

An
Ordinary
Summer

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Reflections

by

The Venerable Calhoun Walpole

Vicar, Grace Episcopal Church

Archdeacon

The Episcopal Church in South Carolina

Walk in the Dark

The 16th-century poet and mystic St. John of the Cross wrote, “If a man wishes to be sure of the road he travels on, he must close his eyes and walk in the dark.”

St. Paul asks the church in Ephesus to pray for him that he may make known with boldness the “mystery” of the gospel. As Christians, we live in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord’s. Our Lord invites us into a mystery, the mystery of the gospel. Gospel—good news according to St. Paul— is a mystery.

The quest for certainty in this life demands answers. The quest for mystery, however, offers profundity of life.

It is only when we close our eyes and walk in the dark that we begin to experience life in all its depths, in all its mystery.



Tidal Pools

Perhaps the next time you find yourself near a pool of water deposited by the tides, you'll find yourself thinking about the essence of the tidal pool.

The tidal pool, or tidal zone, the section where land meets sea, is found in that ever-shifting arena between the highest of the high tides and the lowest of the low tides. It is an ecosystem which cubic yard for cubic yard contains the richest source of nutrients and minerals on the planet.

Writer Paul Vandevelder calls a tidal zone, a “primordial world...[where] the first ticks of biological time were measured...”¹ A billion years later, the ebb and flow of these tides from this primordial world are still what govern here. A tidal pool is a place in which everything and everyone eats and drinks and loves and dies. It may also be described as the testing ground for the species, “the giant mixing bowl of life.”

This life still exists today primarily because of its ability to adapt to the elements which have at times been fierce. Change, for this earliest and most durable crucible of life, has

become the norm rather than something to be resisted or fought. Failure to adapt has meant death and destruction.

Untold life forms existing five hundred million years ago may still be found in a tidal zone. All these many years later, Vandevelder continues, “give or take a million,” the fact that the salinity of our blood, of our perspiration and of our tears is the very same as the mixture found in a tidal pool, “is as imponderable as galaxies glimpsed by Hubble, and as sobering as a church picnic.”

In sharing what would become our own blood and tears and toil, this pool, this genesis of life, has effectively extended her horizons to include us, human beings. It seems to have been God’s plan all along, the mark of a God who creates in his infinite wisdom and glorious expansion. The salt of our own blood, sweat, and tears—the stuff of life—forming the very same mixture as that which has been since the world began.

We are but a mist and dust; and to dust we shall return. We are but pilgrims here, travellers along this road, visitors upon this earth, our island home, meant to co-exist, bearing and

sharing the burdens of one another. Perhaps, in part, that is why so many of us are drawn to this land where the tides rise and fall, in which tidal pools abound, and the force of all life is ever before us and around us.

A tidal pool expands and contracts, just like the lungs of life that they are, ever-changing, always shifting, in flux and motion, constantly being refined, much like the Church, the Body of Christ, much like the very life of a Christian.

The alternative to a tide pool is a bucket of water—stagnant water, which goes nowhere, serving as breeding ground for mosquitoes which can threaten to suck the very lifeblood out of us. So which is preferable? Stagnation and ultimately destruction, decay, and death or movement—the life force of pools created by tides, the place where life began and is and ever shall be—the place wherein the juices of our own beings may now be found after lo, these many years—commingling in ever-shifting sands and marvelously muddy waters.

Such are we; such is the church—in all her disarray, in all her glory.



1 *Audubon*, Vol.106, No 3, July-August, 2004,pp. 24-25

Drop the Anchor

Many years ago, my older brother Jay and his wife Trish and I and a few others decided to spend the day in the Bohicket Creek during the Rockville Regatta. In those days, none of us had a boat with a motor, but we did have ingenuity and also a topsy-turvy sailboat—with rotten sails and no motor. All we needed was a base of operations. A friend towed us out to a good spot.

At day's end, we pulled up our anchor, and that same friend began to tow us towards home. Then, one of those late afternoon squalls came upon us—the very sort that are so often the product of a hazy, steamy summer day. Rain began to fall swiftly. The water turned turbulent. Almost immediately, our boat capsized and we toppled into the water. As I emerged, I watched as my container of red rice went floating by.

As soon as we accounted for one another, each of us popping up from under the boat, I noticed Jay swimming nearby. He seemed to be in trouble. “Callie, help me!” “What’s the matter with you?” I asked. He gasped, “I’m

trying to hold onto this anchor.” Then with great strain, he lifted up and showed me the anchor he was holding onto with all his might.

