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# the EPISCOPALIAN

MARCH 1962



**OPERATION DISASTER**

**ARE YOU A SHOCK ABSORBER?**

**Ralph McGill, Cynthia Wedel**

**THE NEGRO EPISCOPALIAN: a special report**



**When tragedy struck British Honduras, the Christian Church was ready to move in with life-saving help.**

One Great Hour of Sharing



*An Anglican priest, a Red Cross worker, and the author ask*

# OPERATION

*Today as the hurricane-struck city of Belize, capital of British Honduras, struggles to lift itself out of the wreckage of last November's disastrous storm, contributions from members of the Episcopal Church through the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief aid the residents in their efforts toward recovery. Following is an on-the-scene report from a field officer of Church World Service, relief and rehabilitation arm of the Episcopal and other U.S.A. churches on the situation in flooded and wind-torn Belize.—Ed.*

**I**T was All Saints' Day, November first, 1961. The Rev. John Calnan and I had just finished lunch and were having coffee at the Anglican clergy house in Nassau when a next-door neighbor stuck his head in the window, inquiring: "Have you heard the news? A hurricane has struck British Honduras and all communications with Belize, the capital city, are cut off."

This news was of grave concern to Father Calnan because his close friend and former associate, the Rt. Rev. Gerald Brooks, is Anglican Bishop of

British Honduras. My concern was also grave, because I am an overseas representative of Church World Service, and when disaster strikes, CWS stands ready to assist with personnel and supplies.

The following afternoon I received an overseas call from New York placing me on twenty-four hour departure notice. One week later I arrived in Belize.

On arrival I found Mr. and Mrs. Murray Meador, our CWS team for British Honduras, at work in their clothing distribution center at the YWCA. The Meadors live in a small apartment





*a Belize housewife about the needs of the several families sheltered in what remains of her once comfortable residence.*

# DISASTER

by Grover Alison  
photos by Carl G. Karsch

at the Y. The night Hurricane Hattie struck, two hundred refugees came to the Y for shelter. Mr. and Mrs. Meador took command of the situation, and when the tidal wave began to cover the city everyone moved up to the second story. There were times during the night, with winds above two hundred miles an hour and a ten-foot tidal wave crashing through, when the building seemed to be doomed.

The next day, from the balcony, as far as the eye could see over the city there was nothing but water and debris.

Mr. and Mrs. Meador had become house mother and father of two hundred homeless people. It was reported that 75 per cent of the buildings in Belize had been destroyed, and 314 of its residents had perished. Poisonous snakes, driven out of the jungle by the rising waters, added a further dimension of peril to the devastation.

Church World Service went immediately into action. Clothing which had gotten wet in the warehouse was put out to dry and distributed to the refugees who had taken shelter in the Y.

Seven hundred blankets from CWS were brought in by airlift, followed by thousands of pounds of clothing, layettes, medical supplies, and blankets.

My job was to assist the Meadors and the Interchurch Committee with the relief and rehabilitation program. Having no place to stay, I naturally turned to my own Anglican church. In Nassau, Father Calnan had given me a letter of introduction to Bishop Brooks. I found the bishop at St. Mary's Rectory, where he had taken refuge; his own residence had been almost com-





*Father Sylvester sets out with relief for Gales Point, hands out allocation slips before distributing supplies.*



pletely destroyed. Although there were twenty people in shelter at St. Mary's, they made room for one more.

The following day we opened another clothing distribution center at

Wesley College on the opposite side of the city from the YWCA. CWS was then responsible for the operation of two of the five relief distribution centers, and later for a third center.

In spite of the losses and shock of the catastrophe, the spirit of Church people and Church leaders was remarkable. Each day at St. Mary's Rectory began with Matins and Holy Com-

*Gales Point residents gather around Anglican school buildings to receive food and clothing through Church World Service.*





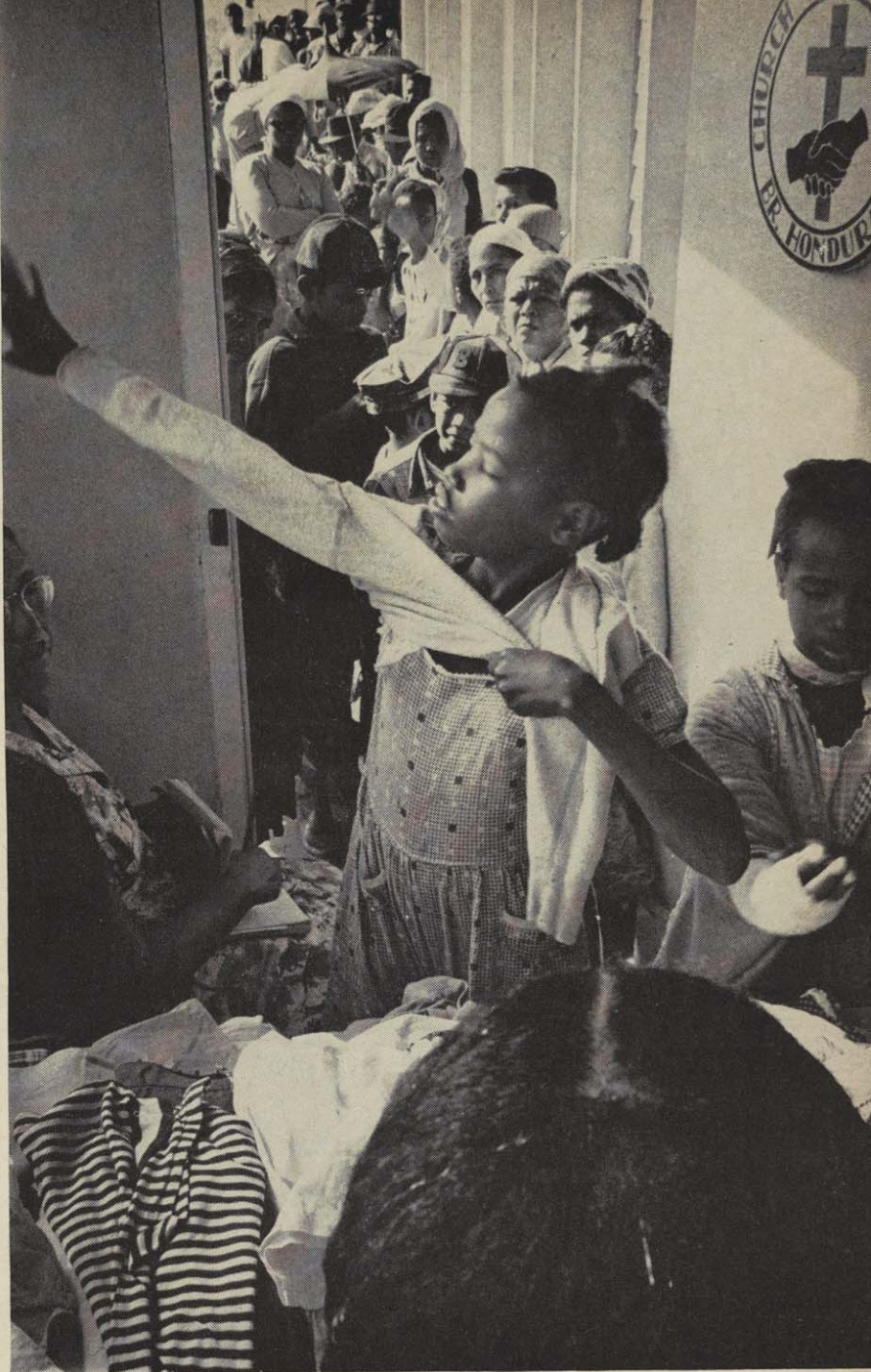
munion in the dining room. There was a constant flow of people in and out of the rectory reporting sicknesses and deaths. As soon as possible priests went out into the country areas to administer the sacraments and report the damage.

Working with the Rev. Anthony Sylvester, who is in charge of a dozen outlying churches, was an inspiring experience. With his Land Rover and our CWS Jeep loaded with bales of clothing, blankets, and friendship kits, we visited such rural villages as Double Head Cabbage and Gracie Rock.

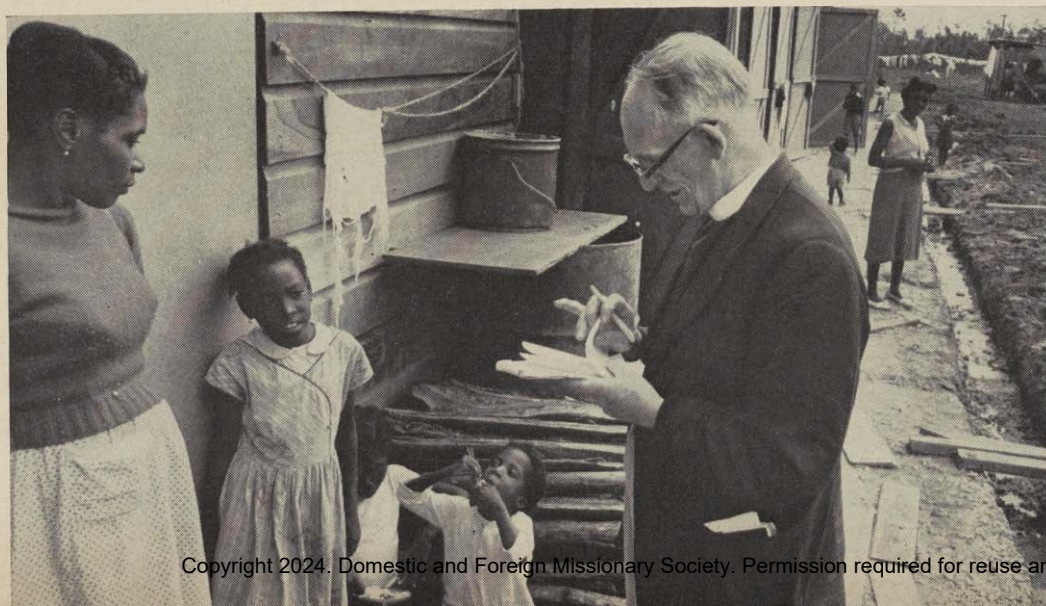
In motor launch and dugout dory, we traveled down river and canal to the isolated villages of Flowers Limewalk and Gales Point. Everywhere we went people were anxiously awaiting us.

Christmas Eve in this setting of devastation was a night to remember. I accompanied the Rev. William Jenner, a volunteer priest from London on six months' leave for disaster duty, to the newly built refugee community of Hattiesville, named for the ruinous storm. Forty refugees gathered in an uncompleted barracks, and there, by the light of a gasoline lantern, the Manger Child was once again revealed to the faithful in the midnight Eucharist. As the people left the service for their new refugee quarters, singing "Silent Night," Father Jenner said, "This is the closest I've ever been to Bethlehem."

During two months of relief work in British Honduras, literally thousands of people have said "Thanks" to us for the clothes, medicines, blankets, and food you have sent them. CWS and all your overseas representatives now want to say to you, on behalf of them, "Thanks." The work is still going on. The need is still great. But disaster has been replaced by hope. ◀



*I think it's going to fit, Mom . . ."* The scene above is not a rummage sale, but a Church World Service supply center in the Belize YWCA.



*Hattiesville, a new refugee town, is canvassed for relief needs by the Rev. William Jenner, who also invites the faithful to Holy Communion.*



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## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

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THE COVER, designed by Walter Miles, shows four crosses from the fascinating new Westminster Press book by Johannes Troyer, *The Cross As Symbol and Ornament* (see "Books," page 52). A mere sampling of Mr. Troyer's collection, the cover crosses include the large, black Rayed Cross, a member of the Latin Cross family; the Octagon, symbol for eternity and for Christ, although it predates our Lord historically; the lavender Maltese, or Regeneration Cross, which dates back to the Crusades, and the red cross, a variant of the Maltese. The latter is taken from an Italian baptismal font created in the twelfth century.

"OPERATION DISASTER," page 2, is the first of several on-the-spot reports about the relief and rehabilitation work that we Episcopalians do through our gifts to the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief. The author, Grover Alison, is an American Episcopalian who serves as a field representative for Church World Service. The photographer is Carl G. Karsch, associate editor of *Presbyterian Life*. We are grateful to the editors of *Presbyterian Life* for permission to use these photos of the work in Belize.

THOSE OF YOU who may note some of the fine print in your copy of THE EPISCOPALIAN are right—more has happened than just a change of locale and addresses. We are now THE EPISCOPALIAN, Inc., a corporation serving

directly as an agency of General Convention.

This action, directed by vote of the General Convention last September in Detroit, and taken in January, confirms the fact that THE EPISCOPALIAN is in business to serve the whole Church as the independently edited national monthly authorized by Convention.

The Church Magazine Advisory Board, authorized by the 1958 Convention and appointed by the Presiding Bishop to publish THE EPISCOPALIAN through 1961, has been succeeded by the Board of Directors of THE EPISCOPALIAN, Inc.

Robert E. Kenyon, Jr., the executive vice-president of the Magazine Publishers Association and former chairman of the advisory board, has been elected president of the Board.

John H. Leach of St. Louis, Mo., has been elected vice-president; Arthur Z. Gray of Armonk, N.Y., secretary; and Samuel W. Meek of Greenwich, Conn., treasurer. Mr. Leach is a vice-president of the Gardner Advertising Co.; Mr. Gray, who is also counsel for the Board, is an attorney with Clark, Carr, and Ellis, New York; and Mr. Meek is a director of J. Walter Thompson.

The other directors are: William McK. Chapman, Littleton, Col.; Margaret Cousins, New York; Hugh Curtis, St. Paul, Minn.; Philip Ewald, Greenwich, Conn.; Howard Hoover, San Gabriel, Calif.; the Rev. William S. Lea, Winnetka, Ill.; and John W. Reinhardt, Germantown, Pa.

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For all editorial, advertising, promotion, and general business mail, the Episcopalian's new address, effective immediately, is:

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For subscription orders, changes of address, and all other circulation correspondence, the address is:

**Box 2122  
Philadelphia 3, Pa.**

Because of leasing requirements, the Episcopalian moved from New York to Philadelphia much sooner than expected, thus causing unexpected delays in the filling of January and February orders. We are now at full operating strength and plan to have all back orders filled by March 15. Thank you for your patience.



continuing  
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# the EPISCOPALIAN

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Serving the Episcopal Church

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## are you a **shock** absorber?

.... "Who does she think she is? I'll never work at her table again!"

.... "I can always withdraw my pledge, you know."

.... "Why doesn't she come down to earth once in a while? She always has to be so intellectual about everything!"

.... "She can't control her own little monsters—what makes her think she can teach Sunday school?"

.... "Anyone who dresses as well as that *can't* have her mind on the service."

.... "Those eight-o'clockers are all spiritual snobs."

.... "I never would have worked so hard if I'd known what the money was going to be spent for."

A parish women's group decides to have a money-raising activity, to increase their operating budget, with a vague, unexpressed understanding that extra funds will go toward the further "outreach" of the Church.

To some "outreach" will mean divinity schools, to others domestic missions, to others foreign missions; and in each category, there will be a special mission or country or school that someone feels is more needy and deserving than all the others. Too, there is a group who secretly feel that they have been worshiping in an unfinished nave long enough, and if this fair really produces, they can at least get plaster and paint on the walls. And, of course, thoughts of Christian stewardship have long been forgotten in the urgency of the quest.

Committees begin meeting and working at a really astonishing rate to make a success of their projects. In the course of frequent meetings, Mrs. A.'s group begins to agree on the best use for the money they are hoping to make. The same process is at work in each of the other committees.

As the day of the fair approaches, the tempo speeds up. Pressures at home mount because wives and mothers are concentrated mentally and physically (albeit temporarily) on something outside the home. Unconsciously each group is counting on and looking forward to the admiration of the other groups for their wares. It is time to set up the tables and decorate.

The fuse is lit. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. discover that they both want the same table location. Unaware of this, the chairman assigns it to newcomer Mrs. C. The explosions begin. Mrs. D. discovers that Mrs. C. has already signed up the person she was counting on to work from five to six. Mrs. E. discovers that she has been shoved into a corner where "no one will come." Everybody is tired past the point of reason. Each husband, fed up by now with TV dinners, missing buttons, and enthusiastic descriptions of handicrafts, nevertheless sides with each overwrought wife. Remarks are made, whispers turn into shouts, and the poor rector is besieged.

Almost everybody forgets the basic goal of working together for the Church. And perhaps, in the course of some of the remarks flying about, Mrs. A. discovers that Mrs. B. thinks Haiti is more important than Nevada, and Mrs. B. discovers that Mrs. C. is selfishly considering painting the nave. Another attack of parish "cave fever" has set in.

What is the solution? Are we to do away with church fairs and similar activities? And what about those miscellaneous snide remarks with which this article opened? Are we to discontinue all the social life of the Church, meeting only in the safe isolation of the Sunday morning services?

But perhaps these are not the questions we should be asking. The real question is, why do we find all this so disturbing?



*About this time of year parish "cave fever" is apt to set in. Will it happen in your parish? And are you ready to deal with it?*

by Mary Morrison  
and Martha Moscrip

In group work outside the parish we don't go around expecting a high degree of love—yet these may be the same people with whom we sew for the fair. We don't blow our tops at the office, no matter what happens—because if we don't get along with our associates there, we may not be eating next month. Instead we go home and let off steam within the safe territory of our family life.

Everybody there—if it is a loving family—knows Dad has had a hard day at the office, and behaves accordingly. Or they know that Sister didn't get a part in the school play tryouts, or Brother's team lost the game, or Mother has a headache; and while nothing may be said in words, everyone knows how to create the kind of environment in which the harassed individual can find his balance again.

If our parish "family of strangers" is to be truly a family, it must be a place like home, where one can erupt and still be loved and accepted—where one can say the nasty things that come to mind, and have them sink without trace, absorbed in love by the other members of the group.

It must be a place where, if two are angry, they can be sure that they stand on solid ground together and that reconciliation will come about if they do not take active steps to block it.

It must be a place where to say "I'm sorry" is known and accepted as an act of contrition and not a polite but meaningless gesture. In a loving household any gesture of reconciliation is accepted wholeheartedly and immediately, not grudgingly and suspiciously.

Families for many generations have found that the evening meal is a wonderful place for reconciliation, for the healing of all the hurts of the day. So, with the Church family, the institution of the Lord's Supper is our

first answer to parish tribulations. One parish group, during a particularly bad pre-fair row, dropped everything and went up into the nave for Holy Communion. After the service, people continued to argue and even quarrel—but the arguments no longer turned to spite and backbiting; the quarrels led to deeper understanding. Nothing changed, but everything was different. The group life of that parish had begun, all unconsciously, to show charity.

We must live there, in what charity we have among us. How? This doesn't need to be a despairing question—there really *are* specific things that we can do. We can do one or all of six things—and in doing them, grow ourselves while we are helping our parish grow toward being a family.

.... *Be a shock-absorber—don't get stirred up by what you hear; receive it quietly and peacefully.*

.... *Be a sponge—absorb it, hold it; don't pass it on. Keep it, at least as far as you can, from spreading.*

.... *Be a drain—take it in, let it go right through your mind, leaving no traces; forget it as soon as possible.*

.... *Be a shield—defend, protect, explain the person or action talked about: quietly, gently, without mounting any counterattacks; remember, you are a shield, not a sword.*

.... *Be a mirror—nothing shows a person what he is saying or doing as well as a quiet, uncritical, but unresponding reception.*

.... *Last, and most important: pray over these things in yourself and others. When the central spirit changes, everything becomes different even when all the outward happenings remain the same. It is at the altar that the central changes are made.*



## Of Welcomes,

FOR AN American woman, participating in the World Council of Churches' Third Assembly in New Delhi was a privilege, a responsibility, and an exciting adventure. Because we were meeting in India, there was a much larger than usual representation of Asians and Africans. This was wholesome, for the Assembly mirrored the actual population of the world more accurately than in the past. For most Americans and Europeans it was a new experience to be a part of the minority group in the country, and to be stared at and have people interested in our peculiar "native costumes."

Indian women, for example, were fascinated by our stockings, since they do not wear stockings and many had never seen them before. The gentle curiosity of the Indians, and their infinitely gracious friendliness, could be a lesson to all of us in our contacts here with those from other lands.

India is, as we have all heard many times, a land of startling contrasts. The broad avenues, magnificent public buildings, and beautiful homes of the well-to-do in New Delhi rival those of any city in the world. The president's palace, where we were entertained at a reception, is far more impressive than the White House or Buckingham Palace. It was built by Lord Curzon when he was viceroy of India, and is said to have two thousand rooms, set in the midst of acres of perfectly landscaped gardens.

The outskirts and suburbs of Delhi are mushrooming with new homes and apartments, most of them modern in design and extremely attractive. We lived for three weeks in a brand-new house in a suburban development, as

the hotel space in New Delhi was not sufficient for so large a meeting. Unfortunately, the house was not quite finished. Not all the windows had been installed (and it was cold at night), and the plumbing was only partially complete.

Other houses were being built all around us, and we watched hundreds of Indian men, women, and children working on them. The women carried cement in large flat baskets on their heads from the place where it was being mixed to the building. Men—and women too—carried piles of bricks on their heads and skillfully climbed ladders to the upper floors without dropping a brick. We were told that the average wage for this kind of work was one or two rupees a day. A rupee is worth twenty-one cents.

In a similar fashion, we later saw road construction crews at work, building a dual-lane expressway between New Delhi and Agra. Here, too, they were carrying cement in baskets on their heads, and sitting on the new pavement smoothing the surface by hand. The first impression is of hopeless inefficiency. In domestic service, six people are employed to do what one person could easily do part time. Some machinery and a better use of manpower seemed obvious needs—until we began to comprehend India's terrible population problem.

At this point in her development she must provide work for millions of people. Machines and modern efficiency would spell starvation for vast numbers. The new roads, new homes, and scores of new factories going up around Delhi are part of the second Five-Year Plan. It will take many years, but the Indians

are hard at work building a modern nation. Some day, still far in the future, they may be able to afford efficiency.

Living conditions for the majority of the Indian people are still terribly poor. In the villages, straw or mud huts, with no windows and with a fire for cooking built in the middle of the floor, are the rule. Even in New Delhi, amid the shiny new homes, there are clusters of such dwellings. But, again, both government and private agencies are working hard to improve the situation. In the midst of—to American eyes—appalling poverty and problems, there is a hopefulness and a zeal to improve which we all found inspiring.

Contrasts in transportation were vivid to us every day as we rode back and forth to the meetings. Jogging along in a rickety bus, we passed handsome new Mercedes cars, bullock carts heaped with farm produce, speedy modern intercity buses, donkey carts, ramshackle taxis, and thousands of bicycles, while a jet plane roared overhead. On the roads outside the city, camel trains were a frequent sight. And everywhere, of course, cows wandering along the road, across the fields, and even down the main streets of New Delhi.

Our Indian hosts were very proud of the Vigyan Bhavan, the great conference hall in which we held our meeting. And well they might be. Built several years ago for a UNESCO conference, it is probably second only to the United Nations Building in New York in facilities for international conferences.

Behind the building, there was erected an enormous tent, called a "shamiana," which could seat ten thousand people.



by Cynthia Wedel

# Work, and Women

Here the great opening service was held, and a major service of worship on the other two Sundays of the Assembly. Numerous evening sessions were also held there and opened to the public of New Delhi. This was an important form of witness on the part of a Christian group meeting in a predominantly non-Christian land. Many Indian Christians expressed their grati-

tude for the opportunity to demonstrate to their fellow countrymen the fact that, in the world at large, Christianity is not as small and unimportant as it looks to the average Indian.

