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FOR SUMMERTIME READING

THE Episcopalian

AUGUST, 1971



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Gamaliel and the Christian Problem

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War Forum

Reader response to "Mr. President, the Jury is in" by the Rev. George F. Regas and "Issue Number One" by Bishop John M. Burgess in THE EPISCOPALIAN for June has been large and varied. Mr. Regas said, "Each must formulate his judgments on America and how to change it. And we must respect each other's conclusions." You, our readers, are judging. We share a sampling of your views, with respect, as part of the continuing dialogue. —THE EDITORS

I resent the inclusion of Mr. Regas' overly sentimental and much too simplified article in the June issue. I looked for the opposing view in vain, only to find Bishop Burgess' slightly more intellectual probing.

Why did you not solicit or publish two other articles espousing the other viewpoint?

I do not think THE EPISCOPALIAN is the place for Christians to fight over this issue; there are more appropriate places and media. But if it must be, then let's hear from all equally.

R. A. SONE
Mesquite, Texas

I disagree with the conclusion that the Vietnam war was or is immoral, irreligious, and a colossal mistake.

In every war there is an enemy. It may be an over-simplification, but I think there is general agreement that the Communists are the enemy in South Vietnam.

I cannot believe that I espouse a non-Christian attitude in supporting the present policies of our government. I believe the commitment of the United States to the defense of Vietnamese freedom is something of which every American should be proud. The survival of freedom is at stake in Vietnam, and instead of being ashamed, we should affirmatively uphold the action our government has taken there.

It is not necessary to believe that our society is perfect in order to accept the moral and political validity of our commitment to the freedom of the South Vietnamese people. However, there should be unity and a sense of mission in opposing the unspeakable evil which

threatens the South Vietnamese. Yet Mr. Regas is encouraging a conflict between those who are convinced of the need to resist Communist aggression and those who believe that immediate withdrawal is preferable.

Other than advocates of the New Left, many who favor a precipitous withdrawal from Vietnam are victims of misguided idealism and ignorance.

They are not familiar with the totalitarian, repressive, and expansive nature of the Lao Dong Communist Party of North Vietnam or the global implications of the struggle. They have little knowledge of the South Vietnamese people or of the war they are fighting. They are unaware of the dramatic progress of so many of the South Vietnamese democratic institutions which are yet in their infancy.

They ignore or conveniently forget the massive record of Communist intervention and aggression and the utter inhumanity of the Communist record in Vietnam.

South Vietnam today is not a bleak war-ravaged landscape—it is for the most part a green, fertile, incredibly beautiful country. The portion of the population which now enjoys relative security is over 90 percent, in contrast to less than 40 percent at the outset of the conflict. Only 250,000 out of one million refugees have not as yet been resettled or returned to their villages.

Many major elections have been held in South Vietnam since 1967. To date the Viet Cong have totally ignored invitations to participate in them.

In the senatorial election last year, 65 percent of the voters went to the polls, and following the elections there were no charges of electoral irregularities. Village elections have been held in over 90 percent of the hamlets with over 40,000 officials having been elected.

The Viet Cong are a terrorist minority who in no way represent the people. The struggle against the Communists is a moral and political imperative. In North Vietnam, as in other Communist regimes, there is a total lack of freedom; they brook no opposition of any kind, tolerate no intellectual dissent.

South Vietnam wants to survive—free of the tyranny of the domination of the Viet Cong. The open invasion of the North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia gives lie to

the deception of the Communists that the struggle is a civil war.

The Viet Cong claim to be the vanguard of the proletariat, yet the only organized proletariat in South Vietnam is solidly against them.

In South Vietnam today, more than 600,000 dues-paying members belong to 525 separate unions and enjoy virtually complete freedom to organize and bargain collectively. Unions have organized cooperatives, set up welfare funds, credit unions, and centers which include adult education classes and medical facilities.

The Viet Cong have shown bitter hatred and strong opposition to the trade union movement. They have adopted a deliberate policy of murdering and attacking union members and have assassinated more than 60 union officials. If Hanoi wins, there will be no free trade unions in South Vietnam.

Can it be non-Christian to support a people who in their National Assembly in March, 1970, voted to distribute more than 2.5 million acres to more than 500,000 rural families and completely end land tenancy? The government will pay for the land, give it to the farmer free, and let him keep his crop.

Is not the Viet Cong plan less than Christian: to kill the landlord, give the land to the farmer, and then confiscate most of his crops?

The South Vietnamese Peoples Self-Defense Forces now total 4 million in addition to 1 million in the army, out of a total population of 18 million people. They serve voluntarily without pay.

The Revolutionary Development teams in South Vietnam are made up mostly of young men and women. There are now 150,000 teams who have had a training program of several months to help up-grade living standards and provide security in the villages. The Viet Cong have made a primary target of these groups, and deaths are high.

The defection rate of enemy soldiers remains high, approximately 3,000 per month in 1970. They are willing to risk the brutal penalties they know will be imposed if they are captured.

To evaluate U.S. involvement in the Vietnamese struggle as a colossal mistake, morally wrong, non-Christian, irreligious, or indecent appears to be a misapplication of these descriptive phrases. They seem more appropriate to the North Vietnamese.

WILLIAM H. BURGESS
Pasadena, Calif.

The general claims of Christian conscience in regard to American involvement in the Vietnam and the Indo-China

wars were well expressed by both Bishop Burgess and the Rev. George F. Regas in the June issue of *THE EPISCOPALIAN*. Their appeal for speedy withdrawal of our forces coincides with the wishes of the majority of our citizens today. The motivation for this withdrawal, however, differs widely amongst us, and I believe Bishop Burgess errs in not recognizing that the implications of those differences will be important in future policy decisions.

Unhappily neither article treats the matter of American aerial bombardment and whether it will cease when our troops are withdrawn. This issue, about which our administration has been carefully equivocal, is both crucial and revealing. It is crucial because our bombing has been the major source of civilian casualties, revealing in that it clarifies how far charity extends.

If one's motivation for withdrawal of American forces is to eliminate our own casualties, then one will not object to the continued bombing of defenseless Vietnamese civilians by planes flying at safe altitudes from bases outside Vietnam. This administration, if public apathy permits, will probably advocate this as the logical concomitant to Vietnamization.

However, if one is persuaded of the political stupidity of the war, then one is morally appalled at the great suffering it has caused to everyone involved. One would wish to work very hard to bring about a cessation of that bombing at the same time as the withdrawal of our troops.

REV. MICHAEL HAMILTON
Canon, Washington Cathedral

Since practically everyone is opposed to war, at least if they can get the desired results without it, one can do little more than point to a broader but unpopular and out-of-date picture of the situation discussed.

Christianity in the Western world furnished the medium in which freedom, human rights, and property rights inched their way upward to their current levels. The way of Communism is the antithesis of these rights. Long ago Communist leaders recognized that the greatest obstacle to converting the world to their own "religion" was a strong, organized Christianity.

The war in South Vietnam started as what seemed an easy opportunity for the local Communists to take over the government from an unpopular regime. The United States saw it essentially as a chance to help protect 200 million Southeast Asians, and ultimately ourselves, from a spreading, deadening, op-

pression under Communist rulers. The issues are not yet settled, but at least the Communists are finding their objectives more difficult of attainment than expected.

It is probable that North Vietnam could more quickly achieve domination over South Vietnam by political means in time of peace than by continuing military pressure.

Why then does the war continue? Does not Russia, by supplying materiel, see it as a cheap and safe way to bring on serious economic and social problems in the United States?

We have now reached the stage hopefully predicted by "Uncle" Ho. At untold cost in death, misery, and money, he and his successors have accomplished his objective. They have brought the United States to a serious stage of internal dissension and economic decline with accompanying demands for withdrawal. Such chaos is only to the advantage of those who would destroy the system of which our Christian heritage is a vital part.

It is now better for us and for the entire free world that the United States cease hostilities, then try to end discord and repair the social and economic confusion. This is what the Communists do not want us to do, so we may expect them to make every effort to prolong the war, thus increasing our internal problems.

But our President is bringing the war to an end in a manner that will save at least part of that for which we have fought and, hopefully not too late, stop the deterioration at home. This juror votes to acquit and commend the President.

JOSEPH HAMILTON
Kennebunkport, Me.

It seems to me that before we pull out of Vietnam, we must answer the following questions:

Did the Vietnamese people want our help in the first place?

Do they want our help now?

What have been our offers in the Paris negotiations?

And why have they not been accepted? Are they reasonable?

What is the real world opinion regarding our role in Vietnam?

Will pulling out before the Vietnamese want us to hurt our chances of deterring other "brushfire" wars that might arise?

What is keeping them from having free elections?

STEPHEN G. FLANNAGAN
Henderson, N.C.

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Switchboard

So that we may print the largest possible number, all letters are subject to condensation.
—THE EDITORS

ECUADORIAN MEMORIES

In re your articles on Ecuador (May and June issues), I just want to say it was a pleasure to have such good coverage. I was the first resident priest of our Church in Quito, Ecuador, arriving there in October, 1962. During my two-year tenure, with local offerings and those from friends in the U.S.A., we were able to build pews, altar, lectern, pulpit, and baptismal font, all with local materials. In the Church school section we built benches and tables and furnished the sacristy and obtained chalices and patens and other communion vessels.

We were under the jurisdiction of Bishop Gooden of Panama and, later, Reed of Colombia. We also were asking for a bishop in Ecuador way back then.

During my tenure we made amiable contacts with the Roman Churches and established excellent relations with the Papal Nuncio, Alfredo Bruniera. This

came about at the death of John XXIII when we were the first ones in the name of the Anglican Communion to express our condolences.

When David Reed came through as our new bishop, I was able to present him to the first Minister of Government, to the Archbishop of Quito, and to the Papal Nuncio.

The real veteran missionary was Charles Pickett, who spent much time and effort paving the way for our Mission not only in Guayaquil but in Quito.

A native Church will eventually come. Our Iglesia de la Transfiguración in Huancavilca was only a floor and four posts [as a place] for a Spanish Confirmation and Communion service in the Spring of 1964. The class of 7 confirmands and a hundred people hung on to the floor and poles so as not to fall into the [surrounding] tidewater.

It was a real pleasure to be a pioneer for our Church overseas and to know they are doing well.

REV. DAVID W. PLUMER
Elkton, Md.

EMERSON'S JESUS

Once I figured which way to turn your May issue of THE EPISCOPALIAN, I read with great interest "The Jesus Story" by William Emerson. However, it left me with two questions which I wish he would answer:

Just who was Jesus anyway?
How did the story end?

VEN. W. LEIGH RIBBLE
Richmond, Va.

The Episcopalian published only about one fourth of Mr. Emerson's book, The Jesus Story. The answer to Mr. Ribble's second question is in the book.—ED.

Mr. William Emerson's interpretation of Jesus' ministry makes lively reading but in my judgment should never have been given admission to the pages of THE EPISCOPALIAN.

Why? To equate Jesus' cause with the cause of the Black Panthers or the Weathermen has to be some kind of an ultimate in blasphemy.

If Mr. Emerson can see any parallel between Jesus' admonitions to "turn the other cheek . . . love your enemies . . . be merciful" to the tactics of "kill the pigs . . . bomb the buildings," let him do so, but in my opinion this kind of thinking has no place in a Christian publication.

ROBERT A. COAN
Pasadena, Calif.

I have just read William A. Emerson's article and am puzzled. It might have been written by a Unitarian or agnostic or humanist, as is true of "Jesus Christ

Superstar" which seems to have taken the clergy by storm. But that opera was written and composed by avowedly non-Christians. Mr. Emerson scarcely mentions the name "Christ" and gives no hint of the key dogma of the Trinity without which Christianity ceases to be.

MRS. A. CAREY GULICK
Edgartown, Mass.

CALLING ALL LAMBS

I am at a loss to explain the fascination held for people in a note that went out in our weekly newsletter. The last annual report had 291 "communicants" and 391 "confirmed persons." The latter group is largely made up of persons who left our neighborhood some 8-10 years ago.

Since that day, we have experienced a rebirth, and there is life and strength at St. James'. We remain concerned about the large number of missing persons and would be happy to have them "found." This was the reason we speculated about advertising for the "lost, strayed, or stolen."

It is amazing what the Associated Press wire service and THE EPISCOPALIAN find newsworthy.

REV. JAMES L. TUCKER
Houston, Texas

TO DR. BRISTOL:

We do welcome the return of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* to our Sunday singing choices, confident that our parish will soon be using your new modern manual.

Half a dozen Psalms give us the musical imperative: "Sing to the Lord a new song." As occasions do arise, please prepare for us those new songs.

DON ROSELLE
Springfield, Pa.

MONASTERY FOR SALE

Fr. Louis, a friend of long standing and an Old Catholic, through many years has built a monastery in Bell Gardens, California. It is in excellent physical condition. It is clear of debt.

Fr. Louis had a stroke two years ago and is unable to function. His speech is seriously affected, and he is paralyzed on one side.

He needs money and wants to sell his monastery for \$45,000. It is well-equipped, two kitchens, six bedrooms, a beautiful chapel. [The address is] The Rev. Fr. Louis Kraszity, O.S.F., St. Michael's Monastery, 6567 Fry St., Bell Gardens, Calif. Phone: TO 2-6040.

REV. ERNEST D. SILLERS
Downey, Calif.

