

St. Paul's PRINTER

◆ WINTER 2006 ◆

LABYRINTH DEDICATION

“This Labyrinth is dedicated in thanksgiving for the Brothers and Sisters of the Society of St. Paul who were here from 1958 to 1968, and the members of St. Luke the Physician congregation. Fr. Rene Bozarth, the first rector of St. Luke’s Episcopal Church, founded the Society of St. Paul July 1, 1958. It was the first monastic order for men to be officially recognized by the Episcopal Church.

On this site the monks and nuns meditated, walked to the chapel services and to their ministry at St. Jude’s Nursing Home, next door to the church, St. Luke’s School, St. Paul’s Press and in the Parish.

During this era the brothers opened a nursing home and mission church in Sandy, another nursing home in Portland and a Branch House in Southeast Africa.

**Blessed and Dedicated,
Sunday, October 11,
2006, by the Rt. Rev.
Johncy Itty, PhD, Ninth
Bishop of the Episcopal
Diocese of Oregon.”**

(story page 3)



The Lone Ranger of Advent

God says to us in Advent gospels, I send a messenger before your face who shall prepare the way. He is “The voice of one crying in the wilderness. Prepare the way of the Lord.” This year we hear the story in the gospel of Luke. My favorite version is Mark’s.

The first eight verses of Mark’s gospel raise the curtain on his story of the Good News of Jesus Christ, beginning with John. Imagine the houselights dimming, the stage curtains parting and the music swelling in the background as the opening scene fills the stage as the drama of Advent begins.

John the Baptist was the last of the Old Testament prophets. The Baptist was like the Lone Ranger, one of my childhood radio heroes. The Baptist was a rugged and daring messenger who announced to the world in the face of extreme danger, “He is here. The one we have been waiting for is here.” Where was here? Here for John was the margins where the rejected, not quite ready for prime time voices of prophets and seers lived. They were

desert people who rose from isolation to proclaim God’s love and inclusion and the coming of Jesus.

The readings of Advent are about preparation. For us it can be the personal preparation for holiness of life. It is also about the preparation of the world for Christ. Today people ask anxious questions about the times, or the place of humans in the universe.

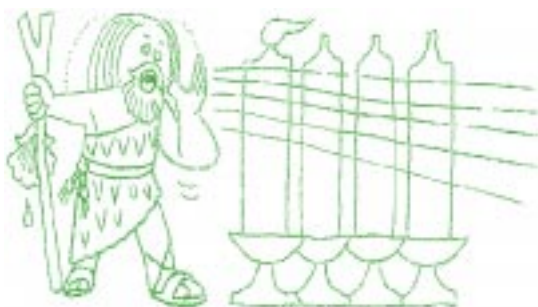
We as Christians can help people see the answer to our most basic and searching questions in the person of Jesus Christ by how we live our lives.

Each of us is a messenger like John the Baptist. We bring the important message of the good news of Jesus Christ. There are countless ways to do this. Most effective, however, is how we live our everyday life. Our kindness, honesty, faithfulness to our families, friends and neighbors are all examples telling everyone that Jesus is right here with us.

Our presence in Church is a message that we believe the saviour of the world is present among us. This Advent be a modern day prophet.

Make an effort to get the message through, to tell the world: The babe of Bethlehem is the Prince of Peace and lover of our souls. By the way, you don’t have to wear the camel hair skin or eat locusts. That would be upstaging John. ♦

Andrew Rank



Oregon Labyrinth Blessing

by *Andrew Rank*

First there was the parish church, begun in 1951; then came the founding of the Society of St. Paul in 1958. Next door to the church was the Society's 53 bed nursing home named for St. Jude. About one football field to the south was St. Mary's Monastery. Directly behind the church was the school building. Every day the brothers, and later the sisters, made their way from St. Mary's Monastery, a two story, frame and stone building that housed up to 14 residents, to the church for morning prayer and Mass to start the day. Back then, the great silence of the monastery began after compline, the last corporate prayer service of the day and lasted until after breakfast the next morning. We did a lot of meditating and offering many prayers on the solitary walks to and from the church.

