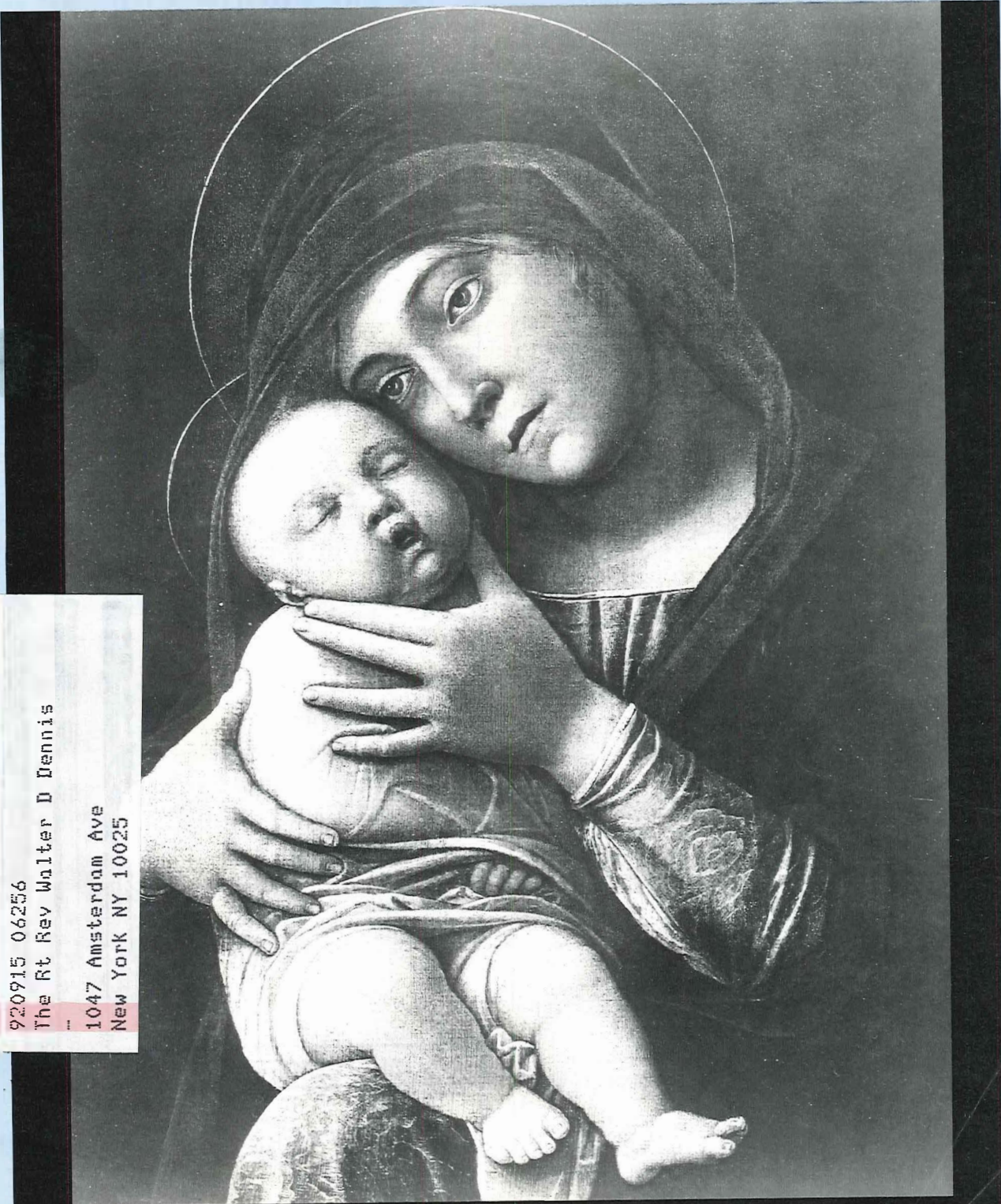


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IN THIS CORNER

Behind the Chapel Door

I was seven years old and living with my family in Paris. I had a governess who took me for walks every day. One morning she took me into a church.

At the far end of the darkened church was a brightness. At first I thought it was a party. There were lighted candles on a long table covered with a white cloth. Upon it were gleaming silvery things. There were tall figures and small ones in long white robes moving about and reciting in sing-song voices. Then I felt it was not a party.

As we stood in the dark aisle, I felt there was a wonderful secret going out in that radiance. I shook with longing; I wanted to be part of it. Madame said, "*Tiens, tu as froid.*" Putting a firm hand on my shoulder, she led me out of the church. Neither of us spoke of what we had seen, and we never went back.

At 13, I was sent to a convent boarding school, on a great bluff over the Hudson River. On weekdays, mornings and evenings, the pupils went to the school chapel, a small, unadorned place. At the back of the chapel was a door marked "Oratory." The sisters went in and some of the older girls in times of stress, often during exam week, but I had never been in it until one day, on impulse, I took one of the blue silk squares that lay in a basket at the chapel door and put it on my head. I went in, closing the door behind me.

The oratory was no bigger than a closet. The two candles burning on the small altar could not account for the intense brightness in the room. There was a faint humming like a hive of bees. "It's all the prayers," I thought. Suddenly, I felt I had no right to be there. I had no prayers. I felt awkward. It was not fear nor a rejection but *awe* that sent me away. It was not for me yet.

I closed the door quickly and never went back. My family moved, and I was sent to a different kind of school.

For many years religion had no part of my life. I was in my early middle age when I began to go to church more and more regularly. I greeted with joy things I had forgotten: the *Agnus Dei*, the *Magnificat*, and all the chants I had known so well in convent school. I was on the altar guild and found that everything about the church brought me joy.

At 70, I moved into a retirement village where I found many lonely or sick and needing companionship. One afternoon, after visiting a woman in her apartment, I started down the empty hall, thinking of what I would wear to dinner. From nowhere, a loving warmth stronger than sunlight fell on my head and shoulders, and I knew at once it was God. He was telling me he loved me and that I was doing what he wanted me to do.

My body dissolved into an intense welling up of gratitude such as I had never felt before. I whispered over and over, "Thank you, God." It lasted only a few seconds. Then I was alone, back in the dark hall, still trembling and still whispering, "Thank you, God, thank you, God." I went back to my apartment.

Through this erratic and sometimes unconscious pilgrimage of more than 80 years, I have learned all I need to know of the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Our guest columnist is Agnes T. Dunn, a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rosemont, Pa.

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"Madonna and Child," by Italian painter Andrea Mantegna (1431-1506).

RNS Photo

Loyal Converts

I was saddened to learn of the decision of the Church of the Apostles in Atlanta to leave the Episcopal Church [TLC, Nov. 10]. It would be too much to say that the only way to be a Christian is to be an Episcopalian, but separation from a branch of Christ's body is a serious step. What I find to be most saddening, however, is Bishop Allan's reaction. He is quoted as saying: "Most of their members have come from other churches, so there's not much tradition or other things that hold them to this church."

From the statements in the article, it sounded as if Bishop Allan was writing off the members of Apostles, almost as if he had said, "Oh well, they're not really Episcopalians." From what I have read, however, close to half the current members of the Episcopal Church are not "cradle" Episcopalians but entered it as adults. Indeed, about half the clergy grew up in other traditions, so it is hard for me to understand how Bishop Allan can explain the break in terms of the people of Apostles not being very tightly tied to the Episcopal Church, especially since they are seeking to be Anglicans in some way.

There is nothing about becoming an Anglican later in life that makes one a less loyal Anglican. Indeed, if the Church of the Apostles were in Australia or Africa or even much of England, it would find itself in the mainstream. It is tragic that many in the leadership of the Episcopal Church, in spite of their vows to be "loyal to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of Christ as their church has received them," have been in recent years inventing a whole new religion. If those leaders of the Episcopal Church were honest, it is they who would be leaving the Episcopal Church, for it is they who have abandoned its classic convictions.

(The Rev.) CHARLES F. SUTTON, JR.
Trinity Church

Whitinsville, Mass.

The Right Parish

I was extremely touched by the letter from "Name Withheld" [TLC, Oct. 27]. I appreciate that person's feelings, though my comments are general and do not relate to his or her experience, which I have no way of knowing.

I am a 48-year-old single man who moved to this city six years ago. I knew one person; we were not close, and he has since died. However, I was fortunate enough to find a church right away. It was the right one for me, and I am still there. In the city where I lived before, I was in three churches in nine years, one of them twice, and never found a church home.

