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the EPISCOPALIAN

APRIL 1962

2nd Anniversary Issue

One Hour from Tyranny

The Menace of Communism

The Layman: Lackey or Leader?

CHRIST RETURNS TO JERUSALEM WITH THE DISCIPLES



One Great Hour of Sharing



One Hour from

HELIA PICO stood on the concrete runway, wind from idling propellers blowing dust around her ankles. Stretching up the side of the airport's control tower, a series of large letters spelled "Welcome To Miami." Señora Pico picked up her small suitcase and headed for the immigration center. "I wonder if I really am welcome," she thought.

One air hour behind her was the island of Cuba, 730 miles long and from 50 to 160 miles wide; its chief exports: sugar, tobacco, and refugees. Since Christopher Columbus discovered the island in 1492, it has known every sort of tyrant from the sophisticated Spanish grandee to the barely articulate thug. But none ever has caused such a large-scale flight of Cuban men and women as has Premier Fidel Castro and his Communist-dominated government.

To date, some 100,000 of the Caribbean nation's 6,743,000 population have escaped by airplane, motor launch, and fishing boat to the U.S.A. Most of them, like Helia Pico, have flown across the ninety-mile-wide Strait of Florida from Havana to Miami. The one plane that makes the trip every afternoon never has an empty seat.

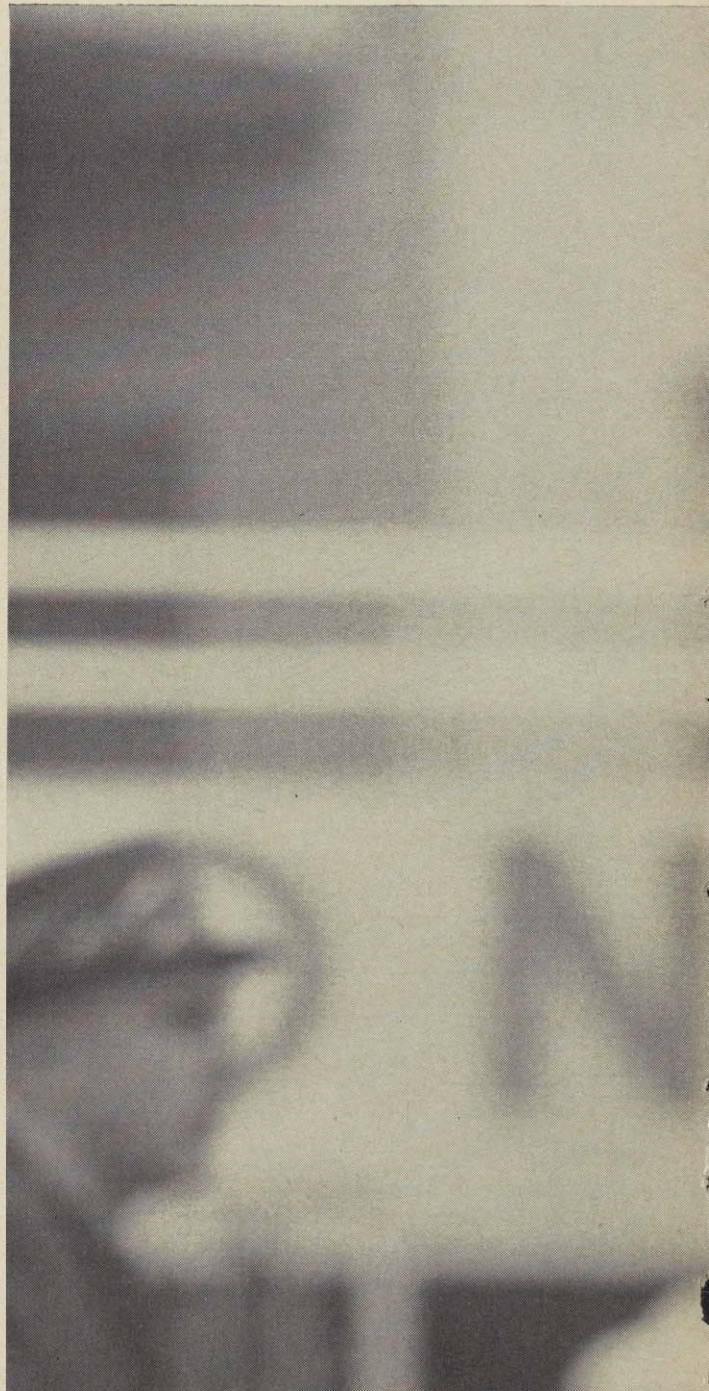
After being processed by federal immigration authorities, Señora Pico boarded a bus. Sitting by the window, she thought of her husband and two young sons left in Cuba. Because she was proficient in English, she had come ahead to try to find a job and send for them later.

Unlike other Iron Curtain nations, Cuban Communists do not object to these departures. This is partly because the twenty-five-dollar fee paid by each immigrant bolsters the sagging government treasury, and partly because in their view it rids them of a potential obstructionist without the bother of a bullet.

There is one stipulation, however. All possessions of the refugees except for a few clothes and personal items become the property of the government. Since many of those leaving are well-educated and professional people, this means the loss of family homes and prosperous businesses.

As the bus passed through a neighborhood of comfortable dwellings, well-clipped lawns, and children playing along the sidewalks, Helia Pico's eyes clouded over. It looked just like her own neighborhood in the suburbs of

Each day at Miami International Airport many weary



by Thomas LaBar
photos by David Hirsch

Tyranny

**A special report on the continuing
Cuban refugee crisis**

Cuban refugees wait anxiously. Some women leave Havana first and nervously mark time until husbands arrive in the U.S.

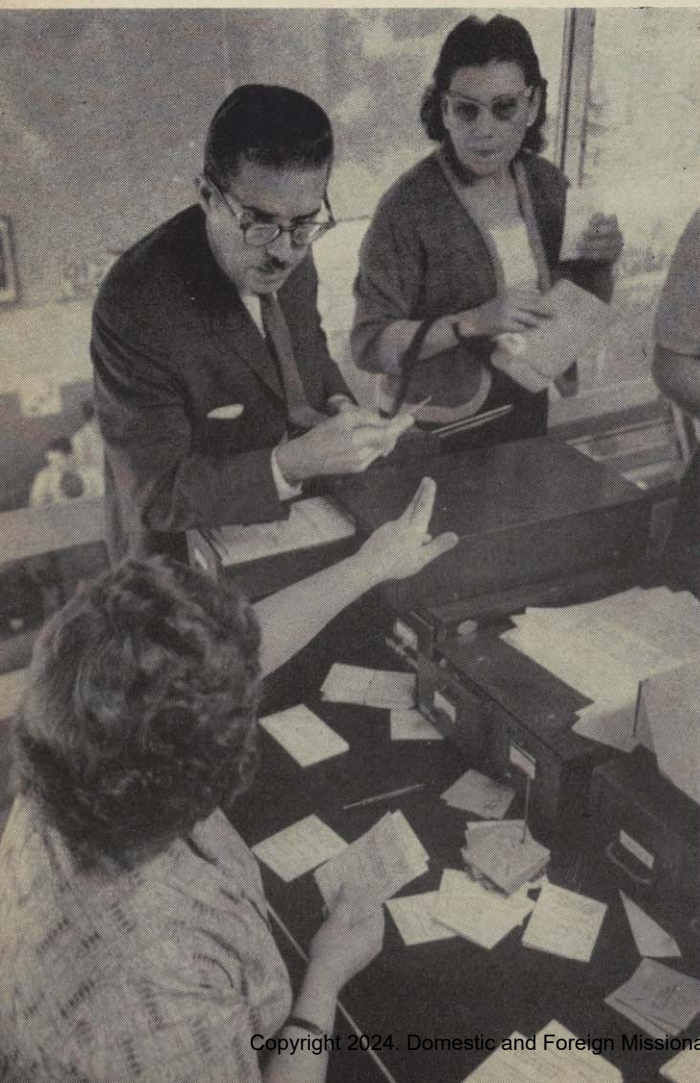




The day after their arrival, all refugees must go to the Cuban Refugee Emergency Center, which houses both the governmental and religious organizations which assist the Cubans. Church World Service and other groups help them find such immediate necessities of life as housing and jobs.

In the medical part of the Cuban Refugee Center everyone receives a certificate of immunization to be filled out . . .

. . . after they receive the appropriate vaccination shot in the arm given by U.S. Government attendants on duty.



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ONE HOUR FROM TYRANNY

Havana. "Did I do the right thing in coming?" she wondered. "Will I ever see my family again? How will I live in this strange, unfamiliar place?" She reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a scrap of paper bearing the address of friends with whom she could spend the night.

Before eight the next morning she was standing in a long line of her fellow refugees that stretched around three sides of a shabby two-story building in downtown Miami. The Cuban Refugee Emergency Center is the focal point for all Cuban refugees in Miami. Housed within are the offices of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and four nongovernmental voluntary agencies: Protestant Latin American Emergency Committee, affiliated with Church World Service; United Hias Service, Inc., the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, co-operating with the Greater Miami Jewish Federation; Catholic Relief Services, an activity of the National Roman Catholic Welfare Conference; and International Rescue Committee, a nonsectarian agency.

X-rays and Red Tape

Señora Pico and her fellow refugees began to move slowly into the building. First they visited the federal offices. There they received several immunization shots, chest X-rays, and the papers necessary to live and work in the United States. They also signed up for monthly financial assistance checks, ranging from a maximum of \$100 per family to \$60 for individuals, and a weekly allowance of food consisting mostly of black beans, rice, canned fruits and vegetables, evaporated milk, and coffee. The amount of aid offered the Cubans by the federal government is based on the scale for any unemployed person in the Florida area.

Concluding their interviews with federal officials, the refugees were offered the choice of further assistance at any of the four voluntary agencies. Señora Pico, a communicant of the Episcopal Church, elected to visit the Church World Service agency.

Out of the 42,497 Cuban families, representing some 85,000 persons, who have streamed through the Emergency Center since the beginning of the crisis, Church World Service has helped more than 2,500 of the families with advice, general orientation to this country, help in finding employment, aid in locating a place to live, and assistance in getting relatives out of Cuba.

During the year 1961, the Protestant Latin American Emergency Committee expended well over \$60,000 in helping the Cubans. This figure does not take into account the dollar value of contributed goods, personnel, and services which would, if calculated, at least double the amount. As of February, 1961, the Episcopal Church—one of fifteen participating groups—contributed \$8,000, placing it third in sums given. The Southern Baptists gave \$10,000, and the Methodists, \$9,000.

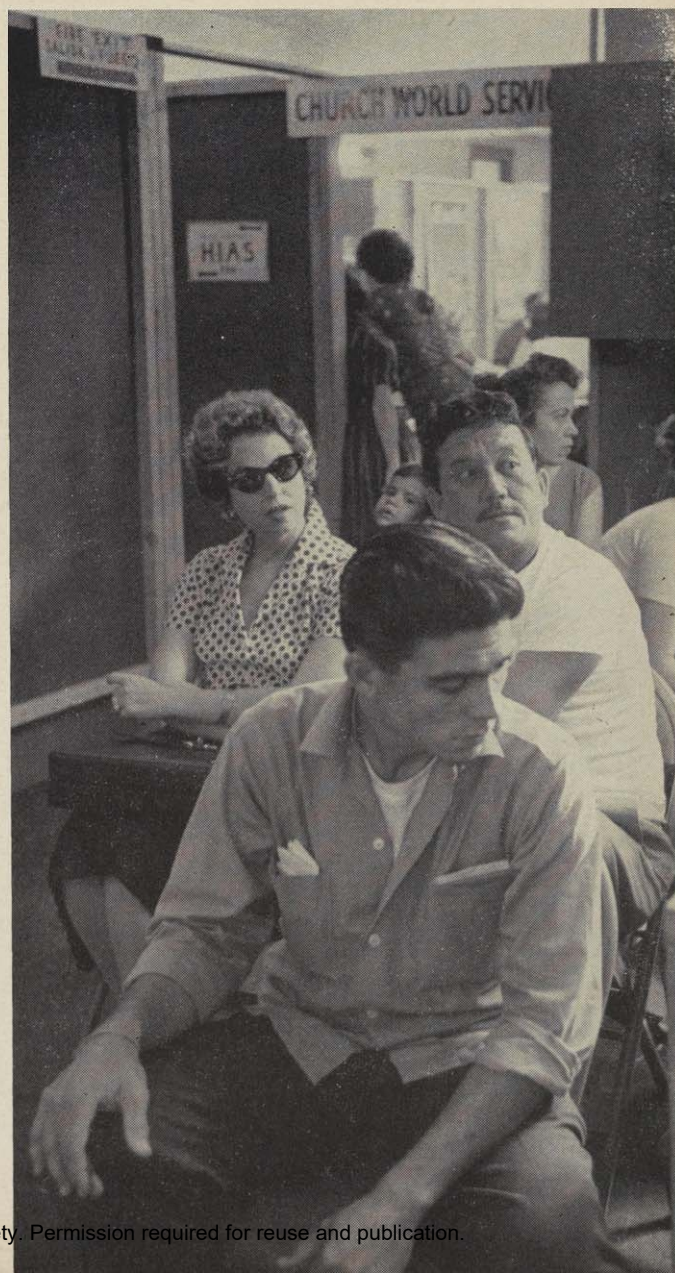
This does not include aid from the Diocese of South Florida, which has been doing an outstanding job.

Recognition of this came at the last quarterly meeting of the Episcopal Church's National Council in Greenwich, Connecticut, when a special grant of \$9,000 for use in 1962 was allowed to assist the Diocese of South Florida in its task of aiding the Cuban refugees. In addition, the Council instructed its Home Department to make Cuban refugees a regular part of its program for 1963 and 1964.

Currently representing the Episcopal Church on the Emergency Committee is Miss Eleanor Clancy. Miss Clancy spent thirty-one years of her life as a teacher and principal of an Episcopal high school in Guantanamo, Cuba. Stubbornly refusing to leave her post until literally forced out by Castro's men, she was the last Christian missionary to leave Cuba. The ultimate solution to the refugee problem, believes Miss Clancy, is resettlement in other, less crowded parts of the U.S.A. where the Cubans can begin life anew.

Señora Pico's first concern was finding a job. She had

After the refugees finish with government forms and shots, they then go to one of the religious service organizations located in the Cuban Refugee Center where these displaced persons wait outside the offices of Church World Service.





A representative of the Episcopal Church with Church World Service, Miss Eleanor Clancy was forced to leave Cuba where

she was principal of an Episcopal high school. Here she is helping with the records and paper work of placing refugees.



From Church World Service, the Cuban Episcopalian may visit the Episcopal Latin American Center, where he or she is likely to be handed shoes or clothing by Mrs. Carmen Ibanez, the center's social worker who left Cuba several years ago.

ONE HOUR FROM TYRANNY

been a school teacher in Havana, and hoped to get a similar position in Miami. Through the efforts of Church World Service she soon found a place in a nearby high school, teaching Spanish.

Next Stop: Friendship

She also found something else which proved equally important later on. Under the auspices of the Diocese of South Florida a new Episcopal Latin American Center had been established. Church World Service suggested that she make this center her next stop. She was glad that she did, for there she found warmth, friendship, and day-to-day help that erased all her earlier fears of entering a new land.

First to greet her was the Rev. Max Salvador, himself a Cuban and a priest of the Episcopal Church, who was forced to leave his Havana parish after preaching a series of strong sermons attacking the Communist philosophy.

Under his direction, the center offers a number of



An important part of the Episcopal Latin American Center's activities is the English lessons for Spanish-speaking refugees.

These are taught by the many Episcopal laymen and women from the Miami area who volunteer their services.

services. Foremost among these is the chapel where Episcopal services are held in the Spanish language. Others include a small stock of canned goods, a garage full of used clothing, and a pile of blankets contributed by the area's Episcopal lay women. Last but not least is a pot of thick, sweet Cuban coffee perpetually simmering on the back of the kitchen stove, its heady aroma beckoning one and all to a spot of refreshment and a bit of conversation.

Assisting Father Salvador is Mrs. Carmen Ibanez, a lay woman and social worker who was born in Cuba but became a U.S. citizen a number of years ago. She brings her considerable creative and organizational skills, gained while running an exclusive dress shop in Miami Beach, to her job. Mrs. Ibanez cuts red tape when necessary, and occasionally uses the telephone with the effectiveness of a blunt instrument on behalf of Cubans looking for work.

Despite the growing usefulness of the center, Father Salvador feels that a number of problems have not been solved. The allowance received from the federal government, although greatly appreciated, is barely enough in the high-cost Miami area to pay rent. Adequate food and clothing are serious problems for the refugees, as is transportation. During the unusual cold weather last winter, the warm-blooded Cubans suffered for lack of blankets.



The faces of the congregation at the Episcopal Center show rapt attention as in this one framed in a lace mantilla.



Señora Pico, above holds her young son as her family is reunited in Miami with the help of fellow Episcopalians.

ONE HOUR FROM TYRANNY

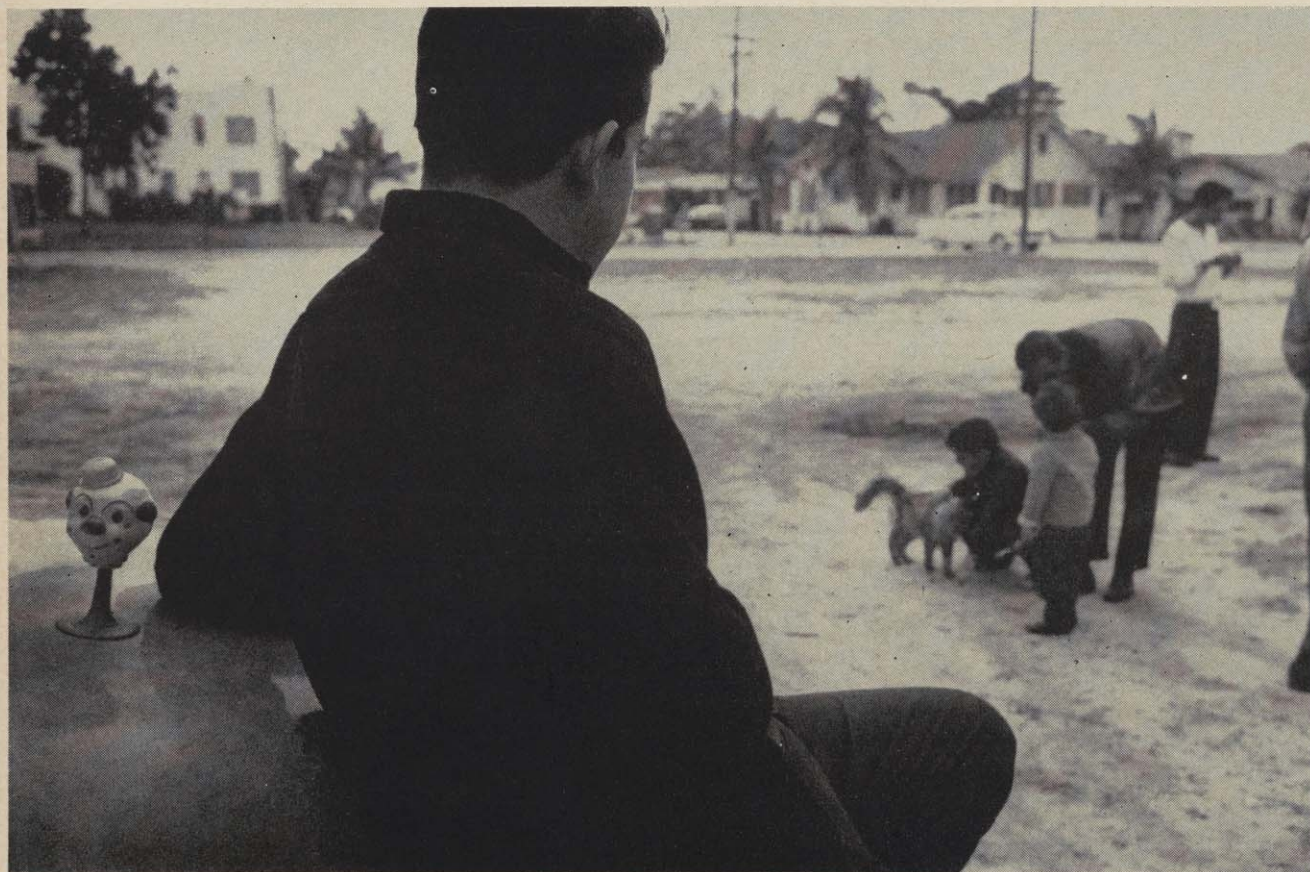
The Cuban clergyman, besides counting heavily on the checks sent to him directly, and those arriving through the Presiding Bishop's Fund, which he uses for food and other supplies, has hit on an inventive scheme to solve the center's transportation problem. He plans to launch a drive among the Episcopal women of the nation asking them to save the green stamps they get at their local markets and send them to him. When he has accumulated enough he can trade the stamps in for a new Volkswagen bus.

Perhaps the best way to describe the work of the Centro Episcopal Latino is to quote the Rev. A. Rees Hay, executive director of the Diocese of South Florida's Christian social relations department, and a driving force behind the Cuban refugee effort. Canon Hay said in a speech before the Church's General Convention in Detroit last September: "We are so accustomed to having secular agencies deal with such problems that it is difficult to realize that only the Church can bring to these people the kind of help they need. The Church can provide a community of love which breaks down the fears, mistrusts, and anxieties of these people."