When there was cold weather, snow or rain (there was always lots of rain from October to June in Western Oregon) we wore heavy brown wool cloaks to keep warm and dry. On October 12, 1962 we had one of the few officially registered hurricanes in Oregon when the wind blew over 100 miles per hour. That evening we lost most of the roof on the school building,

a few trees and a large metal sign on a chain blocking the driveway from the playground area. One of the slightly older brothers, Anthony, got caught when the heavy wind struck and had to hold on to a steel pole that supported a bar from which hung two bells behind the parish east wall until Brother Barnabas, then in his twenties, escorted Anthony to safety in the monastery. But, fortunately that was the only storm of that magnitude.

On St. Patrick's Day in 1963, several carloads of brothers passed a station wagon driven by our Sisters of St. Paul on U.S. Highway 26. We were heading east, they were driving west. We were going to our new monastery on the second floor of St. Jude's Home in Sandy, Oregon, twelve miles east. The sisters were moving from their convent in Sandy, a remodeled former Lutheran parsonage, to claim the vacant monastery building and make it their convent until 1968.

They too would walk to the church and nursing home, and meditate in silence on the same grounds.

Later, the Society of St. Paul donated the school building to the MeRe Foundation which used it as a

school for retarded children. Today it is a training center for adults with limited capacities. For a time we tried to make the former monastery/convent available as a retreat center. Finally the building was sold and was used for a lovely pre-school day care program. The Italian Cypress hedge planted by the brothers forty eight years ago which bound the south side of the property is now more than twenty feet tall.

However, on October 22, 2006, the Rt. Rev. Johncy Itty, the ninth bishop of Oregon, blessed the new labyrinth garden and dedicated it in honor of the brothers, and later sisters who were there from 1958 to 1968, and members of St. Luke the Physician Episcopal Church. The idea for a labyrinth park started when funds were donated for that purpose on the 50th anniversary

of the parish. Under the pastoral care and leadership of the present interim rector, the Rev. Elise Astleford, the idea took form.

The outdoor labyrinth was designed after the style of the one in Chartes Cathedral in France built in the 1300s. The artists of the Labyrinth Company did the actual construction with volunteer help from members of the parish. A neighbor of the interim rector who had done landscape design work was inspired to create a garden with approximately 275 plants, shrubs, and trees around the concrete square containing the labyrinth circle.

In addition to the clergy and members of the congregation, some of the old timers who were present during

Story continued on page 12



Bishop Johncy Itty of Oregon blessed the labyrinth garden located on a piece of land between the old St. Mary's Monastery, St. Luke's School and St. Luke's Church in Gresham, Oregon, in 1958.

Transform Your Life

by Alla Renée Bozarth

Medicine people (traditional healers or shamans) in all ancient cultures believed that an illness or injury, whether to the body or the spirit, was an opportunity to make oneself better than before. It was a chance to evaluate how one lived, and to make changes for enhanced happiness, health, and integrity - the matching of outer deeds with inner values.

To help myself do this, I have surrounded myself with images that remind me who I am and how I choose to live. I am letting go of driven work and allowing myself the re-creative pleasures of creativity and play. I remember to listen to music, to greet the day and the creatures who share the place where I live. I remember to praise them and to thank God for them - the birds, the trees, the clouds, even the rain. I remember to call on my friends, just for the pleasure of sharing a few moments of the day together. I remember that love is the food and fuel of my soul, and I can draw on it and send it out everywhere, wherever I am.

Because all creatures suffer, we are all pilgrims in pain, but more than this, we are companions in the miracle of life, who share not only frustration and longing, but also immeasurable wonder,

joy and gratitude at being alive. To remember this is to be changed deeply for the better. I forget how easily I forget!

