



HE SERVANT



**FOR GOD
ALONE MY
SOUL IN
SILENCE
WAITS...**

*Karekin Madteos
Yarian in Trinity
Church, San
Francisco*

#210

Epiphany 2009

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The Servant

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Minister General, *Richard Thomas Biernacki*

Editor, *Tobias Stanislas Haller*

Community Notes Editor, *James Teets*

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COURTESY

Gilbert Keith Chesterton once described a gentleman as one who “never knowingly inflicts pain.” Albert Schweitzer is most loved because of a doctrine called “reverence for life.”

Those who know me are aware that I am extremely critical of the changes in our society, mostly in the move away from courtesy and care and concern for others in “our space.” Even the popular web site MySpace denotes ownership – while the internet is really an open canvas – sometimes dangerous in its openness. Ours is a time and place in which courtesy as a formal concept, with agree-upon principles, is all but gone. This is manifest in many ways. Perhaps an intentional return to some of this courtesy might be a good discipline.

In the church, through the Baptismal Covenant, and in the world of religious life and with our Rule of Life, we commit to respect the dignity of all. To the Christian, to the religious, courtesy becomes the showing forth of our love in all our contacts with other individuals. The secular person may say, “Thank you,” to be polite, to possess social grace and poise; the Christian says, “Thank you,” because love and respect demand an expression of our gladness in and appreciation for each person we encounter.

Courtesy reminds us who we are; that we are dedicated to each other and that it is doing God’s will to “give a cup of water and food in his Name.” In the Exhortation I deliver at the commencement of the Rites of the Brotherhood, I remind all who hear that part of what it means to be a brother is “to meet Christ your brother in every man, woman, and child, no matter who they be; and to greet that Christ with the open arms of love.” Everyone is to be given the same care and thoughtfulness we would want given to us.

Chesterton also said, “I love my child because I kiss him, and I kiss him because I love him.” Showing our regard for those we meet daily is not only courtesy but the showing forth of charity. Our vow of Chastity is grounded in this charity and care for others — to love others without the desire to possess or control. That is God’s courtesy.

May we use this time to look at our own “courtesies” and be sure we are on track. Courtesy begins in being aware of one another.

RTB



Richard Thomas at the Institution Ceremony for the Orthodox Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem

Here and there with the brothers

COMMUNITY NOTES

Province 1

Ciarán Anthony DellaFera joined a large number of UMass Medical School and Graduate School of Nursing students to take part in a flu drill run by the MA Medical Reserve Corps (MRC). The drill was actually a free flu-shot clinic run by MRC in the form of a pandemic disaster preparedness drill. Starting early Saturday morning, they began mass distribution of free flu shots both at the Worcester Senior Center and via multiple mobile dispatch teams sent out from the site to other senior centers. Between 8 am and 1 pm they administered



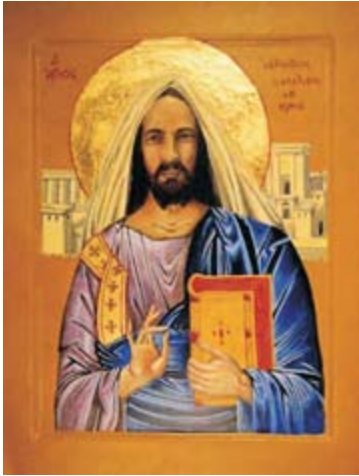
Dr Jay Broadhurst (c), the team's supervising doctor, and Cindy Lai (l), a third year MD-PhD student who also works with Ciarán (r) at the Epworth Free Clinic

over 900 free vaccinations (Ciarán did about 20 personally). Total time from patient walk-in to exit averaged 20 minutes; this included a 10 minute mandatory resting period after the injection to watch for adverse reaction. The commonwealth disaster preparedness team declared the drill an outstanding success.

A correction: in issue #209, the person wrongly identified as Ciarán, leading the procession at Church of the Advent, is actually Nathan Alexander Cleveland. Our apologies.

Province 2

Tobias Stanislas Haller led a retreat for the deacons of the Diocese of New York, held at the Vails Gate Convent of the Sisters of Saint Helena. As our readers have no doubt heard from other sources, the sisters have chosen to leave the Vails Gate facility in the process of restructuring their community life and ministry facilities. The deacons' retreat was the last major event to be held with the sisters still resident. The theme of the retreat was "Graceful Change" and it was well suited to the sisters as well as the deacons. Even more appropriate was the closing Eucharist, which fell on the feast of Saint Francis of Assisi. Bishop Mark Sisk was the celebrant, and Tobias delivered the homily, with a focus on Francis' graceful ability to keep a light hold on the things of this world, in order to live a life of simple poverty. (See page 10 for excerpts from the sermon.) Several of the sisters expressed their appreciation for this message at this particularly poignant time of transition.