The people at the Assembly were of endless interest. In the meeting hall we were seated by nations, and our delegation was directly behind the great forty-member American Metho-

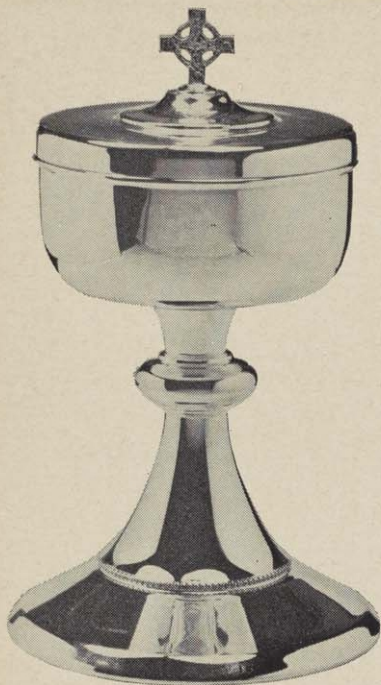
dist group, and in front of the United Presbyterian representatives. Official guests of the assembly, including the five observers sent by the Vatican, sat near us.

Scattered throughout the hall, coming from many lands, were the robed and bearded representatives of the various Orthodox traditions. The Russian delegation was always a target for

*Indian workmen painstakingly fashion bricks using the hand-mold system which has been in operation for centuries.*







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photographers, partly because their admission to the World Council of Churches was a news-making event, and partly because their robes and headgear made them very photogenic.

The archbishop of Canterbury—who appeared a towering figure in a purple cassock—was always noticeable. Typical of the many African delegates was Sir Francis Ibiam, governor of Eastern Nigeria, who was usually quite inconspicuous in western dress, but who did, on special occasions, appear resplendent in African costume. The majority of the Asians and Africans wore western clothing, except for a number of Indian women in their colorful saris.

Knowing my interest in the place of women in the Church, no one will be surprised that I was concerned about the participation of women in the Assembly. Of about five hundred regular delegates, almost fifty were women. At first glance this may seem a small representation. But when we remember that many churches have only one or two delegates, and must send their ecclesiastical leaders, it is really not bad.

Most churches with fairly sizable delegations included one or more women. The number of women compared very favorably with the number of laymen, except for the Orthodox delegations, which included laymen—chiefly lay theologians—but no women.

Several women made excellent presentations to the entire Assembly. Molly Batten, of William Temple College in England, gave an exciting talk on the training of the laity for their mission. Mildred McAfee Horton presented the

report of the section on witness, over which she had presided most ably. Kathleen Bliss of the Church of England was chairman of the committee on the message. Lady Ibiam of Africa addressed a great public meeting one evening.

Other women spoke infrequently in general sessions, but took an active role in meetings of committees and sections. Five women were elected to the hundred-member Central Committee. Again, this hardly seems enough; it does not reflect discrimination against women, but rather the knotty problem of an adequate representation of lay people in any large ecclesiastical body.

To me, one of the most moving experiences of the Assembly was the time we spent in Bible study. On six mornings, instead of a formal service of worship, the entire Assembly was divided into three sections. Each section was directed by its leaders to read a passage of scripture. After we had read and meditated in silence for fifteen or twenty minutes, the leader would ask, "What did this passage say to you?"

Since many in the room were great theologians and noted biblical scholars, I confess that I expected the discussion to be technical and way over my head. To my amazement, everyone who spoke—whether a lay man or woman, or a world-renowned theological leader—spoke with utter simplicity of some personal insight which had come to him in reading the passage. No one was trying to parade his learning. Everyone seemed earnestly trying to "hear" the word of God and to communicate

*The Episcopal Church's two distaff delegates to the New Delhi World Council Assembly, the author (left), and Mrs. Sherman E. Johnson of Berkeley, Calif.*



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what he had heard. I felt a closeness to those with whom I shared this experience, which I have seldom felt even in groups with which I was far better acquainted. Any number of people said that these Bible study periods were for them the highlight of the whole Assembly. They underlined once again the great fact that the Bible is probably our greatest source of unity.

For the first time at a World Council Assembly, the darker skins of the Asians and Africans equalled or outnumbered the lighter skins of Europeans and Americans. This simple fact of numbers seemed to give the representatives of the "younger churches" a confidence which they have not always felt, and they participated with a freedom which was very welcome.

While there were many people at the Assembly who had never previously attended a World Council of Churches meeting, a great many of those present had been working together in various committees and commissions for much of the twelve-year period since the first Assembly. Americans, Africans, Asiatics, and Europeans; Baptists, Orthodox, Friends, and Anglicans—all are coming to know, understand, and love one another within this ecumenical fellowship. There are still many thorny problems of theology and church order on which there is sharp disagreement. But, in contrast to the rather formal, ceremonial, and aloof courtesy of earlier gatherings, the dominant feeling in this Third Assembly was one of honest, and sometimes rather sharp, give and take.

We seemed to be acting not like polite strangers, but like members of a family who were so sure of our underlying bonds of unity and affection that we could speak with almost brutal frankness. The Orthodox, who have usually stood to one side in debate and issued a statement afterward, entered into this Assembly with a refreshing new freedom and frankness. The younger churches of Africa, especially, were outspoken in their criticism of much that western Christianity has done and is doing.

The Amsterdam Assembly in 1948 resolved to come together. The Evanston Assembly of 1954 resolved to stay together. There was no need for such resolutions at New Delhi. It was obvious that we were together in our deepest faith and hopes, and that no differences of geography or theology could ultimately break our fellowship in Jesus Christ.

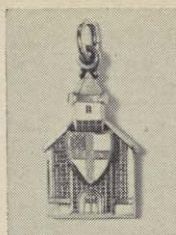
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## Part II

# A GRIEF OBSERVED



*A husband who has lost his wife to cancer examines his reactions with rare insight.*

by N. W. Clerk

TALK TO ME about the truth of religion and I'll listen gladly. Talk to me about the duty of religion and I'll listen submissively. But don't come talking to me about the consolations of religion or I shall suspect that you don't understand.

Unless, of course, you can literally believe all that stuff about family reunions "on the further shore," pictured in entirely earthly terms. But that is all unscriptural, all out of bad hymns and lithographs. There's not a word of it in the Bible. And it rings false. We *know* it couldn't be like that. Reality never repeats. The exact same thing is never taken away and given back. How well the spiritualists bait their hook! "Things on this side are not so different after all." There are cigars in Heaven. For that is what we should all like. The happy past restored.

And that, just that, is what I cry out for, with mad, midnight endearments and entreaties spoken into the empty air.

And poor C. quotes to me, "Do not mourn like those that have no hope." It astonishes me, the way we are invited to apply to ourselves words so obviously addressed to our betters. What St. Paul says can comfort only those who love God better than the dead, and the dead better than themselves. If a mother is mourning not for what she has lost but for what her dead child has lost, is it a comfort to believe that the child has not lost the end for which it was created. And it is a comfort to believe that she herself, in losing her chief or only natural happiness, has not lost a greater thing, that she may still hope to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever." A comfort to the God-aimed, eternal spirit within her. But not to her motherhood. The specifically maternal happiness must

be written off. Never, in any place or time, will she have her son on her knees, or bathe him, or tell him a story, or plan for his future, or see her grandchild.

They tell me H. is happy now, they tell me she is at peace. What makes them so sure of this? I don't mean that I fear the worst of all. Nearly her last words were, "I am at peace with God." She had not always been. And she never lied. And she wasn't easily deceived; least of all, in her own favor. I don't mean that. But why are they so sure that all anguish ends with death? More than half the Christian world, and millions in the East, believe otherwise. How do they know she is "at rest"? Why should the separation (if nothing else) which so agonizes the lover who is left behind be painless to the lover who departs?

"Because she is in God's hands." But if so, she was in God's hands all the time, and I have seen what they did to her here. Do they suddenly become gentler to us the moment we are out of the body? And if so, why? If God's goodness is inconsistent with hurting us, then either God is not good or there is no God: for in the only life we know He hurts us beyond our worst fears and beyond all we can imagine. If it is consistent with hurting us, then He may hurt us after death as unendurably as before it.

Sometimes it is hard not to say "God forgive God." Sometimes it is hard to say so much. But if our faith is true, He didn't. He crucified Him.

Come, what do we gain by evasions? We are under the harrow and can't escape. Reality, looked at steadily, is unbearable. And how or why did such a reality blossom (or fester) here and there into the terrible phenomenon called consciousness? Why did it produce things like us who can see it and, seeing it, recoil in loathing? Who (stranger still) want to see it and take pains to find it out, even when no need compels them and even though



the sight of it makes an incurable ulcer in their hearts? People like H. herself, who would have truth at any price.

If H. "is not," then she never was. I mistook a cloud of atoms for a person. There aren't, and never were, any people. Death only reveals the vacuity that was always there. What we call the living are simply those who have not yet been unmasked. All equally bankrupt, but some not yet declared.

But this must be nonsense; vacuity revealed to whom? bankruptcy declared to whom? To other boxes of fireworks or clouds of atoms. I will never believe—more strictly I can't believe—that one set of physical events could be, or make, a mistake about other sets.

No, my real fear is not of materialism. If it were true, we—or what we mistake for "we"—could get out, get from under the harrow. An overdose of sleeping pills would do it. I am more afraid that we are really rats in a trap. Or, worse still, rats in a laboratory. Someone said, I believe, "God always geometrizes." Supposing the truth were "God always vivisects"?

Sooner or later I must face the question in plain language. What reason have we, except our own desperate wishes, to believe that God is, by any standard we can conceive, "good"? Doesn't all the *prima-facie* evidence suggest exactly the opposite? What have we to set against it?

We set Christ against it. But how if He were mistaken? Almost His last words may have a perfectly clear meaning. He had found that the Being He called Father was horribly and infinitely different from what He had supposed. The trap, so long and carefully prepared and so subtly baited, was at last sprung, on the Cross. The vile practical joke had succeeded.

What chokes every prayer and every hope is the memory of all the prayers H. and I offered and all the false hopes we had. Not hopes raised merely by our own wishful thinking; hopes encouraged, even forced upon us, by false diagnosis, by X-ray photographs, by strange remissions, by one temporary recovery that might have ranked as a miracle. Step by step we were "led up the garden path." Time after time, when He seemed most gracious He was really preparing the next torture.

I WROTE that last night. It was a yell rather than a thought. Let me try it over again. Is it rational to believe in a bad God? Anyway, in a God so bad as all that? The Cosmic Sadist, the spiteful imbecile?

I think it is, if nothing else, too anthropomorphic. When you come to think of it, it is far more anthropomorphic than picturing Him as a grave old king with a

long beard. That image is a Jungian archetype. It links God with all the wise old kings in the fairy tales, with prophets, sages, magicians. Though it is (formally) the picture of a man, it suggests something more than humanity. At the very least it gets in the idea of something older than yourself, something that knows more, something you can't fathom. It preserves mystery. Therefore room for hope. Therefore room for a dread or awe that needn't be mere fear of mischief from a spiteful potentate. But the picture I was building up last night is simply the picture of a man like S.C.—who used to sit next to me at dinner and tell me what he'd been doing to the cats that afternoon. Now a being like S.C., however magnified, couldn't invent or create or govern anything. He would set traps and try to bait them. But he'd never have thought of baits like love, or laughter, or daffodils, or a frosty sunset. *He* made a universe? He couldn't make a joke, or a bow, or an apology, or a friend.

Or could one seriously introduce the idea of a bad God, as it were by the back door, through a sort of extreme Calvinism? You could say we are fallen and depraved. We are so depraved that our ideas of goodness count for nothing; or worse than nothing—the very fact that we think something good is presumptive evidence that it is really bad. Now God has in fact—our worst fears are true—all the characteristics we regard as bad: unreasonableness, vanity, vindictiveness, injustice, cruelty. But all these blacks (as they seem to us) are really whites. It's only our depravity makes them look black to us.

And so what? This, for all practical (and speculative) purposes, sponges God off the slate. The word *good*, applied to Him, becomes meaningless: like *abracadabra*. We have no motive for obeying Him. Not even fear. It is true we have His threats and promises. But why should we believe them? If cruelty is from His point of view "good," telling lies may be "good" too. Even if they are true, what then? If His ideas of good are so very different from ours, what He calls Heaven might well be what we should call Hell, and vice versa. Finally, if reality at its very root is so meaningless to us—or, putting it the other way round, if we are such total imbeciles—what is the point of trying to think either about God or about anything else? This knot comes undone when you try to pull it tight.

Why do I make room in my mind for such filth and nonsense? Do I hope that if feeling disguises itself as thought I shall feel less? Aren't all these notes the senseless writhings of a man who won't accept the fact that there is nothing we can do with suffering except to suffer it? Who still thinks there is some device (if only he could find it) which will make pain not to be pain. It doesn't really matter whether you grip the arms of the dentist's chair or let your hands lie in your lap. The drill drills on.



# A Grief Observed

And grief still feels like fear. Perhaps, more strictly, like suspense. Or like waiting; just hanging about waiting for something to happen. It gives life a permanently provisional feeling. It doesn't seem worth starting anything. I can't settle down. I yawn, I fidget, I smoke too much. Up till this I always had too little time. Now there is nothing but time. Almost pure time, empty successiveness.

One flesh. Or, if you prefer, one ship. The starboard engine has gone. I, the port engine, must chug along somehow till we make harbor. Or rather, till the journey ends. How can I assume a harbor? A lee shore, more likely, a black night, a deafening gale, breakers ahead—and any lights shown from the land probably being waved by wreckers. Such was H.'s landfall. Such was my mother's. I say their landfalls; not their arrivals.

IT'S NOT TRUE that I'm always thinking of H. Work and conversation make that impossible. But the times when I'm not are perhaps my worst. For then, though I have forgotten the reason, there is spread over everything a vague sense of wrongness, of something amiss. Like in those dreams where nothing terrible occurs—nothing that would sound even remarkable if you told it at breakfast time—but the atmosphere, the taste, of the whole thing is deadly. So with this. I see the rowan berries reddening and don't know for a moment why they, of all things, should be depressing. I hear a clock strike and some quality it always had before has gone out of the sound. What's wrong with the world to make it so flat, shabby, worn-out looking? Then I remember.

This is one of the things I'm afraid of. The agonies, the mad midnight moments, must, in the course of nature, die away. But what will follow? Just this apathy, this dead flatness? Will there come a time when I no longer ask why the world is like a mean street, because I shall take the squalor as normal? Does grief finally subside into boredom tinged by faint nausea?

Feelings, and feelings, and feelings. Let me try thinking instead. From the rational point of view, what new factor has H.'s death introduced into the problem of the universe? What grounds has it given me for doubting all that I believe? I knew already that these things, and worse, happened daily. I would have said that I had taken them into account. I had been warned—I had warned myself—not to reckon on worldly happiness. We were even promised sufferings. They were part of the program. We were even told "Blessed are they that mourn," and I accepted it. I've got nothing that I hadn't bargained for. Of course it is different when the thing happens to oneself, not to others, and in reality, not in imagination. Yes, but should it, for a sane man, make quite such

a difference as this? No. And it wouldn't for a man whose faith had been real faith and whose concern for other people's sorrows had been real concern. The case is too plain. If my house has collapsed at one blow, that is because it was a house of cards. The faith which "took these things into account" was not faith but imagination. The taking them into account was not real sympathy. If I had really cared, as I thought I did, about the sorrows of the world, I should not have been so overwhelmed when my own sorrow came. It has been an imaginary faith playing with innocuous counters labeled "Illness," "Pain," "Death," and "Loneliness." I thought I trusted the rope until it mattered to me whether it would bear me. Now it matters, and I find I didn't.

Bridge players tell me that there must be some money on the game "or else people won't take it seriously." Apparently it's like that. Your bid—for God or no God, for a good God or the Cosmic Sadist, for eternal life or nonentity—will not be serious if nothing much is staked on it. And you will never discover how serious it was until the stakes are raised horribly high; until you find that you are playing not for counters or for sixpences but for every penny you have in the world. Nothing less will shake a man—or at any rate a man like me—out of his merely verbal thinking and his merely notional beliefs. He has to be knocked silly before he comes to his senses. Only torture will bring out the truth. Only under torture does he discover it himself.

And I must surely admit—H. would have forced me to admit in a few passes—that, if my house was a house of cards, the sooner it was knocked down the better. And only suffering could do it. But then the Cosmic Sadist and Eternal Vivisector becomes an unnecessary hypothesis.

Is this last note a sign that I'm incurable, that when reality smashes my dream to bits, I mope and snarl while the first shock lasts, and then patiently, idiotically, start putting it together again? And so always? However often the house of cards falls, shall I set about rebuilding it? Is that what I'm doing now?

Indeed it's likely enough that what I shall call, if it happens, a "restoration of faith" will turn out to be only one more house of cards. And I shan't know whether it is or not until the next blow comes—when, say, fatal disease is diagnosed in my body too, or war breaks out, or I have ruined myself by some ghastly mistake in my work. But there are two questions here. In which sense may it be a house of cards? Because the things I am believing are only a dream, or because I only dream that I believe them?

As for the things themselves, why should the thoughts I had a week ago be any more trustworthy than the better thoughts I have now? I am surely, in general, a saner man than I was then. Why should the desperate



imaginings of a man dazed—I said it was like being concussed—be especially reliable?

Because there was no wishful thinking in them? Because, being so horrible, they were therefore all the more likely to be true? But there are fear-fulfillment as well as wish-fulfillment dreams. And were they wholly distasteful? No. In a way I liked them. I am even aware of a slight reluctance to accept the opposite thoughts. All that stuff about the Cosmic Sadist was not so much the expression of thought as of hatred. I was getting from it the only pleasure a man in anguish can get; the pleasure of hitting back. It was really just billingsgate, mere abuse; “telling God what I thought of Him.” And of course, as in all abusive language, “what I thought” didn’t mean what I thought true. Only what I thought would offend Him (and His worshipers) most. That sort of thing is never said without some pleasure. Gets it “off your chest.” You feel better for a moment.

But the mood is no evidence. Of course the cat will growl and spit at the operator and bite him if she can. But the real question is whether he is a vet or a vivisector. Her bad language throws no light on it one way or the other.

And I can believe He is a vet when I think of my own suffering. It is harder when I think of hers. What is grief compared with physical pain? Whatever fools may say, the body can suffer twenty times more than the mind. The mind has always some power of evasion. At worst, the unbearable thought only comes back and back, but the physical pain can be absolutely continuous. Grief is like a bomber circling round and dropping its bombs each time the circle brings it overhead; physical pain is like the steady barrage on a trench in World War I, hours of it with no letup for a moment. Thought is never static; pain often is.

**W**HAT SORT of a lover am I to think so much about my affliction and so much less about hers? Even the insane call, “Come back,” is all for my own sake. I never even raised the question whether such a return, if it were possible, would be good for her. I want her back as an ingredient in the restoration of *my* past. Could I have wished her anything worse? Having got once through death, to come back and then, at some later date, have all her dying to do over again? They call Stephen the first martyr. Hadn’t Lazarus the rawer deal?

I begin to see. My love for H. was of much the same quality as my faith in God. I won’t exaggerate, though. Whether there was anything but imagination in the faith, or anything but egoism in the love, God knows. I don’t. There may have been a little more; especially in my love for H. But neither was the thing I thought it was. A great deal of the card castle about both.

What does it matter how this grief of mine evolves or what I do with it? What does it matter how I remember her or whether I remember her at all? None of these alternatives will either ease or aggravate her past anguish.

Her past anguish. How do I know that all her anguish is past? I never believed before—I thought it immensely improbable—that the faithfulest soul could leap straight into perfection and peace the moment death has rattled in the throat. It would be wishful thinking with a vengeance to take up that belief now. H. was a splendid thing; a soul straight, bright, and tempered like a sword. But not a perfected saint. A sinful woman married to a sinful man; two of God’s patients, not yet cured. I know there are not only tears to be dried but stains to be scoured. The sword will be made even brighter.

But oh God, tenderly, tenderly. Already, month by month and week by week you broke her body on the wheel whilst she still wore it. Is it not yet enough?

The terrible thing is that a perfectly good God is in this matter hardly less formidable than a Cosmic Sadist. The more we believe that God hurts only to heal, the less we can believe that there is any use in begging for tenderness. A cruel man might be bribed—might grow tired of his vile sport—might have a temporary fit of mercy, as alcoholics have fits of sobriety. But suppose that what you are up against is a surgeon whose intentions are wholly good. The kinder and more conscientious he is, the more inexorably he will go on cutting. If he yielded to your entreaties, if he stopped before the operation was complete, all the pain up to that point would have been useless. But is it credible that such extremities of torture should be necessary for us? Well, take your choice. The tortures occur. If they are unnecessary, then there is no God or a bad one. If there is a good God, then these tortures are necessary. For no even moderately good Being could possibly inflict or permit them if they weren’t.

Either way, we’re for it.

What do people mean when they say “I am not afraid of God because I know He is good”? Have they never even been to a dentist?

Yet this is unendurable. And then one babbles—“If only I could bear it, or the worst of it, or any of it, instead of her.” But one can’t tell how serious that bid is, for nothing is staked on it. If it suddenly became a real possibility, then, for the first time, we should discover how seriously we had meant it. But is it ever allowed?

It was allowed to One, we are told, and I find I can now believe again, that He has done vicariously whatever can be so done. He replies to our babble, “You cannot and you dare not. I could and dared.”

*To be concluded*





“Because the littlest things upset my nerves,  
my doctor started me on Postum.”

“Spilled milk is annoying. But when it made me yell at the kids, I decided I was too nervous.

“I told my doctor I also wasn’t sleeping well. Nothing wrong, the doctor said after the examination. But perhaps I’d been drinking lots of coffee? Many people can’t take the caffeine in coffee. Try Postum, he said. It’s 100% caffeine-free—can’t make you nervous or keep you awake.

“You know, it’s true! Since I started drinking Postum I do feel calmer, and sleep so much better! Can’t say I enjoy having milk spilled even now—but trifles don’t really upset me any more!”