A bit of alarm entered my mind. This was one of those heavy anchors made for the mud. I shouted at him firmly, “Jay, drop the anchor!” “But you don’t understand,” he explained. “This is our grandfather’s anchor!”

For a split second that changed matters for me. Our grandfather had died several years earlier and had spent his life sailing on those waters. I had to suppress the powerful urge to swim over and *help* Jay hold onto the anchor. That old rusty anchor had become an heirloom.

Reason returned and I said to Jay at once, “Drop the anchor! Just drop it! Now!”

He dropped the anchor and immediately regained his strength. As we arrived home that evening, exhausted and embarrassed, we told our father what had happened; we asked if, the next day, he would help us retrieve the still-overturned sailboat from the creek. His only question was: “What about Daddy’s anchor?”. . .

We generally regard anchors as that which represents safety, security and stability. Anchors steady us; they protect us. But if we are not careful, they can weigh us down and even cause us to drown. The sea gets tempestuous at times. Our lives as pilgrims, sailing upon the waters of life, can turn choppy in an instant. The temptation is to tie that anchor fast when sometimes what is most needed is to let it drop into the uttermost parts of the sea—or, if not, at least to the bottom of the Bohicket.



Shifting Sands

I remember as a new priest spending a weekend at Camp St. Christopher on a vestry retreat. One morning before breakfast, I went for a walk on the beach. The air was crisp and dry; a strong breeze was blowing. I veered off into the dunes between the beach and Privateer Creek and promptly startled a deer, a pretty doe. Or maybe, to be more accurate, she startled me as she went crashing off into the marsh.

On my way back, I encountered a vestryman who was also out for a walk. The vestryman—knowing that I had grown up in that section of our Carolina coast—very graciously proceeded to point out various bodies of water and masses of land which he then asked me to identify for him. I pointed out Botany Island directly across from the camp, and Edisto behind that, and the North Edisto River, and the village of Rockville on Wadmalaw Island across the marsh, and Bohicket Creek.

I then drew our attention to an islet known as Deveaux's Bank which helps to form the inlet. The first time I ever went out there I was a child of around five or six years of age. My father had taken a friend and me over in a johnboat. In those

days, the bank had washed away so much that it was little more than a sand bar. I remember at the time my father saying that when he was a boy, Deveaux's Bank was an island with wax myrtles growing in the dunes. Not anymore. "But it'll grow back again one day," he assured me.

From where the vestryman and I stood, it was obvious that Deveaux's Bank has built back up again. In my father's childhood, the bank was a substantial key. In my childhood, it was a sandbar. Now in adulthood, it is a key again. Perhaps in my old age, it will be no more than a sand bar again, but such are the ways of the shifting sands and the changing tides.

I began to muse about the ways and harmonization of nature. "It's all about hope!" I wanted to shout, not to mention patience. The promise and paradox of the gospel—it's all going to be okay even when and if it's not okay. The vestryman I encountered that morning is a rocket scientist so I asked him about all of this. He simply answered, very matter-of-factly, "Well, it's the law of thermodynamics that all the hills will be leveled and all the valleys will be filled."

“Every valley shall be lifted up, and every mountain and hill be made low; the uneven ground shall become level, and the rough places a plain. Then the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all people shall see it together...”¹

The people of God have also been given this promise: “They will hunger no more and thirst no more...for the Lamb at the center of the throne will be their shepherd, and he will guide them to springs of the water of life, and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.”²

On the way to breakfast, I thought again about the deer I had disturbed, a likely descendant of a deer my own father (as well as, perhaps, a number of you) might have witnessed as a child and a likely ancestor of a deer I hope to see in my old age. It is all about hope. It is all about continuity.



¹ Isaiah 40:4-5

² Revelation 7:16a, 17

Rip Tide

“Teacher, do you not care that we are perishing?”

It’s that time of the year when we begin spending more and more time in and around the water—when warnings are posted about what to do if you happen to find yourself caught in a rip current. A rip current is a strong surge of water moving away from the shore that is created as water piled on by waves and tide return to the ocean.

The harder a person struggles against the current in an attempt to swim back to shore, the worse the chances for survival become. The way to handle a rip current is with presence of mind and calm—easier said than done—and to do one’s best to relax and stop fighting the current. The swimmer is instructed to stop trying to swim to shore and, instead, to swim parallel to the shoreline. By so doing the swimmer can outlast the current. Then, when the swimmer is free of its pull, a safe return to shore is possible.

