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*Church of the Good Shepherd
Lake Charles, Louisiana*



The
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The Anglican Digest

REFLECTING THE WORDS AND WORK OF THE
FAITHFUL THROUGHOUT THE ANGLICAN
COMMUNION FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS.

CONNECTING GATHERING TELLING

For sixty-five years, *The Anglican Digest* (*TAD*) has been the leading quarterly publication serving the Anglican Communion. From its inception, *TAD*'s mission has been “to reflect the words and work of the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion.” At a time when print editions are becoming an endangered species, *TAD* remains a familiar presence in the homes and offices of many Episcopalians.

Founded in 1958 by the Rev'd Howard Lane Foland (1908-1989), our heritage is “Prayer Book Catholic,” and is open to the needs and accomplishments of all expressions of Anglicanism: Anglo-Catholic, Broad, and Evangelical. Thus, *TAD* does not cater to any one niche or segment of the Church, but finds its enduring ethos in serving the Church, including her clergy and lay leaders, those theologically educated and “babes in Christ.” Each issue, therefore, is unique.

TAD is sent to anyone who desires to receive it, and is supported by contributions. To receive your own copy, or to partner with us in sharing the work of the faithful, visit anglicandigest.org/subscribe-now/, call 479-253-9701, or write us at 805 County Road 102, Eureka Springs, AR 72632.

A LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Dear Digest Family,

Recently, a very successful, career-type asked me about how she could work on her prayer life. That very same day a young man asked me to help him learn how to pray. Both of these persons are well-known to me, and I know they are faithful—even prayerful—disciples. They may not strictly keep the monastic hours and regimens, but they certainly “pray without ceasing” (*1 Thessalonians 5:16*).

After about twenty minutes spent with each of them, I discovered their prayer lives were very rich indeed. Their questions weren’t really about prayer or how to pray. They just wanted to know that God listened to what was most heavy on their hearts.

As our conversations developed further, they pivoted one final time, laying bare their primary concern for meeting. It boiled down to this: “Why would God want to hear from a sinner like me?” This is surely the result of the remorse and sting of guilt that each of us feels when we take stock of our lives.

But right in the middle of prayer, confession, and life in general, let us never forget that Jesus entered the world to save sinners—that He even took His dying breath for sinners in between two notorious sinners. He truly is the friend of sinners! This changes everything, because it shows us that God has no problem being close to sinners. It shows us the very depth of God’s initiative. Take heart: Jesus is not afraid to redeem sinners! Trust in Him and be not afraid.

And speaking of prayer, do keep the *Digest* in your prayers, and please make a gift so we can continue this important ministry of God’s grace.

Yours in Christ,

CW+

(The Rev’d) Charleston David Wilson

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers of *the Anglican Digest*,

Our Spring Issue covers the seasons of Lent and Easter. Thus, in addition to our normal miscellany of Christian interest, you will find in this issue excellent articles written by leaders in the Anglican Communion having to do with those two seasons. As promised in earlier letters to you, you will find things scriptural, theological, liturgical, inspirational, academical (?), ecclesiastical, historical, meditational, analytical, comical, and poetical (with apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan!). You might find out some things that you didn't know (I always do!).

The wonderful thing about every word in this digest is that it's here for the strengthening of our faith and for the building up of the Church, primarily at the parish level.

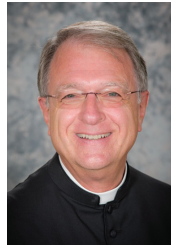
Speaking of the parish church, Church of the Good Shepherd, Lake Charles, Louisiana, is renewing their partnership with *TAD*. Pictures of Good Shepherd are found on our covers and their Rector, the Rev'd Mitzi George, has an article about the parish beginning on page 52. This renewed relationship began when a parishioner, Denise Shipman, read my challenge in a previous issue, and spoke with her Rector about it. Denise is also a contributor to *TAD*. Her poem, "Entity," will appear in our Summer issue. Who will be our next Parish Partner?

The peace of our risen Lord be with you all.

Faithfully yours,



The Rev'd Dr. Fredrick A. Robinson



FROM BIRTH TO BAPTISM

SAMUEL HODGES
CALVARY EPISCOPAL CHURCH
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Day One: Birth of Jesus

“My name is Joachim, but
a name now forgot.
My deed brought me no
esteem—
‘twas oft to be my lot.

You see, I owned an Inn
whose name is now forgotten.
Behind the Inn, a structure
thin
my cattle had downtrodden.

But this is where a manger
was
that housed a birth of note.
I had sent a couple of thus –
the reason for this quote.

I simply joyed to check them
in –
a lovely twosome, they.
The child they birthed
must have been unusual
for its day.



The woman, young and
glowing –
a hubby, helpful, showing
Shepherds, wise men –
haloes around, even then.

To be of some import
as birthdays went in past
This one was of a different sort
and shed a heav’nly cast.

My name is lost in lore,
but the baby’s name we now
Implore.”

Day Eight: Circumcision and Naming of Jesus

Luke 2:21 “and at the end of
eight days when he was cir-
cumcised, he was called Jesus,

CONNECTING

the name given by the angel before he was conceived in the womb.”

Mary and Joseph were in no hurry to witness naming their new son, because they knew that at eight days forward there would be a naming and circumcision ritual for their child.



*Circumcision of Christ (1732)
Christian Wilhelm Ernst Dietrich*

Were there godparents available?

Who conducted the rituals? Is his/her name remembered?

Did this baby cry a lot? Was he treated as a normal child?

When the helpers had completed the naming, were they thanked by the parents?

Day 40: Presentation in the Temple, Purification of the Virgin, and Candlemas

The baby Jesus looked at me while riding Joseph’s shoulder,



*Presentation of Christ
in the Temple
12th Century Illumination*

His smile was so great to see
and I the blest beholder.
The lad looked at others too
and all were filled with joy.
Ev'ry leader in the Temple
fortunate to feel his gaze—
Child like—and yet—
simple—
affected all for days and days.



Teaching at the Temple
Carl Heinrich Bloch
(1834-1890)
Hope Gallery Collection

His aura – I remember –
gentle, kind,
now, so often, cleanses life.

Carpentry Years

What is divinity noticed
while in the wood shop?
Young Jesus at work –
Was he treated as one
with a more special flair?

When work was done
was his more perfected
Or did Joseph's pride infuse
all who tried?

Methinks all who were
trained
by Jesus' earthly father
Excelled in the trade
which all shared together.

Did sisters or brothers
watch Jesus at the work
And wonder if any trait
odd or out of sync
compared to laborers at
hand?

Perhaps Jesus, absorbed in
his art,
found time for spirit
thoughts.

CONNECTING

He was pleasing two fathers
while putting in his hours.

Some force within him
suited the day at hand.
At evening coworkers all
showed pride in their toil,
Enjoying each other
as rest did enfold.

The Pre-teen Event

Jesus said, “I meant no harm—
The days have passed so fast.
Exhaustion at sunset –
Surrounded my sleep.”

“I did believe my folks nearby
though now I recollect –
The Temple packed with
questioners
I assumed they were among.”

I’m sorry for alarm I caused;
I would have felt the same
If I were separated from
The two I love so much.”
“These days absorbed in
thought
and prayer and such
Kept my mind too full.”

This twelve-year-old
gave all relief
Reuniting with his folks.

Well, all is well,
Carpenters now,
They’re back at home again.
I think the joy of Temple
days
Will affect us all
for years to come.

Ministry Begins

Christ’s youth comes to an
end
When Baptist John makes it
known
That Jesus is fulfillment
Of scripture long sown.

Immersing the One in
Jordan’s stream John then
sheds his mantle.
A dove helps John enlarge the
theme
And give God’s truth it’s
handle.

Disciples announce they’re
coming along



*Baptism of Jesus
in the Jordan River
Cemetery Stone,
Salzburg, Germany*

As Jesus' first thought is the
quiet
To fight the devil, feeling
strong,
He tests his role, defiant.
We are not sure, but think
that this
Is when he starts his deeds:
The wedding feast, the man
that's cured—
Tapping into human needs.
Cana, healing waters,
Show magic in divinity.
Facing many scoffers—E'en
now, He gives eternity.

HOW DID JESUS KNOW?

THE REV'D CANON DR.
CHRISTOPHER BROWN, PH.D.
CANON TO THE ORDINARY
DIOCESE OF DALLAS

The Problem of Jesus' Increase
in Wisdom

"Jesus increased in wisdom
and in stature and in favor
with God and man" (*Luke*
2:52).