Certainly this was the case for Helia Pico. Within a few months of her arrival she had found a four-room bungalow. Shortly after, with the help of her fellow Episcopalians, she was able to bring her two sons, ages

While many of the Cuban refugee's problems are solved, there is still an emptiness along with hope for a new

life here. They leave very much of value behind, but they have lost to communism a country that they love.



five and two, over from Cuba. Next came her husband, and finally, her mother.

Besides the Picos, scores of other Cuban families look upon the Church World Service and the Episcopal Center as turning points in their lives. Eloy Lopez and his wife Adelfa feared for the life of their infant son, so scarce had milk become in Cuba. Señor Lopez had started life as a taxi driver in Havana. He had worked hard and bought his own cab and then other cabs, until he had a fleet of taxis operating under his direction. He gave this all up to fight with Fidel Castro in the Sierra Maestra for what he thought was the freedom of his nation. After victory he became an official in the Castro government. As Dr. Castro's Communist tendencies grew more and more apparent, Señor Lopez became disillusioned. When the health of his boy was also threatened, he and his family escaped. Now he is working temporarily as the superintendent of a Miami apartment and is hopeful that his son will grow up well and free.

Another example is the Castaneda family. Rogelio Castaneda owned and operated a successful television repair business in Santa Clara, a city of some 120,000 population in the center of the island. Faithful Episcopalians, Rogelio and his wife, Rodalia, became alarmed when they realized their three little girls—Sonia, aged nine; Carmen, six; and Maria, five—were becoming indoctrinated with Communist ideology at school. They came to Miami, where Rogelio found work as an assistant in a small television repair shop. A few months later the owner announced that he wished to retire and offered to sell his business to Señor Castaneda for a certain amount down and the rest in monthly payments. Although the Castanedas were without resources other than Rogelio's small salary, they managed to save an amount just a few hundred dollars short of the sum required for the down payment. The Episcopal Latin American Center lent them the difference, and now, within less than a year of his arrival in the U.S.A., Rogelio Castaneda is doing a brisk business in the Miami suburbs.

Crowds under the Sun

For most of the Cubans, however, the picture is not so bright. Before the trouble in Cuba, the Miami area was already crowded with sun-seeking citizens of the U.S.A. With thousands of refugees swarming into Southern Florida, jobs are scarce. Cuban physicians are mowing lawns, Cuban professors are emptying garbage cans, and Cuban lawyers are working as short-order cooks.

When Helia Pico had gathered the last member of her family around her in Miami, she thought her troubles were over. But this was not to be the case. For weeks, José Pico, a certified public accountant, trudged the streets in search of a job. After a while it became clear that there were no openings in the city. At this point the Picos sat down around the family dinner table and made a decision. They would take the advice of Church World Service and the Episcopal Center and apply for relocation in another part of the United States.

It was not an easy decision to reach. For the Pico family as for most of the other Cubans, Miami offered a certain sense of security. But the Picos chose to leave in search of a new life.

More than 7,000 Cuban refugees have been resettled throughout the U.S.A. at last count. A majority of them have gone to smaller communities in Florida, but considerable numbers have found new homes as far north as Massachusetts and as far west as California. Of this total, 1,448 have been resettled through Church World Service, 660 of this figure by the direct efforts of the Episcopal Church.

Breaking the Language Barrier

José Pico made another decision for himself. If he was to take his family to another part of the country, he would first have to learn English.

Realizing that language was the Cuban's foremost barrier to obtaining good jobs and otherwise adjusting to the U.S., Father Salvador had for some time been planning to start classes in English. But his funds had been too low and the number of Cubans too high to hire professional instructors proficient in both tongues. The Church came to his rescue with illustrated textbooks making it possible for amateurs speaking only English to teach students speaking only Spanish. Thus began a unique example of Christian witness among the laity of South Florida.

A call went out from Episcopal pulpits all over the greater Miami area. Before the week was out, Father Salvador had more volunteers than he could use. As the program has developed, however, he has been able to use all who want to help. More than 200 Cubans are currently being taught by a hundred Miami Episcopalians who devote three hours of their time one day a week. Thus, between them, the men and women provide enough manpower for three-hour sessions each day for five days a week. The students attend one three-hour session each day, having a different teacher each time.

The inability of both teacher and student to communicate at first acts not as a deterrent but as a stimulant to learning. With the illustrated textbooks as their bridge, the teachers and the pupils have been making rapid progress. So successful has the program been, that other churches in the area are inquiring into the project with the intention of copying it.

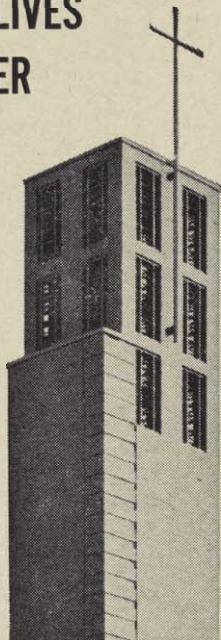
Word came concerning the Picos' relocation one evening as José was leaving for English class. Omaha, Nebraska, had an accountant's job waiting for him. A local Presbyterian church there was preparing a home for the Picos, and a teaching job for Helia could be found.

"What sort of a place is O-maa-ha?" asked Señor Pico of his teacher when he sat down at the long table with the rest of the class.

"It is a city near the heart of the country," answered the teacher.

"In the heart," said Señor Pico. "I think I shall like this O-maa-ha."

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION

* * * * *

THE COVER shows Christ and some of His followers returning to Jerusalem on the day that we now call Palm Sunday. For more about the days which follow Palm Sunday, see page 59. The cover picture itself comes from Chartres, France. It is a section of one of the great stained-glass windows produced in the twelfth century for Chartres Cathedral.

AS THE CHURCH moves into the solemn season of Lent and looks forward to Easter, many concerns are on the minds of Christians everywhere. Our responsibilities in a world of tension are discussed graphically in "One Hour from Tyranny," by Thomas LaBar and David Hirsch, page 2, and in the editorial and article on communism, pages 14 and 15.

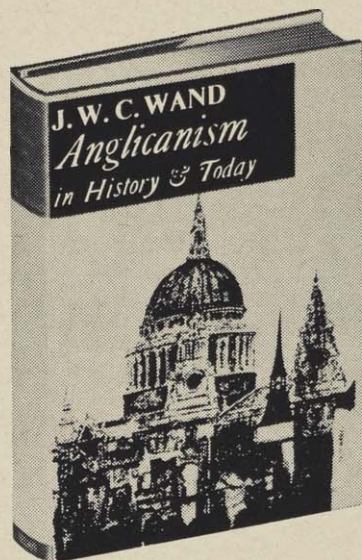
THEODORE O. WEDEL looks at the role of the laity on page 22, as does George Edmund Reindorp on page 25. Dr. Wedel is the past president of the House of Deputies. Dr. Reindorp is Anglican Bishop of Guildford, England. The laity in action—but quietly—is the subject of "Retreat to Reality," page 28, by contributing editor Elizabeth Bussing.

THE CONCLUSION of N. W. Clerk's classic, "A Grief Observed," page 38, and the Presiding Bishop's words on Easter, page 33, bring us beyond Lent. Bishop Lichtenberger also appears in action on pages 34 and 46.

"WORDS FOR TODAY," page 20, are culled from articles which have appeared in THE EPISCOPALIAN during the past year. A brief report to you, our family of readers, about this past year, is on page 36. *Continued on page 60*

PICTURE CREDITS—Cover, *Presbyterian Life*, Pp. 2-8, David Hirsch. Pp. 20-21, David Hirsch. P. 25, Patrick Benjafield. Pp. 28-32, Proctor Jones, San Francisco. P. 46, Episcopal Church Photo. P. 55, United Artists Corp. P. 62, Nadia, Memphis, Tenn.

*A study-in-depth by
a former Bishop of London*



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continuing
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 The Spirit of Missions

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LETTERS



THE BELLS OF JERUSALEM

and of Bethlehem and Nazareth: Hear them on the spot. Take a boat on the Sea of Galilee: go down to Jericho: kneel in Gethsemane: follow the Master's steps along the Via Dolorosa. This and much besides is included in the wonderful Church Illustrated and Anglican World Pilgrimages flying from England to the Holy Land July 2nd, July 16th and August 27. Overnight stop in Athens and full 17 days' itinerary in Israel and Jordan. Good hotels throughout and expert leaders—everything to make this the journey of a lifetime at incredibly low cost. Inclusive price (London to London) \$325 (if required we can also arrange your transatlantic flight and quote for tours in Britain and Europe to fit in with Pilgrimage dates).

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THE 1962 ANNUAL

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Come along for a delightful adventure in good fellowship, thrilling scenery and peaceful, restful voyaging in cool, far-northern waters on the annual fun-loving Alaskan Cruise for Episcopalians, leaving Chicago June 28. For the past ten summers these tours to Alaska have been operated for members of the Episcopal Church, and each time a wonderful group of congenial people, who enjoy friendly travel together, assembled for the trip.

Sailing aboard Canadian Pacific's S. S. "Princess Louise" the cruise includes Ketchikan, Juneau, Mendenhall Glacier, Wrangell, Skagway, Lake Bennett and Carcross in Alaska and the Yukon. The scenic American Rockies, Rainier National Park, the Pacific Northwest high-lighted by SEATTLE'S WORLD FAIR, Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise and Banff are included in the trip—altogether a marvelous escorted tour with the best company of fellow travelers imaginable.

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TWO FOR THE SEESAW

If there is a tendency on the part of THE EPISCOPALIAN to be "high church," hurrah. If there is a like tendency to be "low church," hurrah again. As long as there is a tendency to further Christ's Church.

JACKSON C. M. GOOLSBY
Bellaire, Mich.

It is refreshing to see how admirably you recognize the "low church" and the Anglo-Catholic points of view in THE EPISCOPALIAN.

WALTER C. COSWELL
Andover, Mass.

POINT WELL TAKEN

"The Turning Point," in your February issue, is very good. One small revision would make it perfect. "They seek Him. And like Paul Thompson, they find Him, despite their friends and relatives." I would add also, "despite themselves."

ROGER PICKERING
Berkeley, Calif.

"The Turning Point," by John D. Gardner, seems to me to reflect false attitudes. A grown man cannot consult with four parents and gain their approval before making an important decision. But a wife is different. She is definitely entitled to it. With certain understandings and prospects she has committed to him herself, her children, her future. The terms may not be changed arbitrarily without giving her a chance to agree to it.

In fact, such a program without her willing co-operation . . . might easily have emotional repercussions on the man himself which would preclude his success, especially if he looks upon his support as "charity from congregations."

ALICE S. WOODHULL
Buffalo, N.Y.

THE HIGH COST OF UNITY

Cheers for the comments of Dr. Kean on unity in the February issue. I have a family background which includes both Baptists and Presbyterians. And during my college days, before becoming an Episcopalian, I attended services at a Methodist church.

But this was before discovering what a liturgical worship service was and be-

fore discovering the Book of Common Prayer.

Now my church and my faith mean more to me than ever before, and what I have found in the Episcopal Church, I am certainly going to be mighty reluctant to give up—even for unity's sake.

BOB WILSON
Fayetteville, N.C.

RIGHT DIRECTION, WRONG DIOCESE

Congratulations upon your announcement in the February issue that you were moving your office to Philadelphia. That's a short step in the right direction—West.

You probably will get a number of letters in response to the announcement on page 36 that Mrs. Harper Sibley is of the Diocese of Western New York. So far as I know she has long lived in Rochester and that is the see city of a great diocese bearing its name.

JOSEPH M. HARTE
Suffragan Bishop
Dallas, Tex.

You are so right.—ED.

UPLIFT OR DOWNBEAT? (HOT SWATS AT COOL CATS)

Those persons who have occasionally criticized our Episcopal Church for intellectual snobbery would find ample justification for their opinions on page 37 of the February issue of THE EPISCOPALIAN. On this page, some of the best-loved hymns of Christianity are derided as being "sweet and sticky."

It would be far more beneficial for the average Episcopalian to be exposed to gospel hymns and songs, rather than jazz, if embarrassment is good for the soul, as Dr. Elmore states.

in the next issue of
the **EPISCOPALIAN**

- The Church Grows Up
- Children's Litany
- The Workings of Communism
- What's with It This Summer?

Jazz is not, as Dr. Wade assures us, "a total assault upon the stereotypes and pious taboos of a sick culture." Jazz has largely evolved during the period of the sickening of our culture. According to the Encyclopedia Americana, "From about 1912, jazz (hot) began to migrate from its birthplace in the red-light district of New Orleans, and was carried northward" I am not certain of the nativity of jazz (sweet), but probably the circumstances surrounding its birth are equally unimpressive.

Nor is "To swing, to affirm," as suggested by Dr. Wade. To swing is merely to conform in the America of 1962.

The function of church music is to uplift spiritually, and whatever hymns, songs, or other music causes congregations to be spiritually moved should be used.

Some modern composers ridicule the old favorite hymns and attempt to make us feel ashamed and reactionary for enjoying them. These gentlemen may be assured that whenever their compositions become as genuinely inspiring as are the old favorites, their works will be equally accepted. Meanwhile, derision and insinuations gain them only enmity, not appreciation.

RAYMOND E. RAPP
Unadilla, N.Y.

It was with interest and alarm (I can't say *surprise*) that I read the results of the National Newspaper Hymn Poll.

There is no question, especially in our Church, of having *either* nineteenth-century slush *or* shocking modernism in music. Our traditions are too diverse, and our Hymnal too well balanced, to make it so.

Any untrained listener can recognize the weakness of the tunes (and any thinking Christian the weakness of the texts) of these old hymns; yet they are overwhelmingly popular. In such a situation, large doses of contemporary music can do little good. There is an abundance of good music in our Hymnal, however, which is in neither category.

I refer to the plainsong hymns, the chorales, various old French tunes, and the magnificently vital music of R. Vaughan Williams.

If we set aside our prejudices and work toward it, the day may well come when any congregation will sing *Pange Lingua*, "How bright appears the Morning Star," *Rouen*, and *King's Weston* with equal fervor and meaning.

CULVER L. MOWERS
Syracuse, N.Y.

LET HIM LIVE WITH THE PIGS

Tong Chin lived in a mountain village on the East Coast of Formosa. His home was a shed which was part of a pig pen. He was in rags, couldn't speak Chinese, only tribal. He ate with his hands and his mother was anxious to get rid of him saying, "He can't do anything. He only eats." Her attitude explains why instead of living with her he existed with the pigs. He couldn't run away because he was blind. A more hopeless future than the one he faced is hard to conceive. But visit him now in a Christian Children's Fund Home for the Blind and listen to him recite his lessons and play part of a classic on the piano. In just a couple of months he has become a clean, bright and extremely appreciative boy. Modern teaching methods for the blind can accomplish miracles.

But what about the other needy blind or crippled, tubercular, leprous, deaf and children who are normal except for their cruel hunger? Some of them do not even have a roof over their heads and sleep in the streets—these refugee, cast-off or orphan children without a friend or guidance and who are neglected like a stray dog—these forsaken children whom mercy passes by?

Christian Children's Fund can rescue and properly care for only as many of them as its income permits. Such children can be "adopted" in Formosa or any other of the 45 countries listed below and the child's name, address, story and picture with the privilege of correspondence is provided the donor. The cost to the donor is the same in all countries, ten dollars a month.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 415 affiliated orphanage schools in 46 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world, assisting over 36,000 children. It serves, with its affiliated homes, over 35 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

COUNTRIES:
Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Cameroun, Canada, Ceylon, Chile, Egypt, England, Finland, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Kenya, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Rhodesia (North), Rhodesia (South), Scotland, Spain, Syria, Taiwan (Formosa), Thailand, Turkey, United States (Indian, negro, white), Vietnam (Indochina), Western Germany.



For Information Write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

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I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ for one year in _____
(Name Country)

I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving \$ _____.

☐ Please send me further information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone _____

STATE _____

Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts are deductible from income tax.

Self-Deception Can Destroy Us, Too

“Christians don’t realize the dangers of communism.”

“Christians are ‘soft’ on communism.”

“Our defense posture and aid programs will lick the Reds.”

“We’ll beat the Commies at their own game.”

“Communism will be tough to lick because it is a revolutionary movement winning the minds of men.”

“How can we combat the Communists? They just seem to be everywhere.”

FOR THE PAST fifteen years, citizens of the United States of America have been hearing the statements listed above in one form or another.

These thoughts and others like them have largely conditioned the conduct of the greatest nation in the history of the world for a decade and a half. And, it is safe to say, we have not exactly benefited from this kind of thinking. We are still the greatest nation; we have weathered the transition from the Atomic Age to the Space Age; and we have witnessed, in Asia, Africa, and now Latin America, the most profound revolution in human history; but most of us are agreed that there is much we have left undone.

Today, as citizens, we are more confident and hopeful than we have been in a long time. A calm and dedicated 40-year-old Christian from New Concord, Ohio, has become the first honest astronaut in history. The cold war has subsided a bit, temporarily. And we have the opportunity to do some of the things we have left undone.

And today, as Christians, we seem to be ready to dig into some of the problems that we have been denying or ignoring for years. Unity, race, the Church in the city, and communism are four of the most important of these.

For the first time since World War II, many U.S. Christians are really examining communism. But before any of us get too far along in this new look at communism, let us consider the following statements.

1. Christians do realize the dangers of communism.

Before we accuse ourselves of weakness and softness in the face of the Communist challenge, let us remember the thousands of Christian martyrs to communism in Russia, China, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, the Baltic nations, Hungary, Korea, Japan, and Cuba, *all since 1947*. The hard-core Communist hates the Christian most of all, because the Christian *does* have the answer to communism. Let us jettison forever the belief of some U.S. Christians that if a Christian and a Communist are put together, the Christian is automatically subverted. This is a downright lie and an insult to our Lord. Judging from the strength of the Communist Party in the

United States today, relying on so-called “Christian softness” didn’t pay off too well for the American Reds.

2. **It will take more than armor and aid to blunt communism.** One of our greatest self-deceptions as Christians and citizens is that we can take care of the Communists just through prayer and taxes. You can’t convert a potential murderer by standing inside a castle miles away from him and yelling. You must meet him face to face and you must outthink him, outserve him, outlive him, and overpower him with Christian love and logic. You can’t play the Communist’s game; he’ll beat you every time. You must learn his, but play yours, secure in the knowledge that yours is the greatest the world will ever know.

3. **Communists are plain, old-fashioned imperialists, not just revolutionaries.** An honest look at the facts will remind us that the followers of Marx, Lenin, and Mao today are about as revolutionary as Genghis Khan and the Mongol Hordes or Adolf Hitler and the Wehrmacht. The Communists are predatory government-hunters out to conquer the world by fair means or foul. The problem is not that the Reds are revolutionists, but that we Christians are exrevolutionists. From the days of the master revolutionist, Jesus Christ, Christians have been responsible for almost every major advance in human life. Christian communicants outnumber Communists by the millions; *we* should be surrounding them.

Yes, you say, this is fine, but where do we start? The answer might be found in the thought that we Christians must learn the Communists’ game but play ours.

Following the 1961 General Convention’s strong statement reaffirming the Church’s stand against communism, our National Council’s Department of Christian Social Relations went to work on Christian approaches to communism. Excellent materials on this subject are now available in a special packet entitled *Christian Approaches to Communism* (write to: National Council Order Unit, 281 Park Ave. S., New York 10, N.Y.; price: \$1.50).

One of the major items is an 86-page booklet called *A Christian’s Handbook on Communism*. Carefully researched and written by persons who have had years of experience facing and fighting the Communist apparatus, the handbook can be a real eye opener to Christians. Everyone in the United States should own and read this hard-hitting survey just released in a new edition.

On the following pages, the editors present the first of four articles on Christianity and communism condensed from the new *A Christian’s Handbook on Communism*. Some of the facts and conclusions may hurt. But it is better to be hurt than to be deluded, when the stake is freedom itself.

The Menace of COMMUNISM

How come Communism has made so much headway in the past fifteen years? Here is a hard look at some hard facts about this evil which has helped change the world since World War II. The first in a four-part series.

The Power and Appeal of Communism

Roberto, remembered as one of the best students who ever attended a certain Christian school in Brazil, had never known a real home. The teachers in the *colegio* soon seemed like parents to him, and their friendship transformed his whole life. He began to attend church. He became active in the young people's society and was soon elected president. Later he joined the church and for a time served with great enthusiasm as superintendent of the Sunday school.

Then Roberto went to the university. A few months later he stopped attending church. One of his teachers tried several times to visit him, but never found him home. Letters to Roberto brought no reply.

After several months Roberto appeared one night at his former teacher's office. During their conversation the student said, "I don't believe all these superstitions any more. I'm a Communist now. Christians only talk about changing the world; the Communists are the ones who are really doing it. They are solving our problems and offering us a better life. From now on just count me out as far as the church is concerned."

Before Roberto left, he told the teacher that he had been expelled from the university, but that he did not really care. Now he was living for a great cause.

That conversation opened one teacher's eyes. He realized as never before that communism has power because it provides the oppressed people of the world with a program for change that Roberto had not found in Christianity. Roberto's teacher saw clearly that the struggle of this century is a struggle for the souls of men.

