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*The monastery of Simonopetra and its aqueduct on Mount Athos.  
Photograph by Lewis Wright. See Mount Athos: An Anglican Perspective.*

FROM THE EDITOR



**I**N A MEMORABLE 1931 ESSAY entitled *English Catholicism: An Explanation of the Principles and Aims of the Anglican Society*, C.B. Moss wrote, “We of the Anglican Society stand, first of all, for the Catholic Religion. We are Catholics, not only in the strict sense, in which all members of the Church of England are Catholics, but also in the popular [...] sense. We accept the Creeds, we obey the laws, we use the sacraments, of the Church Universal, and of the Anglican Communion in particular. We are trying to live the Catholic life as it is everywhere understood.”

All agree that the lay of the ecclesiastical land has changed considerably since Moss laid out those brief descriptions of the principles subscribed to by members of the Anglican Society. (Members of the Anglican Society today subscribe in different words “to promote the Catholic doctrine, discipline and worship of the Episcopal Church according to the principles and contents of the Book of Common Prayer.” This is not far away at all from the spirit of Moss.)

The Anglican Society continues to urge on the wider Episcopal Church what has generally been called Prayer Book Catholicism: the conviction that the Book of Common Prayer can and does lead us to Jesus Christ and to the worship of the Holy Trinity—that it is a more than sufficient guide to a Catholic Christian life of prayer and praise.

Through the annual William Reed Huntington Sermon as well as periodic series of lectures, and through the quarterly pages of THE ANGLICAN, this distinct vision of Christian life and thought is presented to a wide reading, worshipping and listening audience. Since 1999, the ministry of the Society has also included an internet presence (<http://anglicansociety.org>) through which its aims and publications may be more widely known. Beginning with this issue, and thanks to the capable assistance of the Reverend Dirk Reinken, Recording Secretary of the Society’s Executive

Committee, our website will feature more regular updates and information, much of it related to the topics covered in each issue of THE ANGLICAN. This means a wonderful and significant opportunity to learn in greater depth about the figures, books, ideas and events brought to our attention regularly on these pages. Other publications, like *National Geographic* and *The New York Times*, make extensive use of connections between their print publications and further information online, and in their cases this has proved a fruitful and interesting way of integrating published articles with the wide array of related material available through the internet. As time allows, back issues of THE ANGLICAN will hopefully appear online as well.

In the coming year, which marks the 400th anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Lancelot Andrewes, each issue of THE ANGLICAN will include an essay on Andrewes by a modern scholar. Future issues will also, at the encouragement of the Executive Committee, include a number of book reviews as well as interviews with individuals who have noteworthy perspectives on Anglican faith and life. The January issue will feature September’s Huntington Sermon, delivered this year by the Reverend Professor Walter Bouman.

**T**HIS MARKS my first issue as Editor of THE ANGLICAN, a post which I was honored and very happy to accept over the summer. Fr. Austin has left big shoes to fill during his eight distinguished years as Editor, and I could not have had a more encouraging, gracious and helpful predecessor to smooth the way as I have begun to learn the ropes. During a recent meeting, the Executive Committee expressed their gratitude to Fr. Austin for his years of service, and wished him all the best in his new ministry as Professor of Religious Studies at Mount Aloysius College in Cresson, Pennsylvania. I wish to second that gratitude for a long tenure during which consistent standards of editorial quality and interesting content all came together on a quarterly basis to provide some of the reading material I looked forward to most.

If you enjoy THE ANGLICAN, please consider offering a friend a gift subscription for the coming year. Experience shows that gift subscriptions frequently turn into independent subscriptions. Our subscription rates are among the lowest of any publication in the Episcopal Church, and a growth in subscriptions means a growth in the number of readers, a growth in the membership of the Anglican Society, and, hopefully, an increase in appreciation for its worthy, time-honored ideals.

RICHARD JAMES MAMMANA JR.

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Address manuscript enquiries to the Editor at [rjm45@columbia.edu](mailto:rjm45@columbia.edu)

Send subscriptions and donations to the Treasurer, the Rev’d Canon Jonathan L. King, 257 Franklin Ave., Wyckoff, NJ 07481.

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## The Transfiguration and Dual Citizenship

by J. Robert Wright

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RECENTLY I WAS ASKED to offer some reflections on the feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, and why that feast has such importance for us even today. I thought I would share them.

The Gospel accounts tell us that our Lord took Peter, James, and John—his ‘inner circle’ of disciples, so to speak—up the mountain with him, and there he was transfigured before their eyes. His face shone like the sun. His raiment was white as the light. Then Moses and Elijah appeared and talked with him: two of the key figures from the Old Testament. Why were they there? In the tradition of the church they have been commonly understood to represent the two great ways of the Hebrew scriptures which our Lord came to fulfil: Moses, usually depicted with book in hand, indicating the Law, and Elijah, usually depicted with long hair, signifying the Prophets. Both Moses and Elijah had themselves received revelations of the character of God on a mountain-top. Moses, for example, had seen the glory of the Lord on Mount Sinai, as the book of Exodus tells us, and at that time his face had shone, transfigured by the experience. We therefore often see the head of Moses glowing with rays of light in Christian art, like the horned Moses by Michelangelo or such as the “flashlights” that can be seen sprouting out of Moses’ head in certain windows in the General Seminary Chapel.

In the New Testament account of the Transfiguration, Moses and Elijah are over-shadowed in a cloud: the old order is passing away, and Jesus is left alone with his three disciples. The messianic hope of people in Old Testament times had looked for a prophet that was to come. In our Lord that hope was realized, and in the Transfiguration this belief is proclaimed. So it is that in the account of the Transfiguration we hear the same words spoken from heaven of Jesus, that had revealed him as the Messiah at the time of his baptism: “this is my beloved son. Listen to him.” Here is God’s testimony of Jesus’ divine sonship. The Law and the Prophets are fulfilled, the Resurrection and Ascension are foretold.

So the biblical account of the Transfiguration summarizes (as it were) in one episode the Old Testament witness to our Lord, the light of his divine presence, and the anticipation of his future glory. But perhaps more important for us today, the meaning of this mountaintop experience turns our attention to three areas of critical importance.

First our attention is called to the nature and person of our Lord Jesus Christ as both God and man. Of all the errors or misunderstandings that can undermine our belief in the Gospel and our determination to lead fully Christian lives, those errors concerning the nature and person of our Lord are the most serious. There are some who are prepared to dismiss as irrelevant the question whether Jesus of Nazareth ever existed at all. Others, while conceding his historicity, maintain that nothing can be known for certain about the manner of human he was, or about his words or works. In both these cases, the error or misunderstanding takes the guise either of a conservative fundamentalism or of a trendy liberalism, in either case based much more directly upon the political disposition of the individual concerned than upon any considerations even remotely stemming from a study and belief in the Christian Gospel. Some, especially of the former camp, modern-day Docetics in their conservatism, would even deny that he really was human, while others of the latter persuasion, more like Arians, would deny that he was truly God, in both cases contradicting the twofold assertion of the Chalcedonian definition of faith that has recently been reaffirmed by the Episcopal Church’s decision to include it within the 1979 Book of Common Prayer (p. 864). The narrative accounts of the Transfiguration, by contrast to these misunderstandings, give us a quite definite description of the person who took Peter and James and John up to the high mountain. Here was a person whom they knew in daily human friendship, and yet there was something essentially different about him. He was more than just their political leader. He was proclaimed in glory before them, there on the mountaintop, in imagery that caused the Gospel authors to write the accounts that survive and that even now confront us, and that compel us to reckon with them, and not merely dismiss them. Here, transfigured before human eyes, was the personal fulfillment of the Law and the Prophets, Jesus as successor indeed to Moses and Elijah and yet with a difference that can not be fully explained by rational or reductionistic exegesis. Here in the Gospel record midway between our Lord’s baptism and his passion, God chose to give the disciples a vision of the divinity breaking through the humanity of Jesus. No one who confronts the Transfiguration as recorded in the Gospels can escape the affirmation that Jesus was truly divine as well as fully human. No one can believe this account or read the Old Testament and deny that God often chooses to reveal himself on the high places, in mountaintop experiences that illuminate and give ultimate and divine meaning to the humdrum and commonplace of everyday existence. It was so with our Lord, it was so in a derivative way

with the mountaintop experience of Martin Luther King Jr., and so can it likewise be with us

A second important affirmation is closely connected with the first. Many scholars, past and present, have treated the Transfiguration story with the so-called “hermeneutic of suspicion,” regarding it either as a misplaced resurrection account or as a legendary product of later Christian piety, allowing, at the most, that there may have been about Jesus, generated by his ecstasy in prayer, some vaguely luminous glow. But the scriptural account, if we only listen to it, is speaking of more than a luminous glow.

Like an icon, or signpost, or window into eternity, the Transfiguration attests the reality of another world or, perhaps better put, of another vision or realm of existence, in addition to the world of space and time and sense perception in which God wills that we normally live. It is true, there are times when many of us are tempted to conclude that only this earthly existence apprehended by the senses is real, that there is nothing else, and thus implicitly to deny the calling and even the reality of the heavenly city that alone gives a satisfactory Christian meaning and message to the earthly city. But the witness of the Transfiguration is a corrective to such temptations, a reminder that the totality of scripture and of Church

history incorporate both these dimensions in a vital tension and interlocking unity. Those who would deny that Jesus was and is God as well as human, in their enthusiasm for this earthly city, tend to forget that this present world is most impartially and most effectively served by those who have a vision of the heavenly city, of the world to come, a vision of the Christian future such as the Transfiguration presents. All our social ministry, all our ethical and moral decisions both individual and corporate, all the church’s humanward activity, would otherwise have no trans-personal or impartial basis any different from the United Nations or a graduate school of social work. Created humanity is obviously important to the Christian; of course this material world matters, and we must never like Gnostics seek to escape from it. But in Christian faith we approach this world by a vision of God, certainly known within this world of history but also existing independent of this world, which we confess in the Creed to be created by “the maker of heaven and earth, of all that is, seen and unseen.” the central Christian doctrine of the incarnation insists not only that these two worlds or cities or spheres of existence both exist but also that

they must not be seen as entirely separated from each other even in the midst of this human life. The Transfiguration is the seal of their intermingling, of their interlocking relationship. At General Seminary this vital interrelationship, this balance, between earthly reality and heavenly vision is stated on the front steps of the Chapel where we read from the Book of Revelation: “blessed are they that enter in through the gates into the city.” St. Augustine so said it well: “two cities have been formed by two loves: the earthly by the love of self even to the contempt of God, the heavenly by the love of God even to the contempt of self.... In the former, the princes

and the nations are ruled by the love of ruling; in the other, the princes and the subjects serve one another in love . . . And in this present age these two cities are mixed and inter-related as to their origins, courses, and ultimate destinies.” (*The City of God*, book xiv.28)

There is a final point. The Transfiguration sets before us the vision of God as the central moment of our Lord’s earthly life, midway in the Gospel between his Baptism and the narrative of his Passion. It gives us already a glimpse of the vision that lies ahead, and it pulls us on. When it is read at the beginning of Lent it lets us see the top of the mountain just before we start the climbing. With a rich complexity of symbolism and allegory, the Transfiguration reminds us that the whole Gospel, from beginning to end, from Baptism to Resurrection, can be read and understood as one great vision of God

in Christ. To see God, and to see him in Christ.

**B**UT HOW TO SEE HIM? Jesus went up on the mountain to pray, to withdraw himself from the insistent demands of everyday life in order to prepare himself and his three disciples for the suffering and glory that lay ahead. Today there is little danger that we shall succumb to the temptation to stay up there with him, for today most of his followers, women and men of the new millennium like you and me, are more likely to be found at the foot of the mountain, trying to meet the world’s problems and sins with everything except prayer. We must therefore learn how to alternate the journey of our lives between involvement and detachment, how to let each feed the other. This, I submit, is how many great figures throughout Christian history such as Martin Luther King Junior, but beginning with Jesus himself at his Transfiguration, were changed into citizens of two worlds. And so can we be, by the vision of that same light that shines ahead of us, just up the road, from where we are now.



PSAL, LXXXIX.  
Beatus populus qui fecit iubilationem.

# Regrets Only: A Theology of Remorse

by David Hein

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MODERN AMERICANS, it is often said, have little awareness of the tragic dimension of human existence. In traditional theological terms, Christians—even conservative evangelicals—no longer possess a deep existential consciousness of the sinfulness of the human condition and therefore of their need for redemption by a deliverer beyond themselves. Today we are all—in the terminology of the American philosopher-psychologist William James—“healthy-minded”: hence the difficulty that religions of “the twice-born sick soul” have in evangelizing. How to convince people of their need for release from bondage when they have no awareness of being slaves to sin? Americans are a Pelagian people: free—and capable of taking care of themselves.

