

Title: *The Episcopalian*, 1973

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THE Episcopalian

FEBRUARY, 1973

messengers of Love

IT'S CONVENTION TIME

THANKING **YOU** IN ADVANCE

A notebook on my desk is decorated with a label-gun tape that reads: "Daily Notebook, Keep Out, Personal."

On opening it erupts, jack-in-the-box fashion, with wads of clippings, letters, snapshots; and there on the pages are mile after mile of random thoughts, family news, joys, and problems. I am one of those people who think better on paper. I take my problems to this notebook and pour out everything that skims across my head, pro and con. It is the only way I can gain perspective. It is also a major way in which God, in all His crafty wisdom, tells me a thing or two. Out of the obscenely messy tangle of thoughts and reactions, He is often able to restore order to my dull brain and selfish responses. Pretty tricky.

Recently I took a particularly trying problem to the notebook. Like a machine gun, my pen splattered the pages with words—bloody words of protest, muffled words of hope, words, words, words. Somewhere during the exercise those words began ordering themselves into a form of prayer. This frequently happens to my pen when the brain to which it is connected battles hysterically with an adversary and ends in a deadlock "to which there is no easy answer," as the clergy are prone to say.

The prayer finished itself; then, with ouija-like mysticism, ended: "Thanking you in advance, I remain, sincerely yours."

I looked down at the paper, stunned. "God," I said out loud. "Whatever made me write such a silly thing!"

One line, eight words—old-fashioned, stilted, straight out of a musty old business-letter textbook. Words which are irritating in their impersonal pomposity—the way you end a letter neatly, to show, well, to show you mean business.

Not the way you end a prayer neatly. Or is it? Look again.

THANKING YOU—a proper beginning, always! Thank you for listening, thank you for being there, thank you for life and joy and even pain. Thank you for love and laughter and tears. Thank you for all the things that swell the heart with gladness, and, yes, even for the heartbreaks that don't really break the heart but expand it.

IN ADVANCE—so why not? He did it, on the cross. "For He is the propitiation for our sins. . . ." Paid In Advance. Pretty good business. The act of faith, paying in advance.

THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE—thank you now, no matter what your answer to my plea is! If the answer is yes, then thank you. If the answer is no, then thank you for the strength you will give me to bear the disappointment.

I REMAIN—I do remain, patiently or impatiently (God, please hurry, your time is so long sometimes!), waiting for your immediate answer to my immediate prayer. I squirm, God, but I do remain—stubbornly, tenaciously, faithfully.

SINCERELY YOURS (or even YOURS TRULY or YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT)—yours, yours, yours. Wholly, with whatever degree of wholeness you have seen fit to give me.

Thanking you, I remain, sincerely yours. . . .

Silly way to end a prayer? Irreverent, disconnected? No, not at all.

I think from now on I'll abandon "Amen" in my private prayers. I really mean business, Lord.

Thanking you, I remain, sincerely yours! ◀

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Switchboard

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

A PARADE OF ELEPHANTS

Would Ann Weems ["Balloons Belong in Church," December issue] be willing to worship all the items she celebrates in equal measure to balloons?

It would be interesting to note her reaction if someday at worship all those things she celebrates "came off" at the moment of the canon of consecration.

Reinhold Niebuhr makes a profound observation in a sermon entitled, "Humor and Faith."

"A sense of humor remains healthy only when it deals with immediate issues and faces the obvious and surface irrationalities. It must move toward faith or sink into despair when the *ultimate issues* are raised. That is why there is laughter in the vestibule of the temple, the echo of laughter in the temple itself, but only faith and prayer, and no laughter, in the holy of holies."

Paul Kendall
Oklahoma City, Okla.

LOGIC OR EMOTION?

This is a brief comment of strong support and approval of the clear, beautifully-structured article written by John O'Brien concerning the Prayer Book [December issue]. I believe he answered as well and with as much brevity as anyone whose work I have read on the topic "Why Change the Prayer Book?"

He asks why we resist change when we know the need of it—or at least many of us do. We know, intellectually, the changes in knowledge of liturgies and theological study that have continued since 1662 or, for that matter, 1549. We know we do not live in the world of 1928. We know there are demands placed upon us now, spiritually, socially, and morally, that few if any of us foresaw even 10 years ago. And yet, as so many respondents opposed to change have remarked, "We feel the Prayer Book should be the one unchanging thing in a changing world. Why change for the sake of change?"

Maybe the clue lies in the words "we feel."

Prayer may hold a large part of the solution, encouraging us to study, learn, accept change when the change is vital to our daily lives. Change in the 1928 Prayer Book is as necessary for us as translation of the Bible is for Christians. Who are we to laugh at the fundamentalists' cry, "Support the King James

Version!" when we cry as meaninglessly and loudly and out of pure gut emotion, "Nothing but 1928, ever!"

Anne LeCroy
Johnson City, Tenn.

The articles in *The Episcopalian* on the proposed liturgical changes have discussed the problem thoroughly, but the most recent, that by John O'Brien in the December, 1972, issue has, perhaps inadvertently, gone to the crux of the matter: it is all a matter of personal preference. But if it is that, then it is useless to argue about it. *De gustibus non disputandum est.*

It seems to me the sensible solution for the problem would be to permit, on an optional basis, the use of the 1928 edition of the *Book of Common Prayer* and/or any one or more revised versions that may finally be selected after the trial period. In that way everybody would be satisfied.

Incidentally, I do take issue with Mr. O'Brien on his suggestion that the language in the 1928 version is difficult to understand and, therefore, should be changed. A recommendation for change made on that basis would result logically in a recommendation for the modernization of Shakespeare.

Arthur Z. Gray
Armonk, N.Y.

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU

Have you sent in your **MINISTRY MAILER** (page 33 from the *January issue*)? It offers you an opportunity to make your voice heard in directions the Church will take in the future.

Send your opinions to us at **MINISTRY MAILER**, The Episcopalian, 1930 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

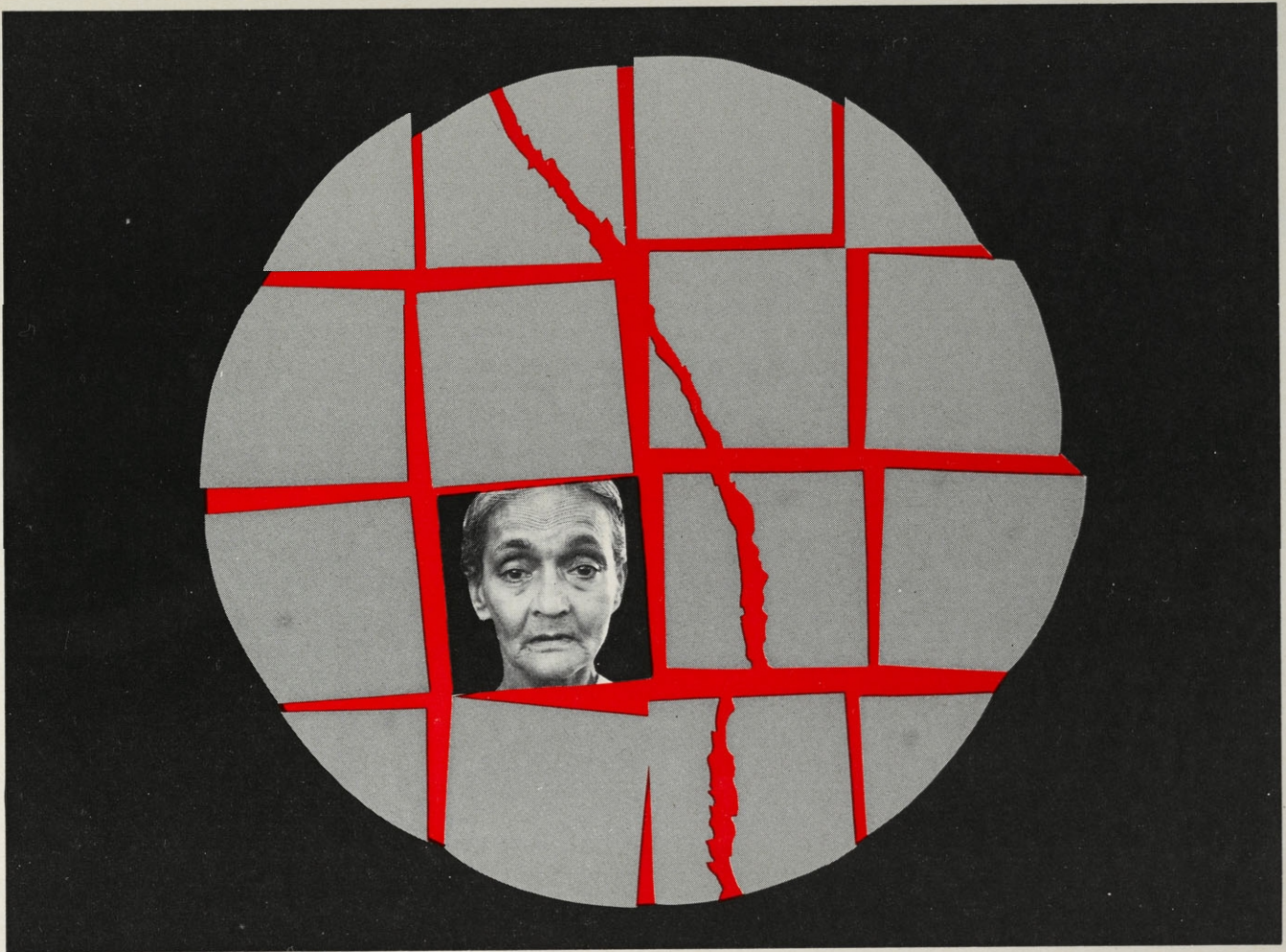
QUANTITY/QUALITY

In the August issue you listed 10 characteristics of an ideal parish. One puzzled me. You commended places "where the sermons are only 10 minutes long." This is repeated in the December issue.

The important thing in preaching is not length but excellence. I have heard 10-minute sermons which were too long.

I believe any church which makes a virtue of formally preaching the Gospel only 10 of the 10,080 minutes in each

Continued on page 6



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What you should know about Life Insurance

by CHARLES DOCKENDORFF
Vice President
Church Life Insurance Corp.
Faculty, The College of Insurance

To assist you with planning your family's financial future, Mr. Dockendorff answers questions that come across the desks at Church Life and welcomes additional questions from readers.

Q. Please explain the difference between a Twenty Payment Life Policy and a Straight Life Policy?

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Mr. Charles Dockendorff
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Switchboard

Continued from page 4

week is weak in the spine as well as the heart and head. In seminary we were warned against "sermonettes for Christianettes." Don't buy the idea that music, entertainments, or discussion groups are substitutes for one man's proclaiming the Gospel to the people committed to his charge. Ask God to raise up more Donnes, Wesleys, and Brooks. Honest Gospel never bored anyone.

George W. Rutler
Rosemont, Pa.

REPLY NEEDED

I should like to have a few questions answered by the Committee for the Apostolic Ministry [see page advertisement, December issue]. Of what does this "priesthood Christ ordained for His Church" consist? I must be reading the scriptures incorrectly. What are the questions that would be raised about the meaning of priesthood? In what manner would "such a step... cast doubt on our fidelity to Catholic Order... and jeopardize our relations with other Catholic and Orthodox Communion"? Would the Episcopal Church indeed be torn apart? By whom?

Mrs. S. D. Stearns
Albuquerque, N.M.

THE "LITANY" VARIES

The article, "Litany for a Widow" [October issue], is to my mind an insult to the rest of us widows who have tried to be brave. If that article helps one widow, I shall be surprised. The episode of the cat in the bed was nauseating.

As soon as I could, I began trying to help others while [the author seemed to] indulge herself. My husband has been gone for twelve years, [but] we still keep his memory alive. No one ever enters this house without being shown his picture and being told of his goodness and sweetness.

Sue Sterne
Atlanta, Ga.

READERS: CAN YOU HELP?

I read "Across the Seas" in the November, 1971, issue. This was interesting to me.

I'd like to know more about a missionary, Harry Jefferys, who must have gone to Japan about 1894.

Just this month I found a most interesting and informative letter written by him to his brother in Camden, N.J. The letter was dated December 10, 1899. It was found behind a desk drawer. My husband bought the desk (used) about 22 years ago from a furniture store in Jacksonville, N.C. In the letter Mr. Jefferys tells quite a bit about his work in Japan.

I feel sure if he has any relatives living, they would be interested in this letter.

Margaret Thompson
Farmville, N.C.

ED. NOTE: Possibly the Rev. Henry Scott Jefferys, ordered deacon in Pennsylvania, 1879, and priest in California, 1883.

PRIORITIES

If the young girls of today are brought up to regard the duties of a wife and mother as *not* being a "responsible position in the mainstream of American life" ["How to Avoid Sexism in Your Church School," September issue], we will be doing them a greater disservice than anything taught to them in the past.

Marian King
Camden, N.J.

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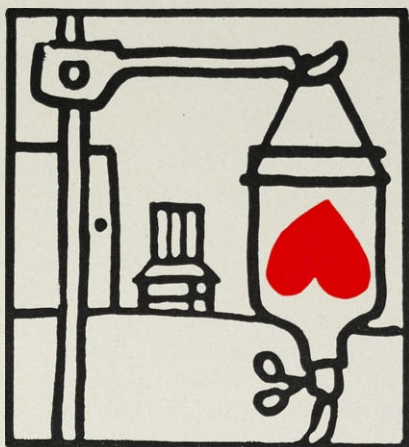
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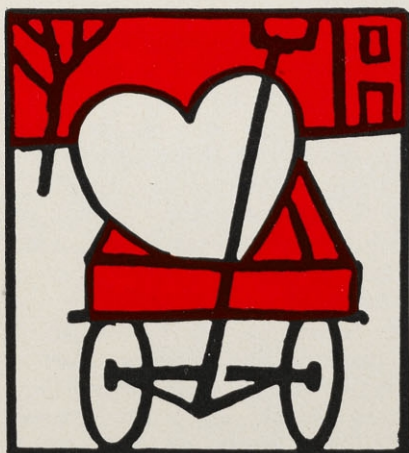
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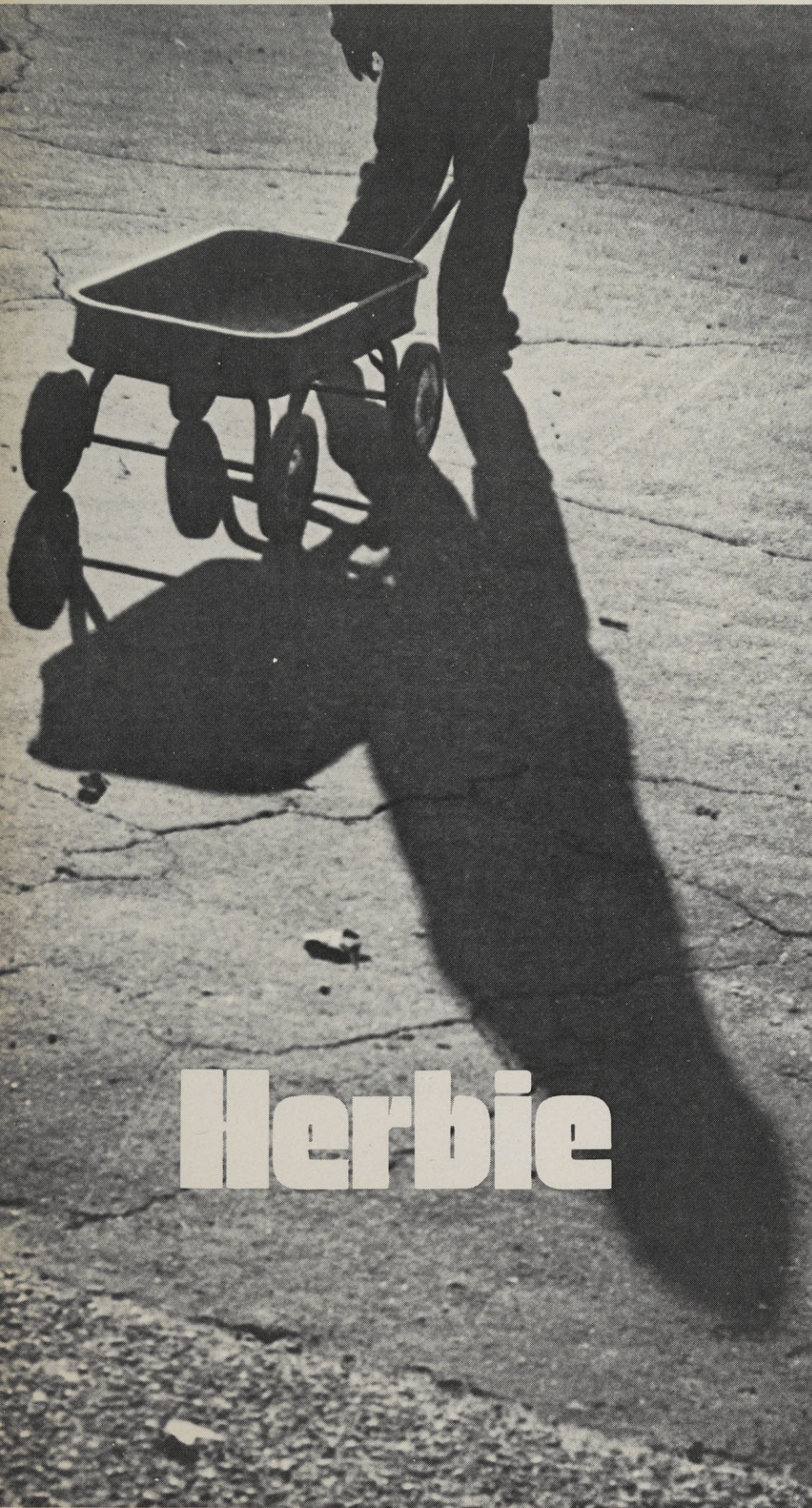


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by James Pittman McGehee

What does it take to bring a little boy to life?

It was just another unimaginative day for Herbie. Herbie never took the time to discover what day of the week it was because it made no difference. They were all the same. Herbie was 10 years old, but he did not know it. Age is only important if you have a past and a future. But Herbie didn't. He only had a present.

Herbie didn't really know much about himself. He lived with his mother in a barren apartment in a nondescript area of an unimportant city. She left early each morning and went to work. She came home in the evening only long enough to ignore her son and leave to "go out." Being alone didn't bother him because he was always alone even when people were around.

He went to school for a while, but one day his mother told him not to go back because they didn't want him anymore. His teacher remembers him as a pleasant enough child but incapable of relating to his peers and unresponsive to authority or discipline, "uneducable"—whatever that means.

Herbie liked school, but he could never put those letters between the lines on the paper. He liked to color, but the paper they gave him was too small to use all the colors Herbie wanted and so he chose the wall. He tried to explain to the teachers, but they only scolded and made him wash the wall. While the other children laughed, Herbie decided blankness and dullness must be better than all the colors he could think of and use.

Herbie liked his classmates, but they made fun of him because he called the butterflies and trees his friends. Herbie couldn't understand why the other children didn't make friends with the trees

because the trees didn't expect anything from anybody and made no rules and stood still so the wind could play in their branches. His classmates would laugh at Herbie because he wouldn't talk: he only stared. Herbie would rather look at someone's eyes and memorize the individual freckles or an interesting nose than say words that didn't make any sense. Herbie was unable to "relate to his peers"—whatever that means.

Herbie didn't go to school anymore. This little figment of someone else's imagination simply wandered. His one sense of enjoyment came from his only companion, a rusty battered wagon he found in a junk pile. Herbie spent his days playing in the junk pile and holding the rusty bent hand of his wagon companion as he pulled it everywhere he went, giving an occasional ride to a one-armed doll with no eyes or a rusted tea pot with bullet holes in its porcelain side. Like the trees and butterflies, the wagon made no demands. His trusted friend didn't laugh or make fun of Herbie.

The junk pile was the only real home he had. He owed a lot to the tattered place that had given him his wagon. And too, the pieces of junk, like Herbie, were unloved and of no use to anyone. The flat inner tube Herbie pulled in his wagon was, like Herbie, perfectly good outside but dead on the inside. The air that gave life had been emptied out slowly.

It was just another unimaginative day for Herbie. Herbie never took the time to discover what day of the week it was because it made no difference. They were all the same. He had no real past, therefore no real future.

Herbie stared blankly as he pulled his wagon along the bank of a murky river below the junk pile. A group of boys met Herbie as he ambled aimlessly, clutching the rusty bent hand of his wagon companion. The boys were laugh-

ing and throwing junk into the river as they moved *en masse* toward this little one with his rusty friend.

Herbie couldn't understand why they threw away the junk that meant so much to him. So he stared at the group, wanting to learn why they did what they did. The largest of the boys stopped and yelled at Herbie. "Hey, stupid, what you starin' at?"

Herbie didn't respond but only stared because he was interested in the way the large boy's eyebrows met just above his nose. While Herbie thought about this unique set of brows, the group was upon him, laughing and cursing. The older boy mimicked Herbie and bent down, staring back at Herbie while sticking his thumbs in his ears, waving his hands, and sticking out his tongue. One of the other boys yelled, "Hey, look at this piece of junk," as he jerked the rusty bent wagon hand from Herbie's grip.

The older boy pushed a mute Herbie to the ground as he lifted Herbie's only instrument of affirmation, the rusty wagon friend, above his head and thrust it into the murky dullness of the river below. As the group ran away laughing, Herbie silently watched his wagon friend sink, leaving only bubbles which burst as quickly as they were created. All that was left was a small boy, standing alone, not knowing or caring what day it was.

Herbie had always been alone, but now somehow aloneness had degrees. He walked away from the riverbank and slowly climbed the hill, returning to the junk pile. As he reached the familiar tattered surroundings, he saw an old abandoned cabinet.

He no longer had a companion, so he climbed into the dull blank wooden cubicle, closed the door behind him, and stared. A crack in the door allowed enough light in to show a tattered satin lining

which shrouded the shoulders of a boy who had nothing left but to sit and stare.

Above the junk pile, on a grassy knoll, stood a stout man. His arm stretched to the sky as he held, stringing from his hand, balloons in as many colors as one could imagine. This balloon man made his living from selling and, indeed, sharing colorful balloons, bringing excitement and joy to those who had no reason for being.

The balloon man had seen the entire sequence of events which robbed Herbie of his wagon companion. And this emissary of joy stood watching patiently as Herbie crawled away from life into the emptiness of the satin-lined wooden cabinet.

Herbie continued staring, not thinking, not feeling, not choosing, not acting, not caring. Suddenly, through the crack in the cabinet appeared a limp, lifeless, red balloon. Herbie continued staring, only slightly curious, as the balloon slowly began to come alive and grew and swelled until its dull red became bright as the light from the crack accentuated its new life.

Herbie could no longer stare. The shining redness caused his eyes to blink, and his mind wondered what the source of life was that brought the balloon from nothingness to fullness.

Herbie could no longer stay in the cabinet. It was as if the balloon were yelling, "Herbie, come out." As he pushed aside the cabinet doors and climbed to the ground, Herbie saw the balloon man looking down at him with the largest smile he had ever seen. The man's arm stretched to the sky as he held, stringing from his hand, balloons in as many colors as Herbie could imagine.

Herbie stared for a moment, looking at the balloon man, and for the first time in years began to speak. Almost with excitement, he asked, "What day is it?"

The Neighborhoods We Need for Growing

by Margaret Mead

Human beings must be brought up among human beings who have learned from other human beings how to live in a particular way. Few cultural differences exist when we discuss basic human needs: that is, the floor below which the human being must not be permitted to fall.

