



THE VOL. 64 NO. 8 AUGUST, 1981 WITNESS

Power to the Disabled

Betty Medsger
Jane Jackson
Colin Carrig
Robert McConaghy
Robert McGovern
Connie Myer

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

With Us, Anyone?

Cheers to Jane Jackson for challenging the barriers to ordination of the handicapped and for bringing the civil rights concerns of the handicapped to the hitherto silent pages of THE WITNESS. (See Letters to Editor, June issue)

For theological, cultural and psychosocial reasons, the liturgical churches have been antipathetic to the ordination of the handicapped. The Episcopal Church U.S.A. has been especially obdurate, except for its long-standing paternalistic ministry to the segregated deaf community.

To my knowledge, there are four blind priests in the Episcopal Church today. Only one of them is paid full time for work in the church. Like all human beings, the handicapped are made in the image of God, but we are not made in the image of the American bourgeois hero. The English church and culture is traditionally more hospitable to the outsider. Not surprisingly, therefore, it has accepted blind priests much more readily. There is evidently a massive task for the handicapped to achieve equality and recognition of leadership capacity in the church.

In a resolution introduced by the Libyan Delegation, the United Nations proclaimed the observance of 1981 as the International Year of Disabled Persons. How did the Episcopal Church U.S.A. respond? A perfunctory resolution, simply endorsing the UN declaration, was prepared by the staff at

the Episcopal Church Center. It was subsequently expanded to invite dioceses and parishes to include the handicapped on program and decision-making bodies. The Executive Council passed this resolution in November. Interestingly, there was no reference to parallel national involvement.

On behalf of Vanguard Institute, I petitioned the Executive Council to amend their resolution to include themselves, the National Church. I reminded them also that there are suitable handicapped persons available for appointment with professional and national experience; including one long ago proposed by the Bishop of Ohio. The Standing Committee on National Mission rejected the request because a stated national commitment was unnecessary and because there is suitable representation of the handicapped through surrogates.

If the Executive Council and national staff are unmoved by the disadvantaged status of the handicapped in the Episcopal Church, what of the organizations in the church specifically dedicated to social justice? The Episcopal Urban Caucus is such a movement, launched in hope with inclusive participation at its founding. So far, there is meager evidence of greater hospitality. There is also a proposal for the establishment of an equal employment opportunity commission in the church, but that is still a series of ciphers on a task force memo pad. So don't hold your breath, brothers and sisters.

In view of the history of paternalistic

complacency and pharasaic exclusion, it was gratifying to read Jane Jackson's letter about the concerns of the handicapped in THE WITNESS, a champion of civil rights issues for decades. Welcome aboard. It is difficult indeed not to see 35 million Americans.

Visibility is beginning to emerge: in the media, in the market place, in the halls of legislatures, even in the church. The Rehabilitation Act of 1973 has done much for the handicapped. The Civil Rights Act can do more. The major social action priority of much of the handicap movement is the inclusion of handicapping conditions in the Civil Rights Act on the same basis, and for the same reason of discrimination to be erased, as race, sex, religion and national origin. We are at the threshold of the third phase of the civil rights revolution in America in which the awareness of discrimination and the need for redress is becoming a reality. With us, anyone?

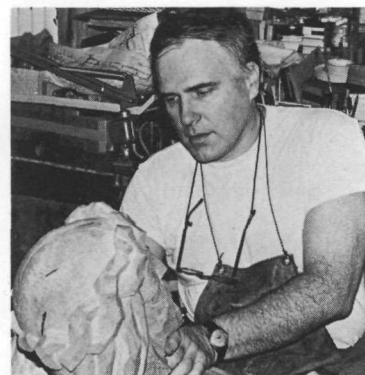
The Rev. William Joseph Johnson
Vanguard Institute
Lakewood, Ohio

(Editor's Note: The Vanguard Institute was organized to raise consciousness about discriminatory attitudes, explicit or implicit, toward disabled people. National in scope, it is committed to showing that the handicapped can function in church and society, and is based at 13216 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio 44107. Bill Johnson, who wrote the letter above, is a blind priest who serves as its president.)

See other Letters page 19

COVER

The cover of this special issue on disabled people was adapted from an original design by Robert F. McGovern, right, who although stricken with polio at 16, went on to become a noted artist. (See interview with McGovern, beginning page 10.) The issue itself was inspired by Jane Jackson, a disabled seminarian studying toward ordination in the Episcopal Church (See Letters to Editor and page 6.)



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THE WITNESS EDITORIAL

Enough Chaos to Build a World

Pentecost is appropriately the longest liturgical season of the church year, stretching through June almost to December.

Recall that epochal experience not long after the first Easter when a group from many nations and tongues were all able to hear the gospel, even if proclaimed in a language not their own: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia . . . we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God" (Acts 2:9-11). Are there any of God's great actions which more urgently, more frequently, need to be recalled? That experience of Pentecost, and the birth of the church it ushered into history, was a mighty move on the part of God to set aright a creation which had gone awry.

Former Presiding Bishop John Hines, at the height of the turbulence of the '60s, began a memorable address by referring to the origins of creation with the ironic question: "Do we have enough chaos to build a world?"

Men and women, unlike the stars, are not programmed in accordance with a specific plan of world-wide peace and harmony. They *are* programmed, however, never to be at peace with the absence of that peace. The pain of separation, conflict, isolation, injustice and suffering will forever drive them onward in quest of that lost harmony, that lost peace. The human heart was made for the harmony of Pentecost, and will never settle for less.

And this means a restless questing for patterns of human living which have not yet been found, an ongoing pilgrimage in search of the Holy City, the City of God on earth. Pilgrims, by definition, are always on the move, on journey from what is to what should be. For example, the narrow loyalty to nation — at best a Patrick Henry, at worst a Hitler — must yield to a fuller concept of human solidarity, one which is not hedged and balkanized by stubborn and arbitrary national boundaries. We live in one world, we are one human family. That is why some of the most insistent voices

Continued on page 8



*There is a 60% chance that
at some point in your lifetime
you will become physically disabled,
either temporarily or permanently.*

You, Too, Could Be Disabled

by Betty Medsger

Read this article in self-defense. For you WITNESS readers who are able-bodied, there is a 60% chance that at some point in your lifetime you will become physically disabled, either temporarily or permanently. If that happens, you will, like most people, be unprepared for the new attitudes that others, perhaps even you yourself, will have about your future as a person.

It may be assumed that because your body was damaged, your mind also was damaged. Though you are still an adult, you may be talked to like a child. Worse, you may even be ignored. Unless you are lucky, your doctor won't be helpful about your future once he or she has saved your life. And there will be an appalling number of people who will believe you should be benevolently killed or warehoused out of sight for the rest of your life.

Betty Medsger is an investigative reporter, documentary photographer and lecturer who lives in Berkeley, Cal. The above is adapted from the introduction to her recently completed book, *I Don't Just Cope — I Live!* It is a series of life stories, in photos and text blocks, of five people who are severely physically disabled and live independent lives.

From the physically disabled you can learn that life in a severely disabled body can be just as wonderful — or conversely, just as mediocre or as miserable — as life in a body that has not been disabled by disease or traumatic injury.