Tobias Stanislas and the icon of James of Jerusalem

Tobias Stanislas installed one of his icons and preached at Saint James Church, Parkton MD, on the Sunday following the feast of Saint James of Jerusalem, the parish's patronal feast. The icon (pictured above) portrays the saint with the Temple in Jerusalem, from the pinnacle of which he was cast down to his death.

Stephen Storen has been reappointed for another 3-year term on the Priory Chapter of the American Priory of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of Saint John of Jerusalem, and he attended the 48th Service of Rededication in Washington DC, which included the Installation of the Prior of the Priory in the United States of America.

The Sovereign Order of the Orthodox Knights Hospitaller of Saint John of Jerusalem observed their Investiture at the Cathedral of the Virgin Protection in NYC. Richard Thomas Biernacki presented and sponsored John Henry Ernestine, who was invested as a Knight of Honor. The Brotherhood's Visitor, Bishop Rodney Michel, is Grand Prelate of the Order and delivered an address. This was also the observance of the death of HH Prince Michael of Russia. Partners, family and friends were present for the Investiture and reception following.



John Henry Ernestine and the Minister General at the Investiture of the Orthodox Knights Hospitaller

Province 4

Ælred Bernard Dean joined Associate Fran Holt in ministering to the homeless at Atlanta's Church of the Common Ground. He continues his work with the Open Door Community, and recently sent a note describing a typical day: "I've been here since 3



Bo Alexander Armstrong and children from Saint Francis of Assisi, Chattanooga, prepare to lead the procession for the annual blessing of the animals.

am making breakfast and talking to Mike, a homeless guy who moved into the community several months ago. We worked together in getting breakfast to our friends who will come in to a warm meal on a cold morning. Also, this community practices footwashing on a regular basis and doesn't limit observing this commandment to once a year... The breakfast area is set up for foot-washing prior to serving breakfast. This simple act of foot-washing reminds me of our being servants to the servants of God."

Peter Budde, Ælfred Bernard, Ron Fender, David

Luke Henton, and Bo Alexander Armstrong, joined by Associate Fran Holt and her son Jonathan, participated in the Chattanooga Poor People's March, bringing atten-

tion to the plight of the homeless. The parade was lead by Bo's son, Chris, who played the bagpipes. The group marched with others from the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga to Miller Park in the heart of the city. Ron and Cheri Honkala rallied the marchers in their impassioned speeches (see page 8 for the text of Ron's address). A delicious meal was prepared and served by Food Not Bombs and all in Miller Park ate their fill. Later



David Luke Henton, Bo Alexander, and Peter Budde take a refreshment break during the blessing liturgy.

on in the evening the procession marched to City Hall and taped a copy of the Poor People's Manifesto to the entrance door. The brothers received the gracious hospitality of the Community Kitchen and the men from the Saint Matthew's shelter.

On the following Sunday, Associate Fr Howard Bolin and the parish of Saint Francis welcomed the brothers to participate in the blessing of the animals. At noon the parishioners joined the brothers in chanting the Noonday Office, followed by a healing service.

Province 5

Members of the province gathered for recollection and retreat in a “movable feast” that took them from Grace Church Muncie to All Saints and Saint Paul in Indianapolis. Warmly welcomed by Fr Gordon Chastain and Sr Ellen Jones-Carney, brothers joined in prayer and fellowship.



Ron Fender conducts the donkey.

Province 8

David John Battrick reports that this has been a very busy year in Newcastle, Australia. His work with the Newcastle School of Theology for Ministry, and the Ministering Communities in Mission process has engaged the energies of a number of parishes. He was very pleased to hear that an old



Nathanael Deward Rahm, Gordon John Stanley, Will Harpest, Joseph Basil Gauss, Francis Jonathan Bullock, Ronald Augustine Fox, and Beau Surratt.



At Grace, Muncie: Gordon John, Ronald Augustine, Ellen Jones-Carney, Gordon Chastain, Beau, Nathanael Deward, Will, and Francis Jonathan Bullock — Photo: Joseph Basil

friend and colleague, Peter Stuart, currently the Archdeacon of Adelaide, will be moving to Newcastle to become the new assistant bishop this spring.

Note: The Director of Postulants and Novices has received Kenneth James Elder's request to withdraw from the Postulancy. We wish him well and Godspeed as he continues to explore his call from God.

At the 2008 Poor People's March, Chattanooga

HAVING SO MARCHED...