But even the fellow who proudly proclaims in a well-known song that he has done it “my way” acknowledges “regrets, I’ve had a few.” Indeed, only a morally blinkered individual could arrive at the end of his or her life and declare, in any meaningful sense, “I wouldn’t change a thing!” Moderns may lack a deep consciousness of sin, but remorse is something else. In *The Screwtape Letters*, a senior devil in hell encourages a junior tempter by assuring him that a human being may be brought low, “so that at last he may say, as one of my own patients said on his arrival down here, ‘I now see that I spent most of my life in doing *neither* what I ought *nor* what I liked.’” Who can read this sentence without pausing anxiously to wonder how much of that shock of recognition might appropriately be shared?

All of us know of occasions when, often with the best of intentions or more likely out of decidedly mixed motives, we harmed others or betrayed ourselves. Somehow we missed the mark—and so lost an important chance at realizing our own humanity. We failed our friends or let down members of our own family. We acted in haste and—too true!—now find ourselves repenting at leisure. Or, failing to heed the poet Robert Herrick’s warning, we neglected to gather rosebuds while we could, and now we’re so sorry we didn’t while we had the chance. We made choices, and they turned out badly.

How we wish that, to paraphrase Milan Kundera in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, we might have had some opportunity to rehearse before venturing out on the stage of life, at least a bit of rehearsal for the most important scenes. After the fact, we gain 20-20 retrospective vision. Now we see all too clearly our failures, our misdeeds, our mistakes—all right: our sins—both of commission and of omission. And often we feel, if not pure contrition, then real remorse. We look back months or years afterwards and can recognize where we went wrong. Now we can perceive the roles played by those interfering demons of vanity, impatience, insecurity, or sheer heedlessness.

Or we might, at the end, have only a vague sense of having missed the mark and no more than a dim perception of where we went wrong. Leo Tolstoy’s character Ivan Ilych didn’t waste time; he worked hard. He lived a well-balanced life; he enjoyed both professional success and personal pleasure. And yet, when Ivan Ilych is dying, he wonders if he had truly lived well. “Maybe,” he says, “I did not live as I ought to have done.” But then he asks how that can be, when he has done everything society told him he ought to do in order to achieve happiness.

AS WE REMEMBER poor decisions and missed opportunities, our awareness of the relentless passage of time deepens our sense of sorrow and regret. We may feel, in Austin Farrer’s words, “overtaken by time, and by remorse”; and this gnawing sense, Farrer knew, “is a pattern of damnation . . . a hell on earth.” Indeed, “remorse” comes from the Latin *mordere* (the same verb from which the English noun “morsel” is derived), with the prefix *re* added: *remordere*: to bite again, to torment.

In ordinary English usage, the bite of “remorse” is wide: its meaning not only incorporates penitence for sin but also takes in, somewhat more generally, self-reproach and deep regret over wrong. In his sonnet “Remorse,” included in the famous collection *Counter-Attack and Other Poems* (1918), Siegfried Sassoon depicts the horrors of combat, the ferocious bayoneting of screaming Germans. The English soldier he describes is only doing his duty; there’s nothing to confess—and yet there’s so much to feel bitter regret about: actions he wouldn’t want to disclose to his father, who is “sitting safe at home.”

Similarly, a German soldier in the First World War, Ernst Juenger, writes in his memoir *Storm of Steel* about killing a young British soldier, who was, he says, “little more than a boy.” Juenger tells us: “I forced myself to look closely at him. It wasn’t a case of ‘you or me’ any more. I often thought back on him; and more with the passing of the years. The state, which relieves us of our responsibility, cannot take away our remorse. . . . Sorrow, regret, pursued me deep into my dreams.”

In the New Testament, both the best and the worst disciples suffer remorse. Peter followed his Master up to a point. But then Jesus is arrested, and to acknowledge being a member of his band could cost a person his life. Accosted by a servant-girl who tells

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*David Hein is Professor of Religion and Philosophy at Hood College in Frederick, Maryland. He is coeditor with E. H. Henderson of Captured by the Crucified: The Practical Theology of Austin Farrer (T&T Clark, 2004). He may be reached at hein@hood.edu. An earlier version of this article appeared in The Anglican Digest, from which it is reprinted with permission.*



Professor Hein

him, “You were with Jesus the Galilean,” Peter replies, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” And who among us would not have tried a similar verbal tactic to fend off this nuisance? Set upon by others in Caiaphas’s courtyard, Peter vehemently denies ever knowing Jesus. If his answers satisfy his accusers, they

bring him no peace: “he went outside, and wept bitterly” (Matt. 26:69-75).

bring him no peace: “he went outside, and wept bitterly” (Matt. 26:69-75).  
morning.  
From a surprising place in our lexicon, we receive a reply to our question about a cure: the suggestion of an answer lies on the other side of our word “remorse.” A second, largely abandoned meaning of “remorse” is pity, compassion—a meaning still apparent in the adjective “remorseless.” John Milton uses “remorse” in this sense in Book V of *Paradise Lost*, when the archangel Raphael asks Adam,

... [H]ow shall I relate  
To human sense the invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits? how, without remorse,  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And perfect while they stood?

Reconciled to God and to the heart of life itself through the compassion of Christ, we nevertheless do not have remitted to us, Austin Farrer points out, all the costs of our reconciliation. But “Christ’s initiative,” he says, “sets us in motion. He took us, and associated us with his divine life.” Patient of Christ, we love because God first loved us. The pain of remorse is not easily removed; but, cauterized and transfigured, it can drive us to greater sympathy with and love for others. In Charles Williams’s novel *All Hallows’ Eve*, a young woman, Lester Furnival, dead after a plane crash and temporarily resident in a shadowy world that resembles purgatory, experiences remorse as earnest regret: she sees how in her earthly life she had been proud and selfish, unkind and unhelpful particularly toward a classmate named Betty. Passing through this remorse, she embraces the second, higher remorse; Lester willingly suffers in Betty’s stead.

As in much else, so also in our consideration of this topic, a remarkable preacher, the man known to generations as Robertson of Brighton, has sound counsel to offer. Through his published sermons, this incumbent of Trinity Chapel in Brighton, England, became famous following his death in 1853 at age 37. In one of these sermons, Frederick W. Robertson speaks wisely of remorse:

Bad as the results have been in the world of making light of sin, those of brooding over it too much have been worse. Remorse has done more harm than even hardihood. It was remorse which fixed Judas in an unalterable destiny ...; it is remorse which so remembers bygone faults as to paralyze the energies for doing Christ’s work; for when you break a Christian’s spirit, it is all over with progress... You remember how Christ treated sin. Sin of oppression and hypocrisy indignantly, but sin of frailty—“Hath no man condemned thee? ‘No man, Lord.’ ‘Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.’” As if He would bid us think more of what we may be than of what we have been.

bring him no peace: “he went outside, and wept bitterly” (Matt. 26:69-75).

And of course there’s Judas. Whether corrupted by venality or merely disappointed that his captain has turned out to be a pacifist, he comes across as a miserable wretch whom it is easy to despise. Even if by some logic now obscure he thought he was doing the right thing in handing over Jesus to the police, Judas is a collaborator who sells out an innocent man. If he gains a measure of our sympathy, it comes at the end of his life, when he has second thoughts about his second thoughts: “When Judas the traitor saw that Jesus had been condemned, he was seized with remorse” (Matt. 27:3). In the temple, before the chief priests and elders, he throws down the thirty silver pieces; then he goes away and hangs himself.

What is the cure for remorse, or can its torment only be palliated? The nineteenth-century poet Emily Dickinson believed she knew the answer to this question:

Remorse is cureless,—the disease  
Not even God can heal.

And we would be wise to refrain from glibly offering our Christian denials of what she alleges.

Our hope, however, lies in this: In the mysterious event of the Cross, Jesus takes on not only our sins but sin itself: all that estranges us from God and from our own true selves. The burden that Christ bears includes all those occasions of remorse, from the most trivial to the most painful and humiliating, which work us woe. Once for all (Heb. 7:27), the dead tissue of remorse is cauterized on Calvary; new life rises transfigured on Easter

# ANGLICAN TRAVELOGUES

## Mount Athos: An Anglican Perspective

by Lewis Wright

**M**OUNT ATHOS PENINSULA in northern Greece has fascinated many armchair travelers. Relatively few, however, actually make the journey or pilgrimage there.

Lore and legends of the mountain go back many centuries. Approximately fifty miles in length, five to seven miles in width, and almost seven thousand feet high, it is a rocky peninsula projecting into the northern Aegean Sea. In mythology it was the home of the ancient Greek gods before they moved to Mount Olympus. Athos, the son of Poseidon, is said to have hurled this giant rock at his father, and it has remained where it fell into the sea. Dinocrates, an architect and contemporary of Alexander the Great, proposed that the mountain of marble and limestone be carved into a likeness of Alexander. He declined and awarded the architect the commission of planning the city of Alexandria.

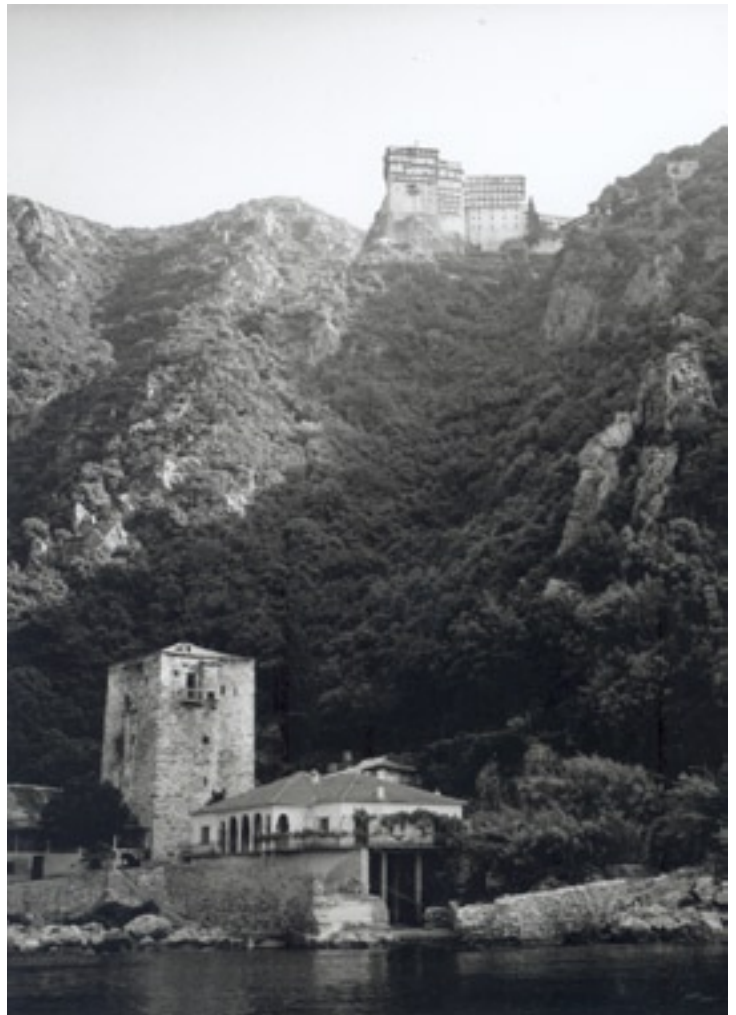
The monks believe that the Virgin Mary visited the mountain in the first century after the death of Christ and proclaimed it as her own. Little is known of settlements on the mountain over the next few centuries. Christian monks were settling there by the ninth century. Peter the Athonite, a hermit, was perhaps the first. Athanasios the Athonite, an orphan and scholar from Constantinople, founded the first organized monastery. The Great Lavra opened in 963 with about sixty monks. It was given a royal charter and remains one of the largest and strongest of the monasteries. There has never been a major fire in the monastery, and several of the buildings, including the church, are original. Both these saints are greatly revered on the mountain and frequently depicted in icons.

At one time there were about forty major monasteries. Twenty continue today and the most recent one was founded in the mid-sixteenth century. In addition to the monasteries are smaller monastic communities known as *sketes*. These might be compared with priories of the western church. Each skete has its own leader or prior, but remains under the jurisdiction of the parent monastery. *Kellia* are even smaller monastic communities where several monks live and worship together with the permission of the abbot. Hermits are also scattered throughout the mountain, especially in the forests and caves around the tip of the peninsula.

