has followed what one bishop has called "the ministry of reconciliation," real progress in racial understanding has often been made.

We could cite many examples of the undramatic but steady influence of Christian opinion, and also the influence of churchmen who are willing to work slowly and with patience to solve problems which generations of tradition, economic necessity, and human selfishness have produced. The Church has, in certain places, been instrumental in creating Commissions on Human Relations. Study groups have been held in many areas and in certain cities the Episcopal Church has been successful in moving leadership into some of the community approaches to the problems.

What can we say of the future? This is the most difficult question of all, and there is no ready or easy answer.

Many Negro Christian leaders fear that our minds may become desensitized to the problems of civil rights and that they must, therefore, keep the issue alive by whatever means possible. One of the most recent of these means employed is that

A Southerner who now lives in the West, the Very Rev. William S. Lea is Dean of the Cathedral of St. John in Denver, Colorado. Although born in the State of Washington, Dean Lea was brought up in Tennessee and served as rector of parishes in Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina from 1937 to 1956. Dr. Lea was editor of the *Episcopal Churchnews* in 1956 and 1957 and has been an associate editor of *The Living Church* since 1957. He is a member of the General Convention's Church Magazine Advisory Board.



of the passive resistance movement called "sit-ins." Negro leaders insist that all that they really want is full citizenship with equal opportunities to vote, equal opportunities in education, and equal opportunities in employment.

One prominent Negro educator, a distinguished layman in the Episcopal Church, told me, however, that there was a real danger that Negroes might become so concerned about their rights that they forget that they have responsibilities as well. He felt that the Church, itself, should say this to its Negro members and he pointed out that the young Negroes of the day expect the Church to speak on all sides of this matter. He warned me, also, that some young Negro intellectuals have become disillusioned about religion because often it seems irrelevant to them. One of these young intellectuals said to me: "I used to think Christians practiced what they preached, but now I wonder."

White extremists, on the other hand, draw awful pictures of what might happen when, as Ralph McGill expressed it in an *Atlantic Monthly* article a few years ago, "the children all drink out of the same bucket." Mr. McGill insisted that the white extremists really do fear a "mongrelized" race and that they say that they will die before they will agree to this. And, he added, they really mean it.

In between the extreme positions

which men take stands the southern "moderate," the so-called "average" southerner who really wants to call himself a loyal Christian and desires to be a faithful member of his church. He quite honestly believes that the separation of the races by law is best for both. He feels that today he is deeply misunderstood by people in other parts of the country and that he is a victim of a great injustice. At the moment he is not willing to listen to preaching from the outside.

In such a situation as this, the Christian clergyman in the South does not dare to move too far ahead of his people too swiftly. He must have the patience and the love and the intelligence to lead his people only so fast as they are able to travel. The men who learn the art of doing just this will be the most effective leaders. In the meantime, such men suggest a moratorium on pronouncements by those who live at too safe a distance from the battle line.

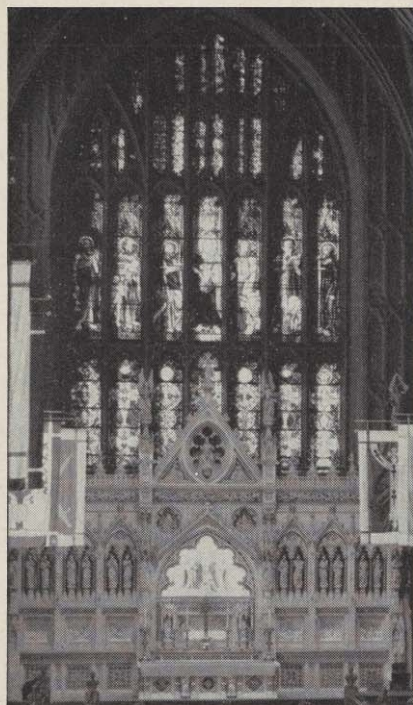
As one tries to review the racial issue as it is being faced by southern churchmen, he must realize that it is anchored deep in the emotions, the traditions, and the prejudices of a proud people. These elemental emotions are hardly rational. There are many different ideas about what ought to be done. Good and honest men often disagree and it takes a great deal of understanding on the part of everybody concerned if peace within the family of God is to be

preserved. Peace at any price may not be desirable; but strife, just for strife's sake, is futile and only gives encouragement to the powers of evil. Conditions vary from region to region and therefore, progress will be uneven. It will be difficult, if not completely impossible, to develop a uniform policy for the entire Church in this area.