The Christian's life has always been one of struggle. Jesus found himself faced with opposition throughout his earthly ministry. His enemies nailed him to a cross. His followers in every country across the centuries have had to wrestle "against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness" (EPHESIANS 6:12). These forces have often been hidden in the ordinary temptations of every day. From time to time, however, they have appeared in the guise of overwhelming social or political movements, such as the Roman demand for emperor-worship, which tested the faith of early Christians, and Nazism, which challenged the Christian Church more recently. Today Christians are confronted with communism, one of the most powerful mass movements of the Christian era, a movement that rules over one-third of the world's population and has adherents and agents around the globe.

Why has this happened? What is the appeal of communism to Roberto and millions of other people like him? What are the main points of its attraction? To answer such questions it is necessary to look thoughtfully at the plight of the peoples of the world and the promises that communism makes to give them hope.

Every day the majority of the world's people face poverty, hunger, unemployment, disease. They are victims of illiteracy, exploitation, political corruption, discrimination, and oppression. They long for respect and freedom, for food, good homes, health, education, and employment with adequate pay. At present, however, they see no sure way of life at all, no future for themselves or their children. Many are confused and without

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purpose. Any voice that offers them a way out of their difficulties will be heard, and communism is such a voice. It attracts both the hopeless and the social idealist because it offers clearly a philosophy, a passion, and a plan of action—the same elements of mind, heart, and strength with which dedicated Christians present and express the Christian faith.

A Philosophy

Communists say that communism is the philosophy of hope and faith in humanity. They believe that man possesses the ability to control his destiny. They are convinced that mankind is advancing out of darkness toward a life in which war, poverty, and misery will be unknown. This belief gives communism its strength.

For many persons in the mechanical, industrialized world of today, life has lost all meaning. To them communism offers a philosophy that seems to explain the world and to promise to make their own individual lives count for something in the march of human history. It claims to know the secret of a “scientific” method for setting this world right. Such persons have stated that it was only through their contact with communism that life began to make any sense or to have any purpose.

A Passion

It is not difficult to see how appealing such ideas are and why many people have been led by them to adopt this apparently optimistic philosophy. But communism offers more than a philosophy of life. It provides a passion, a strong, emotional drive that demands the complete devotion of its followers. A young Russian who gave himself to communism shortly after the revolution in that country described the dramatic power of that new system as follows:

The newspapers were shrill with the call to a better life for the country. Poor and backward Russia was at last on the highroad to progress—it only remained for everyone to dig more coal, raise more grain, acquire more culture. I read the invocations as if they were addressed personally to me. . . . I felt myself part of something new, big, exciting. . . . Now life had for me an urgency, a purpose, a new and thrilling dimension of dedication to a cause. I was one of the elite, chosen by history to lead my country and the whole world out of darkness into the socialist light. . . . There were defects, extensive suffering. But there was also the life of terrific excitement and inflamed hopes. . . .

The author of these words has long since renounced communism, but it is easy to see where its original appeal lay for him. Drawn largely by emotional pulls, he joined a great movement; he gained a sense of power and achievement; and he discovered a new faith that roused him to a religious type of fervor and devotion.

Another dedicated Communist expressed her feelings about communism to a traveler from the West in these convincing words:

We have found reality. It is the reality of things we do ourselves. It is not the abstract reality of your

Christian teaching. It is the concrete, physical hereness of our reality. We know we can do all things. We know what we can do, no one can take that from us, because we will not permit it. We will defend our reality to the death. It is ourselves.

On the other hand, intellectuals, including Russian scientists, have found the Communist philosophy and regime stifling and have taken drastic steps to escape from its influence. Dr. Mikhail Antonovich Klochko, a Soviet scientist who defected to the West during the summer of 1961, made a statement in a Canadian news conference in which he said:

My name is Klochko, Mikhail Antonovich. I was born in the region of Poltava in the Ukraine in 1902, and I have lived in Russia all my life.

I am a chemistry graduate of the Kiev Polytechnic Institute since 1925. I graduated with honors and remained at the institute as a teacher and research scientist. . . .

I decided to leave the U.S.S.R. five years ago. It became impossible for me to bring to realization the scientific projects on which I was working. This was due to many factors.

I was depressed by the lack of contact with the outside world, the falsity of information, and the difficulty of self-expression.

It became obvious to me that if I stayed in the U.S.S.R. I would not be able to give to mankind all that I could if I were in a free, democratic country.

Nobody tempted me here. I was not tempted by any material considerations, but was forced to take this action to seek freedom of scientific expression and to save what is left of my human self-respect. . . .

It is the lack of human dignity in the U.S.S.R. that hurts most. I am not after fame or glory. I seek neither. I just want to serve mankind. I assure you that these are my full and real reasons, and this is my firm and final decision. . . .

A Plan of Action

Communism provides a well-organized plan of action that enlists a quick response from the suffering and underprivileged who have been disillusioned by the unfulfilled promises of other programs, and who look to this revolutionary movement as their last desperate hope. Communism feeds on discontent and poses as the champion of every oppressed group. Communists tell members of racial minorities that in Russia all racial discrimination has been eliminated. Actually, the Russian government has nurtured racial antagonisms when they serve its purpose, and has deliberately set group to fight against group when communism could profit from such conflict.

Communists urge colonial people to strive for independence as long as they are under the rule of non-Communist powers. They encourage crusaders for women's rights to believe that the Communist Party alone can give women real freedom. They impress the poor and the semistarved with the claim that communism is the only world-wide movement with both the determination and the organization to bring them help.

The vigorous action of communism has a strong appeal, which is illustrated by events a few years ago in a village of steelworkers. When the men started to climb the hill to work one morning, everyone in the village was

happy, for that day they were to pay the final installments on their homes. These families had sacrificed and skimmed for years, and that day was to see the fulfillment of their dreams. Little did the wives realize that their husbands were going to the mill that morning for the last time.

That night, when the day's work was done, the workers were told that the steel mill was closing. The company had decided to move the entire plant down to the coast, nearer to the ships that brought the iron ore from across the seas. The homes of the villagers were their own, to be sure, but to what avail? Without jobs for the men, house values would drop to almost nothing, and despair took possession of the village.

Is it any wonder that this village became known as a hotbed of violence and revolution? Or is it surprising that the villagers responded eagerly when a group of men came to them with such slogans as: "Equality for all!" "Every man has a right to work!" "Act today for a better tomorrow!" The most urgent factor in this case was human need, human need for economic security, for escape from the paralyzing fear of poverty and unemployment and from the desperate feeling that there was simply no other way out. Communism offered the only hope that their problems could be solved.

Beyond Self

It is not always personal interest that leads a man to accept communism. There are also those who are moved with compassion for the underprivileged, though they themselves are living in fairly fortunate circumstances. Many well-educated people are found in this group. A good example is the noted French writer, André Gide, who once said:

Why do I long for communism? Because I believe it to be equitable and because I suffer on account of the injustices which I feel more strongly than ever when it is myself who am favored. . . . Because I believe that through it we shall be able to reach the highest culture and because it is communism which can indeed most promote a new and better form of civilization. . . .

What brought me to communism with my whole heart was the fact of the privileged position which I personally enjoyed that seemed to be preposterous and intolerable.

André Gide was an idealist who felt that he had no right to live in better conditions than other men, but was frustrated in his efforts to change things in the system of society of his day. Therefore he became convinced that communism could bring about a more just equality and more fair distribution of this world's goods. Gide was later disillusioned and took his place in the ranks of those who abandoned the Communist cause, but his statement serves to show how an intellectual may be led to support this movement.

Where Have Christians Failed?

When we observe the power with which communism has drawn into its ranks some of the good minds of our day, we are inclined to ask why such men and women have

given themselves to communism rather than to Christianity. What is lacking in the present-day interpretation and expression of Christianity? Was not Christ concerned about the hungry, the sick, the friendless? Have not his followers always "ministered in his name"?

Surely the Bible does not lack social motivation. The prophets were constantly crying out against injustice and oppression, while our Lord declared himself to be the fulfillment of Isaiah's ringing words:

*The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
because he has anointed me to preach
good news to the poor.
He has sent me to proclaim release to
the captives
and recovering of sight to the blind,
to set at liberty those who are op-
pressed.*

LUKE 4:18

Christ and the Church have historically denounced the same evils that communism decries. Furthermore, the Christian faith has the power to meet the needs of the empty and futile lives that masses of men lead today. It has made life worth living for people in all parts of the world and given them purpose and power. Nevertheless, the inaction of many Christians, the self-satisfaction of numerous others, and the frequent lack of an adequate, forward-looking program on the part of the church have led many persons to seek elsewhere for an answer to life's problems. In a real sense, nominal Christians share responsibility for the growth of the Communist movement.

Communism in Theory

Communism is a religion without God, a religion of men and machines. It is embodied today in a political and economic system with a totalitarian power that dominates Russia, the largest nation in Europe, and China, the nation with the largest population in the world. It has reached out to make converts and seize control of the government in other countries in Europe and Asia. It is making inroads in still other countries on these continents and in Latin America and Africa. The form that the expression of the principles of communism takes and the nature of its practices vary from country to country, from era to era, and with the shift of events from one part of the world to another. The many aspects of this powerful movement call for careful consideration.

A Theory of History

The originator of communism was Karl Marx, who was born into a Jewish family in Rhenish Prussia in 1818 and baptized as a Protestant with his entire family when he was six years of age. He spent most of his life (1818-1883) in Germany and England, and, drawing many of his ideas from the German philosopher Friedrich Hegel, he developed a theory based on two characteristic features of the society he saw in those countries: (1) confidence in science as the key to unlock all mysteries of the universe, and (2) class struggle between capitalists and laborers in the expanding industry of the period.

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From impressions along these lines, Marx and his friend Friedrich Engels developed a theory that Marx claimed was the chief of all sciences. He called it the "science of history," a theory of the movements of struggle and death in old systems of society and the birth of new systems that make up the continued story of the human race.

Marx declared that all human history is determined by the way men make their living and their ownership of tools to make that living. The conditions of production determine everything else that man has: government, art, social customs, even religion. Everything rests on the "forces of production" and knowledge of their use; they are the foundation of the economic system. This interpretation of history explained much of the human story, which before Marx's time had not been understood or appreciated. Christians, who believe that God is just as concerned about and active in man's economic life as he is in man's social, artistic, or intellectual life, are challenged by the truth in the insights of the nineteenth-century scholar.

Marx said that the history of economic systems shows a definite pattern of development, which proceeds according to laws that he set forth. First there is a given system of society, which he calls the thesis. Then along comes a newer and opposed system, called the antithesis. These two struggle together until out of their struggle comes a third system, the synthesis. But soon the synthesis itself will be challenged. Then it will become a new thesis, which will be challenged by another antithesis that must struggle with it until a further synthesis develops. Such continued struggle is the development of history, according to Marx and the philosopher Hegel.

Actually, while Marx's theory explains well some points in history, it is an oversimplification, and, when it is clamped down on the whole human story, it hides quite as much as it reveals. Its insistence on development by opposing forces seems to prove that real progress in history can be achieved only through bloodshed and violence, because at each stage the state is run by a ruling class that refuses to give up its power without a bitter struggle.

According to this theory, the system of capitalism rose in opposition to the old feudal order and emphasized two new classes of people. First came the organizers of industry, the people with money who buy machines and build factories and use what the factories earn to buy more machines and build more factories. These people are called capitalists because they work with accumulated money, or capital, to organize industry. Then there are the workers of industry, the people who run the machines in the factories. They have no money to invest, but they can sell their own work to capitalists who pay them wages for it. Industrial workers Marx called proletarians or the proletariat. The capitalists at that time were the masters of society, but capitalism, in turn, had its own contradictions. Capitalists must struggle with proletarians who represented to Marx a new system, and as time went on that struggle would grow fiercer. The capi-

talist system, according to Marx, was producing the very persons who would finally overthrow it.

An Economic Theory

Marx analyzed those features of capitalism that he said would lead to its destruction. He began with what is called the labor theory of value. According to this theory, he claimed the work that men do creates everything of value in the world. Things that man can have without any work, such as air and water, have no commercial value. Machines used to make valuable articles are themselves only the result of other men's labor. Actually they can produce nothing by themselves. In factories it is not the machines but the labor of the workingmen that creates the value of the product.

Yet the workingmen, Marx pointed out, do not receive the full value for the products they make. Part of that value is kept by profit. Marx called it the surplus value. Because the capitalists keep this surplus value or profit, Marx believed that they were actually robbing the workers of what should by right be theirs.

More machines and larger factories, Marx reasoned, will mean more profits for the capitalists. Larger business organizations and ever larger factories will emerge, he said, because each capitalist will seek to drive his competitors out of business. The result will be that all but a few capitalists will be forced out of business, and those remaining will establish monopolies that will control most of the economic life of the country. The capitalist class, therefore, will get smaller and smaller, while the proletariat will become larger until it includes practically the whole population. When that stage is reached, Marx prophesied, the capitalists will not be able to withstand the workers any longer.

As the capitalists become fewer, they will also become wealthier because each of them will be receiving more profits, Marx asserted. The condition of the workers, on the other hand, would not improve. Unemployment and depressions would increase their misery.

Because the workers are not paid the full value of the things they make, they cannot buy all the things that the factories are producing. Therefore, unsold products will pile up and up. Capitalists will try for a time to get rid of these stockpiles by forcing them on backward countries, and the result will be imperialistic wars and conquest. Finally, the time will come when the surplus simply cannot be sold, and so the capitalist will have to close his factory and stop producing new things until he can get rid of the goods that he has on hand in his inventory. When thousands of factories do this, the result will be a general depression with millions of men thrown out of work and the whole economic system at a standstill.

An Oversimplification

It should be noted that much of Marx's reasoning is a neat exercise in deductive logic that sounds very persuasive and logical, but actually overlooks or ignores the evidence and complexity of history. Marxism oversimplifies, misunderstands, and distorts the nature of value, profits, the impact of technology on society, and the nature of so-

ciety, government, man, and the "surplus value." It fails to comprehend the complexity of modern depressions and the causes of war.

Under no system can the worker buy all the things that factories are producing, because part of his own production goes to pay for medical, educational, governmental, business, and other services he needs. Even in the Soviet Union, the worker receives only a small share of the value of what he produces. That is why the difference between "full value" and "wages" does not normally produce surpluses that pile up and cannot be sold. Every economic system, including both capitalist and Communist, has a tendency to consume what it produces, exchanging some of its production with other nations. The prosperity of a nation does not depend upon the amount of money it has, but upon the per capita amount of goods and services its citizens have.

Genuine surpluses rarely exist during the growth of an industrial society. They tend to appear only when industrialization has reached a mature development. At that stage the rate of growth of an economy slows down and shifts toward a saturation level for certain produced goods and services. When the demand for any item is largely satisfied, the new level of technology permits an increase in leisure time, which gradually spreads through the entire economy. It is not accidental that working hours have been steadily decreasing while real income has been increasing since the Industrial Revolution.

America has already reached this maturity in a number of industries. The surpluses in farm products and a few other commodities have not produced a depression, and they certainly are not the cause of recent wars. A slow adjustment is taking place under indirect controls exercised by the government, using "government" in the American sense of elected representatives of a free people acting together responsibly. Such government seeks to stabilize the production of some commodities and to expend in new directions, inducing people to shift freely into new kinds of work for which there is a greater demand by the nation as a whole. The result, in the long run, is more leisure for all. Marx could not be aware of the relationship to develop between technological growth and capital investment and the increasing prosperity and leisure to come under the system he termed "capitalism." On the contrary, by his system of reasoning he predicted increasing misery for the worker.

The general growth curve of an industry, however, should not be confused with the cyclical fluctuations within the curve itself. In the short run, cyclical depressions seem to be caused mainly by the difficulty in a free economy of maintaining a steady rate of investment, by the absence of inventions, and by the changing psychology of buyers and sellers.

The Old versus the New

A searching examination of the American economy today leads to the conclusion that it has little in common with the old-fashioned European capitalism of 1848 when Marx was writing. In many ways the "capitalism" that Communists constantly decry today is gone in the

West, and a new and different economic system better called "democratic enterprise" has taken its place.

The new "capitalism" has created a vast productive machinery that is capable of supporting the wants of a growing population, and this, in turn, has supplied more jobs, better pay, and more favorable working conditions. The benefits achieved by labor unions, such as the shorter work week, paid vacations, pensions, and a better working environment, were unknown in the nineteenth century and are still not enjoyed in many parts of the world. While improvements are still needed in many places, the old capitalism has been left behind at many points.

Many of the imperfections of the "democratic enterprise" system stem from difficulties arising from an intricate monetary and credit system rather than from the profit motive as such. No economic system ever has been or ever will be perfect, and continuous efforts are being made to improve peacefully present practices.

Marx recognized in his later works some of the difficulties indicated above and tried to get around them but with no great success. Economists generally have found his theories inadequate and have rejected them.

Actual developments have proved that Marx was also wrong in thinking that under "capitalism" the lot of the workers would become worse and worse. He did not reckon with the trade union movement, which, combined with increased productivity, has made the lot of the worker better with ever higher wages and better living conditions as democratic enterprise has advanced. Nor did he foresee that government regulations would prevent the full development of the monopolies he predicted, or that government planning would seek to curb unemployment.

Just What Is Imperialism?

The Communist theory of imperialism has also been shown to be a dangerous half-truth. It explains some of the imperialistic actions of nations during the past century, but there are many that it does not explain. Imperialism existed long before capitalism, as the eras of Caesar, Alexander, and the Pharaohs attest, and it exists also under communism. The desire for power over one's fellow men is just as strong a desire as that for economic gain, and, therefore, imperialism can never be understood simply in terms of economics.

Every group knows the efforts that men make simply to get power, and on the international level this plays as big a part in imperialism as any search for markets. It is clear that many individuals have been interested in markets and greater production for the sake of piling up money, and that such money can be used responsibly. Evidence is seen in the rise of foundations to help build and run schools, hospitals, and libraries throughout the world, and to encourage science and research.

The narrowness of the Communist theory of imperialism succeeds only in blinding the eyes of Communists to their own particular form of imperialism. It is impossible for them to admit that they were guilty of imperialistic action in cases like their entry into Tibet and Hungary.

(To be continued)

Words

Christ is not an American . . .
He is not an Episcopalian. Nor
is He a Christian.

—Stephen F. Bayne, Jr.

It is worth remembering that our Lord
devoted more of His time to teaching
adults than to anything else. There is no
record that He ever conducted a build-
ing fund drive, or presided at a bake sale.

—Louis Cassels

The struggle against authoritari-
anism cannot be won by being im-
practical—but neither can we win
it by acting solely through motives
of materialism.

—C. Douglas Dillon

*Those who talk of the Bible as a
“monument of English prose” are
merely admiring it as a monument
over the grave of Christianity.*

—T. S. Eliot

Prayer can be the hardest kind
of work. But it is certainly the
most important work we now
can do.

—Wernher von Braun

The light which we receive from Him
who is the light of the world is not to
be put under a bushel, not even under
the domes of cathedrals or the roofs of
parish churches; it is to shine among our
fellow men.

—W. A. Visser 't Hooft

for Today

What you and I need is to find something, anything more precious to us than our little selves as we strive to outdo ourselves for the object of our devotion.

—Henry Thomas Dolan

Christianity must affect the way people conduct business and the way they vote, as well as the way they live at home and conduct themselves on Sunday.

—Arthur Lichtenberger

To Almighty God our terms “sacred” and “secular” must be amusing. All is sacred to Him.

—Frederick J. Warnecke

Unless white Christians begin treating those of other races as brothers in Christ, we are all doomed.

—Joost de Blank

Why should people be excited by news that a man has stepped into space? I reach out into space every time I say my prayers.

—Geoffrey Francis Fisher

Women are a part of the Church. What they do is a part of it, too, and cannot be pushed aside into a separate category.

—Theodora Sorg

from the EPISCOPALIAN, April '61—April '62

The Layman—Lackey or Leader?

More than ever before, the leaders of the Christian Church are realizing the crucial importance of the laity. But when will the laity "rediscover" themselves?

WHAT IS THE major significance of the World Council of Churches' Assembly at New Delhi, India? The good ship *Oikumene* is now in mid-ocean. Embarkation festivities have been left behind, friendships among the passengers are growing rapidly, their common concern now the journey's goal.

This goal, to be sure, is still distant. The ecumenical movement is not traveling by jet. Our ship resembles rather one of the lumbering caravels which carried Columbus to a new continent—a continent which only gradually revealed its true nature and even its name.

One quite concrete result of the Assembly's deliberations, however, is precisely a step toward a clarification of our journey's goal. If any paragraph of the hundreds which will appear in the final Summary of Actions at New Delhi can be singled out as of unquestioned importance for the future of the ecumenical movement, it is the opening paragraph of the Report of the Section on Unity. These 129 words attempt to define the unity which, so the introduction reads, "the Lord who is bringing all things into full unity at the last . . . constrains us to seek."

We believe that the unity which is both God's will and his gift to his Church is being made visible as all in each place who are baptized into Jesus Christ and confess him as Lord and Saviour are brought by the Holy Spirit into one fully committed fellowship, holding the one apostolic faith, preaching the one Gospel, breaking the one bread, joining in common prayer, and having a corporate life reaching out in witness and service to all, and who at the same time are united with the whole

Christian fellowship in all places and all ages in such wise that ministry and members are accepted by all, and that all can act and speak together as occasion requires for the tasks to which God calls his people.

The Section on Unity honored this statement with a detailed commentary. Every phrase could become the topic for a major ecumenical consultation. Witness and Service, each receiving separate Assembly attention, are already woven into it, as is the still unresolved Catholic-Protestant tension in the theology of the ministry and the sacraments.

