

Title: *The Episcopalian*, 1972

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THE Episcopalian

OCTOBER, 1972 · 50¢

THE SEARCH FOR WHOLENESS

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**monday
mornings
with
cassels**

Happening or Habit?

Many people believe acts of religious devotion are more sincere and meaningful if they're entirely spontaneous.

That's debatable.

Spontaneity of religious expression undoubtedly has one great advantage: it guards us against the hypocrisy of doing things, such as going to church, because we're expected to, and against the sterility of doing things, such as saying grace before meals, out of sheer habit.

But those who engage in acts of worship only when they feel "in the mood" are disregarding the example of Jesus, the teaching of the Bible, and the experience of a long line of saints.

Jesus treasured spontaneous acts of devotion. But he knew a person's mood may be affected by many things, such as illness, fatigue, or adversity. He also knew it is precisely in such low moments that human beings most need to turn to God for comfort and guidance. So he set an example of disciplined regularity in worship.

From what he did as well as what he taught, we know Jesus believed in attending worship services every Sabbath. He also set aside time for private prayer and meditations every day.

The Bible reflects the same viewpoint, especially in the letters of St. Paul. Paul admonished members of early Christian communi-

ties to be "constant"—i.e. regular—in prayer. No one knew better than Paul how easy it is to become so distracted by other concerns—not just frivolous pleasures but important duties—that one never feels "in the mood" to take time out for quiet communion with God. So he insisted that regular periods must be set aside—and kept inviolate—for prayer and meditation.

Many great saints, such as St. Francis and St. Teresa of Avila, often went through spells of "dryness" when they felt absolutely devoid of any spontaneous devotion to God. But they learned from experience that perseverance in worship when you least feel like it is an act of pure obedience, a deliberate subjection of your own will to God's will.

Another reason for regularity in prayer, Bible reading, and church attendance is that you never can tell, in advance, when some word, sentence, or incident will suddenly illuminate your mind and lift up your spirit. It can happen, unexpectedly, unforeseeably, in the midst of dullest sermons, or during private devotions which you had to drive yourself to make.

Spontaneity is a fine thing, and there is merit to the contention of Pentecostals and young people in the Jesus movement that there ought to be room for spontaneous acts of worship in church services. But the testimony of Jesus and the saints is that most spontaneous upwellings of love for God are most likely to occur in the context of lives ruled by a discipline of daily devotion. ◀



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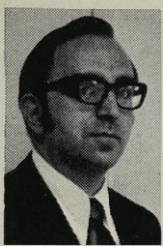
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by CHARLES DOCKENDORFF
Vice President
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Planning your family's financial future is not a do-it-yourself project. It takes time and a rather specialized background to unravel the mysteries and legal terminology surrounding Social Security, company pension plans, mutual funds and life insurance—or to blueprint the financial plan these assets represent. In this column, which will appear every other month, we will answer questions that come across our desks at Church Life and will welcome those from readers.

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Switchboard

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

WE, WHO?

On page 5 of the August issue appears a mysterious pronoun. Who are the "we" who are "looking for a church"?

Not included, obviously, are Christians who seek a thought-provoking sermon with some intellectual substance (in ten minutes a preacher can proclaim and celebrate but cannot explain). Nor those who feel some quality and dignity of dress befits God's sanctuary. Nor those who consider applause in church inappropriate as well as destructive to the mood of liturgical worship. Nor those who believe the active leading of worship should be left in the hands of trained clergymen and lay readers.

As a lifelong Episcopalian, I rejoice in the decency and order of traditional Prayer Book worship. The spontaneous and free church experience "we" are looking for can be found at a youth conference or a Pentecostal prayer meeting or a store-front church; and it's fine for those who like it.

But, please, don't urge the Episcopal Church to discard its sole remaining asset (after jettisoning Cranmer's matchless language)—the dignity and reverence surrounding its appointed public services of worship.

*David R. King
Elizabeth, N. J.*

CONCERNING PRIORITIES

In the February issue we read "a statement on eucharistic doctrine agreed to by Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches." A few comments were made at the time. In an earlier issue we were informed that the national convention of Episcopal Church Women had stated official support for abortion legalization. Almost no comments were made. For the last three or four issues we have been reading about the ordination of women.

The Mass is essential to our religion and primary in all reunion talks; the Christian attitude toward abortion, a vital moral issue, still has many unanswered questions; yet the ordination of women is primarily a theoretical issue because only a handful of women have any desire to be priests. Perhaps it's time to look at our priorities of concerns.

*Bonnie and Louis Logan
Moses Lake, Wash.*

LOSERS

In considering the trial liturgy of the Church, it seems to me two groups of people have been forgotten.

First are those who, because of circumstances beyond their control, have been absent from the Church for a time. On their return, they have found "home" is no longer there. Lost in confusion of searching through the trial liturgy, they have become discouraged and have abandoned their efforts to feel comfortable in a strange Church and will never return.

The other group consists of those elderly persons who, like myself, with advancing years have lost their eyesight. Even in a church of a strange denomination one can still say The Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. Not so with the trial liturgy where it is unsafe to take any part lest one finds oneself out of step with the procession. For these people there is nothing left but the church edifice which one remembers for what it used to mean. During the months of my diminishing eyesight I spent much time trying to make my memory letter perfect in the forms of the Book of Common Prayer only to find my efforts wasted.

I am a very senior citizen, the oldest in my congregation of which I became a member at the age of six weeks. I have always known that with long life a time might come "when those that look out of the windows would be darkened." I did not think that the time would come when the Church would also be withdrawn. For people like me attendance at a morning worship service where the trial liturgy is used results in a state of mind which is not altogether comfortable.

*Marion E. Fischler
Wellsboro, Pa.*

WOMEN'S ORDINATION FORUM CONTINUED

Thank you for printing the article by Canon duBois about women and the priesthood. Your doing so should reassure many who feel *The Episcopalian* reflects "the party line of 815." Canon duBois ably gives a number of theological arguments against the ordination of women to the priesthood. Let us hope that many people with their minds already made up and not wanting to be bothered with any ideas other than the sociological trends of the day may still be open-minded enough to weigh his arguments fairly.

We say we want the guidance of the Holy Spirit. I hope many are praying about this matter which may come close to splitting our beloved Church. A bare

Continued on page 6

The Episcopalian

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Switchboard

Continued from page 4

majority vote at General Convention to ordain women to the priesthood is not a guarantee of the Holy Spirit's will. The advocates of so radical a change must muster an overwhelming consensus before this step can be taken without divisiveness. Above all let us put aside selfish motivations and pray and work for ways to make a more united witness in our Church today.

*Richard C. Tumilty
St. Helena, Calif.*

I was pleased to read in Mrs. Trott's article "the Church must return to moral leadership in our society." I also agree that such leadership should not arise from the "cultural limitations of St. Paul."

Mrs. Trott's article offers a thoughtful approach to the issue of women priests, even though it is clear that she speaks out of the "limitations of her own time," which does not necessarily invalidate her position. Mrs. Trott attacks St. Paul so heavily and yet quickly justifies Jesus' discrimination against

women. Jesus did praise Mary's care and faithfulness, but she was not with the disciples in Jesus' ministry, and He also did not invite her to the Last Supper. If we are to blame St. Paul for having a hang-up against women, maybe we have to face the fact that he got it from his Teacher.

*Gerardo A. Machado
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

It is disappointing to see the pages of *The Episcopalian* given over to such a jejune exercise in special pleading as Frances Trott's article.

The author flails the air in all directions. There are so many irrelevancies in the article that it is difficult to know where to begin commenting upon it.

Consider one of the shot-gun charges sprayed by Mrs. Trott. Toward the end of her article, she talks of a "sex-role revolution," pointing out that women today are "mayors, editors, writers, speakers, political revolutionaries, and heads of two powerful states," adding that "Women will continue to express themselves in public life in leadership positions." What does this observation, which no one denies, have to do with qualifications for, or rights to, ordination to the priesthood?

Those of us who believe that the Church's traditional practice with respect to the sacerdotal priesthood is both scriptural and reasonable do not object to a reasoned challenge to this position. We do object to the patronizing assumption exemplified by Mrs. Trott in her insulting reference to Archbishop Ramsey when she charges, "The Archbishop of Canterbury is playing politics when he ought to be playing pastor." It is too bad that such militant zeal for women's rights is not transmuted into a comparable zeal for holiness.

*James H. Cupit, Jr.
New York, N. Y.*

Miss Minnie Fry

Cheerful, kind, with a heart too big for her wiry frame, Miss Minnie Fry served the Episcopal Church with calm dispatch for ten years as advertising secretary and then advertising office manager for *The Episcopalian*.

Miss Minnie, as she was affectionately known, died September 6 after a long bout with cancer. Walt Gemmill, her other colleagues on Board and staff, and her many friends in the advertising and publishing business will miss this charming lady with the quiet voice and bright spirit. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

THE Episcopalian

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The Episcopalian, Inc.,
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Subscription service phone:
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The Episcopalian, October, 1972
Vol. 137, No. 10

Published monthly by the Episcopalian, Inc.,
1930 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.
35¢ a copy, \$4 a year; two years, \$7. Foreign
postage add \$1 per year. Second class postage
paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and additional
mailing offices. SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS,
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of Circulations, Magazine Publisher's Associa-
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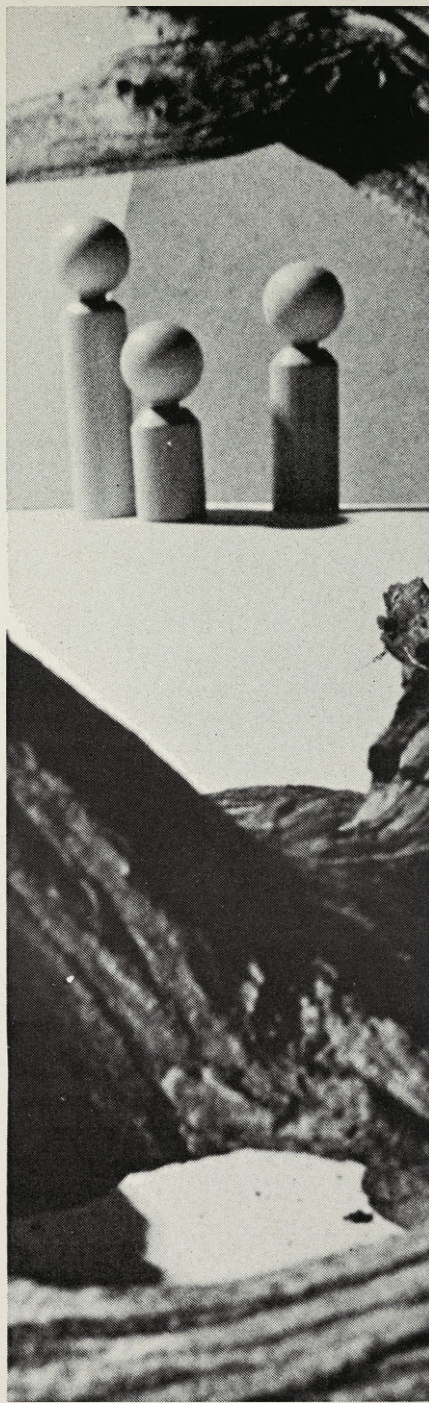
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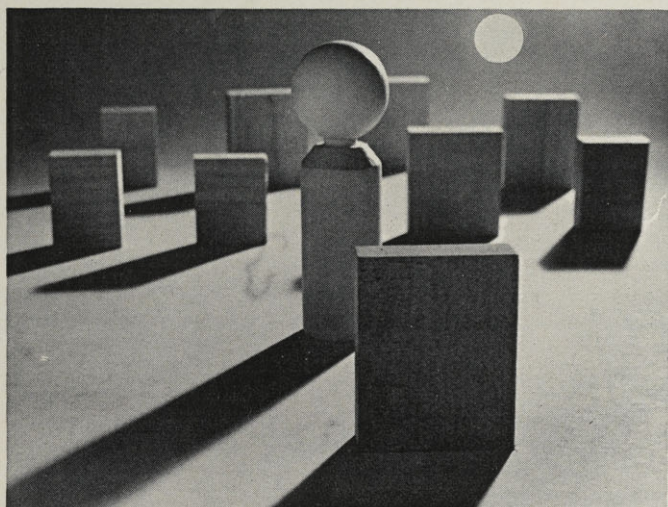
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AMONG THE AUTHORS

John M. Burgess, page 11, is Bishop of Massachusetts; **Irwin Ross**, page 13, is a Chicago psychologist; **Lucille Germany**, page 15, is managing editor of *The Texas Churchman* and a member of Good Shepherd, Friendswood, Texas; **Francis Hines**, page 17, is former communications officer and a priest in the Diocese of Pennsylvania; **Bradford Hastings**, page 21, is rector of Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.; and **Walli Schneider**, page 38, is a staff writer for the *Oregon Journal*.

Litany for a Widow



A handbook on widowhood is impossible to find. A woman just has to write her own—day by day, decision by decision.

by Frances Gray

"In all time of our tribulation. . . Good Lord, deliver us."

A year, five months, and eight days have passed since that night Alan called to me in such a strange, terrible voice.

People still say occasionally, "You've been wonderful." I smile and thank them and swallow the wish to say that many days I would like to scream until my throat is raw. Widowhood is not something for which you can practice.

A few days these last months I have awakened with a lighter heart and thought with anticipation about something I planned to do. Whoever thought up that old saw about the devil and idle hands was certainly right. So I keep busy. Rush from one meeting to a luncheon, can you spare the car today to get it washed, can you plan to be on another committee, how late will you be getting home?

Ah, there's the booby trap. Its clutch on your throat is as painful as if it were real instead of mental for you must face the fact it really

doesn't matter how late you are getting home in the afternoon.

"That it may please thee to defend and provide for. . . widows. . . We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

How do you learn to be a widow? How do you learn to defend yourself from the chance word in a normal conversation, the unexpected glimpse of a man who wears his hat at the same angle, and sets the ache throbbing again? The women's magazines are full of good advice for nearly every contingency—but not this!

I should have been realistic enough to have prepared myself in some mysterious way after that first bad coronary three years ago because none of the doctors ever encouraged me to count on forever. They were always so kind about my questions, but their replies began with, "I'm sorry, but . . ."

That frightened me into turning off my mind. He looked so good except for those occasional brief glances when suddenly you see someone you know intimately

with the eyes of a stranger. Your heart turns over at the thinning hair, the white skin, the sagging shoulders. But when he turned to me with the same smile, I pushed my fear to the back of my mind and thought, "I'll think about this when we've been married fifty years!"

That figure was so magical I felt it was a real protection. I realize how small I was not to be comforted by the lovely years we did have together. Many of my friends have much less upon which to nourish memories, but the fear of how many years I will be alone dominates my thinking.

I remember the early years of World War II, how my heart ached for the brides of just a few months who were suddenly widowed. Now I am callous about them, perhaps almost envious they were able to build new lives, for the many years of growing together keep women my age from remarrying.

The thought of trying to learn to share the intimacies of marriage is frightening. And I am not

speaking of sex. To me the true "intimacies" of marriage fall into that lovely, companionable way of living when you can smile at each other in the car for no particular reason except you know both of you are happy; when you glance at each other while watching TV because you know both of you are amused; when you have learned to gauge the length of the storm when one of you is angry; when you can look across the room at a party and sense he needs to be rescued.

A few of my bolder friends have said, "You should think of marrying again." They are showing concern, so I control my impulse to strike out at the nearest one and try to make a joke of it and say, "It would never work—never! I'd be just like the black widow spider gobbling up her mate. Within a week I'd say, 'Dear, don't start the car that way. Alan always did it this way!'"

I suppose I try to joke about it out of kindness to my friends and because it seems so ridiculous. Once I said: "What I really need is a Woman's Home Companion. It would be so nice to have someone come home at five o'clock, talk over the news and what happened downtown today, have a drink with me followed by a nice dinner, and then we could watch TV and he'd go home after the ten o'clock news!"

Or am I only half joking? Perhaps someone as lonesome as I wants no more than this. I can keep busy all day; then suddenly it is six o'clock, and I realize I shall have to go in the kitchen all alone, open the icebox, and eat a good, nourishing meal.

In lieu of a Woman's Home Companion, I have my cat, Ethel. She is not a lot of company for she is, as Vachel Lindsay said, "a proud, mysterious, cat" who doesn't like to be held and never wants to go outdoors until you are comfortably settled in the big chair. Her husband, Fred, who died last spring, had no higher ambition than to stay curled in your lap, purring constantly. Ethel is no cuddle-cat, but she is warm, she breathes, and she is there when I open the door.

"That it may please thee to comfort and help the weak-hearted. . . We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

I often find myself being "scary." For one who grew up in a home where courage and self-reliance were the watchwords, and who only too often gave good advice to those less brave, I eat a chewy meal of crow these days. I sleep with the floodlights on. An acorn's dropping onto the roof resembles a rifle shot, and the car's odd noises immediately translate themselves into important parts of the engine snapping into bits of metal.

I seem to be all thumbs when it comes to "fixing" something, and I am too proud (or too stubborn?) to ask someone to help me. Last week I decided to put two lengths of hose together to water the flowers in the front yard. Twice I put the two pieces together and was showered—on my new hairdo, too. I swallowed my rage, got a new washer, adjusted it wisely, and tried again with the same effect.

Since no one was watching, I sat down and had a good cry even though I knew it was self pity. All the time I kept thinking Alan would never have let this happen in the first place, so finally I said, "Dearest, don't ever let me marry again just to get a handy-man."

Under weak-hearted comes my embarrassment about asking too many questions about car insurance, income tax, balancing the check book, are the tires wearing evenly, etc. It would be heavenly to be able to afford having someone do these things for me, but of course I must learn sometime. During the last three years I did think occasionally I should be taught these things, but that meant facing *why* I should learn, and I wouldn't acknowledge that.

I am not yet at my friend Virginia's system of check-book balancing, but I am beginning to look on it with more favor. Virginia just gave up and accepts the bank's total each month without question. But to be sure she has enough money in her account, she writes checks for bills in the proper amount, then subtracts on

the stubs to the next even dollar. This not only simplifies her subtraction, but she is never overdrawn and is always pleasantly surprised to find how much she has left over. Its an odd way to balance, but it does cut down on worry.

*"...and in the hour of death
... Good Lord, deliver us."*

Writing this out makes me look back at what little I can remember of that night-marish seventy-two hours. Up to now, every time it has come into my mind, I've hurriedly said a little prayer, "Darling, forgive me. I'll think about this later when it doesn't hurt so much," and then pushed it to the back of my mind.

I am appalled at how little I was prepared to let him go. What about the years of church attendance and the Prayer Book's comforting words and the knowledge that everyone must die some time? How could I have been so childish as to think we could go together?

If it were tomorrow for me, would I be ready? I don't know, I don't know. But in all honesty I think I would try to bargain. "Just let me see one more spring, and then I'll be ready." No, I'd better return to the complete faith of that childhood prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and truly work on the day-to-day basis of "If I should die before I wake."

Nor was I prepared on December 19. How many times I have wondered what I would have done had I known it was to be our last day together. Without any awareness, without any signs that warned, it was a lovely day for us, a day of what a friend calls "simple pleasures." Has God given me the answer and is my grief obscuring it?

Several times I could have said, because of doctor's restrictions, "Don't do so-and so" or "Be careful about. . . ." but somehow I didn't. The day was strictly routine, but everything went exactly as he liked it. He was cheerful all day; that he not be depressed had become important. I guess I would not have changed any of it.

Continued on next page

From the time he called me in that terrible voice and I jumped over to his bed and realized immediately he was unconscious, my memory blurs. I was so frightened my stomach felt cold, but he had other black-outs and dizzy spells, and he had pulled out of them. Surely he would come out of this. I picked up the phone and called the girls to come quickly and get the doctor. Then I turned and lifted his shoulders again, trying to ease the labored breathing. Suddenly he was quiet, and I thought, "Thank goodness, he can breathe easier now."

Not until the girls and the doctor arrived a few minutes later did I have to face what had happened. The doctor just stood in the doorway and said gently, "Frances, let him go. I could have done nothing if I had had him in the hospital." Then I realized I would never hear his voice again, but he looked so normal, somehow mysteriously younger.

The next few days were like flashes you get when you turn the TV knob from station to station. Suddenly the house was full of people, people I knew well but who were somehow unreal. Trays of food and friends in the kitchen and flowers coming early in the morning for the news had been on the early morning broadcast—such an odd time to receive flowers, I thought. All the gruesome necessities of death, "Mother, where is Daddy's good suit?" I wonder if it wouldn't be more humane for the bereft to keep the beloved in his own home and bury fast.

They tell me I was calm, but I felt as though I were frozen—as we used to be in the childhood game of "Statue." For me to talk to people who loved him and were kind enough to come and speak to me was important, but it kept up all day and even after dinner when the girls gave me a pill and made me go to bed.

I was glad to be busy. "The paper wants a biography." "You must eat something, Mother." "Can you talk to Grammie? She's on the phone." "The man is here to arrange about Arlington." "What hymns and psalms do you want?"

Pride got me through the funer-

al the next day. I kept thinking how many times we had entered and left the church together, so I was glad to walk behind him this last time. He loved having a fuss made over him, so he would have been happy to see the filled church and his five big grandsons as pall bearers. And I was proud of them for asking if they could do this for him.

"That it may please thee to preserve all who travel by land. . . We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

Not until we got to the depot did it begin to hurt so badly. Oh, how Alan did love a train trip. Instead of going to California as we had planned, now it was a trip to Arlington National Cemetery. I awoke early the next morning and watched the pretty countryside coming into Washington and wondered if any of those shuttered houses held a new widow like me, waking to face another day. God help her. It will be a long time before I can see another train without wondering if someone else is traveling like this.

When I saw the flag-covered coffin on the caisson at the gate and realized I had to get through it somehow, I pulled myself together for the girls' sakes. Then the first of a series of happenings occurred that makes me know God took me by the hand. As the procession moved off, everything began to be familiar though it took me a while to realize memory is made of sound as well as smell and sight.

The army band playing again (I don't remember what it played), the cadence of the marching company of soldiers, the wagon wheels, the clop-clop of horses' hooves, the little jingle and creak of the harness, all were sounds familiar to me since I was a girl. But all was muffled by the wonderful quietness of the snow. "It's like a black and white etching," I thought, "the soft cover of snow on ground and branches."

The day must have been cold. The young chaplain who was reading the service was shivering. When they handed me the flag, folded with such beautiful precision, it wasn't hard to accept for I knew what it meant to Alan. I kept

steeling myself for the volley of rifles and Taps which I was afraid would be more than I could stand.

But God was still watching me. The rifles were muffled somehow, like an infantry company firing on the range in summer, again familiar. The bugler was not in sight, perhaps up on the little hill behind us, because when Taps began, the sound seemed to float down, soft and beautiful. Instead of saying "Goodbye," my mind went back to all the other times we had together. Happy times, when we were courting, all the different Army posts together.

"That it may please thee to strengthen. . . those who fall; We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

After that, the long haul. For months I felt as though I were suspended in time, waiting for someone to tell me what to do next. That's when I started the busy, busy time. The girls were wonderful. Without intruding too much, they and the children were often with me. I was on sleeping pills for a month so I didn't awake and grieve in the night, but waking in the morning was bad. A friend gave me some good advice: "Go wherever you are asked, whether you want to or not. If you don't, people will quit asking you." So I went.

I worked in Alan's office for two months until they found someone to take his job, secretly hoping I would be nearer him. When I thought no one would come in and catch me, I'd wear his old sweater which was still hanging on the coat rack.

No one ever gave me good advice about crying, but I learned something which might benefit others. It's hard to be caught crying whether you can stop or not, but I found a way I could cry in peace. I got in the car and started driving. No one can tell what you are doing because even in small towns people drive just fast enough so they have to watch the road. Pick a quiet route. Soon you'll find you have to watch where you're going, too, so you stop your tears, and then it's safe to go home. Frankly, I think it's pathetic you can't stay in your

Continued on page 58

A doctor reminded me of my responsibility for a child. He was not expecting too much.

MARKS OF A CHRISTIAN

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR those of you who are under 40 to sense the despair and the suffering of those of us who lived in the Great Depression. The lack of work, the loss of savings, the absence of social welfare resources made a nightmare of our dreams and our ideals. The depression spelt total disaster.

I recall my fairly large parish in those days. There was not a wage earner in the whole community. We had a parochial school. On the opening day of school the county doctor came to examine the thirty children who were entering the first grade. As a young priest I was a general handyman, helping the teachers and the doctor keep order and record the data. It was a long tedious day, and the doctor worked silently and seriously, probing into mouths, feeling bodies, looking into eyes and ears.

Finally with a great sigh he took a child and set him on his knee, and he said, "Look here, look at this kid's teeth. Look at his jaws; look at his body; look at his legs. He's a depression kid. Bad teeth, misshapen jaws and legs, big belly. There's just not enough food. There's just not enough food." And then he mused a bit. He looked at me, and he said, "I guess I'll be looking after

his aching joints and his bad digestion the rest of his life, and he will get by after a fashion, but there's more to it. With such a bad start physically, I doubt if he will ever amount to much. But, Reverend, I guess that's where you take over."

It's hard for American Christians living relatively well to understand the primal roots of our faith. A great Christian writer once said, "Christ came with a message of hope to a defeated people." This is a fact. So many of his disciples had been rejected by the religious establishment because the very deprivation of their lives kept them from observing the intricacies of the religious laws. The diseased and the crippled were shunted aside, being suspected of evil. Women and children had few rights in Church and society. All these were the poor whom the Gospel writer said "heard Him gladly."

A few centuries later the Emperor Marcus Aurelius wrote that his opposition to the Christians was based on the fact they encouraged softness among the people. They cared for sick and aged people who ought to be disposed of, he said. They regarded women

highly. They recruited soldiers and slaves among their members. In our time Hitler said about the same thing.

The Christian Gospel reverences life not sentimentally but creatively. Because God is the source of beauty and goodness, we have seen these virtues perfectly expressed in His Son. And so we are empowered to open doors, to free and to do good, we say, that men and women might live as befits one marked in the image of God. Life as an end in itself is not enough, but life that has a chance to reflect the beauty of God is something else again.

When we see little children like the depression kids and like millions of children in present day slums festering and withering away, licked before they start, we have a concern. We have a concern not only that they be properly fed and housed and educated. We have a concern regarding the system of our society that seems to perpetrate and perpetuate this misery generation after generation. We have a concern for a world where nations persist in fighting wars that blast human life to bits. We have a concern for a world where a few have so much of this world's goods and so many are without. We have a concern

by John M. Burgess

for a world divided in camps of war and races and classes and factions.

