



Carolina
GRACE

GOLD FOR THE SOUL

JOURNEY
2019



Carolina GRACE

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*Carolina Grace is
a journal of
writings by
Episcopalians in
South Carolina
designed to
encourage and
uplift as together we
run the
race that is set
before us.*

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Welcome back to Carolina Grace! We are so delighted to walk together with you through this issue titled Journey. Life is always a journey. The Christian Church is always on the move. We in this part of South Carolina continue our own particular journey, endeavoring to run the race that is set before us—to plow the fields and till the soil and scatter seeds as we embrace wholeheartedly the gift given to us. As a pilgrim people we make our home wherever we go. Some of us continue to make our home in the wilderness, in exile. Yet through God’s grace we find that “in the desert trees take root,” and “rivers spring up from the earth.” Hope is never forever frustrated. As people of faith we believe in redemption—whether we see that redemption from this side of heaven or beyond—we *will* see it, and know it for ourselves

Meanwhile, on this earth we are always moving. The question for each of us is: Are we moving forward or are we mov-

ing backward? Life might not always be fair, but life is always a gift—to be lived to the fullest. As Andy Dufresne in “The Shawshank Redemption” notes: “I guess it comes down to a simple choice, really. Get busy living or get busy dying.” The choice is ours.

Peace in Christ,

Calboun Walpole

*Grace Church Cathedral, Charleston
and The Episcopal Church in
South Carolina*



Photo: Christian Basel



STEPPING INTO THE PULPIT OF THE NEW

For thirty-five years I taught South Carolina history at USC. In my opening lecture, I always reminded the class that during the course of the semester they might learn things about the state that would be unpleasant, uncomfortable. But, they needed to remember that human beings settled and lived in South Carolina—and human beings are far from perfect. And, sometimes we seem to have personal or community amnesia about the past.

This is where human roots differ from those of the plants in our garden. We are who we are because of our parents, our upbringing, our education, our church, and our profession. The impact of others on us—our siblings [I was a middle child], teachers, friends, neighbors, bosses, the community—and so forth. We have been taught; we have learned by observing; we have learned from experience. Who among us has not learned a valuable lesson through an unpleasant experience? One of the marvelous things about we human beings is that we never stop learning or growing—often in spite of ourselves.

It is not unusual for individuals or communities to be uncomfortable when some something that had either been swept under the rug or simply ignored is brought to light. And then, once the past is revealed, what do we do? How to we acknowledge or deal with it? As Hamlet said, “Ay, there’s the rub.” It’s difficult not just for us to figure out what we must do, but try to figure out what others expect us to do. A simple apology? Sackcloth and ashes? Rend our garments? Self-flagellation?

Perhaps the first step is to simply acknowledge the past, a past we cannot change—but the simple act of acknowledging things done and left undone—can make a difference in the present and the future. And acknowledgment is itself, a form of confession.



“When something is finished, it cannot be possessed. Nothing can be possessed but the struggle. All our lives are consumed in possessing struggle but only when the struggle is cherished and directed to a final consummation outside of this life is it of any value.”

FLANNERY O’CONNOR,
A PRAYER JOURNAL

And, so tonight, after supper I will talk about the Episcopal Church in South Carolina. I hope that what I have to say will cause you to reflect on past actions and events by Episcopalians in our state. What happened—and, especially WHY it happened. Some of what I say may cause sorrow or regret; some of what I say will, I truly hope, cause joy—perhaps even bring a smile to your faces.

And so I conclude: to continue the garden metaphor, we have become more like a growing plant—tended, watered, trimmed, fertilized, neglected, ... perhaps even coming close to being uprooted. But we have survived. We are who we are. All of us, Children of God.

*Walter Edgar
Trinity Cathedral, Columbia
(Excerpt from a homily given at Grace Church Cathedral in 2015).*



A CHRISTIAN JOURNEY TO DIVERSITY

The journey of Lent calls us to enter into a period of self-reflection and self-examination as means of helping us to reconcile with God and neighbor. One of my greatest journeys of reconciliation was a personal one; a journey filled with prayer and inner work that ultimately helped me to see the diversity of my ethnic background as one of the most significant gifts God has given me.

I was born into a family representative of the three great Abrahamic faith traditions: Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. My American mother had Christian and Jewish roots and my Egyptian father came from a large Muslim family. This diversity challenged me as a young person.

It took me a long time to appreciate the diversity of my ethnic background. For years I hated it. Growing up in the United States I was taught—through movies, news broadcasts, and comments from any number of people—to fear and even

despise much of what came out of the Middle East. As a result of this, I increasingly applied those feelings to myself. I grew up with an internalized racism and I began to blame everything I didn't like about myself on my Semitic background. I believe these feelings prevented me from growing fully into the beloved person God had created me to be.

Learning to reconcile with myself and appreciate my background, through the hard work of prayer, therapy and spiritual direction, has been like a resurrection for me. This liberation

“One thing I have learned in life: be thankful to know that there is an end, but take time to find joy in the journey.”

KYLON MIDDLETON OF MT ZION AME CHURCH
AND THE CHARLESTON ILLUMINATION PROJECT



from a bondage of my own devising has helped me to better heed the call of Christ to reconcile myself to God and neighbor — ALL of my neighbors, whether they be Christian, Muslim, Jewish or any other tradition under the sun. The diversity of my background is now something I consider a strength that informs, fuels, and inspires my own Christian practice. It leads me to see all Muslims like my sister, Yousra, or brother, Yehia, who live in Egypt, like family. My background leads me to see our Muslim and Jewish neighbors here in Charleston as a part of my family in two ways — both as fellow sons and daughters of Abraham and as men and women who are part of a rich tradition shared by many of my own flesh and blood.

Being born into a family with Christian, Muslim and Jewish roots has taught me to be sensitive to the impact of culture and context on religious identity. It has impacted the prism through which I practice my Christian faith. Most importantly, my background has taught me to celebrate diversity, not to fear it.

I believe there are many Christians who need to make similar journeys. Many of us, regardless of our ethnic backgrounds, are too quick to allow our fear of the increasing diversity around us to dictate how we live our lives. Many of us are too quick to draw conclusions about whole groups of people without ever taking the time to get to know them or appreciate their backgrounds. This fear hinders us from growing into our full stature as part of the body of Christ. It hinders us from fully living in love as Christ has loved us. Fear of others also hinders us from the important work of reconciliation that Christ calls us to do.

The polarized and divisive world in which we live desperately needs Christians who have the ability to co-exist with and embrace the diversity of this world. Our own well-being, the well-being of our communities and our Christian witness in the twenty-first century depend upon it.

*Adam Shoemaker
St Stephen's Episcopal Church
Charleston*



COMPANIONS ON THE JOURNEY

It has been often said, and rightly so, that the saints are our companions on the journey that is Christian life. But saints are other things as well: literary constructs (we know them by way of their stories, often a compellingly indistinguishable *mélange* of fact, myth and legend); they are also esthetic constructs (we know them by way of visual representations, of iconography both orthodox and improvised). In devotional terms, perhaps what the saints represent above all is choice; from among all the thousands of saints on the calendar, the countless stories and versions of stories, images and versions of images, we are free to choose those that most appeal to us, those we feel called to venerate.

In some cases, the motivation behind our choice is obvious: the saint whose name we bear or who serves as the patron of our country or profession (the saint as standard-bearer). In other cases, the choice is based on simple admiration of the extraordinary actions of this or that saint (the saint as hero). Sometimes, however, the choice is less straightforward. We can't say exactly why a certain aspect of a saint's story or of his or her image or even the mere sound of his or her name calls to us. Exploration of that mystical attraction can reveal corners of our own spiritual self that have remained below the surface and of which we ourselves were previously unaware. Based more on what one might call "saintly essence" than worldly accomplishment, these instances of inchoate but powerful attraction, divorced from narratives about deeds, are often the ground of the most profound veneration, confirming Gertrude Stein's famous assertion that "a really good saint does nothing."