The disciples awaken Jesus while he is sleeping in the boat in the midst of a storm: “Teacher, do you not care that we are perishing?”

Many of those first hearers of Mark’s Gospel were Gentile Christians who were beginning to find themselves suffering for their faith. “Teacher, do you not care that we are perishing” is also a way of asking, “Is this commitment that we have made to our Lord Christ really worth it? Does our Lord care when we, too, suffer and struggle?”

Occasionally, we simply need to see and feel and be reminded that all of it is indeed worth it—especially in the midst of the storms of life that seem to assail us at every turn. Yet even in the midst of the storm, Jesus asks the disciples, “Why are you afraid?”

Storms will come, and storms will go and storms will come again. But ultimately, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord’s.

And all will be well.



Stories Encased in Brick

One day while walking along the beach, I stumbled upon a portion of brick that had washed up onto the shore. It was so smooth having been tossed about over time by the combined forces of wind, sea, salt and tides.

My eyes are often on the lookout for bricks. My family and friends know this and will bring me bricks that they happen to discover while exploring in the woods or fields. Once one of my cousins even wrapped up a brick and gave it to me as a present. Another friend often brings me pieces of brick that wash up onto the banks of the Stono River in front of her house. We imagine together the stories these forgotten bricks could tell. Just the other day, a friend who lives in another state sent me a brick by way of UPS.

Once when asked about my affection for bricks, without thinking, I answered, “Because they connect me to the past.” While bricks can certainly crumble, they often endure. They endure the casting about to and fro in the sea. They endure lying about for generations amidst abandoned ruins—perhaps completely overtaken by vegetation, alone in a dark

forest or exposed to the scorching heat of the sun.

I cannot help but marvel at their endurance and find myself wanting to be able to endure like that. I also cannot help but wonder about the stories of human existence bricks have witnessed in silence. You know the expression, ‘If only these walls could talk, what tales they might tell’—joy, as well as tragedy; hardship, pain and suffering as well as laughter.

The brick I stumbled upon on the beach that day was smooth as silk. The circumstances of life—rather than hardening it—softened it.

How often—I began to wonder—do the circumstances of life harden us rather than soften us? Not only do our past and our present tell our own story and contribute to defining us, but how do they prepare us to meet the future? Do the trials of life embitter us or do we allow them to soften us, molding, polishing, refining, strengthening.



Buzzards

An issue of *South Carolina Wildlife* a few years ago¹ contained a fascinating article on vultures written by Emily D. Johnson. Johnson elucidates in graphic detail the means by which vultures do their thing. She begins her article with the matter-of-fact statement: “We all know vultures eat dead things.”

She continues: “With their iron-clad stomachs, they can ingest roadkill, rancid meat, farm animals dead of unknown causes, bacteria, viruses, rabies, botulism, hog cholera and possibly anthrax.” According to DNA evidence, vultures are so useful that it appears nature has “invented” them twice. The various species found in North and South America, including the condors of California and the Andes, are in actuality members of the stork and ibis family. Through “a perfect example of convergent evolution,” these vultures bear a resemblance to the “raptor-related” vultures of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Noting a crisis in India, Johnson points out the dangers posed to society should vultures go missing. Over the last number of years, an animal medication has devastated the vulture population. Rats and feral dogs stepped up to the plate—yet rats and dogs can easily spread diseases to humans. She writes: “In our fascination with the natural world, the ugly vulture often gets a bad rap or altogether overlooked.” Most of the time, we do not really think about them. The term “buzzard” has come to mean something that is “common, plain, dirty, and ignorable.” But Johnson reminds us of the Latin name of the turkey vulture, which gives them their due—*cathartes aura*—named for its most ideal and astonishing quality—and homage to ‘catharsis,’ the vulture’s job of purging, cleansing and purification.”

Reading the article, I found myself thinking about St Paul and the Body of Christ:

“Indeed, the body does not consist of one member, but of many. If the foot were to say, ‘Because I am not a hand, I do

not belong to the body,' that would not make it any less a part of the body. If the whole body were an eye, where would hearing be? If the whole body were hearing, where would the sense of smell be? But, as it is, God arranged the members in the body, each one of them, as he chose...The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of you. On the contrary, the members of the body that seem weaker are indispensable...'²

So no matter whether one is a buzzard or a bluebird,
God has need of us all



¹ May-June 2008

² I Corinthians 12: 14-18, 20-22

Seeing the Special in the 'Ordinary'

In the book *In the Sanctuary of Outcasts* by Neil White,

White describes his life as a young professional on the rise during the 1990's who, after a series of decisions and events, finds himself convicted of crimes stemming from financial improprieties. He was sentenced to serve one year in a minimum security prison in Carville, Louisiana. The prison, an old plantation property, happened to double as a facility for those suffering with leprosy.