All in all, our Church in the southern dioceses is making a quiet but effective witness to Christian principles and ideals in a difficult day. Politicians will continue to try to keep the issues at a boiling point for their own selfish political advantage. There are powerful economic factors involved on all sides of the question; the lower class of white people will continue their struggle for status by trying to remain one step above the Negro.

It is not always easy to accept the clear moral choice which a Christian man must make. A few bishops and a few clergy have tried to hide under a cloak of silence. Some men have actually compromised. But the vast majority of clergy and lay persons in the South are trying sincerely to find the really Christian answer in this matter.

Here is our greatest hope. Because of this I can readily agree with those southern church leaders who say that their brother churchmen in other parts of the country can help them more by their prayers than by their pronouncements.



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THE FOUR LOVES

continued from page 31

jolly grown-ups when an *enfant terrible* asks the sort of question that is never asked. You can hardly imagine how inoffensively it was done, nor how clearly it conveyed the impression that they were fully aware of living habitually on a higher plane than the rest of us, that they came among us as knights among churls, or as grown-ups among children. Very possibly they had an answer to my question and knew that I was too ignorant to follow it. If they had said in so many words "I'm afraid it would take too long to explain," I would not be attributing to them the pride of Friendship.

The glance and the laugh are the real point—the audible and visible embodiment of a corporate superiority taken for granted and unconcealed. The almost complete inoffensiveness, the absence of any apparent wish to wound or exult (they were very nice young men) really underline the Olympian attitude. Here was a sense of superiority so secure that it could afford to be tolerant, urbane, unemphatic.

My two nice young clergymen were on a high intellectual level. But the same feeling of corporate superiority can possess a group of much more commonplace friends. It will then be flaunted in a cruder way. We have all seen this done by the "old hands" at school talking in the presence of a New Boy, or two Regulars in the Army talking before a "Temporary"; sometimes by very loud and vulgar friends to impress mere strangers in a bar or a railway carriage. Such people talk very intimately and esoterically in order to be overheard. Everyone who is not in the circle must be shown that he is not in it. Indeed, the Friendship may be "about" almost nothing except the fact that it excludes. In speaking to an Outsider each member of it delights to mention the others by their Christian names or nicknames; not although, but because, the Outsider won't know who he means.

A man I once knew was even subtler. He simply referred to his

friends as if we all knew, certainly ought to know, who they were. "As Richard Button once said to me . . .," he would begin. We were all very young. We never dared to admit that we hadn't heard of Richard Button. It seemed so obvious that to everyone who was anyone he must be a household word; "not to know him argued ourselves unknown." Only far later we came to realize that no one else had heard of him either.

We can thus detect the Pride of Friendship in many circles of Friends. It would be rash to assume that our own is safe from its danger; for of course it is in our own that we should be slowest to recognize it. The danger of such Pride is indeed almost inseparable from Friendly love. Friendship must exclude. From the innocent and necessary act of excluding to the spirit of exclusiveness is an easy step; and thence to the degrading pleasures of exclusiveness.

Sometimes a circle in this condition begins to dabble in the world of practice. Judiciously enlarging itself to admit recruits whose share in the original common interest is negligible but who are felt to be (in some undefined sense) "sound men," it becomes a power in the land. Membership in it comes to have a sort of political importance, though the politics involved may be only those of a regiment, a college, or a cathedral close. The manipulation of committees, the capture of jobs (for sound men), and the united front against Have-nots, now become its principal occupation, and those who once met to talk about God or poetry now meet to talk about lectureships or livings.