The fact is that even (especially?) the saints who don't appear to do anything are "doing" the most important thing of all: reflecting Christ. Edith Wharton said that two things spread light, the candle and the mirror that reflects it. The saints who don't do anything are the mirrors of the light of Christ—they do not create the light and they are not the light, but they reflect it, they render it visible to us.

*"The journey
is the thing."*

HOMER



The contemporary French spiritual writer Christian Bobin uses a different metaphor to express the same idea. Bobin says “to say that someone is a saint is simply to say that he has revealed himself, by his life, to be a marvelous conductor of joy—the way a metal is said to be a good conductor because heat passes through it with little to no loss.” As with Wharton’s candle, Bobin’s saint is not the source of the joy but she or he makes the joy accessible to us.

To use yet another metaphor, one might say that the saints provide us with a trail of breadcrumbs leading to God. In so doing, they reinforce the idea that God resides in each of us, that divinity is present in, and accessible through, humanity. The Anglican via media being what it is, some of us embrace the more “Catholic” view, that a canonical saint is a different sort of being: fully human, of course, but anointed by God in some way that the rest of us aren’t. Others adopt the more “Protestant” point of view, that we are all saints irrespective of the Roman or Anglican calendars (the “... saints of God are just folk like me...” approach). Either way, the notion of sainthood is at bottom the reinforcement of a fundamentally Christian idea: the Christian God is the one who took human form and continues to reveal himself to us by way of the human form, to use human bodies and human lives, human stories and human images, as a means of revelation of the divine. Incarnation.

Veneration of the saints, canonical or other, is ultimately an act of adoration of Christ. As St. Bernard of Clairvaux, in a homily on the Feast of All Saints, said: “When we commemorate the saints we are inflamed with another yearning: that Christ our life may also appear to us as he appeared to them and that we may one day share in his glory...”

Make no mistake about it: when you feel yourself drawn to the story or the words or the picture or the statue of a saint, even if you don’t know why, especially if you don’t know why, the longing you feel is the longing for a companion on the journey toward Christ. Embrace that longing. Embrace your companion.

Christopher Rivers
Grace Episcopal Church, Hartford, Connecticut
St. Mark’s, Charleston





TRAVELLING FAR

One of my favorite poems, “For Those Who Have Far to Travel,” by Jan Richardson, contains these verses:

If you could see
the journey whole
you might never
undertake it;
might never dare
the first step
that propels you
from the place
you have known
toward the place
you know not.

Call it
one of the mercies
of the road:
that we see it
only by stages
as it opens
before us,
as it comes into
our keeping
step by
single step.

There is nothing
for it
but to go
and by our going
take the vows
the pilgrim takes:
to be faithful to
the next step;

We often think we can prepare for life’s journeys in ways that will assure happiness, safety, security and maybe even prosperity.



We set out after the engagement to live happily ever after. We choose to become pregnant, hoping for healthy births and long lives for our children. We apply to schools and jobs, desiring the best match for long and prosperous careers. We buy flood, wind and hail insurance, life insurance and invest in college and retirement funds.

These beginnings of ours and their hoped for outcomes hold as much hope as God did in the creation of the world out of the chaotic cosmos. Eden was to be a safe sanctuary, a place of protection, in which all would be well. “God saw all that [God] had made, and it was very good (Gen1: 31 NIV). But, even from the beginning of scripture we see that in God’s plan, the journey did not go as we expected. It often doesn’t. For better or worse, our best laid plans hold unexpected twists and turns. We fall, we stumble, we wail and weep, but we are also invited to rise up and to “walk and not be faint” (Is 40:31), to step into the unknown and to walk by faith. One step at a time.

We don’t expect the divorce when we make our solemn vows, we don’t expect the miscarriage, we don’t expect addiction or eviction or accident and injury. We don’t expect disease, mental illness, lengthy hospital stays, and most of all we don’t expect early death. But these are all realities of this life that we call “the journey.”

“There are only versions of ourselves, many of which we wish to protect ourselves from. For the stranger is not foreign, she is random; not alien but remembered; and it is the randomness of the encounter with our already known — although unacknowledged — selves — that sounds a ripple of alarm.”

TONI MORRISON IN *THE ORIGIN OF OTHERS*



How about Abraham heading off to who knows where at God's command! "Go from your country, your people and your father's household to the land I will show you (Gen12: 1), or Jonah ending up three days in the belly of a whale,



Photo: William C. Carter III

because he did not agree with God's plan to extend mercy to the enemy in Nineveh, or the Israelites wandering in the wilderness for forty years, being led only by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, before living into the promise of a land flowing with milk and honey.

In these Bible stories, as well as the narratives of our own lives, we are offered the invitation to step out in faith, to listen for God's desired direction for our lives, often not knowing what the next day or sometimes the next moment of the journey holds. We are called to trust, in the words of Paul Tillich, that God is the true ground of our being, and to know, that in the midst of the wilderness, "nothing can separate us from the love of God" (Rom 8:38). We are called to be faithful to the next step, as Richardson's poem claims, "by stages as it opens before us."

Perhaps we can use the Israelite's model of pillars of cloud and fire to guide the next steps in the midst of unexpected turns and wanderings on our way. How do you hear God's invitation to healing and wholeness for your life? What are your pillars of cloud and fire that enable you to find sustenance and direction for the next step of the journey?

*Barbara Baker Pendergrast
The Cathedral of St Philip
Atlanta*



ENHANCING THE JOURNEY

This spring, I am approaching the season differently. Or, maybe I should say that I am taking a slightly different approach?

I've been dabbling in Rowan Williams' new book, *Christ: The Heart of Creation*, and one of the main and daring points he seems to be making is that God, in Christ, has actually changed our capacity to live as spiritually healthy human beings. Those of us who commune with Christ—hang our hats with him, as it were—are actually being given an enhanced human nature!

Rowan Williams is saying, "You're not the sluggard you think you are, or at least not quite that sluggardly (Don't you love that word?). You are, well, enhanced!" Paul said it a bit earlier: "When anyone is joined to Christ, she or he is a new being; the old has gone, the new has come." (II Corinthians 5:17)

Have you ever had someone look you in the eye—maybe holding your hands—and say, you are a beautiful, gifted, and good person? I sure hope you have. Whenever anyone says something like that to me, I've wanted to BE that person—that is, I've wanted to activate that picture of myself, to enact that enhanced human. When I used to see a therapist to work out a few kinks I'd developed over 50 years or so, she used to look me in the eye every now and then and tell me how beautiful, gifted and good I was, and you know

what? For at least a week or so I actually believed her and sort of/ kind of tried to live into that image of myself.

Crazy, huh? And, the funny thing is that when I took her good news with me out the door, I was far more ready to look at those one or two teensy character defects that occasionally popped up in my life. Hint to self: Maybe try to remember who you really are in Christ before opening that little catalogue of very minor dysfunctions that are stored away in your deep psyche.

In case you haven't had someone look you in the eyes lately and tell you how good, beautiful and gifted you are, imagine your very dear friend Jesus saying that very thing to you the next time you receive Communion. And digest it.

*Steve Rhodes
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston*



BOOK REVIEW: THE CROSSWAY

Guy Stagg's *The Crossway* (Pan Macmillan, 2018; as yet unpublished in the US but available on amazon.com) is a remarkable book, defying generic classification: it is at once travelogue and memoir and contains significant elements of anthropology, history, and theology. It is a meditation on monasticism and the vocations, both real and imagined, of silence, solitude, and suffering. It touches on topics ranging from the ancient (the Cathars, the Crusades, the creation of the institution of the annus jubileus, the mission of Christopher Columbus) to the contemporary (the current situation in Syria and Lebanon, the Gezi Park protests in Turkey, the bombings in Tripoli in August 2013, contemporary Zionism). Stagg's writing is at once poetic and erudite, personal and global.

