

The **+ WITNESS**

NOVEMBER 12, 1964

10¢



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In Leading Churches

NEW YORK CITY

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THE WITNESS

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THE PRAYER BOOK Its History and Purpose

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Tunkhannock, Pa.

Story of the Week

Physician of Bishop Bill Lewis Tells How a Great Man Died

★ I voted for him as a stranger at the diocesan convention in 1959, treated his bodily ills for four years and finally stood with awe at his deathbed — feeling that this stranger of four years ago had changed my relationship with all patients for all time to come. This was no ordinary patient. This was a patient so steeped in Christian principles that all of Christ's teachings unfolded before my eyes, as I had the privilege of taking care of him during his last illness.

Let's go back to the beginning. When Bishop William Fisher Lewis took over the reins from Bishop Bayne, he felt in perfect health. In Nevada he had the reputation of being a great outdoorsman. He loved to take long hikes and fish. He was the down-to-earth type of parson who would muddy his shoes to help you change a tire on the highway. He never tired. He scoffed at pomp or personal ambition and seemed to have boundless energy in carrying out God's work. He had had diabetes for several years, but it was the mild type requiring only adherence to a diet and oral tablets. He did not have to take injections of insulin.

Shortly after he arrived here, a routine physical examination revealed the early stages of lymphocytic leukemia. There

were no symptoms, and he would not even have known it if a blood count had not been done. He was reassured and told that this type of leukemia was consistent with life in some instances for as long as twenty years. At that time, it was not necessary to treat it. The only requirement was that his blood count be checked at regular intervals along with his diabetic checkups.

He entered quickly into the life of the diocese as its bishop. A typical Sunday began at 5 a.m. and often ended at midnight, having frequently confirmed at three services, driving many miles to keep on schedule. I remember seeing him at parish after parish to lend his weight to the jubilee fund drive. In his greatest glory as a pastor, he became a true Father in God to many newly-ordained priests. You could see him at the cathedral chapel at 7 a.m. taking communion. Many a lesser Christian would have excused himself because his diabetes demanded that he have some nourishment before any kind of bodily exercise. At this early hour when he was taking insulin he was potentially threatened with low blood sugar which could have resulted in unconsciousness. His Lord came before his body.

For three years the two of us and his wife kept the leukemia

a secret. To the best of my knowledge, not even his secretary knew. He always said, "Doctor, there are many more important things than being concerned about my body. God's work in this diocese is the thing that counts."

Lucky Doctor

Every month he would go to the laboratory for a blood count. The technicians became his friends and always looked forward to his gracious charm and big smile. In the hallway of the hospital, I was often stopped with the quote, "Gee, you're lucky to have a patient like that! It must make you feel good to take care of him." It did make me feel good. We were perfectly honest with each other at all times. He watched the automatic counter in the laboratory click off his white blood count and learned how it worked. We even kept a graph sheet showing its rise or fall. Things went along smoothly until about a year and a half ago. Then the impersonal automatic counter began clicking off the white cells at a much greater clip. The normal white blood count is about 5,000. His rose to 20,000 to 40,000 to 50,000 and finally almost to 100,000.

Discuss His Future

He still felt strong and was a fulltime bishop. He made light of his illness. The decision was made to start medications that blocked formation of white blood cells. With real excitement, we

watched the white count drop over a period of weeks and knew the medication was helping. At that time, he asked me to meet with him and his wife at home to discuss his future. He wanted to know, if possible, how long he had to live, would he die suddenly or slowly, would he have his mental faculties to the end, how much warning would he have of impending death. He wanted to carry on his work as long as possible. He reminded me that it would take at least six months to obtain a successor. You can't call a convention, have an election, and expect a new bishop to walk in overnight. He didn't want to die suddenly and leave the diocese without a leader if at all possible.

Discuss Death

That night we felt we had time to play with. His blood count was responding to treatment. Further, he hated the idea of his clergymen and parishioners knowing he had an illness. He could mentally see people helping him on with his coat or showing sympathy in small ways. I remember we philosophized that night about death, as we did about many things, and he instilled in me his great Christian principle that he had dedicated his entire life in preparing to meet his Lord, that he was ready, and that no true Christian should have fear when his time drew near. His face shone, and it was obvious to me that here was a real saint, a Gibraltar of inner strength. I could almost hear Christ say, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God. Believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

The secret could finally no longer be kept when, in November 1963, he injured his right shoulder while lifting his dog.

An x-ray of the bone showed destruction by leukemic infiltration. At this time, he also noted pains in his thighs and x-rays showed involvement of these major bones. This was an unusual and very grave sign. Consultation with the blood specialist and further laboratory tests made us feel that his life expectancy had been whittled down to somewhere between six months and two years.

Calls for Election

Dean Leffler was called and the three of us met at the bishop's house and without hesitancy the bishop decided to inform the standing committee as a first step in calling a special convention to elect a bishop coadjutor. When the decision was made, the three of us stood together hand in hand as the dean prayed for the bishop and for the diocese.

With tears in my eyes, I explained the bishop's condition to a special meeting of the standing committee. Within two months the convention was held and Bishop Curtis of California was elected to succeed Bishop Lewis. The timing seemed almost God-directed because when Bishop Curtis arrived in June the leukemia had gotten out of control with red blood count dropping and bone lesions spreading in spite of radiation therapy and transfusions. The bishop was becoming short of breath and weaker. These progressive symptoms did not hold the bishop down. He continued to confirm, held a retreat for the clergy, and did his usual pastoral work. When hospitalization or other medical treatment interfered with his duties, Bishop Curtis would fill in at the last moment.

Constant Fight

In June, heroic treatment was instituted with massive doses of Cortisone. This immediately aggravated his diabetes and he

began to take large injections of insulin as often as three or four times a day. He learned to take these injections at home without going to the hospital. His leukemia got better, but his legs became so swollen he could hardly get his shoes on. His body chemistry became so abnormal that it was a constant fight to maintain any semblance of balance. His thirst was unquenchable. He often drank up to a quart of liquid every hour. He seemed to take medications by the handful. We had to be in constant communication. Food had to be carefully evaluated since he was not allowed any salt or sugar and he had to eat on time.