These words conclude Luke's
backstory to the Gospel ac-
count of Jesus' ministry. They
connect the infancy narrative
up to his appearance in the
Temple at age twelve, with his
baptism, which as only Luke
tells us, took place when Jesus
"was about 30 years" (*Luke*
3:23).

Few of us linger on this verse.
We want to get on with the
story. But in the early Church
it garnered a lot of attention.
Early Christians spent a lot
of time sorting out how to

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speak about Jesus as divine and human at the same time. The idea that Jesus could “increase in wisdom” broke this question wide open.

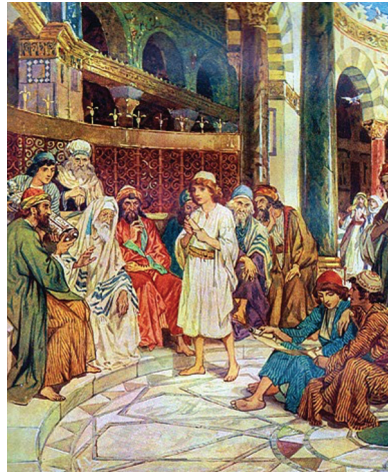
The Arian heresies rejected the divinity of Christ. They insisted that Jesus was a created being and was not “of one being with the Father,” as the Creed put it. For them, the fact that Jesus needed to “increase in wisdom” like any other human being proved the point. If Jesus were truly divine, all knowledge would have been uploaded from the instant of his appearance in time and space, but Luke seems explicitly to deny that this was so.

By contrast, for orthodox Christians, Jesus’ need to “increase in wisdom” seems to have been an embarrassment to be explained away. In the 2nd Century, Theophilus of Antioch wrote, “Not that he became wise by making prog-

ress, but that by degrees he revealed his wisdom,” suggesting that Jesus did not really grow incrementally wiser in an objective sense, but only in the perception of others.

Even one of the clearest-minded of the Church Fathers, Cyril of Alexandria, hedged on this point,

“As his body grew little by little, in obedience to corporeal laws, so he is said also to have



Finding in the Temple
William Hole (1846 - 1917)

increased in wisdom, not as receiving fresh supplies of wisdom, for God is...entirely perfect in all things, and altogether incapable of being destitute of any attribute suitable to the Godhead: but because God the Word gradually manifested his wisdom proportionably to the age which the body had attained.”

Again, there is not an objective increase in wisdom, it is just that the limitations of Jesus’ human nature determined its gradual manifestation.

During this period, the Church vigorously affirmed the integrity of Jesus’ humanity alongside his divinity. As Gregory of Nazianz said, “that which is not assumed cannot be redeemed.” If Jesus has not taken upon himself the entirety of our human nature, then our humanity remains unredeemed and we are, as Paul said, “still in our

sins” (*I Corinthians 15:17*). Yet when it came to the Biblical statement that Jesus grew wiser over time like any other human being, many early Christians found this impossible to reconcile with Jesus’ divinity.

In the medieval period, Thomas Aquinas offered a different approach. He distinguished three types of knowledge available to Jesus. There was an “infused knowledge” as well as “the beatific knowledge of Christ’s soul” —both of which we might think of non-discursive or nonverbal awareness of his participation in the Trinitarian being. But there is also the knowledge that Jesus acquired by means of what Aquinas calls the “active intellect” like any other human being, knowledge that is verbal and discursive.

“Acquired knowledge is held to be in Christ’s soul, by reason of the active intellect, lest

CONNECTING

its action, which is to make things actually intelligible, should be wanting; It is written: Jesus advanced in wisdom...; Now human wisdom is that which is acquired in a human manner, i.e. by the light of the active intellect. Therefore, Christ advanced in this knowledge.”

Of these various interpretations of *Luke 2:52*, only Aquinas does justice to Luke’s implication that Jesus shared in our human limitations yet without undermining his full divinity. Only Aquinas’s view is consistent with the Apostle Paul’s description of Jesus’ divine self-emptying, “though he was in the form of God, he did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men” (*Philippians 2:7-8*).

How did Jesus know about his impending death? Why is this



*St. Thomas Aquinas
Sano di Pietro, c. 1480
University of Arizona
Museum of Art*

important? One topic that often crops up in discussions about the “historical Jesus” is the question of Jesus’ foreknowledge of his death. Not only does Jesus often hint at his impending crucifixion, as when he says, “If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me,” he also explicitly predicts his own death: “The Son of man will be delivered into the hands of men, and they will kill him; and when he is killed, after three days he will rise” (*Mark 9:31*).

Some scholars have questioned whether Jesus truly anticipated his own death. They say that such passages are the result of the Church ascribing words to Jesus after the fact. There are interpreters who deny that Jesus thought of his death as an atoning sacrifice. This, they say, is the theology of the Church, and notably of the Apostle Paul, written

back into the story of Jesus. Some years back, the rector of a prominent church in California wrote, “institutionalized Christianity has taught a theology that disagrees with Jesus. Rather than seeing God with a powerful eagerness to forgive simply because of the nature of God’s love, which has no need of bloodthirsty sacrifices, the Church has often expressed a competing theology...referred to as ‘substitutionary sacrificial atonement.’”

Traditional Christians would take that statement as a flat contradiction of what scripture actually says—and rightly so. In regard to such skepticism within the guild of scholars, one can’t help but think of what Festus says to Paul, “your great learning is turning you mad” (*Acts 26:24*).

On the other hand, if we were to ask most traditional Chris-

tians, “How did Jesus know that he would die, or that his death would be a redemptive act,” the answer would inevitably be something like, “Well, Jesus is God, isn’t he?” Certainly, that is true, but what is the nature of his foreknowledge, if Jesus acquired knowledge as we do, gradually over time and through experience? Without denying the possibility of divinely revealed “supernatural” revelation—what my charismatic friends call: “Words of Knowledge”—I believe that God’s normative means of divine guidance is more “incarnational.” It is the work of the Holy Spirit working inwardly in the course of ordinary human experience.

In his baptism in the Jordan River, Jesus clearly had a direct “revelational” word from the Father. In the words that accompanied the descent of the Spirit, “You are my Son, with you I am well pleased,” (*Luke* 3:22) the Father announced

the truth of Jesus’ Messianic identity, and launched him on his public mission (first) to Israel (and then to) the world.

Nevertheless, for the most part, I would propose that Jesus “grew in knowledge” through the regular everyday pattern of reading the scriptures. In this, he exercised the “active intellect,” typical of all of us in our humanity. At the same time, he had what Aquinas called “the beatific knowledge of Christ’s soul”—functionally, his perfect relationship with the Father, present from the beginning, prior to his human capacity to verbalize it. This allowed the Holy Spirit unerringly to guide him in his scriptural reflection—to bring him to the recognition of his vocation as the one who, as Isaiah said, “was wounded for our transgressions” and “bruised for our iniquities,” and upon whom “the Lord has laid the iniquity of us all” (*Isaiah* 53:5-

6). Jesus' own words point to how the prophetic words of Isaiah shaped his self-understanding when he quotes *Isaiah 53:12*, "For I tell you that this Scripture must be fulfilled in me: 'And he was numbered with the transgressors'" (*Luke 22:37*).

From *The Albany Episcopalian*, Spring 2022

"You know you're getting old when...

"...You say something to your kids that your mother said to you, and you always hated it."

"...You sing along with the elevator music."

"...You answer a question with 'Because I said so.'"

"...You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it."

— via Prof. Dick Means
Kalamazoo, MI

From *The Joyful Noiseletter*



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LAZARUS REFLECTS

SUSAN SKELTON
CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION
DALLAS, TEXAS

In sickness unto death one does not mend.
Embalmed, entombed, insensate, there I lay,
No breath to smell earth, spice, my own decay—
Nor sight in formless darkness without end.

I heard your voice and
 hastened to obey
Even before I sensed the
 miracle.
I stood there— witness, sign,
 and spectacle—
In Christ's own light and light
 of sunlit day.



That we behold God's glory
 and believe:
I live, embrace my loved ones, see the sky,
And marvel at the gifts that I receive.

But Lord, I pray you, next time when I die,
Wherever I'm interred by those who grieve,
There— till you come to judge me—let me lie.