"Our high calling under God is to burn away the barriers which divide us, to allay prejudice, to strengthen the ties which bind...and to make of this whole great land one free people."

WILLIAM
ALEXANDER
GUERRY IN
ST AUGUSTINE'S
CHAPEL,
SEWANEE, 1909

To be more specific, this is a detailed, intimate, even granular account of a nearly unimaginable odyssey: the author's eleven-month journey, almost entirely on foot, from Canterbury to Jerusalem, in 2013. One of the most extraordinary and compelling things about the undertaking (both the journey itself and Stagg's epic telling of it) is the fact that his was a pilgrimage without a clear purpose. Stagg was not seeking to do penance, nor to give thanks, nor to fulfill some vow. In fact, he did not know why he was doing what he was doing, why he continued to feel compelled to put one foot in front of the other. No facile adages here, no internet-ready half-baked thoughts about redemption or self-knowledge. Instead,

something much more authentic, much more profound, and much more thought-provoking: a story of uncertainty. It is not



that Stagg does not find answers to the questions he is posing, but rather that he truly does not even know what those questions are. He strives to learn what it is that he wants to learn. The entire journey is shot through with longing, but he cannot say for what.

Stagg's back story is one of mental illness and alcohol abuse, which he presents not all at once, in the conventional, confessional mode of most twenty-first century memoirs, but in filigree, in relatively short set-pieces that appear in the narrative at those moments when, as he walks, memories flood his mind. The work that results is not a full-blown autobiography, as there are many pieces missing from his story, but provides a nonetheless clear portrait of a seeking soul and a keen intellect engaged in a mighty struggle for their very survival.

The Crossway is indeed permeated by a sense of vulnerability. On the most obvious level, as Stagg moves from country to country, village to village, he must literally rely on the kindness of strangers. This is the pilgrim way, an ancient way of being in the world, at odds with everything we have all been taught about the "values" of strength and self-reliance but entirely in keeping with the lessons of humility and compassion that underpin the Gospels. Putting things in a broader context, Stagg remarks at one point, "I was aware only of my helplessness before history."

In terms of style, this is a beautifully constructed and yet simple narrative. It is supremely artful but with a gut-level ring of authenticity. Stagg is a true contemplative, with an acute sense of the most telling details of both the natural and the man-made worlds, and an alert sensitivity to the nuances of the mood and character of each individual (many of whom are endearing, memorable characters who rise up for a page or two and then disappear), each gathering, each city, each unpopulated landscape. His prose is peppered with arrestingly sensual, at times even synesthetic, descriptions. Sights, but also sounds and smells, are rendered by way of highly original and unexpected analogies (two examples, among literally hundreds, if not thousands, of the small jewels with which the text is studded: "a cave chapel the size of a cupboard, its walls wrinkled like peachstone;" and "Fruit farms hemmed the base of the range, a pleated canopy like the spread of a skirt. Beyond lay the sweat-skin of the Mediterranean, twitching in the heat."). The reader



is constantly marveling at this or that specific instance of poetic brilliance, but never ceases to flow forward in eager anticipation of the next such moment, always just over the horizon. In this way, it is no mere conceit to compare the reader's journey from page to page with Stagg's own journey from one terrain to the next.

In the end, the reader has a sense of why traveling along with Guy Stagg was such a profound experience, but much of that profundity defies translation into either conscious thought or verbal expression. *The Crossway* is not only a wise and thoughtful memoir, filled with insights of many kinds and on many levels, it is also a beautiful mystery. One can easily imagine returning to this beautiful mystery, perhaps many times over.

Christopher Rivers
Grace Episcopal Church, Hartford, Connecticut
St. Mark's, Charleston

TRAVELLING STAR

Being the presence that adds the light
that completes the constellation
that sky gazers seek
to know their place
in all the vastness
You
need me
to stand my ground
in a welcome of dark
and lift my eyes
to find you traveling
with me.

Amy Webb
Holy Cross Faith Memorial Episcopal Church
Pawleys Island



THE ROAD

Luke 24:17—“Jesus said to them, ‘What are you discussing with each other as you walk along?’”

The familiar walk on the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus gives us an account of a conversation between two people soon after Jesus’ execution. They were talking about all that had happened over the last few days and were expressing their now seemingly dashed hope that Jesus had been “the one to redeem Israel.” In the midst of their conversation, Jesus, albeit unrecognized, came near and asked the question, “What are you discussing with each other as you walk along?”

This is a journey question not only to Cleopas and the other unnamed follower, but also to us two millennia later. It is as good a life-question as there is. Just what is it we are discussing along the way, what is the content of our language, what emanates from our hearts and souls as we hike the journey of this life?

Jesus’ question challenges all of us to self-examination individually and as a body. As we walk along we are bombarded

with messages that can draw us into a kind of amnesia that forgets the promise that Christ is present in us and among us. If we are not careful, our conversations end up being more about bottom lines and mere functionality rather than the proclamation that Christ is Risen and how we are to be the prime agents of God’s love and mercy in the world.

Many things in our world and even in the Church seem up for grabs. Yet, in such anxious times when we are searching for a center, perhaps it is a wonderfully ripe time. Maybe we are more ready to receive what Jesus taught and see that there is a vision of God breaking in and calling us to a more authentic and faithful way of living this one. Our conversation along the way can bemoan and complain about life as we now see it, or, we can take the perspective that we now have a grand missional opportunity to bring a different vision to bear and point to where we see Christ present among us and bringing about the New Creation.

What might we do now? We continue to do what we have always done: “continue in the



apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers." This is the antidote to amnesia as we re-member God within the community for which Jesus gave his life. Talk about dreams. Talk about hopes. Go together, as a community. And most especially, go on "keeping the feast," for Jesus promises to be present when we do so. Along the way our hearts will burn with life, love and liberation.

Gladstone B. "Skip" Adams
Bishop Provisional,
The Episcopal Church in South Carolina

CATECHISED DURING LENT

I thank him that prays for me when the bell tolls, but I thank him much more that catechises me, or preaches to me, or instructs me how to live.

—John Donne, 1631

In the course of some research into the early days of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, I noticed a report from the 1843 Diocesan convention, submitted by St. Michael's Church, in which it was noted that 130 children had been catechized. As we commence our journey through Easter, it might be worthwhile to re-connect with this historic and powerful document tucked into the back of The Book of Common Prayer.

Studying the catechism was an ancient practice. St. Cyril of Jerusalem was said to have been the first to catechize during Lent, gathering Christians around 350 AD and teaching them the tenets of the faith. Cyril was intentional in his choice of season:

Before delivering you over to the Creed, I think it is well to make use at present of a short summary of necessary doctrines; that the multitude of things to be spoken, and the long interval



of the days of all this holy Lent, may not cause forgetfulness in the mind of the more simple among you; but that, having strewn some seeds now in a summary way, we may not forget the same when afterwards more widely tilled.”

Inspired by St. Cyril, St. Ambrose of Milan catechized believers during Lent late in the fourth century, so the new Christians could be “admitted on the night before Easter-day.”

In 1548, Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas Cranmer published a catechism in English. Also that year, the practice of studying the catechism during Lent was encouraged, with the Archbishop declaring that “all parishioners shall every Lent recite the Articles of our Faith, and the Pater Noster in English.” With a few changes, the catechism was published in The Book of Common Prayer in 1662.

In 1737 the Anglican Church reformer Francis Sadler complained that the custom of catechising during Lent had gotten so prevalent that Lent was the only time the catechism was being studied:

The Custom is of late Years only to Catechise in Lent, as if it were sufficient that we ask for our Daily Bread only in Lent, as to Catechise only in Lent -- nay, some are so far from instructing the Ignorant, when they do Catechise, that if they are at a Loss in the Responses, they will bid another go on, and let him or her remain in their Ignorance...