Primarily, the neighborhood is the place where children are brought up to become members of their own society. Inevitably, within a neighborhood children encounter various older adults from whose experience they learn how to adapt themselves to the kind of society into which they are growing. In a static society, older experienced people who have learned nothing new in their lifetime are the greatest asset for they transmit the entire heritage to the children. But in a society that is changing, grandparents who are continually learning and who have themselves participated in change have the highest potentiality for transmitting a sense of adaptation.

The neighborhood, where children learn to meet basic human needs and to move toward the use of higher human capacities, is where they first encounter adults—parents and grandparents and unrelated adults of these two generations. The older people may not include their own grandparents (for in some parts of the world there is an extraordinary lack of tolerance of one's own relatives), but there will be some members of the grandparental generation who are treated with consideration.

Of course, any neighborhood that we design, or that we attempt to ameliorate, must meet the basic physiological needs for all human beings—the essential needs for food, water, space, sleep, rest, and a minimum of privacy.

Of these, privacy is one of the most variable. There are societies that have no word for privacy, and when the idea is explained to them they think it is horrible. In one society in which I worked—Samoa—a curtain hung between me and other members of the household gave me a certain privacy; but in a house without walls nothing separated me from the rest of the village, from whose eyes, obviously, I did not need the protection of privacy. Nevertheless, some sort of privacy, some small identifiable spatial territory of one's own—even if it is only a hook on which to hang one's own hat—seems to be a basic human need.

A second basic need is for some continuity in human relationships. It need not be affectionate or even kind. One society I studied—the Mundugumor—reared their children to be effective and happy cannibals, but Mundugumor methods of child rearing would seem harsh to us. It never occurred to a mother to give her baby the breast when it cried; she would put it high on her shoulder to watch what was going on. A little baby was kept in a flat rough basket hung against the wall. When the baby became restless, she scratched the outside of the basket, making a sound like the squeak of chalk on a blackboard, and the baby stopped crying. It was not an affectionate sound, but it was a sound that assured the baby of continuity in its human environment.

The idea that a baby must be brought up by its biological mother and that it will be traumatized by the mother's absence for a week derives from a recognition of this need for continuity. But, in fact, the child who is reared from birth to be accustomed to eight different human beings, all of whom are close, can be given a sense of continuity by any one of them. And where the immediate environment—the shape of its bed and the smell of its room—is part of what is continuous, the child can stand a greater variety of persons close to it.

This means that in planning neighborhoods for the future, various possibilities are open to us. We can turn the family car into a house, and when the child, together with the car and the dog and familiar toys, is moved to a strange place, the car will still be a familiar home.

Or we can bring children up to live in the same place every summer but in a different place each winter. We can do a great many different things, providing we keep in mind the basic need for continuity and familiarity. There is considerable evidence that failure to take this need into account may lead to severe conflict in young children, and so we are faced with the problem of how to move children safely from highly familiar to entirely unfamiliar environments, with nothing to bridge the gap. A familiar and trustworthy environment is necessary for the child to learn that things will be here tomorrow that are here today and that its hand, reaching out, will find what it is seeking. But we must also recognize that continuity can be provided for in many different ways.

If children are to be ready to live in a changing world, they must also be prepared to deal with

Growing up adaptable does not happen by accident. The famed anthropologist tells how Christians can help children grow.



strangeness almost from the day of their birth. For those who live in the modern world it is a disabling experience to grow up knowing only their own relatives. The fewer the relatives, the more disabling the experience is. And yet, all over the world, as older forms of the extended family are breaking down into small, isolated nuclear family groups, the child is becoming disastrously overdependent on its two parents. Disastrous in the sense that living in large cities is disastrous for those who have not learned to deal with a variety of people and who have not learned to expect that the strange will be interesting and rewarding or to recognize that it must be treated with a certain wariness.

The inclusion of the strange has

implications for the size of the basic neighborhood. That is, the neighborhood cannot be modeled on the primitive village where everyone knows everyone else and everything is familiar. Some people would like to keep everything within a safe, closed environment—keep all the cars out, keep all the strangers out, and turn the neighborhood into a grass plot where all the children can run.

No doubt a neighborhood must have something that is child-scale, some place where children can walk about. I am inclined to think that if children can walk enough, the question of whether adults are walkers is less serious. Adults can tolerate enormous specialization—even many kinds of deprivation—if, as children, their senses have been stimulated.

One striking example of this can be seen in the experience of people who have suffered deafness, blindness, or paralysis in later life but who still can draw on earlier experience of hearing, vision, and movement.

Helen Keller is probably the best example of such a person. She could hear and see up to the time she learned her first word, and this early experience preserved for her a sense of the world that carried her through her later incredible sensory isolation. All this suggests that the better we can build into neighborhoods ways of humanizing the small child in the full sense of the word, the greater tolerance the adult will have for the strangeness and stresses of a world in which some people may be physically highly re-

The Neighborhoods We Need for Growing

Continued

stricted for long periods as they move into outer space or deep in the sea—experiences for which human beings have had little evolutionary preparation.

Certainly we need areas where young children are safe and where they can move on their own legs (and this, of course, will affect the location of nursery schools and primary schools); but we also need to provide for their living dangerously part of the time, even while they are young. Strangeness and danger are part of living in an urban environment.

The anonymity of the city is one of its strengths as well as—carried too far—one of its weaknesses. Even the young baby, growing up to live in a city, needs to have windows on the unknown world. The shopping center, in which the child encounters strangers and sees its mother encountering strangers, is one such window.

But at the same time the child needs the grass plot, the protected walk, and the nursery school where everything is close and familiar. Only in this way can the small child achieve the autonomy that is necessary at every stage of development. There must be play places and front yards where children can walk safely without fear of traffic. When children move into a newly built housing estate that is inadequately protected from automobiles, parents may be so frightened the children—who have no preparation for dealing with traffic—will run under the wheels of the cars that they give the children no freedom of movement at all.

In one tribe I know of, the village was located at some distance from a big river. Then one year the river changed its course and ran right through the village. The adults, who had no idea what to do, were terrified of the water, and, of course, their children fell into the river. In contrast, another people who had lived on the river for a long time knew how to teach

their children—and their children were safe.

Today we have to teach our children not only about rivers but also about traffic: to realize its dangers and be wary of them and also to know how to take chances safely. So, too, in every neighborhood we must have places where older children can move freely away from the familiar with confidence, trust, and toleration of strangers and the strange.

Children also need multisensory stimulation. There are several reasons for this. Because of tremendous individual differences, we do not know whether a particular child will be most dependent on hearing, sight, or touch. Moreover, in different contexts, greater emphasis may exist on the use of the eyes or the use of the ears.

The child who, as a small child, has lacked multisensory stimulation will be handicapped in making the necessary transition from one to the other. But, beyond these considerations, there is evidence that multisensory cross-referencing is a creative source of innovation in thought, and we want to bring up children who have the capacity for innovation in a dynamic world.

Children need an environment in which they can learn fine discrimination—in which they can hear small sounds and learn to differentiate between footsteps, learn to hear slight differences in tones of voice, learn to wake and know what time it is. Some peoples have a greater sensitivity to noise and want to shut more of it out than other peoples do. This is something in which whole cultures can be differentiated one from another.

But in all cultures, human beings—in order to be human—must understand the nonhuman. They must have some understanding of plants and animals, water and sunshine, earth, the stars, the moon and the sun. People who have not appreciated the stars cannot really appreciate satellites; they are confused as to which is which. This need to know about the nonhuman also affects what is necessary for a good neighborhood.

There must be water, preferably

water that moves for moving water is one of the major experiences through which a child's senses are amplified. There must also be earth—not merely a sandbox. There must be animals, although not necessarily large animals. A child can learn about animals as well from fish in a pond as from buffalo on a prairie, and he can dig in a miniature garden as well as in a great field.

Providing the pattern is complete, the scale can be reduced and the details of the arrangement can be different in different neighborhoods. The child needs to learn what lives in the water, what lives in the air, what lives on the earth, and how human beings are related to these growing, living, singing, fighting, and playing creatures. Any environment is crippling if it cuts the child off from such experiences.

The child who has grown up in peach country—who has learned to register, as he awakes, a drop in temperature and knows how this will affect what people do—has acquired a lifetime familiarity. He can live in a city for forty years, but when he goes back to the peach country and sees the peach blossoms, he can still wake up at two o'clock in the morning and say what the people are going to do. Experience of this kind is never lost.

A principal aim in building a neighborhood must be to give the child trust, confidence, and the kind of autonomy that can be translated into a strength to bear the strange, the unknown, and the peculiar. So children need some experience of the range of humanity in its different versions. It is nonsense that children do not have racial prejudices. Of course, they do not know which race is "superior," and this is the root of racial prejudice. However, children are sensitive to differences in physique, and a child to whom only dark-skinned people are familiar may get used to seeing white faces but shriek with terror at the sight of a white man in a bathing suit.

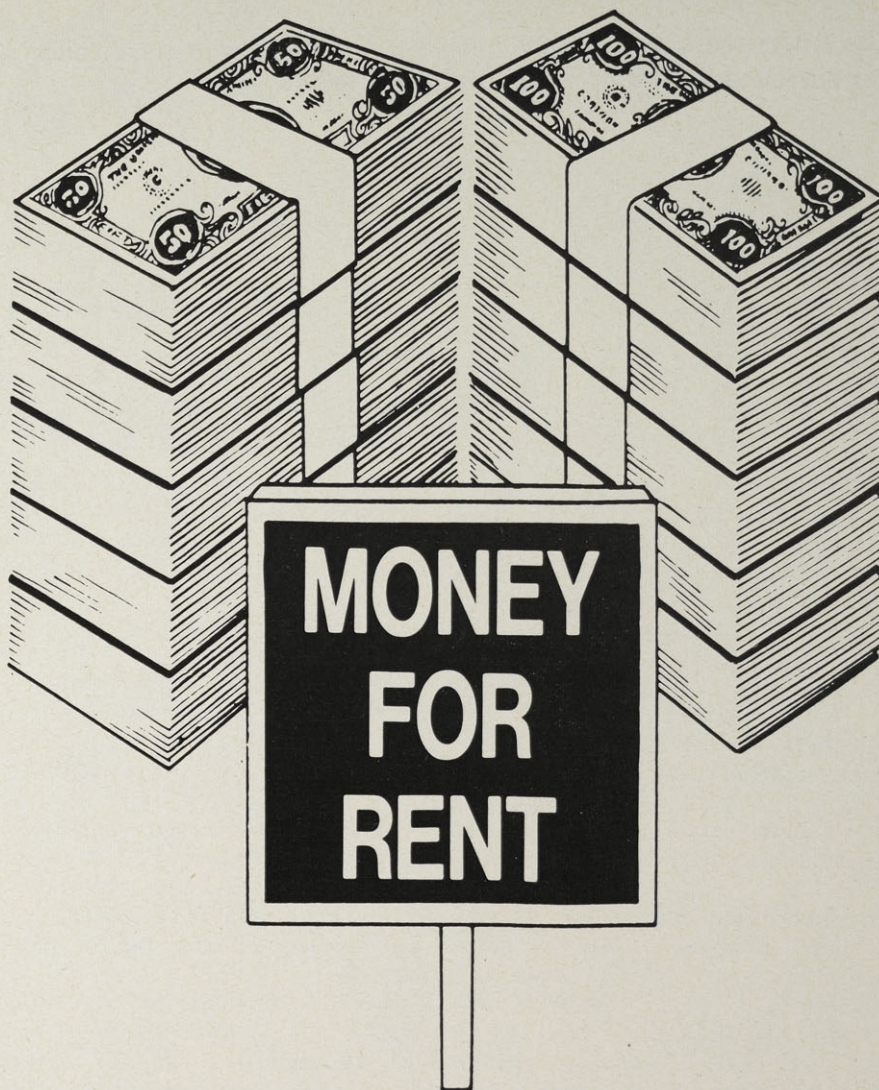
Equally well, a white child may get used to seeing dark faces but be terrified at the discovery that the middle of someone's back is

dark. We need an environment in which the child experiences differences in color, type, and physique with sufficient range so no one group is solely associated with unskilled labor or with the exercise of some highly skilled profession. Instead of being presented with stereotypes by age, sex, color, class, or religion, children must have the opportunity to learn that within each range, some people are loathsome and some are delightful.

I think we must consider how children can be presented with models of the kinds of thinking that will be required of most educated adults. Though not all children will learn in the same way, in general we know, for example, children who have grown up in rooms that conform to ordinary geometric forms later learn geometric thinking with relative ease. Similarly, children can learn about volumes and ratios from blocks long before they learn words to express the ideas they have grasped.

And today they need somehow to learn that their own language is only one of many languages. They need to experience the fact that this object—this container for holding liquids—is called “glass” in *English*. This is something that must be learned early, but it is part of learning that one’s own culture is one of many cultures. It is part of acquiring freedom of movement in the modern world.

In building a neighborhood that meets human needs we start with the needs of infants. These give us the groundwork on which we can build for contact with other human beings, with the physical environment, with the living world, and with the experiences through which the individual’s full humanity can be realized. For every culture the criteria must be modified. We cannot set our sights too low, but we can aim at any height for we have as yet scarcely begun to explore human potentialities. How these are developed will depend on the learning experiences we can provide for children through the human habitat in which they live. This is our moral, even religious, obligation to each other. ◀



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A bit of information

I say, can a body get a bit of information 'ere?" The strident voice penetrated to the far reaches of the railroad station. A moment later Lee, the greying station agent, made his unhurried way through the cluttered office to the ticket window.

"This," he said gravely, "is southern headquarters for information. What are you needing?"

"Well, it's this way. I'm with the circus, a dancer, y'know. Our friends left for the north, Kearny, New York, and my 'usband got the telephone number from them just before they left. But we need the area code."

"Right! Kearny, New York? Nothing in the *Guide*. Nothing in the *Zip Code Directory*, either. Let me try the Express Directory of off-line destinations."

"My 'usband may 'ave got it wrong, you know. 'E's a Czech and fair murders the King's English."

"Yes, that's possible. These friends of yours, circus people?"

"Yes, they are. They're working up that way."

"Kearny." He paused. "What kind of place did they say it might be?"

"Well, it's only three miles from New York City, and—"

"Hold it," he said, raising his hand. "Hold it. Tell me, is it a sea-side place?"

"It is, indeed," cried the dancer excitedly.

"Would you believe 'Coney' as in 'Coney Island'? Look, here it is on the map, just a short ride from New York. Fine bathing spot, amusements, and all that sort of thing."

Moments later he handed her a neatly typed paper with the tele-

phone area code and the postal Zip Code. As she thanked him and turned to go, he asked, "I say, have you found the Anglican church yet?"

"Oh, is there one? I'm so glad." The words tumbled out. "We 'ave a little boy, you know, almost a year old. By the time we've been on tour another year, 'e'll be almost two. A bit too large to decently christen, don't you think?"

A few minutes later she was explaining to Father Pat over the phone, "But rehearsals begin Monday. This Sunday is absolutely the last chance we will 'ave to get to church."

Sunday dawned, grey and miserable; not stormy, just damp and drizzly. Lee left his two teenagers in the front pew and went in search of the head usher.

"Andy, has Father Pat told you about the christening?"

"Oh, yes." The head usher was non-committal, almost disinterested.

"Might it not be a good idea for me to get out there on the steps and make sure they come in? They need to feel welcome."

"Can if you wish. Tell me," he sounded puzzled, "why wouldn't they feel welcome? Everybody's welcome here."

"Sure, sure. You know they're welcome. I know they're welcome. But do they know they're welcome? Have you ever attended church on a Sunday morning in a foreign land where almost nobody speaks English? There's only one in the party who speaks adequate English. I'd best get on out there."

The church was filling rapidly for the 11:00 a.m. service. As the

circus party drove up, Lee, all smiles, met them and led them to the front just as Father Pat arrived with an acolyte and his senior lay reader. Almost the entire congregation stood and repeated the vows along with little Emile's parents.

"We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock; and do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. Amen."

Reaching into a narrow carton, Father Pat produced a long candle, marked all down its length with gold rings.

"This is a christening candle," he said. "George will light it from one of the sacramental candles. Every year, on Emile's birthday, you let it burn down to the next ring. When he asks about it, you explain to him what happened here today. As the candle gets quite short, you begin making plans for a confirmation. When you are in Winter Headquarters next year, come over on Sunday mornings and worship with us. And thank you for being with us today."

Later, in the sacristy, Father Pat asked, "What started all this, Lee?"

"Routine inquiry, sir. They wanted a bit of information." ◀

Donald DeCoster is "relatively new to the Episcopal way of worshipping." He attends St. Mark's in Venice, Florida, where he works as an agent for the Seaboard Coast Line railroad.

by Donald W. DeCoster



THE SEWING CIRCLE

Half a dozen ladies sit around the table, their hands busy with needlework.

"Edna, do you remember your father's talking about the day Quantrill came through Lawrence, burning everything in sight?" asks Mrs. Amos, never looking up from her stitchery.

"Oh my, yes," Mrs. Bates smiles, also keeping the rhythm of the needle. "He used to tell us about it every chance he could

get." She leans back, and the other ladies and I settle ourselves for the familiar lines.

It was hot that August, as it always is, and Papa was 9 years old. Just he, his mother, and his grandmother were in the house at the time. Grandpa was fighting someplace east with the Union Forces.

by Lorelei Snyder

Anyway, when the raiders came to the door, his ma did some real quick thinking.

"James," she whispered, grabbing him by the shoulder, "take all the silver you can carry and bury it on the far side of the hedge, and don't you dare let anyone see you!"

Then she turned to the old lady, who was spry as a fox and strong as a horse but kind of wizened looking. "You get up-

What were the women teaching? Certainly more than stitchery and serenity.

stairs," she ordered. "Get into bed, and don't get out for nothing. Nothing!"

The old lady scampered up the stairs as Mother Bates opened the door to the raiders. They were polite, said they were burning the town down and would she please get out of the house.

"You'll have to carry the old lady down from the upstairs bedroom," Mrs. Bates answered, hoping her Methodist God would forgive just one small lie. "She's old and sickly and can't get out of bed."

The raiders looked at one another for a moment, then decided they should take this up with Quantrill himself, so they left.

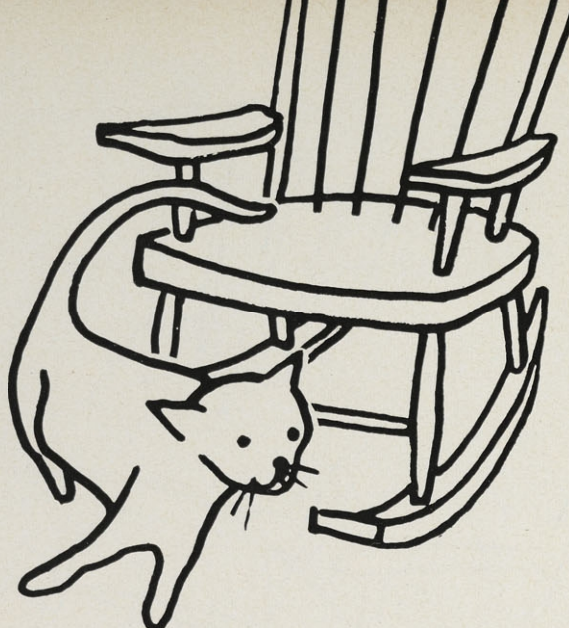
James, my father, came back in to say he had hidden the silver well, but the raiders found it anyway.

"Did they burn the house?" I asked eagerly.

"No," Mrs. Bates laughed. "That old lady in the bed stopped them. Quantrill made the house his headquarters and made Mother Bates cook for him. My, but he was a cautious soul. Made my father taste everything that was put on the table before he would take a bite!"

I sat spellbound. I had answered an announcement in the church bulletin that fancy embroidery would be taught in the Sewing Circle and that a baby sitter would be provided. I had pictured a young group of mothers, expressing their creativeness through a needle. Instead I found this group of senior citizens, most in their 70's, some in their 80's. I wondered what I was doing here. What had we to say to each other?

This recital of Quantrill's raid intrigued me. Of course, I was familiar with his sacking of Lawrence in 1863. As a native Kansan it was as much a part of my folk background as the members of his infamous band. Frank James was actually with Quantrill then, but



legend puts the Youngers and the Daltons in the band, too. This tale made me realize that at one time, that's the way things really were. These ladies had been around a long time. They had seen much and remembered more. Remembered, really, from the beginning.

The experience kept me coming back every week, even though I was the only person who took advantage of the baby sitting. I soon learned what these women appreciated in me: my youth, 24, and my two young children. To them these two things were wonderful in themselves. Also, they appreciated my interest in learning the beautiful stitches they were so qualified to teach.

This I understood. What I didn't understand was what I was receiving from them although I knew I was receiving something. Each week as I left, I had the feeling I had been given a gift, but I didn't know what it was.

"I thought of you last Thursday," Mrs. Farmer said to Mrs. Amos one afternoon. "Remember how you said that after 71 you have to slow down? Well, you're right. I was 71 last Wednesday, and I just can't seem to go like I used to."

I looked up from my stitching in amazement. If she had slowed down, she must have been a dervish in her prime!

Mrs. Farmer often cut out pieces for some of the others to take home to finish. On one occasion she gave Mrs. Bates a patterned material that was almost, but not quite, the same on both

sides. Mrs. Bates didn't notice the difference until the apron was finished. About half the apron was put on wrong side out. The difference was almost imperceptible, but Mrs. Bates knew it was there. She brought it back the next week and asked the ladies if she should rip it out and start again or try to find matching material to make a new one.

"Now, Edna," exclaimed Mrs. Farmer. "You're too particular. Nobody can tell. Just leave it as it is."

"Betty," Mrs. Bates asked her friend indignantly, "did you *ever* take anything to church that wasn't perfect?"

Mrs. Farmer thought a minute and then answered, "No, I never did. I guess you'd better rip it out."

Miss Davis was the hemstitching instructor. I grew to love her just a speck more than the others; mostly, I think, because she was a woman of such great courage. Courage enough to choose a career over marriage in the days when the two could not be combined. She had become a graduate nurse. After working a few years she went back to her school to teach. When the hospital decided to open a children's wing, she became its first director. This wing is now a separate hospital and is a nationally famous children's center.

One week I took some hemstitching home to finish. I carefully counted the threads off in fours and pulled my knots fast. I quickly hemmed it and returned

the piece the next week, quite pleased with the result.

It was handed round for all the ladies to admire. My new friends were greatly pleased at how quickly I'd picked up the new stitch. Later in the morning I noticed Miss Davis had kept the napkin and was now hemming it. I supposed that some of those old eyes were not as good as they once were and I told her I had already done that.

"Well," she answered positively, "I've never found hems like that held up after washing."

As I looked at her work, I could see the fine stitches she was taking. Her hem would not pull out, and her stitches were almost as pretty as those on the other side. To hem the piece took almost as long as to hemstitch it, but when finished it would be a sturdy, useful piece.

Each week I came and sat and sewed and listened. Each week I left with the puzzled feeling that something important was being given to me if I could only grasp what it was.

I enjoyed most the mornings they reminisced. They talked about Hattie and her electric car. Hattie never paid any attention to

one-way streets, and if a policeman tried to stop her, she just waved and hollered out, "I don't know how to turn it around!"

One morning Miss Davis began telling about taking her mother to visit her friends in the cemetery. It seemed a strange place to go, but I could tell by the other ladies' reactions this had once been a familiar custom.