This can be true if you have substitute means to accomplish those tasks your body can no longer do — for example, if you are in a wheelchair, have a ramp into your residence, into your work place; or, if you're a blind child, learn how to use a white cane whether or not your parents can afford to send you to a special school. Such compensations can make life normal if you are not overwhelmed by the fact that many people may assume that your disability, no matter what your capabilities, makes you someone to be avoided.

This article is for both the disabled and the able-bodied. Because American society is just beginning to see disabled people on the street, the disabled who come out of isolation and into their communities find themselves constantly educating the able-bodied that they are normal, except for specific physical limitations.

Like other disabled people who have not yet grown permanently weary of

convincing others that they are normal, Dr. Robert Russell, an Oxford-educated English professor at Franklin and Marshall College in Pennsylvania, still gently educates people. His life-long blindness causes two distresses, his and the distress of others. His comes from being deeply saddened at knowing that he will never know what his wife and children look like; that unlike his colleagues, he cannot pick up a book and read it.

"I know through experience what some of these limitations are. Other people do not. But they think they do. And this is what gives rise to most of the trouble. Since I cannot see, they assume that I am either sub or superhuman. Whether sub or super, the result for me is exactly the same: I cannot be communicated with. I am outside the pale. I do not belong. People separate me from the rest of humanity either by excessive pity or excessive admiration. By either emotion they show that I am closed out of any possibility of ordinary relationships."

"In Paris, in London, in Sarajevo, in Stockholm, and in Watertown, N.Y., the waitress says to my companion, 'Does he take sugar in his coffee?' If she were to think about it, which she does

not — nobody does — she would have to explain that I seem to her like some marvelously trained dog, who has learned how to sit up and eat at the table and drink almost like a person, and can only be communicated with through my trainer.”

Dr. Russell says he contains his anger on such occasions and tries a joke or some other expression meant to create a human bond where one doesn't exist. “My central and continual job is to calm those fears in the other, whether an employer or a waitress, that spring from his or her sense that I am an oddity. I have to show others that I understand and care very much about the same basic concerns that fascinate and perplex all sensitive human beings.”

Such ideas and experiences are important for all of us to understand, given these facts:

- Sixty to 70% of the American population becomes either temporarily or permanently physically disabled at some point in their lives, according to official statistics of the federal Department of Health and Human Services.

- As more and more disabled people decide to live independent lives that take them to the same places as the rest of us, depending on our reactions to them, we will make disabled people feel that they are an appropriate part of the community, or a pitiful part of the community, or community freaks.

- The disabled person bears an unfair lifetime burden — assuming daily that he or she will be viewed as abnormal. Responsibility for changing this painful stereotype should be shared by the able-bodied.

I believe it is because of our own vulnerability that we have preferred that disabled people remain hidden. This is a minority group we could be forced to join. Five minutes from now we could be in an accident that would paralyze us or blind us or deafen us. We could have a child or grandchild that

would be born with severe disability. This fear, if not faced honestly, will affect not only the disabled people we meet, but also our own prospects of accepting ourselves and loved ones as valid persons, rather than as invalids, should disability hit us or them.

Public policy in many states encourages severely disabled people to remain hidden and dependent rather than to live productive and independent lives in the world. These states prefer to spend exorbitant amounts of money providing custodial care for disabled people in institutions rather than spend a small fraction of that amount to provide the services that would make it possible for a disabled person to live integrated into their community and become tax-paying workers. Ironically, the availability of the part-time services needed by severely disabled people would directly benefit more than the disabled. Many older people, and others, need occasional assistance rather than perpetual care. If communities lack an established network of such services, many older people, at great expense to themselves, their families, or the government, have to leave home and enter perpetual care facilities they don't really need. Making it possible for the disabled to choose an independent life, helps us all.

Disabled people know the able-bodied feel uncomfortable around

them, would rather not see them coming down the street. They see us avoid eye contact. They see us pull our children away from them. Occasionally, they see from the corners of their eyes that when we think they aren't looking, we stare at them. Either way, the disabled exist in the minds of the beholders chiefly as disfigurements, not as human beings with expressive eyes, or faces, or other clues to human communication.

When we stop being afraid of disabled people, at the grocery store we will be able casually to ask a disabled person we do not know, as we would ask someone else we don't know, “Do you know what aisle the mustard's in?” Or, to a disabled person we do know, “What do you think about that nutty ordinance city council passed the other night?” Or, “How's your son doing in school this fall?” Or, “Want to play a game of chess?” In other words, when we aren't nervous or afraid, we have the same conversations, the same relationships that we have with able-bodied people. Disabled people are no longer oddities who couldn't possibly share our life experiences.

I confess that after several years of working with severely disabled people, sometimes I am still afraid. I can also say that, without exception, the disabled person has removed the fear, usually within the first minutes of conversation. But it was precisely

From UN Declaration On Rights of Disabled Persons

- Disabled persons have the inherent right to respect for their human dignity.
- Disabled persons are entitled to the measures designed to enable them to become as self-reliant as possible.
- Disabled persons have the right to medical (and other) treatment . . . and to services which will enable them to develop their capabilities . . . and will hasten their social integration or reintegration.
- Disabled persons have the right . . . to secure and retain employment.
- Disabled persons shall be protected against . . . treatment of a discriminatory, abusive or degrading nature.

conversation that worried me recently when friends who were having a party asked my husband and me to bring another guest, Hale.

I knew who Hale was, but I had not met him, which is why I had butterflies in my stomach as we drove to his apartment. Hale, in his late 30s, has severe cerebral palsy. Because of a high degree of spastic movements, Hale's arms, hands, and legs are fastened to his power-driven wheelchair. He wears a helmet to protect his head. But the helmet also serves another purpose. With a stick attached to its front, Hale controls his motorized wheelchair and travels all over Berkeley streets. His speech is severely affected by the cerebral palsy, so the stick serves yet another purpose. Stretching from one arm of his wheelchair to the other arm is a board the size of a desk blotter. On it are the letters of the alphabet, numbers, and commonly used words and expressions. Pointing to them with the stick on his helmet, Hale responds to and initiates conversations. He also turns pages with the stick.

Hale was waiting for us in the parking lot. When we introduced ourselves, Hale astounded us by spelling out on his board that he had read and liked an article my husband had written more than 20 years earlier. As we drove along in Hale's van, my husband at the wheel and Hale sitting between and slightly behind us in his wheelchair, Hale accidentally misspelled a word. We all had a good belly laugh when my husband said the bumpy road was causing Hale to make typographical errors on his board.

His face was wonderfully expressive, which was very helpful when trying to understand him. By the end of the evening, we knew that this man who involuntarily drooled in his beard and whose voice could be understood only by those who had known him a long time, was a mathematician, an engineer, and a translator of Russian. He also was a lobbyist trying to keep Congress from

watering down laws that require public transportation to become accessible to the disabled. He was someone we'd like to know better.

(During the party, a guest approached the host out of Hale's hearing. Perplexed, the guest said, "You told me Hale was very talented, that he was a mathematician, an engineer, a Russian translator. But you didn't tell me what condition he was in." The host simply said, "Well, I knew you'd see his condition, but that you wouldn't see that he was a mathematician, engineer, and translator.")

Fear causes harmful action and inaction in both individuals and societies. Among the results of our fear of the disabled are these official facts:

— The 47 million physically disabled Americans are the most underemployed group in the country.

— As a group, the physically disabled have the highest per capita poverty.