This made it very difficult for him in visiting various parishes, but he insisted on going. He hated all this attention to his body. Finally, his legs became so weak he could barely shuffle. It was heart-rending to watch him pull himself up at the altar. Two weeks before he died he went to Portland alone by train and conducted a three-day retreat. He was determined that as long as he could possibly function, he would keep going. Finally, the body would not do what the spirit wished. He was hospitalized eight days prior to his death and lapsed into a semi-coma within 48 hours.

Died Quietly

As he lay on his deathbed with nurses around the clock, his eyes were closed, but he had a constant smile on his face. He received communion daily and, in spite of the fact that his bones were literally moth-eaten, he did not seem to suffer. He recognized his family and most of the priests who came to pray for him.

He died quietly as the nurse turned him to sponge his back. As I held his still-warm hand and a prayer was being said, all that I could think was, "Dear bishop, thanks for the privilege of being your doctor."

Man's Questions Must be Faced Squarely Declares Scientist

★ Science doesn't have all the answers on this life, much less the next. But religions, "with their overlay of superstitions," don't give the answers, either, says a noted scientist.

That is the view of Dr. Irvine H. Page, director of research at Cleveland clinic, who won the American Medical Association's highest award this year.

"The very practical and enormous success of science and research in recent decades has caused the world to look more and more to science for answers to such questions as transcendental life," he said in an interview.

"During this time we have moved from being a highly religious society to one paying lip-service because of the general sneaking suspicion that science really has the answers and thus God won't be necessary any longer.

"But we don't have all the answers. Science will do all the research possible in this area, but it will remain objective and follow the rules of the game."

"What about the imponderables?" Dr. Page asked. "Value judgments don't have anything to do with science. They parallel one another, but one does not invalidate the other.

"I believe there are two forms of human knowledge. Factual knowledge, which is contributed by the findings of science, and wisdom, which is contributed by human beings."

Dr. Page said that his own feeling is that wisdom includes "the belief in something greater than we are — a transcendental life . . .

"I think it is the happy combination of belief in religion and belief in materialism that makes one able to live as part of nature. When we feel that nature

is hostile, I believe that we misunderstand.

"We should not avoid everything. We should not live in fear of death. We should live as if we were going to live forever, and, at least in spirit, we will."

He pointed out that science has shown many phenomena not to be miraculous. "But science just doesn't know enough about religion and its superstitious overlay.

"Those who call themselves Christian should actively wrestle with the question 'Do I believe in immortality?' Jesus Christ was very specific about preparing a place in 'my Father's mansion.' Well, do we want to have our life prolonged by artificial means and be a burden to society? This question bothers people. Oblivion? This doesn't bother me.

"I can't, by definition, because we know that this planet will grow hotter and hotter and finally become a star. That is nature's way in the universe and it is orderly.

"Religion has hurt itself by artificial manifestations — wings, sheep or goat and other primitive, child-like attitudes. We would know whether there is a hereafter if the scheme of things so ordained. Is there a beginning and an end? In nature, things ordained go toward chaos, not toward coalescence."

"Is there purpose in life?" the scientist asked. "Certainly life is temporary; nothing we do will be preserved in perpetuity. If there's no purpose to life, certainly we've gone to a lot of bother while we're here.

"Science teaches that the material things of life are not the lasting values. Science puts great store in intuitive values. There is no conflict between the

philosopher and the scientist, although such a statement is looked down upon among the more hard-nosed scientists."

Dr. Page said he includes in religion "all the humanities, the value judgments of the felt things, the purposes in life." He approves of people going to church (his wife is an active Presbyterian who believes Christians "should stand up and be counted").

"But the trouble with most churchgoers is that they too often fall back on ritualism and don't even ask about such questions as life after death.

"If I were to lay down rules, I'd do it so they couldn't be misinterpreted, yet Christ talked in parables, which lost so much in various translations.

"I can find no absolute. God, to me, can't be defined. I don't try to picture God—sitting on a throne and so forth. He is ineffable. What's really important is to get at what religion really means to people. Does it make life understandable within man's limitations?

"What I want is a real and on-going development of me as an individual so that, before I die, I can look back on my career with some degree of satisfaction. Then, I can leave with no regrets. I'm not frightened. Life is orderly, though it often seems unjust. So I say, while on earth, make the best of what you've got and do it on your own."

"You yourself are the one you'll live with in eternity," he continued. "You both profit and pay in eternity because oblivion is a study in futility."

Dr. Page said that man should not be surprised that he still does not have all the answers. "Biologically, we are just the dawn men," he said. "It is incredible to me that we have come so far in so short a time compared to the natural phenomena of life.

"Man, 20 centuries from now,

will look back on us and we'll seem just as odd to him as savages do to us today."

He concluded that science and religion both have their work cut out for them. "People are disturbed," he said. "They suddenly are realizing that science and research, while powerful tools, can't do everything."

"Here is where religion can

step in — if it will — and fill some of the gaps. After all, as I said, man's value judgments and emotions don't belong in the realm of materialistic science. Science is a fluid body of knowledge which is built up by sound criticisms. It's up to religion to face squarely the questions man is asking and come up with answers not to be learned by rote."

National Church Budget Modified To Make MRI Program Possible

★ About everything you needed to know about action at General Convention was in our issues of October 22 and 29. There were however a few things of interest either not covered or done so inadequately.

Just how bishops voted for the new P.B. is not officially released. Newsmen therefore did some digging and came up with:

★ Bishops Stephen Bayne, John Hines and Richard Emrich were nominated by the committee, with others nominated from the floor.

★ Bishop Bayne led by a few votes on the first ballot, with the other two in a virtual tie. There were a few votes scattered among others.

★ Relative positions for the three leaders did not change much in the next two ballots, but the scattered votes were reduced.

★ Bishop Hines had more votes than Bishop Bayne on the fourth and fifth ballots.

★ Bishop Hines was elected on the sixth, reportedly receiving 83 votes to 72 for Bishop Bayne.

Many statements have been made expressing pleasure over the election. We present just one, written to his people from St. Louis by Dean John McCormick of Bethlehem, Pa., which sums them all up well:

"What a thrill it is to me personally that this great bishop and personal friend has been selected to lead our Church for the next fifteen years. Bishop Hines is 54 years old and will serve until the retirement age of 68. He was my bishop until 1958, but more than that, a warm personal friend. When I served as chaplain at St. Stephen's School in Austin, a church school which he founded, I had the privilege of teaching two of his four children. The bishop would often come to the school to get away from the burdensome duties of his office, play tennis with the students and visit in the dormitories and with the faculty. Incidentally, I never knew him to miss a school football game. He is warm, humble yet decisive, with a great sense of humor — which should stand him in good stead — with an incisive ability of getting to the heart of any matter, a proven administrator, scholarly, deeply respected by his brother bishops and one who will represent our Church with clarity and great eloquence before the world. May God bless him in his new and exciting work."