Soon after the American Revolution, the newly-organized Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America found itself in need of a catechism. An adapted version of the Cramner catechism was included in the 1789 American Book of Common Prayer. That catechism was often used for instruction in the early days of our diocese, but other catechisms were employed, including the 1818 Catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

That the Lenten catechism tradition was observed South Carolina is attested to in the report of the 1836 Diocesan Convention.



There the Reverend Cranmore Wallace complained that “Some of our Clergy catechize on the ‘Church Catechism’ on Sundays, and prayer days, at stated seasons (once a month, or at the Advent, Lent, or other seasons), and ‘openly in the Church,’ – ought not all of them do the same?” The Reverend Wallace served as “Missionary to Destitute Parts of the Diocese” – a demoralizing job title to be sure – and helped found St. Stephen’s Episcopal Church in Ridgeway, South Carolina.

By the late nineteenth century, the old tradition of associating the catechism with Lent was forgotten, and “catechising” was no longer recorded in our diocesan records as a separate activity. For example, the report of the 1881 Diocesan Convention includes catechising as part of Sunday school, and no parish reports “catechising during Lent” as St. Michael’s did in 1843.

Our current prayer book, published in 1979, includes a catechism, much revised from the 1789 version, called “An Outline of the Faith.” That the catechism can still inform our faith life can be seen in an editorial by Bishop Skip Adams published on July 14, 2018. Regarding the recent schism, our Bishop makes his point by quoting the catechism: “Our witness is strengthened if we are a people united in service of God’s mission given to the Church, ‘to restore all people to unity with God and each other in Christ.’”

We may not be inclined to catechize with the fervor of St. Cyril, but we would do well to review the passage our Bishop recently invoked:

Q. What is the mission of the Church?

A. The mission of the Church is to restore all people to unity with God and each other in Christ.

Q. How does the Church pursue its mission?

A. The Church pursues its mission as it prays and worships, proclaims the Gospel, and promotes justice, peace, and love.

Q. Through whom does the Church carry out its mission?

A. The Church carries out its mission through the ministry of all its members.

*Dan Ennis
St. Anne’s, Conway*





Photo: William C. Carter III

BAPTISM: THE BEGINNING

This is not the end but just the beginning! When thinking about baptism, it might seem like a no-brainer that it is the beginning and not the end. It normally, but not always, is the sacrament that a person receives very early in life. It is also the sacrament that the Church speaks of as being a new birth, a regeneration and an adoption into the family of God. But, since it is spoken of often enough as the sacrament of salvation--the ritual action in which a person is sanctified and redeemed forever through the death and resurrection of Christ--one might be tempted to think of it as the end and not the beginning; i.e., since we receive everything in baptism that we could ever hope to achieve on our own, then the deal is done. We have it: salvation! What else need we do? Baptism is the end, not the beginning.

The medieval church experienced a bit of a different baptism-is-the-end kind of theology. It was taught and practiced in the Church in those medieval times (and previously as well) that if a person fell into grave sin after their baptism, that there was little to



no chance of returning to the ark of their salvation. It was assumed that the gift of baptism was so precious (as indeed it is!) that if one abandoned that way of life, then that was the end for that person—they had reached the point of no return. For this reason, early on in the Church’s history, many postponed their baptism until late in life. And that in and of itself led to some good one liners, like from St Augustine: “let him alone, let him do as he pleases; he is not yet baptized.”

If it wasn’t the postponement of baptism which helped with this “baptism is the end, not the beginning” way of thinking, then it was the elevation of the sacrament of penance as a way of journeying back to the baptismal ark that helped solve the problem. It was against this kind of thinking and maybe more importantly, against this kind of pastoral practice, that someone like Martin Luther objected. And so, he would write to laity and priests alike in his Large Catechism (a manual of Christian instruction): “...baptism remains forever...Repentance, therefore, is nothing else than a return and approach to baptism, to resume and practice what has earlier been begun but abandoned.” And: “Therefore let all Christians regard their baptism as the daily garment that they are to wear all the time. Everyday they should be found in faith and with its fruits...”

Baptism is not the end, it is the beginning. It is the start of a journey where we are always walking, tripping, stumbling and sometimes falling together with Christ. Our baptism should never be thought of as a past ritual which has lost its power and significance. Instead, not only has it started us on a journey, a pilgrim path, but it is also a daily “rest stop” along the way: it is there to refill and revitalize us as we pick ourselves up and look to Christ again and again. It is actually, also, our end (but not only the end): because, indeed, in baptism we have received the full gift of redemption and salvation from Christ. It is the beginning, the rest stop and the end of this glorious journey that we walk by the help of God and through the strengthening of the Holy Spirit.

*Bryce Wandrey
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston*



LEAVING SEDONA

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Sign on AZ Rte. 89: “Fire Danger Is Moderate Today”

Thirty miles past Sedona on the Oak Creek Canyon trail
seems light years into this paleozoic womb.

I strain to see the tree-crowned lava caps,
the road twisting-coiling like a ribbon of floss
between the teeth of the red rock bluffs and the creek.
After LA’s endless sunshine, after stick-dry Phoenix
with its sudden, shocking storms of flame, this blush
of cool, of wet against my pores is a great beatitude
and my heart is light.

They call this forest Coconino, and here
my botanical pride is greatly humbled. I see piñon,
well, short pines and tall, and spruce and birch
with peeling bark, but this is not my place.
This land has secrets I’d not plumb had I
all the summers I’ve lived plus all those left to me.

At the Ranger Station and Scenic Overlook

Indians. I’ve been traveling the West six weeks,
crossing reservation lands—Yavapai, Hualapai, Pima
—seeing little but mesquite and mobile homes.
Here at last, I’ve found them. Indians. And I, who know
too well what it is to be stared at, I’m afraid to look.
They are selling crafts beside a Park Service
book kiosk—lovely soapstone bears, beadwork,
turquoise, arrowheads. I’m mortified. I have
too little cash to buy, too little nerve to ask a question.

Then, too, there are the faces—far darker than my own
and craggy, alien. They are Hopi. Dressed as Hopi.
In Arizona Diamondbacks T-shirts and jeans.
The deep-set eyes in those deep-brown faces look



at me, I think, with accusation. We know your kind,
they seem to say, though we know not what you do here.
Tossing their lampblack hair. Cliff cities in these hills
knew our kind eleven thousand years before yours
were dragged here, filthy, in chains. I think of Buffalo Soldiers.
Burn with shame. I snap a quick shot of the canyon,
slate clouds lowering over the red-breasted hills.
Using plastic at the bookstore, I buy a field guide.
Hop in my car and fly.

At the Powwow Inn, Rte. 66, Tucumcari, New Mexico

There's a Kachina doll painted on the motel door.
A blanket framed on the desert pink walls.

This is the last straw.

Storms have hounded me from Apache lands to Navajo.
Drops the size of bullets pelting the car, great lances of lightning
scissoring the inky sky. And everywhere the signs: KACHINA DOLLS!
PETRIFIED WOOD! AUTHENTIC INDIAN CRAFTS! Taiwan made.
What is this poisonous nostalgia ribboned through our culture?
We mourn what we've destroyed, and seek not to make amends, but
resurrect it through cheap trinkets. Kachina dolls, lawn jockeys,
dream catchers, mammy cookie jars side by side on the shelves.

In the gift shop at the Powwow Inn, there's a life-sized Indian doll.
He has two braids, a turquoise headband topped with a turkey feather,
a magnificent necklace of bone over his chambray shirt.
I imagine he's also for sale.

"Tucumcari" is an Apache word that means "lookout."
I snap the mannequin's picture. I am keeping
a sharp look out.

*Kendra Hamilton
All Saints Episcopal Church, Clinton
Calvary, Charleston*



CORINTH

Excerpt from *Together We Are Normal* © 2019, reprinted, with permission

Now, I feel like I'm in a Dickens tale as I travel through time with ease. Memories pour forth. It's apparent that the gods and goddesses had continued to favor us. And I go back to Greece in 1971, and to the youthful elation John and I had felt when our VW obliged us, and we rolled out of the parking lot in Piraeus, windows down, and hearts and minds open.