*Postum is 100% coffee-free*

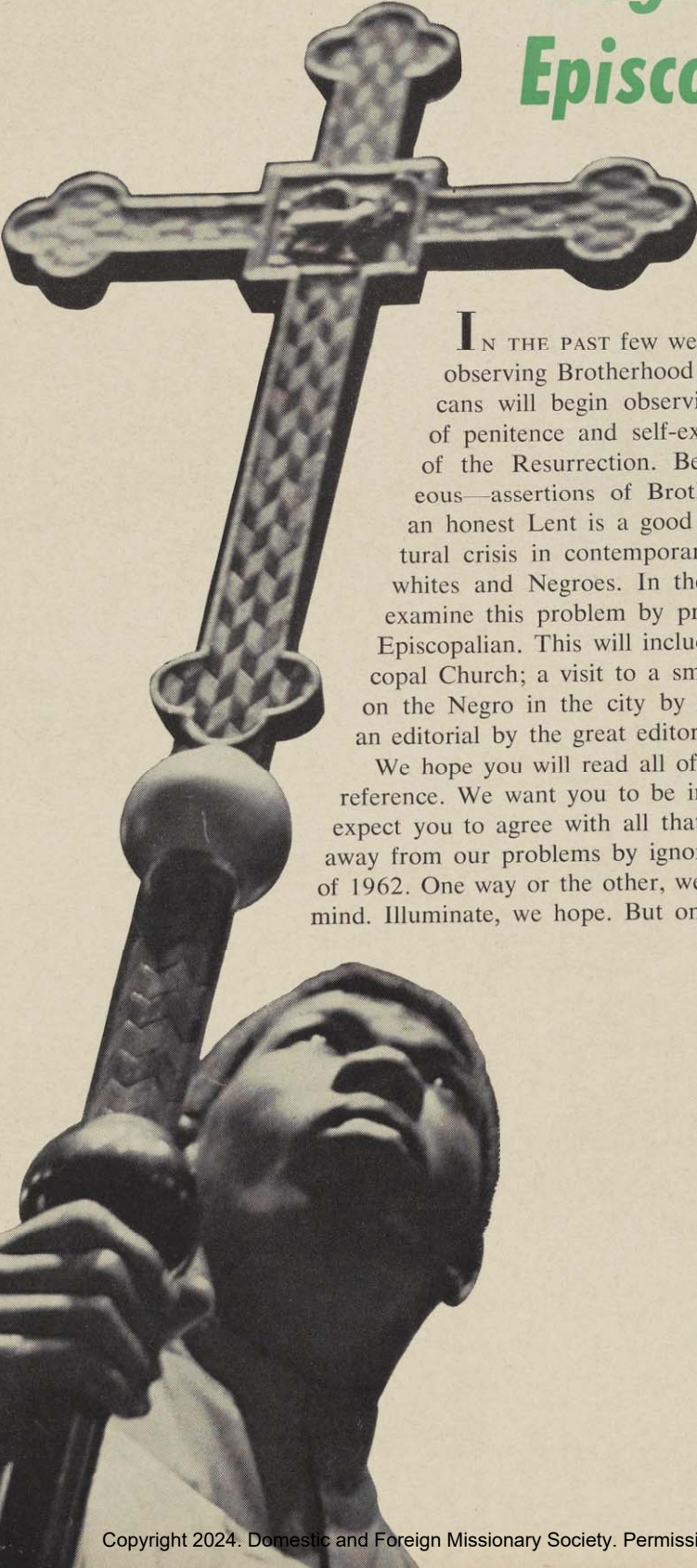


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# The Negro Episcopalian

A special report



IN THE PAST few weeks the people of the United States have been observing Brotherhood Month. Within the next weeks, most Americans will begin observing the Christian season of Lent, a period of penitence and self-examination before the tragedy and triumph of the Resurrection. Between the glorious—and often self-righteous—assertions of Brotherhood Month and the hard realities of an honest Lent is a good time to examine the most important cultural crisis in contemporary America—the racial problem between whites and Negroes. In the following pages, The Episcopalian will examine this problem by presenting a special report on the Negro Episcopalian. This will include a section on the Negro in the Episcopal Church; a visit to a small parish in South Carolina; an essay on the Negro in the city by a talented American playwright; and an editorial by the great editor and columnist, Ralph McGill.

We hope you will read all of this section and perhaps keep it for reference. We want you to be informed, above all else. We do not expect you to agree with all that is being said. But, let us not shy away from our problems by ignoring the facts of life in the U.S.A. of 1962. One way or the other, we do not expect to change a single mind. Illuminate, we hope. But only God can make us change.

—THE EDITORS

Please turn page





The Bettmann Archive  
*Dutch Man-of-War landing a cargo of slaves at Jamestown, Va.*

TO BE SOLD, on board the  
Ship *Bance Yland*, on tuesday the 6th  
of May next, at *Abley Ferry*, a choice  
cargo of about 250 fine healthy  
**NEGROES,**  
just arrived from the  
Windward & Rice Coast.  
—The utmost care has  
already been taken, and  
shall be continued, to keep them free from  
the least danger of being infected with the  
SMALL-POX, no boat having been on  
board, and all other communication with  
people from *Charles-Town* prevented.  
*Austin, Laurens, & Appleby.*  
N. B. Full one Half of the above Negroes have had the  
SMALL-POX in their own Country.

The Bettmann Archive

by Thomas LaBar  
and Mary S. Wright

# THE NEW

AT THE breakfast table, a salesman from Hartford sees a headline in his morning paper reporting the latest legal battle over segregated schools. During her lunch hour, a Kansas City stenographer hears a radio announcer tell about sit-in demonstrations. After dinner, a Phoenix dentist watches a television documentary concerning the impact of "freedom rides" on the national scene. What faces these people, along with 184 million of their fellow citizens, is news of an acute moral crisis caused by the attempt of Negroes in the United States of America to achieve their full dignity as human beings.

In the past twenty years American Negroes have come further up the long





*Burning bus is symbol of current racial tensions in the United States. "Freedom riders," testing bus-station segre-*

*gation in the South, escaped serious injury when their bus was set afire last spring outside Anniston, Alabama.*

# CITIZEN

## A progress report on the Negro and the Episcopal Church

steep path from slavery than at any other time in the ninety-nine years since the Emancipation Proclamation. The latest census shows that the number of Negroes has grown to about 19 million, over 10 per cent of the U.S. population. The same report indicates that Negroes are rapidly breaking old patterns, achieving a higher standard of living, and knocking on new doors everywhere. Statistics cite a large Negro movement from the rural South to the urban North, a higher percentage of Negroes owning their own homes, and a larger number sending their children to college.

What part is the Episcopal Church playing in this fast changing emotion-

packed, and often confusing situation? The answer: an increasingly important part. According to figures compiled by the Division of Racial Minorities of the Church's National Council, more than 75,000 Negroes belong to the Episcopal Church today in congregations that are prevailingly Negro. This is some 13,000 more than in 1943, and more than double the number belonging in 1921. In addition, thousands of Negroes are members of the increasing number of Episcopal congregations throughout the country where no racial distinction is made and no racial statistics are kept.

Though Negro membership in the Episcopal Church is rising, it is still

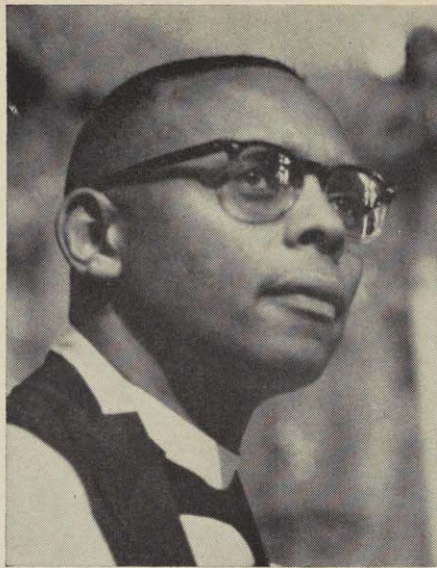
only a small fraction of the entire body of American Negro churchgoers. It must be compared to the more than seven million Negroes belonging to Baptist churches, the two million plus in Methodist churches, the some 700,000 Negro Roman Catholics, and the more than 100,000 in the Presbyterian churches.

It is somewhat ironic that Negro Christians have begun to be attracted to the Episcopal Church only in the past few decades of the modern era, for when their forefathers first arrived in the New World, a majority of them worshiped in Anglican churches. That period began in 1619 when a Dutch sailing vessel plowed through the chop-

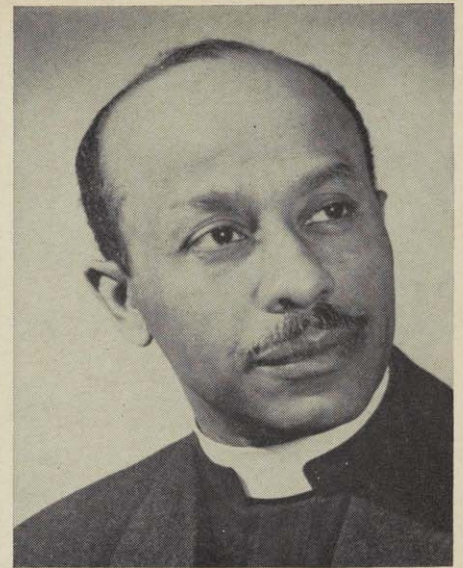




*The Rev. Absalom Jones was the first Negro to become a priest of the Episcopal Church.*



*The Rev. M. Moran Weston is rector of St. Philip's, New York, largest U.S. Episcopal Church.*



*The Rev. Tollie L. Caution is executive secretary of the Division of Racial Minorities.*

## THE NEW CITIZEN

py waters of Chesapeake Bay and docked at the twelve-year-old settlement of Jamestown, Virginia. From below decks a small group of frightened Africans was led ashore, the first Negro slaves to land on the North American continent.

As the colonial era wore on, it became the custom of plantation owners to take their slaves to church with them. Some did this out of a sincere concern for the spiritual well-being of their charges, others because they thought religion would be a civilizing influence and thus make their property easier to handle. But whatever the reason, Sunday after Sunday found the newcomers from Africa sitting above the heads of their masters in the creaking slave galleries of rural Anglican churches dotting Virginia and the Carolinas, joining in the hymns, listening to the words of the Book of Common Prayer, and watching the celebration of Holy Communion.

This introduction to their masters' God was to become one of the most important factors in shaping the Negro people in the English colonies. Of all the elements to which they were introduced in the new culture they had been thrust into, Christianity seemed to appeal to them most.

Before many generations had passed, the slaves left their river and mountain gods behind them and made the Christian religion their own. In doing so, however, they brought to the white man's faith their own special quality of African insight, verve, and feeling.

It was then that there grew into being a unique institution known as the "invisible church," which was a sort of underground, semisecret form of all-Negro worship conducted on an impromptu basis whenever a group of slaves found themselves alone around a bonfire, on a river bank, or in a forest clearing.

Although the slaves continued attending church with their masters on Sunday mornings, the soft southern evenings were filled with the music of their own worship services as they sang such hymns of Negro authorship as: "They nail my Jesus down/ They put on him the crown of thorns/ Oh, see my Jesus hangin' high!/ He look so pale an' bleed so free/ Oh don't you think it was a shame/ He hung three hours in dreadful pain?"

**T**HROUGHOUT Colonial times, the Church remained in the forefront in showing a deep and abiding interest in the needs of the Negroes. One Anglican clergyman of Goose Creek Parish in South Carolina reported that he had brought under his instruction close to one thousand slaves, "many of whom could read the Bible distinctly and great numbers of them were engaged in learning the Scriptures." Another in Maryland inaugurated a "free school for black children" and with the help of influential Anglicans was able to purchase "one hundred acres of land" and erect "a suitable brick home and school."

Although the Anglican Church was most active, in these and other in-

stances, in improving the condition of the Negroes up to the end of the Colonial period, she did not bring them into full participation in her life until after the break with England. Before 1775 there were no Negro Anglican clergymen, lay readers, or vestrymen.

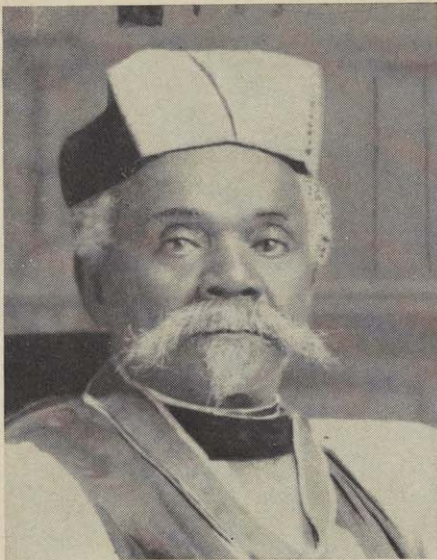
Following the Revolutionary War, there was a gradual emancipation of the slaves. These freed Negroes tended to drift north, and many established themselves in Philadelphia. One Sunday in 1787 an incident occurred in a Philadelphia Methodist church which has an important bearing on the relationship between the Negro race and the Protestant Episcopal Church, as the Anglican Communion in the U.S.A. was by then called.

"We had not been long on our knees before I heard a considerable scuffling and loud talking," a Negro worshiper present that morning wrote later to a friend. "I raised my head and saw one of the trustees, H.M., having hold of the Rev. Absalom Jones, pulling him off his knees and saying, 'You must get up; you must not kneel here.'"

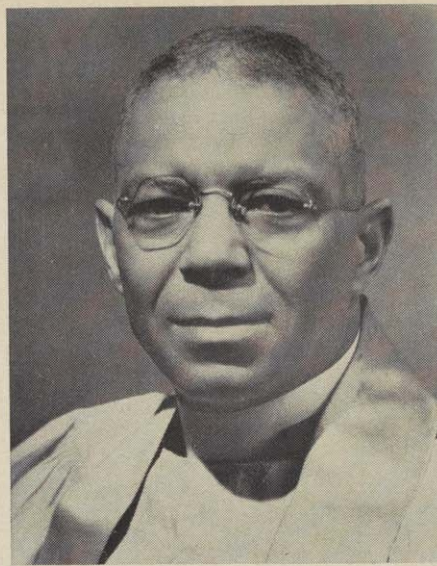
"Mr. Jones replied, 'Wait until prayer is over.' Mr. H.M. said, 'No, you must get up now, or I will call for aid and force you away.' Mr. Jones said, 'Wait until prayer is over, and I will get up and trouble you no more.' With that he beckoned to one of the other trustees, Mr. L.S., to come to his assistance. He came and went to William White to pull him up. By this time prayer was over, and we all went out of the church in a body and they were no more plagued by us in the church."

After this demonstration that they

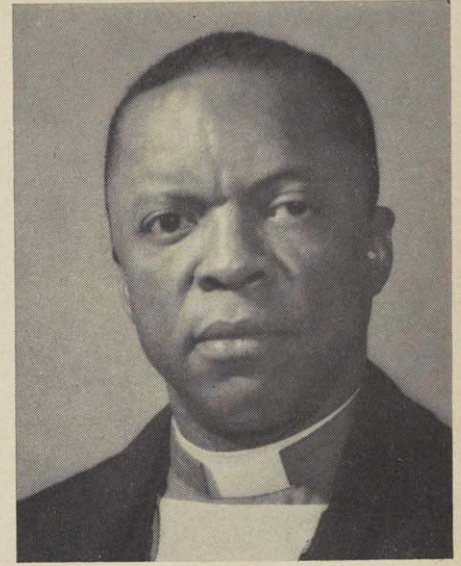




*The Rt. Rev. James T. Holly was the first Bishop of Haiti, and the first Negro Bishop.*



*The Rt. Rev. Bravid Washington Harris is Missionary Bishop of Liberia in West Africa.*



*The Rt. Rev. Dillard H. Brown, Jr., recently moved to Liberia to serve as coadjutor.*

were unwelcome in white congregations, these Philadelphia Negroes, operating within the framework of the Free African Society, a fraternal and protective group organized some years before, began building their own church. Two religious bodies helped and encouraged them in their endeavor: one was the Society of Friends (Quakers), and the other was the Episcopal Church.

**S**OON THE Negroes felt the need to identify with one of the national churches, and after prolonged debate they voted to petition the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania for admittance. They were accepted, and on August 12, 1794, St. Thomas' of Philadelphia became the first organized Negro parish in the Episcopal Church.

The same Absalom Jones who showed tenacity in finishing his prayers was ordained a year later as the first Negro to become a priest of the Episcopal Church. In a statement written for his bishop upon becoming rector of St. Thomas', Mr. Jones indicated that his stubbornness was not new found.

"I, Absalom Jones, was born in Sussex, Delaware, on the sixth of November, 1746. . . . Being very fond of learning, I was careful to save the pennies that were given to me by the ladies and gentlemen. . . . I soon bought myself a primer, and begged to be taught by anybody that I found. . . . In the year 1766 I asked my master the liberty of going one quarter to night school. . . . I learned addition, troy weight, subtraction, apothecaries' weight, practical

multiplication, practical division and reduction. . . .

"In the year 1770 I married a wife who was a slave. I soon after proposed to purchase her freedom. To this her mistress agreed for the sum of forty pounds. . . . I took a house and for seven years made it my business to work until twelve or one o'clock at night to assist my wife in obtaining a livelihood, and to pay the money borrowed to purchase her freedom. My desire for freedom increased. . . . This induced me to make many applications to my master for liberty to purchase my freedom; and in October, 1784, he generously gave me a manumission."

Another member of the Philadelphia Free African Society, and a close friend of Absalom Jones, was a man named Richard Allen. He was one of a minority who voted against joining the Episcopal Church, and split with the congregation of St. Thomas'. It is interesting to note that the same fertile group that produced the first Negro congregation in the Episcopal Church also produced a new church known as the African Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Richard Allen was the founder and the first bishop. This church today has more than 1,200,000 members.

Once St. Thomas' had been established, Free African Societies in other cities began organizing Negro congregations within the Episcopal Church. St. Philip's in New York City was next, in 1818; then came St. James' in Baltimore, 1827; Christ Church in Providence, 1843; St. Luke's in New Haven, 1843; the Church of the Crucifixion in

Philadelphia, 1852; St. Philip's in Newark, 1856; and St. Philip's in Buffalo, 1865.

One especially lively area of Negro activity was the Diocese of Michigan. St. Matthew's, Detroit, was built as a Negro parish in 1864 after its congregation had undergone a long and troubled history. Detroit being the terminus of the underground railroad for escaping slaves headed toward Canada, the little parish had formed and reformed time after time as slavers either drove its communicants across the border or seized them for return to the South.

Another house of worship, later to become an Episcopal Church, was built in nearby Grosse Ile, Michigan. A runaway slave, Lizette Denison, had settled there and accumulated some property. Upon her death, she provided for the erection of a church "that shall welcome into its pews any Christian without regard to creed, race, color, or previous condition of servitude, who desires to adore Christ and would take communion with His soul."

**D**URING and after the Civil War, the Episcopal Church managed to maintain its national character, avoiding the North-South division suffered by most of its sister churches. Its relations with the newly emancipated slaves, however, moved into a barren and rocky period. An effective majority of leading Episcopalians quashed any and all attempts by Negro Episcopalians to develop their own leadership. Negro parishes were generally excluded from diocesan con-





*Wilkinson Library, Voorhees Junior College, Denmark, S.C., is an example of new building at church-related colleges.*

## Several church-related colleges serve Negro students in the South

### **Schools and Colleges now under the American Church Institute:**

(1) St. Augustine's College, Raleigh, N.C.; founded in 1867, it has a current enrollment of 642; (2) St. Paul's College, Lawrenceville, Va.; established in 1888, it now has 400 students; (3) Voorhees Junior College and High School, Denmark, S.C.; founded in 1897, it has a current enrollment of 471; (4) Okolona Junior College and High School, Okolona, Miss.; it opened its doors in 1902, currently has 200 students on its rolls.

*The biology laboratory at Saint Augustine's College, Raleigh, North Carolina, reflects the scientific trend in education.*





ventions, Negro missionaries were barred from going overseas, and Negro delegates were refused admittance to General Convention.

Negro Episcopalians, on their part, finding it impossible to participate fully in the church, and in many cases identifying her with their white former masters, left in droves for other religious groups. Sadly commenting on the situation in 1868, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Frederick Davis, fifth Bishop of South Carolina, said, "The number of communicants in the diocese has been much reduced by the loss of our colored members. In 1860 we had nearly three thousand colored communicants reported. Not three hundred were reported at the last convention."

Despite the generally bleak picture in racial relations during the latter decades of the nineteenth century, the Church did institute two things which were to her credit. One was the establishment of missionary districts in Negro lands overseas. Shortly before the Civil War, the federal government created Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, as a haven for freed slaves, and in 1850 the Episcopal Missionary District of Liberia was organized. Eleven years later, Episcopal work began in the Negro republic of Haiti, and in 1874 the Rt. Rev. James Theodore Holly became the first Missionary Bishop of Haiti and the first of the seven members of the Negro race who have been elevated to the episcopate.

The other important action taken by the Church in the late nineteenth century was toward Negro education. Largely illiterate and a prey to unscrupulous whites, the Negroes, especially those in the South, had few schools in which they could obtain even a minimal education. At the 1868 General Convention, the Church launched the Freedman's Commission with the objective of setting up schools for Negro children in the South. Although within three years the commission had 5,500 pupils under its wing, its future progress was hampered by lack of funds and a general lack of interest throughout the nation.

For the rest of the century a few committed Episcopalians struggled to bring what education they could to a repressed people. Although their program was small, those pioneering churchmen made considerable impression among southern Negroes who had ceased to think of the Church as their

friend. As one old Negro woman in a southern rural area is recorded as saying, "Praise de Lord! I had a mind dat de Episcopalists toted dere religion on dere backs. Now I know dey totes it in dere hearts."

But it was not until 1906 that Episcopal work in Negro education got under way on a full scale. In that year the American Church Institute for Negroes was founded. Designed to promote and help finance education among southern Negroes, the Institute during the first thirty-four years of its life channeled seven million dollars into nine schools, colleges, and junior colleges in seven southern states. Only twenty-eight cents out of each dollar of this came from the national Church program's budget; the rest was raised by tuitions and private endowments.

Today the Institute (the words "for Negroes" have been dropped, because the Institute now serves without discrimination) still helps to support four of these colleges. Of the five on the original list that are no longer under the Institute's aegis, four have become self-supporting or have been taken over by state governments. The fifth, the Bishop Payne Divinity School, has been merged with the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia.

**J**UST BEFORE the turn of the century a noted Negro orator, Frederick Douglass, said, "I have seen dark hours in my life, and I have seen the darkness gradually disappear, and the light gradually increasing. One by one, I have seen obstacles removed, errors corrected, prejudices softened, proscriptions relinquished, and my people advancing in all the elements that make up the sum of general welfare. I remember that God reigns in eternity and that whatever delays, disappointments, and discouragements may come, truth, justice, liberty, and humanity will prevail."

His words seemed to be prophetic, for, as the twentieth century began, the situation within the Church began to change. With the education program well under way, the Church began moving out in other directions in the field of race relations.

The Conference of Church Workers among Colored People, begun in 1883, became increasingly active in securing a more prominent place for Negroes within the Church. A summer conference for church workers was instituted

in 1909 at St. Augustine's College. Its purpose was to raise the standards of church work among Negro clergy and laity and to train Negro leaders for service in education, social work, and missions. This conference still meets each summer, and the idea has spread to Voorhees and Okolona Junior Colleges.

The 1961 St. Augustine's Conference was attended by 154 persons, comprising Negroes, whites, Indian Americans, Puerto Ricans, Japanese, Mexican Americans, and Africans from thirty-one dioceses; during the same year 233 persons plus 159 visitors gathered for the Voorhees Conferences dedicated to the problems of youth; and 107 persons from eight dioceses met at Okolona for a summer school of religious education.

A biracial committee was appointed by the Presiding Bishop in 1943 on the authority of the General Convention, with the purpose "of developing plans to stimulate increased participation of Negro laymen in the established program of the Church." Thirteen years later this committee was reconstituted into the Committee on Racial Minorities. In 1957, the Church's National Council created a special Division of Racial Minorities in the Home Department, for which the Committee on Racial Minorities serves as an advisory body.

After the founding of this new division, two unofficial organizations sprang up within the Church. One was the Urban Priest Movement, and the other the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity (ESCRU). The first is not a formal organization, but a loose collection of clergy working in large cities who have translated the philosophy of the French priest, Abbé Michonneaux, founder of the Worker Priest Movement, into a U.S. setting. Part of their plan is to have three priests at each urban church: a white priest, a Negro priest, and a Spanish-speaking priest.

