

\$2.00



THE SERVANT



VERY EARLY
IN THE
MORNING,
THEY CAME TO
THE
SEPULCHRE,
BEARING THE
SPICES THEY
HAD PREPARED

*The grave of William
Procher DuBose,
Sewanee*

#157

April/June 1995

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The Servant

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Founder's Forum
PETER'S DENIAL

Recently, we have been hearing a bit about Peter. Peter—the man who denied knowing the Lord.

Peter disregarded Jesus' warning "you will deny me three times." In reply, Peter had protested that he would die for the Lord before he would deny him. Peter should have listened to Jesus instead of talking. How often do we talk when we should listen? When we think we know more than the Lord knows we always get into trouble.

**POOR PETER:
FAR FROM HIS
LORD BUT CLOSE
ENOUGH TO BE
SEEN, STANDING
IN THE
SPOTLIGHT BY
THE FIRE, HIS
ACCENT
BETRAYING HIM
AT EVERY WORD.**

Another scene shows Peter following his captured Lord, but from afar. Our only hope in the Christian life and in the religious life is to stay close to the Lord. Peter thought it was safer to keep his distance; not get in the way. Following afar off always leads to trouble. This is still true in the church. Many people have distanced themselves from the church, whether the faith as a whole or

our particular branch in the Episcopal Church. Some have become fringe groups; members of churches with strange names, living in schism from everyone with whom they disagree. Running away or keeping distance is not the way to faith. The way to future cooperation is engagement and dialogue.

Next—and talk about dumb—Peter warmed himself at the enemy's fire! After swinging his sword at the servant of the high priest and cutting off his ear, he was dumb enough to take the chance of sitting with them in the courtyard of Caiaphas! Being warmed by the fire—the comfortable way—is not always the best way either.

The accounts of the denials differ somewhat in detail, though they all agree that Peter denied Jesus three times. All of the accounts agree that he was first questioned by the maidservant of the high priest. Mark's account suggests that she recognized him in the light of the open fire. Here he was vigorous in denying that he knew Jesus. The second time it was a maid who told the bystanders "This is one of them." Peter didn't know enough to remove himself from the spotlight. The third time there was a general chorus: "Surely you are one of them, for you are a Galilean." They recognized him by his accent. Poor Peter: far from his Lord but close enough to be seen, standing in the spotlight by the fire, his accent betraying him at every word.

In answer to the final accusation Peter "began to curse and swear." This has been interpreted as meaning he used

vulgar language and so could not be a follower of Jesus. But what Peter was saying was this: “Let me be cursed if I am not telling you the truth. I declare under oath that I do not know this man.” So he was guilty of perjury too!

Then suddenly, unexpected repentence came: the rooster crowed and Peter remembered Jesus’ prediction. Before the cock crows twice, you will deny me three times. It hit him hard. He “covered his head” or “flung himself out.” He wept bitter tears of repentance.

Jesus wanted and needed the close presence of his comrades. And so, under circumstances of stress and trouble, do we. I think the term “solitary Christian” is a contradiction in terms. The pilgrimage of faith was never meant to be an individual journey for any of us. The community to which we belong and are pledged is what we have searched out. Before Peter began to deny (in the face of stress), his ministry was to others. He was to fish for many. We are reminded of this every time we approach the altar at the eucharist. This life of Jesus was given to us to be shared—not denied. By taking care of each other and not denying each other, we continue Christ’s life within each of us. We need each other. We need the perseverance of our brothers and sisters.

**THE TERM
“SOLITARY
CHRISTIAN” IS A
CONTRADICTION
IN TERMS.**

There is a story of a man who was given a tour of heaven and hell. When he got to hell there was food everywhere. And the people there each had long-handled spoons. But with all of the food, they were unhappy, glum and starving. Why? Because they could not get the spoons to their mouths, the handles were so long! The man moved on to heaven and the same scene was repeated. There was a tremendous amount of food everywhere and the people there had long spoons too. The difference was that the people were happy and smiling and well fed. Why? They had fed each other.

