

RACISM

Judith Myrick



Letters

Humanism's many faces

While Joseph Fletcher's argument in "Humanism and theism: A conflict?" (February WITNESS) is excellent as far as he is able to carry it, I would like to add a dimension.

To begin with, I agree with Fletcher about theism. Indeed, I might even phrase it stronger. "Either God is ethical or God can go to hell!"

My problem is with Fletcher's humanism. As he notes, "The distinctive American contribution to ethics . . . is the marriage of pragmatism and humanism." The problem is, Whose humanism? Humanism is just as divided into camps as theism is. And, just as the most Liberal theists are somehow clouded together with the most Fundamentalist, so too are the most Internationalist humanists confused with and embarrassed by "jingoist humanists."

"Humanist" is a nice, abstract sounding word that unfortunately exists only in actual humans with all of their flaws. I would argue that Fletcher might have done better to replace it with "Americanist" because that is the kind he is. Reread in such fashion, he would seem to suggest that the pragmatic is what is good for America. It's almost enough to make Ronald Reagan sound good!

Since humanism only exists in individuals who have been influenced by the gods of their various cultures, we are right back in the same mess that Fletcher noted about theism. The godites seem to win even under the seculars! A conflict? No! They agree!

What might be possible and actually pragmatic? Division of power by race and even by sex, both nationally and at the United Nations, might allow some consensus as to what is needed by helping cancel out some of humans' more

obvious stupidities. (Why not have a really good fight while we're at it?)

I would even point out that most of the problems that THE WITNESS says it is concerned about would seem amenable to such solution.

John Kavanaugh
Detroit, Mich.

Supernatural rejected

It seems as though Joseph Fletcher has thought quite a bit about humanism, but like so many writers he is afraid to take the bull by the horns and face the fact that humanism is the rejection of the belief in the supernatural being, or entity, if you please. No matter how you look at humanism, no matter how you twist and contort words, the humanist will not accept the idea that there is any other force or factor that rules, decides, and solves man's problems than his own logical sense, based to a large extent on experience and study, and a realization that the immutable laws of nature rule the world's activities. As Robert Ingersoll said so succinctly many years ago, "There are no rewards or punishments, only consequences."

It is the wish of this humanist that Christians would face the above fact and cease trying to find a common basic theological connection between the two, because the supernatural and the natural are as far apart as two things can be, and all the efforts to unite them under one heading are the greatest exercise in futility that is imaginable in the human mind. We understand and can appreciate the efforts of those who are motivated by the highest goals and ideals, but nevertheless must forcefully state that a union between the two beliefs is not possible as things are now.

The Rev. Jean Bertolette
Yucca Valley, Cal.

Fletcher responds

John Kavanaugh's adjectives (epithets in some cases) are lively but I fail to understand his far too cryptic points. "Jingo humanists" for example, is a totally novel and arcane grouping, at least to my knowledge. In any case, the only serious issue among humanists is whether religious humanists (who publish a quarterly) are an acceptable form of humanism or that secular humanism only is proper. I would want to defend the secular viewpoint.

I would like to protest Jean Bertolette's idea that I am afraid to recognize that nontheist humanism and religious humanism are mutually exclusive. Even in the portion of my paper which appeared in THE WITNESS, their incompatibility was plainly expressed.

What is practically important is that religious and secular humanists are often in agreement in ethical decision making, and that this is true also of Christian input into the process. I would reject that there is any validity in the notion of "Christian ethics" just as there is none in "Islamic ethics" or Jewish astronomy. These different religious presuppositions are indeed different, but they figure in what philosophers call meta-ethics, not in practical decisions about what ought to be done. Hence it is that Jews, Muslims, Christians, and atheists can all agree on the basis of common values that this or that course of action is the most humane one open to the decision makers. Thoughtful human beings do not disagree on the level of actual moral choices — only when they bring up (if and when they do) their different metaphysics and speculation of a "religious" kind.

Joseph Fletcher
Charlottesville, Va.

Can gays be faithful?

In response to Malcolm Boyd's article and follow-up letter (December) concerning his "committed" gay relationship, I would like to say that my only significant contact with gays presented a much different picture.

While in college I worked at a dinner-theater resort. Of the more than 90 men employed there, I was one of four who were straight. During that time, I saw no evidence of monogamy among the gays. In fact, it became difficult to keep up with the constantly changing relationships. Nor were they even discreet; it was not uncommon to find gays having sex in public places — I don't just mean the restrooms. In addition, I was treated as "fair game," undergoing a fair amount of harassment from would-be suitors.

I would like to think that this was an isolated pocket of predators, but gay friends of mine, including a minister and now-celibate priest candidate, lament that this is the norm. Even the 24-year-old homosexual in my Clinical Pastoral Education group admitted to "well over 100" different sex partners in his brief life. Ironically, he claimed to be limiting the number, having had "less than a dozen" in the last year.

I hope you see why I, and presumably others, are skeptical about "committed" gay relationships, finding it difficult to imagine, much less condone them. My gay friends don't have them, nor do they know many that do.

Keith N. Adams
Sewickley, Pa.

Boyd Responds

Keith N. Adams raises two significant points: (1) Are gays "sexually promiscuous" as a social entity, indeed, scandalously more so than heterosexuals? (2) What does this mean?

When I was in college, I joined one of the leading fraternities on campus, a chapter of one of the top national Greek organizations. I saw few "committed" heterosexual relationships outside of a few couples who were pinned. The young, sexually active, heterosexual men showed no evidence of monogamy. To use Adams' own words, "it became difficult to keep up with the constantly changing relationships." Nor were they discreet; it was not uncommon at fraternity parties, to which members brought female dates, to find these couples having sex all over the place, *including* the restrooms. Was I treated as "fair game" by some of the hot dates? Sure, I underwent a fair amount of harassment from would-be female suitors who did not know I was gay.

At the time, I was celibate, and as a gay man I felt an outsider in midst of a lot of hot heterosexual sex action. Closeted, I had an awful image of homosexuality (akin to leprosy) and had not yet defined myself sexually or any other way. My self-esteem was low, for I had no inkling of what "gay" could mean positively and creatively, or that I would ever be able to feel good about myself, know myself as a part of a loving relationship, or be truly open as a human being.

I've lived my 65 years (33 years as an ordained Episcopal priest), within a majority heterosexual society. Monogamy and celibacy have not been as commonplace in my observation as, say, pasteurized milk, shredded wheat, Marlboros and McDonald's. Formula fiction *cum* sex (Jackie Collins, Krantz, et al) are widely accepted ingredients of the cultural stew that includes such heterosexually-oriented magazines as *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, as well as heterosexually-oriented TV shows like *Dallas*. Role models of U.S. presidents

and others in high places reveal non-monogamous heterosexual sex lives about as secret as a nuclear plant in Israel.

It seems as unfair to underscore non-monogamous homosexual relations while conveniently ignoring non-monogamous heterosexual relations as it is, for example, to single out edicts against homosexuality in Leviticus while ignoring those against wearing red or eating shrimp.

Of course, there has been an absence of homosexual monogamy, although multiple sex partners and unsafe sex are rapidly vanishing in the face of AIDS. Before the emergence of gay identity in a social sense — accompanied by gay books, magazines, media and role models — the intensely human search for love was marred by low self-esteem (which one projected onto others), closetedness was perceived as necessary for survival. There was fear of police raids on gay gatherings, and outright condemnation came from organized psychiatry and religion. Yet the search for love is inextricably linked to the search for sex in both heterosexual and homosexual experience. While this search was accorded social acceptance in the heterosexual milieu, it was vilified as sinful and anti-social in the gay milieu.

This search led me, in the past, to numerous faltering encounters and relationships before finding my life partner. It is with a sense of outrage that I realize the church *still* denies its blessing to committed gay relationships. The church criminally and cruelly opposes such unions, yet hypocritically attacks gay "promiscuity" while tacitly accepting heterosexual relationships before and outside of marriage. Enough!

Malcolm Boyd
Santa Monica, Calif.
More Letters on page 23

THE WITNESS

EDITOR
Mary Lou Suhor

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Susan E. Pierce

SENIOR CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
Robert L. DeWitt

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Richard W. Gillett
Carter Heyward
James Lewis
Manning Marable
J. Antonio Ramos

STAFF
Ann Hunter
Susan Small

PUBLISHER
Episcopal Church Publishing Company

ECPC BOARD OF DIRECTORS

CHAIR
J. Antonio Ramos

VICE-CHAIR
Carman St. J. Hunter

SECRETARY
Gloria Brown

TREASURER
Robert N. Eckersley

John H. Burt
Otis Charles
Migdalia DeJesus-Torres
Nan Arrington Peete
William W. Rankin
Chester L. Talton
Chris Welss

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Barbara C. Harris

THE WITNESS



Table of Contents

6 White racism still victimizes minorities
Norman Faramelli

6 Racism: a ravaging sin
W. Hazaiah Williams

10 Black counterstrategies
Manning Marable

13 Ministry to the banned
Judith Myrick

16 A bishop for all seasons
Carter Heyward

18 Lessons from a servant church
Susan E. Pierce

Credits Cover graphic, Sister Helen David, IHM, design by TSI Visuals; graphic p. 9, Beth Seka; graphics pp. 12, 14, Sister Helen David, IHM; photos pp. 19, 20, Susan Pierce.

THE WITNESS (ISSN0197-8896) is published monthly except July/August by The Episcopal Church Publishing Company. Editorial office: P.O. Box 359, Ambler, PA 19002. Telephone (215) 643-7067. THE WITNESS is indexed in the American Theological Library Association's *Religion Index One: Periodicals*. University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, MI, reproduces this publication in microform: microfiche and 16mm or 35 mm film. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1988. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** \$15 per year, \$1.50 per copy. Foreign subscriptions add \$5 per year. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Please advise of changes at least 6 weeks in advance. Include your label from the magazine and send to: Subscription Dept., THE WITNESS, P.O. Box 359, Ambler, PA 19002.

Editorial

Martin Luther King, Jr.: Trials of a prophet

Guest editorialist for this issue is the Rev. Muhammad Kenyatta, who in the Fall will become a professor of law at the University of Buffalo (SUNY) Law school.

