THE ANGLICAN

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Samuel Seabury (1729-1796)—In this issue, Dean Peter Eaton reviews Bishop Paul Marshall's new biography of the first bishop of the Episcopal Church.

GUEST COLUMN

Newly Retired: An Appreciation for a Life in Ministry

by Paul B. Clayton Jr.

AS A MEMBER OF the executive committee of the Anglican Society, I have been asked by the president to share some thoughts on the subject of my recent retirement from full-time parish ministry after forty-one years (I have no intention of retiring from the Anglican Society or the executive committee).

Early summer was a virtual 24/7 panic as I prepared to leave my parish on June 26. This included moving my office furniture and library to our new home and sorting and discarding or moving 34 years of stuff from the rectory basement (including a 300 square foot HO scale model railroad, plus a number of radio-controlled model ships under construction). In the midst of such disorder, I reflected on the past with thanksgiving.

I've had a great 41 years in the ordained ministry, and I'm looking forward to many more helping out as a supply priest, as God grants me good health, as well as continuing to serve as ecumenical officer of the Diocese of New York at the bishop's request, a position I've held since the mid-1980s, with service on the Diocesan Ecumenical and Interfaith Commission since 1972.

My formal training for ordained ministry began in 1961. I loved every minute of the eight years I spent at General Seminary, first as what we now call an M. Div. student right out of the University of Texas, from 1961 to 1964, and then as a graduate student, from 1966 to 1971, when I served GTS as a tutor, then instructor in church history, and assistant chaplain in charge of seminary chapel services. From 1964 to 1966 I was the founding priest of Holy Apostles' Church, Forth Worth, thoroughly enjoying myself among people with whom I have kept up all these years, with several visits back to preach at important parish anniversaries.

From 1966 to 1971, I served five happy years as part-time vicar of what is now Saint Nicholas' Church in the small Hudson River village of New Hamburg, driving up from GTS two hours every Sunday, and spending summers in the village. Since 1971, I have had the great privilege of serving as rector of Saint Andrew's, Poughkeepsie, NY, a pastoral-sized suburban/rural congregation dating back to 1886 in the heart of IBM country, apple orchards, dairy farms, and exploding development as the outer edge of the New York metropolitan suburbs.

The parish moved to a new location the year before I was elected rector, and since I had had the fortunate experience of being taught by the young people of Saint Nicholas' how to do youth work, we built a wonderful youth program at Saint Andrew's, which I have enjoyed tremendously. During all that, I finally got my doctoral dissertation on fifth-century conciliar Christology done in 1985, which, after the ruthless prodding of their editors, Oxford University Press is currently scheduled to publish during the summer of 2006 under the title of *The Christology of Theodoret of Cyrus: Antiochene Christology from the Council of Ephesus (431) to the Council of Chalcedon (451)*. Now if every member of the Anglican Society buys a copy, I'll be in the money!

I was recently asked by the editor of *The Living Church* if I would have wanted anything more from my seminary education. I answered that I have nothing but praise for the education I had at GTS in the '60s. My only regret was not taking classes in Hebrew. The sub-dean, Powell Mills Dawley, whom I revered, suggested instead that I take some additional pastoral theology classes beyond those required. Now I wish I had taken the Hebrew, which I shall have to do in retirement. What marvelous biblical teachers we had in Robert Dentan, Dick Corney, and Pierson Parker. Since I arrived at General with Greek from my university classics minor, Sydney Barr insisted on giving me a private year-long tutorial in the Septuagint, the Greek translation of the Old Testament. In our senior year Jim Carpenter proved an excellent successor in systematic theology to Kenneth Woollcombe (who became Bishop of Oxford), and the two of them so excited me about Patristics that I eventually did my doctorate in Patristic Christology uptown at the Union

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Theological Seminary. I remain profoundly grateful to the Episcopal Church Foundation for paying for it with one of their fellowships. I was in awe of Cyril Richardson, professor of early church history there. John Meyendorff and Richard Norris proved marvelous doctoral dissertation supervisors after Richardson's sudden and premature death at 65, and they both were good friends as well. Dean Lawrence Rose at GTS was to me an icon of what an Anglican priest should be: scholarly, pastoral, always approachable and responsive.

To this day in my baptism and confirmation classes, when we get to Christian ethics, I literally get out my notes from Dean Rose's senior year moral theology course to use as my basic resource. I went to him numerous times in his retirement in Kent, CT, for advice and pastoral guidance, and he was always welcoming, incisive, and helpful. Norman Pittenger taught me that a superbly logical, rich, and appropriate apologia for the Christian faith is available for our witness to a strange and unbelieving, self-centered world. In so many words, I experienced at General and Union a richness of scholarly life and friendships for which I am profoundly grateful.

General also gave my generation of students a marvelous foundation in the spirituality of Anglican liturgical life, or rather how Anglican spirituality grows out of our corporate use of the Book of Common Prayer. We can never forget Boone Porter's humor and his enthusiasm for liturgies. Absolutely fundamental to my spiritual life was the grounding that the daily routine of the chapel gave me. To this day, a day without both of the Prayer Book's daily offices is simply unimaginable to me. In *Life Together*, Bonhoeffer pointed out that the daily office's *lectio divina* is an unsurpassed way to immerse ourselves in the world and experiences of Holy Scripture. I recall sitting at the old GTS refectory high table shortly before my doctoral entrance examinations at Union expressing my understandable anxiety about them to Cyril Richardson, who was visiting GTS for the day. When I specifically mentioned the Bible content exam, he remarked, "You read the daily offices. You will have no trouble." And he was right. I can think of no better way to inculcate knowledge of the Scriptures in Anglicans, especially the laity, than to encourage them day in and day out over a life time to pray with the *lectio divina* in the daily offices. I have for decades stressed in my parishes and in their weekly bulletins that Anglican spirituality is rooted in and built upon the daily offices and the Sunday Eucharist. Get that straight and everything else falls into proper place.

When the editor of *The Living Church* asked my suggestions for improving seminary education, I had only two. First would be to keep up the best scholarship possible in biblical studies, church history, systematic theology, ethics, liturgies, and apologetics, especially the last in this pluralistic and rather mad age. Second would be that pastoral theology should have more on dealing with people who come to parish churches with power issues. It calls to mind a wonderfully helpful book by Kenneth G. Hauck, *Antagonists in the Church* (Augsburg). My wife and assisting priest, Sharon (GTS, 1986), discovered it in the early 1990s, and we both found it a godsend in dealing caringly but objectively with the occasional difficult situation.

I was fortunate in having as my mentor in parish ministry the Reverend James P. DeWolfe, Jr., then rector of All Saints', Forth Worth, under whom the Bishop of Dallas

put me for the first year of my ministry at Holy Apostles'. He was a tough but experienced priest who taught me more than either he or I realized at the time. Then at Saint Nicholas', I worked under the Reverend Robert MacGill, who was the rector of Zion, Wappingers Falls, New York, of which parish Saint Nicholas' was technically a chapel of ease. What a marvelous priest! I thank God daily in my intercessions for both of these men.

Over the past 20 years or so, I have been saddened by the great increase in the numbers of priests being forced out of parishes and, I think, insufficiently supported by their bishops. I wonder if the laity are not blaming the clergy too much for the decline in commitment to the Christian faith throughout our culture in all denominations. Rather than the fault of incompetent clergy, I think this problem is the result of the incredibly complicated pluralism that has arisen in this country, and the growth of secularism.

This is a time of great shaking of the foundations. It is thus a time not for panic—which seems to grip many in the Episcopal Church these days—but rather a time to look once again carefully and faithfully at our roots. The English Reformers insisted that they were trying to get behind what they considered corrupting innovations in the late medieval Church and to reform the English Church along the lines of the fundamentals of Christian faith and practice revealed in the undivided Church of the Patristic centuries. Although we can be reasonably humble in evaluating their success, or the success of the Liturgical Movement in our own time which has worked on the same premise to reform the liturgical spirituality of contemporary Christian communions, this remains the foundation of the way Anglicans do theology and liturgy. As we strive to reunite the divided Body of Christ through the ecumenical movement, we need to keep these same parameters and fundamentals clearly in mind. Frankly, I do not understand what is meant by inclusiveness in the contemporary Church. If it means we include any and all behaviors or any and all doctrinal claims no matter how contradictory, I cannot see this as the classical Anglican way. Anglicanism has been a system offering the concept of comprehension, which seems to me an altogether different idea. Since the Reformation our hope has been to comprehend within our communion people with differing convictions about the non-essentials, the *adiaphora*. But the essentials, essentially the faith of the undivided Church Catholic established in its ecumenical councils and creeds, were clearly set out by those Reformers: what can be developed legitimately from the canon of Holy Scripture as interpreted by the first four ecumenical councils. We can comprehend all sorts of variety safely and Christianly, provided it is erected on this sure foundation. Our classical approach in the Episcopal Church was always that Hobartian High Church and then Tractarian Anglo-Catholic, Evangelical, and Liberal, Broad Church wings may have wide varieties and sometimes bitter struggles between them, but all functioned in ways that respected the right of the other wings to live within the same communion with integrity. The current apparent theme in our internal divisions of "do it my way or hit the road" is to my mind not at all the Anglican tradition.