Since 1046 the monastic enclave, which today might be regarded as semi-autonomous and under the protectorate of Greece, has been governed by a council composed of one monk from each of the monasteries. They live and serve in the capital town of Karyes, which is about mid-way down the peninsula. Some monks proudly proclaim that in view of this form of governance they are the world's oldest democracy. It was about this time, in the middle of the eleventh century, that it was decided to prohibit women from

visiting the mountain.

Following the devastations of the Fourth Crusade in 1204, attempts were made to reunite the eastern and western churches and to impose the Latin rite on the monasteries. This proposal was bitterly opposed. Following the Turkish conquests of Thessaloniki in 1430 and Constantinople in 1435, the mountain came under Turkish control for almost five hundred years. Careful negotiations between the monks and their conquerors averted possible disaster.



*The monastery and fortified port (arsanas) of the Monastery of Simonopetra, photographed by the author. Lewis Wright is a retired neurological surgeon living in Midlothian, Virginia.*

Following the liberation of northern Greece in 1920, the peninsula became part of Greece.

The monasteries were originally founded as traditional *cenobia*, in which the monks lived in community, owned no personal property, shared work, and met daily for services and meals. In the late Byzantine period the number of monks on the mountain decreased to such a low level that a new system was tried—the *idiorrhhythmic* system. Many of the monasteries chose to try this form. Under this scheme monks lived individually or in small groups in quarters owned by the monasteries. They were allowed possessions. They worshiped and ate privately in their quarters and met as a community for services and meals only on major feast days. By 1990 all the monasteries had returned to the *cenobitic* form, although several sketes are still *idiorrhhythmic*.

The Reverend John Covel, in 1677, was the first Englishman to record his visit.<sup>1</sup> An Anglican priest, he had been the chaplain to the English ambassador in Constantinople. He stayed about a week on the mountain, making notes on the architecture and the monastic life at several of the monasteries. He commented on the heavy taxes on the monasteries under Ottoman rule and on the fact that piracy was still a threat to their existence.

Edward Lear, the English writer and artist, spent several weeks there in 1856.<sup>2</sup> He was inspired by the natural scenery, which he portrayed in a series of exceptionally fine paintings and drawings. Less impressed by the spiritual scene, he wrote a friend, “. . . these muttering, miserable, mutton-hating, man-avoiding, misogynic, morose & merriment-marring, monotoning, many-mule making, mocking, mournful, minced-fish and marmalade masticating Monx . . . but it is not them, it is their system I rail at.”

Another Englishman, Athelstan Riley, spent six weeks on the mountain in his mid-twenties, in 1883, and recorded his pilgrimage in some detail.<sup>3</sup> A devout Anglo-Catholic layman, he was accompanied by a friend, the Rev. Arthur Edwin Brisco Owen. Father Owen celebrated the Anglican Eucharist at the monasteries of Vatopedi and the Great Lavra with many of the monks in attendance. Such a gesture of good will would almost certainly not occur today.

It is of interest that the first account of Mount Athos by an American was written by a woman, the author Edith Wharton.<sup>4</sup> On holiday in 1888, she, her husband, and a friend chartered a steam yacht, the *Vanadis*, to explore the eastern Mediterranean and Aegean Seas. The men went ashore at the monastery of Iviron and in due course visited several other monasteries. Edith Wharton attempted to approach the monastery of Stavronikita by boat. She related that the monks “. . . clattered hurriedly down the hill to prevent my landing, and with their shocks of black hair and long woolen robes flying behind them they were a bold enough looking set to frighten any intruder away.” She recorded her observations

as the yacht steamed around the periphery of the mountain, as well as the impressions related by the men. Accounts of visits to the mountain have now been written in many languages by many authors.<sup>5</sup>

Russian monks came in large numbers to the mountain in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. By the time of the Russian Revolution their number was equal to the number of Greek monks there. Following this period the number of monks, both Greek and Russian, began to decrease and fell to alarmingly low levels. By the middle of the twentieth century many people felt that the mountain was destined to become a tourist resort. About 1970 this situation began to change. New monks began coming to the mountain from all over the world. Accurate figures are

not available, but several authorities estimate that about seven thousand monks lived on the mountain in the first part of the twentieth century, and that the figure today is about eighteen hundred.

The monastery of Simonopetra (Simon’s rock—founded in the mid-fourteenth century by a hermit named Simon, who began this monastery atop a large rocky pinnacle) is an example of this renewal. In past centuries it had been gutted by fire three times, most recently in 1891. It had reached the

point that the buildings were in poor repair, with only about half a dozen old monks in residence. They had not professed a new monk in more than twenty years. In 1972 Father Amilianos, the abbot of the Monastery of the Transfiguration at Meteora, felt that the increasing number of tourists visiting them made a true monastic vocation virtually impossible. This group moved into the nearly vacant Simonopetra. Buildings were repaired and new changes were initiated. In the past most monks had had little education and many were illiterate. Father Amilianos required that each novice have a university degree. With the installation of a water-driven generator at a nearby spring, it became the first monastery on the mountain to have full-time electricity. The number of monks steadily increased, necessitating enlargement of the monastery. Additional dependencies (*metochia*) were established in Greece and France. It is now an international community; several monks are from America.

For many years there was no formal limit on the number of men coming to the mountain. Getting there was difficult and only a few wished to venture there. Although Mount Athos is a peninsula, by long-standing tradition visitors arrive by boat at one of the monastery landings (*arsenas*) or at Daphne, the official port that is about midway the peninsula on the western coast. In the 1950s the road was completed to the village of Ouranoupolis, which is near the border of the restricted area. This construction was carried out in anticipation of the crowds of pilgrims expected to come in 1963 for the millennium celebration of the founding of the Great Lavra and of the mountain as a monastic community.





Regular boat service was established between Ouranoupolis and Daphne. Many visitors spend a night or two in inns of the village on the way to the mountain. However, the early bus from Thessaloniki arrives in time to connect with the daily boat. The distance from Thessaloniki to Ouranoupolis is about seventy-five miles.

In the 1950s and 1960s, which brought easier modes of travel, visitors began coming in increasing numbers. Among these were large numbers of young men from other European countries who seemed to have no serious purpose in mind. After obtaining free lodging and meals at the monasteries, they would frolic in the sea and hike along the scenic trails. By the 1970s it was considered essential to place a limit on visitors. Initially, Greek men were allowed to come whenever they pleased and non-Greeks were limited to ten a day. Under this system the number arriving each day was relatively small. In the 1990s, however, this was revised. Officially, at this time one hundred Orthodox men (of all nationalities) and ten non-Orthodox are admitted to the mountain each day. In most instances, the formal permit (*diamonitirion*) is issued for four days and three nights. Permits for a longer visit may sometimes be obtained with letters of recommendation from church or academic authorities.

As a young man, I was intrigued by the writings of Richard Halliburton, and it was from these that I first learned of the mountain.<sup>6</sup> Although he is little known today, in the first half of the twentieth century he was perhaps America's best-known writer of works of travel and adventure. In two of his books he describes his visit to Mount Athos. For years I had wanted to visit the mountain. I did not speak Greek, and friends I tried to persuade to accompany me had no interest. In the spring of 1987, however, a friend from Boston telephoned. A history professor, he had been awarded a Fulbright Fellowship that required research in some of the archives on the mountain. He invited me to accompany him. He was Orthodox and had visited Athos on several previous occasions. I needed no persuasion. This was to be the first of my five pilgrimages there.

The climate on Mount Athos is similar to that of the Middle Atlantic states. Summers are torrid and winters are cold and wet. Snow is common. Many of the same plants flourish in both climates. Travel on the mountain will probably involve, at least to some extent, the ancient trail system. In past centuries they were virtually the only reliable routes among the monasteries; visitors were sometimes provided with mules. The walking time between monasteries can vary from one hour to ten or more. Other modes of travel are now sometimes available. The daily boat from Ouranoupolis to Daphne stops at the landings (*arsenas*) of five monasteries during its two-hour trip. A smaller boat connects with it, stopping at the landings of communities on the west coast as far as the skete of Kapsokalavia, which is near the end of the mountain. Another small boat runs daily, weather permitting, from the village of Ierissos on the eastern coast to the *arsenas* of the Great Lavra. In recent years an unpaved road system has been established on parts of the mountain. This provided a route for some communities to sell their timber and also facilitated delivery of building supplies and equipment. Many monasteries now own one or more utility vehicles or small trucks, and sometimes rides can be arranged on these. Most follow no schedule, however.

On arrival at a monastery the pilgrim is welcomed by the guestmaster (*archontaris*). Refreshments are usually served at this juncture—a small glass of ouzo, a glass of water, a confection of

fruit juice known as *loukoumi*, or Turkish delight, and often a cup of coffee. The schedule of services and meals are explained and one is assigned sleeping accommodations for the night. They can vary from a single room to a communal dormitory for twenty or more. On most days services last between six and seven hours, beginning with matins before dawn, followed by the Divine Liturgy and concluding with vespers at the end of the day. On major feasts the services are much longer. Guests are usually invited to services, but are not required to attend. On half the days a single meal is served at mid-day; on the others two meals, morning and evening, are served. This is determined by feast days of varying importance. The menu is vegetarian and, on special occasions, fish, cheese and eggs might be included.

There is some variation among the monasteries in the welcome extended to non-Orthodox guests. Several monasteries forbid them to attend services in the church, and one or two will not allow them to eat in the refectory. With careful planning, however, these can be avoided. Since customs vary, the guest should observe quietly and enter into activities of the monastery only on invitation. For example, some monasteries invite non-Orthodox guests to venerate icons and relics; some do not.

Most monasteries are quite hospitable to their non-Orthodox guests, however. In the early morning hours the community is awakened for matins. Either one or a combination of signals may be used—the vigorous ringing of bells, the *simantron*, or a sharp rap on the guest room door. Shortly before each service a monk striking a wooden plank with a wooden mallet circles the church three times. The *simantron* (or *talanto*) is played with great style and resembles a military drum roll. The symbolism is wood and hammer—Noah and the ark—salvation for all creatures. Western Christians unfamiliar with Orthodox services often think it strange that one stands for all services. There are no pews. Around the walls of the church are standing stalls with arm rests and a small shelf in the back, which provide a bit of support during the long services. There are no musical instruments in the church except the small bells on the chains of the censer. Although the organ was developed in Greece, there are none on Mount Athos. Found only rarely in parish churches in Greece, they are of recent origin and considered controversial.

The first night I spent on Mount Athos was at the Great Lavra in 1987. Before falling asleep I reflected for a prolonged period that I was in a monastery that had recently celebrated the millennium of its founding. Very few institutions, or even nations, last for a millennium. Saint Athanasios the Athonite, who founded the monastery, related that shortly thereafter the supply of food and water was exhausted. In despair he went for a walk and encountered the Virgin Mary. Food and water were restored. Since that time she has been regarded as the “steward” of the monastery and the stall in the church customarily assigned the abbot is reserved for her. The abbot is given the title of “vice-steward.” The monks of the monastery and the mountain feel that they are under her special protection. Icons of Saint Athanasios are based on an image done in his lifetime. In the archives of the monastery is a sketch of him made in the late tenth century by one of the monks.

Many visitors travel with backpacks. Sturdy walking shoes and walking sticks are also useful on the trail. Bed linens are provided at each monastery, but a change of clothes, toilet articles, some dried or canned food, and camera supplies are often carried. Still cameras are permitted on the mountain, but any devices that record motion and sound are forbidden. It is customary to

request permission before photographing monks and the interiors of churches. It is often given. Short pants are not allowed on the mountain, and within monasteries it is customary to wear a long-sleeved shirt or jacket. Fresh water springs are numerous on the mountain, but a canteen or water bottle is useful, as springs are often two or three hours apart on the trails. No map of the trail system and recent unpaved roads is completely accurate. The one drawn and published by Reinhold Zwerger of Vienna is superior to the older ones. Copies of it can be obtained in bookshops in Thessaloniki and in Ouranopolis.

Gradually one learns more of the monastic life. The majority of the monks are lay brothers, but by tradition all are addressed as “father.” In speaking with a monk from England in 1988 I asked how they were aware of events in the outside world. He was prompt in his reply that many had battery-powered radios, and that one of their favorite programs was *The Voice of America*. At another monastery in 1990, the guestmaster from Australia had been especially welcoming to the half dozen or so guests. Among them was the president of an esteemed Roman Catholic university who pushed rather vigorously to be allowed to concelebrate the liturgy the next morning. From that time the guests were shunned by the monks until our departure the next day. At another monastery in 1998 a French-born monk and former Roman Catholic spent two hours with the two visiting Anglican laymen. After explaining the virtues and beliefs of the Orthodox Church, he began to relate recent events in the monastery. The liturgist was about ninety, physically infirm but mentally alert. He monitored services via radio in his cell. He had criticized the morning services that day. The feast had required forty-eight *kyries* and the officiants had used only forty-two.