In all these instances behind a policy, behind so-called principles and objectives, behind honor and traditions we see people, people who suffer, who are deprived, who are killed. There is a compliment paid to the Christian Church as the doctor in my story implied, that by some grace and favor God can twist the thorns of misfortune into crowns of beauty. The price of neglect is too high. As the doctor said, he will be repairing the physical damage throughout his life, and this costs. The Church, social agencies, schools, teachers, correctional officers, the courts—all will be dealing with the victims of neglect and deprivation. And this cost is incomprehensible. Who could estimate then the cost of a soul that is lost? A person who is bitter, cynical, hopeless, dead.

We who believe the Gospel must of necessity be concerned with the saving of life. I say again, not sentimentally but creatively. We strive for a world in which people will live abundantly the life of the Children of God.

The day has gone when we think that some old black man born in slavery in Mississippi and living on the level of a beast of burden all his 110 years has been especially favored. The day has gone when we think that some poor woman in Quebec who has had two dozen pregnancies is especially favored of God. Numbers of days or numbers of people is not the main issue. Rather we have a deep concern that we live a life of freedom to enjoy the world God has given us and that we love and are loved by our brothers and sisters who are with us now.

The Church is a fellowship of concern. We have a concern for God. We have a concern for His people. We don't exactly join something when we are baptized and confirmed. We rather identify, we participate.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer has written, "It is not some religious act that makes the Christian but participation in the sufferings of God in the secular life." Participation

here means sensitivity. Our spiritual antennae are out, and we are both aware of and are concerned that we are a part of the fellowship that takes these needs and their causes seriously.

When that doctor thirty years ago reminded me that because I was a Christian, he expected I had a responsibility for a child who was destined for trouble, he was telling me that a reverence for life is a part of the Christian tradition. He was telling me that if that little kid had a chance to overcome his handicaps, it probably would be because Christians cared for him. I don't believe the doctor was expecting too much, and I am confident the Christian fellowship will have validity only as we fulfill the basic ministry of love, of caring for people in trouble, and digging out the root causes of our trouble.

Some years ago I was in the city of Hong Kong. The morning after my arrival I was awakened about six o'clock by a loud sounding bell. Looking out my window I saw we were next door to a large mission school. Little children of all ages were marching in long lines into the building. All were dressed in a uniform typical of schools in the British dominions and none seemed to be aware of the early morning hour.

I came back that night and was startled to find the same bell ringing at ten o'clock in the evening. Looking out again I saw children who looked very much like the ones in the morning leaving the building. Then I was told this school operated on three or four shifts, and children from first grade through high school by the hundreds and thousands attended classes from the first thing in the morning until this late at night.

I spoke to one of the teachers. He said this kind of program was being carried on by schools throughout the colony. Tens of thousands of children, most of them from refugee parents, were thus obtaining an education and preparing for the future. But what future? He said there were only two small colleges in Hong Kong that received only a pitifully small remnant of the thousands who

would graduate from secondary schools. Some would filter back into Red China and go to college there. Most could look forward to nothing.

"I only hope these grade schools, many of them under Christian auspices, will be able to provide these children with inner resources strong enough to withstand the frustrations and even the hopelessness of the days ahead," he said.

This, as a matter of fact, is the purpose of the Church. On the first Pentecost the Church was welded together by the power of the Spirit. We are enabled to stand forthright for all that is good because we believe God in our unity gives us strength to speak to human society. Committing ourselves to the Savior who can cleanse and strengthen us, we are empowered to offer ourselves to others that together we might attain to that peace and freedom we dare call the Kingdom of God.

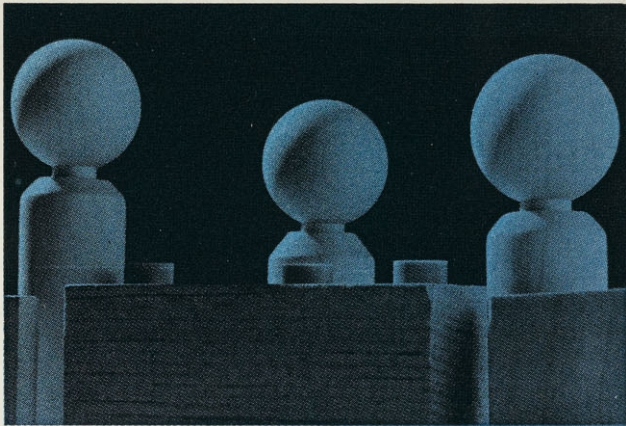
Think of Jesus standing in the Synagogue, repeating the words of Isaiah, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he annointed me to preach good news to the poor, to proclaim release to the prisoners, to proclaim recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed." We welcome these people into the fellowship of the Church because it is the fellowship of the Spirit.

I say to you, help us to be worthy of the terrible responsibilities we share with you in cleansing our personal lives and the re-ordering of the public life. It is no futile battle. It is no utopian pipe-dream. It is no fly-by-night scheme concocted like a pep pill to keep us going from day to day.

In the vision of St. John a loud voice from heaven proclaims, "Now the salvation and the power and the kingdom of our God and the authority of Jesus Christ have come." It is already here. It does not wait for our choice or our feeble efforts.

We strive, we pray, we aspire only that our eyes may see His glory and our wills express it. May we together with all the people of God enter with confidence into this joy of the Lord. ◀

I'M STILL SUZY



A year can bring many changes to a girl's life. But, a teen-ager asks, "Am I really that different?"

by Susan G. with Irwin Ross

LIFE WAS SIMPLE WHEN I WAS a child. Do things change? I have become a teen-ager, but I'm not any different really, am I?

I remember being afraid at night. Mother would come in, sit down beside me on the bed, and say, "It's all right, Suzy. You've just had a bad dream, and there are no boogeymen here." Mom would hug me and tuck me under a flowered quilt, she would put my teddy bear in my arms for company, and I felt so safe.

Now I still dream of boogeymen, sometimes even while awake. The mind's black clouds and shadows are always near; I am still afraid. But since I am grown up, I mention it to no one for fear of being considered a baby.

Mother doesn't come and sit on my bed and say, "It's all right, Suzy." Teddy bear has long been discarded. No one tucks me in at night or says, "There's nothing to fear, Suzy."

I am supposed to understand it all, but I don't. I am alone with my fears. I am afraid.

I used to say each night, "Now I

lay me down to sleep." God was there to watch over me; He was big and wonderful and could do anything. I talked with Him. He understood when I needed a new doll or when I hurt my knee. Now I do not understand God. Where is He? Is there really a God? There must be, but how do I know for sure?

God is great, I know He is. I must have faith that God is there. He made me believe so comfortably, so reassuringly. But the little girl who never questioned God is gone. I do question now. I want to know what's beyond the moon and stars and how life came about. I want to know a hundred things, but does that made me different? I am still Suzy.

I love my parents, but I cringe when Dad says, "Come give Dad a hug," or when Mom says, "Don't you have a kiss for me?" I used to sit on Daddy's lap, and he told me stories. I liked to hug Mommy and smell her sweet perfume. I no longer want to kiss or hug them; I don't know why. They think I don't love them any more. They are hurt. I do love them, but some-

thing in me can't show it. They love each other so much they sometimes forget I'm around. They have so much to talk about—I am alone.

I was never alone before I became a teen-ager. If I'd been quiet for a time, Mother would call and say, "What are you doing, Suzy?" (Maybe she thought I was getting into trouble.) Dad was always ready to listen to what I had to tell him, and we'd laugh together. We'd talk at the dinner table, and the food tasted great.

Now at the dinner table Dad says, "What did you do today, Suzy?" He says it in a tone of voice which sounds as though he thought I had been doing something wrong. I reply, "Oh, nothing." Dad answers in a louder voice, "Nothing? Now, you can't tell me a girl your age has done nothing all day!" I sit staring down at my food. It doesn't taste the way it used to.

We eat the rest of the meal in silence. I want to tell them about getting a 90 in French, or that I met the handsomest new boy in study hall. I tried once to tell

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them. Dad said, "Great, Suzy. I never got lower than a 96 in French when I went to school. How about pulling that 90 up to a 96?"

Mom said, "About that new boy, Suzy. Does he smoke or drink? Who are his parents? Does he have a car? Remember, no riding around in a car at your age."

I've met the boy once in study hall, and he only said "Hi" to me. I'll probably never have a date with him. He likes Kathy, anyhow. I could tell by the way he looked at her. So I keep quiet and go to my room. I am alone.

"Suzy, wear your rubbers today. It looks like rain." "Suzy, sit up at the table and watch your table manners. Nobody eats with her elbows on the table." "Suzy, I think your hair is too long. Let's get it cut." "You look best in blue, Suzy. It brings out your beautiful blue eyes." "You will really be a knockout when you put on some weight and have your teeth straightened." Mom cared; I knew it even at the time. I thought I hated her telling me what to do.

Now it's, "I don't care; wear what you want, Suzy. You ask me, but if I don't agree with you, you'll only get mad, so why ask me in the first place?" "Wear your hair the way you like; you will anyhow. You know I hate those bangs that hang over your eyes, but it's the style." "Your skirts are too short, but I might as well talk to the wall."

Mom, please listen to me. I need your understanding and your advice. I don't know why I always go against whatever you say; and I know, after I think it over, you are usually right. If you'll only go a little slower. I really want to know what is right and what is wrong, but I'm not always sure. I make you think I know, but I don't. I need you to tell me when I go wrong.

Don't let me go strictly alone. Remember I am still Suzy—the Suzy you told, "Never ride with or talk to strangers." "Watch both ways when you cross the street."

Why can't you help me now? Why can't I take the help you offer? I don't know. I guess it's because I am no longer a child; and

yet I am not quite an adult, even though I think I am.

I want you to help me when I ask for help, and yet I want to make my own decisions. I'm old enough to decide most things for myself. Can't we go halfway? I know it is hard to let go—especially for you, Mom—but I must start sometime. You want to save me from making mistakes, but how else am I going to learn? I have to be on my own.

You've done all you can; you taught me right from wrong. Remember you said, "Suzy, it is wrong to take Judy's doll and keep it because you like it better than yours"? You made me take it back to Judy.

Remember you told me not to lie? A lie made things worse. Remember the spanking I got when I told you I had not been playing near the lake and you saw me there? So many things you taught me, both you and Dad. You must trust me now and let me fight my own battles, whether I'm right or wrong. Let me find out myself.

I wanted to tell you I took a cookie from the cookie jar without asking when you told me I shouldn't. I was going to tell you about the time I climbed out of my bedroom window after you thought I was asleep just to walk around and see how the world was at midnight. But I didn't tell you.

The feeling got worse each day until I told you. Today I do things that I know are wrong. I try not to, but sometimes I do. It still hurts inside, only it's a bigger hurt.

Because I am taller, bigger, older—a teen-ager—it seems as if I'm not Suzy any more. Mom and Dad, sometimes I wonder if you are afraid of me, or am I afraid of you? Maybe I am afraid I won't measure up. You expect too much, and you give me too many material things. You should make things a little harder—make me work. I want a goal to set myself and make it all myself. Things are too easy, too proper, too old-fashioned, too much how you want things to be. That's why we feel like running away and why some kids do. Why all the worry, the struggle to be somebody? I am somebody. I'm still Suzy. ◀

Beachcombers for Christ

Christians are establishing beachheads with people at play—on the road, around the fire, in parks, by the surf.

by Lucille Germany



THE CHURCH IS JUST BEGINNING to penetrate what advertising calls the leisure market.

The people who buy portable grills, deep-sea fishing gear, surfboards, and sleeping bags are the substance of a challenging new ministry which could constitute the Church's prime evangelical thrust for the latter seventies.

Advertising reaches people in leisure through glossy four-color messages and pictures of suntanned girls in bikinis. How does the Church reach them? Several conferences on this subject have been held in the last three years to try to answer that question.

The leisure ministry seems to produce no great successes in terms of numbers, yet many Churches are pouring money and manpower into impressive efforts to reach people as they play. Different forms of leisure ministry—beach, campground, lake, retirement community—have some

things in common as well as sharp differences. Some demand a more structured and familiar form of churchmanship. Others require little more than presence.

On the Beach

Those involved in beach ministry for several years have no doubt the beach is a frustrating place for the Church to be. Needs are great but difficult to identify and meet. Vast armies of the unchurched, mostly young people, flow aimlessly and often without visible means of support along the nation's beaches from May through October.

The Church offers the usual kinds of help: restoring runaways, counseling drug users, intervening in tragedy and crisis. But the work's indirect aspect is the most omnipresent: walking the beach, talking to people, providing a temporary place out of the sun where people may avail themselves of

simple comfort—water, ice, shade—may talk, sing, and become a part of something. Celebration may be a hymn-singing worship service or a passing around of hot dogs, symbolic of Jesus' feeding of the multitudes.

The walking, the talking, the "just being there" is important, the Rev. Fred Morgan, a Presbyterian minister and past director of the Joint Effort Leisure Ministry, believes. His work along Texas' south coast beaches last year covered some thirty miles and brought him into contact with a wide variety of people—the concessionaires and business people who often sought him out for counseling; the permanent cottage residents who asked for "church on the beach"; the kids who mainly sought food; the families who, though often fractured, were there for the avowed purpose of having a good time.

"Feeding the kids was one of the most helpful things we did for the beach community," Mr. Morgan said, because it cut down on the stealing and earned them the support of the concessionaires, "which is invaluable to this kind of effort."

The important thing on the beach, as any teen-ager knows, is visibility. Mr. Morgan achieves this with simple plywood, A-frame structures, built for about \$30 each, which the kids construct and paint. A cane pole and pennant, a beach umbrella and a cabana are other possibilities. This is "beach church," and the lay workers are boys and girls who have little more than eagerness to

"do." The challenge is to try to weld them into a usable force for Jesus.

Last summer Mr. Morgan began his program with a 24-hour lab which focused on the ministry of listening. "People on the beach are often lonely. They reflect on the inner side of themselves that is often overlooked in the rush to make a living. We are there to relate to those feelings."

His young workers begin by studying the Gospel, spending some time reflecting on the ministry events in Jesus' life. They hammer out a group understanding of worship celebration. Mr. Morgan stresses the importance of being yourself on the beach, of communicating what you personally think the Christian ministry is about.

This is a tough assignment, especially where girls in bikinis are automatically sex objects and few people under 25 on the beach want to talk about God. After the study session, Mr. Morgan sends his workers out on the beach for a brief time. They come back to tell what's happening and what's happened to them. Out of this crude stuff a staff is formed. Essentially it is enthusiastic, wide-awake, sympathetic, and flexible. But it usually does not evolve a typical, reproducible program—one of the beach ministry's major problems.

Camping Out

The campground ministry shares many of the same problems, but here the family is the key, and families are somewhat easier for the Church to reach. The Rev. Lee Whiteside, Methodist director of the successful ecumenical Lake of the Ozarks ministry in Missouri, offers simple but structured worship services at the campgrounds, manned by lay volunteers from a variety of denominations. People in leisure are looking for renewal, he says. "The centrality of your message to them must be that which affirms life and faith and relationship to God."

He stresses good planning, training of volunteers, informality of style, and simple theology. The sermon often reflects what is go-

ing on at the campground—from the weather to campground happenings—giving the service a sense of "now" and making it imperative for the volunteers to be familiar with the area in which they serve. Often they spend a day and a night or longer at the site before preparing the service.

Volleyball Anyone?

Is volleyball a ministry? How about arts and crafts? Many of the folks back home, Mr. Whiteside feels, are inclined to frown on this approach to mission, but he believes the simplest forms can be given the highest purpose.

The lake ministry, which focuses on a permanent community (including retirees) of 20,000, stretched to 250,000 during the summer months, encompasses some typical leisure forms: an arts and crafts shop, a bookstore, a coffee house, a youth hostel. The lake ministry offers an alternative to existing structures—the craft shop an alternative to the junk sold on the strip, the coffee house an alternative to "booze and cruise." They offered ten worship services a week last year around the lake, including a vesper cruise with hymn singing and dialogue sermon on an excursion boat.

Young people, as in the beach ministry, are the backbone of the effort. Mr. Whiteside brings in approximately thirty-five high school graduates each summer; they must commit themselves to ten hours of service in the ministry. He finds them jobs in businesses around the lake and living accommodations in a ministry-owned resort for half of what lake facilities normally cost. Their mission, as Mr. Whiteside sees it, is to be twenty-four-hour Christians, communicating their faith in whatever they do. They give formal blocks of time to the coffee house, the bookstore, the craft workshops, and the day care center.

Mr. Whiteside's ministry is an opportunity for young people to be involved in an act of service, to respond to human needs as they present themselves in the lake area, and to offer to the public alternatives of hope, meaning, and

promise to the futility of mere existence.

Numbers No Measure

Reaching people, developing continuing contact with them, leaving them with something of value—these are inherent aspects of the leisure ministry. But more important is the support from established church entities, from parishes to the larger denominational bodies.

Leisure ministry does not hurt local churches. Its collections are usually nominal, so no substantial amount of money is side-tracked from local churches. Actually it may help local churches by making them more conspicuous in that area. Also, it may tune in some Christian who has tuned out the church back home and so restore him to his home parish with a new sense of commitment. It is where the people are and therefore where the Church must be.

The Rev. Gene Schweizer, minister-in-charge of St. Peter's-by-the-Sea Uniting Ministry of Corpus Christi and chairman of the Joint Effort Leisure Ministry, sees it as a great opportunity for evangelism. Here are people in need, people freer in one sense than they have been, free from all major busywork, free to think about basic things, and often coming to grips with major decisions—marital or vocational.

The Rev. Charles Woodall, associate director of Holiday Inn's chapel program, points out that leisure situations are often deliberately chosen for major decision-making. As a co-director of the Inn's chaplain-on-call program, Mr. Woodall observes that here is real potential for the Church to minister to travelers and business people.

Basically a successful program to people in leisure must be ecumenical and flexible in format. We must not rely on numbers as a measure of our success in the leisure field, Mr. Schweizer points out. For a long time the Church will be feeling its way, depending on diversity of worship experiences and openness to human needs to bring America's millions in leisure to know Jesus Christ. ◀

Mrs. Sherwood's Legacy

"Here comes Mrs. Sherwood again." What was the parish going to do about its rich, prying, bothersome, self-styled grande dame? A story based on fact.

by Francis Hines

MRS. SHERWOOD DIED TODAY. Sometime in the early hours of the grey morning, she succumbed to 68 weary years of life in a hostile environment.

A good many people around town are probably relieved but not entirely without a twinge of conscience. Most of those who had experience with her seem to feel Mrs. Sherwood was a bore and a pest who did not hesitate to impose herself and her views upon other people. She had become particularly offensive over the past year or so as she began a practice she called "visiting my friends." Uninvited, unexpected, and unannounced, she would simply and suddenly arrive at somebody's home for a "friendly visit" shortly before dinner time.

She always explained she was trying to do her bit to help foster a greater sense of community in the town by visiting and getting to know people—a kind of reparation, she said, for her own past indifference. But then she would sit and talk at great length about herself and the past in a gratuitous and patronizing manner.

"Dear John," she would say in a tremulous voice, "it's been over five years now, and I still miss him so much. But I thank God he was such a good man. Yes, we had many happy years together. He came from wealth, you know; and he left me well provided."

Newcomers who didn't know, or know of, John Sherwood would be appropriately touched and express sympathy. The rest, perhaps squirming uncomfortably, would smile politely and remain

silent. Many people who have been around this town for a while know that John Sherwood was something of a scoundrel and that for some years before his death, he and Mrs. Sherwood had little to do with each other.

Apparently they had a happy enough marriage in the early years when Sherwood was a struggling young attorney. Even a little later, when he made a lot of money, they were regularly seen out together; and people said they were a handsome, loving couple. He was a tall, attractive, aggressive man with expensive tastes. She was a slender, lithe beauty, with a pear-shaped face and auburn hair that curled naturally. They entertained frequently and lavishly and were known for their generosity of food and beverage.



But all that changed suddenly about twenty or so years ago, I'm told, when one of John Sherwood's young secretaries became pregnant out of wedlock and named him as the father. Of course, he denied the whole thing. The girl was bought off, it's said, and shipped away somewhere, and the scandal eventually died. But the parties stopped after that, and subsequently the Sherwoods were not often seen out together.

I suppose Ethel could not forgive him for fathering by another woman the child she could not bear him.

No one disputes, however, that Mr. Sherwood had important connections, social and political, or that he must have amassed a considerable estate through various business deals, a few of which were clouded with extensive and unfavorable publicity and several of which actually involved accusations of fraud that resulted in litigation. But he was never indicted for a criminal offense; nor did he, to anyone's knowledge, ever lose a court battle.

So, John Sherwood had been known, if not respected, in the community; and Mrs. Sherwood was able to hold her head up as a loyal and respectable member, if not pillar, of the Church although she refrained, for the most part, from becoming involved in church group activities.

I suppose what really galled many of those who know something of the history of the Sherwoods was the way in which Mrs. Sherwood adopted the bereaved widow's role. She donned mourn-

ing black and was always seen in public thereafter in one of two or three simple black dresses. It seemed to many grossly hypocritical.

That was not all, of course. Perhaps the most irritating of Mrs. Sherwood's eccentricities was her apparent inability to realize when the time had come to leave. Arriving as she did, unexpected, so close to dinner time, was inconvenient in the first place. She further complicated people's orderly lives by simply staying and staying until it became painfully embarrassing if one did not invite her to dinner.

Most people extended the courtesy of an invitation to dinner. Mrs. Sherwood always accepted, protesting that though she rarely ate dinner before 7:30 p.m., she so enjoyed the company she would relish the opportunity for additional moments with them. She always insisted, too, that she wasn't really hungry and would take only a small plate and that she would have to leave right after dinner. She was true to her word. She ate little, often insisting upon a smaller portion than that offered or pushing half of her food onto the plate of the teen-ager seated next to her. Invariably, she left immediately after coffee.

Mrs. Sherwood did not present any real burden to particular people of the town. She rarely visited the same family more than twice in a year's time although she did seem to hit new church families a bit more often because, as she told me, she wanted to help them adjust to their new situation.

Talk about Mrs. Sherwood's latest "visit" was often included in the conversational fare at the super market and the hairdresser's. The question most regularly asked was: "What is she trying to prove?"

Our vestry often asked that question, too. Before John Sherwood's death, the family's annual pledge was \$2,452. Although no one could remember when John Sherwood himself last set foot inside the church, he supported it every year. He was the third largest individual giver. His check for \$200 arrived regularly on the sec-

ond day of every month. Mrs. Sherwood rarely, if ever, missed a Sunday; and every Sunday she put a dollar bill into the collection plate.

After Mr. Sherwood's death, the monthly checks stopped, but Mrs. Sherwood continued to attend church with the same regularity and to put her dollar bill into the collection plate. The annual canvassers several times attempted to raise this point with Mrs. Sherwood, but she simply said her husband always handled the accounts and now everything was in the hands of an attorney and a business manager.

"When the estate is finally settled," she would say, "I'm sure I'll be able to make it all up to you."

That was four years ago. The following year the estate had not yet been settled. The year after, there were "inordinate taxes" and a number of creditors who had to be paid. The year following saw substantial stock losses. Last year the canvassers did not even push the question. The time comes, it seems, when you just write things off.

I guess that's what most of us did with Mrs. Sherwood. We wrote her off—as a hypocrite, as a busybody, as a cheapskate, as an eccentric old woman.

Now that her death is a reality, many of us will suddenly remember our impatience with her, the annoyance we did not hide on her uninvited visits, our brusqueness when we met her on the street when we were in such a hurry to get somewhere else. Our consciences will goad us for a day or so because we failed to know her as a person, really. Now she is dead, we no longer have the option of apology.

My own guilt, however, is foremost. I must deal with that first.

I was probably the last person to see the old woman alive. She lived only a short distance from me, and last night she rang my doorbell. This was not unusual. After all, I have been her pastor now for some four years. She has often rung my bell and visited with me and confided in me over coffee. Indeed, she has been in my study so frequently that I have

never considered it necessary to call on her in her own home. That's a strange rationale for a pastor, I know!

But last night was inconvenient for me. I was not feeling well, to begin with. A number of things had gone wrong in the course of the day. What is more, I was working on a particularly difficult text for next Sunday's sermon. I had looked forward all day to the moment when I could relax and think through what seemed to me a particularly significant aspect of the Gospel message because of its relevance to the present theological emphasis on interpersonal relations and communication.

I was impatient with her from the beginning. I answered the door with some hostility.

"Yes," I said, opening the door a crack. "Oh, Mrs. Sherwood! Well, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Father," she said, "I was just walking by. I hope I didn't interrupt your dinner?"

"No," I said, opening the door slightly but not much wider. "I had my dinner earlier, Mrs. Sherwood. Now, what can I do for you? I'm quite occupied right now."

She stood there quietly for a moment, wringing her hands nervously, twisting a now too-loose gold wedding band about a thin finger. The yellowness of the door lamp gave to her drawn, pallid face that purple cast of death. Her cheekbones seemed almost to protrude under skin pulled too tight. Her pale eyes blinked moistly and darted to and fro. Her now iron-grey hair, normally neatly combed, was somewhat disheveled. Her simple black dress was wrinkled.

I was suddenly seized with pity for her and was tempted to invite her in. Then I remembered all I had to do and determined to be firm. One simply has to set priorities, I told myself.

"Can it wait until morning, my dear?" I asked her solicitously, smiling to take the edge off the coldness of my initial greeting.

She smiled back uncertainly, paused for a second and said, "Well, yes. I suppose it can."

Moments later she had disap-

peared into the darkness. I went uneasily back to my work.

Indeed, the woman and her curious eccentricities remained in the back of my thoughts as I worked, from time to time emerging as a focus point, and I would ponder about how I might best minister to her. People had begun to complain to me about her, suggesting that I should "talk to her or something." Just last Tuesday Mrs. Wade, the treasurer of our Women's Guild, had cornered me before their meeting to tell me a number of the women were becoming upset about Mrs. Sherwood and wanted me to speak to her.

"It's not that we don't like the woman or anything like that," Mrs. Wade said, "but really, you know, she is becoming quite a nuisance. George and I decided the next time she walks in on us, we are just going to go on about our business, including dinner! And we are not going to invite her to join us. We'll try not to be rude to her, but we are going to be firm otherwise."

I learned this afternoon that Mrs. Sherwood had dropped in on the Wades sometime before she rang my bell. Mrs. Wade was true to her word. George Wade told me that it had been "damned awkward" with her sitting in the living room, carrying on a conversation with them as they ate dinner in the adjacent dining room. Near the end of the meal he broke down, put a chair at the table, poured a cup of coffee for her, and invited her to have dessert with the family. She accepted and left shortly thereafter as abruptly as she had arrived.

So I had resolved to put Mrs. Sherwood at the top of my list of important projects. I would call on her and talk with her and see what might be accomplished.

The early morning was warm as I walked the quarter-mile to the old house, secluded in a partially wooded area and hidden from immediate view by a cluster of tall cedar trees.