At his sermon at Evensong the night before my 1964 GTS class was graduated, Professor Pierson Parker insisted that we could not go far wrong in our preaching and teaching if we remembered that our task was not "to convert people to yourselves, but consistently to hold up before your congregations Jesus" as the exemplar and enabler of real human life. I do not see how we can survive, let alone grow, unless Episcopalians—lay members, bishops, priests, and deacons—begin to take seriously, on a personal level, our Lord's great commission in Matthew 28. Surely we want to be welcoming to all people, but this is not primarily about inclusiveness. It's about making disciples of Jesus Christ, about commitment to Jesus Christ as Lord of our lives.

God has been good to me. My older daughter and her husband are active members of Saint Andrew's; and my younger daughter and family are active in another parish in New Jersey. My four grandchildren are in church every Sunday. I have a wonderful wife with whom I have enjoyed a shared ministry. I have loved and experienced being loved in several lovely parishes, the last for 34 years. Saint Andrew's gave me all the time I wanted to study and read, and actually seemed to benefit by it. What else could anyone possibly want from the life with which God has graced us?

The Reverend Dr. Paul B. Clayton Jr., is rector emeritus of Saint Andrew's Church, Poughkeepsle, New York. This article is an expanded version of one published in The Living Church *on July 10, 2005. It is reproduced here with permission of its Editor, David Kalvelage.*

What's new at The General Theological Seminary

of the Episcopal Church

Classes for Spring Term

start on January 30, 2006

and an Open House to learn about them

is set for Thursday, December 8
from 6:00-7:30 pm at the Seminary.
All are welcome, lay people and clergy, whether thinking of a single course, or an entire program.
Meet GTS professors and conquer your school re-entry fears.

Contact Helen Goodkin, 212-243-5150 ext. 461 or e-mail maprogram@gts.edu.

BibleWorks™ Software Training

will be held Friday, November 4. Join us to discover an important tool for sermon writing, Biblical research, or looking up a forgotten verse.
Beginners, 8:45 am; *Advanced,* 1:00 pm. $30 each. Yes, you can do both.

Contact Helen Goodkin, 212-243-5150 ext. 461 or e-mail maprogram@gts.edu.

and new from General's
Center for Christian Spirituality

◆◆ *Quiet Days*

Saturday mini-retreats from 10-3 at General. Reservations needed; $15 donation suggested.
Quiet Days, on aspects of Christian Spirituality, help us draw closer to God and each other.

September 24, 2005: The Contemplative Eucharist, led by CCS Director Jonathan Linman. Linger with the readings *&* experiences of the Eucharist, toward a deeper contemplation of the sacred mysteries and growth in faith.

November 12, 2005: Drinking from the Waters of Salvation, led by Brother Geoffrey Tristram, SSJE. An opportunity to be still, and as the prophet Isaiah invites us, to drink "from the wells of salvation."

◆◆ *January One-Week Courses*

These are intensive courses in aspects of Christian Spirituality. Either course may be taken for full academic credit or audited for enrichment and enjoyment.

January 9-13, 2006: Retreats & Quiet Days: How to Lead Them led by Barbara Cawthorne Crafton

January 16-20, 2006: Spirituality and the Arts, led by Clair McPherson

◆◆ *February Christian Spirituality Lecture*

Tuesday, Feb. 21 at 8 pm: Dr. Roberta Bondi speaks on Julian of Norwich in the Seminary's Auditorium. No reservations needed; $15 donation suggested.

For the Center's Quiet Days *&* January courses, reach Jay Rozendaal, ext. 269; ccs@gts.edu.

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The Final Days on Earth

by Walter R. Bouman

PRESIDENT'S NOTE: Walter R. Bouman, distinguished Lutheran pastor and professor of systematic theology at Trinity Lutheran Seminary, Columbus Ohio, died on August 17, 2005, at the age of 76. He was the principal Lutheran author of the Concordat that led to the CCM or full communion relationship between the Episcopal Church and the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America. He had served on, and spoken at, many ecumenical dialogues with Episcopalians/Anglicans, both nationally and worldwide, where his wit, erudition, and humor were greatly appreciated. He had been a visiting sabbatical professor as well as visiting lecturer at the General Seminary, from which he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. He was also the preacher of the William Reed Huntington sermon sponsored by the Anglican Society on September 22, 2004 (published in vol. 34:1, January, 2005). His contributions in these areas were enormous, and he will be sorely missed. We are pleased to present here one of his last sermons, preached in the Chapel of Trinity Lutheran Seminary on May 18, 2005, appropriately anticipating his own death. It is edited for publication and reproduced here with his permission. +May he rest in peace.—J. Robert Wright

MY THANKS TO BEXLEY HALL for the invitation to preach today. It is appropriate because my colleague Bill Petersen and I worked together on Lutheran-Episcopal Dialogue III and there first dreamed of a relationship between Bexley Hall and Trinity. My thanks to all of you for your prayers and greetings, your visits and your care, your love and support. I am sustained by the gospel and the Eucharist.

(An aside: my pastor, Al Debelak, came to share communion in the hospital. He had the prayers and a lesson, and the great thanksgiving. My roommate had a large, noisy, extended family. And when the first of his family visitors arrived, he said: "Do you know what? They had a mass at the next bed! Isn't that right?" he asked me. I said, "Yes." Then he said, "What are you?" I replied, "A Lutheran." "What are Lutherans?" he asked. "Reformed Catholics," I said. And then as each new family member arrived, he repeated, "They had a mass at the next bed. My roommate is a Lutheran, and they're Reformed Catholics!")

Jan and I are also sustained by the seminary community in its broadest sense. Thank you. Of course I have turned to some of my favorite jokes about death. Woody Allen: "It is impossible to experience your own death objectively and still carry a tune." "Some things are worse than death. Have you ever spent two hours with an insurance salesman?" Johnny Carson is my favorite so far: "It is true that for several days after you die, your hair and fingernails keep on growing, but the phone calls taper off."

This is the week of Pentecost, and then we are anticipating that dreaded Trinity Sunday. Before I discovered that the Trinity is the story we tell of God because of the gospel, I thought that I was preaching the incomprehensible to the uncomprehending. But today I want to direct our attention to another word from Scripture, some verses from Psalm 90. "The days of our life are seventy years, and perhaps eighty, if we are strong; even then their span is only toil and trouble; they are soon gone, and we fly away. ... So teach us to count our days that we may gain a wise heart" (verses 10 and 12).

I'm counting. I'm counting. It took a blow to the head with a two-by-four to get my attention. But I'm counting. The oncologist told me I have six to nine months. When do I start counting, I asked him, April 1 or May 1? "That's a quibble," he replied. So I haven't exactly begun a countdown. But I am aware that each day is a gift, to be treasured and savored. I am listening to the classical music on WOSU-FM a lot these days. Just listening. Hearing new music, and new things in familiar music. I have been thinking that I could happily spend a lot of eternity just listening to music. Bach, above all.

When I first returned home from the hospital I prayed each night that God would not let me wake up in this world. But then Anna Madsen sent me an e-mail saying, "Don't you

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Edward C. Fendt Emeritus Professor of
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dare die until I get to Columbus." When Anna talks, even God listens. So I stopped praying the prayer. Instead I have turned to a prayer that I first prayed in German as a child. *Breit aus die Flügel beide, O Jesu meine Freude, und nim dein Küchlein ein*. My own rough translation is "Spread out both of your wings, O Jesus, my Joy, and gather in your little cupcake." Hard now to think of myself as a "little cupcake," so I pray this English translation instead:

> Lord Jesus, who does love me,
> Oh spread thy wings above,
> And shield me from alarm.
> Though evil would assail me
> Thy mercy will not fail me.
> I rest in thy protecting arm.

But I'm counting.

The purpose for the counting is not like sitting on death row. It is to gain a wise heart, or in an older translation, that "we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." I have been thinking much about what wisdom I have gained, what is of such importance that it must be shared with you today. I have come up with four essentials. I tried to make it a Lutheran three, but these four seemed irreducible.