Notice the justice of their doom. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," said God to Adam. In a circle which has thus dwindled into a covey of wangers, Friendship has sunk back again into the mere practical Companionship which was its matrix. They are now the same sort of body as the primitive horde of hunters. Hunters, indeed, is precisely what they are; and not the kind of hunters I most respect.

Friendship, then, like the other

Natural loves, is unable to save itself. In reality, because it is spiritual and therefore faces a subtler enemy, it must, even more wholeheartedly than they, invoke the divine protection if it hopes to remain sweet. For consider how narrow its true path is.

In reality, a few years' difference in the dates of our births, a few more miles between certain houses, the choice of one university instead of another, posting to different regiments, the accident of a topic being raised or not raised at a first meeting—any of these chances might have kept us apart. For a Christian, there are, strictly speaking, no chances. A secret Master of Ceremonies has been at work. Christ, who said to the disciples, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," can truly say to every group of Christian friends, "You have not chosen one another, but I have chosen you for one another." Friendship is not a reward for our discrimination and good taste in finding one another out. It is the instrument by which God reveals to each the beauties of all the others. They are no greater than the beauties of a thousand other men; by Friendship God opens our eyes to them. They are, like all beauties, derived from Him, and then, in a good Friendship, increased by Him through the Friendship itself, so that it is His instrument for creating as well as for revealing. At this feast it is He who has spread the board and it is He who has chosen the guests. It is He, we may dare to hope, who sometimes does, and always should, preside. Let us not reckon without our Host.

Not that we must always partake of it solemnly. "God who made good laughter" forbid. It is one of the difficult and delightful subtleties of life that we must deeply acknowledge certain things to be serious and yet retain the power and will to treat them often as lightly as a game. But there will be a time for saying more about this. For the moment, I will only quote Dunbar's beautifully balanced advice—

Man, please thy Maker, and be merry,

And give not for this world a cherry.

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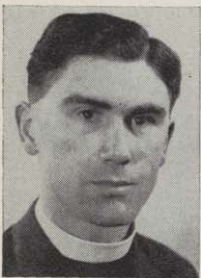


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Books

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Called But Not Chosen

The Thirteenth Apostle, by Eugene Vale. 347 pp. New York, Scribner's. \$4.50.

WHEN I am informed by the dust jacket that a novel is "superbly written adventure fiction, but much more, adventure extended beyond reality into the mind and soul of a man," I hope for the best, but don't count on it. The current literary scene is full of grandiose attempts to probe man's mind and soul; most of them fade away into a shallow religiosity or warmed-over psychology.

But by the time I was a third through *The Thirteenth Apostle*, the novel had convinced me that the jacket blurb was sober truth. True, this is not a completely even book. It slips at times into clumsy writing, and grows discursive and preachy where the action or thoughts of the characters might better carry the weight of meaning. These, however, are minor defects in a novel that otherwise stands out as one of the majestic achievements of recent fiction.

The central character is Donald Webb, American consul in the main port city of a Central American country. When he first appears, we see him as a man with a passion for tidiness and precision, a person who has no great hopes, no wild idealisms; in short, someone who has accepted a diminished life and is reconciled to it. Then he meets a minor artist, Crispian, who in a gentler way seems to have a Van Gogh passion to tear his way to the heart of reality.

After a few contacts between the two men, Crispian goes his way. Rumors come that he is dead. There are reports also of a mysterious painting he has been doing of the Crucifixion. More gripped by the mystery than he quite

realizes, Webb sets out to find Crispian and the painting. With the aid of a native priest, Padre Paolo, who confesses to his lover's quarrel with God—"I love Him and know Him not"—Webb plunges through a landscape which is at once realistic and symbolic. He comes to know the fecund terrors of the jungle. He abandons first his car and eventually his burro, as his quest moves from the jungle to a mining village and finally beyond.