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FOR SUMMER READING



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Cut Out in a Traffic Jam

OUR CITY is a large and busy winter resort. Each vacation season the streets are clotted by traffic, horns are loud, tempers short, sunburns hot, and fender-benders frequent. In the spring many college students visit us during vacation, joined by the local high school crowd as well.

Another considerable group are healthy and youthful, long of hair, light of spirit, casual of attire, and short of visible means of support. This latter group, as a standing population, frequently is at odds with authority.

At the end of a long, weary, trying day when there had been too many people to see, each with deep, complex, and insoluble problems, I headed toward home. I had not been out-of-doors for nine hours, had lunched at my desk, suffered with a "telephone ear," and was mentally and probably spiritually bankrupt. It had been a day when, contrary to propriety, I looked forward to the end because I began to doubt my ability to handle even one more personal relationship.

Closing the office behind me, I climbed into the car, slumped back into the seat, sighed, closed the door, locked it, turned on the air conditioning, and worked my way into the stream of traffic.

All routes were bad, but I chose the beach highway. Progress was halting, but I finally reached the intersection, turned north, and was immediately snarled in a series of frustrating minor jams at each traffic light.

As I sat locked away in my safe little world, the well-dressed, well-fed, and well-heeled example of the odor of sanctity occupying what I considered my religious acreage in the universe, I felt beyond reproach. There I was steeped in good works,

visibly rewarded for my industrious life, and generally a fine example of the Puritan work ethic.

On the shelf beneath the windshield, in full view, was the badge of my Christianity. A small religious object, a crucifix clothed in blue plastic. Not an art work but a gift of personal value.

As I sat swamped in traffic, contemplating not my navel but my own righteousness, over the crest of the beach came a break in the monotony. To wit, a tall, handsome young man, shirtless, bleached locks unshorn, blonde mustache exuberant, cut-offs fluttering, tanned chest exposed, radio roaring rock in one hand and a small ice chest in the other.

Obviously fresh from a long and weary day at the beach, he paused to pick his victim from the helpless line of cars below. Why he chose me, I will never know.

Skipping down the sandy slope, he strode assuredly toward me, put down the ice chest, banged companionably on the hood of the car with his fist, grinned at me, and waggled a long thumb northward. All of my long, exhausting day came to a head.

Here was an object on which I could vent my spite. Obviously this was a non-worker, a non-contributor to the gross national product, unworried, unfettered, but most of all a thing, a symbol, not a person. This thing could be struck not only with impunity but a certain sense of proper justification.

I shook my head firmly, "No."

Arms akimbo, he made a long survey of me and mine, wrinkled his nose, pointed at the crucifix, and roared, "Love thy neighbor — and then cut out — Hey?" With a final

bang on the hood, he turned and was lost down the line of cars.

This episode moved me then, and it still does today. I brought it to my senior high school discussion group and laid my ethical problem before them. As in any mixed group, the response was divided. From some, approval; from others, I was obviously relegated to another world.

To this day, I see that boy looking at me and hear his words, "Love thy neighbor — and then cut out — Hey?" I feel the need for some middle ground where we could meet. My maturity tells me this is impossible. He will never know the load I carry, and I will probably never understand his social viewpoint.

To his eyes, I am a fat cat, phoney Christian. The Pharisee, who considered himself deeply devout, is today a synonym for hypocrite. This was difficult to accept, but accept it I have.

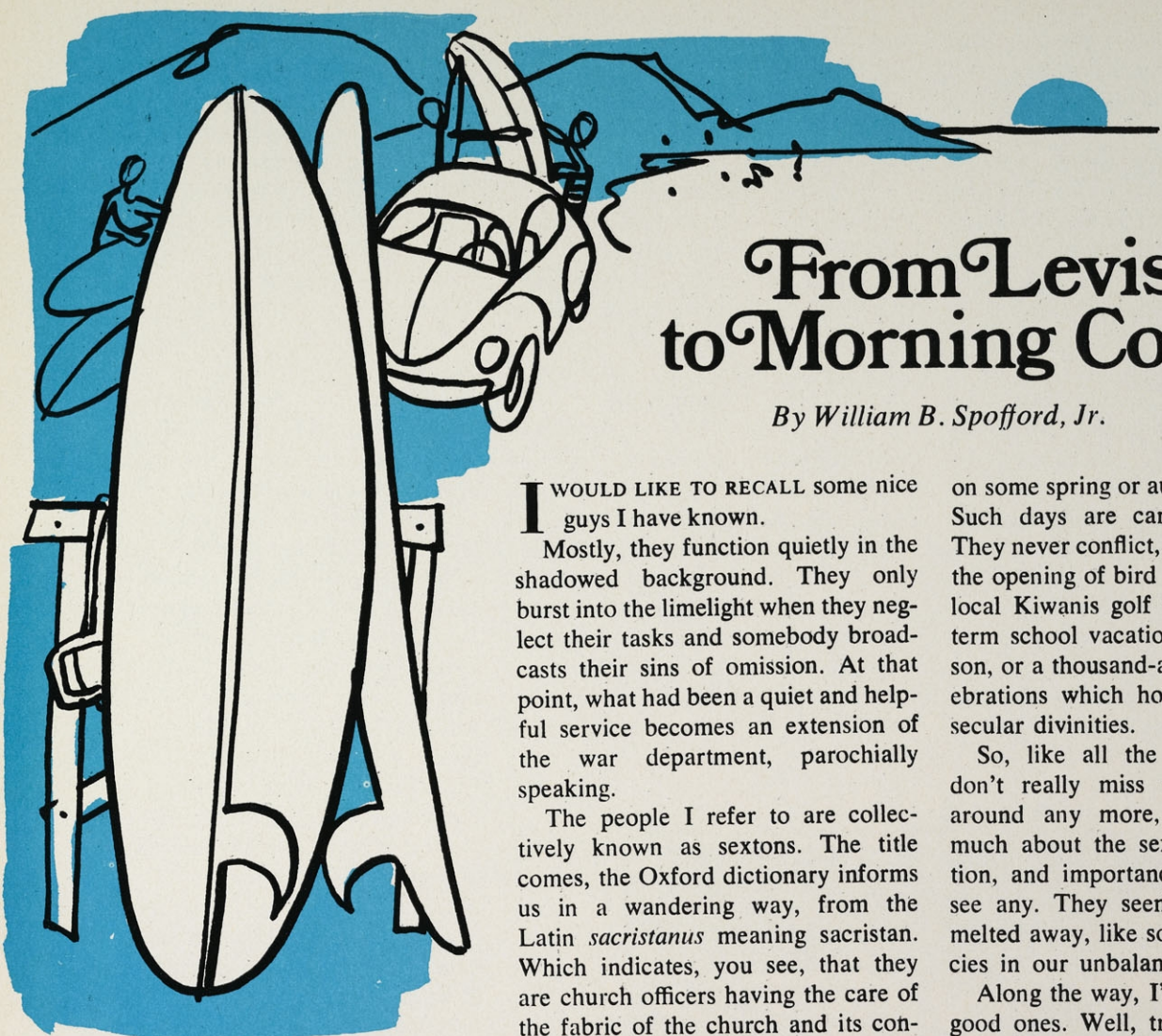
I wish I could say it revolutionized my work with young people, but the erosion is too far advanced. I do know that young man, with his impossible manners and improbable appearance, gave me a long hard look at myself. I further know he taught me a tough lesson in practical Christianity. His variety is more primitive, less sophisticated, but equally valid.

"Generation Gap" terminology is now outdated and hopelessly simplistic. That boy's life and mine are poles apart. I see no hope of rapprochement.

Many of us wear long robes, sit in the high seats, pray loudly, and give visibly. Christ did not seek His place among these.

That boy could be a great artist, and I know he was a better Christian than I that day. But have I really learned a lesson? Will I change? ◀

By William King Peck



From Levis to Morning Coat

By William B. Spofford, Jr.

I WOULD LIKE TO RECALL some nice guys I have known.

Mostly, they function quietly in the shadowed background. They only burst into the limelight when they neglect their tasks and somebody broadcasts their sins of omission. At that point, what had been a quiet and helpful service becomes an extension of the war department, parochially speaking.

The people I refer to are collectively known as sextons. The title comes, the Oxford dictionary informs us in a wandering way, from the Latin *sacristanus* meaning sacristan. Which indicates, you see, that they are church officers having the care of the fabric of the church and its contents, with a bit of bell-ringing and grave-digging thrown in. Sexton-sacristan is, and has been, an honorable profession doing what comes both naturally and necessarily.

I don't meet many of them any more. Eastern Oregon features churches of minimal size and deficit budgets. For the most part, nobody can get hired to take care of the fabric. We don't have many bells left, alas, and our friendly community mortician has a machine which gets the holes dug. So, out our way, the professional sexton does not exist.

All our bulletin boards, rather, have a sign-up sheet asking who will do the church clean-up in subsequent weeks. And thereupon is generally written the name of a family couple. Too often gaping blank spaces mean the vicar is picking up the work-tab.

Occasionally you see notice of a total parish work and clean-up effort

on some spring or autumnal Saturday. Such days are carefully scheduled. They never conflict, for example, with the opening of bird or elk season, the local Kiwanis golf tournament, mid-term school vacation during ski season, or a thousand-and-one other celebrations which honor our culture's secular divinities.

So, like all the good things we don't really miss until they aren't around any more, we don't think much about the sexton's role, function, and importance until we don't see any. They seem to have slowly melted away, like so many other species in our unbalanced ecology.

Along the way, I've known several good ones. Well, truthfully, I'm not too qualified to judge whether they were good sextons. Generally, the women of my churches said I wouldn't know what a good sexton should do, or whether he had done it.

The smartest brainstorm I ever had as a parish administrator was to make a lady the chairman—or chair-person—of the building-and-grounds committee. Straightway a lot of junk, dirt, mess, and accumulated grime got transported somewhere else than where our church was. These things the sexton and I usually thought of as part of the fabric.

I must also confess a lot of different sextons got fired or just plain quit in high dudgeon in the process. We must admit, however, that we were a snappier looking operation, and the resulting inter-personal relations made for a more exciting pastoral caseload!

But, as I've said, I've bumped into

For Jennifer

On the Occasion of her Baptism

Our hearts receive
your guiltless gaze
with everlasting hope,
vowing your obedience
to commandments we
still fail to keep.
The clear splash of holy water
washes your rounded brow,
while prayers beseech your triumph
by God's grace.
Small, rose petal soft, regenerate,
you start your pilgrimage.
Through tears of love
I reach to help you bear the cross.

By Jean-Marie J. Crocker

a lot of nice guys as sextons. Since they didn't get particularly honored, and still don't, and since I miss them, I'll call their roll:

Initially there was Frank. A retired Cadillac-plant auto worker, he wandered down to our inner-city church building one afternoon to ask if we had anything for him to do. Since this particular church building looked like a factory anyway, it certainly didn't look strange to him.

His opening gambit was: "I'm going nuts having nothing to do. How about my helping out around this place?" And since the Detroit smog, even in those days, had a certain penetrating property, the obvious answer was "why not?"

Frank came to work, five days a week, for a pittance which would have quickly had his U.A.W. brothers hit the bricks. But he recognized the job was therapy against boredom for

him, and it was a life-saver for us. So, for several years, he painted, moved furniture, kept his ears open and discovered what went on around the place.

He knew, or soon learned, how to wrestle with recalcitrant furnaces, screw pipes up right, and plant bulbs in a tentative garden at the correct time. As a result, what had been an un-Godly mess turned into a bit of God's glory within the limitations of the factory-like architecture.

What I really liked about Frank was his pastoral concern for the young vicar. Each morning he would check me out and get my work load straightened out for the day. With a good set of ears, and those "invisible man" qualities which distinguish the exceptional sexton, he knew where the parish action was.

He knew about leads on crisis, concerns, and tragedy we wouldn't have

uncovered in a month of Sundays. On paper, I was his boss. But it was the usual kind of thing, which the recent 1970 census emphasized when it asked "head of household" and, then, "wife of same." No wonder the Women's Liberation Front had some doubts about that set of questions! So it was with Frank, the sexton.

I could pay him back in the baseball season. Through the kindness of Walter O. Briggs, I had a pass to Tiger Stadium. So, whenever the Yankees were in town, Frank and I would walk the mile to the ball park and spend the day happily watching the then all-powerful Yankees drub the Tigers. (Obviously, this is a bit of rather ancient history from the day when old Jake Ruppert, and not CBS, owned the team from Gotham.)

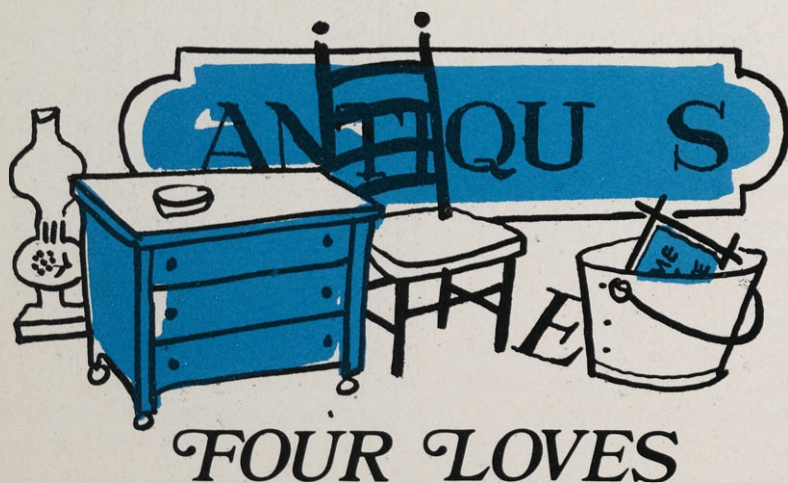
Afterward we would walk home past as many pubs as we could find with the backer of the loser picking up the tab for beer. For all I know, Frank is still living; if not, I hope heaven isn't such a brilliantly clean place that he can't straighten up a bit of mess now and again.

