

THE LIVING CHURCH

Christmas Eve

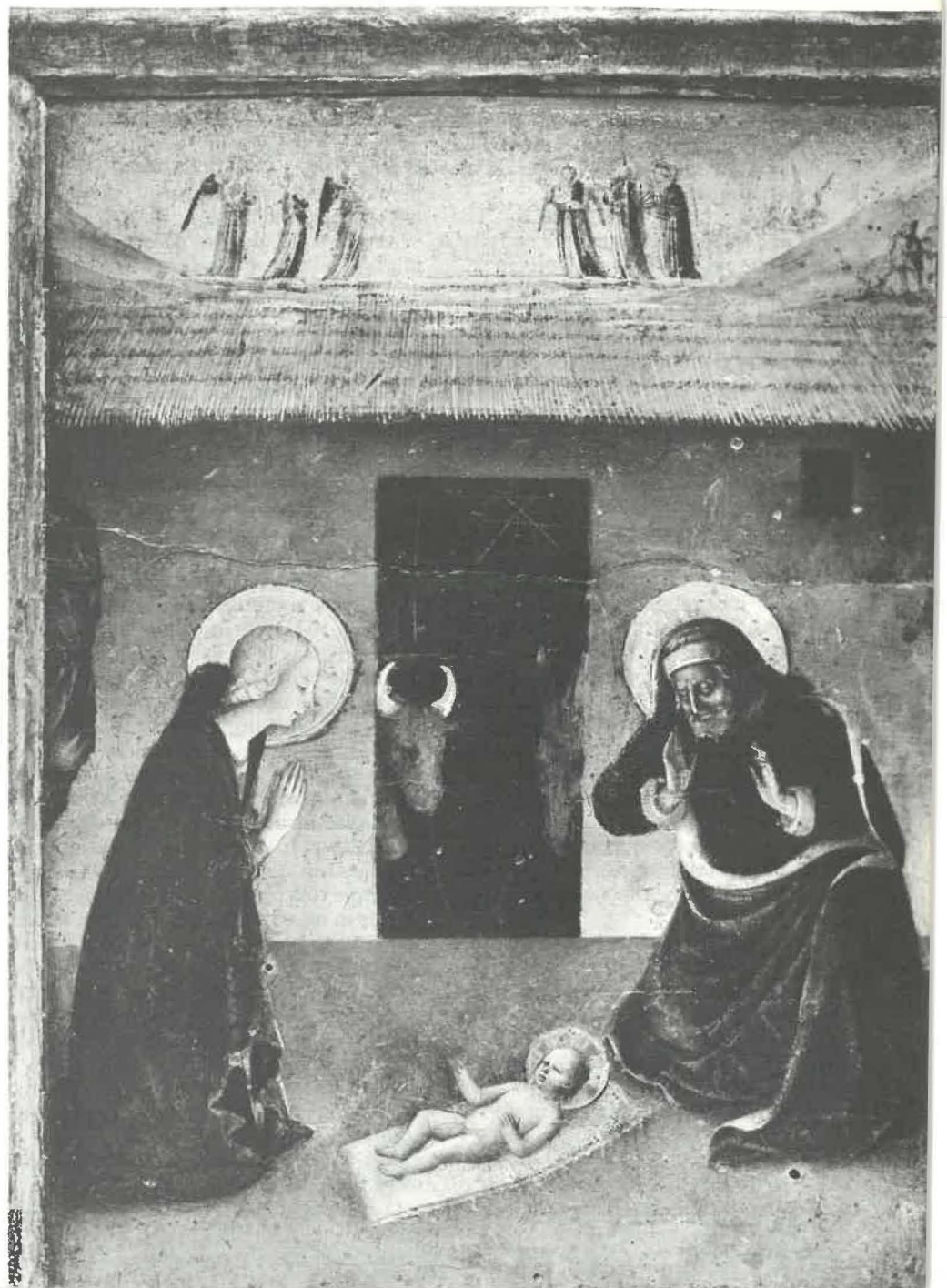
In a night of mystery
A night filled with
The flutter of wings
The lowing of cattle
The bleating of sheep
A night filled with
Anxious urgency of shepherds
Concerned tenderness of a
Carpenter husband.
The thrilled joy of a young mother
Then, a hush over all the earth
And a baby's cry.

A cry that touches
Old hearts grown weary
With waiting.

A cry angels wait
To greet with hosannas.

A cry that brings
Heaven down
To earth.

Barbara Stube





The Sand-Fiddler's Tune

By PETER C. ROBINSON

The early morning mist was rising from the water.

I was sitting on a pier on the edge of Croatan Sound on the coast of North Carolina. I felt the quiet . . . there were no people sounds.

Actually, it was pretty noisy. The world was filled with sound and activity. There were gulls and sand-pipers . . . sand-fiddlers scampered about; minnows and crabs darted in the water; there were deer tracks on the beach. In a curious way there also was the sound of silence.

There on the edge of the water I was reminded of something Rachel Carson wrote. She said that you find the greatest activity — the most life — the greatest variety of life where the land and the sea meet. We are just beginning to appreciate this as we find new value in marshlands once considered wastelands.

Another naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, grew up in a life of poverty and finally after years of struggle was able to purchase a tract of land. Instead of finding some magnificent spot on top of a hill he sought out a place that included swampland for the same reason. For him beauty was in nature right at his feet . . . and there was more nature where land and water nourished each other.

I see here a parallel in our own lives. When two worlds meet, life is more meaningful. We live the most. It is most exciting.

Much of the striving of man — his hopes, his dreams, his frustrations and suffering, his victories, came to mind as I sat there looking at the Sound.

I saw to my right in the distance an island where almost 400 years ago some English settlers tried to establish a colony only to vanish in the wilderness. The

and the new worlds met when English colonists settled on Roanoke Island. The colony failed but man's horizons exploded. Subsequent colonies would change the old world as much as the new. Two worlds met and they were never again the same.

Across several miles of water in front of me I could just barely see a tall simple stone monument to two men who some 70 years ago lived in a crude shack in the bitter winds of winter so they could fly an airplane a distance less than the width of two city lots. The flight of the Wright brothers was modest, but man's life, in a very real sense, became three dimensional as the earth and the atmosphere were joined. Man could roam the two worlds and one day would put foot on the moon.

Overshadowing these two events was the coming together of two other worlds much more significant to man than merely flying to the moon.

A baby was born in a stable in Bethlehem. The Word was made flesh.

Christmas is a time when we think of two worlds coming together.

God's world and man's world touch.

We speak of the Incarnation . . . God becoming man. We feel the touching of time and eternity. Heaven and earth are joined in a special union. We celebrate the meeting. The everyday and the eternal come together. In the Eucharist God dwells in me and I in him as a thin wafer of bread touches my lips. Confusion and joys and problems are seen in perspective. Land and sea are joined. Life is at its fullest. What a contrast between two great moments in history and the great moment in history.

"BUT AS MANY AS RECEIVE HIM TO THEM GAVE HE POWER TO BECOME THE SONS OF GOD.

AND WORD WAS MADE FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US."

O come let us adore him.

The Rev. Peter C. Robinson is rector of St. Stephen's Church, Goldsboro, N.C.

THE LIVING CHURCH

Volume 197 Established 1878 Number 26

An independent weekly record of the news of the Church and the views of Episcopalians

THE LIVING CHURCH (ISSN 0024-5240) is published by THE LIVING CHURCH FOUNDATION, INC., a non-profit organization serving the Church. All gifts to the Foundation are tax-deductible.

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NEWS. Correspondents, news releases from church agencies, and syndicated news service are THE LIVING CHURCH's chief source of news. THE LIVING CHURCH is a subscriber to Religious News Service and cooperates with Diocesan Press Service.

PHOTOGRAPHS. THE LIVING CHURCH cannot assume responsibility for the return of photographs. THE LIVING CHURCH is published every week, dated Sunday, by the Living Church Foundation, Inc., at 407 E. Michigan St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53202. Second-class postage paid at Milwaukee, Wis.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$19.50 for one year; \$37.00 for two years; \$52.50 for three years. Foreign postage \$5.00 a year additional.