I. THE FIRST IS God's own foolishness, which is wiser than our wisdom. Who could have imagined that Jesus, the crucified Jew, is the Messiah of Israel and the world? He is identified as Messiah by his resurrection from the dead. The gospel is not an idea, for example, that God loves us, although that is true. The gospel is good news, it is the announcement that something good and absolutely decisive for the universe has actually happened. The Christian good news is simply this: Jesus is risen! That is good news because it means that death no longer has power over him. Jesus, not death, will have the last word. But the resurrection of Jesus was not personal vindication. He has become the first fruits of all that sleep. For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. He will reign until he has put all things under his feet. The last enemy to be destroyed is death. And then God will be everything in everyone. (I Cor. 15:22-28)

NOTE THAT this is a vision for the future and it beckons us to follow it. Of course Jesus is also about the past, our past, the world's past. There on the cross he takes sin and evil and death into God's own being and history, where it is overcome forever. But the gospel is first and foremost a vision for the future. Because Jesus is risen, everything has changed radically. We are set free from serving the powers of death with our lives, our fears, our policies. We are set

free from having to protect ourselves at whatever cost to others. We are set free from the dreadful necessity to grab all the gusto we can because we only go around once. We are set free from the compulsion to cling to every day and hour of life in this world.

Note also that this vision applies to everyone. Paul says "all" repeatedly, and I take it that he means "all." Robert Farrar Capon taught me some years ago that Jesus did not come to repair the repairable, correct the correctable, improve the improvable. He came to raise the dead! The only final condition for eternal participation in Christ's victory is that we be dead, 100% gold-plated dead! Paul exults in God's universal forgiveness. "For God has imprisoned all in disobedience so that he may be merciful to all" (Romans 11:32). It is God's unconditional love that evokes his outburst of praise: "O the depths of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments and how inscrutable are his ways" (Romans 11:33). We really have trouble getting it. Anne Lamott quotes the pastor of "The Church of 80% Sincerity:" We are capable of unconditional love, but it has a shelf life of about 8 to 10 seconds. "We might say to our beloved, 'Darling, I'll love you unconditionally until the very end of dinner." It is God's eternal unconditional love that distinguishes God from us (Hosea 11:8-9), and not God's infinity or presumed immortality. Difficult as it is (because I always think of it as unfair), I have come to accept God's universal salvation as the final consequence of the resurrection of Jesus. I think of all: the best and worst, the innocent and the guilty, the victims of the holocaust and the evil perpetrators, those killed in all of our senseless wars, and the misguided leaders who send them into battle. Christ will raise us all, and somehow bend us into shape so that in eternity we become the human beings we were intended to be.

II. BECAUSE CHRIST IS RISEN, because the messianic age has come, Christ's messianic people are identified by our participation in the messianic banquet. Nothing has changed so much in my lifetime as the church's understanding of the Eucharist. In my youth the Eucharist was a penitential ritual, associated with repentance and forgiveness, with confession and absolution. Of course, we are set free to repent by God's unsearchable forgiveness. But as we have begun to recover our roots in Judaism, we have discovered that because the messianic age is here, we are already at the messiah's feast (Isaiah 25:6-9). This is the feast of victory for our God. Well, it is only hors d'oeuvres on this side of the grave, but it is already a foretaste of the feast to come. This is what identifies us as the Messiah's people. When I graduated from seminary 51 years ago, I don't think there were 100 Lutheran parishes that had a weekly Eucharist. Now there are many thousands, and the number grows apace.

So, in Gordon Lathrop's wonderful insight, you are ordained to be table waiters. That is what it means to serve. Ordained ministry is not about meeting people's needs, although that is a dimension of the whole church's ministry to the Reign of God. Still less is it about accommodating people's bondage to the powers of death so that we can keep our jobs. Ordained ministry is quite simply that we wait on table, where Christ is already embracing us with his victory, and eating and drinking anew with us in the Father's kingdom (Matthew 26:29).

The Eucharist also gives us our mission. For what is present to us in this meal is nothing less than Christ's offering of himself for the world. In the meal he takes us up into his offering and makes us his body for the world. In the Eucharist we experience that there is more to do with our lives than to protect them. We are set free to offer them. We pray: "We offer with joy and thanksgiving what you have first given us: ourselves, our time, and possessions." Only Christ can make such a total claim upon us, and only Christ can set us free for such a total offering. So we are free to gather as the church made visible at the table and then free to be sent as the church scattered in total service to the reign of God.

III. BECAUSE CHRIST IS RISEN, we are free to love the church. I don't mean the church that gives us warm fuzzies, that embraces us with comfort and love. I mean the real church, the church that fills us with dismay, that robs us of hope, that pursues agendas so contrary to the mind of Christ that we want to despair. That's the church we are free to love. That is the church which Jesus' resurrection frees you to love.

You are free to imprint on your hearts and minds the great apostolic words from Ephesians 4: "I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beg you to lead a life worthy of the calling to which you have been called, with all humility and gentleness, with patience, putting up with one another in love, making every effort to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." In the last chapter of Luke's gospel, Jesus tells the disciple community to await being "clothed with power from on high." We do not need to be "clothed with power from on high" to join a bridge club, root for the Buckeyes, golf with our friends, or champion causes with other like-minded people.

But we need "power from on high" to be the church, that is, to be so grasped by Christ that we can "put up with each other" in a community that can sustain its unity in the midst of disagreement over emotionally charged issues, without demonizing or disregarding, excluding or humiliating each other" (*Faithful Conversation*, by Daniel Olson, p. 102) Olson points out that our present situation gives the church a magnificent opportunity to be the church—to disagree profoundly over truly important matters without turning away from each other or turning against each other.

IV. THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS frees us to love the

world. I think of that great cosmic and mysterious universe set in motion by the creative urge of the Father, called into being through the creating Logos, given a life which is pointed toward a new heaven and a new earth by the aspirating Holy Spirit. But we are free to love a more manageable world, our own small planet placed into our care as stewards of God's gift. Such love of our world was never more needed.

I have noticed two insistent temptations in my illness. The first is an almost narcissistic fixation on myself and my body, noting every twinge and change, keeping my plumbing working, measuring what and how much I can eat. The second is an irrational twist on "Stop the world, I want to get off." My cry, when I hear of plans for travel I will no longer be able to undertake, futures of which I will not be a part, is to shout, "Stop the world because I'm getting off." What rescues me from both of these temptations is, in part, my longtime habit of watching the daily news, reading the daily paper, working my way through two news magazines, and keeping up with the affairs of the church and the world.

A lot of what I read is appalling in terms of our care for this planet. *Time* magazine had a cover story on Ann Coulter a few weeks ago. In the article she was quoted as saying: "God gave us the earth. We have dominion over the plants, the animals, the seas. God said, 'Earth is yours. Take it. Rape it. It's yours." To which Peter Fenn, her political counterpart on a Fox News broadcast responded: "We're Americans, so we should consume as much of the earth's resources as fast as we possibly can." To which Coulter replied, "Yes. Yes! As opposed to living like the Indians." (*Time*, March 25, 2005, page 37) Coulter gets $25,000 a speech for throwing this "red meat" to her right-wing audiences.

No politician would dare to say such things, but the audiences love it. What we must do is look at the policies proposed and imposed by law and decree, the lack of concern for pollution and our consumption of fossil fuels. The World-watch Institute publishes an annual "State of the World" report. The goal of the World-watch Institute is for our generation to hand on to future generations a world undiminished in its capacity to sustain life. We are not on the verge of Armageddon. We are not waiting for Christ to rapture us out of the world so that we can have a ring-side seat as the world is destroyed. We are called to be stewards, to hand on the world that we received from our parents and grandparents.

WE ARE CALLED to love the world, to want clean air and water for everyone, to give ourselves into the service of peace instead of blindly following our leaders in senseless wars, to commit to the cause of justice especially where our institutions and our country are guilty of injustice. That is a big order. But you are set free to pursue it by the resurrection of Christ, who has put an end to the dominion of death. We are free for the battle because the victory is already won.

So we come back to the beginning. My capacity for being a steward is limited and moving towards its end. Your capacity is still vibrant and active. But God continues to call all of us, even me counting my days, to be grasped by the great good news that Jesus is risen, to be taken up into Christ's offering in the meal, to be the church by putting up with each other in love, and to care for our world.

I am being readied for my final baptism, my last dying and rising with Christ. All my baptisms of dying and rising with Christ, from July 28, 1929 to the present moment, have prepared me for this time.

I turn often to the hymn-prayer with which J.S. Bach concludes his magnificent *Passion according to Saint John*. It is the final stanza of a hymn by Martin Schalling (1532-1608), No. 325 in the Lutheran Book of Worship. I ask you to join me in praying/singing that final stanza.