The barriers to integration in the work place, as well as in social life, are not just curbs and steps that wheelchairs can't climb. The worst barriers are the ones in peoples' minds, barriers created by pervasive stereotyping, be it conscious or unconscious.

If we see disabled people as whole persons, it will be possible to see them not as potential nursing home residents — which many disabled people are even when they are very young — or as hidden charges of aging parents and servant-spouses, but to see them as potential colleagues, neighbors, acquaintances, friends, or lovers.

And getting to know disabled people as people rather than as merely "the disabled," can give birth to a deeper perception about them and about ourselves. We might learn how we would value or devalue ourselves if we suddenly found ourselves inside a disabled body. Then able-bodied people might discover, as many disabled people have, that being human does not depend on the perfect body. ■



Jane Jackson and poodle, Mr. Beau

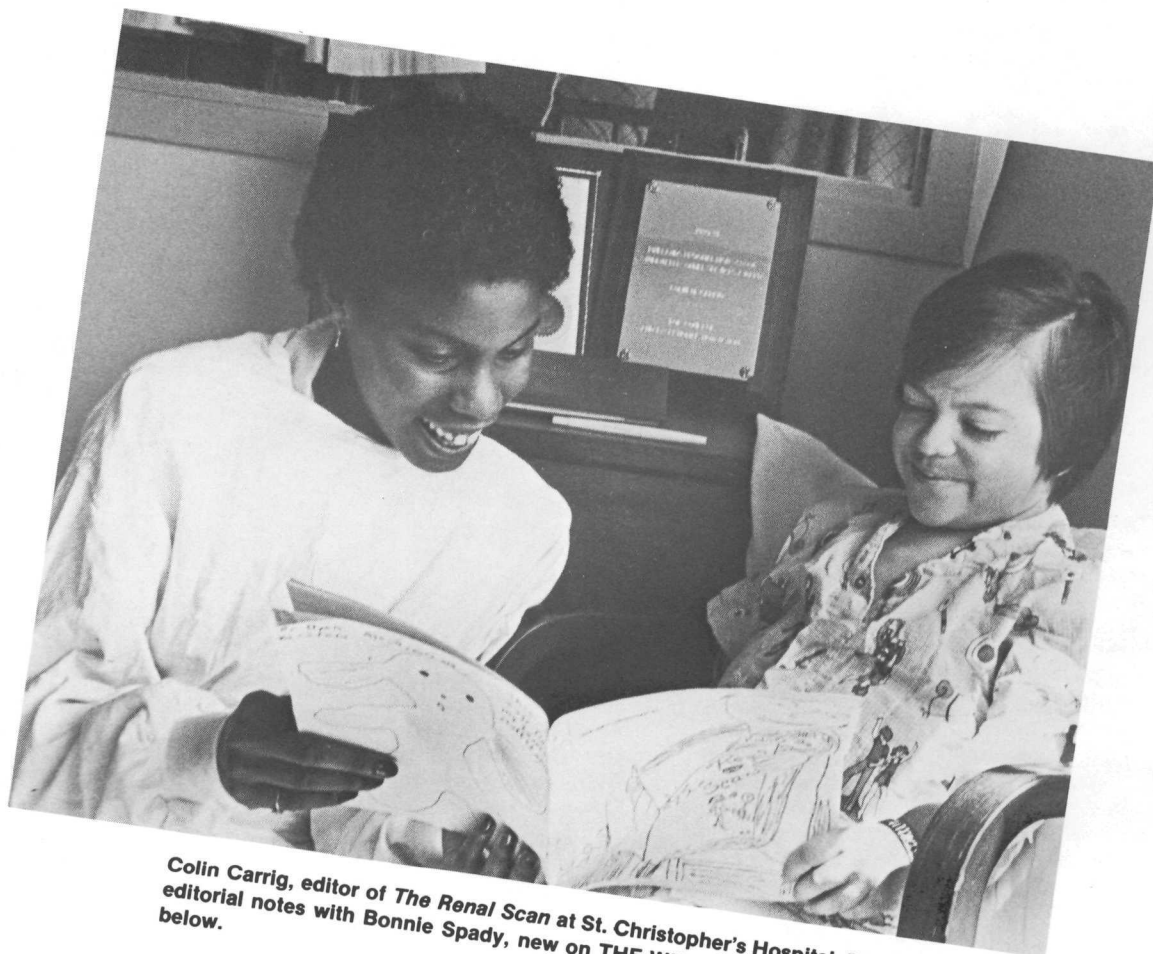
Parting the Sea

As pointed out earlier in Letters to the Editor, (page 2) the woman who is responsible in large measure for this issue of **THE WITNESS** is Jane Jackson of Berkeley, a disabled student seeking ordination to the Episcopal priesthood.

Ms. Jackson wrote a powerful letter to **THE WITNESS** advocating attention to disabled people (see June Issue) and urging us to offer a special subscription rate for them. (We are now offering half price, and our new promotion literature will spell that out.)

Ms. Jackson has a long history of advocacy, from her participation in Civil

Special Friends of THE WITNESS



Colin Carrig, editor of *The Renal Scan* at St. Christopher's Hospital, Philadelphia, trades editorial notes with Bonnie Spady, new on THE WITNESS staff, who reported the story below.

Edits 'Kidney Power' Publication

THE WITNESS met Colin Carrig, 18, at St. Christopher's Hospital for Children, Philadelphia, where he had just undergone his fourth kidney transplant. His reputation as the plucky editor of *The Renal Scan* — "a Kidney Power Publication" — had reached us earlier and we wanted to meet this so-called "disabled" editor whose newsletter goes to subscribers across the United States, and as far away as Australia and Japan.

Colin was diagnosed when he was eight

months old as having Fanconi Daytona Syndrome, a kidney disease which affects bones and growth. As a baby he was given approximately seven years to live.

But despite Colin's illness and numerous trips to the hospital for dialysis, he not only outlived that prognosis but also graduated this past June from Pineland Regional High School in Tuckerton, N.J., where he received a certificate of honor and the Student Personnel Services Award for Courage and

Rights struggles to Gray Panthers work to consciousness raising about the disabled.

Jane Jackson says she was also motivated through childhood by two Dominican nuns who helped her conquer dyslexia, and moved her along through her early education. We would have more to say about Jane, but when we called she was about to leave for a visit to Matanzas Seminary in Cuba to probe liberation theology in a socialist context, and, no doubt, to do consciousness raising among the Cubans about the disabled.

Says Ms. Jackson about her work, "I'm just trying to part the sea."

Exceptional Motivation. Since Colin was hospitalized at graduation, his classmates and friends came to his room to present him with a videotape of the ceremonies, (showing the audience in a standing ovation when his name was called) plus his cap and gown, diploma, yearbook, and his award. Having majored in journalism, Colin is considering a career as a sportswriter or sportscaster, and is now studying for his SATs.

With regard to *The Renal Scan*, now in its second year, Colin says, "It started on a small scale, as a source of entertainment for the dialysis kids who were frequently at St. Chris undergoing treatment. I never expected much to come of it. But materials for the publication kept coming in from dialysis in-and-out patients, nurses, therapists, doctors and we have managed to come out every two months. We run news about patients, articles by them, birthdays, poems and riddles, recipes, sports, drawings and I do an editor's column.

Asked his biggest headache as editor, Colin said that he had deadline problems with the staff, many of whom are dialysis patients constantly in and out of the hospital.

