



# HE SERVANT



*Be known to us, Lord Jesus,  
in the breaking of the bread*

**#203**

*Spring 2007*





## A CHURCH SET FOR BLASTING

In the midst of the current debates in the church, debates which seem to always end up with the church I love being debated, I am almost void of any thoughts which do not edge into anger. But, in all that, I turned to my books and there it was—the words of Annie Dillard in her book *Holy the Firm* (Harper & Row 1977). And so, I offer her words and not my own, for these speak with and form me. She writes:

The Churchwomen all bring flowers for the altar; they haul in arrangements as big as hedges, of wayside herbs in season, and flowers from their gardens, huge bunches of foliage and blossoms as tall as I am, in vases the size of tubs, and the altar still looks empty, irredeemably linoleum, and beige. We had a wretched singer once, a guest from a Canadian congregation, a hulking blonde girl with chopped hair and big shoulders, who wore tinted spectacles and a long lacy dress, and sang, grinning, to faltering accompaniment, an entirely secular song about mountains. Nothing could have been more apparent than that God loved this girl; nothing could more surely convince me of God's unending mercy than the *continued existence on earth of the church*.

The higher Christian churches—where, if anywhere, I belong—come at God with an unwarranted air of professionalism, with authority and pomp, as though they knew what they were doing, as though people in themselves were an appropriate set of creatures to have dealings with God. I often think of the set pieces of liturgy as certain words which people have successfully addressed to God without their getting killed. In the high churches they saunter through the liturgy like Mohawks along a strand of scaffolding who have long since forgotten their danger. If God were to blast such a service to bits, the congregation would be, I believe, genuinely shocked. But in the low churches you expect it any minute. This is the beginning of wisdom.

Take what parts work for you; perhaps none will say anything. For me, I see the comparison of what we consider important and what is, in the end, meaningless. We can have all the purple and pomp and circumstance, coupled with the most beautiful and holy of liturgies—but—without continued value for each other, a blast from God would not be a surprise.

—RTB

*Here and there with the brothers*

## COMMUNITY NOTES

*Winter Convocation 2007*

Weather was kind to the brothers who traveled to Mount Alvernia for Winter Convocation, and everyone enjoyed the time together. The retreat at the center of the gathering focused on the Millennium Development Goals, and the church's responsibility to God's creation. The community hosted a visit from Mrs Malaika Kamanwire, who represented Episcopal Relief and Development and gave a presentation on the MDGs. An open forum followed her presentation and extended into

structured conversation that afternoon. The next day, Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth* was shown and led to a similar lengthy and animated discussion.

The life and ministry of Charles Kramer were remembered in liturgy and conversation. The Holy Eucharist in his favored Rite I was offered in deep thanksgiving for his years among us as a Gregorian Friar. Tobias Stanislas Haller celebrated and preached, as each brother in choir called to mind special moments across the more than 24 years Charles was among us.

The daily liturgical life of any convocation includes five services each day, and that included additional preaching by James Mahoney and David Luke Henton. The Feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul occurred during our time on the mountaintop, and that brought with it a Solemn High Mass and, to complete the day, Solemn Evensong. Council held its winter meeting, as did the Education Committee. But as with all such gatherings of Gregorian Friars, it is the laughter and the occasions for relaxed conversation that marked this time apart—for which we are all most grateful.

### *Cambridge, Massachusetts*

Ciarán Anthony DellaFera shared the news that he has passed major tests bringing him a step closer toward his formal entry into medical school—for which we add our congratulations, as we did our prayers during the test!

### *Woodhaven, New York*

On December 3, 2006 a memorial mass was held for Charles Kramer at his parish, Saint Matthew's. Rector the Very Rev Tracey Williams celebrated and delivered a personal reminiscence of Charles and his ministry at that parish; assisting were William Francis Jones as Epistoller and James Teets as Chaliceist, and Associate Virginia E Holloway as Lector and Acolyte. Ms Holloway is a long-time member of Saint Matthew's and a close colleague of Charles during his service there. A number of other Gregorians attended, as did family members, a contingent of Masons, and his fellow parishioners. Warm remembrances of Charles' dedication and great sense of humor were exchanged during the reception which followed in the parish hall.