On the latter, the Report on Unity gives unusually realistic counsel. It registers the "holy impatience" announced with some vehemence by the Assembly's Youth Consultation. The younger members of the churches experience in ecumenical gatherings of their own the often "uncomprehended suffering" of separation at the Lord's table, which scandal *they* attribute to the laggard ecumenicity of their elders.

These "elders" also acknowledge the urgency of finding solutions, but see the problem in its still unresolved perspective, and give a fair presentation to the Catholic retention of Eucharistic exclusiveness, though they add a sobering footnote. "There is value in divided Christians experiencing the agony of noncommunicating Eucharists — but there is an equal need to reassure the excluded that the agony is as great for the excluding."

This, I confess, ought to rouse Anglican conscience. Do we really suffer agony because a welcome to our altars, though voiced here and there under guarded circumstances, is still a grudgingly granted privilege, and the granting

a temptation to pride of superior status in the Kingdom?

One phrase in the goal-defining paragraph deserves special attention. It is the little phrase, "all in each place." The word *place*, as the commentary quickly notes, must, of course, be liberally interpreted. It may refer to a common social environment in work, or study, or even play, as well as in residence. But it ought to be plain to any observer that while the isolation of one group of Christians from another group is possible one hour a week, let us say, on Sunday, this is not possible, except in very rare situations, the remainder of the week.

"Ordinary social life already brings men together into various associations—academic, professional, industrial, political. . . . Denominational divisions are often found to be quite irrelevant on this frontier." In other words, the laity of the churches, if they witness to their Christian convictions at all in the "place" where they live and work, are already involved in ecumenical relationships. Furthermore, if the word *all* in the phrase "all in each place" is given full weight, the major call to witness and service falls on the laity and not on the clergy.

The word *laity* derives from the New Testament word for "people"—the "people of God" including, of course, both those whom we now call laymen and the "other laity," the clergy. But if the words of the Church's Lord, "ye shall be my witnesses," are seen as addressed to the whole *laos* of God, ninety-nine of every hundred witnesses are precisely these whom today we call the "laity."

Any future reader of the three ma-

for Reports of the Assembly on Unity, Witness, and Service (they will appear in book form, and, hopefully, in the form of pamphlets and excerpted quotations) will, I am convinced, be struck by the fact that the rediscovery of the ministry of the laity was *this* Assembly's major concern.

When fully appropriated in the life of our churches, this freeing of the lay potential may have more long-range effect in leading us to unity than many more ambitious schemes on levels of hierarchical integration. A few citations may underscore this connection.

From the Report on Unity:

The place where the development of the common life in Christ is most clearly tested is in the local situation where believers live and work. . . . It is where we live and work together daily that our Lord's own test is most clearly imposed, "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one to another. . . ." As soon as we begin to obey this command, we can ignore each other no longer, and we shall actively seek the means of giving expression to that love.

From the Report on Witness:

It is obvious that, if the Christian witness is to penetrate into all those areas where the work of the world is carried on, it must be carried there by laymen. They alone can bring Christian judgment to bear upon all the issues of life in the spheres of industry and commerce, scientific research and social organization, and all the other activities which make up the work-a-day world.

The Report on Witness goes further and suggests concrete ways in which such lay witness can become effective:

It may be that the local church should seek to penetrate into the unevangelized population by the setting up of "cells," or local Christian community groups—a handful of typists and salesgirls in a big store; a dozen or so workers on the various floors of a factory; eight research workers and their wives in a big chemical plant; a few Christian teachers on the staff of a big school; a little congregation gathered from two or three streets, meeting in the home of one of their number. They will try to be the Church, the people of God, in their own particular context.

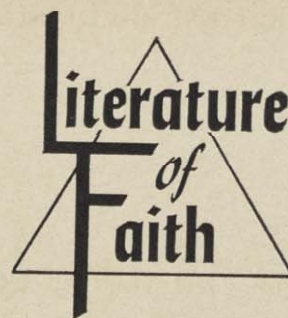
The report lays stress on the fact that witnessing is not by word only. It involves, first of all, "the willingness and ability of the evangelist to identify himself with those whom he addresses. . . . The witness should himself be first of all a listener. . . . Only if we enter the world of our hearers will they be able or willing to listen to us. Instead of dismissing men's negative reactions to our message, we should take upon ourselves the burden of their unbelief."

The several reports, in thus stressing the ministry of the laity as "Church" confronts "World," indicate that this may well involve revolutions in much of our local church life. One whole third of the Report on Witness is entitled "Reshaping the Witnessing Community." Here the ordained ministry of the churches is gently, but still firmly, brought into judgment. A preparatory document for the Assembly goes so far as to call for a Copernican revolution in the relation between clergy and laity.

Our usual concept of a good church person is that of a layman assisting the clergyman in *his*, obviously monopolized, evangelizing vocation. If, however, the laity are the front-line evangelists of the gospel, the relative ranking in the witnessing task of the Church should be reversed. The ordained minister now becomes the servant, as it were, of the laymen. He, too, must learn how to listen—to listen to the laymen in his flock "as *they* speak of the actual situation in which their witness is to be borne. Together the laymen and the pastors may thus come to a fruitful appreciation of the relevance of the gospel in the life of the secular world today. . . .

A far richer fellowship and team spirit is bound to appear as soon as the whole Church comes to realize its function as the People of God, which God himself has provided with many kinds of ministry, in which one special kind of ministry, that of the ordained clergy, is set apart to strengthen and teach, to encourage and unite all the several witnesses in their various callings whose ministry is set in the heart of the secular world's manifold activity.

The attempt at summarizing the major direction of the Assembly's message to the churches has neglected thus far the Report on Service. This was not prompted by a belittling of its importance. The secular press, in fact, has already found this a most inviting quarry



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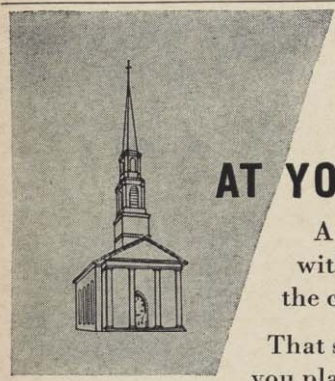
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LACKEY OR LEADER?

for quotation and comment. It covers much ground—including discussions of the fact of rapid social change in all parts of the globe, the nuclear arms race (the report pleads for disarmament), the calling of the Christian as citizen, the struggle for racial equality, and several more.

On most of these broad issues of social concern the Assembly gave united witness, though it could divide sharply when a resolution involving censure of a single nation demanded a vote—one, namely, which pronounced a judgment on Portugal for its totalitarian rule in Angola. It is significant, however, that even the Report on Service centers its appeal for action finally on the local congregation.

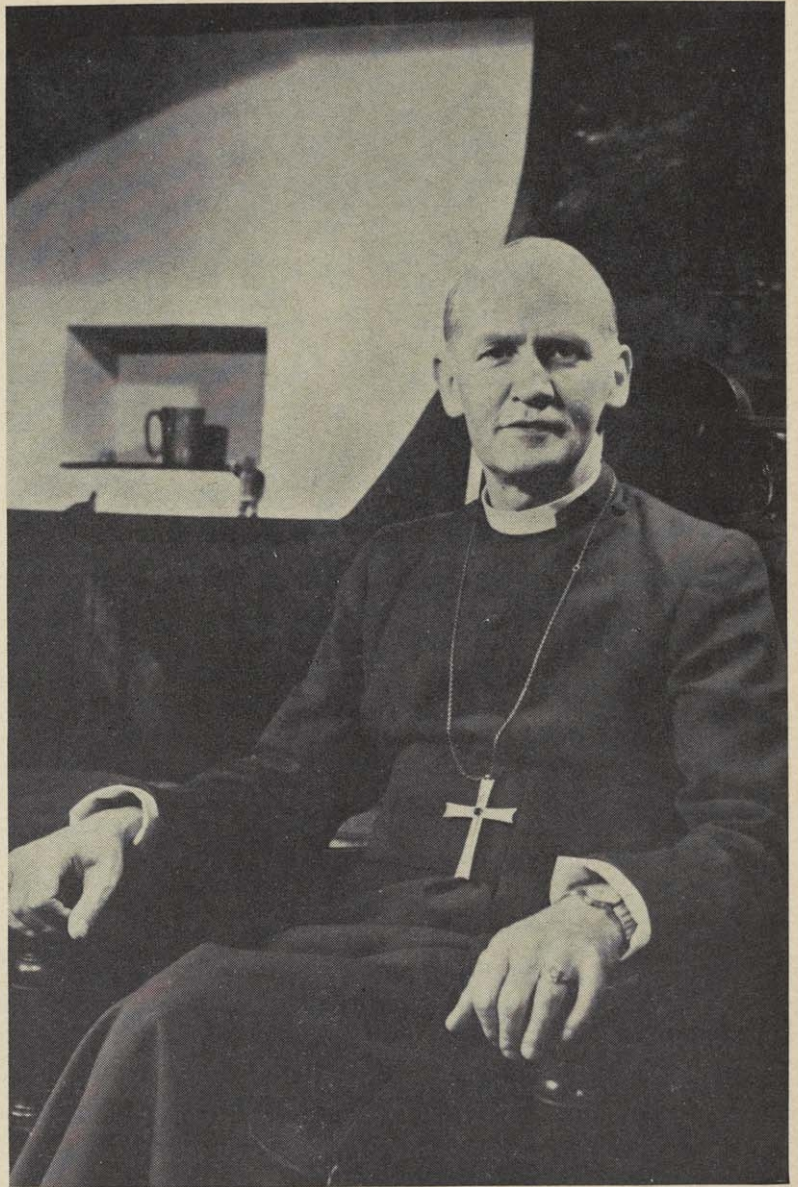
How effective, so a hardened Assemblyman like myself is tempted to ask, are the lofty pronouncements of social ideals which we adopt at church conventions without much troubling of conscience? The report itself asks: "Does any nation really live by its textbooks?" How about churches and *their* textbooks? On the local scene, however, all proud rhetoric becomes an affront. In discussing the race issue, for example, the report opens one of its most moving paragraphs with the blunt statement: "The Church has to put its own house in order. It must not be a segregated society. And it is in the local congregation that Christians meet this problem concretely."

Indeed, the Assembly's messages to the churches will have little meaning unless they receive the response of obedience to witness and service—and to unity as well, in a shared mission to the world. And this mission to the world must be made evident not only by way of ever-so-brave ecumenical pronouncements, but by commitment in action.

Those who heard him will not soon forget the humbling words of the sermon preached by Pastor Martin Niemöller at the closing worship service of the New Delhi Assembly.

"Jesus Christ does not just want us to profess and to proclaim Him as Lord," Pastor Niemöller said. "We are meant to be His disciples, His followers, not just His advertising experts and His partisans who—when they are off duty—live their own lives as other men do. 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' Do we take up our cross, or are we anxious only to find a place and opportunity to get rid of it?"

The Right Reverend George E. Reindorp, Bishop of Guildford, England, is author of several books on practical Christianity and a popular lecturer for the B.B.C. He was educated at Felsted School and later at Trinity College and Westcott House, Cambridge University. Beginning his career in the Church as a chaplain in the Royal Navy he was successively vicar of St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, and provost of Southwark Cathedral in London before enthronement as Bishop of Guildford in 1961. Bishop Reindorp is married to Dr. Alix Edington and they have three sons and a daughter. When his busy schedule permits, the bishop is an active skiing enthusiast.



Christianity Is a Way of Walking

What does Christianity really have to say to contemporary man? Here are some concise answers.

by George E. Reindorp

CHRISTIANITY is a way of walking—not of talking. Its most convincing answers must always be given in the sphere of practice. But conduct rests on creed: what I believe governs what I do. So the first question we have to ask is not, "What must I do?" but

"What is my God like?" Here are four great, shattering truths that Christianity has to say to the world this day.

First, God reigns and loves. God is not the name of an impersonal, faraway Power. He is a living God. If I believe in Him, He reigns. If I deny Him,

He still reigns. If England and America and all the world as we know it were blown up tomorrow, God would still reign, and might perhaps create other worlds which would listen to His voice. Though many inhabitants of this world and other worlds unknown to us may be



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in rebellion against Him, God still reigns.

We often ignore Him; more often we take Him for granted. How often we take for granted something or someone who is part of our life. Did you hear about the English woman who said to her husband at supper one night, "John, did you notice anything strange about me at breakfast?" "No," he replied, "I don't think so, dear. Why?" "I wasn't there," she answered. We take God for granted—God who is always there, who reigns and loves eternally.

Second, to the question, "How can we know what God is like?" Christianity boldly answers, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord." There, for all time, for all to see, in the express image of God's Person, came Christ. He came of the very stuff of our world. He had a name and an address. He lived on a street, on a pavement, on a sidewalk. He was tempted. He felt heat and cold and anger, as we do. He lived and loved and died, rose, and is alive forevermore. We can see in the words of the New Testament what Christ thought about personal relationships, energetic thinking, and decisive action; about the right attitude to money; about the right attitude to in-laws; about the right attitude to just letting things slide and putting your religion in the "pending" basket.

Third, Christianity also says that man has sinned. The word for sin in the Greek means "to aim at the mark and miss." Christians, like Christ, are realists. They talk about sin because they call a spade a spade. They admit failure. Contemporary man does not. He prefers to be like the man fishing off the end of the pier. When asked if he had caught anything, he replied, "No; but I think I created a climate of interest among the fishes." Christians admit failure; they call it sin.

Contemporary man, in describing a frenzied mob of young hoodlums behaving like assault troops, calls it "an example of free activity and creative expression." Christianity calls it sin. Contemporary man sees a husband desert his wife and children, leave with another woman only to come back and live in the same block; and he calls it an interesting example of communal living. Christ called it sin. Contemporary man is a bit of a scholar; he has rewritten the Beatitudes. Do you know his Beatitudes?

According to J. B. Phillips, he paraphrases it: "Blessed are the 'pushers': for they get on in the world. Blessed are

the hard-boiled: for they never let life hurt them. Blessed are they who complain: for they get their own way in the end. Blessed are the blasé: for they never worry over their sins. Blessed are the slave drivers: for they get results. Blessed are the knowledgeable men of the world: for they know their way around. Blessed are the trouble makers: for they make people take notice of them." But Christians are realists like Christ. They are not afraid of the word *sin*.

When a Christian sees all the sin (including his own) and suffering and pain and starvation and evil in the world, he also sees a cross. The Light of the World looked back over London and New York, over Saigon and Tokyo, over Buenos Aires and Stanleyville and wept over them. The Christian hears someone asking, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" He has to answer, "Yes, I was there." So was I. So were you. So was the whole human race.

There on that cross is man, all humanity gathered into the person of the One Man, Jesus. Of His own will and choice He stretches out His hands on the cross and grasps all sin and takes it to Himself—everything anti-God and anti-man that the strange heart of man has devised or ever will devise is concentrated and piled up onto that one pair of human shoulders and all this in one moment of Good Friday time. God who so loved the world chooses to drown in the muck and garbage of human sin. Yet people go on saying that sin does not matter; boys will be boys; youth must have its fling; he and she must have a good time before they settle down.

We play about with temptation—well, not quite all the way; it will be all right; it is different for us. We prattle on about little sins and white lies and the necessity for business untruths. "After all, Padre, you can't bring religion into business"—and that is the one thing Christ lived to do. Yet we still hold back from real penitence and practical repentance: "I am young yet, there is plenty of time"; "I will get around to it some time"; "I am too old to make a new start now." But the truth is, you and I and God know, we just don't want to repent; we have too much pride.

Christianity says, "I shall not get what I deserve; I shall not reap the wages of sin, which is death." Christianity says that, because of that cross, I shall have life, real life, life for a

full-grown man, life hidden with Christ in God here and hereafter. That is what Christianity has to say.

The fourth great assertion is this: here and now there is a visible family, which men and women the world over are invited to join, to serve God for the redemption of mankind. It is called the Church. Make no mistake. This is not a holy huddle of pious people counting candles and singing canticles and cuddling their own souls. This is an army—God's army—in which you and I are called to fight against that mass of co-operative guilt and limited liability which the New Testament calls "the world."

When someone in the newspaper asks, "Why doesn't the Church do something?" the writer always means, not "Why doesn't the Church do something?" but "Why doesn't the bishop say something?" I would ask you to remember that the Church is Christ and you and me. There is nothing wrong with Christ. There is a lot wrong with us.

Do you know about the young boy who was asked by a great scholar, "What would you do if Jesus Christ walked into your house?" "Oh," he said, "I would ask him to sit down, give him a glass of sherry, and send for the rector." Why? Because he thinks that the Church is the parish priest. Well, it is you and me. If Christ has only ten fingers, and each one of us is one of those fingers and one is atrophied or dying or weak, the whole hand of Christ suffers. We do well to remember that there are millions at this moment in this world who care nothing for Christ—His life, His death—and only refer to Him by His holy name when they swear.

These are the four great truths of Christianity: first, God reigns; second, God is like Jesus Christ; third, man has sinned, but he has been saved through the cross of Christ; and fourth, the Church is the army which Christ invites you to join.

What do you say? Those four great truths are either the Truth, not about religion, but about life itself; or they are the grossest lies that have ever been foisted upon a troubled world. Which do you think they are? Your life tomorrow in your job, in your home, in your personal relationships, will give to every one his own personal answer. Christianity is a way of walking, a way of living. How do you walk? How do you live? ◀

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A group of active young West Coast Episcopalians gives the world the "silent" treatment with helpful results.

RETREAT

"**O**UR WHOLE LIVES are lived in a mad cacophony of sound," said the young clergyman as he opened the meditation. The group before him agreed in silence, for they had chosen to escape the clamor of contemporary life in a weekend retreat.

Earlier in the day cars had rolled up the drive at Black Oaks carrying college students from the University of Southern Oregon to this rural conference and retreat center in the Diocese of Oregon. The Rev. Duane Alvord, chaplain to Episcopalians at the University of Southern Oregon, welcomed them. The Rev. C. Edward Crowther, UCLA chaplain, conducted the retreat.

Having staked claims to places in the double-decker dormitory, they gathered for coffee by the blazing log fire in the common room, and then rambled about

THE EPISCOPALIAN



The first few hours of the retreat are a time for relaxing and getting acquainted with others in the group before the rule of silence is imposed. Young participants sit on the lawn of

Black Oaks, a conference center owned and operated by the Diocese of Oregon near Medford. The late afternoon sun through quiet trees creates a thoughtful atmosphere.

TO REALITY

by Elizabeth Bussing

photos by Proctor Jones

the buildings and grounds until Father Alvord called them to dinner with a raucous cow bell.

By evening all were acquainted with one another and familiar with their surroundings. The quiet sylvan beauty, the rapidly cascading Rogue River at the doorstep, and the spring flowers were eloquent testimony to God's majesty and grandeur, and an inspiring setting for withdrawal from the routine work and trivia which may clog prayer and prevent long range perspective on one's life. Withdrawing from the distractions of daily life for a few days or hours, to be still and know God, is a growing practice among Episcopalians of all ages, and is especially popular among college students.

The group at Black Oaks was composed of undergraduates in their early

twenties and one young grandmother who was finishing college in preparation for a post family-rearing career as teacher. All were Episcopalians, some recently confirmed. Most had previously been affiliated with some other denomination. Many of them had been on Church-sponsored weekend conferences, but this was to be their first experience on a retreat. Their chaplain had told them its objective was to deepen their relationship to God as the conferences had deepened their relationships to one another.

Their reasons for coming varied. One said, "I want to see as much as possible about the Episcopal way." Another explained, "I have attended a number of conferences from which I received spiritual and physical value but this will be my first silent, God-seeking

retreat. I feel that by retreating I can reset my compass and sail further toward my goal. I hope to be spiritually refreshed."

One girl feared that if she had to be silent for forty hours, it would be frightening. Maybe she "had something," for she was young, newly confirmed, and her fiancé was present, too. She need not have worried, for at the end of the retreat this engaged couple was the first to express their appreciation.

At eight o'clock Father Alvord called the group to Evening Prayer and then outlined the retreat schedule. There would be no talking until Sunday lunch. Holy Communion would be celebrated each morning at eight; and the group would say Morning and Evening Prayer together, as well as noon-hour prayers and Compline which would, as it has



Three times each day students hear a short talk or meditation on Christian living. The leader's instructions are, "Be natural, no strain, let God speak."

for centuries in monastic communities, close the day.

The chaplain announced the hours for meals, to be eaten in silence while he read a humorous account of the struggles and successes of a modern "saint." There would be hot coffee on tap at all times. Individuals might read their own books or pick up some of the spiritual reading provided by the diocesan library. He emphasized that no one was to interrupt another's silence, but all were free to consult him or Father Crowther on spiritual or personal problems at any time.

When Father Alvord had finished his instructions, Father Crowther gave the first meditation. In this he set the tone of what was to follow. He stressed that the purpose of a retreat is simply to make it possible to know God. Silence is to enable us to get closer to God, to know Him better, to hear Him speak. We would be appalled by a human relation in which one person did all the talking. Yet in our prayer we frequently do little more than tell God what we want Him to do before we rush off.

In popular discussions of prayer one sometimes gets the impression that the most frequently uttered petition is "Listen, God; thy servant speaketh," forgetting that this is the wrong way round. The model prayer—the response of the infant Samuel—is "Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth." Prayer is not a tool for bending God to our wishes. It is merely the quiet and confident lifting of the heart and soul to God.

