

# THE WITNESS

VOL. 64, NO. 2 FEBRUARY, 1981

Hope

Corita Kent

Martha Blacklock

Brian McNaught

Walter Baker

Mary Eunice Oliver



You bring  
the Spring  
Corita

# LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

## Ungodly Means

In a country dedicated to civil liberties and the rule of law, I commend THE WITNESS for its recent defense of the rights of the recently convicted Puerto Rican nationalists, and for its past support of Maria Cueto and Raisa Nemikin in their resistance to grand jury abuse.

However, I wish that THE WITNESS would print one word in defense of the rights of the innocent victims of FALN bombings, and perhaps two words of sympathy for their bereaved families.

Five people are dead. Without having had any choice in the matter, they have given their lives for the cause of Puerto Rican independence, which THE WITNESS apparently espouses. If THE WITNESS cannot shed a tear for them, perhaps THE WITNESS might celebrate their exploits which are so much more sacrificial than the courtroom antics of the 11 "patriots," who presumably approve of bombing and arson.

I feel only contempt for "freedom fighters" who plant bombs in public places and are so cowardly and pitiless that at a safe distance they detonate them regardless of whom they may kill or maim at random.

Some of my contempt, I fear, rubs off on THE WITNESS, which by its silence suggests that the end of Puerto Rican independence justifies such ungodly means.

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

## WITNESS Responds

Let us be clear: THE WITNESS deplors loss of life and grieves over the death of the people at Fraunces Tavern; in this same sentence we must quickly add that we deplore the death of the 21 Puerto Ricans and the 200 wounded in the Ponce Massacre, and more recently (since 1970) of the assassination of Independentistas Dario Rosado and Soto Arrivi; of the two Young Lord leaders found hung in their jail cells; of Santiago Mari Pesquera, son of Juan Mari Bras, Secretary General of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party; of Juan Rafael Caballero, Independentista labor leader of the Teamsters; of Angel Charbonnier and Eddie Ramos after a PSP Assembly in Mayaguez, and on and on. Not one Grand Jury has been called to investigate assassinations and murders attributed to Right-Wing forces.

We believe, with liberation theologian Gustavo Gutierrez, that an appraisal of violence, to be fair, must consider three types: 1) the institutional violence which keeps a people in poverty and bondage; 2) the repressive violence of armed forces which sustains the institutional violence of those in power, and 3) the counter-violence of guerrilla forces which retaliate and struggle against the first two. All cause human suffering and death, the first perhaps more than the other two, through the less visible instruments of malnutrition and poverty.

THE WITNESS has been trying to analyze the history in Puerto Rico of these three types of violence — a history largely ignored by the mass media. (See "Sterilization Abuse," By Helen Rodriguez in the January issue; "The Puerto Rican Connection," "Terrorists or Patriots," and "On the Redemption of Puerto Rico," July, November, January issues; and "Latin America: Front and

Center," November issue).

If U.S. citizens are participating, wittingly or unwittingly, in the institutional or repressive types of violence described above, then they should know about it. And if, as Puerto Rican nationalists claim, "There is a war going on out there," then it becomes inevitable that, as in every war, there will be prisoners, and death of innocents.

## Lauds Pictorial Essay

The pictorial essay in your December issue, "The Devastating Effects of the U.S. Arms Race," reminds us again that as long as governmental effort and money is poured into the military complex, all the "South Bronxes" will remain untouched by positive governmental action. Apart from Christ we tend to be violent and destructive. It is good, therefore, that this pictorial essay appeared during Advent. Advent reminds us that peace and creativity are possible in Christ.

**Ronald H. Cram, Student  
Princeton Theological Seminary**

## Name Is Birthright

The centerfold of your Christmas, 1980 issue has two pictures that tell quite a tale. Both Hiroshima and the South Bronx attest to an incredible amount of greed and antipathy.

We can never be sure who tomorrow's victims will be. Let us not stand idly by, so smugly certain it can never happen to us. If only for the sake of enlightened self-interest, we must cure that cancer, of which the South Bronx is a tragic symptom, before it spreads to places we cannot now foresee.

I very much enjoyed "Portrait of a Maverick Feminist" by Margaret Arms except for one thing. I am in no way in the same "class" as Dr. Doris Webster Havice. I do not have her education and in spite of all my good intentions, I never did anything so bold as to land me in jail (I talk a good game and that's it). I am Jewish and one of the greatest pleasures

*Continued on page 18*

### COVER

**We are indebted to noted artist Corita Kent for her artwork on this issue's cover. See Corita's article, "You Bring the Spring," on page 4.**

# THE WITNESS

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## Seeding Hope in Soil of Intolerance

by Robert L. DeWitt

An old Spanish proverb proclaims: "Stranger, there is no way to go. One makes a way by going."

Each of us today is that pilgrim. We are searching for the way with increasing desperation. We look in vain for the well-worn path, the familiar road signs that reassure us we are headed in the right direction, the comfort of knowing that everybody else is headed the same way as we. Instead, we find many paths, some on which we have never trod. We see signs pointing in conflicting directions. We hear a babel of strident, conflicting advice as to which way to go. We witness groups of people going in many divergent directions.

For this reason there is an almost compelling urge to ease the tension by taking the most traveled road, by following the most prominent sign, by heeding the most strident voices. And since all are pilgrims, caught in the same excruciating uncertainty, there is a defensive crescendo of criticism of any who take a path other than the one in which one's own feet are set. Prejudice and persecution flourish in such a climate.

So it was in Germany in the '30s. Hitler knew that the engines of war could not function without public approval. He contrived, therefore, a synthetic Aryan "religion" to fuel the chauvinism necessary for his dreams of conquest. The undying shame of the church in Germany is that it provided aid and comfort to that idolatry.

America has had similar tragedies. Its most

disastrous resulted from its prodigious economic investment in a system of chattel slavery, — a cruel structure of race relations which is still our greatest national evil. The church (with noble exceptions) by taking its cue not from the Gospel but from the prevailing mores, for generations provided acquiescence, moral support, and even theological justification for that enormity.

The persecution of gay people provides yet another chapter in that sordid story. The ancient world, and Europe up through most of the 12th century, displayed a fluctuating attitude of tolerance and indifference to the question of gayness. Then — was it as with us, the insecurity resulting from the chaos of the breakup of an age? — within a century that attitude changed dramatically. In responding to public pressure the church increasingly framed theologies and moral precepts which sanctified the oppression of gays, creating a religious setting for homophobia by which we still are fettered.

The church is never less apostolic than when it seeks to curry popular favor or to avoid popular opprobrium, by solemn proclamations that are prompted by and reinforce a current, popular prejudice. Yet, today the church is still vulnerable to those same pressures. When the Episcopal House of Bishops is urged to issue an ecclesiastical pronouncement "because our people

*Continued on page 6*

You bring  
the Spring  
You bring  
the Spring  
You bring  
the Spring

Corita



*Noted artist Corita Kent was speaker for the commencement exercises at Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles, after which the college closed in 1980. THE WITNESS felt her words of hope worth sharing along with her cover artwork for this issue.*

There are enough grave events  
in our time—  
on a global level  
and in our own immediate surroundings  
to pull us down—below hope.

So we are always searching  
for things that remind us  
to pull up into hope again—  
hope for a more fair distribution of power,  
for a more careful relation to the earth,  
for a more equitable distribution of its  
fruits,

and the grand hope of creative change  
evolving out of near chaos.