White describes his life prior to entering Carville. He was a young husband and father of two boys, Senior Warden in his Episcopal parish in Mississippi, and active and respected in his community.

The book is a memoir of the change that occurred in White at his very core owing to his experience in this facility. At one point, White describes his past and a former girlfriend from his college days at Ole Miss who was the Homecoming Queen. At first, all he could see was her beauty. But, over time, she became 'ordinary.' In like manner he describes Ella, one of the leprosy patients at Carville. At first, all White could

see was her disfigurement caused by the leprosy she suffered. Over time, as the relationship developed, she too would become 'ordinary.' White's analogy exemplifies one of the realities of human nature, which is the ease with which we can readily idealize some and just as readily disregard others.

Reality ultimately leads us to see others as ordinary. The deepening of a relationship allows us to see others as ordinary. What is special is ordinary and what is ordinary is special. In the New Testament, special events often seem to occur in ordinary places. Reality ultimately allows us to see others as beautiful human beings.

If we can move beyond the disillusionment of our shattered idealizations and our shock at those whom we as a society shun, then we begin to discover that the ordinary is actually sacred. People become people. Life becomes real. And holiness breaks in.



The Trash Pile

Seldom seen today are what were once commonplace in the woods—areas which, once upon a time, had been unspokenly, but clearly dedicated for trash—or, if you prefer, garbage, rubbish, refuse.

Such areas have always drawn me. Perhaps it is because of the marvelous sense of story and wonder that seem to linger about the remains of effects long ago discarded. Or, maybe it is simply the trash, after all—in all its earthiness and endurance. Bottle after bottle abound, some broken, many intact—Mountain Dew, spirits of a varying sort and consistency—and, of course, Milk of Magnesia, the cure for all woes. Shards of pottery beg to tell their own tale; the remnants of clay pots mingle with bone china on top of pine needles, making a home in the myrtles where also may be found a rusted-out metal bowl or two, or plate—and, lest we forget, the ubiquitous pick-up truck.

Often, these now-abandoned areas were shared by more than one family—a hidden though unselfconsciously-exposed leveling ground—upon which not only families, but cultures

and worlds would collide. It is also an area where we may come face to face with our own past. “Whose bowl was that?” one might ask, if walking upon familiar ground. “And how did it break?” one then wonders.

Even if the ground upon which we tread happens to be completely new to us personally, still such a place can bring us face to face with our own loss. We begin to remember that which we never even knew, yet which formed us nonetheless. Sometimes we know loss quite personally; at other times we know it through those we love. In his memoir *Blood and Memory*, Sewanee professor Robert Benson describes the pain surrounding the boyhood death of an uncle he never met thereby powerfully elucidating this very theme.

Today we have more sophisticated means of disposing of our trash; plus, we have learned the importance of recycling over discarding. Still, a stroll about the chipped glass offered by an ancient resting pile in the woods can be a serendipitous encounter with our own history in humanity. Through the refuse

of days gone by, we remember that we and all humanity are related to one another. We encounter the sacred in the profane.

Such encounters bring to mind the veritable intersection of the cross and the incarnation—loss, pain, past, endurance and expectation for a bright future. With God’s help, we see beyond the shattered pieces of our lives and history—past and present—into renewed living, and hope.



Resurrection Amidst Ruin

Cultures that have been defeated know that the memory of past defeats can become wrought into the psyche of a people. For good or for ill, such a memory can color thinking for generations to come. Such a people can become more at ease amidst ruin than grandeur. Broken-down becomes preferable to shiny or sleek.

Ruins abound in these parts. The original Old Sheldon Church in Yemasee, South Carolina was a grand structure that was burned during the Revolutionary War. The ruins remained. Another structure was later erected on the same sight. When the church was re-built, the painter Charles Fraser is reputed to have said, “Well, they took a perfectly fine ruin, and made it into a church.” That structure was then lost during the Civil War, so now the church has become a perfectly good ruin once again.