The second of these Episcopal-affiliated movements, ESCRU, was born at a conference at St. Augustine's College in Christmas week of 1959. Since then it has acquired some two thousand dues-paying members. The purpose of this organization is to cast as glaring a light as possible on racial inequities both inside and outside the Church. It was this group that sponsored the recent "Prayer Pilgrimage" in which twenty-eight Episcopal clergymen, white and Negro, boarded a bus and rode through the



## THE NEW CITIZEN

South, toward General Convention in Detroit, as a Christian witness against local segregation policies.

The Rev. Tollie L. Caution, executive secretary of the Church's Division of Racial Minorities, has this to say about the current condition of Negroes within the Church:

"In this triennium, we Episcopalians, through our National Council, are spending over \$500,000 a year on Negro work in the United States. The physical plants of churches among Negroes have undergone great improvement through the increased giving of Negroes themselves and through grants and loans from both dioceses and the National Council.

"In metropolitan areas the churches among Negroes have many fine, self-supporting buildings and overflowing congregations. One need but visit Negro parishes in such dioceses as Long Island, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, and in parts of Virginia, Southern Florida, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, or Michigan, to see fast-growing live churches.

"The state of the Episcopal Church today indicates that it likes the Negro. The affection is mutual. This is evidenced in the increasing numbers welcomed into the Church, and not just in congregations prevailingly Negro.

"In most instances it is not possible to get statistics on the numbers of Negroes in given congregations, because no distinctions are made. They are just communicants. The number of churches or church-related institutions that refuse a person because of color is steadily diminishing.

"There are a number of Negroes serving as canons in cathedrals, as archdeacons, examining chaplains, or members of diocesan committees, without regard to their racial background. The archdeacon of Boston is a Negro who has no Negro work under his supervision. The chairman of the standing committee of one of our largest and most influential dioceses was a Negro priest. In another southern diocese a Negro clergyman served as chairman of the committee on survey of the diocese. Negro priests have served as trustees and teachers of some of our leading seminaries."

THESE outward and visible signs of the Church's interest in the problems of the modern Negro have created an

increasing awakening among members of that race to the values of Anglicanism. Of Episcopalians today, roughly one in fifty is a Negro. There are 310 Negro parishes and missions, of which 34 are served by white priests. In an estimated 250 parishes, Negro and white communicants worship together. There are 278 Negro priests and two Negro bishops: the Rt. Rev. Bravid W. Harris, the current Bishop of Liberia (see page 36), and the Rt. Rev. Dillard H. Brown, Jr., who was elected at the 1961 General Convention to serve as coadjutor in Liberia. Twenty-six Negroes are enrolled in Episcopal theological seminaries.

Other advances include the largest Negro representation to date in the Church's Sixtieth General Convention. This included: House of Bishops, one; House of Deputies, seven clerical, five lay; and the Triennium of the Episcopal Church Women, twelve. The long

taboo against Negro missionaries abroad was broken in 1947, and since then some fifteen have served the Church in foreign countries. Another precedent has been broken in Episcopal monastic orders, which now contain four Negro sisters and two Negro brothers. At last report, Negro churches are fully represented in all diocesan conventions.

What the Episcopal Church has accomplished in the past few decades is creditable. But she is going to have to do even more if she is to continue as an important force in the current scene. Most observers point out that the Negro citizens of the U.S. are on the move, geographically and spiritually.

According to Glen W. Trimble, director of home missions research for the National Council of Churches, the geographical movement of Negroes today is highly significant. "Just before the Civil War, 92 per cent of all the

### These Negro leaders are active Episcopalians



*Lester B. Granger is president of the International Conference of Social Work, and has been associated with National Urban League since 1934.*



*Nat (King) Cole of Hollywood, California, composer, author, and recording artist, is well-known as an entertainer on the stage, radio, and TV.*



*Hubert T. Delaney, is a justice in the Domestic Relations Court, New York City, and former Tax Commissioner of the city of New York.*



*Thurgood Marshall, civil rights defender, is newly appointed judge, United States Court of Appeals, second circuit, New York.*



Negroes in the United States were in the South. . . . In 1950 the figure had dropped from 92 per cent to 68 per cent; by 1960 it was 60 per cent. That is a pretty drastic change in . . . ten years. It is also true that in 1960 Negroes are moving to the cities in the South, and are moving out of the South to cities in the North and the West. In the decade one and a half million Negroes left the South."

It is safe to assume that, with the current trend, the South and the non-South will have comparable Negro-white ratios in another decade. In 1960, for the first time, the state with the largest Negro population was not below the Mason-Dixon Line. New York, with close to one and a half million Negro residents, has the largest in the nation.

The occupational picture has changed too. Whereas at the turn of the century roughly 90 per cent of all Negroes were farm laborers or performed unskilled tasks, the mid-1900's finds some half-million Negroes are professional people, technicians, or members of the managerial class. About two million work as clerks, sales persons, or craftsmen; and something like three million work in the services and trades.

Of the Negroes in the professions, some 4,400 are physicians, over 21,000 are teachers, over 1,300 are lawyers, roughly 18,000 are clergymen, some 1,500 are engineers, about 2,400 are architects, and over 1,100 are pharmacists. In the armed services, 2.9 per cent of Army officers, 1 per cent of Navy officers, 1.1 per cent of Air Force officers, and 0.1 per cent of Marine Corps officers are Negroes.

Signs of the Negro's economic progress, *Fortune Magazine* has reported, "range from the clear to the spectacular. The last fifteen years have been marked by attainment probably exceeding all that was gained in . . . previous years of emancipation." In 1939 the median wage and salary income for Negro males was \$460. By 1957 it had jumped to \$2,436. For Negro females in 1939 the figure was \$246, as compared to \$676 in 1957. The number of Negroes owning their own homes rose from less than 24 per cent in 1940 to over 38 per cent in 1960. Along with their higher standard of living, the Negro male's average life expectancy at age 20 has risen from 40 years of age in 1939 to 45 years today.

On the educational front, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People estimates that out of 6,663 southern school districts, 2,-

813 of which have both white and Negro residents within their jurisdictions, 783 have been desegregated. This means that of the 3,794,424 Negro grade and high school students in the South, 706,163 are attending school with white children. Over 2,000 Negro college students are attending 225 desegregated southern colleges and professional schools. One example of the increase in opportunity and interest among Negro students is that in 1930 there were only some 27,000 enrolled in colleges or professional schools. By 1958 the number had risen to 212,000.

With their growing academic attainments, increased economic strength, and expanding political power, U.S. Negroes are reaching at last for the equality as citizens, and dignity as Christians, that they feel is their due. With several exceptions, the Church has spoken out on the matter of racial injustice with a loud and clear voice.

At the 1948 Lambeth Conference, the bishops of the Anglican Communion issued a statement saying that "discrimination between men on the grounds of race alone is inconsistent with the principles of Christ's religion." Calling on all the peoples of the world to take notice, the bishops urged that there be "fairness of opportunity in trades and professions, in facilities for traveling and in the provision of housing, in education."

**S**HORTLY AFTER the U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 ruling against segregation in the public schools, the Episcopal Church's National Council stated, "The Court's ruling is more than a matter of law and order . . . it is also a matter of religious faith and democratic principles . . . it has to do with the will of God and the welfare and destiny of human beings . . . Judged in the light of Christian principles . . . the Court's decision is just, right, necessary."

When the Episcopal Church met in Detroit, Michigan, in September of 1961 for the Church's Sixtieth General Convention, both Houses unanimously passed a resolution calling racial inequities "inconsistent with the gospel of Jesus Christ" and humbly declared the Church penitent for "marks of racial discrimination and segregation."

But pronouncements are pronouncements and mean nothing until translated into action. How individual Episcopalians will meet this acute moral crisis will be known only to them—and to God.

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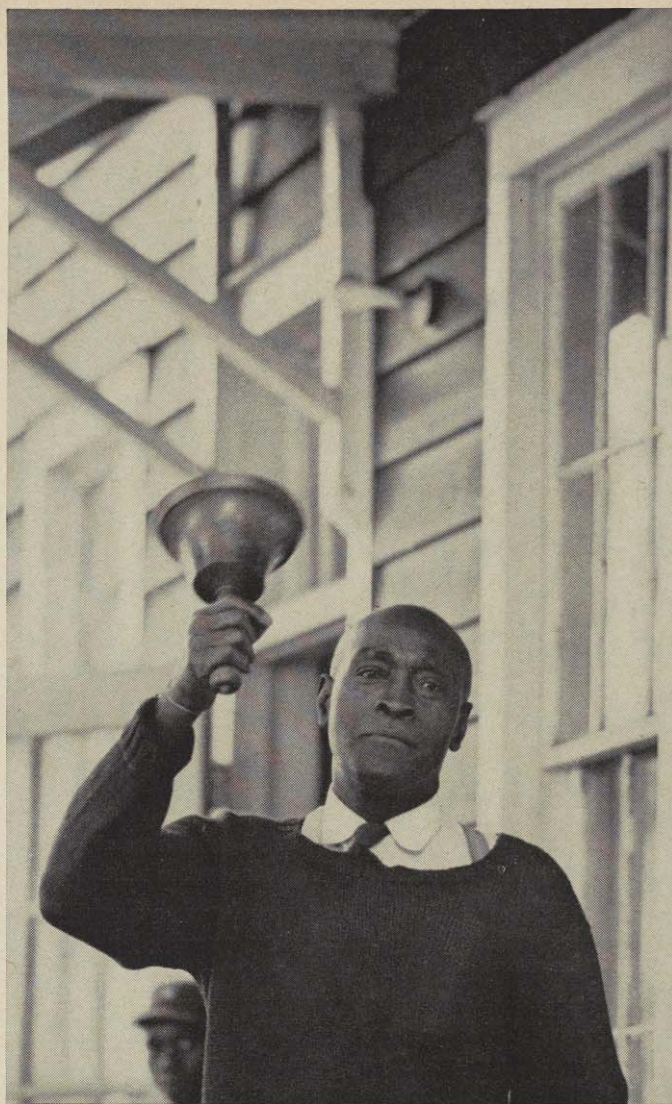
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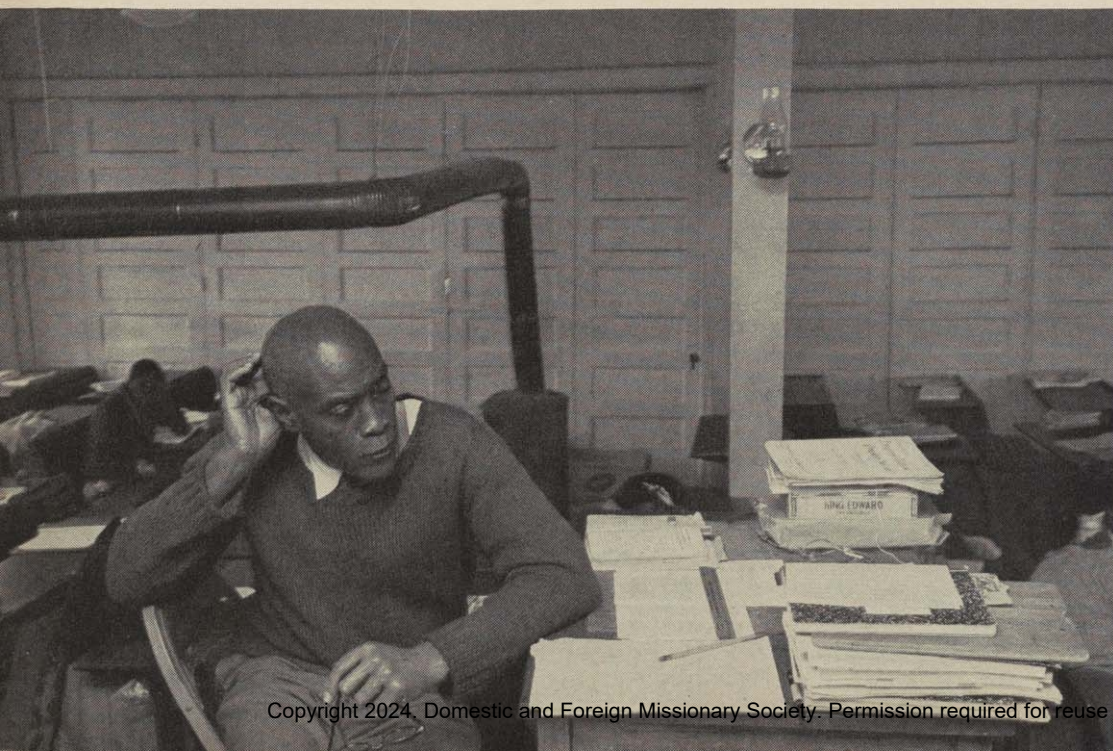
## Island behind the Sun

THE EPISCOPALIAN visits  
a lonely parish and its people  
on the coast of South Carolina.

**P**AWLEY'S ISLAND is about sixty miles northeast of Charleston, South Carolina, on U.S. Route 17, a broad, four-lane highway carrying traffic south to Florida playlands and north to the centers of commerce. Although there is much that is beautiful about the place, including the long, graceful fingers of



*Ringling the school bell, the Rev. W. E. Forsythe calls his 117 pupils to their studies. He and his wife, Ruby, have spent several decades teaching the children of Pawley's Island in their old-fashioned schoolhouse.*



*While several of the grades are at recess, schoolmaster Forsythe gives those remaining at their desks a quiz on the day's lessons. Tuition for each boy and girl is only \$2.00 per year. The rest of the cost of the school is made up by the Forsythes with help from private individuals and from the Diocese of South Carolina.*





*Between classes, some of the older girls dance in the warm sun of the schoolyard under garlands of Spanish moss hanging from ancient live oaks. A large number of the student body will go on to high school and a few will be able to attend college.*

west, Pawley's Island is really two communities. Along its broad white beaches, thousands of tourists gather each summer. But on the other side of the island, there are few changes from season to season. Here, between the highway and the river, live the Negroes.

Of the Episcopalians among their number, 75 are school-age children, 58 are housewives who do occasional outside work in the summer months, 25 are general laborers, 7 are craftsmen of one sort or another, and 7 occupy managerial positions. Most of them are native-born South Carolinians. About half of the parish have high-school educations; 3 per cent, college educations; and less than 2 per cent have none. Although the average income per family is quite low, over 90 per cent own their own homes.

Long bereft of modern advances, Pawley's Island is beginning to make a few gains. "I prayed to God," said

*On Sunday, Father Forsythe switches from his role as teacher to that of priest of the Church. Here he is blessing one of the newly elected officers of the parish youth group. Immediately after, he celebrated a service of Holy Communion.*

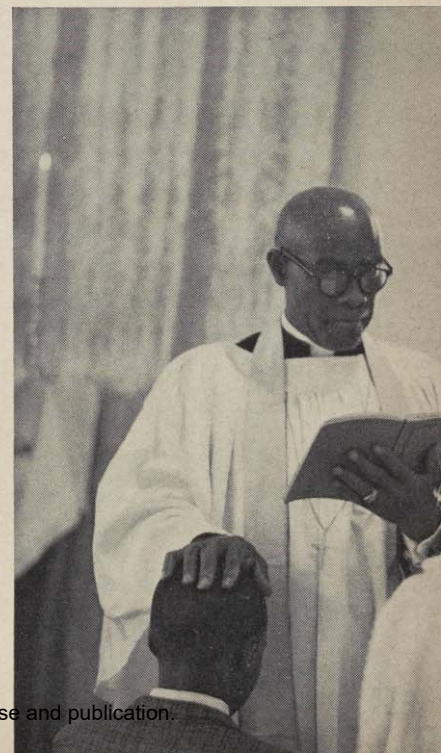
Spanish moss swaying gently from giant live oaks, most motorists passing do not slacken speed.

In the words of one of the communities elder residents, Pawley's Island is "an island behind the sun, forgotten by the rest of the world." The majority of its five hundred permanent residents are Negroes subsisting on what part-time work they can find in nearby towns, small vegetable gardens, and a few pigs and chickens in their back yards. For, like many of their fellow Negroes in other communities across the South, theirs is a marginal existence.

One bright spot on Pawley's Island is the Holy Cross and Faith Memorial Episcopal Church, whose rector, the Rev. W. E. Forsythe, has toiled most

of his adult life to bring light into the shadows of his surroundings. In addition to his regular duties as a priest of the Church, Father Forsythe and his wife, Ruby, maintain a five-day, eight-grade school in which he teaches the four upper grades and she the four lower. On his one free day, Saturday, the tall, determined rector, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, clenching a cigar between his teeth, and carrying a heavy stick to ward off inquisitive dogs, marches along the twisting dirt roads of his island, visiting, chiding, and gently encouraging his parishioners to work and hope for a better future.

BOUNDED BY THE Atlantic Ocean on the east and south, and the slow moving Waccamaw River on the north and







*Crippled by arthritis for the past several years, Sarah Curtain counts heavily on help from the tightly knit Episcopal parish for her daily life. Often the Sunday collection plate is brought to her after services to supply her with food and clothes.*

one communicant of the parish, "to bring school buses and electricity to Pawley's Island so that the little children wouldn't have to walk so far and so that we could have lights at night, and in His own good time, He sent them to us."

IRONICALLY, Father Forsythe seems to be educating himself out of a job. The more he tells his bright-eyed charges of the wonders of the world, the opportunities open to Negroes in the North and West, the more Pawley's Island youth leave their homes and head out toward better jobs, equality, and dignity.

Among those Episcopalians on Pawley's Island who choose to remain, there is still hope for the future and faith in their Church. "Things are getting better for us," commented Mr. Nathan Brown, a lay reader at Faith Memorial who recently set up his own general contracting business. "I think soon that Pawley's Island will come out from behind the sun where it's been all these years."

"During the great depression," said Sarah Curtain, her every motion made painful by arthritis, "a wealthy man came down to Pawley's Island and distributed food to every family who were members of his religion or who would convert to his religion. Everybody on the Island was starving in those days and you can be sure there were plenty of 'rice Christians' who came forth. But not us Episcopalians. Not one of us renounced our Church no matter how hungry we were. My mouth watered when I thought of those big bags of potatoes and loaves of bread he was handing out, but those words in the Communion service, 'Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you,' meant more to me, much more. No, no, I couldn't leave my Church, not then and not ever." ◀



*Violet Brown enjoys a joke with Sarah Curtain while sweeping Sarah's porch. Other communicants rake Sarah's yard, bring her water from the pump, and chop and carry firewood for her stove.*







*As neighbors look on (above), Sarah Curtain's son, Joseph, and his family prepare to leave Pawley's Island for a new home where he can find adequate employment. The young Curtains are symbols of the changes in Pawley's Island and other places like it all over the South as the current generation seeks opportunity for economic advancement and personal improvement. At right, Sarah Curtain, left alone, prays for strength. A devout Episcopalian, she feels it is God's will. "The young must go forth," she says, "and the old must stay behind. Times are changing, times are changing."*



# *An Anglican*

**One of America's leading young playwrights explores the explosive world of the Negro in the city**

**T**HE HARLEM of the 1920's was a small world, sandwiched roughly between 125th Street and 155th Street—a world where people of different backgrounds were crowded together because hostility bound them on all sides. It was a world from which many well-to-do white residents fled as black people moved there from the South and from San Juan Hill.

The spacious mansions of the white aristocracy shrank into apartment dwellings and rooming houses. Liveried coachmen and horse-drawn carriages disappeared from the tree-lined streets where black children played. Concrete slabs were poured over the green grass and rolling landscape, and the semirural area erupted into a small world of overflowing tenements, gas jets, frying codfish, chitterlings, and flowerless backyards—a world rarely lighted by the sun's rays. When the sun did appear in the Harlem of the 1920's, its rays never struck directly. They eased, snake-like, through tenements and brownstones, casting long shadows across alleys and side streets. Flickering gas lamps attempted, unsuccessfully, to illuminate the shadows of this dark world.

The gaslight burned out with the years. Electric lamps replaced the gas jets, and the sun sometimes found its way into the Harlem sky. The people craned their necks and sought the sun, the elusive sun. It teased them, then raced towards a larger, more spacious world. And the people were left with only the dream of the warmth the sun might have brought to them. They hoped and dreamed of eternal light, of warmth, and they expressed their hopes in tall stories and laughter, songs and dances.

I am a child of Harlem. There in that small world my parents fed me stories and dreams to nourish me. One particular story I remember now: my father told me of a Rev. Mr. Johnson, who visited a church member, Mrs. Brown, each Sunday. She made him wonderful apple pies and he ate them without comment. Mrs. Brown later moved to a fancy neighborhood where peo-

ple did not mix dough with their fingers. They used spoons. She prepared a decidedly inferior pie, then invited the Reverend to have a piece. He ate it and stated, emphatically: "Sister, this pie sure is good!"

Mrs. Brown said: "Reverend, you excuse me for saying it, but you telling a lie! You been coming to my house every Sunday, eating my good pies, and you ain't said a word about them. Now, you gonna tell me this here beatup pie is good?"

"Well, Sister," said the Reverend, "Those other pies were so good, they spoke for themselves. But this one needs a little bit of encouragement."

My father often likened the Christian church to that pie. It was good, all right, but it couldn't speak for itself." It needed a little bit of encouragement.

My father was not a churchgoer. He was an explosive, quick-tempered, unpretentious man who laughed heartily when amused and swore violently when angry. Ungrammatical phrases fell from his lips in endless streams, and he rarely tried to hide the fact that he could barely write his name. He was, in many ways, the personification of the newcomer to the urban community.

After spending his young adulthood on a stretch of barren rural land, he—along with countless others—sought the city. They dreamed a thousand dreams, not necessarily of finding gold in the streets, but of opportunities that were golden. Together these men carried their luggage up the subway steps at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. They looked up in awe at the four-story buildings. Some wondered where people kept their chickens and hogs, and where a man went fishing. Their musings ended, abruptly, when onlookers yelled:

"Country folks!"

"Go on back home!"

"Don't come up here and mess things up for us!"