*In the darkness with a great bundle of grief, the people march...
Once having marched Over the margins of animal necessity,
Over the grim line of sheer subsistence... To the time for thinking
things over, To the dance, the song, the story, Or the hours given
over to dreaming, Once having so marched.*

— Carl Sandburg, *The People Yes*

Tonight we have come together to honor and to celebrate the human spirit. I worked in a carpet mill once and there was a sign by the loading dock that said something like this: “We, the workers, have worked so hard for so long for so little and with so little that we now can work forever with nothing and for nothing at all.” We people, we humans, are amazing in our strength and resilience. You have to wonder how we can possibly take it: the lies, the injustice, the poverty, the politics that we are fed every day. Jack Kerouac called America the “land where they let the children cry.”

Tonight in Chattanooga, a young father is facing the choice of paying the rent or buying groceries. Tonight in Chattanooga, a mother is trying to decide between paying the electric bill or buying prescription medicines for her children. Tonight in Chattanooga, a homeless man is aching from being beaten half to death while sleeping under a bridge. Tonight in Chattanooga, men, women and yes, children, are

sleeping in cars, under bridges, in abandoned buildings and in the woods. They have no access to drinking water or bathrooms.

In America today, there are almost four million homeless Americans. Twenty-five percent of those Americans are employed, but cannot afford housing. Tonight in America, one and a half million children are homeless. We are indeed the land where we let the children cry. And, as Edmond Browning said, “This is about



Ron

more than setting up soup kitchens and overnight shelters. It is good and right that we reach into the river of despair and rescue people who are drowning. But, it is time to move upstream and see who’s throwing them in.”

In our own community, we see a cathedral of the insurance industry being built on Cameron Hill. And yet, I beg to ask, how many of the workers who are constructing that empire can afford health care for their families? We see construction sites going up along our river front, offering high-end luxury and elegant living for the affluent while the working people in our community cannot find affordable homes or apartments to rent. We see people dying of alcoholism and drug addiction and cannot offer them medical detox or adequate recovery services. We see people unable to seek employment or services because they have no picture ID, and no resources to obtain the certified birth certificate required to be documented in the State of Tennessee. We see people on our streets who are severely mentally ill and who cannot find resources for medications that would profoundly help them.

And so, here we are. We are on the verge of a national election. Our nation is in deep economic crisis. So, let us learn all to be poor together. Let us all put on the coat of poverty and to share in the common good. One person should not eat meat when the rest are starving. Let us all eat soup together. Psalm 82 tells us: “Save the weak and the orphan; defend the humble and needy. Rescue the weak and the poor; deliver them from the power of the wicked.”

We, the people, will endure. We, the people, will struggle and work and pray and dance and sing and weep together under the relentless sun and silent moon. But we will also endure. We will last longer than governments, longer than wars, longer than our own poverty. We, the people, are blessed. Blessed are the poor.

I thank you hearing me, and hold you each in my heart. Let us walk the road together and thank God for the struggle that leads us to a place more kind than earth. To God alone the glory, and God save America!

Ron Fender



From a sermon on the feast of Saint Francis

BEING LIKE CHRIST

It is somewhat ironic that at the deacons' retreat and on the feast of Saint Francis the deacon we should hear a reading about Simon the high priest — which goes on to wax enthusiastic in its description of how absolutely fabulous he was in his high priestly vestments. This is especially ironic in light of Francis' literal rejection of such finery, but I suppose the intent was to focus on Francis as a restorer of the church.... But Francis would have shunned the finery of the high priest, and it is in his character as someone who sat lightly with the things of this world, someone committed to radical poverty, that I want to look at Francis the deacon and friar. He knew the naked truth that if you have nothing to hold you down you can be free to fly, to move with the Spirit as the Spirit wills, and gracefully to change to suit the needs and circumstances into which God leads you. Francis' life was one of fairly constant but always graceful — that is, grace-filled — change, but always with one goal, and he went through many phases in his pursuit of his single-minded effort to become like Christ.

He began life as a well-off young man named Giovanni, but soon got the nickname Francis — Frenchy — which makes him sound like a refugee from the cast of "Happy Days"; the son of a wealthy cloth merchant, his head full of visions of being a war hero — finding the hard reality of war another thing altogether; then falling ill and having a conversion — much to the embarrassment of his family.

You know the rest of the story — you may even have seen the movie! But the thing that drove that story, that guided Francis along, was his pursuit of likeness with Christ. As you know, this pursuit ended with his being marked in his own body with the wounds of Christ — the stigmata. Our epistle and gospel today attest to this particular aspect of his life — his self-identification with Christ, losing himself in Christ, and his embrace of the cross and the wounds Christ bore upon it....

What I want to focus on is the manner in which the deacon Francis did that, how he went about his work, how he changed in himself but also brought about change in others — gracefully, and more importantly, in the manner of Christ. For Christ was a master both of the eloquent story and powerful words, but perhaps more importantly of the boldly acted gesture — the dramatic and striking action — his crucifixion itself being the boldest such action. Francis of Assisi too performed many such dramatic acts in his life, but I want to cite just one.