Second, there was George. He had been a part-time verger in the Durham Cathedral during his early years in England. Being sexton for our little county-seat church in Idaho was a far cry from his beginnings.

He never forgot his dignified roots, however. Whether it was Durham or tiny St. Luke's, he knew what a sexton should do. And he did it.

George was also a magnificent lay reader. And, through the years, he trained the other lay readers and set them a standard which must have kept them numb. When he talked about diction and phonetics, you were listening to Professor Henry Higgins hectoring Eliza Doolittle. Our lay readers could recite *The Rain in Spain* with the best of them.

And what a great thing Sunday morning was! All Saturday George had been in his Levis, wearing them in a sort of incongruous way since those classic jeans are so western and dirt-farmery, and he was so north of England. But, come the Sabbath and time for the reading of the Word, George appeared, complete in striped



"The love for equals is a human thing—of friend for friend, brother for brother. It is to love what is loving and lovely. The world smiles.

"The love for the less fortunate is a beautiful thing—the love for those who suffer; for those who are poor, the sick, the failures, the unlovely. This is compassion, and it touches the heart of the world.

"The love for the more fortunate is a rare thing—to love those who succeed where we fail, to rejoice without envy with those who rejoice, the love of the poor for the rich, of the black man for the white man. The world is always bewildered by its saints. And then there is the love for the enemy—love for the one who does not love you, but mocks, threatens, and inflicts pain. The tortured's love for the torturer. This is God's love. It conquers the world."

—FREDERICK BUECHNER

morning trousers and swallow-tail coat, to read for His Majesty, the Lord of Heaven, and, I dare say, a little bit for Her Majesty, the Queen!

My third memorable sexton was John. He was a big, hearty Scot, with a booming voice and a Harry Lauder accent. He had to take care of the only large edifice in which I ever ministered, so I really didn't see too much of him.

Sextons can get awfully lost in large buildings. But I would always bump into John at our military funerals because, as a member of the Canadian Legion (vintage of W.W.I), he was the local taps-blower.

On a lot of Idaho hillsides, at the appropriate time, a sure, clear trumpet echoed in the distance after the honor guard, with the inevitable mis-fired rifle or two, had rolled the noise of Valhalla. And when we heard it, we knew that John hadn't missed a cue or beat.

After his death, I noticed the morticians have tried using some rinky-dink recording of a bugle blowing whose scratches you can hear even when the machine is placed as far away as John used to stand. It won't replace John, of course.

So, to my friends the Sextons, I remember and I applaud. Right now, we sit in a suite of rooms known as the District Offices. The real title, and the only one that the suite will validly have, is the Dean Harris Hall. Dean's picture is on the wall.

Every so often, Dean comes in to empty the waste basket and to scrape up the pipe tobacco which has missed the bowl of my pipe in the stuffing. If he's negligent, I inform him, I'll turn his picture to the wall. I've never done it yet and, obviously, never shall.

Besides, every so often, he takes the local rector and myself out fishing in some of Oregon's lakes and streams. He says the fish are there, and we know they are since he always catches his limit while we get skunked every time.

If we are as faithful fishers-of-men as he and his compatriots of my memories proved to be, things will be fine. ◀



Jesus Helps with the Baggage

By Don Miller

IT ALL BEGAN on a windy, snowy morning in December.

The cast of characters, all new to the West: a young college professor, wife Sue, and small daughter Shari. We were attempting to travel by air from Missoula, Montana, to Sioux Falls, South Dakota; thence to Christmas holiday visits with relatives.

The plane was delayed by bad weather en route from the West Coast but finally lumbered into Missoula, dawdled for about twenty minutes on the ground, and was coaxed to take off in a heavy snow storm.

The landings at never-before-seen Butte, Helena, and Bozeman were "white-knucklers" as the prop-jet skidded and slid on short, icy, snow-packed runways. The feeling was more akin to trying to ride a bucking bronco than being "gently winged" to our destination, in the travel agent's assuring words.

By the time we reached Fargo, North Dakota, we were almost two hours behind schedule, but we were glad to arrive because we were to change planes there. Due to the weather-caused delays, however, we were told our flight had already taken off.

As we dejectedly turned from the ticket counter, a boyish airline em-

ployee rushed up to us and breathlessly inquired, "Are you the party who was supposed to catch Flight 342 to Sioux Falls?"

We said we were.

He pulled baggage from our hands, told Sue to grab Shari, and to put our heads down like battering rams and follow him.

We quickly threaded through the mass of people and followed our hero out of the terminal building, through the blinding snow, ducked into the plane and down the aisle. We numbly fell into our seats.

We profusely thanked the young man, but he scurried off, somewhat embarrassed by the sheer quantity.

With breath still short, we buckled seat belts. The plane roared down the runway, circled, and headed toward South Dakota and a slightly kinder climate.

Shari, very much the chatterbox on the earlier leg of the journey, was strangely pensive. Shortly after the pilot had beamed in on the flight pattern, she looked at Sue with a smile and blurted, "You know, that must have been Jesus, he was such a nice man."

We didn't even consider taking exception to her simple but logical conclusion. ▶



Gamaliel and the Christian Problem

ST. PETER AND HIS COMPANIONS had been arrested for the second time by order of the Supreme Council of the Jewish Church, the Sanhedrin, presided over by the same High Priest who had ordered Jesus given up to Pilate. The apostles had already been warned by the Council that they were not to speak or preach in the name of Jesus.

They had ignored that threat, and this second arrest was the consequence of their defiance. The Council were now met to decide their fate. St. Luke tells us it was all but decided to put them to death.

At this point Gamaliel intervened, a sage and venerable Pharisee, thus an opponent of the priestly and aristocratic Sadducean party.

Perhaps Gamaliel was moved to speak against extreme penalties because of his comparatively liberal principles. Perhaps in part he spoke to embarrass or shame the worldly party of the Sadducees, who had proposed a final solution of the "Christian Problem" in the harshest of terms.

Whatever the reason, however, he said:

Keep clear of these men, I tell you; leave them alone. For if this idea of theirs or its execution is of human origin, it will collapse; but if it is from God, you will never be able to

put them down, and you risk finding yourselves at war with God. (Acts 5:38-39 NEB)

Gamaliel spoke as he did because he was a just man, and in justice he knew the will of God is not bound. He may have disliked the new movement, he may have suspected, and even hoped, that it would come to nothing as had the popular movements of people like Judas of Galilee. He could not be certain, however, that what seemed like mania based on superstition might not, after all, be God's own counsel and work. And because he had faith, Gamaliel was willing to leave the disposition of this matter up to God.

His view prevailed for the moment, and the Christian leaders were set free after receiving a scourging only. It was not, however, a view which the Jewish hierarchy were to hold for long. Soon afterwards James the Apostle was put to the sword, and St. Peter narrowly escaped a similar fate. The apostolic band was scattered from Jerusalem to begin that dispersion of the Gospel into all corners of the known world.

But what does this mean to those of us who are Christians in the twentieth century? It means, frankly, that we who are the Church of the New

Covenant must never be found to make the same mistake as the Church of the Old Covenant. We *cannot* afford to turn inward in fear of change or of new movements, new ideas, even new values.

Our answer to the threats posed to our existence by life in a changing and occasionally hostile world must *never* be to retreat into an enclave of goody-goody pietism, self-satisfying religious exercises and devotions, Victorian morality, or smug biblicism.

We are *not* to be a fortress Church, shutting our doors against all who threaten us with a different kind of life-style, or a different way of looking at things, or who have found different answers to some of the moral questions which vex our age.

We are *not* to see ourselves as "holy" people in any moral sense at all. "Holy" we are, in the sense of being set apart by our baptism into the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is what the New Testament means by the word. But "holy" in the sense of latter-day Hasidim, "pious ones," set down in the midst of a wicked world in order to be conspicuous by our virtue, *that* we are not. "For all have sinned," wrote St. Paul, "and come short of the glory of God."

We are all, brethren, from the whore on the street to the priest at

By John Paul Boyer

the altar, alike dependent upon the grace and the boundless mercy of God. It is *that* which will save us, not our good deeds, not our adherence to middle-class conventions, not even "faith" if we use that word to mean something we have achieved by our own merit.

This means we must be more concerned about our neighbor's welfare and less concerned about his business. The world, torn and bleeding, needs our ministrations. There are hungry to be fed, naked to be clothed, and downtrodden to be lifted up. And always there is the seed of love, of pardon, of faith, the seed of hope and light, the seed of peace—to be sown among men who do not have these things. Woe unto us indeed if we turn our backs upon needs such as these!

But we are to give without judgment. Many new movements, currents of thought, and courses of action are being urged in these times, some within the Church, some not. I do *not* say we should be indiscriminating in our choice of what to follow.

We have every right, may even have a duty, to criticize what is foolish, to oppose what seems to our consciences to be wrong, to lay bare shoddy thinking or fuzzy morality, whether within the Church or without. To this end God gave us minds.

But we are not to judge *people*! For one thing, we often do not have the whole picture, are not in possession of all the facts. Only God is in such a case, and only God can know what someone else is up against.

For another thing, it is not our *right* to pass judgment: St. Paul wrote, "Who are you to pass judgment on someone else's servant? Whether he stands or falls is his own Master's business." Other people are not our servants but God's, whose also are we.

We are in the world to serve, not to condemn; we are in the world to welcome, not to exclude; we are in the world to love, not to judge. What will be is in the hand of God, and all things shall happen and fall out as He disposes.

Why, then, are we afraid? Why do we act toward each new proposal as if the Church would rise or fall on what we do? Why must every person who has modeled his life on different lines from ours, or who in his own life has come to the necessity of different moral decisions from those our own consciences might permit us to make, be treated as a pariah, as a threat to decency and religion?

Do we not know that his life too is in the hands of God and that it is to God he must answer, not to us? Do we think God incapable of taking care of his own? Do we think God impotent to preserve his Church?

The world is out there, crying in its need. We have much to do, and the hour draws on. Have we not more important things to worry about than faction fights between old guard and new, between one school of thought and another, between the style of one man's life and the opposing style of another's?

Have we nothing better to do than to look over our neighbor's shoulder to see if he is living up to our own standards of rectitude, ready to condemn in a race where we have not run, ready to identify our preferences with our morals, busy to preside over the fate of men whose temptations and needs, perhaps, we have not shared and do not understand?

Can we not have at least the faith and the justice of an old Jewish rabbi who saw much to fear and much to oppose and *yet* was willing to leave the judgment to God? Can we not trust that whatsoever counsel or work is of men will surely come to nought?

Can we not trust God to preserve his Church and ourselves get on with the so necessary work of loving our neighbor without the distraction and the luxury of quarrels with groups and judgments of people?

Or must we expend our energy in fighting "threats" and in "saving" the Church, only to find in the end, like those who disregarded the wisdom of Gamaliel, that we have been fighting not against flesh and blood but even against God? ◀

An Indian Prayer

O Great Spirit,
Whose voice I hear in the winds,
And whose breath gives life to
all the world, hear me! I am small
and weak, I need your strength
and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty, and make
my eyes ever behold the red
and purple sunset.

Make my hands respect the things
you have made and my ears
sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise so that I may
understand the things you have
taught my people.

Let me learn the lessons you have
hidden in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength, not to be greater
than my brother but to fight my
greatest enemy—myself.

Make me always ready to come
to you with clean hands and
straight eyes.

So when life fades, as the fading
sunset, my spirit may come to
you without shame.

—quoted by Chief Dan George



Follow that Hat on the Invisible Man

By Robert Farrar Capon



THE HAT ON THE INVISIBLE MAN will have been the very thing that brought us home at last. Or, to update what we used to say back in the days when we were more bare-faced about it all, JESUS (as the sacrament of the Word) SAVES; *Extra ecclesiam* (because it is the sacrament of Jesus) *nulla salus*; and even Ten Thousand Cheers for the Pope! (duly collegialized, of course).

I am aware that you may have a violent reaction to the turn I have just executed. Some nerve, you say. He quotes Job, knocks God, drags us down to the bottom of the pit—and then has the gall to slip in a plug for organized religion! A fine guide he turned out to be!

By way of a soft answer to your wrath, let me point out that I am not your guide—or anybody else's, for that matter. I am simply one of the travelers trapped with you in the

bowels of creation. We are all, like the Miller's Third Son, equally in need of a guide.

My contribution to our mutual journey has simply been to direct your attention to a peculiar cocked hat bobbing along just ahead of us in the darkness and to suggest that if there is indeed an invisible man under it, he might turn out to be useful—especially if he knows how to get us out of the spot we're in.

For a slightly firmer answer, I have a choice of two different lines of argument. On the one hand, I can deny the charge. "Organized religion" is a misnomer.