This year marks the 20th anniversary of the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. He was slammed to death by the bullet of a lynchman's rifle, in Memphis, Tenn., on April 4, 1968, at a crucial moment when the civil rights movement was fiercely debating the value of the new rhetoric of Black power and the efficacy of nonviolent protest with which King was identified.

He had revealed himself more and more to be a moral leader of universal stature. His championing of the Memphis garbage collectors' strike for livable wages and dignity coincided with his extension of the civil rights movement into segregated cities and suburbs of the smug "North." King had also emerged as a leading opponent of America's war against Vietnam. His 1967 speech at New York's Riverside Church, "Beyond Vietnam," still stands as the peace movement's most cogent statement of those patriotic, pacifist and internationalist impulses that animated it.

In his frequent and consistent calling of attention to the barbarity of southern African colonialism and apartheid, King anticipated the worldwide anti-apartheid movement that emerged a decade later. But, by staking a moral claim to his right and responsibility to help shape foreign as well as domestic policy, King provoked the ire of even the strongly pro-civil rights, anti-poverty President Lyndon Johnson.

Each of these philosophic, political and strategic debates had taken their toll on King's energies and had challenged his leadership. The Black power militants seemed ready to dismiss King as an "Uncle Tom," a proposition that, retrospectively, is ridiculous.

The White Northern public that had sympathized with King and the suffering victims of Southern racist terror turned against him upon discovering that his non-violent militancy was as adamantly opposed to bigotry above the Mason-Dixon line as below it. The moderate Negro civil rights and political leadership, having married its fortunes to the Johnson administration, wanted no part of King's anti-war commitments and much of that leadership condemned his decision to extend his call for non-violence to include

White militarist as well as ghetto rioters.

And White liberals showed no great inclination to move beyond the token integration that characterizes most liberal institutions to this very day.

Thus, when we remember King in the historical context of his times, we may be struck not so much by the acclaim awarded him as by the anger and criticism he seemed to provoke, even among those who pay him such lavish posthumous honor. Like the Athenian philosopher and scholar Socrates and Jesus, the itinerant Jewish teacher from Nazareth, King was always both inextricably engaged in his times and inevitably at odds with them.

What engaged him with the passion and great pursuits of his days was his honest love for those with whom he shared his life: his family, his community of faith, his Afro-American people, his beloved Southland, his American nation in its patchwork-quilt pattern of racial and cultural diversity and his own kind — all humankind — with whom he shared, as do we all, a common ancestry, a common planet and a common destiny.

And what kept King gloriously at odds with his times were two characteristic qualities. One was his appreciation of the human past, especially of those most ennobling ideas that constitute the saving remnants in the rather mixed bag of the ethical legacy of Western history. The other was his insistent aspiration toward a new global future founded upon and vitalized by love.

If we are to pay Martin Luther King that greatest of homages — imitation — we ought not to expect accolades or immediate awards. Nor should we expect any nation or race, not even his own country or his own beloved Black people, to have a monopoly on those principles for which he was slain. And surely we ought not delude ourselves to believe that the glorified past will shield us from the gritty, mundane controversies of today.

Yet we may, like Martin, be sustained and made happy by the recognition that the promised land lies ahead, that joy comes in the morning whether or not our eyes greet the sun.

Keynoters' analysis

With General Convention but two months away, THE WITNESS invited the two keynote speakers from the National Conference on Racism sponsored by the Episcopal Church in 1982 in Atlanta to assess where church and society stand six years after that event.

Keynoters Norman Faramelli and W. Hazaiah Williams spell out a gloomy scenario in the accompanying articles, naming White racism as the root cause of lack of progress.

In the light of their analysis, Convention watchers will track with interest the Diocese of Michigan's initiative focusing on land trusts and empowerment; the Jubilee proposal expanding advocacy, and the resolution to establish a Commission on Racism in the Church and Society program unit of the Episcopal Church Center, with a budget of \$75,000.

White racism still

The theme sounded by the Kerner Commission in 1968 that the United States is moving toward two separate but unequal societies is still valid, according to recent updates of that report. Studies show that racial problems remain with us, although they have taken on new dimensions which have produced only slight variations on the original theme.

Despite the somber note of the first Kerner report, the '60s were a time of optimism and great expectations. Today, the vision of an integrated and unified society is fast fading, and a serious misunderstanding of the nature and



Norman Faramelli

The Rev. Norman Faramelli, Director of Transportation and Environmental Planning at Massachusetts Port Authority, serves as Chairperson of the Executive Committee of Episcopal City Mission and also as staff to the Diocesan Mission Committee.

function of racism persists. As in the '60s, there is a distinct tendency to deny the fact that "racism" — independent of economic factors — still ex-

Racism: A ravaging sin

by W. Hazaiah Williams

Since the Conference on Racism of the National Protestant Episcopal Church in Atlanta in 1982, we have witnessed a consistent cutting away at the infrastructure developed for redress which was a result of the Civil Rights movement. At the same time that a new Black middle class has evolved, we face a decided increase in violence against Black people. This violence cannot be attributed to a backlash, which comes from White anger about

The Rev. Dr. W. Hazaiah Williams is currently President/Chair of the Board of the Center for Urban-Black Studies, Berkeley, Cal.

advances for Blacks. This continuous racist retreat from social justice for Blacks in America has been disguised as being a logical response to new international economic realities. The upheaval in world markets has led to new personal insecurities and a resultant increase in the *greed* index. These factors have combined to obfuscate the role of racism in societal change.

Confusion about the virulence of racism is heightened by the introduction of the so-called Black middle class into the class hierarchy. Asserting the existence of a Black middle class implies that society is non-racist and open.

Therefore, one can ignore the emergence of a new and growing Black underclass which is more caste-like than class-like.

The whole discussion of social justice for Blacks is further complicated by the acceptance of a new screen for racism known as self-interest. Such thinking has led many analysts to conclude that the critical variable vis-a-vis the situation of Black people is not really race, but economics. However, the existence and growth of a Black underclass demonstrates that the distribution of economic goods continues to be racially defined. This is a social phe-

victimizes minorities

by Norman Faramelli

ists and is a critical factor in the functioning of U.S. society.

In the Episcopal Church there has been some motion to address racism. Yet despite important steps taken by various dioceses, confronting and combatting White racism is not a central focus in the church.

This article sketches my impressions of racism in church and state over the last six years, with some suggestions about the future.

Since 1982 there has been over a half decade of unprecedented prosperity in the United States. Some minorities have benefited from that trend — for example, the number of Blacks in the middle class has increased. Nevertheless, during that same period, very little has happened to address the concerns of poor minorities. The average poverty rates in the minority communities remain unacceptably high (31-35%). In

addition, unemployment rates in these communities have been appallingly high, even in areas of the nation where overall unemployment rates have reached new lows.

Over the past six years the Affirmative Action (AA) program has been kicked around by the Reagan Administration, and it is to the credit of the U.S. judicial system that AA has not been totally wiped out. Nevertheless, the attacks on AA set a tone for the nation. They send a message that “equality of opportunity” is all that is needed for racial justice and that any mention of “equality of result” is misguided and soft-headed. The thought that we should measure whether or not those equal employment opportunities have resulted in any real movement seems foreign to many. The attacks on AA also set a tone that indicates it is no longer socially unacceptable for one to

manifest one’s racial prejudices in public, as long as it is done with some sophistication and tempered language. In some instances, the language and actions have not even been tempered, as in the case of the Howard Beach incident and in blatant racist attacks on college campuses throughout the nation.

Over the past six years, we in the United States have been encountering new social and economic realities. Jesse Jackson has spoken eloquently of these trends: “Drugs keep coming in and jobs keep going out.” First, the drug trade is ripping apart our communities, especially in low income urban areas. Second, we live in a globally interdependent economy, which often has devastating consequences for local economies or for attempts of community groups to gain control over local economic management.

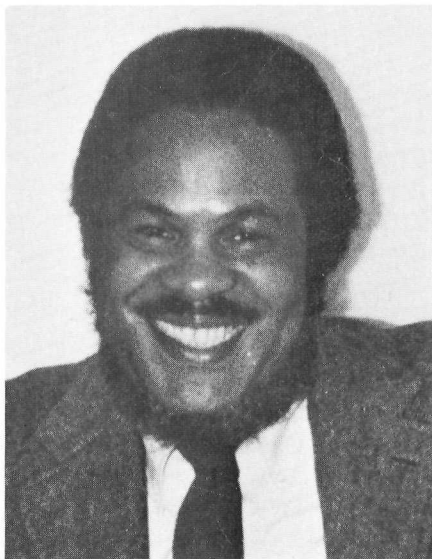
Among the economic and demo-

nomenon, not an economic one.

As we have watched the public sector back off from its commitments to Blacks for housing and jobs, along with the withdrawal of educational support for Black children, we are reminded of the proverb, “Nothing walks with aimless feet.” What a few years ago appeared to be a grand ambivalence is now revealed as a purposeful, systemic exclusion of Blacks from having access to, and equity in, this society.

Institutions of higher education are crucial barometers of racism. According to the Center for Democratic Renewal, the number of racial incidents at our colleges have quadrupled since 1985. A new feature of the anatomy of racism is the violence with which it has struck the protected enclaves of our university campuses. There are reports

of a Black-White student brawl on the sidewalks of New York at Columbia



W. Haziah Williams

University and an attack upon Blacks by White students at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst after the final game of the World Series. At the University of Michigan, Blacks were intimidated with signs on the dormitories “declaring open season on porch monkeys.” The long list of universities where racially motivated violence has occurred includes: Tufts, Wellesley, George Washington, Purdue, the University of Wisconsin, the University of Pennsylvania and Dartmouth. These assaults betray pious hopes that the new college-trained “enlightened” generation will be better than generations past.