Lord, let at last thine angels come,
To Abr'ham's bosom bear me home,
That I may die unfearing;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body safe in quiet sleep
Until thy reappearing.
And then from death awaken me,
That these mine eyes with joy may see,
O Son of God, thy glorious face,
My Savior and my fount of grace.
Lord Jesus Christ,
My prayer attend, my prayer attend,
And I will praise thee without end.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

ANGLICAN VERSE

Poem for Christ the King

by Pamela Cranston

See how this homeless babe lifted
himself down into his humble Crèche
and laid his tender glove
of skin against that splintered wood—
found refuge in that rack
of raspy straw—home
on that chilly dawn, in sweetest
silage, those shriven stalks.

See how this outcast King lifted
himself high upon his savage Cross,
extended the regal banner
of his bones, draping himself
upon his throne—his battered feet,
his wounded hands not fastened
there by nails but sewn
by the strictest thorn of Love.

The Reverend Pamela Cranston is the author of The Madonna Murders *(St. Hubert's Press, 2003). Her work has appeared in* Anglican Theological Review, Cistercian Studies, Adirondack Review, Penwood Review *and numerous other publications; this is her second contribution to* THE ANGLICAN. *She lives in Oakland, California.*

LANCELOT ANDREWES QUATERCENTENARY

A Different Andrewes?

by Peter McCullough

IT WAS A PLEASURE to receive an invitation to contribute to this series of reflections on the four-hundredth anniversary of Lancelot Andrewes's consecration as bishop. It reached me at a time of serious reflection on why, and how, I think twenty-first century minds should engage with Andrewes's own, and I am grateful for this opportunity to muse, in a style somewhat less formal than a scholarly article, on why we might read Andrewes, and why the ways we read him might benefit from some adjustment.

Editors of Andrewes have, since the seventeenth century, used his works to promulgate their own ecclesiastical and (later) literary agendas.[1] The first authorized edition, the posthumous *XCVI Sermons* (1629), was published by Andrewes's admiring protégés William Laud and John Buckeridge as a strident manifesto for the reforms we now call "Laudianism." But as soon as Laud's control over the London book trade collapsed in 1641, anti-Laudian editors and booksellers raced to harness the valuable commodity of Andrewes's reputation by publishing a competing "godly" alternative in the form of sermons and catechisms which Laud had ignored.[2] Then on the eve of the Restoration, a consortium of royalist printers offered yet another clutch of hitherto unpublished texts that re-aligned Andrewes with anti-Calvinist sacramental ceremonialism and monarchical absolutism.[3] The Tractarian revival of Andrewes in the *Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology* (hereafter *LACT*; 11 vols., Oxford, 1840-52)—itself a riposte to the archly reformed Parker Society library then issuing from Cambridge—was only a Victorian re-enactment of an earlier Stuart "battle of the books." Both were fought over the line between reformed and catholic traditions that for many had been left unclear by the Elizabethan Settlement of 1559. A literary twist on these polemical uses of Andrewes was T.S. Eliot's famous enlistment of him as the standard-bearer for his own self-professed Anglo-Catholic royalism in the 1920s.[4]

IN SHORT, the bibliographical and ecclesiological tradition of Laud, the *LACT*, and Eliot has died rather hard, and kept Andrewes shrouded in the incense of a rather sentimentalized Anglo-Catholicism. A knock-on effect has been to discourage the study of Andrewes that he deserves to have in the secular academy, associated as he is in literary historians' minds with Eliot's now unfashionable religion and politics. Eliot's back-handed compliment that Andrewes will always have fewer readers than Donne because Andrewes (unlike Donne) cannot "be read by those who have no interest in the subject" has only played into the hands of secular academic prejudice against religious writing. The Tractarian dream of finding in Andrewes that historical chimera that Eliot called "the English Catholic Church" has hindered the appreciation of how radical Andrewes was in his own day. The Eliotan focus upon Andrewes as "one of the born spiritual," untainted by personality or (one might be forgiven for thinking) even a body,

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has encouraged some rather naïve hagiography. And Eliot's decision to boil Andrewes's voluminous works down to only the Nativity sermons (he neither quotes nor commends any others) keeps too many from seeing that there are things that recommend Andrewes to serious study beyond the old Anglo-Catholic chestnuts of eucharistic presence, auricular confession, and ceremonial worship.

Now, those chestnuts should always have a place in the thought and debate of the Anglican Communion, and those who think that the need to assert them should never pass should continue to use Andrewes as a touchstone. But I worry that the promulgation of Andrewes's views on eucharistic theology in church journals, study days, and the like, often does little to move beyond the reassembling of the same quotations on presence or frequent communion from *XCVI Sermons*, usually via the modernized *LACT*, and usually presented in a tone and manner that reads rather like preaching just to the converted.

For centuries Andrewes has been used to make the people who agree with him (those who Eliot said "had an interest in the subject") feel good about their own views. Part of the problem here is a paradox: that an insufficiently historicized portrayal of Andrewes actually hinders the application of him to a modern audience. Like soft-focus photography, an ethereal, "timeless" view of Andrewes as some kind of cross between Old Testament prophet, Patristic Father, and irenic bishop miraculously untouched by Jacobean mess and muck makes him into a distant icon rather than a real man of his own time who can speak to real women and men of our own.

Let me stay with the subject of Andrewes's high view of the eucharist to suggest that his views actually gain strength when first understood in the historical context that produced them. The forceful encomiums to the eucharist which conclude his Jacobean court sermons for Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday are too often quoted as if they articulated an early modern practice that was accepted and routine. Nothing could be further from the case. In most parishes throughout Andrewes's England, communion was celebrated twice a year, on Christmas and at Easter. Even at court, cathedrals, and in Andrewes's episcopal chapels—the "highest" liturgical shows in the kingdom—it was celebrated only once a month. Moreover, the main event of any Sunday anywhere was the sermon. And finally, early modern sermons were themselves not routinely preached in the context of any liturgical service whatsoever. On the contrary, they were free-standing, hour-long orations preached after Morning Prayer or before Evening Prayer, with a separate peal (the "sermon bell") rung to summon listeners. Never mind communion, most people skipped even the non-eucharistic liturgies and turned up only for the sermon. This was even true at court, where King James expected sung matins to stop the minute he arrived in his gallery over the chapel royal in order for the sermon to start—regardless of at what point in the service the chaplain and choir might be. As Andrewes himself diagnosed the situation in a ferial sermon at Greenwich Palace in 1607, "Come at any other parts of the *Service of* God (parts, I say, of *the service of* God no lesse then this) you shall find it (in a manner) *desolate*."[5]

AS WAS THE CASE for his Tudor predecessors, James routinely received communion only in private, and a tiny chapel or "closet" deep in the royal apartments was fitted for this purpose. On only three days a year did the monarch descend from those upper-floor privy chambers to receive communion publicly at the Chapel Royal high altar, and that was on the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday in what

were the most important royal epiphanies in the court calendar. Because of the solemnity of these spectacles, they were the only days on which Elizabeth and James and their courts actually *had* to sit through a public service of Holy Communion with sermon, thus bringing together two great court spectator sports: watching the monarch receive, and hearing a good sermon.[6] And it is only because he had been appointed in 1605 as James's Lord High Almoner (by tradition both steward of the king's alms and the preacher before him on high feast days) that Andrewes even had the chance to preach things like the now famous Nativity sermons, with their adamant insistence that eucharistic liturgy with sermon was the *consummatum est* of Christian worship: "No *fulnes* there is of our *Liturgie*, or publike solemne service, without the *Sacrament*. Some *part*; yea, the chief *part* is wanting, if that be wanting." When Andrewes treats the sermon as not just an end in itself, but as the means to lead the congregation to the climax of the eucharist, it is with a palpable sense of elation at the very rarity of such an opportunity in the Church of England of his time, when "no *part* is missing: when all our *dueties*, of *preaching*, and *praying*, of *Hymnes*, of *offering*, of *Sacrament*, and all, meet together"[7]—one of only three chances a year at court to commend what for Andrewes was an ideal, but for his auditory only a fluke of court protocol. If we wish to commend Andrewes's eucharistic theology, we can do so with greater force if we preserve a lively understanding that what we (in our post-Liturgical Movement context) take for granted was something Andrewes risked his reputation to assert.