As to his illness, the teenager says "I don't dwell on my problems, although I was disappointed when I couldn't actively participate in sports anymore." Colin did go on to get his driver's license, however.

Colin and his mother are members of a charismatic prayer group, and Colin finds inspiration in reading the Bible every night. Asked where he gets his courage, his extra push, Colin says unhesitatingly, "The Lord."



Robert J. McConaghy

Just Our Type

Typesetter for THE WITNESS magazine is Robert J. McConaghy, who with his wife, Ruth, has operated a family business for nine years. They will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary in January.

Bob McConaghy has a neuro-muscular disorder named after its discoverers, Kugelberg and Welander. "Only 250 people in the world were recorded as having the Kugelberg-Welander syndrome in 1958, last

time I counted," McConaghy said. "Talk about belonging to a minority group," he laughed.

Bob McConaghy is always laughing, or making others laugh, in spite of his disease, which deprives him of sufficient nerve cells to give messages to his muscles to move. Therefore, the muscles tend to atrophy. He operates his arms through leverage, to eat, to do layouts for his customers.

Bob was on crutches at 11 and turned to a wheelchair at 16. "When I came out of Widner School, I never saw so many people going so fast doing nothing in all my life," he said.

A devout Christian, he and his family attend Calvary Baptist Church in Lansdale, Pa. Bob believes that physical affliction isn't what people should be most concerned about. "The real disease of the world is sin, and that's really terminal," he feels.

As far as his own death is concerned, Bob has had some narrow escapes, "so I'm always packed to go," he said. "I'm certainly not afraid of death, since I believe so strongly in the afterlife. I look upon it as an adventure — and a place where there will be no wheelchairs."

It's almost a sure bet that the intrepid McConaghy will leave this world joking. Once after an auto accident, he thought he was so close to death that he called the nurse and told her he figured he had only 20 or 30 minutes left to live. She asked him if he would like to see the priest. "Well, sure, if he's got problems, but tell him to hurry 'cause I only have 20 minutes left to counsel him," McConaghy told her.

THE WITNESS is glad Bob outlived the 20 minutes, but we're sorry the priest never got to meet him. That priest would have gone away a better human being.

Editorial . . . Continued from page 3

being heard today are calling across those boundaries, because of their awareness of their solidarity (and ours) with the insurgents of El Salvador, the Blacks of South Africa, the patriots of Puerto Rico. They sometimes risk their citizenship in their native land by so doing, because the customs of this world are not in phase with the purpose of creation, not in accord with the deeper reality of the worldwide human community.

This same dynamic is seen in our church relatedness. Charles Davis in a volume published last year, *Theology and Political Society*, makes the point that many people " . . . remain Christians, despite perhaps the irregularity, tenuousness or even non-existence of their connection with a particular church, because they continue to participate in the social

process of shaping what it means to be a Christian at the present time. They are engaged with others in forming Christian norms and values in the context of the situation today . . . We are striving for a new collective identity."

Striving for a collective identity were the people at Pentecost. And so with Christians today. "Pentecostals," "Charismatics" are we all, waiting on the Spirit. But whether we are touched by the authentic Spirit, or by a pseudo-spirit which is a figment of our phantasies and emotional needs, will be evidenced by the measure in which it leads us to work for justice and human solidarity. The achievement of that solidarity is demanded of us, urged upon us, and finally given to us by the Lord of Creation. ■

Jesus Under Torture

In an article on Lent, Elizabeth Hollamon wrote recently in *The Texas Churchman* that walking the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem was quite an experience for her.

"It was hot and dusty and noisy and people were hawking everything from chickens to rosaries. I was thoroughly disillusioned. A gentleman of impeccable religious credentials jerked me back to reality. 'Episcopallians,' he said, 'have a great tendency to think Christ was crucified between candelabra at evensong after the third collect. That's not the way it was. What you see and dislike here is the way it really was in Jerusalem 2000 years ago.'"

In a somewhat related manner, Brazilian sculptor Guido Rocha works realistically to bring home the horror of the cross to others from his own experience of physical torture in Brazil prisons. His Christ on the Cross (head pictured above), expresses his deep feeling that "Christ was a person who suffered in the same ways as the tortured." Rocha was imprisoned for his political beliefs in both Brazil and Chile, where he experienced and witnessed torture practiced on human beings. He presented his largest work, Christ on the Cross, to the World Council of Churches in thanksgiving for the churches' role in helping him and other victims escape

from Chile.

Several Roman Catholic bishops in Latin America have taken a strong stand on torture, excommunicating anyone "who tortures or who is responsible for torture being done to others." Most recently, Bishop Sergio Mendez Arceo of Cuernavaca announced a decree of excommunication for torturers in his diocese. He said his decision was instigated by the 1980 excommunication decree against torturers made by Chilean bishops. Bishop Samuel Ruiz of Chiapas said that "It is urgent to adopt a joint position of the Episcopacy in order to achieve greater efficacy, since torture is common."



Guido Rocha at work.

Carving of an Artist Through

His woodcarver's hands cradle, almost fondle, a large block taking shape under his fingers. "Wood wakes me up," he muses, manipulating his knife. "I can be very dull, but the minute I have a knife with a keen edge and present it to the wood and hear the response," — tchick, ssssk, a woodcurl falls to the floor — "I'm at my best."

Emerging from the wood with every deft stroke is a head of Christ, which the artist, Robert F. McGovern, will affix to a corpus for a huge crucifix to hang in St. Joachim's Church in Frankford, Pa. He has also been commissioned to carve a statue of the church's patron

saint. A six-foot Joachim, still only roughly defined, stands across from his workbench in his Narberth, Pa., home.

McGovern, struck down by polio in 1949 at the age of 16, has grown in patience and in his craft. The suffering of his teenage years and the pain of the loss of his first wife, Beverly, reveal that "life" has defined Bob McGovern as surely as his fingers carve the wood.

"I don't think people are shaped by 'happy' experiences, in the pedestrian sense," he said. "I have been kicking and squirming nigh onto 48 years, but the negative experiences are indeed the things that have challenged me. I imagine that most people can celebrate their uniqueness in their suffering. This is how heaven in the cosmic sense tells us we're very special."

The artist pauses. "That is, except for the injustices and atrocities which so many of our brothers and sisters throughout the world are undergoing, which are far beyond our morbid, grim prospects. Otherwise I want to be at home with suffering, and the dead. I get anxious if I can't participate in some peace-making aspect of the Christian message when I'm confronted with people in time of ordeal."

Birth, as well as death, holds mystery for McGovern. He was at the birth of all his children. They are Paul, now 17; Laura, 15; Mark, 14 and Helen, 7, the latter by his present wife, Aileen, who also provides assistance in his craft — from helping to move huge blocks of wood to cataloguing his works.

"When I saw Paul born, I felt a tremendous purging. Here was my wife bringing forth this child, connected to it in the most profound way. As an artist, it challenged me with a road to travel. My wife's death did the same. It

Polio, Suffering

by Mary Lou Suhor

wrenched me with its sorrow and said, 'Now, what do you think of life?' It reminded me that I too would pass through this. These experiences made me determined never to 'junk up' my art," he said.

It surfaces in conversation that faith is central to McGovern's art, and manifests itself in his woodblocks, his statues, his sketches.