Meanwhile, Webb discovers Crispian's painting and finds himself depicted as "the Thirteenth Apostle"—one of those "who were called but not chosen." He knows now that he represents the anonymous men of good will from whom the future derives its strength of survival. But the center of the painting is missing. Crispian, apparently discontented with his work, has torn out the head of Christ. Webb must go further to find that. He suspects it will be somewhere in Zapar, an Indian village near the peak of the gigantic and terrifying mountain, El Soledad.

Still accompanied by the Padre, he sets out to climb the formidable mountain. His journey turns into a nightmare of physical and psychological terrors. The mountain begins speaking to him in his consciousness and conscience, reproaching him for turning aside from an earlier idealism and making peace with life on inadequate terms. He is pushed inward upon himself. Event by event, his earlier life reappears before him. He sees the wrong turnings he took, the refusals that have made of his life a shriveled and fearful compromise. The terrors of the climb strip away his self-defenses and his rational certainties. He comes at last to know himself, to know God, and to sense with an inner cer-

tainty that death is the illusion of the rationalist, not the final ironic word of life.

A bare summary of the mountain climb is a poor substitute for Mr. Vale's powerful and evocative description. And it would be unfair to the reader to say what Webb finds at Zapar and how the story ends. It is enough to emphasize that this is genuinely an amazing novel, in its insight into the human soul and its picture of a man coming at last to knowledge of self and God.

The focus is constantly on Webb himself, so much so that a number of potentially interesting characters—such as Don Hernandez, who cannot rest in peace unless he can prove God scientifically—are developed only insofar as they impinge upon the consul in his pilgrimage of self-discovery. Indeed, this is a modern *Pilgrim's Progress*, thoroughly Twentieth Century in the particular terrors and challenges depicted, but written on a level of religious understanding rare in any century.

—CHAD WALSH

The Liturgical Renewal of the Church, edited by Massey H. Shepherd, Jr. Contributors: Arthur Lichtenberger, W. H. Nes, John O. Paterson, Arthur C. Piepkorn, Massey H. Shepherd, Jr., and Theodore Wedel. 160 pp. New York, Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

IT is difficult to imagine that there exist anywhere today Episcopal parishes that have not been affected by the liturgical movement of our time. This is indeed a pervasive movement, and its influence has been felt widely. Movements enlist support and engage controversy, this one no less than any other, but the addresses contained in the book at hand are far from partisan.

The contribution of this book is that

it puts the liturgical movement in perspective. The use of the word *renewal* in the title is itself significant, for the word looks in two directions. It looks back to the word *liturgical* and thereby emphasizes the need for Anglicans to conserve and make use of their rich tradition, a tradition seen here quite properly as one which ranges over the whole sweep of the Church's history.

Renewal in the title also looks forward to the word *Church*, and in this the book's contribution is pointedly made. How can liturgical forms renew the Church? It is true, as these addresses insist, that worship is an end in itself and not a means to something else. It is equally true that the Church at worship must express by its words and actions (liturgical forms) what it believes God and God's people to be. Face-to-face with God in worship, there can be no pretense and posing. Which means that only as the words and actions of worship bring the Church to see God for Himself, and to see itself as His people, is the Church able to worship Him honestly. And when words and actions do this, the Church is renewed each time it worships: confirmed again in its understanding both of the Lord Himself and of the task He has assigned the Church in His World.