Just a mile or two into the drive, John looked at me saying, "I have a great idea. Before we go back to Athens, let's hit the Peloponnesus peninsula. We might as well spend the rest of our drachmae, and it's supposed to be incredible."

"Sure. After all, we have time to spare." I replied.

"Okay, let's do it! Let's head for Sparta. That's where those hellacious warriors were trained. Not to mention, the home to history's most beautiful woman, except for you, of course," John extolled. Reciting his modified Marlowe, "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

I looked back at him and his wicked little smile. "Yes, it is."

The astonishing resuscitation of the VW was to propel our pilgrimage even further. We were off again, winding toward the Peloponnese, on our way to Sparta. Traversing the Isthmus of Corinth was breathtaking.

First stop, ancient Corinth. John and I walked and talked for hours around the sprawling ruins that rule over the limpid gulf. When we came upon the Bema where St. Paul spoke to the Corinthians about his revelations, we saw a large stone inscribed with text, first in Greek and then in English. John leaped up onto the Bema and began waxing poetic, reading aloud from the carved stone:

"For this slight momentary affliction is preparing for you an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison (2 Corinthians 4:17)."



“And, remember, the supreme wonder of the history of the Christian Church is that always in the moments when it has seemed most dead, out of its body there has sprung up new life; so that in age after age it has renewed itself, and age after age by its renewal has carried the world forward into new stages of progress.”

WILLIAM TEMPLE IN *CHRISTIAN FAITH AND LIFE*

John must have been feeling the spirit, and for sure he was most entertaining, not only for me, but for the passersby as well. And in his own words, he continued, “My friends, understand that love is an action verb. Without the verb, the noun doesn’t exist. Everybody wants the noun, but few act to manifest.”

There he stood, all twenty-one years of self. He looked so cute in his fisherman sandals, all muscular, suntanned, and sun bleached. “You’re crazy,” I said, “but actually, I think you have true potential.” I took his hand in mine, the hand that had just been madly gesturing when he expounded on Corinthians.

What an uncanny feeling it is, going back in my mind, jogging my memory once again by visualizing these scenes. Cells spark and waves of sensation fire from head to toe. For all of these forty-seven years, in one way or the other, I have had a continuing love for John across the miles and the pathways of light.

*Kathryn Aurelia Scheldt
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston*



ONE PATH TOWARD CHRISTIANITY: ANGLO-CATHOLICISM AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

The term “Anglo-Catholic” as we use it today was popularized by a group of Anglican priests at Oxford University in England in the early nineteenth century. Their goal was to re-energize the Anglican Church by a return to traditional, pre-Reformation Catholic belief and practice. Their claim was that, unlike the Protestant churches, the Anglican church had maintained its claim to Catholic tradition by an unbroken line of “apostolic succession”—that is, the ordination of every generation of priests and bishops by the laying on of hands, creating an unbroken line of succession back to the first Apostles of Jesus. It is worth noting that for their efforts the Oxford leaders were viciously attacked for “popery” both by the common people and by the Anglican hierarchy. It is also worth noting that the Anglican claim to valid priestly ordination was rejected for Roman Catholics in the papal bull *Apostolicae Curae*, issued

by Pope Leo XIII in 1896.

The priests whose names were most closely identified as leaders of the Oxford movement were John Henry Newman, Edward Bouverie Pusey, and John Keble. Members of the movement came to be known as “Puseyites” because of the fame and prestige of Edward Pusey, and sometimes as “Tractarians,” after the ninety statements of belief, called “tracts,” which the movement published between 1833 and 1841. Newman, incidentally, became a Roman Catholic in 1845. He is often remembered today as Cardinal Newman.

Those are a few of the bare facts, but the real question of course is, why should we care about these facts today? One answer would be that we should care because understanding what the Tractarians said and did can help us understand why some of us do what we do on Sundays in an Anglo-Catholic parish—Why is there incense? Why are there chanted propers? Why are there candles and vest-



ments, crosses, music and a sanctus bell? And I would add, Why are these liturgical customs more important than being simply a matter of “taste” or “pageantry”?

The Tractarians stressed the transcendent nature of the sacraments, the importance of frequent participation in the Eucharist, of confession, and of baptism. But what lay behind those arguments is what most concerns us today, and it is this: In clear defiance of the rationalist spirit of their times, the Tractarians reclaimed an ancient Christian understanding of three inter-connected realities: first, the magnificent breadth of the real world itself in its material and transcendental dimensions; second, the deeper, inner intelligence of a human being that might allow us to glimpse that breadth; and third, the many-layered na-

ture of the sacred text which we call the Bible.

To put the same point differently, the Oxford priests recognized both the supernatural dimensions of Christianity and the unchanging, inner psychology of a human being which, under certain conditions, can allow a person to become aware of that dimension. As Newman put it: “The unseen world through God’s secret power and mercy encroaches upon this [world]” (Chadwick 140). And these Oxford priests understood that a sacred text is a living thing, which reaches out to human consciousness on many levels.

In discussing the so-called “mysticism” of early Christian writers, Keble defends them against what he calls the “common sense and practical utility [which] are the very idols of this age” and rather archly

“Christ does not call his benefactors loving or charitable. He calls them just... We have invented the distinction between justice and charity.”

SIMONE WEIL
IN *WAITING
FOR GOD*



suggests the astonishing possibility that “we cannot but in candor allow it was at least possible, before examination, that the ancients may have been in the right, and we in the wrong [in our judgment of what is considered real]” (Tract 89).

Thus the communication of the truths of the faith cannot be a simple, rational process. Scripture itself must be read and studied, true, but it must also be “fed” to the subconscious mind and to all the senses--to the sense of smell in incense; to the sense of hearing in preaching and reading, yes, but also with music and the sanctus bell; to sight with the vestments, gestures and movement; and to the entire body through the succeeding feasts and fasts of the church year. Preaching about and reading scripture are not enough. The truths of faith must be delivered to the entire person, and they must be delivered in such a way as will allow the deeper intelligence of a person to be touched and to open.

How then, today, does one become a Christian? Not by sudden, emotional “conversion,” but by a gradual process which the Oxford priests called “sanctification.” “Sanctifica-

tion” means participation in the repeated, quiet opening of consciousness in the liturgies; it means obedience to the commands of Christ; and it means careful attention to God’s will for one’s life. By participating in this process, one comes to believe that what the Church teaches is true, and that what popular culture teaches in our everyday lives is a shallow hull of the truth. As Pusey put it, “No one is able to prepare himself for heaven, that is, make himself holy, in a short time” (Chadwick 154). Or as Isaiah put a slightly different aspect of the process many years earlier: “Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.”

*Remberth Herbert
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GONE

After hunting for seven days
unsuccessfully,
I came to a dense stand of Norway spruce
planted years ago.
I squinted toward the dark recesses of the grove
and saw some movement
at its edge, surprisingly near.
A man, now waving gently.
I waved, and we
approached to speak.
“I know where the grouse are,”
he said. I went. It seemed
the thing to do. There was about him
an ease of manner, of movement
that said, “Come,” as
the yards, then hours of dark woods
folded in behind us. I felt
the boots closed perfectly around my feet;
I felt the old double gun, older than I was,
fitting so perfectly to my grip and stride.
I thought, How odd that I
have never found, before,
this one rhythm, this simple harmony
of step and hand. I felt
a strange relief, as if
the hunt were over, shots fired,
the birds down already, as if
they had fallen, indeed, like shadows
so long ago, long before
this greeting at the woods’ edge, before
this beckoning, this assurance, and my own
inevitable assent.

*Rembert Herbert
St George’s Episcopal Church
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JOURNEY 2019

“The place God calls you to is the place where your deep gladness and the world’s deep hunger meet.”

