



HE SERVANT



*Ron Fender serves
as a midwife in a
rebirth workshop.*

#241

Fall / Advent 2016



Convocation 2016



From 1986: the Installation of Edmond L. Browning. (l to r: Tobias Stanislas Haller, John Peter Clark, Bishop Browning, Earl Christian, Richard Thomas Biernacki, William Bunting, James Teets, and Charles Kramer)

The Servant

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THE STATE OF THE BROTHERHOOD 2016

Hine ma tov umanim, Shevet achim gam ya chad.
*Behold how good and pleasant it is
when brethren dwell together in unity.*

Our vocation is as servants of the servants of God. Read the community notes in this newsletter, and you can see the dedication of the brothers of this community. The roles they play and the way in which they are played out is, in some cases “in your face and up front” and in others, underplayed and quiet and unassuming, almost in the shadows. I often hear from places in the church how valued our ministries are. Who would have guessed that we would ever be talking about plans for the 50th anniversary in just three years? That is both scary and exciting, filled with expectation and wonder! I think back to 1969 and that chapel and those nuns and how proud Helen Joyce would be—and I am certain she is proud looking down from heaven!

Any talk of ministry and servanthood requires a word about our late brother Ron Fender, a dedicated servant of the servants of God. He was an example to many inside and outside the community of Gregorians. Ron's ministry was a real example, but it was an unusual one, maybe even unique: he designed and loved and lived it.

Over the years we have lost several brothers through death. Ron is not the first and he will not be the last. Every person who enters the Brotherhood changes us in some way. And when a brother dies we are also changed in some way, some more than others. But if we are to honor him best, we need to let him go and move on with each ministry we are blessed to exercise.

And there is much to celebrate in that ministry: we have two new provinces, whose ministers provincial are doing a wonderful job. We celebrated Ælfred's ordination and he already has a parish and a new field of work. Richard Matthias is now ordained to the diaconate and serving in Canada.

As we grow and prosper, it is important not to feel important or boast. Earlier this year, Dunstan SSF died at the age of 94. He was the last Franciscan at Little



Ron Fender with the Minister General

Portion Friary on Long Island. I first met him in 1961, as a new Episcopalian living in Queens, when he came to our Young People's Fellowship to speak. That was my first realization that there were such people in the Episcopal Church. Years later I would visit Little Portion and there, testing a vocation, be told that "there was something for you — and the Franciscan Order is not it." We are here today, in part, because God said "No" to me in that time and place. Now we are the Episcopalians about whom others ask, "Are they Roman Catholic?" The answer isn't as simple as "Yes." It is in our lives when we live the servant life, when we continue in our ministries with faith and energy. We have a ministry to be part of a dangerous conscience for the world, and in the church we love and serve.

RTB



Dunstan SSF

Here and there with the Brotherhood

COMMUNITY NOTES

ANNUAL CONVOCATION 2016



Richard Edward Helmer leads a workshop on the Alexander Technique.

Gregorian Friars gathered at Mount Alvernia Retreat Center in Wappingers Falls, New York in July for worship, fellowship, and reflection. Director of Education David Luke Henton and his team developed four sessions on a variety of topics. Tuesday morning featured Richard Edward Helmer as he led the community in answering the dilemma, "To Schlep or Not to Schlep." The answer emerged in an exploration of the Alexander Technique, body positions and move-

ments designed to aid in energy focus and relaxation, designed for performers but adaptable to everyday life and ministry. Tuesday afternoon was in the capable hands of two of the community's fine musicians—Richard John Lorino and Nathanael Deward Rahm—for a program on sung prayer titled, "Lectio divina

with hymns.” William Henry Benefield began our Wednesday morning with his presentation of “Science as a Holy Icon: My Window into the Divine Mystery”—a visual and written workshop exploring the tangible makeup of our world as it relates to the spiritual life. The Wednesday afternoon session, led by James Patrick Hall and Scott Michael Pomerenk, delved into the theories of René Girard in a program on “Violence and Religious Life.” The gifts and talents possessed by our brothers is truly a blessing!

As is usual for the Brotherhood’s convocations, the retreat sessions were set into the morning and afternoon schedule, amid the Daily Office and the Holy Eucharist. The daily mass is the central point of each convocation day, and celebrants included our Visitor, Bishop Rodney Michel, Tobias Stanislas Haller, David John Battrick, Richard Edward Helmer and David Benedict Hedges, ably assisted by deacons Edward Munro, Virgilio Fortuna and Gordon John Stanley, together with a number of other brothers who rounded out the liturgical offerings. And as always, excellent preaching at the masses was a mainstay; this year’s preachers included Bishop Rodney, the Minister General, Tobias Stanislas Haller, Thomas Bushnell, and Angel Gabriel Roque.

Another tradition of the community is to share in honoring the memory of a brother whom death takes from us during the course of a year. Ron Fender died suddenly in January, just as he was departing Winter Convocation—an event in which he played a major role as one of the retreat leaders—and while a number of our brothers were able to attend Ron’s funeral in Chattanooga, most could not be



William Henry Benefield speaks on the intersection of science and holiness.



James Patrick Hall and Scott Michael Pomerenk speak on Girard and the fall to violence.



The daily offices form a structure for the day.

there in person. So Ron was memorialized at this Annual Convocation in the presence of the community who loved him and from which he drew great strength and inspiration.

As usual, a number of business meetings also found space within the very full schedule of each day, including the Annual Chapter Meeting, a meeting of the Council, meetings of the seven provinces, and of the Education and Retreat Planning Committee, the Benevolent Trust Board and individual meetings for renewal of annual vows. This year those renewals included Richard Edward, Eric Shelley and Larry Walter Reich. Additional meetings this summer were a result of decisions surrounding the upcoming Golden Jubilee of the community: one group to plan the observation, and another to begin work on a video documentary on the fifty years of ministry the community and its members have undertaken. If such a schedule sounds



Richard Thomas Biernacki (l) joins Richard John Lorino and Ronald Augustine Fox in celebrating their silver jubilee of profession of vows.

a bit hectic to you, you need to know that all was accomplished in good spirit and in good order!

Two provinces elected new Ministers Provincial this summer: Province 1 elected Enoch John Valentine to a new term of office and Province 4 elected Bo Alexander Armstrong to replace the outgoing Thomas Lawrence Greer. A number of other elections or appointments were achieved by Chapter or Council vote; the full list is included in the description of the Rite of Commissioning of Officials following. We give hearty thanks to those who have served our order so



David John Battrick celebrates the Holy Eucharist.

well, and we welcome those who began new ministries this summer! May God grant each of you grace and happiness in your vocations!