The church—anybody's version of it—may look fearsomely organized from the outside, but once you're in it, you have to be deaf, dumb, and blind to avoid the conclusion that it is the most disorganized venture ever launched. Its public image may be that of a mighty lion on the prowl; what it really is, in this day and age at least, is a clowder of not too well coordinated pussycats falling all over each other.

On the other hand, I can let your accusation stand and make a useful distinction: The church is obviously not totally disorganized. At various times in history it has been clever enough to get itself into the teaching business, the building business, the real estate business, the law enforcement business, the government business, and the witch hunting business.

Its real business, however, was never any of those things. If I am on the right track, the principal function of the church is to be the sign of the mystery of the Word—which is pre-

cisely what we mean when we call the church the *mystical* Body of Christ. The principal function of her members, therefore, is the tending of those particular bits of felt and ribbon by which the church can be recognized as the hat she is supposed to be—specifically, and to be brief about it, the Scriptures and the Sacraments.

Obviously, it is not the easiest thing in the world to be content with such a vocation. The church could, with perfect propriety, be what it once was: a bunch of landless nobodies who met in caves. Its bishops, priests, and deacons (whom I take to be essential ribbons on the hat) could be tax collectors, tentmakers, and fishermen and still be the signs of the mystery they were intended to be.

Nobody was under any theological necessity to put them on salary or to build them nifty buildings to do their mystical signifying in. Human nature being what it is, however, it was quickly noted that if there were no need for such gussying up, neither was there any theological objection to it.

A priest in sneakers saying mass in a basement is not *more* of a sign of the mystery than a priest in a gold chasuble consecrating the elements in a diamond encrusted chalice. Accordingly, once it was realized that gold, diamonds, and property might go begging and that pension plans, fringe benefits, and annual increments were not necessarily sinful, the church jumped gleefully into the assorted business opportunities that offered themselves. She jumped into

some sordid ones, too, but that's neither here nor there. We are above *that* kind of argument.

In spite of all such goings on, however, the subject of organized religion has got to come up at this point. If the working of God in both creation and incarnation is a mystery—that is, if it is always radically invisible—then there is no sense in our getting snootily spiritual about its obvious need for some down to earth manifestations.

Either God left us to our own guesswork about the spiritualities he was up to, or he didn't. If he didn't, then he had to give us at least a few materialities to provide us with an intellectual handhold. No doubt his originally sparse signs have been multiplied and embroidered, but there doesn't seem to be any way of cooking up a decent version of the Gospel which dispenses with them altogether.

If God is doing anything more than just sitting up in heaven and handing out free advice—if he really is *doing* something down here which he intends to let us in on—then, by the necessities of our nature and his, he is forced into sacramentalizing it.

In other words, there can never be

a completely spiritual version of the Christian religion. Not that it hasn't been attempted. There have always been itchy souls in the church who are allergic to materiality.

For example, you find Christians who argue that if the deepest reality of the Eucharist is the presence of Jesus himself, then the signs of bread and wine are mere symbols which can be switched around at man's pleasure. Beer and pretzels or crackers and milk will do just as well.

Their fallacy stems from forgetting that the sacraments are precisely hats on an invisible man. To be sure, if the Word had decided to wear a beer and pretzel hat instead of a bread and wine hat, he would have been perfectly within his rights. It's his head and his hat.

But once he has announced that the bread and wine hat is his choice for the late afternoon of the world, we had best keep a careful eye on *that*. It is, after all, the only one under which we *know* he has promised to make himself available.

Needless to say, he is also available and active everywhere else. You can look up the invisible man on the golf course any time you like. That's not the point. The problem on the

golf course is that it's hard to be sure you have got hold of the right invisible man—or, indeed, of anything more than one of your own bright ideas.

It's not a question of presence; it's a question of how to know when you've grasped it. If I am right, for example, the mystery which the Eucharist signifies is present throughout creation; the incarnate Word does not become *more present* at the Mass than he is elsewhere. What happens at the consecration is that his presence is sacramentalized for us under a device of his own choosing.

We have his assurance for the device of bread and wine. The best you can say about beer and pretzels is maybe—which you could just as well say about ducks, dogs, or dandelions.

Once again, the mischief is caused by mechanical analogies. Most of the bad trips in eucharistic theology have been caused by attempting to explain how, in the consecration, God "confects" something new.

If we resort to a personal analogy, however, things are less gross. On that basis we assert not that God *does* something he never did before

Continued on page 27



NIEBUHR

POLITICS AND THE PROPHET

By Louis Cassels

MOST PEOPLE think of theologians as people who spend their lives trying to comprehend the nature of God.

But that definition is too limited. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, the great American Protestant theologian who died in June at age 78, devoted most of his long and brilliant career to examining the nature of man.

His conclusions are not flattering. They are devoid of the sentimental optimism which once led liberals to believe men could build Utopia on earth by their own efforts.

But Niebuhr's view of the human condition is profoundly biblical. And it has been vindicated, to a far greater degree than he would have wished, by the history of the past thirty years.

Niebuhr's theology, which he called "Christian realism," takes seriously the long-unfashionable doctrine of original sin. Niebuhr was no biblical literalist, and in his voluminous writings the term original sin does not mean that Adam and Eve landed us all in a mess by eating that apple in the Garden of Eden. It means that human nature, in all persons of all ages, is flawed by egotism, the tendency to put self-regard above all other considerations.

This universal disposition toward selfishness would lead to enough mischief if men were honest about acknowledging it. But in actuality, Niebuhr said, most men—and especially those who consider themselves pious—are adept at self-delusion. They pretend not only to the world but even to themselves that they are more generous, more tolerant, more forgiving, more thoughtful of others than they really are. This is what Jesus

meant by pride, which he singled out as the deadliest of human sins.

Convinced that human motives always are ambiguous, even when they seem most noble, Niebuhr distrusted man's ability to do right by others solely because of the tender but often transitory emotion which is popularly known as "love."

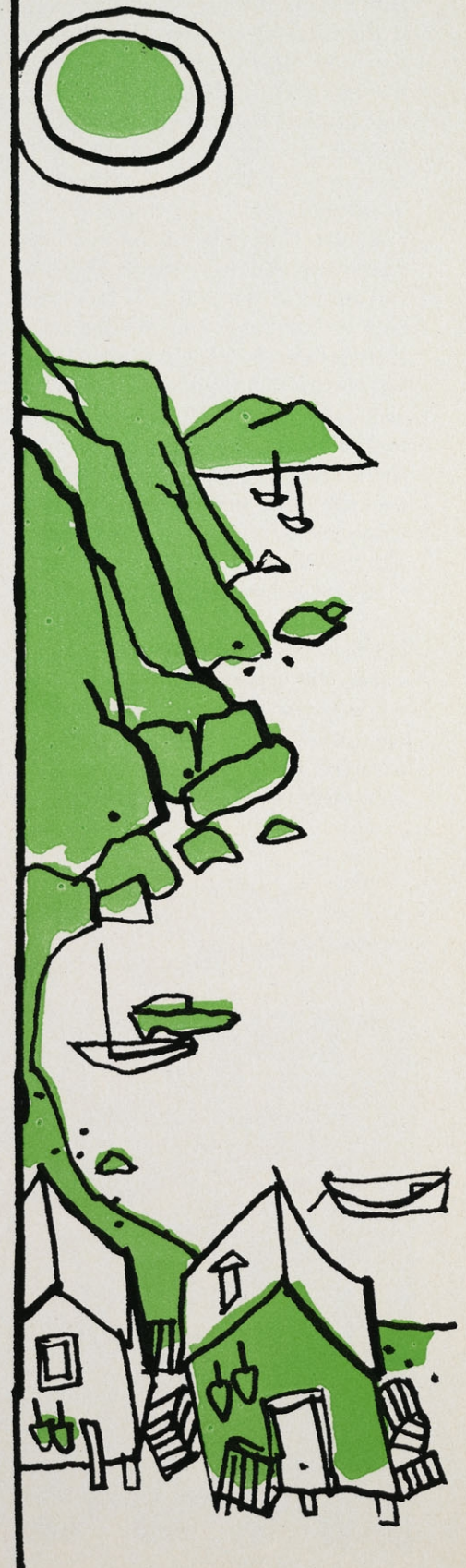
To love others in the sternly practical way Jesus had in mind, Niebuhr said, means first of all to treat them justly. And justice cannot be left to the random impulses of good will that may animate individual consciences. It must be built into the social structures, the political institutions, and the economic systems of civilization.

"A simple Christian moralism counsels men to be unselfish," he said. "A profounder Christian faith must encourage men to create systems of justice which will save society and themselves from their own selfishness."

In his later years, particularly since America's involvement in the Vietnam War which he abhorred, Niebuhr warned repeatedly that pride and self-regard are sins that afflict nations as well as individuals.

"Perhaps our gravest fault as a nation is our exalted sense of American virtue," he said. "We see the United States as something unique in the world, a nation whose concerns soar above petty national ambitions, whose generosity and goodwill are unequalled. God, we assume, is invariably on our side."

The degree to which those words will irritate or outrage some Americans is a measure of how accurate they are.



JESUS ROCK is a new pop music phenomenon in our land. Its chief distinguishing characteristic is its overtly Christian viewpoint in contrast to its merely "religious" pop predecessors.

Although many of us have sought and found religious meanings in popular music, sometimes we had to push and scrape and bend the lyrics a bit to do so.

Pops of the fifties like *I Believe*, *Have You Talked to the Man Upstairs*, and *You'll Never Walk Alone* were vague and sentimental at best. While *Blowin' in the Wind*, *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, and *Let It Be* in the sixties and seventies hinted at religious themes, one couldn't be quite sure.

At its best, pop music religion has been scrupulously non-denominational, ecumenical in the widest possible sense, and apparently designed to give one little more than a warm glow. Dogmatic, evangelistic, and specifically Christian—in the kind of power sense that might possibly offend someone—pop music has not been.

The new Jesus Rock music, however, with its overt, almost embarrassingly specific Christian-Jesus focus, moves pop music-religion right out of the religious specialty and Bible Belt market into first-rate professional status. It is produced for the Top 40's and the widest possible mass market. The message is clear:

*I don't care what they may know;
I don't care where they may go;
I don't care what they may know;
Jesus is just alright—Oh, Yeah! **

Where did Jesus Rock come from? Partly from within the music itself. The deep gospel roots of both country and black soul music—both of which have greatly shaped Rock and Roll—had to emerge sometime. It's probably no accident that the album which opened the Country Rock trend in music (The Byrds' "Sweetheart of the Rodeo") contained two "Jesus" songs, *I Am a Pilgrim* and *Christian Life*.

But even more important, Jesus Rock is an answer to the needs of the young—in a medium they can understand.

"If you've ever been stoned," said one youngster in a May 14 *Life* magazine article, "you know how you can become the music you're listening to—and when the songs have to do with Jesus, you're ready for a heavy Christian trip."

Consider one of the paradoxes of this age of affluence: the people to whom Jesus Rock seems most appealing are the suburbanite kids—or

Jesus Rock:



Fad or Food?

ex-suburbanite drop-outs—who supposedly have it all but in personal religious terms perhaps have had the least of it. In an age so pluralistic they have no values to guide them, they have had to try it all for themselves, to find out the hard way.

Their cry for help is clear. Jesus Rock speaks to it and for it.

Witness James Taylor's *Fire and Rain* and what may stand as one of the most moving Christian prayers of all time:

Won't you look down upon me,

*Jesus, you got to help me
make a stand*

*You just got to see me through
another day*

*My body's achin' and my time is
at hand*

*An' I won't make it any other
way.*

Taylor, at 23, is probably the epitome of where a lot of people in the youth culture are or have been: an affluent family, a bout or two with a mental institution, some time in "The Village" trying to make it, and several rounds with drugs, including a now kicked heroin habit. He wrote *Fire and Rain* after the suicide of a friend.

Jesus Rock recognizes evil as a life reality and something to be dealt with seriously. It rediscovered the pain of sin. As Mylon LeFevre says on his album, "Mylon,"

*seeing me like I was
having to admit I was
slowly dying.*

Youth's confrontation with the real world has produced for many a remarkable credibility for the Christian view of what it's all about.

But along with the heaviness, there's also a heartening joy, affirmation, and power to the new "Jesus" music. From the Byrd's *Jesus Is Just Alright* to the Edwin Hawkins Singers' *Oh Happy Day* and the current Top 10 hit, *Put Your Hand in the Hand* by Ocean, a celebration

of power and where the hope lies comes through unambiguously

*Take a look at yourself and you
can look at others diff'rently
By puttin' your hand in the hand
of the man from Galilee.*

And when Mylon sings at the end of their album, "I sure would like to see you happy now, yes I would, yes I would," you get the feeling that they really mean it. They're really onto something which they'd like you to share, and it's much more than just "whatever turns you on."

At this point it would probably be good to stop for a quick look at what's current in the Jesus Rock market.

By Leonard Freeman

Apart from some isolated album cuts and singles, such as Judy Collins' *Amazing Grace*, only a few complete Jesus Rock albums available are worthy of the name.

Ocean's album includes some other "Jesus" music, but disappointingly none of it is close to the promise of their hit single, *Put Your Hand in the Hand*. Likewise for *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* by Webber and Rice of *Superstar* fame and the folk-musical, *Natural High*, by Carmichael and Kaiser.

The former is really a religious specialty album produced before *Superstar* but only recently released to cash in on its coat-tails, and it is nowhere near the quality of its predecessor. The latter sounds like *Betty Co-Ed* with guitars.