It was at the very beginning of his call, the time young Frenchy's father threatened to disinherit him. And Francis, standing in the public square with the bishop looking on — the bishop his father had called on to talk some sense into the boy — performed the dramatic gesture of disinheriting himself, stripping off even his clothing, that embarrassment of riches, to become a new creation. I am reminded of a Renaissance painting of this incident in which the kindly bishop has draped his cope over the naked young Francis. This was in the days before *Safe Church Workshops*. But you may also recall how Franco Zeffirelli's film made a particular point of this stripping of clothing — Francis' father being a cloth merchant. Throughout that film the clothing of the clerics and the citizens imprisons them, and only Francis is free — born again in his birthday suit.

Francis performed a dramatic gesture, and among other things it convinced everyone that he was telling the truth, the naked truth, about what he meant to do. That is important — being disinherited in the 12th century when you had no other visible means of support was no easy choice. Francis, however, had invisible means of support — he was eager to follow in the footsteps of his Lord and Savior, and he was clothed from above in the garment of grace, the Emperor's new clothes: not of the Holy Roman Emperor but of God the Emperor of the Universe, of Christ the King, and Christ the Servant. He was already beginning to take up the only ornament that mattered: the cross of responsibility and dedication day by day. He had come to see that gaining the whole world — or even keeping his inheritance — would cost him his true life, the true life he knew he was called to live with God. He could not live that life bound and swathed in the clothing that represented all that was old, the outward and visible sign of his old life, the clothing that had come to feel like a mummy's wrappings or a shroud. He was ready to lose everything that he might boast of nothing but the cross of Jesus.

I said I was going to recount just one incident — but there is a sequel to this story of Francis' divestiture in the town square, from the very end of Francis' life, another dramatic gesture that not only echoes and bookends the first, but which continues the theme of naked truthfulness — of absolute authenticity and radical poverty. Like the first it was as much an instruction to those who stood by as it was for Francis himself.

As Francis was dying, he asked his brothers to remove his habit and lay him on the ground, so he could die, strictly speaking, without owning anything, as naked as the day he was born — or born again. They did so briefly, but couldn't bear it for long, seeing their beloved brother sick and shivering on the ground. They pressed him to resume the tunic and cowl he had worn so long. Eventually he agreed he would do so, but on the sole condition that they understand he was only borrowing it. Even at that, he insisted that as Sister Death finally came for him, they strip off even this borrowed clothing, so that he could pass into the life of the world to come unburdened by any earthly property, and completely free. The dramatic gesture continued to the end — as much for them, and for us, as for himself.

For we come into this world with nothing, we leave with nothing. All we have is ourselves — our souls and bodies. We can choose to seek ourselves, to satisfy ourselves, to preserve ourselves — or we can choose to offer ourselves, as reasonable, holy and living gifts for the good of others and the good of the world God loved so much that he gave himself up for it — for us. We who bear his name should not be afraid to do as he did. We can strip ourselves of all that encumbers us, all that disguises us even from ourselves, changing ourselves back to our birthday suit — to find the naked truth of our authentic self, the self that we save only by losing it in service to others. This was the path that Francis the deacon chose, following in the way of the cross his Lord had gone before. This is the path we are called to follow, and should we ever be doubtful of the way, the signpost is plain for all of us to see.

It is the cross, and Christ upon it.+

Tobias Stanislas Haller



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

John Peter Clark d 2.25.94

William Francis Jones Mon

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

Bernard Fessenden d 8.10.93

Donovan Aidan Bowley Tue

Edward Riley d 9.15.05

Christopher Stephen Jenks

Ciarán Anthony DellaFera

Damian-Curtis Kellum d 10.9.07

Richard John Lorino

Ronald Augustine Fox

Maurice John Grove

Charles Edward LeClerc

Virgilio Fortuna Wed

Gordon John Stanley

Karekin Madteos Yarian

William David Everett

Thomas Bushnell

Thomas Mark Liotta

James Mahoney

Patrick Ignatius Dickson d 7.20.05

Robert James McLaughlin Thu

Peter Budde

John Henry Ernestine

Francis Sebastian Medina

Ælred Bernard Dean

Joseph Basil Gauss

Mark Andrew Jones

Emmanuel Williamson

Richard Matthias

William Henry Benefield Fri

Nathanael Deward Rahm

Thomas Lawrence Greer

Enoch John Valentine

Ron Fender

Michael Elliott

David Luke Henton

Novices

David John Battrick

Will Harpest

Bo Alexander Armstrong

Francis Jonathan Bullock

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Benedict

Community of the Transfiguration

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Thanksgiving

For the baptism of Nahum

Thomas Michael Battrick