To think globally requires much hope  
and a part of that hope lives in the awareness  
that by using our particular abilities  
where we are  
we can make a difference.

Today I'm offering you some reminders to hope—  
the first is a crocus.

---

For a moment imagine yourself  
living thru an eastern winter.

Except for a few evergreens (very few in the city)  
everything is very bare:

no green shrubs or trees,  
no flowers, no grass.

Seemingly all life has disappeared  
and it looks very bleak.

Then one day—while it is still cold and spare,  
you spot a few crocuses.  
(Crocuses are small bulb flowers  
that may be purple or white or orange.)

The crocus comes up  
before the first green leaves of spring.

It is the first of all the flowers to say  
that after the long, dark, creative period  
that is winter  
the seemingly dead ground  
sends up these miracles  
that speak of spring coming up out of  
winter,

hope coming up out of despair—  
That speak also of the interconnectedness  
of all things—  
for they are nourished by ground and sky  
and by us who plant them  
and allow them to grow.

This up that comes at the sight of a crocus  
is like a message from the universe,  
saying:  
our lives are connected  
with all other lives,  
so that what we do  
really matters.

If only we get up in the morning  
out of the little death of night,  
we help all life get up.

Imagine what happens  
if we do even more in a day!

Another reminder to hope  
may be found in the lives of others  
who have gone down and come up.

One Sunday morning I found these fragments  
of lives in a couple of book reviews:

Muriel Spark says—Depression is  
the enemy; but I just sit and wait;  
there's always light at the end of the  
tunnel. Her depressions, she thinks,  
are part of her unquenchable hopefulness.  
Pessimists get on all right  
because they don't expect much.  
People who have hope are sad because  
they are so often disappointed.  
Her curiosity about what will happen next  
gets her thru.

And in Saroyan's book *Obituaries*—  
it is a book composed as life is lived,  
messy, trivial, spiteful at times,  
touching and outgoing, just flowing on,  
reaching completion, defying the darkness  
all about. He marveled that some  
people die or kill themselves, that so  
many writers give up. He was mystified  
and pained by the suicide of Hemingway  
and of so many poets. I'm growing old!  
he shouted. I'm falling apart! And it's  
very interesting!

He wrote a book during this time entitled  
*Not Dying*. The spirit of it was that of  
Tolstoy's last diaries, when all had gone  
wrong—wife, children, religion, body—  
but the defiant old man ended almost every  
day's entry with the words: Still alive.

So these lives are another sign  
that we are connected—  
that the pain of one person  
can bear the fruit of courage—  
to be shared with others.

How any one person lives  
can help the rest of the world get up.

Or we may find a reminder to hope out of darkness  
on our own college crest  
with its sword-pierced heart.

---

Somehow the heart must be pierced  
to be opened—to be awakened.  
That is the way the crest  
handles the story of life.

The pain that opens the heart  
opens it to the love of another  
and to concern for the larger world—  
today that concern must be global.

And if Immaculate Heart College dies to bring new  
life,  
there probably never has been  
such motivation for an Immaculate Heart  
graduate  
as you have—  
to continue that cycle  
that leads from death to life.

Many other kinds of institutions are dying  
on a global level.

They were made for another time  
with smaller sights.

This breakdown of an outgrown order  
has made a new winter—  
and out of this winter  
there is a new life  
coming into the world  
that recognizes connectedness  
and interdependency.

This new life is  
a world of peoples  
sharing as equals—  
creating a new spring.

How you live will make a difference  
in this development  
You *can* bring the spring.

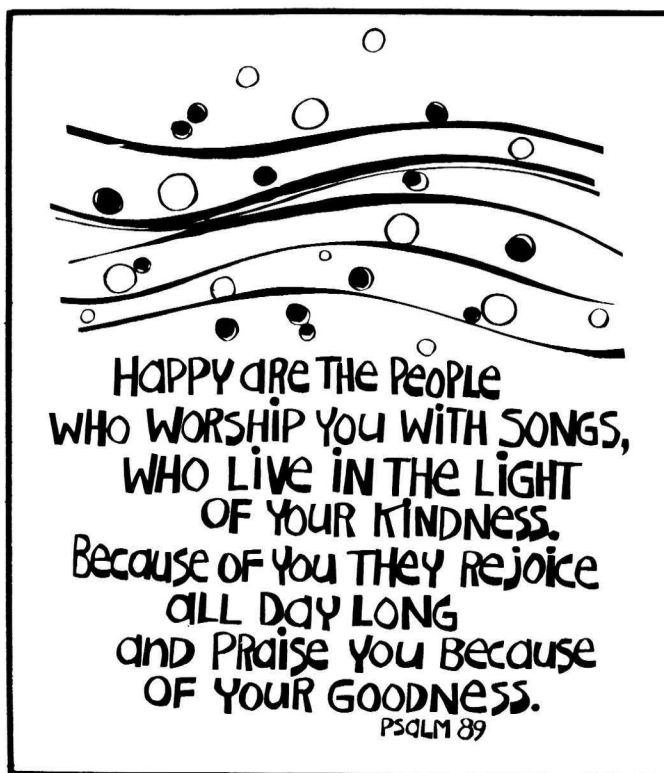
So far, the crocuses have always come up.

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*Continued from page 3*

are asking for leadership, and they don't understand why we are silent on the issue," this is a critical request. It may indeed be the prompting of the Holy Spirit, speaking through the people on behalf of an issue of justice to which the church had been insensitive. On the other hand, as history attests, it may be the spirit of a frightened bigotry to which the church has too often acceded in the past with cruel and disastrous results.

How does the church discern the spirits, whether they be of God or of Satan? How does the church know which way to go? If true to itself, the church will follow the One who affirmed the moral imperatives by saying: "Alas for you, lawyers and Pharisees, hypocrites! You pay tithes . . . but you have overlooked the weightier demands of the Law, justice, mercy and good faith" (Mt. 23: 23-25 NEB). Yet One who, confronting injustice which had been sanctified by generations of religious tradition, would say: "You have learned how it was said to our ancestors . . . but I say this to you . . ." (Mt. 5:21, TJB). And in following the One who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life the church will be a beacon as the human pilgrimage seeks, when there is no way, to make a way by going. ■



# How to Win While Losing

by Mary Eunice Oliver

*The recent election of an Episcopal bishop in the Diocese of Alaska deserved much more attention than it received. A woman, the Rev. Jean Dementi, was one of the six nominees. Mary Eunice Oliver, one of our WITNESS subscribers, sent us her personal impressions of that event. Although Dementi was not elected, we thought readers would find this informal report most colorful.*

A new chapter in church history was written when Jean Dementi was nominated as a candidate in the election for Bishop of Alaska in November. She was not elected, but her candidacy enriched the whole process, and it is that story that needs to be told.

When the Nominating Committee did not include Jean on their list of recommended candidates for bishop, her supporters fulfilled the canonical requirements so as to nominate her from the floor of Convention. They had reason to believe the Committee's decision was based on the shape of her skin! When Convention convened (weeks later) they were notified she had been reconsidered, and was a candidate, and would not have to be nominated from the floor. This was seen as a sincere move to make amends, and it was reconciling.

Before the voting began, all six nominees sat in front of the altar in St. Mary's Church, Anchorage (a space celebrating a faithful woman!) facing the 80 delegates and visitors, fielding



The Rev. Jean Dementi

questions from the floor. Jean, in her full-length, blue, clergy dress, sat in the center flanked by three men in black suits on one side and two in black suits on the other. Even that dramatic visual aid of the reality of the Body of Christ was wholesome. Her responses were direct and enlightening on controversial questions, in contrast to the equivocations and generalities so often heard in similar situations from our articulate professional clergy.