I rang the Sherwood bell several times but received no answer. Thinking she might be out back

continued on page 60



**she's easy
to buy
things for.**

Milk. Soybean porridge. A piece of clothing. A thin blanket. She'd appreciate anything to make her life a little less hard.

And there are thousands like her in war-ravaged, tormented Bangladesh. Think, too, of the refugees in the Sudan, and the flood victims here at home. And how can we Americans forget the shattered people of Vietnam?

You can do something to help them—and other desperate people throughout the world. Simply write a check or money order to the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief.

Please do it now.



Here's my contribution to:

**THE PRESIDING
BISHOP'S FUND
FOR WORLD RELIEF**

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

(Please make checks payable to the Presiding Bishop's Fund. Mail to the Presiding Bishop's Fund, Episcopal Church Center, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.) Contributions are tax deductible. E-10-72

Is your Minister's Wife expected to be an "Assistant Pastor"?

In some ways, the challenges that confront her are even more demanding than those that face her husband. For she's often "on call" during virtually all of her working hours and often into the night. In addition, her responsibilities as a mother and homemaker are especially pressing because her husband has less time to spend at home than most fathers.

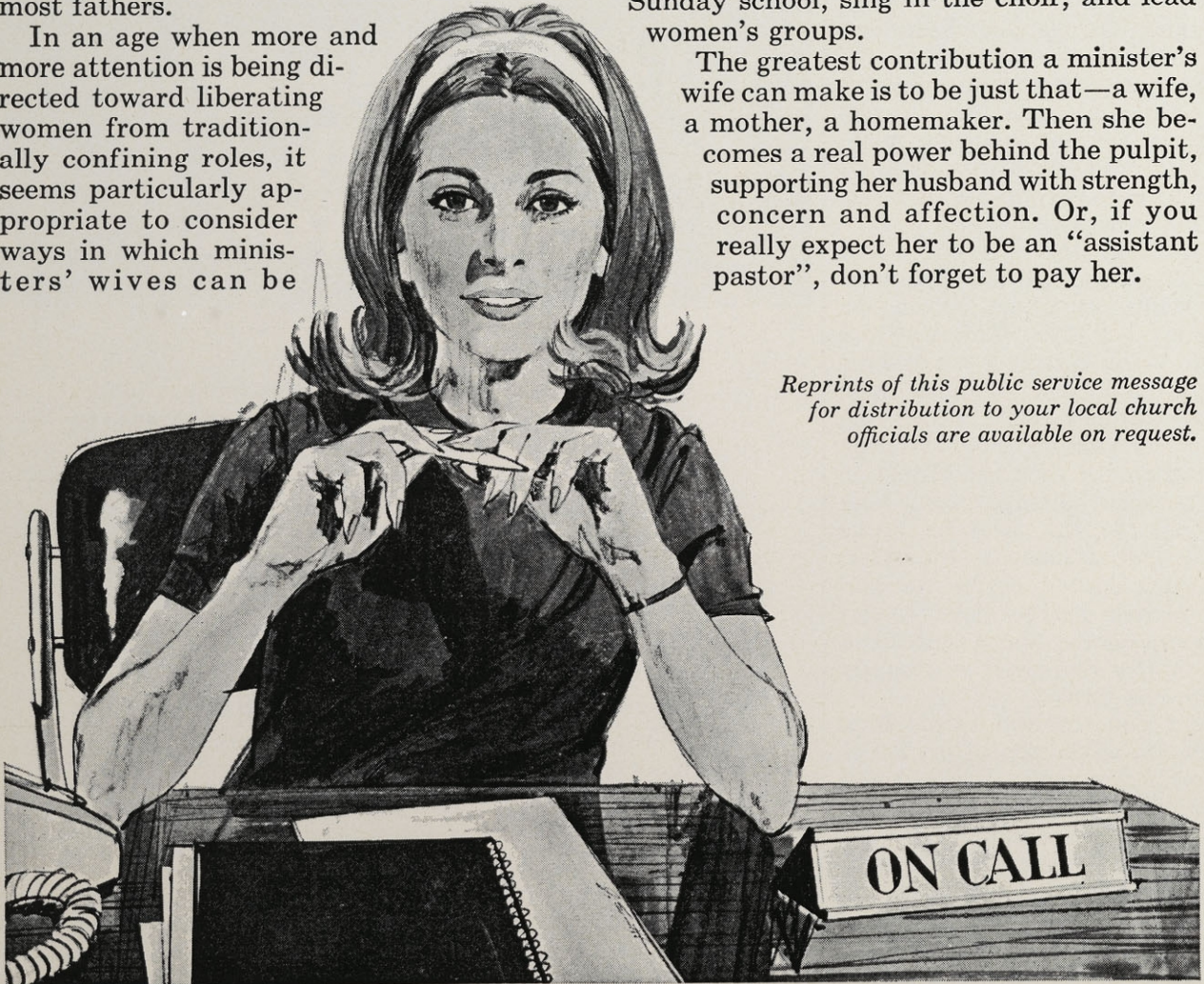
In an age when more and more attention is being directed toward liberating women from traditionally confining roles, it seems particularly appropriate to consider ways in which ministers' wives can be

freed from obligations that are often unnecessary and frequently frustrating.

One way to approach the problem is to alter our expectations of the minister's wife and to think twice before making demands on her. Don't expect her to attend all the social functions and business events of the church. Don't just assume that she'll teach Sunday school, sing in the choir, and lead women's groups.

The greatest contribution a minister's wife can make is to be just that—a wife, a mother, a homemaker. Then she becomes a real power behind the pulpit, supporting her husband with strength, concern and affection. Or, if you really expect her to be an "assistant pastor", don't forget to pay her.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.



MINISTERS LIFE and casualty union
Ministers Life Building • Minneapolis, Minnesota • 55416

MARRIAGE: from Father to Daughter

by Bradford Hastings

A man who counsels many others offers insights to a special bride-to-be.

DEAREST JUDY:

I said I was going to try to write you about marriage...some of the things I say to other people's daughters in preparing them and their grooms for marriage.

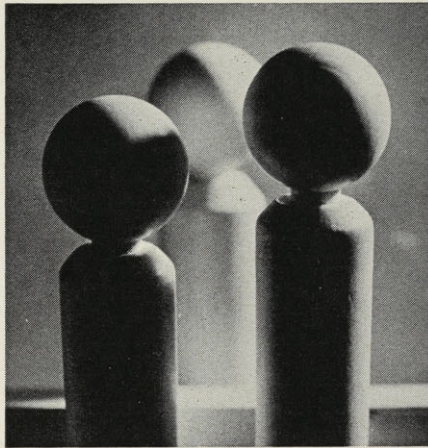
How come you and David are so lucky to be getting married? I mean how does it happen either one of you should be so lucky as to have anyone want to marry you? Are you that much of a catch...either one of you?

The point I am getting at is that love is truly a miracle; somehow it is in spite of the lovers and their inadequacies. And anyone who thinks he has it coming to him should really examine his motives. Surely neither of you deserves to be loved on your own merit; it's nothing you can claim or demand for yourself.

No, love is a miracle: it's a gift out of the blue (or out of the heart of God). This is one of the meanings of that line in the marriage service which says marriage is "instituted of God." He initiates it; He begins it with His own love; and *He* will want to reinstitute it daily, and every moment of every day, if you will let Him.

I hope you and David will be good and nervous as the time goes on...not so much in the service itself and certainly not from stage fright, but because of the overpowering significance of what is taking place. And I hope you will have something of that same awe-filled feeling all through your married life.

Just think, each of you is taking on the care of another human life. You are saying you have your own lives under control enough to take on another life as well. You are



saying you have reached the stage where you can give to each other all that will bring you both forth into fullest and finest personhood. This too is presumptuous.

Indeed, as the service says, marriage is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, soberly, and in the fear of God. Marriage is always an awesome and sobering undertaking "till death us do part." When we talk of murder, we say "he took another person's life," *and this we don't believe in.*

Yet in another and *equally serious way*, you both will be taking the lives of other persons, and you dare not treat this lightly. Each of you is infinitely important as a life...each a child of God and precious in His sight; each will become a trust from Him to the other, and each should receive this trust with great reverence and respect in the fear of God.

This sobering significance of marriage really hit me when your sister, Taffy, was born and I suddenly was overcome with an understanding of what responsibility for another means. I'll never forget seeing our first child through the nursery window. Here was an

honest-to-goodness human being whom I shared in bringing into existence. It hit me like a bolt out of the blue that here was a *life*, a *living person*, not just a *thing* I could give away or sell, not even a *pet* I could take to the pound, but a *human life*.

If I have ever had a so-called "religious" experience, that was it. I shook from top to bottom and the perspiration stood out on my brow. The same experience has happened many times since with the birth of the rest of the kids and the periodic realization of all that has been entrusted to me.

Well, you and David are to be born to each other through marriage, suddenly to become shockingly aware of the fact that you have yourself a husband and he a wife. "How did I ever get into this?" you will ask yourselves inwardly, marvelling, quaking, and giving thanks all at the same time.

I hope such reverent awe is building in you both even now; and I hope it will grow and grow through the years so you will have that same wonderfully frightening feeling when even years from now you rock by the fire and steal loving glances across the room at each other.

So live in grateful awe of this wonderful gift that has befallen you both. Marvel at it together, marvel at it privately in your heart, and in thanksgiving let God renew it constantly. Then your marriage will be the greatest, for it will be two lives offering themselves freely and gratefully to one another in thankful response for the miracle of being loved.

My very great love to you both.

Pop

TWELVE MIDNIGHT. TWO TEEN-agers smile to draw warmth from one another, then turn in the lonely room to stare at the telephone, the reason for their vigil. The phone jangles, its harsh monotone piercing the room's prolonged silence. One of the youngsters reaches for it, hesitates, then answers, "Taunton Hotline."

The voice at the other end is flat, defeated, without feeling. "I want to commit suicide!"

What would you do if you were just 16 and had to handle such a call?

Yet young people are doing just that in Taunton, Massachusetts, thanks to a program begun by a young Episcopal minister and funded by the Home Society. Volunteers in the Youth Initiative Program are planning to reach even further toward helping meet their community's needs.

When the Rev. Roger Nelson became curate at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, he found Taunton's teen-age population restless. They had few youth-oriented social activities, no outlet for idealism, and no way to reach available agencies for help.

"Worse," Mr. Nelson says, "I found widespread use of marijuana and enough experimentation with heavier, addictive drugs so at any given time in greater Taunton's population of about 60,000, ten to fifteen youngsters were being treated for addiction to the heavy habit, usually heroin. In fact, the city's drug commissioner said there were forty-two known heroin users—one-tenth the actual number by his estimate."

Shocked, Mr. Nelson decided the situation clearly needed an ombudsman, a reference person to steer troubled people toward agencies and people who could help. He sought manpower from the city's youth, and, beginning with five who spread the word, he drew 100 to the first organizational meeting.

The turn-out indicated the backlog of frustration. Those present decided to initiate a youth-oriented program with two main goals: "To provide constructive youth programs, services, and lei-

I WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE

by Keith Hodgdon

sure-time activities [and] to prevent the distress, unhappiness, and withdrawal of young people from society."

They agreed to establish a telephone hotline to enable anonymous callers to seek help or advice or clarify rumors. Mr. Nelson sought a \$1,000 loan from the Home Society to fund it. Hard work had already developed several resources to help implement the grant: the unlimited use of meeting and conference space and secretarial help at St. Thomas' Church; the unlimited use of an upstairs room of the Roman Catholic Youth Organization Center; free training in phone counseling by the community Mental Health people; community good will; \$400 in cash and pledges; support of a widely-read student "underground" newspaper and a sizeable portion of its readers as well.

Over fifty volunteers who remained with the program visited model hotlines to see how one works. Then they began identifying which volunteers best fit which positions. The training staff selected the youngsters who best blended the needed sympathy, skill, and alertness. The teaching focused mainly on developing techniques for counseling, interviewing, and recordkeeping in the most prominent problem areas, such as drugs, home trouble, and community restrictions.

At the first training session volunteers had a dry run in which they anticipated the most fre-

quent problems they'd meet—rumors, helplessness from lack of answers, and building and maintaining a caller's trust. They prepared responses to calls about suicide, loneliness, drugs, the draft, romance, and venereal disease. The hotline, they decided, had three functions: to inform, to link callers to the proper agencies and resources, and to counsel.

At the second session the volunteers practiced. To get the proper feel of distance, of the tenuous contact between troubled caller and answerer, participants placed two chairs back to back in a darkened room and then thrashed out the caller's problem, switching roles periodically to familiarize themselves with both sides of the situation. All the volunteers thought they began to feel the caller's actual frustration as well as the trainee's delicate problem when having a seriously disturbed or even harmful person on his or her hands.

Trainees who responded with the most empathy, intuition, and reason were chosen to handle the phones. Those who were perceptive but lacked self-confidence gave counseling advice. Those who showed desire and motivation but who weren't skilled kept the reference records. The teams of two or three quickly learned to give the requested information so as not to lose the caller, then to probe for the problem's root. They were warned only to advise, never to decide for a caller, since that caller alone has to live with the consequences.

The Hotline group has a planning council which meets weekly. Consultants, agency personnel, and adults are welcomed at meetings, but group membership and leadership is youth-oriented and anxious to improve local youth's image and outlook. Keith Ricketson, one of the prime movers, says, "We hope to do two things: provide a visible link between young people and those who can provide information, help, and constructive activity, and we hope also to establish a useful and visible community program run by young people."

The typical caller is lonely and

afraid. He or she would rather talk than act, and the Hotline's purpose is to let him talk because that indicates indecision. Often, while talking, the caller will purposely reinforce the case against himself in order to talk himself out of a rash action.

The volunteers—none of them drug users—thought they'd find drugs a sticking point. On the contrary, their records show drugs relatively low on the list of teenage trouble areas. In fact, problems arose more often from pregnancy, loneliness, boy-girl distress, parents, and runaways.

The Hotline advertises its service on school bulletin boards and in an underground paper, and it publishes a quarterly newsletter, accounting for its activities and estimating its success. Nearing completion of its first full year, calls dealing with boy-girl problems totaled 25 percent, family troubles 18 percent, drugs and loneliness 11 percent. Apparently the Hotline has instilled confidence in the youth community because the number of calls handled has increased monthly.

The call quoted at the beginning of this report hasn't happened yet. But it easily could have come from the teen-ager who burned himself to death in Taunton recently.

Seldom can one check the outcome of the most serious calls, but palpable successes do pop up. For instance: one boy called to say he could no longer tolerate the tension between himself and his parents and was planning to run away. What alternative was possible? The case was passed to Mr. Nelson who invited the boy to stay at St. Thomas' rectory until the situation cooled down. After talking over the pros and cons of his feelings, the youngster found a job, rented a room of his own, began to thrive on his independence, and showed his gratitude by working on the Hotline himself. He's even trying to understand his parents.

His future, like that of the Hotline, is much brighter now. The staff is confident the Home Society's loan was well spent and almost any crisis call can be handled smoothly. In fact, if that boy

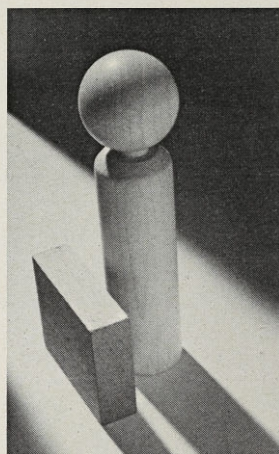
who immolated himself and left a totally discouraged note behind had bothered instead to phone the Taunton Hotline, he'd have found as much reason to accept life as a

precious opportunity as have the young persons who operate the phones.

Like Mr. Nelson, they believe this is God's will at work. ◀

My Two Travelers

by Malcolm Boyd



On my travels I have discovered I am usually making two simultaneous journeys. One is outside myself, as my eyes search landscapes through train, plane, or car windows and I perhaps chat with other passengers over the dinner table.

The other is inside myself, where dreams collide with facts, loneliness grapples with a nervous urge to seek relationships, and the question of my real identity overpoweringly asserts itself.

Such retreats do not isolate me from other people. Meditation often brings me into direct conversation and interaction with fellow passengers who are meditating, too. Significantly, one of the major definitions of prayer identifies it as a form of conversation between two or more people.

Travel to different parts of the world has always confronted me with the insistent question: Who is my neighbor? I was taught as a child it is the person who lives next door. But then I had to ask, did that person cease to be my neighbor by the simple act of moving away?

Growing up, I learned my neighbor is both highly specific and legion. He lives next door or halfway around the world. He shares my values or utterly opposes them. He resembles me or looks completely different. But if my neighbor—whatever or wherever he may be—is persecuted for his beliefs, am I not persecuted, too? If my neighbor's humanity is called into question, is not my humanity called into question, too?

The journeys inside myself have brought me a personal history of tears and laughter, a public life, and an awareness of myself as a being so vulnerable I can be smashed into pieces like a glass. These interior journeys have also revealed love and a hidden life within me that cannot be broken, burned, or obliterated.

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AIRMEN FOR PRAYER

**In the hectic
world of tickets
and take-offs,
moments for peace.**

"After experiencing one of the gravest moments in my life," wrote a Trans World Airlines executive during recuperation from a heart attack, "I have been sent on the road to recovery by a serenity that I never before experienced."

His note continued:

"I have no doubt of the power of prayer and also the goodwill of men during this difficult time in my life. May I in turn offer God's blessing to each of you."

That note of thanks is typical of those received by a group of the airline's overhaul base mechanics who are members of The Christian Airman, a non-denominational and non-dues-paying organization. It is a division of the Christian Transportation Fellowship, organized in 1930, and open to all transportation industry employees throughout the nation.

Goals of The Christian Airman include cultivating spiritual life through study of the Bible. This is done at rest periods and noon-time, usually four to five mechanics meeting for scripture study as well as prayer.

Membership in TWA is growing, as is evidenced periodically when visiting speakers, including pilots, stop by to give personal testimony of a spiritually motivating experience.

On such occasions, the small groups combine their private prayer gatherings into one large meeting.

Some of the reports of changed lives, due to prayer, have been dramatic, not only for those members of the prayer groups, but for their associates, their families, and in many cases for strangers.

Here are typical reports:

One young man, distraught by prospects of a divorce, began drinking to excess and finally reached the point where he was planning suicide. Learning of his problems, one of the mechanics invited him to a luncheon prayer meeting.

"I have reached the stage," he told the group, "where I realize that I have made a real mess of my life. I'll try anything, if you think you can help me."

Within weeks a change began to take place in his life and now, months later, he and his wife have been reunited. He no longer drinks, and has become a regular member of one of the prayer groups, an associate said.

Another employee said he always considered anything he found on the job to be his own, comparing it to a job benefit, much as employee passes are considered. A short time after joining a prayer group he showed up at his supervisor's desk with a box of tools, accumulated over several years, which he said he ultimately intended to take home someday.

"I no longer need or want them," he told the astonished supervisor.

Recently a young woman stopped by during one of the overhaul base prayer meetings to personally give her thanks for their prayers while she was in the hospital for open heart surgery.

She identified herself as Mrs. Betty Wynne, a credit union employee. With her were her father, Richard Coleman, a TWA mechanic, and her husband, Bob Wynne,

who works for another company.

Her father had sought the prayers of the TWA groups because he was fearful for his daughter's safety. The men had also contributed two-thirds of the fourteen pints of blood needed for her operation.

"They're a wonderful group of men," Mrs. Wynne said later. "Their willingness to take on an-

The Petals of Poppies

by Elva McAllaster

On my afternoon desk
The petals of poppies
Translucent, illumined
By His sun
Are like small panes of brightest
glass
In His old holy houses:
Canterbury, Wells,
Chartres, Rouen, Sainte Chappelle.

Love brought their splendid
Purest orange shimmer
From your garden.

Love, making all worlds,
Made poppy petals,
Poppy sepals,
Poppy seeds and stems.

Love grows your growing garden:
Yours, and His.

Love lingers in sunlight
Through an afternoon window
Suffusing my life
And
Suffusing my life.

by Bob Helmer

other's problems shows neighborly spirit in the true sense of the word!"

Gene Hays, a plant maintenance electrician, organized the group at TWA's overhaul base.

Soon after joining TWA seven years ago, he was telling several mechanics at lunch about the Christian Transportation Fellowship at Santa Fe Railroad where he formerly worked.

"They were so interested," he said, "that I just asked if anyone wanted to join me in prayer. One agreed to do so. Several more joined in the following weeks. Today more than 100 mechanics take part in Bible study and prayer sessions."

What's a typical meeting like?

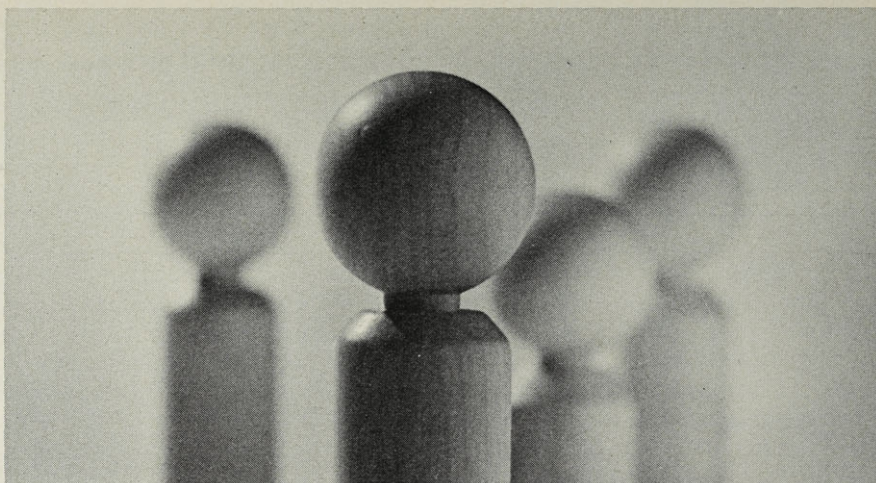
Four or five mechanics gather in a circle around open lunchboxes in one of the shop areas. As they eat homemade sandwiches, conversation usually centers on religious experiences.

For example, one young man told of his wife taking their tape recorder to a service at their church the night before. He remained home with the children. Later she and her husband listened to the taped sermon, then discussed it.

Another mentioned a chapter of the Bible he read the night before. Reaching into a nearby tool box, he took out a well-worn Bible, opened it to the scriptural passages and read them aloud to the five men with him. He then added his interpretation of what he read and asked the others for observations on the passages.

Ten minutes before the lunch period was over, a member of the group began the prayer meeting with an outpouring of his thoughts, expressed softly, sometimes haltingly. He concluded with a plea for intercession for specific needs of employees and their families. As he finished, others in the group took turns in offering similar prayers.

Suddenly a horn in the distance signaled the end of the break. With a quick snap of the metal latches on their lunchboxes, the men left for their respective jobs. ◀



Special child, child of God

A mentally retarded child can teach parents how to be their own best resource.

by Kathleen Lukens

IHAVE A SPECIAL CHILD. SOMETIMES I wonder why the odd-petalled flower, the rare gem, the strangely marked fish on the ocean floor are by their difference precious in the eyes of men. Yet the special child who enters the world destined not to walk or talk, not to count or smile, not to mimic in most respects the manner and appearance of every other baby is so unwelcome.

In a world that asks, "What good is he?" that wonders what the other fellow is "worth," the special child is a cracked cup, a blighted spring.

Relatives converge on the newborn not to hallow his birth but to mourn in whispers his survival and to console his parents. The kindly doctors want to whisk the infant—especially if he is a mongoloid—off to an institution though one out of four children in these understaffed retreats dies in the first year of life.

Before we parents have learned to laugh with our child and to comfort him, to suffer and plan for him, we may wish he had never been born.

"Death is better," Pearl Buck wrote of her own severely defec-

tive daughter. "For death is final."

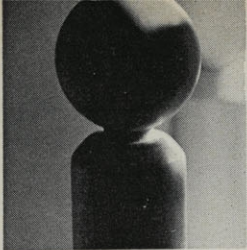
Despite these grim expectations, however, the special child turns out to be an infant before he is anything else. Warm, clinging, smiling, or even if he does not smile, needing—the special infant is innocent about his future role in the world.

While he is still young, his beauty and genius blossom in the eyes of his beholders. His babbles seem as precocious as any infant's, or their absence conveys the wisdom of the silent. He thrives and grows.

A special child is more than anything else a child, but he is a child with a difference. He may be retarded or blind, autistic or deaf, brain-injured or palsied. He may be the neighborhood Heathcliffe, the patsy or the bully in the schoolyard, the spun-glass, fragile-featured loner.

Dull-eyed and too-big-tongued or bright-eyed but strangely unable to decipher the cultural code, the special child lives at least part of the time in a mysterious other world uncharted by practitioners.

Most parents, learning they can love a child even if they cannot build their dreams on him, are his



Every parent of a special child grows familiar with guilt and shame in a world that seems to value only success.

greenhouse.

Sometimes that greenhouse seems more like a hermitage. Every parent of a special child grows familiar with guilt, shame, and a sense of failure in a world that seems to value only success. "Why have I been punished?" we continually ask ourselves. "Where have I gone wrong?"

There is the drudgery of special diets, the crude technology of stretching limbs, the expense of doctoring. I think of the gray, monotonous weariness of trying and trying to make sense to a child who may not understand.

A fetid ugliness can shadow this peculiar destiny, an endless, heartless pricking of necessity to which we must respond. An unspoken fear lives in every parent's heart, "Who will love and care for him when I am gone?"

A friend may surprise you by confiding after the fifth cocktail, "I always thought you should have put him away."

A neighbor may ask with a self-righteous air, "Aren't you afraid your Stevie will hurt your little girl when he gets a little bigger?"

Or, "I saw Marty playing on our side of the street today and my Rosemary's sneakers are missing. Did he bring them home?"

I spent days once thinking up crushing rejoinders to those kinds of questions. Why did everyone assume a child who is different is a future bone-crusher, a lunatic, or a thief?

One day I was jubilant when my 10-year-old normal son regaled me with this conversation.

"My mother was wondering," a neighbor's child had asked him, "isn't there something crazy about your little brother?"

"Funny you should say that," our Jon answered smartly, "my mom was just asking the same thing about *you*."

Everybody is left to figure out

his own way of escaping the loneliness of being different, of dealing with the fact that one has inflicted on the neighborhood a child who cannot conform. Sometimes we surrender, and sometimes we resist. Some people develop an abnormal desire to be normal, taking on all the trappings and feelings of the very people who make them feel ashamed.

Some parents go so far as to express shock at drooling tongues and withered limbs, asserting horror at the sight of an exposed behind, especially if it belongs to a handicapped child. "We are still nice people," they seem to say, "even if we have a special child."

Other people confront the crisis by re-evaluating everything they once believed, their personal life-styles, and their sense of values. They learn to trust themselves and those who share the aloneness of looking for a better way. There can be a great advantage in feeling, "World, you can't kill me," that fifty million people can be wrong, that we can be our own, last, best resource.