*RTB
This sermon was
delivered to the
convocation at
Graymoor, and at a
gathering in Western
Louisiana.*

Stumbling blocks and current events* **SCANDALOUS!*

As I write in mid-February, this year of our Lord 1995 already seems to be developing into one of potentially great injury to the church, a year of internal disension and turmoil, and of public

scandal. Two months have not yet ended and the Episcopal Church has been shaken by the suicide of a well known and respected bishop, surrounded by words of sexual miscon-

duct. Then a group of bishops bring charges of false doctrine against other bishops, calling for ecclesiastical trial. And, dare I say “lastly” so early in the year, allegations and rumors of financial misconduct at the very highest levels of the church become fodder for the national press—a public embarrassment and a scandal to the church.

**THE CHURCH
NEVER SERVES
ITS BEST
INTERESTS
WHEN IT PLACES
ITSELF OUTSIDE
OF AND ABOVE
THE HUMAN
CONDITION.**

These are perhaps the most notorious recent examples of scandal in the church, but they are certainly not the *only* ones, nor is the Episcopal Church singled out for the limelight of sensational disgrace. Matters of sexual indiscretion involving members of the clergy and religious are always hot news items, even though they seem to come to light so frequently that they should hardly warrant much column space. Perhaps that is all the more scandalous. Clergy taking their bishops to law; parishes taking their dioceses to court; vestries using every legal means to oust their duly instituted rectors. Each is a painful instance of public embarrassment to the church, an example of the scandal that Saint Paul earnestly sought to teach his young congregations how to avoid.

Have we learned so little in all these years?

One of the primary reasons for Paul’s lengthy letters to the churches was to warn them about the pitfalls of life as he knew them. He’d *lived and learned!* Most of the examples he used in illustrating his points were situations the church found itself in at that time. His call to unity, to love and respect among the faithful, to a heightened sense of Christian morality, were not theories or platitudes preached to the innocent, they were responses to what he saw all around himself—within his society and within his congregations. And the benefit of 20/20 hindsight is not required to see the result: Paul’s eloquent pleas to the Corinthian church were met with the same attitude of “we know better” which we see alive in the scandals of our day, just under the surface. “I am free to do anything!—If I’ve got the power I must have the right.” One need not be a theologian to see from the First Letter of Saint Clement to the Church at Corinth that the church had received Saint Paul’s best efforts on their behalf with the response, “We know better.”

The church never serves its best interests when it places itself outside of and above the human condition. We are God’s hands and feet and voice among God’s people, but that potentially exalted view of ourselves can lead us easily into scandal. We need to remember who we are, where we came from, and *whose* we are. If we can do that humbly, deeply embracing the attitude of forgiveness that Jesus still teaches us, readily admitting that we *will* make mistakes and we *will* fall short of God’s mark for us, then we can perhaps lessen the evil power of scandal to injure the

church when it comes—as surely it will continue to come. Don't get me wrong: This is *not* a call to ignore or to hide violations of law or conduct—Saint Paul also teaches much about justice and responsibility within the Body of Christ—it is rather a call to understand that such incidents of scandal and indiscretion, however terrible and painful

when they occur, are still *incidents*. They cannot long diminish the eternal power of the church to bring the Good News to the world. Thanks be to God, our salvation is already won!

James

Here and there with the brothers and sisters COMMUNITY NOTES

Winter Convocation

It was a pleasure to be back in the company of the Friars and the Sisters of the Atonement for the community's Winter Convocation, and especially for the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity (which was created by Fr Paul Wattson, founder of the Society of the Atonement). Again this year the Brotherhood was invited to create a service for one of the eight days of the observation at Graymoor, and the Superior General chose Francis Andrew to organize it. He designed a traditional Anglican service of Nine Lessons and Carols, beginning with the Festival of Light; he ably

took the part of the Officiant, with James and Gordon John assisting. Tobias Stanislas and the Schola provided the musical accompaniment, together with Richard Thomas at the keyboard.

