

\$2.00



THEY ARE  
LIKE TREES  
PLANTED BY  
STREAMS  
OF WATER,  
BEARING  
FRUIT  
IN DUE  
SEASON,  
WITH LEAVES THAT  
DO NOT WITHER.

*Psalm 1*

**#154**

*Summer 1994*

## ANNIVERSARIES AND THE FUTURE

As this issue of *The Servant* goes to press, I reflect on 25 years—long years filled with so many memories and happenings. It never occurred to me in 1969 that this time would come—that we would ever be a community that would, by 1994, have grown to such a size and breadth of ministry—and lost four members through death. We have lost many more through the usual growing pains experienced in all communities: those who discovered their vocation and ministry lay elsewhere, and those who left the Episcopal Church for various reasons, or joined other churches. Over a hundred persons have entered this community, and now there are over thirty brothers, and the beginnings of a Sisterhood.

Canon Wess once said to the Community of the Holy Spirit, that they would only be great when they had a sister in heaven. We understand that now, as we think of our four brothers (and many other friends) on that farther shore.

I think with gratitude of those who were such an intimate part of our lives. John—so influential in our formation in the 70s—a patriarch of the Brotherhood and our oldest member. Bernard—quiet and deep, striving always to be of help to others; a nurse, ready and willing to help and always wanting to work. William—our own "geographicus" who travelled over much of the country keeping diaries and turning them into spiritual experiences; a writer of sermons *par excellence*, he preached with the same simple passion and pleasure with which he travelled. And now John Peter—one of the clearest and most innocent spirits I have

ever known, with no facade and no agenda except helping others and serving the church he so loved.

Each of the souls who travelled the road with us has touched me in a personal and meaningful way. I always tell the community that as each new person comes to us all the dynamics change; all the parameters are different. We are not what we were in 1969, though in some ways we are the same. Pentecost is upon us, that time when the Holy Spirit set the world on fire. We've had some Pentecost moments ourselves: beginning the Companion Sisterhood; adopting the Book of Common Prayer as our office book; and seeing the Canons changed in 1982 to bring contemporary Christian



*John Peter with Richard Thomas*

communities back into the official life and polity of the church.

However, one thing that shines for me is the way in which we have been "fired up" by the Holy Spirit on a continual basis. I wish all of you could be present when this community gathers to sing the Jesus Prayer! I wish all of you could experience the passing of the Peace at the eucharist. We have allowed the fire of the Spirit to burn in our hearts and we've been changed, while remaining true to our foundation and ideals.

Our celebration on July 30 will bring together our Visitor, Bishop Dennis, and Father Tom Pike, the first Chaplain of the Brotherhood and one of the guiding forces in our foundation. I know that Tom will see and feel the transforming of the Spirit—a changed community which has never changed its devotion to

God and the church.

As we look to the future, I am hopeful that we will flourish and grow to our fullest potential as a community. We face the future with open minds and hearts. The future holds the hope of an independent Sisterhood, and at this July Convocation, we profess two more sisters! We will continue to support and pray for their success and faithfulness.

September 14, 1994—our 25th anniversary and my anniversary of first profession—comes closer. In that celebration let us continue our vigilance and dedication to be closer to God and closer to each other.

RTB

### *Remembering John Peter*

## **MY SOUL HAS A DESIRE AND LONGING. . .**



Brother John Peter Clark died on the morning of Friday,

February 25, 1994 at Queens General Hospital in Jamaica, New York, due to pneumonia related to HIV infection. He was 43 years old and in the twelfth year of his profession in the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory.

John Peter's whole adult life was spent in service to others in one way or another. His working career was divided almost equally between the insurance business and, for the final 15 years, civil service with the City of New York's Department of Welfare. His lifelong relationship to God and the church surely was the center from which he drew inspiration and energy to reach out to those around him.