Father Crowther concluded by saying, "I know that the kind of prayer I am talking about is difficult. It is not natural, but its rewards are a deeply satisfying relation to God. It can be learned. I shall talk more about it tomorrow. For now, relax, rest, enjoy yourselves. Don't be straining to pray every minute. Read, nap, walk, sew, chop wood with no thought but to be with God. It is possible that during this retreat God will call you to some great service. Some of you may have had a leaning toward a new direction in your life, a call you've felt vaguely for a long time. Perhaps during the quiet it will become clear, but don't expect anything definite; to be with God is enough."

Compline was then said, and everyone went to bed. By the time all had received Holy Communion the next morning, everyone realized how different corporate silence was from the silence of loneliness. There was nothing lonely in this. Each felt the presence



Prayers seem appropriate at almost any time or place during a retreat. The young woman above chooses a traditional location and posture, but few rules of prayer are binding at Black Oaks.



Clergy make themselves readily available to discuss many varied matters during the two days of quiet meditation. Two sophomores, above, talk over problems with the Rev. C. Edward Crowther, chaplain to Episcopalians at UCLA.

RETREAT TO REALITY

Conversation, even at meals, is not permitted by the voluntary rule of silence. Following ancient monastic

practice, Chaplain Alvord reads to the group as they enjoy a quiet dinner, served in simple camp style.





Sunday is the last day of the retreat. "And early in the morning, on the first day of the week . . ." the young people gather to re-enact the Church's ancient celebration of the

Last Supper, the Holy Communion. The outdoor setting at sunrise adds a further dimension of beauty to words which have taken on new meanings during the preceding two days.

RETREAT TO REALITY

of God in himself and in his companions, and was inspired to pray.

Some prayed with the help of books of devotion, some in their own words, but by now it was obvious that some had reached the God-given prayer which needs few words. They were learning, too, to pray in any comfortable position: sitting, kneeling, walking, lying on the grass—to pray without physical or mental strain.

As the first meditation had pointed to the destination, the second mapped the road of the adventure of prayer in more detail. Father Crowther suggested that each make a rule of life, if he had not already done so, and then discuss it with him or the chaplain just as a student would take his plan of

study and his academic problems to a tutor for professional revision. The following talks dealt with self-knowledge in the light of the Holy Spirit: how to clear away the obstacles to progress by confession of sin, and how to know our Lord better through meditation and the Holy Eucharist.

By Saturday afternoon the group was well into the spirit of the retreat. The growing relaxation and serenity of the individuals was noticeable. It was the kind of relaxed inner peacefulness which could be expected at the end of a two months' holiday.

Sunday morning a portable altar was placed at the river's edge. The cumulative effect of the silence and the hushed splendor of nature created a setting for this Eucharist, an offering of thanksgiving which was now an over-

whelming outpouring of praise and delight. All were ready to return to the world determined to share with others the joy, understanding, and strength they had gained from the retreat.

One more meditation, and the retreat was officially over. Everyone was sorry to have it end.

Lunch was a talking meal. The group realized that, although they had become only slightly acquainted before the silence began, during it they had become familiar friends as so often happens when dependence on words is dropped, and people learn to know one another as they really are.

One of the students summed it up by saying, "I was afraid of silence, and it has been the instrument through which I have found God. I now have a rule of life and a goal." ◀

There Is a Way...

“CHRIST THE LORD is risen today.”

This is the good news of Easter. At Christmas the encouraging word of the Gospel is that the Saviour has come into the world; the glorious news of Easter is that He is here to stay.

If that sounds strange to you, think a moment. Those who put Jesus to death thought they were getting rid of Him in this world. It did not matter to them if He lived on elsewhere; they wanted to put an end to His power and influence here.

But did the crucifixion do that? Our Lord was crucified and buried, yes; but on the third day He rose from the dead. He is not a dead prophet but the Living Lord. He is not a figure out of the past whose teachings still inspire us; He is the Risen Lord who enables us to overcome sin and to triumph with Him.

This is the source of our Easter joy. The word of Easter is this:

*There is a way to find meaning in the
scattered details of our lives.*

There is a way through fear to faith.

*There is a way to use suffering and
sorrow for good.*

*There is a way to learn that despite
the appalling waste of human life,
nothing born of love, nothing good,
is ever wasted.*

There is a way to die daily to sin.

*There is a way to “so pass through
things temporal, that we finally
lose not the things eternal.”*

That way is to believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, to worship Him, obey Him and serve Him as Lord and Saviour. When we choose that way and enter it, then are we risen with Christ.

—ARTHUR LICHTENBERGER



Guatemalan seminarian Manuel Val Macho cleans altarware before service. Students are from six countries.



Presiding Bishop dedicates faculty houses during outdoor ceremony. He wears the cope and mitre, traditional bishop's garb.

Opportunities Unlimited in Latin America

Big Days for a

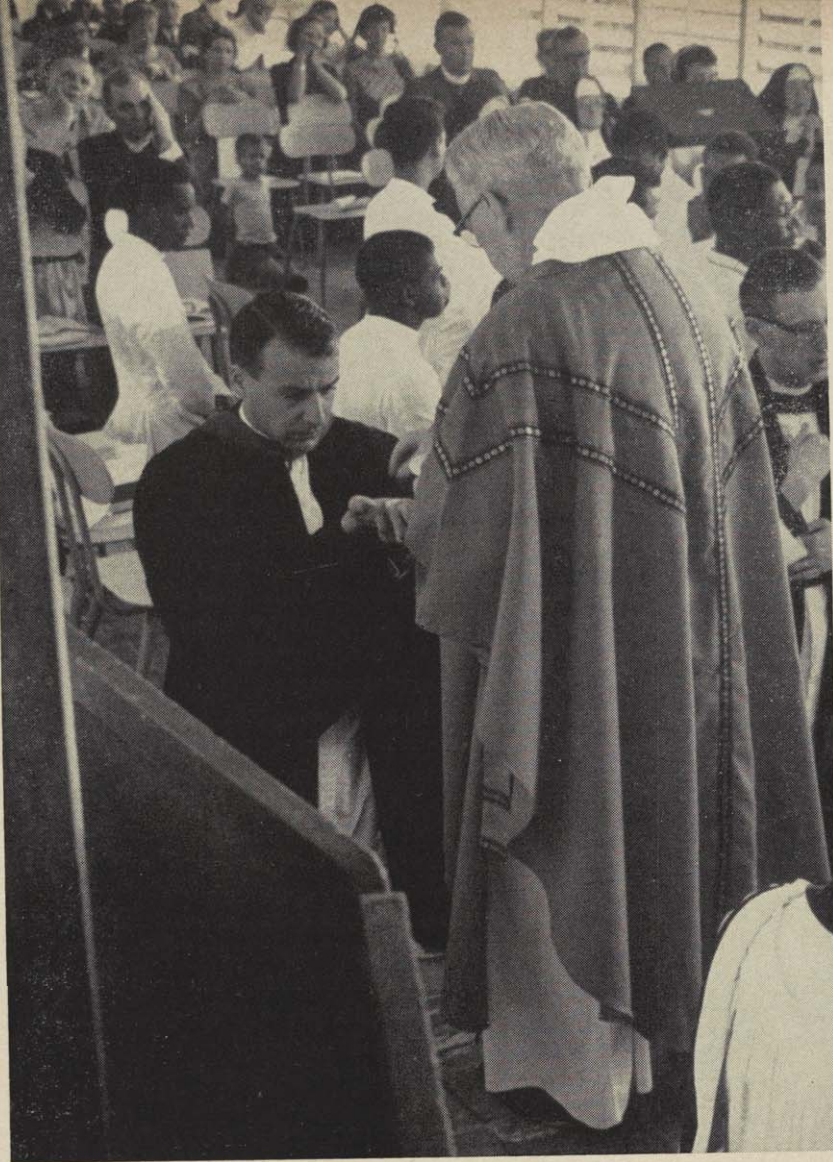
The Church's newest seminary is now
officially in business in Puerto Rico

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, everything seemed to work out. The rains held off for the two days of ceremonies; the addresses and remarks of dignitaries could be heard above the noise of trucks and hammers; and, after more than ten years of planning, El Seminario Episcopal del Caribe was blessed and dedicated, and its dean and faculty installed.

The Church's newest seminary (see THE EPISCOPALIAN's story in February) was formally instituted in January at its new campus just outside San Juan, Puerto Rico. The Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, Presiding Bishop, led in the ceremonies, assisted by the Rt. Rev. John Boyd Bentley, director of the Church's Overseas Department, and the Bishops of New York, South Flor-

ida, Panama Canal Zone, and Puerto Rico. Host to the visitors was the Very Rev. Eugene E. Crommett, thirty-four-year-old dean of the seminary.

In his sermon following the installation of Dean Crommett, Bishop Lichtenberger said, "This is the most significant step we have taken in Latin America for many years. . . . The enlistment and training of a national



Dean Crommett kneels (left foreground), receives the Host during service of installation for himself and faculty. A classroom serves as chapel.

The dean appears calm as he listens to Presiding Bishop's sermon during installation. A seminarian from Haiti sits in front of the dean.

Dean

leadership . . . is of paramount importance."

The Presiding Bishop also suggested that this new, international seminary give "light and wisdom" to the patterns of change in Church and society. "There is need for experimentation without too careful calculation as to how it will be . . . received. We need not be too enamored of our . . . Anglican moderation."



Two Years with THE EPISCOPALIAN

To SOME of you, our current family of more than 90,000 subscribers, the cover of this issue may seem vaguely familiar. We have used the picture of Jesus entering Jerusalem before in a different cover design.

It was in April of 1960 that the window section from the great cathedral of Chartres, France, first appeared. In fact, that was when THE EPISCOPALIAN first appeared as the national monthly magazine of the Episcopal Church.

Much has happened since April of 1960. THE EPISCOPALIAN has almost tripled in circulation, and almost doubled in number of pages produced per issue. It has been for the last year, and is today, the largest circulation magazine in the Church's history; in the past twelve months, the Post Office Department has delivered more than a million copies directly to the homes of Episcopal families. Our advertising revenue has doubled, and our subscription renewal rate is running about twice the average for most consumer magazines.

We are grateful to the Bishops and Dioceses of San Joaquin, Louisiana, and Delaware for their special interest in, and support of, the magazine in the past year. Our largest diocesan-wide circulations have been in these three jurisdictions. We are also grateful to the more than 100 pioneer Parish Plan churches who sent the magazine to all of their families at the \$2 Parish Plan rate. We are happy to report that this group has almost doubled since December, and is still increasing. We hope to be able to serve more churches in this way in the months to come. We have had to increase our individual subscription rate to \$3.50 per year (two years for \$6), and our special group rate (twenty-five or more names in a single order) to \$3 per name per year, but are keeping the Parish Plan rate at \$2 because it is the most economical to handle.

Editorially, we are attempting to continue and increase the excellence of the product. In the past year you may remember the series on General Convention; the special report on our clergy (May); on work with the deaf (June); on Alaska (July and August); on the Presiding Bishop (August); the Book of Common Prayer (September);

the Church and our money (October); General Convention (November); Christian Year calendar (December); theological education (January); unity (February); and the report on the Negro Episcopalian last month.

In future months we will be concerned with Christianity and communism; the forthcoming Anglican Congress and Vatican Ecumenical Council; the Church's work in Central America, Liberia, and the Far East; such subjects as suicide, spiritual healing, and chancel drama; and reports on Christian unity, Church history, and Episcopalians in action throughout the world.

We face the third year of our service as the Episcopal Church's national monthly with more experience, more hope, and the usual number of problems peculiar to the publishing business. We expect this next year, God willing, to be the best in editorial content, circulation, and subscription processing. We have moved three times, made extensive changes in printing, papers, and subscription handling, and believe ourselves to be out of the "experiment" stage at last, although we shall not cease to look for better and more economical ways of serving the Church.

We are grateful to the General Convention for its confidence in continuing THE EPISCOPALIAN as its authorized, independently edited national magazine. We are grateful for a strong, able board of directors with years of experience in the publishing business to guide the operations of THE EPISCOPALIAN. And we are grateful for an active and interested family of readers.

Although we are now incorporated as a separate agency of General Convention, and although our main office is in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and not New York, our purpose remains the same: to serve the whole Church with the Good News of Christianity; to promote the work of Jesus Christ and His Body, the Church, throughout the world, with particular reference to Episcopal Church families; to inform, illuminate, and we hope, inspire; to serve with the parish bulletin and the diocesan publication as a vital communication team in the Episcopal Church; and to explore the last real frontier on earth: the mind and heart of Man.—H.L.M.

Capitalscene

Behind President Kennedy's decision to resume atmospheric nuclear testing is a grim conclusion that Russia is cynically exploiting the world's disarmament hopes to gain military and propaganda advantages. U.S. officials would be delighted to have this conclusion disproved by Soviet conduct at Geneva. But in 15 years of patient negotiation for nuclear control, dating back to the "Baruch Plan" of 1946, they have found little support for the hope that Communist leaders will agree to any effective system of inspection that would end the accelerating arms race. However bleak the prospects for agreement, U.S. leaders feel that this country must seize every opportunity for negotiation on disarmament. As one Washington Episcopalian puts it, "we know it will take a diplomatic miracle to resolve this impasse. But a lot of people around the world are praying for that miracle."

The new U.S. defense budget, now before Congress, reflects a conviction shared by many church people—that the United States must build up its strength in conventional, "limited-war" forces in order to avoid being driven to a choice between the morally atrocious alternatives of surrender or all-out nuclear conflict. The Air Force is not happy with the budget, however, and its Chief of Staff, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, has been telling attentive Congressional committees

that there should be more money for "big war" weapons. Gen. LeMay is a strong exponent of the "massive retaliation" strategy. President Kennedy and Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara agree that the United States must maintain a mighty strategic deterrent, but they hold that it must also be ready to defend freedom in local showdowns (for example, Berlin, Laos, Vietnam) without resorting to ultimate weapons.

The National Catholic Welfare Conference, official secretariat of the Roman hierarchy, has just launched what one of its officials calls a "major educational campaign" to steer Roman Catholics away from extreme right-wing groups like the John Birch Society. Opening gun is a booklet by the Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., which is being strongly promoted as a text on communism for parochial schools and parish study groups. Refuting many pet charges of the radical right, it states that Communist influence among the Protestant clergy is "virtually nonexistent" and that "the basic threat of communism is external, not internal." Father Cronin is a recognized authority on communism. His knowledgeable 80-page booklet, Communism: Threat to Freedom, is published by Paulist Press, New York (50 cents a copy.)

Rep. Cleveland M. Bailey, Demo crat of West Virginia, has opened what may prove to be an important new front in the stalemated battle over federal aid to education. As chairman of the House Education subcommittee, Bailey is pushing a plan under which the federal government would make string-free grants to states, leaving each state to decide whether parochial schools should participate.

Bailey frankly says his idea is to "transfer the fight from Washington to the fifty state capitals." Since thirty-eight states constitutionally prohibit use of public funds for non-public schools, Roman Catholic opposition to the Bailey plan is likely, and in fact is already being expressed through "Citizens for Educational Freedom," a new organization which champions aid to parochial schools.

Major Jewish organizations are urging the U.S. Supreme Court to forbid all religious practices—even voluntary recital of non-sectarian prayers—in public schools. The Jewish view that public school religious practices are both divisive and unconstitutional is strongly argued in "friend of the court" briefs filed with the Supreme Court in connection with its forthcoming hearings on a case involving a one-sentence prayer used in New York schools. Observers believe the Court's decision in this test case may be one of the most far-reaching it has ever issued.

The Supreme Court has upheld an Internal Revenue Service ruling denying tax exemption to Scripture Press, an independent foundation at Wheaton, Ill., which publishes educational materials for many small evangelical bodies. I.R.S. contended Scripture Press was engaged in a business of a

kind generally carried on for profit, and was not entitled to tax exemption as a church activity. Concern was voiced that the decision might affect the tax-exempt status of denominational publishing houses like Seabury Press. But I.R.S. officials stated that this is not contemplated.

SOMETHING quite unexpected has happened. It came this morning early. For various reasons, not in themselves at all mysterious, my heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks. For one thing, I suppose I am recovering physically from a good deal of mere exhaustion. And I'd had a very tiring but very healthy twelve hours the day before, and a sounder night's sleep; and after ten days of low-hung gray skies and motionless warm dampness, the sun was shining and there was a light breeze. And suddenly at the very moment when, so far, I mourned H. least, I remembered her best. Indeed it was something (almost) better than memory, an instantaneous, unanswerable impression. To say it was like a meeting would be going too far. Yet there was that in it which tempts one to use those words. It was as if the lifting of the sorrow removed a barrier.

Why has no one told me these things? How easily I might have misjudged another man in the same situation? I might have said, "He's got over it. He's forgotten his wife," when the truth was, "He remembers her better *because* he has partly got over it."

Such was the fact. And I believe I can make sense out of it. You can't see anything properly while your eyes are blurred with tears. You can't, in most things, get what you want if you want it too desperately: anyway, you can't get the best out of it. "Now! Let's have a real good talk" reduces everyone to silence; "I *must* get a good sleep tonight" ushers in hours of wakefulness. Delicious drinks are wasted on a really ravenous thirst. Is it similarly the very intensity of the longing that draws the iron curtain, that makes us feel we are staring into a vacuum when we think about our dead? "Them as asks" (at any rate "as asks too importunately") don't get. Perhaps can't.

And so, perhaps, with God. I have gradually been coming to feel that the door is no longer shut and bolted. Was it my own frantic need that slammed it in my face? The time when there is nothing at all in your soul except a cry for help may be just the time when God can't give it: you are like the drowning man who can't be helped because he clutches and grabs. Perhaps your own reiterated cries deafen you to the voice you hoped to hear.

On the other hand, "Knock and it shall be opened." But does knocking mean hammering and kicking the door like a maniac? And there's also "To him that hath shall be given." After all, you must have a capacity to receive, or even omnipotence can't give. Perhaps your own passion temporarily destroys the capacity.

For all sorts of mistakes are possible when you are dealing with Him. Long ago, before we were married, H. was haunted all one morning as she went about her work with the obscure sense of God (so to speak) "at her

elbow," demanding her attention. And of course, not being a perfected saint, she had the feeling that it would be a question, as it usually is, of some unrepented sin or tedious duty. At last she gave in—I know how one puts it off—and faced Him. But the message was, "I want to give you something," and instantly she entered into joy.

I think I am beginning to understand why grief feels like suspense. It comes from the frustration of so many impulses that had become habitual. Thought after thought, feeling after feeling, action after action had H. for their object. Now their target is gone. I keep on

Conclusion

A GRIEF

*A husband, pondering the
covers that sorrow is like
where any bend may reveal*

through habit fitting an arrow to the string; then I remember and have to lay the bow down. So many roads lead thought to H. I set out on one of them. But now there's an impassable frontier-post across it. So many roads once; now so many culs-de-sac.

For a good wife contains so many persons in herself. What was H. not to me? She was my daughter and my mother, my pupil and my teacher, my subject and my sovereign; and always, holding all these in solution, my trusty comrade, friend, shipmate, fellow-soldier. My mistress; but at the same time all that any man friend

(and I have good ones) has ever been to me. Perhaps more. If we had never fallen in love, we should have none the less been always together, and created a scandal. That's what I meant when I once praised her for her "masculine virtues." But she soon put a stop to that by asking how I'd like to be praised for my feminine ones. It was a good riposte, dear. Yet there was something of the Amazon, something of Penthesilea and Camilla. And you, as well as I, were glad it should be there. You were glad I should recognize it.

Solomon calls his bride Sister. Could a woman be a complete wife unless, for a moment, in one particular mood, a man felt almost inclined to call her Brother?

"It was too perfect to last," so I am tempted to say of our marriage. But it can be meant in two ways. It may be grimly pessimistic—as if God no sooner saw two of His creatures happy than He stopped it ("None of that here!"). As if He were like the hostess at the sherry party who separates two guests the moment they show signs of having got into a real conversation. But it could also mean, "This had reached its proper perfection. This had become what it had in it to be. Therefore of course it would not be prolonged." As if God said, "Good; you have mastered that exercise. I am very pleased with it. And now you are ready to go on to the next." When you have learned to do quadratics and enjoy doing them, you will not be set them much longer. The teacher moves you on.

For we did learn and achieve something. There is, hidden or flaunted, a sword between the sexes till an entire marriage reconciles them. It is arrogance in us to call frankness, fairness, and chivalry "masculine" when we see them in a woman; it is arrogance in them to describe a man's sensitiveness or tact or tenderness as "feminine." But also what poor, warped fragments of humanity most mere men and mere women must be to make the implications of that arrogance plausible. Marriage heals this. Jointly the two become fully human. "In the image of God created He *them*." Thus, by a paradox, this carnival of sexuality leads us out beyond our sexes.

AND THEN ONE OF the other dies. And we think of this as love cut short, like a dance stopped in midcareer or a flower with its head unluckily snapped off—something truncated and therefore lacking its due shape. I wonder. If, as I can't help suspecting, the dead also feel the pains of separation (and this may be one of their purgatorial sufferings), then for both lovers, and for all pairs of lovers without exception, bereavement is a universal and integral part of our experience of love. It follows marriage as normally as marriage follows courtship or as autumn follows summer. It is not a truncation of the process but one of its phases; not the interruption of the dance, but the next figure. We are "taken out of our-

OBSERVED

by N. W. Clerk

*death of his wife, dis-
a long, winding valley
a totally new landscape.*

selves" by the loved one while she is here. Then comes the tragic figure of the dance in which we must learn to be still taken out of ourselves though the bodily presence is withdrawn, to love the very Her, and not fall back to loving our past, or our memory, or our sorrow, or our relief from sorrow, or our own love.