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LETTERS

Royal Road

The proposed name of the newly subdivided Diocese of California "El Camino Real" has stimulated some traditional friendly exchange between northern Californians and southern Californians.

While some in the continuing "Diocese of Nob Hill" would like to name their southern colleagues the "Diocese of the San Andreas Fault" those brethren of the carved-up central coast diocese have embraced what every guitar-playing "Jesus child of the '60s" knows lovingly as "I walk the King's Highway."

On another note, historically speaking, some Californians among us think of the true meaning of "El Camino Real" as referring to those who plundered California in the name of Spain's royal highnesses.

However, we trust that old names can take on new identities and purposes. Thus we wish the Diocese of the King's Highway well even if we will continue to wonder what the Queen will think in this day of genderless phraseology.

(The Rev.) **TERENCE E. LYNBERG**
Chairman, Commission on
Structures and Boundaries
Diocese of Los Angeles

Los Angeles, Calif.

Needed Headquarters Staff

The Rev. Frederick M. Morris, in a letter [TLC, Nov. 15] deplored the existence of bureaucracies in the U.S. government and in the Episcopal Church, which he sees as aping the government. There is, however, a curious inconsistency in his discussion. He quoted a 1970 newspaper report to the effect that two-thirds of the working staff at Episcopal headquarters had been discharged, surely not in emulation of the U.S. government.

He says further that there was no evidence of a setback. Yet we have been

The Cover

Barbara Stube, whose poem, "Christmas Eve," appears on our Christmas cover, died October 17 in Mt. Savage, Md. She was the wife of the Rev. Edward B. Stube, rector of St. George's Church, Mt. Savage, and the mother of the Rev. Peter Stube, curate at St. Luke's Church, Billings, Mont., and six other children.

The painting is *The Nativity* by Fra Angelico, courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

deluged with reports of a vast decline in membership dating from that time, and complaints of all sorts of evils befalling the Episcopal Church. Perhaps Dr. Morris has inadvertently discovered the cause. Post hoc propter hoc may not be an infallible rule, but it is often a good place to start. Maybe we should tangle the size of the church's headquarters staff and see what happens in the next ten years.

(The Rev. Canon) **ARTHUR MOODY**
New Hope, Pa.

The Latest Word on Women Priests

Responding to the difficulty which the newly ordained women priests experience in finding employment in the church, the board for Clergy Development has recently published a small book entitled *Their Call Answered: Women in the Priesthood*. Every clergyman in the Episcopal Church received a copy along with an order blank.

A comment or two on this publication may be consistent with the general spirit of friendly discussion in the church.

The book consists of profiles of eleven women priests, ten of whom are photographed. Each story tells the history of the individual lady, the difficulties met in following a perceived vocation to the priesthood, the step of being ordained and some indication of their present ministries.

No matter how one is persuaded regarding the legitimacy or current prudence of ordaining women to the order of presbyter, one is struck by a pronounced and unhealthy bias in this book. The interest spontaneously turns to the lady's personal appearance. The author feels the need to describe various of these women as physically appealing.

For example, we are told of one priest that she is "Petite and energetic, with a reassuring southern drawl." Another is "bright, energetic, slight-framed, with a quick smile and easy laugh." Of a third we read: "Looking more like a tennis player or a model than the stereotypical view of a minister, [she] is an extremely attractive, youthful Episcopal priest. With long dark hair, a slender, graceful figure, and a winning Southern drawl, [she] is instantly appealing." She is doubly recommended because her drawl is "southern," whereas the earlier drawl was only "southern."

This is simply awful. The author is talking about persons who claim to be priests of Jesus Christ, and we are told to notice what nice hair and slender figures they have. The point here is that we would never think of speaking of male priests in such a condescending fashion.

Were St. Paul and the other Apostles afflicted with the bias found in *Their*

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Call Answered, a number of passages in the New Testament would read differently. The opening of Romans 16 might say: "I commend to you our sister Phoebe, a good-looking blonde deaconess of the Church at Cenchreae." Acts 16:14 could read: "One who heard us was a petite lady named Lydia with a winning Thyatiran drawl." Luke 8 would talk of that "slender, graceful Mary called Magdalene" and her two companions, the "slight framed Joanna" and "Susanna, who looked more like a tennis player or a model."

Whoever put together *Their Call Answered* has done a singular disservice for the cause of women in the priesthood. Whether one rejoices in or laments that outcome is a matter indifferent to the point of the foregoing reflection.

(The Rev.) PATRICK HENRY REARDON
Church of the Resurrection
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Clerical Titles

To the best of my knowledge, the Rev. David H. Lewis, Jr., Suffragan Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Virginia [TLC, Nov. 18] has never been addressed publicly as "Father" in his life, being a sound Virginia churchman.

What is the editorial policy of *THE LIVING CHURCH* regarding the use of "Father" and "Mr." when referring to an Episcopal priest?

(The Rev.) W. FRISBY HENDRICKS, III
St. Martin's Church
Richmond, Va.

There is a first time for everything, and surely such a man deserves to be called Father at least once in his career. As our magazine regularly uses this title for clergymen in other parts of the country where this title is generally current, we would not wish to extend less respect to Bishop-elect Lewis. As long as we are discussing titles, we do not favor calling Episcopal clergy "Rev. Smith" although many news sources (including some from Episcopalians) employ this regrettable usage. Ed.

Dr. Randall and the Pope

"Neither the pope nor any of those who support his position can or do give any biblical or theological basis for their belief that God intended only for men to be priests. To me, this is very significant." So speaks Dr. Claire Randall, general secretary of the National Council of Churches [TLC, Nov. 4].

To me, her statement too is significant. It signifies that she has never bothered to listen to what the Pope and those who support his position have been saying about the subject from biblical times onward — the Bible included. She may think that it's bad

theology, nonsense; and if she would tell us why, we might be persuaded. But to do that she would have to read it first, and her statement is a clear confession that she has not.

Everything in the Bible relating to God's purpose in creating man, woman, priest, sacrifice, sacrament, holy nation, and church, does at least bear upon the subject, and proponents of male-only Christian priesthood have drawn endlessly from these scriptural wells in presenting their case. How could she miss it, if she had been listening?

For my own part, I intend to continue trying truly to hear with my understanding the case for priestesses as its proponents present it. But I am still waiting for the day when we shall hear that case put forward in the categories of Scripture and Tradition, as befits the subject. I am weary of arguments drawn, with tendentious selectivity, from psychology, sociology, sexology and equalitarian political theory, none of which touches the nub of the matter. It is God's revealed will and purpose that we seek — not ephemeral human opinions about what God would recommend if he shared our enlightenment.

(The Rev.) CARROLL E. SIMCOX
Hendersonville, N. C.

Christian Schools

I read with concern the news story on Christian schools [TLC, Oct. 28]. As to the commitment to the Gospel of our Lord, I have my doubts. To me it appears a ploy to teach fundamentalist theology under the guise of a church supported school. In this county there is such a school where I understand some of the teachers have only high school diplomas.

(The Rev.) N. H. WOODING, M.D.
Halifax, Va. Emmanuel Church

Star Ways

Stars move us
lead us out
through space and time
to worlds unseen, unthought.

This new star
leads us in
through flesh and blood and tears
to here and now.

Bright Key
both to the heart
of God and man
born in this light
that gathers to a cross
above a sleeping town.

J. Borrie Shepherd

THE LIVING CHURCH

December 23, 1979
Advent 4

For 101 Years
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Primate Warns of Factions, Rivalry

In his last address to General Synod before his retirement in January, the Most Rev. Donald Coggan, 101st Archbishop of Canterbury, warned the Church of England against becoming a faction-ridden, inward-looking institution, which would result in its being "looked upon by other parts of the Anglican Communion with pity."

He added, "Here, they would say, is the old Mother Church, bound by a system like the nation's parliamentary one, a church . . . hindered from striking out on new paths, neither free nor daring in a new and demanding age."

In reference to General Synod itself, Dr. Coggan said, "it would spell the death of any synodical government worthy of the name," if strife between ecclesiastical parties developed, and he said there were "certain signs" of it so doing.