One will often be asked, “What religion are you?” or “Are you Orthodox?” The affirmation that one is Anglican can lead to a variety of responses or often to none at all. In one of the more severe communities in 1987, where non-Orthodox are usually not allowed to enter the church, the guestmaster paused for a few moments and then replied, “That is a good church. You may enter.” At another monastery the same year the assistant guestmaster responded that he no longer respected the Anglican Church because of its position on the ordination of women and the lack of discipline of heretical bishops. Wondering if he could name some, I asked. The two he named, one American and one British, were the same two I would have recommended for this dubious honor. Several monks and laymen have been cognizant and appreciative of the kindness and generosity of the Episcopal Church in helping the Russian Orthodox Church become established in America.

On the mountain one occasionally encounters individuals who have been traditionally described as “touched by God.” At midnight in a corridor of the guest quarters in 1998, I noticed a solitary figure who was reading at a table under a dim light. He identified himself as a cellist from Romania and stated that in the past he had played in the Mexico City and San Francisco symphony orchestras. On learning that my traveling companion and I were Anglicans, he became vehement in his condemnation of the English Church because he felt the queen should not celebrate Mass. After a prolonged and gentlemanly conversation we failed to convince him otherwise. As we returned to our room he was still muttering, “Everyone knows the Queen says Mass. She is the head of the church and it is not right.”

In the past the mountain has often been called “the mountain of silence.” Sadly, at least for the present, this is

no longer true. During my first three visits between 1987 and 1990 the silence was deafening. Only a few people came to the mountain each day. From the time one boarded the small boat at Ouranopolis it was customary to speak in a muffled whisper. Unfortunately, within the next decade the small boat had been replaced by a much larger one. On each trip it often carries more than four hundred men—pilgrims, monks, and laborers—as well as a variety of vehicles and construction equipment. Whether the daily quota is being enforced is widely debated. With the larger crowds has come considerable noise, both within and outside the monasteries. In past years pilgrims often removed their back packs to rest in shade along the trail and fell into conversation with other visitors. Today they are likely to be on their cellular phones talking with family and friends all over the world. Pay telephones have been installed in the guest quarters of some of the monasteries or at their landings. An engineer from Paris who has made many pilgrimages to the mountain has described it aptly: “The gentle sounds and smells of the mountain—the *simantron*, the bells on the censer, and the faint aroma of incense—have been replaced with the roar of the bulldozer and the smell of diesel fuel.” One can but wonder what will happen when the current frenzy of building roads and restoring buildings is completed.

In 1990 Dr. Graham Speake of Oxford, England, was the leader in the formation of a society known as the Friends of Mount Athos. It includes Orthodox and non-Orthodox men and women. A number are Anglicans. Currently there are about seven hundred members throughout the world; two hundred or so live in North America. There is an annual meeting in England and a yearly journal; occasional notices are issued. Dr. Speake’s recently published book on the Holy Mountain has received enthusiastic reviews.<sup>7</sup>

Pilgrimages to Mount Athos must be planned weeks or months in advance. The procedure for securing a place on the daily quota list has been changed several times in recent years. Up-to-date information on these details can be found on the Friends of Mount Athos web site. The American Consulate in Thessaloniki has also been helpful in making arrangements for a visit.

No treatise can adequately describe Mount Athos. There is no comparable place. In relating a few personal experiences, some of them possibly humorous, no disrespect is intended. The five periods I spent on the mountain are among the most memorable events in my life.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> F. W. Hasluck, “The First English Traveller’s Account of Athos,” *The Annual of the British School at Athens*, no. 17, 1910-1911, 103-131.

<sup>2</sup> Vivien Noakes, *Edward Lear 1812-1886* (London: Royal Academy of Arts, 1985), 59, 108, 147-148.

<sup>3</sup> Athelstan Riley, *Athos, or The Mountain of the Monks* (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1887).

<sup>4</sup> Edith Wharton, *The Cruise of the Vanadis* (Amiens: Sterne, 1991), 97-107.

<sup>5</sup> Among the works in English: Constantine Cavarnos, *The Holy Mountain* (Belmont, Massachusetts: Institute for Byzantine and Modern Greek Studies, 1973); Michael Choukas, *Black Angels of Athos* (Burlington, Vermont: Stephen Daye Press, 1935); Sotiris Kadas, *Mount Athos* (Athens: Ekdotike Athenon S. A., 1984); Sydney Loch, *Athos: The Holy Mountain* (London: Lutterworth Press, 1957); John Julius Norwich and Reresby Sitwell, *Mount Athos* (New York: Harper and Row, Publishers, 1966); Philip Sherrard, *Athos, the Holy Mountain* (Woodstock, New York: The Overlook Press, 1982).

<sup>6</sup> Richard Halliburton, *Seven League Boots* (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1935), 255-270; and *Book of Marvels* (Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1937), 274-283.

<sup>7</sup> Graham Speake, *Mount Athos: Renewal in Paradise* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2002).

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## Canterbury: Our Common Prayer

by Valerie Balling

What makes me an Anglican? Do I call myself an Anglican to have a label for my practice of Christianity, or does it define my approach to religion in a more elemental way? I had the opportunity to explore these questions this summer as I participated with 31 other seminarians and clergy from 20 countries in a three-week course at Canterbury Cathedral's International Study Centre. Through the study of the history, theology, spirituality and praxis of Anglicanism, I came to the understanding that even though our contexts, methods and languages are very different, we are Anglican in our Common Prayer.

On the first night of the course, our leader, the Rev. Canon Richard Marsh, led us on a candle-lit pilgrimage of the Cathedral. As we stood around the Compass Rose, the symbol of the Anglican Communion, he shared with us the striking image of the "typical" Anglican: she is African, under the age of 30 with three children, has had someone close to her die of AIDS, survives on less than two dollars a month and walks three miles each way for water. This description surprised me because of what we had in common—I am a woman and close to her in age—and how extremely different we are. As a middle-class, white American, my way of life is radically different than this woman's reality, yet we share an Anglican identity, drawn together in Common Prayer.

Canterbury Cathedral was an awesome setting for learning about the history and development of Anglicanism as much of the events took place in or around it. We learned of our Roman Catholic and monastic heritage in the story of Pope Gregory the Great sending St. Augustine to England as we walked around St. Martin's Church, the oldest church in southern England, and the ruins of St. Augustine's Abbey. We stood at the place of martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom King Henry II's knights murdered, as well as the site where his shrine was once located. (I even ate a mulberry from the tree the knights' horses were supposedly tied to.) And the Cathedral itself is a living testimony to history in its various architectural styles, broken or missing statues and stain glass that were destroyed during the Reformation, and even in its adaptations for modern use, such as a sound system and ramps for accessibility.

Past and present meet in that holy building, bringing together tradition and reason to make sense of its place in our time, as the seat of Anglicanism. Recently, steel rods have been affixed to the columns to ensure the stability of the Cathedral. Over time the columns have started to bend with the weight they bear, not only that of the building itself, but also, perhaps, with the weight it carries of the Anglican Communion and its future. The testament of the Cathedral is that it has survived much change, and I believe that through the knowledge of our history, our Common Prayer

can help shoulder some of that weight so that it can continue as the symbol of our Communion.

We come together as Anglicans, as the Right Rev. Mark Dyer taught us, in our fervent Trinitarian understanding of God. Our Common Prayer draws us into relationship with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit and with each other. Through our prayer we seek to know and love God more fully in all the ways God is known to us, just as we seek to know and love our neighbor. Recognizing God in different ways offers us to know our neighbor even when her context is extremely different from our own. The relationally of our theology is embodied by the Communion and is lived out in our Common Prayer.



An integral part of the course was joining with the Cathedral community in the pattern of monastic spirituality of Morning Prayer, Eucharist, and Evensong. As we studied the theoretical side of our religion, we also lived our faith through this praxis by offering our daily Common Prayer. Many times I enjoyed listening to our most common prayer, the Lord's Prayer, as we said it in our own languages. Perhaps the most vivid testament to our commitment to common prayer as Anglicans was that even though we did not agree with each other on some topics, we still came together each morning and shared the Eucharist. We bound ourselves together as Christ's body to go into the world and show people Jesus. This is Canterbury Cathedral's mission.

I learned even more from my fellow participants about their faith and lives outside the classroom as we shared our meals and free time discussing what we did in our congregations, sharing our music, dancing and laughing. While we shared our lives, I began to understand the real pain other parts of the Communion are feeling from war, the AIDS epidemic, and lack of resources. At the same time, the Americans had to dispel the myth that there is no poverty or homelessness in the United States. The topic of sexuality continued to be a source of angst and division within the group, but we continued to pray together, asking for God's guidance and peace.

My experience at Canterbury Cathedral helped me understand my Anglican identity more deeply and personally. I am a part of a global community dedicated to being Christ's living presence in the world. Through our desire to be in relationship with each other and God we continue our Anglican tradition. We all share the responsibility of participating in this communion through Common Prayer, even when differences threaten to divide us.

*Valerie Balling is a Candidate for Holy Orders from the Diocese of New Jersey and a student at the General Theological Seminary.*

## Honduras: Nosotros iremos con ustedes!

(We will go with you!)

by *Elise B. Johnstone and Elizabeth K. Shows*

NOT LONG AFTER Christopher Columbus arrived in the Bay Islands of Honduras in 1502, the English colonists arrived. Prior to 1861, the Anglican Church's presence was primarily to support the English colonists and made little effort to incorporate the indigenous people. In 1861, the Honduran government received the Anglican Church, but it was not until 1973 that the church elected its first bishop and branched out from the Islands to begin to engage not only the English nationals, but also the native Honduran people.

Upon arriving in Copan Ruinas, a town in the Northwest region of Honduras close to the Guatemalan border, the word around the central park was that the Episcopalians were in town. The annual meeting of Honduran Episcopal clergy as well as representatives from American dioceses met in Copan Ruinas to discuss the strategic growth plan of the Diocese. This seemed to be rather curious that the meeting was held in this location, as there seemed to be no Episcopal church in the town of Copan Ruinas. However, after a few weeks, several conversations, and a chance encounter (or the Holy Spirit at work) we finally discovered the Episcopal mission in Copan Ruinas. We were warmly invited to attend a meeting of the group. On the evening of the meeting, we walked into an unfinished cement block room with a gravel floor and a stack of plastic lawn chairs to a group of 30 of the most welcoming people we had ever encountered. We were introduced as the meeting began and it was explained to us how this group organized itself. As their priest served 30 congregations in that geographical area, a seminarian and full-time welder, Carlos Garza, usually led the group. We were informed that the priest came once per month to the church in the neighboring town to celebrate the Eucharist and to consecrate the Reserved Sacrament, as well as perform weddings and other priestly duties. The group was already planning for the priest's visit to Copan the following month, as there would be a wedding celebration. Many of the marriages in towns like Copan are common law marriages as the expense of a wedding in the Roman Catholic Church (the largest church in Honduras) is too high for most families whose priorities are putting food on the table. Thus, this was an unusual and highly anticipated celebration.

Throughout the meeting, Carlos led this mission group in planning out their pastoral care to one another for the coming week. The group is committed to supporting one another and being present with one another during times of celebration such as birthdays, and during times of trial such as sickness and death. For instance, that night the group was concerned for a group member who was afflicted with epilepsy. They passed around a basket to raise money to help pay for his medicine and organized an expedition to bring the offering to him as well as pay him a pastoral visit. We were incredibly moved by the selflessness and immense Christian love that this group had for one another as many of the members probably had no money to spare—many do not have cars, telephones, stoves, or enough food for their family and yet they gave to help their brother.

The trip just to have the pastoral visit was nearly a three-hour walk for the group, as the man lived in a small village up in the mountains. This was not the only instance of generosity that

we experienced with this group. When we mentioned that we were interested in traveling to Santa Rita, a nearby town, to worship in the Episcopal Church there, their immediate response was "We will go with you!" As we experienced more and more of the Episcopal Church in Honduras, we discovered that there was an intentional focus on walking the faith journey together. The Right Reverend Lloyd Allen, the third Bishop of Honduras, expressed this quality best when he said that he wants to teach the clergy what it means to walk the walk with the disenfranchised. He said living within a country that has been ravaged by corruption, he hears a call for the Church to be different, to be transparent, to be a people of dignity: "a responsible Church in the midst of chaos to make a difference."