Born in Harlem, he spent his childhood in various neighborhoods in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and was educated in the New York City school system. The third of four sons, his household was broken up in his early years, and he was raised by an Episcopalian foster family. At 16 he decided to become confirmed,

and joined Saint Peter's, Westchester Square (the Bronx), a large and active parish. That was a turning point, one that he would never forget. The clergy and the Christian life John Peter saw modeled there at Saint Peter's instilled in him a dedication and a direction which led him to the religious life in 1980.

His was a rich career in the community, though his quiet demeanor often made it seem like he was on the outside looking in. While active in the events of the Brotherhood's Province II, it was in the parish setting that his special abilities shone. He served at Saint Peter's, then at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine (finally as Bishop's Verger), and in his last years at Saint Augustine's on the Lower East Side of Manhattan.

Anyone knowing John Peter realized that the liturgy occupied a special place in his heart. As a graduate of the cathedral's Institute of Theology, he extended his devotion into the realm of preaching, when the occasion presented itself. In spite of a hearing and speech impairment, John Peter found the concentration of preaching focused his speaking, and he became surprisingly eloquent—already equipped with a firm faith and a powerful message.

He was actively involved in a wide variety of parish, diocesan and national organizations, including the New York chapter of the Union of Black Episcopalians, and other organizations working for freedom from oppression for all people. My lasting impression of John Peter, though, will surely be in a liturgical context, thurible in hand, lovingly carrying out the service of the altar. Over all of



*John Peter served as verger at the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine in New York City*

his years in the community, he often served with me in worship and I could always count on him. He was always prepared in advance, as would be expected from someone who loved what he was doing. There were many moments when he would catch my eye with a wink and a broad smile, telling me that he knew we were pleasing God in our efforts at worship. That smile and that faith will be my most heartfelt memories of this dear brother called to the courts of the Lord.

*James*

## NEVER ALONE



When I was asked to preach at this Eucharist, I was honored. This would be a chance for me to honor the memory of our dear brother John Peter. But when I sat down to write, nothing

What about a little eulogy? But who knew very much about this quiet, re-served man, John Peter Clark? He was so laid-back and easy-going, you never re-ally knew what he was up to when he was around, much less when he was not. Even going through the records I kept as his provincial turned up very little. More than once, I shut down the computer with nothing saved, and even less in reserve. John Peter, I was afraid, was going to be very disappointed by all of this. I was convinced that nothing grand or memorable was going to be said here.

came. The more I pored over the readings, and the more I searched for words, the less happened, and I didn't know why. Delivering sermons of hope and re-assurance is part of my job description. I spend most of my waking hours comforting the family and friends of people who have died of AIDS. I make a living having the right words to say. I have the whole spiel about suffering and death—and yet, I couldn't find a word to say about *this* death.

The feeling of honor I spoke about was being replaced by resentment. I resented John Peter for putting me in this situation. That's when I realized what the problem was. I resented John Peter's dying. I was angry at how he left us. I was angry at myself for not being there with him. I was angry at everything. I was even angry at God for not handling the whole situation the way I would have. So I decided it was time for us to have a little talk.

**THE FEELING OF  
HONOR I SPOKE  
ABOUT WAS  
BEING REPLACED  
BY RESENTMENT**

"I suppose," I reasoned, "I could expound on the readings." Normally, I'd do that: explain away the mystique so the average listener would have something to grasp—but you, my brothers and sisters, are not the average listener.

Alright, God. I figured it out. I'm angry. *I know.*

I figured that. I guess you know what I'm mad at, too. Well, too bad. I'm going to say it anyway. I'm mad at every-thing and everybody, you included. I wasn't ready for John Peter to die. *Maybe he was ready.*

But nobody was with him. We should have been with him. *I was. He was fine.*

Then why can't I get past this. I mean, I have to preach at his memorial and I don't know where to start. I'm blocked.

*Did you check out the readings?*

You really think they need to hear about the readings?

*I don't know about them, but you sure do.*

I think you're right. Again. Thanks. Just one more thing. Any ideas were to look for his profession cross? It wasn't at the hospital. If we don't find it it's going to drive James crazy, and it'll probably show up on my annual performance review.