The perspective that this book gives is not of liturgical matters in a vacuum, new and exciting ways of "playing church." It puts the liturgical movement in the context of the Church's call, in all its endeavors, to be the Church, and nothing else—men and women praising and serving Him Who alone is Life and Strength. In doing this it treats the liturgical movement in its theological, historical, social, and pastoral aspects. It contains an illuminating discussion of the liturgical movement in Protestantism, and the concluding discourse relates worship to the Church's mission of bringing men to share in the Glory of God. —DAVID SIEGENTHALER

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MAY

- 22 **Rogation Sunday**
23-June 4 Group Life Laboratory, Miramar Conference Center, Newport, R.I. Chairman, the Rev. George L. Peabody
23-25 **Rogation Days**
26 **The Ascension Day**
30-June 11 Group Life Laboratory, Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, Calif. Chairman, the Rev. John B. Midworth

JUNE

- 5 **Whitsunday**
8-17 Outgoing Missionaries Conference, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.
11 **St. Barnabas the Apostle**
12 **Trinity Sunday**
12-18 Province II Finger Lakes Adult Education Conference, Colleges of the Senecas, Geneva, N.Y.
16-19 Province IV Laymen's Conference, University of the South, Seawanee, Tenn.
20-24 Conference for Military Chaplains of the Eastern Area and Veterans' Administration chaplains, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.
24 **St. John Baptist**
29 **St. Peter the Apostle**

JULY

- 4 **Independence Day**
10-15 Institute for Adult Christian Education, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ill.
10-16 National Convention of Church Workers Among the Deaf, Evergreen Conference Center, Evergreen, Colo.
12-21 Tenth Seawanee Conference on Church Music, Dubose Conference Center, Monteagle, Tenn.

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GRACE BEFORE MEALS

THE word *grace* is related to *grateful* and *gratitude*. Being thankful to God for our daily food, which we ask Him for in the Lord's Prayer, we say, Thank You. Without Him, these good things which lie before us on our table, or in a basket at a picnic, would not even exist.

In the New Testament, a thanksgiving for food and a blessing were the same thing. We learn that when our Lord gave thanks for the bread at the Last Supper He almost surely used these words: Blessed be thou, O Lord, King of the universe, who bringest forth bread from the ground. It was thus that He "pronounced the thanksgiving" or (what was the same thing) "blessed the bread."

Following His example, and continuing the ancient tradition which He accepted, Christian people say a blessing before they break bread and share a meal.

Our Prayer Book gives us only two such blessings (page 600). We need more. But these provide us with two excellent ideas: (1) That God may help us to use this food in a way that will strengthen us for serving Him. (2) That if we are truly grateful, we shall remember those who do not have enough to eat. And *remember* means something more than a fleeting thought. It involves generous action. The Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief is a case in point. "I was hungry," said Jesus, "and you gave me food." "When was this?" they asked in surprise. "Whenever you fed one of the least of these my brethren, you fed me."

Here are other Graces, culled from several sources.

UNTO HIM who through breaking of bread brought us close to God, let us give glory and honor now and forever.

MASTER OF LIFE, make our table companionship the revelation of thy presence, and turn our daily bread into the bread of life.

GRACIOUS GOD, may the food which we are about to receive strengthen our bodies, and thy Holy Spirit strengthen and refresh our souls.

BLESS US, O LORD, in blessing thee, as we receive thy gift of daily bread.

FATHER IN HEAVEN, sustain our bodies with this food, our hearts with true friendship, and our souls with thy truth.

BLESSED BE GOD, who giveth us good things to eat. In his Name let us be swift to help all who are in need. For Christ's sake.

BLESS, O LORD, this food to our use, and our hearts in thy loving service, for Christ's sake.

Though a person eating alone will say a silent grace, we usually think of a family meal at which children and adults are gathered. There are many variations in the way grace is said. Some families say it in unison. Some sing it. In many families each member takes his turn in saying it for all. Some say it standing, others sitting. Some hold hands around the table to express unity and affection. Some use very formal words, quoting the Psalms or other parts of Scripture. A doxology is said or sung by others, in either prose or verse.

The main point is to have everybody at the table feel that it is *his* Thank-you, and that he enters into it with joy. Changing the words from time to time, and also the method, may help to keep the act from seeming perfunctory. Special graces may be written for special days: a birthday, a holiday, a picnic, or a family reunion.