In order to be true to this call of making a difference, a solid base of church leaders is necessary. Currently, including the bishop, the Diocese of Honduras has a total of 30 clergy. Since 1973, it has grown in size to 65,000 communicants in a country encompassing 43,644 square miles. While not impossible, the challenge of providing pastoral and sacramental care is great. With hope, there is relief on the way, for there are 67 students in the diocesan school of theology, located in San Pedro Sula, the second largest city, which is also the see of the Bishop of Honduras. Both in our experience with Episcopalians in Honduras and in our conversations with Bishop Allen, it is clear that a healthy relationship with the Episcopal Church in the United States is desired. It seems that the Honduran people are modeling for us a way to be in relationship with them. As quickly as the small group of Episcopalians in Copan Ruinas said, "we will go with you," we in the Church in the U.S. should be ready to say the same. Bishop Allen feels that, since the Episcopal Church in Honduras is primarily made up of indigenous Hondurans, it is important for the Church to be mindful of two questions: Is the Church being indigenous and is it being led by indigenous people? With this in mind, Bishop Allen is quick to add that missionaries and mission work are most welcome and appreciated. He also says that for us in the United States, walking with the Honduran Church could include support in the form of pulpit exchanges, participating in the companion diocese program, as well as growing the ministry to Honduran and Hispanic communities within the United States. The Episcopal Church in Honduras is calling us into a new form of ministry: a new way of being in relationship. Are we ready to answer their call with a hearty, "we will go with you!"

*Elise B. Johnstone is a M.Div. candidate from the Diocese of Lexington; Elizabeth K. Shows is a M.Div. candidate from Diocese of North Carolina. Both are students at the General Theological Seminary.*

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## Jerusalem Journal

by *Sara Fisher*

*"He is the Way. Follow him through the Land of Unlikeness; you will see rare beasts and have unique adventures. He is the Truth. Seek him in the Kingdom of Anxiety: you will come to a great city that has expected your return for years. He is the Life. Love him in the World of the Flesh: and at your marriage all its occasions shall dance for joy."*—W. H. Auden

This summer I had the honor of serving as Course Assistant at St.

George's College, Jerusalem. St. George's is a continuing education center of the Anglican Communion that offers pilgrimages through the Holy Land, the Sinai, Turkey and Greece. Participants come from around the world. Recent years have been financially trying for all of Jerusalem and I was the first Course Assistant to be at St. George's in four years. Thanks to a grant from the Episcopal Evangelical Education Society, I was able to volunteer to do this work.

Truth be told, I wanted to go to Jerusalem to see the holy sites, to walk where Jesus walked, to be part of the past. I never expected to find myself in love with the culture, the people and the land of the present. The holy sites, the roads, and the places of the past and present both have great meaning and significance. But it is the people of the land that I carry with me. As powerful as it was to stand in these holy places, it is the people who make me want to return. The following is an abbreviated part of my travel diary through the Holy Land.

*June 14 2004: Two days after arriving in Jerusalem, I celebrate my thirty-third birthday. On that day I receive a priceless gift! The former Dean's wife, Gwen Jones, manages to get me into the Dome of the Rock, located on the Temple Mount. Since the Second Intifada, it's been hard to even get on the Temple Mount, much less inside the Dome of the Rock, so getting inside is a big deal. Outside the Dome of the Rock, I take in the views of Jerusalem. I stand on the Temple Mount—so much of what I have studied and known revolves around this very spot. I am amazed and humbled. Here is where Mohammed ascended into heaven, according to Muslim tradition. In Jewish tradition, this is Mount Moriah, the place where the binding of Isaac occurred. And in the Christian tradition, this is the Temple Mount to which Mary and Joseph journeyed to present Jesus at the Temple, where they met Anna and Simeon.*

*Just five days after landing in Jerusalem, a course entitled "The Palestine of Jesus" begins. Twenty-five Australians and six Americans arrive to participate in the course. Retired Bishop John Bayton of Australia is our chaplain and Henry Carse is our course director. They are two of the most amazing teachers I've ever encountered—wonderful individually and a powerhouse together. They combine history, faith, the current situation, a liberal dose of humor, wisdom and love to create an atmosphere of that fosters growth and learning. Together we travel to the Judean wilderness and camp in a Bedouin Tent. We celebrate the Eucharist at the top of a mountain as the sun sets. We sing "Away in A Manger" at the birthplace of Jesus in Bethlehem, float in the Dead Sea, visit the excavations at Qumran and at Megiddo, and dip our feet in the Sea of Galilee in the place where Jesus had breakfast on the beach and charges Peter to "feed my sheep." We walk the Via Dolorosa, and rejoice at the empty tomb. Bishop John leads us in meditations and*

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*Sarah Fisher is a M.Div. candidate from the Diocese of New Jersey and a senior at the General Theological Seminary.*

*reflections at the sites. We journal, we pray, we sketch, we sing, and sometimes we sit in silence. With Henry and Bishop John, we explore the land. And through the excavations and archeological remains, and suddenly Scripture is alive in a whole new way.*

*The chapel in the Church of the Resurrection where St. Helena is said to have found the true cross, for example, is an old rock quarry. And there is a rock, only a few feet away, where Jesus was crucified. This rock is one that the workers had not been able to be use, one that they had put aside. "The stone that the builders rejected has become the chief cornerstone" (Psalm 118, Matthew 21, Mark 12, Luke 20) has a whole new meaning...a deeper, tangible meaning.*

*We also spend time with people—Israelis and Palestinians, Muslims, Christians and Jews—and they tell us their stories. Often the stories leave me with more questions than answers. I visit the Yad Vashem Holocaust Memorial and I cry for the first time. I cry in part because of the horror of the Holocaust. And I cry because I am visiting Yad Vashem with my friend, Iyad, a Palestinian Christian. Iyad shows me his ID. It is marked with stickers and labels, which show where he is and is not allowed to go. It frightens me as I am reminded of the yellow stars of Nazi Germany. We see pictures of the walls and Ghettos erected*



Sarah Fisher in the Negev Desert.

*in Germany. As we leave and drive back into Jerusalem, the Wall that surrounds Bethany and Bethlehem can be seen in the distance. I spend the first weeks in Jerusalem being amazed at how safe I feel. I live in East Jerusalem, which is primarily Palestinian territory. It's a four-block walk (roughly ten minutes) from the Old City. Outside St. George's there are Israeli soldiers who watch the Court House across the street, but mainly I get to know Palestinian shop keepers, workers and neighbors. There are lots of people and lots of languages, some I understand and some I don't. The hospitality is unlike anything I've ever known. Everyone is hospitable! I am served more tea and Arabic coffee than I can drink. People are pleased that I am there and even happier when they discover that I am staying for a couple of months. They tell me their stories. They introduce me to their families.*

*July 2004: I am feeling right at home in Jerusalem. I have made friends at the College and am comfortable trekking through the Old City. I'm still no good at bargaining, but I do try. For the past few weeks, my attention has been focused on the "Abraham Yesterday and Today" course. The Abraham course is radically different from the last—we have a very small group of six people, most of whom are clergy. There is less travel, but more focus on interfaith dialogue and we have speakers from all of the three Abrahamic faith traditions.*

*This course challenges me in new ways and the effects of the political situation in Jerusalem are more and more evident. We visit Dheisheh Refugee Camp in Bethlehem, one of the places where Palestinians have been living since 1948 when they were forced to leave their homes all over Israel. "The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight," rings through my head. This*

small town, less than five miles outside of Jerusalem, has become a prison. The birthplace of our Lord, now walled in by concrete, separates her people from the rest of the world. Bethlehem, the place of such a momentous birth, is now becoming a tomb.

There is a seventy per cent unemployment rate. I meet a 24 year-old woman who has completed her degree in architecture at Bethlehem University. She would love to work, but she can not. She is not allowed to leave Bethlehem. I meet a young man. He asks where I'm from. I tell him the United States. "Congratulations," he replies. Birthplace and birthright—all in the luck of the draw. What if I had been born here? I realize how lucky I am to have the rights that I do have. And it is frightening that as a visitor I have more rights than most of the people born in this land do. Time and time again, I asked the question "what do you wish Americans knew about the Palestinians?" And almost always I got the same answer: "We are a peaceful people. We love our children. We want for them to grow up in a world that has peace."

August 2004: The summer is flying by. We have started another "Palestine of Jesus" course. This group is made up of seminarians and clergy. We visit many of the same places that I have visited in the past weeks, yet each time there is something new to discover. I visit the Western Wall (often known to Westerners as the Wailing Wall) at Tisha B'av, the day that remembers the destruction of the Temple. It is a day of fasting and prayers and to be present at the Wall offering my own prayer is powerful. We visit Baniyas, where the Jordan River begins and where Peter confesses that Jesus is the Messiah (Mark 8).

We visit the Mount of the Transfiguration, we take a boat along the Sea of Galilee and see fish and for a moment can imagine

the fishermen casting their nets.

As this last group of pilgrims leave, I also prepare for my journey home. I bid goodbye to them all and a few days later I too head home. The places where I journeyed, where we journeyed, were holy places. And they were holy because Jesus was there and they were holy because pilgrims for over two thousand years have come and by their prayer made them holy places. The need, the want, the urge to connect, to reach, to touch the divine is so much a part of this land. It is a place where Christianity, Judaism and Islam all have sacred sites. But it is also a place a place of paradox where fighting and anger and war are rampant. It is a place where the questions are complex and the answers aren't evident. It is a broken land, a holy land, a land that longs for wholeness. To be a pilgrim in the Holy Land is life changing and heart breaking. It is painful and wonderful all at once.

SEPTEMBER, 2004: And now, back home, safe in my New York apartment, with my easy access to coffee and American television, I struggle to find the right words to share my experience of the Holy Land. I write in snapshots, brief pictures, but like any picture, it doesn't compare to the real thing. And so I write to tell the world of the beauty, wonder of Jerusalem. I must also get the word out: It is safe to go...it is safe to visit. You will be welcomed with open arms in the "great city that has expected your return for years." You will see "rare beasts and have unique adventures." And you will find yourself walking with Jesus—the historical Jesus of 2000 years ago, and the Jesus who walks with us today, grieving and rejoicing with us over the horror and magnificence of this strange land.

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## THE PASTORAL ANGLICAN by John C. Bauerschmidt

### Knowledge and Love

THE BEGINNING of the familiar Prayer Book blessing is an expansion of a passage from Paul's Letter to the Philippians, "The peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus" (Philemon 4:7). Archbishop Cranmer, in adapting this passage for the formula of blessing at the end of the Communion Service, added the happy gloss, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, etc." Knowledge and love, of course, are parallel to the mind and heart to which the Apostle refers, and so Cranmer's addition is not too much of a stretch.

Nevertheless, it is a fortunate addition. The relation between the knowledge and the love of God were discussed at least as far back as the time of Augustine. Do we first need to know about God in order to love him, or is it love which inspires us to come to know him? In one sense, of course, it is impossible to love something or someone about whom one is completely ignorant; yet at the same time, it is love of a person or a thing which inspires us to come to know him or it completely. Somehow, knowledge and love belong together; the inquiring mind and the desiring heart.

The Anglican way of belief, with its roots in both Christian humanism and the medieval intellectual tradition (not to mention the Scriptures), places before us both knowledge and love, two sides of the same coin. The Prayer Book formulary is a reminder of this truth. Our knowledge of God may be the beginning of the life of faith, yet love is the delight that propels us forward. In the final analysis, union with God and the knowledge of God that accompanies it are not given to the unaided intellect, but only to the mind and heart which are moved by love.

*The Rev'd John C. Bauerschmidt is rector of Christ Church, Covington, Louisiana.*

# ANGLICAN VERSE

## Path through the Wheat

*by David Middleton*

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—ca. 1867—

after the painting by J.-F. Millet (1814-1875)

The hillside's tidal waves of yellow-green  
Break downward into full-grown stalks of wheat  
In which a peasant, shouldering his hoe  
Passes along a snaking narrow path—

A teeming place through which his hard thighs press  
And where his head just barely stays above  
The swaying grain, drunken in abundance,  
Farm buildings almost floating on the swells

Beyond which sea gulls gliding white in air  
Fly down on out of sight to salty fields,  
Taking the channel fish off Normandy,  
A surfeit fit for Eden in its dawn.

Yet as the peasant moves through such high grass  
Made edible in bread he will in time  
Stumble upon a skull from Arcadie,  
Abel's cranium anchoring the grain.