*No, . . . but ask the Friars of the Atonement about Saint Anthony.*

So there it was. Once I dealt with the anger and the guilt, and once I trusted enough to know that God was really there with our brother through this whole ordeal, right up to his death, I felt better. And suddenly, the wonderful messages of the readings became clear.

Listen to Lamentations: "The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end; . . . though grief come, the Lord will have compassion . . . He does not willingly afflict or grieve his children." How relevant in this time of AIDS. Here was the prescription for my fears, all neatly laid out in two lines. Before, they were empty words, but now I knew that John Peter was well ministered to in his last hours. What greater compassion could he have received from *any of us*?

If the Lord's love never ends, then the Lord was present with John Peter while he was dying. Who could have been more gentle with him? Who could have been a better guide to new life. I began to know that, in spite of our absence, John Peter was not alone. There is nothing any of us could have done better than the most compassionate and loving of hands.

My clearest memory about John Peter is his reverence and love for Jesus



*John Peter serving as chaplain to Bishop Walter Dennis, at Saint Augustine's Parish in Manhattan*

Christ. I'd watch him sometimes whenever we were together for prayers, and in his own quiet way it was obvious that he knew God. So I'm sure he recognized God standing next to him at his bedside, and just as sure that he went with him peacefully and willingly. "The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases."

My hunch is that many of you have been wrestling with these same feelings. Since John Peter died, I've heard a litany of regrets. Maybe we should have done this, or maybe he would have been better off if we had done that, or if, or if, or if. These are all normal human feelings. But are we any different than Martha, who said the same thing? "Lord, if you had been here . . ." We can see that things haven't changed much in two thousand years. We still have the same fears, the same regrets. We still say the same things. We didn't hear the rest of the story today, but if we read on, it starts to sound very familiar. Martha, Mary, the Jews, Jesus—everybody's crying. Everybody has some regret. No doubt someone's angry because Lazarus

**DEATH BE  
NOT PROUD**

At the end, Jesus comes to Golgotha. And here he does the hardest thing anyone can do: He gives up everything to God. Stripped of his garments, silent as the lamb to the slaughter, humiliated, exposed: the emblem of helpless and abject surrender to the final enemy, death. The author of the Letter to Hebrews tells us Jesus endured the cross because he knew that in the end the victory would be his, that death would be vanquished—that this seeming surrender was only a tactical retreat. But when we survey this rugged cross, hope seems mighty dim. This is the hardest part of all, and it comes to each of us. Jesus did not save us from death. He did not die on our behalf, but *for our sake*. We will all die some day. What Jesus did was show us the way *through* death to the risen life on the other side. It begins in the surrender when the end comes. It is not that we give up hope; let us never give up hope! But what we hope for is not simply recovery, only some day to be followed by another relapse. What we hope for is to be carried through the gates of death into the risen life. Death is not a pretty thing, though Hollywood has romanticized it, and hospitals have sanitized it. Death is a terrible thing. But it is not the end. Beyond and through death is a life so rich and full that death itself, in retrospect, will shrink to nothingness. When we look back—if we even bother to look back—we will say, How did we get into this marvelous, huge and vaulted banquet hall through such a tiny door?

—Tobias Stanislas, from a Good Friday sermon

died before they could say goodbye. Some must have felt they hadn't done enough for him while he was alive. Some loved him and missed him.

These people were no different than we are, so let's learn from what happens. Jesus doesn't rebuke anyone for the way they're feeling or carrying on. He doesn't chastise them for what they did or didn't do. Instead, he just asks them to believe that he is resurrection and true life; to believe that Lazarus is only dead in the eyes of those who do not believe; to believe and see the glory of God.