Still, for all the eucharistically-centred ethos of modern Anglicanism, is it even a secure *status quo*? Should sacramentally-minded Anglicans rest on the achievements of the 1979 *Book of Common Prayer* or *Common Worship*? As use of Cranmer's prayer books itself shows, a formulary's provision for communion every Sunday was no guarantee that it would be done. One might note, for example, that the website for the world's leading international Christian evangelism course (which had its genesis within the Church of England) prominently advertises a format of "supper," "talk" and "small groups," with discussion topics covering the persons of the Trinity, scripture, good and evil—but makes no mention of communion (or any other sacrament for that matter). Might there not be a place for suggesting with Andrewes that in such a successful advertisement for Christianity, "the chief *part* is wanting"?[8]

Moreover, we must not continue to "make do" with reasserting Andrewes's high view of the eucharist through mere recapitulation and summary of it. For centuries, readers have known that it is as unique as it has been influential in the Anglican Communion, as shown by Jeffrey Steel in a recent issue of this magazine. The historiographical point has been expertly put by church historians like Peter Lake and Nicholas Tyacke, and the theological one by Nicholas Lossky. But what we lack still is any proper understanding of Andrewes's sources for a eucharistic theology which emphatically asserts real presence, but equally emphatically rejects transubstantiation. It is categorically and obviously not Genevan, and even outstrips Hooker in its assertion of the real presence. Tractarian hopes for a Roman Catholic source were dashed long ago. Patristic writings have seemed the most promising source, and Lossky's insistence upon the pertinence of the Eastern Fathers is salutary, though, as Davidson Morse suggests, probably overstated.[9]

Revelatory for me has, again, been rummaging in Andrewes beyond the iconic texts from *XCVI Sermons*. A parish sermon of 1598 on Isaiah 6:6-7 (from the largely ignored 1657 folio) reveals an Andrewes who asserts, breathtakingly, that the consecrated elements remit sins: "our sinnes are no lesse taken away by the element of bread and wine, in the Sacrament, then the Prophets sinne was by being touched with a Cole." This is a position explicitly condemned by Trent and equally offensive to Calvinists: for the former, it obviated the requirement of the sacrament of penance for the eucharist to be operative; for the latter it flew in the face of predestined election as a requirement for sacramental efficacy. But even more exciting is that in making this case, Andrewes was tacitly retailing the distinctive eucharistic theology of the leading second-generation Lutheran, Martin Kemnitz. Here, I think, is at least one important answer to the nagging question of where Andrewes is getting a theology so foreign to the England of his time. Averse to controversy, Andrewes never utters the name of either Luther or Kemnitz because Lutheran eucharistic theology had by his time been so thoroughly discredited by the English Calvinist establishment. Although wholly congruent with the hints about such a view of instrumentality which peep over the parapet in his court sermons, it is entirely logical that his fullest exposition of this (in contemporary terms) heterodox view lies buried in a sermon preached in the relative safety of a suburban London parish.[10] Again, here is an instance of how

historical work can have an impact in our own day: how different might Anglican-Lutheran dialogue have been in the last fifty years had we known that one of the most admired early theologians of the Church of England had been thoroughly engaged with the theology of high German Lutheranism?

But, in a spirit that is deliberately revisionist and perhaps (to some) provocative, I would also like to suggest that Andrewes also be mined for witness and inspiration on topics other than the eucharist. Andrewes's life and works speak of the need for the continual evolution of the church and its worship, not the traditionalist ossification of the same. Andrewes famously led the Westminster committee charged with the translation of the Pentateuch and major historical books for what became the Authorized Version (1611), and that prose is undoubtedly some of the best in English. But it was written precisely to capture due dignity by using the patterns and vocabulary of what was then modern speech. As a scholar who knew all the antecedent translations of scripture in every ancient and modern language better than anyone else in England, Andrewes was participating in biblical translation as a process which, he would have been the first to affirm, required continual historical evolution to keep the message of the sacred text fresh. Similarly, Andrewes would have been the last person living who would have claimed that the compromise known as the 1559 *Book of Common Prayer* was the final word on public worship in the Church of England. One need look no farther than his own manuscript notes in his copy (transcribed and preserved by John Cosin) to see that at least in his own private chapels, Andrewes played rather fast and loose with Cranmer's orders by rearranging them, adding bits from 1549, as well as inserting portions of ancient Western and Eastern forms—a liturgical creativity also on fulsome display in his *Preces Privatae* and *Manual for the Sick and Dying*. It seems unlikely that Andrewes would have been the type of churchman to pin his liturgical spirit inside the cage of anything so small as the composition date of any one formulary—1559, 1552, 1559, 1662 or 1979. He understood that it is the spirit, not just the letter, of any form that gives it life.

TWO OTHER HEADINGS seem especially pertinent for our times. The first is clerical scholarship. Andrewes was acknowledged as much in his day as in ours as perhaps the leading scholar of his generation.

And he demanded rigorous scholarship as a prerequisite for the parochial clergy, not just in their training, but as an on-going responsibility throughout their ministry. His catechism lectures preached very shortly after his own ordination (1580) contain complaints that force a smile of recognition out of any regular church-goer: "there are now some, that think the office of a minister of God to be nothing but the reading of a few prayers, and going up into a pulpit . . . which some do without sense or reason, and without any reverence or regard to the dignity of the worke and high place to which they are called."[11] But what impresses me most about Andrewes's own formidable scholarship is the way he used it; that is to say, he applied it almost exclusively to his own spiritual discipline and to the public ministries of visitation, personal conference and preaching. In an age when most aspiring clergy churned out folio after folio of both controversial and practical divinity, and seemed rarely to have missed the chance to print their sermons in an open game of self-advertisement and advancement, not even once did Andrewes publish any of the fruits of his learning unless ordered to do so by King James himself. For all his scholarship, he was first and foremost a pastor—and better for the self-deprecating combination of the two.

Second, in an age the cultural glory of which was scarred by a succession of protracted military conflicts over religion, Andrewes's was a constant and consistent voice against the follies of war. His support of James's Spanish Match for Prince Charles and his reluctance to see England drawn into foreign religious wars is perhaps well-known. Less so, however, is his forceful pulpit intervention before the Earl of Essex's ill-fated expedition to Ireland in 1599, the latter of which rode a wave of popular, romanticized war-mongering whipped up by the swashbuckling Earl. On the eve of Essex's departure, Andrewes preached the Ash Wednesday sermon before Elizabeth (and presumably Essex) on Deuteronomy 23:9 ("When thou goest out, with the Host against thine enemies, keepe thee then from all wickednesse"). Although acknowledging the scriptural case for war, and endorsing the expedition, Andrewes bravely reminded a court in the grip of patriotic bellicosity that, "if peace be a blessing, and a chiefe of His blessings, we may deduce what Warre is. To make no otherwise of it then it is, *the rodd of* God*'s wrath* (as *Esay* termeth it:) his *yron flaile* (as *Amos*:) *the hammer of the earth* (as *Jeremie*) whereby He dasheth two nations together; One of them must in peeces; both, the worse for it. *Warre* is no matter of sport."[12] Forty years later, on the eve of the Civil War, Edward Lord Montagu responded to pressure from his father to take up arms against Scotland by commending Andrewes's 1599 sermon as "so full of religion and wisdom, and so pertinent to this occasion." With a threat of disinheritance, his father ultimately got his way, and Montagu not only fought against the Scots, but became a leader of the Parliamentarian army, alongside the son of the ill-fated Elizabethan Essex. But, revolted by the carnage he witnessed at Marston Moor (1644), Montagu withdrew from active engagement, joined the emerging "peace party," and lamented, "it was easy to begin a war, but no man knew when it would end, and that this was not the way to advance religion."[13] How often since has this lesson of Andrewes's been learned through bitter experience rather than by simply heeding such a sound Christian warning?