"This is where my spirit lives. I don't want this to sound like heavy furniture, but to me there is no more touching odyssey available to the human mind than the Way of the Cross. I say that without reference to a single book on

theology, and sans scripture or hierarchies, but as a Christian having heard the tale told time and time again. Of course, I'm grateful for theology and spiritual guidance, but this is the most moving thing I can think of — Jesus and the Cross.

"In a way it's like carving. There's a time when we contemplate the event before it comes to be — when Jesus prepares to partake in the event, whether that be cosmic time or tick-tock time or whatever, and then the event itself, when the deed is done historically — although the event is lived repeatedly — and then we look back on it."

McGovern sees church art as "a special space," and he views the task of the religious artist as one of "remembering well."

"Most people remember poorly," he said. "To counteract this, the artist must do a lot of reflection. What we try to remember is our association with one another, with Christ, and eternity. Many would like not to remember these things because there are obligations in remembering. We would almost prefer Jesus to be stereotyped and the words used by poets and writers to be clichés. Then we would be less touched in the depth of our being. In that way, art can be an opiate, just as well as religion can."

When McGovern is not working in



his studio, he is teaching Anatomy and 2-D Design at the Philadelphia College of Art. With regard to anatomy, he feels that the good artist must be subtle at it, since anyone can draw "a lot of lumps that look muscular," witness Superman and other comic book characters.

"The trick is to be possessed of a sensibility that goes beyond the surface, which gets at the notion of art as liberation. Life is bound by protocols, situations, material conditions, and one





thing the artist can do is to expand those 'walls.' If I can see beyond those parameters, then human life has another possibility at that moment and there is another experience. Many great artists were not anatomical, of course. They had a retina experience and painted it and we are grateful. On the other hand, when Van Gogh painted even a dead sunflower, it seems to rattle in its anatomical dryness. He was portraying it as a creature in an active cosmos.

"Take, too, the Australian aborigines, the anonymous artists who never had a course in anatomy. But because they hunted they knew the interiors of animals as well. So when Aborigines painted a kangaroo, they were quite likely to paint the heart and organs and various structures beneath the surface. The kangaroo was more than a retina experience. It was an amalgamation of a lot of layers of living. So with my students, I try to celebrate the multi-layered event. I don't think that solves world problems, but it does set in motion a savor — a 'life savor' if you will," he laughs at his pun — "an appetite for life that deals with more than appearances."

It is no accident, then that certain themes dominate the works of McGovern: suffering, mother and child, and the cosmic event as seen in life situations, whether in the cross, or in humans coping with or prevailing over the human condition.

Recalling his early reaction to his crippled legs, McGovern said that when first hit by polio he experienced desperation, especially when many students who were friends one week before ceased to be his friends because "they couldn't hack it." He described his many moods from 1949 to 1981.

"If you have a chronic, permanent spike in you at first you want to squirm out from under it. You dream of deliverance. Then you realize you have to come to terms with it and you find

yourself at a crossroad, where you can become bitter — a professional disabled, grievously persecuted by fate. Or you can take another route, and do



Titles of Artwork

Titles of Robert F. McGovern's art which illustrates this article are: Page 10, *Mary and Her Baby*; page 11, from top, *self-portrait*; *Flute and Bhoran, and the People*; p. 13, *The Spirit of the Lord Will Carry You*; all copyright by Robert F. McGovern, as well as graphic on p. 12, *The Rats Run the Building*, from *Uncommon Prayer, a Book of Psalms*, by Daniel Berrigan, illustrations by Robert McGovern. Copyright 1978 by Seabury Press. Used by permission. Cover title: *Boy Making Progress*.

something very ancient. You can make your own spaces, find your own way. Twentieth century life doesn't help. There are steps you can't climb, places you can't go, things you can't do. It's almost as though the handicapped become segregated — a nation within a nation.

"That's where I get back to the notion of the Christian as a person of salvage. The first act of salvage is of ourselves, if we can pull that off, to participate in a kind of de-bonding of the former life process. This can be a surveyor's mark for reading our lives, for being able to move on and not get lost. Sometimes friends don't know how to help, but many who were sleepers at first gradually came forward to participate in my life."

In 1975 McGovern took another tack. At that point he came to the conclusion that he was trying too hard to be successful.

"All artists, I think, are secretly disappointed that the Pulitzer Prize passed them by. But six years ago, I decided just to be sure of my willingness to be as clear and on target with my art as possible, and see what life brought me. Then the phone rang and someone ordered a six foot statue of John Neumann for a high school. I had never carved such a large work before. Since then, people have been coming to my door, rather than my pursuing

projects. Artists are notorious for their egos, and mine is as good as any, but I'm enjoying jumping into the waves as they come into shore and I'm finding myself refreshed."

Bob McGovern picks up his knife. Tchick, ssssk, tchick, sssk, and the chips fall where they may. ■

Coming Up . . . in **THE WITNESS**

- **Whatever Happened to the Fever of the '60s?** Noted author Malcolm Boyd, Archdeacon Robert C. Chapman, Miriam Pickett, a disillusioned activist, and Dave and Darlene Kalke, enthusiastic activists, examine "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"
- **How Today's Parish Can Be Resourceful** — Charles Belknap and David Duncan outline suggestions and a methodology. The Episcopal Church has contributed much to urban ministry and it can have an exciting future bringing people into communion and signaling hope, the authors maintain.
- **Eurocommunism** — Economist David Snider discusses implications of the French elections vis a vis Christians and Marxists in Europe.

. . . And Beverly Harrison continues her analysis of abortion from a feminist theologian's viewpoint, discussing the moral status of the fetus, body-right as a moral claim, the moral quality of pro-choice political strategy.



International Dimensions of Disability

by Connie Myer

When I was a child growing up in upstate New York in the 1930s, I looked at crippled people with the thought, "Thank God, I wasn't born that way." I especially averted my eyes from the dangling limbs of crippled persons or from anyone who looked "different."

But a dramatic change in my own life has radically altered my view toward the disabled. I am now one of them. Slowly, progressive multiple sclerosis has made my legs stiff and stick-like; my feet point outward as I drag a reluctant body along on Canadian crutches. I've seen some people look with pity when I come into view.

For a while, as I worked full time as a church agency writer despite increasing paralysis and fatigue, I didn't think of myself as "disabled." Then one day a colleague sent me a special invitation to a conference at Riverside Church in New York City on accessibility for the disabled. For the first time I realized I was "one of them." In general, colleagues and friends hadn't mentioned my problem — an attitude I encouraged by not talking much about it myself. But, I thought now, they must think I'm a freak. More positive thoughts quickly dispelled those, and I kept working as long as my energy held out. In October, 1980, however, I retired on disability and since then I've had a lot of time to think about my situation and that of the approximately 450 million (United Nations' statistics)

Connie Myer, a free lance writer who lives in Manhattan, taught English for the Church of Uganda (Anglican) in 1968-69.



The author on a shopping trip on Broadway Avenue.

disabled in the world.

First of all, we are a remarkably diverse group. We're deaf, blind, mobility impaired, mentally ill or retarded. Some of us were born with our disabilities. Others acquired them through diseases, nutritional deficiencies in childhood, accidents and environmental factors. Some of us don't even show any disability. One of the worst symptoms of MS, for example, is chronic fatigue, even exhaustion, at performing the ordinary chores of life.