-Frederick Buechner,
Wishful Thinking: A Theological ABC

Carl Jung first popularized the phrase “the two halves of life”, but Richard Rohr in his book *Falling Upward: A Spirituality for the Two Halves of Life*, spoke to me of this gift of grace in a very personal way. As Rohr so eloquently puts it:

The task of the first half of life is to create a proper container for one’s life... the task of the second half of life is, quite simply, to find the actual contents that this container was meant to hold and deliver. Yet the two halves are cumulative and sequential, and both are very necessary... Grace must and will edge you forward.

Living in Christ involves continual transformation. In Christ, we are always in formation. In fact, the body of Christ, the Church, is changing and always has, and change is uncomfortable. Christians started as a small group of followers of Jesus, converting Jews, then gentiles, becoming first “a people of The Way”, then a religion, Church and institution. Change is part of life, and even though it can feel like the world is coming to an end, change isn’t the problem, but our fear and anxiety about it is.

The Christian journey offers a beautiful opportunity to discover the mystery of Christ within us, without anxiety or fear, and embrace our part of the transformative change he brings to the world. Perhaps there is no better story which embodies our journey to discipleship than the story of the road to Emmaus, as recounted in Luke 24:13-35. Where are you on this road of discipleship? Are you just beginning to meet him? Where do you recognize him?



I invite you to say this prayer with me:

The Stranger

Meet us, Lord, on the road to Emmaus,
Guide us on the path toward our destination,
and renew our strength as we continue to walk
and commune with you.

Open our eyes, so we see the signs of your
presence around us;

Open our hearts, so we may receive your peace
and love;

and empower us to pass on to others
the grace you have shared with us so freely.

Amen

Michael Shaffer
St Francis Episcopal Church, Charleston



Photo: William C. Carter III



MY FATHER AND HIS DYING FRIEND

The small brown thing who ran the limb,
who stopped, bobbed head, and ran again,
who finally hidden in the moss, sang
a single line. It might have been a wren.
But then again, it mightent.

Oh, such mysteries fill their walk.
Change to whispers idle talk.
Set in gear the earnest stalk.
And when they're close
enough to know, off it flitting goes.

Life's a walk of possibles,
these lines like limb above.
For small things live in passing.
That laughing place where they have been,
still hidden place of God's one love.

William Baldwin
St James-Santee, McClellanville

UNTITLED

If I live longer than today,
Come up with heartbeat and with breath,
Walk and talk and nod and laugh,
Hunt down length of consciousness,
Let mind alive enquire
Of grace-filled gift of time,
Let eyes and ears receive,
Tomorrow's crows in roadside pine.

William Baldwin
St James-Santee, McClellanville



ON GOD AND HIS WORLD

His starting this
makes the whole world kin.
Hands descend from fish's fin.
Our wondering God's a thrifty soul.
We know this when our fingers fold.

*William Baldwin
St James-Santee, McClellanville*

HOLY COMMUNION

for The Reverend Jennie Olbrych

Jennie's voice, Jennie's touch,
Bill leans in to tend the cup.
And in the wine I see reflect
the gimlet eye of Newton's wretch.
Oh, power Divine, a Holy sign,
again I've found, where once was blind,
the peace of God, the peace of Cup.
Cheves helps Miss Sally up.
Then back to the pew where hymn is sung.
Service done, what's done begun,
for on my sleeve the gentle tugs.
Miss Sally gives me two big hugs:
the peace of God, that peace of Cup,
the elemental peace of touch.

*William Baldwin
St James-Santee, McClellanville*



THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUAL JOURNEY: A LIFELONG PILGRIMAGE FOR MEANING

Herman Melville wrote in his classic novel *Moby Dick*: “For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the souls of (men and women) there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half-lived life.” Deep within our humanity, and especially true for the Christian, there is the universal desire not to live the half-lived life; one that is lived exclusively in the trappings of the secular world. Melville believed in the great danger that the secular could surround the soul in such a way that the soul would sail aimlessly in an ocean that kept it from finding Tahiti—finding meaning and true peace for the soul. We would call this desired destination to be the place of God in Christ Jesus.

Sixteen years ago, in 2003, my own spiritual journey was changed dramatically and forever. This was a beautiful July summer day. I had traveled to New York City for a spiritual and writing retreat, perhaps better named a pilgrimage. I would be there for a week, yet it was not until day three that I finally mustered up enough courage to go to the site of my pilgrimage. I hailed a cab and asked the driver to take me to Ground Zero. With a very hesitant voice, the driver looked at me in the rear-view mirror and asked, “how would you like to go?” I quickly responded, “I’m sure that you know the best way.” Now with even more hesitation in his voice, the driver turned to me and said, “this is only my second day on the job, I don’t know how to find Ground Zero.” And so, our journey began.

As we came up Wall Street heading south, I looked up to my right and did not recognize the skyline of the city where I had once lived, for its emptiness was both foreign and melancholic. As a lump began to form in my throat, I asked the driver to drop me off. As I exited the cab, I continued to stare at the enormous and unrecognizable hole in the sky. I walked two short blocks past Trinity Church and stood at Ground Zero.

Nothing could have prepared me for what was to follow. If



it were not for all the people and the fear of embarrassment, I would have fallen to my knees in grief. There was a great chain-link fence that surrounded the site of the former World Trade Towers. Across the top of the fence the names of those who had lost their lives that day were inscribed, and they seemed to go on forever. I found my place next to a red rose that had been wedged in the links of the fence and gazed out upon the vast emptiness, where two years earlier great buildings filled with God's people had stood. And I began to sob uncontrollably. I was above all else crying for the more than 2000 lives that perished, on what was now hallowed ground. And some of my tears found their source in a very deep and discontented place of wonder, "Was my life making a difference?"

This is the deep and profound question that you too have, however you must possess both the will and the courage to confront it face to face: "Is my life making a difference?" And that is what the Christian spiritual journey, this life-long pilgrimage, is all about. Priest and theologian Henri Nouwen has written, "Do we have a clear goal in life? The athletes whose clear goal is the attainment of the Olympic gold are willing to let everything else become secondary. The way they eat, sleep, study, and train are all determined by that one clear goal. This is as true in the spiritual life as in the life of competitive sports. Without a clear goal, we will always be distracted and spend our energy on secondary things... What is our prize? Is it the divine life, the eternal life, the life with and in God?" (Here and Now, 68-69)

So, this too becomes our question, "What is our prize?" And if you are seeking the divine life of love, peace, compassion, and joy with God in Jesus then you, with me, must both acknowledge and accept the truth that we will continue on our Christian spiritual journey, our pilgrimage if you will, to be all that we can be for God and for those that God has placed in our lives. And yes, it is a lifelong pilgrimage filled with joys, sorrows, dramatic surprises, and most of all, meaning.

*Philip Linder
St Mark's Episcopal Church
Charleston*



LIFE, ITS ESSENCE

Life, a mosaic of scattered patterns and textures.
A kaleidoscope of changing shapes and colors.
Delicate threads of tightly woven encounters
stitched into the fabric of our being in time.
Creating experience as lyrical as a sonnet.
As romantic as a poem filled with metaphors and
similes.
As descriptive as a pastoral scene rich in color and
texture.
From the same cosmic dust, we are formed.
But no two are alike. As with the kaleidoscope
a simple rotation changes one from what one
was, to what one is, and a simple stitch in time
can transform from mundane to greatness.
What a mystical and beautiful thing life truly is.

*Gary McGee
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston*

LIVING IN LIFE'S FLOW

Living in life's flow means
living where life takes you.
Why do we humans resist in life's flow?
The birds and wild animals do not.
Dogs are happy just being dogs.
I doubt if a dog ever wanted to be but a dog.
All creatures seem to like being what they are
and accept what they are not.
Neither do the seed-bearing plants
resist or complain about their fate.
Floods, fire and droughts come
and they never complain.