### *The Bronx*

Province 2 held an Advent Day of Recollection at the parish church of Saint James' Fordham where Tobias Stanislas serves as Vicar and James serves in liturgical and administrative roles. Several Gregorians attended the event, as well as Associates Nevin Brown and Virginia Holloway. The day was focused on meditations led by Randall Horton, a solitary monk of the Diocese of New York and colleague of Christopher Stephen Jenks at Fessenden House in Yonkers. He spoke on the themes of the Via Negativa and Affirmativa, which drew the retreatants into the Advent experience. The day apart was closed with the Holy Eucharist celebrated by Tobias Stanislas—who also preached—assisted by Thomas Mark Liotta and James Teets.

James and Tobias Stanislas were also on hand at Saint Anne's Church for the Martin Luther King Day celebration at which Presiding Bishop Katharine Jefferts Schori presided. A grand time was had by all.

### *New York*

Richard John has been named NY State Membership Chair of the Association of Professional Chaplains for a two year term.

### *Annapolis, Maryland*

Following Winter Convocation, Ron Fender accompanied Edward Munro back to his home in Maryland and served as guest preacher at Edward's parish of Saint Christopher's, Linthicum Heights, the following Sunday morning. That evening Edward and his wife, Barbara, gave Ron a walking tour of Annapolis. The next day Edward took Ron to visit the homeless shelter at Saint Christopher's, and Ron ministered to the guests by providing "foot care for thirty-two homeless folks"—extending his Chattanooga ministry to the capital of Maryland.

### *Chicago*

BSG was well represented at the ordination of Robert Francis Cristobal, who has been serving as deacon assistant at Atonement. Joseph Basil Gauss and postulant Will Harpest were in the congregation, along with inquirer Jerry Paduano and Associates the Rev Michael Bond, Sheila Gould and Dennis Pattey. Gordon John Stanley was deacon of the table, and Ronald Augustine Fox one of the torchbearers.

### *San Francisco*

Karekin Madteos has taken up a new position at Trinity Church, as Administrator and Liturgist. He looks forward to making use of both skill-sets to full advantage.

### *Newcastle, Australia*

The Senate of the University of Newcastle has approved the Bachelor of Theology degree program which Novice David John Battrick has been developing with colleagues over the last year. This will initially comprise a full-time student group of three new diocesan ordinands and one Roman Catholic ordinand, joined by students from the BA degree program who will take the theology courses as electives. This degree will now be the normal route for theological education for Newcastle ordinands, and is the first theology degree in Australia to be fully embedded into the life of a university.

### *An Ash Wednesday liturgy*

## **ATLANTA ASHES**

I've been doing volunteer work at the Open Door Community, which, while part of the Catholic Worker movement, is called the Catholic and Protestant Worker. This morning I joined the live-in residents for Ash Wednesday service. It was a simple and beautiful service, held outside in the "back yard"—more like a parking lot—where several homeless men and women live and where several have died. When people die on the property, the residents try to find living relatives, but when they can't they cremate the bodies and spread their ashes on a patch of grass in the back parking lot.

Upon arrival for the Ash Wednesday service we were given a piece of paper and a pencil to write down our sins. Then we moved to that grassy patch where the ashes of

several homeless men and women have been scattered. Candles lit the perimeter of this grassy holy ground and flames flickered in the early morning breeze. We recited psalms and prayers. Then a fire was kindled in an old fashioned ash bin and those gathered made their way up to the fire and placed their pieces of paper in the bin, and watched the fire grow and consume our sins and then slowly diminish until the flames went out. Our burnt offering was then ground into ashes and poured into a large ceramic chalice that marked, “Christ of the Electric Chair”—our ashes mixed with the ashes of many previous years ashes.

A homeless man brought the ashes to us as we stood in a semicircle around the scattered ashes of the homeless, and we received the sign of the cross in ashes on our foreheads with the familiar words, “Remember you are dust and to dust you shall return.” Standing in the midst of the ashes of God’s homeless children and receiving the ashes of our fire-consumed sins was powerful and moving. It brought life, death and eternity together in a sacred moment. We ended with the exchange of peace with hugs and tears: one of the most powerful Ash Wednesday liturgies I have ever experienced.