Last November I was with John Peter at the Cathedral for the annual AIDS service. We processed together, he sat next to me throughout the service, we prayed together, and afterward we went to the AIDS Memorial for the Sacrament of Healing. I laid my hands on him with the priest and deacon there, and he began to tremble, and then he started to cry. I embraced him for a few moments, and then we walked back to the sacristy to change out of our habits. During our drive to Penn Station, very little was said on the way, probably because we were both too emotionally drained. As he left the car for the station, I gave him my Westchester tips for traveling in New York City: Go right home; don't talk to anyone; sit in a car with a lot of people; call me when you get home. He turned around and said kindly, "Richard John, I'm not a child." "I'm sorry," I said, "I just want to make sure you get home all-right." "If you want to be really sure, you can drive me!" he said, with a big grin. But I couldn't, and he knew it. And that was OK. He hugged me good-bye and said, "I love you, Richard John."

Two weeks before he died, when the disease had progressed and was beginning to affect his mental processes, he'd lapse in and out of making sense. One

day one of us would talk to him on the phone and he'd make no sense, and the next day he'd be perfectly lucid. On one of those more lucid days, he asked me why he was suffering the way he was. What was all this for, he asked. I told him I didn't know the answer to that. Maybe I should have read him Paul's advice to the Corinthians: "Do not lose heart. Even though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed every day. This momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison."

Maybe I should have; if only I had. But does it matter, now? If the hope and promise of these readings are true—and I believe they are—then now, all of this makes perfect sense to John Peter.

John Peter's hearing and speech impediments made it difficult to understand him sometimes, and hard to get him to understand. But now, we are the ones who struggle to make sense of life in this earthly tent. John Peter knows the "glory beyond all comparison." His pain and suffering are behind him. All of his questions have answers. He sees the things we cannot see, things that are hidden from us by our mortality. His ears

have been opened and his speech is eloquent. But we, "while we are still in this tent, we sigh with anxiety." If only we all knew what John Peter knows now. If only we knew what it is like to share in that glory.

Always remember John Peter that way. Brothers and sisters, the fact is that we should envy him. If we have feelings of regret or inadequacy, they should not be for him, but for ourselves. It is we who are only half alive; he knows the fullness of life. We are naked, but he is fully clothed. We can only imagine the things he knows for certain.

Let's turn our hearts to thanking Almighty God for John Peter's gentle presence among us, and for the little things by which we will always remember him. His hearing loss led him to understand clichés in vivid images, with his own special spin. When he said them, new truths were revealed. He was so right when he said that this life is "no bag of rose." But we have the promise of another life which is so much greater. For him, all of this makes perfect sense. Amen.

*Richard John*

*Here and there with the brothers and sisters*

## **COMMUNITY NOTES**

We regret to announce the death of a longtime friend of the Brotherhood, Canon **James R Gundrum**. Canon Gundrum was known to many through the church for his skilful management of the General Convention Secretariat over a number of years. We have also just received word of the death of former member, **Augustine James Baird**, of Omaha. May the souls of all the departed

through the mercy of God rest in peace.

### **Province I**

Postulant **Robert A Burnham** is co-editor of and contributor to *Therapists on the Front Line: Psychotherapy with Gay Men in the Age of AIDS*, just published by the American Psychiatric Press, Inc. Robert's article is titled "Trauma revisited: HIV and AIDS in gay male survivors of early sexual abuse."



## *Province II*

Just prior to the current restructuring of the international headquarters of the Episcopal Church, **James** received a new position—Manager of Partnership Services. This position grew out of his previous one, Administrative Assistant to the Executive for Partnerships. It includes a number of programs, among them the Companion Diocese Program, the Overseas Leadership Training Program, the Sabbatical Fund for Overseas Ministers, and the Good Friday Offering. As there are now fewer staff officers relating to the overseas dioceses of the Episcopal Church and to the Anglican Communion generally, James will probably be called upon to represent our church outside the borders of the US. This has already begun: in February, he attended meetings of the Caribbean Region and of the PECUSA/Caribbean Region Covenant Committee in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. While there, he had the opportunity to speak to the bishops and a number of clergy from Puerto Rico, Cuba, Haiti, Honduras and the Dominican Republic about the Brotherhood and the religious life.