This new violence cannot be explained away as evidence of disadvantage or ignorance. It is the violence of those privileged to attend our most

Faramelli . . .

graphic trends, two factors are most striking:

- The urbanization of suburban areas. This trend has accelerated over the past six years in one metropolitan area after another as new job opportunities have been generated in outlying areas and not primarily in the cities. But we are experiencing only a partial urbanization process. New high-rise offices, massive industrial parks, cramped shopping centers, and burgeoning traffic jams abound. Nevertheless, one sees few signs of low income people or people of color in the suburbs; the benefits of this development are clearly not being shared equitably with all segments of the population.

- Erosion of manufacturing jobs. This is, in part, related to the growing economic interdependence on the international level and the loss of U.S. manufacturing competitiveness. White and minority blue collar workers who have been laid off are forced to find employ-

ment in lower-paying service sector jobs. Furthermore, with the emergence of lower-paying (including part-time) jobs, the unemployment rate is fast becoming an unreliable indicator of the extent of poverty in a community, and especially in minority communities.

Minorities are being clobbered in both the boom and the bust cities. The problems of minorities in areas with high average unemployment rates — such as Detroit — are quite obvious. Yet in the boom cities — such as Boston — the hot real estate market creates an affordability gap in housing, penalizing low and moderate income families.

Although we could celebrate some of the gains (via Equal Employment Opportunities and Affirmative Action) that resulted in the creation of a larger Black middle class, there has been a severe decline in the number of Blacks and some other minorities in colleges and universities. In an information-based society where high skill levels

are required, the prospects of increased mobility of minorities to the middle class does not seem promising as college enrollments continue to decline. The problem is compounded when one sees the lack of quality education in many urban areas where schools are now more racially segregated than they were at the time the Kerner Commission report was written.

In his recent book, *The Truly Disadvantaged*, Professor W. J. Wilson speaks of the persistent “underclass” in minority communities, and how they have not been helped by AA programs. Wilson cites class as being more important than race in U.S. society in determining the plight of minorities. He calls for a series of government-based solutions to assist the poor Black communities. But it would be unfortunate if Wilson’s work were interpreted to mean that racism is no longer a problem.

The Episcopal Church’s Atlanta Conference in 1982 triggered a series of di-

Williams . . .

prestigious colleges and universities. Nor can this resurgence be attributed to increased involvement of Blacks in academe. This new violence is running parallel to a decreasing percentage of Black college students and faculty and the erosion of Black Studies programs.

To further sculpt the visage of this new racism on campus, one needs to look at the misuse of Black athletes. Increasingly these young men are recruited with attractive scholarships, allowed to damage their bodies, sometimes permanently, for an alma mater which will never be theirs. They find little in the way of support to help them move through the degree programs. Many Black athletes leave bearing on their bodies the marks of a new slavery and in their hands no diploma as a consolation prize.

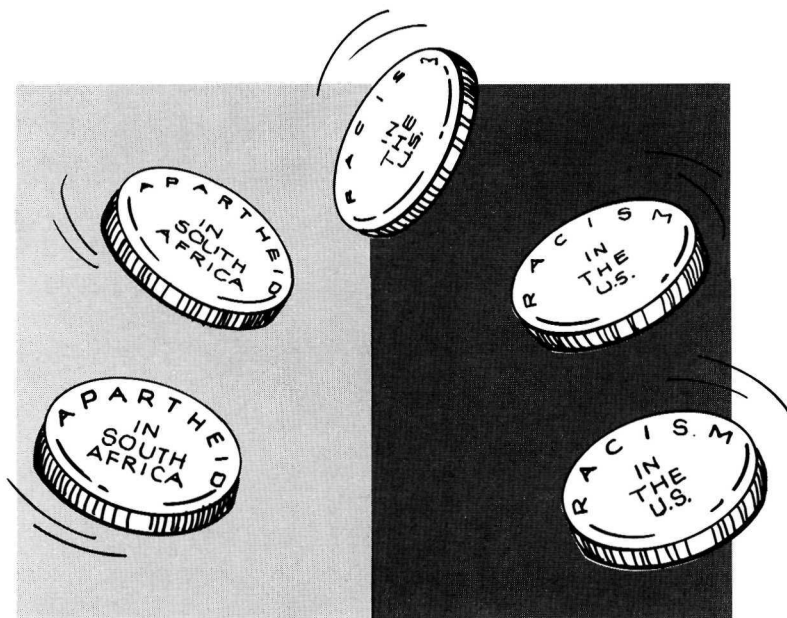
We used to view racism as “backlash” — the lashing out by Whites because of displeasure with recent Black demands and gains, both a legacy of the Civil Rights struggle. Such nomenclature cannot account now for the growing attack on Blacks at a time when there is withdrawal from the national commitment to Black involvement and empowerment — the most blatant such attempt being the recent move to veto the Civil Rights Restoration Act. The

present attack on Blacks is more of a stab in the back, sending the message, “Your full participation in the benefits of this society will not be tolerated.” With its dramatized escalation at local, national and international levels, racism has become a dominant issue for the world.

The new face of racism casts portentous shadows in the corridors of our future. Racism was once summarily explained away as a benign ignorance of those people who had been deprived of opportunities for contact with other races and came from a generation lacking in cross-cultural, pluralistic experiences. The new face of racism is violent, committed, resourceful and quite often young. These lawless young people are supported and abetted by a society which sends a message that their actions will be tolerated. And aca-

MOVING?

Keep THE WITNESS coming by sending a corrected mailing label from a recent issue to: THE WITNESS, P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002. Please send it at least six weeks before you move.



ocesan-based events which addressed racism. There were also other educational and consciousness-raising activities such as the preparation of racial audits of some diocesan structures. The value of the follow-up to these audits is still unclear. Furthermore, those audits usually did not extend to the parish or congregational levels.

Over the past six years, the most serious problem in the church has been that the urban and rural ministries to the poor and minorities have not been substantially strengthened. And even where they have been expanded, there have been few attempts to address the root causes of racism. Furthermore, the numbers of minorities in our seminaries

has also been declining which does not bode well for increasing our potential to minister to poor minority communities.

The most important failing in our work has been the inability to articulate a vision of an inclusive church which truly breaks down the barriers between gender, national origin and race. The message of Paul goes unheeded: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. 3:28)

We in the church are appalled when we hear the word "racism." It is an ugly concept and it has few, if any, public supporters within the church. "White racism" is still confused with racial prejudice and we fail to appreciate that the very foundations and structures of our society are steeped in it. It is no accident that poverty rates are highest among racial and ethnic minorities.

Even when blatant racism is recog-
Continued on page 22

democratic and governmental permissiveness give rise to overt racism.

Recently, for example, we have witnessed the Howard Beach assault and murder, the Bernard Goetz verdict, and the emergence of the "White Warriors," a subgroup of the "Skinheads" in Northern California. There are also less heralded cases such as the fatal beating of a 34-year-old Black man, Lloyd Garner, at the hands of three White, county law enforcement officers in Hemphill, Tex. Garner was accused of driving under the influence of alcohol and refusing a breath test. He was killed while in custody in a county whose population is half Black but has no Black officers. Those indicted for his death include the county police chief and two sheriff's deputies. They have not been charged with homicide — solely with the violation of Garner's civil rights.

Racism appears to be alive and pathological whether in the streets or in the classroom. At the University of Massachusetts response to racial violence was perfunctory when White students who attacked Black men accompanying a White woman to a party were simply banned from living on the campus. Their punishment never jeopardized their right to continue attending the University.

The new violence sends the ominous message from campus to city that Blacks will not be given access to the benefits of, or even freedom of movement within the society. If Blacks insist on their rights, they will be met not only with angry White students, but the police, the courts and institutional leadership, all in collusion against them. Add to this the grotesque entrapment of impoverished Black children by drug

trafficking and its high wages and cheap death, and the result is a system operating according to the logic of genocide. Racists, it appears, are now reacting viciously to an international consciousness which insists upon liberation. This reveals that the White mind is a breeding ground for the primary distortions and insecurities of racial superiority.

Racism is sin, and therefore is not totally open to political solutions. These solutions will continue to be stifled as long as we suffer from the major social, psychological and spiritual malaise caused by racism. Every legal advance for Blacks seems to call forth a more sophisticated racist response. It may ultimately be the task of religion, with its understanding of sin, to take an ax to the root of the ravaging phenomenon of racism.

TW

Black counterstrategies

by Manning Marable

In recent months, hundreds of Black students across the country have been protesting the continued existence of racism on White campuses.

The factors behind such demonstrations are obvious. Despite the rhetoric of Affirmative Action and equal opportunity, most White college administrators have done little to recruit or retain Black faculty, staff or students at White academic institutions. As federal cutbacks in higher education intensify, crippling the prospects of Blacks, Hispanics and low-income students, many White universities are reducing funds to Black Studies Departments and Minority Affairs Offices.

Black educators, parents and students alike need to devise a counterstrategy to advance our collective interest in a period of political retrenchment and social reaction. Our starting point should be an analysis of the effectiveness of Black institutions located on White campuses. Other than Black Studies departments, there are at least three other institutions or organizations which Blacks control: Black Cultural Centers, Minority Affairs Offices, and Black Student Unions.

The cultural centers were a byproduct of the Black Power movement on White college campuses in the late 1960s and early 1970s. By the mid-to-late 1970s, there were perhaps as many as 150 of these cultural centers throughout the United States. The objectives of Black cultural centers were to sponsor social and cultural events, concerts, theater, dance, and other activities which gave Black people a

chance to interact with each other in a social environment which was non-threatening and non-antagonistic. The centers also frequently sponsored community forums, speeches on contemporary issues, student mentoring programs, libraries and lectures by visiting Black scholars.

The major problem these centers faced was the racism of White administrators, who didn't want to support more than one well-funded Black institution on their campuses. Consequently, at most White colleges, the Cultural Center was forced to compete against the Black Studies Department or the Minority Affairs Office for steadily decreasing funds. Some Black administrators took the shortsighted view that only a certain amount of university money would be spent on "Black Issues," and that any funds for Black faculty salaries, competing Black programs, and so forth, indirectly affected their own institutions. The politics of institutional austerity fed the politics of negative competition between Black educators.