*David Middleton is poetry editor of Anglican Theological Review and poet-in-residence at Nicholls State University, Thibodaux, Louisiana. This poem is copyright David Middleton. He may be reached at [saline@cajun.net](mailto:saline@cajun.net).*

## ANGLICAN READING

### T.S. Eliot: Poet of Belief

by *Nicholas Birns*

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NEARLY EVERYBODY who knows anything about twentieth-century literature knows that T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) is an Anglican writer. Yet not that many have seen him as specifically Anglican. Of course, Eliot's overtly religious work was, correctly, seen immediately as relevant to all Christians, not just those in the member churches of the Anglican Communion. Part of this may be that his work seems so fundamental to our understanding of what Anglican writing is, that it is an assumed keystone in the very idea of an "Anglican Reading" column, not even needing specific articulation to resound to the Anglican reader. Yet to look at Eliot's post-conversion writing in an Anglican context brings a new focus to a poet and critic whom even his detractors admit as one of the great writers of the twentieth century.

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis and educated at Harvard. Though of an old and prestigious New England family, Eliot's success was hardly assured. He grew up in a cadet branch of the Eliot family and was raised not in Boston, but in the Midwest, far closer to the egalitarian American frontier. Through study at Harvard to his brief stint as a philosophy student in Marburg, Germany, to his eventually permanent residence in England, Eliot was always understood by his own family to be a marginal figure. His parents found it incredulous that he should pursue a literary career in England. To their dying days, they saw their son as a failure for whom financial provision had somehow to be made. Eliot lived most of his adult life in London, where he was received into the Church of England shortly before his fortieth birthday, in 1927. As Eliot commented, people reacted strangely to this. They believed that, like some of the first generation of English Romantics, he was a "lost leader" who had deserted progressive, secular modernity in favor of reactionary faith. Eliot disagreed with this, pointing out that he had never been unqualifiedly progressive, secular, or modern. His statement that he was Anglo-Catholic in religion, a classicist in literature, and a Royalist in politics was a crystallization of the fundamental principles of his vision. It was not a recantation of any previous ideology. As editor of the periodical *The Criterion*, Eliot had already been forthright in his criticism of many then-trendy secular platitudes. It is not astonishing that Eliot converted to Christianity, as his pre-conversion writing shows a yearning for faith. What is striking is the way he so immediately engaged in the specific denominational affairs of the Church of England. The Lambeth Conference of 1930, shortly after his concession, in fact became the premise of Eliot's essay "Thoughts after Lambeth." The Lambeth essay, and other essays and poems written around that time, can serve to address the nature of Eliot's religious faith and to refute fallacies about the Christianity of T.S. Eliot.

The first fallacy about the Christianity of T. S. Eliot is the assumption that he was a Laudian: in other words that his Anglo-Catholicism meant that he supported a powerful national church undergirding a strong, activist monarch like that of the relationship of Archbishop William Laud with Charles I during King Charles's Personal Rule. In reality, Eliot explicitly repudiated Laudianism, not because he disliked it, but because he saw that it was simply not possible in the twentieth century, and that no conceivable archbishop or monarch was willing to play the roles of either Laud or Charles I. Eliot also dismissed "political-social Erastianism" by which the state would use the authority of the church to cement existing social stratification. He thought that the Anglican Church should be not the national church of England but should represent Catholicism in England. Eliot says that Laudianism "came just too late to be more for us than the type of one form of order," and thus cannot fully encompass Anglican Christianity. This penetrating comment is intimately connected with Eliot's American origins. After all, by the time Laud became Archbishop, the Pilgrims had already set foot on Plymouth Rock. The genie of theological pluralism was, in the English-speaking world, out of the bottle. This leads us to the notable line from Eliot's final poetic masterpiece, "Little Gidding," the last of the Four Quartets, a poem replete with reference to Dante and the Christian mystical tradition, that

We cannot revive old factors  
We cannot restore old policies  
Or follow an antique drum

Eliot was nostalgic for the lost continuities of the past, but he was also thoroughly a man of his own century. He had many and varied interests, among them an intense regard for Asian philosophy and religious traditions, which he had studied at Harvard. Though a High Church Anglican, Eliot (to use an eighteenth-century set of metaphors) was not a Jacobite or even a nunjurer. It is precisely because Eliot is tempted to revive old policies that these lines demand so much attention. Far from promoting anodyne concord, it is a compellingly ascetic gesture, because he is not giving into

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*Nicholas Birns is a parishioner of Grace Church in Manhattan and is a member of the Guild of Scholars of the Episcopal Church. He teaches at New School University in New York. He is the editor of Antipodes: A North American Journal of Australian Literature. His book Understanding Anthony Powell was published by University of South Carolina Press in 2004. His e-mail address is nicbirns@aol.com.*



nostalgia for the church of the early seventeenth century.

In addition to “Thoughts after Lambeth,” we can locate yet another ecclesiastical influence on Eliot, demonstrated most winningly in his essay, “Lancelot Andrewes,” which dramatically increased appreciation of the great seventeenth-century theologian and preacher. Andrewes was an important predecessor for Eliot. We can particularly see the influence of Eliot’s study of Andrewes in his poem “Journey of the Magi” about the three wise men’s journey to Bethlehem, contains the line “a cold coming we had of it,” which is taken from a sermon of Andrewes’s. But Eliot does not focus on the aspect of Andrewes’s style that might be most immediately appealing to a poet—word-play, etymology, and the valences of individual words—so much as with the rigor and assertiveness

of Andrewes’s thought. Though an opponent of explicitly didactic or philosophical poetry, Eliot was a strong advocate of thinking in verse, provided that thinking was done within the terms of poetry, not as philosophy by other means. This trait, which Eliot admired in poets as different as Blake and Dante, is shown to wonderful effect in “The Journey of the Magi.” The Three Wise Men hover for us as figures of the Nativity, most often seen in children’s pageants during the Twelve Days of Christmas, but Eliot makes their situation paradigmatic of the newness precipitated by the Incarnation. Jesus is not named in the poem. The Magi describe their visit to Bethlehem only as “satisfactory,” although this word, if its full Christian reverberations are meditated upon, is powerful

enough. After seeing this birth whose ultimate glory will manifest itself through death, the Magi are “no longer at ease in the old dispensation.” Having seen the Messiah, “they should be glad of another death.” This other death is in fact the redemption that awaits the Magi in the afterlife. But the Magi also find any earthly life now left to them bitter, anticlimactic. The world that once was theirs is now forever old to them; it cannot be brought back.

Eliot’s Lambeth and Andrewes essays are complemented by a lesser-known but almost equally valuable piece on John Bramhall. Bramhall is obscure as far as Caroline divines go; but, as Eliot points out, Bramhall’s work in Ireland was crucial to the maintenance of Anglicanism during the Commonwealth period when it was in danger of being extinguished utterly. He was a strong opponent of rationalism and scientism, and his dispute with Hobbes strongly asserted a theological rather than a materialistic understanding of the nature of existence. Eliot supports Bramhall against Hobbes, even though Hobbes was a notable defender of constituted authority and the established order, because Hobbes robs this authority of the religious basis which is, for Eliot, its only legitimacy. Bramhall is important to Eliot precisely because he is what Eliot also was—an Anglo-Catholic defender of the *via media* for whom authority came from tradition, not coercion. True originality for Eliot always had to be anchored within tradition; as he said in his 1920 essay “Tradition and the Individual Talent,”

we know more than the past—but the past is what we know. But tradition is a system that each new achievement reorganizes. It is not just a rote acceptance of past precedent.

**T**HE SECOND FALLACY about T. S. Eliot’s Christianity is that his religion was primary an aesthetic gesture, a celebration of the beauty and ceremony of Anglo-Catholic liturgy and stained glass windows over and above not only doctrine and dogma but the practicalities of the church as it exists in the world on a daily basis. If that had been what really mattered to Eliot, he would have become a Roman Catholic, as so many of the 1890s aesthetes ended up doing. As Eliot memorably said, the City churches in London cannot compare aesthetically with St. Peter’s. But there are those,

like Eliot, for whom they are, as Eliot noted, “as precious” for all their lack of comparable surface beauty. The basis of Eliot’s spirituality what what he memorably called “the lost heart,” an awareness of his own personal limitations and sorrows. Although he loved beauty in consecrated spaces, he does not need outward adornments and trappings to sustain a belief that was very deep in a personal sense.

In “Thoughts after Lambeth” Eliot addresses issues that were not only practical for the Church of England in his day but remain so for the Episcopal Church in ours. A lot of the topics on which Eliot comments lie on the trajectory from the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral to contemporary ecumenical dialogue. Eliot speaks of the priority of dialogue with the Lutheran Churches of the Baltic over the Free Churches in

England, and he insists on the priority and inviolability of the Historic Episcopate. He spends a great deal of time meditating upon “intercommunion with the Eastern Churches.” And while people think of Eliot as interested in Roman Catholicism, even if he ultimately fell short of that doctrine, we see in Thoughts After Lambeth that Eliot seems more interested in “Reunion with the East.” This of course was and still is an institutional emphasis of Anglican ecumenical discussions, but there is a special note in Eliot’s approach. Although little seems to be known of Eliot’s interest in Orthodoxy, nor of contemporary Orthodox response to Eliot, “Thoughts after Lambeth” drops powerful hints. Eliot is fully engaged in the life of his church in “Thoughts after Lambeth”. He is not merely an aesthetic onlooker. He is not someone, “withdrawn to contemplation” like the Lady in his poem “Ash Wednesday.” It is indeed very aggressive for a newcomer to a church to comment on its internal affairs with such brio and sagacity as does Eliot in this essay, but it is a flamboyance which we carries off, often by virtue of self-mockery, as when he comes close to laughing at himself for in turn laughing at Lord Brentford, an apparently somewhat farcical Low Church figure. Furthermore, the risks of self-advertising that Eliot faced, and faced down, in writing an essay like “Thoughts after Lambeth” are matched if not exceeded by Eliot’s great poem of Christian conversion, “Ash Wednesday.” “Ash Wednesday” remains, as famous as it is, the most underrated



part of his poetic oeuvre. What secular intellectuals tend to miss is how astonishing it is that a work potentially so thuddingly official—a poem by his generation’s leading poet extolling canonical Christian doctrines—is so individual, so passionate, and so heart-rendingly forlorn a poem. Eliot is often tacitly and sometimes openly accused of seeing religion as a kind of *vinculum societatis*, a cultural binding that is necessary to forestall the disintegration of accustomed forms. Eliot did indeed favor accustomed forms and opposed radical social innovation. But he did this out of a genuine, and very individual, religious belief, and in “Ash Wednesday” Eliot is showing the reader the process of religious discovery, its necessary stripping of comforting illusions. The belief that is there at the end of the poem is compelling because it has been dearly won. The original aspect of “Ash Wednesday” is that not only are its harsh and desolate passages frightening, but so are those that are consoling and inspiring:

Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree  
 In the cool of the day, having fed to satiety  
 On my legs my heart my liver and that which had been contained  
 In the hollow round of my skull. And God said  
 Shall these bones live? shall these  
 Bones live? And that which had been contained  
 In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:  
 Because of the goodness of this Lady  
 And because of her loveliness, and because  
 She honours the Virgin in meditation,  
 We shine with brightness. And I who am here dissembled  
 Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love  
 To the posterity of the desert and the fruit of the gourd

The imagery is taken from the Book of Ezekiel. But there is no clarion call to recovery here and little prophetic hope. The poem must pass through complete alienation, more parched than any of the deserts of the ancient Biblical landscape. In this regard, note that Eliot does not write “disassembled,” meaning taken apart, but dissembled, meaning falsified. The speaker in the poem is not only abandoned, but amid error. All this must be endured before spiritual healing and wholeness can occur. But an astonishing passage near the end of the poem, though far more lyrical and delicate, is hardly complacent:

And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices  
 In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices  
 And the weak spirit quickens to rebel  
 For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell  
 Quickens to recover  
 The cry of quail and the whirling plover

This measures both the loss and the gain of beauty in the same gesture. But the reader does not quite know whether this disturbance is because the world is so lovely or that the world’s loveliness must be transcended in favor of God. It also takes a lot of thinking to resolve the issue of being “lost.” “Lost” does seem to have a positive valence. But is “the lost heart” a positive symbol because this world’s loss is the next world’s gain? Or do we, in a spirit of Christian resignation, cherish ‘the lost heart’ more than a heart that is actually present to us? Ash Wednesday, as a day in the liturgical calendar, is hardly triumphal. It marks the shriving of our souls and the beginning of the penitential passage through Lent. Eliot’s

poem canvasses the trajectory of this Lenten pilgrimage. The poem is utterly without complacency even as he speaker’s ‘lost heart’ is quickened and catalyzed by faith Eliot is widely appreciated as a religious poet; he was, even more, a man of faith.