"I am old enough to remember the bitterness of party strife which obtained when I was ordained in the early 1930s, and which survived when I first became a member of the Church Assembly more than a dozen years later. Am I being over anxious when I say I have detected certain signs . . . of a revival of such a spirit?"

He said that if such a split developed, "the protagonists of the parties concerned would come to the debates of the synod with their minds already made up, determined to vote along predetermined party lines, and nonsense made of any revelation of the mind of the Spirit through the medium of the debates."

Dr. Coggan stressed that debating and voting in synod, contrary to that in other areas of public life, "can never be on party lines."

In his wide-ranging address, the primate spoke of the status of the Church of England's relationships with other churches. He sees major difficulties ahead for the Churches' Council for Covenanting, which seeks to reunite five churches in England. Failure to ordain women is only one of the barriers which hold the Free Churches and the Church of England apart, he said. The mutual recognition of existing ministers, the acceptance of the historic episcopate by the Free Churches, and the working out of a pattern of inter-church relations after a covenant of unity has been signed are all areas which present difficulties.

Archbishop Coggan asked for prayerful support for fellow churchmen abroad. He said the whole Anglican Communion and many outside it had "watched with sorrow" the things that had befallen the Bishop of Iran and Mrs. Dehqani-Tafti and the small Christian community in that country. [In late October the Rt. Rev. Hassan Dehqani-Tafti was shot at by three gunmen who entered his bedroom in Isfahan. His wife was hit in the hand. Earlier in October he had been detained and interrogated by revolutionaries. In September his house had been raided following his protests over seizure of Christian hospitals in Isfahan and Shiraz.] "We unite in the hope that the Iranian government will do all in their power to protect minorities and to prevent the recurrence of the kind of incidents which have recently occurred there." In the same context, Dr. Coggan spoke about Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa — "a man whose discipleship moves him to give brave and costly leadership," and Archbishop Silvanus Wani of Uganda, who "must be bearing heavy burdens at this time."

Dr. Coggan said he had long talked about the ordination of women to the priesthood with Cardinal Hume, who has now taken it up with the Pope. He revealed that the Orthodox Church believes that discussions on the subject should take place within the overall debate on the ministry, and should not be the subject of tripartite talks.

NCC Takes on the U.S. Criminal Justice System

The first policy statement on the criminal justice system ever adopted by the National Council of Churches' Governing Board had harsh words for U.S. methods of dealing with offenders, and contained proposals for change.

Assailing the system as "unfair, inequitable, unjust, and in some instances, itself illegal," the lengthy policy statement, called "Challenges to the Injustice of the Criminal Justice System: A Christian Call to Responsibility," charged that current arrangements discriminate against the poor and racial minorities. It urged a new look at the root causes of criminal behavior, and "placing emphasis on human worth over material values, a more equitable distribution of wealth, and better health, housing and educational opportunities for the poor."

Jailing offenders should be avoided as

"the primary response" to criminal behavior. Criminality, said the document, "flourishes in the soil of alienation and isolation; fanned by arrogance, discrimination, and prejudice."

Although the document was approved by a vote of 72-17, with seven abstentions, heated debate arose over the theological underpinnings of the paper. The Lutheran Church in America unsuccessfully attempted to delete the theological section, maintaining that it was based on a Reformed or Calvinist supposition that was incompatible with Lutheran doctrine.

A resolution accusing Israel of human rights violations, which was withdrawn, proved to be the most controversial item before the board. Introduced by the small Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, many of whom trace their roots to Syria, Jordan, and Lebanon, the resolution called for suspension of U.S. aid to Israel. A special panel of NCC leaders created earlier to deal with Middle East matters recommended that the board consider the issues raised by the Antiochian Archdiocese as part of a six month period of intensive study leading to the development of a new Middle East policy. It was so moved.

The council also pledged to take a new look at its ultimate purpose and at the commitment of its member communions. It voted to receive without comment and transmit several documents on ecumenical commitment to the member churches for in-depth discussion over the next

Christmas Day

NBC-TV will broadcast live the festival service of Christmas from Washington Cathedral at 10:00 a.m., EST, on December 25. The Rt. Rev. John T. Walker, Bishop of Washington, will preach, and the cathedral's provost, the Rev. Canon Charles A. Perry, will celebrate. Special music for the occasion has been prepared by cathedral organist-choirmaster Richard Wayne Dirksen, and will feature the cathedral Men and Boys Choir, accompanied by organ, handbells and flute. Local TV listings should be checked for the precise local time of the telecast.

year, one of which proposes that the NCC constitution be changed. In particular, the new wording would define the council as a "communion of churches," rather than the present "cooperating agency of Christian communities."

The Rev. William Norgren, Associate Ecumenical Officer, said the Episcopal Church delegation was not convinced that "communion of churches" is the most satisfactory term to describe the National Council of Churches.

Among many other actions, the board called for Christians to counter the influence of the Ku Klux Klan and cross burnings, and urged government investigation and prosecution of those responsible for Klan violence. Government plans to convert the 1980 Olympic

Winter Village in Lake Placid, N.Y., to a prison after the games were opposed. A budget of \$25,444,130 was adopted for 1980. This figure represents an increase of less than half of 1 percent over 1979.

Conference on Church Music at Washington Cathedral

Clergy and church musicians from all over the country assembled at Washington Cathedral November 12-16 for the ecumenical *Conference on Church Music: Past, Present - and Future?* offered by Britain's Royal School of Church Music and led by the school's director, Lionel Dakers, and Dr. Allan Wicks, organist-choirmaster of Canterbury Cathedral. The conference was

housed at the College of Preachers on the close, with cathedral organist-choirmaster Richard W. Dirksen and his assistant, Douglas Major, as hosts.

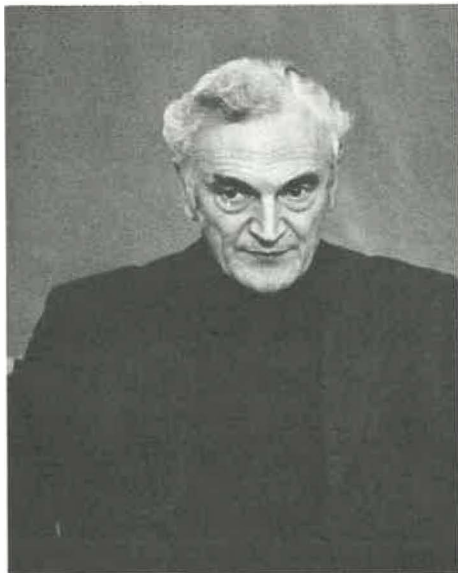
Participants were welcomed by Mr. Dakers and by John Van Sant, conference coordinator, who outlined conference background and goals, and common points of departure. They met, they talked, and they listened: to music by the Cathedral Choir of Men and Boys, the Cathedral Choral Society in rehearsal, the cathedral carillonneur and the cathedral Change-Ringing Society. They heard lectures by Dr. Wicks ("Choir Training as I See It"); Dr. Alec Wyton of the church's Standing Commission on Church Music ("Music and the Liturgy"); Theodore N. Marier, director of the Boston Archdiocesan Choir School ("A Roman Catholic View of Music and Worship"); James H. Litton, director of music at Princeton Theological Seminary ("New Music for Congregations and Choirs"); the Rev. Dr. Don E. Saliers of the Candler School of Theology in Atlanta ("The Integrity of Sung Prayer: Why Not a Protestant Approach?"); and by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Ellinwood, musicologist, author and editor ("Hymns: Past, Present, and Future").

They held discussions on the place of music in today's worship, on the working relationship between clergy and organist, and the kind of music needed for today, led by Mr. Dakers, Drs. Wyton and Wicks, Richard Dirksen, and visiting lecturers Donald Hinshaw and John Newsom. The latter hosted a tour of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, of which he is assistant chief. They also toured the cathedral and St. Alban's School.

Each day began with the Eucharist and ended with Evensong. They heard an organ recital by Dr. Wicks, which included works of Franck, Satie, Roudot, and Bach. They concluded their sessions with a discussion of goals and priorities looking toward the 21st century, a Sung Eucharist in which they formed the choir, and a banquet with the Hon. Hugh Crooke, cultural attaché of the British Embassy, as speaker.