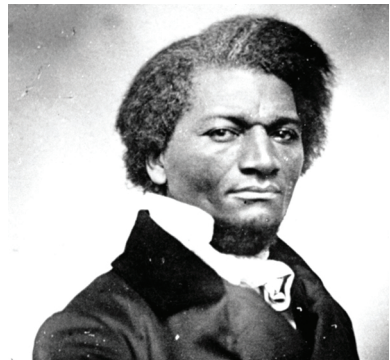
In loving memory of Guyanne Booth and Carolynn White

FROM PLANTATION TO FREEDOM

Excerpt from *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*, by Frederick Douglass

I look upon my departure from Colonel Lloyd's plantation as one of the most interesting events of my life. It is possible, and even quite probable, that but for the mere circumstance of being removed from that plantation to Baltimore, I should have today, instead of being here seated by my own table, in the enjoyment of freedom and the happiness of home, writing the *Narrative*, been confined in the galling chains of slavery. Going to live at Baltimore laid the foundation, and opened the gateway, to all my subsequent prosperity. I have ever regarded it as the first plain manifestation of that kind providence which has ever since attended me, and marked my life with so many

favours. I regarded the selection of myself as being somewhat remarkable. There were a number of slave children that might have been sent from the plantation to Baltimore. There were those younger, those older, and those of the same age. I was chosen from among them all, and was the first, last, and only choice.



Frederick Douglass

I may be deemed superstitious, and even egotistical, in regarding this event as a special interposition of divine Providence in my favor. But I should be false to the earliest sentiments of my soul, if I

suppressed the opinion. I prefer to be true to myself, even at the hazard of incurring the ridicule of others, rather than to be false, and incur my own abhorrence.

From my earliest recollection, I date the entertainment of a deep conviction that slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace; and in the darkest hours of my career in slavery, this living word of faith and spirit of hope departed not from me, but remains like ministering angels to cheer me through the gloom. This good spirit was from God, and to him I offer thanksgiving and praise.

Found in a booklet titled *The Trinity Forum Reading* and submitted by John Mathis

**WAITING FOR
HOLY WEEK,
FINALLY A SILENCE**
A Meditation from 2022

MARY CAROLINE CRAVENS
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PHILIP
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

It's been a noisy Lent for me this year. Easter feels late. The weather is variable, promising summer, but with each cold snap driving pent-up energy higher. Friends are reconnecting. School is opening back up to parent participation. The calendar is so full of meetings and social engagements! At home, two young boys fill the house with laughter and arguing, crashing and running, and practicing two musical instruments each. A husband works half the time from home, filling the house - thanks to technology - with the voices of many colleagues and clients, also working remotely. I slip out the front door to sit on the steps and escape the chaos for a moment,

only to find in my yard a cacophony of lovely birdsong (because I have taken to feeding them in the last two years), and on our street there is near constant leaf blowing. Some of this (like the leaf-blowers) is aggravating, but most of it is productive and joyful. All of it is noise! Silence is hard to come by these days. Probably I am not the only one to notice.

I have been longing for silence in Lent.

Finally, on Palm Sunday, I found my Lenten silence—just as I had given up on it and was instead waiting for Holy Week to begin. Serving on Altar Guild for the 8:45 service, I found myself staying behind from our wonderful county-parade palm procession around the outside of the church to be available for any last-minute questions or needs in the few minutes before the service. As I stood

in the sacristy doorway, the only other person in my line of sight was our excellent organist, Jack Michener, quietly waiting and preparing for his cue to begin playing “All Glory, Laud, and Honor.” The



ushers, the choir (including my two boys), the clergy, the youth who would read the Passion, the acolytes, the chalice bearers, and the vergers were all out with the parade.

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Inside the Cathedral, something seemed strange, and then I realized what it was: unlike on a usual Sunday when there is chatter from the narthex and even some light chatter in the pews before the welcome and procession begin, the cavernous nave was completely quiet. Pin-drop quiet. I peeked out from the quire to look into the empty nave and was surprised to see about 100 people quietly waiting, along with me and the organist, for the procession to arrive. I sat down on the pew in the ambulatory and closed my eyes.

We sat for 10 or 15 minutes maybe, with the smell of beeswax, the occasional creak of wood from a pew, and a stunningly beautiful corporate silence that had filled the room. It was perfect. Then began the gentle rustle of processors entering and finding seats, once or twice a last call and response “Blessed is the

One who comes in the Name of the Lord!” “Hosanna in the Highest!” drifted in through the back doors. I sang along with the response that second time, but only in my head. I was not quite ready to break my own silence. Then Jack got his cue and played a triumphal introduction, preparing us all to sing the opening hymn in full voice!

At the last hour, my Lent had become complete in that brief but blessedly sufficient silence, and now Holy Week had begun. What a gift!



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THE PASCHAL TRIDUUM

THE RT. REV'D DANIEL MARTINS, DD
XI BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD, RET.
CHICAGO, IL



Bishop Daniel Martins

Even though my “career” has been as a pastoral leader—priest and bishop—my academic background before studying divinity in seminary was in music. I continue to attend live performances—symphony orchestras, piano and organ recitals, chamber music, and operas—as the opportunity becomes available. One of the ways you can immediately tell who the experienced concertgoers are and who are the novices is by no-

ticing who starts to applaud after the first movement of a symphony or a concerto. The traditional concert etiquette is to withhold applause until the completion of the entire work (usually four movements for a symphony, three for a concerto). Those who start to applaud prematurely soon figure this out.

There is an analogy here that I like to apply to the core liturgies of Holy Week, the Paschal Triduum—Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and the Great Vigil of Easter. They occur on three successive days (evenings, usually, though Good Friday can be observed during the day and the Easter Vigil can begin anytime between sunset on Saturday and sunrise on Sunday). So it is understandably tempting to see them as distinct events. After all, we arrive and go home, arrive again and go home, arrive yet a third time and go home.

CONNECTING

When we look more closely, however, we discover that the Triduum is more comparable to a single work of music with three “movements” than it is to three entirely separate compositions for us to “listen” to.



*The Last Supper
St. Barbara's Cathedral
Kutna Hora,
The Czech Republic*

In most places, before the Maundy Thursday service begins, there is some sort of instrumental prelude (organ, typically). Then, the liturgy begins with the familiar Lenten Opening Acclamation (“Bless the Lord who forgives

...”). At the conclusion, the altar is stripped, the lights are dimmed, and the people depart in silence, without the customary musical postlude. And, more noteworthy still, there is neither a blessing nor a dismissal.

We reassemble the next afternoon or evening, and while there is a brief dialogue between the presider and the congregation (“Blessed be our God ... For ever and ever. Amen”), it is a one-off formula for that occasion, and does not echo anything at any other Sunday or weekday service. There has been no organ prelude and, once again, there is no postlude as we return to our homes. The liturgy concludes with a simple and brief prayer by the presider, without a blessing and without a dismissal.

When we gather again, this time for the Great Vigil, it's under the most unusual cir-

cumstances ever. We light a fire, bless a candle (using an ancient and elaborate solo song), listen to a series of long narrative tales from the Old Testament, baptize new Christians (or at least renew our own baptismal vows), turn all the lights on suddenly and raucously (with bells and music), and only then settle into something that gets more and more familiar, more and more “usual”—the celebration of the Eucharist in a way that is pretty much like we would on any “important” Sunday. At the end, there is usually both a blessing and a dismissal, and an organ postlude (often something grand that the organist has “saved up” just for this occasion).

I hope my point is obvious! The Paschal Triduum is a single liturgical event, the way the performance of a violin concerto by your nearest symphony orchestra is a single musical event. Both clearly



*Baptismal Font
St. Johannes Lutheran Church
Rothenburg, Germany*

take place in three discernible movements, but something quite essential is missing if any of those movements is heard in isolation from the others. The beauty and genius of Beethoven’s Emperor Concerto shine through most compellingly when it is heard

CONNECTING

in its entirety. The power of the Paschal Triduum makes its intended impact on our lives when we expose ourselves to its cumulative force by participating in all three segments, from the prelude and Opening Acclamation on Maundy Thursday to the Dismissal and postlude at the Great Vigil of Easter.



*The Great Easter Vigil –
Nashotah House*

Yes, one movement of the Samuel Barber piano concerto can be a wonderful musical experience (I particularly adore the second). And any of the three basic elements of the Paschal Triduum can nourish our souls and be used by the

Holy Spirit to touch our lives. One is better than none, and two is better than one. But the entire package is better than any lesser combination of its parts by an untellable order of magnitude!