—*Alfred Bernard Dean*

*A sermon for professions*

## **LOVE IS THE GREATEST**

In any group like ours, there are always stories that you tell and tell again. They express something about who you are, your common identity. One of the stories that our community likes to tell, is of the elderly nun from a so-called “traditional” community. Discussing which vow was the hardest and which the easiest, she exclaimed, “I’ve never had a problem with chastity; I’ve never loved anyone!”

This nun has confused love with sex. What she means to say is that she has never had a problem with celibacy, because she’s never experienced sexual attraction. This kind of confusion is rampant in our society. How many people out there are so hungry for love, so desperate for companionship of any kind, that they seek love in a sexuality run amok? They, and the nun, have indeed made exactly the same mistake, and with the same dangerous consequences.

What makes this story so important to us is the way it speaks to chastity as we understand it. The nun who has never loved anyone has missed the point of chastity. A religious should know that chastity is about setting us free to love *everyone*: to be available and ready to express God’s love to every woman, man, or child we meet. It is ironic that poor nun has made the confusion she has. One wonders how many people she could have loved, but did not, in fear for her chastity. Trying to preserve herself, she ends up wasting the capacity for love which God gave her.

The flip-side, making the same mistake but with different effect, is rampant as well in our culture. Many people are desperately hungry for love and affection. Many of these people have confused sex with love, and then begin pursuing sex in any form, with a sexuality run totally amok. The result is not so different from the nun: convinced that they have avoided what they fear, they end up withered and without the values that make human life most worth living.

Love and sex are different things. So if love is not just sex, what is it? Many philosophers have made the mistake of thinking love is an emotion. You can see this in action when they criticize Jesus for commanding us to love one another. Emotions, they say, cannot be commanded. Kant, Hume, Descartes, all made this error. But we start from a different place. We do not start by assuming that love must be an emotion, and concluding that Jesus' command for us to love is mistaken. We start instead with Jesus' command to love, and from that command and his example, we work out what love is. So no, my friends and brothers, love is not sex, and neither is love an emotion.

Paul gives the Corinthians a beautiful description of love. He wants the Corinthians to get over their squabbles, their petty jealousies and rivalries, and get down to the serious business of Christian life. And love is the foundation for this. So what is love?

*Love is patient and kind.* Patience, the ability to wait, to postpone getting what we want, is crucial for love. Love gives another space to be their own person, in their own time. Patience involves waiting on God's time. Kindness is about the desire to bring others happiness. Love is shown by acts of daily kindness. A gentle word, washing the feet of a homeless man, standing up for justice: in all these ways love is demonstrated.

*Love envies no one, and is never boastful or conceited.* Love is about other people. A loving person rejoices in the happiness of others, and does not wallow in self-pity or fret about one's own lacks. When others do well, a loving person rejoices. But a loving person having done well is not boastful or conceited: instead, she humbly and gently enjoys good fortune, thinking always how to turn it to the benefit of others.

*Love is never rude.* Miss Manners insists that manners are always in season, always appropriate. Manners express a fundamental respect and shared dignity of human beings. Even when hard truths must be spoken in love, rudeness is still never a part of love. Love seeks to put others at ease.

*Love is never selfish.* Love is not expressed in grasping to oneself what one has, but in giving it to others. A loving person does not seek extra for himself, does not pursue special favors or expect special consideration. A loving person is content with the common lot of humanity, and desires only that others can receive blessings.

*Love is never quick to take offense, and keeps no score of wrongs.* A loving person does not bear a grudge, is always willing to start over, to give a failing situation one more try. A loving person is flexible and willing to adapt to the needs of others, and does not seek to have others conform to his own expectations, but rather allows each human being to have their own expectations and manner of doing things, and rejoices in the particular individuality of each.