Friday at Evening Prayer is traditionally our liturgy for the Brotherhood's rites of admission, reception and the commissioning of officials. This year these rites included the admission of four new postulants: Javier D Garcia (Diocese of Southeast Florida), Russell W Gallagher (Tennessee), Tommy Mandri (Southeast Florida) and James Connell Petersen (Oregon); the reception of novices Michael Julian Piper (Iowa), Angel Gabriel Roque (Southeast Florida) and David Benedict Hedges (Arizona). Brothers elected or appointed for particular service within the community were commissioned at this office; in addition to the two Ministers Provincial mentioned earlier, these were: Director of Vocations, Ronald Augustine Fox (Chicago); Administrator Robert James McLaughlin (Pennsylvania); Secretary, Thomas Bushnell (Los Angeles); Chapter's Representatives to Council, Tobias Stanislas Haller (Maryland) and Ciarán Anthony DellaFera (Massachusetts); and Minister General's Appointee to Council, Joseph Basil Gauss (Chicago). Our congratulations and our thanks for their willingness to serve accompany each brother as he carries out his ministry among us and on our behalf!

The Convocation's closing Holy Eucharist of each Annual Convocation draws us together as we approach being sent forth to do the work God has called us to accomplish within his church and among his holy people. A focus of this liturgy is the rite of life profession of vows. Bo Alexander Armstrong (East Tennessee) and James Patrick Hall (Colorado) made their life professions in the presence of the community assembled and members of each brother's family, and with the blessing of our Episcopal Visitor, Bishop Rodney R Michel (Pennsylvania). Each



The Minister General prepares to gird David Benedict Hedges with the novice cincture.



Ronald Augustine Fox (l) and Francis Sebastian Medina (r) present four postulants-prospective for admission.



The funeral pall symbolizes death to the old self.



Ministers Provincial present the candidates for life profession.

brother prostrated himself in the center of the choir and was covered by a funeral pall, symbolizing the tradition of death to the old self, as the Litany was solemnly sung, and he knelt before our Founder and Minister General, Richard Thomas Biernacki (New Jersey) as publicly professed his vows among us, and as he signed those vows in our presence. We wish our newly life professed brothers every bless-



The Minister General receives the life vows of Bo Alexander Armstrong...



...and James Patrick Hall.

ing and a sufficient sense of success as their vocations further develop into the future! Among other visitors at the celebration, we welcomed Br Robert Sevensky OHC, Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, accompanied by Br Scott Borden OHC, Prior of Holy Cross Monastery in West Park, New York. It is always a joy and our pleasure to welcome religious from other communities!

Province 2

On Holy Cross Day, September 14, 2016, Richard Matthias was ordained a deacon by the Rt Rev John Chapman, Bishop of Ottawa, at Trinity Anglican Church, Cornwall, Ontario, Canada. Although Richard and his wife, the Rev Nancy Matthias, live on an island in the New York side of the Saint Lawrence, his ministry has been exercised for some years in the Anglican Church of Canada. His is the first



Bishop Chapman lays hands on Richard Matthias and ordains him to the diaconate.



The congregation welcomes Richard.



Richard and Nancy Matthias after the liturgy



(l to r) David Luke Henton, John Henry Ernestine, Bishop Chapman, Richard Matthias, Edward Munro, and Archdeacon Frank Walton Kirby

diaconal ordination in the Diocese of Ottawa to occur in the ordinand's parish, rather than at the cathedral. In attendance from the community were John Henry Ernestine, Minister Provincial of Province 2, Edward Munro and David Luke Henton.

Bishop Chapman was very supportive of Richard Matthias, as was the preacher, the Ven David Selzer, Executive Archdeacon of the Diocese of Ottawa. In his sermon, Archdeacon Seltzer mentioned the 47th anniversary of the Brotherhood, referring to the stellar work and commitment to the church of the Brotherhood and our Founder and Minister General.

After the liturgy, a reception was held in the parish hall with more than 100 guests. It is obvious that the parish and clergy love and support Richard and Nancy in their ministries.



Fr Sallidao with Barbara and Edward Munro

Province 3

Minister Provincial Edward Munro and his wife Barbara welcomed the Rev Lendehl Sallidao, priest in the Philippine Episcopal Church and a BSG associate, who was in Maryland visiting family. Sallidao is one

of the founders of the Oratory of St Mary and St John, an intentional community in the Philippines.

Though now officially retired, Tobias Stanislas Haller has remained busy, and has become an associate priest at Church of the Advent Federal Hill, in Baltimore. In addition to other supply assignments, he filled in for several Sundays at Advent this summer, and is now on the regular rota as preacher and celebrant.

Province 4

When newly-received Novice Angel Gabriel Roque returned to his home parish of Saint Mary Magdalen, Coral Springs FL, on Sunday, July 31st, the congregation had prepared a wonderful celebration of his clothing in the Brotherhood and in support of his journey in the religious life. Among other gifts given to Angel Gabriel at the liturgy, members of the Anamchara Fellowship presented him a hand-crafted staff in recognition of and appreciation for his ministry as Parish Verger. Also present for both services at Saint Mary Magdalen that day was one of

our new postulants, Javier D Garcia, who was also welcomed and congratulated. All of your brothers add their congratulations to those already received!



Rose Vance (r), assisted by Mother Cynthia Gill and Sister Mary Hilda, presents Angel Gabriel the verger's staff carved by her husband.



Angel Gabriel and postulant Javier Garcia

It was a joyous occasion for the Brotherhood when Bishop Robert Wright of Atlanta ordained Ælred Bernard Dean to the priesthood this summer. Several members of the community were able to attend the event (left to right in the photo: David Luke Henton, William David Everett, Ælred Bernard, Francis Jonathan Bullock and Larry Walter Reich). Ælred Bernard has taken up his first parochial cure at Saint Mary's, Middleboro KY. We give thanks and wish him all the best in this new order and ministry.



The brothers celebrate after Ælred Bernard's ordination.

Province 7

On August 23rd James Patrick Hall and Novice Scott Michael Pomerenk participated in a press conference held on the west steps of the Colorado State Capitol Building in Denver which kicked off the "Yes on T" campaign to remove an exception to slavery from that State's Constitution. This event was broadcast in local media. James Patrick gave the following account of this event:

Over 100 people of a wide variety of faiths, ethnicities, and political persuasions (including five state legislators from both sides of the aisle) gathered to say what shouldn't need saying: that slavery is wrong, without exception. James Patrick gave the opening reflection and prayer, witnessing to God's love for all people and our call to respect the dignity of every human being. Both brothers have been involved in community organizing around this issue for several months, and have reported their joy in the work and the people they are befriending in the work.



James Patrick addresses the crowd. (Photo: Celesté Martinez)

Scott Michael added, “It’s been a great joy for me to be working alongside my senior brother in this community organizing, and it’s been fun to have our colleagues refer to us as ‘The Gregorians’ or ‘The Brothers.’ Denver is coming to know The Gregorian Way; I pray our presence is the witness God wants it to be.”

Province 8

Novice David Benedict Hedges celebrated the first Sunday of his new ministry as rector of the Church of Saint Michael and All Angels, Tucson, on August 14th, and it was a day of joy for all who attended! The day began with Morning Prayer, at which over thirty people were present, followed by the Holy Eucharist. Then the community gathered in the Parish Center where members of the Spanish Mass congregation had prepared a wonderful feast of Mexican food. Two members played the guitar and sang Mexican and Central American folksongs and Padre Jorge Sotelo, Mother Clare Yarborough, and junior warden Howard Creswell gave welcome addresses, and David Benedict said a few words of thanks.