When one moves to a new community, one must shop for a church almost as one shops for a supermarket or a hardware store. Churches are not all

alike, and some of them have special ministries to which most of their energy is directed. I knew one church where more than 70 percent of the parishioners were Christian for less than three years; another where the majority were persons recovering from alcoholism or other kinds of substance abuse. These churches were wonderfully supportive to those persons who had those special needs, but quite intimidating to other persons who did not. Single people should not stay

(Continued on next page)

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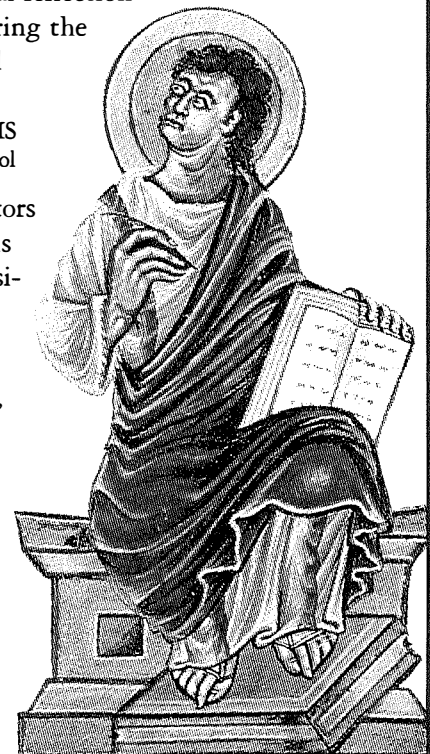
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THE LIVING CHURCH

Volume 203 Established 1878 Number 25

*An independent weekly record
of the news of the Church
and the views of Episcopalians*

THE LIVING CHURCH (ISSN 0024-5240) is published by THE LIVING CHURCH FOUNDATION, INC., a non-profit organization serving the Church. All gifts to the Foundation are tax-deductible.

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NEWS: Correspondents, news releases from church agencies, and syndicated news service are THE LIVING CHURCH's chief sources of news. TLC is a subscriber to Religious News Service and cooperates with Episcopal News Service.

PHOTOGRAPHS and MANUSCRIPTS: THE LIVING CHURCH cannot assume responsibility for the return of photos or manuscripts.

THE LIVING CHURCH is published every week, dated Sunday, by the Living Church Foundation, Inc., at 816 E. Juneau Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53202. Second-class postage paid at Milwaukee, Wis.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$39.50 for one year; \$54.60 for 18 months; \$70.72 for two years. Foreign postage \$15.00 a year additional.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE LIVING CHURCH, 816 E. Juneau Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53202.

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LETTERS

(Continued from previous page)

where they feel isolated and unwanted. Get out and find another church.

One cannot expect to have all of one's needs met by the parish church. One might worship regularly in a church, but make use of other forms of support elsewhere. If no Episcopal church seems particularly welcoming to singles, perhaps an interdenominational singles group is available.

When one is alone, a good way to make it less painful is to cheer up someone whose need is more acute. Some friends spent last Christmas giving a party for patients in the AIDS ward at a hospital. Other have spent Christmas feeding people in a shelter for the homeless.

It is best not to expect too much sympathy from others. Everyone has problems and pressures, and in the long run one must take responsibility for one's own happiness. Other Christians may mean well, and in principle may want to help, but if one's needs are outside their experience, they may be unprepared to do so in any meaningful way.

DAVID ALLEN WHITE
Washington, D.C.

The Right Time

The November 3 issue couldn't have arrived at a more appropriate time. It presented some of what we need to get the meanness out of our systems.

Even ordinary church members are moved and become gentle, caring people under the influence of good music. Church members — high, low, crazy or lazy — enjoy music. It appeals to us because it moves us.

That one issue raised our sights to a "higher ground." It's truly hard to hate anyone or anything that you can sing about!

(The Rev.) WILLIAM L. SHATTUCK
Harrison, Ark.

Shall We Dance?

In response to David Kalvelage's column [TLC, Oct. 20] I, too, was sure I would never appreciate liturgical dance. The touring choir from a British girls school was to perform at the parish church during the regular Sunday Eucharist. More than 100 unformed English school girls arrived and, for the first time in years, filled

the church balcony. They sang with talent and obvious sincerity and the suburban church rang with songs of praise as never before.

But the Offertory could not be avoided. This was the time for the dance. Slowly down the center aisle walked 12 various-sized teenaged school girls. They formed a circle around their dance teacher in the "crossing" and to the melody of "He's just a man" from "Jesus Christ Superstar" began to undulate. Seeing this odd assortment of teenagers going around in circles waving multi-colored silk scarves was everything I feared.

But, slowly everything started to come together — their sincerity, the talent, the choreography. It couldn't be dismissed and, horror upon horror, I was actually appreciating it. I had been sure my middle-aged ladies and gruff old men, my middle-class, well-educated and sometimes stuffy parishioners were not going to enjoy this sort of thing. But the dancers were applauded! It was the first round of applause heard in that church and, thank God, it was not to be the last.

I'm no longer afraid nor intolerant of some of the amateurish choreography used by others to make an acceptable offering unto the Lord. Not all choirs sing well. Not all preachers preach well and not all dancers dance well. But, if they are offering their talents in worship, God bless them.

(The Rev.) MALCOLM A. HUGHES
St. Saviour's Church

Bar Harbor, Maine

The Three Legs

It is striking that three of the first four letters in the October 27 issue refer to scripture, tradition and reason as central to our faith. While I doubt neither the intelligence nor the devotion of Richard Hooker, who so ably promoted this triad, it is necessary to

remember his writings are not scripture, and he is not the only one privileged to define the pillars of faith.

The church does well to accept scripture as the unique foundational revelation of God, who is our Father. However, the word "tradition" is too vague and ambiguous. Jesus the Christ forcefully criticized the human traditions of God's chosen people, and certainly some of our church traditions today are very imperfect.

The second pillar of our faith and practice should be the church; not, of course, as simply an institution, but the church in so far as it has been and is the living body of Christ. "Reason" is an inadequate third leg because human reason, like feeling, is all too often warped and even corrupted. A better foundation is "inspiration," by the presence of the Holy Spirit, who enlightens our minds and warms our hearts.

May our faith be founded on the blessed Trinity.

(The Rev.) ALDEN BESSE
Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Spiritual Starvation

Ever since the General Convention coverage last summer, I realized, with a certain amount of weariness and resignation, that the letters section of TLC would be filled with correspondence from persons either pro or con the issue of homosexuality — same-sex covenants, ordination of homosexuals — ad infinitum et ad nauseam!

The letters, unfortunately, reveal a sadly dysfunctional church which is clearly schizophrenic theologically. How can a "house divided" ever speak clearly and with one heart, mind and soul to a world which is spiritually starving?

Can we stop beating up on homosexuals and get on with the Decade of Evangelism? Or will this simply go down in the annals of history as another national church "gimmick" foisted upon a church which still doesn't know how to proclaim Jesus Christ to a broken world because it is too preoccupied with itself?

(Continued on page 12)

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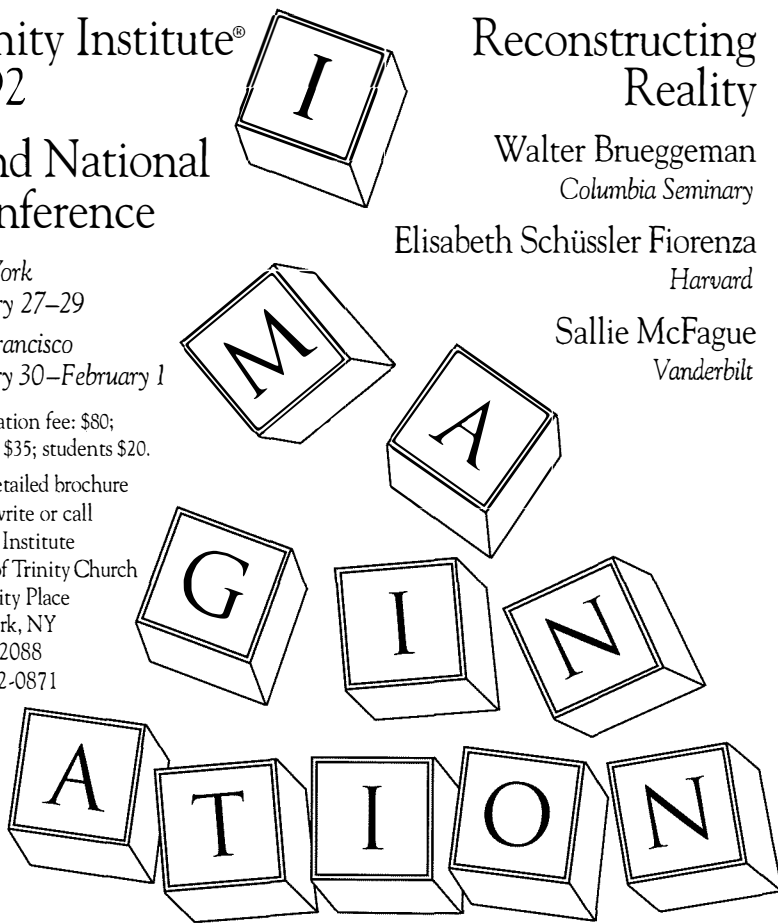
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Many Black Anglicans Claim They Are Unwelcome in Church of England

A highly critical report prepared by the Church of England's Black Anglican Concerns Committee claims that black Anglicans have suffered rejection and discrimination within the church.