One day, when we've just counted out the human race, a friend calls and offers to mind our special youngster so we can take a day in the city. Or a cop buys our kooky kid an ice cream cone. Or a bunch of neighbors we were afraid to know lest they offer us their wisdom knocks shyly on our door.

We expect trouble, but the group is collecting money to help handicapped children and wants our advice on where to send checks. We are so moved by the small mercies of ordinary people, we nearly weep.

Somewhere in the beginning we may decide we need a master plan to redeem the future of our child. The advice usually given is, "Make his life as normal as possible."

Few of us ever really weigh that shibboleth or wonder at all its im-

plications. We assume, like everybody else, that normalcy is the highest achievement of man, when perhaps humanity is.

I recall our own efforts at shaping up our brain-injured son—the drilling, training, priming—awaiting intellectual "breakthroughs" that were destined not to come. Somehow nerve impulses laden with skill and information would be force-fed into alternative pathways that would light up and advertise his normalcy.

We read all the books about it, built or bought the special cards and games, and set to work on our son, David. As with most middle-class parents of special children, "normalcy" was the star toward which we bent our lives, all our energy, and all our awe.

David did learn. He learned a lot. He had breakthroughs, too, but never the kind we read about. There was "flower." Imagine! He said "flower"—a word like that—when he was only three years old. "Flower" would be the beginning of fluent speech and cogent thought—the word that was in the beginning. How disappointed we were when David never said it again for thirty months.

For a time, David responded to nearly every maternal suggestion of which he did not approve with violent outbursts. "Let's go get our hair cut," I would direct, or "Now it's time to eat our meat." David would look anxious and run out and throw the butter in the mailbox or the kitten in the pool. Apparently he couldn't express the negative in any other way. Then one day he learned to say "No." What a magic word!

When David's beloved counselor went away, his father had to teach him how to mourn. I suppose that was a breakthrough of far greater magnitude than anything in the books, but it wasn't the kind we expected.

David had not shed tears since babyhood. Yet there he was that morning, pacing, moaning to himself, squeezing his eyes against the toilet seat as if to prime the tears to slake his sorrow. His dad was the one who daubed his cheeks with spigot-tears and said for him, "All gone. Sarah's all gone."

For a few minutes, the child let the water roll off his chin while he mournfully intoned, "All gone. All gone." Finally he brightened, smiled, and began to play with his truck. He was four, and he was free to cry now, real tears from then on. And all by himself!

I don't even remember when we stopped looking for H-hour of D-day. We watched him, cared for him, puzzled over him, came to live a little in his world even as he came to live in ours.

Then, somewhere along the way, David became a person.

I don't mean he became a kind of half-child we settled for. I don't mean we stopped having dreams for him. We merely changed our dreams the way we would change our dreams for any child we came to know and value. He just became a person who amuses and annoys, forgives and is forgiven, loves and is beloved.

Nobody knows what normal is. He only knows what it looks like. Professionals as well as parents readily become more concerned with whether the child looks normal or appears to be functioning than whether he is. Functioning itself may be sacrificed completely to appearance.

I think of how often parents of children with hand amputations choose the utterly useless but "normal"-looking plastic "hand" for their youngsters over the more effective but ungainly-looking hook.

Thalidomide survivors who learned to "walk" with their flipper-like limbs have been forced by their doctors to stop "walking." The children must don prostheses that do not work as well because normal people find them less unseemly.

Mentally defective youngsters must preserve the illusion they are becoming normal by mastering normal subjects lest special educators find them unfit for school.

Shouldn't there be a permanent, acceptable, and dignified place in human society for the ugly, the crippled, the bizarre? Shouldn't there be a sanctuary in our hearts for the bowed head, the broken spirit, and the brother whom we cannot learn to love?

Throughout the parental trials, religion comforts some. Others find relief in humor. Still others blend a mix of both.

Retarded Joey insists the "Forehead, Son, and Holy Ghost" are parts of his upper anatomy.

The parents of retarded Moshe are delighted to discover that the nun-principal of the school is not concerned over Moshe's being a mongoloid. Instead she asks anxiously, "Is he a Catholic?"

Our son, David, new to speech, spread discomfort and ultimate parental jollity into a stiff, seashore church by belting out

"Peek-a-boo" throughout the chorus of *Al-leh-lu*. Just as the man in front of him, his face writhing, turned sharply to David in reprimand, the child's eyes had lighted on the crucifix, a half-dressed Christ upon it. "Look," the child sang out at his accuser, "Jesus wears a bathing suit!"

As our children become persons, we change too. After all, we have been pressed against the extremes of life and yet have endured. We find value in knowing we have had strength when strength was called for, kindness when kindness was needed, humor when humor meant life.

We may have discovered that success is internal, that efficiency is not always effective, that youth and beauty cannot compare with joy, that the awakening of a single life long asleep is a cause for triumph and rejoicing.

I think of David and his power to find more wonder in life than other children. Unmoved by television and untaught in the ways of the abstract world, he can be spell-bound by fresh snow in winter or enchanted by a flight of birds homing with the sunset.

I have seen him dance with delight when a trash fish grabs his line yet gladly give it up to keep it breathing. Tyrannical at times, tender at others, he knows the broad sweep of human passions but none of the gestural cliches, the winks and guiles, that tell the neighbors, "I am just like you."

The announcement of a family picnic or a birthday party, or indeed any family occasion that includes all the children, fills him with unfettered joy. He, alone of our five children, burns the lamp of awe for that holy ambience. He has an instinct for the sacredness of family life.

There is a power to helplessness, a virtue to powerlessness, a reason for civilization that not all men are given to know. We, at last, have found it: the worth of the worthless is they have made us worthy. The help of the helpless is they have made us at times a little lower than the angels. And the use of the useless is they have forced us to find within ourselves the good we weren't sure was there. ◀

THIS YEAR? NEXT YEAR? SOMETIME?

by S. Scott Ralston

*How can we ever love enough?
How, before it's far too late,
can we ever learn
To join in some mighty legion,
Taking hands,
Exchanging songs,
Shouldering wheels,
Sharing our inheritance?*

*There has to be a new kind
of loving,
Doesn't there? Bigger than borders,
More enduring than anthems,
A shining, simple, family love
Shouted from hilltops,
treasured in solitude—
Tender, joyous,
Utterly unshakable!*

*Somehow the tongues will
have to be forgotten,
Old hurts forgiven,
old wounds ameliorated.
Somehow this sadly alienated
family has got to meet,
Breaking bread together,
Examining experiences,
weeping sometimes,
And laughing, angry and hurt still
But awed by that final confession:
"We are all we have! If we
don't love each other,
Who will?"*

*Yes, there has got to be a new
kind of loving soon.
He spoke about it once,
Didn't He?*

Never alone in West Tisbury

by Pauline Rosenthal

The women! They are so serious about their purposes.
Can't they leave me alone once in a while?

IT'S SATURDAY MORNING. Whatever has been left undone during the week must be done today, as if it matters. I'd much rather follow a drifting cloud by the hour, or watch two ants with a crumb or a spider trussing up her mate for a future meal, and think the time well spent. But somebody has to take up the slack, and that somebody is me because, at 87, I live alone.

There's that intrusive monster, the telephone—not that anybody can get along without it. People “our age” have to keep in touch, just in case. I let it ring, then suddenly remember that hospital meeting at the parish house which has gone clean out of my unreliable memory. I pick up the receiver, prepared for the quiet voice of my friend who always remembers.

“Yes, of course,” I assure her, “I haven't forgotten. I was planning to be there. At 2:30? I'll be there. Yes. I'm sure.”

I hang up, wondering whether I'm going to have to spend the rest of my life at the top of my voice. Not that my own hearing is what it used to be.

The Heart Waits

There's that missed beat again, if anything missed can be there. The heart waits for a pause a little too long, and just when I think it's never going to start up again, it goes racing as though to make up for lost time. In fact, it crowds your chest right up into your throat and does something to your breathing. Breathing, which is something that happens without your having to think about it, suddenly becomes an act of the will. You can't seem to fill your lungs, and that can scare the wits out of you.

I have to throw off my clothes and sit down. It doesn't do to get flat on your back, so you sit there and tell yourself it's happened before and try to breathe quietly. Tell yourself this too, this spell or whatever it is, will go away. No doctor. Just think it away. I can think it away. I always have.

Doing Too Much

I wish I knew how to say “No” like some bitter old thing who wants to be left alone to lick her sores in a quiet corner, in fear or pride, to heal herself. But who am I to say “No” to a dedicated woman like my friend, the guiding spirit of the good women of West Tisbury who spend the greater part of their declining years collecting, soliciting, sewing, baking, selling their handmade aprons, baby things, pot holders, ransacking their attics, summer after summer, year after year, for books, furniture, pictures, tableware, their gardens for flowers, vegetables, and all the tiresome rest of it, to help support their hospital, their church, their community services, and do it cheerfully without a murmur?

Although I am practically a newcomer, they want me to share their efforts. I beat my chest angrily, rub it hard as though one can rub out shortness of breath or alter the rhythm of one's heart. If I keep quiet, if I don't let myself become frightened, it will right itself.

The problem is the impossibility of knowing if I am doing too much until I overstep some invisible line. I have no built-in gauge, no red lines. Without warning,

something gives way, and then I know. The first time it happened, I was badly frightened. Then I learned that to let one's fright have its way was only to add to the original damage.

I also learned that to let the tears flow was a help. It lessens the tension. I began to use tears deliberately as a form of self-cure. Sometimes they don't work, especially when crying becomes uncontrollable. Like strong poison, a little may be useful, more is dangerous. With repetition, one learns in time what might be called an exact dosage.

I take my time standing up; it doesn't do to make sudden moves. I know I will make it now. I dress carefully, knowing that West Tisbury women dress for these occasions, complete with fresh hairdos and hats. Busily applying fresh lipstick and a gentle spray of 4711, I keep wondering how I will get through the day.

They Are Brave

The women! They are so serious about their purposes. They are so brave with their elaborately curled hair, flowered hats atop their sometimes trembling heads or little veils strewn with velvet bows to keep in order white locks like wisps of cotton. One woman with a single leg comes on crutches to play her part in community effort. The years may have distorted their bodies, sagged the muscles of their faces, etched deep wrinkles in their skins, but one can always trace through sagging cheeks and double chins the little girl faces, the pretty faces which were there a long time ago. I wonder if they can trace mine.

The minutes are read, the treasures from the various townships

Adapted from *The Vineyard Gazette*,
Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts

reveal deficits in treasuries which have to be made up by more food fairs, book fairs, and rummage sales during future summers which bring tourists and vacationers. Volunteers are drafted for the relief of nurses and other hospital personnel during lunch and rest periods. Grievances are aired and duly recorded.

During the latter part of the proceedings, some of the women are busy at the tea table decorated with flowers, somebody's best tea and coffee urns, meticulously polished, somebody's table silver and delicate china, somebody else's fine linen cloth, and decorative plates of tiny sandwiches and cookies. Tea is served at one end of the table, coffee at the other, by trembling hands barely able to balance the heavy urns.

Recklessly I drink two cups of coffee, eat two rather rich cookies, and talk, perhaps to drown out a too insistent inner warning. I talk to women I don't know and who don't know me. One rather handsome woman, wife of one of the Island doctors, makes a point of singling me out—perhaps she recognizes in this comparative stranger a kindred soul or, much more likely, just another obligation to play hostess.

Odd Meeting of Minds

"I wonder," she says, "whether you miss the anonymity of New York?"

"Hardly," I answer. "If you have a fire in your apartment, as I once did from a defective wire, nobody so much as pokes her head out from behind her fireproof door. You might die in agony, and your next door neighbor wouldn't hear a sigh or a groan. These women," and I wave an arm to take them all in, "care what happens to a neighbor, don't they?"

"We all do what we can," she says, "like the hunchback in the story, remember? Who offered the Virgin the sorry little trick, all he had, by which he survived, the only gift he could offer."

"Which he accepted," I agree, not to be outdone in this odd

meeting of minds, "with grace and a blessing."

She looks away as if she hasn't heard, already preoccupied with another of her assigned obligations. I feel a curious letdown and another warning in my chest, like the faint rumbling of a still distant storm. How constant is the connection between emotion and bodily response!

I have to wait until my friend, who has a word for everybody, has made her rounds. Indefatigable, thoroughly and happily in her element, she is right in the collective eye of the community, at home in it, reluctant to leave it. But the afternoon finally comes to an end. Fresh as a daisy at the wheel of her Volks, she chatters away—is she, can she be, unaware of the labored breathing of the creature sitting beside her? Her good works—are they a mere habit, a convention, having little to do with him or her or me, only with them? A stereotyped activity, a mere skill, discharging over a wide area? Or perhaps an addiction, a time-killer, spawned out of a collection of sentimental attitudes?

What am I so angry about? Assuredly angry ruminations of this order are out of place and no help. But I have to hold out—let us not doubt the ascendance of mind over matter—and I do. Perhaps I'm wrong about anger. Perhaps it's a more stabilizing agent than it's credited with being, although you can't indulge it without some bodily participation in it. This notion that the hard breathing, the

A possibility is a hint from God.

—Soren Kierkegaard

"The most dangerous thing you can do is love. The world isn't ready for it. Greed it can manage, lust it can understand. Hate it thrives on. Meanness makes it go around. But the world is enraged by love."

— John R. Fry

hurrying heart beat, may not be illness but only evidence the body must of necessity be sharing one's emotions is curiously comforting.

Gentle Rain from Heaven

The following morning I clear away the breakfast debris. A tempting rocking chair is handy, but Thomas, the cat, torpid with milk, kidney, and some sort of "chow," has preempted it, and I have never learned how to exercise authority over an animal. Anyway, I believe in getting a job out of the way—I tell myself—to make room for the next item on the agenda.

The door opens. My friend stands there fresh as the morning, obviously on her way to church. She is wearing her sky blue suit and a blue flowered hat. In one hand she is holding a bunch of her late-blooming roses, a wicker basket in the other. She looks as if she may be on her way to a christening or even a wedding, instead of to service, which calls for soberer dress. Has she something for me to do?

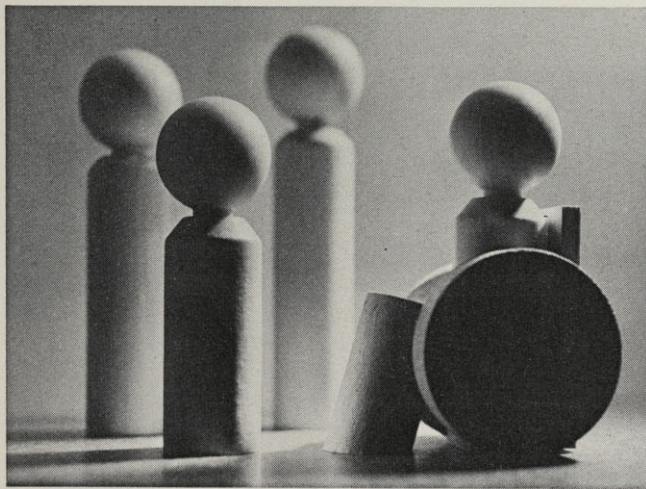
I am wondering whether I will for once say "No" when she holds out the roses and says briefly, "For you." From the basket she extracts one of her delicate sponge cakes, a book of crossword puzzles—how does she know these are my court of last resort?—a paperback thriller, and the current *Harper's*.

"Now then," she says briskly, "you are going to spend this day in bed. I've been watching you and listening to you, and if anybody ever needed a day in bed, that one is you. Just leave things the way they are and go to bed. I'll be back, right after church, to cook your dinner. I'm staying right here until you're safely in bed."

I burst into tears, lovely, gentle tears, grateful, humble tears. I am still wiping them away as I climb the stairs, feeling curiously light. I let them fall, that "gentle rain from Heaven." There is a lightness in my chest, an even ebb and flow.

Thank all the gods there be for all women, everywhere. ◀

BOBBIE'S GIFT



A remarkable Episcopalian visits 500 people five times a year without ever stepping out of her own home.

by Robert B. Allen

BOBBIE SLATTEN OF ELK CITY calls herself a "wayward Episcopalian."

"Well, what else could you call me?" she laughed at an interview. "I've only been to church once in nineteen years."

If she ever attends again it will be a miracle.

Yet her priest, the Rev. Canon Sydney R. Pratt of St. Paul's in Clinton, describes the pretty, 40-year-old, one-time medical technician as the most devout churchwoman he has ever known.

"There's not a layman in Oklahoma reaching out to so many people," says Canon Pratt.

She does it all from the home she shares with her mother, her slim, fragile body harnessed to the pulsing rhythm of special machines that provide the very breath of life.

Bobbie (no one calls her Miss Slatten) is a polio victim. Her breathing capacity, without mechanical assistance, is only one-fifth of normal.

Cut down by the dreaded disease in 1953, shortly after em-

barking on a promising professional career, Bobbie today spends most of her time in a rocking bed or wheel chair. Her chair, in the center of a cheery living room, is equipped with a pneumo belt, a pulsating device delivering forty-five pounds of pressure against her diaphragm sixteen times every minute.

Sitting there, she is a gracious lady waiting for visitors. Few might ever guess that in most regards she is paralyzed from the chest down. Her speech is warm and articulate even though one vocal cord is paralyzed.

Her left hand is virtually useless, except for the slight and occasional movement of one finger. But her right hand does the trick. It is full of feeling, moving with animated expression.

"It knows how to write, too," she says, "And for a one-fingered typewriter pounder, we can really punch those keys."

But, she says with a smile that enchants most visitors, her greatest claim to honor is "stamp-licking."

Bobbie calls herself a "flunky

for the Church." Father Pratt says she is the best curate a priest ever had, certainly the most inexpensive. She doesn't get paid.

Actually, she's secretary of the Mission of the Good Shepherd, dedicated to serving "scattered" Episcopalians throughout the Diocese of Oklahoma.

There are nearly 500 on her list. They live in communities where the Church does not exist, in little towns like Aline, Gans, Kremlin, Cartersville, and Mead.

But there are others, too. They are shut-ins, the aged, and the ill in even larger places like Norman, El Reno, Drumright, Langston, Oklahoma City, and Tulsa. Because of a vivacious woman in a wheelchair, the Church is coming to them. Five times a year, she mails out *Forward Day by Day*, the famous devotional guide.

In all, communicants in 123 cities and towns in the Oklahoma diocese regularly know the spiritual reward of having the Church beat a path to their doorsteps by mail.

Continued on page 32

Personal baptismal candle fosters the faith, fixes the day.

The symbolic water, font and cross of the Will & Baumer designed baptismal candle reinforce the meaning of Holy Baptism in the simplest and most direct imagery. It comes tastefully packaged in a blue-and-white souvenir box with provision for a record of date, place and sponsors. Just one of our many candles of excellence, it is shown here being lighted from the new Will & Baumer Mosaic Paschal Candle.

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This is only part of her activity. She keeps in touch with the five deans of the diocese, constantly alerting them to the Holy Communion needs of Episcopalians in their areas. She wants all churchmen served, just as she is by Father Pratt who travels from his "Little Cathedral of the West" to administer the Holy Sacrament throughout a parish that covers 30,000 square miles.

If this were all of her work, most people might think it was

enough for the green-eyed enthusiast with a blonde, butch haircut who can spend only six hours a day away from a nearby rocking bed.

"No, no," she says from her wheelchair, surrounded by files and papers, many with updated notations on address changes and memos to especially remember an ill or discouraged person. "I just sit here and work a little. Maybe I should be doing a lot more."

And she is.

Each month she folds and sends out St. Paul's Church bulletins to 125 families. Never a month passes that Bobbie doesn't write the half-dozen young men from St. Paul's who are serving overseas with our armed forces.

And one day she almost came out of her wheelchair when she learned that Episcopal inmates at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary in McAlester were going unserved.

Church leaders, both clergy and laymen, had long been unsuccessful in their efforts to get Anglican services in the prison. "They just won't listen," said one discouraged official.

Warden Park Anderson finally found a way to make peace with determined Bobbie Slatten when she got started. She wouldn't let up. Now, for the first time, an Episcopal priest regularly visits the prison.

"She always has something going to make things better for people," says Father Pratt. "I've never seen anything like her."

Currently, she is pushing an uphill campaign hoping to provide a low rent housing project for the handicapped, possibly in one of the metropolitan areas such as Oklahoma City. So far, her appeals and ideas have fallen on deaf ears.

But Bobbie isn't one to quit.

Bobbie admits, however, she gets a little discouraged and frustrated at times, mostly when she can't get replies from priests about shut-ins and addresses of certain communicants who have moved.

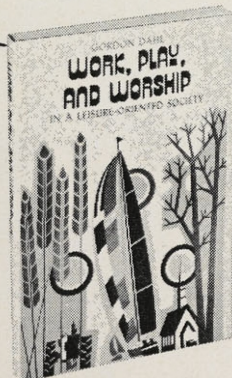
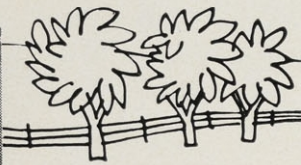
"Maybe it's a good thing I can't go galloping around the diocese," she says. "I'd be knocking on their doors and breathing down their clerical collars to get the answers."

The former University of Oklahoma student who was confirmed in the early 1950's in Christ Church, St. Louis, Missouri, doesn't exactly know how she was "roped in" on the Mission of the Good Shepherd job.

"I think it was something they asked me to do temporarily," she says with a laugh.

She won't admit it, but it looks as if she has inherited a permanent, non-paying position. She gets reimbursed for some of the mailing costs, but—because it is her wish—

harvest a fresh crop of ideas



ROCK MUSIC

Idea: Is rock good or bad? Is it here to stay? **William**

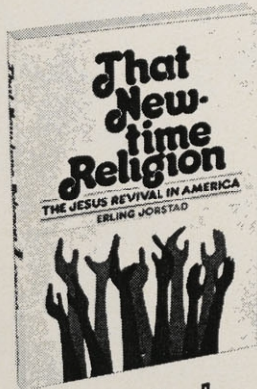
Schafer helps readers understand its history, its significance and its future. Reveals how it both reflects and forms our culture. \$2.95 Oct. 2

WORK, PLAY, WORSHIP

Idea: We worship our work, work at our play and play at our worship! **Gordon Dahl** points out our seemingly distorted values, traces our trend to a leisure-oriented society, shows how the gospel can help us rebuild a more abundant life. \$2.95 Oct. 2

THAT NEW-TIME RELIGION

Idea: The Jesus movement is different from all previous revivals. Historian **Erling Jorstad** sets it in the context of previous revivals in America, shares his first-hand knowledge of the Jesus people and gives his views on the movement's future and its effects. \$2.95



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Letters to/PS

A wondering question which bewilders and perplexes me might be worth pursuing through the /PS. How many churches and dioceses have dispensed with the "sweat-shop" contractual days of "work" and "off" for clergy? Is it still widespread practice that priests are expected to work six days a week and have one day a week off?

Knowing myself and having discussed this matter with colleagues, I wonder whether a great deal of clergy dissatisfaction with local, national, and diocesan affairs and activities might not be due, in large measure, to their inability to get away, refresh, renew, and relax.

Comparisons to ponder:

A teacher's contract usually calls for between 185 and 190 days work a year. Thus, he or she has available for study, preparation, and vacation about 175 days a year.

A Doctor (in this area, at any rate) works a four-and-one-half day week and takes three weeks vacation, thus working about 221 days a year, with about 144 days to catch up on reading, advance education, and vacation.

John Doe, the average worker, works five days a week, has two weeks for vacation, plus seven paid holidays, thus working a maximum of 232 days a year, with 133 days to do with as he pleases.

A Roman Catholic Priest in the Boston (Mass.) Archdiocese is expected to work five days a week, take two weeks vacation, and go on retreat once or twice a year for a week or so. He thus has about 242 maximum days of work and 123 days a year off from parish labors.

The Episcopal Priest usually contracts for a six-day work-week and a month's vacation. Perhaps this "whole month" mesmerizes us, and we never count the days off we have in a year--but it is only 79 days to do with as we wish. We have, in effect, contracted to work 286 days a year, 44 more than our average parishioner is obliged to labor.

I grant the gross difficulty of laboring over such figures: men and women work many more days than they contract for, some jobs demand Saturday work, and not all areas of the country follow such schedules. Nonetheless, I wonder if we have not forgotten that counting days at the job does have some effect on our labors. There

CHANGES

The summer backlog--concluded

SEITZ, Kenneth L., from St. Luke's, Jamestown, NY, to St. Andrew's, Buffalo, NY
SELL, James W. H., from Christ Memorial, Williamstown, WV, to St. James, Lewisburg, and Trinity, Parkersburg, WV
SENETTE, D. John, from Holy Comforter, New Orleans, LA, to St. Paul's, Albany, GA
SERFLING, Robert A., from non-parochial to Grace, Riviere Doree, St. Lucia, Windward Islands
SHAND, James J., to Grace, Merchantville, NJ
SHERRILL, Christopher R., from St. Alban's, Danielson, CT, to St. Patrick's, Washington, DC
SKILTON, William J., from Todos Los Santos, La Romano, Dominican Republic, to Holy Trinity, Grahamville, and Church of the Cross, Bluffton, SC
SMITH, Donald L., from St. Edmund's, Pacifica, CA, to St. Francis of Assisi, Novato, CA
SMITH, William L., from All Saints, Frederick, MD, to St. Mary's, Emmorton, MD

Continued on page /PS-B

are, in all cases cited, emergency situations which arise almost weekly to reduce potential time off. But this obtains for the Episcopal priest as well, and he is losing from 79 days--not a higher number.

Most of all, however, I wonder about our supposedly "enlightened" Church which expects us to labor six days and take our Sabbath rest on one day a week, which might also be the day someone must be buried, married, or is in drastic need. More deeply, I wonder whether that schedule of days and weeks does not contribute to the increase in nervous break-downs, marital troubles, and simple defection from ministry.

Is the six-day clergy week still a standard contract throughout the Church? Would it be possible to feed data about it back to a central agency and study it further? Or am I raising a question which will make for too deep controversy and thus ought to be "ducked" instead of studied?