"We'd take the horse and buggy and drive out there. Then Mama would say, 'Let's go see Ella Mae.' You remember Ella Mae Morse? Anyway, we'd ride over to Ella Mae's grave, and Mama would sit there and think about her and all the fun they used to have together. Then we'd go on to Dan Thompson's grave, and she'd think about Dan for awhile. We'd go all around the cemetery that way, stopping at this grave and that one.

"It was never a sad time," she turned to me as if to explain. "We always went on a beautiful day, and Mama only thought of the good times. We didn't go often, but whenever she got lonely, we went to visit Mama's friends in the cemetery."

The others nodded approval.

"People don't do that any-

more," Mrs. Bates sighed.

"No, I guess people are too busy nowadays," added Mrs. Amos.

It seemed sad to me to talk about death, especially when it was so close, but the ladies didn't think so. Death was a fact. It could not be altered, but it also could not alter. These ladies' friends and dear ones were as precious to them now as they had been fifty years ago. Mrs. Farmer never stopped enjoying the years she had with her only daughter, whom death took at 17, "just when life was beginning for her."

All of them now had many friends in the cemetery. I, who as yet had none, began to wonder if death were not a part of life.

I was preoccupied as I left that day; I was beginning to understand what these women were trying to say. I began to see this acceptance of death had given them strength to accept the challenges of life and living.

I began to see that their faith in God and their insistence that hard work was honorable and necessary had developed in them a passion for seeing that a task was finished not only well but beautifully. From a child to a lace tablecloth to a polished floor.

I began to see that devotion to duty, in spite of personal desire, had given them status and respect among those whom they had served lovingly and faithfully these many years.

I began to see that by being what they were, what they insisted on being, they had built something. When they arrived, the land we stood on had been new. Now it is filled with missile bases, universities, and cities. Roads have been built, schools established, churches founded, and homes and families created. These women have built a society, a society they are proud to be a part of. They established a foundation for the next generation.

As I tucked my two little boys into bed that night, I saw them for the first time as the next generation. What foundations will they have to build on?

I had not been given a gift. I had been handed a challenge. ◀

Note from a Parish Bulletin

Two Miracles that Really Happened

My grandson was pronounced dying by the doctors at Children's Hospital. At 3:00 p.m. Father Wendt went to the hospital to baptize the child and said, "Michael Charles Harding, the doctors have made many tests and can't find out what's wrong. I am going to put you in the hands of someone who does know what's wrong with you."

He looked up and said a silent prayer. Then he baptized the baby who had been in a coma for three days and nights. At 4:00 a.m. the following day Michael opened his eyes, took some milk, and has been perfectly normal ever since.

The second miracle happened November 1, last Wednesday afternoon. I paid my rent and was walk-

ing home across Newton Street near St. Stephen's. Three men approached, and one grabbed me. I said, "Turn me loose," and offered him my bag.

Then someone said, "I hear Mother Scott's voice, and they are mugging her." He came to my rescue and beat up the muggers. I asked him his name, and he replied, "My name is Love, and I'm taking you to Father Wendt."

I want to thank God for a man with a Godlike heart and ask all of you to pray for him. God does live on!

Note: The young man who rescued Mother Scott was Vernon Thomas, a member of St. Stephen's. His wife Velma takes care of our Sunday nursery. We are all very grateful to Vernon and hope to be able to express our thanks in many ways.

Reprinted from "Bread," St. Stephen and the Incarnation, Washington, D.C.



Letter from Laura

Dear Bill:

No. It's final. I meant what I said. I am not coming to Portsmouth. I am staying here with the children. You have said, "Keep this informal and see if we can't work out some compromise." I think this may be the whole issue—compromise. Good God, how we have had drummed into us that a mature person is one who knows how to compromise. But I'll tell you truly, I feel as if there was nothing left but com-

promise: that you and I are nothing but a walking compromise. No. I am not coming to Portsmouth, and I am not coming because it would be one more compromise, one, this time, with my sanity.

You have always worked under the assumption that the most important thing in the world is how high you go in the company and how much money you make. But once one asks the forbidden question, "Do I have the right to sell

not only my own life but the lives of my wife and children lock, stock, and barrel to some company which will then use me with no consideration whatsoever for the fact that other lives than mine are involved?"—once one asks that moral question, the whole enterprise of our marriage and family becomes some kind of madness.

I have asked myself that question, and I am going to ask it in some detail of you. And then I am going to ask you to choose be-

tween it and me. I do this, although you won't believe me, because I love you, not because I want to break up our marriage. I want our marriage to be a real one. I want, after ten years of what is laughingly called married life, with children four months and 3 and 6 years old, to have a family. But most important, I don't want to see you go down the drain. I don't want to see the beautiful, vivid, tender, witty, intelligent life sucked out of you.

As angry as I am at this moment, I still can't think back to our last year in college without some strange, indefinable shift of mood, nostalgic, bittersweet, romantic—no word seems just right. A whole collage of visual images begin to crowd into my head. And music: movie scores, Schubert lieder, Brahms sextettes, and the flow of feeling which goes with them.

God, was I in love with you, with your idiot Harpo Marx grin. And surprises. You were so free when so many young men were invariably doing what was expected of them. I never knew what to expect of you, and whatever I expected was not what you did; that was always something better, something more fun. And then you quit sweeping me off my feet and being gay and funny and delightful all the time, and I realized you were in love with me. No more to prove. No need to prove. All defenses gone. We could and did talk about anything. We lived in sin. We reveled in it.

You asked me to marry you formally and seriously. You explained about the Army. You apologized for your irresponsibility in wanting to marry me when all you could promise me was insecurity. And then I remember

clearly what you said. You said you simply could not bear the thought of living without me, and when you said it, I realized I could not bear the thought of living without you. I could conceive of it, but the thought was unbearably painful. Our marriage was as inevitable as death. Or so I thought then.

I'll never forget how surprised we were at Dad's reaction. He agreed to it so quickly it kind of put my nose out of joint. He explained to me later he thought it was better judgment to marry a man who was clearly able, confident, and bright even when his immediate future was indeterminate than to marry somebody who had it all nailed down but whose character suggested nothing much for the long haul. Dad was nothing if not prudent.

I married you two days after we graduated from college, and you immediately left for the Army and the Korean war. The first year I did my little camp-following routine, which was tense and nerve-wracking and exhausting. There was a lot of suffering since we never knew how long it would be before you'd be sent to Korea. I had that feeling of having one's life utterly in the hands of an impersonal organization; in that case an organization which might just get you killed. But again, if one didn't ask the big question (and I didn't, then), "Why does he have to go out to Korea to get himself shot?" the suffering made sense. One day you left for Korea, and I had a whole year of which I remember little except the awful loneliness.

At last you came home and went to work for the company. Then we moved into our first housing development. Often, looking back on that year of our

married life, we said how happy we were, with all those wonderful parties with the other young marrieds and veterans. I must confess now I was lying when I said those were good days. For me, they were terrifying days. You came back from Korea an emotional basket-case, keeping up a front of sanity with the help of booze, sex, work, and spending money.

What I remember most about our life were the debts. After that year in Korea you were determined to get your piece of the good life and get it fast. But I knew you too well to believe you were that naive or materialistic. It was a form of war sickness. So much of that junk you bought for me, and I knew it was because you couldn't feel anything toward me at all. I could tell when you took me to bed, which you did a great deal. But it had nothing to do with making love. I could just as well have been Godzilla with the lights out. You see, I had known you before the war. I had something with which to compare all this high, hard, manic, phony, sick cheerfulness. I had married one man, and another came back from the war.

When I found I was pregnant, I was really scared; not scared to have a baby but scared because deep down I was already wondering whether I wanted to go on with this kind of frantic, dreary, housing-development life. I wondered if something were wrong with me, if perhaps I weren't a depressed neurotic who was bringing you down. I even thought of seeing a psychiatrist, but instead I saw an obstetrician. No money for psychiatry.

That pregnancy was the absolute low point of my life. We moved right in the middle of it. By the time we (I) got packed, I

LETTER FROM LAURA

was so exhausted I could hardly see.

At the next place I just couldn't get my heart into unpacking, and you were tense and preoccupied about learning your new job. Finally I went to see Dr. Abbot because his was the first name in the yellow pages, and he gave me a glorious little pill, a mild amphetamine. The fun began.

I had the stuff unpacked and the curtains up in a day. I became a new person, a person rather like you in some respects: high, hard, edgy, cheerful, restless, full of energy. We met the people in the new development quickly and easily. We entertained a lot. I quit worrying about having the baby. In fact, I quit worrying about anything.

I had Nicky easily though. It was not a great emotional experience, and I was bothered at how little I felt when I saw him for the first time. Then I got that crazy impulse to nurse him, which Dr. Abbot tried to discourage; but I nursed him anyway, and it was the smartest thing I ever did. I began to get the right feelings about him, even before we left the hospital.

What happened next I remember as a strange mixture of good and evil. No one, anywhere, knows more about the radical deprivation of freedom than a young mother in the suburbs. I simply can't describe how hard it is to rear a child in a community where everyone else has young children and the general atmosphere is competitive rather than cooperative. The unrelenting demands of that life simply cannot be described.

Three months after Nicky was born, you thought it would be nice to go out for dinner. I called our next-door neighbor and asked her if she could recommend a baby-sitter. "My dear," she replied, "there is one question you never ask in this community: the name of your friend's baby-sitter." I became hysterical.

Fortunately, when Nicky was

born, you began to be human again. I'd been so preoccupied with the baby I hadn't been paying much attention to you and, I must confess, particularly didn't notice how much real attention you were paying to me.

That night was a perfect example. Instead of pouring yourself a big drink and trying to jolly me out of "one of my moods," you got as mad as I did, and we began really to talk. I was amazed to find how close your assessment of our life was to mine. But I learned some things about you I hadn't known before. I remember vividly some parallels you drew between war and work, how in the Army you'd really enjoyed basic training, learning the gear and how to work it, getting to understand the nature of morale in a group endeavor, and finding your mind amazingly free for reflection in the midst of all the hundreds of little idiot tasks they set to keep you busy.

And I remember how you said all this changed after combat. Thinking ceased to be playful as the horror of battle experience began to accumulate. If you let your mind stray an inch from what was immediately in front of it, it might recall what had happened to a friend and your guts would turn over inside of you. So, simply to survive, you turned off both thought and feeling. But when the war was over you couldn't just turn them on again. You were still soldiering, still being tough, because those thoughts and feelings could still come back.

But you said then, and I never heard you say it again, that the company wasn't that different. You began your junior management in production, and you'd loved it—"been damned good at it," you said. So you got a promotion to marketing, which of course meant leaving production and moving to another place. You even confessed the new work itself was much less important than the competitive interpersonal strategies for getting ahead. You

found yourself getting deeper and deeper into the area of gamesmanship. Things happened, you yourself did things, which you didn't want to think about.

That night we really had an honest talk. At the end of it you brought up the matter of the coming local elections. No one running, so far as you could see, represented young, middle-class college graduates in middle management, the majority of the town's population. So then the two of us made a decision. We were going to give some depth and meaning to our lives by getting involved in town politics.

Will you ever forget that election as long as you live? Your going to all the Democratic town committee meetings and volunteering to canvass, telephone, put up posters, etc., and discovering that among your volunteers were half the women in town who had been divorced during the past year; the other half were working for the other candidates—and were by far the better-looking half, thank God.

Why do I make that crack? Maybe because of the brutal competition between married women and divorced women which has been a part of my life ever since we were married. God, how those women make me nervous!

To our surprise the company encouraged your political involvement, having a policy of "good community relations." They even approved of your taking some time off to campaign.

Your opponent alleged you were running because the company wanted you on the Board of Selectmen so it could influence decisions on zoning, sewage, and water. You discovered later the company had him in its pocket anyway; what he said about you was actually true of him. But I wonder, if you had won, if it would have been eventually true of you.

Although you didn't win, we did make some good friends and learned a great deal about how politics function in a town. More important, for the first time in our married life, we began to feel at home in a place. We found

some couples who would share their baby-sitters. We got to meet serious, reflective people, both newcomers and townspeople, whom we could trust. I even found my part in the game rather fun and enjoyed the entertaining we did.

But a person has just so much energy, and looking back on it I can see we became socially over-extended. I was bone-tired and overcommitted, and that open-ended prescription of Dr. Abbot's for that pill looked attractive again. I started taking it, and soon I was taking a great deal more of it than had been prescribed. You remember the rest.

Boy, I'll bet you remember it! The night I started throwing the crockery at you must be a vivid memory. Why you didn't have me committed I'll never know. But you didn't, and when you managed to get my arms pinned and I began to calm down, you made me go over with you everything in our marriage to see if we could find what was wrong, what was, as we always say, *really* wrong, meaning, of course, what deep unconscious hostility was suddenly surfacing.

Well, when we finished our inventory, I still couldn't plead guilty. And suddenly you said, "What's different, then? Is anything changed or new in our life that's happened during the last three months because you only started to get this irritable about three months ago."

And I mumbled something about being tired and told you about the pills. We agreed to see if stopping taking them made any difference. I slept twelve hours a night for a week, and that nightmare was over.

Here again I want to make a point. "What's wrong with us?" we asked. "What's wrong with our marriage?" We never asked if anything was wrong with Dr. Abbot and his open-ended prescription. All of us, and our lives, were momentarily caught up in the great, mindless, purposeless conspiracy of progress in the drug industry: what's new has to be good for you.

Three years—the longest we ev-

QUIZ AND QUESTIONS

QUIZ

1. Where will the 64th General Convention take place?
2. Children should be exposed to danger. Would Margaret Mead agree or disagree?
3. The Episcopal Church now requires parishes to send letters of transfer when an Episcopalian becomes a Presbyterian. True or false?
4. How many deputies will go to General Convention this year?
5. A clergyman helped bring Lucinda Meek (page 35) back to the faith. True or false?
6. How many children do Laura and Bill (page 18) have?
7. How old is Rufus Morgan?
8. "Personal. Keep Out" is a sign on a door to Wier Smith's office. Yes or no?
9. What unexpected report received special praise at the December Executive Council meeting?
10. Who is the Episcopalian who just retired as president of the National Council of Churches?

QUESTIONS

1. What parallels can you find between the story of Herbie (page 8) and the story of Lazarus (John 11:1 NEB)?
2. Do you think Laura's use of the Church was more "honest" than Bill's? Do both have validity? Why? (see pages 18-22, 46)
3. What relationship does Margaret Mead's advice about children having some "constant" in their lives have to Laura's family? How does the Church provide some "constant" in people's lives, whether they are children or adults? (see pages 10-13 and 18-22, 46)
4. Discuss the Biblical command, "Unless you change and become like little children, you

will not enter the Kingdom of God" (Matt. 18:3 NAB) in light of Robert Rankin's experiences and his feelings that this country must do some breaking down before it can heal. (see pages 24, 29)

5. How many "agents of love" can you find in the articles in this issue? Discuss the different kinds of ministry each one of these people performs. Can you find parallels in the New Testament?
6. What constructive value did anger serve in "Pilgrimage Past Pain" and "Letter from Laura"? What other uses of anger can you think of?
7. How could a parish construct a microcosm atmosphere with some of the elements Margaret Mead lays out for a young child? How many of these does your parish have?
8. What opportunities do Episcopalians have in their working lives to help people "connect" with the Church as illustrated by the station master on page 14? Can you think of times you've been helped in such a way, or have helped?
9. What parallels can you find between Lorelei Snyder's discoveries about life and death (pages 15-17) and the story of Herbie? Think of experiences in your own life where contact with another person or another person's ideas gave you an insight into your own life.
10. What opportunities like the class in "The Sewing Circle" does your parish provide to help people of different generations get together?

Answers to Quiz
 1) Louisville, Ky. 2) Agree. 3) False. 4) Some 860. 5) False. It was a lay woman. 6) Three. 7) 87. 8) No, it's written on her personal diary. 9) A "manifesto" from the Committee on Lay Ministries (see p. 40). 10) Cynthia Wedel.

LETTER FROM LAURA

er spent anywhere in our entire marriage. We began to learn and grow; our love for each other kind of went to pieces and got pulled back together.

I arrived in that town pregnant, bitter, hopeless, frightened—and hating you. In three years the whole quality of our life had changed. We had been through several different kinds of hell together, and I mean together. At the end I felt sure of myself and sure of you and sure of our marriage. Nicky was three and a happy, easy child, and I had a cooperative thing going with some other mothers which took a lot of the strain and the expense of suburban motherhood off my back, so that I could enjoy it and enjoy Nicky.

To be sure, I was pregnant again—this time on purpose. We were setting our own goals; we were exercising our freedom—or call it what you want.

Then the word came down from on high. A tremendous promotion. Half-again as much salary, and you had been getting healthy raises all along. The job, of course, was in a large midwestern city.

Looking back on it, what really gets me about that move is how little we resisted it, how little we thought about alternatives, how quick we were to give up everything of real value we had achieved and the web of personal relationships which we had built for ourselves.

We laughingly considered staying where we were, knowing that would mean no raise for you and no further promotions. They wouldn't have fired you. But if you changed companies, you would be only an anonymous junior manager, trying to prove yourself all over again.

On the other hand, in your present company you were regarded as a "hot property," and the new job was a really big one. It didn't mean you were on your way to the top; it meant you were suddenly, and at a young age, quite close to the top. There was never any real question in either

of our minds but that we would move; And move we did.

I used to wonder idly if the company had spies to tell them when a man's wife was pregnant so they could move him. Looking back now, I think I see why perhaps companies insist on the mobility of their employees in management positions: mobility tames and traps them.

Again, what I remember about the move most was the fatigue. Again, a new obstetrician. Again, the baby-sitting problem. But no more development, at least: a neighborhood in a very old suburb in a good-sized and handsome house which our furniture didn't fill.

We shaped up very quickly out there. The house was expensive and needed painting and repairs, which were exorbitant. So for the second time since you left the Army we went into debt. I know how you laugh at this phrase. On the strength of your new and impressive salary, we made an enormous bank loan while taking a mortgage on the house.

You said it was not an enormous bank loan and we had to get used to living on a different scale now. Since I knew nobody, and had nothing to do except wait for the baby to be born, it was great with me. I must confess spending that money made up a lot for the loss of a familiar place and loved people. Again, for a woman to furnish and decorate a house, if she doesn't have a nervous breakdown over all the choices instead of enjoying them, is a tremendous and creative exercise in freedom—but not if she has to do it in six weeks.

And while it was some fun, it was not an exercise in freedom. I grew to hate the furnishings of that house because every choice had been made on the basis of chic. God—all that teak, all that Danish whatever, all those primary colors. And when it was all over, I was tired—and empty.

All I wanted, I thought, was for you to succeed in your new job. All I wanted to do was to enter-

tain to perfection the people who counted. God, was I scared. All that money borrowed at interest. All we had in the bank was your first paycheck, and it looked as if the liquor bill would use up most of that. And don't try to tell me you weren't nervous. There was, in fact, time for nothing except your job, and that took you out of town a great deal. When it didn't, we were entertaining business associates. You were even out of town when I had Sam. But you were nice. You bought me a car.

And weren't you surprised when I used the car to go to church? We were doing so much business entertaining I felt I was continuously being tested. So I wanted to find a place where I didn't have to be perfect.

I wanted a place where I could grieve for the loss of our friends and our old home. A silly reason, perhaps, to go to church. But it turned out to be a good reason—for me. You kidded me about my church-going for a while and then suddenly one day declared, I thought rather pompously, perhaps it was time for us to think about the religious education of our children and you'd like to come to church with me. No sooner were we in the door than I saw *why* you were there. Many of the ushers seemed to be your business friends. I suppose you were the only member of the church who was baptized after he became a board member on the finance committee.

If I used the church without the slightest belief in God, I didn't use it to climb, to advance my position in society. You did whether you say so or not. It was the first really phony thing I had ever seen you do, and what made me maddest was you would not even admit to me you were using the church for business reasons.

I began to wonder, I still wonder, if *you* knew it, if the old defense of denial, learned in the war, hadn't come back to impair your ability to reflect, to think and feel simultaneously. The area of the unthinkable in you was continually being enlarged and, I would say now, enlarged by your work, by

Continued on page 46

Should you buy life insurance from a member of your congregation?

Well, maybe. If the company he represents can give you better protection at a lower cost than we can. And unless that company specializes in life insurance for full-time religious workers exclusively, chances are it can't.

Here's why. Statistics prove full-time religious workers live longer than almost any other professional group. Since these statistics are a major factor in setting life insurance rates, the longer you live, the lower your rates should be.

Other companies don't treat you as a special group. They lump you right in with everybody else. That means higher rates. But since we sell life insurance only to full-time religious

workers, our rates are considerably lower. It's that simple.

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Prove it for yourself. If you have been shopping for life insurance recently, you have a pretty good idea of what it can cost. This coupon is a worthwhile way to find out more about how you can bring those costs down. Mail it today. (And tell him you're going to buy from PMF.)



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Defeat, if used creatively in our private lives and in our public lives, can be turned to victory. A personal account.

Is it the agony of these days which drives us in upon ourselves? I do not know. Yet, at the urging of several friends, I wish to explore a private pilgrimage of mine.

A personal experience disclosed the love of God and the love of man—two loves which, we are told on the highest authority, are like each other. Mine is a story about the love and judgment of God and the sensitivities and insensitivities of people. If it comes across in those terms, my reservations about telling it will be reduced. I am convinced my story, give or take a few degrees of visibility, is the story of every man and every woman.

Twelve years ago I found myself in a crisis in health which could be overcome only by drastic surgery. If surgery were not undertaken, I would have about three years to live. If it failed, I would die. If it succeeded, I would be all right except I would have to use a prosthesis and, as it turned out, crutches. I am delighted to be able to announce we all made it through just fine!

In the course of these events I discovered first the awesome power of human love. This power is not unusual—one can see it and feel it every day, in and out of hospitals; nothing unusual, until it happens to you—the incredibly powerful and beautiful renewal which takes place when people realize someone is in trouble and discover in themselves a depth of concern for that person.

I found the compassion of men and women and the love in life provided sustenance for the spirit and, incredibly, for the body. I found the love of man, as I discerned it, was interlinked with the love of God, as I discerned that.

For a liberal Christian who for decades had psychologized the feeding miracles in the New Testament, the physical power of love was startling. Not only had I assumed, but I had known, the pow-

er of the Spirit fed the spirit. That was the end of it. But then I discovered the Spirit also feeds the body. I could now believe a few fish and loaves of bread, given in love by One who embodied love, could abundantly nourish large numbers of people physically, with quantities of food remaining.

The Meaning of Pain

A second discovery was the meaning of pain. I have always been a certified, card-carrying coward, yet now I learned pain is an ally. C. S. Lewis' book, *The Problem of Pain*, which I had regarded as instructive and fascinating, now struck me as revelatory—especially his point that pain signals danger, that it announces "something is wrong and needs diagnosis and healing."