Ruins are all around us. We romanticize past struggles and even defeats not only as a means of denial, but also, somehow, as a means of survival. How do we respond when so

much seems to be crashing down around us?—even those places and institutions and people we thought secure.

How do we give when, at times, we seemingly have nothing left to give? In times of abundance, we become so accustomed to giving out of our plenty that we have forgotten the sweet sting of giving out of our want—out of our lack, out of our uncertainty, confusion, or grief.

For some of us, we occasionally seek refuge in the ruins not as a way to escape but as a way to remember; and remembering helps us to endure. Remembering helps us to gather strength and courage in the knowledge that by God's grace, we have endured before; and we shall endure again.

We feel at home among the ruins for we know that God so often creates out of ruin—the ruins of shattered lives, shattered hopes, shattered dreams. Our Lord takes the perfectly good ruin of a life and re-creates it; he re-creates us.

We call that redemption. We call it resurrection.



Juggling Board

South Carolinians are a delightfully complex lot. I think that might be one reason we enjoy juggling boards. Legend has it that during the nineteenth century a Mrs Huger in Stateburg suffered from rheumatism. She wrote to her relatives in Scotland who sent her a model for a juggling board. The first one ever made in this country was made in Stateburg.

Complexity craves simplicity. A juggling board offers simple pleasures—even a little bit of simple exercise. A juggling board is also a device that encourages community. It is rare to see anyone juggling on a juggling board alone. Yet a juggling board is anything but simplistic. When we begin at the poles—at the edges—and we begin to juggle together, we begin to move toward, and not away, from one another. Juggling together on the same board brings us side-by-side. And, the more people who juggle, the more profound the bounce.

Pure joys, simple pleasures, a wonderful image of the community of Christ. We begin perhaps at very different places; yet we end up together. No discussion is even

necessary, just joy and laughter. Relationships begun,
relationships renewed, relationships restored.

Amazing things can happen when we as the Body of
Christ have the courage and patience to keep it simple.



Sweetgrass

Upon my ordination to the priesthood, a family friend, Elizabeth Allston “Beth” Smoak, gave me a prayer that she had written inside a beautiful scene that she had sketched and framed for me. In her prayer, she writes: “...delicate, fragile-looking sweetgrass in full bloom...dancing joyfully by the creek—or ditch...May the Holy Spirit within you reflect the true fiber of sweetgrass.”

I have another friend by the name of Karl Ohlandt who describes what the true fiber of sweetgrass really is. Karl is an ecologist and landscape architect; he is also something of an authority on sweetgrass. Karl describes how sweetgrass thrives in poor, sandy soil exposed to hot sun, strong winds, and salt spray. “It’s a tough life,” he notes.

Some years ago, in an effort to increase the production of sweetgrass for baskets, the plant was rooted in rich soil away from the wind and salt spray. Apparently, the grass grew very well; or, as Karl says, “too easily.” The basket-makers discovered that they were unable to use this grass. The “easy living” resulted in “long, weak leaf blades.” To make a good

basket, he explains, “the grass has to have survived difficult times: long periods of drought, storm winds carrying salt spray, and soil with little nutrients.”

So here we are; it’s summertime, and the livin’ is easy. Or, maybe not. We certainly do not go looking for hard times, but when the trials and turmoil of life find us, perhaps we might take heart. We are treading where saints before us have trod; and others after us will tread—amidst hot sun and storm winds—the perfect conditions for our true fiber to grow and be revealed .

May the Holy Spirit within you reflect the true fiber of sweetgrass.



Recovery Stroke

Restoration is risky. Ceilings can cave in. Scaffolding can come crashing down. New life is not always easy. Vacuity over plenitude may seem safe. Emptiness can be preferable to change. Refusing to see can be preferable to sight. Resurrection re-orders everything.

You may know from experience that one of the most difficult periods during any type of major illness is the recovery period. That time when, even if only for a while, one emerges from the deep and dark well of the ill to re-enter the land of the living. Everything is fragile. Any protective covering has been cast off, even if only for a while. Vulnerability reigns.

The lobby of the Hollings Cancer Institute at the Medical University boasts a bronze sculpture created on commission by South Carolina bird sculptor Grainger McKoy.¹ In contemplating what to create, McKoy's imagination was sparked by the variety of difficulties facing patients in any sort of recovery.

¹ See essay by Richard I.H. Belser in *The Brilliance of Birds: The Sculpture of Grainger McKoy*, 2007, p.56.