We shall welcome suggestions, and samples, from our readers.

conducted by John Wallace Suter



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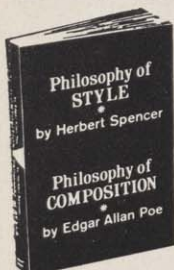
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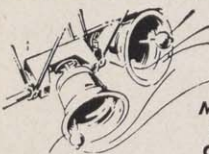
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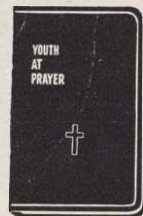
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Letters

... I wish to congratulate you heartily on this first issue of our new magazine. I like everything about it! The name is simple and meaningful, the format excellent, and you have certainly rung the bell with your writers of articles in this number... I took *Spirit of Missions* for many years and *Forth* through its entire life, and also take *The Living Church*, but I hope that we may have this fine magazine in every church home from now on.

WINIFRED W. CONKLING
Librarian, St. Paul's Cathedral
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... Congratulations to you and your staff on your new magazine. I especially like "Inquiry, a Question and Answer Column," which I am sure will prove informative to me and many other laymen.

JEAN SIMPSON
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● INQUIRY will return in June issue.

... First, let me congratulate you on our new magazine THE EPISCOPALIAN... I have received your packet for parish advertising of the new organ and have appointed one of our leading lay women to be the representative...



I would like to raise one question though about the well-printed large folder which came with the packet... I have a hard time convincing my people that in order to welcome a new person into the family, the family ought to be there. The photograph on the front of your flyer shows a private Baptism taking place in an empty Church. I don't know your problems with photography and publishing, and I am not in the least "fussing" with you about it. However, I would like to have your suggestion as to how I might use these folders for advertising our new magazine and at the same time reconcile this with my teaching ministry.

THE REV. JAMES S. PETTY
Rector, St. George's Church
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● The photograph is supposed to be symbolic of the "birth" of the new magazine. The open prayer books indicate that every reader is really our "godparent."

—THE EDITORS

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What Is the Difference?

THE life of Jesus does not often strike us as having anything in common with our own. He was born: yes, and so were we. He died: yes, and so shall we. But in between those two events, how could His life be like ours? He was different; he was the Son of God, and we—well, if we ask ourselves what we are, no quick sure answer comes.

What is the difference between Him and us? We feel that the difference is tremendous; and yet Jesus himself appears to make no distinction. When He gives us a prayer to say, it begins, "Our Father": not only His, but His and ours. Again and again He reminds of this relationship by a phrase: "Your heavenly Father feedeth them"; "Your Father knoweth"; "As your Father also is merciful"; the list could be much longer. He goes still further along this line of thought when He says that anyone who does the will of God is His brother.

Throughout the first three Gospels He calls himself Son of Man, and His whole life, from the temptations in the wilderness to the death on the cross, shows a willing acceptance of the ordinary conditions of humanity. Fatigue, tension, temptation, uncertainty, forsakenness, despair—He knows them all, as we do. He never sets himself apart from us. Throughout, in speech and action, He seems to be trying to remind us that He is something we tend to forget He ever was—a human being; and that we are something we tend to forget we ever were or could be—children of God.

Yet we still feel a difference, and know that we are right in feeling it. Perhaps one of Jesus' own parables can help us to find out what it is. You remember, the parable begins: "A certain man had two sons and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me

the portion of goods that falleth to me. . . . And the younger son. . . . took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

The difference lies here. We have left home—left it and gone so far and so long (all the way from Adam in the Old Testament story of man's first break in relationship with God) that we do not even know that the Creator loves and cherishes us, and gives us all the gifts that we enjoy and misuse. Not only the world around us and all its beauties and excitements, but ourselves, the five senses and the heart and mind with which we can love, enjoy and understand His world and Him: He gives us everything, all of it. And we take the portion of goods that falls to us and go away, far away. We are lucky if, like that younger son, we begin to be in want, and say to ourselves, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger," and turn to go home again.