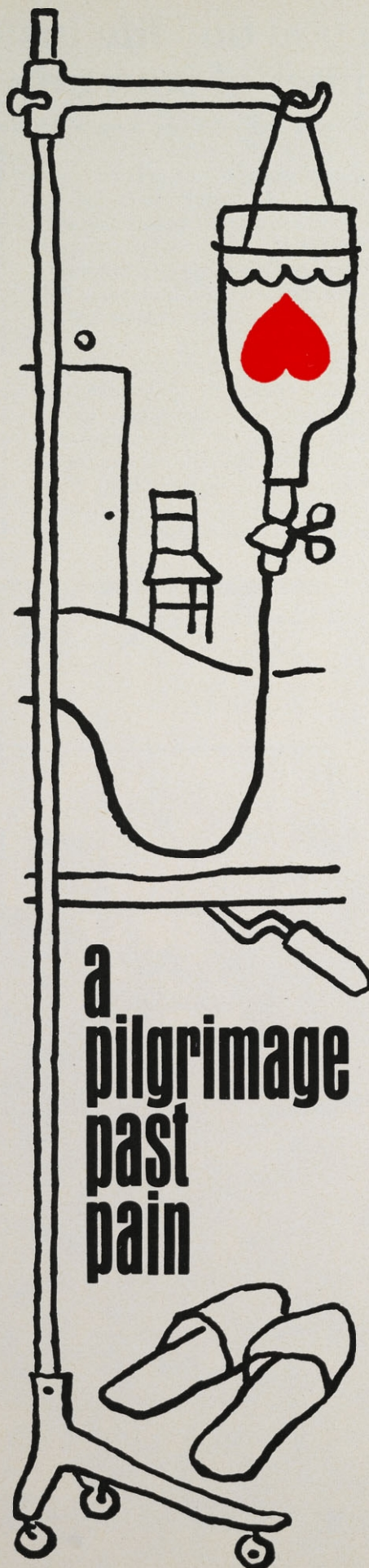
"Pain," Lewis wrote, "insists upon being attended to. . . every man knows something is wrong when he is being hurt. . . . God whispers to us in our pleasure, speaks in our conscience, but shouts in our pain."

But the discovery extended to another level of learning, to affirmation. I found pain signals not only that something is wrong but also that something is becoming right; it can signal that healing and renewal are happening.

Still another discovery—a fresh view of Christian grace—came to me in the St. Louis Jewish Hospital. There, in its outstanding rehabilitation center, I learned how to walk again. Those extraordinary days brought unforgettable insights about the given, the unexpected, the unearned gifts in life. Day after day a talented and sensitive therapist and I struggled together. The practice went on but without my achieving the tricky ability of coordination.

Then one day it happened to me. Note: I did not happen to it, I did not do it; it was done to me. One moment I was struggling to walk and the next, presto, I was walking. The new, the given, had broken in upon me. In a new way I perceived what grace is about.

I know I could not have learned to walk without the therapist's excellent teaching. I am equally





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REGISTRATION

TITLE (Check One)		Name													
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	Ven	Ven	Diocese												
	Rev. Canon	RCan	OFFICIAL CAPACITY AT CONVENTION (Check one)												
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	Rev. Mother	RMot	____ Suffragan			____ Lay			____ GEN. CONV. STAFF			____ VISITOR			
	Sister	S	____ Assistant			____ Alternate									
	Brother	Bro	____ Retired			____ TRIENNIAL DEL									
			____ Resigned												
	Dr.	Dr	Badge name of spouse if attending:												
	Hon.	Hon	Mode of travel ____ Air ____ Auto ____ Train ____ Bus												
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List Hotels by Order of Preference		Type Room	Office Use Only
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Other Housing Arrangements			
Please arrange accommodations: 1. Private home (overseas only) _____			
2. Recreational Vehicle _____			
3. Youth facility _____			
4. Other (please specify) _____			
____ Will stay with friends			
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1. _____		_____	
2. _____		_____	
3. _____		_____	
4. _____		_____	

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100 NORTH SIXTH STREET, SUITE 305
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY 40202

A/C 502—582-2561

REGISTRATION FEE

___ \$12.50 for Bishops, Deputies, Triennial Delegates, Executive Council members and staff, General Convention Staff, and others

___ \$ 5.00 for spouses of above, registered visitors, and others

The fee covers registration expense, official badge and information packet. Visitors not desiring registration services will be admitted to the Convention without charge.

IMPORTANT

Registration fee is not a deposit on your hotel room. Room reservations and other housing arrangements may be made through the General Convention Manager's office ONLY.

Please apply the following amounts of money as indicated below:

(1) Bus Tickets \$ _____

(2) Meal Tickets \$ _____

(3) Tickets for President's Evening \$ NO CHARGE

Make Check or Money Order
Payable To:
1973 GENERAL CONVENTION
OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
(DO NOT SEND CURRENCY)
YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER IS YOUR RECEIPT.

Total Registration Fee Enclosed \$ _____

Total Amount of Money Enclosed
\$ _____

Signature _____

Date _____

BUS TICKETS

Special Convention buses will be provided on a pre-sold basis only to and from downtown Louisville and on the Eastern Watterson X-Way to Breckinridge Ln. to and from the Kentucky Exposition Center throughout the Convention. Tickets may be used for one round trip daily. Tickets will be sold for the entire convention at \$15.00 per book or \$1.25 per day. Your intention to use this service should be clearly indicated on this form in the appropriate space. PAYMENT SHOULD BE INCLUDED WITH YOUR REGISTRATION FEE. YOUR BUS TICKETS WILL BE IN YOUR PRE-REGISTRATION PACKET UPON YOUR ARRIVAL.

NO. OF BOOKS _____ @ \$15.00 EACH

NO. OF DAILY TICKETS _____ @ \$ 1.25 PER DAY TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____ (Enter Above)

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Arrangements have been made to serve lunch and dinner daily from 9-29 thru 10-5. Lunch only will be served 10-8 thru 10-11. Please check price of meal desired and days in the appropriate space below. PAYMENT SHOULD BE INCLUDED WITH YOUR REGISTRATION FEE. YOUR MEAL TICKETS WILL BE IN YOUR PRE-REGISTRATION PACKET UPON YOUR ARRIVAL.

		S	S	M	T	W	Th	F	S	M	T	W	Th	TOTAL
Lunch (red) \$1.75														\$
(blue) \$2.50														\$
Dinner (red) \$2.50														\$
(blue) \$4.00														\$

No. of Red Lunch Tickets _____ TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED
No. of Blue Lunch Tickets _____
No. of Red Dinner Tickets _____ \$
No. of Blue Dinner Tickets _____ (Enter Above)

THE PRESIDENTS' NIGHT

An evening with the Louisville Orchestra honoring the presiding Bishop and the President of the House of Deputies is being provided by the Diocese of Kentucky October 3, 1973. Please check here if tickets desired. ☐

AUTOMOBILE PARKING

A 27,000 car paved parking lot surrounds the Kentucky Exposition Center. Daily parking is available at 50¢ per day with no in and out privileges. Payment will be made at the gates to the parking areas.

CAR RENTAL

I request that a rental car be reserved for me. Please contact:

TYPE OF CAR: _____

___ Econo-Car ___ Avis ___ Budget ___ Hertz ___ National ___ Thrifty

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I request: ___ Baby sitting ___ Child Care Center

Note: An effort will be made to provide this service at minimum cost if there is sufficient demand.

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MEDICAL INFORMATION

___ I have a physical handicap which affects my housing application. See attached explanation

___ I have a medical condition which should be filed at the First Aid Station. See attached explanation

Remarks: _____

professional

supplement

News & Notes

▷ The National Network of Episcopal Clergy Associations (NNECA) will hold its third annual conference at the Methodist Conference Center, St. Simon's Island, Ga., from the afternoon of May 21 through lunch on May 23. In addition to two voting delegates from each dues-paying member association, all members of each association are invited to be present, as well as any other Episcopal clergyman (male and female) interested in the clergy association movement.

St. Simon's Island may be reached from Atlanta by Air South, a scheduled airline. Should you wish to bring your wife, motels are available nearby. The cost for those resident at the Conference Center is \$24 (board and room), and reservations are made by sending a check for \$12 to the registrar, the Rev. Charles A. Carter, III, 1912 Laura St., Jacksonville, Fla. 32206. The check should be made payable to the Rev. Mr. Carter, and the deadline is April 30.

These annual conferences are seen as being more in the mode of a Family Reunion than of a Constitutional Convention: It is a working, playing gathering of those clergy who see possibilities for influencing the quality of life within the Episcopal Church through a Network which serves as a communicating device. NNECA does not pretend to make policy for anyone, nor does it, as a confederation, take official stands on issues. It aspires to provide an environment of fellowship and information so its members will be provoked and sustained in taking such actions as they see fit, beginning with the diocese in which they live, move, and have their being.

Information about the Network may be had by writing the Convener, the Rev. Edward R. Sims, 318 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202; and a subscription to the Network's newsletter, LEAVEN, may be had by sending a check for \$5 made payable to NNECA to the Rev. Robert B. Skinner, 9 South Bompert Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

■ St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., offers accredited chaplain internships and residencies beginning July 1, 1973. A ten-week, full-time summer program will also be offered in 1973 for parish ministers, seminarians, and qualified religious workers. Resources

Pennsylvania Clergy Group Does Landmark Salary Study

A clergy-inspired-and-initiated study, three years in the making, on the establishment of salary ranges and performance evaluation criteria for ministers within the Episcopal Church was completed and distributed to diocesan bishops in late October.

The report was prepared by PRIDE, Inc., a volunteer organization of 70 Diocese of Pennsylvania clergymen, with the assistance of Hay Associates, a nationally known Philadelphia management consultant firm. Funding for the in-depth study was provided by The Episcopal Church Foundation, a national organization of laymen; the Church Pension Fund; and the Tri-Diocesan Project, a joint grant from the Dioceses of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Southern Ohio.

The 126-page report, "The Development of Stipend Standards and Performance for the Episcopal Clergy in the Diocese of Pennsylvania," is described by the Rev. James C.

for training include community mental health activities in Washington and interdisciplinary training offered through the Hospital's Division of Clinical Training and Research. Applications should be submitted as early as possible and no later than Feb. 28, 1973, in order to be considered when selections are made in March. For further information, write: The Rev. Ernest E. Bruder, D.D., Director, Protestant Chaplain Activities, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C. 20032.

■ Identical bills have been introduced in the Senate and House of Representatives providing for a systematic review of virtually all tax preferences in existing law, including the charitable contribution deduction and exclusion of the rental value of parsonages. Sen. Mike Mansfield (D.-Mont.) and Rep. Wilbur D. Mills (D.-Ark.) submitted the Tax Policy Review Act of 1972 in both Houses of Congress, calling for the tax preferences to be reviewed over the years 1973, 1974, and 1975, which would be terminated in the absence of action to the contrary. The charitable and par-

sonage rent deductions are two of 54 provisions currently exempted from taxation, and both would be terminated after Jan. 1, 1976, unless other action is taken.

He said the report provides objective means and methods whereby equitable salary ranges may be determined for the many positions held by the clergy within the Church structure. It measures, compares, and charts position descriptions applicable to specific parishes in their social settings, vertical movement within a position as competence increases, periodic evaluation of performance, salary practices in comparable fields, and other techniques of accountability management.

"The report is adaptable to any diocese within the Church," Father Blackburn said, but cautioned that "it is not a do-it-yourself manual"; it requires professional consultant assistance to be fully useful.

Father Blackburn said the project was done as a voluntary contract by PRIDE under agreement with the National Network of Episcopal Clergy Associations. Each of the 20 NNECA organizations nationwide is being provided with the report for its own use in its diocese.

Copies may be obtained at a cost of \$16 each from: PRIDE, Inc., 51st and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, PA 19139.

sonage rent deductions are two of 54 provisions currently exempted from taxation, and both would be terminated after Jan. 1, 1976, unless other action is taken.

A spokesman of the Congressional Policy Committee said any persons wishing to communicate their views on these tax exemptions may do so by writing directly to either Sen. Mansfield or Rep. Mills.

■ The Diocese of Washington is in the process of developing and implementing contracts for all vicars of the diocese through its Missionary Development Advisory committee. The Rev. Kenneth Higginbotham, assistant to Suffragan Bishop John Walker who heads the committee,

Continued on page /PS-B

A Fresh Option on Clergy Housing

by James R. Adams, Rector

St. Mark's Church, Washington, D.C.

When I agreed to come to St. Mark's, it was understood that my family and I would live in the rectory. It is a charming and spacious Victorian house conveniently located about a fifteen minute walk from the church.

Although I enjoyed the house, three things began to bother me:

1) I was approaching 40 years of age and was not acquiring any capital or equity which would see me through my old age.

2) I found it awkward and embarrassing to call the senior warden every time I needed the plumber to unstop a toilet or an electrician to make a minor repair.

3) I realized I would receive no long-term benefit for the work I was doing to improve the property, such as the patio and garden in the rear of the house.

I thought seriously about following the clergy trend toward home ownership, but that approach also had some serious disadvantages:

1) I did not have the money for a down payment on a house.

2) I could not afford to live in a house anywhere near so large and comfortable in the neighborhood of the church, and neither the vestry nor I liked the prospect of my commuting in from the suburbs.

3) I had seen several of my colleagues caught in a depressed real estate market at the time they wanted to move. They either had to sell at a loss or go into the rental business.

When faced with this dilemma, the St. Mark's finance committee came up with a new plan which I find very attractive and which is now part of my contract.

First of all, I took over responsibility for the management of the rectory. A housing allowance was established based on prior experience as to the cost of utilities. To that was added a maintenance budget based upon 10% of the annual rental value of the house, a management practice recommended by a real estate firm, plus a small amount for furnishings:

Utilities	\$1,040
Repair and maintenance	720
Furnishings	160
Total housing allowance	\$1,920

I receive the money in monthly installments as a tax-free housing allowance. While the church remains responsible for the replacement of major appliances and such major expenses as a new roof, I have acquired the joys and headaches of a

home owner. Money saved by frugal use of electricity and by doing my own repairs becomes available for new rugs or curtains.

The second feature is the Investment Plan. St. Mark's small but not insignificant endowment fund is managed by several parishioners who are knowledgeable in the investment field. The vestry authorized me to make monthly contributions to that Fund equal to 1/480th of the appraised value of the rectory (including land) at the beginning of the plan. Since the rectory was appraised at \$62,500, my payments figured out to be \$130 per month. The vestry then raised my salary that first year to cover these contributions. When, for any reason, I cease to be the rector, either I or my estate shall be paid in cash the greater of the following:

1) An amount equal to my proportionate share in the Endowment Fund, including accrued income, as of that date, or,

2) an amount equal to 1/480th of the appraised fair market value of the rectory as of the date of my departure for each month that I have served under the investment plan.

For the first time since I entered the ministry, I am now saving money. More important, my savings can grow with the economy, and I am protected against either a temporary slump in the stock market or depressed real estate sales (although not both) at the time I leave. What makes me feel still better about the arrangement is that if the rectory increases in value because of my efforts, I stand to benefit as well as the church.

--from *Washington Clergy Newsletter*

News & Notes, cont.

Continued from page /PS-A

said the main purpose of the contracts is "to provide support and protection between the Bishop's office and the vicars' ministries. It is intended," he added, "to give substantial direction for vicars and their chapel committees as they pursue their respective ministries." Further information is available from the committee, Diocesan Office, Mt. Saint Alban, Washington, D.C. 20016.

■ ACT is the Association for Creative Theology, formed by a diverse group of Episcopalians who "...seek

to promote the discussion of problems of a social and theological nature facing the Church today.... open...to proponents of all views, but...bases its own positions on the catholic tradition of Anglican theology...." For further information write: Association for Creative Theology, One E. 29th St., New York, NY 10016.

■ According to the most recent study by the Labor Department on the cost of living in urban areas, a family of four now has to have an income of \$11,252 for a "Moderate Comfort Budget" in the Washington, D. C., metropolitan area. A minimum budget is calculated at \$7,500. If the family desires to obtain some of the more inexpensive luxuries of modern living, the Labor Department claims an annual income of at least \$16,345 is necessary.

If you are a parish clergyman and living in a rectory provided by the parish, you must add the value of your housing, plus utilities and insurances, to your base salary before you compare your income to the figures above.

--from Roland M. Jones
WECA

▷ The Church Army says it has commissioned Officers--Captains and Sisters--experience, skilled, available for a variety of ministries. Write: Church Army, 815 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

▷ St. George's College, Jerusalem, offers some 25 places to PECUSA clergy and bishops for its May 28 through July 8, 1972, study session for continuing education. It expects a charter flight might be arranged and that tuition and travel costs may be as little as \$900 each. Contact: The Rev. John Wilkinson, Dean of Studies, St. George's College, P.O. Box 1248, Jerusalem, Israel.

■ Virginia's Clergy Development Committee, Commission on the Ministry, is offering eight professional conferences for clergy training during 1972-73. Subjects include: administration, pastoral applications of transactional analysis, a retreat, Christian education, and a clergy and wives conference. Information is available from Bishop Philip A. Smith, Goodwin House, 4800 Fillmore Ave., Alexandria, VA 22311.

■ A new Army Regulation, entitled "Human Self-Development Program," revises and re-orient's staff responsibilities for chaplains to enable them "to address today's challenging problems of racial ten-

Continued on page /PS-G

News & Notes - cont.

Continued from /PS-B

sions, drug abuse, poverty, dissent, and moral behavior...." In bringing the new AR 600-30 to the attention of army chaplains stationed throughout the world, Chaplain William Brander, assistant corps chaplain for human relations in the Army's V Corps Headquarters, offers some "new approaches toward both individual uniqueness and corporate unity through 'town meetings,' 'rap sessions,' etc." Under the longest section of his five-page memorandum, sub-titled "Specific Ministry to Minority Groups," Chaplain Brander notes that "special attention must be given to the minority groups and ministry to these groups." He suggests personal counseling and listening and informing soldiers of services available to minority groups. He also urges informal "rap" sessions exclusively with minority groups, with chaplains as moderators, and informal discussion groups constituted of all races.

CHANGES

ACKERMAN, Scott, from Grace, Brooklyn Heights, NY, to St. Gabriel's, Brooklyn, NY
ALBRITTON, Sherodd R., from All Saints-Sharon Chapel, Alexandria, VA, to Christ, Macon, GA
ALLEMEIER, James E., from St. Andrew's, Downers Grove, IL, to Diocese of Quincy, IL
ANDERSEN, John D., from St. Mark's, New Canaan, CT, to executive director, Roslyn Conference Center, Richmond, VA
ANDERSEN, Raynor W., from Grace, Merchantville, NJ, to Missionary to the Deaf, Diocese of Connecticut, Hartford, CT
ANDERSEN, Richard B., from Christ, Short Hills, NJ, to St. Elizabeth's, Ridgewood, NJ
ANDERSON, Carol, from executive assistant, Episcopal Mission Society, New York, NY, to St. James, New York, NY
ANDERSON, Jesse F., Jr., from St. Patrick's, Washington, DC, to pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Redeemer, Washington, DC
ANDERSON, Kenneth E., from St. Matthew's, San Mateo, CA, to St. Mary's, Lakewood, Tacoma, WA
ANDERSON, Richard J., from communications officer, Diocese of Western New York, to administrative assistant to the Bishop of West-

ern New York, Buffalo, NY
ANDERSON, Robert E., from Emmanuel, Winchester, KY, to St. John's, Bedford, IN
ANDERSON, Robert M., from St. John's, Stamford, CT, to Dean of St. Mark's Cathedral, Salt Lake City, UT
ANDERSON, Stuart N., from chaplain, University of the Pacific, Stockton, CA, to St. Michael's, Carmichael, CA
ARTERTON, Frederick H., from warden, College of Preachers, and canon, Washington Cathedral, Washington, DC, to St. John's, Chevy Chase, MD
ASHWORTH, Geoffrey W., from Sts. Philip and James, Ft. Wayne, IN, to Christ, Harlan, KY
AYERS, Phillip W., from St. Paul's, Visalia, CA, to St. David's, Topeka, KS

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.

BACAGAN, Magdaleno, from graduate studies to Atonement, Washington, DC
BAUR, Robert M., from St. Stephen's, McKeesport, PA, to Calvary, Pittsburgh, PA
BELL, Roger C., from Advent, Jeanette, PA, to novitiate, St. Gregory's Abbey, Three Rivers, MI
BONHALL, Robert L., from Messiah, Santa Ana, CA, to St. George's, Laguna Hills, CA
BROOME, John T., from St. Andrew's, College Park, MD, to Holy Trinity, Greensboro, NC
BRUNS, Thomas C., from All Saints, Pleasanton, TX, to drug counseling work in San Antonio, TX
BRUNSTON, Gustav F., from St. Joseph's, Denver, CO, to St. George's, Englewood, CO
BURROWS, Robert V., from St. David's, Garden City, MI, to Ascension, Denver, CO
CARTWRIGHT, Howard M., Jr., from St. John Evangelist, Needles, CA; Grace, Lake Havasu; St. Peter's-on-the-River, Holiday Shores; and St. Philip's, Parker, AZ, to St. John's, Costa Mesa, CA

CHATER, E. Walter, from supply work in New York and Vermont to Christ, Bethel, VT, and rector-emeritus, All Saints, Harrison, NY
CLANCEY, William P., Jr., from St. Jude's, Cupertino, CA, to All Souls, Berkeley, CA
CLARKE, Julian M., from All Saints' Cathedral, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, to chaplaincy training program, St. Raphael's Hospital, New Haven, CT
COCHRAN, Paul C., from Holy Cross, San Antonio, TX, to a teaching fellowship at General Theological Seminary, New York, NY
COOK, Willard L., from Christ, Sherburne, and Grace, Earlville, NY, to Emmanuel, East Syracuse, NY
COURTNEY, Peter, from St. Philip's, Belmont, and St. Paul's, Angelica, NY, to St. Peter's, Henrietta, NY
COWART, John L., from Holy Trinity, Valley Stream, NY, to Grace, Chillicothe, MO
DALTON, Franklin B., from Emmanuel, Grass Valley, CA, to Ascension, Vallejo, CA
DOW, Neal H., from St. Alban's, Sussex, WI, to St. Stephen's, Aurora, CO
DOWNING, Richard E., from Nativity, Camp Springs, MD, to St. Paul's, Baden, and St. Mary's, Aquasco, MD
EMENHEISER, D. Edward, from Trinity, Monmouth, IL, to one year's study in Washington, DC, preparatory to coordinating Quincy's diocesan program for clergy continuing self-development. His address will be: 4407 South 36th Street, Arlington, VA 22206
EMERSON, R. Clark, from St. Anne's, Fremont, CA, to St. Francis, Palo Verde Estates, CA
FERGUSON, Raymond A., from St. Alban's, Redmond, OR, to St. David's, Portland, OR
GARBARINO, Harold W., from St. Luke's, Darien, CT, to Grace, Lyons, NY

Continued overleaf

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CHANGES

Continued from /PS-C

GOURLAY, Robert A., from Grace, Elkridge, MD, to Christ, Stevensville, MD

GRIFFIN, Gerald D., from Holy Spirit, Lake Forest, IL, to St. John's Cathedral, Albuquerque, NM

GUDGER, Gordon B., Jr., from non-parochial to St. Stephen's, Liberty, TX

HARRINGTON, Arthur, from Presbyterian Ministers' Fund, North Haven, CT, to St. Paul's, Montour Falls, and St. John's, Catherine, NY

HAWES, Charles M., III, from St. Stephen's, Colebrook, NH; St. Paul's, Canaan, VT; and All Saints, Hereford, Canada, to Grace, Grand Rapids, MI

HERLOCKER, J. Robert, from St. Mary's, Winnemucca, and St. Andrew's, Battle Mountain, NV, to Trinity, Ukiah, CA

HESS, Cameron M., from Christ, Pearisburg, VA, to chaplain, University of Tennessee, Martin, and St. John's, Martin, TN

HILL, Donald B., from Cathedral of All Saints, Albany, NY, to chaplain and administrative assistant, St. Agnes School, Albany, NY

HITCHCOCK, Edwin E., from St. John's, Colville, and Redeemer, Republic, WA, to St. James, Cashmere, and St. Luke's, Waterville, WA