That is when life calls me back, any way it can. If I ignore the gentle reminders, life will simply become more creative and direct until I pay attention. Even if I have no regret about the way I have been living, the events of one moment offer me a chance to live the next moment even more in harmony with my best intent.

Because all creatures suffer, we are all pilgrims in pain, but more than this, we are companions in the miracle of life...

If life is offering you a similar opportunity through pain, remember that you can move through this pain with openness of life. Let life speak to you and show you ways to live more deeply, more aware of your belonging in the family of all creation, a precious part of the Earth, a child of God.

In the intimate prayer of your heart, let the One Who Is Life speak lovingly to you - in the soothing silence, in the healing music of your innermost core. In your relationship with others, pray yourself well. Nurture in yourself the attitude of mutuality: you need to give and receive love. Keep the balance. Stay open. Call on the help of others. Let others care for you and remind you how to care for yourself. Always listen to what your being needs, body and soul

together, and seek appropriate help in your healing - the touch of a friend, a massage, physical or psychological or



spiritual therapy, a more informed intellect. Even in pain you can be well. Even in the little deaths of daily life you can move deeply into the wholeness that is the dream and desire of God for you. (from *Lifelines*)

The Reverend Alla Renée Bozarth, Ph.D. is a psychotherapist, Episcopal priest and founder of Wisdom House, where many have been helped to gain emotional and spiritual health. Her books and poetry are available at Prose and Poetry by Dr. Bozarth: www.life-lines.us. ♦

Christian Hope

by Abbot Francis Benedict, OSB

Every human being experiences a multiplicity of voices beckoning us toward real or imaginary sources of goodness, truth and beauty. We are longing for a happiness not yet realized. We are all searching for that which will resolve problems, give direction, produce inner peace and fulfillment.

Likewise, everyone experiences in a lifetime numerous disappointments, tragedies and even betrayals which shake the foundation of self and the notion of God's presence and providence. Defensive apathy, bitterness and cynicism are not distant from the suffering soul and are the greatest temptations to overcome in times of natural depression or spiritual darkness.

In the now of each life, there is a sort of suspension between these negative realities and the longing for release, restoration,

and communion. The grace and virtue which preserves us from spiritual cynicism is hope, a seldom cherished prerequisite for perseverance in gospel living.

St. Paul gives us a dynamic understanding of the interplay between personal suffering and the strength that hope provides. "We even boast of our afflictions. We know that affliction makes for endurance, and endurance for tested virtue, and tested virtue for hope. And this hope will not leave us disappointed, because the love of God has been poured out in our hearts through the Holy Spirit who has been given to us." (Romans 5:3-5)

Christian hope is always intimately connected with faith and with love. In faith we know that God has so loved us and the world by the sending of his Son, his Word, so that we might realize the saving presence of God. Faith is alive

when it is charged with divine love and God's creative love has willed each one of us into existence. Our very being is a gratuitous gift and the divine love within us, the Personal, relational love of God for his creature, is an invitation to live from what we have received in communion with Him.

The trials of life present us with a challenge to sift through our many values to find the one value, one life principle, one relationship which gives meaning to the rest. Is God everything to me? This is the bottom line. Is there another person or reality other than God that is everything to me? If so, then perhaps that is why I am struggling so much. Only God can be God for me. Anything less than God does not have the capacity to fulfill me. Faith reveals the true and all sufficient God to me, love pours into my life the taste of union with the Source of my being, and hope, whose foundation is faith and love, encourages me and propels me forward toward the fulfillment of God's promise that my life and union with God will never end for me.

Saint Benedict describes the virtue of hope in several places in chapter 4

of his Rule. "Place your hope in God alone" (verse 41), and even more profoundly "long for everlasting life with all spiritual passion" (verse 44) and at the end "never lose hope in God's mercy" (verse 74). We who live in hope are certain that God desires our best good and that He is our Source and our End. God provides within a whole lifetime situations and opportunities which will become catalysts of growth in learning to value the things that really matter (Philippians 1:10), responding to God with our truest self. And there is one truth we must never forget: all this is God's initiative for love of us and of the world.