*Love takes no pleasure in the sins of others, but delights in the truth.* A vicious and hateful person is one who rejoices to see enemies fall. A spiteful person is happy when enemies commit crimes, for it proves their depravity and the rightness of hating them. Love has another way. Love is saddened by every act of wrong-doing, and rejoices in repentance and conversion. Love never wants another person harmed, but desires only good things even for the worst and most hardened criminal.

Well, my brothers, this is our job description. It is the job description of every Christian. It is not something we have only for our spouses and families. It is something that every Christian is called to express for every human being. Mere emotion cannot sustain this effort. So I think I've proved that the philosophers are wrong. If this is what we mean by love, it is not something that is merely an evanescent emo-

tion. It is instead a matter of the will and of the heart. Love of this sort is a decision: a choice. It is something we can do or not do, and for which we are responsible. It does not depend on whether we feel happy, or have our own needs met; this obligation does not wait for us to first get a degree, pass a test, complete a novice program, or grow up. We can start this job right here, right now, with no delay. Two things only are necessary: the will and decision to love, and the grace and power of God to accomplish what we have chosen.

It is often repeated that love is expressed more in emptying bedpans than in parties. And this is true. Jesus expressed his love at its most profound on two occasions. First, confident that the Father “had entrusted everything to him,” Jesus takes the menial job of washing the feet of his disciples. And he commands us to do the same. The second occasion was the next day, as he gave himself for us on the cross. And in every Eucharist, both these occasions are brought into the present, and we receive the Body and Blood of Christ, giving us the grace and power of God. And what must our response be? To love.

If you return to Paul’s description of love, you will see how tremendously it matches both these supreme examples of Jesus’ love for us. Put aside your thoughts about weddings, parents and children, or life-long friends. Think of Jesus’ love, kneeling down washing his friends’ feet, and hanging in pain on the cross.

These five of our brothers about to make their professions, have all been caught by this love. Having known how Jesus loves them, they have become God-intoxicated. They are drunk on God, and have fallen in love with Jesus. They have had some years to explore this love, and they have come today to make a promise of love to continue. That is, a promise to continue to choose to be loving, to live this life of service.

Love is not exclusive. It is a tragedy perhaps that most Christians hear this passage only at weddings. It is not about weddings. It is about the church: about how Christians ought to love each other: as Jesus said, as he has loved us. Marriage is exclusive, but Christian love is not. Love is about sharing with *everyone*. Our five brothers here love us, and we all love them. But the point here is about their love for God, God’s love for them and for us, and their willingness to pledge themselves to continue to show this love—to us, to you, to the world—as their lives continue.

They have chosen the particular model of service expressed in the Rule of the Brotherhood. Our motto, taken from our patron, is that we are to be servants of the servants of God. This life of service is nothing other than a life of love, lived in loving obedience to the example of Jesus who knelt down and washed the feet of his friends.

Paul declares that there are three things which last for ever: faith, hope, and love. Why, do you suppose he says that the greatest of these is love? I believe I know why. Faith is something we have, but God does not need to have faith. Hope is something we have, but God does not need to have hope. Love is the greatest of these three, because it is when we love that we are like God. God does not need to have faith or hope, because God is God. Faith and hope express our dependence and reliance upon God. Love, however, expresses our unity with God, our oneness and common life with God. We are bound together by love, and only in love can we be bound to God. Indeed, only by love can God be bound to us.

—Thomas Bushnell



## **POVERTY AS A WAY OF LIFE**

When Thomas contacted me about giving a talk on “poverty” I assumed he meant the vow. It was only later I realized that he was talking about the “other” kind of poverty. These two kinds of poverty say a lot about our experience at Fessenden House. There is earthly poverty — that grinding, degrading, dehumanizing lack of basic resources that afflicts so many people. And then there is the Poverty embodied in our vow — that celebrates God’s abundant love, God’s reckless extravagance, God’s self-giving in the Incarnation, in the Cross, and in the Resurrection. These two poverties seem to have nothing to do with one another; but they actually have everything to do with each other, because the Poverty we celebrate in our vow — God’s abundant love and generosity — is the antidote for the degrading poverty most people have to suffer.