Provoscia King and Michael Meyers lead David Benedict in procession on his first Sunday at Saint Michael and All Angels. (Photo: Karen Funk Blocher)

Karekin Madteos Yarian led a walking tour through the Castro neighborhood of San Francisco with fifteen middle-school-age youth from five East Bay parishes.



Karekin Madteos leads the Castro tour. (Photo: Samantha Haycock)

They spoke of LGBTQ history and the massacre in Orlando within the framework of that history. The walk started at Harvey Milk Plaza beneath the Pride flag, and the first glass fronted gay bar in the country, Twin Peaks. They talked about the assassination of Milk, the White Night Riots, and the idea of gay bars as safe spaces for LGBTQ people. The GLBT Historical Museum opened its doors

to the group, happy to help educate these brilliant young people. They listened to the tape Harvey Milk recorded a week before his assassination, and saw the suit he was wearing when he was murdered.

The tour ended at Dolores Park with a discussion of the attack in Orlando; about the political, social, and religious factors that made something like Orlando possible; and about what they as Christian people could do to let others know that we are safe harbors for LGBTQ people as people of faith. They also talked about the Companions of Dorothy the Worker and Diana Wheeler's ministry in the Castro, and what it means to be in loving presence to one another. Karekin is happy to have played a part in this, and asks all to join him in giving thanks for those who minister with these beautiful young people.

How about going for thrice?

WHO SINGS PRAYS TWICE



Nathanael Deward Rahm leads the workshop on hymnody as lectio divina.

Lectio divina is a traditional Benedictine practice meaning “divine reading” dating back to the 6th century. Lectio divina describes a way of reading the Scriptures where one gradually lets go of one’s own agenda to open oneself to what God wants to say to us. The practice finds its roots with Origen in the 3rd century, who taught it to Ambrose, who taught it to Augustine. It was introduced into monasticism by Benedict and, according to Benedictine historian Jean LeClerq, Benedict and Gregory are considered the founders of the medieval tradition of lectio divina. The Benedictine motto “ora et labora” divided the monk’s day into three elements: liturgical prayer, manual labor, and lectio divina. It was this slow and thoughtful reading of Scripture, and the ensuing pondering of its meaning, that provided the monks’ meditation time. Benedict wrote, “Idleness is the enemy of the soul. Therefore the brothers should have specified periods of manual labor as well as time for prayerful reading.” He called this reading time “lectio divina”.

Some 600 years later, in the 12th century, the Carthusian monk Guigo, formalized the exercise into a four step process which he outlined as follows:

- ¶ He called the first stage *leggere*, or reading. Where we read the Word of God, slowly and reflectively so that it sinks into us. Any passage of Scripture can be used for this way of prayer but the passage should not be too long.
- ¶ The second stage is *meditatio*, meditation or reflection. This is where we think about the text we have chosen and ruminate upon it so that we take from it what God wants to give us.
- ¶ In the third stage, *oratio*, prayer or response, we leave thinking aside and simply let our heart speak to God. This response is inspired by our reflection on God's Word.
- ¶ The final stage, *contemplatio*, contemplation or rest, is where we let go not only of our own ideas, plans and meditations but we also let go of our own holy words and thoughts. *Contemplatio* is simply resting in the Word of God, listening at the deepest level of our being to God who speaks within us with a still, small voice. Listening gives way to transformation, and transformation will have a profound effect on the way we actually live and the way we live is the test of the authenticity of our prayer.

During the Reformation, as monastic communities were dissolved and new theological interpretations surfaced, Cranmer wrote the first Books of Common Prayer in 1549 and 1552. He turned to the ancient Benedictine traditions of the monasteries and convents in England where the Bible was used for *lectio divina* and for the celebration of Eucharist. Cranmer recognized that the Bible's purpose in the ancient practices of the monastics is spiritual. The Bible is to be used in prayer and liturgy to help us hear God speak, in order to shape and maintain our relationship with God. Cranmer's Prayer Book sought to give the common person that same experience and so he crafted a book that is saturated with scripture and meant for use in prayer. So we are correct when we say that the Book of Common Prayer is "the Bible organized for worship."

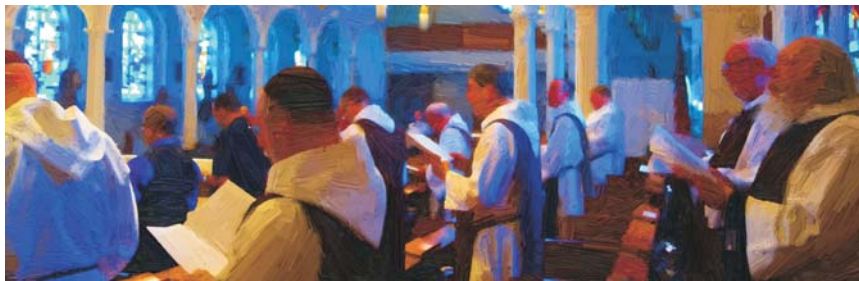
John Calvin continued to advocate *lectio divina* among his followers. There was even a "reformed" version which became popular among Puritans, championed by Richard Baxter, a prominent Puritan theologian. In the 19th century, as the historical-critical approach to biblical analysis came into favor, emphasis shifted to determining the historicity of gospel episodes, and *lectio divina* became less important. However, the 20th century witnessed a revival in the practice and many books and articles aimed at the general public began to appear by the middle of the century. In 1965, Paul VI emphasized the use of *lectio divina* in *Dei Verbum*, one of the principal documents of Vatican II; and more recently, Benedict XVI reaffirmed its importance.

In addition to *lectio divina*, there is also another more recent tradition of prayer known as *lectio poetica*. *Lectio poetica* also originated in the monastic tradition. As its name implies, it uses poetry as the sacred text. The practitioners of *lectio poetica* have added three more steps to the traditional four. These are: *preparatio* or readying, *conversatio* or relating, and *incarnatio* or realizing.

It is useful to apply these principles to the poetry we use in worship, in the hymns we sing. Hymns are poetic texts that are set to music, and yet the text and the music are independent and texts can be sung to different tunes. For instance, the familiar text written in 1846 by Horatio Bonar, “I Heard the Voice of Jesus,” can be sung to a tune, as in our hymnal, written by Thomas Tallis which is known as *The Third Tune*, or to the folk tune harmonized by Ralph Vaughn Williams known as *Kingsfold*. Either tune works with the words, and depending on your tradition, the words will evoke the tune you grew up with, and vice versa: sometimes the tune evokes the words, and those can be different for different traditions. Another example of this is the poetic text, “Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,” by John Greenleaf Whittier. Our hymnal contains two tunes for the same text, one by Frederick Maker known as *Rest* and one by Charles Hubert Hastings Parry known as *Repton*.