Money Matters

The present operating budget is \$11,862,495. The budgets for the program of the Church for

the next three years call for expenditures of \$12,777,017 next year, increased to \$13,379,351 in '66 and to \$13,922,675 in '67.

These figures are about a million less than the annual budgets which were analyzed in our issue of July 9 in a three page article by our Edward J. Mohr. Dropped from the 1964 operating budget was \$660,000 for a revolving loan fund, and a sizable cut was made in world relief and interchurch aid.

Departments at headquarters for the most part receive annual increases but not as large as had been planned when the Council considered the budgets at its summer meeting.

The whittling was done so that there will be less pressure on dioceses and parishes, hopefully enabling them to give one million next year — two million in '66 and three million in '67 — to the un-budgeted MRI program.

New in the budgets for the next three years is \$100,000 for theological education; \$100,000 annually for the promotion of MRI; with the urban mission program — explained in these pages Oct. 22 — down for \$299,142 next year and \$340,624 in '66, going to \$490,000 in '67.

Other Bits

★ Missionary districts are still that and so are missionary bishops. The bishops voted to put them on a par with dioceses but the deputies would not go along—"let's study some more", which is a way for quick action when time is running out.

★ Church Pension Fund remains as is — no dropping of retirement age from 68 to 65 which would up premiums and mean raising more capital.

★ Spokane was made a diocese, with Bishop Hubbard in his thank-you giving credit to devoted clergy and laity.

★ Seattle will host the 1967 convention—only if it arranges

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

EDITORIAL

Joyful Thanksgiving For God's Blessings

THANKSGIVING should always have a prominent place in our prayers and the Church seeks to instruct us in this by making thanksgiving a regular part of the daily offices and also of baptism and holy communion. Through the Prayer Book we have been accustomed to include the giving of thanks as a normal part of our worship. Most of us ought to be more familiar than we are with the thanksgivings that begin on page fifty of our Prayer Book, for it is the unhappy experience of many of our priests that people often ask for special prayers but seldom return to ask for the giving of thanks when their prayers have been answered. The common politeness that is found among most people who habitually say "Thank you" for even slight favors is conspicuous by its absence in many instances when the "Thank you" should be addressed to Almighty God.

A trained Christian realizes that thanksgiving is more than good manners toward God, for his sense of responsibility as a steward of God's bounty teaches him that the surest proof of his thankfulness is evidenced by a right use of that which has been given. We are all familiar with the disappointment that comes to us when we have made a present to someone and have been properly thanked but then have found out that the recipient has carefully put our present away and never made use of it.

Lest we assume the same attitude toward God's gifts, the Church in the various prayers of thanksgiving puts on our lips even as we give thanks, a prayer for the right use of what has been vouchsafed us. In the General Thanksgiving of the daily offices we pray "that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful" and then go on to ask that we may show forth God's praise not only with our lips but in our lives, doing something about it, in other words, not content with having said a formal "Thank you."

In the Thanksgiving of the communion service, after giving thanks for the blessing of the communion and for reincorporation into the mystical body of Christ, we are reminded by this

prayer that we need God's grace that we may continue in that holy fellowship.

In the special prayer of thanksgiving that we use on Thanksgiving Day we thank God for his blessings on this nation, but as good citizens both of this world and of the heavenly, we recognize our obligations and ask for a just sense of God's mercies "such as may appear in our lives by an humble, holy, and obedient walking before him all our days!"

We should lay this to heart and govern our lives by this thought. A Thanksgiving day rightly kept by the people of God might change the course of the world.

It is nevertheless a fact that we give little time to its proper observance. We receive most of the diocesan monthlies and a great many parish bulletins and rarely is any mention made of the festival. A notable exception is the Chronicle of Christ Church, Brooklyn, where the rector, the Rev. Dr. Matics, has some pungent words to say which we pass on as our own.

"Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." These vigorous words in the first verse of psalm 106 sum up a major theme of the Bible and the Church: joyful thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings so abundantly showered upon us.

The psalmist goes on to talk about the history of his people, how they were gathered together, delivered from Egypt, led through the Red Sea and the desert, and brought to a "pleasant land." He is filled with gratitude that God should thus bestow his gracious favour upon his children; and at the same time he is overwhelmed with shame and indignation that his people so often proved themselves unworthy of God's favour. "They murmured in their tents and hearkened not unto the voice of the Lord . . . they angered him at the waters of strife . . . they provoked his spirit . . . they sacrificed their sons and daughters unto devils . . . they sacrificed unto the idols of Canaan . . . the land was polluted with blood."

On Thanksgiving Day our sentiments may be somewhat like those of the psalmist. When we think of the blessings which God has bestowed upon our country: the knowledge of himself as taught in various ways by the several blending

forms of the Judeo-Christian tradition; the heritage of law and parliamentary procedure inherited from our ancestors; the frantic desire for self-government and self-reliance on the part of the Pilgrim fathers, the Puritans, the conquerors of the frontier; the sense of decency and honesty and fair-play, the ambition and industry, the zeal and sacrifice of our nation's pioneers: when we think of these things, well . . . it just seems pretty cheap to observe the self-indulgence and triviality of much contemporary American life, to walk past the tawdry amusements and the

omnipresent gin mill, to hear the self-seeking and self-pitying excuses for moral failure and the politicians promising more hand-outs for less effort, and, even in Church life, to have to coax and promote and continually wheedle.

Anyone can supply their own examples. America is still the greatest nation in the world, fantastically blessed by God, but it could be that as a people we are becoming a little too careless about his favour; and it is an eternal truth that the nation, or the man, who provokes the anger of his God will be sorry that he did.

SOME REACTIONS TO DEATH

By William I. Oliver

Professor at the University of California

A MAN WHO IS HONEST ABOUT DEATH

IS OF NECESSITY IRONIC ABOUT LIFE

I DON'T KNOW a thing about death and neither does anyone else I've spoken to. Oh yes — I can describe its physical remains — and because I know how to deal it and because I know what it is not I try to develop some skill in dealing with it. But if you ask me how I feel about it — I must confess I hate its living guts.