Photo: William C. Carter III

A tree never cries out
at the blade of a saw.
All accept the flow of life with a
natural inherited grace.
Which we human's pass
off as instinct.
It seems we have traded
instinct for aspirations.
We see life's flow as
poor reflections filled with expectations.
We have a hard time accepting that
we live in a perpetual state of grace
even when surrounded by it.

*Gary McGee
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston*



A REFLECTION ON THE JOURNEY

Life is a journey. It is replete with celebrations and sorrows, joys and pains, expectations and disappointments that often, at some point on one's journey, invokes pause, introspection, and reflection. As I reflect upon the magnificent journey of my life, particularly at the dawn of a new year, filled with hope and promise, I am reminded that "Life for me ain't been no crystal stair." The sage advice of the mother to her son in Langston Hughes' timeless poem, "Mother to Son," not only encourages me through life's journey, but instructs me how to be resilient in the face of the winding paths of systemic hardships, cruelty, and injustice that sometimes come to make life a challenge.

Through the obstacles, manufactured walls, and difficulties experienced along life's journey, I remain optimistic. While I, myself, ask the question, "Why?" My answer is found in my faith which gives me hope to face the challenges of this life with joy. I remind myself with every tenuous twist or turn that trouble does not last always! With this mindset, daily, I march on, "yet with a steady beat... 'til victory is won." For me, the victory is not necessarily achieved through individuals losing so that I can win. Instead, it is finally the day where we are not "judged by the color of our skin but by the content of our character". I find this to be both important and necessary if we are to be one Nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. Although my life has not been without my own personal challenges, trials and tests, I have learned to be thankful because I am blessed. I have learned to take more time to count my blessings as opposed to my problems. I live each day fully and wholly, so that at the end of life's journey I would not have any regrets. Herein lies the conundrum because the more I reflect, the more I recognize areas where I could have either done more or said less. As one called to do, I am finding grace along this journey to just be.

Today, I am present, which allows me to enter a place where transparency, vulnerability, and authenticity are welcome and nurtured. As I continue through this tedious journey, I choose to love, everybody, without condition or expectation,



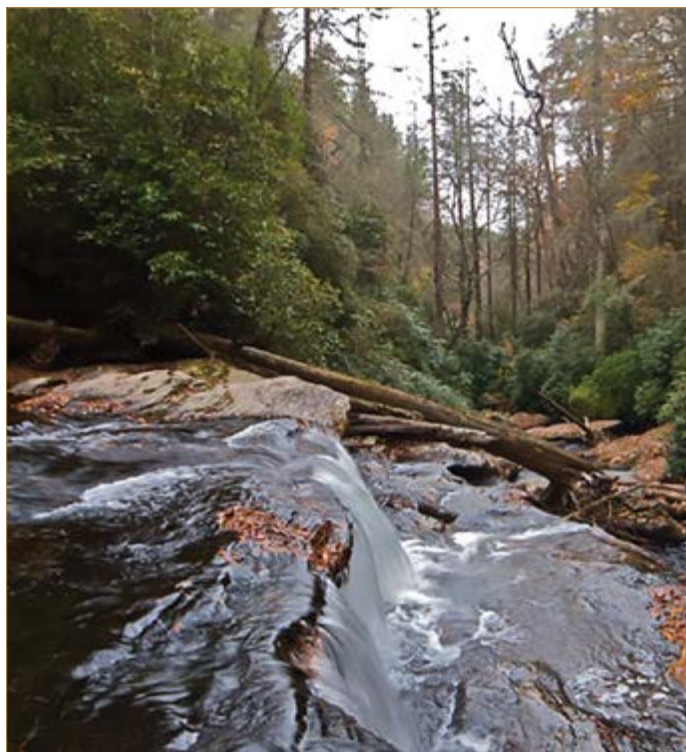


Photo: William C. Carter III

even if they don't love me back. I respect and accept the uniqueness of each individual and welcome them as fellow travelers with me as we pilgrim through this journey.

*Kylon Jerome Middleton
Mt Zion AME Church, Charleston*

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PILGRIMAGE

Psalm 84:4-7

And how blessed all those in whom you live, whose lives become roads you travel; They wind through lonesome valleys, come upon brooks, discover cool springs and pools brimming with rain! God-traveled, these roads curve up the mountain, and at the last turn—Zion! God in full view! (The Message)

I love this way of seeing a pilgrimage in Psalm 84. It is the lives intertwined with ours that become the roads we travel! The journey is much deeper than geography, maps, or even the quiet evening walk. The people God sends our way become the pathway toward the journey's end—God in full view. We cannot fool ourselves that we can make the trip solo.

I've made three different pilgrimages to Canterbury Cathedral in 1979, 1999, and 2003. The third time I stayed on the grounds in the Canterbury Cathedral Lodge located immediately next to the Cathedral. What joy. To hear the bells summoning me to worship three times a day. To walk through the Canterbury Gate and explore the city. To see the Cathedral lit up at night and to reflect on 1400 years



Photo: Christian Basel



“If you fail to be yourself a light goes out on the Earth, a bright light that only you can give ... God does not want you to be a copy of another person.”

DAVID ADAM IN *THE AWESOME JOURNEY*

of mission and worship. To deeply and lovingly appreciate the ‘Mother Church’ of the worldwide Anglican Communion and seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Pilgrimages can be doorways to the eternal, the everlasting, the divine. And the people on the way can be doorways and pathways to God.

Come Holy Spirit and wound us and make us whole.

Come Holy Spirit and smite us and give us peace.

In your hands we rest, in the cup of whose hands an ark sailed rudderless and without mast.

In your hands we rest, and own a providence as large as sea and sky that could make of the aimless wandering of the ark a new beginning for the world.

In your hands we rest, ready and content this night.

To see thee is the end and the beginning. Thou carriest me and thou goest before.

Thou art the journey and the journey’s end.

(Anonymous prayer Come Holy Spirit, quoted by Alan Jones)

*William Coyne
Missioner for Returning Congregations
Priest-in-Charge, East Cooper Episcopal Church*



DECISIONS ALONG THE WAY:

Judge J. Waties Waring in his own words

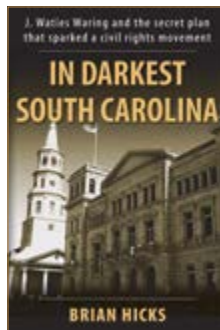
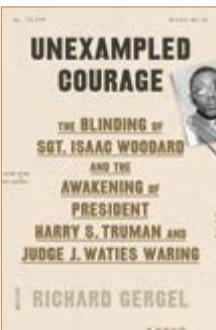


“The whole thing worried me a great deal, and I knew the thing was coming to a showdown someday, and probably was coming in my state. The question arose as to whether I should dodge it or meet it.”

-1946

“There’s a terrible feeling in this state about the racial matter... and this case is going to bring it to a head...We may have to pay a heavy penalty. I don’t know what will happen...I haven’t got to take this case, it isn’t mandatory. I think it’s my duty...”

-1947



“Taking the whole thing in balance, I think I’m enormously fortunate, because you don’t often in life have an opportunity to do something that you think is really good . . . I think a great stroke of fortune came down my alley . . . The other penalties don’t amount to anything. They’re offset by what I think is really an important contribution to the history of our country.”

-From an oral history later in life



BISHOP GUERRY IN CANTERBURY JULY 2018

Please know that all of you journeyed with us and were present in our thoughts and hearts on our pilgrimage to the Mother Church. Our Canterbury experience was deeply moving and filled with gracious serendipities.