Hymns are also prayers. That’s why we Episcopalians usually sing every verse of a hymn unless it is marked with an asterisk—which means it can be left out without violating the sense of the text (or when it would be incongruous with the time of day!). The problem with hymns is that sometimes the text loses some of its nuance to the music. Sometimes the music evokes other sentiments. Sometimes, for those not very musical, the challenge of singing distracts from the text. And yet, it is those very texts, so beautifully crafted and theologically based, that can be used in the same way as biblical texts for meditation and prayer.

The Seven Stages of Lectio



- ① **Preparatio, readying.** Settle into your body, becoming aware of your breathing and becoming fully present. Bring to mind unresolved issues or problems and decisions. Focus on one you feel most drawn to, framing it as a question. This is the topic of conversation you will have with your own soul.
- ② **Leggere, reading.** Read the selected text three times, slowly and reflectively so that it sinks into you. Listen with the ears of the heart, noticing what shimmers, lights up, strikes you, attracts you, repels you, no matter how odd or obscure. Trust that your soul has chosen this word or phrase through which it will speak to you.

- ¶ ***Meditatio*, meditation or reflection.** This is where we think about the text we have chosen and ruminate upon it so that we take from it what God wants to give us. Along with your breathing, slowly, gently begin repeating the word or phrase inwardly, like a mantra. Let go of the rest of the text. Listen deeply and feel the word or phrase resonate within you—not analyzing, not straining for special insight—just letting it resonate. *Meditatio* is simply resting in the Word, listening at the deepest level of our being, to God who speaks within us in a still, small voice.
- ¶ ***Oratio*, prayer or response.** Leave thinking aside and simply let your heart speak to God. This response is inspired by our reflection on the text. Begin an inner dialogue with your deepest self, your soul. Ask your soul why it chose this word or phrase; ask what it has to do with the dilemma or issue you focused on in the beginning. Be aware of questions, connections, reflections, ideas and feelings that arise. Allow new direction, wisdom, guidance, answers, or solutions to emerge.
- ¶ ***Conversatio*, relating.** If this is a group exercise, share whatever you wish about your experience with others, as far as you are comfortable. Otherwise, allow yourself to listen to your experience and inwardly digest what has occurred.
- ¶ ***Incarnatio*, realizing.** Consider whether your spirit may be inviting you to do or to change or to embody something based on your experience with the text. Consider a date and time when you might make it a reality in your life.
- ¶ ***Contemplatio*, resting.** This final stage is where we let go not only of our own ideas, plans and meditations, but we also let go of our own holy words and thoughts. Listening gives way to transformation, and transformation will have a profound effect on the way we actually live and the way we live it the test of the authenticity of our prayer.

These are guidelines, not fixed rules. The intended movement is toward greater simplicity with less talking and more listening, whereby, gradually, the words dissolve and the Word is revealed. The amount of time given to each stage depends on the individual.

Richard John Lorino and Nathanael Deward Rahm

A Convocation sermon

WORD FOR THE WEARY

*Come to me, all you that are weary
and are carrying heavy burdens.*

As I read the texts to prepare for this sermon, I realized there was a word that was not particularly familiar to me. That word was *weary*. I looked up the definition



Angel Gabriel with verger's staff

and found, “Feeling or showing tiredness, especially as a result of excessive exertion or lack of sleep.” The passage seemed a little clearer, but it still bothered me. So I opened another Bible, called *La Biblia Didactica*. Yes, it’s in Spanish. “Venid a mí todos los que estáis *fatigados* y agobiados...” When I saw that *fatigued* was used instead of *weary*, the reading made more sense. As I studied the Gospel again, another word came to mind over and over again: *trust*—not a word *in* the text, but a word in my heart as I read that text. “Come to me all ye that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest.” Doesn’t that bring the *trust* to your mind?

In my life, trusting in the Lord is absolutely necessary, and at times liberating. I’m not completely sure where I would be if I did not trust in the Lord. If I did not lay those heavy burdens I sometimes carry within myself in his strong and mighty

hands, I wonder: where would I be? As I get older (and hopefully wiser) I notice that our Lord calls us to rest, rest that our minds, bodies, and souls crave so much. That rest comes with trust in him and him alone.

Imagine if all of the things that we do on a daily basis were done with full trust in the Lord? Imagine if all of our brothers and sisters out there were to do the same? Do you think that our lives would be different or more complete? We would probably take more chances and we would doubt our own abilities less. Who knows? We might even *love* more and without stopping and asking ourselves if the person deserves it or not. Imagine if trust in the Lord could be the force behind everything we do, especially when we are out in the world in our ministries. Don’t you think that the world would be transformed?

Standing in front of all of you takes a lot of trust, not just in the Lord, but also in you and in me. Putting my trust in Jesus gives me the courage to face every day with my head held up, to try my best to be the person that I know God has created me to be, and to look within myself and inspire others to look within themselves as well. Inspiring others by our own example brings to mind a part of our Rule:

A brother must endeavor to witness to our Redeemer’s love with quietness, patience, humility, charity, courage and prayer, knowing that it is not he who shall finally bring the light, but only that he shall become a messenger for the One who is the light.

How do we do this? How can we show others the way by our own example? How do we teach that trusting the Lord is best? If you have read a little about Saint Macrina you will see how trusting she was. I also wonder at how she was so calm on her death bed. Do you think it is because of her trust in the Lord?

Again I ask you, brothers, “How do we do this?” We do this through our joy! Let me give you an example. Think of our beloved Brother Ron. The first thing that

comes to mind is his infectious smile. His joy! He had the joy that comes from trusting in the Lord. The joy this man had in him still makes me smile, it still affects me. He had joy that was so potent and inspiring that we are still talking about it six months after he died. That joy made him go out on the streets of Chattanooga to look for the untouchables and touch them, not with his own light but with the light of Christ. That joy came from leaving those heavy burdens at the foot of the cross and resting on Jesus alone. Isn't it truly beautiful, and comforting, to see the joy in others? How about the joy within us?

Lets go back to trust. It's a difficult subject because we see how people can betray it. Sometimes we don't even trust ourselves. But trusting in the Lord is not the same. Trusting in the Lord is pure freedom. It makes the impossible possible; it is like a shield and an inner burst of motivation. It makes us realize who is our protector, our shield, and as soon as we realize who that is, we rest and joy takes over.



Ron Fender, singing with joy just a few days before his death.

We must recharge, we must care for ourselves and rest in the Lord. If not, how will we embrace that genuine joy that makes us reflect the light of Christ to the world? How can we follow that part of our rule if we do not start with ourselves first? How do we show the world "*La Luz*," the Light of the One? It is up to us to show that trusting in the good Lord is true freedom and brings joy. "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." The burden is the *light—his light*—that we bear.

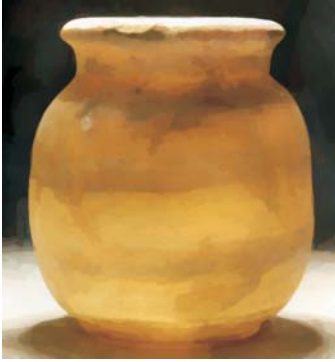
Angel Gabriel Roque



The Minister General receives Angel Gabriel's novice promise.