Winter Convocations have become occasions for quiet reflection and opportunities for long talks with brothers or sisters from across the country. There is also time for the Daily Office and the Holy Eucharist each day. A number of members had requested a particular workshop, so Edward Ramón—who in addition to his priestly gifts also has professional radio and tv experience—led two seminars on the subject of reading and speaking in public, especially in



The unity service at Graymoor

church. It was well attended, and seemed to satisfy the need completely.

The Brotherhood's Council held its first meeting of the year during the convocation, approving the dismissal of Roger Goodman. Clare requested that her leave of absence be lifted and that she return to full participation in the life of the community. Needless to say, this request was unanimously and joyfully granted! In other Council business, J Stephen Moss of the Diocese of Vermont was interviewed and accepted as a postulant-prospective, bringing the number of prospective new members to five. There will be further opportunity for interviews in April. This appears to be a time of great blessing and bounty for vocations to the Brotherhood and Companion Sisterhood of Saint Gregory!

Though nine members were unable to attend Winter Convocation due to illness or the inability to be away from their jobs, we were pleased to have a number of visitors for part of the week—postulants-prospective, Associates and vocationers—and the low-key daily schedule made it possible for the brothers and sisters to spend quality time with the guests. Since even the weather cooperated (unlike this week last year, there was no snow on the Holy Mountain, and some days were actually warm enough to go outside with just a light jacket on), Winter Convocation '95 was a complete and satisfying success!



Winter Convocation, 1995

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SAINT GREGORY



*James and Tobias Stanislas at the Assessment Review celebration
(Photo by Joan Grein)*

Province II

World AIDS Day 1994 was commemorated at the Chapel of Christ the Lord (Episcopal Church Center, New York), with Richard Thomas at the organ console and James assisting at the altar at the midday celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The turnout was good, and the presence of sections of the historic AIDS Quilt made the occasion even more memorable and impressive.

Province II held an Advent Day of Recollection at Grace Church, White Plains, and in addition to the members of the province and a vocational enquirer, Helen Bernice and Susan Caroselli attended from Province I. Meditations delivered by Richard Thomas, Karekin Madteos and Elizabeth Mary punctuated the day of quiet reflection, so much appreciated at a time when holiday activity is at its height.

On Ember Saturday in December James was invited to participate in the priestly ordination of the Rev Virginia K Hummel, a colleague of his at the Episcopal Church Center. Gini served for several years as a staff officer in the Volunteers for Mission Office, prior to beginning her studies at the General



Lift High the Umbrella! Bishop Thompson bore the pontifical golf umbrella to protect crucifer Thomas Joseph during the Racial Harmony Day procession from Christ Church Cathedral.

Theological Seminary. She is now curate at Saint Luke's Church, Metuchen (Diocese of New Jersey). The service took place at Saint Luke's, with Bishop Joe Morris Doss, ordaining on behalf of Bishop John S. Spong of Newark (Gini's home diocese). James was the thurifer, and the picturesque Victorian gingerbread church was filled to capacity with family, friends, colleagues, diocesan clergy, and the loving congregation. An ample reception and dinner followed the service—a wonderful beginning for a new ministry.

Our Associate, Bishop Leopold Frade of Honduras, visited New York City in January to attend a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary; while in town his two canons, Richard Thomas and James, had the opportunity to have lunch with him and discuss current events in his diocese and in the community. As they walked up Second Avenue Bishop Leo was heard to say, "Canon to the right of me, canon to the left of me...!"

Patrick Thompson has been appointed music librarian of Saint Paul's Cathedral, Syracuse, in addition to serving as a chorister. He recently participated in a unity service at the Roman Catholic cathedral, at which Dr Charles Willie spoke. Work on the farm is keeping all the brethren there busy. The latest major project is producing flavored herbal vinegars.