The Rev. Oscar W. Swenson
Calvary Church, 44 Cherry St.
Danvers, MA 01923

News & Notes

■ The military quotas for extended active duty Episcopal Chaplains in the Army, Navy, and Air Force were full until early 1972. We have been notified by the Army and Air Force, however, they will take more Episcopal Chaplains in their fiscal year 1973 which began July 1, 1972. To qualify, Episcopal clergy must be under 33, graduates of accredited colleges and seminaries, must have had two years of parochial experience following ordination to the priesthood, be engaged in the full-time pursuit of their religious vocation, possess a current ecclesiastical endorsement, and be able to meet the military physical requirements. Recruiting stations will provide for a physical examination. Appointments to reserve units of all branches of service are wide open. Qualification requirements are the same as for extended active duty chaplains except for the requirement of two years of parochial experience following ordination to the priesthood. Episcopal clergy should apply for ecclesiastical endorsement to The Bishop for the Armed Forces, Episcopal Church Center, 815 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

■ The Church Society for College Work, 99 Brattle St., Cambridge, MA 02138, offers an unusual pamphlet entitled, *The Professional Identity of the Black Campus Minister*, the result of a top level consultation of distinguished black campus ministers in January of this year. Copies are \$1, cash with order, please. Those who run on the academic year (Sept.-Aug.) may want to place orders now (\$1.50 single copies; \$1.25 for 10 or more) for the College Work calendars. These are also available in the traditional pagan format (Jan.-Dec.), which the Society calls its annual format, at the same prices. In these days when clergy are talking a lot about continuing education, we would do well to be reminded that the Church Society for College Work's publications and basic research into religious life on the campus are a fine stimulant to fresh thinking for parish clergymen. Continuing education, indeed. Membership is \$10 a year.

Continued from page /PS-A

SOWERS, Kenneth M., from president, Florida Episcopal College, Deland, FL, to executive director, Community Service Center, Orange-Osceola-Seminole Counties, FL

SPICER, C. Allen, Jr., from Emmanuel, Chestertown, MD, to Trinity Cathedral, Easton, MD

SPONG, William C., from chaplain supervisor, Duke University Medical Center, and instructor in pastoral theology, Duke Divinity School, Durham, NC, to professor, Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest and Presbyterian Seminary, Austin, TX

STEPHENS, Jefferson C., Jr., from assistant headmaster, Robert Louis Stevenson School, Pebble Beach, CA, to headmaster, Cathedral School, San Francisco, CA

STRAUGHN, Richard D., to St. John's, Gibbsboro, NJ

STUART, Calvin T. B., executive director, Skinner-DeBaliere Association, St. Louis, MO, to also St. Timothy's, Creve Coeur, MO

SULLIVAN, Daniel K., from Grace, Nutley, NJ, to Good Samaritan, Paoli, PA

TENNIS, Calvin C., from Trinity, Buffalo, NY, to St. Mark's Cathedral, Seattle, WA

THOMPSON, Michael K., from Christ and St. Paul's-on-the-Hill, Winchester, VA, to Grace, Radford, VA

THOMSON, Ronald R., from St. John's, New Braunfels, TX, to St. Clement's, El Paso, TX

THURSTON, Anthony C., from Christ Church Cathedral, Indianapolis, IN, to St. Matthew's, Indianapolis, IN. He will continue as executive director of the Commission on the Aging.

TOIA, Frank P., from The Free Church of St. John, Kensington, PA, to Messiah, Gwynedd, PA

TURNER, Franklin D., from St. George's, Washington, DC, to executive secretary, Consultative Services to Church Groups, Executive Council, New York, NY

TURNER, William M., from All Souls, Oklahoma City, OK, to Ascension, Springfield, MO

VALENTINE, Larry E., from St. Barnabas, Tomahawk, WI, to Messiah, Liberty, MO

WALCOTT, Robert, Jr., from graduate studies at Ohio State University, Columbus, OH, to Health Facilities Specialists, Seven County Health Planning Council, Wooster, OH

WEEKS, Philip E., from Good Shepherd, Charleston, WV, to Holy Comforter, Miami, FL

WELSH, Clement W., from Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Washington, DC and director of studies, College of Preachers, Washington, DC, to warden, College of Preachers, Washington, DC

WENNER, Peter W., from chaplain-teacher, Oregon Episcopal Schools, Portland, OR, to St. Mark's, Grand Rapids, MI

WIECKING, Fritz, III, from graduate studies to Street Ministry, Indianapolis, IN

WIESBAUER, Henry H., from The Lutheran Medical Center, Brooklyn, NY, to The Church Pension Fund, New York, NY

WILLIAMS, Benjamin F., Jr., from the Parish Church, Hook, Basingstoke, Hants, England, to St. Timothy's, Paul's Valley, and St. Michael's, Lindsay, OK

WILLIAMS, Peyton R., from St. Matthew's, Wheeling, WV, to teacher, Woodberry Forest School, Orange, VA

WILLIAMS, Robert L., Jr., from St. John's, Charlotte, NC, to St. Luke's, Birmingham, AL

WILLIS, George J., Jr., from St. George's, Rumson, NJ, to St. Mark's, Newark, NY

WINKLER, Thomas E., from general missionary, Diocese of Eastern Oregon, Cove, OR, to St. Paul's, Owatanna, MN

YEATON, Gordon B., from Trinity, Fillmore, CA, to chaplain, Home for the Aged, Alhambra, CA

ZABRISKIE, George, II, from graduate studies, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, MA, to Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, MO

New Deacons

ATTUNGANA, Patrick, to St. Thomas, Pt. Hope, AK

BACKUS, Howard Gene, to continue graduate studies

BEASLEY, John R., to Trinity, Indianapolis, IN

BECHTEL, Russell A., to St. Bede's, Syosset, NY

BENNETT, Robert W., to St. Christopher's, Anchorage, AK

BUFFINGTON, Carl Eugene, Jr., to Christ, Stratford, CT

CAMPBELL, Maurice B., to be a worker priest, Diocese of California, San Francisco, CA

CHASE, Randall, Jr., to St. David's Lakeland, FL

COOK, Joe, Jr., to Diocese of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA

CORKRAN, Richard Leroy, Jr., to St. John's, Stamford, CT

COX, Russell David, to St. Mark's, New Canaan, CT

CRAMER, Roger, to Christ, Columbia, MD

DEMENTI, Jean E., A., to Christ, Anvik, AK

DOBBS, Thomas Laughlin, to Grace, St. Mary's, WV

DRUCE, Glenn Edward, to St. Andrew's, Mullens, WV

DUNCAN, Robert W., Jr., Diocese of New Jersey, Trenton, NJ, to graduate studies in Scotland

DUNLAP, G. Edward, to St. Thomas, Richmond, VA

DUNNAM, Thomas M., to Diocese of Mississippi, Jackson, MS

ECKMAN, Daniel, to St. John's, Glyndon, MD

ELY, Claude W., Jr., to Christ, Bordentown, NJ

EPTING, C. Christopher, to Holy Trinity, Melbourne, FL

FEAMSTER, Thomas O., to St. Anne's, Keystone Heights, FL

FORD, Denis B., to Christ, Cedar Key, FL

FORREST, William C., to Trinity Cathedral, Phoenix, AZ

FRAZER, Stuart W., to Ascension, Atlantic City, NJ

FUNKHOUSER, David F., to St. Dunstan's, McLean, VA

GIMPLE, Thomas E., to St. Michael and All Angels, Tucson, AZ

GLANDON, Clyde C., to graduate studies at the University of New York, Buffalo, NY

GOETZ, Edward Craig, to St. John's, Vernon, CT

HAMMOND, James, to Messiah, Baltimore, MD

HORTON, James T., Jr., to Diocese of Mississippi, Jackson, MS

HYDE, Clark, to Diocese of Northern California, Sacramento, CA

IMMEL, Otto W., to Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, NJ

KINNEVEBAUK, Herbert, to St. Thomas, Pt. Hope, AK

LANE, John, to St. Michael's, Yakima, WA

LAUTENSCHLAGER, Paul L., to Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, PA

LAVOE, John, to Diocese of Central New York, Syracuse, NY

LENHARDT, John E., II, to St. George's, Fort George, FL

LEWIS, Lloyd A., Jr., to St. George's, Brooklyn, NY

LILLIEBJERG, Jorgen, to St. Mary's, Anchorage, AK

LOVE, Leon L., to Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, PA

LUNDEAN, David, to Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, Spokane, WA

MAGUIRE, Bernard L., to Transfiguration, Cranston, RI

MCCARRIAR, Herbert G., Jr., to St. James, Livingston; St. Alban's, Gainesville; St. John's, Forkland; and chaplain, Livingston University, Livingston, AL

MESSERSMITH, Merton E., to diocese of Central Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, PA

MILES, Leslie, to St. Peter's, Lycoming, MD

MORROW, Denis C., to Diocese of New Jersey, Trenton, NJ

MURPHY, Warren, to director, Runaway House, Buffalo, NY

Continued on page /PS-G



Building a Ministry for Tomorrow

We are a small group of colleagues committed to parish ministry, a group that intends to build models of excellence in ministry for today, but which also intends to reshape the parish ministry for the urgent needs of tomorrow.

You are invited to consider joining us in this enterprise.

Some say the parish is dead.

**Some see the ministry as a quaint
occupation from a past age.**

If you agree with *either* of those propositions, *this message is not for you*. We believe the local parish is—in spite of its faults—one of the most vital institutions in the world. We expect it to be a major factor in the 21st century. *We intend to make it so.*

We believe the local parish minister and his people are at the cutting edge of life—where individual lives and social issues hang in the balance. *We intend to sharpen that cutting edge.*

We believe the ministry as profession has often been mis-used, mis-taught, misunderstood, and that we who *are* the profession are the only ones who can take responsibility for its excellence. *We intend to do just that.*

Our point of view. . .

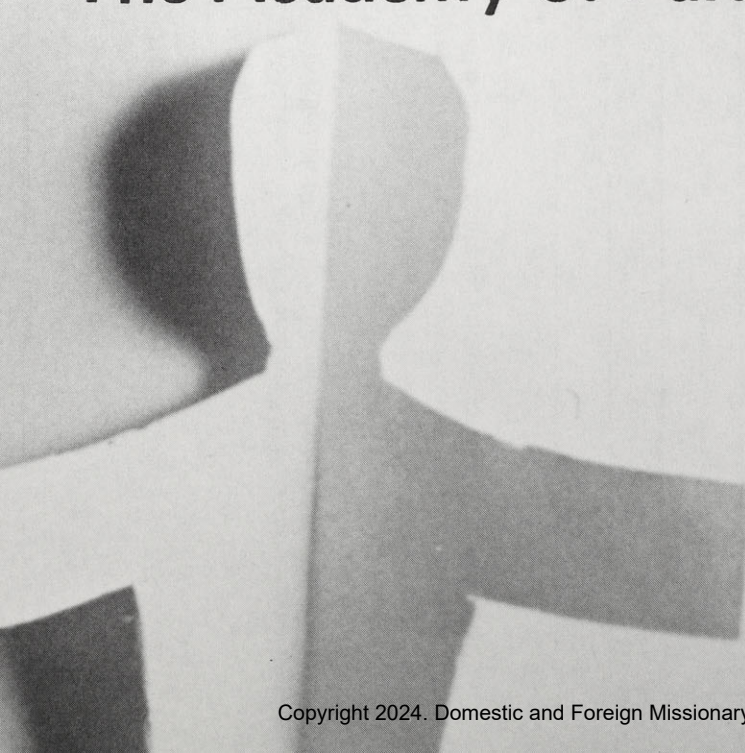
Parish ministry is our life and our commitment. We know more about it than any seminary, than any bishop, than any group, *anywhere*. Many of those people and groups can and do give valuable assistance, but the parish ministry is ours to shape. The demoralization of many of our colleagues is partly from policies decided for us by those agencies. The fault is ours for letting these policies be set by those whose interest in parish ministry is not as vital and informed as ours, and also because we have not built adequate collegial relations with one another.

Nobody is going to do it if we don't

There may have been a time when it was considered safe to let somebody else do it—the seminaries, the bishops, the powers that be. That time—if it ever existed—is long gone.

We call ourselves

The Academy of Parish Clergy



Here is what we have done already

In setting professional standards

Established Standards of Competence in ministry.
Developed colleague groups and workshops for clergy.
Monitored and evaluated study programs for each member.

In theological education

Parish ministers now serve on important committees of the American Association of Theological Schools.
Encouraged and sponsored new experimental forms of theological education based in the parish.
Parish ministers are planning theological education consultations with seminaries, particularly in D.Min. programs.

In self interest of the profession

Over 600 parish ministers are systematically upgrading their skills.
A collegial information system is growing by

sharing study projects through the member *Directory*, member interest and information through the *Newsletter*.

Preparation of a *Manual of Congregational Leadership* is planned, produced by professional ministers.

We publish the *Journal of the Academy of Parish Clergy*.

Research has begun on clergy contracting and evaluating.

We have developed and begun field testing a system of clergy self evaluation and development.

We need parish clergy who want to:

...shape the profession, not drift with the times.
...build ministry for the 21st century, not the 19th.
...join a group of changers and shapers.

We figure that means 1% of the ordained ministers, rabbis, and priests in the country.

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Academy of Parish Clergy-LM-1
3100 W. Lake
Minneapolis, MN 55416

Dear Jim:

I want in on the action. Here's my \$40 for a year's membership (through 1973). Send me information about the educational projects. I understand I will receive the *Journal of the Academy of Parish Clergy* and the *Academy Newsletter* free. I will also receive material such as the *Manual*, The *Directory*, the self-development evaluation, and other materials as they are produced, either free or at reduced member rates.

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3100 W. Lake
Minneapolis, MN 55416

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FOLD

professional supplement CHANGES

Continued from page /PS-B

PETTIGREW, J. Robert, to deacon in training under the archdeacon, Diocese of Florida, Jacksonville, FL

PIERCE, Nathaniel W., to Diocese of Central New York, Syracuse, NY

PIPER, Charles E., to Nativity, L'Anse, MI

PIPPIN, J. Edwin, to St. Paul's, Trappe, and St. Paul's, Vienna, MD

PITMAN, Ralph William, Jr., to Diocese of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA

POWELL, Festus H., to Diocese of Arkansas, Little Rock, AR

PRACKTISH, Carl R., to be a worker priest. He is employed by NASA, Washington, DC.

REED, William, to St. Martin's-in-the-Field, Severna Park, MD

RICH, Edward, to Good Shepherd, Ruxton, MD

RICHARDS, James, to Diocese of Western New York, Buffalo, NY

ROKOS, Michael, to Ascension, Silver Spring, MD

RUDINOFF, Jan C., to St. Philip's-in-the-Hills, Tucson, AZ

SAWTELLE, Gary D., to Grace, Massapequa, NY

SCARLETT, George, to Diocese of Maryland, Baltimore, MD

SCOTT, Harry B., III, to St. Andrew's, Fort Thomas, KY

SHAFFER, Garrett W., to Diocese of Western New York, Buffalo, NY

SIMMONS, Walter, to St. David's, Spokane, WA

SNYDER, Larry Alan, to Diocese of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA

SPANNAGEL, Larry, to St. Mary's, Anchorage, AK

STEVENSON, Frederic G., to Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, PA

SWAN, Clinton, to Epiphany, Kivalina, AK

SWIFT, Stephen, to Operation Compass, New York, NY

THOMAS, Wayland, to St. Mark's, Orchard Park, NY

TOULSON, Robert H., to St. James, Mill Creek Hundred, DE

TRITT, Paul, to Good Shepherd, Venetie, AK

TWEEL, Esber Naif, to St. Stephen's, Romney, WV

VAN HOOK, Peter, to St. Paul's, Bakersfield, CA

VOIGHT, Robert H., to Christ, Shaker Heights, OH

VORKINK, Peter, II, to Diocese of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA

WAY, Peter T., to executive director, Tros-Dale Home for Boys, and St. Anne's, Scottsville, VA

WHITE, Konrad S., to St. James, Jackson, MS

WIGNER, J. Douglas, to Holy Comforter, Vienna, VA

WILLIAMS, David Anthony, to Diocese of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA

WILLIAMS, David Rankin, to Christ, Williamstown, WV

RESTORATION

FARNLOF, Norman C., of West Nottingham Academy, Coloma, MD, has been restored to the priesthood.

SAYERS, William T., was restored to the priesthood March 21 and subsequently transferred from the Diocese of Long Island to the Diocese of Michigan.

Retired

ARMSTRONG, Gilbert McE., retired as professor, Jamestown College, Jamestown, ND, in May.

BOAS, Rollo M., retired July 1 from St. George's, Riverside, CA.

Information in our "Changes" columns is gleaned from many sources, including diocesan reports, newspapers, and the postcards some of you send us. One priest recently sent us the Post Office's change of address postcard (which it provides free to go with your own 6¢ stamp) informing us of the name of the parish he was leaving and the one to which he would be moving. While doing your change of address notices, add us to the list. Your friends will know where you are sooner. Send them to /PS, The Episcopalian, 1930 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19103.

BROWN, Charles B., has retired as rector of Trinity, Morgan City, LA. His new address is: 510 Cherokee Rd., Florence, SC.

BUXTON, Eugene H., retired from St. James, Wooster, OH, on April 3.

CADIGAN, Charles, retired May 21 from All Saints, Pasadena, CA, and will return to New England.

CAMPBELL, Thomas H., retired, will serve as interim priest-in-charge of St. John's, Bridgeport, CT, until the appointment of a new rector.

CLARKE, Robert, rector of Christ, Stevensville, MD, retired July 1.

EWAN, Henry L., retired as chaplain of the Home for the Aged, Alhambra, CA.

FOLLETT, Herbert G., retired March 1 from Christ, Stratford, CT.

GARRETT, Edwin A., III, rector of St. Francis-in-the-Field, Sugarartown, PA, retired from the parochial ministry June 1. His address is: "Sticks and Stones," Northeast Harbor, ME 04662

GILMETT, Lloyd R., retired as Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Los Angeles, CA, on June 30.

GOOD, William J., rector of Epiph-

any, Providence, RI, has retired from the active ministry.

HECKELL, P. Walter, rector of Trinity, Baytown, TX, retired from the active ministry on June 30. He plans to live in Cullman, AL.

JOHNSON, Bradford, retired from St. Paul's, Nantucket, MA.

KOEPP-BAKER, Herbert, retired as professor of speech pathology at Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, IL.

LANDOLT, Frank J., is retiring Nov. 1 as rector of St. Mark's, Mystic, CT.

LEIGH-PINK, Harry, has retired from St. Paul's, Bakersfield, CA.

LUCAS, Marcus M., vicar of St. John's, Centralia, IL, retired from the active ministry May 7.

MASON, Ernest J., retired, to become canon, Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, Spokane, WA.

MCCLINTOCK, E. Howard, retired as director of religious education, Diocese of California, San Francisco, CA. He will return to San Jose, Costa Rica, to serve as a volunteer in pastoral work under Bishop Antonio Ramos.

MOUNT, John K., retired June 30 from St. Peter's, Solomons, MD.

NICHOLS, Ellwyn J. H., retired from St. Anne's, North Billerica, MA.

PEEK, George H., will retire as Dean of St. Mark's pro-Cathedral, Hastings, NB, on December 31.

PERKINS, Kenneth D., retired July 31 from St. George's, Honolulu, HI, and will become a part-time teacher. His address will be: 1350 Ala Moana, Apt. 2103, Honolulu, HI 96814

PLATTENBURG, Stanley W., rector of Grace, Pomeroy, OH, has retired from the active ministry.

RIVERS, Burke, retired from St. Stephen's, Wilkes-Barre, PA, on May 1. His address is: Box 120-A, Route #1, Noxen, PA 18636

ROAK, John C., retired from Gloria Dei, Philadelphia, PA, on April 19. His address is: 10 Whitemarsh Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19118

Continued overleaf

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CHANGES

ROEBUCK, Arthur F., rector of St. Paul's, Pawtucket, RI, has retired from the active ministry.
 ROGERS, H. Alfred, retired from St. Anne's, Tifton, GA, on April 30.
 TIFFANY, Fred R., rector of Grace Memorial, Phillipsburg, RI, has retired from the active ministry.
 TOADVINE, George H., rector of St. Andrew's, Harrisburg, PA, has retired from the active ministry.
 WALDRON, Russell L., retired from Ascension, Vallejo, CA, on July 15.
 WEDGE, William C., retired, is assisting at Holy Trinity, West Chester, PA.
 WEEMAN, Gordon W., retired June 1 from St. Peter's, Herbron, CT.
 WILLIAMSON, Bruce P., rector of St. Mary's, Philadelphia, PA, retired April 2 to Nassau, the Bahamas.
 WILLIS, Arthur R., rector of Grace, Hastings, NY, retired April 30.
 YAEGER, Eugene F., retired from Christ, Bordentown, NJ, on May 1. His address is: 901 Gordon's Parkway, Ocean City, NJ 08226

Resigned

AITKEN, Donald C., resigned from St. Elisabeth's, Glencoe, IL, on May 31.
 ASH, Richard H., has resigned from St. Paul's, Kansas City, MO.
 BARTHOLOMEW, Charles E., resigned from St. Paul's, Plymouth, and St. Boniface, Chilton, WI, on June 30.
 BAUR, Robert M., has resigned from St. Stephen's, McKeesport, PA.
 BELL, Winston A., resigned June 30 as rector of St. James the Less, Jamaica, NY.
 BRUNSTON, Gustav F., resigned April 3 as rector of St. Joseph's, Lakewood, CO, to become a worker priest in Denver, CO.
 BUNTAINE, Raymond E., resigned as rector of St. Peter's, Woodbury Heights, NJ.
 BURNETTE, James D., resigned April 30 as rector of Our Saviour, Colorado Springs, CO.
 CARISS, Carington R., resigned May 31 from Grace, Merchantville, NJ.
 CAUSEY, Bruce C., has resigned from St. Paul's, Prince Frederick, MD.
 DENKINGER, M. Esty, resigned June 15 from Emmanuel, Webster Groves, MO, to move to Burlington, VT, to farm and write.
 EVANS, John J., is resigning from

St. Stephen's Memorial, Riverside, and Trinity, Delran, NJ, on September 4.

FOLEY, Jackson W., resigned April 5 as rector of Christ, Watertown, CT.

GRAY, Richard W., resigned March 11 as vicar of St. James, Brookhaven, NY.

HARRIS, Randall S., resigned February 24 from Trinity, Southport, CT.

HATCHETT, J. Bryan, has resigned from St. Paul's, Pomona, CA, to enter the real estate investment field.

HENTHORNE, Granville V., Jr., resigned June 30 from Trinity, Portland, CT.

KINCAID, Robert P., has resigned from Grace, Glendora, CA.

LEO, Joseph N., Jr., has resigned from Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, OH.

PERCY, Hugh R., has resigned from St. Andrew's, Torrance, CA.

RATHMAN, Scott S., resigned from St. Michael and All Angels, Tucson, AZ, on May 31.

ROGAN, Donald L., resigned as chaplain of Kenyon College, Gambier, OH, but is continuing as associate professor of religion.

SCHILDT, Kenneth F., has resigned from St. Stephen's, Stockton, CA.

SOTOLONGO, Pastor G., resigned April 2 from the Spanish-speaking congregation, Bridgeport, CT.

THOMPSON, Daniel R., has resigned from All Saints, Heppner, OR, to become a full-time teacher.

WHITMARSH, Harold C., resigned August 1 as rector of Trinity, Roslyn, NY.

APPLETON, Robert F., renounced the ministry on April 27, 1972.

Deposed

INLOW, E. Burke

Deaths

CAMPBELL, Alexander K., age 69
 HARVEY, Thomas Hudnall, age 56
 LEHN, John H., age 74
 LOWETH, Douglas H., age 84
 MARTIN, Jackson A., age 72
 MILLER, Luther D., died April 27
 MOORE, Gerald G., age 84
 MOSS, Edwin U., age 81
 PLUMLEY, J. Lawrence, age 62
 SOLTAU, David L., age 81
 STIMSON, William Burnham, age 72
 TRIPP, James W., age 92
 VIVIAN, N. Gardner, age 85
 WHISTON, John T., age 41
 WILLIAMS, B. Franklin, age 62

CORRECTION

In May we erred in the listing of the Rev. Thomas R. Schulze. The correct information is: to director of Ministerial Interns, Masonic Home and Hospital, Wallingford, and Field Education Supervisor, Yale Divinity School, New Haven, CT

Our May Clergy Changes erred in listing the Rev. Edwin S. S. Sunderland, Jr., as retired. He resigned from St. John's, Newtonville, MA, on June 30, 1971, and is currently doing research in church history. His address is: Islesboro, ME 04848

UNDERGROUND OR OFFICIAL?



"Recent General Conventions have enacted material of a new sort, which recognizes that many priests and deacons will be working outside the conventional patterns of parish life..."

Dr. H. Boone Porter,
Canons on New Forms of Ministry



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she foots the bill for such things as sending out the Bishop's Easter and Christmas letters.

Fortunately, some income from oil holdings on Beckham County farmland helps lighten the economic burden of medical care and household expenses. If there is any left over, Bobbie feels it belongs to the Church.

Her constant companion is her mother, Mrs. Geneva Slatten, a former school teacher who is Bobbie's most dependable messenger on the mail route to keep the Episcopal Church traveling across the state.

Bobbie was only a year and a half out of Gradwohl Medical Tech School in St. Louis when she felt swift, stabbing pains in her back. She was 21 and in Acapulco, Mexico, on a vacation from a top-flight technician's job when it happened. She also had been working on a nuclear research project.

"Only a sprain," she thought at first. After all, she had been swimming a lot.

But the pain didn't go away. By the time she returned to Oklahoma it had increased with such intensity that she consulted a doctor.

Medical tests showed she had been stricken, uncommonly enough, with two types of polio—spinal and bulbar—simultaneously.

She spent the next ten months in an iron lung. Her career as a medical technician was over. Her spirits sagged. The gleam went out of her eyes. Life had suddenly slammed the door in her face.

What was there left to hold on to?

"There was the Church, and what a wonderful, rewarding port in a storm," she says, her eyes bright and dancing again.

Recently, a sometimes cynical, hardboiled reporter put it rather bluntly to her: "Don't you feel that life has been pretty bitter and passed you by?"

Bobbie Slatten smiled a kind smile and said, "Maybe you don't understand.

"I'm happy to do the best in life that I can—in the position in which it has pleased God to place me."

Reprinted from *Vigor*, Diocese of Oklahoma

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

OCTOBER

- | | | | |
|-------|--|----|---|
| 1 | Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost | 15 | Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost |
| 1 | World Communion Sunday | 18 | St. Luke the Evangelist |
| 4-7 | National Conference on Evangelism, Grace-St. Luke's Church, Memphis, Tenn. | 22 | Twenty-Second Sunday after Pentecost |
| 8 | Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost | 23 | St. James of Jerusalem, Brother of Our Lord Jesus Christ and Martyr |
| 8-9 | Conference for Priests of the Episcopal Church, Schenectady, N. Y. | 28 | St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles |
| 10-11 | Annual meeting, Council of the | 29 | Twenty-Third Sunday after Pentecost |

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Schenectady, N. Y.

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Poverty is more than the absence of money. It often is a blight on the soul.

by Randy Engel

RECENTLY I ATTENDED A luncheon-lecture on the problems of the urban poor. Afterward the speaker invited the predominantly white, middle-class audience to share in a “taste of poverty” by volunteering to live on a typical welfare budget for one month.

I didn’t raise my hand. I didn’t have to. I grew up on welfare in a neighborhood that enjoyed a banquet of poverty every day of the year.