Most of my reflections center on Fessenden House: a house for men in recovery from drug and alcohol addiction, who also deal with issues that make it difficult or impossible to find housing elsewhere — mainly mental illness and serious medical problems. It was founded by our brother Richard John Lorino as a house for men with HIV/AIDS, and William Francis Jones and our former brother Francis Andrew Phillips played indispensable roles in setting it up. I came on staff shortly after it opened. In our first years of operation we found that nearly all of the men coming to us were dealing with issues of substance abuse, and in most cases the substance abuse was a more critical and immediate concern than HIV infection. So in 1998, when two residences for people with HIV/AIDS opened nearby, we chose to shift our focus to substance abuse.

Fessenden House is distinctive for two qualities. First, Brother Randy Horton and I live with the men. While some group homes have twenty-four hour staff coverage, I know of no other sober house where the principal staff members live with the residents. Their home is our home, and our home is theirs. Also, we have no set time limit for living in the house. If a resident passes an initial probation, he is accepted for an open-ended stay. He can stay as long as he needs the support that we offer. Some are able to move on after a year, some stay for many years. Our current longest-term resident has lived with us for over six years.

Because we live with the men, and because we have no set time limit for living in the house, we accept men that a typical halfway house will not. This means that all of the men referred to us are dealing with psychiatric issues, since it is these men who have the greatest trouble getting placed elsewhere. In addition, many of our residents are dealing with medical problems, such as HIV/AIDS, cancer, kidney or liver dysfunction, injuries, and a host of other issues. Since we opened, we’ve had 102 men live in the house. Of those nearly twenty percent have died from the medical problems they had while they lived with us.

We accept men from all sorts of backgrounds, including the “middle class” and from very well-to-do families. However, about 85 percent come from impoverished backgrounds. And no matter what his background, by the time a man comes to us he is impoverished. Most come only with the clothes on their backs and a change of clothes provided by the referring rehab. Every man who has lived with us has spent a

significant portion of his life homeless, some for as little as six months, others for years or even decades. One of our current residents lived on the streets of for over thirty years, and he is not exceptional.

Three-quarters are convicted felons. They have served prison time, some for as long as twenty-five years, and their involvement with the criminal justice system doesn't necessarily end when they are no longer incarcerated; about half are on probation or parole. Many are also impoverished in education. About two-thirds are functionally illiterate, and even those who can read or write do so only up to a fourth or fifth grade level. Most often this illiteracy is due to lack of an adequate education, or, in some cases, no education at all — a consequence of poverty.

Emotional and spiritual poverty accompany these more tangible forms. Active alcoholics and addicts constantly engage in activity that is so contrary to their own moral values that it cannot help but have a devastating effect on them emotionally and spiritually—the constant lying and manipulation as they try to bend people to their will or try to escape the consequences of their actions. There is the stealing, not just petty thievery but burglary, armed robbery, and assault. Then there are the crimes committed while under the influence. One man killed a family of five while driving drunk. Another killed his own brother when they got into a fight while they were both high. The emotional and spiritual consequences are overwhelming.

These are men who are in need of tremendous healing, physically, emotionally and spiritually. But that healing can be very hard to come by. These guys live in emotional fortresses. All their lives they have built up defenses to protect themselves from real danger — from real hurt and pain. There is no way the healing power of the Holy Spirit can breach these defenses until some cracks appear. Then those walls will be breached. They have to tumble down like the walls of Jericho — and that's where Fessenden House comes in.

Fessenden House is first and foremost a place of safety and healing. We provide no treatment; we are not therapists or physicians — we refer men to local programs and hospitals for that. But we provide a physically and emotionally safe place to live. Over time, the Holy Spirit can begin to breach those defenses and spread her healing balm. Fessenden House is not just a group of eleven men who happen to live under the same roof. It is a community or, more precisely, two overlapping communities: the community of Fessenden House as a whole, and the community of prayer that Randy and I share as staff and religious. The way this works out in practice is wonderful.

One aspect of community is our interdependence. We share almost everything in common, even clothing. I mentioned how most of the men have nothing when they arrive. I am always amazed at how generous the others are in providing things a new resident might need, including food, toiletries, clothing, cigarettes. Very few hold back. Their generosity encourages the same generosity in the new guy, who is usually equally generous when the next new guy moves in.