Tobias Stanislas and James attended a "thank you" dinner held by Bishop of New York Richard Grein and his wife Joan, to honor the work of the Assessment Review Committee that put so much effort into the new plan for diocesan funding, development and mission adopted at last year's convention. Tobias Stanislas was tapped to assemble the final report from a wealth of data collected over a two-year period into a descriptive document for diocesan review prior to the convention.

A trip to the southland brought Tobias Stanislas to the School of Theology at Sewanee for several days of conversa-

tion with students and faculty on the related subjects of religious life and the future of the anglo-catholic movement in the Episcopal Church. While in Sewanee Tobias Stanislas worshiped with the Sisters of Saint Mary in their beautiful convent on the mountainside. Unfortunately, due to the famous Sewanee Fog the view only extended about 20 feet! Maybe next time...

Province III

Congratulations and best wishes to our Associate, the Rev Mark Harris, who has accepted the call to become Rector of Saint James' Church, Wilmington, Delaware. Mark received this call while pursuing doctoral studies at the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. And we would be remiss if we failed to congratulate the congregation at Saint James', Wilmington, as well—it is a fortunate parish that is lucky enough to secure the pastoral, liturgical, and administrative abilities of such a fine priest!

Province V

Thomas Joseph took part in the observance of Racial Harmony Day in Cinc-

cinnati. Bishop Thompson and the mayor spoke after a procession from the cathedral to Fountain Square. In spite of the rain, the event proceeded with fervent hope for the future. + + Thomas Joseph also took part in the Deanery Lenten Program on "The Vowed Life in the Modern World." He continues to serve with the Cincinnati AIDS Coalition, the Council on Aging, and the Diocesan AIDS Commission, along with Patrick-Francis and Associate John Bell.

Michael David had a busy spring with trips to Chicago, Italy, and Washington DC. In addition to the 68 students he has this semester, he is working on developing a residential arts program for children from the poorest parts of the state of Louisiana.

Associates

We welcome Carol Gwynn Hays of Syracuse to the roster of Associates. And we are very sorry to report the tragic death by accident of Mary Virginia Clement Haney's son, Carl. May his soul, and those of all the departed, rest in peace.

Kerygma Korner **A FABLE:** **THE COOK AND THE STEWARD**

Once upon a time there was a great Lord, who had a manor near the village of Epkirk. And this Lord, having business in a far place, called his chief Steward, and entrusted all the household to his charge. Now the Steward was a good man, though he had one weakness; he dearly loved to eat a certain dish of mutton-pie. The Steward heard

that a Cook from the manor lands could bake the finest mutton-pie to be found, and he sent for her to become the chief Cook.

The Cook, when she arrived, did not find matters to her liking, either in the kitchen or the house or the estate—or even in the town. The Steward—being very, very fond of the Cook's mutton-

pie, and fearing she might take it amiss and depart were she not granted her wishes—gave the Cook free rein to make changes as she saw fit.

So the Cook went to the Miller, and said, “The flour you grind is not fine enough. Tighten the millstone, to grind the flour finer.” The Miller protested, “But the millstone is set as it should be!” “Be that as may be,” said the Cook, “I shall have the flour finer.” The Miller doubted what to do, and went to the Steward to lay the matter before him. The Steward said, “Do as the Cook instructs; for she is an excellent Cook, and must be right, for she makes the finest mutton-pie that ever I ate!” And so the Miller reset the mill, and threw the bolt that meshed the gears to set the mill to work. And in a moment the axle-tree twisted free from its mooring, the cogs broke and splintered, and the mill ground to a halt. The Miller, in despair, left the estate and found work as a Consultant in the village.