Minority student programs, such as the Office of Minority Affairs, were created under the auspices of the Offices of Student Services or Student Life on most White campuses. By the late 1970s, as many programs designated specifically to recruit and to retain Black students came into existence, over 3,000 Black administrators were employed at White institutions. Offices of Minority Affairs usually included some or all of the following programs: academic and learning skills supportive services; personal counseling to deal with Black students' emotional and personal problems and attempts to adjust to a predominantly White environment; sponsoring Black

cultural activities and lectures on campuses; internships and part-time jobs for Black students in the private or public sectors; and assistance with preparation for Graduate Records Examination, LSAT, and other tests.

As with the Cultural Centers, the Offices of Minority Affairs were frequently marginalized by White administrators. There was often a very high turnover rate among Black counselors and professional staff, caused by low pay and a sense of institutional isolation. Central administrations also frequently reduced minority staff and budgets after Black and Hispanic student unrest subsided on their campuses.

Black Student Unions, or BSUs, came into being in the wake of Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, as thousands of outraged Black students protested White racism on campuses.

The BSUs were originally conceived to create a greater social and political awareness among African-American students, as well as a desire to confront and to challenge White administrators on matters of educational policy. The BSUs called for the creation of Black Studies departments, Minority Student Programs, Cultural Centers, and other institutions, and demanded the appointment of Black faculty and administrators. The BSUs represented a vital link between the struggles being waged in urban streets and our communities with the politics of higher education at White academic institutions.

As the strength of the national and local Black protest movement declined markedly in the mid-to-late 1970s, it became increasingly difficult to interest many Black students to be involved in protests, demonstrations, or even community-oriented programs. Many col-

Continued on page 15

Dr. Manning Marable, Chairperson of the Black Studies Department at Ohio State University, is a Contributing Editor to THE WITNESS.

Short Takes

Laughter

William Austin Smith, writing in the August, 1911 issue of *The Atlantic*: "If laughter be among the lesser spiritual graces as compared with faith, it is nonetheless of honorable lineage as an instrument of reform. Not till a ripple of 'thoughtful laughter' has been evoked, can any reform get along its healing way. New epochs have always been ushered in in the tingling atmosphere of wit. Cervantes, Erasmus, Rabelais, each has laughed at his generation to its lasting benefit. The age of sluggish wit is likely to be an age of shallow religion, sentimentalism, and sham."

Quoted in *Books & Religion*
Winter 1988

The world according to Ron

You'd be surprised. They're all individual countries.

Ronald Reagan,
after a trip to Latin America.

On the move

According to the *Reader's Digest*, 108,000 Americans move into a different home each day of the year. *Harper's* magazine makes the point more dramatically: Whereas in the 1970s the average American moved seven times during a life, today Americans move 30 times in their lifetime. This means that neighborhoods continue to change ethnically, racially and economically.

Initiatives 3/88

Catholics help Secret Service

A spokesman for the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has confirmed that the agency, while arranging Pope John Paul II's visit to the United States last fall, relayed materials on an abortion rights advocacy group to the Secret Service. The group, Catholics for a Free Choice, had called for peaceful demonstrations against John Paul during his visit. The bishops' office insists that the action was standard operating procedure on the part of the Secret Service and thus a non-issue.

Inside the American Religious Scene 4/1/88



Will Havens be first?

The Rev. Helen M. Havens, above, rector of St. Stephen's parish, Houston, had been named one of five nominees for Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Michigan as THE WITNESS went to press. With election slated for May 7, there is a possibility that Havens could be the first Episcopal woman bishop in the United States, and the first of the entire Anglican Church, by the time this issue reaches readers.

The Rt. Rev. H. Coleman McGehee, Jr., current bishop of the diocese, announced his openness to a woman successor at the January conference on women bishops at Episcopal Divinity School, Havens' alma mater. Havens has previously been nominated for Bishop of Rochester and Suffragan Bishop of Connecticut, but this is the first time she made the list of finalists.

Contacted by THE WITNESS, Havens said she was "thrilled to be nominated by such a forward-thinking and progressive diocese," which enjoys "a climate of real acceptance for women." The diocese has more than 50 women priests out of 360 clergy.

Consecration of the new Coadjutor is not planned until after Lambeth. Havens said she has no plans now to attend Lambeth, but should she be elected, "approached in the right spirit, it could be a positive thing for me to go," she said.

America's original sin

The United States of America was established as a White society, founded upon the genocide of another race and then the enslavement of yet another.

To make such a statement today is to be immediately accused of being rhetorical or, worse yet, of being "reminiscent of the '60s." The reaction is instructive and revealing. The historical record of how White Europeans conquered North America by destroying the native population and how they then built their new nation's economy on the backs of kidnapped Africans who had been turned into chattel are facts that can hardly be denied . . .

Racism has to do with the power to dominate and enforce oppression, and that power in America is in White hands. Therefore, while there are instances of Black racial prejudice against Whites in the United States (often in reaction to White racism), there is no such thing as Black racism. Black people in America do not have the power to enforce that prejudice.

White racism in White institutions must be eradicated by White people and not just Black people. White racism is primarily a White responsibility.

Jim Wallis

Sojourners 11/87

War tax resisters, since they have some doubt as to what belongs to Caesar and what belongs to God, have decided to give the benefit of the doubt to God.
— John K. Stoner

Re women in Canada

We've ordained women to the priesthood for a dozen years and the diocese almost 20. Our bishops passed a resolution looking forward to the consecration of a woman to the episcopate, with no opposition. There are only three of our 30 dioceses which don't have ordained women. Two of those three have resolutions on the books to accept them.

The Most Rev. Michael Peers
Primate of Canada
The Voice 3/88



South African crucifixion

Ask my shadow
what happened.
It was there
when it occurred.

Joyce Mokhesi
(Written in prison, 1978)

A young South African woman who had been tortured in prison slipped the words above into the hands of Sister Helen David, IHM, artist in residence at Maryknoll, N.Y. last summer.

Joyce Mokhesi was one of a number of presenters invited by the Maryknoll Missionaries to a conference on liberation theology. It was Sister Helen's role to sketch them and capture their essence as they spoke. She had listened attentively, her pen working as Mokhesi described how she was arrested with a group of young Christians in Johannesburg who had come together to study the Bible.

Mokhesi was imprisoned for almost two years, during which she was tortured repeatedly by her captors. At one point they chained her to the prison bars, stripped her half-naked, and applied lighted cigarettes to her body. What sustained her, Mokhesi said, was to read the Bible she was allowed to keep, its words giving her courage to withstand the humiliation and pain.

"The only way I could possibly interpret the meaning of her words was to portray her as crucified," Sister Helen David said. The graphic appears on this month's cover.

Joyce Mokhesi's brother, Francis, is one of the Sharpeville Six, recently granted a stay of execution for allegedly killing a deputy mayor during a mass demonstration protesting government rent increases in 1984. The National Council of Churches joined the international outcry for clemency when gross irregularities in the judicial procedure were revealed, including the torture of witnesses. The stay was granted only 15 hours from scheduled execution.

Now living in exile in England, Joyce Mokhesi has been making international appearances to raise consciousness about the plight of her people. While at Maryknoll, she was presented with Sister Helen David's sketch and approved that it be made into a poster. Later, during a casual conversation, Helen David happened to admire the shoes Joyce was wearing. Before leaving Maryknoll, Joyce handed a paper bag to the artist. Inside were the shoes.

— Mary Lou Suhor

Ministry to the banned

by Judith C. Myrick

The new film, Cry Freedom, about the life of South African human rights activist Steve Biko, has drawn worldwide attention to what it means to be "banned" in South Africa. Banning occurs when someone is: Restricted to a particular managerial district or to one's own house; required to report once a week (at least) to local police or is under special police surveillance; allowed to meet with only one person at a time; prohibited from being quoted in print or verbally; prohibited from attending any political or social gathering. Since "social gathering" includes attendance at a service or worship, some South African church authorities have decided to take the Sacrament of Holy Communion to the person under banning orders.

How does the church in South Africa provide pastoral care to someone who, under South African regulations, is classified as a "banned person"? What are some of the peculiar and perverse conditions faced by a priest of the Anglican Church in the Province of South Africa who tries to circumvent the banning orders of communicants within the parish?

The Church of the Province has not assigned any of its priests to specialize solely in a ministry to banned persons, in part because distances in that land are vast and somewhat daunting. However, local parish priests are notified by their superiors on an "ad hoc" basis whenever their parish includes a banned person who is a church member or who has in the past worshipped regularly as part of an Anglican congregation.

Here are a few examples where such a ministry has occurred and, more significantly, of the kind of relationship that may develop between those serving and being served by the church in the land of apartheid.

Winnie Mandela (first banned in 1962)

Although a Methodist, Mrs. Mandela, wife of jailed ANC leader Nelson Mandela, began worshipping at the Anglican Cathedral in Johannesburg when the now-Archbishop Desmond Tutu was Dean there. After she had been banished from living in Orlando Township (part of Soweto) to a "temporary" residence outside the town of Brandfort, near Bloemfontein, Tutu managed to visit her twice at her home. He describes his visits succinctly but the circumstances say

a great deal.

"The police told me I couldn't enter her house. So we celebrated Holy Communion in my car in the street. On a second occasion I went to see her on a weekend. Her restriction order is more strict at weekends. She can't leave her yard. So we celebrated Holy Communion again in the street. This time Winnie was on one side of the fence and I on the other. This was Christian South Africa in 1978." (The White Nationalist Party, which enforces the system of apartheid, calls itself a Christian government — hence Tutu's sarcastic reference to Christian South Africa.)

Bishop John Ruston, now suffragan bishop of Pretoria, recalls his own more prolonged ministry to Mrs. Mandela. "In Winnie Mandela's case, there was no minister of the Anglican or Methodist Church residing in the township of Brandfort when she arrived (under banning orders). I was told about her, as I was the local archdeacon living in Bloemfontein, which included Brandfort within the archdeaconry. I began visiting her in the latter part of 1977, soon after she was moved there.

Bishop Ruston describes Mrs. Mandela as very warm-hearted person who was appreciative of the visits to give her Communion.