The cruel taunts momentarily short-circuited their dreams. But dreams persist in the hearts and minds of



# *from Harlem*

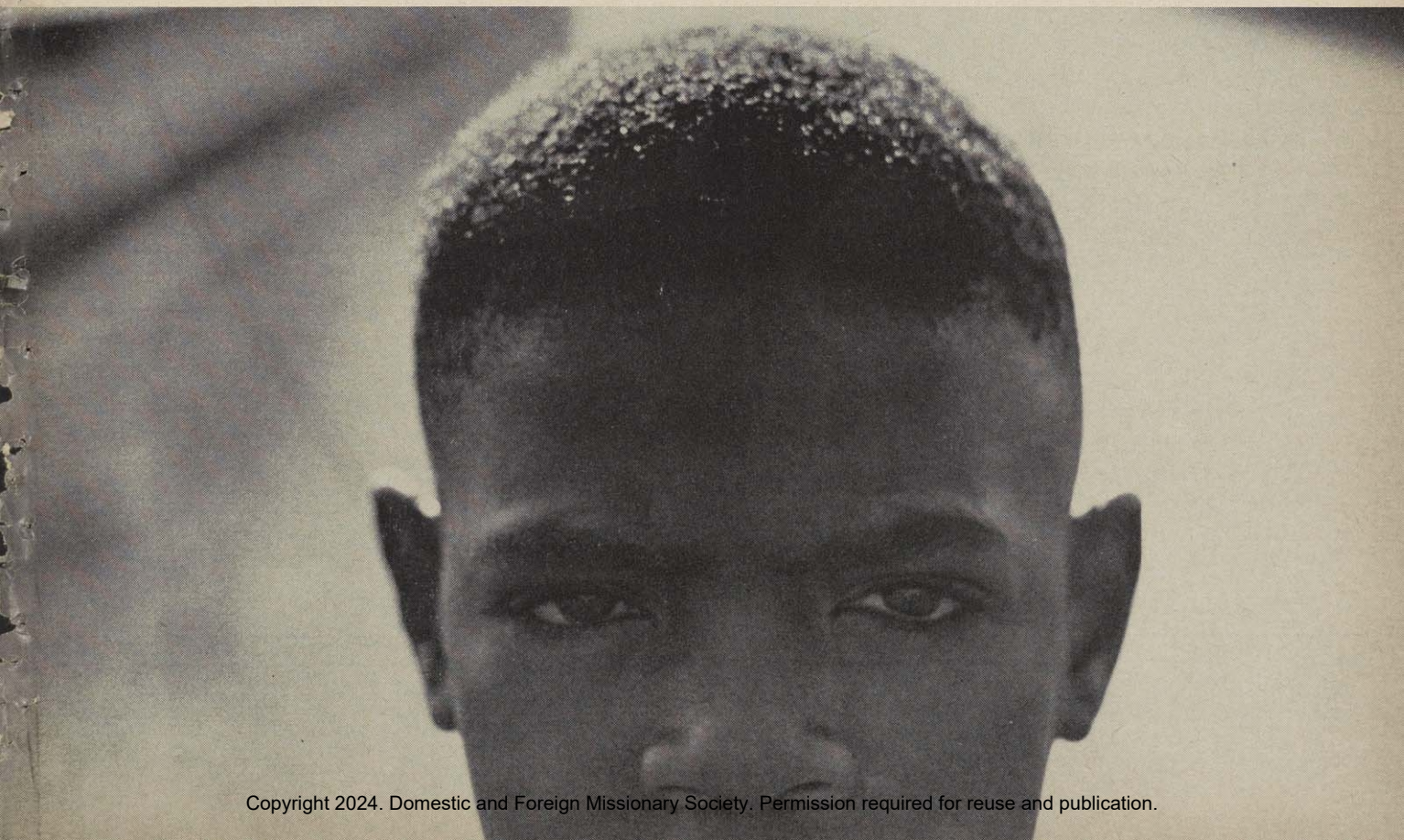
by Loften Mitchell

those who travel thousands of miles from their native lands. More than harsh words are needed to make the dream recede. But harsh words had allies in the New York City of that era. Work opportunities were not scarce, but Negroes never knew what reception awaited them as they sought jobs.

Like many other Negroes, my father became two persons—one who faced the downtown world by day and the uptown world in the evening. In that uptown world he could be himself, but there he was without family and friends. Homesickness for the barren land gnawed inside

him—for the barren land he had traded for this small world sandwiched between 125th Street and 155th Street. Some of his companions grew weary, gave up their dreams, then searched for meanings in drinks and cruel jokes and tall stories.

Eventually my father saved enough money to bring my mother to the city. They moved into a basement apartment and raised a family. Life was simple enough for us. We did not travel too far from home, because across the Harlem barrier white hoodlums waited, anxiously, to attack a Negro. Sometimes we wondered what





## Anglican from Harlem

life was like across the boundaries, but then we lost our inquisitiveness in games of stickball or hide-and-seek.

On Sundays we went to church. My father went, too—probably because my mother told him: “You’re the head of this house. You’ve got to set an example.”

The Negro church has been a remarkable institution throughout the years. It has long been in the forefront of the fight for freedom. It was not my good fortune to belong to that type of church. Those my family attended were primarily fire-and-brimstone institutions. They frightened me with their threats of hell-fire and eternal damnation. I did not like any of them, but I was afraid to criticize a house of God.

My father was not afraid. He grumbled about hypocrites who preached to him and made him feel small and dirty. He was a sinner, the church told him. He faced hostility and race prejudice because *he* did not walk in the ways of the Lord. The daily defeatism and degradation he met on menial, low-paying jobs was *his* fault. My father objected. He could barely tolerate it on Sundays. As soon as his children were old enough to go to church alone, my father stopped going.

My mother persisted. She argued with the preachers and with fellow churchgoers. She never learned to give up, and she eloquently chastised those who misused the pulpits. But the church meant something else to her: it was a challenge, and people had to rise to it and make the meaning of the Word a reality. For many ministers, this was a dangerous, uncompromising woman.

But my father became discouraged. Years of frustration destroyed my father. He laughed and talked and drank and told tall stories, but they were defensive gestures. Sometimes he did not know what he defended himself against. His hearty laughter seemed hollow. There was in his eyes a strange, haunting look—a look I later saw in the eyes of the elderly Jews and Italians on the Lower East Side, a look seen now in the eyes of the Puerto Rican and southern Negro migrants. It is the look of one who sees something slipping away from him, and who stirs restlessly, writhing in pain.

My father’s restlessness poured into his children’s lives, and each one of us sought meanings we could not find in the classrooms or the churches.

THE HARLEM of that era was a small world not only physically, but spiritually as well. We who lived there were lambs in this jungle called Western civilization—the jungle built by leading lambs to slaughter. The slaughterers poured millions of dollars into preserving this wilderness. They reached into the dark beauty of Africa and brought ten million human beings to this paradise of the West—brought them against their collective will, and launched the most devastating, inhumane reign of terror of the Christian era. The African was systematically shorn of his cultural heritage, family ties, and traditions. Such was mandatory for the enslavement

of a people. Guilty consciences among the slaughterers sought a moral justification for this enslavement. They offered the pretense of making Christians of “heathens.”

The nation erupted into civil war, and chattel slavery ended. The Reconstruction followed, and this was sabotaged by the advocates of neo-slavery. A badge was placed on color. The Holy Scriptures spoke of being black *but* comely, not black and comely. The beauty standard was white, and white was right. The Negro image was distorted in history, in art, in religion, and in daily living. Stephen Foster sang nostalgically of his old Kentucky home and deliberately forgot the thousands of runaway slaves for whom the sun never did shine. Religious institutions did not have pictures of Simon the Cyrenian on Sunday-school picture cards. Jesus of Nazareth was pictured as a fair-skinned, brown-haired Aryan. The Negro image, however, was a black beast, poor, ragged, servile, and inhuman. And many Negroes saw themselves as others saw them—as people unworthy of human dignity.

In our Harlem we did not know of Simon the Cyrenian, Benjamin Banneker, Sojourner Truth, Crispus Attucks, and Denmark Vesey. No one told us the truth about Africa, and that Tarzan stories were founded on white chauvinist thinking. I have since heard that this was the era of the Negro Renaissance, but Harlem youngsters didn’t know it. We didn’t know the names of Claude McKay and Langston Hughes and W. E. B. DuBois and Countee Cullen. With the exception of Jack Johnson, our heroes were white: Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Tom Mix. Joe Louis and Jackie Robinson had not appeared then. And so we lived in a world dominated by whites and we were allowed only a small section of that world.

Small movie screens were windows to the outside world. Wonderful lands of make-believe filled our eyes. Dreams came true, virtue triumphed, and people lived happily. Each Saturday I raced to the movie house and sat there for six hours, reveling in a world that did not belong to me.

The depression of 1929 destroyed my visits to this world. Luxuries—and even many necessities—died abruptly. My father became janitor of a Harlem tenement where he earned ten dollars monthly plus free rent for a dark basement apartment. My mother worked as a part-time domestic. Hard-pressed for food and clothing, we had no money for entertainment. We had to entertain ourselves and, in so doing, I became a writer.

It started simply. My brother Clayton and I created our own movies by drawing pictures on tablets. When this became tiresome, we started writing short pieces about circuses and cowboys. We then performed these in our backyard for the neighborhood children. The admission price was one cent per person. When we played to twenty children, we took our profits to the movies.

I suppose some of our neighbors pitied us, for soon we were invited to perform in their churches. But many churches did not welcome us. Some felt theatrical work was “devilment” and that theater people were “sinners.” One minister openly declared his congregation ought to



contribute all show-fares to the church. But the theater fascinated me. I sold newspapers nightly on the Harlem streets, and many of my customers were backstage at the Lincoln, Lafayette, and Alhambra Theaters.

The name players—Cab Calloway, Louis Armstrong, Ralph Cooper, Pigmeat Markham, Dusty Fletcher, Muriel Rahn, Dick Campbell—were always kind to me. They seemed like other people, not the “sinners” some churches branded them. Sometimes they bought papers from me that they did not read. They gave them back for me to sell elsewhere. But always they were kind to me, and always they had time to say a few words that made me feel like a human being. My father once said that if preachers handled folks like these actors did, the churches would overflow.

THE OPPORTUNITY to study drama was not easily found on the Harlem streets. I did not know then that theater in America is primarily a middle-class luxury. Some of the outstanding Negro actors tried to tell me this, but I did not understand them. I knew only that some compelling force drove me on, never relenting. A few of the older Negro actors were cautious about encouraging a youngster to follow a career that might not guarantee him a livelihood. They pointed out that the Lafayette, Lincoln, and Alhambra Theaters were abandoning their stock companies and offering vaudeville shows. They foresaw lessening opportunities for the Negro in the American theater.

I did not listen. I stirred, restlessly, unable to accept the truth that life in America was deliberately planned to stifle my enthusiasm and drive. I revolted against the

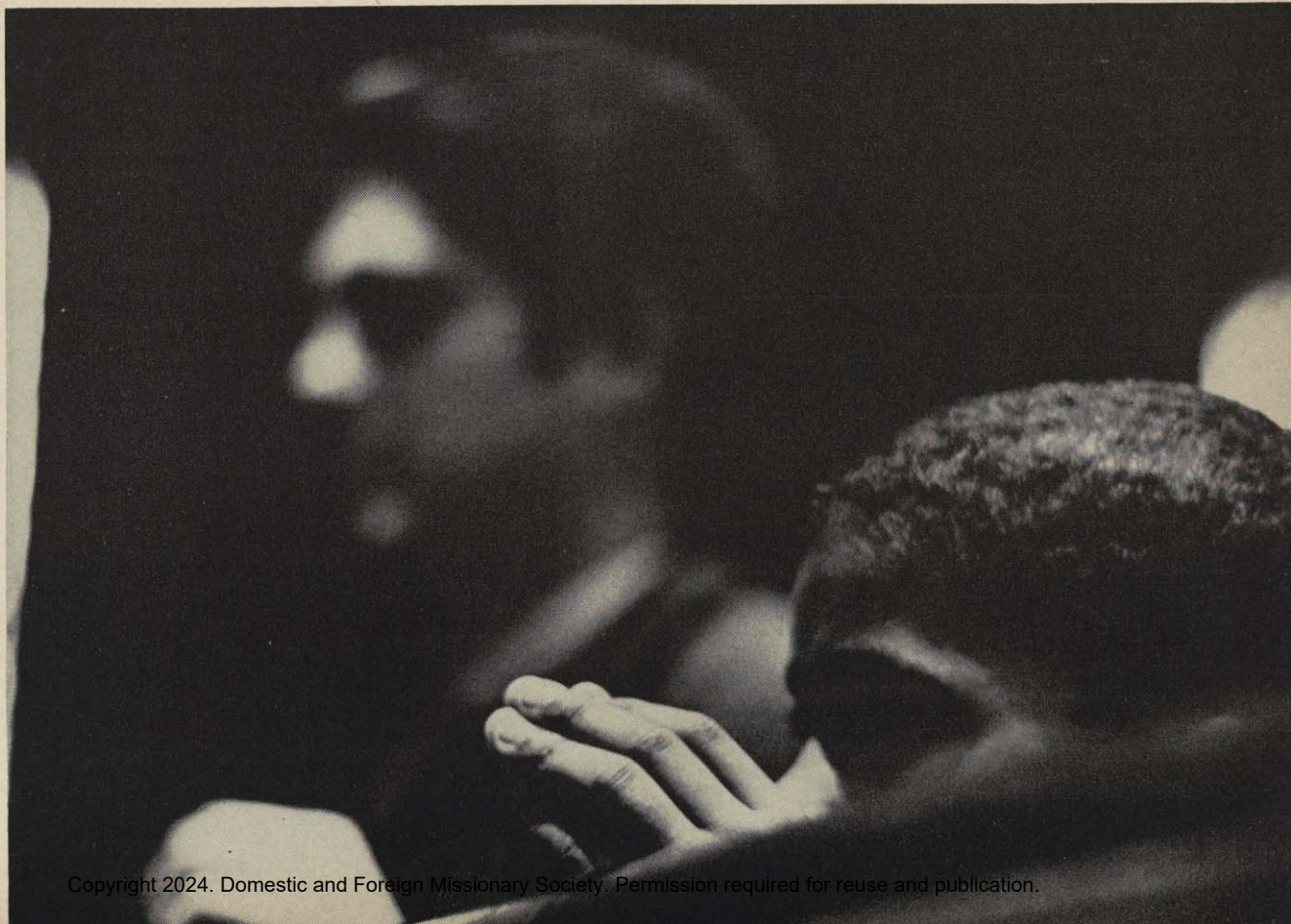
jungle and cried out in the wilderness.

The Panthers—a boys’ club led by Andrew Burris and later by Glenn Carrington—heard many of my cries. I joined this club and we presented plays, held discussion groups, read books, saw plays, and listened to lectures that told of the Negro’s contribution to this world. We met Negro writers and leaders. Our lives took on form and meaning. We belonged to something.

The Panthers dissolved because half of the membership found our cultural activities dull and uninteresting. Those of us who sought cultural avenues wandered to a community center at St. Martin’s Episcopal Church. Here, for the first time, I found a church that was more than fire and brimstone. St. Martin’s had numerous activities: athletic events, dances, games, discussion groups, and French lessons. Talented leaders re-emphasized the programs Burris and Carrington had brought to the Panthers. Years later Muriel Rahn and Dick Campbell brought the Rose McClendon Workshop Theatre to St. Martin’s, but in those days there was little dramatic activity for a youngster.

When I heard that John Bunn, a professional actor, had started a drama group at Salem Methodist Church, I went there. Like St. Martin’s, Salem had numerous activities for young people. Sugar Ray Robinson started his boxing career there. So did Buddy Moore and Danny Cox. Juano Hernandez was a regular visitor to our group, and he and Mr. Bunn furthered the theatrical careers of many of our members.

While I liked Salem, I found the Episcopal Church absolutely fascinating. The splendid ritual brought back to me thousands of movies with happy endings. The Resurrection inevitably followed the Crucifixion! At





## Anglican From Harlem

these services I felt a sense of belonging, and I was secure in the knowledge that the harsh realities of Harlem life had not been my creation.

I was primarily a spectator in the Episcopal Church until I spent a summer in Norfolk, Virginia. That summer I lived in a minister's home. Although his church was non-Episcopal, I attended his services as a matter of courtesy. My courtesy was short lived. Although the minister had graduated from an Ivy League college, he handled his congregation in a bullying, merciless fashion, and accused his parishioners of sins that have not yet been invented. And he certainly never practiced what he preached. The crowning indignity came when he stole and drank a bottle of liquor I had hidden in my bureau drawer.

I decided then to find a church. And I met the Reverend Bravid Harris, then rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Norfolk, and now Episcopal Bishop of Liberia.

Mr. Harris was at that time a tall, heavy-set, deep-voiced, good-humored, stubborn, plain-spoken man who somehow reminded me of my father. Mr. Harris and his beautiful wife were militant, tireless fighters for civil rights. Christianity for them was more than a splendid ritual. It was a vital, crusading, potent, revolutionary force. They had no patience with bigots in the church and outside. They openly challenged conservatives and reactionaries alike, and they did so at a time when the Episcopal Church was, in the main, a racist church. From his pulpit Mr. Harris attacked the hierarchy and the layman in scalding terms. He was truly catholic, with little use for those who are catholic in name only.

Why, then, did he remain in a racist church, I asked one night during a long conversation. Because, he said, in a shrinking world a man must stand and fight, not hide. He felt that in this era no man, group, or nation can live apart from others. We must live together or die together. It was, in his words, a moment in time when Christianity must become a reality.

The Church—for the first time—offered me a direct avenue for an attack on bigotry.

What the Harrises did for me was nearly destroyed by a white Alabama clergyman. One day, while working toward my undergraduate degree at Talladega College, I strolled downtown. This town was a small place, consisting mostly of a main square, a courthouse, post office, and a few stores. Just beyond the courthouse I found a church. Its sign declared it was Episcopal. Without thinking, I stepped inside.

A balding, smiling, thin-faced white man appeared, offered his hand, introduced himself as the rector, and invited me into his office.

"I'm glad to know you're an Episcopalian," he said. "This church has a lot to offer to your people. A splendid ritual. Dignity. We're setting a precedent here, too." He described the precedent: the Negro janitor of the church took communion with the all-white congregation. Of course, he took it last, but the rector declared: "It's the

beginning of something." "What?" I asked.

He evaded my question by stating that some peoples' religion never transcends color. "I had a particularly difficult time a few years back," he told me. "A group of Negro college students came to service. They sat right up front, too. Some of my parishioners were furious. Regrettably, I had to ask the students to sit in the back. They left and never returned."

"I know why," I said.

The rector went on to describe the South to me. He did so gently, painstakingly, and still obviously concerned because the Negro students did not understand his problem. He said he might have lost his congregation if he had permitted Negroes to attend his church on a nonsegregated basis. I could not resist thinking that Jesus of Nazareth would have risked that loss.

*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.*

It struck me then that many white Southerners were being denied true Christian leadership because clergymen often paid only lip service to the gospel. This troubled me. Someday the true image of the American Negro would be thrust before the white South. And this land—whose leadership had forsaken and deceived it—would not be prepared to face reality.

When I left the church, my anger became a deep sorrow. I shed a tear for the lost souls of the southern night.

Empty days stretched into weeks, then years. War, inflation, then days without meaning. Meeting countless church people numbed me. There were the guilt-ridden, the gradualists, the pseudoliberals, and the neurotics. For them I was a problem, not a person. The race problem, many said, would be solved in God's own time. They denied the immediacy of the Christian faith. And they lectured, endlessly.

**I**T WAS THEN that I faced one of the great disadvantages of being a Negro in the United States. That disadvantage is the burden of listening to countless well-intentioned bores who tell you *how* to react and why. They advise you readily and interpret to you *what* you need. No one does this for other groups as often as it is done for the American Negro.

Western world literature reflects this double standard: Sophocles spoke for the Greeks, Cicero for the Romans, Shakespeare for the English, Molière for the French, O'Casey for the Irish, and O'Neill for the White American. But for the American Negro, it was Du Bose Heyward, Octavius Roy Cohen, Marc Connelly, and others who have never once suffered the pangs and humiliation of black life on this continent.

Every white American should consider this statement: *No white person knows what it is like to be a Negro in this country.* If sincere whites do not face the truth, then we face a far more complex, devastating, struggle than anyone imagines.

After tiring of whites trying to solve the problem of their "whiteness," I turned away from the Church. I



was brought back sharply by a question from my son, Thomas, then five years old: Why didn't our family go to church like other families? If we didn't believe in people giving up, why didn't we stay in the church and fight? *A little child shall lead them.* I returned to the Church.

Not long after that we moved into a housing development on the Lower East Side of New York City. This, for me, was a strange world, filled with Jews, Italians, Puerto Ricans, and Negroes. For the first time in my life I lived outside that small world called Harlem. I could no longer run home in the evening and hide from the world. I was thrown face to face with a polyglot society that had no real roots or traditions. I walked the streets, a stranger, a long way from home. Sometimes at night I awoke from dreams of the Harlem streets, their singing language and their warm tall tales and sturdy laughter. I tossed in bed and told myself: "You're living in the world of tomorrow now. You've got to make it here."

The lonely adult is pathetic in his quests. The child yells, kicks, screams, or plays. The adult sinks into a thousand things—drinking, talking, laughing, crying, or joining organizations he would ordinarily shun. I was one of those lonely adults. I joined a completely integrated, middle-class Episcopal church—a church too large for a man who was far from home.

People there were in perpetual motion, hopping from one place to another. You never got to know a fellow parishioner by name. For that matter, you never got to know the clergy. The clergymen never seemed to hear a word spoken to them. They smiled, muttered a few pleasantries, excused themselves, and moved off to another group. My wife and children were far more sensible about this church than I dared to be. They refused to return to it. But I tried to live in this setting.

It was hopeless. I reached that conclusion following the Broadway production of my play, *A Land Beyond the River*. Later I was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. This was an exciting, gratifying moment—a moment that redeemed many of the lost hopes and dreams. I wanted to discuss this with someone on a spiritual level. In looking around, I found no one in that church I could reach or touch.

My life had come full cycle. In escaping the fire-and-brimstone church of chastisement, I had stepped too far. I had to find my way back.

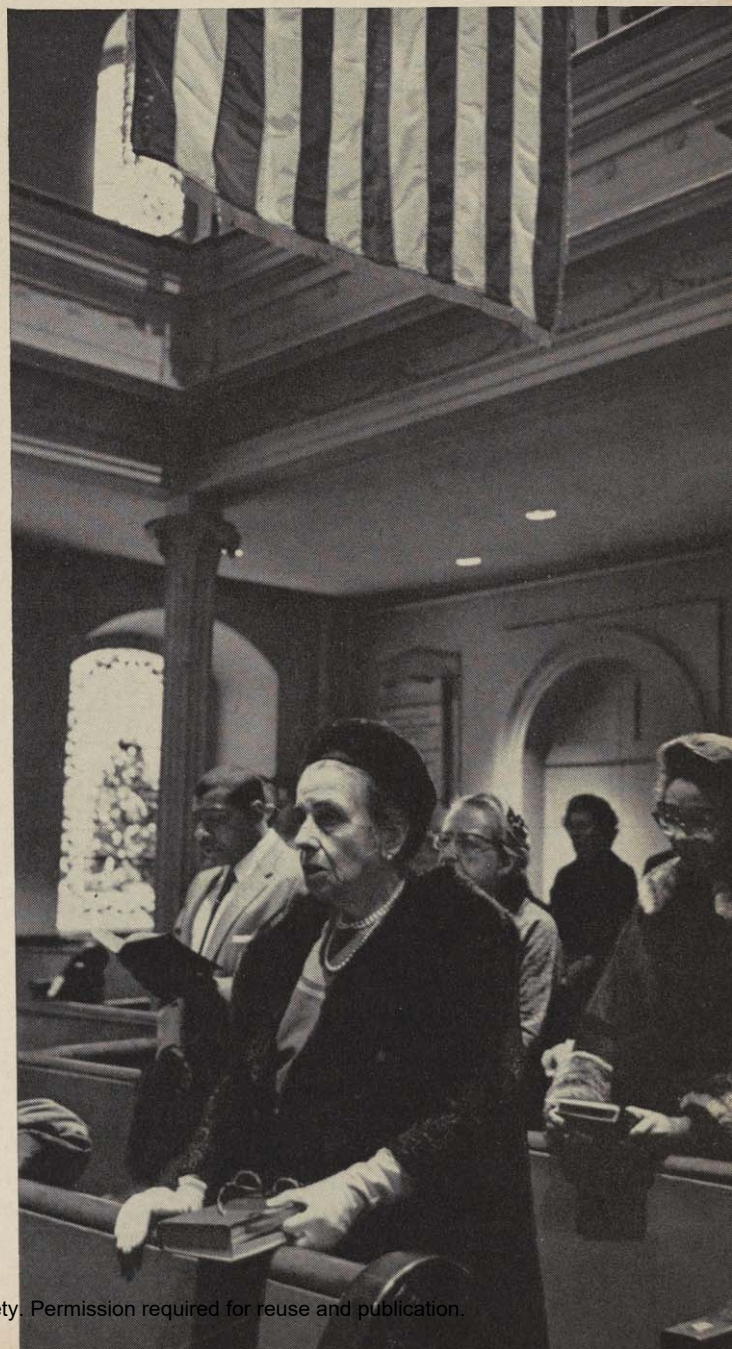
In my wandering I found one of the oldest churches in New York City. It resembled Mr. Harris' Norfolk church, and had the same type of leadership and tradition. Here my son, Thomas, was confirmed. Here, too, my family worshiped with people of various backgrounds. We were never smothered by welcoming committees. No one diverted my attention from the services by trying to explain the ritual to me. I was a human being here, not a special type.