The Cook, seeing the Miller gone, appointed the Spit-Boy to tend the mill, as he was accustomed to making the rotisserie go ‘round and ‘round. Though the mill was beyond repair, the Spit-Boy kept it swept and dusted. As it produced no flour, the Cook scraped plaster-dust off the back wall of the kitchen, and used it to prepare the crust for her pie. You might think that the Steward would tell the difference, but when he first tasted the plaster mutton-pie, I’m told he declared, “Why, this is the best mutton-pie that ever I ate!” And the other servants wondered at this, but said nothing, for they knew the Steward would hear nothing against the Cook.

The Cook then went to the Gardener, and said to her, “The carrots and onions you grow are not succulent enough. Water the garden more, to make them juicier!” The Gardener protested, “But I water the garden as much as is needed; to do more would ruin the crops.”

“Be that as may be,” replied the Cook, “but do as you’ve been told, or I shall take up the matter with the Steward.” So the Gardener did as the Cook directed, and indeed, the carrots and onions were water-logged, ruined, and unfit to be eaten. The Gardener threw up her hands in despair, and left the manor to become a Long-Range Strategic Planner on a neighboring estate.

Seeing the Gardener had left, the Cook assigned the Dishwasher to drain the excess water from the garden. So the Dishwasher made the garden into a mud-brick ornamental pond. Since there were no more vegetables for the mutton-pie, the Cook put in old pencil ends and erasers instead of carrots, and burned-out light bulbs instead of onions. The other servants thought, “Surely the Steward will notice this!” But against all reason the Steward ate the mutton-pie with as great relish as ever. “This is the finest mutton-pie that ever I ate,” he declared with vehement assurance. “The Cook gets better and better!” And the servants shook their heads, and many began to look for work in the village and other manors round about.

The Cook then went to the Shepherd, who was bringing in the sheep from pasture. “Who authorized you to do this?” she asked. The Shepherd said, “I always bring the sheep in at night, for wild beasts prowl the fields, and the sheep might stray if left to wander.” The

Cook drew herself up and solemnly said, "This is nothing but micro-management! Have you never heard the adage, 'Leave them alone...'? Well, do so! They will eat more grass, and grow fatter and produce better meat, and milk, and wool!" The Shepherd knew it was pointless to resist, so he left the flock in the meadows all night. And some strayed off, and some were stolen, and still others fell prey to the ravages of wild beasts. The Shepherd threw up his hands in despair, and went off to become the Bishop of a Small Midwestern Diocese.

**WHAT WILL THE
MASTER DO
WHEN HE
RETURNS TO THE
MANOR?**

The Cook appointed the Butler to take the Shepherd's place, as he was used to standing about looking attentive; and while there were no longer any sheep to occupy his attention, he cut a dashing figure on the hillside. As there was no more mutton for the mutton-pie, the Cook took strips of old rags, soaked them in red ink and salt, and used them to prepare the dish. The servants thought, "At last the Steward will notice! This mutton-pie has neither mutton nor pie about it!" And indeed, the Steward paused as he munched and crunched on the plaster and broken light-bulbs and pencil ends, and struggled to swallow the old rags and erasers. But he cleared his throat and said, "This is the best, the very best, the finest mutton-pie that ever I ate!"

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SAINT GREGORY

The Cook learned one day that trade with the village had fallen off, so she strode to the town square in high dudgeon. Mounting the platform, she addressed the crowd. "You people," she said, "are not following through on your commitments to the manor! You've stopped sending in the regular payments we are accustomed to receive. I insist you make up for the budget gap at once!"

The people of the village looked at the Cook with astonishment. Finally, the Shoemaker, a very wise old man and a village elder, spoke up in a thin, strong voice, and said, "I have lived long in this village, and known the manor many a year, for the village was here before the manor. I've seen Stewards come and go, to say nothing of Cooks! I know the Master, that he has many mansions in other places, too. And I know that the Master built this manor here for the good of the town—not the other way 'round! There was a time when this village of Epkirk could look to the manor for flour, meat, wool, milk, produce, and sundry other things. But of late we've had naught from the manor but empty talk—and talk is cheap, if not downright worthless." And all the villagers laughed, shaking their heads.