Last year, 2022, it turned out I needed to have open-heart surgery to replace my aortic valve on Tuesday in Holy Week. As you might imagine, I did not make it to any part, let alone all the parts, of the Paschal Triduum (save for catching some bits of the Easter Vigil on a livestream). Of everything I went through leading up to and recovering from that surgery, I consider my absence from the assembly of the baptized as it kept the feast to be the most jarring sacrifice I had to make. Yet, the 44 previous years, during which I was there from start to finish were, I'm convinced, part of what got me through my harrowing medical experience. (Even in the pandem-

ic lockdown year of 2020, my wife and I kept the entire Triduum, even if scaled back, in our apartment).



*The Great Easter Vigil –
Nashotah House*

Is the Triduum emotionally demanding? Absolutely. Is it inconvenient? No question. Do the benefits outweigh the costs? Every single time. You have my guarantee on that!



“The positive thinker sees the invisible, feels the intangible, and achieves the impossible.”

— *Winston Churchill*

A DAY IN THE ‘SON’

DOUGLAS ROSE
MEMBER ACADEMY OF AMERICAN
POETS

When life seems oh so dreary
And not one ounce of fun—
What you really need is---
---A Day in the Sun.

When trials overwhelm you
And you’re ‘spent’ when day
is done;



Photo: Fred Sieger

What your soul really needs is---
---A Day in the “Son”.

Heavenly sunshine from our
Father
Gives us fuel for the distance
run—

So let not your heart be
troubled
---Enjoy your Day in the
‘Son’.

*SEVEN STANZAS AT EASTER
WITH COMMENTARY*

JOHN UPDIKE

Make no mistake: if He rose at all
It was as His body;
If the cell's dissolution did not reverse,
the molecules reknit,
The amino acids rekindle,
The Church will fall.

It was not as the flowers,
Each soft Spring recurrent;
It was not as His Spirit in the mouths and fuddled eyes of the
Eleven apostles;
It was as His flesh; ours.

The same hinged thumbs and toes
The same valved heart
That—pierced—died, withered, paused,
and then regathered
Out of enduring Might
New strength to enclose.

Let us not mock God with metaphor,
Analogy, sidestepping, transcendence,
Making of the event a parable, a sign
painted in the faded
Credulity of earlier ages:
Let us walk through the door.

The stone is rolled back, not papier-mache,
 Not a stone in a story,
 But the vast rock of materiality that in the slow grinding of
 Time will eclipse for each of us
 The wide light of day.

And if we will have an angel at the tomb,
 Make it a real angel,
 Weighty with Max Planck's quanta, vivid with hair, opaque in
 The dawn light, robed in real linen
 Spun on a definite loom.

Let us not seek to make it less monstrous,
 For our own convenience, our own sense of beauty,
 Lest, awakened in one unthinkable hour, we are embarrassed
 By the miracle,
 And crushed by remonstrance.

COMMENTARY

EDWARD WEBER
 SARASOTA, FLORIDA

In an interview with The Associated Press, not too long before his death in January, 2009, John Updike said that he was aware of the explanations of the creation of the universe, which did not require God, but that personally he just could not quite “make the leap of unbelief.” His well-



known poem on the resurrection, *Seven Stanzas at Easter*, is consistent with this view. The poem is a straightforward argument for the literal, corporeal resurrection of the Lord, rejecting mythical and metaphorical interpretations of the account which might be relics of a prescientific age. Much of the poem's effectiveness lies in its simplicity and the straightforward quality of its argument, but also, especially, in its ending which, embodying a pun, lands almost with a punch. Note the interplay between "monstrous" (the antithesis of "beauty") and "remonstrance" (protest or objection). But embodied in "remonstrance" is "monstrance," the vessel which holds the eucharistic Host. So the term "remonstrance" has, at the poem's climactic conclusion, become both vessel holding the body and also a re-monstrance or re-incorporealization of Christ's body (which has been the argument of the first six stanzas).

In his book *How Does a Poem Mean*, the late poet, critic, and etymologist John Ciardi wrote that sometimes poems have a motion in which theme or thought proceeds in one direction, and in some poems there is a reversal, or counter-motion which reaches a conclusion. Updike uses the technique in "Seven Stanzas at Easter", arguing throughout that Christians should not assent to the explanations of the Easter event which stop short of a physical resurrection. We should want, we must insist upon, the miracle, even if it is monstrous, or inconvenient, or somehow offensive to our constrained sense of beauty—because, if we do not, then the "unthinkable" may happen. The most glorious event in the history of creation will be made real to us, and instead of rejoicing we will be embarrassed by the unthinkable and crushed by our own protest. The poem, and events, will have come fully into a perverse counter-motion.

THE GOSPEL OF EASTER

THE VERY REV'D STUART SHELBY
ALL SAINTS' EPISCOPAL CHURCH
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA



The Rev'd F. Stuart Shelby

The divine message of Christ's Gospel is not, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind," and "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." That is the Lord Jesus' Summary of the Law. It is not His Gospel. If I could sing like Roger Daltrey, you would hear me scream "No! No! No! No! No!" the

next time I hear the Summary of the Law presented as the Gospel ("Won't Get Fooled Again," *The Who Live at the Capital Centre*, Largo 1973).

The divine message of Christ's Gospel greets us again this Eastertide. "*They put Him to death by hanging him on a tree; but God raised him on the third day...*" (Acts 10.39, 40). Christ's Gospel is a word of actual intervening help and rescue for King Lear's "unaccommodated man." This heavenly word reaches us "poor, bare, forked animals" again in the midst of our anxious and distracted age. The implications are far-reaching, but we experience this first personally, I'd say inwardly, on a deep level at our core. Then we are able to see ripple effects of the Resurrection across society.

The implications of Christ's Gospel includes our resurrection and eternal life. By eternal life, we mean that peculiar confidence in the newness

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and fulness of life in Christ, the coming of Christ in glory, and the completion of God's purpose for the world. Often in this present age our Christian Hope remains notional at best until we are days away from death's door.



*The Resurrection Icon,
Christine Hales
Sarasota, Florida*

Eternal life means being reunited in the Resurrection with everyone COVID or cancer or oxycodone has ever stolen from you. We also mean

new life after a dead marriage. We mean the restoration of relationships with adult children who moved to the other side of the country or just far enough away from you in order to heal. We mean a brilliant future for parishes whose former glory cast long shadows.

What is the source of this peculiar hope as we grieve or stumble out of bed, weary and heavy laden? It is Christ's Gospel. The Gospel is the announcement of the forgiveness of sins in Jesus' Name and the assurance of pardon and eternal life because He is "Lord of all," as Peter says to Cornelius (*Acts 10.36*). According to this astounding passage from the *Book of Acts*, which can be read on any given Easter Day, God shows no partiality. That is, this message is now for every "poor, bare, forked animal."

Peter's Message to that old softy of a Roman Storm-

trooper named Cornelius reaches us today in the wake of whatever “these last days” has revealed in your life, your household, your parish, and your neighborhood. Christ’s Gospel reaches us in the deep eddy of all that’s been lost and found of late — like it has, like it does, like it will.



*Mary Magdalene in the Garden with Jesus
Icon, Christine Hales
Sarasota, Florida*

Jesus Christ our Lord is the true Paschal Lamb who was sacrificed for us. He has taken away the sin of the world. By His death He has destroyed death, and by His rising to life again He has won for us everlasting life.

Alleluia! Christ is risen. The Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia! Alleluia!



Is God Calling You?

The Sisters of Saint Gregory welcome women from all walks of life who are seeking a deepening call of devotion in their spiritual journey. If you feel drawn to a religious life supported by like-minded women who live in their own homes and serve in their own parishes, and would like further information please visit our website or email us for a brochure at

stgsister@gmail.com

www.sistersof-saintgregory.org

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WHAT IS THE DEEPEST MESSAGE OF EASTER?

THE REV'D DR. RUSSELL J.
LEVENSON, JR.
ST. MARTIN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
HOUSTON, TEXAS



The Rev'd Dr. Russell Levenson

“I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever has faith in me shall live, even though he dies; and no one who lives and has faith in me shall never die.” (*John 11:25-26*) These words of Jesus, for his followers, no doubt, are etched in our memory banks. We have heard them since Vacation Bible School days.

We grew up with them in Church youth groups, and we cling to them as they promise something we all want—life here and life eternal.