You remember, there was another son who stayed at home. They are both sons, both loved by their father, but there is between them all the difference of the distance that the wandering son has put between them. We are like the son who wanders; Jesus is like the son who stays at home, the one to whom the Father can always say, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." And that is the difference between Him and us.

Jesus longs, like his Father, to have us at home again. When we do turn and know where our riches really are, and where we want to be, He does not sulk, however, like the elder brother of the parable, but rejoices: "This my brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

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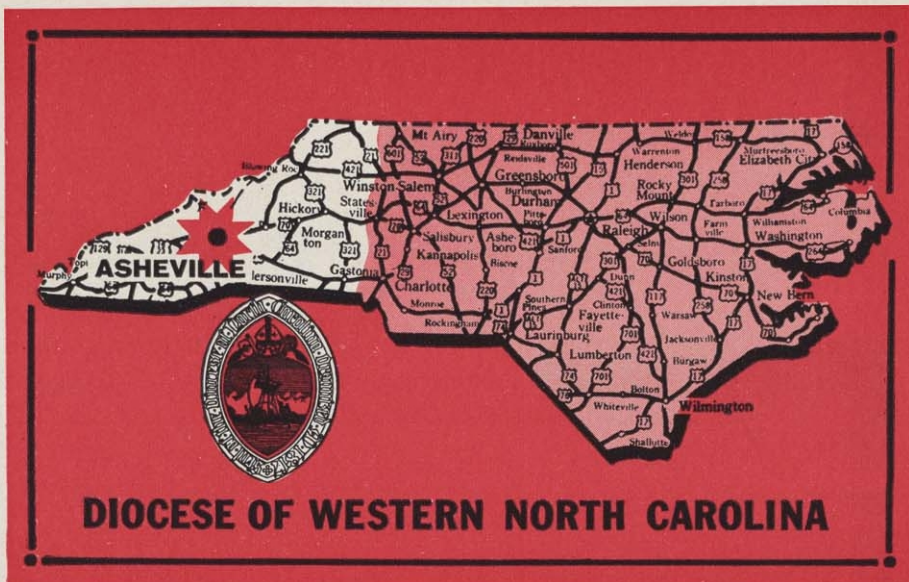
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But ups and downs and fierce, impassable snow-falls do not discourage 900,000 hardy year-round residents (of whom 9,000 are Episcopalians). They point with pride to some of North America's most beautiful summer terrain: of North Carolina's eighteen national and state parks, their part of the "Tar Heel" state includes the most famous, Great Smoky Mountain National. As a result, the small, mountain towns where the Church ministers are filled by vacationers, tourists, and campers during the summer months. The see city is Asheville, metropolitan center for the Smoky Mountain area.

Western North Carolina's Church populace includes Cherokee Indians living on the State Reservation and students in three boys' schools: Appalachian, Christ, and Patterson. The clergy are also in charge of the spiritual care of the men and women in Asheville's Deerfield Home for the Aged. The Diocese helps support the Thompson Orphanage and Training Institute in Charlotte.



TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Durham, North Carolina became the town Matthew George Henry is least likely to forget. As a deacon of one week's standing, the young minister found himself in charge of a sizable city parish, three missions, and four hundred Episcopal students at Duke University—all before he'd even unpacked! The rector of St. Philips, Durham, had died just before Deacon Henry's arrival.

Life has been busy for Bishop Henry ever since. A year after he started his duties in Durham, he be-

came rector of Calvary, Tarboro, and in 1943, priest-in-charge and later rector of Christ Church, Charlotte. Always active in youth work, he has also served as instructor in Church and YMCA camps and conferences and as president of the Young People's Service League of North Carolina as well as the Fourth Province. He was elected to the Episcopate in 1948 after 16 years of parish work.

Bishop Henry, a native North Carolinian, was graduated from the University of North Carolina and Virginia Theological Seminary. He is married to the former Cornelia Catherine Sprinkle, and they have four children.



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