I was young when my family was forced onto relief rolls, but I remember it all as if it were yesterday.

The tenement house in which we lived was part of a cluster of dingy brick buildings arranged around a central core. Those families who could afford the extra rent payments took an “outside” apartment with windows overlooking the trolly-track-scored street and a small New Haven freight station. The view from the inside apartments was even less desirable—straight ahead a carbon-stained wall and eight stories down the garbage dump.

The air was thick with industrial effluents. The alleyways were littered and dirty.

The neighborhood’s sole redeeming feature was its people and their zest for life, even with all its hardships. They carved a United Nations-in-miniature within our dismal ghetto walls, representative of almost every nationality and major religion.

Many families were several generations under one roof, each with its own customs, language, and prejudices. Every day you could smell the aroma of numerous ethnic dishes, see homemade noodles and pasta drying in the sun on the

fire escape, and listen to the women’s chatter as they scaled fish or prepared kosher foods.

Most of the relief tenants were either very old or very young, disabled, or children living with only one parent or with grandparents. Everyone who could tried to avoid welfare because of the stigma attached to it by the immigrants themselves.

Most of the men worked as laborers in the local mills or on construction sites. The women worked hard and mostly at home where many, like my mother, took in ironing or scrubbed hallway stairs to earn extra money to buy meat for the table or a small present for a birthday child.

Since all the families were poor, on relief or not, the going status symbols were not a new car or television but an exquisitely embroidered shawl or certain old world culinary delights.

Despite varied backgrounds, the people on our block shared many common aspirations and attitudes. Without exception, we placed a high premium on a good education—both secular and religious. If a child did not attend a parochial school, and most did not because of high tuition rates, he attended released time classes at the local church or synagogue.

Despite the lack of material advantages, or perhaps because of it, we children never lacked for genuine affection, even from those outside our own immediate families.

Of course our neighborhood was not without its share of family spats and communal gossip, but during real trouble personal feelings took second place, particularly in cases of illness or parental delinquency.

Nor were we without our heroes

and villains.

The landlord was public enemy number one. Twenty years later I can recall his name although he went by a great many less flattering titles.

Although the largest percentage of our family’s welfare check went to pay the rent on our small, three-room apartment, the services were abysmal. Sometimes the furnace stopped, and we had no heat or hot water for days because the landlord hadn’t paid his last fuel or repair bill. At night we banged on the pipes more out of frustration than anything else since the landlord lived elsewhere, and the superintendent was rarely on duty.

About the only day the landlord could be reached to file a complaint was on the first of the month when the relief checks came in and he came around to collect the rent.

Tenants always talked of suing him, but that’s all it ever was—talk. The landlord never minded a turnover in occupancy because he could hike the rent a couple of bucks for the new tenants. Besides, most of the people had no other place to go.

Sometimes during a local election campaign, he’d come by the neighborhood with some of the party bosses or candidates to try to buy votes with promises which were never kept but merely put in mothballs until the following year. Often other more direct political pressures were applied, particularly to the non-union workers who enjoyed little job security.

Running the landlord a close second were the county social workers who administered most of the welfare programs. They dropped in every now and then to see how welfare recipients were con-

ducting their affairs. I don't think the people's animosity toward the agents was personal, rather a resentment that these persons were a visible reminder of their inability to provide for their families.

Among the block heroes were the local grocer who granted credit to most of the families, the cops who walked the beat, and the Franciscan Fathers who lived nearby. Best of all, however, was a young Hungarian doctor who ministered to the people's needs day in and day out. He delivered my twin brothers without charge because it was the first set he brought into the world.

Strong family bonds and strict parental discipline kept juvenile delinquency problems infrequent. Most of the police attention was

concentrated on the local numbers racket, alcoholism, and theft of welfare checks from apartment mailboxes. In most cases the men on duty had grown up in the neighborhood and maintained contact.

Practically every kid in our neighborhood had his private hideaway—a place where you could be alone to dream and think. My three favorite places were the roof of my building where I could look down on the only green spot on the block—the old monastery where the brown-robed monks would look up and wave to me, then go about their work; the neighborhood girls' club where I learned to sew; and the public library—ten city blocks away.

When I wanted to be sociable, I had plenty of companions, lots to

do, and plenty of local "curiosity shops" to visit. The Chinese laundry had a big glass window so we could see the owner iron. At the chicken-plucking yard we were allowed to collect feathers for our war bonnets. During the summers, the fire department opened the water hydrants and gave all the children free showers—the only showers most of us had because most of the apartments had no tubs or showers for bathing.

Christmas was always a happy time for children although it was probably the most difficult for parents because of the lack of money to buy gifts.

Usually about three days before Christmas my mother would take my three brothers and me to the

Continued on page 36

I am Lyndon Young Phifer

by Lyndon B. Phifer

WHEN I WAS MARRIED TO Wilma Louise Young in Manistee, Michigan, on Christmas night, 1916, I was listed in the marriage license issued by Gus Papenguth, city clerk, and wedding certificate signed by the Rev. A. T. Cartland, pastor of the Manistee First Methodist Episcopal Church, and witnessed by Chester Snyder and Elsie L. Young (Wilma's sister), as Lyndon B. Phifer. I wish I had told the clerk and the minister to put it on the certificate thus:

Lyndon Young Phifer

I never thought of doing such a thing at the time, but since then I learned how Raymond Swing, a popular radio news commentator of the 1930s, changed his name to Raymond Gram Swing when he was married to Betty Gram. Why did he do it? To emphasize an equal partnership in marriage—that's why. He did not want to act the part of the superior male who gave his bride his surname but does not take her surname as

part of his own.

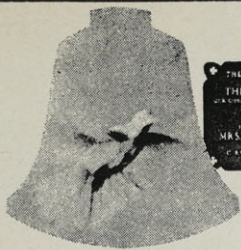
Of course this was something of a gesture, but Swing was much in the public eye and wanted to indicate by his name that he and Betty were equal partners in marriage. In my case, I got my name into print in millions of copies of church school periodicals, in three widely distributed published books, and in many magazine articles, short stories, and poems. I wrote many letters to editors of newspapers over that period of more than half a century of wedded bliss.

But suppose these bylines had read "Lyndon Young Phifer" instead of the middle name Burke or the initial B. Looking back, I would have liked that. I had worn the name of Burke for most of my unwedded life because Dr. J. Patrick Burke of California, Missouri, had saved me from death from diphtheria in my second year of life. The twenty-three years in which my middle name honored that country doctor (who also

pulled decayed teeth for me when a boy in California) would have been enough. After 1916 I should have signed myself Lyndon Young Phifer, even as my wife signs her checks and official papers "Wilma Y. Phifer" to indicate *her* change of name.

Doesn't this make sense? Isn't it at least a gesture in the direction of equal partnership in marriage? Of course it requires more substance than a middle name to make the marital partnership truly equal, but it indicates the right direction to the married couple.

Along with Sydney J. Harris, the syndicated newspaper columnist, I believe that "a woman giving up her name in marriage is a denial of her personhood and that names should be combined rather than exchanged or deleted symbolically." Harris adds that a name is one of the most important aspects of a person and that "if marriage is a true 'joining', the symbolic nomenclature should proudly express a merger rather than a takeover." ◀



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Salvation Army building for free holiday food and trimmings. Each child was permitted to take one large toy from Box A and one small toy from Box B—a system which my younger brothers couldn't seem to understand as they tugged on my mother's dress and pointed to the crates.

For our Christmas meal we received a small turkey, a bag of potatoes, a can of vegetables, some fruit, and a box of powdered milk for the children. I really didn't mind standing in line—with welfare it became an occupational hazard.

Oddly enough, I can never remember being hungry—really hungry. I was lucky. My mother was a marvelous cook. Weekdays we'd usually have hot cereal, a slice of toast with margarine, and juice for breakfast; a bowl of soup, some hard-crusted bread, and fruit for lunch; and for supper, more soup, spaghetti and sauce, and a piece of cake or pie or pudding—all made from scratch.

Sundays were different. We all looked forward to the meal after church when we'd have soup, salad, spaghetti and sauce, fruit, nuts, and plenty to drink. After we cleared the table, all the kids would get out their favorite board games and play till dark.

Soon after my thirteenth birthday my father received good news. My father, who had been ill for many years, was regaining his strength—enough to take on small jobs like cleaning out the apartment building's furnace or fixing the plumbing—although he had to be careful about how much he earned so as not to lose the steady welfare payments. I could always tell how tired he was at night by the sound of his platformed shoes as they dragged up the four flights of stairs to our apartment.

One day my father called us around the dinner table to announce he had been offered a new, steady job in a nearby suburb. We would move to a new neighborhood. The next time the social worker called, he told her to take our family off the welfare roll. My father, who had never resigned himself to welfare, vowed he would never go back, no matter what. We

never did, thanks to God's blessings upon us.

And what did I learn from my youthful experiences?

I learned people count more than things. People should be judged by what they are, not by what they have. Every individual, young or old, has worth.

I learned love can hold a family together, however intolerable the situation becomes. Without love, the home shatters. I am eternally grateful to my parents for their sacrifices.

Some of the things I learned were not so pleasant: the tyranny of the slumlord and the political, social, and moral pressures exerted on the poor, particularly those on welfare. The years of poverty rob many of even the desire to rise above their condition and rob some of their hope and their self-respect.

Yet I know that by today's ghetto standards I would still have a long way to go in understanding. Despite our plight I had a stable family life and parents who cared. Our family had its roots in tradition as well as the flexibility to adjust to the changes of a new age.

I did not experience racial or ethnic discrimination. I attended good schools, I inherited the strong faith of my father and mother. I enjoyed the close friendship of good neighbors.

In summary, I learned poverty cannot merely be defined as the absence of money. Rather, it involves a way of life with a legion of frustrations, anxieties, and pressures, many defying description.

How close "welfare diets" can come to this, I do not know.

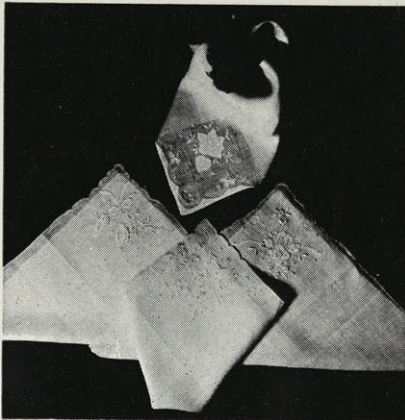
I do know, however, that public welfare programs, particularly those related to ADC (Aid to Dependent Children), are having a difficult time these days. The myth that welfare clients are "lazy, immoral, and parasitic" has evolved into a contemporary truism.

Sometimes I recall the question posed by the Prophet in the Koran, "When will we know when the end of the world is near?" He is answered, "When one soul cannot reach out to help another."

If that is true of us, I am sad. I know it does not have to be. ◀

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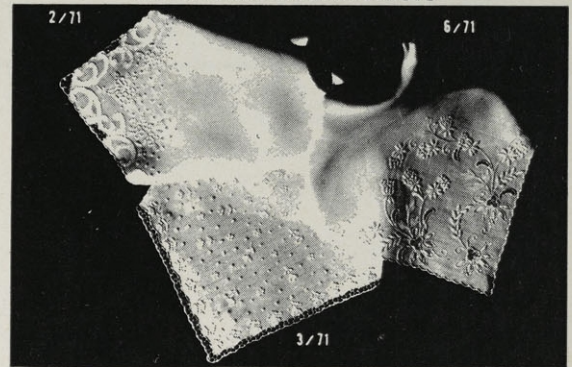
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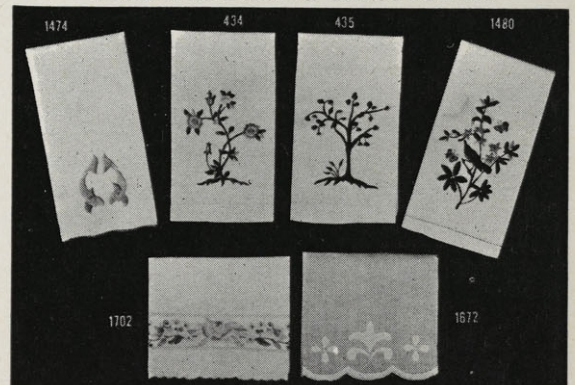
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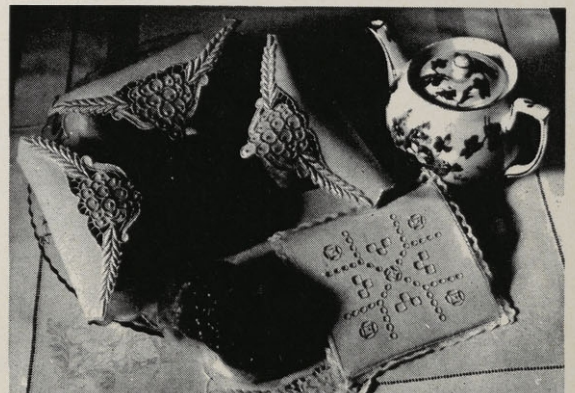
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Traci Newman's Plan

Portland's famous family service center,
William Temple House, runs out of food.
And that's when Traci, 11, goes to work.

IT ALL BEGAN, CONFIDED 11-YEAR-OLD Traci Newman, because her own family "did look pretty grubby" when they arrived at the door of William Temple House in downtown Portland, Oregon.

"We'd been working in the yard, and we all had our 'grubbies' on," explained the bright-eyed Student Council president of church-related St. Helen's Hall Lower School in suburban Portland.

"We came to Temple House to bring them some clothing. But when we walked up to the door, this lady thought we needed food. She kept saying how sorry she was, but there wasn't any food in the whole building to give out to hungry families."

That was all it took for peppy Traci and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Newman.

"We kept wondering what it would have been like if we had needed food and there wasn't any and we were hungry," Traci said.

The following day the sixth grader presented the plight of William Temple House—one of the Portland area's nine volunteer helping agencies—to her Student Council. The result: a few days later a stream of panting, rain-soaked students lugged into Temple House a record 1,500 tins and cartons of food to help fight a hunger crisis officially declared in Portland.

According to Mrs. Betty Wright, principal of the Lower School, the food was collected—"mostly from their own homes and from relatives and close friends"—by just 170 children.

If Traci Newman was the heroine of the day, young Kenyon Pope, a fifth grader, was the unsung hero.

"When he heard how bad the situation was, he took his savings and bought eight cases of canned vegetables for the hungry," Mrs. Wright said.

Even St. Helen's bus drivers donated their time (and the school its buses) to deliver the youngsters' food collection.

The Rev. C. T. Abbot, executive director of Temple House, sighed with relief. "The Newmans didn't get the wrong story when they came to our door," he said. "Last week we were down to a can of string beans." ◀

from the *Oregon Episcopal Churchman*



QUIZ AND QUESTIONS



- 1) How old was Traci Newman when she started the drive in Portland, Oregon, which eventually netted 1,500 tins and cartons of food?
- 2) What is Bobbie Slatten's latest project for the handicapped of Oklahoma's metropolitan areas?
- 3) Who is the new secretary general of the World Council of Churches?
- 4) Does Louis Cassels agree with the statement: Acts of religious devotion are more sincere if they're spontaneous?
- 5) Malcolm Boyd believes that "neighbor" is defined as "the person who lives next door." True or false?
- 6) What teen-age problem headed the list of calls answered by the Taunton (Massachusetts) Hotline in its first year of operation? Answers, page 56.

Discussion Questions For October

- A. Do parents unconsciously change their attitudes when their children become teen-agers? Why do youngsters in their teens feel they want to "...always go against whatever you say"? See pages 13-14.
- B. Why have so many people come to suppose those on welfare are lazy, immoral, and parasitic? Is poverty caused by lack of money, or is it something deeper? See pages 34-36.
- C. Is the preservation of the body more important than personhood? Do persons have a "right" to die with dignity? Can we find a way to safeguard such a "right" properly? See pages 40-41.
- D. Is spontaneous spirituality better than the habitual, regular sort? Have you ever taken part in spontaneous worship? When and how did it happen? See page 2.
- E. Do members of your parish have a right to your friendship or hospitality because they are fellow members? Would you treat a fellow parishioner differently from a neighbor? See pages 17-19.
- F. Most Christians believe we should minister to the victims of poverty but are sharply divided on whether we should change the system of society that causes poverty. What do you think? See pages 11-12.

the right to die with dignity

THERE IS A SEASON FOR EVERYTHING," says Ecclesiastes (3:1-2), "a time to be born and a time to die."

Considerable public attention has been focused—through the Planned Parenthood movement and liberalization of abortion laws—on the time for birth and "the right to life."

Public attention is beginning to be directed—through euthanasia movements and a new medical speciality—on the time for death and "the right to die with dignity."

To a growing number of people—religious leaders included—the right to die is as valid as the right to live. They maintain that when the body is supported after the *person* is gone, this basic right is denied.

"The supreme value in our (Judeo-Christian) heritage is placed on the personhood of man, the person in his integrity and dignity," says the Rev. Robert B. Reeves, chaplain of Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.

"Hence," he adds, "when illness brings a person to a state in which he is less than a free person, less than one with integrity and dignity than what is most valuable and precious is gone, and we may well feel that his mere continuance by machine or drugs is a violation of him as a person."

Advances in medicine and technology make the question of responsible control over dying acute. The marvels of modern medicine can keep a dying patient alive for a few more weeks, or days, or hours.

One consequence of this situation has been the flowering of organizations devoted to spreading the cause of what they call "natural" death. Proponents contend that a patient should be allowed to die at his own pace, rather than

having his final days fruitlessly attenuated by a battery of machines.

Two such organizations in the U.S. are the Euthanasia Educational Fund and the Euthanasia Society of America, with headquarters in New York City. The Educational Fund serves a public information function; the Society undertakes legislative activity. They have the same officers, with distinct boards of directors.

To many people, the term "euthanasia" is equivalent to the term "mercy killing," which in turn is usually associated with the Nazi program of killing mental defectives, invalids, and the incurably sick.

But both euthanasia groups carefully distinguish between "active euthanasia" (mercy killing), where a drug or other treatment is administered to cause death, and "passive euthanasia" in which therapy is withheld and death occurs because of omission of treatment.

Neither organization espouses active euthanasia. In the words of Mrs. Henry J. Mali, president of the organizations, "We advocate passive euthanasia, the removal of

supportive measures where there is no reasonable hope for real recovery. Our aim is to humanize the treatment of terminal illness, so death may come gently."

The goal of the groups parallels the goal of a new medical sub-speciality, thanatology (from the Greek word, *thanatos*, death). Dr. Herman Feifel, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California and author of *The Meaning of Death*, says the aim of thanatology is "to assist the (dying) person to recreate a significant being for himself, whether it be existential, inspirational, or transcendental....to be an individual even though dying."

Thanatologists, in sum, would like to remove the dying process from its often depersonalizing, mechanical context, and make it more human and humane.

Most religious groups condemn active euthanasia, especially the Roman Catholic Church. Last October, Pope Paul VI said in a statement to the International Federation of Catholic Medical Associations meeting in Washington, D.C., that euthanasia "without the patient's permission is murder, and with his consent, suicide....What is morally a crime cannot, under any pretext, become legal," he added.

But the pontiff, in the same statement reiterated the doctrine expounded by his predecessor Pope Pius XII approving of passive euthanasia.

Pope Pius, in a series of addresses in the 1950s, pointed out that, in accord with Roman Catholic teaching, there is no absolute obligation on the physician to employ "extraordinary means" to preserve life. Such means were defined as those that cannot be used or obtained without undue ex-

pense, pain, or other inconvenience, and that offer no reasonable hope of benefit.

Pope Pius went even further: "The removal of pain and consciousness by means of drugs, when medical reasons suggest it, is permitted by religion and morality to both doctor and patient, even if the use of drugs will shorten life."

Reaffirming this teaching, Pope Paul said that while doctors have the duty to fight against death with all the resources of science, they are not obliged to use all the survival techniques developed by science. Mere prolongation of "vegetative" life in the terminal stage of incurable disease could be "useless torture," he said.

The Roman Catholic doctrine on passive euthanasia would seem to be in accord with that of a highly respected voice in orthodox Judaism. Rabbi Immanuel Jakobovits, Britain's chief rabbi, writing in his book, *Jewish Medical Ethics* (1959)—which many take as a standard of expression of an orthodox view—accepts "the legality of expediting the death of an incurable patient in acute agony by withholding from such medicaments as sustain his continued life by unnatural means."

Although there is no "authoritative" Protestant view, the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, formerly professor of Medical and Social Ethics at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a member of the Euthanasia Educational Fund, believes there is no absolute obligation to preserve a patient's life simply because it is medically feasible to do so.

Distinguishing between the direct inducing of death and the passive permitting of death, Dr. Fletcher has more than once said

he felt it to be a grave moral or ethical mistake "to absolutize" if life is taken to be merely biological continuance."

Jerome Nathanson, a leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, and a strong proponent of euthanasia, remarked recently, "It's a common misunderstanding that we advocate mercy killing. But actually, mercy killing is the exact antithesis of what we seek. The question is not one of killing people. It's the question of letting them die."

The Euthanasia Educational Fund has answered requests for over 40,000 copies of what it calls "A Living Will," which states in part: "If there is no reasonable expectation of my recovery from physical or mental disability, I request that I be allowed to die and not be kept alive by artificial means or heroic measures....I ask that drugs be mercifully administered to me for terminal suffering even if they hasten the moment of death."

At present, however, physicians who carried out this wish for such

drugs could be legally charged with murder. In other instances—many doctors feel—where they did not employ to the full all the life prolongation techniques they might be opening themselves up to charges of malpractice.

Complicating the issue is the lack of any one agreed-upon legal or medical definition of death—a factor that makes many doctors chary even of passive euthanasia.

"I tend to be basically moved toward (euthanasia)," said Dr. Barry Wood, a Manhattan internist who is also an ordained Episcopal priest, in an interview. "But I become more conservative as I see the possibilities. One possibility is to declare certain people unfit—and this has happened in the past."

Dr. Fred Rosner, director of hematology at the Queens Hospital Center, who is called by *The New York Times* "a leading critic of euthanasia," has expressed a similar fear. "If euthanasia were legalized," he is quoted as saying, "the next logical step would be the legalization of genocide and the killing of social misfits."

"And who can make the fine distinction between prolonging life and prolonging the act of dying?" he added.

Other opponents of euthanasia argue that families might let a patient die for ulterior motives. They may wish to relieve their own suffering rather than the patient's, or heirs may have an eye on the patient's estate.

So the controversy continues. But, from the evidence, it would seem that more and more people, accepting the inevitability of their "appointment with death," want to keep the appointment with dignity, and in freedom. ◀

**Should a person be
allowed to die
at his own pace?
When does death
really occur? What do
Christians have to
contribute to talks
on this subject?**

Down Under Anglicans take to the outdoors to dramatize a Church's need for funds and unity.

THE BISHOPS' WALK

(Papuan Style)

Walkers (above right) rest in rain forest clearing along Kokoda Trail. The prelates include Roman Archbishop Virgil Copas of Port Moresby (4th from left); United Church Bishop Ravu Henao of Papua New Guinea (6th from left); Anglican Archbishop Marcus Loane of Sydney, Australia (2nd from right); and host Bishop David Hand (right, holding hat).

After the two-week jaunt (below) some of the walkers dip their feet into the sea at Port Moresby's Ela Beach.



FOUR BISHOPS FROM THREE Churches earlier this year completed a two-week, 150-mile walk across some of the most rugged terrain in the world.

The Bishops' Walk, as it became known, started on the northern coast of Papua, went across the Owen-Stanley Mountains via the Kokoda Trail and ended in Papua's capital city of Port Moresby on the southern coast.

Anglican Bishop of Papua New Guinea, Bishop David Hand, 54, and Bishop Ravu Henao, 45, of the country's United Church, walked the whole distance. The Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Marcus Loane, 60, and Roman Catholic Archbishop Virgil Copas, 57, of Port Moresby, accompanied them along portions of the trek.

Bishop Hand instigated The Walk to raise funds for the Anglican Church in Papua New Guinea, a large tropical island just north of Australia, and to draw attention to the million-dollar appeal his Church is conducting in Australia.



He wanted something to show that while the New Guinea Church was asking Australians for money, it was itself prepared to make a sacrificial effort toward raising funds.

More than that, Bishop Hand wanted The Walk to be a living prayer for peace, brotherhood, and forgiveness between the once warring countries of Japan, Australia, and Papua New Guinea.

The event also commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of the Kokoda Trail campaign in which the Japanese were defeated during World War II.

The Walk began at Gona where Japanese troops first set foot in Papua. Here people gave the bishops an uproarious send-off in traditional style with chanting, dancing, feathers, spears, and drums.

All along the hot, dusty roads, jubilant crowds greeted the walkers, poured coins into their hands, refreshed them with coconuts, feasted them, and danced them merrily on their way.

So many people crammed in-

side one mission station that Bishop Hand had to climb a tree to address them. At another, the people presented "money trees" with dollar bills pinned to the timber.

From Kokoda the party set out on the most arduous section of the Walk, the week-long hike through the jungle on the Kokoda Trail.

Later, participants vowed they wouldn't have missed the experience for anything—in spite of the perpendicular mountains, the goat track trail, the daily heat and nightly cold, the swamps, leeches, and camping discomforts.

The bishops made a triumphal entry into Port Moresby. At the height of the excitement, the bishops quietly slipped away from the crowd and dipped their tired feet in the waters of the nearby beach. The Walk ended with a service of thanksgiving at St. John's Church in the heart of Port Moresby.

by Susan Young

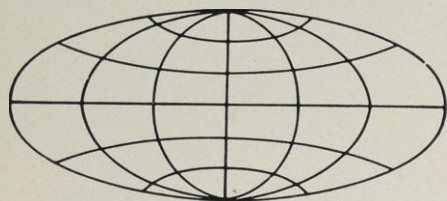


Rivers as well as mountains (upper right) take up the walkers' time. The Archbishop of Sidney (far right) wears beret and trousers from a World War II stint as Australian chaplain.

Papuan villagers (above) greet the walkers with "money trees," their contribution to Church advance fund.

MISSION

INFORMATION



Hi—

WITH VIRTUALLY NO BOOKSHOPS IN SOUTHWEST TANGANYIKA, Father Stefano Mgina, the Literature Secretary for the diocese, must depend on priests to supply books to the missions when they go on safari. In other words, carry them on their long hikes.

"It is easier for me," writes Bishop John Poole Hughes, "as I carry a bookbox around with me in the Land Rover and usually sell over US \$50 worth a month. One always, however, seems to arrive when no one has any money on hand, and selling on credit makes replenishment of stock difficult. The money usually comes in, but it may be after six months or so, and in the meantime one is running short of books.

"Canon Arthur Kakongwe, who, verging on 70, still climbs a 5,000-foot mountain to visit one of the congregations, sells books on the lake shore by bartering them for fish, taking good care he is not fobbed off with tiddlers. You might try seeing what you can get for a Bible next time you go to your fish store."