Apart from *Superstar* itself (see

The Episcopalian, January, 1970) and the forthcoming soundtrack of *Godspell* (a new Broadway Rock musical based on St. Matthew's Gospel which has been getting rave reviews), one really first-rate album is "Mylon" by Mylon LeFevre and his group. Far from being a "religious group" on the church youth group and local coffee house circuit, Mylon is a solid Rock outfit which has recently completed tours with Mountain, Ten Years After, Grand Funk, and Traffic.

Their album has a raucous Country Rock sound that reaches out and grabs you almost before the lyrics do.

*If this old world has been putting
you down
kicking your sound and pushing
you 'round
I want you to know you can be
free.*

If you aren't into Jesus Rock yet—or even if you are—Mylon is a great place to start or continue your contact.

Of course, one has to be realistic. At the same time we can have a lot of reservations about Jesus Rock and where it's going or leading. Some see it as a part of the "Jesus freak" thing and are put off by it. One parent in the *Life* article (see above) said, "Sometimes I almost wish they would go back to something simple, like smoking a little grass—this is creepy."

Some are concerned about its faddishness, others about what they see as an over-simplification of the Christian message. Still others fear that this personal Jesus-religion will blunt the cutting edge of Christian social witness.

Although it is true that "Jesus" music seems more into the pentecostal, fundamental elements of Christianity, that's not true across the board. The theological geography is plentiful between a Webber and Rice who reportedly deny any association with the Church, a James Taylor who (in a *Sunday Times* interview) says, "I believe in God, and I believe in Jesus as a man, a metaphor, and a phenomenon," and Mylon who says simply, "We believe."

More to the point, it's hard to believe a generation brought up with the Vietnam war, civil rights strife, and the budding of ecological awareness will forget the lessons it has learned. It's more probable that along with those lessons, it is learning a new-old truth: if you want to make the world a better place to be, you've got to be a better place to be.

Whether Jesus Rock is fad fanaticism or a rebirth of hope, the best advice for those of us who aren't quite sure is probably that given in Acts 5:38-39 NEB. "Leave [these men] alone. For if this idea of theirs or its execution is of human origin, it will collapse; but if it is from God, you will never be able to put them down, and you risk finding yourselves at war with God." ◀



I Came to Church

I came when I was a baby
Because I was brought; (*on special occasions*)
I came when I was a child
Because I was supposed to; (*every Sunday*)
I came as a pre-teenager
Because I felt guilty if I didn't; (*every Sunday*)
I came as a college student
Because I wanted to expand my ideas; (*sometimes*)
I came as a young married girl
Because I wanted to meet some nice friends in a strange town; (*once in a while*)
I came as a young mother with babies
Because I liked certain special services; (*Christmas Eve and Easter*)
I came as a mother of two children
Because I wanted them to go to Sunday School; (*often*)

Now I come as one whole person—as an integral part of
God's dynamic plan for His work on earth.
Because in the realization of this awesome discovery,
I have just found the key that unlocked the door of becoming
God's field representative in my everyday life, in my every
occasion,
in my every contact with His other children—and I don't want
to blow it! (*on Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.*)

—FRANCES HARPER



A chance to go to God

COLOMBIA, like so many nations in the world, is leap-frogging from the last century straight into this one. Epitomizing this is the frequent sight of a mother, basket of fruit or produce on her head, with her child tagging along beside her, transistor radio glued to his ear.

The Episcopal Church in Colombia, too, is a study in contrasts. Its development into a contemporary Latin American Church is one of the bonafide chapters of twentieth century mission history.

"One of my hopes for the *Iglesia*

Episcopal en Colombia is to have one Episcopal priest for every Roman Catholic bishop in Colombia — and there are sixty-three of them," says Bishop David Reed with a smile.

Colombia now has eleven priests who minister to 882 baptized members. Bishop Reed's hope leaves some room for growth in this Church which began in the 1920's with occasional pastoral care for a few Anglo-Americans living in Colombia. A missionary district was created in 1963, and by then four priests served five established English-speaking congregations,

one for each of Colombia's five major cities—Bogotá, Medellín, Cali, Cartagena, and Barranquilla. Only one of these congregations had a church building at that time.

Seven of the present clergy are Colombian; one is Spanish, one British, and two American. The latter are resident clergymen of the diocese, not missionaries appointed from New York.

Of the nine current congregations, five are Spanish-speaking. Cartagena has one Spanish congregation, and the other cities have one Spanish- and one English-speaking congregation each.

First Colombian Parish

"Our budget requires over \$25,000 just to perpetuate the parish," complains one parishioner. "We have no mission, no outreach. Can we expect to survive with such self-interest?"

Sound like your parish meeting? Well, it's not. It's **St. Alban's**, in the Colombian capital of **Bogotá**. And it's a somewhat harsh self-appraisal. It discounts the fact that they have built and operate a clinic, a school, a day care center in nearby Barrio Juan XXIII, as well as a successful Nearly New Shop run by the women of the parish.

St. Alban's, Bogotá, is the joint home of the Anglo-American Union Church, with its own minister and worship, and an Episcopal parish of about 400 baptized members. A central committee with members from



In Colombia, the only South American country which borders on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, Bishop David Reed oversees the work of nine Spanish- and English-speaking congregations which minister to Christians in five major cities.

BY JEANNIE WILLIS

A Chance to Go to God

both congregations is responsible for maintenance, thereby freeing the respective vestries for other considerations.

Organized as a mission in 1953, St. Alban's has the only church building where English language services are conducted in this city of two-and-a-half million people. Under the gentle but persistent guidance of the Ven. William A. Franklin, St. Alban's last year became Colombia's first full-fledged, self-supporting Episcopal parish.

Archdeacon Franklin has also been instrumental in developing **San Pablo**, a Spanish language congregation now in the charge of the Rev. Omar Acosta. San Pablo is the outgrowth of the first Episcopal Spanish service, held in Bishop Reed's home shortly after he arrived in Bogotá in 1964.

San Pablo continued as a house church until Easter, 1970, when the congregation acquired a home—still temporary—in a renovated shed and machine shop. The shop church is on the site of the future diocesan office and a permanent church building for San Pablo. With seventy members,

and another thirty-five or forty who attend regularly, San Pablo is a robust segment of the Church in Colombia.

Giving Rose 65 Percent

In **Medellin**, Colombia's dynamic industrial center, two congregations share a beautiful building made possible by a United Thank Offering grant. The Rev. J. Patrick Maitrejean, vicar of **St. George's**, divides his time between this job and that of planning officer for the diocese. A citizen of the U.S.A., Father Maitrejean attended *El Seminario Episcopal del Caribe* in Puerto Rico and is married to a Colombian teacher.

The Spanish language congregation of St. George's decided recently to change its name to **San Lucas**, symbolizing its distinct mission identity. Its vicar, the Rev. Juan Angel Caceres, says with pride the congregation has increased its giving in just four years from 200 pesos to 13,000—with only a 25 percent larger congregation. Typical of the constant confrontation with realities in the Colombian Church, Father Caceres adds, "Our budget is 30,000 pesos." A central committee copes with maintenance although each congregation has its own vestry.

From Peace Corps to Priest

Trinity Church, in the large southern city of **Cali**, has an English language congregation of about 100 active members although only a few are confirmed Episcopalians. Trinity's most outstanding of several social extension projects is its elementary school, which graduated its first class of twenty young people this year. By depleting its scholarship program funds, it will send ten of these youngsters to *bachillerato*, or high school, next year. (Estimated cost of one year of high school: \$100.)

Trinity's new vicar is the Rev. Jan Owen, whose wife Dorothy will teach in *Colegio Bolivar*, Cali's American high school. Father Owen, ordained deacon in June, was formerly a Presbyterian minister, as the men on both sides of his family have been for almost 300 years. He was regional director for the Peace Corps in the

Anglicans in South America

Working without budgets, officers, or formal organization, the Conference of Anglican Bishops in South America (COABSA) is trying to create a sense of identity between the various Anglican Churches in South America and to develop interdependence with each other rather than dependence on "Mother" Churches.

The group now consists of 3 bishops in Chile, 3 in Argentina, 4 in Brasil, 1 each in Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela. Meeting for the first time in 1965, they have since managed six meetings, by prearranging an extra bit of time together on other occasions, such as the consecration of Bishop Caceres this last February in Ecuador.

In this last decade, the Anglican Communion has made some positive progress in South America, as the following statistics demonstrate:

	1961	1971
Resident bishops	4	13
Diocesan clergymen	86	169
Missionaries	53	96
Self-governing dioceses	4	10

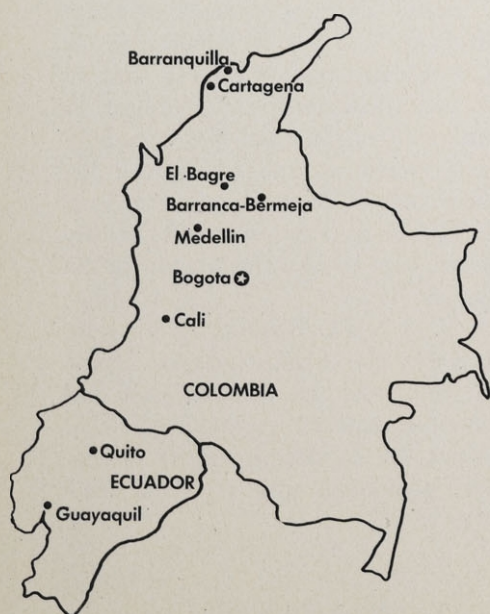
Dominican Republic for five years and training officer for Latin American programs in Colombia.

The fledgling Spanish mission of **San Mateo** is located in Cali's main shopping center. Father Emilio Wild, in charge for the last year, is now back in his native Ecuador.

School at 2¢ a Day

Along the Caribbean coast, where tourism is stirring, the *Iglesia Episcopal* has congregations in Cartagena and Barranquilla. A Spanish-speaking Canadian priest will soon join a new

Text continued on page 20





Top left, taking care of school grounds is routine for students at Barranquilla's Proyecto Educativo who recently repainted the whole school. Top right, San Pablo's, Bogota, meets in remodeled shed on edge of property owned by the diocese for future church and office building. Middle left, with folding doors open, it's a church; closed, a parish hall for coffee hours. Colombian coffee, that is, and a real hour of parish fellowship. Bottom left, their vicar, the Rev. Omar Acosta. Below, typical "street scene" in Barrio San Felipe, Barranquilla.



A Chance to Go to God

team ministry to these congregations.

In addition to the missions, the team will be responsible for the *Proyecto Educativo Episcopal de Barranquilla*, an elementary school and an extensive program of community action. Located in Barrio San Felipe, the project costs about \$10,000 a year to maintain. The diocese currently supports 80 percent of the work, with the project supplying the balance and pushing hard for self-support within the next five years.

One hundred fifty students pay 50 cents a month to attend classes, which will extend through the fifth grade next year. The *Proyecto* also gives courses in sewing, cooking, and nutrition to some eighty girls in their late teens.

Going to God

Cartagena, baking in waves of heat, may not have deeper poverty than some other Latin American cities, but the proportion seems greater. Well over 50 percent of the city's population are desperately poor. Thousands of squatters subsist in sprawling clumps of hovels, many on some of the swampy sewerage flats that lie along the dejected-looking coast line.

When the Rev. Benito Abeledo arrived some two-and-a-half years ago, the **El Salvador** congregation consisted of two Spanish- and ten English-speaking persons. Now two English- and twenty-five Spanish-speaking members reflect the change of focus in this work.

For some time they held services in their homes in four separate sections of the city. Today El Salvador meets in a room in Father Abeledo's small home. The congregation hopes to purchase a large, old, Spanish colonial house on the Plaza Santo Domingo, centrally located in the ancient walled part of the city. Plans include restoration and rental of the street level for shops and offices.

Developing lay leadership in the middle class is a goal of work in Cartagena. Father Abeledo puts it this way: "We want people not to go to

Church but to go to God. Going to Church in a Roman Catholic country like this is not much."

The Church is Our Family

Although **Barranquilla** has tripled its population in the last few years, the English-speaking colony remains fairly static at about 2,000 persons. Of these, five or six families comprise the core group of **St. John the Evangelist**, a congregation of about thirty members. This last spring, they presented a class of ten to the bishop for Confirmation.

American Phil Campbell, senior warden, has lived in Colombia for twenty-six years and Britishers William and Marjorie Reeson for thirty-two. Mrs. Reeson comments: "When you have been expatriates for so long, the Church takes the place of your family. You share all your joys and griefs with them, the way you would with your family if you were home."

The other side of this coin applies as well. For over two years without a vicar, these people have kept St. John's operating, via lay readers, with an English-speaking priest flying in once a month to celebrate the Holy Communion. They have found themselves drawn into pastoral care, counseling with the members, visiting the sick, even conducting a burial service. Where the Church is your family, the family is the Church as well.



Barranquilla's church school in the Barrio San Felipe will go through 5th grade this year, has 150 pupils.

Church on the Patio

San Marcos, the three-year-old Spanish congregation in **Barranquilla**, has some forty communicant members and another forty persons who attend regularly. They own a good piece of property and hope someday to build their own church on it. Although they are far from full self-support, and even less able to contemplate raising funds for a building, they nevertheless pledge 4,500 of the 15,000 pesos needed to maintain the mission.