The report, entitled "Seeds of Hope" and consisting of personal accounts gathered from the church's 43 dioceses, says that most Anglican churches in Britain have not worked toward eradicating racism or training clergy and laity to promote healthy race relations.

"What should be a loving and caring church has become set in its ways and impervious to people's hurts and needs," concludes the report.

Colonial Past

One of the authors, the Rev. John Sentamu, said some church leaders did not want the report submitted to the General Synod because of its strong criticisms.

According to Fr. Sentamu, the committee members discovered prejudices that seem almost to be vestiges of Britain's colonial past, on parish and

national levels.

"It is attitudes and prejudices of some people, more than the actual practice of saying we don't want blacks, that is the problem," he said.

Often black churchgoers found no welcome extended by the local parish priest when they went to church, according to the report.

Blacks who grew up in Anglican churches of former British colonies had some of the harshest criticism. In many cases, the reports says, there was "great shock" that the Church of England was part of the same "loving and caring" Anglican community they remembered from their childhood and youth.

The report indicates that young blacks born in England often have no church ties because they fear the churches are racist.

Fr. Sentamu said, "In many places there is only tolerance, where there should be welcome and appreciation."

The report, prepared over a two-year period, recommends that clergy prepare white parishioners to adapt to Britain's increasingly multi-cultural social structure.



Photo ©1991 by Morton Broffman

Patriarch Aleksy

Patriarch Talks About Renewal in 'Holy Russia'

At a service in Washington National Cathedral during his recent American tour, His Holiness Aleksy II, Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia, speaking on the changing role of the church in the Soviet Union, proclaimed, "out of the ruins of Marxism, Holy Russia is being reborn."

The patriarch called for spiritual renewal and tolerance during this period of change, "so differing religious traditions can live together in harmony, remembering their unity as God's children, and of his love for all of us."

At the end of his talk, he was presented with a check for \$100,000 from the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief to aid Russian churches and their outreach to those in need.

Patriarch Aleksy was Metropolitan of Leningrad and Novgorod from 1986 until succeeding Patriarch Pimen upon the latter's death in 1990.

Patriarch Aleksy was accompanied by His Beatitude Metropolitan Theodosius, primate of the Orthodox Church in America (OCA), and His Eminence Metropolitan Kyril of Smolensk. The Rt. Rev. Ronald Haines, Bishop of Washington, headed the procession, which included several dozen Orthodox clergy.

They were led into the cathedral to hymns of the Russian Church, sung in Slavonic by the Cathedral Choral Society: the ancient *Znamenny* chant, "As many as are baptized into Christ," in arrangements by Kastalsky and Kovalevsky. Later in the service they sang Chesnokov's "Salvation is created,"

National Church Officials Deny Backing Terry Waite's Last Trip to Lebanon

National church officials are denying that the Episcopal Church backed former hostage Terry Waite's last trip to Lebanon which led to his captivity and that the church had contact with Col. Oliver North regarding hostage releases.

The Rev. Charles Cesaretti, who was deputy for Anglican affairs when Mr. Waite was taken hostage in 1987, dismissed speculation that Mr. Waite was in Lebanon on assignment from the Episcopal Church and that he was unwittingly drawn into the "Iran-Contra" hostages-for-arms deal headed by Col. North.

The *New York Times* had quoted the Most Rev. Robert Runcie, retired Archbishop of Canterbury, as saying Mr. Waite had been on assignment to "the American church," which the publication suggested was "presum-

ably the Episcopal Church."

In addition, the British Broadcasting Company had run television footage purporting to show Col. North entering or leaving the national church center in New York. Fr. Cesaretti said he had never met Col. North and was not aware he had ever visited the national church headquarters.

Fr. Cesaretti, now on staff at Trinity Church in New York, said he and the Most Rev. Edmond Browning, Presiding Bishop, had tried to persuade Mr. Waite not to leave for Lebanon because of the danger. The two had met with Mr. Waite before his capture when visiting Lambeth Palace to discuss Anglican ecumenical relations.

Fr. Cesaretti said he thinks the recent confusion may have developed because the church had been involved in previous missions by Mr. Waite.

and at the end the chant, "O Lord save thy people . . . grant victory to Orthodox Christians over their adversaries, and by thy cross preserve thy habitation."

In his welcome, the Rev. Canon Sanford Garner, interim provost of the cathedral, said: "This is a wonderful moment for this city and this cathedral. Who would have dreamed a year ago that we would be here today in this company? We greet you with the peace of God and in thankfulness for the devotion and steadfastness of the great Russian Church, for whose witness we are deeply grateful and indebted."

Bishop Haines noted that "the gospel was brought to Russia over 1,000 years ago, while the church here is not yet 375 years old, and has never known the suffering of the Russian Church, but through which it has been enabled to survive."

Thanks for Support

Speaking through an interpreter, Patriarch Aleksy said, "Dear brothers and sisters, I bring greetings from the church people of Russia and ask your prayers for them. I am grateful for the welcome and for hearing our Russian hymns sung so beautifully here in this cathedral." He expressed appreciation for the American churches' share in the millennium celebrations, "and for the compassion shown my compatriots during the terrible years under a regime absolutely incompatible with Christian morals and democratic ideals — a regime of militant atheism with religion suppressed, churches and monasteries closed, destroyed, or put to secular use, and clergy imprisoned or executed."

The Rt. Rev. Peter James Lee, Bishop of Virginia and chairman of the Presiding Bishop's Fund, presented the \$100,000 check, and said, "We are blessed by your presence, and stand reverent before your witness, and we present this gift to be used for charitable work, for the poor, the hungry, the elderly and the sick."

In his response, Patriarch Aleksy said: "We are grateful to the Episcopal Church for so generous a gift and for giving our people a chance to survive the terrible winter ahead. May God bless this great country, and may God bless the Episcopal Church and all who had a part in this sacred deed."

DOROTHY MILLS PARKER

CONVENTIONS

During the October 24-26 convention of the **Diocese of Arizona**, the Rt. Rev. Joseph T. Heistand, diocesan bishop, reiterated his plans to retire at the end of 1992, and set May 2 as the date for an election of a bishop coadjutor. The convention was held in Phoenix.

In his address, Bishop Heistand said he thought the General Convention in July had been productive. "The church wrestled, agonized and debated important and vital issues. It was clear that the church has not yet reached the point where it could speak with real consensus on some of the important issues," he said. "The important thing is the church decided that we are one body united in one Lord, and we are going to stay that way."

With little discussion, the delegates approved a \$1.56-million diocesan budget for 1992. It is a budget that was trimmed earlier by \$150,000, including cuts in support for ministry on college campuses, new missions and Episcopal Community Services.

Delegates turned down a proposal to overhaul a canon that governs the method for funding diocesan mission and ministry. The proposal sought a 50-percent cut in the diocesan assessment of congregations, with additional funds to be made available on a voluntary basis.

Delegates also voted to rescind last year's canonical change that limited deputies to General Convention to serving no more than three consecutive terms.

NAN ROSS

The convention of the **Diocese of Olympia** was held October 25-26 at a hotel in Olympia, Wash. Guest speaker was the Most Rev. Edmond Browning, Presiding Bishop, who underscored the theme of unity in his sermon and in his address. "Unity, for us, is not just an option," he said. "By our baptism we are part of the same body, irrevocably and eternally so."

Another highlight was the visit of an ecumenical delegation from St. Petersburg, Russia, as part of ongoing exchanges under the Seattle/St. Petersburg Sister Church Program of the

Church Council of Greater Seattle.

The Rt. Rev. Vincent Warner, diocesan bishop, told delegates about new models for diocesan staffing developed over the past year in cooperation with area congregations.

He later named Joyce McConnell, retiring treasurer of the diocese, as canon of honor. Ms. McConnell, who has been with the diocese for 37 years, has also been a member of the national Executive Council.

In business action, delegates approved of a canonical change to enable lay employees to participate in the diocese's pension program, as well the health and life insurance programs.

A 1992 budget of \$2,448,666 was passed.