Looking back, I see that only a very little time ago I was greatly concerned about my memory of H. and how false it might become. For some reason—the merciful good sense of God is the only one I can think of—I have stopped bothering about that. And the remarkable thing is that since I stopped bothering about it, she seems to meet me everywhere. *Meet* is far too strong a word. I don't mean anything remotely like an apparition or a voice. I don't mean even any strikingly emotional experience at any particular moment. Rather, a sort of unobtrusive but massive sense that she is, just as much as ever, a fact to be taken into account.

"To be taken into account" is perhaps an unfortunate way of putting it. It sounds as if she were rather a battle-ax. How can I put it better? Would "momentously real" or "obstinately real" do? It is as if the experience said to me, "You are, as it happens, extremely glad that H. is still a fact. But remember she would be equally a fact whether you liked it or not. Your preferences have not been considered."

HOW FAR have I got? Just as far, I think, as a widower of another sort who would stop, leaning on his spade, and say in answer to our inquiry, "Thank 'ee. Mustn't grumble. I do miss her something dreadful. But they say these things are sent to try us." We have come to the same point; he with his spade, and I, who am not now much good at digging, with my own instrument. But of course one must take "sent to try us" the right way. God has not been trying an experiment on my faith or love in order to find out their quality. He knew it already. It was I who didn't. In this trial He makes us occupy the dock, the witness box, and the bench all at once. He always knew that my temple was a house of cards. His only way of making me realize the fact was to knock it down.

Getting over it so soon? But the words are ambiguous. To say the patient is getting over it after an operation for appendicitis is one thing; after he's had his leg off it is quite another. After that operation either the wounded stump heals or the man dies. If it heals, the fierce, continuous pain will stop. Presently he'll get back his strength and be able to stump about on his wooden leg. He has "got over it." But he will probably have recurrent pains in the stump all his life, and perhaps pretty bad ones; and he will always be a one-legged man. There will be hardly any moment when he forgets it. Bathing, dressing, sitting down and getting up again, even lying in bed will all be different. His whole way of life will

be changed. All sorts of pleasures and activities that he once took for granted will have to be simply written off. Duties too. At present I am learning to get about on crutches. Perhaps I shall presently be given a wooden leg. But I shall never be a biped again.

Still, there's no denying that in some sense I "feel better," and with that comes at once a sort of shame, and a feeling that one is under a sort of obligation to cherish and foment and prolong one's unhappiness. I've read about that in books, but I never dreamed I should feel it myself. I am sure H. wouldn't approve of it. She'd tell me not to be a fool. So, I'm pretty certain, would God. What is behind it?

Partly, no doubt, vanity. We want to prove to ourselves that we are lovers on the grand scale, tragic heroes; not just ordinary privates in the huge army of the bereaved, slogging along and making the best of a bad job. But that's not the whole of the explanation.

I think there is also a confusion. We don't really want grief, in its first agonies, to be prolonged; nobody could. But we want something else of which grief is a frequent symptom, and then we confuse the symptom with the thing itself. I wrote the other night that bereavement is not the truncation of married love but one of its regular phases—like the honeymoon. What we want is to live our marriage well and faithfully through that phase too. If it hurts (and it certainly will), we accept the pains as a necessary part of this phase. We don't want to escape them at the price of desertion or divorce. Killing the dead a second time. We were one flesh. Now that it has been cut in two, we don't want to pretend that it is whole and complete. We will be still married, still in love. Therefore we shall still ache. But we are not at all—if we understand ourselves—seeking the aches for their own sake. The less of them the better, so long as the marriage is preserved. And the more joy there can be in the marriage between dead and living, the better.

The better in every way. For, as I have discovered, passionate grief does not link us with the dead but cuts us off from them. This becomes clearer and clearer. It is just at those moments when I feel least sorrow—getting into my morning bath is usually one of them—that H. rushes upon my mind in her full reality, her otherness. Not, as in my worst moments, all foreshortened and patheticized and solemnized by my miseries, but as she is in her own right. This is good and tonic.

I seem to remember—though I couldn't quote one at the moment—all sorts of ballads and folk tales in which the dead tell us that our mourning does them some kind of wrong. They beg us to stop it. There may be far more depth in this than I thought. If so, our grandfathers' generation went very far astray. All that (sometimes lifelong) ritual of sorrow—visiting graves, keeping anniversaries, leaving the empty bedroom exactly as "the

departed" used to keep it, mentioning the dead either not at all or always in a special voice, or even (like Queen Victoria) having the dead man's clothes put out for dinner every evening—this was like mummification. It made the dead far more dead.

Or was that (unconsciously) its purpose? Something very primitive may be at work here. To keep the dead thoroughly dead, to make sure that they won't come sidling back among the living, is a main preoccupation of the savage mind. At all costs make them "stay put." Certainly these rituals do in fact emphasize their deadness. Perhaps this result was not really so unwelcome, not always, as the ritualists believed.

But I've no business to judge them. All guesswork. I'd better keep my breath to cool my own porridge. For me at any rate the program is plain. I will turn to her

A Grief Observed

as often as possible in gladness. I will even salute her with a laugh. The less I mourn her the nearer I seem to her.

An admirable program. Unfortunately it can't be carried out. Tonight all the hells of young grief have opened again; the mad words, the bitter resentment, the fluttering in the stomach, the nightmare unreality, the wallowed-in tears. For in grief nothing "stays put." One keeps on emerging from a phase, but it always recurs. Round and round. Everything repeats. Am I going in circles, or dare I hope I am on a spiral?

But if a spiral, am I going up or down it?

How often—will it be for always?—how often will the vast emptiness astonish me like a complete novelty and make me say, "I never realized my loss till this moment"? The same leg is cut off time after time. The first plunge of the knife into the flesh is felt again and again.

They say "The coward dies many times"; so does the beloved. Didn't the eagle find a fresh liver to tear in Prometheus every time it dined?

THIS is the fourth—and the last—empty ms. book I can find in the house; at least nearly empty, for there are some pages of very ancient arithmetic at the end by J. I resolve to let this limit my jottings. I *will not* start buying books for the purpose. Insofar as this record was a defense against total collapse, a safety valve, it has done some good. The other end I had in view turns out to have been based on a misunderstanding. I thought I could describe a *state*; make a map of sorrow. Sorrow however, turns out to be not a state but a process. It needs not a map but a history, and if I don't stop

writing that history at some quite arbitrary point, there's no reason why I should ever stop. There is something new to be chronicled every day. Grief is like a long valley, a winding valley where any bend may reveal a totally new landscape. As I've already noted, not every bend does. Sometimes the surprise is the opposite one, you are presented with exactly the same sort of country you thought you had left behind miles ago. That is when you wonder whether the valley isn't a circular trench. But it isn't. There are partial recurrences, but the sequence doesn't repeat.

Here, for instance, is a new phase, a new loss. I do all the walking I can, for I'd be a fool to go to bed not tired. Today I have been revisiting old haunts, taking one of the long rambles that made me so happy in my bachelor days. And this time the face of nature was not emptied of its beauty and the world didn't look (as I complained some days ago) like a mean street. On the contrary, every horizon, every stile or clump of trees, summoned me into a past kind of happiness, my pre-H. happiness. But the invitation seemed to me horrible. The happiness into which it invited me was insipid. I find that I don't want to go back again and be happy in *that* way. It frightens me to think that a mere going back should even be possible. For this fate would seem to me the worst of all; to reach a state in which my years of love and marriage should appear in retrospect a charming episode—like a holiday—that had briefly interrupted my interminable life and returned me to normal, unchanged. And then it would come to seem unreal—something so foreign to the usual texture of my history that I could almost believe it had happened to someone else. Thus H. would die to me a second time; a worse bereavement than the first. Anything but that.

Did you ever know, dear, how much you took away with you when you left? You have stripped me even of my past, even of the things we never shared. I was wrong to say the stump was recovering from the pain of the amputation. I was deceived because it has so many ways to hurt me that I discover them only one by one.

Still, there are the two enormous gains—I know myself too well now to call them "lasting." Turned to God, my mind no longer meets that locked door; turned to H., it no longer meets that vacuum—nor all that fuss about my mental image of her. My jottings show something of the process, but not so much as I'd hoped. Perhaps both changes were really not observable. There was no sudden, striking, and emotional transition. Like the warming of a room or the coming of daylight. When you first notice them they have already been going on for some time.

These notes have been about myself, and about H., and about God. In that order. The order and the proportions exactly what they ought not to have been. And I see

that I have nowhere fallen into that mode of thinking about either which we call praising them. Yet that would have been best for me. Praise is the mode of love which always has some element of joy in it. Praise in due order of Him as the giver, of her as the gift. Don't we in praise somehow enjoy what we praise, however far we are from it? I must do more of this. I have lost the fruition I once had of H. And I am far, far away in the valley of my unlikeness, from the fruition which, if His mercies are infinite, I may some time have of God. But by praising I can still, in some degree, enjoy her, and already in some degree, enjoy Him. Better than nothing.

But perhaps I lack the gift. I see I've described H. as being like a sword. That's true as far as it goes. But utterly inadequate by itself, and misleading. I ought to have balanced it. I ought to have said, "But also like a garden. Like a nest of gardens, wall within wall, hedge within hedge, more secret, more full of fragrant and fertile life, the further you entered."

And then, of her, and of every created thing I praise, I should say, "In some way, in its unique way, like Him who made it."

Thus up from the garden to the Gardener, from the sword to the Smith. To the life-giving Life and the Beauty that makes beautiful.

"She is in God's hand." That gains a new energy when I think of her as a sword. Perhaps the earthly life I shared with her was only part of the tempering. Now perhaps He grasps the hilt; weighs the new weapon; makes lightnings with it in the air. "A right Jerusalem blade."

One moment last night can be described in similes; otherwise it won't go into language at all. Imagine a man in total darkness. He thinks he is in a cellar or dungeon. Then there comes a sound. He thinks it might be a

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sound from far off—waves or wind-blown trees or cattle half a mile away. And if so, it proves he's not in a cellar, but free, in the open air. Or it may be a much smaller sound close at hand—a chuckle of laughter. And if so, there is a friend just beside him in the dark. Either way, a good, good sound. I'm not mad enough to take such an experience as evidence for anything. It is simply the leaping into imaginative activity of an idea which I would always have theoretically admitted—the idea that I, or any mortal at any time, may be utterly mistaken as to the situation he is really in.

Five senses; an incurably abstract intellect; a haphazardly selective memory; a set of preconceptions and assumptions so numerous that I can never examine

more than a minority of them—never become even conscious of them all. How much of total reality can such an apparatus let through?

I will not, if I can help it, shin up either the feathery or the prickly tree. Two widely different convictions press



more and more on my mind. One is that the Eternal Vet is even more inexorable and the possible operations even more painful than our severest imaginings can forbode. But the other, that "all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well."

It doesn't matter that all the photographs of H. are bad. It doesn't matter—not much—if my memory of her is imperfect. Images, whether on paper or in the mind, are not important for themselves. Merely links. Take a parallel from an infinitely higher sphere. Tomorrow morning a priest will give me a little round, thin, cold, tasteless wafer. Is it a disadvantage—is it not in some ways an advantage—that it can't pretend the least *resemblance* to that with which it unites me?

I need Christ, not something that resembles Him. I want H., not something that is like her. A really good photograph might become in the end a snare, a horror, and an obstacle.

Images, I must suppose, have their use or they would not have been so popular. (It makes little difference whether they are pictures and statues outside the mind or imaginative constructions within it.) To me, however, their danger is more obvious. Images of the Holy easily become holy images—sacrosanct. My idea of God is not a divine idea. It has to be shattered time after time. He shatters it Himself. He is the great iconoclast. Could we not almost say that this shattering is one of the marks of His presence? The Incarnation is the supreme example; it leaves all previous ideas of the Messiah in ruins. And most are "offended" by the iconoclasm; and blessed are those who are not. But the same thing happens in our private prayers.

All reality is iconoclastic. The earthly beloved, even in this life, incessantly triumphs over your mere idea of

her. And you want her to; you want her with all her resistances, all her faults, all her unexpectedness. That is, in her foursquare and independent reality. And this, not any image or memory, is what we are to love still, after she is dead.

But "this" is not imaginable. In that respect H. and all the dead are like God. In that respect loving her has become, in its measure, like loving Him. In both cases I must stretch out the arms and hand of love—its eyes cannot here be used—to the reality, through—across—all the changeable phantasmagoria of my thoughts, passions, and imaginings. I mustn't sit down content with the phantasmagoria itself and worship that for Him, or love that for her.

Not my idea of God, but God. Not my idea of H., but H. Yes, and also not my idea of my neighbor, but my neighbor. For don't we often make this mistake as regards people who are still alive—who are with us in the same room? Talking and acting not to the man himself but to the picture—almost the *précis*—we've made of him in our own minds? And he has to depart from it pretty widely before we even notice the fact. In real life—that's one way it differs from novels—his words and acts are, if we observe closely, hardly ever quite "in character," that is, in what we call his character. There's always a card in his hand we didn't know about.

My reason for assuming that I do this to other people is the fact that so often I find them obviously doing it to me. We all think we've got one another taped.

And all this time I may, once more, be building with cards. And if I am He will once more knock the building flat. He will knock it down as often as proves necessary. Unless I have to be finally given up as hopeless, and left building pasteboard palaces in Hell forever; "free among the dead."

Am I, for instance, just sidling back to God because I know that if there's any road to H., it runs through Him? But then of course I know perfectly well that He can't be used as a road. If you're approaching Him not as the goal but as a road, not as the end but as a means, you're not really approaching Him at all. That's what was really wrong with all those popular pictures of happy reunions "on the further shore"; not the simple-minded and very earthly images, but the fact that they make an end of what we can get only as a by-product of the true End.

Lord, are these your real terms? Can I meet H. again only if I learn to love you so much that I don't care whether I meet her or not? Consider, Lord, how it looks to us. What would anyone think of me if I said to the boys, "No toffee now. But when you've grown up and don't really want toffee you shall have as much of it as you choose"?

If I knew that to be eternally divided from H. and eternally forgotten by her would add a greater joy and splendor to her being, of course I'd say "Fire ahead." Just as if, on earth, I could have cured her cancer by never seeing her again, I'd have arranged never to see her again. I'd have had to. Any decent person would. But that's quite different. That's not the situation I'm in.

When I lay these questions before God I get no answer. But a rather special sort of "No answer." It is not the locked door. It is more like a silent, certainly not uncompassionate, gaze. As though He shook His head not in refusal but waiving the question. Like, "Peace, child; you don't understand."

Can a mortal ask questions which God finds unanswerable? Quite easily, I should think. All nonsense questions are unanswerable. How many hours are there in a mile? Is yellow square or round? Probably half the questions we ask—half our great theological and metaphysical problems—are like that.

And now that I come to think of it, there's no practical problem before me at all. I know the two great commandments, and I'd better get on with them. Indeed, H.'s death has ended the practical problem. While she was alive I could, in practice, have put her before God; that is, could have done what she wanted instead of what He wanted; if there'd been a conflict. What's left is not a problem about anything I could *do*. It's all about weights of feelings and motives and that sort of thing. It's a problem I'm setting myself. I don't believe God set it me at all.

THE FRUITION of God. Reunion with the dead. These can't figure in my thinking except as counters. Blank checks. My idea—if you can call it an idea—of the first is a huge, risky extrapolation from a very few and short experiences here on earth. Probably not such valuable experiences as I think. Perhaps even of less value than others that I take no account of. My idea of the second is also an extrapolation. The reality of either—the cashing of either check—would probably blow all one's ideas about both (how much more one's ideas about their relations to each other) into smithereens.

The mystical union on the one hand. The resurrection of the body, on the other. I can't reach the ghost of an image, a formula, or even a feeling, that combines them. But the reality, we are given to understand, does. Reality the iconoclast once more. Heaven will solve our problems, but not, I think, by showing us subtle reconciliations between all our apparently contradictory notions. The notions will all be knocked from under our feet. We shall see that there never was any problem.

And, more than once, that impression which I can't

describe except by saying that it's like the sound of a chuckle in the darkness. The sense that some shattering and disarming simplicity is the real answer.

It is often thought that the dead see us. And we assume, whether reasonably or not, that if they see us at all they see us more clearly than before. Does H. now see exactly how much froth or tinsel there was in what she called, and I call, my love? So be it. Look your hardest, dear. I wouldn't hide if I could. We didn't idealize each other. We tried to keep no secrets. You knew most of the rotten places in me already. If you now see anything worse, I can take it. So can you. Rebuke, explain, mock, forgive. For this is one of the

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miracles of love; it gives—to both, but perhaps especially to the woman—a power of seeing through its own enchantments and yet not being disenchanted.

To see, in some measure, like God. His love and His knowledge are not distinct from one another, nor from Him. We could almost say He sees because He loves, and therefore loves although He sees.

Sometimes, Lord, one is tempted to say that if you wanted us to behave like the lilies of the field you might have given us an organization more like theirs. But that, I suppose, is just your grand experiment. Or no; not an experiment, for you have no need to find things out. Rather your grand enterprise. To make an organism which is also a spirit; to make that terrible oxymoron, a "spiritual animal." To take a poor primate, a beast with nerve-endings all over it, a creature with a stomach that wants to be filled, a breeding animal that wants its mate, and say, "Now get on with it. Become a god."

I SAID, several notebooks ago, that even if I got what seemed like an assurance of H.'s presence, I wouldn't believe it. Easier said than done. Even now, though, I won't treat anything of that sort as evidence. It's the *quality* of last night's experience—not what it proves but what it was—that makes it worth putting down. It was quite incredibly unemotional. Just the impression of her *mind* momentarily facing my own. Mind, not "soul" as we tend to think of soul. Certainly the reverse of what is called "soulful." Not at all like a rapturous reunion of lovers. Much more like getting a telephone call or a wire from her about some practical arrangement. Not that there was any "message"—just intelligence and attention. No sense of joy or sorrow. No love even, in our ordinary sense. No un-love. I had never in any mood imagined the dead as being so—well, so businesslike. Yet there was an extreme and cheerful intimacy. An intimacy that had not passed through the senses or the emotions at all.

If this was a throw-up from my unconscious, then my unconscious must be a far more interesting region than the depth psychologists have led me to expect. For one thing, it is apparently much less primitive than my consciousness.

Wherever it came from, it has made a sort of spring cleaning in my mind. The dead could be like that; sheer intellects. A Greek philosopher wouldn't have been surprised at an experience like mine. He would have expected that if anything of us remained after death it would be just that. Up to now this always seemed to me a most arid and chilling idea. The absence of emotion repelled me. But in this contact (whether real or apparent) it didn't do anything of the sort. One didn't need emotion. The intimacy was complete—sharply bracing and restorative too—without it. Can that intimacy be love itself—always in this life attended with emotion, not because it is itself an emotion, or needs an attendant emotion, but because our animal souls, our nervous systems, our imaginations, have to respond to it in that way? If so, how many preconceptions I must scrap! A society, a communion, of pure intelligences would not be cold, drab, and comfortless. On the other hand it wouldn't be very like what people usually mean when they use such words as "spiritual," or "mystical," or "holy." It would, if I have had a glimpse, be—well, I'm almost scared at the adjectives I'd have to use. Brisk? cheerful? keen? alert? intense? wide-awake? Above all, solid. Utterly reliable. Firm. There is no nonsense about the dead.

When I say "intellect," I include will. Attention is an act of will. Intelligence in action is will par excellence. What seemed to meet me was full of resolution.

Once very near the end I said, "If you can—if it is allowed—come to me when I too am on my deathbed." "Allowed!" she said. "Heaven would have a job to hold me; and as for Hell, I'd break it into bits." She knew she was speaking a kind of mythological language, with even an element of comedy in it. There was a twinkle as well as a tear in her eye. But there was no myth and no joke about the will, deeper than any feeling, that flashed through her.

But I mustn't, because I have come to misunderstand a little less completely what a pure intelligence might be, lean over too far. There is also, whatever it means, the resurrection of the body. We cannot understand. The best is perhaps what we understand least.

Didn't people dispute once whether the final vision of God was more an act of intelligence or of love? That is probably another of the nonsense questions.

How wicked it would be, if we could, to call the dead back! She said not to me but to the chaplain, "I am at peace with God." She smiled, but not at me. *Poi si tornò all' eterna fontana.* ◀



CHURCH OF ROME: TURN FOR THE BETTER

Since Pope John XXIII announced that the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council will open on October 11, a spirit of increasing good will has been evidenced between Protestants and Roman Catholics on every level. Dr. James E. Wagner, retiring president of the Evangelical and Reformed Church in the U.S.A., called the Ecumenical Council "the big Christian event" of 1962, just as the Third World Assembly of the World Council of Churches was the major event of 1961. ● From Augustin Cardinal Bea, president of the Vatican's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, came the prediction that the Second Vatican Council will place reunion of separated Christians high on its agenda and may pave the way to an eventual assembly of Christian bodies under Roman Catholic Church auspices to discuss unity. Dr. Claud D. Nelson, special consultant on interreligious relations to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, commented, "Whatever the formal actions of the Council, the cause of unity has been greatly advanced by the manner in which the Pope has manifested his interest in Christian unity at the time he summoned the council." ● A member of the theological commission preparing for the council, the Rt. Rev. John J. Wright, Roman Catholic Bishop of Pittsburgh, called on every Roman Catholic to "remove the obstacles in himself which may keep his non-Catholic brethren from the unity of the Church." He went on to say that while he didn't believe there would be an immediate unity of faith, "there must at least be a unity of charity, of mutual love that can and will drive us to work in common moral concerns: in civic life, social, cultural, economic, and political causes which we necessarily share." Dr. K. E. Skydsgaard, a Danish Lutheran clergyman, reported to a German audience that he found "an astonishing openness for interconfessional conversation" in Roman Catholic circles during his recent six-week visit to the United States.