The conference stressed the role of music as the unifying factor of all religions, and the need, for the future, for vision, faith, and hard work. It was agreed that liturgy must involve the people, and that music should be an enrichment of the liturgy.

Asked for his comments, Dr. Wicks was optimistic about the future, despite all the liturgical upheaval in the churches today. "Church music is alive and well," he said, "and in the United States there are many devoted people with their eyes on the horizon and their feet on the ground." He thinks the new liturgies are "a tonic, a stimulus, and a challenge." He admitted there are problems, but doesn't think these are insoluble.



Dr. Alec Wyton lectures on "Music and Liturgy" at the Royal School of Church Music Conference at Washington Cathedral.



Dr. Lionel Dakers, director of the Royal School of Church Music, talks of the work of the RSCM around the world.



Dr. Allan Wicks speaks on choir training at the conference: "Church music is alive and well."

(Photos by Broffman)

Swift Relief Called For

The Interfaith Conference of Metropolitan Washington, D. C., of which the Rt. Rev. John T. Walker, Bishop of Washington, is president, has commended the U. S. government for its prompt pledge of millions of dollars to help alleviate suffering in Cambodia (Kampuchea). It called for the waiver of export licenses and other restraints and for the reimbursement of freight costs to voluntary agencies participating in the relief efforts.

The conference called for longer range developmental and resettlement programs for Kampuchea once the threat of starvation and epidemic disease has passed.

The Interfaith Conference was formed by the major faith communities of the area, Jewish and Islamic as well as Christian, to share concerns and work together on critical issues.

Late in November, Bishop Walker issued a "call to conscience" at Washington Cathedral, declaring that "the suffering, starvation and death in Cambodia is one of the great human tragedies of this century, and requires the prayers and efforts of the entire community." A litany composed for the occasion was read by the Rev. Canon Lloyd Casson, and the sermon preached by Sen. John Danforth (R-Mo.), an Episcopal priest who was one of the three-man senatorial team which recently visited the refugee camps in Thailand.

Sen. Danforth spoke of the frustration he and his companions experienced when their proposal for opening a truck route - "the only practical way" for bringing in 1,000 tons of supplies a day, was rejected for political reasons. "Thus food and medical supplies have become weapons of war, and the broad question the world must answer is the value of human life. With three million already dead, Cambodia today is a monument to totalitarianism.

"The tragedy of Cambodia forces each nation to decide what it stands for. Is it a nation which helps people live, or is it one that allows them to die?" the senator asked. "America has answered that question in positive and ringing terms. We stand for the lives and dignity of human beings."

The offering at the service was designated for the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief, and earmarked for the Cambodian refugees.

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The purpose of this fund is to keep THE LIVING CHURCH alive and keep it growing. Contributions from readers are acknowledged by individual receipts mailed to them and recognized as legitimate charitable deductions on federal income tax returns.

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Nov. 15-21 . . . \$29,051.71

The Fund is working cooperatively with Church World Service, the relief arm of the National Council of Churches, UNICEF and Oxfam in the crisis.

Reviewers Choose Decade's Top Religious Books

The *Christian Century*, an independent, ecumenical weekly magazine published in Chicago, polled its reviewers recently and came up with a list of what they consider to be the top twelve religious books published during the 1970s.

Sydney Ahlstrom's *A Religious History of the American People* topped the list of those works the reviewers thought "most deserve to survive."

On Being a Christian by Hans Kung ranked second, drawing almost twice as many votes as any of the following books.

The next ten are:

3. *The Denial of Death* by Ernest Becker;

4. *The Crucified God* by Juergen Moltmann;

5. *The Christian Tradition: A History of the Development of Doctrine* by Jaroslav Pelikan;

6. *A Theology of Liberation* by Gustavo Gutierrez;

7. *The Habit of Being* by Flannery O'Connor;

8. *The Birth of the Messiah* by Raymond Brown;

9. *Karl Barth: His Life from Letters and Autobiographical Texts* by Eberhart Busch;

10. *Brother to a Dragonfly* by Will Campbell;

11. *Profiles in Belief* by Arthur Carl Piepcorn;

12. *Jesus: An Experiment in Christology* by Edward Schillebeeckx.

Numbers 3-5 and 8-12 were ties.

The Presiding Bishop's Christmas Message

It's 10:20 and the boys are supposed to be there early for the choir . . . hurry up, Dad, and make certain the tree lights are turned off . . . everybody out to the garage and into the car. . . ."

And so another family leaves for church on Christmas Eve. They drive down Elm Street, passing a brightly lighted house where neighbors are giving a party. These neighbors won't be going to church. As the family car enters the business district, an old man is seen hovering under a street light, a small cup in his hand that is outstretched to the few who are passing by. The signs in a department store proclaim the post-Christmas bargain sale that will begin on December 26: "Where wise men and women are led by the stars after Christmas. . . ."

The car is parked in the lot behind the parish house and the organ music is heard as they climb the steps to the old stone church building. They enter a pew, guided by the candles that flicker in the chancel and along the aisle. Fresh greens fill the air with pine scent. Old Mrs. Drindle chatters loudly to those near her in the first pew.

It is Christmas Eve and this family has become a part of that larger family - the Christian Church at worship - as they gather to sing praises to the babe of Bethlehem, hear his holy word proclaimed and receive him in the sacrament.

My hope is that as we gather before the altar this Christmas, we will not forget we are part of a world that includes the neighbors who stay at home, the old man begging for coins, the department store cashing in and old Mrs. Drindle who chatters loudly. In truth, may the light of Christmas enable us to see the unseen faces of the refugees and outcasts, the hungry, neglected, forgotten people in the shadows of the world. That is the world the babe of Bethlehem came to save and we gather at God's altar to enable us to be the messengers who carry the Good News and power of that salvation. May you be richly blessed at this Christmastide as you serve the One who came among us by serving those he came to save.

The Rt. Rev. John M. Allin

*In New Zealand, the Episcopal Church visitor
would find Christmas services much
like those in the States,
but there would be*

NO TOPCOATS OR SNOW BOOTS

By WATSON ROSEVEAR

It is only comparatively recently that New Zealanders of European stock have escaped from the feeling that there is something wrong about celebrating Christmas in mid-summer, even if it often happens that the weather has not got into a right summer mood by Christmas time. Britons obviously pined for the mid-winter Christmases they had known before they took the long journey from England to New Zealand. Our Christmas cards used to be bedecked with holly, snow and reindeer, with Father Christmas in his fur-fringed boiler-suit and warm cap on head; now New Zealand scenes are common. Christmas dinner used to consist of body-warming foods of Olde Englande, not always roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, more likely roast lamb with new

The Rev. W. J. W. Rosevear, a native New Zealander, prepared for the priesthood following medical corps service in World War II, and pursued graduate studies in Australia and Great Britain. After some years as chaplain of a secondary school primarily for Maori boys, he became vicar of Taupo, and later sub-warden and lecturer in New Testament studies in St. John's College, Auckland. He will be visiting the USA early next year.

potatoes and fresh green peas. Of course, to follow there had to be plum pudding, liberally filled with silver coins, to gain sufficient of which – or to make sure one got any at all – second or third helpings would leave one immovable for the rest of the day. And all that when the outside temperature would be 20 to 30°C!

Campers who flocked with caravan and tent to set up satellite suburbs close to sea beaches, lakes and river waterways would often expect Mum to provide the traditional Christmas fare at their camping ground on Christmas Day. Now, however, there are fewer of these traditional accompaniments of the northern Christmas, and more readiness to fashion a meal that takes account of the time of year and the likely temperature of the day – cold meats and lettuce, fruit salad, ice cream. Nonetheless most homes in New Zealand, even if not having a hot roast meal – and these days turkey or chicken is more likely to be the meat than beef or lamb – will have Christmas pudding topped with whipped cream.