In response to a question regarding the ordination of homosexuals, she noted that she had served, as a deputy to General Convention, on the Commission with the responsibility of dealing with that issue, and it was clear

to her that the church had just begun to look at the issue of sexuality, and that there is presently a great diversity of thought represented, without consensus. For herself, however, she stated that as long as she was chairperson of the Commission on Ministry of the Diocese of Alaska, or if she were bishop, she would not have any special criteria of sexuality for the one kind of ministry called priesthood that did not apply to all other kinds of ministry exercised in the Body of Christ. If gay people are baptized, confirmed, serve as acolytes, lay readers, teachers, choir members, servants to the world for peace and justice, then they should also be considered for all other kinds of ministry. The other five candidates all said they would not ordain gays.

On the subject of what effect a woman bishop might have on ecumenical relations with Rome, she said that if the questioners thought all Catholics opposed women in Holy Orders, they did not know the Catholics that she knew. She said that a cloistered order of nuns was praying that very minute for her to be elected Bishop of Alaska, that they had called the night before she left home for convention to promise their prayers. The Mother of the Order had confided to her that as she had tucked into bed, the night before, a deaf, aged member of their community, she had yelled: "Now Sister Joseph, you pray for Jean to be elected

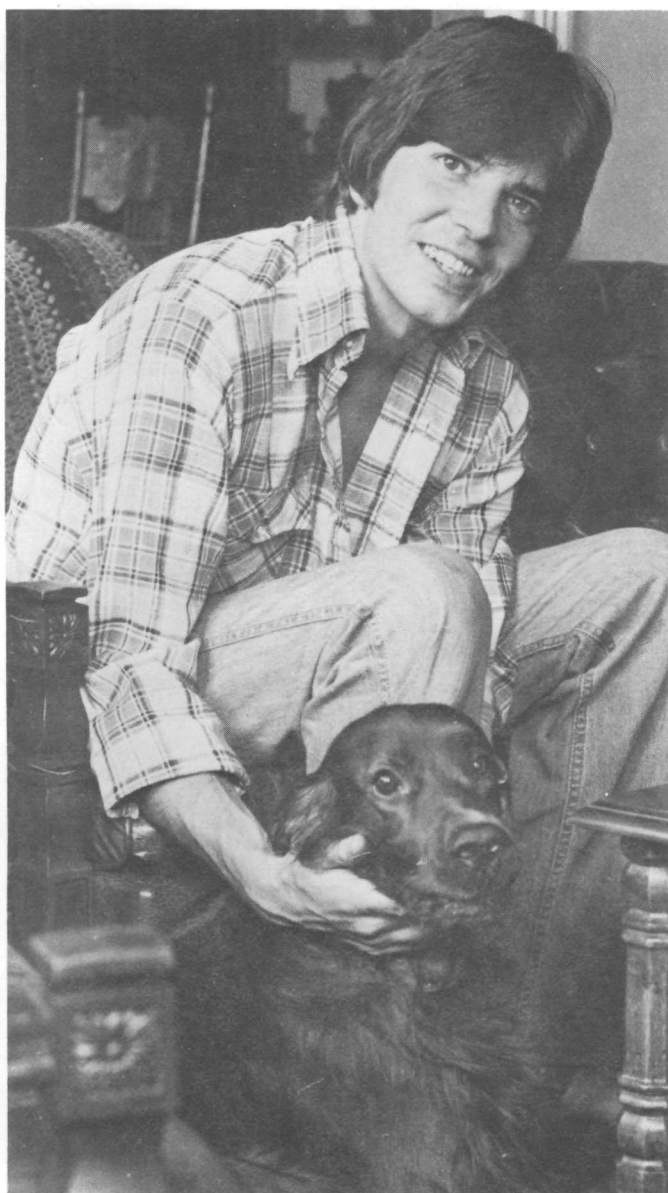
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Mary Eunice Oliver of San Diego describes herself, "negatively, as the last woman refused a seat as a deputy (though duly elected) at an Episcopal General Convention; or, if you want to put it positively, the first woman deputy from the Diocese of Los Angeles to be seated at the General Convention in Houston in 1970." Long active in the church, she also served on the Board of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity.

# Welcome Home, Anita

by Brian McNaught



**Brian McNaught** is a Boston-based editor and freelance writer who is noted for his ministry to gays, especially in the Roman Catholic community.

An evangelical Christian theologian once told me that active homosexuals “who turn to the Bible for salvation are looking down the barrel of a shotgun.” The Laws of God are clear and unflinching, he insisted.

The man in question was one of many hundreds of thousands who rallied around Anita Bryant in 1977 and joined *Newsweek* magazine in declaring her “God’s Crusader.” As her husband Bob phrased it, Anita had “put on the armor of God.” In her own words, she was a modern day Deborah.

Today, the former national symbol of the perfect Christian wife and mother is divorced, recovering from a dangerous duet with drugs and alcohol and angry about the “fundamentalists who have become so legalistic and letter-bound to the Bible.” Undoubtedly, she too is considered by her former friends to be foolishly provoking God’s double-barreled wrath.

Yet, as reported in the December 1980 issue of the *Ladies Home Journal*, Anita Bryant believes “in the long run, God will vindicate me.” And so do I.

Like Rep. Robert Bauman, (R-Md.), who championed the fight against civil rights for homosexuals during the day and allegedly solicited sex in gay bars at night, Anita Bryant got caught between her own reality and the way she was taught things ought to be. She says that from the very beginning her marriage was a disaster but she nonetheless wrote books, like *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory*, in which she told 1 million readers how happy she and Bob were in their nuclear Christian family. She wanted to have a happy marriage “so badly that I only shared the good parts.”

By day she posed with her husband and children for pictures in front of their living room altar and decried gay civil rights as a threat to the U.S. family. At night she fought bitterly with Bob, ridiculed him in front of friends, flirted with strangers and massaged her guilt with Valium. “When some people feel a total inadequacy in themselves, they feel threatened and jealous,” she told the *Journal*.

Anita Bryant’s major turnabout on such questions as gay civil rights and feminist issues hasn’t received the attention it

deserves from the nation's media. Perhaps that is because the airwaves are now jammed with the loud warnings of Anita's former supporters — the politicized Born Again fundamentalists — that Ronald Reagan and the new Congress had better listen to the Word of God and the Moral Majority and stay on the far right on such issues as busing, welfare, the ERA, civil rights and SALT II.

It's a shame, because I believe Anita Bryant has been called upon to deliver a message of major significance. It seems to me that her conversion from celebrated intolerance to a philosophy of "live and let live" is a clear indictment of the self-righteous and a promise of forgiveness. It is a warning not to take yourself too seriously or God's embracing love too lightly. It is an invitation to accept yourself as flawed though intrinsically good and to look not into the barrel of a shotgun but into the welcoming arms of affirmation.

"I never dreamed what I feared most could happen to me," confided Anita. "But divorce is a part of life, you know, and we all are imperfect." In her pain, Anita came to discover that homosexuality is a part of life too as are the concerns of women. "As for gays, the church needs to be more loving, unconditionally, and willing to see these people as human beings, to minister to them and try to understand them," she said.