**T**HE THIRD FALLACY about Eliot’s Christianity is that it involved a repudiation of his American past in favor of European traditionalism. Eliot’s ancestors would have been surprised if they had been seen as anything other than people of faith, people for whom the salvation provided through Christ was the baseline of their moral and spiritual life. As Russell Kirk put it, “the Christian patrimony he had inherited from generations of upright New Englanders lay at the heart of his tradition.” Eliot was rearming his American forebears’ faith, not jettisoning it.

Eliot’s rebelliousness against his family can be overestimated. Though Eliot made his career in England and often seems in his critical essays to be seeking an identity as an authoritative English critic, in his poetry Eliot evoked places in America as mysteriously sacred, and he often returned to America to lecture. One could see Eliot appear in public in major American cities and universities as much as many writers fully resident in the country. And Eliot’s effect on America, and particularly American Episcopalianism, was immeasurable. His example made Anglicanism a living intellectual option for young American scholars and writers. He made a whole new generation aware of Anglican liturgical and literary traditions. Even those who did not become practicing Episcopalians became aware that the church had a history of which every intellectual person should be conscious.

Eliot continued to write religious poetry and drama for the remainder of his post-conversion career. The choruses from “The Rock” (1934) give a fascinating, anthropological account of the history of religion from a Christian perspective. The description of the temporal effect of the Incarnation perhaps gives the part that is missing from the Magi poem:

Then came at a predetermined moment, a moment in time and of time,  
 A moment not out of time, but in time, in what we call history:  
 transecting, bisecting the world of time, a moment in time, but not  
 like a moment of time,  
 A moment in time but time was made through that moment:  
 for without the meaning there is no time,  
 and that moment in time gave the meaning.

In this extraordinary passage the repetition of abstract terms leads us, through conceptual meditation, to a movingly palpable sense of the Incarnation as a “moment in time” that transcended and constituted time. The “Rock” choruses also indicate the parochial side of Eliot’s imagination, as, for all their general applicability, the points made in the chorus have in the first instance to do with the constriction of a particular church in a particular parish. While Eliot turned to drama in the 1930s, only the first of his plays is on an explicitly religious subject. *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935) is an exemplary display of religion resisting state power. Even if Thomas à Becket versus Henry II seems rather quaint, the analogical situations of Dietrich Bonhoeffer versus Hitler (Eliot felt a personal connection to Bonhoeffer and tries to help the “Confessing Church” in Germany during the war) or Jerzy Popieluszko versus the Polish Communist Party do not. Eliot’s purpose in the play was not to exalt religion as a rival to state

power, but to insist upon the incorruptibility of religion by state power. In this as in so many other respects, Eliot's writing and the way he lived his life was exemplary.

Eliot was a man of great personal kindness who put up with difficult situations in his own life with grace and compassion. He also was, given the rigor of his critical standards, surprisingly generous in praise and encouragement to writers who were not like him as people and who disagreed with his prejudices and policies. But, with all this to his credit, Eliot's reputation is by no means at its peak today. Part of this is inevitable cyclical decline. It is dangerous to value any writer too much, as that is almost to invite a subsequent backlash. Eliot, in fact, has been an easy target for a series of younger generations for over a quarter-century. This trend, alas, shows no sign of abating.

One reason for the lag in Eliot's reputation needs to be taken quite seriously. This is the persistent accusations of anti-Semitism against Eliot, always present but given renewed vigor after the publication of Anthony Julius's 1996 book *T. S. Eliot and Anti-Semitism*. Sadly, Eliot cannot be entirely cleared of the anti-Semitic charges. Eliot's younger acquaintance, and fellow conservative, the novelist Anthony Powell remarked of the alleged anti-Semitism that "it must be agreed to have existed" and that Eliot often spoke in Powell's presence of conspiracies of world Jewry. But, as a prominent Jewish American poet said to me recently, Eliot's anti-Semitism was traditional, genteel, country-club anti-Semitism—to be sharply differentiated from his friend and advocate Ezra Pound's vitriolic hatred of Jews and Jewishness. This difference, of course, found a practical corollary in the different position of the two men during the Second World War. Far from Pound's support of Mussolini, Eliot served as an air raid warden in London during the war and wrote movingly on the bombing of London by the V-2 rockets in "Little Gidding."

The remark that has gotten Eliot into trouble is a comment in his 1933 lectures at the University of Virginia (published later as *After Strange Gods*) to the effect that if one were to think of the prerequisites for a society that valued tradition one would not start out with a large number of "freethinking Jews." Jews who devoutly practice their religion are admired by Eliot—he castigated only those who he felt abandoned their tradition for the idols of free-floating modernity. The problem here is that Eliot was more or less telling people of another religion how to practice their religion. Prescriptiveness within a faith tradition is one thing; outside it a more risky manner. Perhaps the biggest flaw in the comment is the sense of a Platonic beginning here. If one were to draw up a society systematically from scratch, says Eliot, one would not start with freethinking Jews. But societies, as Eliot well knew, do not start from scratch. They are permeated by what Eliot, in his 1920 essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent" described as a historical process in which change is "development which abandons nothing en route."

The anti-Semitism of Ezra Pound was surely far worse than Eliot's, partially because Pound was a kind of neo-pagan while Eliot was a firm Christian. (Without Pound's editing, even "The Waste Land" would be far more filled with Christian imagery than it is in its current textual state). But one cannot say Eliot could not be anti-Semitic merely because he was a Christian. Pope John Paul II has made the point over the past decade that the practice, though not the fundamental doctrine, of Christianity has at times been tainted by anti-Semitism. It can be said, though, that Eliot does seem, as a Christian, to be trying to make common cause

with religious Jews as fellow opponents of secularism. This tactic has also been widely adopted by evangelical Christians in the United States during recent decades. Yet a recent scholarly find testifies to the range and depth of Eliot's engagements with even non-religious Jews. An article by Ranen Omer-Sherman in the September 2003 issue of *Modernism/Modernity* reveals that Eliot had a long friendship and correspondence with Horace Kallen. Kallen was a secular Jewish exponent of cultural pluralism. Omer-Sherman contends that Eliot's attitude towards Jews was "far more complex than Anthony Julius, Eliot's severest critic on the issue of anti-Semitism, allows. Omer-Sherman contends that Eliot can provide a model for contemporary pluralistic views of Jewish and even Israeli identity.

Eliot had ingrained prejudices about Jews and he made quite a few verbal missteps in writing about them. Yet Eliot's relation to Judaism was sufficiently complex so that his undeniable flirtation with mild anti-Semitism does not seriously compromise his legacy as a devoted Christian, a great poet, and an honorable man. Eliot is someone whose own "moment in time" will continue to resound long after its earthly completion. The poems and essays he wrote after his conversion are a special gift to the Anglican Communion and should be treasured by all within its midst.

Eliot, of course, 'belongs' to all who can read him—in English or even in translation. But Anglicans have a special connection to him, and Eliot's works are indispensable Anglican reading. Eliot's piety, his love of the Church, and his intelligent respect for tradition make it imperative that he remain a writer whom Christians of the twenty-first century should read with urgency and curiosity.

### **Books by Eliot**

Eliot's poems are widely available in an omnibus volume, *Collected Poems 1909-1962*, and an even more comprehensive book, *Collected Poetry and Drama, 1909-1950*, both published from Harcourt. There is also a separate edition of *Four Quartets*, although these poems are continued in both the above volumes. *Selected Essays 1917-1932* includes the essays on Andrewes, Bramhall, and the Lambeth Conference and is also published by Harcourt.

### **Books about Eliot**

The two best biographies of Eliot (both limited by lack of access to his official papers) are Peter Ackroyd's *T. S. Eliot: A Life*, and Lyndall Gordon's *Eliot: An Imperfect Life*. Of the hundreds of critical books on Eliot, Hugh Kenner's *T. S. Eliot, The Invisible Poet*, from the literary perspective, and Russell Kirk's *T. S. Eliot and His Age*, from the political, are the most authoritative, especially since both writers knew Eliot personally. Denis Donoghue in *Words Alone: The Poet T. S. Eliot* provides a powerful restatement of Eliot's poetic achievement. Anthony Julius's *T. S. Eliot and Anti-Semitism* mounts, effectively if a bit zealously, the case for the prosecution. And a recent work, Jason Harding's *The Criterion: Cultural Politics and Periodical Networks in Inter-War Britain* gives a fresh view of Eliot's crucial work as editor of the influential periodical *The Criterion*.

There is a North American T. S. Eliot Society; membership information is available from its President, Professor Shyamal Bagchee of the University of Alberta, at sbagchee@ualberta.ca.

## BOOK REVIEW

### Re-Evaluating Colonial Virginia's Anglican Church

**John K. Nelson.** *A Blessed Company: Parishes, Parsons, and Parishioners in Anglican Virginia, 1690-1776.* Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2002. xiv + 477 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendices, notes, index. \$49.95 (cloth), ISBN 0-8078-2663-4.

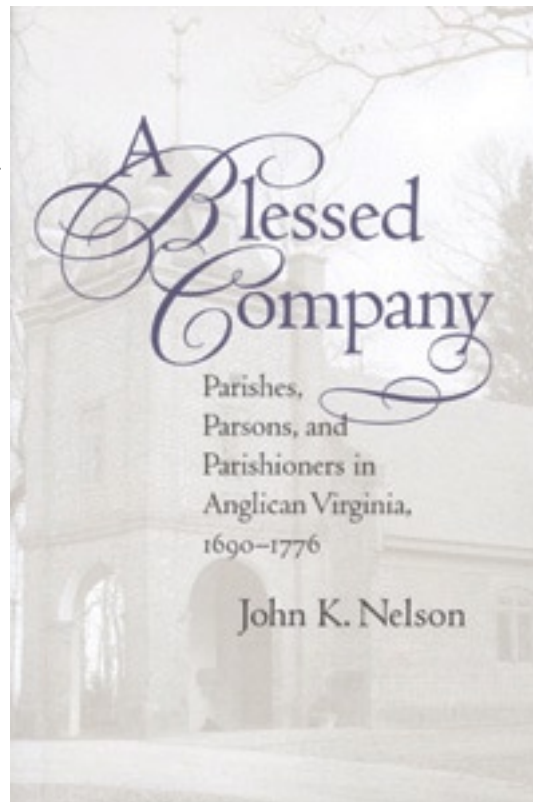
*Reviewed by A. Glenn Crothers*

WHEN PERRY MILLER published his article “Religion and Society in the Early Literature of Virginia” in the late 1940s, his claim that religion played a central role in the settlement of early Virginia was widely dismissed. After all, historians had long argued that—in contrast to the New England colonies—Virginia was settled for profit and remained largely secular in tone and character throughout the colonial period. More recent studies of colonial Virginia have reinforced this impression of a largely secular society. At best, the church was spiritually stunted and poorly led, a tool wielded by the planter elite to maintain and support the social order upon which their authority depended.<sup>1</sup> However, in his prodigiously researched, richly detailed, and gracefully written *A Blessed Company*, John K. Nelson presents a sharply revisionist portrait of colonial Virginia's established church. Drawing primarily on an exhaustive examination of the extant vestry and county records, Nelson argues that before 1776 Virginia possessed “a pervasive Anglican culture,” at the heart of which was a strong, flexible, spiritually vibrant church that shaped the lives of all the colony's inhabitants (p. 8).

Nelson organizes his study into four topics—parishes, parsons, rituals and rites, and parishioners—enabling him to examine the church from a variety of perspectives and in the process reveal its centrality and vitality in Virginian life. The parish, for example, was a central institution of local government, operating in concert with the county. Indeed, in this “parish-county” structure (p. 13), the tax burden

of the parish—used primarily to pay ministerial salaries, construct church buildings, and provide relief to the poor and orphans—was on average two and one half times greater than county rates. The most striking characteristics of Virginia's parishes were their flexibility and lay control. The geographic mobility and dispersed settlement patterns of Virginians necessitated the frequent creation of new parishes by the colonial assembly, and the adoption of a multicongregational structure within each parish. Ministers traveled among the congregations from Sunday to Sunday, and in their absence a lay clerk read the Divine Service. Through local vestries, the planter elite controlled the parish, setting parish rates, recruiting ministers, constructing and maintaining the church and parsonage, and supervising the local welfare system. Local gentry control, Nelson argues, rather than being a source of weakness, actually reveals Virginians' deep commitment to maintaining a strong and active established church.