The very urgency with which we approach death seems to demand of a speaker on the topic that he present his credentials lest his own tone of serenity, anger, hysteria or whatever should appear gratuitous. As for myself:

I was born — and birth is another mystery — like death in reverse. My first word was pajaro and it referred to a dozen or so vultures that used to perch on the roof of the house opposite to ours to dry their wings in the morning sun. These were the same vultures I used to see in later years devouring dead animals that floated ashore on the beach behind my home. I remember killing some puppies that belonged to my best friend. He teased me with the fact that I couldn't have one — so in a rage of jealousy I hurled them off the balcony onto the sidewalk.

I recall an old dirty peddler who suffered from elephantiasis, dragging that one immense limb

about as though death was so eager it had laid physical hold upon his body before the poor beggar had exhausted his grip on life. Later, when I was in the navy, I saw a sailor killed with a baseball bat — his head looked as useless as a shattered watermelon. A good friend of mine contracted tuberculosis and died the horrid, rosy-cheeked and babbling death of the consumptive. I buried my mother last summer. I feel from the very marrow of my being that I am dying — I do not know that I am dying, for one cannot have a reasonable comprehension of death — I feel it!

Negative Mystery

WHAT can any of us say about death? Certainly nothing satisfying. It is the cessation of being, the end of our existence. It comes and then leaves behind a carcass that none of us accept with equanimity. We refuse to identify with the corpse we are to become. Our most significant response in its presence is a frightening sense of absence. The one thing a corpse is not is a person. Some persons have endeavored to take the sting out of this fearsome absence by calling death another name such as non-being—

as if death were an abstraction! Others call it "passing over"—as if death were a familiar journey. These games would be laughable if this weren't so utterly pathetic. Death leaves us a putrescence that we reject. Death devours the very signs of life by which we know ourselves to be ourselves. Death lies beyond reason and it destroys it—death will not be understood. Its symptoms reveal nothing of its nature. We measure approaching death not in terms of nothingness or non-being but, rather, in terms of the life and liveliness which it devours. The coming of death is felt and seen in the diminution of life. Death is a negative mystery that lies beyond our senses and at the end of our reason.

Our own death is waiting for us in an ambush of the future. Its idiot presence is as ineluctable as our past birth. We live trapped between two frightening mysteries — for birth is as ridiculous and impenetrable a mystery as is death.

It is because we are bounded in mystery that we are, each of us, like what we are. In the confines of birth and death, and because of their presence, we choose ourselves into distinction and action. We are insufficient beings absurdly trapped in life, during which we gesture and pose and run about in such a way as to dissimulate the outrage of our condition. The important thing is not death but the attitudes and postures one can take in its presence.

Bestial Existence

IT IS POSSIBLE for some to live like animals, in the present, without concern for future or past and, therefore, without knowledge of our human condition. Death and birth are not value provoking forces in these lives. Such sensuous existence is bestial and the lives of such people no more interesting or important than the lives of monkeys in the zoo. They are not born, they do not die — they merely come and go. Death and birth are the concerns of human beings.

Others are vaguely aware that death is an end of some sort and that birth is a mysterious beginning of another sort. But because they presume that their reason is an echo of the master order of the world, they assume that life, their life, is warmly embraced by a master consciousness and that at their death they will be received once more into the fullness of being of the master being. These persons are immediately religious and, though they are found the world over, they are nonetheless examples of primitive man.

A third posture is that of persons who are

troubled by the mysterious facts of birth and death but cannot bring themselves to pit their reason against these mysteries. They reel away from the possibility of this encounter and rush headlong into the activity of life where they try their best to drug their consciousness in a welter of action, causes, and sensuous delights. This third posture is dishonest, difficult to maintain, and doomed to frightful anxiety.

Suicide by Attrition

OTHERS may take a look at death and find its implications so shattering that they are unable to pick up the pieces of their existence. Their life, if one can call it that, becomes a form of nihilistic waiting. Theirs is really a form of suicide by attrition. The best one can say for them is that they suffered from an intellectual anemia before they were confronted with the implications of their condition. Theirs is a pathetic and sentimental attitude that is very popular at present.

I find that the only intelligent relationship I can have with these persons is to urge them to take more drastic and expeditious means of ridding themselves of despair. The bridge and barbituates are usually quite effective. One cannot argue with their position. Utter despair is a logical conclusion — though not a very comfortable one. Suicide in despair is the worst joke we can play upon ourselves since we sacrifice our lives out of spite for nothing. It is in effect saying, "I will not live because I cannot be God and because I cannot be sure that I'm connected to him and because I cannot even be sure that he exists". Some people feel this so intensely that they forget that they themselves exist, however imperfectly. One must shock them into irony.

Accepting the awareness of death and birth as mysterious limits of our existence, the honest individual will confront his condition in all of its absurd pretensions and limitations — and then accept it. The honest and reasonable person accepts life because it is all he's got. He lives his life because he has no choice but to pretend toward clarity, logic, achievement and the imperative of ideals and absolutes. How can we live well in the knowledge that our humanity is clumsy, incomplete, inadequate, and perishable stuff? The answer is simple: by absurd pretention. Knowing that our works as well as ourselves are perishable, knowing that our perceptions are as limited as our creations, we do not despair of them but, rather, assert them ironically with what the Yiddish call *hutzpah*. We take

up our lives and make of them graceful and impressive recreations. We invent ourselves with preposterous presumption, by dint of reason and ironic choice.

The Pursuit of God

WE MAY choose to center our lives around God —not because he has shown himself to be up there or out there or, for that matter, down there by concrete signs or miracles, etc. — but because we are capable of needing him and therefore dreaming him into being as the name for the mystery that binds us. We may say that our task is to strive mightily in God's name that we may amuse God wherever or whatever he may be. The point is to pursue God despite his absence within the confines of our life.

It is also possible to turn back from this honest confrontation of our condition and to affirm life as we find it without religion, without God . . . but simply for each other and our greater well being. We may do this by forcing our lives into the swirl of social action, taking comfort, despite our pathetic limitations, from our ability to help each other along.

It is also possible to devote our lives to improving ourselves as individuals, seeking ever greater mastery over our ability to act, perceive and create objects and artifacts and gestures whose configuration and worth will be valuable and bear witness of our lives long after we are dead.