Decorations for Christmas will include the inevitable Christmas tree decked with simulated snow, even if those decorating the tree are not aware what the silver tinsel represents. The toy

shops will have a Father Christmas to take toddlers on his knee and talk about the things they'd like to have as Christmas presents. Father Christmas will perspire bravely under his suit and behind his white beard and be only too glad that union rules require that he must have a number of breaks during the day.

In New Zealand, Christmas Day, if not over much a holy day, is certainly a holiday. Christmas Eve is the last shopping day for at least two days and it could be four. No shops, with the exception of small dairies, open on Christmas Day or Boxing Day (Dec. 26) or on 1st or 2nd January and, if either day falls on a Saturday or Sunday there is an extra day's holiday on the Monday and/or the Tuesday following. Schools close in mid-December until early February, universities from mid-November to the beginning of March, and virtually all factories and industries shut down from December 23/24 for three weeks. So New Zealanders are away or taking life quietly at home.

For the Christian, the usual carols with the imagery of "the bleak mid-winter" are sung at Christmas and the weeks preceding. In recent years some attempt has been made to provide carols with a New Zealand backdrop to the church commemoration.

More and more the lovely tree characteristic of the northern coastline of New Zealand, the pohutukawa, which brightens its dark green foliage with dark red flowers and blooms profusely in December, is being called the New Zealand Christmas tree. This year it is featured on the 35 cent stamp of the N.Z. Christmas set.

Close to Christmas it is usual to have an evening of Carols by Candlelight out-of-doors in church grounds or public parks. If the night is calm it is so, but



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European immigrants from Holland have brought to New Zealand some of their Christmas customs. St. Nicholas with his retainers rides down Queen St., the main street of Auckland.

often it ends up as Carols by Torchlight! Such an evening will be sponsored by the local churches or by one of the service clubs, e.g. Lions or Rotary.

In the cities some churches will make special efforts to provide a Christmas dinner for the elderly and lonely, and the National Council of Churches always sponsors an appeal for overseas relief that is well supported by the churches.

The Episcopal Church visitor to New Zealand would find the Christmas services much like those in the States, the crib near the entrance, the common hymns and carols. But the congregation would not be muffled up against the cold, nor would there be the discarding of topcoats and snow boots when entering the porch. With daylight saving time darkness will not fall till after 9:00 p.m. and summer clothing is worn where the evenings are mild. So there is little to keep one from getting to a midnight service or rising early on Christmas morning. It is a time of the year just right for early rising and discovering what treasures have mysteriously appeared by bedside or under the Christmas tree that is becoming more and more popular in New Zealand living rooms at Christmas time.

For some years I was vicar of Taupo, an attractive holiday resort 1,200 feet above sea level in the central volcanic plateau of the North Island. Taupo town lies on the north shore of the lake of the same name, the largest volcanic lake in the world and a center for trout fishing that attracts anglers not only from the ends of New Zealand but from overseas as well. At Christmas the population, at that time about 12,000, trebled or quadrupled for the holiday period. While vicars in the large cities found that many of their parishioners were away for the Christmas festival, we in Taupo

found our church bursting at the seams. Normally we would have had two services on a Sunday. On Christmas Day we needed five services – a midnight and four more Eucharists the following morning – to provide Christmas worship for locals and visitors. We were

especially crowded when Christmas Day fell on the Sunday or the Monday. Work had finished on the Friday and holiday-makers had plenty of time on the Saturday or the Sunday to get down to their Taupo "bach" (the New Zealand North Island term for "holiday cottage").

After the Taupo services I used to drive to two popular camping areas at the south end of the lake, 30 miles away, for two late morning services. On the way I'd travel along a tree-lined section of the lake shore; there among the trees campers had set up their tents and caravans. At the roadside they would hang up notices to indicate who they were and sometimes where they were from. The same people came year after year and I used to be glad to see again the notices I had come to expect. In the bright sunshine of the late morning with the sun shimmering on the lake, Christmas in mid-summer seemed to be about relaxation, the outdoor life, the body tanned, and the brain at rest. Still, the holy day was observed, the Saviour's birth honoured, and the Incarnation adored. That done, the vicar, having returned home, would, like those who had joined him for Christmas worship, aim for a lazy afternoon in the sun and possibly a swim in the lake.

A New Zealand Christmas Carol

(C.H.N.Z. 27 "Paula" E.W. Grigg)

Come, ye who dwell in New Zealand's fair isles,
Where all with beauty and majesty smiles!
Sing alleluias this glorious morn,
For Jesus the Savior is born.

Come while the pohutukawa blooms red
Worship the babe in the mean cattle shed,
Sing while you harvest the sweet smelling hay
To Jesus the Saviour today.

Come while the hillsides with teatree shine white,
Kneel before Him who to darkness brings light.
White men and Maori, arise, greet the dawn,
For Jesus the Saviour is born.

Come while the tui its liquid note brings,
Come while the blackbird in ecstasy sings,
Come to Him all who are lost and forlorn,
For Jesus the Saviour is born.

See in the night-time the cross in the sky,*
Speaking of Jesus who came down to die!
Praises to Him let the ransomed all bring,
For Jesus the Saviour is King!

Edward Grigg

* the constellation Southern Cross.

THE ANSWER TO NICODEMUS

ANONYMOUS

Advent is a time of expectancy, of hushed hearts and quiet waiting. And though we don't make much of her, it is the season of Mary.

For she is expectant, and when a woman approaches her term, there is about her a peculiar quality of great silence and quiet that communicates itself to the most casual passerby, so that noises which are normally part of her environment become stilled. She moves about slowly, carefully, waiting for the first pangs of labor, or the breaking of waters that presage a new birth.

I felt this stillness most powerfully in my own life when I was ten years old, and my family was living in Washington, D.C. My mother, who was then 42, was about to give birth to my sister, Nancy. It was as if the whole world were on tiptoe. And then one hot, humid June day, she went to the hospital and I was left alone with a sitter. My older sister had been shipped off to summer camp. And I was very much alone.

The house, which was comfortable but not all that big, seemed to take on an aspect of hugeness, as if the walls were an illusion, and the silence grew tremendous as I waited for the return of my mother and the new brother or sister. Secretly I hoped the baby would be a boy, because my father, in his good-natured chauvinism, had promised me an electric train if it were.

I never got that electric train, but it didn't matter because I was given something much more precious.

Forty-two is late to have a baby, and back in 1951 there was no specialty, as there is now, for mothers who are having children at the 11th hour. As a result, or perhaps inevitably, my mother came home quite exhausted, and I was, in a sense, given my little sister to raise while my mother recovered.

This article was written by the author of "All Hallows' Eve" which appeared in TLC of November 4. She is a person committed to the anonymity of a solitary religious life.

I'm sure I had much less responsibility than I remember, but the deep bond formed with Nancy during those first few months of her life remains to this day.

Nancy's first years are the closest I've come to motherhood, unless you want to count the numerous stray teenagers who used to pass through my life, or deliveries at which I've assisted of dogs having puppies, sows having pigs, horses having foals, and helping these surrogate progeny to some sort of useful independence.

The reason I detail all of this is that over the centuries Mary has been so exalted by the church as to become almost inaccessible to people like me, who were not raised in a catholic tradition. She is so surrounded by nonsense, so encrusted with cult, apologized for with such atrocious theology, that even the See of Rome sought to correct things a bit in its sensible decree from Vatican II.

Now if Jesus is God made man, I need his mother to be a very earthy woman, in the best sense of woman, not some remote, impossibly slender creature, palely simpering in plaster. I need a madonna somewhat like the Flemish madonnas, with a peasant's face and a peasant's simplicity, who is not embarrassed to pull down her blouse to suckle her Child when he cries.

It is only from this base that I can begin to understand Mary as the exalted but quietly hidden Queen of Heaven, Queen of Saints, Mystical Rose, and all the other titles by which she is known. It is only from this base that I can read about the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe to Juan Diego and say, "Why not?" God uses the tools at hand and works through the uniqueness of culture, history, personality.

But to have come even this far in understanding the place of Mary in the church and in my life has taken a long, long time.