(The Very Rev.) GERALD W. PORTER

• • •

More than 400 delegates attended the convention of the **Diocese of Connecticut**, held October 25-26 at Christ Church Cathedral in Hartford.

In his address to convention, the Rt. Rev. Arthur Walmsley, diocesan bishop, discussed July's General Convention. A major lesson of that convention is that "what truly divides us . . . is not how we view the issues, but how we treat one another. As I study the tragic history of the church over close to two millennium, it seems apparent that it is the failure to love which wreaked havoc on the unity and well-being of the church, not a failure to agree on every aspect of the faith delivered to us."

The struggles of congregations to support their ministries in the midst of an economic slump figured largely throughout the day. One resolution which passed laid out a process for reviewing and terminating moribund parishes.

Ministry in higher education was named as a priority of the diocese through another resolution, though specific changes could be made to the budget which includes a reduction in funding for college chaplaincies.

A 1992 budget of \$3.8 million was approved.

JAMES H. THRALL

In two weeks . . .

Parish Administration
Number

The Everlasting Light

By ROBERT HORINE

It is just past 6:30 in the morning, a cool, rainy December morning, quite dark. I begin my morning walk along Eastland Parkway.

There are lights showing in most houses in our neighborhood, and a few show Christmas lights — here all white lights, there reds, greens, yellows, oranges, blues, purples. Which do I like better? The white is — what? — perhaps a little understated, a symbol of fashionable restraint. The many colors speak to me gaily of Christmases remembered, of eggnog and fruitcake and laughing children and the smell of cedar and pine. If they were music, the white lights would be Handel's *Messiah* and the colored would be "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."

I wonder who's up at this hour. In our neighborhood, probably most people. Nearly every house has working people and school children. That's why the lights are on. But few are outdoors yet. There are no runners this morning and no other walkers. It is so quiet I can hear the bubbling of the little stream that runs, swiftly now, fed by rain, beside the parkway.

Few cars pass and I can't see inside, even by street light, because of the glare of their headlights. They swish by on the wet street and might be robots for all the evidence of humanity within.

A bus passes, with lights on inside, and in the instant that I see the passengers, a face imprints itself with photographic detail and accuracy on my sight. Funny how that happens now and then. She is white, mid-to-late 30s, dark, short hair, wearing a dark coat, sitting alone. What I see so well is her expression. She doesn't look out the window, but straight ahead. Whatever her eyes see, it isn't the interior of the bus. She is somewhere inside herself and her face says that she is getting ready for a day she



won't enjoy.

Probably her job. I wonder what she does and where she lives and if she has children and a husband and what kind of lights she has on her Christmas tree.

A phrase of a carol begins running through my mind, repeating itself until I finally begin to whistle along: "Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light . . ."

Where is that light this morning? How does the everlasting light shine on Eastland Parkway for the woman on the bus? Did her face show the hopes and fears of all the years of her life met in her soul and ready for the light to shine?

I have turned the corner and walk along Gayle Drive. There are lights at the Pickens house. I think fleetingly about ringing the bell and asking for coffee but decide they don't deserve that kind of surprise.

Puffing a little, I climb the hill that will descend to the other side of the horseshoe-shaped Eastland Parkway. "The hopes and fears of all the years." All our years. It wasn't until I began working as a parish priest years ago that I realized how much

we are an outward and visible sign of that daily tension of our hopes and fears. If we can just keep the fears balanced by the hopes, we can make it from day to day.

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light." What difference does that make to hearts racked by the warfare of hopes and fears? I know what difference it makes. The light shines and dispels some of the shadows. The fears aren't so threatening. The light shines and the hopes sparkle and show themselves to be more real than the fears. The light shines and we breathe a little easier because we have a little peace. What did the prophet say?

"Comfort, comfort my people, says your God. Speak tenderly to Jerusalem and cry to her that her warfare is ended, that her iniquity is pardoned . . ."

I wonder if the woman on the bus knows there is warfare going on within her. "Comfort, comfort my people."

Down on the other side of the hill, the lights are multiplied and the cars whine through their gears, passing by in growing numbers, their lights still masking the humanity within.

Certainly these aren't everlasting lights. One power outage or a dead battery tells you that. Where does the everlasting light shine? It shines in our hearts. For all we know about anatomy, we still talk about our hearts as the place where we live. How silly it would sound to sing, "For God imparts to human brains the blessings of his heav'n . . ."

The light shines in our hearts. I think of a meditation exercise I've done with some of my classes. We close our eyes, then visualize a tiny Christ figure, made of light, in our hearts. Then we imagine that the figure grows and grows until his arms are our arms, his legs are our legs, and so forth. Then, we carry it one step further and let the light shine out from us so it will touch whom-ever we meet. The light shines in our hearts because someone brings it to us, shines on us, shines into us.

The Rev. Robert Horine resides in Lexington, Ky., and is an associate editor of Forward Movement Publications.

I hope someone is shining the light into the heart of the woman on the bus.

There's a lot of noise nearby and I pass Martha Court. I see it's the garbage men immersed in the early morning rites of Herbie the Curbie.

Frank Johnson has told the story of his neighbors on Chinoe Road. There was a dead tree in their yard and at Christmas time last year they illuminated it and put a sign by it, reading "Our wittle twee." It was so cute that it was an irritant to passersby, and one morning the neighborhood awoke to find a vigilante had chopped it down. The tree's owners left its remains in the standard trash container, peeking out with a sign which said, "Herbie new year." Happiness seems to be irrepressible in some people.

But not for most of us. I turn the corner onto Jennifer Road, passing rows of apartment buildings where in the past the colored lights along the street were often police car reds and blues. This morning the street is quiet and a lone man stands at the bus stop in short sleeves. He must be cold. Beside him in a cooler, presumably containing lunch, and as he waits he smokes and coughs the smoker's morning canticle.

A Boy's Example

Who shineth the light in the dark streets where the police know everybody by name? I think of the 11-year-old boy in Philadelphia who heard about the plight of the street people and that very night took blankets from his suburban home and handed them out to the homeless, lost ones of the city, and kept on doing it again and again. I don't know what his religion is, but I believe the everlasting light has shown in the dark streets of Philadelphia.

I turn the last corner, once again onto Eastland Parkway, and ahead I see the lights of the house where I live and I walk faster, hurrying to be warm and dry.

Above the rooftops there now appears the light of dawn beginning to push the night from Lexington's streets.

Maybe at Christmas we will sing the Song of Zechariah about the everlasting light, about Christ the dawn, the dayspring from on high who "through the tender mercy of our God" has visited us, "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

He Has Come!

God's entrance into our messy lives

By GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, II

While Christmas is undoubtedly a time of great joy for most Christian people, it is also a particularly trying time for many of them. A "Merry Christmas" is not for these. Loneliness, illness and grief are somehow exacerbated by the holiday. Almost all of us know of family members or friends who have simply died as the great day approached. And, as far as that is concerned, there are very few of us who do not find ourselves facing this particular day vaguely aware of the fact that our celebrations do not quite obscure our own misgivings as to the general drift of our lives. We have problems: problems about ourselves, problems about God.

Nonetheless, if we think we have problems, try to picture how it must have been before there was any Christmas. Oh yes, we know that there was a whole nation of people who believed in God, but we also know how rough and rude many of those people were, and how unlike them most of us would want to be. Still, we remember the prophets and, indeed, how they wrestled with the people, berating them and exhorting them. We also remember how they predicted that, one way or another, God would send a messiah to make clear his intentions and demonstrate his love.

But can we really picture how it was to have had no Christmas, no Good Friday, no Easter, no Pentecost? How could one have even an inkling as to what was what? And what would we do without the extraordinary example which we have in the man from Nazareth? Imagine living without the

New Testament: no sermon on the mount, no prodigal son, no good Samaritan, no St. Paul.

One of the teachings of the New Testament is that after Christ died he descended into hell (1 Peter 3:19b, 20a; Ephesians 4:9). As First Peter puts it, "he preached to the spirits in prison, who formerly did not obey . . ." I like to think of this episode as representing the idea that our God is at least the God of the second chance. But to use Jesus' own arithmetic, he is even more than that. He is the God of 70-times-seven chances. The New Testament tells us that Peter asked him how many times one should forgive a brother who sins against one: should it be seven times? No, said Jesus, it should be 70 times seven (Matthew 18:21-22). If forgiveness, then, is one of the principal virtues required of us, I assume that it lies at the very heart of God himself. At least this is what we find over and over in the New Testament.

Humble Beginning

Christmas, then, serves to remind us that no matter how big a mess the human race was (and still is), God saw fit to come into it as just another human being. Think of it! The God of the universe, the Creator of all that is — of the galaxies and of the apparent infinities of space and time — that God came into this little world of ours as a totally helpless baby. What a story!