That said, does Easter mean more than the stone rolling back and our Lord stepping from death? Does it mean more than once we die here, that we shall be raised, as He was raised? (See *Romans 6:5-6*) What is the deepest meaning of Easter, not just at the moment of our death, but in day-to-day living?

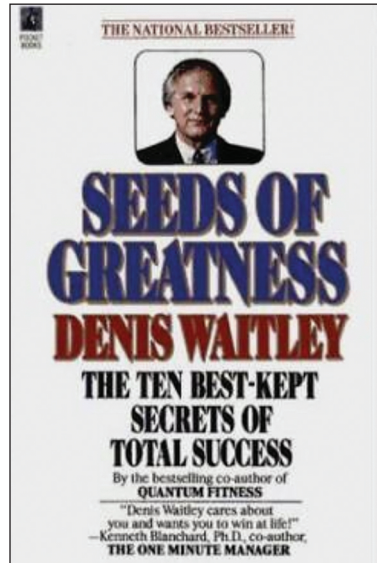
The great Episcopal priest, Phillips Brooks, wrote, “*The great Easter truth is not that we are to live newly after death, but that we are to be new here and now by the power of the resurrection.*”

Resurrected Life—Easter Life, if you will—should inform us every day of every minute. I think that is something we all need to hear—and embrace

right now. Our world is a vexing place right now—it really is. Some thought last year’s elections would put everything right. Some thought that once COVID and its exhausting impacts began to subside, our world would feel as it did before. But here we are with staggering inflation, rising crime rates, the continued malaise of political division - coupled with the specter of war in regions of the world where people thought they had a firm grip on democracy and freedom. We thought we were “through” with Russian madmen at the helm when, clearly, we are not. I could go on, but you get the point. As one of our dear members said to me recently, “I just feel so very helpless.”

I get it. And while I do not make light of any of our current circumstances, I think Easter can speak to, if not transform to some degree, our helpless feelings. Consid-

er this piece written by Denis Waitley, in his book, *Seeds of Greatness*.



“I smile when I read this from the newspaper. ‘The world is too big for us. Too much going on, too many crimes, too much violence. Try as you will, you get behind in the race. It’s an incessant strain to keep pace. You will lose ground. Science empties its discoveries on you so fast you stagger beneath them in hopeless bewilderment. The

political world is news seen so rapidly you're out of breath trying to keep pace with who's in and who's out. Everything is high pressure. Human nature can't endure it much more!

"Now it wasn't that that made me smile. It was that it appears June 16, 1833 - 'It was the 'good old days.' And you don't have any idea, nor did I, what the Boston Globe had as its headlines November 13, 1857 - three words: 'ENERGY CRISIS LOOMS.' That's 1857. The subheading said: 'World May Go Dark since Whale Blubber is So Scarce!'

".. everything has to do with perspective. For some, the 'good old days' means what was simple and uncomplicated and beautiful and free of the horrors of our present times. Or was there ever a time like that?

"My 'good old days' take me back to a world war where there were little markers on

windows up and down the little street where I lived in Houston. And grieving parents peeled those little markers off when their son died in that war.

"The 'good old days' would take you back to the time when horses died in the streets of New York because of cholera. The 'good old days' were times in my father's era when cars couldn't be started from inside. You had to go outside and crank them. And you had to walk in rainy days on boggy streets because back then there weren't hard surfaces and beautiful freeways and roadways

When I read Mr. Waitley's reflection, I am struck that—so much that we fret about in our world is first (as the author of *Ecclesiastes* would write) “nothing new,” (*Ecclesiastes* 1:9) and second—so much is really, finally beyond our control.

We may “think” we can control our world, but the only tools we have are angst, fear, helplessness—worry. Your rector is not immune. I have had those 3 a.m. wake-up calls where things way beyond my control begin to tap the worry nerve—and yet, what a colossal waste of time.

If you were to pull out a piece of paper and write a list of those things about which you worry, I wonder what your list would look like—maybe do that right now. I’ll wait..

Now look at your list. Of those things listed, how many of them would really change by you worrying more? How many of them are really, truly within the grasp of your control?

I am not suggesting we not worry about high prices, rising crime, the specter of pandemics, or the threat of ruthless dictatorial thugs. We can

(and should) pray about those things. We can (and should) speak with or write to those who do wield influence in those realms. But, I hope you realize, as I do every time I sense my own worry alarm going off, that worrying is a useless enterprise that robs us, frankly, of life.

I once read that a pastor knew a woman who worried for 40 years that she would die of cancer. She finally died at age 70, of pneumonia. And, as he put it, “she wasted 33 years worrying about the wrong thing.”

Corrie Ten Boom, the Dutch evangelist who survived the horrors of Ravensbruck Concentration Camp, reflected toward the end of her life, “*Worry does not empty tomorrow of sorrows; it empties today of strength.*”

And, of course, we know what our Lord said about worry,

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“Do not worry... each day has enough trouble of its own.” Let the people say: *“Ain’t that the truth.”*

When we worry about things beyond our control (and lots of things that are within our control), we are actually playing God. As C.S. Lewis counseled, “Anxiety is not only a pain which we must ask God to assuage, but also a weakness we must ask him to pardon—for he’s told us to take no care for the morrow.”

So pray, yes; do what you can, certainly. Nevertheless, let worry not drag you down, but reboot your methodology in coping with things that are, well, beyond your coping.

Here is a suggestion—go back to that list you just made—and beside each “worry” write these six letters: “EASTER.”

You see, the essential message of Easter is that God

has the last word. When the horrible crucifixion was over, the closest circle of Jesus’s friends thought the end had really come. In their grief and mourning, they began to slip away—some went back to fishing, others circled in fear thinking they were next. Others went to anoint a dead body. And yet, they had forgotten what Jesus had told them time and time again—the end of the story is not written by human hands but by Divine Ones.

“Christ,” wrote the ancient Church Father Clement of Alexandria, *“has turned all our sunsets into dawns.”* Oh to be sure, sometimes Jesus’s dawns are not the ones we would paint for ourselves, but who knows better? Him or me? The answer to that one is as plain as the nose on my face.

So when those things about which we fret are offered to

the Easter Hope, you can be secure in the knowledge that God will make everything turn out all right. Few knew that more poignantly and personally, in the last century, than Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu, who slipped from this life into the next on the day after Christmas, 2021. He wrote, “Easter means hope prevails over despair. Jesus reigns as Lord of Lords and King of Kings. Easter says to us that despite everything to the contrary, His will for us will prevail, love will prevail over hate, justice over injustice and oppression, peace over exploitation and bitterness.”

To take that a step further—Easter means a wayward child does not mean a child lost forever; a dying marriage does not have to end in divorce; a divorce does not have to mean the end of relationships; a grievous sin does not exhaust the authentic mercy

of others or the grace of God; cancer does not have to end in death, and Easter does—in fact, mean, that death does not mean the end of life. All darkness can be turned to dawn when placed within the realm of Easter’s promises.

So, I go back to where I began—*what is the deepest meaning of Easter?* It is—that God, and God alone, writes the final chapter of every story—and in His beloved embrace, hope—in each circumstance, springs eternal.

From *The Star*, April 2022



“Never clutch the past so tightly that it leaves your arms unable to embrace the present.”

— Msgr. Joseph P. Dooley
St. Rocco’s Church
Martins Creek, PA

SHAVUOTH AND PENTECOST

THE REV'D RICHARD R. LOSCH
ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL CHURCH
LIVINGSTON, ALABAMA



Richard Losch

We tend to think of Pentecost as a Christian feast, but it is important that we understand that it is actually a major Jewish feast on which a critical event in Christianity occurred. After that event, it became a major feast for Christians and should not be confused with the Jewish feast of Pentecost.¹ The Jewish feast is Shavuoth (שבועות),

the Feast of Weeks; it celebrates the giving of Torah, the Jewish Law, to Moses on Mount Sinai. Its origin is a bit confused, because it seems to have had two sources.

According to tradition the Israelites arrived at Mount Sinai seven weeks after leaving Egypt. This would be forty-nine days, but by the ancient method of counting, they would have included the day that they left, making it fifty days. The word Pentecost comes from the Greek word for fifty. The feast is celebrated fifty days after the second day of Passover.² Although the Bible does not say so explicitly, the giving of the Torah is the explanation of the origin of Shavuoth that is most commonly recognized.