**William Francis**, **Charles**, and **Christopher Stephen** participated in a presentation on the Brotherhood at All Saints Church, Richmond Hill, Queens. The evening began with a celebration of the eucharist and a simple dinner, followed by the presentation. Christopher Stephen gave a short talk on the Brotherhood and Companion Sisterhood—its history and its ethos—and was then joined by **Charles** and **William Francis** who added their own perspectives and answered questions from the congregation. The evening was part of a Lenten series on the religious life in the Episcopal Church held by the local deanery.

A memorial service for **John Peter** was held during the Spring Council meeting, at Saint John's Chapel of the Sisters of the Atonement, Graymoor, on Saint Gregory's feast day, March 12. **Edward Ramón** was the celebrant, and **Richard John** preached. In addition to the Council members and vocationers attending the service, **William Francis**, **Charles Edward**, **Elizabeth Mary** and Associate **Rick Belanger** were there, along with Brother **Nicholas DeGruccio**, SA, representing the Graymoor community.

The following week, **Richard John** represented the Brotherhood at the funeral of Father **Adunatus Panittieri**, SA, who died on March 17th in the 55th year of his profession.

Members of the Province joined the Community of the Holy Spirit at Saint Hilda's House, Manhattan, for Vespers, dinner and fellowship. **Richard Thomas**, **James**, **William Francis**, **Tobias Stanislas**, **Christopher Stephen**, **Richard John**, **Elizabeth Mary** and postulant **Richard Yarian** joined the Sisters and other guests for a delightful time praying, eating, and singing. CHS has served the Diocese of New York since 1952.

**Richard John** visited Saint Gregory's Retreat Center and Farm in Mexico NY in his Provincial capacity during the week of Ascensiontide. He, **Maurice John**, **Andrew**, and aspirant **Patrick Thompson** assisted during Confirmation at Saint Paul's Cathedral, Syracuse. **Bishop Dennis**, the community Visitor, was in Syracuse attending the Province II Synod meeting. A reception was held at Saint Gregory's for **Richard John**. Brothers and area Associates of the community attended the reception and Even-song which followed.

The brothers at Saint Gregory's Re-treat Center have established a memorial rose garden for anyone who has died of

AIDS or HIV-related infection. There is space for sixty rose bushes, each to be given an inscribed plaque bearing the name of the person being memorialized. A Memorial Roll of the names will be kept in the chapel and each will be re-remembered at daily Evening Prayer. Rose bushes can be brought to the center and planted personally, or the brothers will purchase and plant a bush for a donation of \$7.50. If interested, contact

Brother Maurice John Grove, BSG St. Gregory's Retreat Center  
RD #1, Minckler Road  
Mexico, NY 13114  
or call 315/963—4849

**Richard Thomas** played the organ for Holy Week services at the Episcopal Church Center, while **James** assisted the celebrants at the daily eucharists. During the Triduum all were heavily involved at our several parishes. **Bishop Dennis** again visited the Church of Saint Luke in the Fields, Greenwich Village, for the Easter Vigil, preaching, celebrating, con-firming, receiving, reaffirming, and assisting at baptisms, with **James** at his side as subdeacon. **Tobias Stanislas** also participated, leading the standing-room-only congregation in singing the litany and the prayers. It is such a beautiful, historic and special way of welcoming the Risen Christ after the long and somber days of Lent and Holy Week, a journey we *must* make, but one which is sweeter at its end!

**Tobias Stanislas** led the Good Friday service at Holy Innocents parish, just outside the gates of West Point, preaching three homilies over the course of the afternoon worship. He has also been active in promoting stewardship on a diocesan level, and a special edition of *God First: A Tithing Catechism* has been published by the Diocese of New York. He

has been accepted as a postulant for the priesthood by **Bishop Grein**, and hopes to begin his studies at the General Theological Seminary this fall.