ANDREWES ALWAYS INSISTED on a faith that is radically incarnational. Of course this has everything to do with an insistence that sacraments are things as well as signs, as well as a belief (thrilling to any student of literature) that words themselves are substantive, operative things that have shape, weight, and (crucially) efficacy. But for the uninitiated in the pew for whom "Lancelot Andrewes" is no more than a rather strange-sounding name, perhaps his most important lessons are found in his conviction that faith is something to do, not merely something to understand, feel, or define. His Mary Magdalene, for example, is *not* granted the supreme honour of being the first to see the risen Lord because of the strength of her belief: "it seemes, shee believed no more, then just as much as the High Priests would have had the world believe, that *He was taken away by night*." So much for belief as the grounds of a "lively" faith. No, Christ reveals himself to Mary simply because she loved him, and that because she loved him she sought him: "To her first that most needed it: most needed it, and so first sought it. And it agrees well, *He* be first found of her, that first sought *Him*."[14] Andrewes has little patience with those who think that they have Christ in the bag, as it were, but rather for those who through tears, doubt, even disbelief, still try desperately to find him in the most unlikely places: the stable, the tomb, the altar. But also the poor. And here is a truly timeless lesson that we can all apply from Andrewes. In a testamentary act without precedent among his contemporary bishops, Andrewes left the vast majority of his large estate to charities, and not just fashionable ones—he insisted that

his benefactions be concentrated in the poor suburb of Southwark because the City of London attracted more than its fair share of benevolence. During his life he was legendary for sending gifts (always anonymous) to the destitute, for refusing ever to accept interest on loans; one of his degree exercises at Cambridge inveighed against the unambiguous evil of usury. And he could look the City mercantile elite in the eye, as he did as a young man preaching at Saint Mary's Hospital in 1588, and tell them that widows, orphans, prisoners, and the poor on earth were nothing less than the "bankers" for those who sought to lay-up treasures in heaven.[15] Behind the trappings of a "court bishop"—which dazzle us (with our taste for TV history and costume drama) perhaps more than they did early moderns—was a man not without fault surely, but with a keen sense of how we meet Christ most immediately in the body of fallen humanity.

Although the language and politics of it now seem almost sweetly naïve and out of date, perhaps something we should resurrect in this anniversary year as a counterpoint to the tradition of Eliot is the spirit of a Christian socialist classic from 1935, the collection of essays entitled *Christianity and the Social Revolution*, to which, among others, W.H. Auden contributed. Reprinted there was an essay first published under the now surprising title "Laudian Marxism" by Joseph Needham (1900-95), son of a card-carrying Tractarian, devoted member of the Christian socialist community at Thaxted, Essex, eminent scientist, master of Gonville and Caius College, and one of the last century's greatest British intellectuals. In his essay, citing Laud, Andrewes, and a host of their contemporary divines, Needham observed that in addition to "literary beauty," there "was a significant economic aspect to their existence" that was "opposed to the new aims of capitalist freedom in commerce." After noting Andrewes's opposition to usury, he quotes from *Preces Privatae* some of Andrewes's many moving petitions for the poor and destitute, and asks, "Does not this catalogue . . . curiously resemble the communist programme? In the person of Lancelot Andrewes we link up the theocratic collectivism of the past with the proletarian socialism of the future."[16] We may squirm now at words like "communist," "collectivism," and "proletarian," but I wonder whether the spirit of what lies behind them isn't in fact the greatest witness to be gleaned and imitated from the legacy of Lancelot Andrewes and the Christ whose church he served.

NOTES

[1] Peter McCullough, 'Making Dead Men Speak: Laudianism, Print, and the Works of Lancelot Andrewes, 1626-1642', *Historical Journal* 41.2 (1998), pp. 401-24.

[2] Andrewes, *The Moral Law Expounded* (London, 1641)

[3] Andrewes, *Aposmasmatia Sacra* (London, 1657)

[4] Eliot's essay 'Lancelot Andrewes' first appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* (September 23, 1926), presumably to mark the tercentenary of Andrewes's death; it became the title essay in *For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays in Style and Order* (London, 1928), reprinted in *Selected Essays* (New York, 1932).

[5] *XCVI Sermons*, pt. 2, p. 130.

[6] See Peter McCullough, *Sermons at Court* (Cambridge, 1998), chs. 1, 3.

[7] Andrewes, ed. McCullough, *Selected Sermons*, p. 176 (Christmas, 1610)

[8] Acknowledging, of course, that evangelism of this sort is directed primarily at the unbaptized, and is not a "church" that administers sacraments; but it does seem strange, at least to me, that the sacraments of the faith being professed find no billing.

[9][10] Jeffrey Steele, 'Eucharistic Celebration in the Nativity Sermons of Lancelot Andrewes,' *The Anglican*, April 2005, pp. 19-23; Peter Lake, 'Lancelot Andrewes, John Buckeridge, and Avant-Garde Conformity at the Court of James I,' in Linda Levy Peck, ed., pp. 113-33; Nicholas Tyacke, 'Lancelot Andrewes and the Myth of Anglicanism,' in Lake and Michael Questier, eds., *Conformity and Orthodoxy in the English Church* (Woodbridge, 2000), pp. 5-33; Nicholas Lossky, *Lancelot Andrewes the Preacher* (Oxford, 1991), *passim*; Davidson Morse, 'Deification in the Sermons of Lancelot Andrewes: Nicholas Lossky Revisited,' *The Anglican* (July 2005), pp. 9-16.

[11] Andrewes, ed. McCullough, *Selected Sermons*, pp. 138-45, 378-90 (St. Giles Cripplegate, October 1598)

[12] Andrewes, *The Pattern of Catechistical Doctrine* (1650), p. 301.

[13] Andrewes, *XCVI Sermons*, pp. 183, 188.

[14] *Historical Commission Manuscript Report, Buccleuch*, vol. III, p. 383; Ian J. Gentles, 'Montagu, Edward, second earl of Manchester (1602–1671)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford, 2004).

[15] Andrewes, ed. McCullough, *Selected Sermons*, pp. 226-27 (Easter 1620).

[16] Andrewes, ed. McCullough, *Selected Sermons*, p. 74 (Sermon at St Mary's Hospital)

[17] Joseph Needham, "Laud, the Levellers, and the Virtuosi," in John Lewis, et al., eds., *Christianity and the Social Revolution* (London, 1935), pp. 164, 179.

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ANGLICAN TRAVEL

May—June, 2005

Jay and Suzanne Hobby-Shippen in Kenya and South Africa

FROM MID-MAY through the end of June my wife Suzanne and I went to Africa. We were in Nairobi, Kenya for a month taking a class on sub-Saharan African culture at the Maryknoll Institute of African Studies before going to Cape Town, South Africa for a week and a half to learn about and volunteer in some Anglican ministries to people with HIV/AIDS.

In Nairobi we spent half of each week in class. For the other half of the week we interviewed Kenyans about African culture in general and about a specific area of African culture that we had chosen to research. We were each assigned a fieldwork assistant who would set up our interviews, help us to get to them, and translate for us if necessary. At the end of the course we wrote a paper on our area of research.

Shortly after Suzanne and I got to Nairobi, I went on my first interview. This is what I wrote in my journal that day:

My fieldwork assistant, Chando, leads me through crowded, unpaved, muddy streets for thirty minutes. Shacks line either side of the street with people selling all kinds of items. There are butchers, people selling produce, people selling clothes, tailors…. Somehow they keep themselves and the items they are selling remarkably clean. I stand out as a white westerner and people stare at me as we pass by.

Chando stops at a shack that appears to be a tailor shop and speaks to a man working there. After a minute or so we see an old man walking down the street toward us. He walks very slowly and deliberately. He is elderly and short, with white hair and cloudy eyes. He only has the teeth on the top right side of his mouth; they stick out a little. He leads us down one of the side paths to his home. As I pass by, children sing "mzungu, mzungu," Swahili for "foreigner, foreigner…." A group of about five young children sit outside the shack and watch me as I interview the man. The shack is dimly lit; the only light in the room comes through the door. A few mosquitoes and flies buzz around the room.

The man tells me his name and that he is seventy-six years old. He lives in an eight-by-eight foot room with his roommate, who appears to be the same age. There is no electricity or running water. In the shack are only the two men's cots and the two stools that Chando and I sit on. At the end of the interview Chando discretely asks me if I can give the men a small monetary gift. He tells me that they may not eat today.

This scene was typical of my experience in Kenya. Seeing poverty on such a massive scale was quite shocking. In Kenya, over forty per cent of the population subsists on less than seventy-five cents per day. Only forty-two percent of the population has access to clean drinking water. The life expectancy is only forty-seven years. This is in part due to the high rate of HIV/AIDS, which infects fifteen percent of adults. (In South Africa the HIV/AIDS rate is even higher, with twenty-five percent of the population infected.)

When we were in Africa, it was not hard to see the faces of these statistics. Nairobi is a chaotic city. It

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Chando, Suzanne and Jay Hobby-Shippen.

is crowded with people looking for any way to make a living that they can—struggling to survive. Many people come to Nairobi from the rural areas looking for work because they are unable to make a living from farming due to variations in the world markets. Most people in Nairobi live in the slums, shacks of millions of people. The corrupt government has a history of indiscriminately bulldozing these people's homes. As a result the situation for many people is desperate, and the crime rate is very high. Added to this is the inaccessibility of basic services, education, and healthcare for the majority of the population.