The United Nations 1981 International Year of Disabled Persons (IYDP) necessarily has to cover a very wide waterfront. In fact, one of the UN's

goals is to reach an international understanding on the definition of a disabled person.

The UN statistics leave one feeling rather numb. Some 146 million children under the age of 15 are disabled. Eighty percent of the disabled live in the developing countries where less than 1% receive any trained help. By the end of this century, there will be an estimated 600 million disabled people of whom 200 million will be children.

Some health experts say a quarter of a million children lose their eyesight each year due to lack of Vitamin A. This could be solved by a daily handful of green vegetables, or by adding Vitamin

A to other foods, at a cost of about five cents per person per year.

Ironically, polio is increasing in some Third World countries because children don't get a natural immunity during their first five years due to improved sanitation. Vaccination against polio is necessary, but it's expensive and some traditional societies are reluctant to have immunizations. I remember the skepticism that village Ugandans had about polio vaccine when I taught there in 1969.

In the Third World many disabilities are closely related to poverty and lack of effective curative drugs. Devastating disabling diseases include onchocerciasis, or river blindness, caused by flies which breed in fast-flowing rivers; schistosomiasis (bilharzia) where blood flukes are transmitted to humans by snails and which debilitates its estimated 300 million victims; trypanosomiasis which slowly weakens most people so that they die of other diseases. No successful vaccine has been developed for trachoma which has many children among its 400-500 million cases.

Sadly, little research is being done either in developing or industrialized nations to find cures for these parasitic diseases. Yet the developed nations spend millions for research on cancer, heart disease and arteriosclerosis. Though most Third World and Western nations are paying at least lip service to the International Year with proclamations and conferences, I found no information in a United Nations press kit on plans for more medical research.

Disability problems in the industrialized nations are different and, due to greater wealth, more easily handled. Motor vehicle and work-related accidents are higher. Rheumatoid arthritis, heart disease, multiple sclerosis, even diabetes are among the disabling diseases. Social security organizations and private insurance plans make disability less economically disastrous. Despite these

helps, 36% of disabled persons in the United States live in poverty, compared to 20% of the general population.

This fact is one of the bases for action during IYDP by the National Council of Churches. In a list of guidelines for local congregations, the NCC is focusing on transportation, employment and education for and with disabled persons. Churches are urged to set up task forces and to identify a disabled person, find him or her a job and provide a support system for the person during the job-seeking process and for a time after the person is employed.

"The UN statistics leave one feeling rather numb. Some 146 million children under the age of 15 are disabled. Eighty percent of the disabled live in the developing countries where less than 1% receive any trained help. By the end of this century, there will be an estimated 600 million disabled of whom 200 million will be children."

Perhaps I'm biased because I'm too weak to work full or part time, but to me the NCC guidelines smack too much of the capitalist ethic. Jobs are certainly important to one's self-image and sense of worth, but unless they are chosen very carefully, the permanently, severely disabled person in Western society may lose more than he or she gains. If the job is low paying or only part time, it may be less than the disabled person can obtain through social security and then the poverty level incomes of the disabled would be even higher. Also important is the disabled person's family situation. For example, does the mobility impaired person have a spouse or someone else to

assist in transportation to work and to purchase food and cook meals? Does the disabled person have dependent children to care for? Can he or she afford to hire baby-sitters or housekeepers?

Transportation is closely tied to employment for the blind and mobility impaired person. When I was no longer able to use public buses to go to work, I found I had to pay \$30 or more weekly to arrange special taxi pick-up service to drive me 12 blocks to and from my home to my office. And that was three years ago when taxi fares in New York City were much cheaper. For wheelchair-bound persons, cost of transport in ambulettes may exceed what a job pays.

The civil rights legislation of the U.S. Department of Transportation requires bus and rail systems which receive federal aid to become accessible to disabled people over the next 10 to 30 years. But there's major opposition because of cost, and the Reagan administration has indicated it may not enforce the guidelines. The guidelines overlook disabled persons in small towns and rural areas where there is no public transit. What can be done for these people? Private, specially equipped vans or automobiles are available but expensive.

In cities, even if buses and subways were completely accessible to wheelchairs, stations and stops still may be several blocks away and difficult to reach in bad weather. Even in cities with extensive transit systems, the disabled person may have to get off several blocks from his or her eventual destination. For all these reasons I believe that special door-to-door van or cab services are best for the severely disabled. Low cost, by appointment pickups would be more convenient and less costly to society than putting elevators in every subway and wheelchair lifts in every bus.

The education part of the NCC guidelines means getting non-disabled

and disabled persons together for an exchange of ideas. This may lead to "mainstreaming," that is, enabling disabled persons to participate in all church activities, as much as possible. The statement notes that it may be better in some cases to sponsor special classes where persons with similar learning handicaps are grouped. For example, some congregations are experimenting with ecumenical church school classes for mentally retarded youngsters.

For mobility handicapped persons, church accessibility is a key issue. I can't climb the steps anymore to attend my late 19th century designed United Methodist Church in Manhattan. The steps are too steep for a ramp and the congregation can't afford an elevator for access to the basement rest rooms and social hall. I've had to look for a new church that's more "on the level." Some United Methodist and other congregations are doing a great deal in accessibility projects, though, and this is not much of a problem in areas of the United States where church buildings are newer. It can be solved with a bit of imagination and some money.

Most of the mainline denominations are doing something about IYDP, even if only to name a task force and to pass a resolution. The Lutheran churches are particularly active. The American Lutheran Church wants to employ more qualified handicapped persons at its national offices. It is developing puppet shows to help teach Sunday school children about disabilities. It is



Connie Myer mails an article to a publisher.

setting up district committees to focus on ministries with the handicapped. The Lutheran Church in America is having conferences which include disabled adults and youths. Educational ministry coordinators are being trained to accommodate disabled persons in their classes.

Despite the danger of "compassion fatigue" with so many international years, world crises and the conservative trend in the U.S., Ima Jean Kidd, director of special learning needs for the NCC, says church response to IYDP has been excellent. "We've been even busier with this than with the International Year of the Child," she reported. "People are calling in and ordering materials. Judicatories and councils of churches, too."

Whether IYDP remains just a symbolic gesture empty of real meaning depends upon full participation of us — the disabled — in making its somewhat grandiose goals a bit closer to achievement. We can work in both church and society by pulling ourselves up by our own crutches, so to speak. Some of us can participate more than others. But we can all aim to improve the quality of our lives here in the United States — whether it's by making transportation accessible, by providing hearing aides or other devices for

church services, or fighting to be sure the states retain handicapped children education if the Reagan block grant budget proposals are passed.

As world citizens, we, with other action groups, can fight for economic aid increases to developing countries rather than for military aid as in El Salvador. We can push for more medical research into the causes of disabling diseases everywhere in the world. And, finally, we can take pride in who and what we are. All of our contributions may not be measurable in the job marketplace. Maybe our best gifts lie in being good listeners and good advocates, sensitive to the needs and cares of others.

In the long run, if we don't have respect for ourselves and our abilities, who else will? ■

MEMORANDUM

TO: Episcopalians Interested
in Shareholder Responsibility
FROM: THE WITNESS

A Shareholder Rights Conference for those interested in social responsibility in investments will take place Oct. 16-17 at St. Thomas' Church, Whitemarsh, Pa. for the First, Second and Third Provinces of the Episcopal Church.