Religion was rarely discussed in my family when I was a child. My father came from a fundamentalist background, which he abandoned, and my mother's

mother was deep into Christian Science, which was repugnant to my mother. And though there was never any real bigotry, it was understood that while our Catholic friends were very fine people, they were also possibly somewhat weak-minded when it came to matters of religion, and especially in their outlandish attitude toward the Virgin Mary.

So that, although I was drawn to her devotion at an early age, and in spite of the education of years, it is only in the last few that I've been able to say a Hail Mary without feeling guilty, or use a rosary without being a little furtive.

In coming to terms with Mary I had to start from scratch.

In recent years there has been an explosion of studies in the long-neglected area of relationships between mothers and daughters, sisters and sisters. I won't detail them here. But unless you have been raised with the idea that Mary is, in a very real way, your mother, your attitude toward her, if you are a woman, tends to be slightly suspicious, i.e., who is this woman and why should I pay attention to her? Why should I ask Mary to pray for me when I can pray to our Lord? How can I possibly identify with her life?

As time passed, I struggled with these questions while, very cautiously, allowing her a tiny corner in my consciousness, occasionally using the beads a friend gave me, half-expecting to be struck by lightning at any moment.

Perhaps solitude has taught me more about Mary than anything else. Of all women, she was the most solitary. How could anyone possibly understand what happened to her? She must have experienced others' ridicule and disbelief. The very miracle of her life shut her off from the rest of women, except Elizabeth, whose conception of John by divine mercy was the closest she could come.

It was kind of God to give Mary that comfort. She had no other.

A more specific insight into the role of Mary occurred some years ago on the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows. If I'd known the historical origins of this feast, it probably would have been yet another stumbling block, but being happily ignorant and somewhat literal, I celebrated the feast of a Lady who surely had a lot to weep about; and then, like an unexpected wave, the realization washed over me that here was the archetypal Mary, and my relationship to her was in the simple mystery that all women share, which is to weep over their men.

Now, if I were in women's lib I would probably be ridden out on a rail for saying that. But it's true. And I believe it's a role that stems as much from biology as cultural conditioning. Women are haunted by a sense of loss from earliest childhood. Part of this may be rooted in

the fact that the woman's reproductive system is itself hidden, and therefore a source of wonder and mystery.

And learning to deal with this inborn sense of loss is one of the hardest lessons a woman has to learn. It's significant, perhaps, that it was Luke, who was a physician and most likely to have an inkling of this aspect of women, who wrote of Mary that she pondered in her heart the unfathomable events surrounding her Son's life.

For although women, for whatever reason, seem more emotional, more prone to tears than men, they hide their deepest hurts — their own and those of their loved ones — in their hearts and never speak of them to anyone. And again, for whatever reason, this very secrecy seems to give women a kind of spiritual toughness and endurance they can draw on when they think they have reached their last reserves of strength.

The second specific insight I had into my relationship with the blessed Virgin was in January. It was morning, and the sun was streaming in the east window of

the hermitage, illuminating various items on the wall, including the little icon of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which a Cistercian had given me.

My journal for that day reads, "When I picked up my rosary this morning — I was moved to do it by the sun on her icon — it was an act of pure faith, and an uncomfortable one at that, like the candle that always burns there during solitude. . . . But as I prayed, just letting the words run through my head and the beads slip through my fingers, I realized that the angel was greeting not only her but also me . . . and that the bread made God and the God made Bread with which we live so intimately in the Eucharist was possible only because of her obedience, that the Sacrament is the earthly and tangible culmination of her saying 'yes,' that the rosary was my saying, 'yes,' my prayer to participate in her yes in the fact of the Incarnation. . . .

"I think that the Annunciation must have been an event of infinite and immense silence, for all the Gospel tells us of the conversation between them; wher-

ever she was the walls or scenery pushed back, became transparent to reveal all that is, was, and will be, and then, within her."

And in thinking about that journal entry in the months since, it is by my baptism I have said, "Be it unto me according to your Word," to bear that Word by the power of the Holy Spirit, and to bring him to fruition in my life. It's difficult to describe this experience of understanding, which may seem terribly obvious, but it shook me to the heart.

I took the most recent step toward understanding Jesus' mother when I visited the Cistercians in June. Just before I left, we had the story of Nicodemus as the Gospel at the Eucharist, and in the text we used, Nicodemus' question in response to Jesus' telling him he would have to be born over again, was translated, "How shall this be?"

And immediately echoed in my head Mary's "How shall this be?" and Zechariah's "How shall this be?" and Abraham's laughter over God's preposterous proposal that he, at age 100, and Sarah, in her 90s could yet have a son.

But the significance of these echoes didn't really become apparent until I was complaining to the monks — who are most patient with me — about my problems with Mary, that no matter how hard I tried to understand, most of what has been written about her in the past seems as specious now as always. In response, they pointed to their own Cistercian spirituality, where Mary is not only the ideal model for the monk in her silence and hiddenness, but that the monk is also taken into her to be born with Christ.

Suddenly it all seemed to make sense, though I still can't articulate it very well. This is the answer to Nicodemus: that in order to bear the Word, to enter the Kingdom, we must indeed be born from the Spirit, not for the second time in the womb of our natural mothers, but continuously in the love of the Mother of God that brought forth her Son, and, at the same time, like her, to bear him as well.

Mary, then, is my mother in this second birth, just as she is Nicodemus' mother.

That this is a paradox my heart is not yet big enough to encompass I readily admit. I still feel uneasy about Mary sometimes; there is still the flickering suspicion that perhaps I, too, am weak-minded. But if nothing else, Mary has taught me to say yes: as Abraham and Sarah said yes, as Elizabeth and Zechariah said yes, as Jesus said yes to the cup that did not pass from him.

And each time that cup is passed to me at the Eucharist, because he has called me to wish to make that same response, I look into its depths beyond the dark wine shimmering gold, and, trembling, I say, "Yes."

Christmas Pictures

I picture them,
Mary and Joseph,
not wholly unlike us,
Jesus, not wholly
unlike our kids.

I like paintings.
Especially I think of
Botticelli's elegant young woman
writing the Magnificat in Latin,
a perfect, chubby child poised on her knee,
adored by Renaissance courtier-angels.

But I can also picture
the unpainted runny nose,
the annoying cough in the night,
the cuts and bruises
— signs of his passion?

I picture him playing in the sawdust
on Joseph's shop floor, or looking
through the steamy heat into Mary's boiling pot
to breathe deeply the smell of that meal.

Pictures of prayers and lessons,
private games and crazy jokes,
even foul tempers and hurt feelings.
Not wholly unlike us.

Each of us has such pictures.
Each is partly true.
Pictures of them,
pictures of us.

Marvin Bowers

EDITORIALS

Our Greetings

It is a pleasure to extend to all of our readers our cordial greetings and good wishes for a joyous, happy, and holy Christmas. We hope that for all of you this is a time when the awareness of Jesus Christ coming into the world is reexperienced, and the power of his holy and life-giving presence is felt. Together with the angels may we give glory to God, and together with one another may we practice that goodwill which reflects his peace. God bless you all at this holy time.

God in the Stable

The distinctive character of Christmas is the wonder of it. It is a feast that appeals especially to children and to the poor. It appeals also to many who have little or no understanding of Christian faith or practice. The magic of Christmas, the spell of Christmas, makes itself felt in many ways, even if (as in one article of this issue) Christmas happens to fall in mid-summer! The birth of the Son of God in a stable broke all the rules of the ancient religions, but it has captured human hearts ever since. It was part of the very nature of the coming of the Lord Christ among us that he was so different from what was expected, that he broke through so many barriers, to proclaim a new kind of kingdom under a new kind of king.

As Catholic Christians we rejoice in the birth of Jesus with all the humble human detail that it included. At the same time, there is food here for thought and intelligent reflection. Here the finest minds can ponder divine truth. Both wise men and unlettered shepherds were welcomed at the manger in Bethlehem. Both still are.

Always Winter, but Never Christmas

Not many miles from Denver, but about twice as far above sea level, are the Never Summer Mountains. Not only is it never hot at that altitude, but I suspect that always, even in mid-July, there is a shaded crevice somewhere with some snow in it. When we arrived in Denver it was hot in the city, then a front came through and cooled things off and one day the road through the mountains was closed by snow. When winter comes to Denver, it comes with power and it stays.