While it isn't always true, I frequently find that I am more comfortable with people who are outside of approbation than those whose lives seem to mirror society and fundamental churches' ideals. Those who are able to lay claim to their own pain, their uniqueness, their deviation from the norm generally seem to share the same experience of a loving God that I experience. They seem more able to go beyond the law and tradition and be in touch with the human experience. People who suffer aren't as prone to put other people in boxes, like "Divorced Catholic," "Homosexual," "Welfare Recipient," "Women's Libber." They tend more to ask questions than to shoot from the hip. They talk honestly about their own feelings and abhor hypocrisy.

Jesus abhorred hypocrisy. In fact, he spoke out against it more frequently and with more vehemence than on any other human conduct. Hypocrites, for him, were those persons who pretended to be something other than they were. Hypocrites were the law givers and the law quoters who denied their own experiences as flawed people.

Anita Bryant and Robert Bauman are two recent examples of individuals who publicly denied their private pain and puffed up images of propriety to cover their flaws and receive social sanction. They became heroes to law quoters and others who didn't trust God's embrace. Their

charades caused more havoc in their own lives and in the lives of countless others who were scourged by their actions and their words, all in the name of God. "This is not my battle, it's God's battle," Anita told Dade County voters.

I knew the campaign against my civil rights was not God's battle, at least not my God's. Nor was it God's battle when people waved their Bibles in defiance of Charles Darwin or burned crosses on the lawns of Jews or beat up anti-war demonstrators or voted against the ordination of women. The God that I know isn't being talked about on Jerry Falwell's television show or in fundraising letters from Born Again groups which quote Corinthians to raise money against human rights. That used to be Anita Bryant's God but it doesn't seem to be any more.

"God says the wages of sin are death," she told *Playboy* magazine in 1978, "and one little sin brings on another . . . It just gets worse as it goes on. You go further and further down the drain and it just becomes so perverted and you get into alcohol and drugs and it's so rotten that many . . . end up committing suicide."

Back then she was talking about homosexuality. Two years later, she confided that her marriage was so bad she was taking heavy doses of pills and alcohol and one night would have committed suicide had she not thrown her pills down the drain the evening before. Two years later, she talks about a God I experienced after attempting suicide because my life didn't conform to the letter of the law.

"Fundamentalists have their heads in the sand," Anita now states. "The church is sick right now and I have to say I'm even part of that sickness . . . They thought they could get me under their thumb, that I had such a responsibility to my 'righteous-leader' image, they thought that I would stay in that marriage. Well, I just couldn't hack it."

Welcome to the human race, Anita. Welcome to the world of the socially stigmatized, religiously ostracized human outcasts with whom Jesus, to the astonishment of law quoters, preferred to walk.

For me, being an adult Christian is letting go of your fear of what the church, the news media or the neighbors have to say about your life. It's a commitment to love yourself because of those things which make you different and to enable others to love their uniqueness. Being an adult Christian is a commitment to God that you will do your best to grow to your full potential, to embrace your humanity, to live life fully, to be a channel of encouragement and forgiveness in the world, to be honest, caring, involved and hopeful. It isn't easy being an adult Christian. It can be quite painful to be true to yourself.

"Of course, I know I'm going to hurt some more until the healing has time to work," says Anita. "But anyway, God loves me now right where I am." And so do I. ■

# Popularizing Non-Sexist Liturgies

by Martha Blacklock

One of Carol Etzler's strong feminist songs begins, "Sometimes I wish my eyes hadn't been opened." Plenty of us worshipers could wish the same for our ears.

After all, most practicing Christians first heard the Gospel in sexist language — archaic sexist language at that — and we knew it was speaking to us. We brothers joined hands in the faith to serve our Father as sons. We men of God rose up to fight manfully.

But, one by one, many of us experienced an irreversible "pop" that opened our ears to just how odd it really is for women to describe ourselves in those terms, and, further, how presumptuous it is for a culture to subsume the whole human race under labels that fit only half of it. And, again, how deeply questionable it is to talk about God solely in masculine ways.

There's no going back. For people whose ears have popped, sexist language is truly an impediment to worship. If and when we complain, it's not out of cantankerous impulse, but from the pain of feeling suddenly out of place in God's house. We had thought we were at home.

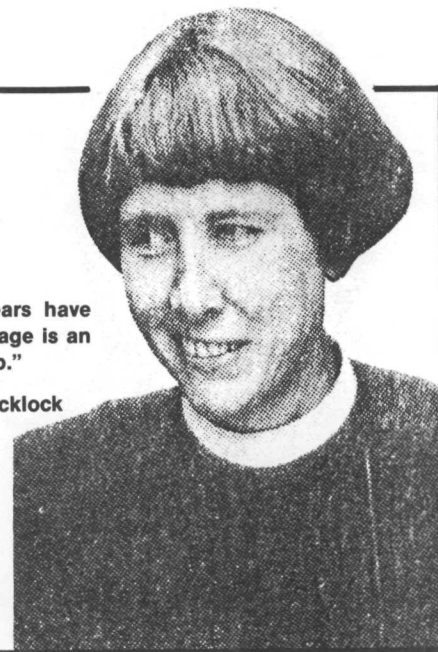
What to do?

Stay home? Many do, convinced that the church is just another expression of patriarchal domination, and that hoping for change from the men who govern it is about as likely as expecting most Christians to sell all they have, etc.

Some churchgoers, however — convinced that the Word spoken in Jesus Christ is that of whole, abundant and

"For people whose ears have 'popped,' sexist language is an impediment to worship."

Martha Blacklock



eternal life — are working to make the words of worship reflect that reality. The decision by the bishops of the U.S. Roman Catholic Church to omit the "generic" use of *man* in the liturgy is one result of this effort. The Episcopal Women's Caucus attempt to contribute to the Episcopal Church's hymnal revision process is another instance of work that would affect the church at large.

Some parish clergy and liturgy committees have already written changes into their altar books to reflect their expanded awareness. Others change the words as they go along. Finding metrically suitable alternatives for sexist words in the midst of singing a hymn can be exhilarating.

Local efforts to provide non-sexist worship alternatives for those who seek it have developed. Some — such as the Society of St. Junia the Apostle and Wisdom House — have published liturgies.

For almost five years one such group has been meeting in New York City. During that time, Mother Thunder Mission has functioned as a theological discussion and feminist support group, as well as a worshiping community. (Mother Thunder Mission was named for the mother of James and John, the Sons of Thunder. Their father was Zebedee; who else could Thunder be? A sense of humor helps immeasurably in this enterprise.)

The focus at this point is a regular Saturday evening liturgy at St. John's Church in the Village. Celebrants and preachers are drawn from the metropolitan area. They are usually, but not always, women, as is the congregation. More than 100 people turned up for the service after a September *New York Times* article about Mother Thunder.

The Rev. Martha Blacklock is vicar of St. Clement's, Manhattan.

As other papers have picked up the *Times* story, letters have come from all over the country asking "What do you do?" and "How can we do it here?"

The Saturday evening liturgy at Mother Thunder Mission looks like any other rather traditional eucharistic celebration, to the distress of some feminists who believe we should care as much about the visual symbolism as the verbal. They are probably right.

We sing, using the Hymnal 1940, with the help of Kathryn Piccard's *Resources for Avoiding Sexism when Using Episcopal Hymnals*. We use the Ecumenical Women's Center (Chicago) songbook *Because We Are One People*. And we're developing our own revised hymnal, week by week. It's called *Hyrs, Ancient and Modern*.