Nelson's discussion of Virginia's Anglican parsons likewise overturns the conventional portrait of an inadequately trained and uncommitted clergy. In what amounts to a collective biography, he argues that though Virginia's church was not without wayward clergy, over 90



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*A. Glenn Crothers is assistant professor of history at Indiana University Southeast. This review first appeared on the H-Net Reviews discussion list in February, 2004. URL: <http://www.h-net.org/reviews/showrev.cgi?path=37121079238749>. Professor Crothers' e-mail address is [acrother@ius.edu](mailto:acrother@ius.edu).*

percent acted within the norms of the society, and most were well respected by their parishioners. Moreover, the quality and commitment of the clergy improved over time. Most were college educated, and increasing numbers—37 percent by 1776—were American born, despite the need to travel to England for ordination. Finally, few parishes went without a minister for long. At no point after 1725 were more than 25 percent of parishes empty, despite a near doubling in the number of parishes. Based on these quantitative measures Nelson concludes that “stability and security were the hall marks of the parish ministry” (p. 132).

If the clergy of the Anglican church was a serious and respected group, the services they conducted played a central role in Virginians’ understanding of their world. Though Sunday services served a social function, they were also, Nelson argues, a serious spiritual event. The liturgy, read each week, laid out “the entire drama of the faith” (p. 190). The sermon, delivered only by the minister in a “plain style” (p. 207), reflected the prevailing “moral rationalism” (p. 205) and broadly tolerant faith of the Anglican church in the eighteenth century. Finally, it was to (and usually in) the church that parishioners turned to mark the major passages in life—birth, marriage, death, and burial. Indeed, Nelson finds in four sample parishes that the vast majority of white Virginians baptized their children in the church, as did a significant number of black parishioners. Historians’ easy dismissal of the importance of the rites and rituals of the Anglican church, Nelson argues, reflects a persistent “anti-liturgical bias in American culture” sparked by the rise of evangelical sects in the late-eighteenth century (p. 191).

But the question of what the Anglican services meant to those who participated in them remains difficult to answer. Nelson argues that historians must judge the depth of spirituality within the Anglican church by “the everyday behaviors” of parishioners (p. 9). And it is to that subject that Nelson turns in the last part of the book. By definition, parishioners included all Virginians—the wealthy, the poor, planters, yeoman farmers, merchants, even dissenters, servants, African Americans, women, and “miscreants”—and all who were baptized were considered members. No one was exempt from the parish levy, and parish assistance was extended to all in need regardless of religious affiliation. Moreover, everyone was required by law to attend the Anglican church regularly. Though previous scholarship has declared such laws “a nullity” (p. 7), Nelson’s examination of county court grand jury presentments reveals that nonattendance was the most frequently prosecuted infraction between 1690 and 1775 (p. 330). And if the number of dissenters in Virginia was growing after 1750 they remained, Nelson asserts, a distinct minority whose “dual religious allegiance” did not disrupt “the customary routines of parish life” (pp. 287, 285).

Cumulatively, the religious behaviors Nelson depicts

provide a convincing portrait of the pervasive nature of Anglican practice and culture in colonial Virginia. This, then, is a book that will reshape the way historians think about religion in the colony. But it also raises as many questions as it answers. Most notably, many historians will find Nelson’s tendency to downplay the significance of religious dissent in the late-colonial period curious. Though evangelicals were certainly a minority before 1776, the appearance of a growing number of “parishioners” with questionable attachment to the church must have raised doubts about the inclusive nature of the establishment. This was particularly the case in the newer, western parishes, where dissenters actually sat on vestries and helped administer a church to which they had little spiritual commitment. Nelson’s work would have been strengthened if he had examined this growing threat to parish life in more detail. Perhaps more intriguing is Nelson’s conclusion that the quick collapse of the spiritually vibrant Anglican establishment in the years after 1776 reveals the radical nature of the American Revolution. If, as Nelson convincingly asserts, the Anglican church was deeply ingrained into the daily life of the colony, what did it mean to have the institution—and its stability, its time-tested traditions, and its spiritual imperatives—dismantled so quickly? The short epilogue describes the political process by which disestablishment took place, but it does not explain how the process impacted church adherents, the vast majority of Virginians according to Nelson.

Such questions, are, strictly speaking, beyond the scope of Nelson’s book. But it is a measure of his work’s significance that it prompts such queries. Having persuasively argued that colonial Virginia’s Anglican establishment was a vibrant and thriving institution that shaped the spiritual and secular lives of all Virginians, it now awaits a new generation of scholars to explore more fully the causes and the ramifications of the church’s rapid demise.

#### NOTE

<sup>1</sup> Perry Miller, “Religion and Society in the Early Literature of Virginia,” *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3rd ser., 5 (October 1948): pp. 492-522, and 6 (January 1949): pp. 24-41. For more recent literature that stresses the secular nature of Virginian society before the rise of evangelicalism in the mid-eighteenth century see, Rhys Isaac, *The Transformation of Virginia, 1740-1790* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1982); T. H. Breen, *Tobacco Culture: The Mentality of the Great Tidewater Planters on the Eve of Revolution* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985); Allan Kulikoff, *Tobacco and Slaves: The Development of Southern Cultures in the Chesapeake, 1680-1800* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1986); and Kathleen M. Brown, *Good Wives, Nasty Wenches, and Anxious Patriarchs: Gender, Race, and Power in Colonial Virginia* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1996).

## BOOK REVIEW

### The Life and Times of a Confederate Cleric

**Sam Davis Elliott, ed.** *Doctor Quintard, Chaplain C.S.A. and Second Bishop of Tennessee: The Memoir and Civil War Diary of Charles Todd Quintard*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2003. xxii + 285 pp. Introduction, photographs, notes, bibliography, index. \$39.95 (cloth), ISBN 0-8071-2846-5.

*Reviewed by James S. Baugess*

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For *Doctor Quintard, Chaplain C.S.A. and Second Bishop of Tennessee*, Sam Davis Elliott, a Tennessee attorney, has compiled and annotated one of the finest memoir and diary collections in the Confederate canon. Charles Todd Quintard, physician and Episcopal priest, enjoyed a fascinating career of public and clerical service. Born in Connecticut in 1824, educated at the University of New York, he migrated to the South as a young man and set up a successful medical practice. After hearing the sermon of an eloquent Episcopal pastor, he resolved to enter the ministry. Soon after the secession of Tennessee, the First Tennessee Regiment invited him to serve as their chaplain. As a medical doctor and a chaplain, Quintard often served in these dual capacities, regularly healing and preaching to his soldiers.

Quintard met General Lee, spent a night with Nathan Bedford Forrest, and conducted the funeral of Pat Cleburne. He witnessed action at Cheat Mountain, Big Swell Mountain, Winchester, Romney, Norfolk, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Chickamauga, Atlanta, and Franklin. He viewed the war and its carnage firsthand and wrote eloquently about it.

Quintard used his diary, newspaper clippings, sermon manuscripts, oral testimony, and letters from veterans to write his memoir, which he compiled in 1896. After his death in 1898, the Reverend Arthur Howard Noll, historian and archivist at Quintard's beloved University of the South, wrote the introduction and the epilogue. The final manuscript, published in 1905, remained out of print for most of the twentieth century. Based on nine primary source and archival collections, thirty-three published memoirs, and six newspapers of the period, Elliott included a new introduction and added helpful footnotes to give context to the diary. The end result is an insightful look at the heart and mind of one of the Confederacy's great chaplains. The narrative is full of pathos, humor, and irony.

The first three quarters of the work contain the autobiography of Quintard, finished posthumously by his friend Arthur Noll in 1905. The last quarter is the diary

fragment, covering the period from early 1864 until shortly after the war. The purpose of this collection, according to the editor, Sam Elliott, was to "reintroduce Doctor Quintard to the modern reader in annotated form" (p. xiv). Elliott wisely chose to append the unedited diary because in doing so, it reveals the "writer's unvarnished viewpoints during the momentous final months of the war" (p. xv). The annotations and notes added by Elliott clarify much of the detail, and some of the annotations correct Quintard's spelling--and sometimes his facts. Elliott took the liberty of "eliminating many of Quintard's shorthand devices, such as the use of the plus sign or ampersand for the word and or the abbreviation 'Ch' for church" (p. xvi). These minor clarifications and alterations keep the narrative moving.

In terms of the audience, several groups will draw value from the both the posthumous memoir and the diary fragment. Because Quintard witnessed so much of the carnage of battle, and often stayed near the front, his diary informs military historians how the heat of battle looked to a non-combatant. Those interested in the new military history, which focuses on how war impacts civilians, will find much useful information in this work. Coinciding with recent interest in the religion of the war, this compilation adds to our knowledge of the religious life of the Confederacy.

Though not a traditional evangelical or revivalist, Quintard seized evangelistic opportunities, especially the conversion of Braxton Bragg and John Bell Hood (who stood on crutches to receive baptism). His diary entries and memoir sections regarding these two prominent generals are moving to read. Quintard's account of the last-moment reprieve of a deserter, while sitting on his coffin and waiting for execution, is exciting.

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*James S. Baugess teaches at Columbus State Community College in Columbus, Ohio. His e-mail address is [jbaugess@csc.edu](mailto:jbaugess@csc.edu). This review first appeared on the H-Net Reviews discussion list in December, 2003. HURL: <http://www.h-net.org/reviews/showrev.cgi?path=240941078818571>.*

Much of the historiography about religion in the war has centered on the great rebel revival that occurred in the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee. Quintard's unit, part of the Army of Tennessee, apparently experienced a great revival around Chattanooga and Dalton, yet Quintard makes no mention of it. It is odd that one so knowledgeable and eloquent about religious matters would not mention such dramatic events. There is much debate as to the intensity and significance of the religious revival in the Army of Tennessee and the fact that Quintard wrote so little about the religious awakening gives at least some credence to the argument that its impact was overblown by the Lost Cause writers.<sup>1</sup> Quintard's omission of evangelical fervor may be due to his aversion to evangelicalism. This is not to say that he did not give witness of divine power, only that he probably feared or loathed evangelical and revivalist excesses. An example of his feeling is revealed in an entry dated October 23, 1864, which he subtitled "22nd Sunday after Trinity." Quintard lamented, as to the "Methodist and Baptist heresy, they have rioted in false doctrine" (p. 165). The physician-turned-chaplain did not approve of the emotional conversions and professions of faith. Quintard's worship style remained, as Noll noted in his 1905 introduction, as "High Church" (formal) for "his veneration of the Church's liturgical inheritance was great" (p. 11).

Those not familiar with the rites, rituals, and holy days of the Anglican Communion may be confused as to what it all means. Elliott, as editor, appears to take for granted the knowledge of his readers, though he does explain a few religious terms referred to by Noll in his 1905 introduction. The failure to define theological terminology is only a minor quibble because most of Elliott's notes and annotations more than make up for the oversight. Including the diary fragment at the end of the edited volume, though often quoted by Quintard in his memoir, may seem redundant to readers; however, as the editor, the fragments Elliott added to the



Bishop Quintard

final manuscript lend credibility to Quintard's narrative.

Elliott achieved his stated purpose through updating and annotating Quintard's diary, and in doing so, added to the burgeoning historiography of wartime religion and its impact on the participants. The author's edited work is not solely about religion, but because it focuses on a well-known cleric and military chaplain/missionary, it will stand alongside other recently published works which have enriched our understanding of the conflict's religious aspects.<sup>2</sup>

Elliott's deft editing and footnoting help in understanding the sub-genre of Civil War-era religion and the issues discussed by the diarist. Quintard is unique as a subject because he was born in New England, educated in New York, held credentials in medicine and the Episcopal ministry, and served as a Confederate chaplain—and often as a military physician. Quintard's amazing life is reason

enough to read Elliott's annotated work.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> William Bennett, *The Great Revival which Prevailed in the Southern Armies during the Late War between the States of the Federal Union* (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Wefflinger, 1877); and James William Jones, *Christ in the Camp; or Religion in Lee's Army* (Richmond: B. E. Johnson and Company, 1888). The testimonies of both chaplains are challenged by Reid Mitchell in "Christian Soldiers? Perfecting the Confederacy," in *Religion and the American Civil War*, ed. Randall Miller, Harry S. Stout, and Charles Reagan Wilson (New York and London: Oxford University Press, 1998), pp. 297-309.

<sup>2</sup> Since the 1980s, numerous books and articles have appeared on the topic of Civil War religion, but among the better recent works is Eugene D. Genovese, *A Consuming Fire: The Fall of the Confederacy in the Mind of the White Christian South* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1998). Much of Quintard's diary fragment is about the period discussed in Genovese's monograph. See also Miller, Stout, and Wilson, eds., *Religion and the American Civil War*; and Steven E. Woodworth, *While God Is Marching On: The Religious World of Civil War Soldiers* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2001).

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