The parish members here held serious discussions in attempting to understand national groups. This, I believe, is mandatory for the Anglican Communion and for the world itself. It is not enough simply to welcome all groups to God's altar. It is not enough to "tolerate" the differ-

ences of others. The Negro child must know his people's history and contributions in order to understand himself and develop a sense of pride and belonging. The white child must also know the Negro's history; he must know that the contributions of the black American have been essential to the growth of this nation into the world's greatest power. It is the moral duty and obligation of the Church to spearhead these teachings. For if these things are not known, we face a shrinking world where people of necessity tolerate one another, and an uneasy truce lies between all.

If we do not reckon with these truths, two dangers exist. We may continue to live in the present immoral climate, and create hostile groups that in time will destroy the existing structure. Or we may integrate a few minority group members who are "just like white folks" and leave the others outside. We would then maintain the present caste system, although we would have removed

*St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in New York City, like many other Episcopal churches throughout the country, has an integrated congregation with a good spirit of cooperation.*







#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

When young Lofton Mitchell was growing up on the crowded streets of Harlem, he decided to become a writer. The choice was not ill-founded, for now at the age of forty-two the graying, quick-moving playwright has one successful play behind him, "A Land beyond the River;" a movie script in production, "A City Full of Tears;" and will soon begin rehearsals for two more of his plays: "Star of the Morning," and "The Phonograph." In addition, he has received awards from both the Guggenheim and Rocke-

feller Foundations to help him on his way up the theater's difficult ladder. In private life, Mr. Mitchell and his wife, Helen, have two sons, are lifelong residents of New York, and belong to the Episcopal Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in Manhattan. Perhaps the best description of Lofton Mitchell as a man and as a writer came from the famed drama critic for The New York Times, Brooks Atkinson, who said in writing about the dramatist's first play, "Mr. Mitchell has not lost his sense of humor in the heat of a crusade."

### Anglican From Harlem

the color bar. We would still have too many people living in abject poverty, too many Skid Rows, and too many flagrant injustices.

In short, the integration of Negroes, Latins, and Jews into present American life will not guarantee a truly Christian society—unless we do it wholly, without reservation, and with understanding.

There is no escape from this struggle. The city is the ever-widening battleground. Into it daily come large groups of people that the farm in Mississippi or Puerto Rico can no longer hold. No one is really in touch with this large mass of uncommitted, unwanted people. We permit them to occupy our slums and we accept one or two of their children, but the others we reject.

One day the city will have to reckon with the oppressed. One day the city will have to face the fact that it has crucified my father and millions like him. And I—his son—I can be integrated on a piecemeal basis. I have won awards, written a successful Broadway play, a few stories, and a number of movie scripts. It is fashionable

for people to accept me in fine homes and churches. But the others—like my father—are they to face continued crucifixion as the city moves inexorably into all the world?

In Harlem a black child shivers in a cold, damp basement and cries, hungrily. A black mother spends a sleepless night, fighting away the rats. On the Bowery a drunken white staggers under the weight of his lost hopes and dreams. On the East Side an old Jew feels the evening air close in about him, and in Spanish Harlem a Puerto Rican boy reaches out, empty handed.

This is the city nearly two thousand years after the Christ. Thousands of bodies bump together daily, jostle one another, but their souls never touch. There is no real identity here, no sense of belonging.

I was born in this city and I have heard explosions all my life. I have reached out and I have been hurt. I know there will be more heartaches, more suffering, before the inevitable hour. But this hour will come, because the world has shrunk and the city engulfs all. Here man will have to meet other men—meet them, understand them and live with them, or face total destruction. ◀



# WE HAVE MOVED

Philadelphia, birthplace of General Convention, is now the new home of THE EPISCOPALIAN. The church's independently edited national monthly sponsored by General Convention moved its office from New York on February 1.

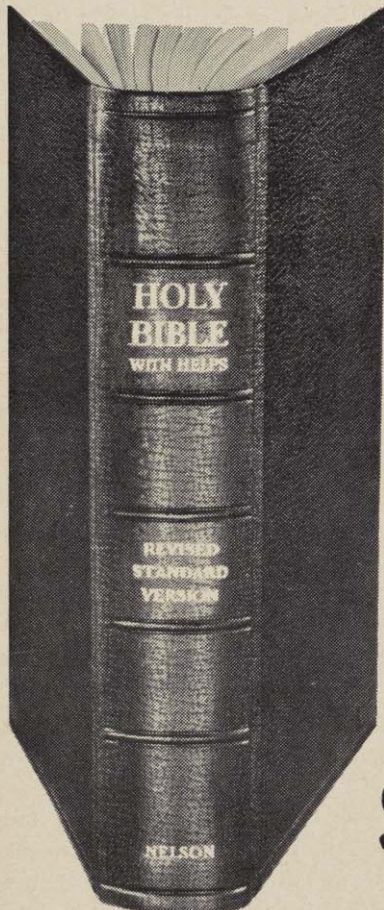
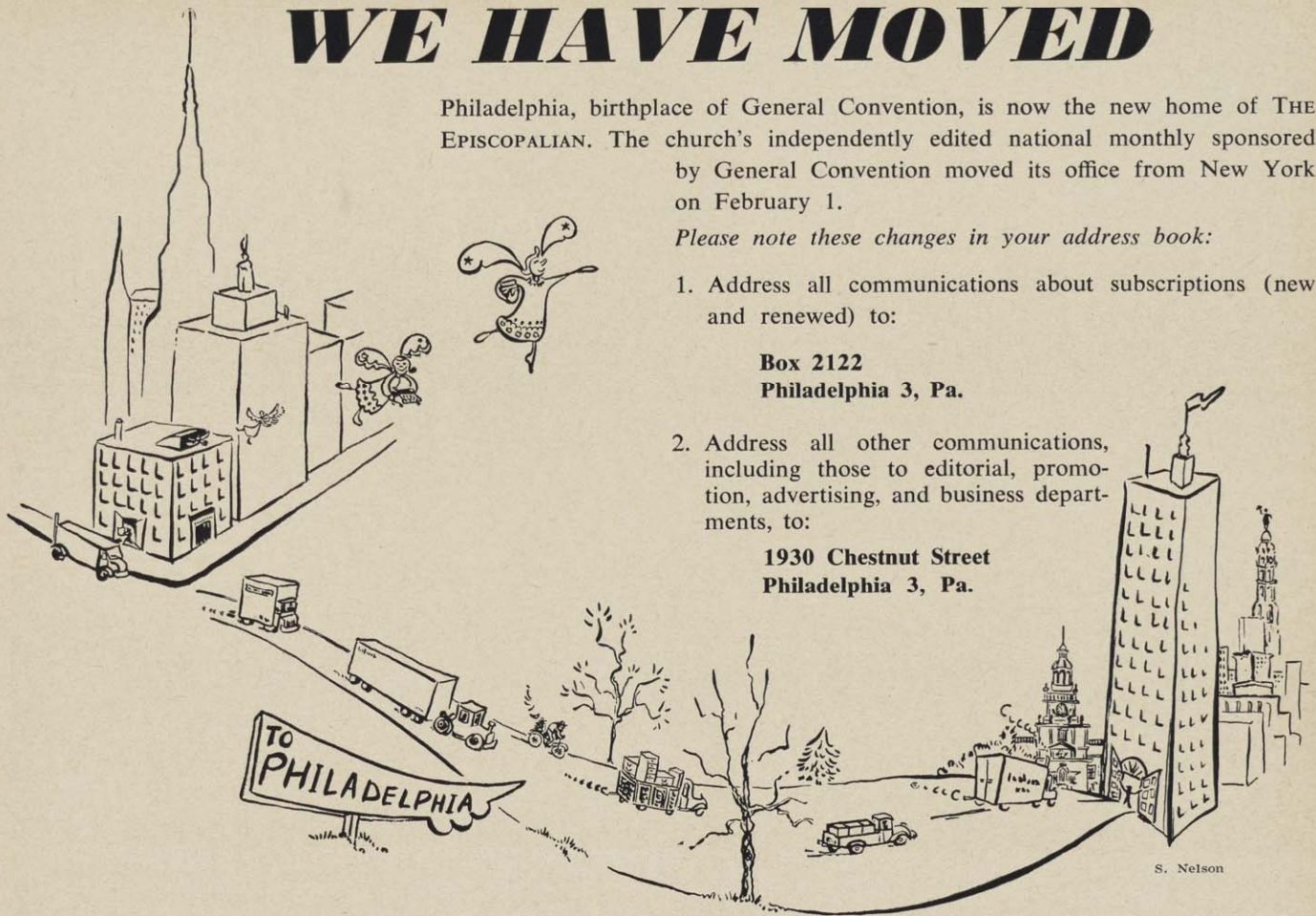
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# Let's

ON THE Sunday following the brutal mob actions at the bus depots in Anniston and Birmingham, Alabama, a dispirited Episcopal communicant of the latter city wrote: "There is no condemnation of the riots from our pulpit today. There was no moral guidance in a time when the eyes of the world were focused on our state and nation. Our churches really have become gymnasiums where we exercise with the reading of the Book of Common Prayer, neither sweating nor breathing hard in the stuffy air of sanctity."

In an eastern city last summer I had a pleasant visit with an able young newspaperman, a Negro and an Episcopal communicant. It developed that later in the afternoon he was meeting his son who was coming home from camp via bus.

"You might be interested to know," I said, "that the Diocese of Atlanta has just had its first integrated camp. One Negro boy, aged 11, applied and promptly was accepted. He proved to be a popular camper and had no difficulty at all. His personality was such that he did not feel alone or an outsider. And, of course, this personality was precisely why the other boys did not think of him in such terms."

The young newspaperman's eyes widened.

"You did that in Georgia?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"We couldn't do that here," he said.

"I am grieved to say that here we do

## **about the author:**

*Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaperman Ralph Emerson McGill is a native Southerner and a lifelong Episcopalian. Born in Soddy, Tennessee, sixty-four years ago, he attended high school and Vanderbilt University in his home state. After serving in the U.S. Marine Corps during World War I, he joined the staff of the Atlanta Constitution as a sports writer. Today he is the editor and publisher of that newspaper, and famed the world over for his concise, straightforward articles. Editor McGill and his wife Mary attend the Cathedral Church of St. Philip in Atlanta, where until recently he served as a vestryman. Currently Mr. McGill is a member of the Episcopal Church's Committee on Racial Minorities.*



by Ralph McGill

# Lead Where We Lag

*The Pulitzer-Prize-winning editor and publisher  
of the Atlanta Constitution looks at the race problem  
as it concerns the Christian Church today.*

not have a very happy relationship between the white and Negro Episcopal churches. There is little communication between us. Some feel there is a drawing apart. There is a need for some positive action. How did the Atlanta Diocese manage the camp?"

It was explained that when the youngster applied for camp, and was accepted, the clergy and laymen on the camp committee informed by letter all parents of other boys who had been accepted. They were told they could withdraw their son, or sons, if they wished, but earnest hope was expressed they would not. None did. Officials in the small city near the camp (Mikel) quietly were informed. The teenage counselors were briefed on their practical and Christian duties. All went well. It was a happy, rewarding experience.

Each of us recognized the jarring contradictions in the drama of race. In Alabama brutal mobs were for some time unchecked by police. In that time there were inflicted severe injuries to many for the crime of having ridden on a bus to which they had been sold a ticket. In Mississippi the jails were being filled with white and colored travelers, young and middle-aged, who were testing what is an incredible denial in this last half of the twentieth century—the right of a citizen of the United States freely to travel on common carriers and to use the public services in the depots.

It is a sad commentary that the Epis-

copal churches in these states were largely Sunday gymnasiums insofar as any leadership in the tremendous moral problem of our time was concerned. Nor were they alone. The silence of all the churches was inescapable. Later there was a mild protest by some ministers against the inactivity of police. But still there is no action—only silence. In Georgia one small boy makes Episcopal camping history by being accepted at the camp maintained by the diocese for the summer recreation and instruction of its young people. In an eastern state a young Negro doubted this could have been done in his diocese.

There is a third illustration—and a more damning one. There came to Atlanta University two brilliant young Negro students, graduates of mission schools in their native country maintained by one of the larger Protestant southern denominations. Neither was ever called upon by members or officers of that denomination. A distinguished member of Nigeria's high court, who had been educated in elementary and secondary schools and colleges all maintained by one of the largest of U.S. denominations, visited four southern cities and four in the North and was never approached by any representative of the church which had given him all but his graduate education.

Still another African visitor, whose youth had been spent in schools supported by American missions, had a similar experience.

"I am glad I was ignored," he said. "I have heard your joke about the African visitor who was finally admitted to a restaurant with the apology of the manager—'You see, I thought you were one of these American Negroes.' I am afraid I would not have been happy talking with a pastor who would not admit American Negroes to worship in his church—even though the same church educated me."

There is more than one reason why Christianity is not more of a force in the newly emerged—and emerging—countries of Africa. But one of them is this inescapable gulf which the African intellectual quickly sees, even though he has never been out of Africa. A visitor here, of course, experiences the harsh irony of it.

The Episcopal Church in America suffers equally with the others. All are afflicted by those callous persons of Christian affiliation who insist that the Negro is an inferior person and that segregation is decreed by God. Nor may we Episcopalians play the Pharisee and "pass on the other side" from these. The ugly, distorted, even vicious publications of the more fanatic White Citizens Councils, and the hate-organization pamphlets, delight in printing sermons and statements from the three or four Episcopal rectors in the southern states who lend their names and positions to the prejudices and passions of the extremists.

Certain questions are posed.



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## **LET'S LEAD**

Is there any thoughtful person who does not understand why communism, which also claims it can redeem and change the world, is able to attract so much dedicated service, especially, though not exclusively, in so many depressed areas of the world? One must ask what sort of examples, or alternatives, are offered them. Missionaries all over the world have sent urgent pleas to their churches in America to put Christianity to work in America's problem of race. Some churches, clergymen and laymen have acted with vigor and courage. But it still is true that 11:00 A.M. on Sunday is the most segregated hour of all the week.

That Christianity in America cannot go on with this without disastrous results must be plain to all save the most stubbornly obtuse.

It is not easy—and yet, in fact, it is if there is a will to act.

That we think in terms of images has become almost a trite truth. But truth it is. When confronted with something which radically alters the status quo, we invent mental images to help us rationalize resistance to change. In southern school cases, the extremists—too often assisted by the daily press, members of the clergy, the bar, and the politicians—invariably conjured up two false ones. They first rubber-stamped every Negro as dirty, illiterate, criminal, or dishonest. (That this reflected one of the worst evils of segregation—a separation from truth and fact and acquaintance with the great body of educated, cultured Negroes—never occurred to these makers of false images.) They then pictured the children of such persons as overrunning the schools. And then, paradoxically, they expressed unreasoned fear about intermarriage and the loss of racial purity.

That the U.S. Supreme Court decisions plainly had said this overrunning was not the intent of the rulings, and had declared placement laws to be constitutional when not used to discriminate, was blithely ignored in a campaign to deceive people and create resistance, defiance, and mobs. That most of the nation's population had for a long time been operating without laws requiring segregation and without signs of the much feared race-ruin also was bypassed. The extremists were, in fact, insulting their own people by implying that only they, of all Americans, were in need of such laws.

This obsession with false images can be as harmful to Christianity as false gods. Common sense somehow becomes paralyzed. It is utterly preposterous that in this period of history millions of Americans should be most concerned with where a colored child shall sit in school and whether colored persons shall be welcomed to worship.

Christianity cannot afford to be made to appear ridiculous—and yet it is. Even Christians must agree that the long history of foreign missions and the opposition of Christians to acceptance of colored persons in their churches would be the subject of loud, coarse laughter were it not for the by-product of it.

A number of Christian and Judaic leaders, in individual sermons in the past several months, seriously have suggested that fewer and fewer persons are using religion as a yardstick for determining values. All the evidence tends to sustain them.

The Episcopal Church, which sensibly avoided any rupture at the time of the American Civil War, should be better able to act with common sense and Christian conviction than those denominations which divided in acrimony and prejudice.

A decision to accept Negro worshippers which results in years of budgets being unmet and building programs bankrupted is perhaps valid in a temporary and superficial manner. It is unlikely that any diocese which planned, prayed, and educated its communicants would suffer any real losses. But it may be that the Christian church—not merely the Episcopal—is at the point where it must face up to losing those persons who cannot entertain the idea of being in the same sanctuary or at the same Communion rail with a colored person. To compromise almost surely means a slow death, as communicants with a prodding sense of conscience and morality drop out. This would certainly be true of the young communicants.

The problem of race is not, of course, the only one facing Christianity today. There is the complex problem of growing urban populations, the shifts to suburbs, the abandonment of many city churches, and the urgent need for Christian leadership in the so-called asphalt jungles of the large cities. But that of race is the most pressing of all.

Many voices ask, "Where is the Church going?"

Only the Church can answer. ◀



# Capitalscene



A marked change of mood has taken place in Washington. The war jitters which prevailed last summer and fall are fast subsiding. Fallout shelters are no longer a major topic of conversation on the Georgetown cocktail party circuit. Russia's cynical rupture of the nuclear test ban talks in Geneva was a sharp disappointment to those who had believed the Soviet Union might at last be ready to take a realistic step toward disarmament. But it was not the shock that it would have been a few weeks earlier. The threat of a military showdown over Berlin appears to have been averted, at least temporarily.

Political warfare between Democrats and Republicans may be avoided over one important legislative proposal in which church people have a special interest. This is the basic overhaul of public welfare programs outlined by the President in a special message to Congress on January 31. Although endorsed by the administration, the recommendations originated with a bipartisan study commission which included church leaders, social scientists and local welfare officials.

They are designed, in part, to tighten safeguards against "freeloading" and other abuses which have been widely cited (and, according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, greatly exaggerated) by welfare critics. Even more important, the proposed changes will put greater emphasis on rehabilitation services to enable relief families to become self-supporting, rather than merely perpetuating doles which encourage chronic dependency.

The forty-year battle which America's churches have waged to improve the plight of migrant farm workers may be entering a new phase. For the first time, the U.S. Department of Agriculture is supporting rather than opposing the Labor Department's plea for federal legislation to give migrants some of the protections that other American workers take for granted. Risking a blast of disapproval from the big corporate farms which employ large numbers of migrants at low wages, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman has endorsed five bills which the Senate passed last year, and which now await action in the House. They would extend restrictions on child labor to migrant children (who often are put to work in the fields before they are ten years old); provide day care centers for younger children; require the registration of "crew leaders"; extend federal grants to states for education and health services to migrants; and assure them of collective bargaining rights.

Speaker John W. McCormack assured Protestant leaders, during a "cordial" two hour talk in his Capitol Hill office, that he will show no favoritism to his Roman Catholic Church in directing the affairs of the House

of Representatives. The new Speaker added that he has "always been equally fair" to all religious groups throughout the thirty-five years he has served in Congress. Protestant leaders will be watching for actions.

At the opposite end of Pennsylvania Avenue, another Roman Catholic officeholder found himself being praised by Protestants and censured by Roman Catholics for his stand on federal aid to parochial schools. The Roman Catholic magazine America observed the anniversary of President Kennedy's inauguration by accusing him of "bending over backwards" to curry favor with Protestant voters. The Protestant Christian Century promptly retorted with an editorial crediting Kennedy with "a better record on church-state separation than any other President of the past thirty years."

Shortly after this exchange, the president of the Southern Baptist Convention, the Rev. Herschel H. Hobbs of Oklahoma City, called at the White House for a 45-minute visit with Kennedy. After the Rev. Mr. Hobbs departed, a White House reporter telephoned

his office a brief account of the visit. "Just another Protestant leader in to see Kennedy," the reporter explained laconically to the other end of the wire. "If a Catholic cardinal shows up over here, that'll be a real news story."



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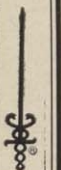
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### UNITY TALKS TO BEGIN

The first official meeting between representatives of four major U.S. churches to discuss possible paths to one united church will take place in Washington, D.C., next April 9 and 10. There, in the spacious, book-lined common room of the Episcopal Church's College of Preachers, some forty leaders of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A.; the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.; the Methodist Church; and the United Church of Christ will gather in closed session for the talks.

● The agenda they are expected to follow at this initial meeting was set at a preliminary conference between representatives of the four churches January 8. The Rev. Charles Duell Kean of Washington, D.C., secretary of General Convention's Joint Commission on Approaches to Unity, and the Episcopal representative at the January conference, said he thought the April meeting would accomplish three things: (1) election of a president and other officers, (2) establishment of a small staff, and (3) a preliminary exploration of the issues involved in bringing together some nineteen million members of the four churches. Once the key issues have been determined, individuals and groups will be assigned to study them in depth and, in the next few years, recommend possible action.

### JFK'S FIRST YEAR: PROTESTANTS ARE CHEERED

When the nation's first Roman Catholic president was sworn into office one bitterly cold day in January, 1961, many Protestants watching over television wondered what was to come. More than a year has now passed, and leading Protestants the country over are generally agreed that President John F. Kennedy has handled himself very well in matters concerning religion. On the other hand, some of his co-religionists have been sharply critical, claiming that the young president sometimes "leans over backwards in favor of Protestantism." ● *America*, a national Roman Catholic weekly, strongly attacked President Kennedy recently in an article evaluating his stand on what it considered a paramount religious issue: federal aid to parochial schools. During last year's Congressional battle over the issue, the President opposed any federal aid to private schools, including those operated by Roman Catholics. Baptist leaders have been foremost in hailing Mr. Kennedy's stand on this question. A short time ago, Paul Blanshard, special counsel for Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State (POAU), joined in praising the President for opposing such aid on constitutional grounds. He said Mr. Kennedy should be applauded for "courageous and firm opposition to the bishops of his own church on the sectarian issue." ● Protestants have also found other things to applaud in the President's first year. In October, the National Council of Churches distributed a digest of the President's speech before the U.N. on the subjects of strengthening the U.N., disarmament, the peaceful use of space, colonialism, and the Berlin and Laos situations.