TWENTY TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS in the Diocese of Keewatin, Canada, have begun to study for ordination. The three-year program consists of short study courses each summer and on-the-job training the rest of the year. When ordained, these men will continue to earn their living as trappers and hunters and minister to the isolated villages in the diocese.

RAYMOND ABBITT and his wife returned to the mission field this summer when he accepted a call to be rector of St. Paul's, Frederiksted, St. Croix, in the U. S. Virgin Islands. Father Abbitt served in the Philippines for twelve years, then in St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands for nine years. For the last four years he has been rector of St. Luke's-in-the-Meadow, Fort Worth, Texas.

Work in the Virgin Islands has been the responsibility of the Church in the U. S. A. since 1919 when it was transferred from the See of Canterbury to the Church in Puerto Rico. In 1947 the Virgin Islands became a separate jurisdiction, but not until 1963

did it have its own bishop, the Rt. Rev. Cedric Mills. In that same year, the first native Virgin Islander was ordained to the diaconate. And in 1971, the Virgin Islands elected its own bishop, the Rt. Rev. Edward Mason Turner, who had been rector of the parish in Frederiksted to which Father Abbitt has just gone.

CORRECTION: A bit ago, I told you a new Anglican diocese comes into being on an average of every six weeks. The average for the last four months has been one every *three* weeks. The increase is principally due to a re-shaping in the Church of Uganda, Rwanda, and Burundi. One of its new dioceses is in none of those countries but in Zaire (formerly Congo-Kinshasa) and is the Diocese of Boga-Zaire. Although the work in the Boga area is not new—in fact, a good-sized indigenous Church is there—this is the first Anglican diocese in that enormous country.

"WE ARE RETURNING \$5,000 TO YOU," wrote Alaska's Homemaker Home Health Aide Service to the UTO, "to help some other program." The Service was granted \$20,000 in 1970, when its federal grant expired, to provide a fiscal buffer until contracts could be worked out with the state government. The Service is the only agency which provides in-home care in Alaska and is making great strides with a health training program for native people in the villages.

FROM ST. ALBAN'S, MOLO, in Kenya, this lament note: "It is our custom to welcome the newly confirmed with a meal at the vicarage. As this will be rather a large occasion this year, some members of the congregation might be willing to help immediately after the service. A sheep would be particularly welcome. . .providing it is willing to be sacrificed."

"FIGURES PROVE THAT LESS THAN ONE PERCENT of the budgets of the 'rich' churches are put at the disposal of the 'younger' churches," according to the Lutheran World Federation. In a study of "Church and Economy," Olaf Joelson comments: "You could say that all odds are against the 'younger' churches. As a rule they have a limited and usually unpredictable income. They work among poor people. They are short of leaders, many having to do jobs for which they have no training. Their transport facilities usually are not at all what they were when missionaries were still in charge of the work. And yet we expect them to carry on the work of the missionaries and expand it. We expect them to be better preachers, take better care of the youth, take their social responsibilities more seriously, evangelize in schools and universities and among the non-Christians in their neighborhood, develop new projects and programs, take a greater share of the economic burden through gradually developing self-support. And do all this in a world of rising costs and almost continuous inflation!"

I wish I'd said that.

Jeannie Lirli

WOMEN IN THE PRIESTHOOD

An Introduction



Questions and Answers



A Chronology of Events

by

The Rev. Emily C. Hewitt, Deacon, Diocese of New York; Lecturer, Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and the Rev. Suzanne R. Hiatt, Deacon, Diocese of Pennsylvania; Faculty, Episcopal Consortium for Theological Education in the Northeast.

The Sources:

Each quotation is followed by a brief reference to its source, as follows:

BISHOPS' COMMITTEE: "Progress Report to the House of Bishops from The Committee to Study the Proper Place of Women in the Ministry of the Church, October, 1966." *Journal of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, 1967*, Appendix 35.4-35.12.

LAMBETH: *The Lambeth Conference, 1968; Resolutions and Reports*, London and New York: S. P. C. K. and The Seabury Press, 1968.

JOINT COMMISSION: "Report of the Joint Commission on Ordained and Licensed Ministries," *Journal of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, 1970*, pp. 532-539.

I Theological Questions

Q Aren't there strong biblical objections to women in the priesthood?

A Some of the objections rest on a rather literal approach to the Bible and fail to take into account the degree to which the Bible is conditioned by the circumstances of its time. It is not necessary to dwell upon the Creation Story, in which woman is created after man and taken from him, nor be influenced by the fact that women were excluded from the covenant-relation of God with Israel, any more than one would support polygamy or slavery because both have clear sanction in the Old Testament. Nor is one moved by the familiar argument that our Lord chose only men to be his apostles.

Introduction

Discussion of women in the priesthood in Anglicanism and specifically in the American Episcopal Church is not new. As early as 1948, a World Council of Churches study of women in the Church observed that Anglicans have had "the most agitated minds and undertaken the most detailed study" of women's role.

Yet all our study has led to little action. For more than thirty-five years, churchmen have been calling for further study of the ordination of women. A series of studies has been commissioned, completed, and filed away—apparently forgotten or unread.

In order to further debate on the subject of women in orders, we have taken these reports from the shelf and arranged their findings in a way that—we hope—will encourage Episcopalians to read them.

Drawing on our experience as women in preparation for and serving in Holy Orders, we have formulated some of the questions which we are most frequently asked about the ordination of women. In answer to these questions, we have selected direct quotations from several official reports.

We hope your reading of this material will move you to form an opinion on the question of women in the priesthood and to seek action based on your conviction. When we consider the history of this question in our Church, we are reminded of a memorable confession of St. Augustine:

J "...whereas You showed me by every evidence that Your words were true, there was simply nothing I could answer save only laggard lazy words: 'Soon,' 'Quite soon,' 'Give me just a little while.' But 'soon' and 'quite soon' did not mean any particular time; and 'just a little while' went on for a 'long while.' " (*The Confessions of St. Augustine*, Book 8, Chapter V)

Any sound doctrine of the Incarnation must take full account of the extent to which Jesus lived and thought within the circumstances and environment of his own time. To deny such facts is to deny the full humanity of Jesus and to subscribe to a grotesque Docetism. Our Lord did choose men as the transitional leaders of the new Israel. The Committee also believes that St. Paul as well as the authors of Ephesians and the Pastoral Epistles were sharing in the passing assumptions of their own time, as well as advising wise strategy for the First Century Church, in recommending that women keep silent at services, cover their heads, and be subordinate to their husbands; just as St. Paul thought it wise to send a run-away slave back to his master. Much more permanent and basic are St. Paul's words, "There is neither Jew nor Greek. . . slave nor free. . . male nor female; for you all are one in Christ Jesus." (*Bishops' Committee, 35.9*)

We find no conclusive theological reasons for withholding ordination to the priesthood from women as such. We think it worthwhile to make the following points:

The appeal to Scripture and tradition deserves to be taken with the utmost seriousness. To disregard what we have received from the apostles, and the inheritance of Catholic Christendom, would be most inappropriate for a Church for which the authority of Scripture and tradition stands high.

Nevertheless the data of Scripture appear divided on this issue. St. Paul's insistence on female subordination, made to enforce good order in the anarchy at Corinth, is balanced by his declaration in Gal. 3:28 that in the one Christ there is no distinction of Jew against Gentile, slave against free man, male against female. (*Lambeth, p. 106*)

Q Since Christ was male and God is seen as father, can a woman possibly stand in the role of mediator and represent Christ?

A Jesus Christ was born a man. Obviously, God's unique child would need to be born either a man or a woman; and, again, in a patriarchal culture, only a man could fulfill the role of Messiah, Lord, or Son of God. When one calls God personal, one can mean no more than that human personality is the best clue we have to the nature of God. Perhaps male personality is a better clue than female personality in a masculine-dominated society, but who would presume to project such sexual differentiation upon the very nature of God? The first of the Anglican Articles of Religion states that God is "without body, parts, or passions." To call God "he" implies no more than to call the entire human race "man" or "mankind." (*Bishops' Committee, 35.10*)

The element of sexuality in the Godhead and its implication for the sex of the priesthood are complex and debatable matters. We acknowledge God as father and we worship the incarnate Lord as man. No theologian has ever understood this to mean that God is male. There is great significance in the ancient imagery of the bishop or priest as father to his family or as representing Christ the bridegroom to the Church, his bride. This is an image of unquestionable value, a profound pointer to the truth. But the truth to which it points has been expressed with equal power by St. Paul in referring to his own relation to the Galatian church as that of a mother again in travail with her children (Gal. 4:19). (*Lambeth, pp. 106-107*)

Q Isn't the tradition of the Church, from Apostolic times, strongly against the ordination of women to the priesthood?

A The view that the female is a less true or complete image of God than the male is sometimes still supported by a tradition coming from Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, which holds that woman is an incomplete human being, "a defective and/



"My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, . . . for he who is mighty has done great things for me, and holy is his name. . . he has scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts, he has put down the mighty from their seats and exalted those of low degree. . . ."

—St. Mary the Virgin

"A woman should be covered with shame at the thought that she is a woman."

—St. Clement of Alexandria



“How shall it be done with me as Thou hast said? . . . For my sex is an obstacle as Thou knowest, Lord. . . because it is contemptible in men’s eyes. . . But the Lord answered, ‘I pour out the favor of my Spirit on whom I will. There is neither male nor female, plebeian or noble. All are equal before me. . . Therefore, my daughter, it is my will that thou appear before the public.’ ”

—St. Catherine of Siena,
Theologian and Doctor

“Woman was made to be a help to man. But she was not fitted to be a help to man except in generation because another man would prove a more effective help in anything else.”

—St. Thomas Aquinas

or misbegotten male.” This tradition was based upon the pre-scientific biology which held that woman was an entirely passive partner in reproduction. On this subject, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Hodgson has commented, “We should be unwise to base our theological conclusions on notions of a pre-scientific biology which has never heard of genes or chromosomes.” (*Bishops’ Committee*, 35.10)

It appears that the tradition flowing from the early Fathers and the medieval Church that a woman is incapable of receiving Holy Orders reflects biological assumptions about the nature of woman and her relation to man which are considered unacceptable in the light of modern knowledge and biblical study and have been generally discarded today. If the ancient and medieval assumptions about the social role and inferior status of women are no longer accepted, the appeal to tradition is virtually reduced to the observation that there happens to be no precedent for ordaining women to be priests. The New Testament does not encourage Christians to think that nothing should be done for the first time. (*Lambeth*, p. 106)

Q Why should we be concerned about the ordination of women to the priesthood? Is there any good reason for it?

A For, to oppose the ordination of women is either to hold that the whole trend of modern culture is wrong in its attitude toward the place of women in society, or to maintain that the unique character of the ordained ministry makes that ministry a special case and justifies the exclusion of women from it. (*Bishops’ Committee*, 35.6)

All members of the Body of Christ, both male and female, are called to the work of the ministry. The Holy Spirit gives all members of that Body the power to share with Christ the mission for God and for the world, regardless of their sex.

Every moment that the Church

continues categorically to deny either the ordered priesthood or the consecrated episcopate to a person competent to hold those offices in our culture today, because she is a woman, it does far more than exclude one woman from a specific ministry or a specific apostolate. Such a denial is also a continuous signal from the Church that all persons in the category of woman are intrinsically inferior creatures who should also serve only as auxiliaries to men in the general ministry and the general apostolate of all believers. Untold numbers of women within and without the Church are receiving the Church’s signals “loud and clear.” (*Joint Commission*, p. 532)

II Practical Questions

Q Are women emotionally and psychologically fit to be priests?

A The alleged mental and emotional characteristics of women are said to make them unsuitable to serve as clergymen. Such arguments are never very clear, consistent, or precise. Sometimes, the weakness of women is stressed, despite the fact that women are healthier and live longer than men. Or, it is claimed that women think emotionally rather than rationally and that they over-personalize problems or decisions.

The same sort of arguments could be used to show that women are unfit for almost any business, professional, or public responsibility. They were used against the admission of women to higher education, to the practice of medicine and law, and against women’s suffrage. They are still being used against the admission of women to the House of Deputies of the General Convention.

None of these negative arguments has been borne out in any other walk of life. Women have proved to be capable, often brilliant, lawyers, statesmen, scientists, and teachers.

They have enriched the practice of

medicine, and politics have neither been redeemed nor debased by their participation.

As experience has demonstrated, only experience can show the extent to which women might fulfill a useful role in the ordained ministry, as well as ways in which their role might be different from the role of men. Here, as in other callings, women would need to be better than men in order to compete with them. Emil Brunner states, "It is absolutely impossible to put down in black and white, as a universal rule, which spheres of activity 'belong' to women and which do not. This can only become clear through experience; and for this experience, first of all the field must be thrown open." (*Bishops' Committee*, 35.7)

Q Could a woman possibly combine marriage and priesthood?

A First, it must be said that many women choose careers and never marry, others combine marriage and careers. The Church recognizes that the latter is an entirely legitimate vocation, both in the secular world and in the Church itself.

Secondly, the question of married women is partly answered by the fact that married men are permitted to serve as bishops, priests, and deacons in the Anglican Communion. Such permission implies an acknowledgement of the strong claims that the wife and family of a married clergyman rightfully have upon his time, his money, and the conduct of his vocation. All would grant that a clergyman has a duty, as well as a right, to take into account his wife's health, or his children's education, in considering a call, in negotiating about his salary, in determining his standard of living and the amount of money he will give away.

While other, and perhaps more serious, problems might exist for a woman who wished to combine ordination with marriage, the Commission is by no means convinced that such a combination would not prove practical in many instances. Even such demanding professions as teaching

and medicine are finding ways of using skilled and trained married women with children, both on a part-time and a full-time basis. Many intelligent women find that they are better wives and mothers by combining an outside calling with the care of a family. Many also can look forward to years of full-time professional work after their children are grown. (*Bishops' Committee*, 35.8)

Q Are women capable of handling leadership roles in the Church? Can they gain the respect of both men and women?

A The experience of other Churches shows that once congregations are used to a new situation they readily accept a full ministry of word, sacrament, and pastoral care exercised by an ordained woman. In fact, the personal capacities looked for in priesthood are evidently to be found in women as well as in men. The Churches which already accept women for ordination have not so far found the preponderance of men in leadership roles basically altered, while they have learned to welcome the different gifts brought by women who have been called and chosen. In any case many responsible women (such as heads of religious communities) are already performing without question functions of headship, spiritual counsel, and pastoral care in the Church. (*Lambeth*, p. 107)

Q Would the laity accept women as priests?

A In countries and continents where women have already won acceptance as doctors and lawyers, and in business, politics, and education, their acceptance as ordained ministers of word and sacrament may well prove easier than in areas where tradition and custom still confine most women to the home. The Church should take appropriate steps to educate its members to think constructively about the issues. (*Lambeth*, p. 108)

Q Do women want to be ordained as priests?

"The judgment of God upon your sex endures today; and with it inevitably endures your position of criminal at the bar of justice. You are the gateway to the devil."

—Tertullian

"It had seemed to me that, considering what St. Paul says about women keeping at home (I have recently been reminded of this and I had already heard of it), this might be God's will. He (the Lord) said to me: 'Tell them they are not to be guided by one part of the Scripture alone but to look at others; ask them if they suppose they will be able to tie my hands.'"

—St. Teresa of Avila,
Theologian and Doctor





"I would have given her [the Church of England] my head, my hand, my heart. She would not have them. She did not know what to do with them. She told me to go back and do crochet in my mother's drawing room. 'You may go to the Sunday school if you like,' she said. But she gave me no training even for that. She gave me neither work to do for her nor education for it."

—Florence Nightingale
quoted in Kathleen Bliss,
*The Service and Status of
Women in the Churches*
(SCM Press, p. 14)

"Women are on earth to
bear children. If they die in
child bearing, it matters not;
that is all they are here to
do."

—Martin Luther

Finally, one cannot place much weight upon the common opinion that women themselves do not wish to be ordained. Who knows? Most women obviously do not, just as most men do not wish to become clergymen. But some women do. Kathleen Bliss has written, "This is not a woman's question, it is a Church question." The Church's answer must be determined not primarily by what is good for woman but what is good for the Church. (*Bishops' Committee*, 35.11)

Q Why do people resist the idea of the ordination of women to the priesthood?

A The Commission is also aware that all the intellectual arguments against the ordination of women are connected with and reflect strong emotional and psychological pressures. These pressures *may* point to each other. Or, they *may* reflect magical notions of priesthood and Sacraments that linger on in the most sophisticated minds. Or, they *may* reflect the fact that our deepest emotional experiences in the life of the Church, experiences often associated with the birth and baptism of children, maturity and Confirmation, worship and Sacraments, the pastoral ministry in times of crisis, joy and sorrow, are all closely associated with an episcopate and a priesthood that is exclusively male. Or, they *may* illustrate the sad fact that historical and psychological circumstances frequently make the Church the last refuge of the fearful and the timid in a changing world and that, the more rapidly the world changes, the stronger become the pressures to keep the Church safe and unchanged. Or, they *may* represent a threat to the present ordained ministers, to their wives, to lay men or lay women. The Commission is disturbed by the scorn, the indifference, the humorless levity, that is occasioned by the question of seating women in the House of Deputies, let alone their admission to ordination. (*Bishops' Committee*, 35.10)

III Ecumenical Considerations

Q How would the ordination of women to the priesthood affect our ecumenical relations with other Church bodies?

A The question is being discussed in many parts of the Anglican Communion. . . . The initiation of a study of the experiences of ordained women was urged by the World Conference on Church and Society, meeting at Geneva in the summer of 1966. In this country, the Consultation on Church Union has reached the point of a plan of union, involving this Church and a number of others that now admit women to the ordained ministry, and the question of the ordination of women in such a united Church obviously must be faced as the negotiations proceed.

Nor does it seem that the question of the ordination of women in the Orthodox and Roman Churches can be regarded as finally and forever decided in the negative, particularly in view of other changes that have occurred, especially in the Roman Church.

There is a sentence in one of the official documents of Vatican II that reads, "Since in our times women have an ever more active share in the whole life of society, it is very important that they participate more widely also in the various fields of the Church's apostolate." (*The Documents of Vatican II*, Walter M. Abbott, S. J., General Editor, Guild Press, New York, 1966, p. 500) The Archbishop of Durban, South Africa, Dr. Dennis Hurley, recently predicted that "there are going to be some fantastic developments" in the role of women in the Church. (See *Christian Century*, September 15, 1966.) And in an interview with the Secretary of this Committee, given on October 11, 1955, the Rev. Dr. Hans Kung, professor in the University of Tübingen (Germany), stated, "There are two factors to consider regarding the ordination of women to the Sacred Ministry of the Church.

The first is that there are no dogmatic or biblical reasons against it. The second is that there are psychological and sociological factors to be considered. The solution to the problem depends on the sociological conditions of the time and place. It is entirely a matter of cultural circumstances.” (*Bishops’ Committee*, 35.5-35.6)

An Added Note

This assessment—while it is the most recent comment from an official American Episcopal Church study group—is already out of date. The rapid changes taking place in church order and ecumenical relations today require almost daily review. We note, for example, that the recent admission of women to Holy Orders in Anglicanism does not seem to have affected adversely our relations with other Catholic Churches. Some recent developments include:

—The admission of women to the ordained ministry in the American Lutheran Church and the Lutheran Church in America (1970).

—The publication of *A Plan of Union for the Church of Christ Uniting* advocating the inclusion of women in all branches of ministry (1970).

—Renewed interest in the status of women by the Synod of the Roman Catholic Bishops meeting at the Vatican (1971).

—The appointment of a committee of Bishops in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States to study the ordination of women to the Roman Catholic priesthood (1972).

Chronology of Major Anglican Documents and Actions Concerning Women in Holy Orders

1862 Ancient order of deaconesses restored in Anglicanism when Bishop of London orders a deaconess with the laying on of hands.

*1885, Bishops of Alabama and 1887 New York order deaconesses with the laying on of hands.

*1889 General Convention authorizes the “setting apart” of deaconesses by canon.

1919 *The Ministry of Women*, report of a commission appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to reconsider the office of deaconess, published in England.

1920 Lambeth Conference (the regular meeting of all Anglican Bishops held every ten years) resolves that “ordination of a deaconess confers on her holy orders.”

1930 Lambeth Conference withdraws the assertion that deaconesses are in holy orders.

1935 Report of a commission on the ministry of women appointed by Canterbury and York published in England. Finds no compelling theological reasons for or against the ordination of women but affirms the male priesthood “for the Church today.”

1944 Bishop R. O. Hall of Hong Kong ordains Li Tim Oi to the priesthood. Canterbury and York repudiate the ordination and the Rev. Li Tim Oi resigns her orders.

1948 Lambeth Conference denies Hong Kong’s request for permission to ordain women as priests on

“Woman is equal to man but beneath him.”

—An anonymous priest, 20th Century (quoted by Sally Cunneen)

“To exclude women from Holy Orders is to make the Sacrament depend on male hormones rather than the grace of God.”

—Sally Cunneen, a former nun in Roman Catholic orders

an experimental basis on the grounds that "the time has not come" to consider the matter. Lambeth urges renewed emphasis on the role and work of deaconesses.

***1964** General Convention (St. Louis) changes canon on deaconesses to read "ordered" rather than "appointed." Convention also changes canon so deaconesses may marry.

***1965** The Rt. Rev. James Pike, Bishop of California, declares that deaconesses are within the diaconate and recognizes Deaconess Phyllis Edwards as a deacon by virtue of her prior ordination as deaconess. In a ceremony in San Francisco, he confers on her the New Testament and stole, historic marks of the diaconate.

***1966** House of Bishops receives report it commissioned on "The Proper Place of Women in the Ministry of the Church." The House of Bishops recommends that the Lambeth Conference of 1968 study the question of the ordination of women to the priesthood.

1966 *Women in Holy Orders*, report of the Archbishops' commission to study the ordination of women in preparation for Lam-

beth 1968, published in England.

1968 Lambeth Conference refers question of the ordination of women to the priesthood to the provinces of world Anglicanism for further study. Lambeth endorses principle that deaconesses are within the diaconate. Anglican bodies (e.g., Hong Kong, Kenya, Korea, Canada) begin ordaining women to the diaconate.

***1969** Special General Convention (South Bend) changes canon so women may be licensed to be lay readers and to administer the chalice.

***1970** General Convention (Houston) declares deaconesses to be within the diaconate. Convention changes canon on deaconesses to permit women to be ordained deacons under the same regulations as men.

***1970** Joint Commission on Ordained and Licensed Ministries reports to General Convention (Houston) and recommends that all orders of ministry—diaconate, priesthood, episcopacy—be opened to women immediately. Report rejected by narrow margin in the clergy order in the House of Deputies.

***1970** Triennial Meeting of Episcopal Church Women (Houston) considers the report of the Joint Commission on Ordained and Licensed Ministries and votes to endorse the report by a margin of 222-45.

1971 Anglican Consultative Council (world Anglican body of clergy and laity meeting between Lambeth Conferences) declares it "will be acceptable" if a bishop ordains women priests with the consent of his province (or synod, in the case of Hong Kong).

***1971** House of Bishops votes to commission a study of the ordination of women in preparation for considering the question at the Fall, 1972, meeting.

1971 Bishop Gilbert Baker of Hong Kong and Macao, acting with the approval of his synod, ordains two women to the priesthood: the Rev. Jane Hwang Hsien-Yuen and the Rev. Joyce Bennett.

* Documents and actions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America

* Several dioceses memorialize the 1973 General Convention (Louisville) to approve the ordination of women to the priesthood.

Reprints of this eight-page section are available for 20¢ per single copy, 10¢ each for ten or more, and \$6 per hundred, postpaid. Please include remittance with all orders which should be sent to: Central House for Deaconesses, 1914 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60201.

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WORLDSCENE

Anglicans and Lutherans: Let's Get Together

Increased joint worship and even intercommunion between Anglicans and Lutherans are two of the key recommendations in a 26-page report recently released on three years of conversations between representatives of both Churches.

The conversations (1970-1972) were held in four joint sessions in England, Denmark, the United States, and West Germany. Each team consisted of eight or nine principal participants chaired by Lutheran Archbishop-emeritus Gunnar Hultgren, Uppsala, Sweden, and Anglican Bishop Ronald R. Williams, Leicester, England. Episcopalians from the U. S. A. included Bishop R. S. M. Emrich of Michigan; Dr. J. R. Rodgers, Alexandria, Va.; and Dr. R. H. Fuller, New York, N. Y.

Listing their recommendations, which were agreed to unanimously, the Anglican/Lutheran conferees said, in part:

"The degree of mutual recognition of the apostolicity and catholicity of our two Churches. . . justifies a greatly increased measure of intercommunion. . . Both Anglican and Lutheran Churches should welcome communicants from the other Church and should encourage their own communicants to receive Holy Communion in churches of the other tradition. . . ."

On joint worship, they commented: "In places where local conditions make this desirable, there should be mutual participation. . . by entire congregations in the worship and Eucharistic celebrations of the other Church."

On ministries, they said:

"In those countries where Anglican and Lutheran Churches are working

side by side for the spread of the Gospel. . . there is felt a need for more rapid movement toward organic union. We endorse this."

World Council: Actions in Utrecht

The Central Committee of the World Council of Churches (WCC), meeting in the Netherlands this summer, voted to sell its financial holdings in corporations operating in or trading with South Africa, South-West Africa (Namibia), Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea-Bissau.

The action, agreed to by a substantial majority, instructed the WCC's financial committee to make the sales and avoid any future investments in such corporations. In addition the directive urged all member Churches, Christian agencies, and individuals outside southern Africa to use their influence, including stockholder action and disinvestment, to press corporations to withdraw investments from and cease trading with these countries.

A majority of the finance committee members, however, differed with the Central Committee's decision. They felt that stockholder action to change policies had not been tried by the WCC and that this would be a more effective course to follow.

Total investments of the WCC, including reserves, liquid assets, and other funds, comes to about \$3.5 million.

Earlier in the meetings the Central Committee unanimously elected Dr. Philip A. Potter, a Methodist minister from the West Indies, as the third general secretary of the WCC. He will succeed Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, a United Presbyterian from the U. S. A., in the top ecumenical post. Dr. Blake

expects to resign in October.

Dr. Potter, 51, has had extensive experience in ecumenical affairs and has directed one of the WCC's major units, the Commission on World Mission and Evangelism, since 1967.



Dr. Philip Potter

In other actions the Committee:

- endorsed without debate its Program to Combat Racism and voted to seek an additional \$500,000 for its projects;
- renewed an appeal to Churches to set a figure of 2 percent of their regular income for "human development";
- established a Fund for Reconstruction for work in Indo-China; and
- called for a just solution to the problems in the Middle East.