"We sat in my car together, outside her house, the Communion having been blessed at a service in Bloemfontein. I did not enter her house, as one needed a permit each time from the magistrate — which we did not want to get — and if I went in defiance of the order, she would have been the one to get into trouble.

"Every so often she said how much it meant to her and how she felt strengthened to go on, after having felt down and discouraged with all the petty harassments, the restrictions, and with all the suffering, malnutrition and so on

Judith C. Myrick served as a missionary in South Africa from 1957-68 with the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa. She now serves in Zimbabwe, having been refused re-entry to South Africa by the government.

which she saw around her. She started a small clinic, built in her own backyard, which helped many suffering from sickness and undernourishment. Her care and concern for the underprivileged was very deep, and very practical. Her garden was an oasis of greenery with vegetables and all — among neglected little patches of ground, thus sharing what could be done even in those conditions.

"It was a joy and privilege to minister to her — and truly, she ministered to me, too, with her vibrant faith in Christ." She did not speak much about the Church as an institution, he recalls, but showed deep appreciation for those who ministered to her individually.

"She was remarkably loving and gentle and 'unbitter' . . . and many whites in Brandfort came increasingly to respect her and esteem her for her personal ability and charm and for the work she was doing to uplift the very poor." (After her house in Brandfort was burned down, she moved to Soweto.)

Nelson Mandela (first banned in 1952)

The Rev. Dudley Moore, a Methodist minister who has worked among the prisoners in Pollsmoor, a maximum-security prison near Cape Town, has regularly taken Holy Communion to jailed ANC leader Nelson Mandela. In a letter to a South African newspaper, Moore shared his impressions of the man who is so often called a "terrorist," or a "Communist" by the South African government. Moore says he came to know Mandela as a man of faith. On one visit, Mandela spent some time "meditating on the tension that Jesus must have felt in Gethsemane, knowing that he was to be arrested and killed."

Steve Biko (banned in 1973)

Brought up in an Anglican family, Steve Biko was a Black activist and founder of the Black Consciousness Movement in South Africa. He died at the age of 30 in 1977 from a head wound suffered while in police custody. Through his family he had come to know a British priest, the Rev. Aelred Stubbs, C.R., who entered South Africa in 1959. The two became close friends during Biko's period of restriction to the Kingwilliamstown area (Cape Province).

Stubbs spent five of his 18 years in South Africa in a part-time ministry to the "banned," some of whom lived as far as 300 miles away. In 1977 he was served notice by the South African authorities that he had been denied re-entry while on personal leave in England.

Stubbs describes one of his many visits to the community clinic which Biko had helped establish at an African township near Kingwilliamstown. On one particular evening towards midnight, he says, "Steve suggested that we might have a Eucharist next morning. It was his way both of saying that he and many of the community (at the clinic)

wanted a Eucharist as a community, and also of signifying that I was now acceptable not only as a person but also as a priest.

"I had neither vestments, wafers, wine, nor vessels, and only one book, nor had I permission from the priest-in-charge. However, Stubbs knew he could later put it right with the priest, a former student of his. "So I asked Mampela (the clinic's medical officer) to bake a scone; we used brandy well diluted with water; and we had our Eucharist in the lounge of the doctor's house the following morning. It was the only time I was ever able to give Stephen the Sacrament . . ." (All of them were breaking the law by coming together with a banned person. In this case "where two or three are gathered together in My name," you are breaking the law of South Africa.)

Stubbs himself came to know the agony of being a servant of God in two separate worlds — the South African worlds of a minority White population and a majority Black population. And on either side of the deep fissure of ignorance, suspicion, and hate, members of the institutionalized church were seeing themselves as Christians with views on basic human issues that were often diametrically opposed.



we are lucky in the sense that each home is a political institution by virtue of our blackness

WINNIE MANDELA

"In a liberation struggle," says Stubbs, now living in England, "it occurs to me that the test of a person's Christian faith is whether he or she can see Christ in the enemy (however distorted his visage may be), as well as in Christ's oppressed poor. How does an oppressed Christian behave toward the oppressor when he/she ceases to be the oppressed?" And even when those tests cannot as yet be applied, he adds, "it is important to know within oneself how one deals with hatred."

Other South African freedom fighters have also been deeply influenced in their decisions and actions by the Christian church, even though they have voiced mixed feelings about the role the institutionalized church has played (or not played) in the political upheaval in that divided land.

Oliver Tambo, the now-exiled leader of the ANC, had hoped to become an Anglican priest before he was compelled to step in to fill the vacuum left by Mandela's life sentence. Chief Albert Luthuli, the ANC leader and Congregational Church leader who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1961, once said he was in the movement "precisely because I am a Christian."

I might add that my contact with the ANC in exile has revealed that they number many Christians in their midst, as well as Marxist/Communists; and that they are planning for a new nation that will be multiracial and with freedom of worship. It is important for U.S. citizens to begin to understand that many African nationalists are also products of the church mission, some continuing their links with the church to the present.

TW

Marable . . . Continued from page 10
leges also ceased recruiting Black and Hispanic students from low-income neighborhoods and innercity areas, and deliberately focused their efforts on minority youth at private schools or mid-to-upper income school districts. The Reagan Administration reinforced this strategic shift in student recruitment by drastically cutting student aid programs, which meant that low-income Black families could no longer afford to send their sons and daughters to college. It is therefore not surprising that many BSUs became more conservative in the 1980s — on some campuses, they became the functional equivalent of a sorority or a fraternity,

were heavily involved in social activities, and were disengaged from political and academic institutions. At many schools, the BSU disappeared entirely; its records and archives lost forever.

In order to reverse the trend towards racism in White higher education, Blacks must recognize the connection between political struggle, institution-building and educational change. Without strong and assertive Black academic programs and student support services on White campuses, affirmative action programs are meaningless. Without strong Black student organizations, there is no viable constituency to stand behind Black educators. It makes little sense to recruit Black students

Aunt Betty Crane

Off the Delaware on Main Street in Bristol
nor far from Pennsbury where William Penn
once built this stately summer mansion,
just a quarter mile from the juncture
of the old Pennsy railroad and river,
there stands a white house with green shutters.
Coal-dusted drifters who used to ride the freights
would often stop by my Aunt Betty Crane's.
Unshaved characters with worn-out overcoats
and with a cap or black stetson and carry-all
used to knock on her back door. She'd welcome
in the strangers, set them at her table,
and provide a sandwich or a bowl of stew,
a cup of hot brewed coffee and a smile.
Never one to leave a stranger hungry.
So after the first one came, more followed.

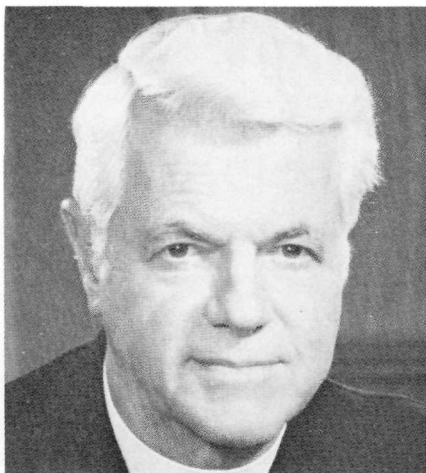
I often think that in those years her story grew
that tramps somewhere in a boxcar on the rails
from Hackensack to the yards of Cincinnati,
from Birmingham to the roadbeds of Pittsburgh,
would camp together and speak of her and remember
the Bristol lady who welcomed strangers.

Rumor has it drifters knew her house
not only by the traveled word of mouth,
but also by the five stones left near the picket fence,
a sign here was a house of a friend.

— Peter Krok
(Dedicated to Louisa Gross)

into White universities, only to see them drop out within months because of the absence of strong, supportive institutions on campus. Black parents have an obligation to demand that colleges set aside substantial resources to fund Black academic services and cultural programs before they send their children to such schools. Black educators must join together to reinforce the goals of academic excellence and institutional accountability in order to create an environment which will encourage an increase in the number of Blacks at all levels. Educational progress for Black youth depends fundamentally upon political and academic awareness and self-organization.

TW



J. Brooke Mosley

Brooke Mosley stricken in Penn Station

The Rt. Rev. J. Brooke Mosley, retired assistant bishop of Pennsylvania, was stricken with a heart attack in New York's Pennsylvania Station March 4 and died soon after, at the age of 72. He was headed to his Philadelphia home following a clergy meeting in New York when he became ill.

Brooke Mosley lived a long and challenging life of ministry to the national church and to society. As former Bishop of Delaware, he led marches for integrated schools, fair employment practices, and open public accommodations. An avid feminist and ecumenist, he served as chair of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter of Planned Parenthood from 1984 to 1987, and was a delegate to two World Council of Churches assemblies. He was also former president of Union Theological Seminary.

The Episcopal Church Publishing Company, which Mosley served as a Board member for a full term, offers condolences to his wife, Betty, and his children, Miriam, Sally Sandor, and Peter. The Rev. Carter Heyward, professor of theology at Episcopal Divinity School and contributing editor to *THE WITNESS*, presented a word portrait of Brooke Mosley at his burial service, where friends and family celebrated his life. Excerpts from her sermon follow.

A bishop for all seasons by Carter Heyward

Roger Broadley, rector of St. Luke and the Epiphany, tells me that from this pulpit, back in the 1840s, the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng became one of the first non-Quakers in Philadelphia to preach an anti-slavery sermon, for which he was forthwith fired. I am reasonably confident that this particular historical legacy is one of the reasons Brooke Mosley asked that his own funeral take place here. Brooke wanted his own life, and ours, to be linked actively and historically with those who have struggled for justice.

When I asked myself, "What would Brooke want me to do this morning?" an answer, reflecting the spirit of Brooke's own ministry, came to me in the words of Isaiah: Brooke would want me to comfort those who mourn. This is what Brooke tried to do in life: to strengthen us to strengthen others, to empower us to be a wellspring from which the brokenhearted and the abused, the victimized and outcast, may draw strength and, in so doing, become

comforters to others.

I was deeply moved to read in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* about a couple of Brooke's early "conversion" experiences: working in a cemetery and watching poor people bring expensive bouquets to the gravesites; working as a salesman in a large retail store until he learned that regular employees had been laid off so that students like himself could be hired more cheaply.