Sponsors of the Conference include the Committee on Social Responsibility of the Executive Council of the Episcopal Church, six bishops, St. Thomas Church, and the Episcopal Church Publishing Company. The Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., Bishop of New York, will deliver the keynote address.

For a brochure and registration form, write to St. Thomas Church, Whitemarsh, Ft. Washington, Pa. 19034.

Credits

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Reflections on the Passion While Undergoing Surgery

by Margaret Arms

"My soul is very sorrowful, even to death; remain here and watch with me . . . If it be possible let this cup pass from me."

Were you frightened, scared that night in Gethsemane?

Scared. As I am on the eve of the surgeon's knife?

Of what, Jesus? Pain? Fear? . . . that maybe God had asked,

Risked too much? That when the hails harbingered hell

You would fail?

* * *

Ms. Arms? I need to go over the surgical procedure and risks with you. You understand that there is no guarantee that we will be able to restore your hearing? And you do understand that sometimes this cholesteatoma grows on the facial nerves, the brain and occasionally the spinal column so that those are all at risk? But you also understand that happens only rarely when it has been present and undetected for a long time. Oh. Yours may have been present since childhood? Well . . . You'd know if it were on your brain. That's really just a statistical possibility.

Dear God. Remain with me, here. Watch over me. I've been on the wrong side of statistics so often that it is more than a

possibility to me. Sometimes I get headaches and don't remember dates or people's names or words or . . . "Yes doctor. I'll sign the consent form. I know. Without surgery statistical possibility becomes reality. Slowly, ever so slowly, over the years I'd be a vegetable."

"If it be possible let this cup pass from me. Still, Not my will, but thine."

I'm frightened, Doctor.

I'm scared, Father.

I'm a coward, God. Help me.

So we go. You to Caiaphas; I to O.R. #3.

If it be possible let this cup pass . . .
In the courts they bickered: What is the charge, where is the wrong? I find no crime — still, if you want him, take him. And Peter, your Rock, said he never knew You.

In O.R. #3 they bickered: Where will Dr. G. be? I don't want the tubes going that way. I need her head here, my microscope there. The nurses can't be there — I need the instruments over there, not here. A hand on my shoulder: "It's O.K. We go through this every time."

"I thirst."

Nailed there. Dying, but not yet. More to bear, in the bare pounding sun.

I thirst — for what? Water? Death? Life?

But they gave you vinegar and hyssop.

Sour wine. An act of mercy or

mockery?

Please God, in all the mocking, hating, killing — Let That have been one small act of mercy.

Now, I thirst.

Nothing to drink since midnight. Mouth a sandstorm without the sand.

Tongue thick, an Elephant's Trunk. Morphine. Edges dull, colors blur:

No pain, just fuzz and

Through the haze, raw fear.

I thirst.

"My God, My God why hast thou forsaken me?"

Did you mean it? Was it a cry from the depths of your aloneness, too?

Did you really feel the ultimate aloneness of humanity?

Was it really real?

Ms. Arms? Are you ready for a little nap now?

Sodium pentothol shoots into the I.V. Solution.

I am alone. Now. With my body; my fear

and the trickle of drugs.

But. Rising from my center

A connection, a comfort.

Something to do with Golgotha and Me.

That in taking Separateness to Yourself,

You render mine no more.

Aloneness/Separateness

Become communion, community.

And remembered words filter through the shroud of drugs:

"For lo, I am with you. Always."

"It is finished. Into thy hands I commit my spirit."

The worst has come: God has been killed, murdered by a senseless mob. It is done. They did it.

We do it. Again and again. Each time

- we send infant formula to third world mothers who do not/cannot prepare and keep the formula properly.

- we trim national/church/

Margaret Arms, vice-president of the Episcopal Women's Caucus, edits the EWC quarterly, RUACH. She reflects above on her recent ear operation.

family budget by cutting funds for programs designed to help the poor, hungry, alienated and disenfranchised of our world/country/church/family.

- we allow the medical profession to prescribe more tranquilizers/mood alterers/pain killers because the doctor is too busy/uncaring/scared/threatened to listen to the pain and loneliness of his patients.

- we expand our national/family defense budget to develop dubious missile systems which may/may not/probably won't work/be obsolete or buy another "little gun" to keep by our bed or another lock for our window/door/silver chest/jewelry box.

- we objectify ourselves, your created ones, creation; You.

Making All

Irrelevant

Objects to

victimize/use/abuse/mock/ridicule/batter/brutalize/rape/ravage/ignore/discount

Until we, ourselves,

Become

Other.

And we kill You as surely as did that mob

In Jerusalem those many years gone.

For You, the agony ends.

Or

Does it just begin as You live to take each

Gethsemene anew . . .

each awful

senseless

negation

of Yourself, Your Creation?

Gethsemene carried you to Golgotha.

Yet Golgotha

led to another Garden and an empty tomb. Yours.

It's over Margaret. They wheeled you out of surgery at the same time as the space shuttle landed. It wasn't as bad as we thought it might be. You're going to

be fine. We built you a new ear and everything's O.K.

I drift in and out of sleep.

In between, I see the face of my husband, grinning, as he repeats the doctor's words: "You're going to be O.K."

And holding my husband's hand seems to be the most important thing in the whole world.

Just

to

hold . . .

It's over . . .

But the retching, vomiting, spewing forth the emptiness of my empty stomach begins and goes on and on and on and on . .

My God, I thought we were finished!

A shot, nausea recedes. I sleep.

Into thy hands . . .

Morning comes, a new day.

Upheavals of yesterday, stilled.

Nausea gone — a few sips of water.

Calm.

Going home depends on keeping breakfast down.

First, the priest with communion.

PANIC: I've had no solid food.

Might throw up on the wafer — surely a sacrilege! Perhaps a piece of toast first . . .

"And he took bread, and when he had given thanks he broke it and gave it to them saying, 'This is my body which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me.'"

Suddenly it seems fitting.

Essential, that my first

Solid food be the Host,

The Broken Body.

I have come from my own Golgotha

But the Tomb is already empty. aloneness already shared, fear carried;

My Golgotha an Easter before it Ever began.

This is my Body . . .

Thank you Lord, Thank you, and Amen.

Hospital Notes

Will.

Will Stout.

What are you doing here?

You, who have dressed yourself in coat
And cap — fine old galoshes too —
You know the wind blows gales today;
Your garment is in season.

I first wondered: have you just come in
Or are you going out?

But this is the third time today
You have stopped to gaze at me
And ask: Are you my sister?

Goosey, goosey gander
Whither dost thou wander
Up the hall and down the hall
Asking for your sister

Ah, Will, you don't like it here
Any more than I.
But here we are: my mark invisible
By comparison.

On your back is a wide stripe of surgical tape.
It says: *I am Will Stout.*
I belong on the fourth floor East.
That must be the reason everyone is smiling.

How fitting strange for both of us, Will.
By God, I know us now.
We come straight from the gong show.

Oh, Will, let me walk with you
Out the door of this institution.
We could go out in the wind
And play on the lawn.
No one would know I am your sister.
No one would know I came to take you home.

But that would not be fair, Will.
Fourth floor East needs you.
Without you, fourth floor East does not
Exist. You make it Real.