And, by the way, we are told that he was born of a virgin. But of course! How else would the "Son of God" be born? Unnatural? No, certainly it was not unnatural. His parentage, we are reminded, was different from ours. But notice, we are not told that he was born into a reigning household, or even a rich one. He came, rather, into a simple carpenter's family. He grew

(Continued on page 14)

The Rev. George W. Wickersham, II, resides in Rockbridge Baths, Va., and is a frequent contributor to THE LIVING CHURCH. This article is adapted from an address to inmates of the Augusta Correctional Center, Craigsville, Va.

The Word Was Made Flesh

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

We, the church, have begun again, at the beginning. Through Advent we have prepared our hearts to hear again, tell again, live again, the story of God's Word given to us.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth . . .

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . The power of the Word ringing down through the centuries is almost too wonderful to comprehend. Perhaps that is why the thundering message of Christmas is so often diminished, confined to the understanding of our lesser, limited selves as consumers, revelers. Perhaps that is why it is made impersonal as the piped-in music in a shopping mall. We, God's people, those to whom the Word was sent, must live and know again the story in all its power — personal and universal.

God's Word given to us is a personal Word. It is as personal and intimate as the Mother's touch on the forehead of the Divine Infant. God speaks to each of us in a particular way through Jesus Christ. We celebrate the birth into the world, and in our hearts, of the Holy One who loves us, who saves us — personally.

God's Word given to us is also a transcendent Word. It is the universal Word that all are meant to hear, to know, to live.

Why must ours be a church with no outcasts? Because all are included in the saving message. Why do we work and pray that our divisions and differences will cease and we will be one in Christ? Because God's Word came to all: we hear it and know it through the church universal.

What is the Word that is given to you? That is your gift this Christmas. Is it a Word of healing? God does heal. Is it a Word of belonging? It is God to whom we belong. Is it a Word of judgment? God judges — with love and justice in the measurer. Do you hear the saving Word for you?

What is the Word that is spoken to all of us? God's people gathered in this church? Is it a Word of healing? Of judgment made in love and through justice? Will we, together, hear the saving Word?

And from his fullness have we all received, grace upon grace.

My dear friends, the gift and message of Christmas is the Word itself. It is the transcendent Word of God made flesh and sent to dwell among us. It is the particular Word that lights, and warms and inflames each of our hearts.

May the joy and peace of Christmas fill your heart to overflowing. May you hear the personal Word that is Jesus, and, together, may we know that Word so to discern God's holy will for this grateful and obedient church.

(The Most Rev.) EDMOND BROWNING, Presiding Bishop

GREETINGS

We are pleased to extend to our readers warm wishes for a blessed Christmas season.

We hope this issue, with its emphasis on articles and poems of Christmas, will help to enhance the meaning of this joyous season for all.



Message of the Angels

I am very glad to inherit the tradition of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Christmas letter to the Anglican Communion. Christmas is a time when families try to be together, so I am happy to be in touch with members of our Anglican family, and to wish you the joy and peace of the newborn Christ.

I write this letter in October, so it is now six months since I was installed in St. Augustine's Chair in Canterbury Cathedral as the 103rd archbishop, and Archbishop Manasses Kuria of Kenya, as the senior primate of the communion, gave me God's blessing. Within a few feet of my chair stood the other primates grouped around me, and already from our meeting in Ireland the previous week I knew them as friends. So much has happened since then, but nothing can detract from that enthronement service in Canterbury Cathedral on April 19. Thank you for the hundreds of messages of prayer and love I have received from you.

During these six months I have discovered what striking contrasts there are between the splendor of our calling as Christians and the pain of our world. According to the shepherds, the coming of Christ was hailed by a choir of angels, and greeted with a heavenly chorus. They sang the praises of God. But the birth in the stable, the threat of persecution, and the escape into Egypt speak about a very down-to-earth and familiar world. It's a world that many of our Anglican churches still inhabit today — the world of refugee camps, oppression and cruel hardship. Yet that is where the message of the angels first came, and where we are asked to take the message today.

Christ came on a mission of love from God. He calls us to share his mission. In many of the churches of the communion we are struggling with some of life's complexities — ecumenical dialogues, interfaith challenges, theological dilemmas — all are necessary tests of our discipleship. But I want to affirm also the fundamental simplicities of Christian faith — the generosity and goodness of God, his forgiveness of sins, his love for us all, and the hope and healing he offers us in Christ.

Early in January I shall pay my first overseas visit of 1992. I am joining Bishop Samir Kafity and others in Jerusalem to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Jerusalem bishopric. We shall give thanks to God for all that the Anglican Communion has been able to achieve in the Holy City and Holy Land, and for the witness of the church there today.

This is the constant setting of our Christian life. This is where in his name we serve one another, help one another, and call people to share in his redeeming love. May his light continue to lead and guide you and your family in this coming year. [This letter has been excerpted.] (The Most Rev.) GEORGE CAREY, Archbishop of Canterbury

Going Light on Santa Claus

By SUSAN JOY SMELLIE

A few years ago, we had a frank discussion about Santa Claus with our children. They were ages 14, 17 and 20.

My husband had discovered that none of his friends' children had grown up without a literal belief in Santa as ours had, so he asked them, "Do you think you missed anything by not believing in Santa Claus?"

In the brief silence while the children pondered their answers, I felt myself holding my breath. Ours had been a conscious decision to treat Santa Claus as a story or game, and though I had always felt good about our decision, I wondered what judgment our children would pass on our choice. Had they felt deprived of something valuable?

"No," came their unanimous answer.

"I plan to raise my children the same way," said 14-year-old Mary.

Stephen, 17, added, "I think it helped put the emphasis on the real meaning of Christmas."

Michael, at 19, confessed he hadn't realized other children actually believed until he'd talked to friends at college.

Each Christmas we were careful to remind the children that many others did not realize Santa was a story; they were not to tell their friends under any circumstances. As far as we know or they remember, they never did.

After 20 years, we found it hard to tell them how our decision had come about. My husband thought, perhaps, it had stemmed from the remembrance of the bitter disappointment he had felt when he learned the truth. As I remembered, the major reason was that we didn't want our children ever to feel that we had lied to them. Perhaps, however, we were simply idealistic parents of the '60s with a general conviction that Santa Claus did not deserve star billing in the wonder of Christmas.

Whatever the reason, our method

Susan Smellie is a resident of Naples, Fla., where her husband, Larry, is rector of St. Paul's Church.

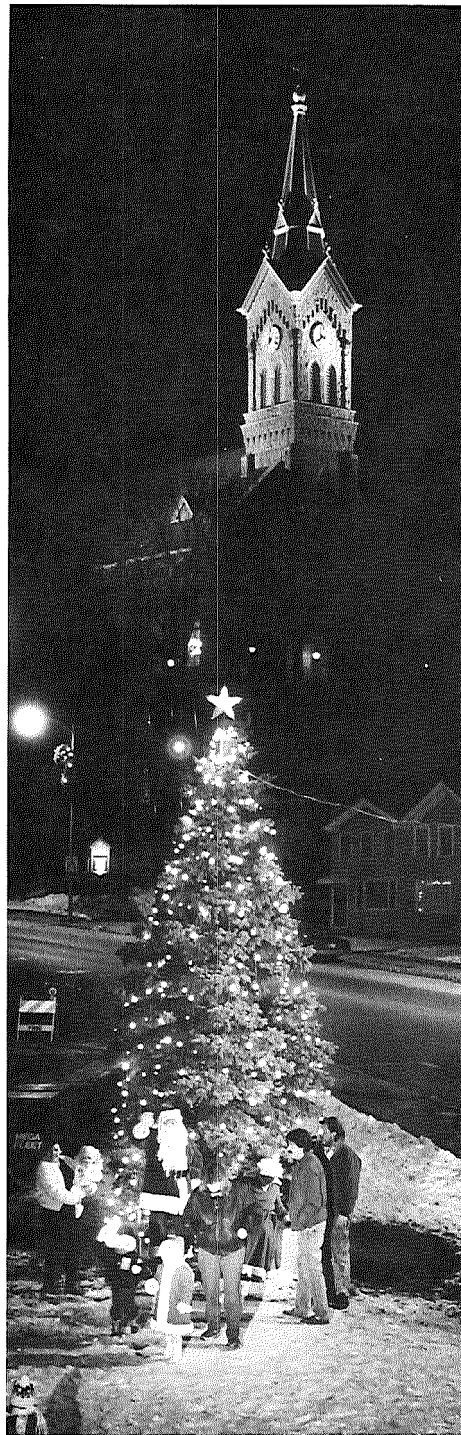


Photo by Richard Wood

had many advantages. We didn't have to try to explain why needy children had to be given toys by people other than Santa himself. If a child's Christmas hope was beyond reason, we were able to warn: "Santa's budget doesn't

stretch that far," and they could adjust their expectations and prevent disappointment. Our children never carried the burden I remembered from my childhood of worrying about the lines in the popular song: "He knows if you've been bad or good, so be good for goodness' sake!"