Thinking about these turning points and about Brooke's life and ministry in general, I was reminded of Frederick Denison Maurice, 19th century theologian, teacher, activist, advocate of women's rights, champion of working men and women. A founder of the Christian Socialist movement in England, he was fired from his post as Theology Professor at Kings College, London, ostensibly because of an essay in which he rejected the very notion of "eternal damnation" at the hands of a loving God.

What F.D. Maurice and Brooke Mos-

ley had in common was that they were both *white males with access to economic privilege who used their racial, gender and class privilege on behalf of those who did not, and do not, have it*. I think, to be honest, that his could not have been easy for either F.D. Maurice or Brooke Mosley, nor for any who have the privilege of choosing to cast lots with those who do not have this same range of options from which to decide what to do with their lives.

It could not have been easy for Brooke Mosley to give up his sales job on behalf of laid-off workers.

It was not easy in 1973 for Brooke to walk out before the Eucharist at a service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with and on behalf of five women deacons who had been refused ordinations moments earlier.

It was not easy for Brooke to be castigated publicly by a number of the most powerful members of a seminary faculty who interpreted his insistence on the priority of admitting large num-

bers of Blacks, Hispanics, and women — and his desire to hold the seminary accountable to the needs of New York City as antithetical to their understanding of “academic excellence.”

It could not have been easy for Brooke Mosley, on his pilgrimages to Harrisburg to testify on behalf of a woman’s right to choose abortion, to pass through groups of hecklers shouting, “Killer bishop!”

It could not have been easy to have been one of so very few Episcopal bishops to stand publicly and proudly with openly gay and lesbian priests, laity and citizens as our ally and advocate.

It could not have been easy for a 65-year-old Anglo to be learning Spanish so that he could, in his words, “confirm the children of North Philadelphia in their own language.”

It could not have been easy for Brooke Mosley because it is not easy for anyone to learn by living what is involved in losing one form of security to gain another, far deeper and more trustworthy, form.

Yet, “what we sow does not come to life until after it dies” (I Cor. 15:36). Paul’s reference here is not only, I believe, to the resurrection of the body after we die, but also to the resurrection of the spirit while we live. In order to come to life among us, God’s spirit requires that we learn to surrender our privilege: whatever sets us above and apart from others, for only insofar as we do this can we be empowered, genuinely, to comfort one another. *This way, this truth, this life* — the way of Miriam and Moses, the truth of Mary and Jesus, the life of underground railroad leader Harriet Tubman and civil rights champion Martin Luther King, the way of martyred Salvadoran Archbishop Oscar Romero and assassinated gay rights leader Harvey Milk — is never an easy way.

I have an image of Brooke Mosley striding toward a microphone at the

1973 General Convention in Louisville; striding down the hall at Union Seminary; striding across the sand toward his sailboat in South Dartmouth: his chest barrelled, body upright, chin up, jaw set, his bearing purposeful — sometimes very stubborn. It is to me a likely image of one whom Isaiah might well call an “oak of righteousness.” But whereas oaks are sturdy trees with deep roots, which is their strength, they do not bend easily, which can be a problem.

It was not easy for Brooke to bend in new directions — and yet he did. In spite of some fierce ambivalences, in spite of his own feelings sometimes, Brooke Mosley learned how to change. It is not easy for any of us with deep roots and sturdy convictions to change. And yet we must if we are to live in the Sacred Spirit of One who calls us daily into new occasions to love this earth and all loving creatures. Brooke Mosley, as much as anyone I’ve known, loved learning — and he loved his way into learning how to change.

It would be untrue to the spirit of our brother not to mention here, in his memory, the vitality of humor in the work of justice. Humor is not basically about “funny things.” Humor is about keeping things in perspective. It is rooted in an ability to see ourselves and one another as we really are, and to enjoy what we see!

This perspective enabled Brooke Mosley, as it does anyone who has it, to exercise a fervent commitment to justice with an equally strong sense of compassion and a free spirit — while not taking himself or others so seriously as to lose sight of the fact that we are born into the world to enjoy ourselves and one another. This is our common birthright, the right of every person — to be happy, to laugh, to play, to have humane work and leisure time. Brooke enjoyed himself and others, which is

what enabled so many of us to enjoy him.

In this spirit, his remarkable wife and life-companion, Betty, has asked me to share with you the story of how their daughter Miriam managed to get Brooke’s body back from New York City.

The task of having her father’s body returned to Pennsylvania fell to “Rimmie,” because she teaches in New York. Rimmie learned from a woman at the Office of the Medical Examiner that the body could not be released until after the autopsy. Rimmie said that the family did not need or desire an autopsy. The woman responded that it was mandatory — except in cases where there were religious proscriptions against it. When, like an oak, Rimmie held out against the autopsy, the woman said simply, “O.K., I’ll fix it.”

Later in the day, when Rimmie returned for the body and looked at the document, she saw that it read:

Name: J. Brooke Mosley

Occupation: Episcopal Bishop

Religion: Jewish

Brooke, who struggled actively against the anti-Semitic implications and innuendoes in so much of Christian doctrine, is bound to be enjoying this story of his own passage into a more fully ecumenical and universal dimension of God’s realm!

Corita Kent, at one time a Sister of the Immaculate Heart and later a Boston-based artist famous for her powerful paintings against the Vietnam War, wrote her own epitaph several months before her death in 1985:

She whom we love and lose

is no longer where she was

She is now wherever we are

So too with Brooke Mosley, whom we loved and now have lost.

He is no longer where he was

He is now wherever we are

Thanks be to God! Amen.

TW

Part II:

Lessons of a servant church

by Susan E. Pierce

The night flight from Managua to Guatemala City had a stopover in El Salvador. As the plane approached the airport, I saw a huge column of flame rising off the right. The rest of the landscape was lost in the velvet black of night, fitfully punctuated by lights. As we landed, the stewardess announced that there was a transit strike and the airline would make arrangements for disembarking passengers to get from the airport to San Salvador. A passenger sitting ahead of me explained to those around him that when the guerillas declare a transit strike, it usually lasts three to five days. During that time, the guerillas will fire on any moving vehicles. He added that in the course of the last strike, 50 people had been killed.

I looked out the window at the airport, a sleek, modern structure of gleaming steel and glass. Few people got off. One was a Swedish diplomat, with an armored car waiting to take him the 20 kilometers to the city. Another was the man next to me. Midway through the short flight, a plastic-wrapped cold dinner tray had been served, which my seatmate had not eaten, but instead had taken and stowed under the seat in front of him. Just before the plane left El Salvador, as the stewardess was preparing to close the door, my seatmate grabbed his dinner (hidden in a newspaper), and ran off the plane. What was strange is that he did the whole maneuver of hoarding his dinner as if it were routine. He must have taken the tray in case he was trapped in the air-

port. What a desperate situation, I thought; nothing to eat but airplane food.

Nicaragua and Guatemala are not far apart physically, but ideologically, there is a world of difference. In the space of an hour and a half, I went from the revolutionary country of Sandino to the land of "Coke is it!"

Arriving at the airport in Guatemala was like a brief shot of culture shock. Compared to the subdued, almost exhausted atmosphere of the Nicaraguan airport, with its dim yellowed lighting and spare interiors, the Guatemalan airport with its bright lights, neon signs, chrome and marble seemed opulent, jumping with a frenetic vitality. Outside, taxis and cars fought for space at the curb and porters fought me and each other for my luggage. In Nicaragua, one lone, battered taxi, barely visible in the darkness, had been waiting as I came out of the airport terminal.

The Executive Council was meeting and staying at the Hotel El Dorado, in a fashionable section of Guatemala City. The decor and surroundings of the U.S.-owned hotel made it easy to forget what lay beyond this wealthy enclave. In Nicaragua, the country's troubles had penetrated even the last bastions of privilege — in Guatemala, they were kept at arm's length. Uniformed police officers never were far from the hotel entrance. And there were always men in expensive business suits watching the traffic through the lobby, or, as I walked off the elevator on my floor, they would be casu-

ally sitting in the hall.

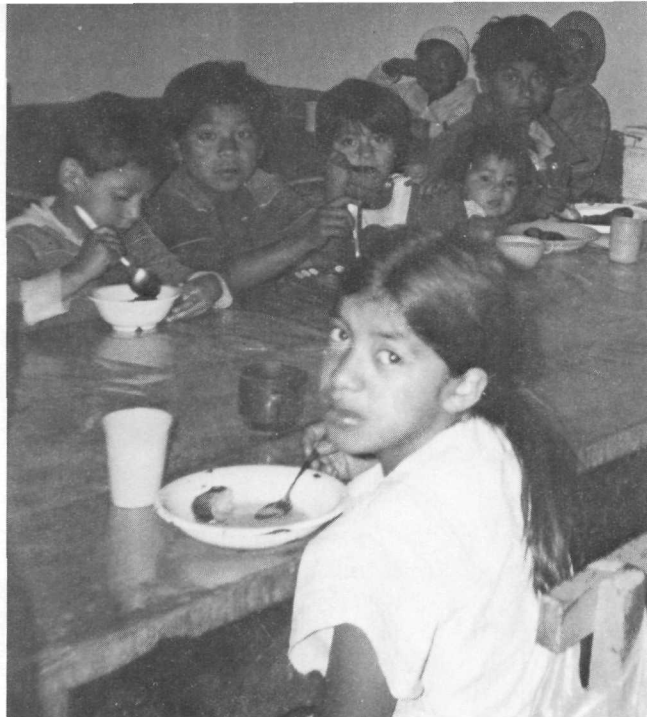
On my ice bucket was a notice in English and Spanish: "If this item is missing from the room after checkout, the maid will be held responsible." Guatemala's population is almost 70% native Mayan, the people who created a great empire across Mexico and Central America while Europeans were muddling around in caves. But in the hotel, Mayans cleaned the ashtrays and scrubbed the bathrooms; the higher status the job, the more European the face.