The feast is also rooted in the first harvest of grain (*Ex* 34:22); this is more likely its true source. The “first fruits” of any crop were always con-

sidered a special blessing from God, and were a significant part of all harvest sacrifices to him. We normally associate the harvest with autumn, but in the Palestinian climate the first gathering of grain was in the spring.



Pentecost

Stephan Dorffmaister, 1782
 Photo: Wikimedia Commons

The date of Passover, like that of Easter, varies according to the time of the full moon with regard to the Vernal Equinox. Since the date of Shavuoth hinges on that of Passover, its date varies also. Likewise, the Christian Pentecost is always fifty days after Easter, whose date varies with the moon as well.

Since Easter is always on a Sunday, it is not often that Easter and Passover fall on the same date, although they are always close to each other. As a result, Shavuoth and the Christian Pentecost rarely fall on the same date.

In Jesus' time, pilgrims from all over the known world descended on Jerusalem by the thousands. Every spring the population of the city would double or even triple, and most of these pilgrims who had traveled enormous distances would stay through the whole fifty days and not leave

for home until after Shavuoth. On the Shavuoth following the Resurrection of Jesus, his disciples were gathered together in a closed room in fear for their lives. He had appeared to them a number of times, and then ten days earlier he had left them when he ascended into heaven. They were confused, frightened, and unsure what to do next. Suddenly, as Jesus had promised, the Holy Spirit descended on them and filled them not only with the wisdom, strength, and courage to carry on, but also with a clear understanding of what Jesus had taught them over the past three years. They were imbued with the ability to clarify and develop that Faith with the guidance of the Holy Spirit. This is why Pentecost is usually called the Birthday of the Church. It is also why Peter, who shortly before had been as confused and frightened as all the rest, could go out and face that enormous hostile crowd and

preach a sermon so powerful that thousands were converted (*Acts 2:14ff*). As Shavuoth celebrates the first-fruits of Judaism with the giving of the Law, so the Christian Pentecost celebrates the first-fruits of the Christian Faith with the birth of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

¹ Because of that, Jews today rarely call their feast Pentecost, but use the original Hebrew name, Shavuoth, which means “Weeks.”

² The reason for its being the second day has to do with a grain sacrifice, a “wave offering,” that the Law required to be made on the second day of Passover. That was the day they actually exited the Land of Egypt.

From *The Epistle*, St. James’ Episcopal Church, Livingston, Alabama. July/August 2022

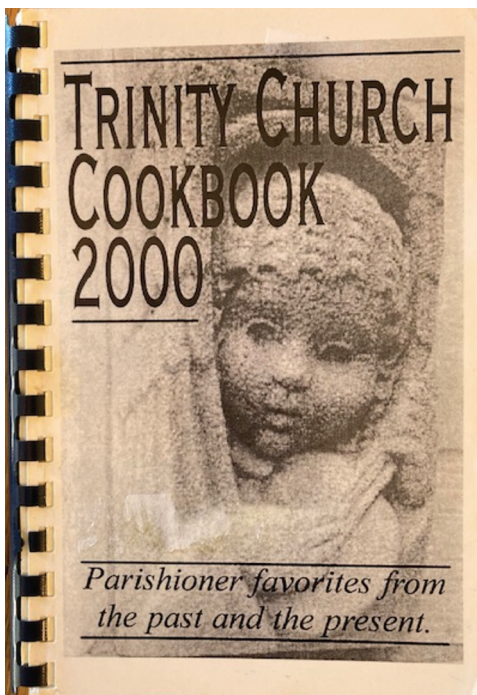
CHEESE AND MUSHROOM SOUFFLÉ

TRINITY CHURCH COOKBOOK
MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA

3/4 pound American cheese or cheddar, grated or shredded
6 slices buttered bread, cubed
4 eggs, well beaten
2 cups milk
1/2 tsp dry mustard
1/2 pound mushrooms, sautéed

Alternate cubed bread, cheese, and mushrooms in greased baking dish. Pour milk and egg mixture over layers and let stand for several hours or overnight in refrigerator. Bake one hour at 325°F. Garnish with crisp bacon (optional) and serve.

Submitted by
Peg Coffee



REFLECTIONS ON LAMBETH

THE REV. DR. DOROTHY SANDERS
WELLS
ST. GEORGE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
GERMANTOWN, TENNESSEE



*The Rev'd Dr.
Dorothy Sanders Wells*

The bishops of the Anglican Communion gathered at the once-a-decade Lambeth Conference through August 8, 2022. The theme of this two-week conference was, “God’s Church for God’s World - walking, listening, and witnessing together.” To be certain, the conference got off to a shaky start; the question of same-sex marriage, which has

deeply divided the churches of the Communion, arose early. That there is disagreement is without question. In an address to the gathered body of bishops, Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby acknowledged, “We are deeply divided. That will not end soon. We are called by Christ himself both to truth and unity.”

Despite the shaky start, relationships formed among the bishops as they listened, prayed, studied scripture, and grew in relationship to each other; they truly heard one another’s stories. Bishop Carlye Hughes (Diocese of Newark) remarked, “yes, the division is obvious, but even more obvious is the genuine caring and affection growing among all of us...I can tell you (the Holy Spirit) is busy drawing us into deeper relationship with each other.” Presiding Bishop Michael Curry observed, “Today is a hopeful

day...This group of bishops today is finding a way to walk together as a church.”

What we pray is that, at their best moments together during this Lambeth Conference, our bishops from across the globe modeled – true to the conference’s theme – a willingness to hear one another’s truths and walk together with love and respect – even in moments of disagreement. What we pray is that the bishops modeled for us all a willingness to see and work beyond differences to what we are called to be: the Body of Christ, a body in which there is “no longer Jew or Greek, there is no longer slave or free, there is no lon-



*Lambeth Conference's
Opening Service
Canterbury Cathedral*

ger male and female; for all of you are one in Christ Jesus.” (*Galatians 3:28*)

The need for that kind of faithful witness and example could not be greater anywhere than here in the United States, where ideological, political, and societal disagreements hold us captive and prevent us from engaging in productive dialogue that leads to positive outcomes, community growth, and improvement. Could we make great strides in reducing homelessness? Of course. Could we reduce food insecurity, and work to improve educational disparities in our most vulnerable communities? Of course. Could we work together to curb violence? Of course. But before we, as a nation, can accomplish any of these things, we have to stay at the table together, to work together, to listen to and learn from each other’s perspectives, in spite of our differences on

single issues – climate, natural resources, criminal justice, abortion, gun control, wage laws, voting rights – that threaten to undo us.



*Archbishop of Canterbury's
closing sermon
15th Lambeth Conference*

We must see a need to be in relationship more than we harbor a need to be right.

I believe that the lesson of walking together, listening together, and witnessing together begins in the Church – with those of us who are commanded to love God and neighbor, and with those of us who are called to be one in Christ. Like our bishops who gathered at Lambeth and experienced moments of hope and grace, those of us who

claim to be Christians are – in all that we do – modeling for the world what we believe it means to follow Christ.

The world has been watching us, and continues to watch us; it is learning from what we do, as Christians and as the Church today. The lessons that we impart may not at all be what we hope; with church membership among Americans continuing to decline (<https://news.gallup.com/poll/341963/church-membership-falls-below-majority-first-time.aspx>), and fewer Americans claiming even to believe in God (https://news.gallup.com/poll/393737/belief-god-dips-new-low.aspx?utm_source=alert&utm_medium=email&utm_content=morelink&utm_campaign=syndication), the Church clearly has some ground to cover to spread the message of God's love into the world – and not to reflect back into the world the divisions

that plague us. We pray that Lambeth may be the beginning of new relationships that will inspire us all to walk, to listen, and to witness together – to approach one another with genuine concern, to listen to and learn from each other’s stories, and to see and value each other as children made in the image and likeness of God.



**A NEW THING:
SOPHIA THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY AND FARMS**

THE REV’D BOLLIN M. MILLNER, JR.



In Chapter 21 of the *Book of Revelation*, the Seer has a glorious vision of a new heaven and a new earth—the final renewal of God’s beloved creation. In the vision, the One seated on the throne says “Behold, I am making all things new.” This vision lays out the hope for all the world for a good and gracious culmination. Along the path towards this culmination, whenever God’s grace is experienced and new things come into being, they are signposts pointing to this hopeful future. Sophia Theological Seminary and Farms is a “new thing” and, in my estimation, is a signpost pointing towards God’s final renewal. Sophia is a new model for ministry education and for clergy training in the 21st century.