A parent who has raised children with a literal belief in Santa Claus cannot, I imagine, safely change in

**But I wonder
whose fantasy
Santa Claus
really is?**

mid-stream. But parents can treat the subject lightly, not overly fostering the conviction of a reality which is, in fact, false. Other, more important aspects of Christmas can be stressed.

I've seen a number of defenses of Santa Claus for children. The most obvious is "It's fun." Christmas with Santa kept in his place is also fun, let me assure you.

"It's traditional," say many. They have a point. But there are many other traditions, some going much further back into human history, which can fill the same need for continuity without the certainty of eventual disappointment.

"Fantasy is important to childhood," argue others. I quite agree. That's why our children's early years were filled with toys, games, make-believe, costumes and stories. But I wonder whose fantasy Santa Claus really is. Children are true believers; it's only their parents who are engaged in fantasy.

"Santa Claus is about the innocence of childhood," I read somewhere. I don't know about yours, but my children's "innocence" was always somewhat mixed. And I fail to see how I would have enhanced innocence by deliberately telling them something

(Continued on next page)

VIEWPOINT

(Continued from previous page)

which they would inevitably learn was false.

If, by innocence, one means the absolute harmlessness of those who are untainted, I'll be glad to make a nomination for the highest award, and it won't be Santa Claus. Innocence is surely the young Jewish girl who stood face to face with an angel and accepted the burden, as well as the honor, of bearing God's Messiah, knowing she was unmarried and would face questions, doubts, ridicule and rejection.

Perhaps the strongest reason for keeping Santa in his place is to save room for what Christmas celebrates.

If some Jewish people and many unbelievers want to share my special holiday, that's fine with me. There's wonder and love and joy enough for all. But let there be no mistake. As a Christian, I'll not equivocate: Christmas is my holiday.

The true meaning of Christmas is not giving or sharing. The "holiday spirit" is not the reason for the festival. No "real meaning of Christmas" can leave the birth of Jesus out of the picture.

Christmas celebrates an event which, to Christians, is sacred and is crucial to the fate of the world. An event which makes the invented story of Santa Claus seem tame by comparison. Christmas is about God himself becoming a human infant so that he might dwell among us, live for us, die for us, offer us and all the world new life in him.

Christian parents might do well to ask themselves whether they are investing so much fervency and importance in the "reality" of Santa that their children may later become confused about whether the story of Jesus is likewise imaginary.

I am well aware that, historically, no one knows the exact date on which Jesus was born. I also know early

Christians chose the date of a pre-existing pagan holiday for the celebration. However, in Christmas, I am not celebrating when Christ was born, but what his birth means.

As far as I know, there are no original Romans still knocking about celebrating their former festival, so December 25, I believe, belongs to the Christians for whom the holy day was declared. The name alone substantiates the claim: Christmas. Christ's Mass.

I'll continue to enjoy the trappings the centuries have laid upon the holiday: the Christmas tree, the presents, delicious aromas from the kitchen, exchanged greetings and the rest. I'll even allow a 12th century saint to be dressed in a red suit, cavorting in a way he himself might not have approved. But I absolutely refuse to be less than honest with my children and myself. Christmas is not about Santa Claus; it is about Jesus' coming and what that means for us. In the last analysis, that is all that matters.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

The world is starving spiritually. When are we going to start feeding people and fill our half-empty churches? We decry fundamentalism and yet their churches grow by leaps and bounds. I am not a fundamentalist by any stretch of the imagination, but I keep wondering what do they have that we don't?

Let's get a life, Episcopal Church . . . Christ's life!

(The Rev.) STEVEN M. GIOVANVELO
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Swift Responses

The 70th General Convention took bold steps to continue the leadership of the Episcopal Church in the midst of the HIV/AIDS pandemic. Key to our compassionate response has been the willingness of countless Episcopalians as well as parishes in which we worship to self-identify as "living with HIV and AIDS" rather than to view this disease as belonging to someone else. Consequently, our responses have frequently been swift and decisive.

In addition to the Joint Commission and the HIV/AIDS Ministry Office, I want to cite the efforts of the National Episcopal AIDS Coalition, the Union

of Black Episcopalians and task forces found in more than half the dioceses of this church.

Magic Johnson's recent disclosure of HIV positive status appears to be ushering in a measure of willingness of more persons in our culture to acknowledge what some have been teaching for 11 sad years: HIV/AIDS is everyone's disease, and it's not who we are, but what we do that puts us at risk for HIV.

God willing, our time of blaming and scapegoating may be ending while the opportunity for increased prevention education and HIV/AIDS ministry may be at hand.

(The Rev.) RANDOLPH LLOYD FREW
HIV/AIDS Ministry Consultant
Episcopal Church Center
New York, N.Y.

Two-Way Process

While agreeing with most of what Mary Theresa Webb writes in her Viewpoint [TLC, Oct. 27], I believe her argument is flawed. The prodigal son in the parable returned home not merely because he had run through his inheritance and was starving, but because he was indeed repentant: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee. And am no more worthy to be called thy son" (Luke 15:18-19).

Ms. Webb asks: "Can we go with

the father to greet the prodigal sons/daughters at their homecoming even though they may not be repentant?" This is to miss the point, in my opinion.

Forgiveness is a two-way process. God extends his forgiveness to all who come to him in penitence, but if we do not come to him in penitence, that forgiveness is still offered but cannot be received. There is no reconciliation until we stretch out our hands to receive.

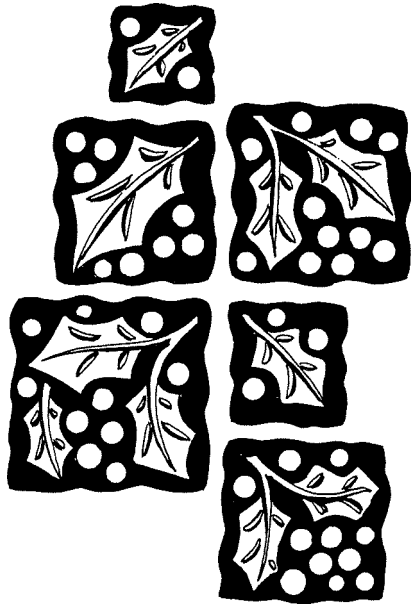
(The Rev. Canon) ARTHUR M. SHERMAN
Bangor Church
Churchtown, Pa.

What It Is

Scott M. Nelson, in his letter [TLC, Nov. 10], makes what I believe is a serious error in his thinking. He suggests that recent biological studies in the anatomy of the hypothalamus will show a biological cause for homosexuality, therefore rendering that orientation morally neutral.

So what? Mr. Nelson fails to recognize that what is, is not necessarily what ought to be. Scientific studies can only tell us what happens, but can say very little about what is supposed to happen.

(The Rev.) PATRICK WARD
St. Peter's in the Woods Church
Fairfax Station, Va.



Christmas Cards

They
 seem to
 bind us all
 within the bundle of
 the living,
 these fine slips
 of colored cardboard
 which carry more, far more,
 than their few, brief words of greeting
 are designed to bear.
 "I'm glad that you're still there."
 they say,
 glad enough, at least,
 to find the time to sign my name,
 address and lick and seal, maybe even stand
 in a long weary line to purchase special stamps.
 All this because belonging
 — even across vast distances and many years —
 is what makes our living
 living,
 is the secret
 of this winter feast of birth
 which tells us
 even God belongs.

J. Barrie Shepherd

Christ-bearer

In his tiny hands
 He held your body, Lord
 And turning to me said
 With radiant face, "It's good."

Waves of gold from golden head
 Swept out and bathed the church
 In holy light.

The Grail, as once for Arthur's
 knights, passed slowly by
 In dazzling majesty.

From the altar poured
 The fragrance of the mystic rose
 And unheard music crashed above.

O yes, My Lord, "It's good."

C.B.R.

And Heaven and Nature Sing

Returning to our farm
 after midnight service
 Grandmother points to the bright star in clear black
 "Listen," she whispers
 as if we might hear the angelic chorus
 Then, over snow on the hay field
 from the woods in back
 the deep intoning of a great horned owl

Maxwell Corydon Wheat, Jr.

Night Light

No moon lightens the shivering hills;
 Under snow sleeping tubers clasp
 The dormant seeds. Somewhere through
 Silent trees a stable lamp flickers.