The Rev. Robert Horine was a deputy to General Convention in Denver in September. This editorial, is excerpted from an essay about his experience in that city.

I think about this as I look back on my two weeks there and remember going to and from sessions of the convention. Between the comfort of our hotel and the Convention Complex lies an incredible area of porno bookstores, peep shows, topless-bottomless bars, fleabag hotels and greasy restaurants. And populating this section of town are great numbers – almost shoulder-to-shoulder numbers – of people whom everyone seems to label “derelicts.”

Derelicts. Young, old, male, female, white, black, Indian, Chicano. Do you know what a derelict is? A derelict is a ship abandoned on the high seas, a menace to navigation. A derelict is anything voluntarily abandoned. A derelict is a person who has sunk below the level of respectable society, a human wreck.

And every day, at least twice a day, the leadership of the Episcopal Church passed among this mass of derelicts, these persons sunk below the level of respectable society, these human wrecks.

As I walked along Fifteenth Street I passed an old man, a derelict, and there was winter in his eyes. When I looked at him what I saw was winter. There were warm days still to come in Denver, but the snow was already falling in Wyoming and in the mountains west of the city, and the cold that was always there – the Never Summer Mountains – was massing for invasion. Most people would be all right, would have a

A Shepherd Remembers

Men scoff, but what care I for them?
I saw the King in Bethlehem
And heard the song.
My senses are not wrong –
I'm sane – I do not lie.
God speaks through angels, I obey
And follow where they show the way,
I do not question why.

I feel the burden of my years.
Will I be here when He appears
To manhood grown,
Crowned, reigning from his throne?
Who knows, or questions fate?
I have my task, this flock to feed,
And strength supplied for each day's need,
I watch my sheep and wait.

Pauline Shortridge

warm place to sleep. But winter is not a good time to be a derelict. Where will I sleep tonight? Who will take me in? Where can I be warm?

There is a kind of winter I love – snow, and only reasonably cold temperatures, and a warm house to go to when I've had enough of the out-of-doors. But there is another kind of winter. C.S. Lewis describes it in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. The land of Narnia lies under the spell of the wicked witch, and it's always winter, but never Christmas. That's the kind of winter I saw in that old man's eyes. I knew that in his soul it was always winter – but never Christmas.

I think God maneuvered us to Denver for his own reasons. I believe that one of the reasons was that we would walk seven or eight blocks at least twice a day through that horrible piece of the city, populated by human wrecks, people who carry their winter inside them as the Never Summer Mountains keep their cold, and as Narnia has its winter but never comes to Christmas.

What does the church have to say to these people? What do we have to say to them? What do we have to offer them? What can we do about the winter in their souls? One of them told a reporter that he thought if the churches in Denver each provided a place for 10 people to sleep they'd be doing what God wanted them to do. That's really not asking much, is it – a place to sleep.

If he wants a place to sleep, why doesn't he get a job? I've heard that before. I've probably said that before. But it has nothing to do with anything. To ask that question is as senseless as telling someone in the throes of a nervous breakdown to cheer up.

A derelict is abandoned, drifting, a wreck. To recover a derelict ship, the first thing you do is get a line on her, a connection, and then you put aboard a crew, and then you tow her to port. You don't pull alongside and call to an empty ship to straighten out and get to work.

The Lord is calling his church to see these people. Look here and see. See this girl offering herself for sale; see this young man leaning out the second floor window trying to talk to you; see this old man with winter in his eyes.

A lot of us have the idea that we like to "get back" to something. We're not sure what we want to get back to, let alone how to get there, but we've built ourselves a society we don't know what to do with. It's out of our control. How do you get back to the basics of life? I heard the answer at the end of the 10 o'clock news on a TV set in the Denver Hilton. Maybe it's trite, but I never before had heard a television newsman sign off with these words. He said, "Take care of each other."

You know, that's it. That's all there is to it. The disciples were arguing about who was the greatest among them. Jesus said, "If anyone wants to be first, he must make himself last of all and servant of all."

Last of all, servant of all. Can we do that?

There are souls in which it's always winter. In *our* soul it's always Christmas. We need to get close enough so they can feel the warmth, hear the singing and smell the greenery and begin to want to come in for bread and wine.

Take care of each other.

(The Rev.) ROBERT HORINE
The Church of St. Michael the Archangel
Lexington, Ky.

December Twenty-Fifth

This is a high festal birthday
Of the turkey,
The artificial conifer
(Improbably pink),
And the Hallmark Card.

This is the holy celebration
Of the flat wallet,
The red-and-green
Prefabricated bowknot,
And eggnog.

In witness whereof
We gather,
Exchange unwanted gifts
In boxes from prestigious stores,
And sing the praises of a hearty soul
With first name Santa –
Surname Claus.

A few also think
Of a long-ago birth
That must have been on some day or other
To the wife of a carpenter
Of good family but small means,
Called from his home to a town
Overcrowded with distant relatives
Being registered by an army of occupation.

True, there were some sort of astronomical fireworks,
But why not? At about this time
The palsied Claudius
Was born in Rome.

Yet these few
Praise the kingship of the carpenter's boy,
Who grew up,
Made plows and shelves,
Preached for three years,
Then fell afoul of the Establishment
And was crowned and elevated
The hard way.
They say there's a book about him.

The turkey and the tinsel
Are far more tangible.
Fill my cup with eggnog
Laced with brandy.
Let me forget
That these few eccentrics
Fed only with bread and wine
Look happier
Than
I
feel.

James P. Lodge

My Soul Magnifies the Lord!

By GEORGE CALVIN GIBSON

The Advent story is a message of hope. The two main characters are John the Baptizer and Mary the Virgin, the Mother of our Lord. In the Gospel lessons for Advent II and Advent III we catch a glimpse of the lean desert figure of John with his small band of followers. The finale of the Advent Gospel opens this Sunday with Mary visiting her elderly cousin, Elizabeth, who soon is to give birth to a child. For many years Elizabeth and her husband, Zechariah, had waited for a child. Now in her old age, by the special power of God, Elizabeth conceived a child, who was to be the prophet of the Most High, and the great preacher of repentance in preparation for Christ. For her this was an awesome mystery. When the two women met, it is reported that "Elizabeth's child leaped within her and she was filled with the Holy Spirit." Somehow Elizabeth felt that as great as would be her son, Mary's would be greater. In some mysterious way she knew that Mary was bearing within herself the Messiah. At their meeting Mary received a fervent salutation from her cousin:

Blessed are you among women,
and blessed is the fruit of your womb.

For Mary, the Annunciation meant the acceptance of the will of God, which provided for her the groundwork of confidence, strength of purpose, and peace of mind. In response to God's call she could affirm: "Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord." Three times in the Gospel Lesson Mary is pronounced "blessed": Elizabeth calls her blessed because of her faith (v. 45) which is the same as her obedience; she is called blessed because of her bearing the Christ-Child (v. 42); and in the Magnificat, "For behold from henceforth all generations will call me blessed" (v. 48b). Mary is "blessed" not for what she was or is in herself but only in relation to the Incarnation. Her significance to the Christian faith depends upon her faith and obedience as the precondition which made the Incarnation humanly possible, and upon the fact that she bore the Christ-Child.

Acceptance of a call from God, however, involves consequences. Mary's very blessedness was to be a sword to

pierce her heart. At the Annunciation we are made aware of Calvary. On that first Good Friday as our Lord's mother witnessed the murder of her son by evil forces of the world, her mind must have traveled back to those joyous days of fellowship with Elizabeth. As they contemplated the forthcoming events concerning their two sons, Mary sang: "My soul magnifies the Lord!" It was at Calvary that she fully understood her call and acceptance:

"Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be done to me according to your word."

William Barclay states it quite well:

To be chosen of God so often means at one and the same time a crown of joy and a cross of sorrow. The piercing truth is that God does not choose a person for ease and comfort and selfish joy, but for a great task that will take all that head and heart and hand can bring to it.

So it proved to Mary, so it will be for us. God calls us today, just as surely as he did Mary, to be his handmaid.