In Nicaragua, the country was struggling to breathe, to survive. In Guatemala, it seemed as though people were holding their breaths, afraid to draw attention. On a walk just a few yards from the hotel, women and children begged for money, usually offering a small item for sale. If they were refused, their shoulders slumped slightly and they moved away quietly.

During the course of their meeting, Council members gathered for "small group sharing." The handout for the meeting asked the participants "to share with each other: What was the best experience for you? What was the worst?"

In my small group, and later, when all the groups gave reports to the full Council, the people topped everyone's "best" list; under the "worst", repression, violence, and poverty appeared with dreary regularity.

As I sat in the climate-controlled conference room, drinking ice water that the hotel literature assured me was "perfectly safe" thanks to the hotel's



For many of these children, the free breakfast at Cristo Rey Episcopal Church will be their only meal of the day.

own filtration plant, I thought, "If I stay here, I'll never experience Guatemala."

But a word to Bishop Armando Guerra-Soria of Guatemala and I had an invitation from a local priest, the Rev. Luis Flores, to visit his church, Cristo Rey, in the Barrio San Antonio.

Transportation is often scarce, expensive, and hazardous in Central America. My brief visit made me reconsider the stereotype of "Latin time." Given the obstacles that must be dealt with to make even a short journey, being on time comes very low as a priority. Since travel takes a great deal of time, during my short visit I saw the sun rise more than once beyond the hotel doors while waiting for a ride.

The sun was peeking above the mountains as I waited for Flores. The day before, he had attempted to explain in his careful, fluent English how to find his church, but the barrio had grown haphazardly, a jumble of streets and paths and houses put up here and there. Finally he said, "I think I better come here and take you there."

We drove through the center of Guatemala City. Flores pointed out mod-

ern office buildings and colonial-era churches, then indicated one new building and said off-handedly, "That one is my design." Once an architect for the Guatemalan government, Flores had taught architecture at the university level. Raised Roman Catholic, he had been an Episcopalian for 17 years because he liked the church and felt it was "a medium way" between the Roman Catholic and the Evangelical churches.

When we entered the Barrio San Antonio, small brick and plaster buildings lined the rutted streets. Flores directed the taxi to his church.

"I wanted you to come early to see the breakfast program we run for the children of the barrio," he said. We walked through the courtyard behind the church and entered a small, dark room filled with children. They stared at me, but kept right on eating. Three women in a cramped kitchen were dishing up food. Flores moved among the children, hugging them, and talking to them. "The breakfast program feeds 125 children each day. We also have a dental clinic, a medical clinic and a school," Flores said.

On our way out to visit the nearby

school, Flores stopped a little boy headed for breakfast. He greeted him and then gently put his hand under the boy's chin, lifting his face to get a better look. The boy's sweater was full of holes; his faded, torn pants barely reached below his knees and he had no shoes. Flores sent him on his way, and said, "Did you see how his face looked fat? It was swollen from not enough food."

As we walked, Flores called to children in the street and asked them why they weren't in school. "There are children who don't go to school who are seven, eight years old. They must go out to work. It's not good," he said.

Over 100 students grades kindergarten through sixth are enrolled in the school. Some of them also took part in the breakfast program. As Flores led me through the building, children popped out of classroom doors and windows, giggling and shrieking at the novelty of visitors. The teachers, some looking not much older than their students, tried to impose some order. Flores strode into a classroom and said heartily, "Good morning, class!"

"*Buenos Días, padre,*" the students replied.

"No, no," cried Flores, "*En inglés!*"

A timid "Good morning" came back — some of the children just shyly stared.

After the school, Flores took me to the very edge of the barrio, to the newest and poorest section. The barrio had grown on a plateau of land that ended at the edge of a deep ravine with a river at the bottom. As people kept pouring into Guatemala City at the rate of 600 per day, the houses had spilled over the edge and were being built down the sides of the ravine, clinging haphazardly wherever they could.

Thin rivulets of raw sewage ran alongside the narrow dirt paths. Lush growths of palm trees and flowers



Street vendors in the Barrio San Antonio

helped to soften the contours of shacks built out of scrap lumber and rusty sheet metal. Across the ravine, people crept through garbage dumps cascading down the steep incline. Flores pointed down to the river. "The ecology is very bad here. This used to be a nice river. But now it's black, totally polluted."

Back in the church office, Flores talked about his work.

"If we see misery, injustice, the church has to do something — we can't go along with our mouth shut," he said.

Unemployment is endemic in the barrio; the country people who arrive by the hundreds each day have difficulty adjusting to city life. Flores said that 80% of the people in the barrio are involved in crime. He ticked off a list of familiar urban woes; armed robbery, drug dealing, prostitution, illegal liquor sales. During a walk through the barrio, he had pointed to certain buildings and said, "This one is a bar . . . there are always drunk people outside. There is a house of prostitutes . . . Here they sell drugs."

The people lead a life as precarious as the shacks that cling to the slopes of the ravine. Medical care, education and other social services are scarce and expensive. Flores showed me his books on nutrition and on budgeting. He wanted to set up classes on these subjects. Flores also had bought two sewing machines, with money from the diocese to train people in the barrio how to sew.

"We are nothing more than servants, said Flores, "We must love the poor, share their poverty. The first step is to make improvements, to help them reach for a better life day by day."

When he received his call in the late 1970s, Flores had gone to the United States, hoping to enter seminary there because, he said cautiously, "the political situation was very bad" in Guatemala. In 1977 the Carter Administration had cut off all U.S. military aid to Guatemala because hundreds of people had disappeared, been tortured, or murdered by death squads. As a university professor and a church activist, Flores was in jeopardy, as students, teachers, and churchpeople became favorite death squad targets.

Flores lived in Illinois, in the Diocese of Quincy, but even with the help of then-Bishop Donald Parsons, could not get into seminary. He felt this was a sign to return to Guatemala, even though Parsons advised against it: "I said to the Bishop, 'I am protected by the Lord. I need to serve my people.'"

Flores eventually was one of the first to attend the Guatemalan seminary Bishop Guerra opened in 1982. There was no money, so seminarians struggled to buy books and pay fees. It was difficult, but, Flores said, "When the Lord calls us, who can resist?"

Flores admitted to frustrations in ministering to his 110-member congregation and others in the barrio. People were not coming to the clinic because he had hired a woman doctor. "We

have problems with the Latin American mind, but things are changing," he said.

As was true with the churches in Nicaragua, Flores and his congregation were doing a lot with limited resources and in the midst of considerable political and social difficulties. The parish gets some assistance from the Diocese of Virginia, but it was obvious that Flores longed to do much more.

The kind of all-encompassing ministry I encountered at Flores' church seemed to be typical of the church in Guatemala. Immediately on returning from my visit, I was taken in tow by the Rev. Pedro Valdez, who took me on a whirlwind tour of all the programs his parish sponsored. We had some communication problems due to his lack of English and my lack of Spanish, but we managed to cope using sign language and good will.

What I experienced in Guatemala was a hospitality and warmth that transcended all barriers, and a church that uses its resources in a ministry of service. As Council member Ann Fontaine said in her small group report, "There is an incredible job being done with few dollars and profound faith."

A new vision and a new solidarity were constant themes throughout the Executive Council meeting in Guatemala. During their travels, participants were continually confronted by the results of U.S. foreign policy in the Caribbean, Central and South America. Having witnessed the poverty, repression and conflict, Council members seemed to heed the Rev. Earl Neil's advice that "The Church can challenge the United State's partnership with the oppressors of the world."

It was not only Central America that called on Council's conscience. During the meeting, a telex arrived from South African Archbishop Desmond Tutu, calling for international condemnation of the latest and most se-

Copyright 2020. Archives of the Episcopal Church / DFMS. Permission required for reuse and publication.

vere South African government crack-down on any form of dissent. Without debate, Council passed a unanimous resolution calling on the United States to impose total sanctions against South Africa.

Council was also challenged to develop a new sensitivity about the church and the people of the Caribbean and Central and South America, especially on the question of autonomy. The dioceses of the region, Province IX of the Episcopal Church in the United States, have existed for years on funding from the U.S. church. Now these dioceses want to be independent and maintain a relationship of equals. It was apparent that the U.S. church needed to radically alter its traditional

attitude towards Province IX churches. The Rt. Rev. James Ottley of Panama pointed this out when he said, "Problems in the part of the world I come from haven't been heard or understood. We want to make a contribution to the Anglican Communion. We must be autonomous. Dollars do bind, but do not necessarily dictate."

And the Rt. Rev. Furman Stough, newly-appointed Senior Executive for Mission Planning and Deputy for the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief, made it clear that the new vision of the church had to include an unwavering adherence to the gospel of peace and social justice. He quoted from the recent report of the first Anglican Pan-American Congress: "The

church is not beyond history or above society."

Presiding Bishop Edmond L. Browning's address to Council repeated the theme of responsibility and mutual respect: "Let us tell the story of the innocent victims of the violence in Central America; but also tell the story of the mission of the church here. Let us tell the story of those living in the bantustans and townships of South Africa, but also let us tell the story of the mission of the church there . . . With their stories we can awaken and stir the consciences of our sisters and brothers, of our legislators, even those who feign compassion fatigue. We must help them recall and renew their moral vision." TW

A STUDY PACKET

THE CASE FOR
DIVESTMENT

“We face a catastrophe in this land and only the action of the international community by applying pressure can save us.”

The Rt. Rev. Desmond Tutu

For those who would engage in serious study about whether some investments are morally intolerable, the Episcopal Church Publishing Company has prepared a study packet entitled *The Case for Divestment*.

Its contents supply a wealth of testimony to pray and think about, including a summary of the South African Kairos document, by William Johnston; a status report on apartheid and an article on

“The Case for Divestment” by Manning Marable; the exchange of correspondence between a reluctant Church Pension Fund and the Diocese of Newark, committed to divestment; backgrounders on the situation in South Africa, and a rich supply of resources. The packet was designed for study and *action*.



One	— Four Copies	\$3.00 each
Five	— Nine Copies	\$2.25 each
Ten and Over		\$1.75 each

Please send _____ copies of THE CASE FOR DIVESTMENT Study Packet at \$_____ each. Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$_____. Prepaid orders only

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Make check payable to THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH PUBLISHING COMPANY and mail to: P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002.