A wink of time ago
 On such a breathless night,
 While the great galaxies
 Wheeled sightless beyond one small sun,
 A stable lamp gasped feebly
 In the heavy air; from infant eyes
 Shone light-years of constellations
 Spiraling outward from his first cast
 Before Leviathan came.

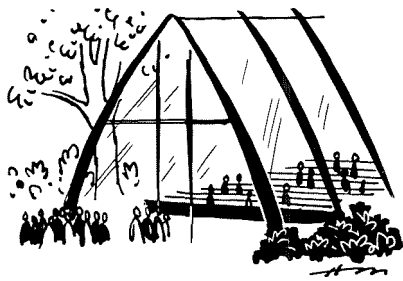
A shabby stable, with one weak lamp,
 Flashing brighter in the night
 Than the light of a thousand suns
 The night the Light came among us.

Gay Booth Greenleaf

Christmas Echoes

Augustus thunders to all:
 "go home!"
 The harried innkeeper says:
 "no room!"
 The angel chorus all rejoices:
 "Gloria in excelsis deo!"
 The Shepherd who would say
 "adoro."
 Mary's "yes" and Herod's "no!"
 A baby's cry
 Joseph's sigh
 These are the sounds of Christmas.

Thomas Philips



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HE HAS COME

(Continued from page 9)

up in an obscure Galilean village. When he took on his ministry, he called to accompany him not theologians or those of a priestly caste, but humble fisher-folk and such — even a despised tax collector. He habitually mixed with publicans and sinners, conversed with women (imagine!) and ignored the status symbols and artificial customs of the time.

Just consider: this, we are informed, was God — God mixing with the riff-raff, trodding dusty roads, sleeping out, pricking the balloons of the mighty: utterly straight, utterly understanding, utterly compassionate, *and* when he had utterly upset the religious establishment of his day, he was put to death as a common criminal. This was God? Again, what an incredible story. Who can match it? And can we believe it?

But what does all this say? What it says to me is that, plainly, there are no limits to the lengths to which God will go for the benefit of every living mortal, *and* without coercing anybody.

This is why I believe it. If God is God, he must be supreme in goodness. This story fits that image as nothing else can. Further, nobody, but nobody could have dreamed it up.

In view of all this, we come to a great, big "therefore." *Therefore* we had just better begin to recognize our own worth in God's eyes. If we do not do at least that, then Christmas and the cross have been wasted upon us.

Some years ago, in one of my parishes, a parishioner did me a great

wrong. No need to go into details, but when it was discovered by the authorities involved, he was faced with the loss of his job, that is, unless I forgave him. He came to me in tears. His family would be the ones to suffer, etc. And so, I forgave him. But then he turned to me and said, "Will God forgive me?"

"Well," I replied, "Do you for one minute think that I am better than God?"

"I see what you mean," he answered, "but when I did what I did, I knew what I was doing."

"Did you?" I countered. "Does anybody really know what he is doing?"

"Well," he said, "I thought I did."

So I said to him, "You come with me," and I took him into the chancel of the church. "What do you see," I asked him, "back of the holy table?"

"I see a cross," he responded.

"All right," I replied, "and do you think that the man who died on that cross died for everybody else but you?"

"I get the message," he allowed.

And we had better get the message too. If the God who came into this world as an infant — born in a stable — and lived the hazardous life that he lived and died the dreadful death that he died — if he did all this for every one of us, what are we waiting for?

"Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you" (Matthew 11:28).

The Lord himself has come to us. All we have to do is go to him.

Whoever does this will have a Merry Christmas, no matter what.

Christmas Eve

I wonder where he is walking
That old wino man
Talking to voices no one else can hear
Making Thorazine shuffle marks in the snow
I wonder if he will live through the night.
Will he freeze?
Will someone cut his throat?
To get that bottle hidden in his dirty pants?
Or will he find a discarded box
And make a cardboard manger
That I and other wisemen
Can easily ignore

Jim Lentz

PEOPLE and PLACES

Appointments

The Rev. **Duane Arnold** is senior curate at St. Thomas', 1 W. 53rd, New York, NY 10019.

The Rev. **Thomas K. Calhoun** is chaplain of Episcopal High School, 4455 Atlantic Blvd., Jacksonville, FL 32207.

The Rev. **Anne E. Cox** is rector of Nativity, Birmingham, MI; add: 21220 W. 14 Mile Rd., Bloomfield Hills, MI 48301.

The Rev. **Margaret G. Custer** is interim of St. Paul's, Box 272, Waldorf, MD 20604.

The Rev. **Everett Fredholm** is chaplain of Harris County Jail, 1301 Franklin, Houston, TX 77002.

The Rev. **Michael Cemignani** is supply of St. Paul's, Freeport, TX; add: 1617 W. 11th St. Freeport 77541.

The Rev. **James R. Harkins** is vicar of the French Church du Saint Esprit, 111 E. 60th St., New York, NY 10022.

The Rev. **Donald K. Hartsuff** now serves as interim of St. Thomas', Trenton, MI; add: 24342 Donald Ct., Redford, MI 48239.

The Rev. **Michael E. Heese** is now rector of St. Andrew's by-the-Sea, Box 338, Destin, FL 32540.

The Rev. **Terrence I. Highland** is rector of Gloria Dei, 3735 N. Indian River Dr., Cocoa, FL 32926.

The Rev. **Gary D. Hill** is rector of Trinity, Box 1598, Jasper, TX 75951.

The Rev. **H. Knute Jacobson** now serves as rector of St. Stephen's, 4090 Delaware-Box 7243, Beaumont, TX 77706.

The Rev. **Lacy Largent** is assistant of Good Shepherd, 2929 Woodland Hills Dr., Kingwood, TX 77339.

Retirements

The Rev. **Standrod T. Carmichael**, as rector of Good Shepherd, Galax, VA.

The Rev. **James Griffiss**, as visiting professor of theology for two years at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, Berkeley, CA, after 17 years on the faculty of Nashotah House. Fr. Griffiss now lives at Lake Oaks at DeKoven, 1916 S. Wisconsin Ave., Racine, WI 53403 and is resident fellow of the DeKoven Center where he serves as chair of the program committee.

The Rev. **James M. Gilmore, Jr.**, after 35 years in parish ministry, as rector of All Souls', Miami Beach, FL; add: Mariah North Pl. A-5, Banner Elk, NC 28604 (summer) and 3689 Hwy. A1 A South #354, St. Augustine Beach, FL 32084 (winter).

The Rev. **Robert Jenks**, as vicar of St. Ann's-by-the-Sea, Block Island, RI.

The Rev. **John Elliott Johnston**, as rector of St. Andrew's, Algonac, MI; add: 5310 Lakeshore Rd., Port Huron, MI 48060.

The Rev. **Thomas Elton Tiller, Jr.**, as vicar of St. Christopher's, Jackson, MS; add: 1428 Kimwood Dr., Jackson 39211.

Suspension

The Rt. Rev. **Edward L. Lee, Jr.**, Bishop of Western Michigan, has pronounced a sentence of suspension on the Rev. **Samuel L. Koons, Jr.**, former rector at St. David's in Lansing, MI for a period of two years.

CLASSIFIED

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CHURCH DIRECTORY

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Massachusetts & Wisconsin Aves., N.W.
Sun H Eu 8, 9, 10, 11; Ev 4. Mon-Sat H Eu 7:30, Int 12 noon, EP
4. Tours: Mon-Sat 10-3:15, Sun 12:30-2:45. Hours 10-4:30
daily

ST. PAUL'S 2430 K St., N.W.
The Rev. Dr. Richard Cornish Martin, r; the Rev. August W.
Peters, Jr., ass't; the Rev. Richard L. Kunkel; the Rev. E.
Perrin Hayes
Sun Mat 7:30, Masses 7:45 (with Ser), 9 (Sung & Ch S), 11:15
(Sol), Sol Ev, Ser & B 8. Masses Daily 7; also Tues & Sat 9:30;
Wed 6:15; Thurs 12 noon HS; HD 12 noon & 6:15; MP 6:45, EP
6; C Sat 5-6

COCONUT GROVE, MIAMI, FLA.

ST. STEPHEN'S in the Grove 2750 McFarlane Rd.
Fr. Robert J. McCloskey, Jr., r; the Rev. James W. Farwell,
Jr., assoc; Deacon Andy Taylor; the Rev. Victor E.H. Bolle,
Winnie M. Bolle, James G. Jones, Jr., ass'ts
Sun MP 7:50, Masses 8, 10 (Sung), 5; Daily 7:15 MP and Mass

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL
Monument Circle, Downtown
The Very Rev. Robert Giannini, dean
Sun 8 Eu, 9 Sung Eu, 10 Christian Education, 11 Cho Eu

BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS 2013 St. Paul St.
The Rev. William M. Dunning, r; the Rev. James R. LeVeque,
the Rev. Gibson J. Wells, M.D., d
Sun 8:30, 10:30 & 4 H Eu. Wed 10:30 H Eu & Healing. Fri 7 H
Eu. Sat 10:30 H Eu

BOSTON, MASS.