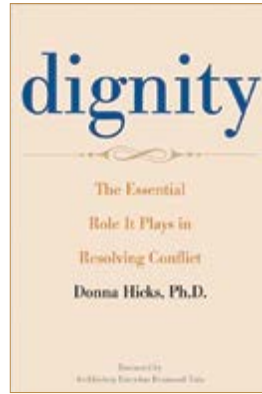
During the main service on Sunday, which happened to be the last day for the graduating members of the Boys' Choir, the Canon Treasurer preached his final sermon and celebrated the Eucharist before leaving Canterbury to take the reins as the new Dean of Salisbury. The Reverend Canon Nick Papadopolus urged the gathered faithful to "just be yourself," acknowledging how fraught such a challenge can be, with myriad human reasons for resistance. From the pulpit in Canterbury, he then told the story of our own Bishop Guerry, and also included "Blessed William" in the Eucharistic Prayer at the altar. It felt so fitting that Bishop Guerry, himself a descendant of Huguenots, has been recognized in such a place. Huguenots fleeing persecution began to find refuge in Canterbury in the 16th century, and an informal 'temporary' agreement still exists since that time, allowing for services in French to take place in the Cathedral every Sunday afternoon.

Our last night in Canterbury, Dean Robert Willis and Fletcher Banner led us on a candlelit tour. It was a taste of the fullness of eternity as we experienced more than we could have possibly asked for or imagined. We walked the steps of Thomas Becket to the very site where he was slain. We stood over the memorial in the nave and heard the story of the brave fire watchers during WWII, townspeople of Canterbury, many of whom had served in WWI, who perched themselves on the roof and immediately doused the falling incendiaries while bombs fell on Canterbury. Their selfless and heroic efforts saved the Cathedral. We walked the steps trod by untold numbers of pilgrims to the lone candle remembering Becket, his tomb and shrine having been plundered during the Reformation. We ascended once again to the Chapel of Modern Martyrs above the throne of St. Augustine and prayed at the altar



*“We can face the
truth about who we
are: that we are born
worthy and will die
worthy, no matter
what happens or
what we do
in between.”*

DONNA HICKS
IN *DIGNITY*



before the icon of Bishop Guerry, our own patron saint and martyr. Through it all, Dean Robert gracefully wove a tapestry of tales of countless servants of Christ connected to Canterbury, either in body or spirit, who have given so sacrificially of themselves. By so doing, he reminded us of our own calling as followers of Christ.

Canterbury is where we appropriately remember that only God is great but we are deeply loved by God—and called to love deeply.

In the words of Archbishop William Temple, who was at the Cathedral during the bombing:

“We could not seek union if we did not already possess unity. Those who have nothing in common do not deplore their estrangement.”

“It is not we who can heal the wounds of Christ’s body...It is only by coming closer to Him that we can come nearer to one another.”

*Calhoun Walpole
Grace Church Cathedral, Charleston
The Episcopal Church in South Carolina*



A CANTERBURY TALE TO REMEMBER

What a glorious service we were privileged to be part of at Canterbury Cathedral on July 13, 2018. Special liturgical touches for me included processing through the Quire to the lectern to read a lesson at the service of Choral Evensong. I was pleased to find myself accompanied by our very own Grace Verger Jim Hutchisson. The Canterbury Cathedral Choir sang an inspirational Spiritual as their anthem. ‘Steal Away’ was the perfect musical prescription for this perfect day.

The service commemorated the 90th anniversary of Bishop Guerry’s martyrdom. The moving ceremony would culminate with acolytes, choir, clergy (including Callie and Caleb) and congregants processing to the ‘Chapel of the Saints and Martyrs of Our Time’, rising up past the high altar and the iconic Chair of St Augustine. Many of the local faithful along with visitors to the cathedral joined in the procession to recognize Bishop Guerry’s witness. To see a row lined with Grace Church

Cathedral representatives made today even more meaningful. The Dean of Canterbury, Robert Willis, invited Callie to read a selection from our blessed hero’s writings. Dean Willis called on me to pray the Collect for Bishop Guerry, a prayer composed some years earlier in honor of our martyred bishop. A hymn, ‘The Martyr’s Song’ specially written for today’s occasion echoed throughout the historic building that was first begun not long after Pope Gregory sent Augustine to these parts in the late 6th century. Timeless. As Anglican Christians having so many connections with this special place whether through faith or family, prayer or posterity, the term ‘Mother Church’ brought with it special meaning for me today.

I was reminded of the words of St. Gregory, uttered anew by the 100th Archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsey, in the last century in this very cathedral as he addressed a worldwide Anglican gathering:

“Non pro locis res, sed pro bonis rebus loca amanda sunt.”





Photo: Michael Wright

“Things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things”.

My friends, the life, witness and faithfulness of William Alexander Guerry is a very good thing!

As I reflect on the observance in Canterbury, I become aware that it represents the fruition of a pilgrimage begun almost a decade ago when three of the Grace family journeyed to Guerry’s grave

in the churchyard of St Philip’s in Charleston and there vowed to proclaim anew his story of racial justice bought with a price. Being present at such an uplifting service of prayer and praise felt nothing short of miraculous.

Thanks be to God.

*J Michael A Wright
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston*



THE MARTYR'S SONG

Written in thanksgiving for the life and witness of
WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUERRY Bishop, Reformer, Martyr (1861-1928)

The first system of the musical score is in 2/2 time. The treble clef staff contains the melody, and the bass clef staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: The Hate's The Mar-tyr's song still rag-ing ways live Shep-herd's wit-ness sings on lives ev-ery day, ev-ery night, ev-ery day, ev-ery night, ev-ery day, The Hate's The

5

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: Mar-tyr's song still rag-ing ways live Shep-herd's wit-ness sings on lives ev-ery day, ev-ery night, day. The Hate's The Mar-tyr's song still rag-ing ways live Shep-herd's wit-ness

10

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: sings as on and lives in heav'n with ec-kill the pro-phet's all who dare ec-ho rings. So song. Will for-give, Like none will miss the we not right the One who long a-sound of that wrong with our go sent from

15

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: song ev-ery day, So song ev-ery day? Will heav'n did come down, Now none will miss the we not right that wears the mar-tyr's crown ev-ery sound of that wrong with our song? day.

Text: J. M. A. Wright 2018

Tune: Wondrous Love from The Southern Harmony, 1835



THE CONVERGING SPIRIT

The Spirit arrived with the others on a warm summer day in front of the tall Celtic cross that hovered over the old graves in the churchyard. It was noon, the same time as the violent firing of the pistol shot that killed the patriarch of the family whose body was lying there at the foot of the cross surrounded beneath the ground by the bodies of his children and their mother. The all knowing Spirit hovered in the warm air, darting in and out of the shading limbs of the strong oak trees that were covering the place where they were standing. The intensity of the calm and quiet was deafening at first, undisturbed by the world. The Spirit brought them there that day to join everything else in creation to remember.

The Spirit moved closer and led them to light three candles and to place them at the base of the cross...representing the triune Godhead, and within them, truth, love, and unity. Peace settled over the place where they stood. Prayers were offered remembering the greatness and the sacrifice of the patriarch whose body lay beneath the ground in front of them. There was a time of silence while they contemplated the enormity of the meaning of it all.

The Spirit then told them that it was time for the events that they remembered on this day to become a part of the river of truth where all things converge. The Spirit then revealed that the time had come for the truth of these events to join the eternal flow of the great river, the one with the strong oaks growing all along its banks where the trees and the people under them are nurtured every day by the ever emerging truth as it passes on its way to converge with all creation in the eternal sea.

*Thomas Tisdale
Grace Church Cathedral
Charleston
Chancellor, The Episcopal Church in South Carolina*

Note: This event took place back on June 9th, 2009, at the grave of Bishop Guerry in St Philip's churchyard in Charleston on the 80th anniversary of the Bishop's death.



An impressionistic painting of a landscape. The top portion is a bright blue sky with soft, blended brushstrokes. Below the sky, there are green and brown trees and foliage, also rendered with visible, expressive brushwork. A light-colored path or road winds through the scene, leading from the foreground towards the background. The overall style is soft and painterly, with a focus on color and light rather than sharp detail.

A COLLECT FOR CAROLINA GRACE

God of Grace and Glory, be present with us to guide and nurture, to comfort and instruct. May the words contained herein continue to feed us as they themselves have been the product of your sustaining presence in the lives of your faithful people. This we pray in the name of the author and finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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