Through all this, the Cook remained silent, though she had turned bright red, her eyes as big as saucers, and steam had begun to hiss from her ears. She opened her mouth, then closed it again. At this the villagers laughed even louder. The Cook's eyes grew as big as pastry-tins, and she puffed herself up even more than before. But the more she tried to make herself impressive, the sillier she looked, and the people just laughed louder and louder. Finally, with an immense effort, she inhaled

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one more time, glared at the villagers with eyes as big as roasting pans, and—to everyone's surprise—exploded! Nothing was left of her but a small pile of puff pastry and some hard sauce.

This story is true, I declare! What do you think the Master will do to the Steward when he returns to the manor? I asked the Shoemaker what he thought, and he pondered a moment, and said, "I don't know about the Steward, though I'd not like to be in his shoes—fine as they are, and made by my own hands! Someone once told me that 'a shoemaker should stick to his last.' So I think I can guess the moral of this story:

*'The Cook who bites off
more than she can chew
Will spoil even what she's skilled to do!'*

TSH
Written over a year
ago, this fable was
sealed up at the
Spirit's direction until
these things should
come to pass.

WITH FEAR & TREMBLING

Upon a stone he sat
in the twilight of
an eve in spring.
With tears and trembling
he sang of love and life
raising psalms unto his God.

Upon his knees he fell
his eyes kissed
by buds and blossoms
newly risen from Winter's slumber.
With tears and trembling
he sang of fear and pain
raising his fists unto his God.

In the glory of his Father's garden
among the figs and ivy,
the roses and the wandering jews,
among the thorns and briars
that were used to weave his crown,
while the world slumbered
a stones throw away...
He sang of liberation
raising his life unto his God.
With tears and trembling thus...
He awaited his captivity.

Karekin Madteos

AN INVITATION

April 23, 1995 • 7 o'clock in the evening
The Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, New York City
Solemn Evensong in celebration of the
75th anniversary of the foundation
of the Society of Saint Francis and the
25th anniversary of the foundation
of the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory

Saint Francis of Assisi, a sculpture by Michael David



For the Second Sunday of Easter

NO COMFORT?

There is an air of uncertainty in today's Collect: "Do not leave us comfortless." The New Testament was composed from a group of stories, letters and oral history about events that took place almost 2,000 years ago, and yet Christians ever since have believed that these stories are relevant to people living in their own age. It can be — and is — because people haven't really changed in the last 2,000 years, and they probably won't change in the next 2,000, or the 200,000 beyond that. Hard to believe? Let's look inside the story.

Today we stand in the few days between Jesus' Ascension and the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. We know that today, but Jesus' disciples did not have that information. Oh, it's true that he told them what to expect — he always told them what to expect — but they never seemed to understand him or to be able to apply what he said to their own lives. Christians ever since have had the same problem — I know I do every day! The events that took place in Palestine in the months prior to the Ascension were unlike anything that had ever happened before, either to the people of that place and time or to us today. The disciples actually knew Jesus: They were with him for three whole years as he walked up and down that countryside, speaking to people, healing the sick, raising the dead, and teaching the masses. They were with him at the quiet times — times not recorded in Scripture — when they must have sat up late into the nights and talked about things that we will never know about. He talked to

them about the personal, private matters of daily life that always come up when people relax at the end of a long day, a day likely full of experiences that any of us would love to have shared with Jesus! They knew him as well as we can know our best friend in the world — perhaps even better. And yet, as these days grew more intense, the disciples became frightened and realized that they didn't know their friend at all. And then he was gone — dead and buried in his grave — and they were left alone, leaderless, friendless, in a Jerusalem full to overflowing with people who were once their friends and who had now insisted on the execution of one so dear to them. The disciples didn't fit in anymore. They felt it to their very bones, and it frightened them to death. Each disciple must have said "Why me?" countless times during those days — days long with uncertainty, fear, and the feeling of overwhelming loneliness. Abandonment. Confusion. Desperation. These were the same people who heard Jesus with their own ears; who touched him; who talked and ate with him every day. And they were comfortless.