Turn on the news and you will see that our world needs renewal. We must start that with ourselves. But when do we rest? When do we give ourselves a break from the craziness of this world? How can we recharge our batteries and keep going? One example in my own life is taking care of myself by going to therapy and dealing with anxiety. The Holy Eucharist is another that makes me feel so rested. How about our Daily Office? Resting in the Lord pushes us to take a break and to refocus. How about taking a walk? Or while cooking? Eating healthier and taking care of our bodies. Even while driving you can rest a bit—unless you live in Florida and you drive in Miami—then no, there is no rest in driving at all!

REMEMBER THE JAR



One of my favorite television shows is the British version of “Antiques Road Show,” so, as I was thinking about this sermon my imagination ran wild and I fantasized about a dear old sweetie from the Scottish highlands who brought a large alabaster jar with some sticky, dried substance in the bottom, exuding a sweet odor unlike anything the appraiser had ever smelled. The lady explains that the jar was brought from a pilgrimage to the holy land by an ancient ancestor. No one ever knew what it was, so she has brought it hoping for some clues as to its origins and value. The appraiser consults his fellow experts and they

conclude that the alabaster piece is first century, and the dark, sticky substance is something called nard. An English archdeacon, listening in on the explanation gets very excited, asks more questions and offers the dear woman a phenomenal price for the old jar. He thinks, of course, that he has happened upon the alabaster jar that held the nard with which Mary Magdalene anointed our lord. Well, the fantasy ends there because the English cleric had forgotten the Marcan version of the story telling that the woman *broke* the jar of nard before pouring it over Jesus’ head.

Was it Mary Magdalene that was the sinner who did the anointing or another Mary, or Mary the mother of Joses? Only John says it was a Mary that did the anointing, and that at Bethany. As the Bishop of Arizona said recently, “Episcopalians take the Bible seriously, we just don’t take it literally.” So where’s the truth?

Much damage was done to Mary Magdalene’s reputation over the centuries, and it has taken a very long time for her to be accorded the recognition she deserves as a preacher rather than a repentant nymphomaniac. John tells us that she was the first to find the tomb empty on Easter morning and was told by the risen Jesus to go to his brothers with a message and the news that she had seen him. That is preaching, my brothers—sharing the good news. And we are all called to do that with our lives and from the pulpits we may inhabit. Interestingly enough, our patron, Pope Gregory the Great, in Homily 33, preached in 591, said:

She whom Luke calls the sinful woman, whom John calls Mary, we believe to be the Mary from whom seven devils were ejected according to Mark. What did these seven devils signify, if not all the vices? It is clear, that the woman previously used the unguent to perfume her flesh in forbidden acts. What she therefore displayed more scandalously, she was now offering to God in a more praiseworthy manner. She had coveted with earthly eyes, but now through penitence these are consumed with tears.

She displayed her hair to set off her face, but now her hair dries her tears. She had spoken proud things with her mouth, but in kissing the Lord's feet she now planted her mouth on the Redeemer's feet. For every delight therefore, she had had in herself, she now immolated herself. She turned the mass of her crimes to virtues, in order to serve God entirely in penance.

This may not have helped clarify the confusion of who Mary Magdalene was but Gregory was spot on in telling us how this forgiven and redeemed woman now loved and adored her Lord, accordingly. And isn't that the truth for all of us—the more we are forgiven the greater the love.

The Rev Barbara Cawthorne Crafton, in her Geranium Farm column shared an interesting insight. She said, "Think of the costliness of the ointment [in the alabaster jar]. Nothing but the best." It was poured out over our Lord's feet which were then dried with her hair—what a luscious, erotic thought—and Jesus commented that, "she bought it so that she might keep it for the day of my burial. You always have the poor with you, but you do not always have me." Crafton goes on to say, "[...the best] of what will be left of us when our lives are over—which is exactly nothing. We are not going to be able to take any of it with us when we go. If we don't use it here it is gone." Extravagant love for our Lord and others. Sharing and giving from our alabaster jars of the nard of love, the unguent of life, the ointment of charity and mercy which will, of course, be replenished and renewed when we use it, like the flour and oil in the jars of the widow of Zarephath.


The more we give, the more there will be. And you know if the jar had not been broken and the anointing not done, it would not have been the story that it became for John and the other evangelists; it became gospel when it was broken and used.

Maybe, my brothers, we all have to be broken open in order to be fully used, in order to make sure we are used up when we leave. Maybe the cruelest thing would be for us to spend our lives waiting for just the right time to serve, even to die still waiting and not having preached the gospel given us to share. I want to urge us to give and spend our lives pouring out our love and the love of God *on others*, like our brother Ron and like Dunstan Walton SSF, both of blessed memory.

Give it away brothers. Anoint the world with love and the sweet perfume of charity and make our lives like that of Mary Magdalene—preacher, servant, lover of God and one whose life was radically changed by Jesus' healing and presence and love. Her ministry of service and steadfast love is an example of the faithful love of people for Christ and that example of service and companionship is a living out, a great model for the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory—service above self.

Love extravagantly! Show mercy abundantly and follow Jesus with all your being, and we will be of much more value than an alabaster jar filled with nard. Remember the jar! Break it open and share the contents with a needy and broken world.

Rodney R Michel



BLOOD AND WATER

Early Sunday morning... The sunlight was slanting through the windows and glancing off the water faucet, as it had done countless times before. Daydreaming for a time, I watched the light playing off the water and noticed the small rainbows-within-rainbows of each soap bubble. Returning to the moment, I began the familiar process of meticulously washing my hands. First cleaned each fingernail, then each finger one at a time, then moving on to each palm. Over the years I have come to rely upon this simple task as a way of praying and centering.

As I began to rinse off the soap, I started to reflexively review *The Rites* and to prepare for the privilege of the sacred responsibilities to follow... *Introibo ad altare Dei. Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam. I will go unto the altar of God. Even unto the God of my joy and gladness.* As I was finishing my ablutions the door behind me opened and I glanced over my shoulder to see Andy enter the anteroom and begin to vest. After years of working together we knew each other's habits and respected the sacredness of the space as we each continued our preparations in silence. I watched as he slipped the familiar pristine cloth over his head, deftly tying the long white ribbons from behind as he has done countless times before. Stepping up to the sink he too began to wash with an efficiency and precision borne out of years of repetition. Finishing with a flourish he glanced over at me and said "Ready?" I smiled and followed him out the door.

He approached the table first, as was his privilege, and extended his left hand to accept the pristine towel offered by one of the silent acolytes. Her eyes twinkled as she bowed slightly in acknowledgment of his curt half-bow of thanks. Turning her attention to me, she and I repeated the same ritual. Another acolyte set about to helping Andy with the holy vestments, slipping first one hand into the opening and then the other. He then handed her the tabs of his tunic, turning so that she could secure the garment from behind.

As Andy set about preparing the table, the second acolyte vested me as she had done for Andy. I too inclined my head in thanks and received a similar slight bow of acknowledgment. Turning towards Andy and the holy table I clasped my two hands in front of me, being ever mindful to keep them above my waist, and watched as he prepared the corpus.



Ciarán Anthony reflects on the holiness of mindfulness in the practice of medicine.