Advent is a call to radical change in our individual lives as well as society. "Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord." Our acceptance of God's will for us would radically change our sin-sick and weary-laden lives into victorious and meaningful ones; and, it would make an incalculable difference in human history.

"My soul magnifies the Lord," Advent calls us to cease magnifying those forces which dehumanize personhood and turn to magnifying God and his purpose of good in the world.

Lections for Advent IV (Year C)

Micah 5:2-4
Psalm 80
Hebrews 10:5-10
St. Luke 1:39-49 (50-56)

"He who is mighty has done great things for me." God saves us from sin and despair. He has filled our hearts with joy and hope, and given us assurance of everlasting life.

"He has put down the mighty from their thrones." Every imperialism, every political totalitarianism, every racial discrimination, and all human exploitation and oppression has resting upon it the judgment of God, and cannot permanently endure.

The lections for Advent IV bring us to our tiptoes with the realization that all our hopes are met in Jesus Christ. In the midst of the corruption and catastrophe of earthly rulers, God brings the messianic Shepherd who manifests God's will (Old Testament Lesson). It was his life-long obedience that effected the reconciliation of God and his people. Christ's coming into the world has brought peace among men. Waiting for the final coming of Christ, we yearn for the final state of peace among mankind.

Stir up your might,
and come to save us!

Thus sings the psalmist. That is our mood as we wait for the celebration of his coming at Christmas.

We beseech thee, Almighty God, to purify our consciences by thy daily visitation, that when thy Son our Lord cometh he may find in us a mansion prepared for himself; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen. (Collect for the Fourth Sunday of Advent.)

Meditation on a Little Known Fact

(Luke 2:1-14)

When the world began to count its people
And angels held stars in their store,
More than mystery was a little known fact.

It's all laid out in black and white
For men too wise to wonder:
On a circular ceiling, Jupiter crosses Saturn thrice.

Behold! Somewhere on a cold night,
When everything is explained,
Mona Lisa still, smiles with David.

Bert Newton

This is the last in a series of four articles for Advent by the Rev. George Calvin Gibson.

PEOPLE and places

Appointments

The Rev. Charles A. Cesaretti is the church's Public Issues Officer, with responsibility for identifying and researching public issues and helping to coordinate the church's response.

The Rev. Ronald H. Clingenpeel is assistant, St. James Church, Bozeman, Mont., effective January 6, 1980.

The Rev. Jerry C. Doherty is rector of St. Luke's Church, Fort Madison, Iowa. Add: P.O. Box 471, Fort Madison, Iowa, 52627.

The Rev. E. Jesse Gaither, Jr. is assistant to the rector, St. Philip's Church, Durham, N.C.

The Rev. Robert E. Hamilton is director of chaplaincy, Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital, Greensboro, N.C.

The Rev. Erwin O. Lafser is vicar of the Church of the Ascension, Hayward, and St. Luke's, Springbrook, Wis. Add: 212 California Ave., Hayward, Wis. 54843 (Box 637).

The Rev. Richard L. May is vicar of Trinity Church and St. Paul's Chapel, New York City.

The Rev. J. Douglas McGlynn is rector of St. Mary's Church, 2062 S. King Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826.

The Rev. John N. McLaughlin is rector of St. Mary of the Harbor, 519 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.

The Rev. Michael T. Morgan is rector of St. Andrew's Church, Livingston, Mont.

The Rev. Robert Pettigrew is interim rector, Church of the Good Shepherd, Richmond. Add: 962 Lisson Crescent, Richmond, Va. 23225.

The Rev. John S. Scannell is rector of St. Michael and All Angels, 1704 N.E. 43rd, Portland, Ore. 97213.

The Rev. Robert F. Stub is administrator of the Bruce Guadalupe School, Milwaukee, and continues as assistant, Trinity Church, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Change of Address

The Rev. Ch. Maj. Jeremy H. Knowles, USAF is serving a 15-month tour at Incirlik Common Defense Installation, Republic of Turkey. Add: PSC Box 349, TUSLOG DET 193, APO N Y 09289.

Retirements

The Rev. John R. Chisholm has retired as rector of St. Paul's Church, Doylestown, Pa., after 22 years of service. He is serving as vicar of St. David's Church,

Laurinburg, N.C. Add: 1212 Dunbar Drive, Laurinburg, N.C. 28352.

Deaths

Sister Augusta, OSA, former missionary in China and the Philippines, died recently. Officially appointed a missionary of the Episcopal Church in 1934, she had actually been working in China since 1929. When missionaries had to leave China in 1939, she was transferred to the Philippines where she remained until 1945. During World War II she and other missionaries were in Philippine concentration camps. Following the war, she returned to China until forced to leave a second time in 1949. From 1950 to 1962 she served among American Indians in Wisconsin. In her book, *My 50 Years in the Convent*, her concluding section is entitled, "Retirement? Never!"

The Rev. Noah E. Fehl, missionary in Hong Kong from 1959 to 1975, died in Nashville, Tenn., in September. He was a member of the faculty of Chung Chi College, and was a noted scholar in oriental studies, particularly Chinese. He had a large number of published books to his credit. Born in Pennsylvania, October 4, 1917, Dr. Fehl received his theological training at Andover Newton Theological School, and was ordained priest in 1951. He returned to the U.S. in 1975. He is survived by his wife Ethel who was also on the staff of Chung Chi College and is now retired.

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The Order of the Holy Family
Sun Mass 8, 10; Sat 5:30; Mon-Fri 12:10, Matins Mon-Sat 8; Ev Sun-Fri 5:30; Comp Sun-Sat 9; C Sat 4:30-5:30

EPISCOPAL CENTER 1300 Washington
HC Mon-Fri 12:10

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ALL SAINTS' Chevy Chase Circle
The Rev. C. E. Berger, D. Theol, D.D., S.T.D., r
Sun HC 7:30, Service & Ser 9 & 11 (HC 1S & 3S). Daily 10

ST. PAUL'S 2430 K St., N.W.
The Rev. James R. Daughtry, r
Sun Masses 7:45, 9, 11:15, Sol Ev & B 8; Masses Daily 8; also Tues & Sat 9:30; Thurs 12 noon; HD 12 noon & 6:15; MP 6:45, EP 6; C Sat 5-8

COCONUT GROVE, MIAMI, FLA.

ST. STEPHEN'S 2750 McFarlane Road
Sun MP & HC 8, HC 10 & 5; Daily 7:15

ATLANTA, GA.

OUR SAVIOUR 1068 N. Highland Ave., N.E.
Sun Masses 7:30, 9:15, 11:15, 7:30. Daily Masses 7:30, Tues 7:30, 7:30. Fri 7:30, 10:30. C Sat 8

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL 2nd and Lawrence
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Sun Eu 8 & 10:30; Wed Eu 10:30; Sat Eu 5. Mat Mon-Sat 9, Ev Mon-Fri 5

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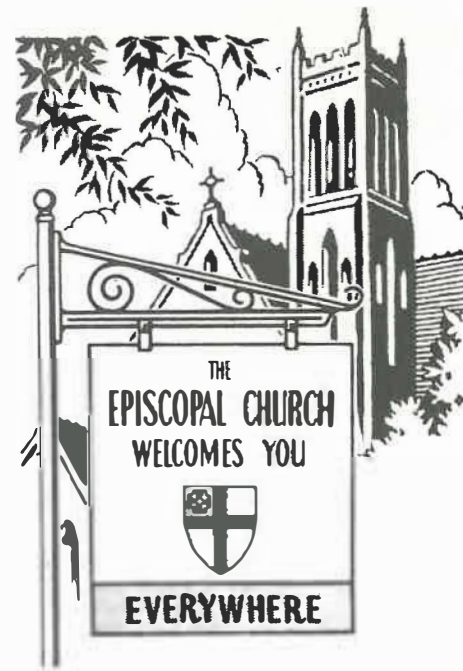
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Sun Masses 8 & 10:30, MP 9 (9:30 1S & 3S Deaf Mass). Mon-Fri Mass 12:10, EP 5:30. Sat Mass 9