The man who is honest about death is, of necessity, ironic about life. He knows that he acts and strives in order that he might live longer than the next man and better than the last man. It is this that prompts him to build things, to make art, to join together in political and religious action. It is irony that makes man what we call civilized. It is this irony that makes him a social creature. It is this irony that prevents him from sullyng his reputation. It is this irony which drives him into furies of creation. It is this irony that prompts him to faith. It is irony that disposes him to fight constantly and tirelessly with mystery.

Miguel de Unamuno has put it most succinctly, "I shall not let myself die, but shall be killed by the destiny of man. I do not resign from life. Let us act so that the Nothing becomes an injustice. Let us battle against destiny even if there is no hope of victory. Let us battle against it quixotically — and fight for the death of death."

One Woman's View

By Barbara St. Claire

Of Being a Woman

WHAT MAKES more noise than a pig under a gate? The answer, as everybody knows, is two pigs under a gate. What is worse than being a woman? The answer, as everybody knows too, is being an old woman.

All women don't live to be old women, but for those who do and who keep their wits about them, who maintain their awareness of the patterns of contemporary thinking, for them, the world outside is darkening and cooling. It is cold enough outside now to justify a fire on the hearth.

There have been, and presumably still are, other countries and cultures warm enough to make it a piece of sheer extravagance to burn up all that fire wood. But not here and now — U. S. A. 1964. There was a real attention getter, for instance, in the October 16th issue of *Time* in the medicine section subtitled "Durable, Unendurable Women". The article quotes a gynecologist as making his confreres suddenly sit up by saying: "We are keeping women around too long — they should all be dead soon after age 45." He backtracked a bit after that, qualified his statement, added that he spoke in respect to evolutionary standards. It is just conceivable, though, that for some, after reading this report, the day drew in a little more quickly, one martini led to another, and the fire cast very little light.

Why is youth fetish in our country, diminishment shameful, death disguised? What is wrong with being an old woman — or an old man? It is harder to find a job in your forties than it was in your thirties, harder in your fifties than in your forties. What is gained in the aging process — the ability to evaluate, to discriminate, to endure — are qualities not readily marketable in a materialistic society. This has not always been so in the past and in other countries. In the seventeenth century, John Donne wrote two of the loveliest of his lines in tribute to an aging widow:

No Spring nor Summer-beauty has such grace,
As I have seen in an Autumnal face.

Donne wrote a great deal about death too; he

Talking It Over

By William B. Spofford Sr.

has often been accused of having an excessive, even morbid interest in it. Perhaps he had, but perhaps it is better to err on Donne's side than on ours. Our error is blinding. We hide death away in a cluttered drawer somewhere, lock it, and throw away the key. Getting older reminds us of what's in that drawer, of what we can never forget, what we can only try to hide from—death in life. So we close our eyes to the beauty of an Autumnal face, and reject stored up years of charity and wisdom that could be ours for the asking. We are so young, here in America, so pathetically young, and none of us will ever die.

But we shall — even all those old women who out-live men in such numbers that we hold them cheap and tend to think of them statistically and no longer as children of God. Is it these old women old men are so afraid of that they deny them voice or vote in the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church (otherwise known as the Episcopal Church)? It has been said that no man fears women, only a woman. We must look at ourselves and our fears; we ought, too, to know the names of our victims.

Who are they? There aren't very many. Women make up probably slightly more than half of the Episcopal Church — numerically a minor denomination in America. Many pay no attention to General Convention, never having heard of it. Some may notice, and be amused, having felt, with some justification, that universal suffrage was really universal and here to stay. Who is left? Only Episcopalians, men and women, who love God and are concerned with this branch of his Church. Only them. What hurt they feel will be in direct ratio to how much they care. For some, this is not much.

Perhaps it behooves most of us not to care too much. Concern is expensive; even if we lack it we have troubles enough the way life goes on playing its cruel and senseless jokes on us. We must take it all as lightly as possible, be aware of the comedy of our abortive attempts to put on the armor of God. It's such a poor fit; we are not at all his size or shape. Then too, when he was occupied with dying on the cross, with bearing the sins of the world, he said "Woman, behold your son!". And to a disciple "Behold your mother!".

From that hour, we are told, the disciple took her into his home. It is difficult to account for so curious a preoccupation at a time like that, especially when she wasn't even young.

WE HAVE HAD NUMBERS devoted to about everything — schools, colleges, cathedrals, peace, civil rights — an endless number of things. So, almost by accident, this could be called, Devoted to Death.

First off our friend, George Tittmann, rector of St. Mark's, Berkeley, Calif., sent us a talk given there by William I. Oliver, who taught dramatic art at the University of California. His *Some Reactions to Death* you'll find elsewhere. Then Barbara St. Claire sent in her column — not exactly dedicated to death, but still having a few words on the subject.

Then we read in the diocesan paper of Olympia a tribute by his physican to Bishop William Lewis, which we are cribbing and calling *How a Great Man Died*.

Finally we got a news story from Religious News Service about questions raised by Dr. Irvine H. Page, director of research at Cleveland clinic, who thinks religious leaders ought to come up with some answers.

Prof. Oliver says, "Birth is another mystery — like death in reverse."

Rabindranath Tagore wrote a song offering to both birth and death which I am sure adds a great deal to the discussion:

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.

PRAYER IS IMPOSSIBLE

By Robert W. Cromeey

Director of Urban Work, Diocese of California

PEOPLE NEED HELP IN LEARNING

TO PRAY IN THE 20TH CENTURY

"I HATE PRAYER." "It is impossible for me to pray anymore." "I feel guilty because I cannot pray." Statements like these are heard with some regularity among Christian clergy and lay people. Many more feel this way but refuse to acknowledge their situation. Other people say, "I just can't find time with all I am called to do to say my prayers." Some clergy and students say "I pray in the corporate worship, the public worship of the church especially in Holy Communion. I feel close to God in my studies as I seek truth."

In the Episcopal Church in the last twenty-five years there has been a growing discipline among the clergy to read morning and evening prayer according to the offices of the Prayer Book. Many of the clergy take this discipline of reading the Psalms, Canticles, Bible reading, prayers as part of their daily life. My guess is that most Episcopal priests average about three days a week in getting the offices read. The other four days they may miss because they do not get to it, they are too tired, or they forget.