Sophia Theological Seminary is located on a farm in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, on land previously farmed by Gen. Winfield Scott. The pro-

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ceeds of the farm will support the operations of the seminary. Students will live on the



On the left, the Rev'd Dr. Melissa Jackson (faculty member and chair of the Seminary Board) on the right, the Rev'd Dr. Mark Biddle, Dean of the faculty - Both working in the fields.

farm and, in exchange for 10 hours a week of labor, will not be charged tuition. They will leave debt free and graduate with a wealth of experience.

Of course, just as any “new creation” begins with what already exists, Sophia channels ancient practices and traditions. In the Middle Ages, monasteries often supported themselves through agricul-



The Rev'd Kathy Shereda who serves as Farm Steward and Farm board member.

ture providing cheese, wine, beers, and brandy. With Sophia, the food and vegetables grown on the farm will pay for the operations of the Seminary, and tending to the farm acts as a hands-on “classroom.” While there are some schools of higher education which have farms, Sophia is distinct in that it is both a farm and seminary.

For the past two years the farm has run pilot programs to test the model. Even just using volunteer labor, the financial goals have happily



Seminary and Farm board members.

been met. The farm is now “scaling up” and moving into a new and exciting phase.

The Seminary will grant Master of Divinity degrees, and

the course of study and work will take three years. The goal is to have yearly cohorts of 12 students. Sophia’s academic calendar begins in June, with the planting season and runs

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through the following May. Sophia is planning to launch its first class in 2023.



The main field after planting.

The theological course work will be seminar based and fully integrated, meaning that instead of having “silos” focusing on biblical studies, church history, theology, etc., all the disciplines will be engaged in a thematic manner. For example, a segment on creation would draw on the Bible, church history, ethics, theology, worship, etc. The farm itself gives students the opportunity to love and care for God’s creation.

Students will learn the biblical languages of Hebrew and

Greek; this knowledge will empower them to study the foundation documents in their original languages. Sophia will be one of the few remaining schools which still encourages competence with biblical languages.



Swiss chard.

Sophia describes itself as little baptist with a little “b”, understanding this heritage as historical, transcending specific denominational confines, and equally committing itself to ecumenical and interfaith work, locally and globally” (sophiasem.org).

As an Episcopalian on the board, I can attest to its ecumenicity. Specific “baptist” values or marks include: “a hermeneutic of both reading

scripture and understanding “church” in relation to the world: For baptists, the Bible is directly and immediately relevant to the life of faith they seek to live in the world. ...The baptist vision is also marked by an understanding of discipleship as life transformed by Christ and of community as that life in Christ shared together, wherein both the individual and the communal life are exercised in service to others” (from the website).

whole Church and models an inspired vision for the future of theological education. It is worth our interest and our prayers. You can learn more at Sophiasem.org and at Sophiafarms.org.



“I have decided to stick to love. Hate is too great a burden to bear.”

— *The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King*



Sophia Seminary and Farm

These values have universal appeal. This “new thing,” Sophia Theological Seminary and Farms, speaks to the



from *JoyfulNoiseletter.com*
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LEANING INTO THE NEW LIFE OF CHRIST

THE REV'D DR. MITZI GEORGE
CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD
LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA

A lovely American Gothic Revival Church, Good Shepherd Episcopal Church was established in Lake Charles, Louisiana, as a mission in 1884. Since that time the



congregation has served the greater Lake Charles area in various roles of leadership and service. That attitude of leadership and service has been pervasive among our members who still consider community service one of the hallmarks of their Christian tradition and faith.

The beautiful church is well over a hundred and twenty-five years old; and is adorned with exquisite stained-glass windows, most of which were flown in from England. Good Shepherd is the “mother” church to all the other Episcopal churches in southwest Louisiana. She has seen many changes over the years including the additions of the parish hall, a gymnasium, a chapel, an Outreach House, and an Episcopal School. The years have brought with them great opportunities and some extreme challenges.

In 1918, Lake Charles was hit by a major hurricane; while the storm was horrific for many, Good Shepherd sustained major damages. The local Jewish Community of Temple Sinai sustained minor damages during that storm. They welcomed the Good Shepherd community and offered a safe space for Good

Shepherd members to gather and worship. Through that experience we have developed a long history of friendship and shared opportunities of worship.

Recent years brought two major hurricanes, an ice storm, and Covid-19. Like most of our Anglican brothers and sisters, we learned to cope with Covid-19 through the offering of electronic services and parking lot Eucharists. However, the hurricanes brought more than anyone ever expected. The damage to the church was massive; almost 8 million dollars of damages. On top of that, the insurance company we were insured with refused to offer a reasonable settlement; which prolonged our recovery. In addition, the church's long-time rector left just prior to Covid-19. At the time of Hurricane Laura, the church was being served by a pair of interim priests, who themselves

were shell shocked by the devastation in Lake Charles, and soon left for other employment.

Major hurricanes brought not only immediate physical damages to property, but the damage continued long after the storm was gone. Trees continue to die for years after a storm because they die slowly from the damage ravaged upon them. Buildings left in ill repair get worse over time, as mechanical systems and electric appliances, etc. begin to crash. Older and sickly people begin to die. Church parishes who have experienced these types of disasters know that after such an event the death rate increases for at least two to three years.

Our Jewish friends were also heavily impacted by the same storms. Thankfully, we at Good Shepherd were able to mitigate our structures and stop further damage; our Jew-

ish friends were not so fortunate. Almost a hundred years later, we were able to open our doors and hearts to them, just as they had to us in 1918. We have joined in the celebrations of Passover and Hanukkah, we have shared meals, tears, and laughter. God has been gracious to our two communities and has strengthened our friendship and commitment to one another.

I share all of this as a testimony to the grace and beauty of Resurrection. The Resurrection story in scripture and the subsequent teachings found throughout the Epistles highlight for us what it means to embrace the resurrected life in Christ. There are few events in our lives that clarify the resurrection story in a personal and meaningful way. Two major hurricanes, an ice storm, and Covid-19 occurring within a matter of months and the struggle to overcome those events has given the people of

Good Shepherd a remarkable understanding of resurrection.

Good Shepherd Episcopal Church in Lake Charles is now beginning to dig out from those events. We are preparing for the reconstruction of our roof systems and outer walls damaged by 157 mile per hour winds and fallen 200 yr. old live oaks. We will then remove and repair the stained-glass windows, our pipe organ and chamber, and move on to the office building and Sunday School, gym, and elementary school; all in due time. Once the outer structures and windows are repaired, we will turn toward repairing sheetrock, flooring, and painting interior rooms. We anticipate the reconstruction to take up to two years; although we hope for less time. The good news is that this church will be made whole; that the people here in this community are being



re-energized and are focused on continuing what was begun here 139 years ago.

Good Shepherd Episcopal Church is a congregation excited about the new chapter of life unfolding in our church community. We see visible signs of resurrection in the many ministries and worship opportunities that are reaching far beyond our walls. Our online services continue to gather people from around the country as we share a nightly Compline Service.

The congregation has continued to support our Tend My Lambs ministry to Haiti, providing much needed financial support to that ravaged country. We are instituting a Brown Bag program to provide groceries to our surrounding area as the hurricanes have left it a food desert; and we continue to collect blankets, toiletries, and quick fix meals for our transient population. All of

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this is being done in recognition of the new life we are called to in Christ regardless of what is happening around us. We are excited about the new opportunities to share our resurrection story as well as the Resurrection Story of our Lord Jesus Christ. The congregation of Good Shepherd are people of the Resurrection who look for the many signs of new and continued life in Christ, all around us.



“If you Christians want me to believe in your Redeemer, You need to look more redeemed.”

— *Friedrich Nietzsche,*
German atheist philosopher,
1844 - 1900



THE WAREHOUSE

JOYCE CRAWFORD



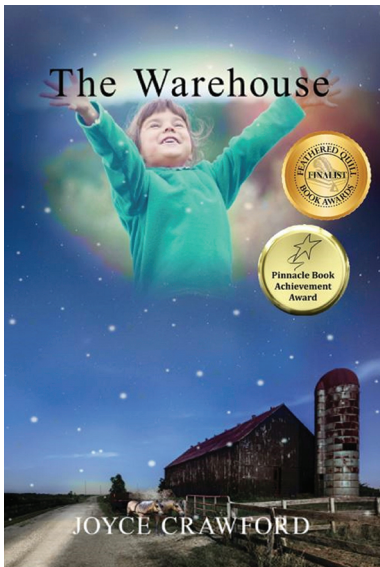
An Excerpt from Chapter 1
Florida Territory Wilderness,
1817

Coreen herded an assortment of little blonde, brown, and reddish-brown heads as God’s fairies flitted about to help. Trying to get Cody, Cassie, and Cory to stop playing

and wash for supper was as much fun and productive as herding cats. E-no-la watched with poised amusement while she fed and changed both the infant Corbin and Kyle.