Unless Saturday is a major feast day we use the Propers for the following day. We paraphrase the Lessons and Psalm, using no "generic" pronouns for human beings, and using names, titles, or pronouns for God that are appropriate to both male and female. For example, the Song of Mary sounds like this:

*My soul proclaims your greatness, O my God,  
and my spirit has rejoiced in you, my Savior,  
For your regard has blessed me,  
an ordinary woman, who serves you.  
From this day all generations  
will call me blessed,  
For you who are mighty have made me great.  
Most holy be your Name.  
Your mercy is on those who fear you  
throughout all generations.  
You have showed strength with your arm.  
You have scattered the proud in their hearts'  
fantasy.  
You have put down the mighty from their seat,  
and have lifted up the powerless.  
You have filled the hungry with good things,  
and have sent the rich empty away.  
You, remembering your mercy,  
have helped your people Israel,  
As you promised Abraham and Sarah,  
mercy to their children, forever.*

Addressing God directly, rather than talking about God, avoids the many places where a pronoun or "God" repeated would be necessary. Another benefit which has been noticed by some worshipers is that one seems to be more immediately in God's presence, rather than talking about someone who is elsewhere.

Here is another example:

*Glory to God, boundless glory,  
and peace to God's people on earth.*

*O God our Maker,  
Creator of all we know,  
we worship you, we give you thanks,  
we praise you for your glory.  
O Jesus Christ, firstborn of creation,  
God of God, Lamb of God,  
you take away the sin of the world:  
have mercy on us;  
you who rest at God's heart  
hear our prayer.*

*For you alone are the Holy One,  
You alone are the Word,  
you alone are the true Light,  
Jesus Christ,  
with the Holy Spirit,  
at One in the glory of God.*

What we are aiming for, of course, is language that does not shut out half of the worshipers because of their gender, nor make statements about the nature of God that no longer seem to be true. At the same time, we hope to find alternatives which are not clumsy and unnatural-sounding, but true vehicles for common worship. As we know from the recent arduous process of Prayer Book revision, that last is a tall order, but not impossible.

"And what about The Lord's Prayer. Surely you don't meddle with that! After all, those are the very words Jesus said . . ." Well, those do seem to be his words, but we don't use them. Instead we say (or sing):

*Christ Jesus we ask your guidance as we pray:  
Holy One, our only Home,  
hallowed be your Name.  
May your day dawn,  
your will be done  
here, as in heaven.  
Feed us today,  
and forgive us,  
as we forgive each other.  
Do not forsake us at the test,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For the glory, the power,  
and the mercy are yours,  
now and forever. Amen.*

The Mother Thunder Mission wee bookies are authorized for use in one diocese, and tolerated in others. They are available from Box 579, New York, N.Y. 10011. Our hope is that two or three may gather together, as people are doing all over the continent, and find the words through which worshipers can hear the Word, and praise God in whose image we are all made, men and women alike. ■

# A Son's Tribute To Cesar Chavez

by Fernando Chavez



Cesar Chavez

Fathers are hard to talk to face-to-face. When you reach a certain age, the companionship ceases and the competition starts. The father-son chemistry changes. A wall goes up.

Then it becomes a question of how quickly and how well can you dismantle it.

Even as I was growing up, there was competition with my father's commitment to his job, which extended from before sunup to well after sundown. And there was his notoriety — first local, then statewide, finally national — which attracted a continuous flow of labor organizers, politicians, reporters, opportunists, statesmen, people wanting help from him, and people wanting to give him help.

So many people wanted my father to

be so many things.

All I wanted him to be was my father.

My first recollections are when he worked for the Community Service Organization (CSO), which at that time was the most active civil rights organization for Mexican Americans in California. Before he became its director, he was a field organizer, which meant setting up chapters throughout the farm valleys of California.

Before I reached the eighth grade, we had lived in San Jose, Oakland, Madera, Hanford, Oildale, Oxnard, Los Angeles and Delano. At most of my new schools, I didn't even bother to make friends. I knew I wouldn't be around long enough to enjoy them.

In 1961, my father asked CSO to get involved in organizing the farmworkers who were migrating around the state. He was turned down, so he quit. On his own, he started the National Farm Workers Association.

My father started with nothing. Of necessity, his family became the heart of his staff. We made posters and signs, licked stamps, addressed envelopes. He always had things for us to do on weekends and during the summer.

In pairs, my brothers and sisters and cousins and I would go leafleting, knocking on doors of farmworkers and giving them announcements of meetings. My father would drive up and down the blocks to make sure we were okay.

Material things meant nothing to him. We always had something to eat. Sometimes we got it picking up potatoes in the fields after the crews had been through them.

"I want you to learn what farm labor is like," he'd say. But we'd have enough potatoes for weeks. A used couch or used TV was as good as a new one, he'd tell us.

When I was 10, he took me to help the John Kennedy-for-President campaign in Los Angeles. With some other kids, I spent the day handing out pamphlets. It poured rain, and I was soaked and miserable. Then we kids were introduced at the headquarters and applauded for our participation and each of us was handed a \$5 bill for our work. I was going to buy a model airplane. But when my turn came, my



Fernando Chavez

father said, "Fernando wants to donate his \$5 to the campaign." I went off in the corner and cried.

When I was 12, I started traveling with my father. There was a mattress in the back of our Mercury station wagon, and I would sleep while he drove for two or three hours. We'd leave well before dawn and get back after dark. After a few trips, he took me on the sideroads and taught me to drive. We shared the responsibility. When he'd meet with groups of farmworkers, he'd introduce me, "I'd like you to meet my chauffeur."

He would talk to us children about the problems the farmworkers had. He made us understand why we had to share him with them. The rocks through our livingroom windows, our teachers' comments in front of the class that the Communists were behind the farm worker movement — they were just part of a routine we accepted.

My father was a very sensitive and affectionate man. When we were little, he'd lift us onto his knee and kiss us a lot. As we grew up, he'd constantly involve us in his life and the decisions he had to make.

When we were living in Delano, President Johnson offered to appoint him director of the Peace Corps for Latin America. He called one of our

regular family meetings. He explained what the job was. He said we'd probably move to Latin America, reside in a big house, have maids to help my mother, and generally live like kings. He added, "of course, I'd have to leave the farmworkers." He talked about them and their problems until there were tears in his eyes. Then he handed out slips of paper for us to vote by secret ballot. It was 8-1. We stayed.

Of all his children, I'm the only one who's not working with him today on a day-to-day basis with the United Farm Workers.

I barely made it though Delano High School. I worked on assembly lines in factories for a couple of years. That's when my father and I started to lose communication. He had always hammered away at us that we had the potential to be whatever we chose. He asked us, mostly by the example he set, to have a social conscience. One of his sons, he hoped, would be a priest or a lawyer.

The assembly line wasn't much fun. I went back to school. I earned a bachelor's degree at UCLA and, in 1977, a law degree from the University of Santa Clara.

I confide in my father regularly now. The other day, he called me up and

asked for my advice on a matter of importance to him. Whether it was a set-up, like the pitch he gave us all on living in Latin America, I don't know. But he accepted my recommendation.

Now our days of competition are over. Once again, we're father and son.

**Fernando Chavez**, eldest son of Cesar and Helen Chavez, practices law in San Jose, Cal. He wrote this tribute to his father for Father's Day. Reprinted with permission from the National Farm Worker Ministry.