BIBLE EXPELLED

Unless the Supreme Court of the United States reverses the ruling of a three-man Federal court in Philadelphia, the Holy Bible will be banned from Pennsylvania's public schools. The state has been one of the eighteen in the Union in which the reading of a portion of the Bible every day in public schools is required by law. For the past three years a Unitarian family in Roslyn, Pa., has been fighting this practice, claiming that it was an abridgement of their rights because their children were forced to attend these classroom readings. This year, they won their case in Federal court. The court ruled that Bible reading in the public schools constituted a religious ceremony in violation of the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. ● Religious leaders were divided over the issue. In New York, N.Y., the American Jewish Congress hailed the court's decision as a "major victory for religious freedom." It said such freedom can best be guaranteed "if the wall of separation between Church and State is maintained secure and impregnable." On the other side was *The Catholic Standard and Times*, official newspaper of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Philadelphia, which observed editorially, "If the founding fathers were to see how their words [in the First Amendment] have been distorted, they would turn in their graves."

OUTWARD BOUND

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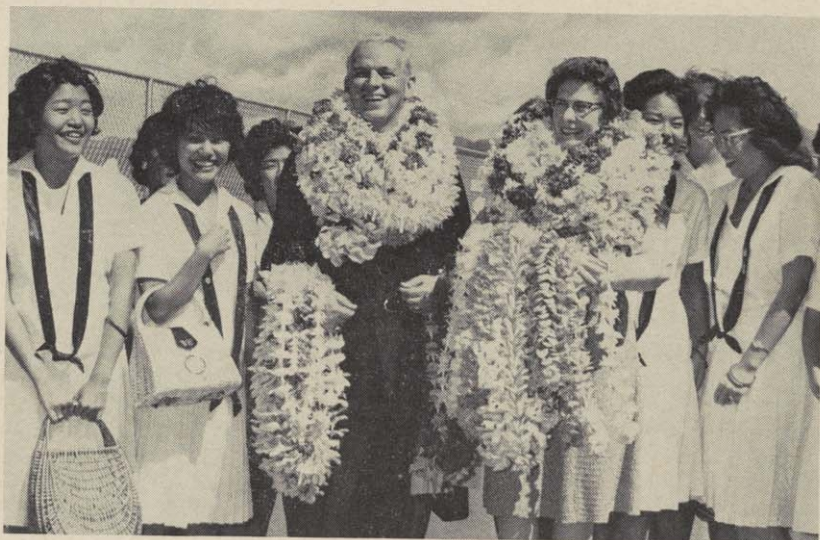
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worldscene continued

have elapsed since then, thousands of other American Christians have followed, carrying the gospel abroad. Although the task facing the missionary has always been heavy, today it seems even heavier, and a good deal more complex. ● Speaking before the National Lutheran Council, Dr. Stewart Herman, executive secretary of the council's Division of Lutheran World Federation Affairs, said that the current "revolution of rising expectations" around the world may prove to be a more world-shaking force than either communism or nuclear weapons. The responsibility for alleviating the world's poverty, hunger, disease, and illiteracy belongs not only to governments but to "the Church of Christ in the world in which it has been placed." ● At Geneva, Switzerland, the World Council of Churches' Division of International Aid, Refugee, and World Service launched a drive for \$7,804,509 to carry out its world-wide 1962 service program and projects. The total represents an increase of \$2,338,574 over the amount requested last year and does not include special appeals made by the World Council for national emergencies. Episcopalians share in this work through their gifts to the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief.

STATUS-SYMBOL RELIGION

Protestantism is building too many student centers at universities and too many suburban churches, the Rt. Rev. Philip F. McNairy, Suffragan Bishop of Minnesota, recently told the annual meeting of the Greater Minneapolis Council of Churches. Suggesting a joint building to house religious foundations when the University of Minnesota opens its new West Campus, he also deplored the multiplication of church structures along highways through the suburbs, "each one trying to outdo the other." Commented the bishop, "There stand those temples, used a day or two a week by relatively small groups, while the population speeds by, hurrying home, or on its way to long weekends." On the other hand he added, in some of the densely populated city areas where crime and delinquency are high, there are often empty church buildings with broken windows boarded up. Bishop McNairy appealed to American Christians to work together in long-range planning, in a ministry to low-income people, in industrial chaplaincies, in programs for ethnic groups, and in social welfare.



The Presiding Bishop, Arthur Lichtenberger, and his wife are greeted by Hawaiian schoolgirls upon arrival in Honolulu for the centennial celebration of the Episcopal Church in Hawaii. Bishop Lichtenberger spoke at three February centennial events, then traveled to the Philippines to dedicate new church buildings in Manila, and to participate in concordat Communion services with the Philippine Independent Church.

LEVER TO HEAVEN

No matter how far automation goes in the modern world, there is one man who cannot be replaced. This was neatly spelled out in a letters-to-the-editor column of a large weekly magazine which had a short time before run an article on automation and unemployment: "Sir, That's for me, automation! Please order for this parish the following automatic machines: One sermon writer and preacher, one acolyte trainer, one paper-work machine with built-in duplicator, one parish-caller, one sinner-converter, one confession-hearer and consultant. Both my curate and I are fed up with being human beings in a 70-hour week."—The Rev. Albert Olson, Rector, All Souls Episcopal Church, Berkeley, Calif.

PROGRESS IN LATIN AMERICA

The Episcopal Church has published its first Spanish hymnal for the 140 Spanish-speaking Episcopal congregations in the U.S. and Latin America. Entitled *El Himnario 1961*, the book contains 261 hymns, including translations from the 1940 U.S. hymnal, numerous paraphrased hymns, and three new ones. ● Authorized by the Church's 1955 General Convention, the volume was prepared by a special committee headed by the Rt. Rev. R. Heber Gooden, Bishop of the Panama Canal Zone. Before its publication, Spanish Episcopal churches had to rely on small paper-back books with words but no music. ● The newly established Episcopal Spanish Publications Center in San José, Costa Rica, has sent out a call to all Episcopal clergymen doing Spanish-language work to contact the Center so that they can be kept informed of new publications. ● Reporting from Washington, D.C., the Evangelical Foreign Missions Association revealed figures indicating an eightfold growth in the number of baptized Protestants in Latin America since 1937. The mission body said there are at least 3,441,445 baptized Protestants in South and Central America, and an estimated 8,470,000 persons, including children attending evangelical schools, who are associated in some way with non-Roman churches. Among countries which have enjoyed a growth of 1,000 per cent or more in Protestant membership in the period between 1937 and 1961 are Colombia, where membership increased from 1,996 to 25,576; Brazil, from 175,541 to 1,763,142; Costa Rica, from 842 to 16,157; and Ecuador, from 395 to 4,341.

WORKING WIVES

During a symposium conducted by a professional group in Sydney, Australia, Anglican and Roman Catholic clergymen differed on the effects on the individual and society caused by working wives. The Anglican speaker said that employed married women were more contented and led fuller lives, while the Roman Catholic speaker called for a reduction in the number of working wives, saying that their employment tended to weaken the family. The Rev. William Murray, director of the Roman Catholic Family Welfare Bureau in Sydney, said that the more the wife was withdrawn from the family circle, the weaker the family would grow. Speaking for his own point of view, the Rev. H. W. Baker, of the Public and Social Affairs Committee of the Anglican Church of Australia, said that married women found in outside jobs an interest and outlet not found in the home.

STEWARDSHIP MEMO

Bar bills in the nation's 6,000 country clubs are running more than \$352 million annually, according to a survey completed by *Sports Illustrated* magazine. The survey also found that the average country club membership of 480 people spent \$67,681 in 1960 on alcoholic refreshments alone. This is a per capita liquor expenditure of \$141. Latest figure on total per communicant giving to the work of the Episcopal Church in parish, diocese, nation, and world: \$81.

A HYMN BESIDE THE MOSQUE

Percentage increases in the number of Christians in predominantly Moslem Pakistan were listed as greater than those of any other religion, according to a national census just completed in the capital city of Karachi. Some 500,000 Christians were said to be in the country's population of 88,000,000, or an increase of 35 per cent over ten years

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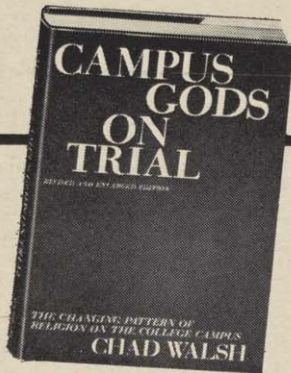
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"A great deal of nonsense is talked and written about 'our godless campuses.' The campuses are not godless at all. They are overpopulated with gods.' This idol-smashing Episcopal priest identifies and systematically demolishes the 'campus gods' of Progress, Relativism, Humanitarianism, Security and Conformity. Already a favorite on American campuses, CAMPUS GODS ON TRIAL has been revised and enlarged to tangle in a fair but devastating fight with the more recent 'gods' who populate our college today. 'Excellent'." *New York Times*

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ago. Moslems continued to account for about 88 per cent of the population; there are some 10,000,000 Hindus also in the country. The Anglican Communion is represented in Pakistan by the Church of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon. The three Anglican bishops resident in Pakistan are the Rt. Rev. James D. Blair, Bishop of Dacca, East Pakistan; the Rt. Rev. Laurence H. Woodmer, Bishop of Lahore; and the Rt. Rev. Chandu Ray, Assistant Bishop of Lahore.

HOWDY, STRANGER

The wide-open grasslands, high mountains, and long harsh winters breed a special sort of person in Wyoming. Or at least this is the opinion of the Rev. Howard Lee Wilson, Episcopal archdeacon of Wyoming, and author of a recently published thirty-page booklet intended to prepare newly arrived clergymen for what they will find in the "Equality" State. His first suggestion is to get a nylon tow rope, a shovel, and some warm blankets. He explains that "some Wyomingites will tell you that there are only two seasons out here: winter and Fourth of July. It is not quite that bad. But it has snowed in every month of the year." Secondly, he warns the new clergyman to "let his hair down." Archdeacon Wilson gives this warning because "there is still a good deal of individualism and a lack of church tradition in the West. People tend to judge you for what you are, not who you are. Many of them will call you Rev'ren' and let it go at that." On the matter of church music, the archdeacon suggests that "the hymn repertoire of some Wyoming congregations is limited. Many congregations are not used to chanting the canticles. . . . The record will show that there have been occasions when *Boots and Saddle* and *I'm Headin' for the Last Roundup* have been requested at funerals, so be prepared."

BEAT THE DEVIL

The devil is back in merry old England. He was banished for a while when a committee preparing a new version of a catechism for Anglican children last year decided not to refer to the devil by name. But later in the year another meeting of the committee disclosed that there was strong opposition to the deletion of all references to Satan. As a result the devil was reinstated. Instead of the traditional phrase, "I renounce the devil and all his works," candidates for confirmation will now say: "I would renounce the devil and fight against evil."

FAMILY BREAKDOWN

Family breakdown was called by the Family Service Association of America the country's "number one social problem" and "as destructive as any disease." In a special edition of its official journal, *The Family Service Highlights*, published in connection with the group's fiftieth anniversary conference, the association called for a crash program to discover the causes of family breakdown and to enlist enlightened public support for a program of education and prevention. The publication cited the following statistics as evidence of the seriousness of family breakdown in this country: illegitimacy rate has tripled since 1938; one out of every four marriages today ends in divorce; the current divorce rate is more than seven times that of 1860; the delinquency rate, based on court cases, has nearly tripled since 1940; and more than 200,000 persons are admitted annually to state and local mental hospitals.

WANDERERS IN THE WORLD

Almost 500,000 European refugees have been moved for resettlement overseas through the efforts of the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration since its establishment in 1952. The agency works closely with church groups and with the United Nations High Commission for Refugees under the direction of its newly elected director, Bastiaan W. Haveman of the Netherlands. The thirty-nation organization also helped resettle some 16,500 refugees from mainland China via

Hong Kong. The group approved a budget of \$8 million to provide aid to some 300,000 Algerian refugees in Morocco and Tunisia. ● In another part of the world, the Board of National Missions of the United Presbyterian Church announced the completion of an emergency resettlement program which brought 150 refugees from Cuba to the U.S. Most of them were teachers who requested permission to leave the island when the Castro government nationalized United Presbyterian mission schools. Six clergymen and their wives also were brought to this country. ● In the Congo, present relief operations are making only a "few inroads" in the effort to ease suffering among some 750,000 refugees, according to George Kiner, a former CARE overseas representative now working for the National Council of Churches. ● Meeting in New York City, the American Immigration and Citizenship Conference heard a number of addresses by prominent U.S. citizens calling on religious and other voluntary agencies to intensify their efforts for a revision of U.S. immigration laws. Episcopal layman Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island urged redrafting of laws which currently hold the "utterly false and un-American concept that one race is superior to another."

A NOT SO BAZAAR PROPOSAL

The Rt. Rev. C. Alfred Cole, Episcopal Bishop of Upper South Carolina, told women of his diocese that it was time for them to stop raising money for church projects through such means as bazaars, bridge parties, suppers, or rummage and cake sales. Addressing the fortieth convention of diocesan church women recently, Bishop Cole suggested that they make 1962 the last year for such fund-raising methods. "It is now time for such funds as are needed to be raised in other ways," he said. Bishop Cole said that the time that had been expended on money-raising projects should be used to "deepen and strengthen our own lives so we can witness to Christ in our own communities and win others to Him and His Church."

WHO NEEDS GOD?

A Lutheran editor has proposed a "great American TV strike" as a protest against the poor quality of television programs. "Turn the thing off and leave it off until the networks can come up with a new plan," Dr. G. Elson Ruff, editor of *The Lutheran*, said. "TV at present is at least 50 per cent a device of businessmen to push the sale of cereals, detergents, cathartics. It's seldom on TV that you meet authors who are giving you a wide range of their real thoughts and deepest experience." In an article entitled "Save Our Children from TV," Mrs. Eleanor D. Mora, a church school teacher from Marlton, N.J., said television "may be extremely harmful to spiritual growth of our Christian families." Continuing, she said, "What's so wonderful about God? Superman can fly. Perry Mason has great wisdom. Popeye has fabulous strength . . . the weatherman predicts rain. Who needs God?"

GOOD FRIDAY OFFERING

During Holy Week the hearts and minds of Christians everywhere are centered in the Holy Land.

For this reason, Episcopalians each year welcome the Good Friday Offering, the annual opportunity for all Anglicans to take their part in the Church's work in the Holy Land and the Middle East.

Each year, not less than \$15,000 (in 1961, it was \$37,000) of the Good Friday Offering goes to the Jerusalem and the East Mission in London, an Anglican organization which supports the Archbishop and the bishops in the Holy Land in their mission to beleaguered non-Christians in their jurisdiction, as well as their Anglican congregations.

By direction of the General Convention, 15 per cent of the offering, which totaled almost \$90,000 in 1961, goes to its Joint Commission on Co-operation with the Eastern Churches. A major portion of the gift is used for the support of St. Sergius Theological Institute in Paris which trains men from several Eastern Orthodox Churches for holy orders.

"The Ugly Christian" is a chapter in Malcolm Boyd's new book IF I GO DOWN TO HELL. What follows is a selection from this chapter:

Most nominal Christians do not have a clue what it means to be a Christian. What, for example, is the relationship between being a Christian and one's attitude, quite specifically, towards work, one's involvement in politics, one's appreciation of the arts, one's understanding of love and sex? An untold number of persons mouth credal definitions, and even prayers, without comprehension as to their content.

Amid mass culture which tends to dehumanize man, there needs to be developed the 'little' approach: the cell-group in parish and industry, the 'little' community, the 'local' determination, *here*, to be *the Church*. In this context, man can come to understand himself as a person and a child of God who has been redeemed by Jesus Christ acting in history, not only as God but as a human being, a human person. Too, man can thus come to experience the Holy Spirit acting in his own life and in the life of his times, moving "principalities and powers", stirring love and hope in the mammoth human structures of our societies.

Note:

IF I GO DOWN TO HELL by Malcolm Boyd (\$3.75) may be purchased at any bookstore or from Morehouse-Barlow bookstores in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

Mission to Offenders

Back in the days when Gamaliel Bradford was writing about great Americans and Lytton Strachey was searching the lives of eminent Victorians, we all agreed that the best history is written in biographies. Burton J. Rowles has shown us again how true it is, in *The Lady at Box 99: The Story of Miriam Van Waters* (367 pp. Greenwich, Conn.: Seabury Press. \$5.75).

When a life history dramatizing the ministry of the laity is combined with a writing style that flows along in warm, homely language, a rare biography results. Reading *The Lady at Box 99* makes it easy to see why its author won a national television award with his first and only script. For one thing, he manages to keep a wealth of allusion from being overdone—as so many writers fail to do.

Miriam Van Waters, whose life has been a “Christian mission to the offenders,” was doing in her way what Christ did in His. As a Christian penologist she realized that the gospel is both law and grace, that love must include both judges and offenders (there must be something to forgive), and that by forgiving the offender, loss can be transformed into gain, failure into success, wrong into right.

In her career she preached and practiced under the gaze of the whole country penal justice which was redemptive, not vindictive or even merely preventive. Love, she knew, never weakens justice; it gives it a new edge; she fought adultery convictions of women because these sentences imposed 100 per cent of the penalty on those only 50 per cent guilty of the crime.

Her growing up in a rectory, her college career, her doctoral studies at Clark University, where she proved she had a heart and mind of her own, her passing the bar exams in Los Angeles, her national prominence, and finally her directorship of the Framingham Reformatory for Women in Massachusetts are all described in detail.

All the honored names are here: Gifford Pinchot, Ada Comstock, Richard Cabot, the Sheldon Gluecks, Francis Sayre, Paul Kellogg, George Kirchwey, Sanford Bates, Clarence Dykstra, and many others. For those who know the history of social-work leadership in the first half of this century, the story about Dr. Van Waters goes on the table with Margaret Tims’ *Jane Addams of Hull House*, published last year.

The most exciting event in the story of her struggles against the three P’s (public opinion, prejudice, and politics) was the attempt of some petty politicians, helped by the Hearst press, to charge and convict her of maladministration at Framingham. It was all blown up by an inmate’s suicide

(Miriam called her a “student”). Miss Van Waters was accused, among other things, of closing her eyes to lesbianism in the prison, and of being too permissive about security rules. Her antagonists were letter-of-the-law legalists, and they lost out in their conspiracy. When she returned to Framingham vindicated, the prisoners waiting for her there sang a *Te Deum*.

Now Miriam Van Waters is retired, living near the prison home she ran for so long. Out of this book the portrait that emerges is of a tough-minded, tender-hearted Christian woman. The Children’s Litany she wrote is, alone, worth the price of the book. [It will appear in a forthcoming issue of THE EPISCOPALIAN.—ED.]

—JOSEPH FLETCHER

Two Communities of Faith

Physicist and Christian is a book to raise cheers (178 pp. Greenwich, Conn.: Seabury Press. \$4.25). Dr. William G. Pollard has made a major contribution to contemporary apologetics and brought a clarification to that confused area of discussion, the relations between science and revealed religion. It is an objective presentation, yet it is distilled out of his personal experience and supported by his direct testimony as both physicist and Episcopal priest. He has found his encounters with the two communities to have much in common.

“The mid-twentieth century is an age which axiomatically grants truth and validity to scientific knowledge, but equally axiomatically discounts religious knowledge as mere opinion.” In countering this attitude, Pollard begins by setting up a pattern of analogies between science and the Church, both of which are distinct communities with a visible and traceable historic continuity. Neither one is a private and subjective

field in which an individual can isolate himself. The validity of scientific knowledge, as of religious doctrine, rests upon its careful submission to testing by the standards of the historic continuity of each community. Dr. Pollard says, “I do not any more have a faith of my own than I have a physics of my own.”

Orthodoxy and heresy exist in both science and religion. The heretical divergences in physics “are lone-wolf efforts unchecked by the discipline of the community and unsupported by an essential loyalty to the enterprise of physics as a whole.” This is the nature of theological heresy, too.

The deep experience of either religious or scientific insight is possible only to those who have made a commitment. Neither can be experienced from the outside. It is being within the community and entering into its corporate experience with its corporate resources that uncover the latent richness.

Thus, tellingly, he quotes the great physicist, Werner Heisenberg: "What is and always has been our mainspring is faith. . . . To have faith always means: I decide to do it, I stake my existence on it." You do not really begin to learn physics until you have decided to be a physicist. You do not really learn the full meaning of Christian faith until you have committed yourself to the Church.

Pollard is on somewhat more familiar ground, but still brings new insights to it, as he moves to a discussion of the reality of spirit, and then to the question of nature and supernature. One of my few reservations about the book is his less than happy choice of the Marine Corps for a demonstration of the powerful working of an altogether intangible force called "spirit."