The woman lying on the table was 41 weeks pregnant. After laboring hard for over 3 hours with little progress, both she and the baby were faltering under the strain. We finally had to make the call and proceed to C-section.

Andy motioned and invited me to step up to the table to join him in the preparations. Once everything was ready, Andy nodded to the master of ceremonies who began the ritual “time out.” Slowly she recited our patients name, age, and date-of-birth, the reason we were gathered here today, and names of the sacred ministers, officiants, and acolytes for today’s ritual. We all acknowledged our consent, a final “Amen,” and Andy began the traditional opening acclamation: “10-blade please.” As he drew the knife across the woman’s abdomen, the master of ceremonies gave the ritual reply of “Time of incision 10:45AM.” The sinews and muscles parted swiftly under Andy’s skilled hands. I followed each step retracting, cauterizing, and wiping the field clear as he worked.

Soon our efforts brought us to our purpose, a distended silvery sack that undulated with the new life that it contained. With a few gentle strokes from the scalpel, Andy exposed the amniotic sack. Nodding his consent to me, I pressed my gloved finger into the exposed membrane, and at once came forth blood and water, and the promise of new life.

Ciarán Anthony DellaFera

Note: This scenario is fictional. It merges my morning experiences both at the scared table of the Holy Eucharist and the sacred table of the operating room. The name “Andy” was chosen because it is the name of one or more parish priests with whom I have had the privilege of serving, and is likewise the name of one or more surgeons with whom I have had the privilege of serving.

A Convocation sermon

PROPHETS WITH HONOR

Although Wisdom is but one, she can do all things, and while remaining in herself, she renews all things; in every generation she passes into holy souls and makes them friends of God, and prophets.

In one of the Elizabethan period episodes of Rowan Atkinson’s *Blackadder*, the principal character, plagued with a personal problem of Shakespearian proportions, sets off to find help. One of his goals is to find a wise-woman, and in that



Eric Shelley joined Ciarán Anthony in sharing his take on the meeting of faith and medical practice.

quest he meets one of those annoying gnomes who litter quest stories and add plot elements by giving cryptic directions or posing ridiculous riddles. This particular gnome gives the advice, “Two things must ye know about the wise woman. First, that she is wise. And second, *that she is a woman!*” Our hero departs with this useless bit of guidance, cursing under his breath.

Well, today we get to hear about not just one, but count ’em, four wise women. And two things must ye know of Elizabeth, Amelia, Sojourner, and Harriet: They were wise, and they were women! More importantly, they were wise, and persistent in their wisdom, in an age when the powers and principalities rarely expected wisdom in women, and regarded their persistence as obstinacy or worse. Some few recognized their gifts in their own time, and today we honor them as prophets.

One irony with which this presents us is summed up in the reading from Proverbs. Here we have a hymn of praise to Wisdom with a capital W, portrayed as nothing other than a woman. The irony is that this tribute comes from a culture that generally did not honor women, or give them much of a place in the councils of leadership or authority. That same book of Proverbs also goes on and on about that *other* sort of woman, the one no better than she should be, the harlot who uses her wiles to trap unwary, foolish men to their destruction. One woman offers wealth and riches and is herself more precious than gold and jewels; the other—well, with the other, as the saying goes, You pays your money and you takes your choice. This is, of course, part of the well-known male view of woman-kind as either on the pedestal or in the gutter, a pure virgin or a dirty whore.

English has a huge lexicon of nasty names for women, and precious few nice ones... and shapes our reality.

In their day, Stanton, Bloomer, Truth, and Tubman were seen by many men, and probably some women, as of this latter sort—hussies and harlots, harridans and harpies, sluts and slatterns and slags, skanks and skags, bitches and witches: and isn’t it interesting that English provides us such an array of colorfully nasty names for women—and I challenge you to think of some *nice* nouns for women when you have the time—and to reflect on how our language shapes our perception of reality. I don’t know if it is true that the Inuit (The People Formerly Known as Eskimo) have forty words for *snow*, but English has a huge lexicon of nasty names for women, and precious few nice ones.

But back to our four wise-women: There were some few, of course, who saw them for their virtues: their persistence in seeking justice, their commitment to the betterment of the world they lived in, and their wisdom. And some would call them prophets.

But what is a prophet, after all; and what *is* wisdom? I would start with another Shakespearian word, *soothsayer*, which is someone who predicts the future. That’s



Tobias Stanislas' icon sketch of the four prophets of justice

one way to understand a prophet—one who can accurately predict what is going to happen. In fact that is the test of a true prophet, one given a word from God, recorded in Deuteronomy 18:22: If what the prophet predicts in God's name comes true, they are a true prophet. If not, not. Simple.

But is the prediction itself always so easy to understand and verify—that is, *what* is being predicted? You may recall the soothsayer from *Julius Caesar*, who warned, “Beware the Ides of March!” Beware of the *date*—or what might happen *on* that date? This prediction didn't help poor Julius much, but the soothsayer was proved right, in that always 20/20 hindsight. Successful soothsayers, like the oracles of old, and those annoying gnomes in quest stories, owe part of their retrospective success to giving just such general or ambiguous warnings. Because human beings are pattern-seeking critters, seeing castles in clouds and faces in inkblots, you can be considered a true prophet if you cast your prediction as vaguely as the oracles or soothsayers of old.

Or you could use the cynical technique Nikos Kazantzakis described in his novel *The Last Temptation of Christ*. In the vision in which Jesus comes down from the cross to live an ordinary life, one of the apostles returns home and tells Jesus, “I've learned the secret of prophecy! When things are going well, tell people they are going to get bad, and when they are going badly tell them it is going to get better! It always works!” It still works for politicians of every sort.

But I am less interested in the flim-flam men of old, or of now, when we have such excellent women before us. What I want to stress is that *soothsayer* and *prophet* at base mean, not “One who predicts the future,” but “One who speaks the truth.” And there is a lot of wisdom in that, for an accurate assessment of the present is the best way to think about and plan for what is possible in the future. A firm and discerning grasp of the present rules out impossibilities for the future,

and allows one to focus on the range of what may be most probable—as that other famous wise guy, Sherlock Holmes, observed, “When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.” A chess master is a master precisely because of the ability to focus on the state of play at each moment, to see only the range of possibilities for the next sequence of moves, eliminating time-wasting impossibilities to weigh the optimum possible outcome and urge it into the best actual move.

So the real wisdom lies in understanding that the truth—what *is*—is not just possible, and is never improbable, as strange as it may seem. It just *is*. As I’ve often said, Reality is our friend. And engaging with reality, persisting in discernment, asking the questions, searching for answers, knocking at the doors even to wake the sleeping and embarrassed friend (for Reality is sometimes drowsy and often embarrassing, and unknown until known)—these actions of asking, seeking, and persisting in knocking at the door of Reality are the tasks of the wise.