I waited long enough.
Someone else took him there
While I was writing.
That's why I write.

Don't ask me where he came from
Or where he has gone.

Only know, Will was here
Looking for his sister.

— Sara L. Morrison

Tales of Canterbury

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert A. K. Runcie, has gone from San Francisco. We trotted out the best people, the finest music and delicious receptions. It was a joyful triumphant visit.

At Good Samaritan Church in the Mission District, Runcie was happy all races and ethnic groups could mix it up in Christian worship. All ethnics were especially invited to show up. One told me he was invited to the service for one reason only — his teeth.

At Grace Cathedral he made us chuckle with an ethnic slur about a Puerto Rican wrestler from Boston named Bonzo. He then went on to tell us we needed a God big enough to encompass the world's problems.

A picket line circled around outside the Cathedral on Taylor Street. A green casket was carried by six people. American, Irish and El Salvadoran flags were held aloft by the serious, silent demonstrators concerned with political prisoners around the world. What a great gesture if the Archbishop would have joined the line for a go-round or two. One priest told me he'd have joined the line but his job is in the diocesan budget.

In the Cathedral was one bishop who had been thrown out of South Africa for his anti-apartheid stand. Another bishop present ordained the first woman Deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1965. The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose local dioceses refuse to ordain women, spoke to neither of these issues of human rights.

The Archbishop's sermon referred to God the Father and God the Son, sound enough theological ideas. But what happened to the feminine as part of divinity? This dimension of theological debate was passed over in a diocese that has pioneered in rights of women.

As I sat in the Cathedral I thought of a performance I saw there many years ago of Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was killed because he

opposed the established status quo. This Archbishop seems so real, so fragile and elegant. He is a spokesman for law and order wanting to change things by keeping everything the same.

On the other hand it was great to have two women read the lessons and some women acolytes carry things. Runcie smiled warmly, touched children and obviously enjoyed himself processing the aisles. It was moving to see so many people joined in a sense of Anglican and Christian unity. People played, laughed, drank and ate in the park after the service. A great opportunity was missed. A pleasant day was had.

I wonder what the casket-carrying pickets thought?

The Rev. Robert W. Cromeley
San Francisco, Cal.

Love Reaching Out

I am a retired Catholic priest of the Roman Community of Christ. Health has put me on the limited sidelines. It is a cross I bear joyfully with Jesus forsaken, as all pain is his and mine.

Six Anglican priests and one deacon to be ordained soon are dear brothers of mine. They are in England. We spent a month together in a school of spiritual formation in Frascati, Italy. We lived in unity and mutual love. We respected each other's religious traditions. They shared in our celebration of Mass in Italian and we celebrated with them in their beautiful Anglican liturgy — renewed form — in English. We only shared the Eucharist in our own liturgies. We accepted this pain of separation to obey our respective church authorities; at the same time it was a prayer that one day we would be one. As a result, I feel close to my Episcopal brothers and sisters in the United States. My 22 years of service in the Air Force opened me to all religions and cultures. I sensed in them a common denomination of love that united us. I enjoy THE WITNESS. It reaches out to others' needs. It hears the cry of the abandoned. It is a magazine of love reaching out.

The Rev. Bill Ludlum
N. Arlington, N.J.

Continued from back cover

with love and hope. With their help, we recovered and together we did Eucharist in the street in front of Brown's Chapel, with Bishop Myers as president. It was the most moving ecumenical service. I have ever been a part of in a ministry which goes back 33 years, and a life which spans more than that.

I appeal to all Kim's friends and supporters in honor of his ministry in Church and World — do what you can in your churches and communities to assure the extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act! If Kim were here today, I could hear him preach to us: "Let's go to work and pass the Equal Rights Amendment before June of 1982." Until the women of our church and synagogues and nation have equality with men, Kim's ministry and ours are not anywhere near faithful enough for us to claim to be followers of the Lord and brothers and sisters to each other. Our gains in the realm of equal rights for women have been impressive in some quarters, but there still remains a great deal to be done. Initially, Bishop Myers opposed the ordination of women; however, he changed his mind and became a supporter and believer. His humanity and deep sense of justice prevailed in this issue as in others.

He felt and knew the weaknesses which all of us feel in our lives, among these being his personal struggle with alcoholism. But because he knew himself to be dependent upon the grace of God more than upon addiction to this habit, he emerged victorious from the struggle, thereby offering hope to all of us who loved him.

The extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act and the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution would be the most fitting memorial to Bishop Myers that I can think of. Let us, who loved him, pick up his burden and continue the struggle for Human Rights. ■

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C. Kilmer Myers
1916 - 1981

In Memory of Kim

I remember hearing him preach to a congregation of poor people — Whites, Blacks and Hispanics — as well as a scattering of General Seminary faculty and students at St. Peter's, one of the inner city parishes cheek-by-jowl with the General Theological Seminary in New York City. The time was the Fall of 1947, and I had recently arrived in the Episcopal Church (from the Reformed Church in America, and one year in its oldest seminary), to assume my place as a student at General, the Episcopal Church's oldest seminary.

He sounded, as always, like Jesus and the Prophets, in his uncompromising advocacy of the poor. I remember his phrase: "Christ suffers crucifixion again and again in the poor of this city." It was a phrase which he was to repeat under different circumstances in cities like Jersey City, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Selma and San Francisco. He was a true son of the old Church of England Anglo-Catholic priests who labored and fought and died in the slum parishes of London in the last century

and in this one. I remember him telling me one time, "Carl, if you are a Catholic, you can be anything else you want to be in this world."

Now he is part of the Communion of Saints, and I would like to be among the first to petition our National Liturgical Commission to strike a Collect, Epistle and Gospel for him among the distinguished personalities of the 20th century church luminaries. His name was Chauncie Kilmer Myers, and he was layperson, deacon, priest, bishop and friend.

While I hope some day for his own Collect, Epistle and Gospel, it is of far more importance that we who would seek to honor his memory roll up our sleeves and go to battle (if necessary) for the cause of Human Rights, to which he gave of himself and his full ministry without ever holding back. That cause at this moment is in danger. Congress and the President will shortly be considering the extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act which has expired. It is for this Act that Kim Myers and 400 other Episcopalians and Anglicans from Canada marched with their brothers and sisters of other churches

by Carl Russell Sayers

and synagogues in Selma and Montgomery in March of 1965. For this cause, Jonathan Daniels, an Episcopal seminarian, and Viola Liuzzo, the wife of a Detroit labor leader, gave their lives.

Never will I forget the scene in Selma when Kim Myers led the 400 of us to the road barriers set up by Sheriff Jim Clark and his deputies. At the request of the then Episcopal Bishop of Alabama, Bishop Carpenter, our way was barred from entering our own church, St. Paul's, Selma, and we were refused permission to celebrate Eucharist on the day of the famous march. Kim spoke lovingly and gently to the Sheriff and invited him and his deputies to join us in celebrating Holy Communion in the parish church. The Sheriff's answer was a taunt, "You shall not pass because your own Episcopal Bishop has disallowed this service." We all were, in effect, excommunicated by one of our chief pastors. For long and dispirited moments, we wandered aimlessly with broken hearts.

Then, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and all sorts and conditions of persons surrounded us Episcopalians

Continued inside back cover

The Rev. Carl Russell Sayers is rector of St. Stephen's Church, Troy, Mich.