Today, when we hear this ancient story, we find it hard to believe that people would act that way. We have the benefit of hindsight — 2,000 years of hindsight! Not only do we know how that story ended, we have the experience of 20 centuries of living in the presence of the Resurrected Jesus to draw upon. Countless spiritual leaders have come to us over these years, people with names like Benedict, Gregory,

Francis, Dominic, Clare, Teresa, Julian, Juan de la Cruz — the great saints of history — to teach and to share their experiences of the risen Christ. The church itself is here for that same reason: To remind us of who we are; to bring us back into touch with the truth. And, if we're honest with ourselves, each one of us has had at least one experience of God's presence in our lives — each a different experience, as we are all different from each other. God comes to us in an extremely personal way.

Yet we remain unsure, uneasy, sometimes afraid, even with all of this knowledge and experience behind us. We cry out, "Do not leave us comfortless!" Saint Thomas the Apostle, "Doubting Thomas," spoke not only for the disciples of his time; he continues to speak for us, as well. That man, who knew Jesus so well, could not avoid asking for more proof! He was trying not to be left comfortless. And so are we.

I am a member of a religious order, the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory. I have been professed in that order for 17 years. When I think back about why I came to the decision to become a religious, to take up a rigorous Rule of Life, I can see in my action the effort to stop feeling spiritually disconnected, comfortless. For the most part, it has worked. Our Rule of Life provides the daily structure through which I am reminded that I am not alone. This is the comfortable reminder I seek. And, because this structure reminds me of Christ's presence in my actions — Christ's need of my actions in order for his truth to be known — I am able to be of service to others. Because I have been reassured of Christ's nearness, I

have been open to the needs and the opportunities for service which have come to me in my position at the Episcopal Church Center in New York. As you may know, Bishop Frade is not a shy man! He speaks up for what he believes in, and he tells you what he wants. He gives others the opportunity to serve the church, which, in this case, is you. In the eight years I have been at the Church Center, Bishop Frade has come to me with needs which I recognized as opportunities to serve the church. Clearly, he is thankful for my ministry there; that's part of what this ceremony is about. And I am very grateful to be here with you today, humbly to receive this honor that you do me.

The Episcopal Church in Honduras is blessed with the prayers and the efforts of many people around the world. You are a faithful church, a church active in the daily lives of the people around you, a church worthy of the prayers and the efforts which are offered to God on your behalf. If you take away anything from what I have said here, I hope it will be a renewed sense that you are not comfortless in the ministry that you do here — you are deeply appreciated and loved, and your service is received as a blessing to many. Amen.

James preached this sermon on his installation as honorary canon, the Cathedral of the Good Shepherd, San Pedro Sula, Honduras.