### UNITY BEGINS AT HOME

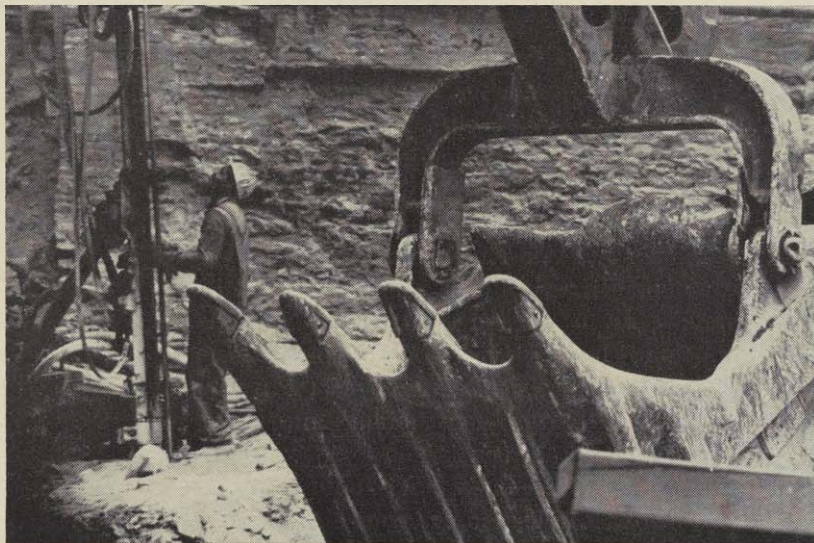
While the eyes of the Christian world have been on top-level discussions of unity in a number of different countries during the past ten months, the search for unity at the local level has gone largely unnoticed. In St. Louis, Missouri, nine churches representing six different religious bodies have banded together to form a community-wide agency to coordinate their weekday activities and avoid duplication of service and effort. Called the West St. Louis Ecumenical Parish, it encompasses



approximately two and one-half square miles of an inner-city area with a population of over 86,000 people. When the ecumenical parish program is fully organized, each of the nine churches—two of which are Episcopal—will provide the type of community service for which it is best equipped. These services will include recreation, a crafts program, and organizations for different age groups. ● Another area in which Episcopalians are reaching out to sister churches is Detroit, Mich. There a group of Episcopal and Presbyterian clergymen have formed a joint workshop to study problems of urban life. In Detroit, also, the Friendship Baptist Church is meeting in the Episcopal Cathedral Church of St. Paul until new quarters can be found. The Baptists' old church is being torn down as part of a city renewal program.

## ► MEN WORKING

The hardy breed of New York pedestrians known as sidewalk superintendents have a new project to watch: the Episcopal Church Center now under construction near the United Nations building. For some time giant steam shovels have been gouging out chunks of frozen earth (see photo) as work on the projected twelve-story building goes ahead. When complete in 1963, the structure will replace the Church Missions House at 281 Park Avenue South, in use since 1894 and regarded since



1926 as too crowded for efficient operation. It will also house under one roof departments of the Church's National Council presently located in other buildings around New York; 35 miles away in Greenwich, Conn.; and 912 miles away at Evanston, Ill. ● Funds for the new center have come from individual Episcopalians, parishes, and dioceses, many designating particular rooms or offices as their specific gifts. To date some \$3 million of the \$4 million needed has been received, thus indicating that the center will probably be paid for without resorting to long-term loans and high twenty-year interest charges. For those individual Episcopalians who would like to contribute toward the final million required, the Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, Presiding Bishop, has designated May 13 as a special Sunday on which gifts may be received toward the new building. This action was taken as a result of a resolution passed by General Convention in Detroit, Mich., last September.

## ► PACIFIC MISSION

The Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, Presiding Bishop, has just completed an historic journey to two of the Church's overseas missionary districts. In Hawaii, Bishop and Mrs. Lichtenberger helped the Rt. Rev. Harry S. Kennedy, Bishop of Honolulu, celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Anglicanism in Hawaii. The Church of England established work there in 1862, and transferred it to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. in 1902. ● Bishop Lichtenberger took part in three major events: a youth banquet for hundreds of young people from all over the Hawaiian Islands; a Sunday service held in a large high school auditorium; and an anniversary banquet with some seven

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hundred persons present, including the governor of Hawaii and the mayor of Honolulu. ● Flying on to the Philippines, he participated in dedication of three buildings, completion of which rounds out a post-war rehabilitation program for church-related properties in the Philippines. With the Rt. Rev. Lyman C. Ogilby, Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, Bishop Lichtenberger consecrated the new Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John, built at a cost of \$400,000 to replace a cathedral demolished during World War II. In addition he blessed the new building of St. Stephen's High School and the 216-bed St. Luke's Hospital, erected on a new site to replace an obsolete frame structure. He ended his trip with a history-making event: a joint celebration of the Holy Communion with the Most Rev. Isabelo de los Reyes, Jr., Supreme Bishop of the Philippine Independent Church, which entered into full communion with the Episcopal Church as a result of the concordat approved last September in Detroit, Mich., by General Convention.

## THE COMING REVOLUTION IN LATIN AMERICA

Latin America is facing a revolution within the next five years that "may be communist, socialist, or even Christian," according to Bartolo Perez, a young Brazilian who was installed as international president of the Young Christian Workers Movement at its second world congress in Petropolis, Brazil. The new leader of an organization that claims a membership of more than three million young Roman Catholic workers in eighty-five countries told an interviewer that a revolutionary upsurge can be prevented only if governments of the various Latin American countries carry out sweeping reforms. He said he based his opinions on travels throughout the continent which had convinced him that a social revolution is likely "even in Brazil where the workers are utterly patient." He added that "the majority of Brazilian workers do not have any clearly defined political ideology. They are apt to follow any flag when circumstances seem to indicate that it may bring a solution of their problems."

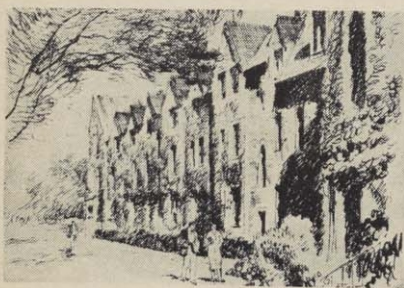
## CHURCHES AND THE PEACE CORPS

A new office has been established by the National Council of Churches to serve as liaison between the thirty-four member churches of the Council and the United States Peace Corps. In announcing the new office, Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy, the Council's associate general secretary, stressed that the National Council "does not consider itself an organization which should negotiate for Peace Corps grants or contracts."

● Named director of the office was the Rev. C. Frederick Stoarker, who will continue as head of the National Council-related Commission on Ecumenical Voluntary Service Projects. Outlining the Peace Corps Office's aims, he said it will supply to churches information on the federal agency's work in underdeveloped countries, as well as keep the Peace Corps informed on what the churches themselves are doing in the same field. "In addition," he said, "we will deal directly with church young people interested in service in the Peace Corps who view this as an opportunity to express Christian vocation."

## PENNIES AND PRAYERS

A Wisconsin historian told the American Historical Association at its recent annual meeting in Washington, D.C., that most U.S. Protestants do not consider the giving of money as an essential part of their religion. John E. Lankford of River Falls, Wis., an Episcopal layman who is an instructor at Wisconsin State College, presented his paper entitled "Twentieth-Century Protestant Giving: Theology versus Practice," in which he stated that the stewardship concept has not "had much to do with actual human motivation at either the level of promotion or the level of giving." ● Mr. Lankford said that his conviction before starting his study was that the doctrine of stewardship played a key role "in terms of the direction and organization of Protestant giving," but



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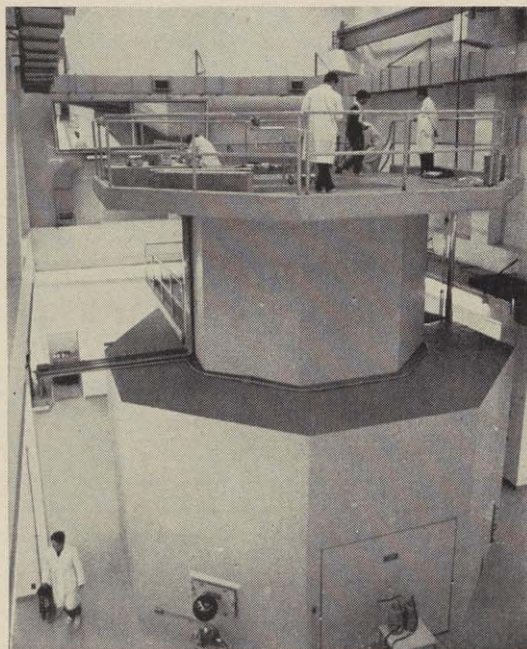
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that when he had completed it this opinion had been "almost destroyed." He said that despite the existence of a "theology of giving," the approaches to soliciting funds "for the several benevolent goals of American Protestantism were not couched in sacramental terms and, in general, did not even hint at any possible sacramental value to be derived from philanthropic behavior." ● The historian went on to say that the general approach taken by the promoters of fund drives was "intimately related to problems which faced American givers, problems such as immigration, competition between Church and State in the area of higher education, views of such unacculturated groups as Orientals and Mormons, and Protestantism as an antidote for political radicalism." Mr. Lankford's study indicated that "all too often, individual communicants are satisfied if they give to the support of their local parish without the same contribution to the benevolence work of their national church." There is too much emphasis, he said, on supporting the local church. "After a general decline from about 1915 to 1921," he said, "the giving to nonbenevolent goals rose faster and further than did giving to missionary work." ● The Episcopal historian further stated that "Protestant denominations have never moved to make 'nongiving' a sin. This would be impossible because of the nature and individualistic presuppositions of the Protestant churches. They have, however, moved in the more positive direction of making the very act of giving itself a sacrament." He concluded that "the theology of giving generally failed to find application or expression in the actual approaches used to solicit funds and, insofar as it can be statistically measured, never found expression in the giving habits and patterns exhibited by American Protestants."

## EPISCOPAL ENERGY

In 1959 Episcopalians from more than 6,000 churches across the U.S. contributed some \$300,000 for a missionary venture unique in the annals of Christianity. Today the result of this action—a research nuclear reactor and accompanying equipment—hums quietly at St. Paul's University in Japan. This first reactor to be installed in a Japanese



college or university is being used by the church-related institution's new Nuclear Research Institute for academic, agricultural, and industrial research; medical applications; and the training of nuclear scientists and engineers. Radioisotopes produced in the reactor will be supplied to church-operated St. Luke's International Hospital in Tokyo for such uses as diagnosis of cancer and thyroid disorders. Various Japanese concerns contributed to the cost of the buildings and other facilities at the research center. ● Built by General Dynamics Corporation, the reactor

was given by Episcopalians to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Episcopal Church's coming to Japan. The Rev. William G. Polard, executive director of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies and an ordained Episcopal priest, was coordinator of the project for the Church. Speaking about the reactor, the Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, Presiding Bishop, said, "Through this gift, American Christians will share the potential and realized blessings of atomic energy with a people who, in the past, have known little of its blessings, but much of its curse."



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## NOWHERE TO GO

"We started with a gang of homeless boys who used to roam the streets by day and sleep under trucks at night," said Sister Esther Mary, a bashful, bespectacled Episcopal nun who for the past sixteen years has worked with potential and convicted juvenile delinquents in Ponce, Puerto Rico. "When St. Michael's opened they flocked to it and wouldn't leave. At night they would creep under the house to sleep." She was talking about the blue, wood-frame structure called St. Michael's House. It stands across the street from the drab district jail in Ponce, which, with a population of 125,000, is the second largest city on the island.

● Shortly after her arrival from her native state of Wisconsin, Sister Esther Mary got to know the street urchins when a prison physician asked her to visit the juvenile section of the city jail. "They were in a very bad way," she recalled. "They were kept as long as a year or two before they were brought to trial. They had nothing to do and nobody knew what to do with them." ● Led by the sister, St. Michael's House was established as a recreation center to keep delinquent and potentially delinquent youngsters off the streets. A dormitory, Casa Los Angeles, was founded to accommodate the more destitute boys. Today the boys of the first gang are grown into adults. Many help at the center with the hundred boys who come to St. Michael's every day. ● Money for the work comes from the Episcopal Church and charity organizations in Puerto Rico and the continental United States, including St. Michael's Guild in Baltimore, Md. Sister Esther Mary worked for fifteen years in a poor section of Wisconsin before coming to Ponce. A former physical education teacher who graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1925, she still speaks Spanish with a midwestern twang.

## WELFARE REVOLUTION

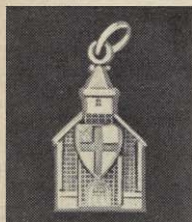
A significant shift in governmental, church, and social-agency thinking in regard to welfare programs was evidenced at the Second National Conference on the Churches and Social Welfare in Cleveland, Ohio, this fall. In the future more emphasis will be placed on rehabilitation instead of merely a "salvage operation" for human beings in distress. Cooperation was stressed between the three groups in the search for ways to help the unemployed find useful work and aid the handicapped to find a meaningful place in society. ● Problems concerning (1) homes for the aged; (2) emotionally disturbed, retarded, and physically handicapped children; (3) correctional institutions; (4) child protective services and aid to unmarried parents; (5) alcoholics and narcotic addicts; (6) juvenile delinquency, and (7) services for low-income families, Indian-Americans, and agricultural migrants were studied. Ninety Episcopal delegates joined with 2,410 representatives of forty Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churches and welfare experts in all fields at the sessions. ● Principal speaker at the conference was Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He stated that "with over 7 million U.S. citizens on relief at an annual cost of some \$4 billion, there are rumblings of discontent from taxpayers who question the disposal of their hard-earned funds and wonder if we have reached a point of no return." The secretary denounced, however, the attempt to meet this problem with such get-tough measures as those recently tried in Newburgh, N.Y., where city officials attempted drastic reductions in welfare aid. Mr. Ribicoff acknowledged, however, that some changes need to be made. "I have come to feel," he said, "that we are just drifting in the field of welfare." ● Some of the recommendations made to churches by study papers issuing from the conference were: (1) develop a more comprehensive and consistent ministry to the family; (2) assist in recruiting qualified social welfare workers; (3) take the initiative in advocating legislation for community and state facilities to educate and rehabilitate alcoholics; (4) devote more attention to the generally ignored problem of narcotics addiction; (5) engage in "real pioneering" in care and programing for the mentally retarded; (6) consider new church-related psychiatric hospitals, clinics.

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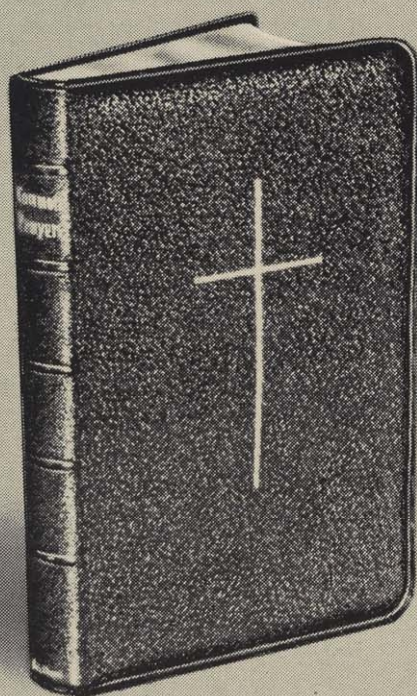
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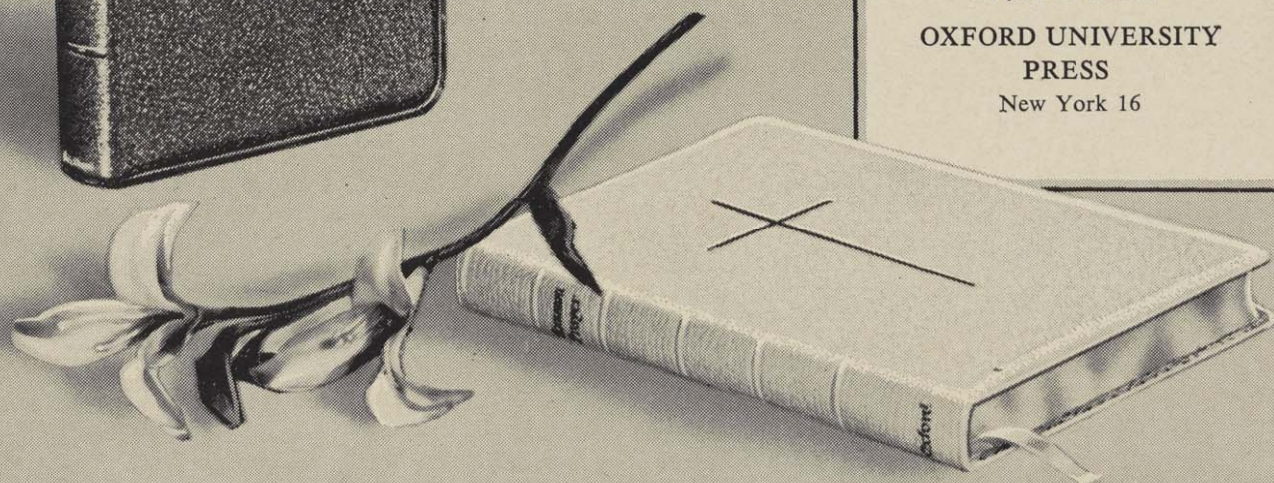
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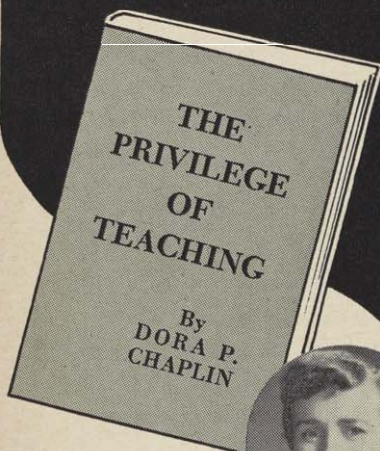
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## BOOKS

Conducted by  
Edward T. Dell, Jr.

# Are We Captives or

Gibson Winter's *The Suburban Captivity of the Churches* (Doubleday \$3.50) is by now well along toward being considered one of the definitive social commentaries of this decade. Written in the form of a good sermon, the book first examines the impact of the suburban exodus. Then follows a shorter section on what ought to be done to retain the integrity of both inner-city and metropolitan parish life. The book concludes with what is always the most difficult problem—how this can be accomplished.

The subtitle—"and the Prospects of Their [the churches'] Renewal to Serve the Whole Life of the Emerging Metropolis"—indicates a faith and hopefulness that are absent from similar sociological discussions of urban, suburban, and exurban culture. It also expresses the author's conviction that the people of the vast metropolitan sprawl are interdependent, in spite of social differences. He calls for an awakened sense of responsibility on the part of those who have residentially "escaped" from the city and yet make their living there. Dr. Winter agrees with the more lengthy conclusions of Lewis Mumford's book, *The City in History*, in which Mumford also deplores the indifference of the suburbanite and the lack of imaginative planning which has caused the deterioration of the inner city.

Mr. Mumford examines the city's condition historically, and says its decay occurs in cycles caused by political, economic, and social pressures. Dr. Winter, less ponderous, insists that our sense of obligation to God is a more important ingredient in curing the ills of the city than is the practical need for better housing. There is no superficial optimism about Dr. Winter's analysis, diagnosis, or therapy; if we were to read only the first half of *Suburban Captivity*, we would be startled and

aroused, but eventually driven to despair.

The combination of a growing middle class, its drive for social identity, and the multiple forms of Protestantism seem to lead inevitably to an uncommitted, undisciplined, untrained collection of mildly competitive congregations. Those, both clergy and lay persons, who have observed the busyness of the "organization church" will deplore with Dr. Winter the wasted energy inherent in what he calls "a Protestant form of penance."

The suburban church, intent on survival, desirous of expansion, committed to the residential side of human experience, flees from any threat to the comforts of the middle-class dream. The inner city, the place where people work, any person who is "different"—these are all rejected as dangerous to the "successful" church. The "successful" church, like the supermarket, must adjust the product to appeal to the customer.

If churches are to continue caring only for their own well-being, if "the insulation of worship and religious community from the economic sphere of productivity continues to be the most important single fact about contemporary church life," any hope for an effective lay apostolate is foredoomed; there will be no mission either to the distressed urban poor or to the empty-lived in the suburbs.

The realistically hard conclusion of

### Sin of Omission

*A Handbook for Episcopalians* (Morehouse-Barlow, \$3.75, paperback), reviewed last month, was written by the Rev. William B. Williamson, Rector, Church of the Atonement, Philadelphia. Our Apologies to a new neighbor for the oversight.



## Christians?

this stimulating book is that the church must fulfill its task: namely, "mission to every area of human activity." This can be accomplished when a concerned and committed laity collides with and overcomes the great social pressures which insulate social, racial, and religious groups from one another.

It is reasonable to assume that the proffered solution is but one of many. One must agree with the author that our first need is an "academy" for laymen, a training center similar to Parishfield in Michigan, with which Dr. Winter was formerly associated. Then, with dedicated and competent lay people, the whole metropolitan area could be sliced, pie-like, into sectors of responsibility and cooperative action, extending from the suburbs right into the center of the inner city. This radical suggestion is already being tested. Results indicate that in the welter of our present superficiality, which is actually a flight from the Cross, the power of the Holy Spirit is working in the hearts of some to preserve the Church. This is more than mere survival or even thriving; it is accomplishing what the Church was made to do.

Such blessed hopefulness permeates the last part of this challenging book. The task of the churches to overcome the pressures from without and within will be accomplished when the "majority of laymen have been drawn to their churches by a deep search for the meaning of life." This hope may seem somewhat over-optimistic to those who know how casual most Protestants are about their religious commitments. Yet there are few better equipped to document these gloomy facts than Dr. Winter. We are left with an obligation born of everyone's need, but sustained by the continuing action of God in the heart of the suburbanite who is most nearly captive to the middle-class dream.

—THOMAS FLETCHER



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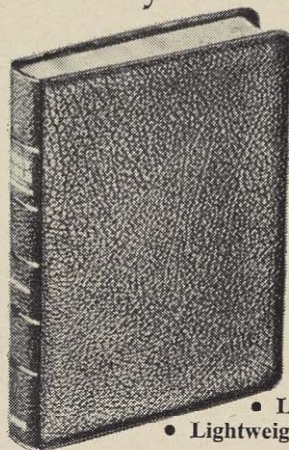
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## BOOKS

### The Cruel Thing

THE CROSS AS SYMBOL AND ORNAMENT. Collected, drawn and described by Johannes Troyer. 126 pp. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. \$4.50.

In his recent book, *The Noise of Sol-  
emn Assemblies*, Peter L. Berger specu-  
lates on the sensation that would be  
created if a congregation arrived in  
church and found a gilded electric  
chair where the cross had been. The  
minister, he suggests, would have an  
opportunity for some pointed preach-  
ing to the shocked parishioners.

The cross was the electric chair of its  
time. It was the means by which slaves,  
political offenders, and common crimi-  
nals were put to death. Considering its  
grimly practical purpose, it is odd—and  
at first glance immoral—that so much  
artistic care has been lavished upon the  
cruel thing, and that its very shape has  
become a creative challenge to the jew-  
eler, the artist, and the sculptor. Wom-  
en even wear small instruments of ex-  
ecution strung on necklaces.

And yet, as long as the basic mean-  
ing of the cross is not forgotten, one can  
defend the beauty that artists and  
craftsmen have achieved. What hap-  
pened on the Cross was supremely  
ugly and supremely beautiful. In that  
moment the love of God was revealed  
with a clarity and splendor unequaled  
before or since. Thus the beauty of the  
cross is not a later addition of artists  
and craftsmen.