## Choking On the Dust of God

Choking on the dust of God  
at 3:00 a.m., I stop to  
take food for the road  
in an all-night coffee shop —  
explaining to the waitress,

"I am a writer  
temporarily suffering  
from uncontrollable flashes  
of insight, and a leaky  
congregation of  
ball point pens."

Asking directions, I get  
the usual, "You can't miss it."  
But, I have missed something.  
That is why I am making penance  
here with a man recovering  
from an overdose of beer.

"A writer!" he wants company,  
and I am woman — to him that's  
opportunity. He ignores my rings  
and speaks of things I think  
he's read in books instructing  
men on how they might attract  
a stranger to their bed.

"Excuse me," I finally speak  
the lie (which is the truth for me),  
"I must rejoin my husband now."

Ann Knight



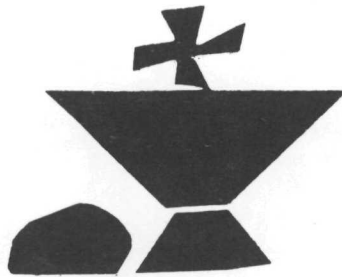
## Pay Now — Save Later

For most of the years of its new life THE WITNESS has held to its subscription price of \$9. However, as previous presidents have learned — and Ronald Reagan is about to learn — inflation is a stubborn fact. And so we are forced to follow the pattern set by almost all other publications by raising our price. As of March 1, 1981, a year's subscription to THE WITNESS will cost \$12.

But we want to be as considerate as we can of those who are already subscribers, so we are urging, "pay now — save later." Renew *now* (regardless of expiration date) and you will extend your subscription at the present rate of \$9 — a saving of \$3.

For our part, we intend to hang in for the long haul, and to continue to provide for you a journal which will be a witness to the important realities of our time, and will also bear witness to Christian response to those realities.

Use the handy insert card in this issue to be billed at the old price. One final request: It saves us substantial postage and handling costs if you send us your check and the card in an envelope. Thank you!



# Church Without Walls

## Notes 10th Anniversary

by Walter Baker

Ten years ago, a group of us began holding weekly services in each other's homes. Our purpose was to shape a vision, to define a dream of a parish church which would better meet our particular needs.

We liked the Episcopal Church and its tradition but we wanted to change the emphasis we found in our parishes. We had a dream of a congregation:

- where the members were taking responsibilities rather than leaving them to the rector and the vestry;
- where the members were knit in a close and supportive fellowship;
- where concerns about parish property, budget, and organization would be eliminated or minimized;
- where there would be time and energy for an effective ministry to the troubled world outside the parish.

From the start, our worship was communion-centered. The host family

planned the service, found a priest to celebrate, and led the discussion of the readings which took the place of the sermon.

We wondered if the Episcopal Church could accommodate the kind of congregation we saw maturing in our thinking. Its canons were clearly based on a congregation with a priest in charge and a vestry, housed in a church building in a particular location. Establishment of new missions required the approval of the adjoining parishes.

We consulted with our bishop, who was encouraging but told us that we must have a relationship with an ordained priest. He suggested that a priest-of-the-month would meet this requirement. We complied but the arrangement was not a happy one. To bring in priests who had not been part of our long and searching thought and evolving customs was to put them in a place apart from us. When we found priests who wanted and had time to be with us on a continuing basis, to share in our quest, things went better.

Finally, after further consultation

with the bishop and the chancellor, we came before our Diocesan Council with a formal request to establish a new mission — *The Church Without Walls*. In our presentation, we pointed out that, instead of being a new idea, this was really a return to the early days of the church.

We found the resistance we had expected. It was evident then and later that many rectors felt threatened. Did this new mission represent the camel's nose coming inside their tent? If it did not plan to pay a priest or have a fixed abode, did this cast doubt on the existing order? Who were these people and why were they leaving their parish churches? The decision of Diocesan Council was put off.

Somewhat to our surprise, at its next meeting, in October, 1971, the Council approved our establishment as a mission. The Church Without Walls was a reality — a constituent member of the Diocese of Pennsylvania! Our voyage had begun.

Gradually we developed operating procedures. We appointed a secretary

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**Walter C. Baker** is a Philadelphia stockbroker who has been active in the Episcopal Church and in civic and community affairs.

and treasurer, limiting them to one-year terms. On a rotating basis, members volunteered to sign up host families for the services each week and send out the monthly schedule.

The duties of the host family gradually became clear: to sign up a priest to celebrate, to choose people to read the lessons, to plan the service, choose hymns, and provide coffee and cookies for after-service socializing.

We decided to give half of our members' offerings to the diocese and distribute the remainder among causes to be chosen at our quarterly business meetings. It was our hope that most of the beneficiaries would be working to improve society rather than simply aiding the victims of its malfunctioning.

Like any organization, we have had our successes and our failures. We have gained members and lost them, tried new programs which have worked well and others which have not. In our early years, five priests worshiped with us. We now have but one in our church family. We have had a number of baptisms, one wedding. Our vicar, the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, has confirmed five members and received two from the Roman Catholic Church.

A number of times we have rallied our forces to help our members move to new homes. Books, clothing, pictures,

and dishes are routine on these occasions, but a 750-pound printing press created some problems! On a couple of occasions we have worked on house-painting projects for our members. Some years ago, three carloads drove to Wilkes Barre after it had been devastated by a flood to spend a creative day helping an elderly man restore his house.

In a church like ours, which draws from a wide area rather than a single community, the need for socializing is more keenly felt. In the Spring of our first year, we rented for a weekend a large cottage at the seashore with dormitory facilities. It was good to be together for a longer period and we have continued these weekends each Fall and Spring ever since. In addition to these get-togethers, we have potluck suppers after our service on the third Saturday (or Sunday) of each month.

A few years ago, we commissioned a multi-media drama on world hunger. The recitative was based on *I John*. We had two slide projectors, music, dance, and two complete casts. We presented it on 10 or 15 occasions, scandalizing one devout churchman who, not hearing the specific statement to the contrary in the introduction, concluded that the bread and grape juice we used symbolically were part of a highly irregular

communion service.

Recently we helped the ecumenical Washington Office on Latin America by processing, for its overworked staff, letters they received from people whose relatives or friends had been arrested or taken away. We wrote on its behalf to Amnesty International, the U.S. State Department and a list of others which might be able to help, giving detailed accounts of the circumstances. When the flow of incoming letters eventually dried up, we turned the project back to WOLA.

Currently we have started spiritual growth groups. Meeting for an hour once a week, three or four people discuss what progress they have made in their programs for deepening their religious life by reading, keeping a journal, meditation, or otherwise. They share experiences, insights, problems, perplexities and pleasures. They support each other as audience, advisors, comforters. Those who have tried it seem to like it.

Ten years — time enough to form a judgment. Is this the wave of the future? Unlikely. A heavy outlay of energy and commitment is needed to replace the leadership provided by a parish priest. Few homes have attractive stained glass windows or inspiring organ music! It is much more convenient to go down the street to worship than to drive five miles or more. Many sermons are better organized and more brief than our discussions after the Bible readings.

But the compensations are great. We are running our own show. It is pleasant to assume responsibilities and discharge them. We know each other well and easily get support from each other or give it as required. We are surely not concerned about our church's property or its power structure. We have not reformed the social order as yet, but we are trying! This may not be the church for everyone but for those who march to the beat of its drum, the rewards are great. ■



# The Urban Church

## Choosing Between Two Gods

by Charles Belknap

The local urban church is on the endangered species list. One needs only to look at the annual statistics of local parishes and economic projections to realize that 50% or more of the churches will fold in the next five to 10 years. No need to check the statistics; those working in these parishes will recognize the fact.