The Rev. Vincente A. Porras is the vicar. With his wife Marina and their three children—including young son John David named for Presiding Bishop Hines and Bishop Reed—he lives in a house owned by the diocese. The former patio is now a small, handsome church used by St. John's and San Marcos. The garage has been converted into a sacristy. If and when San Marcos can build, this building will house both St. John's Church and its vicar.

Though small numerically, the Church in Colombia is a rooted, healthy branch. Which is not to say it is ready to be a free-standing tree, *genus Anglicanus*.

In point of fact, the 882 baptized members of the Church in Colombia gave \$46,699.75 in 1969, an average of \$56.81 per person. While this is only a third of the money the diocese needs, it compares favorably to the \$110 per communicant given in the affluent U.S.A.

What can the Church in the U.S.A. do to help the Church in Colombia? Bishop Reed had some answers on the tip of his tongue:

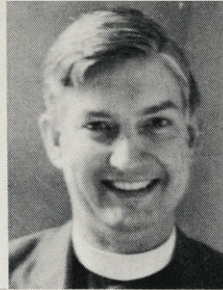
"Help us plan. We need professional management planning such as is available to industry in the U.S.A. We need two or three years of financial security to consolidate the work we have done so far.

"We need money to invest in Colombian businesses. If we believe in the capitalistic system and expect it to continue, we should be willing to indigenize the Church here by this means, too. And we need moral support."

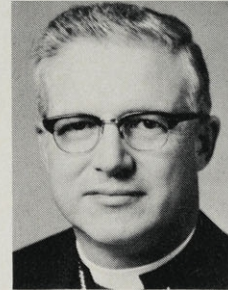
Changes in the Episcopate



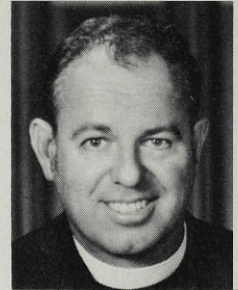
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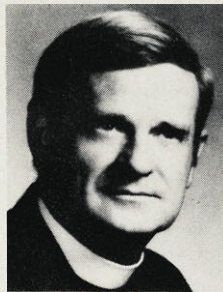
Mr. Charles



Bp. Davidson



Bp. Henton



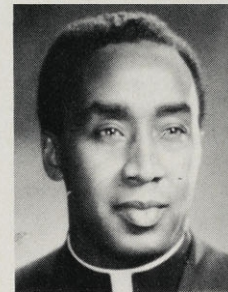
Mr. McGehee



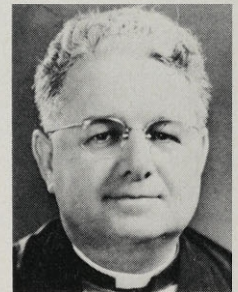
Mr. Porteus



Bp. Voegeli



Bp. Walker



Bp. Watson

Current changes in the Episcopate include the election of two diocesans, three coadjutors, and two suffragans. Two diocesans retired. . . . **The Rt. Rev. Charles P. Gilson**, formerly Suffragan Bishop of Honolulu in charge of Taiwan and more recently Assistant Bishop of Rhode Island, retired May 31. . . . Two retired missionary bishops to China have died: **the Rt. Rev. William P. Roberts**, former Bishop of Shanghai, died May 3, and **the Rt. Rev. Lloyd R. Craig-hill**, former Bishop of Anking, died March 13.

The Rev. Canon Frederick H. Belden, rector of St. Paul's Church, North Kingston, R.I., since 1949, was elected to be Bishop Coadjutor of Rhode Island on April 24. . . . Canon Belden, a graduate of Hartwick College and General Theological Seminary, was ordained to the priesthood in 1936. After serving parishes in the Diocese of Albany, he was called to St. Paul's, North Kingston. . . . The new bishop-elect has been active in Rhode Island diocesan affairs, serving in the Departments of Missions, College Work, and Christian Education (of which he has

been chairman since 1965) and on the Diocesan Council, Standing Committee, and the Commission on Spiritual Healing. He has also been a five-times deputy to General Convention and is a past president of the Rhode Island Council of Churches.

The Rev. E. Otis Charles, executive secretary of Associated Parishes (the liturgical renewal group of the Episcopal Church), was elected to be Bishop of Utah on May 15. . . . A graduate of Trinity College and General Theological Seminary, Bishop-elect Charles was ordained in 1951. He served as curate of St. John's Church, Elizabeth, N.J., from 1951 to 1953; as priest-in-charge of St. Andrew's Church, Beacon, N.Y., from 1953 to 1959; and as rector of St. John's Church, Washington, Conn., from 1959 to 1968. He also served as associate director of Montford House Ecumenical Center from 1968 to 1969. . . . Father Charles has been involved in education and youth work in the Dioceses of New York and Connecticut, serving in the Department of Christian Education in both dioceses. In Connecticut he has been a member of the Commit-

tees on Independent Schools and on Urban Work, the Connecticut Group for Liturgical Renewal, and the Standing Committee. He was a deputy to the 1969 and 1970 General Conventions.

The Rt. Rev. William Davidson, Missionary Bishop of Western Kansas since 1966, was elected Bishop of the newly constituted Diocese of Western Kansas on April 24. . . . Bishop Davidson, a graduate of Montana State University, taught agriculture at Sidney (Montana) High School for three years before entering Berkeley Divinity School in 1943. Ordained to the priesthood in 1947, he served Montana missions and parishes until 1956, beginning his ministry in a mission field 106 miles long, running over two mountain ranges and covering three counties. . . . From 1956 to 1962 Bishop Davidson was associate secretary of the Home Department of National Council's Division of Town and Country Work. In 1962 he went to Jamestown, N.D., as rector of Grace Church and served there until 1966. . . . Bishop Davidson is a past president of the Rural Workers' Fellowship and served from 1947 to

Changes in the Episcopate

1952 on General Convention's Joint Commission on Rural Work. He was a deputy to the General Convention of 1952.

The Rt. Rev. Willis R. Henton, former archdeacon for education of the Diocese of Louisiana, was consecrated to be Bishop Coadjutor of Northwest Texas on June 11. . . . Bishop Henton is a graduate of Nebraska State Teachers College and General Theological Seminary. After being ordained deacon in 1952, he went to St. Benedict's Mission, Besao, Mountain Province, the Philippines, where he worked with the Igorots, once a head-hunting tribe. He was ordained priest in 1953. . . . After his return to the United States in 1956, Bishop Henton served as curate of St. Luke's Chapel, New York City. He was successively rector of Christ Memorial Church, Mansfield, and St. Augustine's Church, Baton Rouge, La. He was named archdeacon in 1963, a post he held until his election.

The Rev. H. Coleman McGehee, Jr., rector of Immanuel-on-the-Hill Church, Arlington, Va., since 1960, was elected to be Bishop Coadjutor of Michigan on May 21. . . . A graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute and Richmond University, Bishop-elect McGehee pursued a career in law, becoming an Assistant Attorney General of Virginia in 1951 at the age of 28. In 1954 he entered Virginia Theological Seminary. Ordained to the priesthood in 1958, he served as missionary-in-charge of St. John's Church, Arlington, until called to his present parish. . . . The Rev. Mr. McGehee was dean of the Potomac Convocation from 1958 to 1960. He has served on several boards of both the Diocese of Virginia and the civic community in which he lives. He is a member of the Governor's Commission on the Status of Women and the Diocesan Commission on Mutual Responsibility. He was a deputy to the General Conventions of 1964 and 1967 and has served on Convention's Committees on Canons and on Christian Social Relations. Bishop-elect McGehee is a member of the Virginia

State Bar and Bar of the United States Supreme Court.

The Rev. Morgan Porteus, rector of St. Peter's Church, Cheshire, Conn., since 1944, was elected to be Suffragan Bishop of Connecticut on June 10. . . . Bishop-elect Porteus, a native of Connecticut, is a graduate of Bates College and Episcopal Theological School. After ordination in 1943, he served one year as curate at Trinity Church, Torrington, Conn., before going to St. Peter's. . . . For 20 years Father Porteus was chaplain at Gaylord Sanatorium and Hospital in Wallingford. He was a member of the Board of Directors and Board of Parole at the Connecticut Reformatory, Cheshire, for nine years. In 1968 he was visiting lecturer in Homiletics at Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven. He is a consultant to General Convention's Standing Liturgical Commission and is chairman of the diocesan commission.

The Rt. Rev. C. Alfred Voegeli, Bishop of Haiti since 1943, retired April 20. . . . Bishop Voegeli is a graduate of Upsala College, the New Jersey Law School, and General Theological Seminary. He was ordained in 1933 and served parishes in New Jersey until 1938 when he was named dean of St. Luke's Cathedral, Ancon, Canal Zone. Bishop Voegeli was consecrated to be Bishop of Haiti in 1943. From then until 1960, he also served as Bishop-in-charge of the Dominican Republic. . . . In April, 1964, Bishop Voegeli was forced from his Haitian home at gunpoint and expelled from the country. Since then he has conducted diocesan affairs from New York. While no reason was given for the expulsion, it was presumably because the bishop was not friendly to the regime of President Francois Duvalier. During his tenure, Bishop Voegeli had emphasized "Haitianization" of the Episcopal Church. . . . Upon the assassination of Bishop Dillard H. Brown of Liberia in December, 1969, Presiding Bishop John E. Hines appointed Bishop Voegeli as an interim bishop. He held this post until, with Bishop Hines, he assisted at the consecration of the

present Bishop of Liberia, the Rt. Rev. George Browne.

The Rt. Rev. John T. Walker, former canon of Washington Cathedral, was consecrated to be Suffragan Bishop of Washington on June 29. . . . Bishop Walker is a graduate of Wayne University and of Virginia Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1955. His first cure was St. Mary's Church, Detroit, Mich., which he served until 1957. Bishop Walker served as chaplain of St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., from 1957 to 1966 and also taught religion and history. . . . During the academic year 1964-65, he took a leave of absence to teach at Bishop Tucker Theological College in Mukono, Uganda, East Africa. From 1960 to 1966 he served on the New Hampshire Advisory Committee of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. . . . In 1966 Bishop Walker joined the staff of the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul where his work has been chiefly in three areas: education, community service, and services to the cathedral. . . . Bishop Walker is the third black bishop serving in a domestic diocese of the Episcopal Church.

The Rt. Rev. Richard S. Watson, Bishop of Utah since 1951, retired July 1. . . . Bishop Watson is a graduate of the University of North Dakota and Virginia Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1932 and served successively as rector of St. Stephen's Church, Sherman, Texas; Christ Church, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; and Trinity Church, Houston, Texas. In 1945 he was called to be dean and rector of St. Mark's Cathedral, Seattle, Wash., where he served until his election to be Bishop in 1951. . . . During Bishop Watson's episcopate in heavily Mormon Utah, the diocese has grown by more than 50 percent in both communicant and baptized membership. The Conference Center at Brighton has been built and two wings added to St. Mark's Hospital. The bishop was instrumental in helping to establish St. Mark's Boys' School, since combined with Rowland Hall into a boarding-day coeducational facility with approximately 300 students.

WORLDSCENE

Women Postulants Seeking Ordination

Bishops of the Episcopal Church have recently ordained three women as deacons. And a survey just made by THE EPISCOPALIAN shows that 26 women in 17 dioceses have been accepted as postulants awaiting ordination to the diaconate. Four of these are California women who are planning to be worker deacons. In two other dioceses, postulancies for women are pending.

Canon law was amended at the Houston Convention to allow both male and female deacons. Men and women "of devout character and proved fitness" may be ordered deacon by a bishop. Deacons may assist in administering the Sacraments but may not consecrate them.

Houston also declared that women who had been admitted previously to the Order of Deaconesses with the laying-on-of-hands are within the diaconate. Some of these women have preferred to retain their old title, but others are now called "deacon."

- The Rev. Kathleen Ryan was the first woman ordained after the Houston Convention. She is curate at St. Philip's Church, Tucson, Ariz.

- In Pennsylvania the Rev. Susan Hiatt, diocesan suburban missionary, was ordained June 19, and in Minnesota the Rev. Jeannette Piccard, a consultant to NASA, became a deacon on June 29.

- In Missouri women cannot be ordained deacon until ordination to the priesthood is approved for women; in Milwaukee, which has 13 perpetual deacons, the diocese is not accepting any more applications at present. In most other dioceses, no

restrictions appear to exist on the ordination of women to the diaconate; no women have as yet applied.

- Though Houston failed to pass a resolution allowing women ordination to the priesthood, this change is expected to come in 1973.

Speaking at Miss Hiatt's ordination, the Rev. William J. Wolf, professor of theology at Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., said, "Bishops should feel free to obey the mandate of the Gospel and proceed to ordain women to the priesthood at the same time they ordain men."

Newest in Slots



A young Belgian takes a look at the latest product sold in public vending machines—the Bible. For 10 Belgian francs (20¢) one can buy a miniature Bible from the vending machines being installed on Brussels' streets.

Help Asked for India Refugees

Cholera and the possibility of monsoons daily increase the problems of East Pakistani refugees now flooding into India.

Christian aid agencies met in India to coordinate relief efforts and issued the following report:

"An estimated 3 million persons have swarmed across the borders of Bangla Desh. They are located in make-shift camps near the border, but many still remain in the open fields or camped along the roadsides.