HOLSINGER, David N., from graduate studies to counseling, Turtle Mountain Reservation, Belcourt, ND

INSKO, W. Robert, from Ascension, Frankfort, KY, to St. Philip's, Harrodsburg, KY. He will continue on the faculties of Episcopal Theological Seminary, the College of Social Professions, University of Kentucky, Lexington, KY

JUDSON, H. Douglas, from Holy Trinity, Alhambra, CA, to St. John's, Tulare, CA

KNIGHT, Jack C., curate at St. Timothy's, Littleton, CO, to also St. Gregory's, Columbine, CO

LODGE, John R., from Nativity, a parochial mission of St. Paul's, Chattanooga, TN, to secular employment and supply priest at St. Mark's, Copperhill, TN

MARRETT, Michael McF., from St. Mark's, Brooklyn, NY, to St. James the Less, Jamaica, NY

MARSH, Harold S., from non-parochial to Grace, Hopkinsville, KY

MARSHALL, Elliott W., III, from

Advent, Cynthiana, KY, to Christ, Charlottesville, VA

McNAUL, Robert G., from non-parochial to Our Saviour, Pasco, WA

MEKEEL, Dale E., to assistant to the president, Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, VA

METZ, Wayne N., from graduate studies to faculty, Kentucky Wesleyan College, Owensboro, KY

MILLER, Richard S., from graduate studies to Gethsemane, Sisseton; St. John the Baptist, Sisseton Mission; and St. Luke's, Sisseton Mission, SD

MORRIS, Hunter M., from Episcopal Mission Society, New York, NY, to administrative assistant to the Bishop of Arizona, Phoenix, AZ

NEWBERT, Russell A., from St. Michael and All Angels, Cincinnati, OH, to Trinity, Bellaire, and St. Paul's, Martin's Ferry, OH

OBENCHAIM, John C., from Holy Sacrament, Highland Park, PA, to St. Christopher's, Oxford, PA

OWEN, Jan W., from Trinity, Cali, Colombia, to St. Paul's, Louisville, KY

PAISLEY, David M., from Prince of Peace, Woodland Hills, CA, to St. George's, Pearl Harbor, HI

PERRY, Hal B., from St. Luke's, Austin, TX, to St. John's, Austin, and faculty, Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest, Austin, TX

ROSS, George E., from Dean of St. Michael's Cathedral, Boise, ID, to St. Paul's, Akron, OH

SHATAGIN, Theodore I., from All Saints, South Burlington, VT, to chaplain, Hoosac School, Hoosick, NY

SINCLAIR, Stanley R., from St. Paul's, Visalia, CA, to Our Saviour, San Gabriel, CA

SMITH, Robert C., from St. John the Evangelist, Boston, MA, to St. Andrew's, Roswell, NM

SOTOLONGO, Pastor G., from the Spanish-speaking congregation, Bridgeport, CT, to chaplain, Episcopal Mission Society, New York, NY

TAYLOR, Charles A., Jr., from Thompson House, Charlotte, NC, to St. Paul's, Winston-Salem, NC

THOMTE, Hubert D., from St. Mark's, Richmond, VA, to Grace, Plymouth, NC

TOMLIN, Billy F., from All Saints, Cameron, and St. Thomas, Rockdale, TX, to St. Peter's, Brenham, TX

WALCH, D. Sanderson, from St. Matthew's, Rapid City, SD, to St. Stephen's, Fargo, ND

WALMSLEY, Arthur E., from general secretary, Massachusetts Council of Churches, Boston, MA, to Trinity, New York, NY

WILSON, Charles A., Jr., from All Saints, Minot, ND, to graduate studies, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM

WILSON, Donald G., from Grace, Standish, and St. Thomas, Omer, MI, to St. Matthew's, Westerville, OH

New Deacons

DAVIS, Thomas, to Christ, Dayton, OH

DURGIN, Ralph T., to St. Boniface's, Lindenhurst, NY

MYER, David, to St. Mary's, Barnstable, MA

RECEIVED

MILLER, Joseph T., received from the Roman Catholic Church, to St. John's, Larchmont, NY

PROFESSION

KRAMER, Allan, of the Society of St. Francis, made his life profession Oct. 1, 1972.

Retired

HOWARD, Lyman E., from Trinity, Three Rivers, MI, on January 1 for health reasons

JENKINS, G. Mark, from Calvary, Fletcher, NC, on Sept. 3, 1972

RIGG, A. Philip M., from St. Paul's, Baden, and St. Mary's, Aquasco, MD, on Dec. 1, 1972. He will live in Ingram, TX.

SPENCER, H. Laurence, from Ascension, Denver, CO, on January 1

TRAUB, Warren E., from St. John's, Ithaca, NY, on January 31

WINCKLEY, Edward O., from St. Mark's, Montesano, and St. Luke's, Elma, WA

Deaths

ANDERSON, Robert H., Jr., age 52

BUTLER, Thomas T., age 88

CASWELL, Wilbur L., age 87

COX, F. Nugent, age 85

FERRIS, Theodore P., age 63

PIERPOINT, Arthur W., age 64

SPOFFORD, William B., age 80

THOMAS, Harold, age 96

CORRECTIONS

For our December Clergy Changes we received erroneous information for the Rev. Robert H. Peoples. He is presently working at the Seamen's Church Institute, Philadelphia, PA.

Our December Clergy Changes erred in the listing for the Rev. William M. Todd. He is now at St. Matthew's, Wheeling, WV.

NOTICE

Since Mexico's division into three dioceses, Bishop Melchor Saucedo's mail should be addressed to: Revmo. Melchor Saucedo, Apartado 1-1747, Guadalajara, Jal., Mexico.

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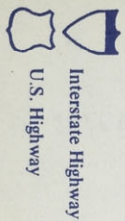
DETACH HERE AND MAIL REGISTRATION AND INFORMATION FORM TO THE GENERAL CONVENTION MANAGER. RETAIN ROOM RATES AND LOCATION MAP FOR YOUR RECORDS.

ROOM RATES – SELECTED HOTELS/MOTELS – LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY – AS OF AUGUST, 1972*

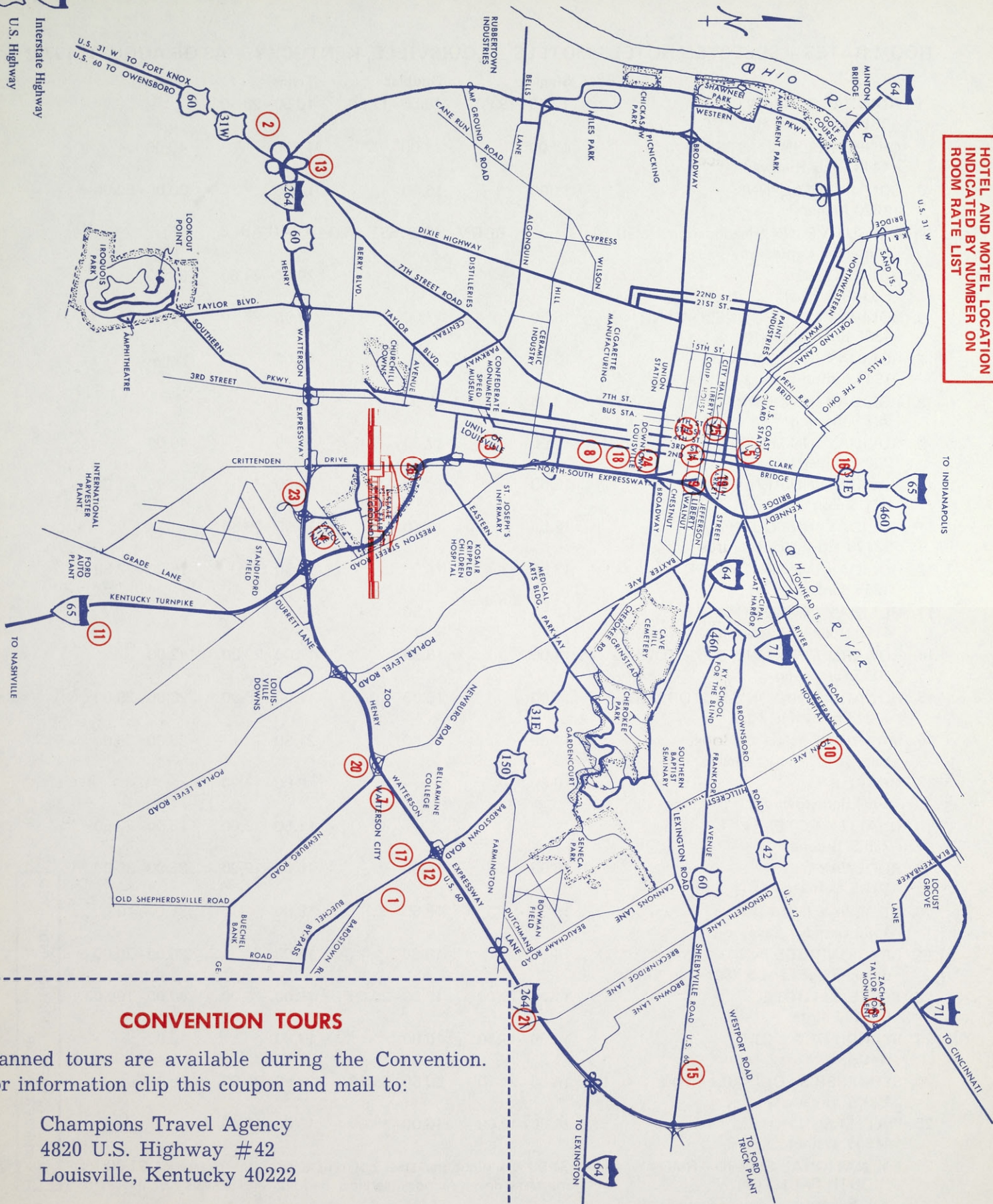
	Singles	Doubles	Twins	Suites
1. ADMIRAL BENBOW 3317 Bardstown Rd.	12.50–13.50	16.50–17.50	18.50–20.50	—
2. CHURCHILL INN MOTEL 4444 Dixie Highway	12.00	14.00	17.00	40.00
3. CONTINENTAL INNS 1620 Arthur	11.00	16.00	16.00	30.00–50.00
4. EXECUTIVE INN (Headquarters Hotel) Watterson Expressway	ROOM REQUEST NOT AVAILABLE			
5. GALT HOUSE Fourth & River	—	—	20.00–24.00	60.00
6. HOLIDAY INN-BROWNSBORO-NE 4805 Brownsboro Rd.	15.50	17.00	19.00	39.00
7. HOLIDAY INN-CENTRAL 1941 Bishop Lane	13.50	17.00	19.00	—
8. HOLIDAY INN-DOWNTOWN 927 S. Second	13.00	17.00	17.00	—
9. HOLIDAY INN-MIDTOWN 200 E. Liberty	15.00	17.00	19.00	49.00
10. HOLIDAY INN-RIVERMONT I-71 & Zorn Ave.	16.00	—	20.00	17.00–41.00
11. HOLIDAY INN-SOUTH 3317 Fern Valley Rd.	13.50	17.50	19.50–20.50	—
12. HOLIDAY INN-SOUTHEAST 3255 Bardstown Rd.	12.50	16.50	18.50	15.00–22.50
13. HOLIDAY INN-SOUTHWEST 4110 Dixie Highway	13.50	17.50	19.50	—
14. HOWARD JOHNSON’S-DOWNTOWN 100 E. Jefferson	14.00	18.00	19.00–22.00	42.00
15. HOWARD JOHNSON’S MOTOR LODGE 4621 Shelbyville Rd.	12.00	16.00	17.00–18.00	23.00–25.00
16. MARRIOTT INN Marriott Dr., Jeffersonville	17.00	18.00	21.50	30.00–36.00
17. MOTEL 6 3304 Bardstown Rd.	6.60	—	8.80– 9.90	—
18. QUALITY MOTEL 735 S. Second	—	—	11.50–19.00	18.00–22.50
19. RODEWAY INN 101 E. Jefferson	16.00	18.00	16.00–19.00	25.00–39.00
20. RODEWAY INN-AIRPORT 1465 Gardiner Lane	15.00	18.00	18.00	35.00–40.00
21. BRECKINRIDGE INN Breckinridge Lane & Watterson X-way	14.50	18.00	18.00	20.00–30.00
22. SEELBACH HOTEL 500 S. Fourth	11.00–20.00	18.00–26.00	18.00–26.00	40.00–100.00
23. STANDIFORD MOTEL Watterson X-way-Airport	10.50–11.50	16.00	17.00	40.00
24. STOUFFER’S LOUISVILLE INN 120 W. Broadway	16.50–21.50	20.50–25.50	23.50–25.50	50.00–up
25. WATTERSON HOTEL 415 W. Walnut	10.00–12.00	15.00–17.00	15.00–17.00	
26. KY. NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY (YOUTH FACILITY) Ky. Exposition Center Grounds	\$1.00 per night per steel cot plus a one-time charge of \$1.00 for mattress cover laundry service. Bedding and towels not provided.			

*Subject to change without notice.

HOTEL AND MOTEL LOCATION INDICATED
BY NUMBER ON MAP



HOTEL AND MOTEL LOCATION
INDICATED BY NUMBER ON
ROOM RATE LIST



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sure I could not have learned it without hard work on my part. And I am absolutely certain I could not have learned it without the given, the gift. All three were required: teaching, study, grace.

Cast of Characters

As I took up my professional work again, even more interesting insights came to me. As an officer of a foundation I travel a great deal, and so I returned to my old haunts: air terminals, airplanes, taxis, and hotels. There, exposed to people I did not know at all, I made some rather striking discoveries.

No doubt out of defensiveness, self-consciousness, and a new sense of vulnerability, I especially dreaded encountering a certain cast of characters who were, no doubt, largely a product of my own defensive imagination. They included such public figures as Lady Bountiful and the Door-Swinging Booster. Lady Bountiful oozes sisterly good will and an intense concern for the needy which is inexpensive and visceral. I have learned how to fend off her perfectly terrifying assaults of compassion: I ooze inexpensive good will in return.

But the Door-Swinging Booster is something else. He leaps forward in a spasm of courtesies, rushes ahead to clear the way for my crutches, follows me through the terminal door as if in pursuit of the Holy Grail. Then, head held high and a benevolent smile implanted on his countenance, he marches off—no doubt to the strains of “Onward Christian Soldiers” emanating from his inner being.

One of the most challenging members of the cast is the Starer. Everyone who uses a wheelchair or crutches or wears unusual clothing or an unusual hairdo or, above all, anyone who is black knows what I mean by the Starer. He perceives you not as a person seen but as an object looked at, stared at. In my decrepitude I began to comprehend the cost of the stare to both Starer and Staree, its price in human dignity. And in a moment when anger overcame

civility, I learned how to handle the problem.

As a matter of fact it was really quite simple; all I had to do was to let my natural character blossom forth. Here is the secret: when some imbecile starts staring at you, just stop in your tracks and stare back.

At the other end of the scale is the Stewardess whose sensitivity, whether honed by professionalism or deriving from personal character, informs her when to do what—and when, praise God, not to do anything. I have been surprised to learn, in occasional chats with members of this interesting species of twentieth century woman, that stewardesses do not receive special training for dealing with physically handicapped passengers.

Presumably their style comes from a fine natural mix of feminine qualities—the same qualities which, when turned upside down, distort and pervert personhood and create the awful Lady Bountiful. Certainly one of the most elegant of her qualities is the one which enables the Stewardess to recognize a passenger of my type not as an object but as a person.

The Reassuring Critic is as helpful as the Stewardess, though in an altogether different way. This person is not anonymous but is a colleague or friend or relative. The fact is a man in my position—an ordained minister, working for a philanthropic organization—finds that criticisms, let alone clean insults, are often hard to come by. And when crutches are added, he sometimes finds himself treated like a saint, beyond reproach. The Reassuring Critic is reassuring because his criticism means he accepts me as a man, a professional, and does not see me as an object or a patient. One is vulnerable again, and that is good; for, God knows, all of us need to be told of our faults and mistakes.

The Quality Called Decency

In my pilgrimage from hospital to active life, I made a discovery which should not have surprised me for it was a rediscovery, al-

though in a more gentle and subtle form, of the miracle of human love. I found that, when confronted by a person with a visible physical problem, the large majority of men and women are genuinely gracious and helpful. They nourish one's soul.

It took me years to sort out one aspect of this miracle of human love; in fact, I am still trying to understand it. The experience behind it, however, was perceptible immediately upon my return to the terminals and hotels. The miracle happened and still does.

In black skycaps, bellmen, porters, and hotel maids a new quality became visible to me, as it were by magic. While refreshed by it, I was puzzled by the kind, knowing, and connecting experience which befell me with these men and women, people I had never met before. New attitudes seemed to take shape in them—attitudes different from those I perceived prior to surgery and crutches. The old anonymity was gone. Before, it had been a case of one object's carrying luggage or doing some service for another object—courteously enough, to be sure. But that was over.

Now the relationship was transformed into one which recognized persons. The consistency of this phenomenon was so striking I felt compelled to search for the cause, and soon I received a strong hunch: namely, that the new relationship involved the mutual recognition of two persons, each with a visible handicap. Had I been quietly initiated into at least a faint echo of the black experience?

Lessons Learned

I still do not comprehend all of this. In the twelve years since my surgery, however, I have learned one definite lesson, thanks not only to my new experience but to the challenges put to me by two black colleagues. The lesson: that I had to lose something in order to see something anew—in order to perceive the bigotry, whether crude or classy, which still permeates our society. I ask: If our nation is to perceive its own bigotry,

Continued on page 48

by Robert Rankin

TELL THE NEWS- SHARE THE LOVE

with this all-new VBS for 1973

Concordia's 1973 VBS gives you a vibrant summer experience in sharing the Gospel. It's a bright combination of talk, "Tell the News"—and action, "Share the Love." All to help God's message get to people, in your class and beyond it.

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It's General Convention Year

In September Episcopalians will gather to determine where the Church goes now.

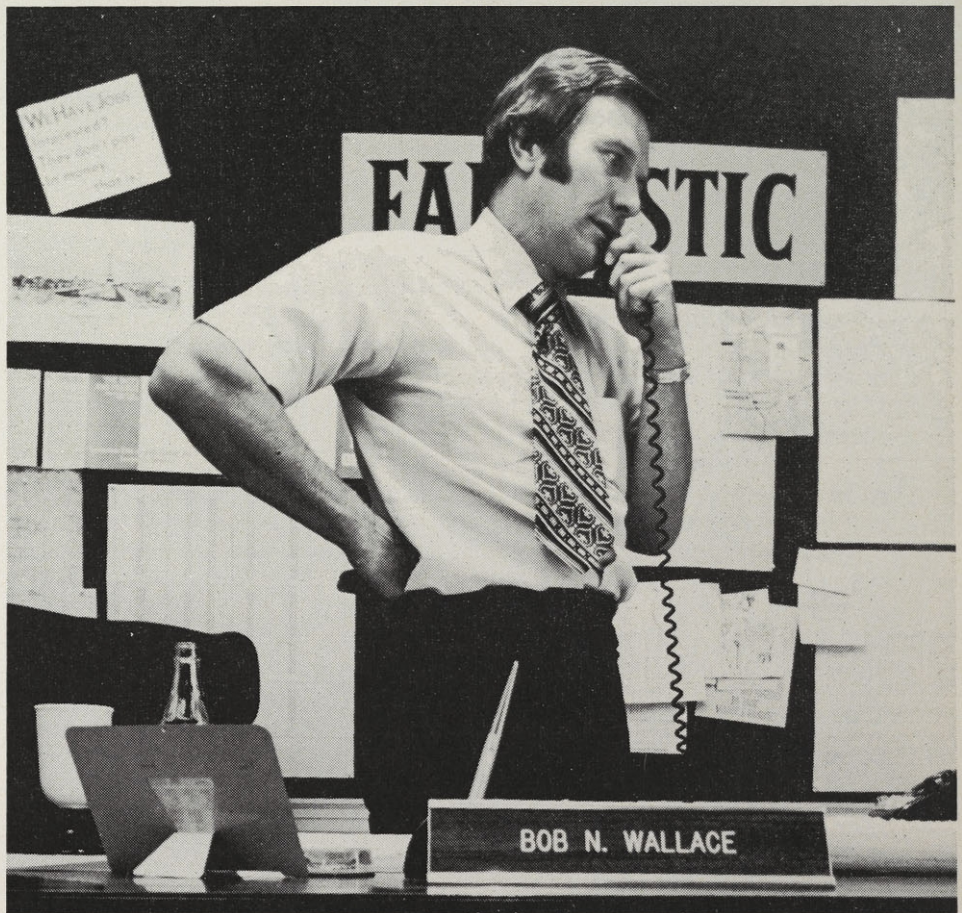
For the 64th time since the fall of 1785, representatives of the Episcopal Church will gather together in one place to do the business of the whole Church.

Our history-honored mechanism for doing this business is called the General Convention. From its start in Philadelphia with a handful of clergymen and laymen, Convention has grown to a body of more than a thousand, including bishops, priests, lay men and women.

This year for the first time, the Episcopal Church's governing body will assemble in the State and Diocese of Kentucky. Louisville's famous Fairgrounds and Convention Center will pull together all the components of this gathering under a single roof from September 26—when the preliminaries start—through October 11.

Although General Convention, in addition to the *Book of Common Prayer* and the diocese, is one of the major elements in the continuing story of the Episcopal Church in the United States, it is the least known. Its actions may garner headlines for a few days, but then it disappears, seemingly enveloped in the week-by-week activities of the parishes, missions, and dioceses which it governs.

In actuality, however, the General Convention is always at work between its formal sessions



Bob Wallace, Louisville, is General Convention manager. Employment of a convention manager is one of several new ways the Church will do business in its 64th meeting in September.

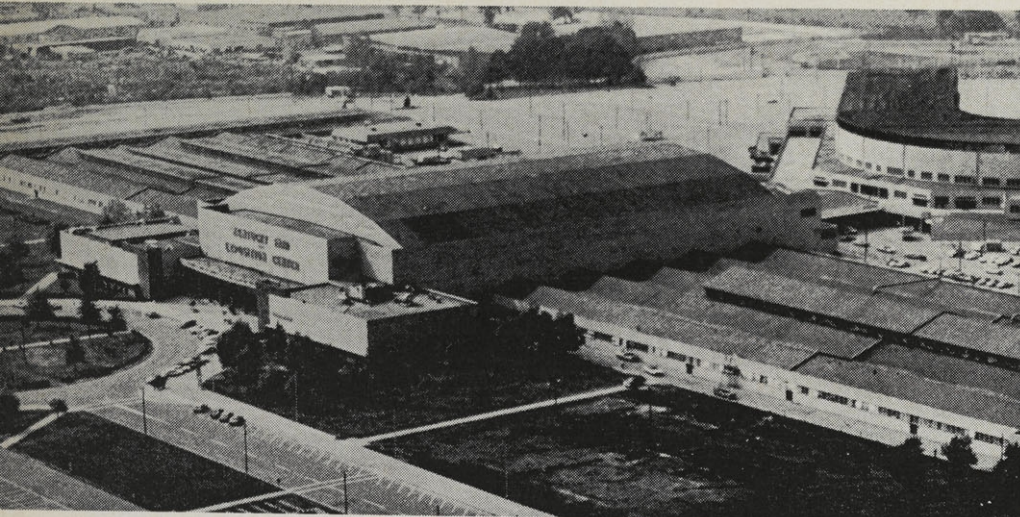
through the office of its Secretary-Treasurer, the Rev. Canon Charles Guilbert; the Executive Council, which is charged to carry out many of its decisions; and the some twenty joint committees, joint commissions, standing commissions, boards and agencies which handle such subjects as worship, music, theological education, program and budget, and ecumenical relations.