In modern America it is difficult to find either time or place to pray. Clergy who try to pray and read the Bible at home before going to church or office are often interrupted by their young children, their wives, or the telephone. There is little privacy in most of our homes. At the office there is the everlasting telephone, people dropping in, noise of traffic, people talking in halls, etc. Of course, the best place would be in the church. But many Protestant churches are cold, bare places in which to pray. Many are cold because there's no heat. Episcopal churches are a little better. Roman Catholic churches have warmth and life but are usually in such bad artistic taste that they become too "busy" for peace and solitude.

An illustration of the problem of interruptions might be helpful. Suppose you are reading the Bible or prayers when the telephone rings. What is the right thing to do? Should you answer the phone and interrupt your prayer life or should

you neglect the phone so that your personal piety might be enhanced? Of course, the caller may be in real difficulty and need your pastoral ministrations on the day you have decided not to answer the phone. What do you do?

There is great difficulty in assuming the proper mental attitude for prayer. Prayer brings the peace necessary for prayer but peace is also necessary in order to pray. The first thing in the morning the clergyman's mind is full of ideas, plans and thoughts for the day. A layman's mind is full of his work day preoccupations and business. A friend of mine once suggested moving prayer to a later part of the day after the early rush of ideas and interruptions are over with. But you find you get so busy and have so many interruptions that you never get back to the prayer. Often what happens is that you forget, then remember, then become so rattled that there is less peace. Or you lose the incentive necessary to go into the church and seek out a place to pray.

Other Suggestions

TRY PRAYING at night is another suggestion. Obviously one is tired. There are meetings to go to. A certain amount of mental rest is required evenings and one usually turns to light reading if one is home.

Ejaculatory or arrow prayers sometimes are helpful. But these are inadequate and have little or no depth. Try talking to God. You try talking to God and you usually end by talking to yourself and feeling rather stupid. Practice concentration. Yes, try concentration. Most people have little attention span in prayer. It's only a little better in reading or conversation or in writing a letter.

Then there's the problem of guilt. You know you should pray. You feel guilty because you can't pray. The more guilty you feel the less able you are to enter into prayer. J.A.T. Robinson in *Honest to God* says, "For I believe the experts (in prayer) have induced in us a deep inferiority complex. They tell us that this is the

way we ought to pray, and yet we find we cannot maintain ourselves for any length of time even on the lowest rungs of the ladder, let alone climb it We are evidently not the 'praying type'. And so we carry on with an unacknowledged sense of failure and guilt."

Guilt is enhanced by the feeling that a clergyman has to suggest prayer to others but knows that he cannot master it himself. He feels embarrassed to talk about this with his friends. If one has a bit of theological sensitivity he wonders "Why has not God given me the grace and strength to pray and be in communion with him?"

I think most clergy have had a good grounding in prayer. In seminary there is training for meditation. There are daily chapel services. We are encouraged to pray. There is a full round of prayer life each day. In the Episcopal seminaries, there is usually morning prayer, Holy Communion, noon-day intercessions, evening prayer and encouragement to pray privately in the chapel or in one's own room. Yet it doesn't take with so many men. They say, "I'll do better and start fresh when I get out." I remember the dean of my seminary saying, "If you don't do it now you'll never do it later."

Books on Prayer

I HAVE READ many books about prayer. George MacLeod is quoted in Robinson's *Honest to God* as saying, "I have what I call my 'bankrupt corner' in my library and I am, if negatively, encouraged to discover it on the manse shelves of most ministers who have tried to pray. It is a platoon of bantam booklets enlisted at intervals to help one to pray better: purchased as each severally went dead on us, on the principle that 'Hope springs eternal.'"

I dare say this is true of many, many clergymen. Certainly the great saints knew periods of dryness in their prayer life. But one very clearly gets the feeling that this is a temporary thing and it will soon go away. It doesn't seem to go away for the 20th century Christian whether he is a clergyman or a layman.

What do we expect prayer to be or feel like? What are our goals in prayer? Are we looking for a nice feeling of closeness with God? There are several discussions of this problems in recent books. George MacLeod's *Only One Way Left* and *Honest to God* by J. A. T. Robinson, and the works of Dietrich Bonhoeffer have raised these same questions about prayer in their own ways. Traditionally, our aids to prayer stem from

medieval views and concepts about prayer. We no longer live in or believe in a three story universe. We do not believe in a God "up there" or "out there". Robinson points out that we need an entirely new starting point for prayer. We must move beyond traditional and medieval concepts.

Where do we turn? Who is trying to rethink the practicality of power in the wild world in which we presently live. Bonhoeffer indicates that we cannot think about prayer in terms of the times we "set aside". It is not primarily something we do at the moments of disengagement from the world. J. A. T. Robinson says "I wonder whether the Christian prayer, prayer in the light of the incarnation, is not to be defined in terms of penetration through the world to God rather than of withdrawal from the world to God. For the moment of revelation is precisely so often, uncommon in my experience, the moment of meeting a conditional engagement. How easily one finds ones' self giving pious advice to a person faced with a decision to 'go away and pray about it.' But, if I am honest, what enlightenment I have had on decisions has almost always been, not when I have gone away and stood back from them, but precisely as I have wrestled through all the most practical pros and cons, usually with other people. And this activity, undertaken by a Christian trusting and expecting that God is there, would seem to be prayer."

Help is Needed

I THINK the Christian Church needs help in prayer. I hope that those theologians, monks, nuns, laymen and clergy who are experts in prayer will turn their attention to this most serious matter. Writes Bishop Robinson; "Our presupposition has been that the pressures of life are on one side while God is on some other side: interested and concerned but on some other side."

If God is seen as the ground of our being then we should be prepared to see him in reading our datebook in depth, and preparing in the telephone in counselling, in decision making in neighborhood meetings to meet our God. Michel Quoist in his book entitled *Prayers* teaches us how to encounter God by writing prayers on such things as the telephone, the \$20 bill and the pornographic magazine.

Please let our mentors in prayer help open ourselves to God, enrich our prayer life and relieve our guilt in helping us come to terms with what it means to pray in the 20th Century.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE ROMAN CHURCH

By Wilbur L. Caswell

Retired Clergyman of Patterson, California

GOING BACK INTO HISTORY TO

FIND THE STORY OF A ROMAN

PRIEST WHO WAS A REBEL

IN THE LIGHT of the recent change in the climate of Protestant—Catholic confrontation, there are some who are ready to predict just what the Roman Catholic can, and will do. The stereotype of a monolithic Church willing obedience of clergy and laity, has never been a true picture.