"Approximately 70 percent of the refugees seem to be women and children and old people. Not many teenage boys and girls are seen in the camps.

"Most fled with nothing more than the clothing they are wearing, and some were robbed by bandits. With the monsoons imminent, the necessity of having some shelter at least is imperative.

"The refugees are inoculated and vaccinated at the border checkpoints. Rations of rice and *dhal* are allocated to the refugees in camps, and huge amounts have been spent on administration and the supply of basic requirements."

Church World Service, to which Episcopalians contribute through the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief, sent \$30,000 in May, and the Rev. Raymond Maxwell sent out a mid-June appeal for funds.

In some of the rarest actions since World War II, collections were spontaneously organized among workers in London, and scores of young people went into public houses with collection boxes.

The Anglican and Roman Cath-



Youth Confronts the World

In this confusing world many forces call for the attention of youth, such as

- money
- alcohol and drugs
- advancement
- war
- poverty
- religion

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WORLDSCENE

olic churches issued pleas for help. Pope Paul sent \$20,000 and the WCC, \$37,000.

Contributions to the Presiding Bishop's Fund may be sent to 815 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, and designated for "disaster relief."

Los Angeles Churches Sponsor Crusade

Five Episcopal churches in the greater Los Angeles area will conduct a week-long evangelistic crusade from November 28 to December 5.

The Rev. Marney Patterson, Anglican clergyman from Toronto, Ontario, will preach at evening rallies at St. Mark's in Downey, Calif.

Participating in the crusade with St. Mark's will be St. Bartholomew's, Pico Rivera; St. Clement's, Huntington Park; St. Margaret's, South Gate; and St. Anne's, Lynwood. The churches serve an area about 12 miles in diameter.

Bishop Francis Bloy says the crusade will "renew and strengthen the devotional and spiritual lives of already committed Christians and reach out to those who have as yet made no commitment to Christ or who do not recognize Him as the one sure hope for them as individuals and for their world."

South Africa Indicts Anglican Clergyman

The Very Rev. Gonville A. French-Beytagh, Anglican Dean of Johannesburg, has been charged with advocating the violent overthrow of the South African government.

A foe of *apartheid*, the 59-year-old clergyman was arrested last January, but his case was postponed twice before the indictments were handed down in June.

The June indictments appear to be more serious than the charges cited at the time of his arrest. Among the charges is that the dean distributed funds to banned organizations. In addition he is charged with advocat-

ing disobedience to South African *apartheid* laws; he is indicted under the Terrorism Act.

The trial is set for August 2 in the Transvaal Provincial Division of the Supreme Court. If convicted, the dean could receive a minimum penalty of five years' imprisonment. Currently he is free on \$7,000 bail.

A number of alleged co-conspirators were named in the charges. Among them is the African National Congress.

Dean French-Beytagh is one of several clergymen arrested recently.

► Three Episcopalians, returning from a 10-day visit to South Africa, indicated that U.S. businesses there could exert more leadership in fighting *apartheid*.

Bishop William F. Creighton of Washington and Judge William Booth of New York went on behalf of Presiding Bishop John E. Hines to audit the trial of Dean French-Beytagh of Johannesburg. Dean Francis B. Sayre of Washington Cathedral represented the Anglican Deans of the U.S. and Canada.

Dean Sayre said he thought the whole point of the trial was to "intimidate the Anglican Church," many of whose priests have spoken against *apartheid*.

He thought pressure in the U.S., "such as brought by our Church (against General Motors), may induce American firms to set a more venturesome policy" of social improvement in South Africa.

Bishop Creighton said the 1970 World Council of Churches grants to South African liberation groups and Episcopal Church efforts to put pressure on General Motors (*see July issue*) had given black South Africans evidence that "someone cares."

While in South Africa, the three Episcopalians were ushered out of a Bantu (black) court which tries people for violations of the strict "pass laws." They were detained for 20 minutes.

Phantom of Foxboro

Packages containing a bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, and a thick steak, left on doorsteps of 40 members of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Foxboro, Mass., since Jan-

uary, provided the parishioners with a mystery still unsolved in March.

The note always left with the food is written on red paper and reads "With love from St. Mark's Phantom." No one has been able to answer the doorbell before the benefactor disappeared.

The pastor of St. Mark's, the Rev. Walter Sobol, whose family has been included among the wondering recipients, doesn't pretend to have any clues as to the donor's identity. He says, "It is a joyful thing, and we can use that these days."

Screening Committee Makes Three Grants

The General Convention Special Program (GCSP) Screening and Review Committee made three grants and turned down one funding request at a June 8 meeting.

With seven of the 13 members attending, the Committee granted a total of \$50,000, leaving approximately \$91,000 in grant capability for the remainder of 1971.

In addition committee members discussed the Black Awareness Coordinating Committee (BACC), Denmark, S.C., grant made last year but contested by two South Carolina bishops (*see July issue*).

GCSP Grants Administrator Viola Plummer reported that GCSP's evaluation of BACC was not yet complete and staff members would not report to the Committee until September. Some committee members questioned whether BACC could continue in operation until that time since \$12,500 initially granted them is being held in abeyance until the investigation is complete.

Screening and Review established a three-man committee, including the Presiding Bishop, with authority to release the remaining grant money should BACC need survival funds.

The three organizations and the amounts of money they were granted are as follows:

► Cooperativa Agricola del Pueblo, Tierra Amarilla, N. M., \$20,000 to add a four-patient maternity section to a medical clinic, train medical assistants, and help bring professional services to villages which do not now



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WORLDSCENE

have them.

► California Migrant Ministry, Los Angeles, Calif., \$10,000 to expand from 12 to 20 worker-priest groups helping organize migrant labor. The Ministry received \$32,822 in two 1968 grants from GCSP for this work which includes educational programs, counseling, a credit union, and legal services.

► White Eagle Community Development Association, Ponca City, Okla., \$20,000 (amended by the Committee from an original GCSP staff recommendation of \$15,000), to establish a radio program and monthly newsletter, among other self-help projects. This group, which received \$23,614 from GCSP in 1969 and 1970, has been organizing Indian groups for three years and hopes to be self-supporting next year.

The Committee turned down a funding request from Advocates for Basic Legal Equality, Toledo, Ohio, because the organization was not sufficiently controlled by the poor community.

Rockwell to be New Bexley Dean

The Rev. Hays H. Rockwell, University of Rochester Protestant Chaplain since 1969, on September 1 will become Dean of Bexley Hall, the Episcopal member of the Rochester Center for Theological Studies.

He will succeed the Rt. Rev. Daniel Corrigan, interim Dean since 1969, who will return to his home in Denver, Col.

"The decision to leave the university was not an easy one," the Rev. Mr. Rockwell says. "But the work at Bexley Hall seemed risky enough and interesting enough to try to undertake it. The institution is clearly committed to moving down the road."

Bexley Hall affiliated with Colgate Rochester Divinity School in 1968. The two schools, together with Crozer Theological Seminary and Roman Catholic St. Bernard's Seminary, now make up the Rochester Center for Theological Studies.

Dean-elect Rockwell is a mem-

ber of the Board for Theological Education of the Episcopal Church, the Margaret Woodbury Strong Fund Allocations Board, Metro-Act, and the board of the School for Opportunity, Rochester.

He has an A.B. degree from Brown University, a B.D. degree from Episcopal Theological School, and has done graduate study in Oxford, England. He and his wife Linda have four children.

Worship: New Ways For South Pacific

In May the Pacific Conference of Churches' third assembly, meeting in Suva, Fiji, marked the occasion with eight evening services using the customs, languages, dress, ceremonies, and music of the various islands represented in the Conference. Students from the Pacific Theological College in Suva prepared the liturgies.

During the two week assembly the delegates considered the meaning of faith, the role of the Church in industrial areas, and the meaning of baptism for the renewal, unity, and mission of the Church. The Rev. Philip Potter and the Rev. Dr. Alan A. Brash, staff members of the World Council of Churches, addressed a large open air meeting May 9.

Views of Unity

► The biggest unity news in June was the agreement by both the United Presbyterians and the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern) to study a plan of union that might eventually reunite the two Presbyterian groups which split over the issue of slavery during the Civil War.

► In Oslo, Norway, Archbishop Michael Ramsey talked about a possible "full sacramental fellowship" between the Church of England and the Church of Norway (Lutheran).

► In Toronto, however, Mrs. Reginald H. Soward, a member of the ecumenical affairs committee of the Anglican Church of Canada, was not so optimistic about her Church's union with the United Church of Canada. Saying it was still a long way off, Mrs. Soward noted: "A camel going through the eye of a needle is a cinch in comparison."

Follow that Hat on the Invisible Man

Continued from page 13

on land or sea but rather that he *bees* (forgive the barbarism; English has always needed a more aggressive word than *is*)—that he *bees* what he has always been but under a special sign.

The sacraments, accordingly, are not mere representations; they are the very realities the church has always claimed they were. The Holy Communion is Jesus himself, really and effectively. Baptism is the power of God grafting men into Christ. The ordained priesthood is none other than the priesthood of the Word himself.

The sacraments, however, do not have an exclusivity in these things. The priesthood the priest bears is not something the layman lacks: If baptism gives us the fullness of Christ, there is nothing left for ordination to *add*. Rather, the sacramental priesthood is an effective sign, a notable outcropping, of what the whole church has.

It is every Christian's invisible priesthood packaged and labeled for every use. Likewise, at the Eucharist, Jesus does not show up in a room from which he was absent. The eucharistic "change," it seems to me, is neither a quantitative nor even, properly, an ontological matter.

It is qualitative—a clear but subtle shift in God's style, which makes it possible, under the form of an occasional meal, for his creatures effectively to take the Word's constant mystery of victimization and victory into their ordinary exchanges.

It is when you come to baptism, however, that this line of reasoning bears the best fruit. The church has always had a problem explaining her relationship to the world.

By far the commonest view is the Noah's Ark theory: The human race is out there bobbing around in the drink. Nobody can touch bottom; they all just tread water till they drown. Up over the horizon sails the Ark of Salvation. Much bustle. Cries of "Man overboard!" and "Heave to!" Apostles, Martyrs, Popes, Confessors, Bishops, Virgins, and Widows lean over the sides with baptismal boathooks and haul the willing ones up over the gunwales.

Assorted purblind types, however, refuse to come aboard. Sensible arguments are offered to them, but there are no takers. After a just interval, the captain orders full speed ahead and, swamping the finally impenitent in his wake, heads the church for the ultimate snug harbor.

The trouble with that view, and with many another more refined, is that it forces you to limit the incarnate Word's saving activity to the church. No doubt

the church is the only place where you can be sure (by means of easily recognized sacramental hats) that you have a firm grip on what he's doing. But it does not seem right to imply that he isn't doing the same work everywhere else.

I, if I be lifted up, says Jesus, will draw *all* men unto me. *God* invented the ecumenical movement—and his version of it is not limited to Christians. The relationship between the baptized and the unbaptized is not a case of us versus them.

The church is like the rest of the sacraments—an effective sign, a notable outcropping, of what all men already are by the Word's work of creation and incarnation. The church is the mystical body because humanity is the mystical body. The only difference is that in church the mystery wears a hat on its head. (Yes, Virginia, that is why a Christian lady always keeps her head covered in church: St. Paul said a hat was power on her head because of the angels. You and I are the first people in history to have figured out what he meant.)

If you would like a little more serious documentation, consider the Christian teaching about the resurrection of the dead. If Christ dwelt and worked only in the baptized, you would expect that the unbaptized would be out of it completely.

In fact, however, the promise that the dead will rise is surprisingly indiscriminate. At the Second Coming, *all* men are given risen bodies; it is only *after* the General Resurrection are the lucky sheep separated from the uncooperative goats. Admittedly, you could argue that the entire business applies only to the baptized, but I don't think you can make it stick.

It hardly seems consistent, either with the divine justice or with the Word's drawing of all men to himself, to hand some baptized *schlemiel* a risen body after a lifetime spent as a nogoodnik and then to deny one to a real *mensh* just because he spent his days inside the Warsaw ghetto at the insistence of the baptized.

Don't over interpret. I am not saying that anyone is saved apart from Christ. I still buy outright Jesus' statement, "No man comes to the Father but by me." All I'm saying is that the work of Christ is wider than the sacramental manifestations by which it can be grasped. You may, in other words, be able to make it without baptism, but you'll never make it without the Incarnate Word.

Even that isn't as bizarre as it sounds. Right from the start, the church was confronted with the problem of saying something about good converts who unfortunately died before they were baptized. She solved it by inventing the categories of "baptism of desire" for those who died in their beds and "baptism of blood" for those who were helped into the larger life by Nero, Diocletian and Company.

It's only a short step from such an accommodation to the wider one I have suggested: Who is to say, since the loveliness of the Word draws all men, that desire is possible only to those who have a conscious yen to become Episcopalians or Presbyterians? Who can limit the efficacy of his shared victimization when blood is being shed all over the world?

Every year, on December 28, the church honors as saints all the little Jewish boys whom Herod killed while attempting to put the Incarnate Word out of business. Are we seriously prepared to rule out the possibility that, since the Word is still very much in business, there may be innumerable other innocents who might yet be holy on the same basis?

The upshot of all this is to refocus our attention on the church's true vocation. Perhaps it is time for her to retire from most of the plausible businesses she has been in for years and to start thinking about her real work as the sacrament of the mystery of the Word.