It was difficult to witness such hunger, poverty, and oppression, particularly with the knowledge that there is no reason for hunger and poverty. God did not create a world in which there was hunger and poverty. Throughout the Bible, God feeds the hungry. In Mark 6, Jesus tells the disciples: "You yourselves give them something to eat." With twelve loaves and two fish, Jesus sends his disciples to feed the people, and there is food left over. The miracle of Christ's presence at the Eucharist continues to tell us that there is enough. It is only greed and a disproportion of power that allows some of us to have too much and others to have too little. The United Nations Development Program estimates that the basic health and nutrition needs of the world's poorest people could be met for only an additional thirteen billion dollars a year. World poverty could be cut in half by 2015 if wealthy countries like the United States would give 0.7 percent of their GDP as called for by the Millennium Development Goals.

Over the past hundred years, since the British colonized Kenya, there has been a devastating attack by the west on traditional African values. About halfway through my trip in Kenya, Chando took me outside of Nairobi to visit his rural home close to Uganda, where his wife lives. Unfortunately, like many families in Kenya, Chando and his wife must live apart because they have to find work wherever they can. She is a schoolteacher who teaches as many as fifty children at a time because the government cannot afford to hire enough teachers.

This little agricultural village of Lonediani was situated in the most gorgeous mountains I have ever seen. People treated me with such hospitality. As I walked through the village with Chando and his wife, she spoke to me about British colonization. She told me that when the British came, they told the Africans that everything British was superior, and that everything African was inferior and evil. This included African traditional culture and religion. She explained that Kenya is still dealing with the effects of this, as many Kenyans believe that everything western is superior and everything African is inferior. African culture is a culture of close communal systems that provide social and economic support. Western values of individualism and competition, though, are dominating Kenyan values in the media through globalization.

IN MY FORMAL classroom study, I learned that while western values and culture predominate in the media, most Kenyans, even those who have accepted Christianity and western culture, still rely very heavily on traditional African values and beliefs. This came as no surprise since it has been only one hundred years since the British colonized Kenya. Before that time, people living in what would become Kenya had lived the same traditional life for thousands of years.

During our class, when our professors spoke about "African" culture, they referred to sub-Saharan African culture. Our primary professor, Dr. Mary Getui, a prominent African womanist theologian, taught us about the fifteen themes of African culture. These themes include traditional beliefs about healing, the nature of evil, and the afterlife.

We were taught that the central African cultural theme is marriage. We learned that in African culture, marriage is fundamentally meant for procreation. Only when one has married and had children can he or she be considered a mature member of the community who is able to help guide, lead, and make decisions for the community.

Marriage is also tied to traditional beliefs about the afterlife. In African religious belief, ancestors live on in their communities for up to five generations after they have died. These ancestors are known as the living dead, and it is believed that they continue to guide and influence the community. Christian missionaries originally assumed that the community worshiped the living dead. In actuality, the community does not worship the living dead, but rather prays to them and understands them to be intermediaries between themselves and the Creator. Marriage and procreation are considered to be prerequisite for becoming a member of the living dead. Therefore, as one Kenyan woman told me, dying before marriage, and therefore never having children, is as tragic as going to hell. It is believed that such a person just disappears.

All of this gave us some insight into the current debate within the Anglican Communion about sexuality. When I spoke to members of the Anglican Church of Kenya who were adamantly opposed to some actions and decisions of the Episcopal Church, it was easier for me to understand their position and strong feelings about this issue given the role that marriage and procreation play in African culture and traditional religious belief. Despite our disagreement, I think that understanding the cultural aspect of this issue helped us to talk about it.

After this immersion experience, we left Nairobi and went to Cape Town, South Africa, where we stayed for nine days before returning to New York. ECUSA missionaries Father Walter Brownridge (GTS class of 2000) and his wife, Tina Nader, hosted us there. They made arrangements for us to speak with and volunteer in ministries to people with HIV/AIDS. One of these ministries was a soup kitchen called the Arch at Saint George's Cathedral. Another was the social development program of the Anglican Church in Southern Africa called HOPE Africa (Health, Opportunity, Partnership, Employment). We learned about how this ministry helps organize parishes struggling against poverty and unemployment to work for development in their communities. Another ministry we learned about was Fikelela, the HIV/AIDS outreach program of the Diocese of Cape Town. We learned about how Fikelela is working through the local parishes in Cape Town to stop the spread of HIV/AIDS through education about the disease and education about prevention. It was inspiring to see how the Anglican Church in Cape Town through Fikelela and HOPE Africa is effectively combating HIV/AIDS, poverty, hunger, and homelessness.

Our time in Africa was a wonderful, unforgettable experience. The two aspects of our trip—studying African culture and learning about the work of the Church in Africa—complimented each other perfectly because one cannot work constructively with others until one understands their culture. I hope that more Anglicans will have the opportunities that we had this summer so that we may more effectively work together in common mission.

BOOK REVIEW

One, Catholic, and Apostolic: Samuel Seabury and the Early Episcopal Church

By Paul Victor Marshall. New York: Church Publishing, 2004.
xx + 284 pp., CD-ROM, $50.00 (hardcover), ISBN 0898694248.

"ALL MY HOPES now terminate in my bishoprick of Virginia." So wrote Jonathan Swift to Colonel Hunter, the lieutenant governor-designate of Virginia, on March 22, 1709. We do not know how serious a proposal this was, but in any case it did not happen. And in 1713 Swift was appointed to the deanery of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. He would never be a bishop, in Ireland or anywhere else. But his correspondence begs a tantalizing question: what if Swift, rather than Seabury, had been the first bishop in America?

Such musings, as provocative as they may be, are not history. And yet Swift's correspondence reminds us that the subject of a bishop (or bishops) for the American colonies did not originate with the clergy of Connecticut in the late eighteenth century. As early as 1638, Archbishop William Laud had planned to send a bishop to the colonies, only to be distracted by troubles (ironically enough) in Scotland. The question of a bishop for the colonies was raised from time to time throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it would remain unanswered for one reason or another. It was, in part, due to this chronic difficulty of establishing a resident bishop in the colonies that John Wesley and George Whitefield got into the trouble they did, laying the foundation of a division among Christians that remains to this day.

Bishops in the territory that was to become the United States have always been a problem, and not for Anglicans only. Rome was itself in a dilemma of how to get resident bishops in America, too. The jurisdiction of Quebec was vested in the Archbishop of Rouen from the early seventeenth century, rather as the jurisdiction over colonial territories in British America and the Caribbean was to be given to the Bishop of London. By 1659 Quebec had its first resident bishop. His jurisdiction extended throughout all of New France, which included a swathe of territory on the western border of the British colonies as far south as Louisiana.

But of course the organization of the supply of Roman Catholic clergy for both French-speaking and English-speaking North America was unique. In those early years until their suppression in 1773 much of the missionary work was in the hands of the Jesuits, usually foreign-born and ordained before their deployment to North America. They were highly mobile, motivated and effective. Even after the Episcopal Church developed a new understanding of missionary bishops in the nineteenth century, we would never be so nimble in the face of missionary opportunity as the disciples of Saint Ignatius.

Yet when it came actually to appointing a Roman Catholic bishop in the colonies, there was firm resistance. They came with much of the same social and political baggage as their Anglican counterparts. They were seen to derive at least some of their authority from foreign power, both secular and ecclesiastical. After generations of a delicate relationship between laity and clergy in the colonies—in which the laity had the upper hand—there was some concern, especially on the part of the clergy, that a bishop would upset the balance of power.

Interestingly, it was thought that if there were to be a Roman Catholic bishop in America, it would be better for that bishop to be a local ordinary, the resident

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bishop of a national church, rather than a vicar apostolic. The great John Carroll, who was in due course to be that first Roman Catholic bishop,[1] wrote in 1784 to a colleague:

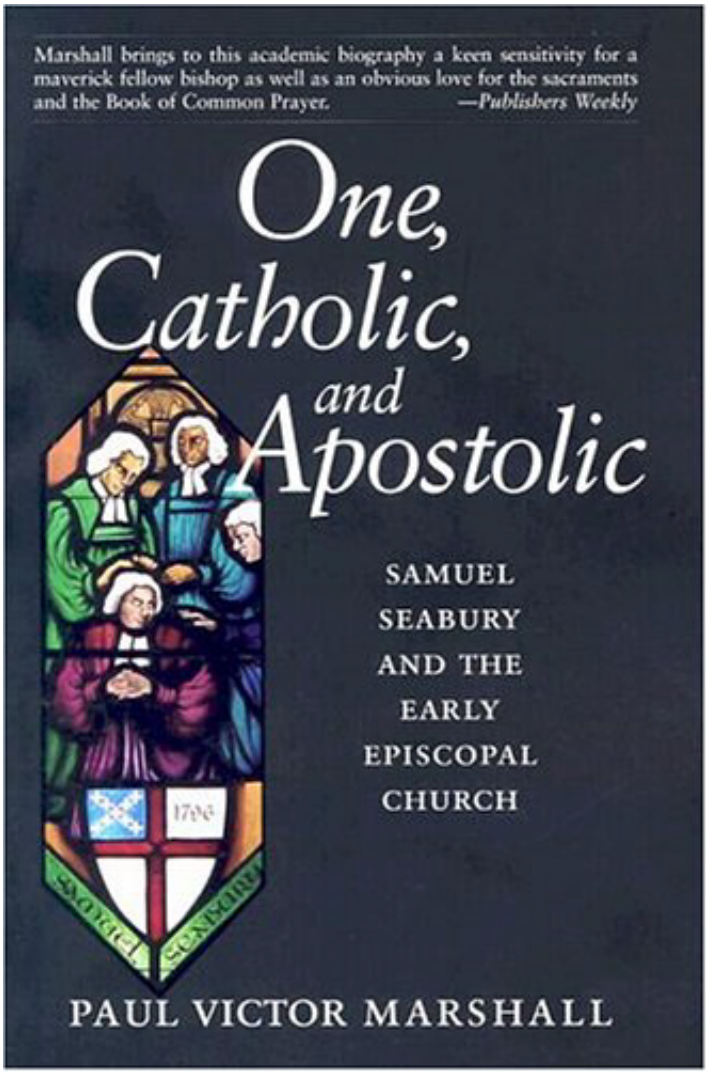
"[b]ut this you may be assured of, that no authority derived from the Propaganda[2] will ever be admitted here; that the Catholick Clergy & Laity here know that the only connexion that they ought to have with Rome is to acknowledge the pope as the Spiritual head of the Church; that no congregation existing in his states shall be allowed to exercise any share of his Spiritual authority here; and that no Bishop Vicar Apostolical shall be admitted; and if we are to have a Bishop, he shall not be *in partibus* (a refined political Roman contrivance), but an ordinary national Bishop, in whose appointment Rome shall have no share."[3]

This was a time when Roman Catholics in the emerging United States valued not just their political freedom, but their ecclesiastical freedom as well, and a vicar apostolic would be under the direct authority of the Holy See—not a popular post-Revolutionary prospect.[4]

IN THIS WIDER CONTEXT we must set the struggles to bring the historic episcopate to American Anglicans in the post-Revolutionary period. It was a closely-run thing. At every juncture in those years after the war, the chances were high that Anglicanism in the new United States would emerge as a very different sort of body from what we now consider classical Anglicanism.

Bishop Marshall has made a critically important contribution to the study of the Episcopal Church of this period with his immensely learned, perceptive and provocative book on Seabury and his times. He has changed forever the picture of Samuel Seabury that lies at the heart of the myth of the nascent Episcopal Church. This is not a biography of Seabury in the strict sense. For that one must still turn to the studies of Bruce Steiner, Anne Rowthorn and others. Here we have a work that turns the conventional view of "Samuel Seabury bad, William White good" on its head; it thereby gives us a much more nuanced, and consequently more believable, view of Seabury, White, and other characters in the story.

As a liturgist himself, Marshall places at the heart of the study a consideration of the rival liturgies that were being written at the time. It is revealing indeed to see how radical some of these revisions were. It was not simply a question of scratching out the King's name from existing copies of the English Prayer Book, changing the overtly political references in the Articles, and adopting the resulting Book entire. If some had had their way, creeds, canticles, and much more besides would have been ejected from the Prayer Book of



the new American Church. And had White and others indeed had their way, the ecclesiastical descendants of the Anglican colonists would have looked much more like Presbyterians than Anglicans.

In this struggle not just over liturgy, but also over polity and theology, Seabury played a significant, and, one must now say, crucial role. It is clear from Marhsall's study that we are in as much, if not more, debt to Seabury's theological mind as we are to White's organizational skills. It is Seabury's eucharistic understanding that lies at the heart of the 1979 Prayer Book, not the understanding of the Pennsylvania churchmen. For this we should be grateful.

Marshall turns all sorts of previous conceptions about the history of the period on their heads, and revises significantly, and convincingly, the views of Hatchett, Steiner and others. We forget that, contrary to the view that Seabury was hungry for a mitre, he was, in fact, the also-ran: Jeremiah Leaming was the first choice of the Connecticut clergy to be their bishop. When he demurred, the lot fell to Seabury. Had he accepted (he

later regretted that he had not), the story would have come out rather differently for all.[5]

We can no longer say, as we often do, that the chief reason that we have a democratic system of government in the Episcopal Church is because our structures were set up by the same folk who set up the system of our national government. "This is not true, for the most part," asserts Marshall. What is true, he says, is that "the architects of both the new church and the new republic shared a philosophy." This is a much more plausible view, and it enables us to see more clearly the intense struggles that were involved in setting up the system of a church that was to be episcopally ordered and synodically governed.

We owe more to Samuel Seabury, in liturgy, ecclesiology and theology, runs Marshall's fundamental thesis, than we have ever properly acknowledged. There is no doubting William White's stature and importance; but there is now no longer a need to exalt the one at the expense of the other.

Marshall discerns even in the commemoration of "The Consecration of Samuel Seabury" in our liturgical calendar a certain unease in our institutional memory of our first bishop. Whereas White has his own feast, Seabury does not. We commemorate the act of the gift of the historic episcopate from Scotland to America, but not the man himself. This unease Marshall seeks at every turn finally to lay to rest. He does so crisply and convincingly. It may at last be time to grant Samuel Seabury the liturgical recognition he deserves, and give him a commemoration of his own.

This is a fine book in every respect; it is engaging and well written. The accompanying CD-ROM is packed with primary documents, and it makes this book so much easier to use, as well as so much richer a resource. Needless to say, some will find views to challenge in this study. But there is no doubt that in a very few pages, Marshall has advanced our knowledge of the period and the principal players, and there is no going back.

Marshall does what few scholars ever really do: he tells us things that are both new *and* true, and he does this with authority, and not as the scribes. No one who wants truly to understand this crucial period of our history can do without this book.

NOTES

[1] In a fascinating turn of events, Carroll would choose to be ordained to the episcopate in England, at the hands of Charles Walmesley, who was then vicar apostolic, in 1790. Equally fascinating was the allusion of the preacher on that occasion, Carroll's friend and co-worker, Charles Plowden, who very clearly set Carroll's ordination and episcopate in the succession of Augustine of Canterbury, in words that sound strangely familiar to Anglican ears. Spalding describes the scene: "'Glorious is the day, my brethren,' Plowden declaimed, 'for the Church of God which sees new nations crowding into her bosom.' The orator saw in the recent revolution, which had 'dismembered the great British Empire' and given birth to 'a new empire in the West,' the designs of Providence for restoring the purity of the faith planted by Augustine of Canterbury among English-speaking people. Carroll, 'the first Father and Bishop of the new church,' was another Austin." See Thomas Spalding, *The Premier See: A History of the Diocese of Baltimore, 1789-1994* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989), pp. 21f. So both American Episcopalians and American Roman Catholics claim their apostolic succession through bishops from the British Isles.

[2] That is, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, which at this period was responsible for missionary work through the expanding colonial lands.

[3] Quoted in Thomas Spalding, *op. cit.*, p. 10. The fascinating introductory chapter of this important book, in which the story of the struggle of the Catholic Church to establish a bishop in the colonies is told, now needs revision in the light of subsequent historical study of the Reformation and its aftermath.

[4] The other group to establish bishops in North America at about this time was the Russians. But their situation was very different, and Orthodox bishops came to America, as it were, through the back door. Catherine the Great gave consent to the Alaskan mission in 1793, and the first bishop, Ioasif (Bolotov) arrived on Kodiak Island in 1794. Until well into the twentieth century, bishops for the national Orthodox churches were missionary bishops, often returning to their native countries after service in the United States or Canada.

[5] Nor should one forget, when examining character, that neither Leaming nor Seabury was present at the meeting of the clergy that elected them. But William White presided over the meeting of the four clergy of Pennsylvania when he was elected a bishop, and over the subsequent meeting of clergy and laity that confirmed the election.

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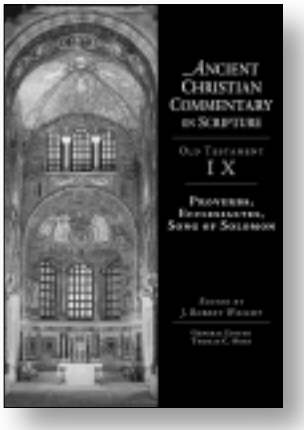

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