Cardinal Gibbs went to Rome to persuade the Pope not to outlaw the Knights of Labor, the first American labor union, and not to put on the Index Henry George's Progress and Poverty, which provided ammunition for the Irish Land League in its struggle against the landlords and the Roman Catholic Church, which supported them.

In the 1890's the Roman Catholic Church in the United States was split in a controversy over Father Edward McGlynn, rector of a large New York parish, who was an ardent supporter of George's single-tax theory, the belief that the taxation of land values would eliminate the "un-earned increment", and reduce the extremes of poverty and wealth.

Father McGlynn was one of the most scholarly and eloquent preachers in the Roman Catholic Church. But he was far from an obedient servant of the hierarchy. He championed the public schools as against the parochial, and was reprimanded by his bishop for sitting on the platform at a mass-meeting with Henry Ward Beecher. He refused to obey the Pope or to accept his commands, and compelled him to admit that Rome had erred in deposing him for heresy.

In 1886 Father McGlynn disregarded the warning of his archbishop, and spoke in support of the election of Henry George as mayor of New York. Incidentally, George received more votes than Theodore Roosevelt, and Tammany politicians have confessed that if the votes had been honestly counted, George would have been elected.

The Vatican declared that the single-tax theory

was heretical, charging that it denied the right of private property, but Father McGlynn continued to advocate it, and organized Anti-Poverty Societies to propagate it. Four times he disregarded the commands of the Pope to appear before him.

He was suspended from his ministry for a year, and, as he would not recant, was finally deposed and later excommunicated. Practically the entire parish "walked out." The new rector found no sexton, choir or acolytes, and no house-keeper or cook in the rectory. McGlynn persuaded most of them to attend mass, but many put in the plate "good for ten cents when our rector is restored." He toured the country, with his choir to sing at his mass-meetings. Parishioners contributed \$5,000 a year for his expenses.

A mass-meeting of protest was held at Cooper Union with addresses by the editors of the Catholic Herald and the Irish World. A few days later a monster mass-meeting at Madison Square Garden, a farewell to Michael Davitt, of the Irish Land League, became a protest against the removal of McGlynn. Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons expressed sympathy for him.

He warned his followers to distinguish between Christ's truth, and the teachings of men "whose blunders and cupidity fill every page of Roman Catholic history for a thousand years." He said: "If a priest refuses absolution because you attend meetings of the Anti-Poverty Society, say to him: 'Father, you can keep your absolution.' When you are deprived of that absolution for any such cause, you can go with a clear conscience to God himself for absolution."

For five years he toured the country, establishing Anti-Poverty Societies. There was a serious controversy in the Roman Catholic Church, especially among the Irish and the descendants and relatives of the oppressed tenants. There were many defections from the Church,

and considerable concern among laborers regarding Pope Leo's encyclical, *De Rerum Navarum*. There was a serious decrease in contributions which alarmed the Vatican.

The Pope instructed Monsignor Satolli, who in 1892 represented him at the Chicago world's fair, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, to investigate the matter. Probably the Vatican had a rather low opinion of the theological acuteness of the American bishops.

The Cardinal studied Progress and Poverty, and examined Father McGlynn. He declared that he could find no heresy in the book or in the priest's opinions. McGlynn was restored to his priesthood and given a parish at Newburgh, N. Y. Probably to restore him to his former parish would be a more extreme repentance than could be expected from the perfect Church. He served a few years,

and many prominent Protestant ministers participated in his funeral services.

Naturally the Roman Catholic Church did not publicize this affair, and it was not until 1939 that the complete story was published in Stephen Bell's "Rebel, Priest, and Prophet". It provides another instance of the controversy in the Roman Catholic Church, which contains many loyal citizens, who, like our late President, will not follow all the policies of their Church.

Papal infallibility and Maryolatry are the two insuperable barriers to Protestant-Catholic union. But any student of medieval scholasticism could accept the possibility that interpretation could dig tunnels through these walls that would indicate that they do not mean just what they seem to say. In their periodical, "The Ecumenist", the Paulist Fathers are trying to tone down both papal infallibility and Mariology.

GENERAL CONVENTION: —

(Continued from Page Six)

meeting dates that are satisfactory. Otherwise it will be Cleveland where it was held in '43. Bishop Ivor Curtis has a big hurrah in his diocesan paper for Nov. so there is apparently no doubt in his mind about Seattle being the place. Opening service will be in the Coliseum, bishops will meet in the Opera House and deputies in Repertory Theatre — plans are that far along already.

★ There is now a 9th province consisting of Mexico, Cuba, Central America, Colombia, Dominican Republic, Virgin Islands, Panama. Haiti is not yet in but doubtless will be according to Bishop Voegeli.

★ Provinces, which have always had a hard time finding something to do, are henceforth assigned the job of closing the communications gap between their people and the Executive Council and General Convention, Petitions etc., are to go first to provincial synods where they will be acted upon before being sent to council or convention.

★ Seattle G. C. is limited to "nine legislative days" — means getting off to a faster start.

Vatican Council's Renewal Tide Declared as Unreversible

By Richard Horchler

Program Director for the National Conference of Christians and Jews

★ It is not correct to say that Vatican Council two will revolutionize the Roman Catholic Church — it has already revolutionized the Church.

This is the obvious and only conclusion that this observer, at least, can draw from the briefings, press conferences, sessions with Fathers and periti, and even the conversations in coffee bars all over Rome. And it is precisely this conclusion, which cannot be stressed too much or too often, that tends to be lost in the avalanche of words written every day on the details, intricacies and cast of thousands in what has surely become "the greatest show on earth."

There will, of course, continue to be ups and downs in the fortunes of the "progressive and conservative camps" at the Council. Archbishops may openly censure theologians of whom they disapprove as insufficient-

ly docile—as Archbishop Heenan of Westminster did. Council Fathers may call for bold, historic revision of Church teachings — as Cardinal Leger of Montreal, Cardinal Suenens of Belgium and Patriarch Maximos of Antioch did at the decisive session on marriage and birth control. And their opposite numbers, in their concept of the Church, may rise wrathfully to the challenge — as conservative leaders Cardinals Ottaviani and Browne did on the very next day after the three prelates spoke.