As the children filed into the cabin, E-no-la stood at the door and inspected little hands and faces. “Cody, you must go back out and wash yer hands and face until there is no dirt. Children, please

take yer places at the supper table, and wait for yer Pa.” E-no-la insisted that the children be quiet and respectful. That was the Seminole way. That is not to say there were not moments of rowdy storytelling, for that was Pa’s way. So, there was much laughter, shining eyes, giggles falling out through missing teeth, and more than a little mischief.



*Pioneer, James Sapp with first great grandson, Howard
Ca. 1947*

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After supper, Pa reached for his Bible, as usual. He chose a passage the children could understand. “Here, children, is a Bible scripture you should know in yer heart, and he read Psalm 139, verse 14: ‘I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; yer works are wonderful, I know that full well.’”

“Cody, please stop kicking Kyle’s seat,” E-no-la asked with a gentle voice.

Kyle, the toddler, pointed in Pa’s direction and said, “Putty,” then giggled. Kyle watched as little Curiosity danced around Pa’s shoulders, entertaining the children. Her silk organza gown swished in the air, and the amber gemstones sparkled around Pa’s head.

“Cody, do you ’member who wrote the Psalms?” asked Pa.

“Uh. Uh.”

“I know! I know!” Cory wiggled in his seat with his hand waving enthusiastically in the air.



*Grandpa and Grandma
Burton, John Burton,
Son of pioneer John Burton*

“Thank ya, Cory. You can git the next question. Cody,” Pa asked, trying to hide his smile, “have you ’membered yet that it was Dav ...?”

“DAVID!” shouted Cody, barely giving Pa a chance to finish his sentence and pleased with himself that he could answer one of Pa’s questions.

“Good boy, Cody. Now, Cory, what do you think David was talkin’ about when he wrote this here Psalm?”

“Why do I git the hard questions?” Cory whined.

“This here is not so hard, son. Look at it in pieces. I am wonderfully made. What do you think that means to ya?”

“I am special made?” the nine-year-old mumbled.

“There, that weren’t so hard, were it?” Pa encouraged.

“Pa,” asked a confused Cory, “how be I special made?”

Curiosity fluttered around Cory, tickling the boy’s ear, and whispered, “Remember the calf.” Cory giggled out loud and rubbed his ear.

“Well, sir.” Pa paused thoughtfully. “The Lord done give each of us special things, like kindness and love. He give

to some a talent for growing food. To others, like E-no-la, he give a talent for cooking fine dinners like this here one. I reckon if we like doin’ somethi’n and it makes people happy, then we should be practicing it so’s we can do it better.”

“Remember the calf,” Curiosity whispered to Cory again.

“I ’member making that baby cow feel better,” said Cory.

“That’s right, son,” said Pa with a kind smile. “You done a right fine thing stayin’ up all night with that calf. I don’t rightly know what you done. The next morning, that calf was up and friskin’ around buttin’ his ma for his breakfast.”

“Does that make me special, Pa?” inquired Cory.

“Yes, indeed. I reckon it surely does. If you take care, you can be a right good animal doctor,” encouraged Pa.

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Cory beamed.

“So, let’s pray and thank the Lord that He done made us special. We is each special in different ways, and I am proud ya are my children.”



The first part of the book is based on both of author’s paternal great grandparents and maternal grandparents. Delbert Sapp was her grandmother’s younger brother.

E-no-la delighted in these family scenes. The memories and Bible scripture filled her heart as her love for her family and faith in her new God grew. “Time for bed, yaatooches,” she announced. “Kiss yer Pa good night, and I will come tuck ya in.”

At that announcement, the romp began. There was the usual pushing, thuds, bumps, and owie’s associated with six happy children racing to see who could climb the ladder fastest and claim the center of the bed.

The Warehouse by Joyce Crawford follows the lives of three pioneer men and their families in the wilderness of Florida’s virgin territory. Together, these faithful men build a storehouse, which later became The Warehouse, the place where God stores his unclaimed gifts and blessings.

The Warehouse is available on Amazon, Barnes and Noble, and on the author’s website www.joycecrawfordauthor.com

Ms. Crawford attends Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Gainesville, Florida.

THINGS “GET GROWING” AT NORTHERN APOSTLES IN ANGLICAN YUKON

The garden boxes outside Northern Apostles in Whitehorse will be a busy and productive place once again this year. The boxes were built on the gravel surface outside the lower level of the church about four years ago. Michael Brauer spearheaded this project and has devoted many hours to the garden.



In the past, the boxes were used by parishioners, friends, and the clergy. This year we are happy to welcome two new groups who will share and benefit from the use of this garden space.

Groundshare is a program undertaken by the Yukon Anti-poverty Coalition with funding from the Agricultural Branch of Yukon Government and supported by the City of Whitehorse. The program is a pilot to research and to discover if there are Whitehorse residents wishing to grow their own food, but who do not have the space and knowledge to do so.

As a partner with Groundshare, the garden boxes at CNA would be used to help others increase their knowledge of growing food, expand the production of local food, reduce the imprint of importing food, and build a strong caring community.

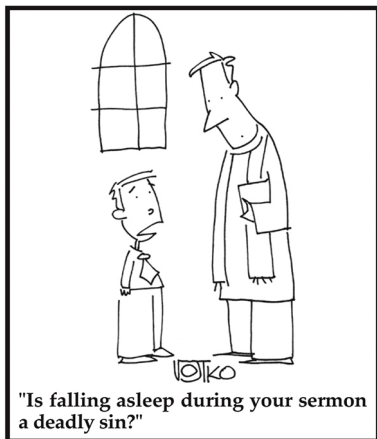
Options for Independence is the second group that we are happy to welcome to the CNA garden. This group focuses on supportive independent living and the garden will be a work project for some this

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summer. They have started growing their plants already, and will be planting when the weather permits.

As a church, CNA is happy to be able to use the garden boxes for community outreach and as an opportunity to meet new friends. It will be exciting to see the gardening and harvesting right outside the church door!

From Northern Lights, the Journal of the Anglican Yukon, Christmas 2021



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NECROLOGY

✙ The Rev'd Robert Baker, 60, on 14 August 2022, in Bradenton, FL, served parishes in Florida.

✙ The Rev'd Ned Ford Bowersox, 80, on 31 July 2022, in Round Rock, TX, served parishes in Florida and Texas.

✙ The Rev'd Richard Hedge Holley, 86, on 9 August 2022, in Hampton, VA, served parishes in Oklahoma and Virginia.

✙ The Most Rev'd John Ramadhani, 90, on 12 September 2022, in Zanzibar, Tanzania. A former Archbishop and Primate of the Anglican Church of Tanzania, Archbishop Ramadhani brought diplomatic skills to his post, supported attempts to unify theological education across the Province, and



produced a Prayer Book for Tanzania which encompassed high-church and Evangelical traditions. Visitors were frequently taken aback that the Archbishop would perform tasks of hospitality usually delegated to others. His successor, the Most Rev'd Donald Mtetemela, preached at the requiem: Archbishop Ramadhani was a servant bishop of the kind that the Church so desperately needs, but rarely gets.

✠ The Rev'd Edwin Ball Smith, 85, on 4 August 2022, in Oshkosh, WI, held par-

ish and diocesan positions in Wisconsin.

✠ The Rev'd Frank George Adams, 97, on 13 October 2022, in Doylestown, PA.

✠ The Rev'd Reed Harlow Freeman, 83, on 26 October 2022, in Jacksonville, FL.

✠ The Rev'd Stephen Richard Peverley, 86, on 25 October 2022, in Babylon, NY.



Remember thy servants, O Lord, according to the favor which thou bearest unto thy people, and grant that, increasing in knowledge and love of thee, they may go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
BCP pg. 483.





*High Altar Reredos
Church of the Good Shepherd
Lake Charles, Louisiana*