Perhaps she ought to stop justifying her pretension that she is the world's finest question-answering machine, and the human race's chief of moral police, and accept the fact that it's all a little more obscure and tricky than the Roman Curia, the Episcopalian Mini-Vatican, and the New York Conference of the United Methodist Church have so far seemed willing to admit.

In any case, one thing is certain: There is no point in trying to get all those cantankerous bureaucracies back together under the aegis of a greater bureaucracy still. The only useful thing for the church to do is join forces with God's already operative ecumenical movement and learn again how to be a really clear sign of the Passion of the Word.

For openers, it means rediscovering the Eucharist as the mirror of her true face, but that's only a start. After that, it probably means a whole new style of life—more care about *being* and less faith in *doing*—and a lot more humility in the process of opening her inevitably bureaucratic but so often unnecessarily flannel mouth.

To all of this, two major objections can be raised. The first is that it is unethical, that it is dangerously indif-

Follow that Hat on the Invisible Man

ferent to the prescriptive aspect of the Gospel, that it will lead the church to stop telling people where to head in and so encourage the world to aim straight for the rocks. To which the first response is "Don't kid yourself."

Unless you have been asleep since the Middle Ages at least, you must have noticed that the world listens to the church with somewhat less than eager ears. It likes the rocks; find something better to tell it, or don't waste your breath.

The second response is more weighty. For the church to continue to act as if she were a kind of moral cop on the beat is to run the risk of perverting the Gospel. What I have suggested sounds immoral because God himself sounds immoral.

Most of our journey has been an attempt to get around the divine complicity in badness. But really, there never was much chance of success. And when Jesus finally appears as the ultimate sacrament of the Word, he doesn't help matters a bit. Parable after parable is deliberately designed to offend even the most elementary moral sense: full

pay for workers who didn't earn it and expensive parties for boys who blew their fathers' money on booze and broads.

Our trouble is that we have so long let ourselves be convinced that the Ten Commandments are the whole story that we are deaf to the outrageousness of the Gospel. The Ten Commandments are only what they are: ethical prescriptions, and negative ones at that. Even put positively, they have no more virtue than any other ethical propositions: They are true comments on the facts of life, valid expositions of the laws of human nature.

The law of gravity is a useful observation, too. It tells you that if you jump off the Brooklyn Bridge you will pick up enough speed between the railing and the river to do yourself a probably fatal mischief. But it does not tell you whether jumping is a good idea or a bad one. That has to be determined another way: If you want to end it all, it's not a bad idea; if you want to get home to dinner, you think less well of it.

Likewise with ethical pronouncements. It is perfectly correct to say that truth-telling is good for human nature and that hating is bad for it. The comment is even slightly useful: If you care about keeping your human nature intact, you will avoid lying and try your best to love.

But there are two important questions ethics cannot answer. The first is why you should want to keep yourself in tip-top human shape; and the second is what truths to tell and which people to love. The answer to the first depends on whether or not you think anybody is crazy about you. The answer to the second depends entirely on good taste.

Accordingly, we do both ourselves and the world a disservice when we imply that ethical strictures, if followed, will make all men glad and wise. What they need to hear from us is that the Word loves the world enough to join it in its passion—and that he has exquisitely good taste.

They have absolutely no need for a rescue team that stands on the beach and bores suicides with the news that they're drowning. They already know that; what they really want to hear is some reason why they shouldn't go ahead and sink.

Their life tastes like the white of an egg. Only a church that knows what it means to be the body of the life-giving Word can possibly be salty enough to interest them.

Which brings us to the second major

objection. It is based on the fear of quietism: To urge the church to concentrate on *being* the body of the mystery—and to denigrate the usefulness of all the more or less plausible things she constantly *does*—is to run the risk of having her do nothing at all. Are we simply to return to the bad old days when, in the blissful assurance of salvation, we told the poor that their poverty was a blessing and justified the deaths of child laborers on the grounds that they were lucky not to have to spend any more time in this vale of tears?

No. The day-to-day actions of the mystical body may not be terribly useful—they may in fact be downright mischievous—but they are absolutely inevitable. The whole mixed bag of clever schemes, bright ideas, and gross stupidities is all we have.

To be the body of the mystery is to be the body of something you cannot take in hand as such. Accordingly, you take in hand what you can and then relax and trust the mystery to work through you.

Ah, but! you say. That leaves us with nothing more than meaningless busy work.

No again. Precisely because the church is the body of the creating Word—of the Word who, in the fullness of his delight, romances all things into being—even her minor gestures, even her failures, must spring from a love for what he loves.

She does not stay in the slums, work for the abolition of poverty, or lobby for civil rights legislation just because there is nothing better to do. She does it because the Word's body must affirm the goodnesses that the Word himself affirms and, if they are threatened, must come to the defense of the victims in whom he suffers.

Her campaigns are not always successes. There are more helpless cases than not. And, saddest of all, her cures are frequently worse than the diseases she sets out to treat.

But she cannot sit idly by. Come down ere my child die, says the world. If Jesus was moved to compassion by that cry, the church can do no less than second the motion.

It is not passivity which mirrors the passion of the Word; it is the act of loving in the midst of the desperate helplessness of the world. Quietism is only a parody of victimization; resignation is a door into an empty house.

The true Christ does not just stand and wait; he butts his head against the impossibilities until they crucify him. Then, having opened the door of the passion, he invites the church into the deepest mystery of all.

To be concluded

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AUGUST

- 1 NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
- 2-6 National Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 2-13 Faith and Order Commission of the World Council of Churches meets in Louvain, Belgium. This is the first full assembly since 1967.
- 6 THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST
- 8 TENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
- 15 ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
- 16 ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, MOTHER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST
- 22 TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
- 24 ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE
- 29 THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

War Forum

Continued from page 3

The rhetoric of the pulpit is being directed today against symptoms rather than causes. It is blaming the war for all the ills of our times. This is an unfortunate over-simplification which all too many people are willing to accept.

Politicians of the opposition, keenly sensitive to the political appeal, are leading attacks on the considered plan of the administration to extricate us in a manner consistent with the ideals reflected in our national policies of the past century, notwithstanding that many of them were responsible for getting us into the mess.

Now the Church adds its voice to the divisive chorus, which delights the enemy and adds to the confusion and difficulty at home.

We rightly look to the Church as the custodian of our spiritual treasures. There is ample evidence that they require defending in this materialistic age. The influence of the Church would be enhanced more by a critical review of the progress it has made in its particular field in recent times than by intruding into the political arena in which its abilities are of dubious quality.

MRS. HARRIET R. TURNER
Roxbury, Conn.

I agree with much that Father Regas has said. However, other considerations stand [for] a responsible government.

War is cruel, degrading, dehumanizing, costly in men and materiel. Its effects on the nations and peoples engaged endure for generations.

Any responsible military leader wants peace as much as any pacifist but not at any price. Many serious and deeply Christian souls find they must be careful and discerning in this matter. Conscience and guilt feelings may breed impatience. And impatience can bring disaster.

This war haunts professional military men. They cannot press for a decision. It is a political war, and national political leaders on both sides must settle it, probably by compromise.

Asiatics, educated according to a different philosophy, do not possess the same conscience in regard to the sanctity of human life, morality, and government. We are wrong in expecting the Saigon government to operate with the same moral-conscience as we do our own. Moreover, our own government is discouraging in this regard. It is quite corrupt, and the Asiatic knows it.

Advocating a withdrawal according

to a set date, publicly announced, is contrary to all sound military practice. If you must withdraw, you simply don't tell the enemy when. If he knows that, he could attack at the most crucial stage.

So a gradual withdrawal according to secret plans must [be made] for the sake of our men held as prisoners of war, for the sake of the Vietnamese people to allow enough time for preparation and take-over, and for the safety of our own men as they pull out.

But Father Regas did not once mention a rebirth of faith along with his appeal for repentance. What good are repentance, death of pride, and rebirth of integrity without a national return to faith in God and acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior?

The foundation of the American philosophy of government is Judeo-Christian. If the foundation crumbles, our American dream will also crumble and hopes for a better peace with it. Can't we put our best and strongest ecumenical brains together to formulate a plan for the conversion of America and pursue it?

REV. FRANK W. MARSHALL, JR.
Vernon, N.J.

Father Regas' article angered me, and I could not tell why until I read Mr. Hedley Donovan's essay in *Time*, 14 June 1971. It is his altruistic conclusions, over-simplification of issues, and presumption to speak for the people of the U.S. Mr. Donovan seeks to deal with issues, tangles with his own changing conscience, evaluates what he knows to be fact, and admits that this is himself.

When I read [Father Regas'] article, I was ashamed not of my country but my Church and its magazine. When I read Mr. Donovan's, I felt the Christian Gospel more fervently [expressed] in the pages of *Time* than in my own EPISCOPALIAN because he knows the great paradoxes, decisions, and history behind the horrible conflict.

I am grateful for having been here, but I sure have become more appreciative, and less critical, of the difficult problems and decisions our nation must face.

REV. CURTIS E. ROSS
South Vietnam

Thank you, thank you, thank you, if for nothing more than the cover on the June issue of THE EPISCOPALIAN. [And] for printing Mr. Regas' sermon as your feature article. I've been waiting a long time for you to come out with something like that. Now I hope you will keep up the pressure.

REV. ROBERT A. MACKIE
Winthrop, Mass.

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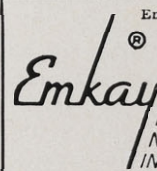
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Switchboard

Continued from page 4

CHANGE DIRECTIONS?

If history is right, at the time of the birth of Jesus, the world was in a condition equal to ours now—or worse. He did not try to change governments but to change the hearts and minds of men.

Today it seems the Church is more interested in government, politics, business, and in telling others what to do. If you can go back to the teaching of Christ and get people to change their hearts and minds in really accepting Christ, perhaps things will change themselves.

SARAH M. BAILEY
Columbia, S.C.

SAND AND MUDDLE

The subject of homosexuality has long been avoided by the Church, but isn't it better to remain ostrich-like than to come up with such logical and psychological inconsistencies as those of Louis Cassels' article, "When 1+1 Doesn't Make 1," June, 1971. It is clear that the Church cannot grant "love and understanding" to those whom it considers not "morally unobjectionable."

That semantic and psychological muddle is only exceeded by the historical fallacy that "a civilization in which homosexuality becomes fashionable is on its way out."

RAY SAARI
Los Angeles, Calif.

SUPERSTAR

The writers of "Jesus Christ Superstar," the rock opera portraying the events of Holy Week, have quite deliberately taken Jesus down off his pedestal. They claim that they are only showing his humanness by presenting him as a faulty human being, ignoring the fact that to be noble also is human nature at the highest level. They show their lack of comprehension of the humanity of Jesus [which is] fully shown in the Synoptic Gospels where Jesus habitually refers to himself as the Son of Man, that is, the representative man in relation to God and other men. No other stress on his humanity is needed.

The writers of this opera must be highly elated over the volume of sales of their marked-down edition of Jesus.

MRS. WALTER N. JAMES
Grinnell, Iowa

HOW ABOUT YOUR PARISH?

Is the practice of parish calling obsolete? My father, a retired priest, spent most of

his working hours calling on parish families. I have been out of school nine years, belonged to Episcopal churches in three different places, and have had a parish priest call on me just once. Is this typical?

J. BUNKER CLARK
Lawrence, Kan.

IN & OUT

My enclosed check is for the renewal of [my subscription to] THE EPISCOPALIAN which I fully enjoy—in fact couldn't be without—I wouldn't know what was happening in the Church. I also send it to England to a clergyman who spent a year over here and he, too, enjoys it.

MRS. A. P. CLIFFORD
Rutherford, N. J.

While I will miss terribly keeping up with the activities of my Church, I cannot continue receiving the "official" magazine. I have been a subscriber many years but your so-called format and modern ideas of what it should be have become repugnant to me.

MRS. ELMER E. BRIGGS
Haverford, Pa.

DON'T GENERALIZE

As a former missionary, I am much distressed by an apparent down-grading of missions and missionaries. We hear about all the things missionaries have done wrong, and how our missionary endeavors must be re-thought and re-evaluated. Then, on the other hand, there is concern because missionary giving is falling off. No wonder! To say "The Church is mission" and think that is enough is like the person who says, "I don't have to go to church, I can worship God anywhere," and so he doesn't worship Him anywhere.

SUSAN E. CARTER
Duxbury, Mass.

WHO RATES THE RATERS?

I answer the letter in the April issue from the Rev. David W. Simons who objected to a recommendation for an "R" rated film.

The question of ratings is subtle and ambiguous, at best, as is all censorship. Who makes the ratings? What is their frame of reference, background in the arts, in psychology, in religion?

Mr. Simons may have valid objections to the film in question, but they should not be based on the anonymous and (to me) questionable authority of any censorship group anywhere.

REV. WILLIAM SORRELLS
Bantam, Conn.

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Happiness is having a mother to love you



And nine-month-old Lin Su contentedly sucks her thumb as she watches her new "mother" come to give her a nursing bottle of warm milk.

Lin Su's "mother" is a staff member at our Pine Hill Babies' Home in Hong Kong and to Lin Su she means happiness and security—and most important—love.

You see, until she came to us, this little girl had been badly neglected and abused. Her mother died when Lin Su was born and her father disappeared soon after. Lin Su was left alone in the shack which was her home. Neighbors found her and tried to take care of her.

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