This is all the more true for those who worship the God who goes by the name The One Who Is, the Great I AM! Those who engage with Reality at its deepest levels, who plumb the depths of Holy Wisdom, become, as Proverbs says, “friends of God and prophets.” We have such friends before us today: Elizabeth, Amelia, Sojourner, and Harriet—one of them even known as Truth! You can see their image and read their story in the handy Office app, so I won’t repeat it here. Suffice it to say that they were wise, and they were women—in times and places where few associated those categories. But they persisted in the quest—not so much as those sought out, but as seekers themselves. And what they sought was justice, charity, equality, and truth. They knocked on the doors of Reality, and a sleepy and reluctant world roused and still rouses itself to respond with like justice, in all charity, and by and for the truth. May God give us strength to do the same, *Soli Deo Gloria*—to the glory of God alone. In the Name of The One Who Is, whom we *know* as our Maker, Defender, Redeemer—and *Friend*.

Tobias Stanislas Haller

A Convocation memorial sermon

No DO-OVERS

You’ve noticed the little asterisks on your program. Many of the elements of the liturgy are similar to those in Chattanooga where we celebrated Ron’s funeral several months ago. Notice the word I used: *similar*. The bulletin might use the word *same*. But they’re not the same. They can’t be the same. We didn’t hear the same reading, because we heard it read in a different way, with a different cadence. We don’t have the same exact order of service; we don’t have Ron’s body here.

There is a temptation in our lives to want to have it back. Either because it was just wonderful, or because something bad has happened and we would like to re-

wind, like a videogame. Whenever you make a mistake in a videogame, you get a do-over. As many times as you want. There are games which don't even permit the do-over, but I assure you, you can always just start the whole game again.

I remember when I was a child, the first moment I realized that do-overs were not for real. I got a little accidental tattoo when I stabbed myself with a pencil in school. I think it was the fourth grade. And it hurt, and it bled, and it did all those things. But the horror was that nothing could remove this little spot which is with me to this day.

There aren't do-overs. Resurrection is not resuscitation, as William Henry reminded us earlier this week. Resuscitation is when you get Lazarus back. And at best, it's a sign of resurrection. It spoke of the resurrection of Christ to come. But it was merely resuscitation. And it didn't get Lazarus back just the way he was, either. Think of holiday meals. How many people obsess about having exactly the right dishes, to recapture, rekindle, remake that imaginary, perfect holiday meal of the past? How many politicians promise to return us to the glory days of yore, when we were great?

Resurrection is always new. It is never old. It is not a rewind, or a redo, or a do-over, or even a second chance. It is always new. We want a do-over, and a second chance. We especially want this when we think of sin and forgiveness. If I have done something wrong—and boy I have done some doozies—and I repent of them, what I want is to take it back, to make it better, to undo the harm I have done. And the good news—the *good* news—is that I can't. I can't undo what I did. And that's *good news*. Because it means that the good that I do can't be undone. And even more importantly, it means that the good that Christ does can't be undone.

If there could be anyone or anything in all of heaven and earth which could have a do-over, it would be God. And God has, in whatever way, made it perfectly clear that God wants no do-overs for Godself. The Bible gives us a wonderful example of God try-



Thomas preaches in memory of Ron Fender.



Ron with Ælfred Bernard and Thomas



Ron (Photo: Ed Barels)

ing a do-over, and it's Noah's flood, isn't it? God repents of the horrible human beings he's made, and says, "I'm going to start over." So he finds one to preserve—he doesn't quite get a do-over, does he? He preserves Noah, and the new creation after the flood is the old creation made new. It is not, in fact, the canceling of anything, and it is not a do-over. It is resurrection, because it is new.

That's why Jesus' wounds are still on his body in the Gospel of John. Not so that Thomas can play touchy-feely, but so that we can all know the resurrection was not a do-over, but new. This is what Paul says, when speaking of "a seed grown in the ground" It does not grow back up into a seed-pod or a Burpee seed packet. It grows into a new plant, different from the old. And with a modern knowledge of how sexual reproduction

in plants works, it *is* different from the old. It is not genetically like either parent any more than a human child is a clone of one parent or the other. It is new.

If resurrection is new, if life is a series of things that we can't take back, then we need to get out of our heads a lot of baggage from our theological tradition, which when read wrongly, at least, talks about do-overs. "In heaven you will meet all the people you once knew and it will be just like it was." Never mind, whatever it is, it is not family reunion time. Will we meet our loved ones in heaven? I dearly hope so. Will it be family reunion? No. It will be new.

We need to get rid of the idea that salvation is about organizing your life right. Because that's paralyzing, and this is what Paul knew very well; this is what Lutheran theology reminds us very well, and Calvin even more. We don't get to heaven by arranging our lives right. If that were what mattered, then all of the part that we've already messed up would be horribly bad news. And there are sadly many for whom forgiveness is just God saying, "We're going to ignore all of the stuff you messed up." God doesn't ignore it. God continues to work with it.

God takes all of the bad, and transforms it into new. God does not erase the past—even the bad parts that we have repented for and



In conversation...

been forgiven. God captures them up into what is new and better. It is healed scar tissue that is stronger than any other. It is healed broken bones that are stronger than new growth. There is nothing in heaven and on earth, says Paul, that can separate us from the love of Christ. And so we don't need to worry that what we have messed up is with us forever as a burden. It is with us forever as food for new growth. It does not control the future, because the future is new.

Our first reading was clearly chosen by Ron because it forms the basis for the title of James Agee's book, *Now Let Us Praise Famous Men*. I remember this book on my parents' bookshelf, which I had never read while it was in their house. And I assumed that it was something like Kennedy's *Profiles In Courage*: it was going to tell me about famous men. I didn't even realize as a kid that the title was from the Bible at all. But Agee's book is not about famous men. It's about poor sharecroppers. And the point of that passage we read, which is a prelude to a discussion of a whole bunch of, yes, very famous men — the point of that beginning part is that the author wants us to know that, yes, there are famous men, yes, there are kings, and wise men, and wonderful people and we will all remember them and we'll get to that in a minute, but first — there are people who weren't very famous, and yet they also did wonderful things. They also did great things, and in their posterity, what they did lives on, even though their name seems to have been forgotten.

James Agee's book is about forgotten people, and his attempt to capture them in a kind of loving photographic and prose picture — and his angst at the privilege and separation implied by a white guy from New York coming to a sharecropping community in the South and doing that. This is not all that dissimilar from Ron's life, except that he was from Asheville, rather than New York. Ron's life, before he knew us, had a past. And I don't mean there was some deep dark secret. It's just he changed over time. He changed while he was with us. And he knew, he knew, at some point in his life, he needed Christ. To bind Christ on, as Saint Patrick's hymn says. And almost at the same time, he moved to Chattanooga to take up ministry with people who had been forgotten, and moved in with us to get the support he needed for that work. He ended up supporting us, I think, as much as we supported him. That's a sign that there was love going on, rather than some codependent needy creepy thing. We were all benefiting in that transaction.



... and fellowship.

We must firmly resist the temptation, as I said in Chattanooga, to see Ron as a bringer of light into dark places. That is fiction. Ron went into places that he knew were filled with blinding, loving, light of Christ. Not because he was bringing light to a dark place, but because he knew that even though the world didn't, that those places were filled with light. And he came to bask in it. He came to bask in it, and invited us to do the same, in whatever way we could.