This manifests itself in other ways as well. If you go into most group homes, everything is bolted down, particularly things that can be “boosted” and sold on the street. We don't do that. One thing I learned long ago is that people will usually act the way those around them expect them to act. If we treat every resident as a potential thief, and try to secure everything against them, then they will probably act like thieves. But if we treat them like men who can be trusted, then they are more likely to be trustwor-

thy. TVs, stereos, CD and DVD players, even computers are all out in the open for anyone to use. Few of our residents even lock their bedroom doors. Yet we have not had a resident steal anything from the house in nearly ten years. Even residents who have relapsed with drugs or alcohol, who would think nothing of holding up a local grocer, have not stolen anything from the house or their fellow residents.

This interdependence extends beyond the residents and staff. We are dependent on the people who help support us. We are supported by foundations, churches, corporations and individuals. I'm constantly amazed at the generosity of the individual donors. Most are therapists, social workers, and substance abuse or mental health workers, and believe me, they don't make a lot of money. Yet our fund-raising counsel has told us that we have the highest level of individual giving of any of his clients.

We also receive donations of food, clothing and other household goods. As I was packing for this week, I realized that every article of clothing I have was either a gift to me personally or is something donated to the house. Every year around Thanksgiving we get so many gifts of food that this past Thanksgiving we were able to donate 27 turkeys to The Sharing Community soup kitchen for their Thanksgiving dinner. We rely not only on each other, but on many other generous people. In turn, we are able to be generous with all those baskets of loaves and fishes that are left over from the feast.

Most importantly, we are a community of prayer. Prayer has been at the core of Fessenden House since it was founded. Amid all the other changes in mission and staffing it has been the constant. Randy and I pray Morning and Evening Prayer together each day, and any of you who have joined us know we don't take short-cuts. Thanks to Randy's training, we use the chants, antiphons and plainsong hymns. It is a wonderful gift to have this rich liturgical prayer. It forms the core of our day. It sustains us through difficult times and in dealing with difficult situations with the residents. Through the generosity of local priests, we have a weekly house celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and many of the residents join us. It is a wonderful opportunity to worship together as community of prayer that is larger than just Randy and me.

However, our prayer life goes far beyond just formal liturgical prayer, as important as that is. Randy likes to say that "we are not social workers who happen to wear habits. We are religious whose prayer sometimes looks like social work." Truer words were never spoken. We meet Christ in every man who comes through our door, and he ministers to us through them as we minister to him.

So this is the Poverty that we strive to practice at Fessenden House. It is not safe. It is not prudent. It does not provide financial or material security. It gives no false assurances for the future. This joyful Poverty is risky — even reckless. It is earthy and it is disreputable. But it is this life-giving, loving, joyful Poverty that counteracts the fear of never having enough, with faith in the God of abundant Love. It is the Poverty proclaimed by many of the great spiritual leaders, both Christian and non-Christian. It is the Poverty of Mother Theresa, but it is also the Poverty of Mahatma Gandhi. Francis and Clare of Assisi share this Poverty with the Buddha. And, of course, it is the Poverty practiced by our Lord himself in his earthly life. And I am incredibly fortunate and amazingly blessed. All I have to do to have an encounter with our Risen Lord is step out of my room and walk down the hall.

*Christopher Stephen Jenks*

# INTERCESSIONS

## The Brotherhood

Episcopal Visitor *Sun*  
Rodney R Michel

Episcopal Visitors Emeriti  
*Horace WB Donegan d 11.11.91*  
*Paul Moore, jr d 5.1.03*  
*Walter D Dennis d 3.30.03*

Life and Annual Professed  
Richard Thomas Biernacki  
*John Nidecker d 6.20.88*  
James Teets

Luke Anthony Nowicki *Mon*  
*John Peter Clark d 2.25.94*  
William Francis Jones  
Stephen Storen  
*Thomas Joseph Ross d 12.18.01*  
Tobias Stanislas Haller  
*William Bunting d 10.12.88*  
Edward Munro