Lay Ministry: Food for Action

The Executive Council's Committee on Lay Ministries has sent a resources portfolio to a selected list of diocesan leaders, such as Episcopal Church Women presidents and others

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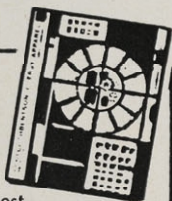
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WORLDSCENE

responsible for program involving laity.

Limited to 500 copies, it is called *The 99 Percenters*—"A manual for the 99% of the members of the Episcopal Church who are lay people and is designed to provide resources for the development of their ministry."

The committee also reports a subcommittee is working on plans for the Triennial meeting. Mrs. Glenn Gilbert, Western Michigan, has been elected Presiding Officer of the 1973 Triennial. She is chairman of the United Thank Offering Committee, representing that committee on the Triennial Committee.

Lay Ministry has appointed a task force to work on clergy/lay relations with additional help from interested persons in several dioceses. A task force is also busily gathering information on what is being done in theological education for the laity, hoping to be able to make recommendations on what is needed.

CORA Assails Strip Mining

The 17 Churches and 10 state councils of Churches which belong to the Commission on Religion in Appalachia (CORA) are advocating "fair, uniform, and enforceable" laws to regulate strip mining of coal in the 13 Appalachian states.

CORA said strip mining in mountain regions is harming natural beauty, dislocating people, and causing environmental harm. The organization said Christians should be concerned because "God has provided a planet contrived with remarkable ecological balance," with which the mining interferes.

Haiti and Mexico Report Conventions

The Dioceses of Haiti and Mexico reported recently on 1972 conventions.

The Rt. Rev. Luc Garnier, new bishop of Haiti, presided at his first convention at Holy Trinity Cathedral. The theme of his Episcopal message, "*Offrez vous en hosties vivantes*" (Offer yourselves as living hosts), was warmly received.

Important actions included:

- Lay delegates met and discussed the Eucharist and presented the results to the convocation.
- The bishop insisted on lay participation in all debates.
- The convention unanimously ratified a companion diocese relationship with Indianapolis.

The Mexicans met at the Regional Center in Guadalajara, Jalisco, where the simple chapel was the setting for morning Holy Communion, using both the regular and trial liturgies. Some important actions included:

- the decision to put the experimental services into use immediately;
- the resolution to maintain in force their previous decision about the non-stipendiary clergy without doing away with full-time clergy;
- the decision to approve dividing the Church of Mexico into three dioceses in 1973 and to solicit approval from the next General Convention;
- the decision to hold future diocesan conventions every two years.

Church Continues Minority Investments

Executive Council's Ghetto Loan and Investment Committee, a pioneer in providing seed money for minority businesses, is now one of the initial investors in the first American Indian owned and controlled Minority Enterprise Small Business Investment Company (MESBIC).

The Committee's purchase of \$50,000 worth of cumulative preferred stock in American Indian Investment Opportunities, Inc., brings the Oklahoma-based company's cash assets to \$250,000. The Ford Foundation put up \$150,000, and two Indian groups in Oklahoma and Washington, D.C., own \$25,000 worth of stock each.

The company will provide financing and technical assistance to minority businesses.

When a MESBIC has raised \$1 million or more, the federal government will match funds on a three-to-one basis under a program started by the U.S. Small Business Administration.

In another example of church funds being used for venture capital, Trinity Parish, New York City, has invested \$300,000 in the \$10 million Urban National Corporation which will invest in minority-owned businesses throughout the nation.

Twenty-four shareholders, includ-

ing the Episcopal Church Pension Fund, own preferred shares of the \$10 million worth of stock sold to individuals, universities, banks, and insurance and oil companies.

Two Seminaries Combine Programs

The Seminary of the Streets, started a year ago by Trinity Parish, New York City, has merged with the Berkeley/Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.

The merger meets the need of the Trinity-sponsored seminary for academic accreditation as well as Berkeley's recognition of the necessity for integrating traditional academic work with student involvement in the issues and struggles of urban ministry. The affiliation between the two programs provides one of the first working models of this integrative process in this country.

In order to provide for seminarians who will come from New Haven for the year, Calvary Episcopal Church in New York is giving over a floor of its parish hall as a residence.

ACU Asks Break With Hong Kong

In late June the American Church Union (ACU) called on all Anglicans to break communion with any bishop "attempting" to ordain women to the priesthood.

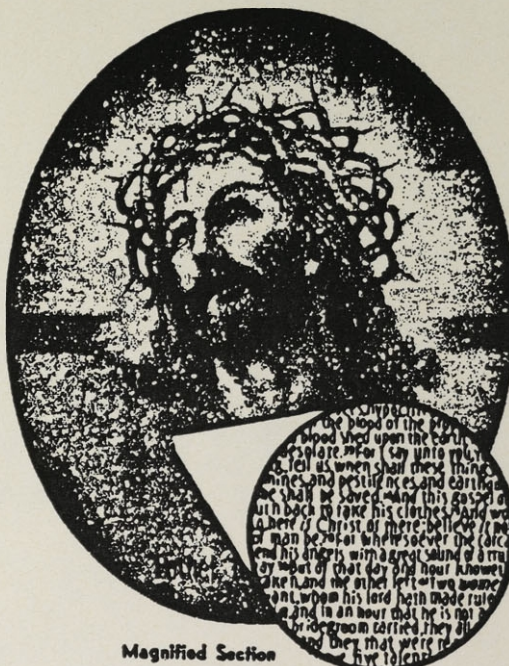
The executive committee took the action after the Bishop of Hong Kong ordained two women (see *January issue*). It sent copies of its declaration to ACU members, saying that if the Bishop of Hong Kong did not suspend the licenses given to the two women to function as priests, "we cannot be in communion with the Bishop of Hong Kong or his diocese."

Earlier the ACU circulated a document which alleges ordinations of women to the diaconate in the Episcopal Church are "uncanonical, unconstitutional, [hence] null and void."

In a response to the ACU's latest move, Bishop John M. Krumm of Southern Ohio, whose diocese has a companion relationship with Hong Kong, called the action, "unloving, unbrotherly, and quite unjustified."

Speaking for Southern Ohio's Standing Committee, Bishop Krumm said, "We strongly protest your con-

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WORLDSCENE

demnation of our companion diocese, and we intend to ignore your request for breaking off communion with them."

Sign of the Times

This summer Marine reservists from three states took time off from their liberty, after a grueling day of field training, to pray for freedom for all servicemen now prisoners of war in North Vietnam.

They came as they were, tired, sweat-soaked, and dirty to gather around Lt. Commander Donald Beers, Battalion Chaplain, to offer their personal pleas to God for the prisoners' release.

Chaplain Beers is rector of St. Luke's, Hope, and vicar of St. Joseph's, Bryan, N. J.

Loan Fund Marks Twenty Years

Henry S. Noble, new president of the Episcopal Church Foundation, announced that the Foundation's Revolving Loan Fund has aided in the construction and renovation of 211 parish and mission buildings in 39 states and two foreign countries since it was established 20 years ago.

In the two decades, \$4,233,825 have been advanced to complete these construction projects, and the loss factor on the loans is zero. The loans are interest free and repayable in ten annual equal installments with a 1 percent service charge on the unpaid balance. "These payments are used for new loans to other parishes, so the Fund's capital is in constant, productive motion," Mr. Noble explained.

The Episcopal Church Foundation is an independent national organization of lay men and women which initiates and underwrites projects in support of the Church's work. Among its many activities are its Graduate Fellowship Program, the underwriting of the Pusey Report and subsequent support of the Board for Theological Education, and the initial grant for the Clergy Deployment Office.

Answers to Quiz, Page 39

1) 11 years old. 2) Low-rent housing. 3) Dr. Philip A. Potter. 4) No. He says Christians should follow the example of Paul and other saints in setting aside a regular period for devotions. 5) False. 6) Boy-girl problems.

In Person

Dean George M. Alexander, School of Theology, University of the South, is the fourth dean of an Episcopal Seminary to resign this year. He has accepted his election to become Bishop of Upper South Carolina. The Rev. Stiles B. Lines, professor, will become interim dean in September. . . . The Rev. Armen D. Jorjorian of Houston, Texas, will become Dean of Seabury-Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill., on September 1. . . . The Rev. Lawrence L. Brown, professor of church history and liturgics, succeeds the Rev. Thomas H. Harvey, who died suddenly May 31, as Dean of the Seminary of the Southwest, Austin, Texas. . . .

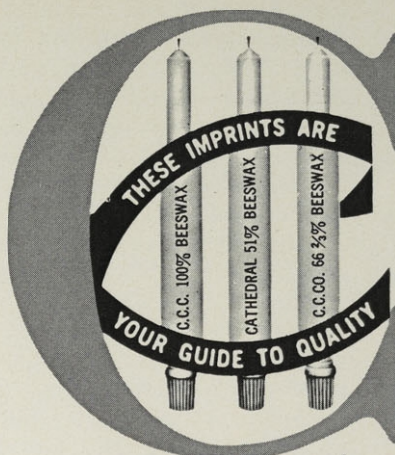
An Episcopal clergyman, **Seriaco Lagunad, Jr.**, is the new administrative secretary of the National Council of Churches in the Philippines. . . . The Rev. Richard U. Smith, rector of Grace Church, City Island Avenue, New York City, is the director of the new National Council of Religion and Public Education. . . . **George H. Esser, Jr.**, formerly Episcopal Church representative on the IFCO Board and an official of the Ford Foundation, has been named executive director of the Southern Regional Council. . . .

The Rev. Richard Johns, director of the Episcopal Church Career Development Council in New York, became director of personnel resources for the Anglican Church of Canada on May 1. . . . Chicago's Bishop James W. Montgomery appointed the Rev. James E. Carroll, rector of Trinity Church, Reno, Nev., to be Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. James, Chicago, beginning August 1. . . .

Two new archdeacons this spring include the Ven. William G. Lewis, administrative assistant to Bishop Robert Appleyard of Pittsburgh, and the Ven. Richard W. Wilson, appointed for the Diocese of Northwest Texas by Bishop Willis R. Henton. . . .

Bishop Ned Cole of Central New York ordained Betty Bone Schiess the first woman deacon in that diocese. . . . The world's champion high jumper with a record of 7 feet 6-1/4 inches, Patrick Matzdort, is a communicant of Grace Church, Sheboygan, Wis., Diocese of Fond du Lac. . . . New overseas Episcopate elections include the new Suffragan Bishop of Jamaica, Herbert D. Edmondson, formerly rector, St. Mary's, Pleasantville, N.J.; Bishop Allen H. Johnston of Waikato, elected Primate and Archbishop of New Zealand in April; and the Rev. Paul S. Nakamura, Bishop of Okinawa.

October, 1972



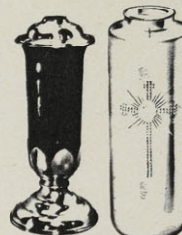
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Litany for a Widow

Continued from page 10

own home and cry. But this does work.

Disposing of clothing and possessions is hard, but my smart girls made me do it right after Christmas. They marched in one day with some boxes and said, "This *must* be done, and we are here to help." I opened my mouth to refuse, but I knew they were right.

The work went better than I thought. I don't mean to sound heartless, but we even giggled a bit. "Why in the world did Daddy ever keep that?" He was really a pack-rat and used to our teasing him about his keepsakes.

I still have pangs when I open a drawer and find something he valued which I have saved. My first thought is: "Oh, if he only had this. He *needs* it!" Then I remember the words, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out." So I am weeding out my own "play-toys" and giving real thought to unnecessary new purchases. Why bring something pretty home when you've no one there with whom to share it?

I moved into a smaller house. I was making a needless fetish about my bravery in being able to walk into the room where Alan died. I have a larger yard where I spend many happy hours, but it would have driven dear Alan out of his skin since the only flower he could name was a rose.

"For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee; But thou delightest not in burnt-offerings."

Then in late September something happened again which brought new realization of God's protection. I was looking for a wedding gift and went into a shop I don't often visit simply because my car was parked in that block. Or was it a coincidence?

The lady who asked to help me looked familiar, but when I started to call her by name, it eluded me. As we walked from table to table looking at gifts, she said: "You don't remember me, do you, Mrs. Gray? I am Anne Barbour, and we used to get our

hair done at the same shop on Wednesdays." Then she said she had thought about me many times and intended to telephone me for her own husband had died as suddenly as Alan and she knew I walked a weary road.

She said this with such sincerity that the tears gushed up in my eyes. I asked, "Oh, when does it get better?"

"In a year or two. After awhile you get so you can't cry no matter how vivid the memory, but it only becomes bearable when you finally face the fact he will never return, that he was gone from the time he drew that last breath."

This wasn't at all what I wanted or even expected to hear; in fact, I thought it was almost brutal. I blew my nose and changed the subject by telling her of my plans to return to Arlington in a few weeks, hoping that without the snow and the open grave I would find some measure of peace.

She assured me it was the best thing I could do and then said another unexpected thing—that possibly one visit would end my yearning. She had made several trips to Jack's grave in a nearby town within the first year, but then she didn't go again for almost three years.

She concluded: "Then I went again this spring. It was a beautiful day, so I just picked up and left. I stayed all morning and had such a lovely time. I pruned shrubs, dug up dandelions, edged the border on the plot, pulled other weeds, and felt so happy. Yet I had no feeling that Jack himself was there or that I would be driven by duty to return. Just that when I came again, it would be with happiness."

What she meant was beginning to sift through to me vaguely, so I admitted hesitantly that perhaps I was following the wrong path. "In my frenzy to find something stable again, I am doing things exactly the way we did them together. I even eat breakfast at the dining-room table though it would be more convenient if I used the counter in the kitchen. I use the candelabra at night for dinner, telling myself I don't want to become 'sloppy,' but perhaps I just

want to look at his chair, which I do, vainly hoping I might see him once more. I realize I am clinging too much, but I haven't tried to stop. Perhaps it's because I won't face up to the fact I will never see him again."

Anne said, "I expect that's it, and it's the hardest lesson to learn. Frances, few things are enjoyable about being a widow, but one of them is freedom from a needless former routine. Your children, like mine, are grown so they are not dependent on your being in one place at a certain time. If you should decide one day to go shopping, pick up and go—and enjoy it. Eat your meals where you choose; if you want to take a plate to the patio, or use a TV tray and watch a good program, do that. But whatever you are doing, quit feeling guilty."

I was so horrified at the thought I could ever whole-heartedly enjoy anything again, or that she thought I was not intelligent enough to know a guilt complex when I saw one, I drew in my breath preparatory to saying exactly that! Just then the door opened, and another woman came in; Anne excused herself to help her. I quickly found a gift and took it to the desk for Anne to wrap, waiting while she talked with both of us.

I was almost back to the car before I realized that she just might be right or partly right. Could I unconsciously be afraid that someday I might forget him for awhile?

I turned and went back. Anne was still talking to the other customer. I walked up and gave her a hug, touched my cheek to hers, and said, "Thank you, Anne. It was the hand of God that sent me here today." I don't know what the other woman said or what Anne told her. My heart was full, and I said what I felt.

My friend, Therese, drove to Washington with me, and we had a lovely trip. Autumn is beautiful in Virginia, and we stopped often for sightseeing. By the time we found the grave, I was a little breathless, wondering if I would be "brave." Everything was fine, however, for the green grass and trees in autumn colors wiped out the snow and the raw dirt of December.

Then I looked at the marker and saw his name on it. I had seen it written or printed so many times but had never anticipated seeing it chiseled in stone. Through my tears I saw underneath his name the word "Virginia," and even with the lump in my throat I began to be happy. I believe that was when I began to really let him go.

Therese and I had a little cry, but it was a happy one. We went back twice within a few days, once to take flowers and once to take pictures before she flew home. I returned again to say "Goodbye" and remember that I, too, would be there some day.

This much "make-believe" I had to do, but at least I was straight that it was "make-believe." I don't know when I will be able to return again, but it will be with happiness.

The first year was gone on December 19, and now I know why everyone says it's so bad. All your memories that year are "we" memories. Then suddenly you remember something which happened, and you can say "I did so-and-so a year ago." Some of your decisions have been wrong, but you made them, and you profit from both the good and the bad. You must build a new house in which to live this different sort of

life. Good and bad decisions make it habitable.

My life is beginning to be different, slightly but detectably, almost like a changing wind. Sometimes now when I awake, I can even lie in bed a little while, thinking about my plans for the day and forgetting a little that I am alone in the bedroom. Is it because of spring? Is it because Ethel has appropriated the other bed and is cagily watching me to see when I am going to get up and feed her? Or is it because God has taken me by the hand again?

"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He had done marvelous things."

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Mrs. Sherwood's Legacy

Continued from page 19

working in her garden, I walked to the rear of the house. I was astonished to see the small, once lovely garden overgrown with weeds. Then, I turned the corner of the house which hid the tiny back patio and found Mrs. Sherwood. She was sitting in a battered and decrepit wicker chair, wearing the same black dress she had worn last night, and looking as if she might be asleep. I thought perhaps I should not disturb her or, at least, avoid startling her. Then, suddenly somehow, as I looked upon her, I knew she was dead.

Dr. Pomeroy, our coroner, called me this afternoon to tell me the cause of death was heart failure, possibly brought on by severe malnutrition. He said he had not seen a similar case since his internship days in a hospital in a Chicago slum.

The police chief, Charlie Roak, and I made a cursory inventory of the house. We were amazed to discover almost no furniture in it. What was there was ragged and broken except in the dining room. In that spacious and otherwise vacant room, its dark blue walls punctuated with gaping shapes of lighter color where paintings and mirrors had once hung, stood a solitary dining table of fine mahogany. It was covered with a once-white linen cloth. At each end a place was set with china and crystal and silver and napkin. Two tall silver candlesticks stood on the table, each with white candles that had never been lighted and which, like the cloth, had turned almost yellow with age. A thick layer of dust covered the entire table, except for the place settings themselves which were sparkingly clean.

The house had three bedrooms, only one of which had any furniture—a single bed, neatly made, and a small dresser. The drawers of the dresser contained women's things. The closet contained only two black dresses, a few skirts and blouses, a sweater or two, a well worn housecoat, and an old cloth coat. Almost every other closet

and drawer in the house was bare. The kitchen pantry held only odds and ends of dishes and tableware and a few spices. And no food at all!

The shocking truth came to me in stages as, dumbfounded, we went from empty room to empty room. Could this really have been the home of the prominent businessman in which lavish entertainment was once the rule? Where were the beautiful antiques? The expensive silverware and service? The fine porcelain? And all the other possessions Mrs. Sherwood often spoke of so lovingly? Gone to buy food and pay bills.

Whatever John Sherwood may have left his wife could not have been much. It probably did not last long; and, when it ran out, the poor woman was too proud to ask for charity. Quietly, item by item, she must have sold all of her valued things until there was nothing left to sell, except that which was too precious to her.

Heart failure, the physician said, probably brought on or contributed to by a severe case of malnutrition. "She died of hunger?" I had asked him incredulously. "No," he answered, "I said heart failure, though the malnutrition may have brought it on." Physicians like to be careful.

I have no particular scientific bent, so I am not as careful as professional medical people. They might take issue with me when I say I think Mrs. Sherwood died of something I would call hunger in the deepest sense of that word.

I shall never forget her sitting there in that rickety chair on the patio of what was left of her beloved home. I could see the lines of fatigue and worry etched deeply into what must once have been a beautiful face. As I sat waiting for the police to come, I noticed for the first time how ragged and soiled her dress was and wondered about it and deeply regretted I had been so brusque with her the night before.

Too late now, I realize that concern with which she had come to me could not wait until morning. I have since asked myself, had she finally come to the point of asking for assistance? Had she somehow,

in the wake of the Wades' pointed rudeness, steeled herself to come to me for help?

Ethel Sherwood had run out of everything—out of money, out of things to sell, out of food, out of friends, and, finally, out of hope. I think, when she left me last night, she went home to that empty house that had once been such a glory to her and looked around and, probably, carefully cleaned those two place settings on the table and reminisced there a while. Perhaps still caught up in that reverie, she went out onto the patio and sat in the once smart wicker chair to enjoy one last look at her forlorn garden, to breathe a last few breaths of a fresh summer's breeze. Then, I think, quite deliberately she simply let go of life.

The funeral will be Monday. I had originally planned a quiet, simple ceremony in the chapel; but so many people have called to say they are coming, I had to move it into the nave. All the members of the Women's Guild are coming. Several members have started a collection to purchase a decent grave marker. The undertaker called me earlier to tell me George Wade had been by and paid \$800 cash for a casket and the funeral so the woman would not have the pauper's burial I had arranged. Our organist and choir have volunteered their services.

As if all this were not enough to throw me into depression, Chief Roak called just moments ago to tell me that among some papers in the old woman's dresser drawer he had come across a handwritten will, signed by Mrs. Sherwood and dated yesterday. It left the house and property to our parish. Clipped to the will was the property deed.

I do not feel too well. And it is suddenly difficult for me to pray. I think now, for the first time in my life, I really comprehend the depth of meaning in that sentence in our Prayer Book General Confession which reads: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us."

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The EXCHANGE section of The Episcopalian includes the former *Have and Have Not* column in addition to an exchange of ideas, problems, and solutions.

The Episcopalian invites parishes, groups, and individuals to share working solutions to practical problems you have battled and won. If you have a problem with no answer in sight, someone may have already met and conquered it. Please send your (brief) replies to: EXCHANGE, The Episcopalian, 1930 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

WANTED:

Your leftover altar candle stubs by St. Barnabas Episcopal Mission, P. O. Box 175, Tooele, Utah 84074. We made our own forms and must make candles as our small group cannot buy commercial ones. All donations will be greatly appreciated.

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Available to any parish or mission who will pay for packing and freight: one beehive-type bronze tabernacle (24 in. high by 11 in. diameter). Write to St. Stephen's Church, 9191 Daly Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio 45231. Phone: 513-522-8628.

USED CHURCH FURNISHINGS WANTED

Old Catholic community needs items such as statuary, metal goods, cassocks, surplices, vestments. Please write and advise what is available to: The Most Rev. Bishop, American Orthodox (Old) Catholic Church, 2803 Tenth St., Wyandotte, Mich. 48192.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

For the twenty-second year, San Francisco's Grace Cathedral is offering a fine selection of Christmas cards. They will send a 1972 assortment on approval and include a brochure describing other cards available. Address inquiries to: Grace Cathedral, Greeting Cards Dept. 1170 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 84108.

RESOURCES AVAILABLE

"Sounds of Denver," a 60-minute documentary cassette with excerpts from the Denver COCU Plenary, is available, \$3 prepaid, from:

Consultation on Church Union, 228 Alexander St., Princeton, N.J. 08540

"Conversations on COCU": The Denver Plenary Sessions (An Audio-Study Guide to the Current Process) includes

three 60-minute cassettes with edited versions of major addresses, including Dr. Peter L. Berger, Dr. Paul A. Crow, Jr., and Bible Study Lectures by Dr. James A. Sanders. The cassettes are \$12.98 per set prepaid from:

Thesis Theological Cassettes, P.O. Box 11724, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15228

PROGRAM FILM

St. Jude's Ranch for Children, a residential child care facility for homeless youngsters, has available for loan (free) a 14-minute, 16 mm color, documentary of life at the ranch as seen through the eyes of a 10-year-old Paiute Indian boy. Prepared by the Las Vegas TV station as a public service, the film is excellent for use at meetings of youth groups, men's clubs, and women's meetings. Write to: St. Jude's Ranch for Children, P. O. Box 985, Boulder City, Nev. 89005.

BELL FOR HOPE

The Rev. William H. Risinger, Jr., vicar, writes that "St. Mark's Mission needs a church bell. We could pay for crate and transportation." Please send description to Box 285, Hope, Ark. 71801.

CONTEST FOR COMPOSERS

A contest for black composers is being sponsored by the Parish of Trinity Church, New York City.

A first prize of \$450 and a second prize of \$150 are offered for a musical setting for the second service of the Eucharist in the *Services for Trial Use*.

Copies of the rules and texts to be set to music are available from the Office of the Organist, Trinity Church, New York, N. Y. 10006.

A Prayer for Those in the Sales Professions

O God the Father, Creator of heaven and earth; You have called us to share in distributing the fruits of the earth and the products of the work of men.

Keep us respectful of the goods we sell, honest with the people we serve, and fair with our competitors.

Forgive us when we settle for less than the best and right; and help us to grow more loyal to our calling and faithful in our being,

Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Amen.

—The Episcopal Churchmen of the Diocese of Chicago

THE EPISCOCATS



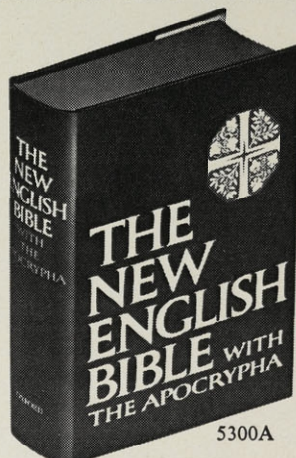
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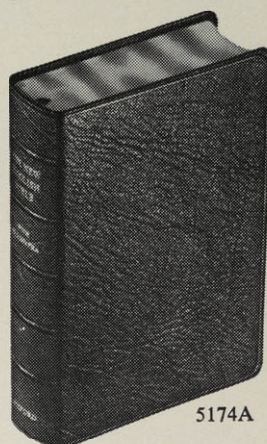
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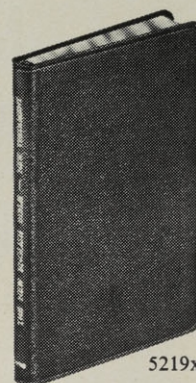
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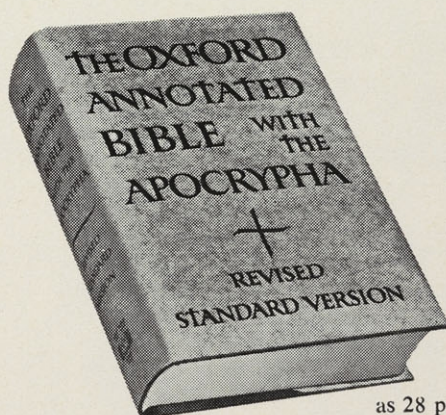
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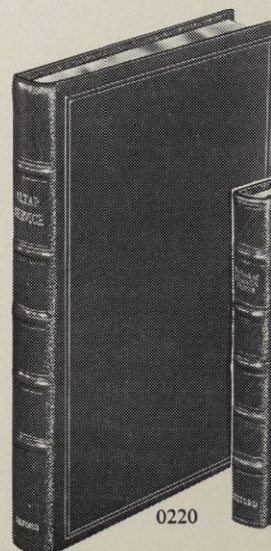
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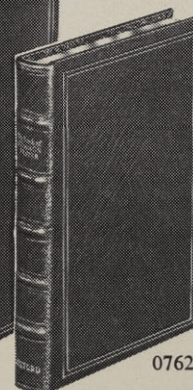
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