Novice George is painting up a storm in Lake Tahoe, California, and his work is being exhibited by local galleries.

### **Province III**

**Gustavo Mansilla** has requested and been granted release from the novitiate. We wish him all the best as he continues his parochial and diocesan ministry in Virginia.

Lillian-Marie is settling into ministry in Florida, though she confesses it would have been easier to make her bed in church during a hectic Holy Week than commute between church and home! She is working with the altar guild, serves a weekly healing eucharist, and administers the chalice on alternate Sundays.

### **Province V**

*Note: In the last issue we inadvertently slipped back into some old terminology and headed this section "Province West."*

**Patrick-Francis** read the lesson and served as pallbearer at his father Carl's funeral. Provincial **Thomas Joseph** at-tended representing the community.

Christ Church Cathedral, Cincinnati, hosted the Episcopal Church Youth Advocacy Conference. **Thomas Joseph** was MC and chaplain to **Bishop Thompson** at the festival eucharist, while **Patrick-Francis** shepherded the various ministers to the vesting rooms prior to the service.

**Associate John Bell's** parish, Our Savior, Cincinnati, has reactivated a cell of the Society of Mary, with rector **Paula M Jackson, Thomas Joseph, Patrick-Francis,** and parishioners from churches in the Ohio River Deanery. **John** led the Stations of the Cross during Lent, and

Patrick Francis leads Evening Prayer there during the year.

Members of the Brotherhood joined parishioners from Our Savior, Cincinnati, and University Episcopalians from the University of Cincinnati to sponsor a "Time for Silence, For Healing, For Listening and Prayer" culminating in a joyous observance of the Annunciation.

**Stephen** paid a call to Cincinnati, and visited with the members and Associates. He was also treated to a sampling of Cincy's famous Skyline Chili, and a tour of the botanical gardens.

**Michael David** was honored with an organ concert on his "circa fiftieth" birthday at St. Mark's Cathedral, Shreveport. **Donald Smith** was the organist, and a reception followed.

Francis Andrew and postulant-prospective **Susan Caroselli** took part in the All Saints' Beverly Hills east coast tour, with featured stops in New York and Boston. Community members in those venues turned out to hear some fine sacred choral music, in liturgical and concert settings. Francis Andrew was officiant for Evensong at Saint James Madison Avenue.

The Province met in Chicago for a day of recollection led by Roger, "Poverty, Chastity, Obedience: Our Humility, Our Magnificence." Associates **Brendan Nugent**, **Dennis Pattey**, and **Larry David** attended.

**Roger** and lifepartner Joe Wirtz visited Michael David at the Beulah Gate Plantation while on a driving trip through the South. Michael David and Miss Linda were extremely gracious, and all had a terrific time together.



*Gordon John participated in the Maundy Thursday watch before the reserved Sacrament at Saint Peter's Chicago. The photo was taken by "a friendly Franciscan."*

Keeping a musical hand in, or rather both hands, Roger performed four benefit solo harpsichord recitals for HIV/AIDS service-providers in Chicago, raising over \$10,000 total. He recently performed the Bach D Minor Harpsichord Concerto with two different orchestras in the Chicago area, and was continuo-soloist and coach for the singers in a three-performance run of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. He also performed in the Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concert Series in the Chicago Cultural Center.

Roger led a panel discussion at Seabury-Western Theological Seminary on "The Spiritualities of HIV/AIDS," giving both the opening meditation and the closing prayer, and facilitating interaction between the panelists.

### **Associates**

Please welcome new associates Ethel "Ettye" Hurley (Manahawkin NJ), **Amy Barron** (Cincinnati), and **Gabriel McGovern** (Dublin, Ireland). **Roland "Randy" RR Pryor** has moved to California, and is now youth director at Saint Francis Episcopal Church (Citrus Heights CA.)

## TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

*Behold, I'm sending you like sheep in the midst of wolves, so be shrewd as serpents and simple as doves.—Matthew 10:16*

Jesus never hesitates to tell us what we might expect if we decide to follow him.