Faramelli . . . Continued from page 9
nized, it is one of the lowest priority issues on the agenda of the church. When we think of "peace and justice," which is fast becoming a popular slogan within the religious community, it is soon apparent that issues of racial justice usually take a back seat to other issues, such as Central America, the arms race, nuclear weapons, etc. In some quarters of the Episcopal Church, there is even a desire to revert back to the older formulations of the issue as "race relations" rather than "racial justice."

Fortunately for us, our faith is rooted in theological expectation and not in empirical evidence or historical trends. Hence, we need to develop a theological vision of a world where the barriers based on gender, race and class have been removed and we can celebrate the building of an inclusive community. The God whom we worship provides the foundation, rationale and power for that community.

There is much to be done in our society. Although there should be new partnerships between the public, private and voluntary sectors (such as the church), the need for public sector or government involvement is essential. In his book, Wilson notes that the only solution to the problem of the disadvantaged is to expand welfare, provide adequate child care, and to create jobs for all Americans. That must be coupled with educational programs to provide skills necessary for the jobs. These issues cannot be addressed without major government involvement. In addition, Wilson correctly notes that nothing short of a restructuring of the U.S. economy will enable us to address the needs of the underclass in minority communities. In a word, perhaps we need a U.S. version of *perestroika*.

In implementing that vision, it will be necessary to have church programs that work on two things simultane-

ously: addressing the realities of White racism — how it functions and how "racial justice" differs from "race relations," and secondly, using our resources to empower those who are dispossessed. The Episcopal Church's Coalition for Human Needs and the Church Center's ethnic desks have been addressing some of these concerns. In the forthcoming General Convention, the expanded Jubilee proposal (with its emphasis on increased advocacy), along with the initiative from the Diocese of Michigan (with its focus on land trusts, worker-owned and controlled enterprises, cooperatives, greater community control over economic development) are all positive signs. Nevertheless, it is imperative that there be major involvement and funding at the diocesan and congregational levels, with an ecumenical base where possible.

I am often asked: If you could do just one thing to work for racial justice, what would it be? My answer is: There is no one thing; several things have to occur simultaneously: (1) efforts are needed to address White racism within the White community; (2) poor minority communities need to be empowered to shape their own future, thus support for efforts in community organizing and economic development are essential; (3) this development can be successful only if backed by public policies on the municipal, state and federal levels.

We need to work for an incarnational theology, where racial justice is built into the very fabric of our political and economic institutions, to overcome the imbedded legacy of racism. As the church, we need to experience the power of the Gospel, where barriers that separate us are shattered, and we are all empowered to build a human community that celebrates both the diversity and the uniting of all human beings made in the divine image. **TW**

Back Issues Available:

• **God and Mother Russia:** Episcopal priest William Teska interviews Konstantin Kharchev, USSR Councillor for Religious Affairs, on how *perestroika* affects religion; major articles by Sovietologist Paul Valliere, Bill and Polly Spofford, Mary Lou Suhor on their visits to the USSR; statistics on major religious bodies in the USSR; Dr. John Burgess' assessment of the 1986 Human Rights Seminar sponsored by the National Council of Churches in Moscow. 28 pages. Must reading for pilgrims going to the Soviet Union this year.

• **Eleven myths about death:** Lead article by the Rev. Charles Meyer discusses: Pulling the plug is suicide/murder; To die of dehydration or starvation in a hospital is inhuman; Dying is 'God's will'; Where there's life, there's hope and seven other myths about death which serve as impediments to decision-making concerning life-support systems. In this issue also: the Rev. Glenda Hope's reflection, Why fast for Lent — or any time.

To order, fill in coupon below and mail to **THE WITNESS, P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002.**

Yes, please send me the back issues I have checked at \$1.50 each. (Pre-paid orders only.)

- ☐ God and Mother Russia
☐ 11 Myths about Death

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Political action needed

Certainly the Episcopal Church as a body and all of us as individuals must support Elaine Silverstrim's call for the closing of the Lexington prison and an end to the practices in use there (February WITNESS). Claiming to act on behalf of "the people", the Federal Bureau of Prisons is in clear violation of the Eighth Amendment prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment." However, we cannot expect that the present justices of the Supreme Court of the United States with their demonstrated hostility to the Bill of Rights will ever act honestly and responsibly to outlaw these practices. The solution to the problem must be political action.

There is one factual error in Silverstrim's forceful presentation. Alejandrina Torres and other Puerto Rican nationalists could not have been convicted under the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 for two good reasons: 1) By their own language these acts expired in 1800 and are no longer part of the U.S. Code. 2) In 1964 in the case of *The New York Times v. Sullivan*, the Supreme Court of the United States definitively declared the 1798 Sedition Act unconstitutional. Without knowing the specifics of these cases, I would guess that government prosecutors made use of the Espionage Act of 1917.

Peter E. Kane
Churchville, N.Y.

Hatemongers revisited

I was delighted to see Barbara Harris' column, "Monitoring the Hatemongers" in your February publication. I commend her for raising the issues and calling our attention to those insidious groups which prey upon people's irrational fears and prejudices.

For your concerned readers, I'd call your attention to another excellent agency which combats such hatemongering: Project Klanwatch of the Southern Poverty Law Center, P. O. Box 548, Montgomery, AL 36195. You may be aware of the recent \$7 million judgment

won by Project Klanwatch against the Klan for the lynching of Michael Donald. In any case, I applaud all such actions against the violence of neo-nazi and white supremacist groups.

The Rev. John Abraham
Tucson, Ariz.

Heaven improved

Thank you for the beautiful tribute to Jan Pierce with which the February issue of THE WITNESS opened. I was also glad to see that it was the lead item in the many remembrances in The Episcopalian.

May God provide for you and for all of us who grieve for Jan much evidence of the continuing love and care with which we are all surrounded in this life and the life to come.

And just think of the improvements there will now be in Heaven's house organ!

The Rt. Rev. Robert R. Spears, Jr.
Rochester, N.Y.

Gem with many facets

When Jan Pierce was a rookie reporter at *The Episcopalian*, she befriended me in tangible ways that extended the life of two publications, *Ruach* and *deliberation*, which were vehicles for an advocacy journalism Jan was not in a position to produce.

No one lived with the tension of being on middle ground any better than she. Although there were many subjects she wanted to write about that she never had the opportunity to, the words she did command were imbued always with her loving, generous spirit. What a gem she was — with so many colorful facets. Within the Communion of Saints, she is a cherished communicator, I'm sure.

Ann Knight
White Rock, B.C.

Discovered by activist

I just read some back issues of your magazine and I want to subscribe. It is extremely good. I was raised an Episcopalian but have become involved with

peace issues, especially in Nicaragua and felt the Episcopal Church was not involved enough in peace issues. I am delighted to have discovered you.

I went to Nicaragua in '86 with Witness for Peace and I work with an Interfaith Action Committee on Central America and the Central American Task Force for the San Jose Branch of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Serena Murray
San Jose, Cal.

Bravo for Kiwis

Bravo, New Zealand — and special kudos to the Rt. Rev. Godfrey Wilson, Anglican Bishop of South Auckland, poet, prophet and priest. He is worthy to stand beside Governor General Paul Reeves, former Anglican primate of New Zealand and outspoken opponent of nuclear power, descendant of both Pukeha and Maori and friend of both.

And able to stand too, beside Prime Minister David Lange, Methodist lay preacher and Sunday school teacher, suffering servant, prophet, exemplar of what has made a great nation and a great people great.

Thanks to men like these, and their mothers and sisters, New Zealand is truly our conscience in a world too much given to bombast and the Rambo spirit. Bishop Wilson's letter and poetry in the March issue are just what we need at this low period in our national history when we are such confused examples of people who have lost their vision. Too many frantic boasts and foolish words are coming out of Washington. We are treating a very good friend, New Zealand, very badly and it takes a good friend to speak frankly. I am a U.S. citizen who wants the Kiwis to know that we appreciate them and their country.

Maybe they are buying us time to turn around; if so, we should remember that time bought with the blood, sweat and tears of others becomes a sacrament, and we should receive it kneeling and with purpose of amendment.

Pauline Shortridge
Morgantown, W.Va.

**ECPC Awards Dinner
Reservation Form**

Please reserve _____ places
at \$25 per person (tables of 10
for \$250) for me/us at the ECPC
Awards Banquet during Gen-
eral Convention in Detroit. En-
closed is a check in the amount
of _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____

Zip _____

**Make check payable to Episco-
pal Church Publishing Co. and
mail to ECPC, Box 359, Ambler,
PA 19002. Thank you!**

ECPC dinner reservations open

Registrations are now being taken
for the Episcopal Church Publish-
ing Company dinner at General
Convention in Detroit on Tuesday,
July 5, at 7:30 p.m. (See coupon
at left.)

At the dinner, ECPC will present
awards for outstanding contribu-
tions to the social mission of the
church, in the name of three noted
Episcopal social activists. They
are William Scarlett, former Bishop
of Missouri; Vida Scudder, educa-
tor, organizer and social reformer;
and William Spofford, Sr., former
editor of THE WITNESS. Award
winners will be announced in the
June issue of THE WITNESS.

A highlight of the dinner will be a
one-woman show by Vinie Bur-
rows, internationally-acclaimed ac-
tress and activist, whose work
documents the struggles of op-
pressed people.

Her solo production "From
Swords to Ploughshares" links
peace and poetry; "Africa Fire"
combines African myths, songs
and folktales; and "Sister, Sister"
describes the struggles and impor-



Vinie Burrows

tance of women worldwide.

Burrows, a veteran of Broadway
and the international theater
scene, has conceived, produced
and directed seven solo produc-
tions to date. She has been given
the Actor's Equity Association's
Paul Robeson Award in recognition
of her commitment to human rights
and her use of the arts to create
understanding and respect for
diversity.

The Episcopal Church Publishing Company
P.O. Box 359
Ambler, Pennsylvania 19002

NONPROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 121
North Wales, PA