That the urban church is on the endangered species list is not new or surprising, but the analogy with ecology is useful. Species die when their environments become hostile. The urban churches are closing, not because they are doing something wrong, but because their economic and political milieu has changed slowly, but radically.

A parish, originally a district with one church and one priest, was defined for tax purposes (the church tax). The parish was from the very beginning a natural economic unit. The parish was a neighborhood, and the local church was one of various neighborhood institutions. Like local shops, bakers, tailors, smiths, educational institutions or medical services, the local church celebrated and educated within the context of a particular community.

In the context of neighborhoods, parish ministry was founded and flourished. The primary sacraments, communion and baptism, were adapted for the common life. The secondary sacraments were developed to celebrate life transitions within community. Thus, the environment of the parish church is by nature its neighborhood of people and interrelated institutions. What has turned that environment hostile?

The social environment has changed because the structure of wealth and power has changed. Wealth and power, until

our lifetime, was in good part parochial. Commerce and politics, education and medicine, were rooted in localities. The wealthy were invested, at least emotionally, in their fiefdoms. Now even the wealthy are alienated from the responsibility of their wealth. Chain stores have dominated the market. Medicine is centralized in large hospitals. Schools are often large, regional and out of local control. Government is large and bureaucratic. The economic and political fabric of the neighborhood has collapsed as capital and political power have become more centralized. The disenfranchisement of the neighborhood has accelerated significantly in the past 20 years to the point where the parish church, the last of the neighborhood institutions, is about to become extinct. (When any species can no longer reproduce, it is about to become extinct.)

What to do? The analogy with ecology is useful only in that it provides strategies. The ecologist who discovers that a species is near extinction can't begin to strategize until those in power have concern. It is difficult to generate significant concern in the church because the leadership still believes in the "Good Man" theory. A "Good Man" is a young, energetic cleric who in the '50s and early '60s (thus the use of the masculine) could take a dying parish and revive it. When neighborhoods were stronger the theory still worked. Many of the bishops were "Good Men" themselves and thus still have faith today in a strategy that no longer works. The loyal (and liberal) opposition to church leadership often espouse their variant of the "Good Man" theory, the "Good Liberal Man" theory, which holds that a young, energetic, socially attuned man or woman can revive a parish. However, parishes are dying regardless of their relevance.

Assuming the ecologist can generate concern, then several strategies are available to him or her:

*First*, there is the zoo, hopefully a natural history museum

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**The Rev. Charles Belknap** is currently priest-in-charge at Holy Family Mission in North Hollywood, Cal.

to preserve and regenerate a few examples of the species in a limited but safe environment.

*Second*, there is the creation of a substantial refuge, a supportive environment, ecologically balanced to promote the health and welfare of a variety of interrelated species.

*And third*, there is advocacy to change the social patterns of crass exploitation and to return the environment to its original condition.

All three strategies are essential to preserving and perpetuating a parish culture.

The zoo/museum strategy is currently operating in our church and we do not need to concern ourselves with it here. (The struggle for a church's survival and the emergency services which urban churches provide are part of this strategy.)

Also the church engages in advocacy, the third strategy, though perhaps not adequately or with enough of its resources. But advocacy has for a long time been part of the church's life.

The strategy which is not currently applied is the second, the refuge strategy. This strategy aims at the conversion and control of particular neighborhoods as supportive (not hostile) environments. The church needs to engage in an economic ministry aimed at controlling and influencing the economic capital of particular neighborhoods, and thus re-enfranchise the political and economic life that is the basis of community. Such is the basis of a "parish" in the original sense of the word. A local church or diocese, in conjunction with other denominations, can work to facilitate the growth of other institutions which will make up the ecological system of an urban neighborhood: e.g., credit unions, businesses, clinics, schools, light industry, housing, etc. Is this not what we should mean by the words "parish ministry"?

In short, we need a three-part "ecological" strategy for urban ministry: (1) the museum/zoo, because at the very least we have to preserve our presence and minister to individuals in need; (2) the refuge, because we need to transform our locales to be enfranchised communities in wastelands of powerlessness; (3) advocacy, because we need to promote broad social change. It is the second of these strategies which has received the least attention and needs the most resources.

All of this points toward a deeper issue. Ecologists are reactionaries, conservatives, and the above strategies raise the question as to whether all we are trying to do in our efforts toward parish survival is preserve anachronisms: the parish, the neighborhood, the local economies.

Our society is going through changes which are archetypal. We have been promethean. Prometheus, the god



who left the boundaries of his community to steal fire for his people, the individual who suffered for his community, is our type of god. Christ, the perfect individual, leaves the boundaries of life to overcome death. He suffers for our communal benefit. The tension between the individual and his/her community gives a basic quality to our humanity. The community/individual tension has been the central motif of our culture, but no longer.

Now, because of the centralization of wealth and power, the individual is without community. The new culture is protean rather than promethean. Proteus: the god who changes from fire to water, to air, to earth, and back again. The individual in a protean culture does not contribute but adapts, does not steal the fire but adapts, does not overcome but adapts.

"Lord help me to accept the things I cannot change." The television church, which ignores community, is well suited for a protean culture and is successful. The parish church, on the other hand, is floundering. It is a fish out of water, a promethean species in a protean eon. Are we reactionaries in trying to preserve the parish and its environment, or, are we being called to choose between two gods? ■

*Continued from page 7*

Bishop of Alaska! *YOU HEAR?*" It brought the house down, but it also indicated there is a lot more to Catholicism than John Paul II! One delegate, who did not know Jean, came up afterward and said: "Now there is only one candidate I can vote for: *YOU!*"

Jean was third on the first ballot. Don Hart, Rector of the Pro-Cathedral in Fairbanks was first. Gary Gilbertson, Dean of the Cathedral in North Dakota was second. Fourth was George Harris, Director of Ministry Development in the Dakotas, who had served in the Philippines, is 55, and later won on the 12th ballot. Malcolm Miner, a worker priest, was fifth. Norman Elliott, Rector of a church in Anchorage, was last. By the third ballot Jean began losing votes, and graciously withdrew her name. None of the others did so. So she taught them when to "hang in there" and when to stand aside.

Harris was the only nominee she could support in good conscience, so she was at peace with his election. He said to her: "Jean, I'll need all your wisdom!"

She felt the support of everyone's prayers throughout the Convention but especially when she was being questioned. She never hesitated for a second about what she should say. She was sure that what she had done was absolutely needed for wholeness in the process. She never had any doubt about proceeding in each step. She was in harmony with God's will for the church to be fully inclusive now. She felt in retrospect that it couldn't have gone better for her. She had been faithful in proceeding as far as possible. She received a great showing of affirmation. When she withdrew her name, several yelled: "We love you!"

A Convention in the Diocese of Alaska functions in a very informal way, with time out for singing and praying, often in three languages! It is

like a family gathered. For all their vast geography there are only 3,000 Episcopalians. They have shared meaningfully through the years, affecting the quality of their political process in a good way. She rejoices in that!