He goes on to make the essential point: science is competent to deal with objects in space and time, but "the origin and source of all that exists within space and time must ultimately be sought for outside space and time." In this weighing of nature and supernature, Pollard draws heavily upon Karl Heim, Martin Buber, and Rudolf Otto, but he also brings rich contributions of his own to the discussion.

This book is not large, but its scope is great. I think it is a seminal book in what Dr. Pollard rightly calls a dialogue between communities. C. P. Snow worries about the lack of communication between what he calls the two "cultures" of science and literature. It is better to use Pollard's term, "communities," and recognize that, as Snow correctly sees, we cannot afford schisms between any of the major communities of the human enterprise in a perilous age.

I urge wide use of this book in both schools and colleges. It is a book for zealous promotion by that potent medium, word of mouth. It serves all of Christendom, in addition to the scientific community, and I am happy that it has been produced within the Anglican Communion. —EDMUND FULLER

Church Symbols for Children Paperback Parade

COME AND SEE THE SYMBOLS OF MY CHURCH: An explanation and description of the symbols used in church buildings by James S. Kerr. 32 pp. Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House. \$1.95.

There are surprisingly few books for children that explain the meanings of Christian symbols. This Lutheran publication is an exception that should

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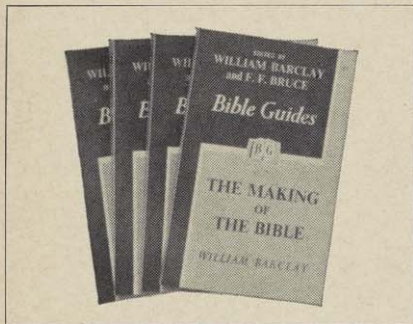
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prove valuable to children and many adults. We sometimes forget that the symbols used in churches are there to help focus hearts and minds on the meaning of our worship. Therefore, the younger a child learns the significance of the symbols he sees, the sooner he can participate more fully in worship.

The beauty of this little book about symbols is its appeal to a widespread age group. The clarity, simplicity, and size of the illustrations appeal to the five-year-olds. The simple narrative, illustrated with photographs and told in the first person by a child, brings this book right into the realm of primary-age youngsters. There is enough material on some of the important basic symbols to make this a valuable reference work for older children.

This is a book to add to the church-school library, to use as a curriculum supplement in the preschool and primary grades, or to give to a first-second- or third-grader.

—MARTHA C. MOSCRIP

Paperback Parade

It will be good news to those interested in Bible study that *The New English Bible, New Testament* (reviewed here in October, 1961), appeared in paperback last month at a new, low price (Oxford-Cambridge, \$1.45). This new edition is well printed in type large enough for easy reading, contains the full footnotes, and is fairly ruggedly bound. Comparative reading of various translations of the Scripture is one very rewarding method of study. This fine example of British Biblical scholarship is now within easier reach of almost everybody.

New Delhi Speaks (Association, 50¢) will be of special interest to church groups wishing to study the preliminary reports of the work of the recent historic meeting of the World Council of Churches and the International Missionary Council in India last November and December. (See THE EPISCOPALIAN, February and March issues.) This brief paperback contains the general message of the Assembly to the churches and the preliminary section reports on witness, service, and unity. Despite the speed of publication there is no evidence of haste here, and, although it is the product of committee work, it is not dull reading.

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The Alexandria Quartet, a series of four novels, *Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Clea*, and *Mountolive*, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton, \$5.95), is available in paperbacks. Durrell holds a unique place in the field of serious contemporary fiction. His style attracts and repels, his awareness of the wonders of life gives way frequently to violence and ugliness. This compositeness may explain the controversy which exists about this work.

To Whom Paul Wrote, by Mabel C. Warburton (Seabury, \$1.25), is an informative account of the young churches to which St. Paul wrote his New Testament letters. It describes their condition and the surrounding cultures, and the particular problems each faced. Included is a brief comment on the physical aspect of each place today. Pleasant arm-chair travel and education. St. Paul also figures as one of the witnesses in Gerald Kennedy's *Witnesses of the Spirit*. The others are Barnabas, Philip, Stephen, and Peter. These five are given brief historical fill-ins, then shown in their relevance to current Christianity. Excellent for private reading or for class discussions. Available from The Upper Room, Nashville, Tenn., at 35¢ each, somewhat less if ordered in quantity. Similarly, *A Functional Liturgy*, by Bonnell Spencer, is available from Holy Cross Press, West Park, N.Y. This experimental Eucharistic liturgy is an illustration of a possible revision. Not only is it extremely thought-provoking in its own right, but also it is a potential teaching tool. A fascinating adult class could be built around discussions of it.

The Content of Christianity, by G. A. Lewis Lloyd (Seabury, \$1.25), is an analysis of eight essential elements of Christianity, with the point strongly made that a balance of these eight needs to be maintained. Some of the dangers implicit in imbalance are touched upon. Recommended to both old and new Christians.

In the field of theology, there are two to mention. *The Theology of Paul Tillich* (Macmillan, \$1.95) is the first volume in a new series, "The Library of Living Theology," which aims to establish a new pattern of theological discussion. Future subjects will be Reinhold Niebuhr, Emil Brunner, Karl Barth, and others. This first volume is an interesting editing job and will be of interest to theologians, both professional and amateur.

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- 29 **Iowa, U.S.A.:** Gordon V. Smith, *Bishop*.
- 30 **Iran:** Hassan Barnaba Dehqani-Tafti, *Bishop*.
- 31 **Jamaica, West Indies:** Percival William Gibson, *Bishop*; John Cyril Emerson Swaby (Kingston), *Bishop*; Benjamin Noel Young Vaughan (Mandeville), *Bishop*.

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Hell Is Too Romantic

HELL—not fiery and romantic but gray, greasy, dismal — is just around the corner,” wrote J. B. Priestley.

The movie, *West Side Story*, is concerned primarily with portraying the hell of fragmented human relationships and of dehumanized urban life in a depressed tenement area.

It is basically a statement of social protest about bad housing, ethnic and racial discrimination, economic inequities, and the hard core of prejudice which goes so far as to break up a young romance. But the movie is too colorful, too loud, too romantic in its view of hell. In it the streets are not dirty gray, the stones on alley walls are not sooty black, the dresses not faded. We see a contrived gaiety in individual dances, but, ironically, no quality of joy

underlying this contrived gaiety.

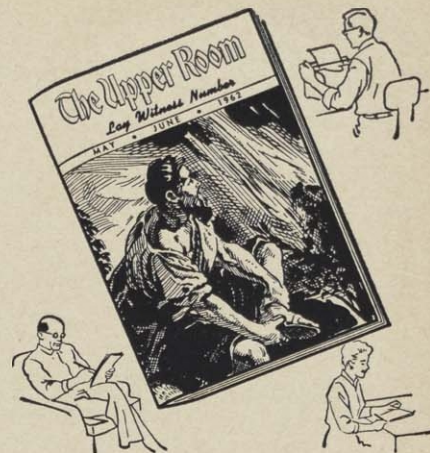
Maria and Tony, young lovers in the city, are doomed because they are held fast in the social determinisms of urban poverty and ethnic hatred. They make their gentle, simple love amid the chaos of gang fights, brutality, and human mercilessness.

The Broadway musical, *West Side Story*, on which the movie is based, was a pioneering work because it wedded the musical form to a violent statement of social protest. The movie achieves a similar effect in the film medium as we witness a denunciation of juvenile delinquency and the social conditions in which it is nurtured.

More importantly, hardness of heart and indifference are exposed and accused. The film portrays wanton cruelties which are committed unthinkingly



Richard Beymer (as Tony) and Natalie Wood (as Maria) play the leading roles in the movie, *West Side Story*, a United Artists release set in New York's slums.



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MOVIES

ly. In fact, the story is a contemporary retelling of the Romeo and Juliet tale with an ending monstrous in its inevitability, and poignant in its sadness.

The young lovers meet on a tenement fire escape and in Maria's shabby room. Her family must not know that he is there because she is Puerto Rican, he a native New York boy belonging to a youthful gang which hates Puerto Ricans.

They sing some of the haunting, unforgettable music of *West Side Story*, "We'll find a new way of living, we'll find a way of forgiving . . . There's a place for us, a time and place for us . . . hold my hand and we're halfway there . . . hold my hand and I'll take you there . . . somehow . . . someday . . . somewhere."

The high point of the film is Jerome Robbins' choreography. It is too bad that Natalie Wood (playing Maria) is not Carol Lawrence, who originated the part so beautifully on Broadway. Miss Wood is altogether lacking here in a simplicity of interpretation apparently mandatory in a portrayal of Maria. Richard Beymer (as Tony) is more than adequate in the role of the young guy struggling to break away from his old gang, the Jets, just when he meets and falls in love with Maria.

Despite its shortcomings, *West Side Story* is an important film. Seldom does one meet such an aggregation of talent in any movie. It was directed by Mr. Robbins and Robert Wise; the book is by Arthur Laurents, choreography by Mr. Robbins, music by Leonard Bernstein, and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim.

As the film nears its conclusion, Maria is seen kneeling silently by the dead body of Tony, who has been killed by a Puerto Rican boy as an act of revenge for the gang killing of Maria's brother, in which Tony participated. Then, quite simply, boys from the rival gangs move forward and, in an act of unison, pick up Tony's body and carry it away.

It is an action which seems to encompass a cognizance of corporate sin and, too, mercy and perhaps hope. The young killer is then led by two cops to a waiting police car, its circling red light blazing in the subdued night scene. The tragedy has come to a close. But its implications must continue to be lived out in the individual lives of the participants, as well as in the society of which they are members. ◀

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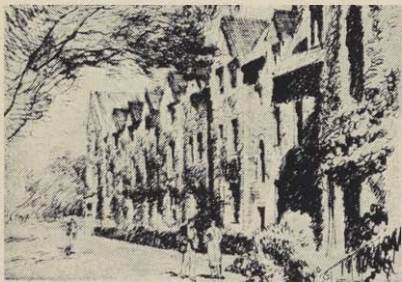
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Days of the Christian Year

HOLY WEEK, APRIL 15-21

From Sunday through Saturday before Easter is the Christian Holy Week, observed by Protestants and Catholics alike as the most solemn, most significant moment of the Christian year. The way to understand this week best is to look at it as a whole. Some days are more important than others, but every day provides its own chapter in the story of Holy Week.

PALM SUNDAY

The first day of the week was the day on which He rode into Jerusalem in what appeared for the moment to be great triumph. This was the time of the Jewish Passover, when the city was filled with holiday pilgrims. It is believed that Jesus deliberately chose this time for His final encounter with the Jewish ecclesiastical authorities. Jesus and His friends spent Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights in the village of Bethany, a few miles away.

Palm Sunday as a Christian observance goes back to about the tenth century. In thousands of churches on Palm Sunday, palm branches are blessed and carried in processions.

One old custom, which seems to be reviving in America, was to make little crosses out of the pieces of palm. In England, until comparatively recent times, there was the quaint and happy Palm Sunday custom of the Pax Cake (*pax* is Latin for "peace"). People who had quarreled during the past year sought each other out and ate the little Palm Sunday cakes together. They said, "Peace and good will," to each other and resolved their disagreement.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER

On Monday there was the famous clash with the money changers, when Jesus overturned their tables and drove them out of the Temple. The rest of the day He spent quietly, preaching and healing.

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER

On Tuesday the Jewish leaders tried to trap Him into some statement that would either discredit Him or enable them to charge Him with blasphemy.

It was Tuesday of Passover Week that gave us the famous "render unto Caesar" incident that has become a part of our everyday language (LUKE 20:22-25). On Tuesday He made His last public appearance as a rabbi. Toward evening, He stood with His disciples on a hill outside Jerusalem, where, weeping and looking down at the city, He foretold the city's destruction in one of history's saddest soliloquies.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER

Wednesday is sometimes called "Spy Wednesday," because it was the day on which Judas Iscariot made his shocking deal with the Jewish priests, promising for thirty pieces of silver—about \$20 (the price of a slave)—to bring them to the place where they could arrest Jesus without exciting the populace.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

Thursday is known as Maundy Thursday. The word maundy is an English corruption of the Latin *mandati*. The day was called *dies mandate*—the day of the mandate—from the fact that on Thursday evening Jesus gave His followers "A new commandment—that ye love one another" (JOHN 13:34).

The great importance of Maundy Thursday, however, lies in the fact that it was on this day that the Last Supper—Christianity's central sacrament—was instituted. Jesus and the twelve apostles had gathered in the evening to eat the traditional Passover meal . . . simply the observance of a familiar Jewish custom.

But the apostles soon saw that their Master was turning it into something quite new. He took the ancient symbols, the bread and wine, and explained them as His own Body and Blood. The Jews had been saved from bondage in Egypt by the blood of a lamb smeared on their doorposts. Here Jesus was saying that all mankind was to be saved from the bondage of sin by His own Blood, freely, voluntarily offered. He was the sacrificial Lamb.

It is recorded also (JOHN 13:5) that at this supper Jesus washed the feet of the apostles. This act of humility has appealed to the imagination of Chris-

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DAYS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

tians since early times. Kings and emperors, bishops and cardinals used to wash the feet of persons of inferior position — sometimes even beggars — on Maundy Thursday.

GOOD FRIDAY

Scholars are not sure why this anniversary of the Crucifixion is called "good" when actually it is the blackest day in all history. Some say it is because of the good things gained for man on the Cross; others say the word "good" is a corruption of "God's Friday." At any rate the day has been in the Christian calendar since the very beginning of the Church, even before Easter was observed.

Long neglected by Protestant churches, Good Friday has again come into almost universal observance. From noon to three o'clock churches of all denominations in all parts of America hold the *Tre Ore* (Three Hour), a service of meditations on the seven utterances, called the Seven Last Words, which Jesus made from the Cross. This service is held from twelve to three to coincide with the time during which the Lord actually was on the Cross. St. Matthew, chapter 27, verse 45, establishes it as the period between the sixth and ninth hours of the day, which, in modern terms would be noon to 3 P.M.

EASTER EVEN

Saturday brings the week, and the season of Lent, to a close. This was the day for Baptisms in the early church. Christians in early times were prepared

for Baptism during Lent and brought to this sacrament on the day before Easter. Many churches, especially the Episcopal, still hold large baptismal services on Holy Saturday.

EASTER DAY, APRIL 22

Easter, the commemoration of Christ's Resurrection, is the principal feast of the Christian year, greater even than Christmas, because to Christians it is the climax of God's plan for man's salvation. It is also the most joyous of all Christian days. Indeed, it was at one time known as the "Sunday of Joy." Christians rejoice over the tremendous fact that Jesus rose from the dead.

For many years, in America, the observance of Easter was not by any means general. This was because of the Puritan antifestival influence, which was very strong in many parts of this country. It was not until the Civil War, when so many American homes were struck by the loss of their young men, that the Resurrection came to have an irresistible significance to the whole nation. Actually the New Testament account does not specify the time of day that the Resurrection took place; it only states that it was on the first day of the week—"early while it was yet dark."

It took the Christian Church three centuries to settle the question of a date for Easter. The Council of Nicaea, in 325, decided it should always fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after the vernal equinox (March 21). Therefore, its possible dates range from March 22 to April 25.

—HOWARD V. HARPER

FOR YOUR INFORMATION *continued from page 10*

ON THIS, the second anniversary of THE EPISCOPALIAN as the Church's national monthly magazine, we are pleased to announce several changes in the editorial and business departments. This will supplement the information about the incorporation of the magazine and the Board of Directors, reported last month.

Thomas LaBar, our "Worldscene" editor and feature writer, will continue as an associate editor. He is now on assignment in the Midwest. Our book editor, Edward T. Dell, Jr., has joined the magazine fulltime as an associate editor. Former assistant editor Eleanore B. Wright is now production editor.

In the advertising department, our former sales manager, Walter N. Gemmill, Jr., is now advertising director, succeeding our business manager emeritus, Carl J. Fleischman, who continues to serve the magazine as a consultant.

Our promotion consultant, Donald C. Bolles, now joins us fulltime as director of promotion. Louis Windholz of Springfield, Massachusetts, has joined the staff as associate director of promotion and circulation manager. We hope with these changes to be able to serve you better in every way in the months to come.

APRIL

- 13-15 Area Leadership Training Session, Girls' Friendly Society, Thompson Conference Center, St. Louis, Mo.
- 15 **Palm Sunday**
- 16-18 Meeting, National Council of officers, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.
- 19 **Maundy Thursday**
- 20 **Good Friday**
- 22 **Easter Day**
- 23 **Easter Monday**
- 24 **Easter Tuesday**
- 27-29 Annual Meeting, American Committee for K.E.E.P., Ridgefield, Conn.
- 27-30 Board Meeting, General Division of Women's Work, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.
- 29 National Christian College Day
- 30 **St. Mark the Evangelist**
- 30-May 4 Conference for Episcopal chaplains and military families, sponsored by Armed Forces Division, Berchtesgaden, Germany.

MAY

- 1 **St. Philip and St. James, Apostles**
- 1-3 Meeting, National Council, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.
- 4 May Fellowship Day for Women
- 4-6 Area Leadership Training Session, Girls' Friendly Society, Greenwich, Conn.
- 6 Church Periodical Club Sunday.
- 6-13 National Family Week
- 9-11 Meeting, Episcopal Churchwomen, Province II, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn.
- 13 Mother's Day
- 13 Episcopal Young Churchman's Sunday
- 22 Commencement, Windham House, New York, N. Y.

- 27 **Rogation Sunday** (Rural Life Sunday)
- 28-30 **Rogation Days**
- 27- Nat'l Conference on Social Jun 1 Welfare, Statler-Hilton Hotel, New York, N.Y.
- 30 Memorial Day
- 30 Commencement, St. Margaret's House, Berkeley, Calif.
- 31 **Ascension Day**

JUNE

- 5-7 Professional Women Church Workers, Province VIII, Berkeley, Calif.
- 10 **Whitsunday (Pentecost)**
- 11 **Whit Monday**
- 12 **Whit Tuesday**
- 13, 15-16 **Ember Days**
- 13-22 Outgoing Missionaries Conference, Overseas Department, National Council, Greenwich, Conn.

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Meetings, conferences, and events of regional, provincial, or national interest will be included in the Calendar as space permits. Notices should be sent at least six weeks before the event.

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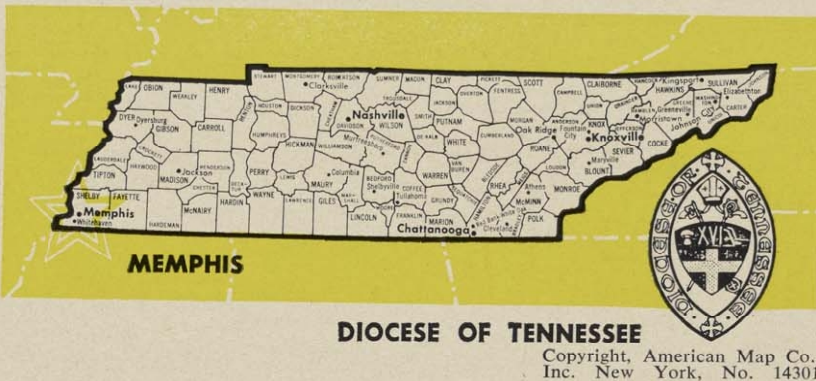
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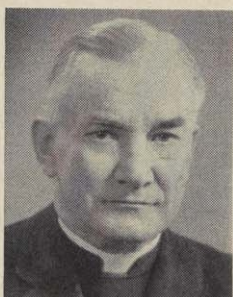
DIOCESE OF TENNESSEE

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The Diocese of Tennessee, which is surrounded by no fewer than nine other dioceses, includes the whole State of Tennessee. One of its great scenic attractions is the west half of The Great Smoky Mountain National Park, which draws more visitors each year than any other park in the country. The see city, Memphis, is located on the banks of the Mississippi River.

From an Episcopalian's viewpoint, another important attraction is the University of the South in Sewanee, one of the Episcopal Church's most impressive achievements in higher education. Here, as on every campus of Tennessee's fifty-three institutions of higher learning, the diocese carries out an active college-work program. Other notable centers for this program are the University of Tennessee, Vanderbilt University, and Fisk College.

Last year saw 1,677 confirmations in the Diocese of Tennessee, bringing the total of communicants up to over 24,000, with almost 32,000 baptized members. One hundred and two parishes and missions are served by 134 clergy and 375 lay readers. The Church Home in Oakville provides care and shelter for young girls from problem homes, while nine church preparatory and parish schools offer education to boys and girls from nursery through high school.



The Rt. Rev. John Vander Horst, eighth Bishop of Tennessee, was born January 10, 1912, in Orange, New Jersey. He was educated at Gilman School, Baltimore; Princeton University; St. Stephen's House, Oxford, England; and Virginia Theological Seminary. He received doctoral degrees from Virginia Theological Seminary and the University of the South. After his graduation from seminary in 1938 Bishop Vander Horst served in churches in several states. He was at St. John's, Ellicott, Maryland, until 1942; St. Paul's, Macon, Georgia, from 1942 to 1945; the Good Shepherd, Germantown, Philadelphia, until 1951; and St.

Paul's, Chattanooga, Tennessee, from 1951 to 1955. While rector of St. Paul's, Bishop Vander Horst was chairman of the department of publicity and program for the Diocese.

Consecrated as Suffragan Bishop of Tennessee, March 2, 1955, he was elected Bishop Coadjutor in 1961, and became Diocesan a few months later at the death of Bishop Barth. Bishop Vander Horst was married to the former Helen Gray Lawrence on April 17, 1940. They have four children.

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