*Charles Kramer d 10.23.06* *Tue*  
*Bernard Fessenden d 8.10.93*  
Donovan Aidan Bowley  
*Edward Riley d 9.15.05*  
Christopher Stephen Jenks  
Ciarán Anthony DellaFera  
Damian-Curtis Kellum

Richard John Lorino *Wed*  
Ronald Augustine Fox  
Maurice John Grove  
Charles Edward LeClerc  
Virgilio Fortuna  
Gordon John Stanley  
Karekin Madteos Yarian

William David Everett *Thu*  
Thomas Bushnell  
Thomas Mark Liotta  
James Mahoney  
*Patrick Ignatius Dickson d 7.20.05*  
Robert James McLaughlin  
Peter Budde

John Henry Ernestine *Fri*  
Francis Sebastian Medina  
Aelred Bernard Dean  
Joseph Basil Gauss  
Mark Andrew Jones  
Emmanuel Williamson  
Richard Matthias

William Henry Benefield *Sat*  
Nathanael Deward Rahm  
Thomas Lawrence Greer  
Enoch John Valentine  
Ron Fender

## Novices

David John Battrick  
Michael Elliott  
David Luke Henton

## Postulants

Will Harpest  
Todd Mashlan

## The Associates and Friends of the Brotherhood

### Religious Communities

Sacramentine & Visitandine Nuns  
Society of the Atonement  
Community of the Paraclete  
Companions of Saint Luke~  
Benedictine  
Community of Celebration  
Congregation of the Companions  
of the Holy Saviour

### Life in the Lamb Community

Little Sisters of Saint Clare  
Rivendell Community  
Sisters of Saint Gregory  
Third Order SSF  
Worker Sisters & Brothers of the  
Holy Spirit  
Camaldolese Benedictines

Society of Saint John the  
Evangelist  
Anglican Oblates of Saint  
Benedict  
Community of the Transfiguration  
Order of Julian of Norwich

### For the intentions of

Joseph Richey House  
Fessenden Recovery Ministries  
Dove House  
Baltimore Int'l Seafarers' Center;  
Saint Paul's Grayson Saint, San  
Antonio

Brothers Tobias Stanislas,  
Edward, Ronald Augustine,  
Karekin Madteos,  
William David, Thomas,  
Thomas Mark, Emmanuel,  
Luke Anthony, Charles,  
Damian-Curtis, Charles Edward,  
James Mahoney, Aelred Bernard,  
John Henry

Aldersgate UMC Dobbs Ferry,  
St Christopher's, Kileen TX  
White Plains Hospital  
Episcopal Parishes of Yonkers

Ian, David, Dennis, William  
Henry, Johanna, Virginia,  
Nancy, Dean, Scott, Kathleen,  
Steven, Anthony, Austin, Tim  
Lillian-Marie & Carin Bridgit  
SSG, Sheila Gould a/BSG

## For the Departed

Benefactors, Friends & Associates:  
Charlotte Morgan, Arsene &  
Louise Lemarier, Norman Hall,  
George Koerner, Henry Fukui,  
J Steward Slocum, James  
Gundrum, Cecil Berges, Marion  
Pierce, Kenneth Staples,  
Elizabeth Holton, Richard A  
Belanger, Brendan W Nugent,  
Sarah Elizabeth Wells SSG, Sue  
Bradley, Jack Merryman

### Yvonne McBean

Mitch Hummell

Bruce Platt

### Asia

Dustin Brockbank

Gilbert Pagnoni Sr

Gerald Ford

Eddie Clydesdale

Barbara Freysinger

Bernard Meltzer

Gregory Francis Yuknek

Wes Pascoe

Robert Flowers

Steven Lopresti

William Gillette Weinbauer

Martha Anderson

Russell Lewis

Polly Warren

Chris Den Blaker

Thomas Daly

Chavela Casares

Marilyn Knight

Maria SHN

Abraham

Pat Finkenauer

Phoebe Wetzel

Christian Williams SG

Doris Vages

David Cooper

Willie Moore