The Convention itself, which

will hear from all these groups and many more in the next eight months, is the governing body for the whole Church. In essence, it operates as a bicameral legislative body composed of the House of Bishops and the House of lay and clerical Deputies, all duly elected by the people of the Church.

Among its many duties the Convention:

- votes major policy decisions for all Episcopalians;



The entire General Convention will be housed under the one large roof of Louisville, Kentucky's Fairgrounds and Exposition Center where Episcopalians will meet to make policy.

- approves changes in the Church's Constitution and Canons;
- agrees on a General Church Program, which is the mission work that all Episcopalians can do together in nation and world; and
- issues messages of information and inspiration to fellow Church members and the world at large through pastoral letters, position papers, and resolutions.

All of these decisions must be approved by each House separately—the Bishops, with its some 200 members, and the Deputies, with its some 860 members—a maximum of four clergymen and four lay persons elected by each diocese.

This year the accent appears to be on change. Actions which will alter the Church in the years ahead include:

- election of a new Presiding Bishop to succeed Presiding Bishop John E. Hines who was elected in St. Louis in 1964;
- election of a new President of the House of Deputies to replace Dr. John B. Coburn, who has served since 1967 (Convention may elect a lay person to fill this post); and
- creation of a General Church Program, hopefully based for the first time on the feelings of thousands of Episcopalians all over the country with whom Executive Council members have been meet-

ing since the fall of 1972.

General Convention itself is different this year.

- For the first time the Church hired a full-time Convention manager and staff. Mr. Bob N. Wallace of the Louisville Convention Bureau handles arrangements for housing, registration, exhibit space, and other facilities from an office at 100 North Sixth Street, Suite 305, Louisville, Kentucky 40202.

- Convention costs, too, are met in a different way. The "host" diocese does not bear the financial burden it once did. This year all Convention expenses are met through assessments on each diocese.

- Official attendance this year will be larger than ever before. Deputies will number some 860, 200 more than came to St. Louis, Seattle, or Houston. The increase comes from a change made in Houston in 1970 which gave full voting strength—four priests and four lay people—to all missionary districts, domestic and overseas.

The Diocese of Kentucky, freed from financial and arrangement responsibilities, is concentrating on finding private housing for deputies from overseas if their dioceses cannot bear the cost of hotels.

- Women will participate in decision-making in the House of Deputies in larger numbers than ever before. In 1970, when women

were seated as Deputies for the first time, forty-three women served during the Convention. With some elections not yet held, dioceses have elected forty-one female deputies and seventy-six female alternates this year. Only ten domestic dioceses which have held elections have not chosen any women.

- Attendance will be larger officially because of the many visitors Convention officials expect. (See registration form in this issue.)

The key issues this larger-than-ever official family will be asked to act upon include:

- a timetable for continuing use of the Trial Liturgy;
- consideration of changes in the marriage canons, vigorously debated in the House of Bishops in 1970; and
- changing Church structures, including the make-up and timing of General Convention itself. The 1970 General Convention agreed to biennial conventions beginning in 1975.

Several issues which will come before the Convention are of interest to Christians everywhere:

- continued Episcopal participation in the Consultation on Church Union (COCU);
- ordaining women to the priesthood; and
- possible action on negotiations with the Roman Catholic and Lutheran Churches.

But the chief concern of the debate and the Convention may well be in trying to determine directions in which Episcopalians can move in the last quarter of the twentieth century.

Questions such as: What is our mission? Where do we go from here? How much should, or can, we attempt to do together as Episcopalians?

What should our priorities be? Is the era of direct Christian social action over, or has it just begun? How do we deal with overseas work now that most areas are being led by their own people? Should we become more, or less, regional in our approach to common problems?

If such questions don't surface directly, they will be below the

surface of much of the debate. And, if the past two Conventions are any indication, many opportunities for debate will exist.

Dr. D. Bruce Merrifield, of Niagara Falls, New York, who heads the Agenda and Arrangements Committee, says his Committee has "concerned itself primarily with a process which opens the work of Convention while protecting legislative integrity of the two Houses."

That process consists of committee hearings to open each day, followed by morning and afternoon legislative sessions. Evenings will be devoted to work groups or open hearings.

Dr. Merrifield, Canon Guilbert,

Presiding Bishop Hines, Dr. Co-burn, and Mr. Wallace are among those responsible for seeing that the Convention is a place where the necessary work can be done.

Others who have special responsibilities include Dr. Charles V. Willie, vice-president of the House of Deputies; Margaret Gilbert of Western Michigan, presiding officer of the Triennial Meeting of Churchwomen; the Rev. John S. Stevens, General Convention coordinator; Dean Allen Bartlett of Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, who has been asked by the Presidents of both Houses to make recommendations on worship for the Convention; and the men and women who will chair committees

of the two houses.

To lighten all the decision-making Deputies and Bishops must do, some diversions will be available during the Convention, which officially opens on Saturday, September 29, with a 4 p.m. Eucharist in the Coliseum.

The Louisville Symphony will honor the Presiding Bishop and the President of the House of Deputies with a concert on October 3. Convention planners are providing two informal gathering places—one a lounge for talking and the other a theater. Special Convention buses will aid in transportation, and food concessions will be available throughout the center.

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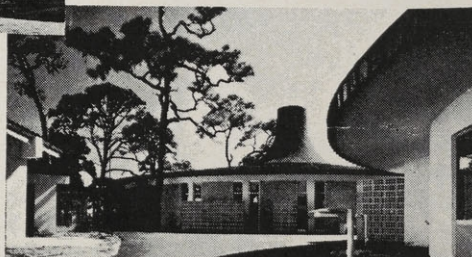
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Let's remove our family barriers

by Moultrie Guerry

Two laymen were talking at a club dinner. A Presbyterian elder asked an Episcopalian why his church did not give or request letters of transfer.

As an elder, he explained, he had pastoral oversight of certain families in the congregation. He had just discovered one that said they were not Presbyterians any more; they had "joined" the Episcopal Church by confirmation. It had not occurred to them or their new rector to notify their former pastor or request a letter.

The elder reported the information to his pastor and the session and had been told Episcopalians and Roman Catholics just "took" members by confirmation without letters or other communication. Why was that? The Episcopalian couldn't answer.

Some of us have found this lack of courtesy toward other denominations (who often have no idea of what has become of their members) has caused extreme hurt and bitterness where Christian unity and kindly relations should exist. On the other hand, courtesies have been met with gracious response.

I know a minister in a new parish who discovered in his confirmation class a young man whose family were devoted Presbyterians. He went to see the family's minister, who graciously responded by saying: "I have talked with the young man, and I think he ought to be an Episcopal clergyman."

The Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers became fast friends, and the youth did indeed enter the Episcopal priesthood. Blest be the tie that binds!

The Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, former Presiding Bishop of our Church and a leader in the World Council of Churches, used to say: "Practice the unities we can enjoy now."

Letters of transfer across denominational lines are a practice of unity we can enjoy now and are an obligation based on the following:

1. Christ prayed that they all may be one, and in the spirit of that prayer the Episcopal Church and the Anglican Communion have been in the forefront of ecumenical movements.

2. The "Book of Common Prayer" sets forth an ecumenical definition of the Church as "the Body of which Jesus Christ is the head and all baptized people are the members." In baptism, according to the Office of Instruction, we are made "members of Christ," and we dare not administer baptism without asking if the child or person has already been baptized.

3. Our Liturgy is ecumenical. Our worship is never in the context of the Episcopal Church but of the "universal Church," "the Body of Christ, the blessed company of all faithful people," and "of the Church of God" (Ordinal).

If membership, therefore, is by baptism in the Church (and we do not re-baptize), then membership in our communion, as in any parish, begins with the receipt of a letter of transfer. Having become an Episcopalian, one is led naturally to the rite of confirmation. But membership begins with the acknowledgment and transfer of the baptized person, obtained by courteous letter or (where possible) by personal consultation of candidates with a former pastor or priest.

Sometimes people are persuaded not to leave their former Churches, but in nearly every case, I find, the response is gracious.

The root of our problem has been, largely, that our Canon 16 has not caught up with the ecumenical spirit in the Church, nor has it reflected the broad catholicity of our Prayer Book liturgy. It provides only for the transfer of (a) a "communicant" or "baptized member in good standing" from one parish to another; and of (b) any "communicant" of any Church in communion with this Church.

This latter rules out membership by baptism and apparently excludes anyone outside the Anglican Communion or the ill-defined limits of "communion with this Church." The former excludes anyone not "in good standing," as do our printed forms of transfer.

The Church is not a club but a family. The prodigal still belongs, and the inactive do not have to be re-baptized in order to "re-join." When we find a "lost" member has been "found" in some parish or some other communion, with what rejoicing we ought to pull his card from the inactive file and send at least a letter of commendation and necessary information in his behalf!

I hope General Convention will bring our canons up to date and encourage us to practice the unities we can enjoy now. ◀

Moultrie Guerry is a member of the diocesan ecumenical commission of Southern Virginia.

Reprinted from the *Jamestown Churchman*.

Pick up nearly any religious magazine and you can read the testimony of someone converted to the Lord by the efforts of a noted evangelist or brought to his spiritual senses by some accident, misfortune, or a sudden death. But I want to pay tribute to the many everyday Christians who speak words of salvation in life's ordinary places.

I recall especially one drab little woman whose name I never knew but whom I heard speak at a mid-week meeting of church women some forty years ago. I recall I resented having to listen to her. I had attended the meeting just to humor a friend, and I was anxious for it to end so I could go home.

I did not know it was in God's plan for me to hear her or that her message would change the whole course of my life. Not that the course of my life—at that time—deeply concerned me. I was young, enjoyed good health, made a good salary teaching school. With one part of my mind I told myself I was really living while with the other I wondered why everything I did bored me and why none of it seemed worthwhile.

"But that's life!" I told myself sophistically. "There isn't much to it!"

Even after the drab little woman stood up to speak, I did not expect to listen to her. Her subject sounded trite, and her delivery was bad. But she had an air of such immediacy that she captured my interest quickly, all the more because her message was not aimed at unbelievers (as is too often the case) but at Christians, as I complacently considered myself.

She told a simple story of a child whose home was near the entrance to an abandoned mine. She was allowed to play beside this entrance as long as she did not venture past the circle of sunlight that shone into it.

But childlike, she was curious to see what lay deeper within the mine, and one day—despite her

mother's warning—she took a few steps past the sunlight into the shaft's semi-gloom.

She saw nothing to frighten her, so she took more steps. Still nothing happened, and since enough light filtered through cave-ins in the tunnel for her to see, she went on. And on. . . and on. . .

She did not notice when the shaft turned or that other tunnels bisected the one she was following until, her curiosity satisfied, she decided to return to the entrance again. Only to find its light no longer visible and herself hopelessly lost!

The speaker did not play up the child's disobedience as I had supposed she would. Nor did she stress the concern of the mother who finally found her. Instead, she dwelt at length upon the child's advance into lostness. How gradually, how unconsciously, it had come about. How the child had sensed no danger until she had gone so far she could not find

her way back.

The point the woman made was that a Christian could, through indifference and unconcern, place his spiritual life in that same jeopardy. Any breach in his fellowship with God—however slight or inconsequential it may appear—should be instantly repaired. Neglected, it is bound to widen until, perhaps before he is aware of it, it becomes a chasm he cannot cross.

Many Christians are in that category today, she said. Little by little they separate themselves from God. Lulled by their apathy, they sense no danger. Yet, unless they awaken and turn back, they will be irrevocably lost.

"Stop!" she admonished. "Stop and take stock. Where are *you* on the spiritual highway? How far are *you* away from God?"

Her words startled me. I had taken my relationship with God for granted. I hadn't considered it in years.

But now I had to. When she quoted Paul's warning in I Cor. 10:12—"Let any one who thinks that he stands take heed lest he fall"—I felt a sudden concern. When she cited Esau—"Afterward, when he desired to inherit the blessing, he was rejected, for he found no chance to repent, though he sought it with tears" (Heb. 12:17 RSV)—that concern became alarm. What was my spiritual status anyway? How far *was* I away from God?

At the same time I was angry and already preparing my defense. "This doesn't concern me," I was thinking. "I live a nice respectable life. Anyway, I have been a church member in my home town for over fifteen years."

But my newly aroused conscience stared me in the face. . . .

My conversion, as I recalled it, had been sincere. I had found and enjoyed a warm and personal relationship to my church and to God. I felt eager to serve. I taught a Sunday school class each Lord's

JEWEL IN THE HAND OF GOD

by Lucinda Meek

Day and carried my testimony for the Christ into my public school classroom during the week. I tithed. I read my Bible and prayed daily. I engaged in whatever church activity I was able to.

Yet now—and I realized it with a sense of shock—I had not entered a church in over two years! Worse, where was the peace of mind and sense of worth—wholeness—that had been mine during those early years? Bold contrast to my present feelings of futility and discontent.

Something had happened to me. Something had brought this terrible change about. The thought terrified me!

I'm sure I shook the speaker's hand and said something nice about her talk. I'm sure I chatted normally to my neighbor on the way home. But in reality, I remember nothing after hearing the woman's story except my mental anguish. Over and over her question repeated itself: "Where are *you* on the spiritual highway? How far are *you* away from God?"

When I reached home, I closed the door and, with what calmness I could muster, began threading the past, seeking some explanation of it all. And I found it.

Like the disobedient child, my own estrangement from God began with a single step. My first away-from-home teaching assignment was in an unfamiliar town, among strange people with no church of my own denomination at hand. I couldn't make up my mind which to attend, so I stayed home.

That the only way to learn about any church is to attend it did not occur to me. Nor did I remember God's omnipresence and that He could be worshipped in any of them. I merely told myself I would go to a church as soon as I made friends in one of them.

And, I think I meant it. Except by then I had begun sleeping late on Sunday, and when I finally did go to church, sleepiness and inattention plagued me. Any effort to attend soon seemed pointless,

and I decided—as have so many before me—I could be just as good a Christian and remain home.

I forgot that the glowing coal grows cold if separated from other coals; I forgot Christ's parable of the sprouted seed which died from lack of soil. I forgot that in the spiritual realm—even as in the material realm—whenever growth stops, decay sets in. It wasn't long before Sunday became only the day I washed my hair or accompanied my new unchurched friends on country drives or hikes to the hills.

As with the straying child, my second outbound step was easier and followed as a matter of course. Without the stimulation of other Christians, my daily Bible study became less interesting, and in due time I exchanged it for a program on radio. As a result, my prayer life was robbed of its nutrition. It dwindled into stereotyped phrases which meant little and finally ceased to be.

And so it was that slowly but steadily, too gradually to be startling, I had strolled farther and farther from the bright safety of fellowship with God and nearer and nearer the darkness of total separation from Him until now, when abruptly awakened to the peril of my position, I was terror-stricken and longed to escape it.

I bowed my head and tried to pray but found I could not. It had been too long. I felt self-conscious and unheard. My set phrases hit the bedroom ceiling and hung there. . . .

My first thought was to phone the woman who had brought about my agony of mind. But out of the past came knowledge that the matter was strictly between God and me. Years ago He had heard me. What had I done then. . . ?

From the bottom of an old trunk I retrieved my long unused Bible with its topical guide. I turned eagerly to passages listed under "forgiveness" and "restoration" and began to read. And now, convinced of my wrongdoing but

still uncertain of its consequence, every word in that sacred Book came alive. Given by the "inspiration of God," it proved indeed as "powerful as a two-edged sword."

Hour after hour, I sought passages which promised me a second chance, and as I found them, I identified myself with them. I was the lost sheep, *wanting* to be found. I was the prodigal, *yearning* to come home. I was David, pouring out his soul for forgiveness in the Fifty-first Psalm.

I was every sinner in the world who longed to seize the promise of John 3:16. And when at last the immensity of God's love and His immeasurable capacity to forgive finally came through to me, I fell to my knees and stayed there. Now I could pray.

God was good to me. He met me on my Damascus road, and for every step I took toward Him, He took a thousand toward me. And when, hours later, I rose to my feet, I had found my way back to Him.

If I were writing fiction, I would tell you that since then life for me has been rosy and bright. But in truth it has not.

In spite of my gratitude to God and my repledged allegiance to Him, I found the habits I had developed hard to break. I required discipline to resume regular church attendance, volunteer for a Church school class, rearrange my finances to include tithing. My new religious duties clashed with the activities of my unchurched friends, who soon became strangers again. Some of them I found hard to give up.

I never again met the woman who—as an instrument of the Holy Spirit—brought all this about. But someday I shall. Because, in the end time, standing with the redeemed before the throne of God, I expect to find her and thank her.

Of course, I may not know her. She will be no longer drab. She will instead shine with a beauty indescribable, a jewel in the hand of God! ◀

Rufus Morgan:

RETIRED COUNTRY PARSON

A saga of love in the Carolina mountains

Great Grandpa came to Cartoogeechaye, in North Carolina, held a pow wow agreeing on terms, and bought land from the Indians for sheep grazing. He deeded back some of it to Chief Chootasotee so he wouldn't be forced to go to Oklahoma on the March of Tears. Grandpa studied law and farmed and kept a medicine chest and helped Grandma build the first Episcopal church in these parts.

When married, Mother moved into a little cabin on the place and loved the valley, the majestic Wahyah, before she moved to Murphy with her brood and her publisher of the *Cherokee Scout*. But the children's heart strings were tied in a strong knot to Grandpa's place, and the little cabin called to Mother's son, Rufus, to return, reclaim.

After university at Chapel Hill, General Seminary in New York, and founding the Appalachian school, Penland, the years were packed with family and the care of many flocks in North and South Carolina. Rufus Morgan served the young and old, theology students, Indians, blacks, and

was confidant and right-hand man to Bishop Kirkman Finlay of Upper South Carolina—and on and on the duties multiplied because he heard a Voice.

Sometimes he played. Voices of the primeval forest sang to him as they sang to pioneering ancestors. For miles he knew the Appalachian Trail, and with the Scouts he cleared it of brambles and scared off the snakes and bears. He scaled the highest peaks and outdistanced the hardest and the youngest and was always first to see the sunrise. He was both intimate and formal with the wildflowers, calling them all by common and Latin names. Smoky Mountain Park naturalists wonder at his lore of leaf and cone, bird call, and tracks of forest rovers.

And while he worked he dreamed of returning home to the mountains. At 72 he retired and bought back part of Grandpa Siler's farm and the little cabin where he played as a child.

For many, retirement means less work. For him it has meant more. Married children live far away; he lives alone and does his own cooking and housekeeping. Loss of sight meant memorizing the whole service, Bible readings, sermons, prayers. A large correspondence would frighten less courageous men. The simplest, al-

most austere, comforts accompany his aging.

In 1878 when his grandparents gave the land for St. John's, Cartoogeechaye, they did not foresee that the diocese would tear down the building in 1925 and urge the rural folk to go to town to church. The graves were moved to Franklin's public cemetery. Trustees considered selling the land, cleared of church and cemetery. Rufus urged them to keep it or at least give him first option to buy it back.

In 1940 he came to Franklin as rector of St. Agnes' Church, near to "home." But the country folk did not come to town to church. He fingered a few pennies in his pocket. He determined to save all pennies and labor with his hands and use all unmarked gifts to build. About 1942 (his hands were stronger then) the ripe pines were hewn for paneling, and he worked with hand and heart and hammer at a new St. John's.

When the little chapel was finished, the bishop came and looked at the old foot-pump organ and the dark painted wooden pews and simple furnishings on the altar, then walked outside and found a belfrey and a bell and the well-kept graves of Chootasotee and Gunastaghi. He asked, "What about the money?"

"What money?" asked Rufus. "There is no debt. It is all paid

by Louise Morgan

for." The fund started by pennies, with no official aid from Church or diocese or bishop, has built with love and labor a tiny chapel in the woods where rest an Indian chief and rustic neighbors, and rural people came to worship weekly.

Nine miles away at Rainbow Springs, a dozen lonely graves were what remained of a once-busy Episcopal mission. Years ago a popular resort hotel had flourished and brought many workers to the area. Modern cars outdated mountain resort hotels. The workers moved to other fields, and the little neglected church was finally torn down in 1917. But in the neighborhood a few devoted Episcopalians still remained.

Rufus Morgan believes that wherever an Episcopalian lives, the services of the Church must somehow be made available to him. So he went to hold summer services in the one still usable room of an abandoned school,

the only Episcopal services on that side of the mountain. A few summer visitors and permanent residents were faithful in attendance and another dream took fire.

He and the Clifford Ledford family talked and dreamed and gathered stones. A single stone mason was employed and a carpenter paid to do some framing and raise the roof. Otherwise he and the Ledfords did the work. In three years the offerings paid the \$1,100 cost of materials and necessary labor of skilled workers.

So today the Church of the Ascension stands on the mountain, a driveway leading up to the shelter with stone floor, open walls above the seat-high stone siding, rustic corner posts supporting roof, a stone altar with a marble top, a wooden cross suspended above, and the spirit of a Presence responsive to the love that built and worships there.

Since 1960 the priest comes every Sunday in the summer and

worships with his tiny congregation, bringing folding chairs, hymnals and prayer books, flowers and offerings. They are "outpost" members of tiny St. John's where services are held later in the day.

At 87 one knows not many snows will see Rufus at dawn, trudging with his robes in a satchel to start the heater before the 8:00 Communion. Yet he does not want the chill of neglect and decay to settle once again on St. John's.

The Church, officially, believes in rural folk driving in to town on Sundays and does not expect to provide a successor. Rufus Morgan believes that rural flocks have different needs, that centralization and urbanization do not shepherd them to city folds. He hopes that if he leaves his grandpa's house for some retired clergyman and a little stipend from the interest on a trust established from one-third of his meager savings, someone will come.

St. John's receives no aid of any kind outside its doors and never passes the collection plate. Those who wish, after service, walk up and leave their offerings on the plate atop the little organ. Friends whose spirits have been lifted by the vision and the love of a blind man generously see some way to have a part in the work he has begun.

The offerings have made possible an annual contribution of \$800 to the diocesan budget. For membership of twenty regular communicants and the somewhat irregular summer visitors, that represents a better-than-average participation in diocesan finances and no burden to the Church in Western North Carolina.

When the date of death has been added to the rugged granite stone he himself chose and put in place in the church yard, he hopes the rural people will still sing joyously with a pastor at St. John's and the bell still call over the valley the words carved on the stone:

"Thanks be to God who gives us the victory." ◀

LOST & FOUND

by S. Scott Ralston

Today, in a small Vermont church
Set sturdy on the village green,
We prayed for the enemy!

We had been using the
New Form of Worship—
That young book offered
by thoughtful men
To inspire the disenchanted
And teach old dogs new tricks.
But I, a visitor, mourning lost language,
Lost majesty and grace,
Stood apart, stubbornly petulant
In the face of change.

But then? A young man,
Kneeling before the altar's goldenrod

And mountain thistle, prayed
for the prisoners of war
In Vietnam. "Have mercy,"
he asked,
"On all those men—of both sides."

Suddenly his words lifted
and soared among old rafters,
Reverberated along sun-washed walls,
Moved across Vermont mountainsides
and bouldered rivulets
To join that other prayer
At Golgotha!

If *loving* is the new experiment,
Then, oh my God...
At last! At last!
Amen! Amen!