“What does a carved duck say to a chemotherapy patient with no hair, or a child who might have months to live?” McKoy wondered. What entered the sculptor’s mind was the wing of a duck, reaching eight feet in height, and positioned in the upward motion of the recovery stroke. McKoy thus explains his sculpture titled “Recovery Stroke:”

“The recovery stroke is the weakest part of flight, but also the most graceful and elegant. There’s no power in the recovery stroke, but that wing must be elevated in order for the power stroke—the lift-producing downward push—to follow.”

Resurrection invites us to dare to live—even in the midst of death, as we elevate the wings of our own hearts, thus becoming defenseless—taking on the same stance of our Lord Christ—when he longed to gather Jerusalem together as a mother hen gathers her chicks. The recovery stroke is also an embracing stroke.



Resurrection Fern

God's gifts abound in creation. One such gift is a plant, actually a type of fern, known as Resurrection Fern. The Resurrection Fern is a special part of creation that may be spotted growing out of a brick wall or most commonly in the limbs of the live oak.

The Resurrection Fern may be observed in all its fullness in its vivid shade of green—only after a period of rain—pounding rain as that brought by a storm or a simple shower that refreshes the earth.

Otherwise, during periods of dry weather, the Resurrection Fern is practically imperceptible—for its hue blends in with that of the bark of the tree. Its leaves—if and when noticed at all—appear brittle and lifeless.

But after the rains have come the plant which appeared parched and famished and even dead becomes alive again after all. And more than alive—it returns thriving, flourishing—bright green—the color of life.

That which seemed to have no life within itself comes back to life, *resurrected*. In the absence of rain, the resurrection

fern looks as we might feel from time to time—parched, fatigued, drained, depleted — perhaps brittle in body and spirit.

It is now an unconscious practice, after a rain, to find myself looking for the Resurrection Fern, even needing at times to see it.

In times of drought, when life is hard or tough in whatever way as well as during and in the aftermath of any storm—especially one of those storms that threaten to uproot us and perhaps even wash us away— God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, knows that we, his children, need reminders.

The Resurrections Fern can be such a reminder. No matter our current state, we are reminded that new life, new hope, a new beginning always awaits us—in ways we cannot ask or imagine—especially when we feel that hope is gone.

If our own Lord sees fit to take the time and care to replenish a fern—vegetation so often unnoticed by us—then how much more does he desire to replenish us, his followers, his children, whom he now calls friends?

Sometimes we have to look for Resurrection if we want to see it and practice it.



Walls

And I am going to bring you to your land.
I will breathe my spirit within you and you shall live
and I will place you on your own soil again.’
And it happened as Ezekiel had seen in his dream.
They returned to Jerusalem singing
and the walls of the city were built up again.

In an issue of *Legends* magazine,¹ Alex Sanders writes about the ubiquitous walls of Charleston. His brief essay is accompanied by the stunning photography of Brownie Harris.

“Walls,” Judge Sanders notes, “certainly can separate us, closing minds, confining dreams.” “Fortunately,” he also points out, “viewpoints evolve, as do walls. Some crumble; others seem to take on striking hues and subtle tones while providing stability and security.”

The judge invites us to open our eyes, to look closely and see the beauty in the walls around us. In order to see the kingdom of God, our Lord also invites us to open our eyes and ears and hearts and minds in order to welcome new life. New

life, if we dare to have hearts to welcome it, is ever in our midst.

And be sure to look after a rainstorm. You might even see resurrection fern emerging from those worn and age-old walls—Resurrection, always resurrection.

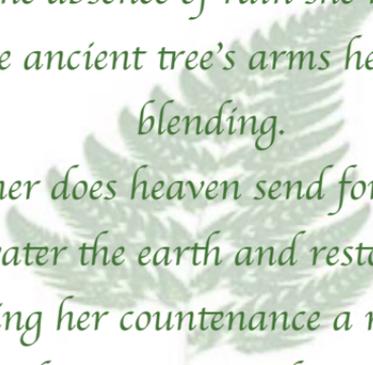




There lives a special fern
Who makes her dwelling
in the bosom of the great live oak.
With the absence of rain she remains unseen,
in the ancient tree's arms her tanned hue
blending.

No sooner does heaven send forth a cool spring
to water the earth and restore life again,
revealing her countenance a renewable being.
From brown to green her one true shade
emerging.

Vivid verdure of life everlasting—
Her name?
Resurrection.



*Grace Episcopal Church
in the city of
Charleston, South Carolina
The Episcopal Church in South Carolina
Summer 2013*