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT 30 Brimmer St.
The Rev. Andrew C. Mead, r; the Rev. Jürgen W. Lias, the
Rev. Allan B. Warren, III, ass'ts
Sun Masses, 8, 9 (Sung), 11 (Sol). Daily: Mon-Fri 7:30, Mon &
Wed 6, Sat 9. MP: Mon-Fri 7, Sat 8:30, Sun 7:30. EP Mon-
Fri 5:30

ALL SAINTS 209 Ashmont St., Ashmont, Dorchester
At Ashmont Station on the Red Line (436-6370; 825-8456)
Sun 7:30 Low Mass, 10 Solemn Mass. Daily Mass 7

ST. LOUIS, MO.

CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL & ST. GEORGE Clayton
6345 Wydown at Ellenwood
The Rev. Kenneth J. G. Semon, r; the Rev. C. Frederick
Barbee, v; the Rev. William K. Christian, III, the Rev. Steven
W. Lawler, the Rev. Virginia L. Bennett, the Rev. James
D'Wolf, assoc
Sun Eu 8, 9:15, 11:15 (1S & 3S), 5:30; MP 11:15 (2S, 4S, 5S)
followed by HC 12:30; Sun Sch 8:45, 9:15. Daily MP,
EP, HC

NEWARK, N.J.

GRACE CHURCH 950 Broad St., at Federal Sq.
The Rev. George H. Bowen, r;
Sun Masses 8 & 10 (Sol); Mon-Fri 12:10 Sat 10; C Sat 11-12

LONG BEACH, L.I., N.Y.

ST. JAMES OF JERUSALEM W. Penn & Magnolia
Gethsemane Burial Garden St. Hubert Pet Cemetery
The Rev. Marlin Leonard Bowman, r (516) 432-1080
Sat 5. Sun 9, 11. Wed 7. Est. 1880

NEW YORK, N.Y.

CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
112th St. and Amsterdam Ave.
Sun: 8 Mat & HC; 9 HC & Homily; 9:30 La Santa Misa En
Español; 11 HC & Sermon; 7 Cho V & Organ Meditation. Mon-
Sat: 7:15 Mat & HC; 12:15 HC; 4:30 EP

EPISCOPAL CHURCH CENTER
CHAPEL OF CHRIST THE LORD 2nd Ave. & 43d St.
The Rev. Donald A. Nickerson, Jr., chap
Daily Morning Prayer 8:45; H Eu 12:10

ST. MARY THE VIRGIN (212) 869-5830
145 W. 46th St. (between 6th & 7th Aves.) 10036
The Rev. Edgar F. Wells, r; the Rev. Gary E.A. Lawler, ass't
Sun Masses 9, 10, 11 (Sol & Ser) 5, MP 8:40, EP 4:45. Daily:
MP 8:30 (ex Sat), noonday Office 12, Masses: 12:15 & 6:15 (ex
Sat.) Sat only 12:15, EP 6 (ex Sat), Sat Only 5:30; C Sat 11:30-
12, 1-1:30, Sun 10:30-10:50, Maj HD 5:30-5:50

PARISH OF TRINITY CHURCH
The Rev. Daniel P. Matthews, D.D., Rector
The Rev. Canon Lloyd S. Casson, Vicar

TRINITY Broadway at Wall
Sun H Eu 9 & 11:15. Daily H Eu (ex Sat) 8, 12; MP 7:45; EP
5:15. Sat H Eu 9.

ST. PAUL'S Broadway at Fulton
Sun H Eu 8. Mon-Fri H Eu 1:05

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Trinity Museum (in Trinity Church) open Mon-Fri 9-11:45, 1-
3:45; Sat 10-3:45; Sun 1-3:45

STONY BROOK, N.Y.

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Christian Ed (Children & Adults) 9 Sun (Labor Day thru June).
HD as anno. Call for Ch S information

SUNNYSIDE, N.Y.

ALL SAINTS' 43-12 46th St.
The Rev. Robert A. Wagenseil, Jr., r; the Rev. Bernice
Coleman, c (718) 784-8031
Liturgies: Sun 7:30, 8, 10. Wkdys 7:30, 10, 5

GETTYSBURG, PA.

PRINCE OF PEACE MEMORIAL CHURCH
West High and Baltimore Sts., 17325 (717) 334-6463
The Rev. Michael G. Cole, D.Min. r (717) 334-4205
Sun Eu 8 & 10:15. Wkdys & Holy Days as anno

PROSPECT PARK, PA.

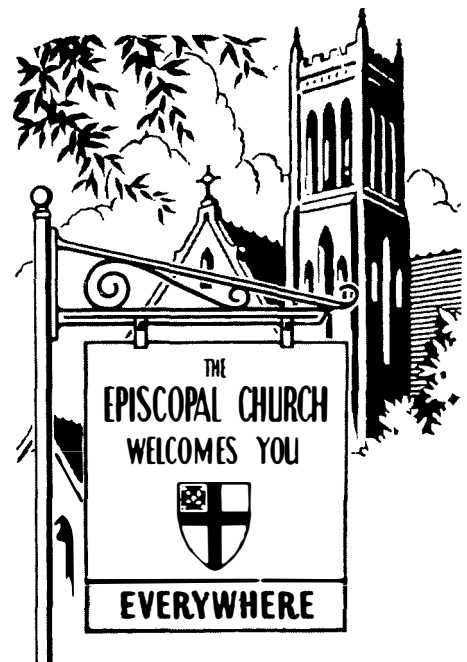
ST. JAMES' 11th Ave. & 420 (between I-95 & Macdade)
The Rev. William Duffey, Ed.D. r 461-6698
Sun Eu 8 & 10 (Sung). Ch S 10. Daily Office & Mass as anno

SELINGROVE, PA.

ALL SAINTS (717) 374-8289
129 N. Market
Sun Mass 10:30. Weekdays as anno

WHITEHALL, PA. (North of Allentown)

ST. STEPHEN'S 3900 Mechanicsville Rd.
Sun 8 Eu; 9:15 Ch S; 10:30 Sung Eu; 12 YPF. Tues 9:30 Eu &
HS. Thurs & Fri 7 HC. HD 7. Bible & Prayer groups. 1928 BCP



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5100 Ross Avenue 75206
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s; the Rev. Peggy Patterson; the Rev. Juan Jimenez; the
Rev. Tom Cantrell
Sun Services 8 H Eu; 9:15 Adult Classes & Ch S; 10:15 Sung
Eu; 12:30 Sung Eu (Spanish), 6:30 H Eu (Spanish)

INCARNATION 3966 McKinney Ave.
The Rev. Paul Waddell Pritchard, r; the Rev. Joseph W.
Arps, Jr.; the Rev. Rex D. Perry; the Rev. Frank B. Bass; the
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Sun Eu 7:30, 9, 11:15; Daily Eu at several times; Daily MP 8:30
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ST. ANDREW'S 10th and Lamar Sts. (Downtown)
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1S). 1928 BCP. Daily as anno. (817) 332-3191

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

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Harvey, assoc; the Rev. John F. Daniels, parish visitor
(512) 226-2426
Sun 8 and 10:30 H Eu

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The Rev. Allan C. Parker, Jr., r; the Rev. Philip Peterson, d;
Martin Olson, organist-choirmaster
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Fri H Eu 7. Mon-Fri MP 9

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The Rt. Rev. Patrick Matolegwe, dean 271-7719
Sun Masses 8, 10 (Sung), Ev 4. Daily as anno

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Sun Ser: 7:30, 9:30, 6:30. Wed & Fri 7, Thurs 5:30

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KEY — Light face type denotes AM, black face PM; add, address; anno, announced; A-C, Ante-Communion; appt, appointment; B, Benediction; C, Confessions; Cho, Choral; Ch S, Church School; c, curate; d, deacon, d.r.e., director of religious education; EP, Evening Prayer; Eu, Eucharist; Ev, Evensong; ex, except; 1S, 1st Sunday; hol, holiday, HC, Holy Communion; HD, Holy Days; HS, Healing Service, HU, Holy Unction; Instr, Instructions; Int, Intercessions; LOH, Laying On of Hands; Lit, Litany; Mat, Matins; MP, Morning Prayer; P, Penance; r, rector; r-em, rector emeritus; Ser, Sermon; Sol, Solemn; Sta, Stations; V, Vespers; v, vicar; YPF, Young People's Fellowship