But while these events will make exciting news, they cannot and should not be allowed to obscure the fact that even at this point the Ecumenical Council called by Pope John has wrought greater changes in the Church than could have been hoped for — or feared — even as long-term results of a completed Council.

Incredible Changes

The liturgical constitution promulgated at the last session

will begin to exert its "new look" influence in parishes in a few weeks time. But in this anything but "secret" Council even the debates and commentaries on uncompleted matters, such as the schemas on the Church, on the laity and on the Church in the modern world, have produced almost incredible changes in the thinking of the

Fathers themselves, churchmen in Rome, the countless visiting priests and the clergy and laity all over the world who must rub their eyes as they read what is being said and voted for by a majority of the bishops in the aula of St. Peter's. Even reporters here can sometimes not believe their ears and go to one another asking, "Did cardinal

so-and-so really say this?" In fact, cardinal so-and-so did say that — and more.

The more than 2,000 bishops who are meeting have made it clear that the Church of the *aggiornamento*, though it may be in its infancy, has already been born. The mind of the Church, revealed in this Council in a way it has not been for a century, has cast aside the idea of the Church as a paramilitary organization, with the appropriate ranks, orders and abuses, defending a beleaguered fortress against an enemy called the world.

This Church, the bishops have established, is henceforth the people of God, not conceding but proclaiming the once-suspect doctrine of the priesthood of all believers. This Church has accused itself of authoritarianism, rigidity, legalism, fearfulness. It has, through its assembled bishops, time and time again made clear its new—rather re-newed — and unequivocal dedication to human rights and freedom, to the inviolability of the human conscience, to the mission of the Church to spread the good news of the gospel not by words alone but through love and service to all mankind.

Coup Unlikely

But aren't these words a little premature? Is there no possibility of a last minute coup or rally by the minority which is horrified by the notion of such a Church?

With all due consciousness of the inscrutability of history and providence, I would say flatly that the tide of renewal cannot be reversed. The conservative leaders were right in their woeful predictions that opening the door to change a little would make it almost impossible to resist a wider and wider opening of the door. But the conservative leaders are



THE DAY IS AT HAND

by Arthur Lichtenberger

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seen it alter completely the point of view of a southerner, for instance, without a word of propaganda.

Some redrawing of diocesan and provincial lines might be advantageous, but I am not at all sure that numbers and homogeneity are the best criteria. I am inclined to believe that the size and variety of this diocese has been one important bulwark against narrow parochialism and stuffiness. I would be inclined to think convenient lines of communication and some means of relieving bishops of unwanted and time-consuming administrative duties more important.

David Z. Ben-ami

Rabbi at Hattiesburg, Miss.

I want to thank you for the fine article and news reports about the civil rights struggle in Mississippi. Bishop Moore wrote a telling article about his visit (10/8) and I will be glad to have copies for my congregation. I commend you for the thoughtful quality of your publication.

Gerald F. Gilmore

*Rector of St. Paul's,
New Haven, Conn.*

Fred Grant's article of Oct. 29 is tops. I am especially glad for his comments about Bishop Pike and the regard of the clergy for one another.

Frances A. Benz

*Churchwoman of Cleveland Heights,
Ohio*

How slowly ones's attitudes change! For years my ears have heard the annual stewardship message, but my mind has only now perceived its meaning.

"As committed Christians we should use our time, talent, and treasure for the glory of God." This is right and true and means exactly what it says.

By choice, my time and talent have flooded joyously through those channels of service available to me — the E.C.W., the U.C.W., and more recently Girl

Scouts in an area rapidly becoming racially integrated. But most of my treasure, such as I have, has gone automatically to my Church pledge. I love the sacraments and believe with all my heart in what the Church has been, can and should be, yet, on reflection, I know these are sentimental considerations and pale in a world whose needs are basic.

Perhaps the General Convention crystalized my thoughts or perhaps they had come by themselves over the years to this decision, I cannot say for sure, but I believe now that it is careless stewardship to give first priority to an institution controlled by the thinking of another era when a future, which surpasses my imagination and courage, balances on the razor's edge between fulfillment and failure.

Marsden Chapman

*Rector of Trinity,
Morgantown, W. Va.*

The quality and interest of your articles and coverage continues to go up. General Convention reporting was exceptionally good.

John F. Davidson

*Master at Lenox School,
Lenox, Mass.*

I happened to pick up a copy of The Messenger, magazine of the diocese of So. Ohio, and want you and your readers to know of its excellence. I speak of the Sept.-Oct. issue, in which the whole diocese is portrayed pictorially in a way every diocese would do well to strive to emulate. From the charming cover photo (of four young girls in a beat-up neighborhood) to the compelling appeal for funds for a local children's hospital, it embraces a splendid panorama of the good and the bad in the whole area. It is only a dime for the copy, and, with no personal axe to grind, I suggest the wisdom of this investment. It should go as a model document to the whole Church. Congratu-

lations to Editor Archdeacon Thornberry. Address is 412 Sycamore St., Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

Congratulations indeed to you too, Sir, and to Bob Curry for the magnificent reporting of the convention. I hope you will do something equally incisive with the national election . . .

Constance Vulliamy

Churchwoman of Parkville, Mo.

Just wanted to tell you what a masterful job The Witness did in reporting the General Convention in the Oct. 22 and 29 issues. I just do not see how you-all do it. Just dedication to the job, and long hours of hard work, plus the ability needed to do it. I sat up till all hours last night reading every word of the Oct. 29th issue, and I was exasperated and frustrated (as your reporters were) by much of it, and you'll know what, so no need to go into detail (and I don't just mean the lay delegates on the subject of women deputies).

I think Curry, and Grants (both) and Spofford did awfully fine work, and they all told us just what we wanted to know, even to the actual feeling or flavor of the meetings and happenings.

The Oct. 22 issue was good too and I enjoyed the Baxter article on LBJ. Quite a new slant. I was at the first part of the convention and attended the Rural Workers Fellowship dinner and enjoyed it. It took The Witness to get us the real news on all fronts, though, and I surely do commend you.

There is much more I could say but I won't. My heart ached for Bishop Lichtenberger sitting listening to the message he could not deliver, but I was glad it was Bishop Ned Cole who read it beautifully. I admire him and Bishop Cadigan very much.

I just wanted you to know how good you-all are!

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