It is as if he said, "Here is my task for you, Gordon, or Patrick, or Elizabeth Mary, and for me; here it is at its grimmest and at its worst. Do you accept it?"

The world will offer us comfort, ease, advancement, the fulfillment of worldly ambitions. Jesus, on the other hand, offers us hardships, and sometime death. And yet the proof of history is that Jesus was right. In their heart of hearts men and women love a call to adventure.

**THOSE WITH A  
MESSAGE FROM GOD  
UNDERGO  
THE HATRED AND THE  
ENMITY OF A  
FOSSILIZED  
ORTHODOXY**

It may be that the church must learn that we will never attract men and women to an easy way; it is the call of the heroic which ultimately speaks to us.

Jesus offered his followers three kinds of trial:

The state would persecute them: They would be brought before councils, kings, etc. When they were brought to court and to judgement, they were not to worry what they would say, for God

would give them words. "I will be with your mouth and teach you what you shall speak."

It was not the humiliation they dreaded, not even the pain or agony, but the fear of their own unskillfulness in words and defense that might injure rather than commend the faith—so be well-studied and well-prepared.

The church would persecute them: The church does not like to be upset, and has its own ways of dealing with disturbers of the peace. The issues of ordination, racism, sexism, sexuality—I'm sure you can think of others—we are those who turn the world upside down.

It is often true that those with a message from God had to undergo the hatred and the enmity of a fossilized orthodoxy. The church will try to turn you inside out, confuse you, challenge you in what you believe and why.

Be prepared to witness to the gospel and defend what you believe, because sometimes there will not be anyone there to put you back together again.

The family may persecute you. Your nearest and dearest may think you mad and shut the door against you.

Sometimes the Christian is confronted with the hardest choice of all—the choice between obedience to Christ and obedience to kindred, husband, wife, significant other.

Jesus warned his followers that in days to come they might well find state and church and family co-joined against

them. If some of this sounds slightly familiar, it may be that we have found our-selves in one or more of these trials.

When I reflect on this I am reminded of our own Mission Service, when Richard sends us out into the world like sheep among wolves, "Here is our task, here it is at its grimmest, at its worst, sprinkled with some joy. Do you accept it? Richard knows that there will be many trials ahead for each of us and for himself.

We have been called to be among the wolves, called to heal wounds, to unite what has fallen apart, and to bring home those who have lost their way. My brothers and sisters, servants of the servants of God, go forth into the world, rejoicing in the power of the spirit. Soli Deo Gloria!

*Thomas Joseph*



**AN INVITA-  
TION**

You are cordially invited to attend a celebration of the Holy Eucharist commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory. Saturday, July 30th, 1994 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Rt. Rev. Walter D. Dennis, Visitor Celebrant  
The Rev. Thomas F. Pike, First Chaplain, Preacher

Little Flower Chapel • Saint Paul's Friary  
Graymoor, Garrison New York

A reception will follow.  
Your prayers and presence are requested.

*R.S.V.P. 914-949-5571 by July 15.*

**WHERE  
THERE'S A  
WILL**

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**Y**ou can assist and further the minis-tries of the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory by remembering us in your will. If you choose to do so, the following form of wording is appropriate:

*I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to The Brotherhood of Saint Gregory, Inc, a New York State not-for-profit corporation, with a present address of 82 Prospect Street White Plains NY 10606-3499, and its successors for ever \_\_\_\_\_ and / or \_\_\_\_\_ percent of my estate to be used in such a manner as determined by its Directors.*

**WELCOME  
TO NEW  
MEMBERS**

---

As flowers welcome the rain As  
birds welcome grain  
As a rainy day welcomes the sun  
This welcome has just begun Feel  
the joy, feel the love That only  
comes from above.

We pray that when you enter the community you want to be the same. We welcome you in the name of Jesus Christ. Welcome!

*Lillian-Marie*