*The Cross as Symbol and Ornament*  
is a masterpiece of selection and print-  
ing. (See also "For Your Information,"  
page 6.) Here are first the pre-Chris-  
tian crosses, sometimes mere ornaments,  
but often charged with a religious  
meaning, like the Egyptian cross with  
a loop at the top symbolizing life. Then  
follow the crosses of the catacomb days,  
and the later styles that developed in  
various parts of Christendom. There is  
no attempt to give a systematic discus-  
sion of symbolism. Each cross, mag-  
nificently drawn, speaks for itself. Those  
Christians who are eye-minded will find  
a powerful stimulus for their private  
devotions here. Anyone who is planning  
to buy—or make—a cross will do well  
to examine this book first. Mr. Troyer,  
who so completely combines a devout  
spirit and artistic sensitivity, has pro-  
duced a volume that every Christian  
library should include. —CHAD WALSH



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## Book Marks

### Geneva, Garnis

THE PEACEMAKERS by Marquis Childs. 254 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.95.

It is somewhat to be regretted that this novel of diplomacy today appeared so briefly on the best-seller list, then dropped out. For despite its surface of shallow, easy readability and romantic interludes, a perceptive reader will not be diverted from the underlying worth of the story. Set in memory-ridden Geneva, it tells of a twenty-four-hour period in the lives of atom-haunted representatives of four great world powers. In these days of summitry, this behind-the-scenes story of international diplomacy at work can be extremely helpful to our comprehension.

Too, there is a splendidly succinct spelling out of possible national and individual approaches and attitudes, and most important, a detailing of rebuttals only a responsible participant at such meetings would be likely to know. Mr. Childs, a distinguished columnist and Episcopal layman, is to be highly commended for a competent sugar-coating of a pill most of us find difficult to swallow.

### History and Hope

ON THE ROAD TO CHRISTIAN UNITY by Samuel McCrea Cavert. 192 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.75.

With church unity now in the forefront of church and world news, it is imperative that all of us familiarize ourselves with this area of concern. And here is an ideal book for the purpose. Written by Dr. Cavert, who has played important roles in the ecumenical movement for half a century, this extremely readable book acquaints us with the history, the meaning, and the value of the work that has been done, as well as alerting us in an unprejudiced fashion to the problems and dangers inherent in church unity.

**PICTURE CREDITS**—Cover, Walter Miles. P. 11, Religious News Service. P. 12, World Council of Churches. P. 14, Walter Miles. P. 19, David Hirsch. P. 21, Wide World Photo. P. 22, Caution—Episcopal Church photo, Weston—Warman-New York Herald Tribune. P. 23, Episcopal Church photos. P. 24, top—Sickles-Maplewood, N.J., bottom—Sherard Studio, Raleigh, N.C. P. 26, Cole—Capitol Records, Delaney and Marshall—Moss Photo Service, Granger—National Urban League. Pp. 28-37, David Hirsch. P. 38, Bruce Davidson. P. 40, Hall Syndicate, Inc. P. 45, David Hirsch. P. 47, General Dynamics.

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## Days of the Christian Year

### ASH WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7

Ash Wednesday has for fourteen centuries been the beginning of the solemn season of Lent, which is a time of self-examination and penitence in preparation for Easter. A deep principle in Jewish religious custom has always been that for every big day there must be enough time for proper means of preparation. This principle was carried without question into Christianity, a direct inheritance from Judaism. In the case of Lent, this time of preparation was at first only for forty hours preceding Easter Day. Soon it expanded to an entire week, then to thirty days, and in 325, to forty days. But, with the idea of a forty-day period definitely established, there was still some confusion because the Sundays during the period (all Sundays being feast days) could not actually be considered as fast days. But if they were omitted the count was thrown off.

Finally, Gregory the Great, in the latter part of the sixth century, moved the beginning of Lent ahead to the Wednesday before the first Sunday and thus straightened out the inaccurate mathematics of the season. Gregory is also credited with having introduced the ceremony that gives the day its name. In the Roman Catholic Church and in other churches where Catholic tradition is preserved, the faithful will present themselves before the altar and the priest will mark each forehead with a cross of ashes, saying as he makes the mark, "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

When this custom started, the ashes were not given to everyone, but only to the "public penitents"—that is, convicted criminals—who were brought barefoot before the church door. As time went on, however, relatives and friends began to show their humility and their affection for the culprits by joining them and asking to be marked as sinners, too. Finally, the number of these extra, self-condemned penitents grew so large that the administration of ashes was extended to the whole congregation, and the ceremony developed into its present form.

### EMBER DAYS, MARCH 14, 16, 17

Four times a year, at the beginning of each of the natural seasons, come the Ember Days. These are three days of fasting — always Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of the weeks following, respectively, the first Sunday in Lent, the day of Pentecost, September 14, and December 13th. The name Ember is a corruption of the German word *quatember*, which in turn comes from the Latin *Quattor Tempora*, meaning "the four seasons."

The origin of these days is quite obscure and much debated. Some scholars connect them with the old pagan purification rites that always took place at the seasons of planting, harvest, and vintage. The Ember Days have come to be associated, particularly in the Roman Catholic Church, with ordinations to the sacred ministry. Each of the four weeks in which the Ember Days fall is called an Ember Week.

### THE ANNUNCIATION, MARCH 25

All angels and archangels are messengers of God, but the Archangel Gabriel has had the most important assignments given so far to any of the heavenly host. On four occasions he has brought man word of the coming of the Lord. Twice he explained to Daniel the meaning of visions that prophet had had about the Messiah (DANIEL, 8:16-26, 9:11-20). He appeared to Zacharias (LUKE 1:11-20) to tell him about the birth of John the Baptist, who would be the forerunner of the Christ. And, most important of all, he announced to a Hebrew girl that she would, while still a virgin, be the mother of the Lord Jesus.

Saints are customarily honored in the calendar on the day of their death, but since Gabriel never died his day is the one before the day of his fourth and greatest assignment. The name Gabriel means "man of God."

—HOWARD V. HARPER

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# LETTERS

## EPISCOPAL PRISONERS

Here at Portsmouth we have the only Navy prison in the country. It is a large institution, and I have made every effort to minister to Episcopal prisoners there. However, because of the particular nature of the command, I am unable to serve Episcopal prisoners unless they specifically request the ministrations of an Episcopal priest.

Consequently, I ask that any of your readers who might have friends, relatives, acquaintances, or parishioners in this prison report the fact to me and also suggest to the prisoner that he request specific Episcopal ministrations from the prison chaplain, who is a very co-operative person and has agreed to refer any such requests to me.

If such a request is made on the part of a prisoner, I am free to provide the full ministrations of the Church to him.

THE REV. JOHN D. SWANSON  
Rector, Christ Church  
Portsmouth, N.H.

## HOW MANY TREES MAKE A FOREST?

... There was one big oversight in your otherwise interesting questionnaire on the Unity We Seek [February].

You should have asked how many Episcopalians have ever gone to other Episcopal churches than their own parish home church.

Particularly in the larger cities, this can be a positively astounding experience, and bring about a startling recognition that unity already exists.

G. N. E. DAVIDSON  
Boise, Idaho

## CLAIM TO FAME

... In a recent "Worldscene" article you spoke of the Order of St. Luke as an Episcopal organization. Though the Order of St. Luke was founded by an Episcopalian, John Gaynor Banks, it is nondenominational. We embrace all "sorts and conditions of men" into the fold of the Order.

Though I am an Episcopalian, it is through the Order of St. Luke that I am working in a Presbyterian church, and it is also through the Order of St. Luke that I am able to work at all.

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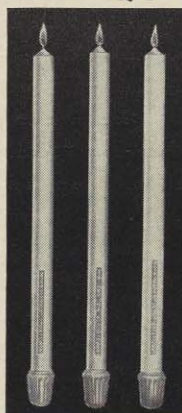
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## CALENDAR

### MARCH

14, 16, 17 Ember Days

26 The Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary

### APRIL

6-8 The Society of the Companions of the Holy Cross, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.

8 Passion Sunday

9-10 First formal meeting to discuss approaches to unity between Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, and United Church of Christ, Washington, D. C.

10-12 Episcopal Churchwomen of Province I, board meeting, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.

15 Palm Sunday

16-18 Meeting National Council Officers, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.

19 Maundy Thursday

20 Good Friday

22 Easter Day

27-30 Board Meeting, General Division of Women's Work, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.

29 National Christian College Day

30 St. Mark the Evangelist

### MAY

1 St. Philip and St. James, Apostles

1-3 Meeting National Council, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.

4 May Fellowship Day for Women

6-13 Christian Family Week

9-11 Meeting Episcopal Church-Women, Province II, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.

13 Mother's Day

13 Episcopal Young Churchman's Sunday



# Inquiry:

a question and answer  
column conducted by  
Henry Thomas Dolan

**Q** Are heresy and apostasy the same thing?

**A** In the case of any particular person, they may happen to be, but the words have different meanings. "Heresy" means a position at variance with a stated, official body of belief, and comes from a root meaning to choose, or make a choice. "Apostasy" means to give up a belief or conviction one previously held, and its roots are words translated as standing off or away from. "Apostate" and "apostle" are cousin words, the difference being only "standing off or away from," and "a person sent off or away from," one passive and decidedly negative, the other intensely active and positive.

**Q** What do the terms "confessional church" and "nonconfessional church" refer to?

**A** The Protestant Reformation was in part characterized by a flowering of formal statements of theology and doctrine, of belief and conviction, which eschewed the title, "Creed," in favor of one of different connotation, the "Confession." The most noteworthy of these statements were the Augsburg Confession (Lutheran) in 1530; the Helvetic Confession (Zwinglian and Lutheran) of 1536; the Second Helvetic Confession (Zwinglian and Lutheran) of 1536; the Second Helvetic Confession (Calvinist and Lutheran) in 1566; and two of the Reformed Church of Scotland: the Scottish Confession, 1560, and the Westminster Confession, 1647.

A church tracing its doctrine to one of these pronouncements, historically, would call itself a "confessional church," as distinguished from one not pointing to such authority.

These terms do *not*, in any sense, mean adherence to or departure from the practice of a penitent's confessing his sins, whether by private auricular confession to a priest, or generally, to his Heavenly Father, in public worship.

## I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

Mrs. Edmond, the director of the Home, crowded the child in and named her Prem Leila, meaning kindness or love, because she was saved by a man's pity and kindness. Not only in India, but in a number of countries in which CCF assists children, there are so many thin, sickly, little tots deserted by desperate mothers who rather than continually witnessing their hunger desert them, hoping someone who can, will feed them. While so many of us in America are overfed, half the children in the world go to bed hungry every night. Such children can be helped by any gift or "adopted" and cared for in CCF Homes. The cost to "adopt" a child is the same in all countries listed below—\$10.00 a month.

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Prem Leila

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At the request of the Lambeth Conference, 1948, the Anglican Cycle of Prayer was prepared, "that the spiritual bond of prayer might be more widely extended between the dioceses of the Anglican Communion throughout the world." Each day the Church's work in a particular place is singled out to be remembered in the prayers of the Church throughout the world. The prayer cycle lends itself to parish, organization, or private prayer. It is commended to you by the bishops meeting at Lambeth in 1958.

### APRIL

#### Dioceses of the Anglican Communion

- 1 **Colorado, U.S.A.:** Joseph Summerville Minnis, *Bishop*; Edwin B. Thayer, *Suffragan*.
- 2 **Connecticut, U.S.A.:** Walter Henry Gray, *Bishop*; John H. Esquirol, *Suffragan*; Joseph Warren Hutchens, *Suffragan*.
- 3 **Connor, Ireland:** Robert Cyril Hamilton Glover Elliot, *Bishop*.
- 4 **Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, Ireland:** Richard Gordon Perdue, *Bishop*.
- 5 **Coventry, England:** Cuthbert Killick Norman Bardsley, *Bishop*; John David McKie, *Assistant Bishop*.
- 6 **Cuba:** Romualdo Gonzalez-Agueros, *Bishop*.
- 7 **Dacca, East Pakistan:** James Douglas Blair, *Bishop*.
- 8 **Dallas, U.S.A.:** Charles Avery Mason, *Bishop*; John Joseph Meakin Harte, *Suffragan*.
- 9 **Damaraland, Southwest Africa:** Robert Herbert Mize, *Bishop*.
- 10 **Delaware, U.S.A.:** J. Brooke Mosley, *Bishop*.
- 11 **Delhi, India:** Frederick Robert Willis, *Bishop*.
- 12 **Derby, England:** Geoffrey Francis Allen, *Bishop*; George Sinker, *Assistant Bishop*.
- 13 **Derry and Raphoe, Ireland:** Charles John Tyndall, *Bishop*.
- 14 **Dominican Republic:** Paul Axtell Kellogg, *Bishop*.
- 15 **Down and Dromore, Ireland:** Frederick Julian Mitchell, *Bishop*.
- 16 **Dublin and Glendalough and Kildare, Ireland:** George Otto Simms, *Archbishop*.
- 17 **Dunedin, New Zealand:** Allen Howard Johnston, *Bishop*.
- 18 **Durham, England:** Maurice Henry Harland, *Bishop*; Mervyn Armstrong (Jarrow), *Bishop*.
- 19 **East Carolina, U.S.A.:** Thomas Henry Wright, *Bishop*.
- 20 **The Orthodox and Ancient Eastern Churches, and the Old Catholic Church:** *Patriarchs and Ruling Bishops*.
- 21 **Eastern Oregon, U.S.A.:** Lane Wickham Barton, *Bishop*.
- 22 **The Church of Rome:** Pope John XXIII, *Supreme Pontiff*.
- 23 **Eastern Szechwan, China:** Fu-chu Tsai, *Bishop*.
- 24 **Easton, U.S.A.:** Allen Jerome Miller, *Bishop*.
- 25 **Eau Claire, U.S.A.:** William W. Horstick, *Bishop*.
- 26 **Edinburgh, Scotland:** Kenneth Moir Carey, *Bishop*.
- 27 **Edmonton, Canada:** William Gerald Burch, *Bishop*.
- 28 **Egypt and Libya:** Vacant.
- 29 **Ely, England:** Noel Baring Hudson, *Bishop*; Gordon John Walsh, *Assistant Bishop*.
- 30 **ERIE, U.S.A.:** William Crittenden, *Bishop*.

THE EPISCOPALIAN will publish the Cycle of Prayer for each month throughout the year.

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# Where Mud and Sky Meet

TALK ABOUT cave fever—well, you don't have to live in a cave to have it, that's sure. Any house will give it to you, after weeks of winter. The furnace has been on too long, the doors have stayed shut too long, the African violets have almost quit trying to put freshness into the air, the windows seem worn thin from being looked through. This house is tired of me, and I'm tired of it.

I'm going for a walk.

But it's no better outdoors. The air is so full of gasoline and trash-fire smells that it's almost too heavy to breathe. And the whole town is winter-worn—sidewalks cracked, holes in the road, branches ice-torn off the trees, leaves in soggy piles in the gutters. Everywhere you turn, indoors and out, something speaks to the housekeeper's conscience.

That brook, for instance. What it needs is a good vacuum cleaning. Two inches of sluggish, soupy water, barely moving over an anthology of debris—muck, an old shoe, a tire (where does this stuff come from?), more of last year's old worn-out leaves. When you see something like this, you really know what the world is made of: dirt and water—mud. It's depressing.

But look! In the brook—behind it—there's height, a blue height patterned with white, and with delicate, swaying dark lines drawn through it. Suddenly this mess of muck and water is mirror for a spring sky, with fresh clouds moving through it, and winter-bare branches blown by a south wind.

It's all a matter of focus. By a trick of the eye I can do it. One minute, mud and old shoes; the next, high skies and bright air. It's the same spot being looked at; the same two eyes are looking: but here are two worlds, depending on how my eyes adjust themselves.

Back and forth, mud and sky—it makes a good game. Back and forth. But here's a strange thing: now that I know they are both there, they no longer blot each other out. The more I look, the more I see both at once. If I focus on sky, the muddy brook bed is there behind it. If I focus on mud, the sky is blue beyond it.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote two versions of his most famous couplet. The first draft read:

*The world is so big, and I am so small,  
I'm sure I don't like it at all, a tall.*

And the second, the one we know, went like this:

*The word is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.*

He must have had an experience like mine here at the brook, with the whole world looking first one way and then the other. But what I want to know is, did he ever see the two together? Did they ever blend—no, not blend, but become true simultaneously, as the mud and the sky do here, now, for me?

What happens when the whole world looks like this—when the mud of it and the sky of it become true simultaneously? And can be seen simultaneously? What happens when what is beyond it and above it becomes visible right spang in the middle of the muddiest parts of it?

Is this what the saints see? We think of them as trudging along through the mud, with their eyes undeviatingly fixed on the sky; but what if they see both in one, as I do here, happily, in this brook for this moment? What if they see it constantly, everywhere they look?

If they do, then perhaps Jesus can say to them what He said to the disciples: "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are your eyes, for they see. . . . For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them" (MATT. 13:11, 16-17). They can see the secret of the Kingdom—good and bad growing together in it until the harvest; the invisible yeast acting on the lump of dough; the great bush contained in the tiny seed. They know that the world we see is part of the Kingdom, and the Kingdom of it, the one visible by means of the other. Like the second-century compilers of the newly discovered *Gospel of Thomas*, they know that "the kingdom of the Father is spread upon the earth and men do not see it."

May we, too, come to see it. —MARY MORRISON



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## Know Your Diocese

ONE OF THE great, historic jurisdictions of the Church, the geographically small Diocese of Pennsylvania has enjoyed steady growth over the past ten years and is looking forward to the establishment of new missions in the future. There are 88,140 communicants (120,448 baptized persons) being served by 312 clergy and 401 lay readers in the 202 parishes and missions of the 2,182-square-mile area. This represents a 10-year gain of about 10,000 communicants, 20,000 baptized persons, 5 parishes and missions, 37 clergy, and 218 lay readers.

The diocese maintains six homes and counseling centers for children, and a special family counseling service which handles problems of all age groups. Chaplaincy service to prisons and hospitals is provided through a special agency, while the Galilee Mission offers shelter and employment aid to men. Nineteen Church-related schools, two settlement houses, six institutions for the care of the aged, a seaman's institute, and a hospital for the treatment of chronic diseases round out a partial listing of the diocese's community-minded pursuits.

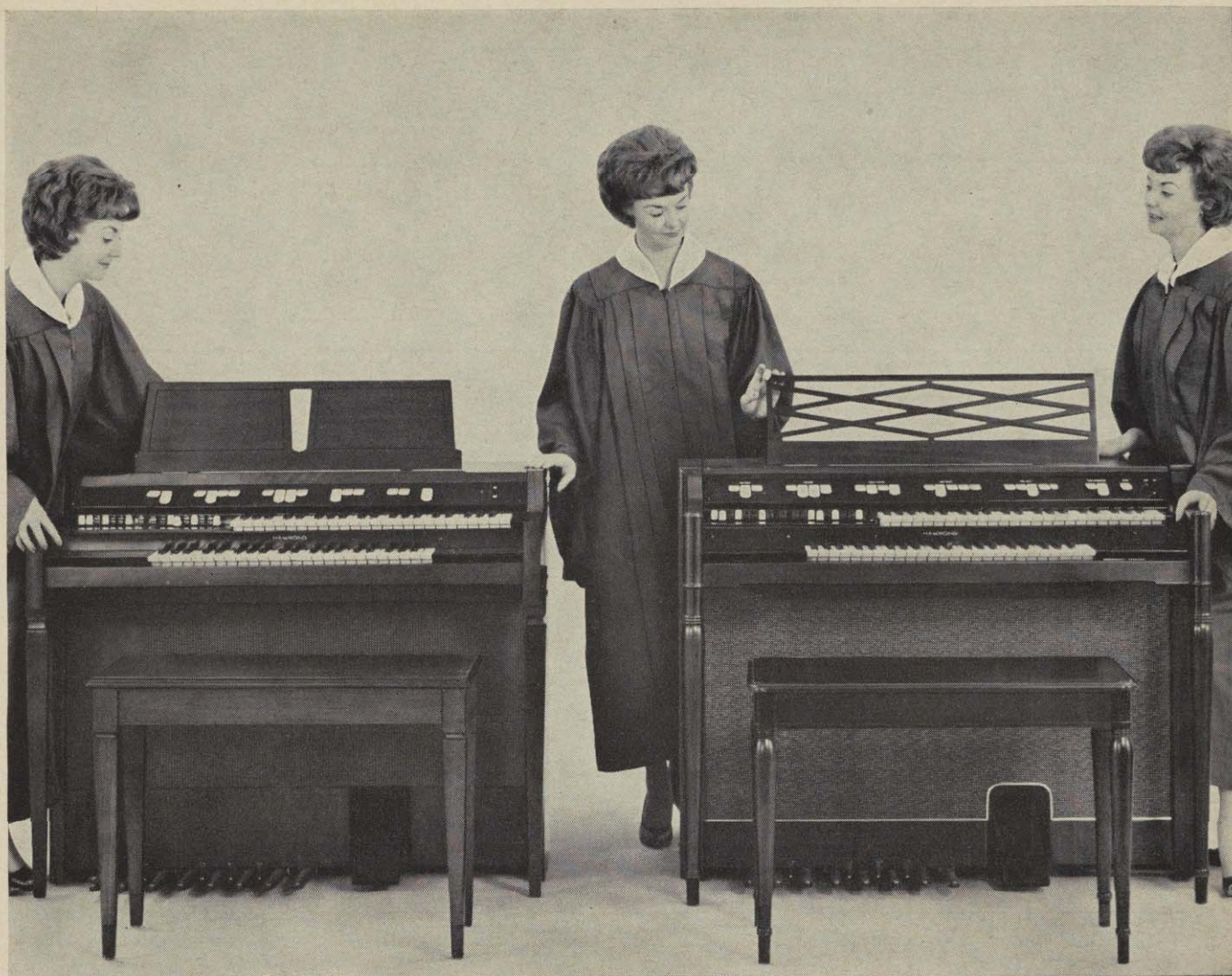
The Diocese of Pennsylvania was launched at a three-day convention which started on May 24, 1784, with seventeen churches represented. The Rt. Rev. William White was consecrated in England as first bishop in 1787. He was Presiding Bishop of the whole Church from 1789 until his death in 1836. In 1865 the first division of the diocese took place, with only that portion of the state east of the Allegheny Mountains remaining as the Diocese of Pennsylvania. In 1871 a further division was made, leaving the diocese containing only the five counties of Philadelphia, Bucks, Montgomery, Delaware, and Chester.

*Born in York, S.C., and educated at Hobart College, Geneva, N.Y., General Theological Seminary, and Union Theological Seminary in New York City, the Rt. Rev. Oliver James Hart is the tenth Bishop of Pennsylvania. He was ordained a deacon in 1916 and priest a year later. He served at St. Michael's, Charleston, S.C.; Christ Church, Macon, Ga.; St. Paul's Chattanooga, Tenn.; St. John's, Washington, D.C., and Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.*

*In 1942 Dr. Hart was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania, and became Diocesan Bishop in 1943. He has been a trustee of the Church Pension Fund since 1940, and a member of the Army and Navy Commission since 1946, the first four years as chairman. He was chaplain with the rank of first lieutenant with the A.E.F. in 1918-19, and a captain with the Army in 1941-42. Formerly Chaplain General of the Military Order of World Wars in 1950-51, he is at present Chaplain General of the Society of the Cincinnati and Chaplain General of the Sons of the Revolution. Bishop Hart and his wife, the former Mary McBee Mikell, have one son.*







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