Her bishop had once asked her about a certain woman as a possibility for appointment to Jean's Commission on Ministry. Jean said: "No, I do not want her on the Commission as she opposes women's ordination, and we do not want anyone evaluating postulants who automatically eliminates the majority of the Church!" He was aghast and said: "I didn't know she felt that way." (Why doesn't Jean's bishop know the flock as well as she does?) Then Jean went on: "And six of the members of the Screening Committee for bishop nominees opposed women's ordination, so naturally they were not going to recommend a woman!" He said: "I didn't know that!" She had been given a perfect opportunity to reveal to him how he had programmed the process for discrimination. Since he does support women in ministry, he will never again be so careless, and he now has the truth and can repent. This may have been the highest good she was able to do. Educating bishops is an ongoing need, with few volunteers. Like everybody else, they need help.

Her bishop wrote her a great letter afterward rejoicing over the prophetic witness of her "right on target" answers, although her husband did not want her to be elected bishop. What spouse would?

The newspaper coverage was excellent with front page articles featuring that which WAS news: *A WOMAN PRIEST CONSIDERED FOR BISHOP*. One headline which gave us much joy was: *GENDER NOT AN ISSUE*.

I trust you can appreciate what Jean meant when she reported to me: "I felt triumphant!" Thanks be to God! ■

*Continued from page 2*

for me is to see (and even try to encourage) the good that can be done by Christians and others. In this way, I certainly receive much and give relatively little or nothing.

But I do have one thing — the only one thing I have. I hold on to the name on my birth certificate as if it is my greatest birthright. So it amuses (if not angers) me to read "Doris Havice, then Doris Webster" — as if a woman's name can be changed around like so many musical chairs.

As far as I'm concerned, I'll stick to the name I was born with and continue to be as insignificant as almost any male you can find.

**Joyce Ann Franz  
Brooklyn, N.Y.**

## Protecting Congregation

I have been receiving now for several months your magazine, totally unsolicited. I would be grateful if you would cease sending it forthwith, as it is a waste of your money and my time. It represents a theological viewpoint with which I am totally unsympathetic and to which I would not want to expose any members of my congregation.

It seems to me that you have moved a long way from the great truths of the gospel, a recognition of Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord, a full understanding of Scripture as the Word of God, and the historical formulas of the Anglican Communion as encapsulated in the Prayer Book and the 39 Articles of Religion.

I find its level of scholarship low and, frankly, I have a lot better things to read.

**The Rev. Richard Kew  
Rochester, N.Y.**

*Editor's Note: Apparently the Rev. Richard Kew is the recipient of a gift subscription from a well-meaning friend. At least we are glad his friend likes THE WITNESS! We stand ready to send a six-month complimentary subscription to any members of Kew's parish who may wish to judge for themselves whether they are being overprotected.*

## Liked Hispanic Issue

To THE WITNESS folks, peace, paz, shalom. That was really a good September issue on Hispanics, especially Richard Gillet's article "Hispanics & Latin America: Moving Center Stage." And it was good to see the Theology in the Americas Hispanic Project document published, even abridged. It is an important statement that has not received the circulation which it ought to have among non-Hispanics.

In the same issue, the Alperovitz interview was timely. The Christian left is not strong on nitty-gritty macro-(or micro-) economic analysis. More, more, more!

**Muhammad Kenyatta**  
Williamstown, Mass.

## Praise From Mexico

THE WITNESS issue on Hispanics was excellent and very welcome here. The non-Spanish speaking visitors who come to our center have been reading it with great interest as they get little of such value regarding information and presentation of Latin American matters in the United States. I must say that as an ex-newspaperwoman I have a special right to criticize and praise the printed word. And for THE WITNESS I only have praise.

**Betsie Hollants**  
CIDHAL  
Cuernavaca, Mex.

## Group Uses WITNESS

Enclosed is my check for \$12 for the special offer of the two books advertised on your back cover and a six months' subscription to THE WITNESS.

This would be extending my subscription since I just began one with the September issue. The magazine is excellent. I'm using it in a group we just started called Christian Awareness and Commitment.

**Leonore Britt, SHCJ**  
Rosemont, Pa.

## Discount for Students?

Your magazine has stimulated much thought and inspiration in my life, since I first discovered THE WITNESS over four years ago. THE WITNESS voice needs to be heard by all the church, so that we can fully respond to the Gospel.

Unfortunately, one place where your voice might not be heard is in the seminary. While a \$9 subscription rate is not unreasonable, many students find such a price too high when they balance personal and family budgets. If you have a special subscription rate discount which might apply to seminarians and/or other students, please let me know so I can spread the word.

**John Donnelly**  
Student Body President  
Virginia Theological Seminary

*Editor's Note: In this issue of THE WITNESS readers will find notice of a year's subscription price change, from \$9 to \$12. At the same time that we were hit by inflation and found it necessary to raise the price, we felt keenly the dilemma of students, described above by John Donnelly, and of those over 65 who live on fixed incomes. Previously THE WITNESS had a subscription discount of \$6.75 for these readers (see insert card) but we have now decided to drop this to an even \$6. We are reprinting our promotion literature to that effect, and we are delighted that Reader Donnelly wants to spread the word.*



### CREDITS

Cover, Corita Kent; p. 6, Vicky Reeves; photo p. 7, *The Episcopallan*; p. 10, from photo by Marilyn K. Yee *New York Times*; p. 12, National Farm Worker Ministry News Letter; p. 15, Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy; p. 17 Alternatives, Jackson, Miss. Also, THE WITNESS inadvertently omitted crediting the head sketch of Dan Berrigan on p. 8 of the December issue to Louise Miller.



## For Men Only

I once favored women's "ordination" and wrote an article affirming it. That was when, like so many churchmen, I was (without realizing it) putting Movement goals ahead of God's will. Our will be done. Then, by the grace of God, I asked myself what Jesus the Christ, God the Son, doing perfectly the will of the Father, meant in choosing only men to be Apostles. He did not perhaps know that 60 generations of women would thus be barred from the priesthood — but God the Father, whose will he perfectly did, knew. Thus, for the believer in the Incarnation (as opposed to the secularizing humanists in the church), there can be but one answer: a woman *cannot* be a Christian priestess. You all will not agree; but if you are believers in the Incarnation (without theological doubletalk), I suggest you think again from this point of view: that Christ did perfectly the will of the Father, and the Father knew, in his eternal Now, just what the effects on women would be: his will.

**Sheldon Vanauken**  
Lynchburg, Va.

## Of Help in Bombay

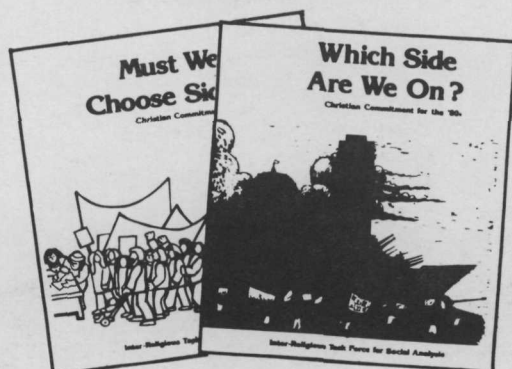
Your May issue of THE WITNESS is going to be of great help in my work here in Bombay. I am with the Church Related Concerns Department of BUILD, an ecumenical organization consisting of the Methodist Church, the Roman Catholic Church, the Mar Thoma Church and the Church of North India. I am trying to build up an awareness among the churches about commitment to the oppressed and the exploited masses of Bombay in their struggles for justice. A magazine like yours does help me very much. I would also like to request copies of *Must We Choose Sides* and *Which Side Are We On?* publicized on the back cover of your magazine.

**The Rev. Reggie Gomes**  
Bombay, India

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