WORLDSCENE

Top Ten For 1972

A quest for personal spiritual experience and religious involvement in election year issues were two of the top 1972 news developments in religion picked by the editors and reporters of Religious News Service. RNS's top 10 were:

- the quest for personal spiritual experience: upsurge in evangelism, charismatic movement, Explo '72, build-up for Key '73 with Roman Catholic participation;
- religious involvement in politics, particularly the election campaigns (a majority of Roman Catholic voters supported a Republican president for the first time);
- abortion controversy and growth of right-to-life forces;
- Vietnam war: Harrisburg trial and the Berrigans, amnesty issue, pull-out of U.S. ground troops, debate over air war, peace negotiations;
- death of Orthodox Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras and election of his successor, Demetrios I;
- blacks elected to top posts in World and National Councils of Churches (Dr. Philip Potter as WCC General Secretary and the Rev. W. Sterling Cary as NCC President—see page 44);
- repression and terrorism: Munich and Lod Airport massacres, Jews in the Soviet Union, blacks and anti-racism churchmen under fire in Southern Africa, Ugandan expulsion of Asians, bloodbath in Burundi, Jehovah's Witnesses ousted from Malawi;
- conflicts in Ireland: British takeover of Ulster, abrogation of "special position" of the Roman Church in Republic of Ireland;
- President Nixon's visits to China and Soviet Union spur religious hopes for world peace; and
- women make some gains in re-

ligion: Episcopal bishops keep open the issue of ordaining women to be priests and bishops and Sally Priesand becomes first U.S. woman rabbi while Pope Paul continues ban against women in most formal ministries of Roman Catholic Church.

Other developments high on the list included:

- withdrawal of the United Presbyterian Church from the Consultation on Church Union;
- U.S. Supreme Court declares death penalty as administered unconstitutional;
- efforts continued to win public aid for parochial schools;
- Presbyterians and Congregationalists in England and Wales merge;
- Church of England votes against merger with the Methodist Church in England;
- restructures of national level organizations of several Protestant denominations and of the National Council of Churches;
- emphasis on the American Indian and the values of native religion, particularly in connection with ecology;
- new attention to the role of the devil;
- religious concern for safeguarding the environment and making wise use of technology; and
- U.S. Supreme Court upholds Amish exemption from compulsory education laws in conflict with their religious tenets.

Executive Council: Charge and Change

A member of the General Convention Special Program (GCSP) Screening and Review Committee resigned from the committee at the December 12-14 Executive Council meeting, charging the GCSP administrative staff

with incompetency and inaccuracy (see page 41).

Bishop Wilburn C. Campbell of West Virginia told Council members he was resigning from the committee because of his personal frustration with the attitude, administrative ability, and accuracy of GCSP director Leon Modeste and his staff. The committee since 1970 has had major responsibility for deciding which applications for GCSP money should be honored.

Bishop Roger Blanchard, the Council's executive vice-president, and Presiding Bishop John E. Hines both answered Bishop Campbell's charges by supporting the integrity of the GCSP staff and Mr. Modeste. The Rev. Gordon Gillett of Portsmouth, N. H., and Mrs. Seaton Bailey of Griffin, Ga., who are also Council members on the Screening and Review Committee, said they do not "share Bishop Campbell's frustration." The matter will be investigated by Bishop Hines, and a report will be made to the Council.

Council members took some initial steps in preparing a proposed program and budget for presentation to bishops and deputies at the 1973 General Convention this fall in Louisville, Ky. The proposed General Church Program for 1974-76 will be based on information received from dioceses during a recent series of "listening" visits, as well as requests from agencies and Council program groups. The requests will be received at a series of hearing-type conferences in February. Council members heard a preliminary report on material gathered from those diocesan visits which have been completed; the final tabulation of information from all jurisdictions will be available by January 15.

During the December meeting Council members also:

- **learned** the Church's 11 seminaries want \$4 million of General Church Program money to fund the education of future clergymen in 1974; the request has been made through the Board for Theological Education, which is concerned about the current system of paying for seminary education;
- **heard** K. Wade Bennett, president of Macy's of New York, make some suggestions about the Episcopal Church's structure; he spoke as a volunteer consultant who has been helping the General Convention's Joint Commission on structure;
- **received** a "manifesto" on clergy-laity relations from the Program Group on Lay Ministries, indicating all is not well in such relationships and giving some suggestions for improvement (see box, this page);
- **were told** that receipts for the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief are greater than they were last year at this time;
- **voted** to support the American Indians in their demands for "justice and liberation" made through the Trail of Broken Treaties movement;
- **adopted** a tentative 1973 General Church Program budget of \$12,839,634—subject to revision as actual income from dioceses is made known;
- **welcomed** the Rev. William V. Powell of Stillwater, Okla., as a new Council member from the Seventh Province;
- **heard** that the Rev. William Brown of Cleveland, Ohio, has been appointed to the Program Group on Education;
- **applauded** the "substantial achievement" of Dr. Cynthia Wedel in heading the National Council of Churches during her just-completed term as president of that organization;
- **voted** \$25,000 to the World Council of Churches for the WCC's program to combat racism;
- **appropriated** \$4,000 to the International Afghan Mission for equipment to treat leprosy in Afghanistan;
- **gave**—after some questioning by several Council members—\$34,000 to the Diocese of Idaho to meet a four-year operating budget deficit;
- **learned** that the GCSP Screening and Review Committee has granted \$40,000 for regional training, \$9,600

to the Federation of Mountain Province Cooperatives in the Philippines, and \$125,000 to the Society for Urban Progress in Washington, D. C.; and

● **approved** trustees for Seabury Press for the coming year.

—Richard J. Anderson

Nicaragua:

After the Earthquake

Welcoming the Prince of Peace was a joy tempered with sadness last month for many Christians. Not only did they have to ponder the bombing in Vietnam but the startling pre-

Lay Ministries:

A Manifesto

When the Episcopal Church's Lay Ministry Program Advisory Committee met in December, it asked its task force on clergy-laity relations for a report. To its surprise the committee's findings were presented as a manifesto. The group said:

Our searching for forms of liturgy and our testing beliefs about ministry point to the two great Church questions: What is the Church's function, her Mission? What are the appropriate relationships among her members?

The focus for much that goes before and that follows after General Convention 1973 is the great Mission question. We, the undersigned, declare we cannot take stock of our Mission in the '70's unless we equally take stock of ourselves as members in our several relationships.

We would draw your attention particularly to clergy-laity relations.

The one aspect of our relationships within the Church to which we are most sensitive and most perversely blind has to do with the need for cooperation between clergy and laity. There are just enough examples of good working relationships between some clergy and some laity to indulge our penchant for discounting, ignoring, even denying the undercover warfare between others. We are indeed prime targets for those who cry hypocrites.

All too often we find that:

► **Clergy** see laity as inert mass, needing to be pushed or pulled. "I can't get my people to. . ."

Laity question clerical knowledge of secular affairs and resent clerical involvement in them. "It is none of his business."

► **Clergy** are dependent on laity for livelihood, which is very often inadequate.

Laity say: We pay you therefore we have the right to judge what you may

do and say.

► **Clergy** live with tension between a sense of being "called" or "chosen" and needs for companionship, for understanding, for approval, and for a chance to be less than perfect.

Laity are ambivalent about "sacredness" of clergy, often expressed in reluctance to criticize honestly and constructively, coupled with a propensity for subtle, destructive criticism.

► **Clergy** face widespread problems in working with women, stemming in part from sexuality, from ignorance, from fear of financial domination, from necessity to depend on them for so much in the Church's life.

Women feel they are mostly either ignored or manipulated by the clergy.

We hereby call on all like-minded people to affirm both the clergy and the laity and to commit themselves with us to the work clergy and laity are called to do together.

Our purpose is to strengthen both clergy and laity for the Church's Mission. We propose that we join together in doing this by initiating (if need be), by continuing, or by increasing:

● communication between clergy and laity—to outgrow stereotypes;

● consultation among members—to set Mission goals; and

● a sharing of the load—planning and implementing the work of ministry.

It is our expectation that, when in-church relationships improve, there will be a corresponding strengthening of the life of the Church outward—in Mission.

Signed by the members of the Task Force, Dec. 12, 1972.

Virginia Culley

Helen Eisenhart

Dillard Robinson

Peggy Gilman, chairman

After a spontaneous burst of applause, the committee voted to present the document to the Executive Council (see column 1) and accepted the task force's plans to implement the Manifesto's proposals. —M. C. M.

Christmas disaster which leveled Managua, the small, quiet capital of Nicaragua.

As this issue closed out, getting food to the thousands of homeless survivors was the most urgent need in the struggle to cope with this tragedy.

Church World Service, relief arm for most U.S. Churches; the Presiding Bishop's Fund, the Episcopal Church's relief and disaster service; and the Diocese of Oklahoma, Nicaragua's Companion, responded immediately with funds and/or material aid. And the office of the Ninth Province, which includes the Church in Nicaragua, has set up emergency headquarters in San Salvador and has started a food shuttle to Managua, some 200 miles away.

The Presiding Bishop has asked all parishes to hold a special offering in January to raise \$100,000 for Nicaraguan Emergency Relief.

A provincial team of three—the Rev. Jose Chiovarou, associate director of the Order of the Company of the Paraclete; the Rev. Luiz Serrano, who had served seven years in Managua; and the Rev. Onell Soto, executive secretary of the Ninth Province, visited the disaster area December 28. Their report on the Episcopal community after a day of walking and searching could well apply to most of the city.

"The greatest danger is starvation," said Father Soto. "We talked to people who hadn't eaten anything for three or four days."

On the positive side, the provincial relief team said that almost all of the Episcopal community in Managua had survived, even though it was without homes and food.

Destruction of property, however, was almost complete. Reported destroyed or severely damaged:

- ▶ All Saints' Church, Managua;
 - ▶ St. Francis' Church, the Episcopal Union Church building (*see May, 1972, issue*);
 - ▶ the diocesan center;
 - ▶ St. Luke's Service Center and clinic (the clinic has been operating on the street with what supplies could be salvaged); and
 - ▶ the residence of the Rev. William Muniz, priest-in-charge at All Saints'.
- Father Muniz, his family, and some 20 other families are living in what is left of this property.

The Rt. Rev. Edward Haynsworth, Bishop of Nicaragua, and his family were on visitations in the isolated,

rural Caribbean coastal area when the earthquake struck and are presumed safe, the team reported.

Bishop Resigns From GCSP Unit

The General Convention Special Program, born in 1967 and nurtured in controversy ever since, drew strong criticism again at the December meeting of the Church's Executive Council.

Bishop Wilburn C. Campbell of West Virginia resigned from the Executive Council's Screening and Review Committee on December 13 after leveling charges against the administration of GCSP. The charges were refuted by Bishop Roger Blanchard, executive vice-president of the Council with special responsibility for administration, and Presiding Bishop John E. Hines. The accusations were made by Bishop Campbell during a tension-charged evening session.

The West Virginia diocesan was the only elected bishop on the Screening and Review Committee. Screening and Review, elected by Executive Council, is composed of four Council members, two representatives of the Union of Black Episcopalians, and seven representatives of the poor. The Presiding Bishop is chairman. The group has the authority to decide which requests for GCSP grants will be honored. The committee operates on guidelines approved by the 1970 General Convention.

Bishop Campbell charged the GCSP administrative staff with incompetence as well as prejudice against all bishops. Bishop Blanchard said there is "no question about the integrity of the staff."

Bishop Campbell said he had written letters of complaint to GCSP director Leon Modeste and also made these known to Bishop Hines. Bishop Blanchard said in reply that he had no knowledge of the West Virginia diocesan's feelings. Bishop Hines admitted he did know of Bishop Campbell's criticisms but had done nothing about them.

The West Virginia bishop charged that funding of coalitions was a way to get GCSP money into dioceses over local bishops' objections and that it was not in keeping with GCSP's original goals. Bishop Blanchard upheld the principle of coalition funding, saying this money does not go to specific

agencies which have received episcopal veto. He said the Executive Council has had full knowledge of this type of funding and has approved the philosophy. He gave reasons why coalition funding is necessary.

"These grants are not to specific agencies," he said. "They are made so a coalition of agencies can carry on programs of education and communication and also seek additional funding."

"I believe in GCSP," stated the West Virginia bishop. "I believe it ought to quit being the special program and become part of the regular program of the Church. I'm not attacking GCSP—just the administration." Bishop Hines promised the Council a full investigation and a report to the Council.

Bishop Campbell told Council members he has had "many personal emotional frustrations" as a committee member. "Meetings are called on short notice," he said, "and I can't change my Sunday visitation schedule to accommodate them." He said he has come to New York several times for Screening and Review meetings only to learn the conference time has been changed at the last minute. He said the minutes kept of Screening and Review meetings are "always late in arriving" and are not complete or accurate.

"There is a feeling of hostility by the committee members against all bishops, not just me," he said. "Many of the committee members are hostile against the whole Church. Sometimes I feel as if I'm dealing with a group of Black Muslims and not Christians at all. I'm too old to take this sort of treatment when I do not have to!"

Bishop Campbell admitted to the Council he also has frustrations with the GCSP administration. "We are often asked to approve grants without having sufficient data available," he charged. "We have to take someone's word for this or that much of the time." He said he has received numerous requests for information and complaints from other bishops about Screening and Review committee activities.

Bishop Campbell said the "whole philosophy of the GCSP administration disturbs me greatly." He told Council members the GCSP administrative staff actually prepares many of the grant applications and is then responsible



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for approving the applications they have prepared.

"I don't think this is objective," he told the Council, "and it defies all honest and objective appraisals by the Screening and Review Committee." He went on to say applications are often incomplete and have little or no supporting data.

Philip Masquelette of Houston, Texas, said he agreed—as another Council member on Screening and Review—with many of Bishop Campbell's charges. He said he was not going to resign, however. The Rev. Canon Gordon Gillett of Portsmouth, N. H., said he and Mrs. Seaton Bailey of Griffin, Ga.—also members of Screening and Review—do not share "the frustrations" of Bishop Campbell.

"It would be glossing over the facts to say all has been harmonious on Screening and Review," said Presiding Bishop Hines. He reminded Executive Council members the committee is composed of representatives of the "white establishment" as well as representatives of the poor and minority groups. He said this causes elements of tension and disagreement but indicated "this is the way it should be.

"GCSP challenges the white, affluent majority people with the demands of the Gospel," said Bishop Hines. "These demands may not always be the accurate demands of the Gospel, but they are the demands as reflected in the crisis situations of today." He said Screening and Review Committee deals with an area where facts are difficult to obtain, making it natural for "respective sides to read things differently.

"I have sat on the Screening and Review Committee, too," said Bishop Hines. "Except for my pastoral relationships with other bishops, it has been my most rewarding experience as Presiding Bishop. It has changed me. It has altered my understanding and point of view. And it has altered it forever."

Bishop Hines said his experience on Screening and Review had caused him to bend from a rigid framework in which he had tended to categorize people to a more flexible stance in which "I can appreciate and trust people for whom I previously had little trust.

"This is not an appeal for bishops to overlook flagrant errors where they are committed," continued the Presiding Bishop. "It is an appeal for a relationship which we are just beginning to understand."

At the end of the long discussion the Executive Council agreed to a request from Bishop Hines that he be allowed to investigate the whole matter and make a later report. The Presiding Bishop also received 18 specific suggestions about the GCSP administration and the Screening and Review Committee from Mr. Masquelette.

Bishop Blanchard had pointed out that all members of the Screening and Review Committee are elected by Executive Council. Bishop Campbell said the election—for the most part—amounts to a mere rubber-stamp approval of a slate already picked. This election of new members is expected to take place at the February Council meeting.

The Council accepted Bishop Campbell's resignation "with appreciation for what he has done." The West Virginia bishop was given a standing ovation as a vote of thanks for having brought up the matter.

Bishop Pinckney Died in December

Bishop John A. Pinckney, fourth bishop of Upper South Carolina, died Dec. 7, 1972, of a coronary attack. He was 67.

Bishop Pinckney, who had planned to retire on December 31, was a native South Carolinian. He was educated at the College of Charleston and St. Luke's Seminary of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. Ordained to the priesthood in 1932, he served churches in North and South Carolina before becoming archdeacon for the Diocese of Upper South Carolina. He was elected to be bishop in 1963. His successor is Bishop George Alexander, consecrated on January 5. (*See The Episcopalian, Changes in the Episcopate, November, 1972.*)

In his last "Words from the Bishop" in the December *Piedmont Churchman*, Bishop Pinckney wrote:

"There is always something final about 'the end,' though it need not be so. The end of an era is but a pause for the beginning of a new era. . . . So as I come to the end of this era, I ask for our Bishop-elect, as he begins a new

era, the same love and devotion you have given to me. He will need your support as he begins his episcopate. I hope you will not be critical but rather constructive and supportive for the life and work of a bishop can be the loneliest in the Church. . . .God bless you one and all until we meet again."

Episcopal-Roman Relations: Actions Speak Louder

Two bishops from Kansas City, one Anglican and one Roman, reported jointly in November to their clergy of their discussions on points of unity and divergence between their two Churches. They were Episcopal Bishop Arthur Vogel of West Missouri and Bishop Charles Helmsing of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Kansas City—St. Joseph.

Bishop Vogel said, "We're seeking nothing short of recognition of each other's members and ministry. We do not mean union in a juridical senseWe are looking toward a mutual recognition of Churches." Bishop Vogel had recently returned from a conference of delegates of National Ecumenical Commissions of the Roman Catholic Church.

Appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to represent the Anglican Communion, Bishop Vogel was one of three observer-consultants at the Rome meeting. One of the conference's purposes was to make positive recommendations in the areas discussed, which included mixed marriages, inter-communion, and the role of the local church in achieving unity.

In Santa Fe, N. M., on December 6, feast day of St. Nicholas, an unprecedented joint celebration of High Mass took place with some 800 Roman Catholics and Episcopalians attending.

In procession, Episcopal clergy were led by Bishop Richard M. Trelease of New Mexico and Southwest Texas. Archbishop James Peter Davis of Santa Fe led the Roman Catholic clergy and extended an invitation to all clergy and laity present to partake of the Holy Communion.

Art treasures of both Churches were used for this celebration, which occurred on the 200th anniversary of Hayden's "Missa Sancti Nicolai." Archbishop Davis said he hoped the ecumenical spirit will continue to grow. In December, 1971, the Arch-

bishop was a co-consecrator of Bishop Trelease. The two Church bodies in New Mexico have already explored cooperation in mission efforts.

Episcopalians In Congress

At the opening session of the 93rd Congress of the United States, Episcopalians occupied 48 seats in the House of Representatives and 18 in the Senate. This is one more Episcopal senator than in 1972. Two Episcopalians are freshmen senators: Floyd Haskell, who defeated Episcopalian incumbent Gordon Allett to gain the seat from Colorado, and William C. Hathaway, whose election ended the long career of Maine's Margaret Chase Smith. Mrs. Smith is a Methodist.

The only new Episcopal governor is Dolph Briscoe of Texas. Five governors are affiliated with the Episcopal Church. They were elected in Texas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Oregon, and Arizona.

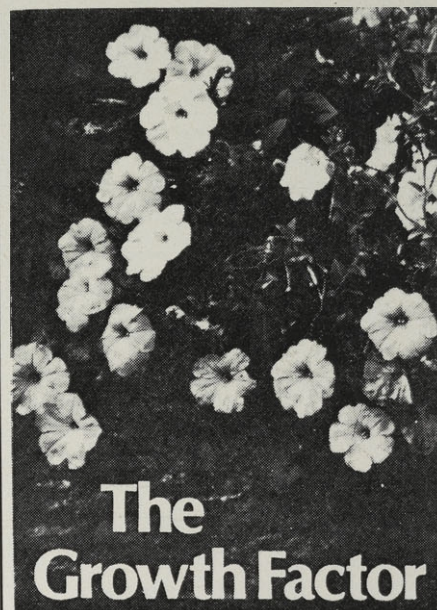
North Vietnam: Messengers Visit

Religious groups appear to have as much freedom in North Vietnam as they do in the United States, Dr. David Hunter, deputy general secretary of the National Council of Churches, said after a seven-day visit to Hanoi in November.

He could learn of no churchmen imprisoned for opposition to the government. But, he added, "churchmen, like all North Vietnamese citizens, are expected to support the revolution, and our meetings indicated they are doing it with religious zeal." Dr. Hunter and six others also met with 11 U.S. prisoners and brought back 150 letters from various interned men.

In December the Very Rev. Michael Allen, dean of Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Conn., and associate dean of Yale University Divinity School, was one of four persons who left New York to take Christmas mail to American POW's in North Vietnam.

The Committee of Liaison with Families of Servicemen Detained in North Vietnam, an anti-war group, sponsored the team. The other members included singer Joan Baez, Dr. Telford Taylor, a law professor at Columbia University, and Barry Romo, national coordinator of Vietnam Veterans Against the War.



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National Council of Churches: Farewell Assembly

The National Council of Churches (NCC), approved a plan for organizational restructure, elected its first black president, and adopted numerous resolutions at its ninth and last General Assembly in Dallas, Texas, December 4-7.

The restructure plans eliminate the Triennial General Assemblies and place authority for policy making in the hands of a 347 member Governing Board, which will hold two meetings a year instead of the former General Board's three.

Broader representation on the Board is ensured by setting quotas: women, one-fourth of the membership; lay persons, one-half; youth under age 28, one-eighth. The plan specifies that racial and ethnic representation on the board should reflect the racial and ethnic makeup of each denomination.

Under the new rules, general financial support for the NCC will come from member denominations on a basis of assessment according to denominational income. Financial support for specific programs, however, will be based on member denominations' options, with each denomination free to participate or not in any given program.

The Assembly elected and installed the Rev. W. Sterling Cary of New York, United Church of Christ official, as NCC President for the next three years. He succeeds Episcopalian Dr. Cynthia Wedel, the first woman to preside over the NCC. The Assembly gave Mrs. Wedel the Russell Colgate Distinguished Service Award in recognition of her devoted ecumenical leadership.

Other new officers include: First Vice-President Mrs. Victor Baltzell, Dallas, Texas, the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ); Archbishop Tor-kom Manoojian, Armenian Church of America; and the Rev. Eunice Santana Velez, Bridgeport, Conn., Christian Church. The Assembly re-elected its General Secretary, Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy, to another term. Dr. Espy had previously announced his intention to retire at the end of 1973. A special committee is looking for a successor.

The main activities of the more than 1,000 representatives, which included some 40 Episcopalians, were centered around small group discussions which followed each major presentation. The findings of these groups will be tabulated in coming weeks and presented to the new Governing Board for consideration in February.

Dr. Margaret Mead, noted anthropologist and Episcopalian, took part in a presentation on ecological stewardship and the quality of life. She said, "Local churches possess tremendous possibilities for helping solve the world's ecological problems." The discussion was based on a two year NCC study on the "future of mankind in a world of science-based technology," recently published in a book, *To Love or Perish*.

In a news conference Dr. Mead said that since society is no longer land-based and does not have to worry about "protecting vineyards and arms," it is now possible to carry out the Biblical mandate, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "And my neighbor is every human being on the earth," said Dr. Mead.