INTERCESSIONS

THE BROTHERHOOD & COMPANION SISTERHOOD

Episcopal Visitor

Walter D Dennis

Episcopal Visitors Emeriti

Horace WB Donegan d 11.11.91

Paul Moore, jr

Life Professed

Richard Thomas Biernacki

John Nidecker d 6.20.88

James Teets

Christian Williams

Luke Anthony Nowicki

John Peter Clark d 2.25.94

William Francis Jones

Stephen Storen

Thomas Joseph Ross

Tobias Stanislas Haller

William Bunting d 10.12.88

Thaddeus David Williams

Edward Munro

Charles Kramer

Bernard Fessenden d 8.10.93

Donovan Aidan Bowley

Michael David Elvestrøm

Edward Ramón Riley

Christopher Stephen Jenks

Ciarán Anthony DellaFera

William Edward Orce

Annual Professed

Clare Connell

Damian-Curtis Kellum

Richard John Lorino

Ronald Augustine Fox

Maurice John Grove

Charles Edward LeClerc

Francis Andrew Phillips

Andrew Fortuna

Elizabeth Mary Burke

Gordon John Stanley

Novices

Lillian-Marie DiMicco

Patrick-Francis Schwing

George Benner

Helen Bernice Lovell

John Michael Haney

Karekin Madteos Yarian

Robert Michael Burnham

Postulants

Patrick Cornell Thompson

Susan L Caroselli

Associates

Cecil Berges d 10.16.90

Marion Pierce d 12.26.91

Helen Marie Joyce, VHM

Robert Macon

Jeff Emmett

Grosvenor Calkins, jr

Richard A Belanger d 11.21.94

Joseph di Mauro, SA

Catherine W Sturm

Mary Helen Clare

Maryann Wolff

Stephen D Montgomery

Joseph F O'Day

Fidel Flores

Karl W Fry

Brendan W Nugent, TSSF

Sheila Gould

Earl Christian

Lawrence LeRoy David

Kenneth Staples d 10.6.92

David Smith

William R Munroe

Wendell Allen

Elizabeth J Holton d 8.27.93

Roland "Randy" RR Pryor

Grant Walsh

Mary Virginia Clement Haney

Alec David Juan McLure

Karen R Kleinmann

Jeffery L Benson

M Eugene Ellis

Mark Harris

Enrique Antonio Illarze

Dennis W Pattey

John A Bell

Gerard F Beritela

Perry L Conley

Ethel B "Etye" Hurley

Wilhelmina Barton

Raymond E Barton

Amy M Barron

Gabriel McGovern

Leopold Frade

Diana D Frade

Robin Stephanie Steele

Ulric Van den Berghe

Carol Gwynn Hays

& Friends of the Brotherhood

RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES

The Sacramentine &
Visitandine Nuns
Society of the Atonement
Order of Agapé & Reconciliation
Camaldoles Benedictines

FOR HEALING

Damian-Curtis Kellum, BSG
William Edward Orce, BSG
Clare Connell, CSSG
Karekin Madteos, n/BSG
Hildegard Marie Elvestrøm
Walter Dennis
Mary Miller
Linda Bumsted
Avis Harvey
Mildred Koenig
Patti Lunden
Leslie Anne, SSM
Jeffrey Nute
For all who live with HIV/AIDS

DEPARTED

Charlotte B Morgan
J Norman Hall
George T Koerner
Henry N Fukui
Peter Jimenez
John Boswell
Paul Woodfill
Peter Cook
Donald Pleasance
Carl Clement
Samuel Henritz
Frances Rodriguez
Agnes Agnew
Nora Storen
Robert Charles Riehl
Richard Casali
Paula Irene, CT

INTENTIONS

The Decade of Evangelism
Joseph Richey House
Saint Gregory's Retreat Center
Francis Andrew Phillips, BSG
Tobias Stanislas Haller, BSG
Elizabeth Mary Burke, CSSG
Gerard Storen-Whale

more

Intercessions, continued

Jaime C Reyes
Alec D J McLure, Jeffrey Nute,
Kathryn White, James Smith,
Cal Rockefeller, Chris
Roschbach, Jon Siegrist, Jerry
Boomershine, Suzanne
Olmstead, Martha Peabody,
Frank H Stern, Diana Tucker,
Michael Bushnell, Manuel

Andrade, John Bell, J Stephen
Moss, Donald P Dickson,
William Everett, Joel Sanders,
Debbie Pyle, Barbara Conroy
Conversion of heart for John,
William, James, Stephen,
John-David, Terence, James,
Jack, Maurice and Keith
Walter
Ellen and Nicholas

Edmond
Ted, Rachel, Linda and Jessica
Eugene Maxey

THANKSGIVING

First vows of Monica, OJN
The ordination of Virginia K
Hummel to the priesthood
First profession of Abraham
Newsom, OSB

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

You can assist and further the ministries 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.

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