So I commend to you this view of life, and this view of resurrection. We do not know what the future brings. There's a priest I know, who at funerals, loves to say, "So-and-so is with Jesus now." And she says it for a lovely reason. But it's a little less reticent than I would like. It's a little too, "I've got it all figured out." I know, not that Ron has gone to be with Jesus, but that Christ has Ron caught in a giant bear-hug, and ain't never lettin' go.

Thomas Bushnell



Ron in the exercise of one of his principal ministries: washing feet.

A meditation on the vow of chastity

WHOSE PRAYER IS IT?

As an outgrowth of my latest Embertide report I started wandering through the relationship of obedience with compliance. My concern was and is the effect obedience has on praying the offices. I realize this may seem to be the long way around Robin Hood's barn but I think I will get to chastity.

For me prayer is an open mic, a listening to God rather than the Roman piety of "there is merit in just speaking the words," reducing communion with God to a prayer-wheel mentality. Prayer is a listening, a time in which speaking is even the act of the spirit who prays in us and through us. And the vow of obedience to pray the offices in our Rule tinkers with that listening to the extent that compliance enters the picture, replacing listening as the substance of my obedience. My doing what is required and expected takes the place of a vibrant relationship with God. The vibrancy seems to shift to the community as compliance thrives on expectation.

I liken the offices to a metronome which beats out the cadence of the day, a kind of structure for the day upon which all else is dependent. With listening as the core

of prayer, the metronome informs all that I do as a continued listening throughout the day. But when compliance begins to define the offices, that cadence, that metronome becomes the primary element, and the music of prayer for which the metronome is only meant to beat time for, the music is lost. While it can be said “it gets done either way,” compliance prayer seems to shift listening to God into focusing on my incantations to God; the offices change from me hearing God speak to me, to me speaking to God.

I think much of this comes from my Presbyterian background in which words of prayer are not grace-filled merely by saying them—there is no Presbyterian recitation by which one gains merit merely by praying it even if the intentionality does not go beyond just the recitation. I am trying to avoid the evangelical term “personal relationship with Jesus Christ” and yet that is the framework of my understanding and experience of prayer.

This brings me to chastity. In reducing my prayer to “keeping the offices” I seduce myself into possessing the prayers rather than listening to the Spirit praying in me. It is not the community that impresses compliance upon me. Compliance is what I do to myself to possess and control my prayer life—to announce success in my spiritual journey. By seeing myself as meeting the expectations of the Rule I take possession of my prayer life. I walk away from the vow of chastity and from listening in prayer. I blame the nature of the Rule as that which transforms listening into compliance when in reality it is I who limit the Rule and thus distort the Rule. I must see the Rule as a unified thing, as complete only in its entirety, as a single entity, so that the vows of chastity and poverty inform my listening prayer life in obedience: to whom do the vows belong; to whom does prayer belong? I must continually interweave the vows together to create this wonderful cincture around my life that continually interprets itself to me through the Spirit. Otherwise I possess three disparate elements which say what I want them to say that I may do what I want to do.

When I allow compliance to enter my life as a friar I seek to be in control and no longer hear the music of prayer and am no longer a friar, a brother, but a person unto myself.

Peter Budde



INTERCESSIONS

For the Brotherhood

Episcopal Visitors *Sun*
 Rodney R Michel
Horace WB Donegan d 11.11.91
Paul Moore, jr d 5.1.03
Walter D Dennis d 3.30.03

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*
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
Edward Riley d 9.15.05

Christopher Stephen Jenks *Tue*
 Ciarán Anthony DellaFera
Damian-Curtis Kellum d 10.9.07
 Richard John Lorino
 Ronald Augustine Fox
 Maurice John Grove
 Virgilio Fortuna
 Gordon John Stanley

Karekin Madteos Yarian *Wed*
 William David Everett
 Thomas Bushnell
Patrick Ignatius Dickson d 7.20.05
 Robert James McLaughlin
 Peter Budde
 John Henry Ernestine
 Francis Sebastian Medina
 Ælred Bernard Dean

Joseph Basil Gauss *Thu*
 Mark Andrew Jones
 Richard Matthias
 William Henry Benefield
 Nathanael Deward Rahm
 Thomas Lawrence Greer
 Enoch John Valentine
Ron Fender d 1.29.16
Michael Elliott d 2.8.12

David Luke Henton *Fri*
 David John Battrick
 Bo Alexander Armstrong
 Francis Jonathan Bullock
 James Patrick Hall
 Richard Edward Helmer
 Eric Shelley
 Larry Walter Reich

Novices

Max Steele
 Scott Michael Pomerenk
 Michael Julian Piper
 Angel Gabriel Roque
 David Benedict Hedges

Postulants

Javier D Garcia
 Russell W Gallagher
 Tommy Mandri
 James C Petersen

For Religious Communities

Sacramentine & Visitandine Nuns
 Society of the Atonement
 Order of Friars Minor
 Community of the Paraclete
 Companions of Saint Luke~
 Benedictine
 Community of Celebration
 Little Sisters of Saint Clare
 Anamchara Fellowship
 Anglican Order of Preachers
 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 Gospel
 Community of the Transfiguration
 Oratory of the Good Shepherd
 Community of Solitude
 Companions of Dorothy the
 Worker
 Oratory of Saint Mary and Saint
 John

Order of Julian of Norwich
 Order of the Holy Cross
 Order of Saint Helena
 Community of Saint John Baptist
 Society of Saint Francis

For Ministries

Joseph Richey House
 Fessenden Recovery Ministries
 Baltimore Int'l Seafarers' Center
 Saint Paul's Grayson St, San
 Antonio
 Aldersgate UMC Dobbs Ferry
 Saint Christopher's, Kileen TX
 Saint James, Austin
 White Plains Hospital
 Saint James Church Fordham
 The Community Kitchen

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, Helen Marie Joyce,
 Kenneth Staples, Elizabeth
 Holton, Richard A Belanger,
 Brendan W Nugent, Sarah
 Elizabeth Wells SSG, Sue
 Bradley, Jack Merryman; Paul
 Power, William Russell, Mark
 Domoguen; Elizabeth Mary
 Burke SSG

Rachel Bowley
 Edmond L Browning
 Chris Cooper
 Sandra Cultip
 Dunstan Walton SSF
 Charles Flagg
 Dorothy Ledrut Funck
 John Goldring SSJE
 Polly Gordon
 Nellie Grobe
 Vance Hosford
 Cole Houghton
 K
 Marti Lawson
 Lonnie McCormick
 Anna McKenzie
 Dan O'Connell
 Amanda Penick
 Ormonde Plater
 Cecil Alvin Scantlebury
 Dennis Valerio
 George Ward
 Perstine Wesley
 Gill Wright
 Paul Wright

Where there's a will

You can assist and further the ministries of the Brotherhood of Saint Gregory by remembering the community 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 and its successors for ever \$_____ and / or _____ percent of my estate to be used in such a manner as determined by its Directors.