The resolutions which the Assembly did pass included:

- ▶ a five point resolution on foreign policy urging that: the nation demilitarize itself; defense industries swing production to peaceful purposes; war policies be re-examined and revised; Congress reassert its role in U. S. commitments overseas; and an NCC document on war crimes be shared with Churches for study;

- ▶ a call to member Churches to hold services of thanksgiving and penitence on the signing of a Vietnam cease fire; the hope that current talks will bring about a cease fire;

- ▶ condemnation of continued heavy U. S. bombing assaults;

- ▶ a call for U. S. government and industry to end all forms of support for "unjust minority regimes in southern Africa";

- ▶ an expression of concern for the rights of Vietnam war veterans involved in U. S. conspiracy charges growing out of anti-war demonstrations in Miami Beach last summer;

- ▶ recommending Churches mount an all-out campaign to sponsor medical aid to Vietnam war victims;

- ▶ urging member communions to work and pray for peace with justice in Vietnam;

- ▶ support for justice goals for farm workers via the nation-wide iceberg lettuce boycott;
- ▶ encouragement to churches and the medical profession to begin a massive campaign exposing the dangers of drugs and alcohol abuse;
- ▶ support for the rights of children, urging policies of quality child care services rather than just custodial help;
- ▶ asking the new Governing Board to develop policy that would support efforts to help government help educate the poor;
- ▶ commending the World Council of Churches for calling a global Church conference dealing with threats to human rights;
- ▶ urging church people to wrestle with urgent problems in welfare policy and to seek reforms;
- ▶ requesting the Governing Board to develop support for education of pastors and other church workers overseas; and
- ▶ praising those civilians and military leaders who have redoubled their efforts to achieve racial justice in the Armed Forces.

New Ministries Sign of the Times

Four Christian churches and a reform Jewish congregation in Minneapolis will sponsor a center to serve rape victims as part of their Neighborhood Involvement Programs (NIP). They are St. Paul's Episcopal, Grace Presbyterian, Lake of the Isles (Lutheran Church in America), Temple Israel, and Trinity Community (American Baptist).

The center will operate out of the NIP Health Clinic, which has volunteer doctors on its staff. It will offer a 24-hour answering service, a woman volunteer to go to the scene and assist the victim to get to a hospital, report to the police, or whatever is needed and requested. In addition, counseling service and referral, lodging if needed, an educational program for the general public, and a self defense class for women will be provided. NIP has asked police to mention the center to victims.

"We want to work with the police and with the hospitals," said Mrs. Deborah Anderson, a wife and mother who, with Rita Gallagher, an organizer for the student-financed Minnesota Public Interest Research Group, proposed the center.

IN THE FAMILY

Masthead readers will note a small but historic change this month: Walter N. Gemmill, Jr., our advertising director, is now our advertising consultant. Walt, who has been with *The Episcopalian* since its birth in 1960, reached 65 late last year and has retired from full-time service with the magazine. He will continue to help us with advice and special projects this year from his home in Gettysburg, Pa. To say we miss him is the understatement of the year, but more about that later when we have more space. Leila S. Cooke, Walt's assistant, has become ad manager and is handling operations here in Philadelphia.

Starting next month, the Diocese of South Carolina will begin using *The Episcopalian* with its own publication, *Jubilate Deo*, as a combined carrier of information to diocesan families. *Jubilate Deo* will be edited and printed in the diocese and inserted in *The Episcopalian*.

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(Signed) Henry L. McCorkle, Editor-in-Chief

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LETTER FROM LAURA

Continued from page 22

your association with the company at increasingly higher levels.

Maybe I'm more religious than I think, but I have this feeling that the way a person responds to church is a sensitive indicator of how he responds to life. My response was tentative and needful. Yours was completely manipulative, and this is fast becoming your response to the whole of life.

How do I know? I don't, by my own admission, see that much of you anymore. Neither do I know the first thing about your work life. But I do hear a distressing thing about the Portsmouth move that you didn't tell me: that the conglomerate which has bought your company is quite notorious for running the companies it buys into the ground for enormous short-term gains.

I hear some of the best men have quit or been fired and your accepting the vice-presidency means a tacit acceptance of the new policy. I was told this by a trustworthy associate of yours who is deeply worried, not just about the future of the company and his job but about you. *You*, you fool.

I think I know you pretty well, and I have always felt it was that first year in production which got to you, which was the basic reason for your loyalty to the company. The products were useful and well made, and you had a genuine aptitude for mobilizing human energy into sound, productive forms.

I got those words from you, the night you were arguing with your classmate who was in college teaching and wondering out loud why a fellow with your brains would waste himself in industrial management or, as he put it, "sell your brains for a lot of dough." Could you answer him the same way now?

The way a former colleague of yours here figures it, you are moving into the never-never land of consumer trends. He put it well:

"From now on he won't advertise what he makes: he'll make what he advertises."

Well, so what? The wives all congratulate me. Other women don't complain when their husbands come up with \$50,000 a year without breaking the law. Am I crazy or something? I've asked myself this question before.

Frankly, I'm tired of asking. I have to decide whether I'm crazy or not once and for all, and I've decided I'm not crazy. I've decided this whole way of life is bleeding us dry. I've decided it is taking the meaning out of your life, now, in the only area of your life which has any meaning left—namely, your work. You are jeopardizing that ingredient of life which separates sanity from insanity, reality from unreality.

Please, stop and think. Nicky is in the middle of his first-grade year and has a serious problem with his reading. Even if the Portsmouth schools have an excellent program, it won't do much good because he'll be too shook by the move to learn anything for a year. After three years we are just beginning to find people whom we dare let ourselves care two hoots about.

Both Sam and I are beginning to get used to Sally and her demands upon my time and to see some place for her in the family. Certainly you remember Sally? Our third child, now four months old? We all need time when we are neither depressed nor lonely to make a place for this child in our affections.

Reality is a set of nonexploitive relationships which have time to mature and deepen into some kind of organic whole. A marriage has to be part of this whole. It just can't exist in a vacuum. The institution isn't tough enough.

But how can I talk about wholeness and in the same breath talk about breaking up our marriage, which is actually all I know about wholeness? That's the trouble, that's the whole damned trouble. What I have learned through loving you and being loved by you is what I use to measure the unreality of the way of life we find

ourselves caught up in.

Those qualities of our marriage which have been most joyful and deep are lacking in the transient society that surrounds us. Nothing, for instance, could be more anti-sexual than the continuous traumatizing of a couple by arbitrary orders to move from one place to another. Anger, loss, and depression are the enemies of sexual love.

I am really beginning to get a sense of expertise in bringing up our children. I not only enjoy them but also the actual process of bringing them up. Yet your work, your being away from home so much of the time, the entertaining—all these things continually interfere with my doing well what I know how to do and enjoy doing.

One of the most beautiful things about a good marriage and married love is the utter absence of competition. That feeling of freely giving our consent to one another in whatever we do is what liberates and energizes married love. But the transient life of industrial management destroys this and throws us regularly into a new round of competition with each move.

And so it goes. This is the case. Please. Quit and come home. We have some savings. I can get a job. We have friends here. The schools are good. We own the house. Our debts aren't bad, and our credit is good. And you are young and bright and energetic and imaginative and creative and alive and sensitive and kind and decent. Still.

And I hope that you still have courage. Not guts, Army style, but courage. Some heart and some hope for the long haul. That's what gets eroded in all this—courage—a word I like more than faith. Faith always seems to have to be *in* something, usually in something phony. Courage you have or you don't in proportion to the amount of compromise you've made with your own humanity.

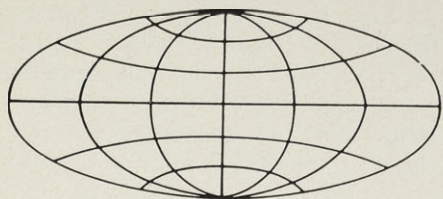
Please quit and come home.

Laura

The Episcopalian

MISSION

INFORMATION



SPECIAL FROM THE PHILIPPINES

Hi—

HOWARD COLLINS, former missionary in Liberia and now teaching at Trinity College in Manila, gives us a first-hand report of what it's like to live under martial law in the Philippines. "Earlier I was thinking how dull life has become—no longer any terrifying incidents or violence. Then that scene changed. While distributing prizes at an open-air ceremony, the First Lady was stabbed.

"Suddenly this fellow whipped out a foot-long knife, hidden in his sleeve, and lunged toward Mrs. Marcos. Fortunately he paused for a moment after exposing the knife for it gave her time to parry the thrust, judo fashion, and then throw herself backward. He rushed forward, slashing at her legs. When the stunned security guards finally ran to help, he flailed the knife about, hacking at all comers. Truly a horrifying spectacle. Then he was shot. As yet there is no identification of the assailant. But Mrs. Marcos, following surgery on severed tendons of the hands and arms, is out of danger.

"One had learned to live with demonstrations, boycotts, and acts of violence at a steadily accelerating pace. Then the monotony of the usual ended with the horrendous month-long rain and floods which began last July. Hundreds died, thousands were homeless, and the hunger was appalling. Transportation was almost impossible. Our local donations were used to buy food for some 400 people we fed twice daily at a makeshift rehabilitation center. Our student nurses cooked the food, and our seminarians organized the distribution. All I did was drive the boys and the food back and forth over those wretched flooded streets with their foot-deep pot holes or carry the sick to our St. Luke's Hospital.

"That ended, school resumed, and the unity of spirit so well displayed during the crisis fell apart. All the earlier social curses reappeared, aggravated by the hunger and spiralling prices. Then the bombs. Every other night a bomb exploded somewhere, in a store, an electric plant, a school, City Hall.

"Thus it wasn't really a surprise when we awakened one Saturday in September and learned there was no newspaper, no TV, and no radio. That evening the President announced his imposition of martial law to quell the "Communist threat." Immediately the way of life was altered dramatically. A curfew was effected nightly, from midnight to 4 a.m. Long lists of those being detained were announced daily on the now officially-operated media. Presidential orders and decrees were heard with an astonishing regularity in this usually irregular culture. Travel restrictions were imposed. Privately owned firearms were collected, over 400,000 of them. Tinted-glass cars, once a status symbol, were banned. Sale of harmful drugs was punishable by death. The omnipresent graffiti of the activists disappeared almost overnight via efficient white-washing campaigns of the ROTC. All schools were closed for three weeks, and radical students were dismissed.

"That first fortnight, people were quiet, obviously apprehensive. Then President Marcos proclaimed the *Bagong Lipunan*, the New Society. No more would society be composed only of the privileged and the deprived. All were to have equal rights. Land reform, talked about by Congress for decades, was to be rapidly realized. Property of absentee landlords was being turned over to tenant farmers. Gradually those who had been fearful began to relax. It was clear that the detainees were being well-treated. Manila improved visibly, with rapid repair of roads and the police, ordered to be courteous, doing something about traffic snarls.

"To be sure, thousands were being dismissed from the government service, the police, and the military, but they were allegedly corrupt and incompetent and no one would miss them. Even friends and relatives of the First Family were included, thus proving a point. [Ed. note: They were also included among those from whom land was confiscated and redistributed.]

"Pornography, formerly everywhere in every form, vanished—even *Playboy*. Consumers could not but be pleased with leveling prices. Rich hoarders were flushed out and forced to put their commodities on the market. Crime ground to a stand-still—well, almost. Even the Constitutional Convention, after a year-and-a-half of shameless squabbling, started working. Its proposal to replace the presidential system with a parliamentary form of government will be put to a national referendum.

"In short, the entire way of life is being restructured, rooting out century-old ills in order to create a *Bagong Lipunan* based on discipline and service. Does all this sound too positive to you? Well, under martial law, you can hardly expect I will write anything negative!"

Jeannie Lirli

In Person

Elaine Cuttriss, Federal President of the Australian Board of Missions, has been appointed deputy chairman of that organization, becoming the first woman to hold that post....The Rev. **Timothy John Bavin**, 37, vicar of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brighton, England, will succeed the Very Rev. **Gonville A. French-Beytagh**, who left South Africa last April, as Anglican Dean of Johannesburg....

The Rev. **Hunter M. Morris**, former executive director of the Episcopal Mission Society and Houston Metropolitan Ministries, was elected Executive Officer of the Diocese of Arizona.... Lay ministry veteran **Dorothy Stabler**, for 20 years a staff member of the General Division of Women's Work, died in New York in early October....

G. Addison Appleby, Spokane, Wash., was elected to the Board of Trustees of The Bishop's Schools, diocesan-sponsored schools in Los Angeles....**Harriet C. Weed** of Newburgh, N.Y., has willed \$500,000 to the Diocese of Minnesota for work among Minnesota Indians....

St. Andrew's School, St. Andrews, Tenn., dedicated the **James Agee Memorial Library** in honor of its former student on October 14....Bishop **Ian Ramsey**, of Durham, England, died in October at the age of 57....

The Rev. Canon **Rudolph Devik**, until recently Archdeacon of Olympia, has been named chief executive officer of the Cambridge, Mass., based Consultation/Search, Inc....A native of Texas, Canon **Shannon Mallory**, is the bishop-elect of the new Anglican Diocese of Botswana, Central Africa. Canon Mallory has an ecumenical and international background and will be a white prelate in a predominantly black nation....

The Rev. **David R. Cochran**, Mobridge, S.D., has been appointed to the Board for Theological Education. Father Cochran will bring to the Board his experience in developing the Dakota Leadership Program for training of both lay workers and ordination candidates, particularly for the non-stipendiary ministry....The Rev. **Webster Two Hawk**, chairman of the Rosebud Sioux tribe of South Dakota and an Episcopalian, was elected president of the National Tribal Chairmen's Association....

Outstanding Educators of America chose four Voorhees College faculty members to appear in the 1972 edition of its yearbook. They are Mrs. **Mildred B. Ford**, Dr. **Gerald Polinsky**, Miss **Annie A. Hicks**, and Dr. **Shun-zer Chen**. Voorhees, at Denmark, S.C., is one of four Episcopal-related black colleges.... **Donald H. Dunham**, vice-president, man-

Congratulations

To **Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, Pa.**, for 50 years of radio broadcasting, the longest running parish program in North America.

To **Episcopalians in Mexico and Kansas** for their Cultural Encounter '72, a program under which 16 young Episcopalians and sponsors from Guadalajara, Mexico, spent three weeks in Kansas this summer. The exchanges have been going on since 1969.

To **Old Christ Church, Broad Creek, Del.**, and **All Saints, Philadelphia, Pa.**, on celebrating their 200th anniversaries this year.

To **Hobart Church of the Holy Apostles, Oneida, Wis.**, which is celebrating its 150th anniversary as well as that of the removal of the Oneida Tribe from New York to Wisconsin. The Oneidas had become largely Episcopalians through S.P.G. work begun in 1702.

To the **Parish of St. Alban's, Indianapolis**, for its leadership in a crusade to collect almost 1,300 trading stamp books through which an ambulance was purchased and sent to Haiti.

To **Virginia Hoover**, who has been named by the Muskogee, Okla., public school system as an ombudsman for students, parents, teachers, administrators, and citizens. Mrs. Hoover is the wife of the rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Muskogee.

To **St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J.**, for its contribution, through the Wilks Fund, of a capital loan of \$60,000 and a grant of \$14,000 to the Richmond Fellowship of New Jersey to establish a half-way house for discharged mental patients.

To the Rev. **J. Fletcher Lowe, Jr.**, Richmond, Va., and Virginia Legislator **Carrington Williams**, an Episcopalian from Fairfax, who, through the Ecumenical Social Concerns Alliance, succeeded in getting the State Crime Commission to study and make recommendations for comprehensive programs for service to the criminal offender and the potential offender.

ager, and director of Church Life Insurance Corporation, retired July 1 after 14 years of service. **Charles H. Dockendorff** will succeed him....

The Rev. Canon **Sidney W. Goldsmith, Jr.**, was elected secretary of the Church Pension Fund....Bishop **J. Milton Richardson** of Texas has announced the appointment of the Rev. **H. Clay Puckett**, rector of St. Mark's Church, Houston, as Canon to the Ordinary.

PILGRIMAGE PAST PAIN

Continued from page 29

will it not also have to "lose something"? Is creative defeat the prerequisite to awareness of the scope and depth of the injuries done by arrogance? And is such defeat necessary if we are to become aroused to work for the extermination of that arrogance? I found myself understanding in a new way Jesus' teaching: "He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for my sake will find it." (Matt. 10:39 RSV)

More recently, I have made another discovery in relation to black people. The emergence of a new spirit among blacks during the past decade has created new determination born out of pain long endured and overcome. Thus, many blacks now pay little attention to the likes of me. I can only conclude these men and women no longer consider blackness a problem or a handicap. Indeed, their race is a matter of pride and brotherhood for them—and thank God it is so.

But this development dramatizes a question which is national and global in scope. The question: Is the alienation caused by white arrogance so deep and devastating that its inevitable result is a black arrogance which will prove equally injurious? My hunch—drawn from my total experience during the past twelve years—leads me to hope rather than to despair about persons and race in America. For I believe black Americans have learned from their experience something they do not want to see perpetuated in our society, beginning with themselves. I believe, through breaking, we are learning—but I also realize that if we do not learn, we shall surely break.

My experience commands me to testify that the brokenness and illness of mankind evoke the compassion and the healing intention of the Creator of all life, who broods over mankind with a terrible love and a wonderful judgment. It commands me to testify that the divine pursuit of wholeness and health among us demands from us a large risk—even the risk of defeat. ◀

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Exchange

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.

PUBLIC SERVICE

TV SPOTS

Watch for a variety of TV spot messages, produced by religious organizations, which have recently been sent to stations across the country, covering all TV networks. Because use by stations is optional, viewers should call their local stations if these spots are not used as often as other service announcements. You might also call and thank the stations when these spots are used.

Themes in these messages include: "I am somebody important; each person is somebody important," "Your Creator loves you very much," "The Christian in real life situations," and "Taking stock of your life and resolving to put first things first."

"Most people are bothered by those passages in Scripture which they cannot understand; but as for me, I always noticed that the passages in Scripture which trouble me are those which I do understand."

—Mark Twain

A Prayer for Those in the Real Estate Profession

O God, our Father, bless the homes in which Your people dwell, that they may be havens of blessing and of peace, and sources of charity and goodwill among their neighbors.

And to us who are engaged in the sale and management of real estate give an abundance of Your grace, that we may be honest and forthright in our dealings, charitable and courteous in our relationships, that in and through our work we

may be glad and righteous agents of Your will and may extend the borders of Your kingdom.

Through Him who dwelt and worked among us, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

—The Episcopal Churchmen of the Diocese of Chicago

HOW LONG, HOW LONG

When Eric Graham was Bishop of Brechin, one outspoken Scotsman made clear to him how long sermons should be:

"Five pandrops weel sookit and nae crunchin," which linguistic scholars tell us can be translated into English as: "Five peppermint drops well sucked and no crunching."

—from *Drumbeat*
Diocese of Zambia

"Love makes the world go 'round
—please push!"

—a message tossed from a parade float

LIGHTS AVAILABLE

St. John's Church in Chase City, Va., has four hanging Gothic lights and six wall sconces available. Inquiries about cost may be addressed to the Rev. Edward M. Spruill, St. John's Church, Chase City, Va., 23924. Telephone: 372-3318 or 372-5260.

"God has a 24-hour answering service—the line is never busy."

—from a parade float in Sebring, Ohio

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

FEBRUARY

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 2 | The Presentation of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Temple |
| 4 | Fifth Sunday after Epiphany |
| 11 | Sixth Sunday after Epiphany |
| 18 | Seventh Sunday after Epiphany |
| 20-22 | Quarterly meeting, Executive Council of the Episcopal Church, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn. |
| 24 | St. Matthias the Apostle |
| 25 | Eighth Sunday after Epiphany |

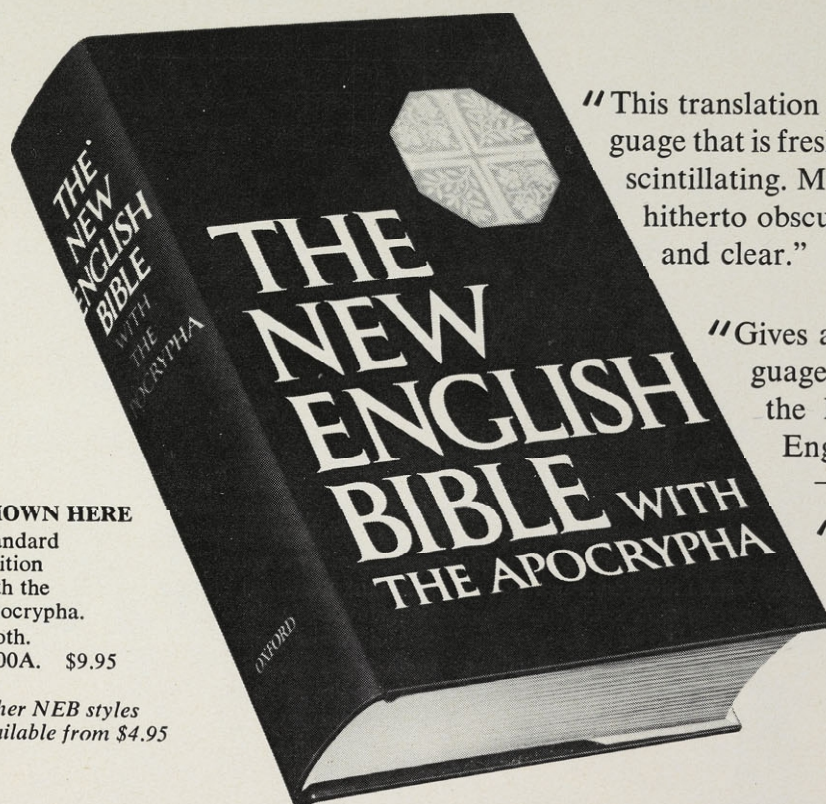
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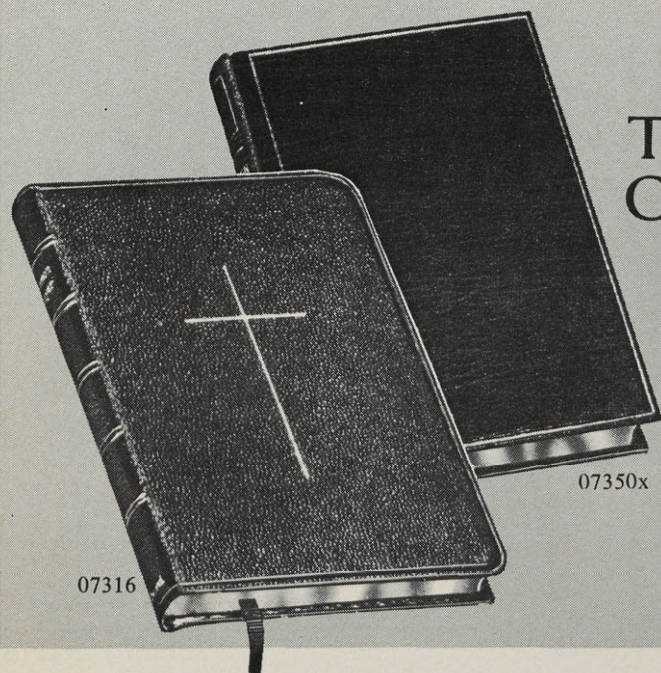
— **ROBERT H. BOYD**,
Luther Theological Seminary

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— **BISHOP GERALD KENNEDY**

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— **J. A. SANDERS**,
Union Theological Seminary



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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~W~~ WITH
DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS
OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH
AND STRENGTH ~~IS~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENT ~~XX~~ ~~XS~~ CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF
~~XXX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH
FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER
MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE
IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH
FACTORY WHERE SHE EARN~~S~~ TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH
TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL
OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER.
HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE
FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN
THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS
HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER
FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP
THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF
SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XX~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER
MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS
WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ~~XX~~ DAUGHTER BECOMING
SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED
AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines.



Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$____.

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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