"So may God, the source of hope, fill you will all joy and peace in believing so that through the power of the Holy Spirit you may have hope in abundance." (Romans 15:13) In God's unflinching love.

Abbot Francis Benedict, OSB is Abbot of St. Andrew's Abbey in Valyermo, California (near Pearlblossom.) The Abbey includes more than 500 acres of high desert terrain. ♦

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When the monks of the Community of the Resurrection in England went to Penhalonga, Zimbabwe in the early 1930s, they were blessed to have a member who was an architect and also the superior who built a great church they named "St. Augustine's." This is how the church looked in 1968 when visited by two members of the Society of St. Paul.



Community Notes

The ever popular Welsh Christmas Carol, “Deck the Hall” has in it the line, “Fast away the old year passes...” And so it is as we near the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year in the northern hemisphere. It is a good time to look back on our ministry since last Christmas. Thanks to our base at St. Paul’s Cathedral in San Diego, we are able to do volunteer work with a variety of programs in what some call “in as much ministry.” You know the quote, “In as much as you have done this to the least of these, you have done it to me.”

Even before 2005 ended we were called to serve at Christ the King Episcopal Church in Alpine, California where their rector abruptly resigned two Sundays before Christmas. It was a joy to celebrate, preach and serve there for three Sundays including a Christmas Day service before an Interim Rector took charge.

A highlight of early 2006 was a day a group of us spent in Tijuana, Mexico at Dorcas House. Its San Diego based board was tired from ten years of overseeing and fund raising for this foster home which cares for up to fifty boys and girls from kindergarten age to high school who have a parent in prison or otherwise unable to care for them. Through Canon Mary Moreno Richardson of St. Paul’s, word had come to the Dean, Scott Richardson that if another group didn’t replace the board Dorcas House would likely close by July.

Though the two buildings and patio which serve as Dorcas House were old, they were clean, and brightly painted. In the play area there were lots of toys. The children were bright, happy looking and full of energy, eagerly embracing us. The director, Sylvia, explained the program and we inspected the operation. When our group returned to the cathedral there was no doubt God had called us to this new ministry. Since then volunteers have visited the home several times a month and an organized program of Power Point visits to parishes in the diocese began, led by Mrs. Terri Mathes, wife of our bishop. Sunday, September 24, was Dorcas Day at St. Paul’s, where we heard moving stories from the retiring board members. They were honored with a standing ovation during the Sung bilingual Eucharist. The new board members of Dorcas House were commissioned by the dean.

Throughout the year Canon Barnabas Hunt has been active as a member of the Uptown Faith Community Services Board now partnered with the Alpha Project of San Diego. At the annual uptown fund raising dinner, held October 9, 2006 we learned more than 9,000 men, women and children were served from the Uptown/Alpha office at 30th and Polk in San Diego’s North Park section.

The Uptown Faith Community Services Board has a program, “Living with Dignity,” to aid homeless people in their last days suffering from long term or sudden onset health conditions. Kyla Winters of the Alpha Project gave the program legs and at the annual dinner, we met “Sandy” one of the first people helped. She now has a clean, comfortable room, regular medical care and a new lease on life. San Diegans saw a special feature about Sandy on one of the local news channels earlier this year.

Sunday, October 15 we joined other clergy of the diocese and our Episcopal visitor, James Mathes, for the annual clergy conference led this year by the Rev. Dr. Michael Battle from Virginia Seminary on Practicing Reconciliation in a Violent World, the title of his most recent book.

We left the conference and drove to Gresham, Oregon and the blessing of the Labyrinth Park (story on page 3). The Saturday before the blessing ceremony, the brothers participated in a Labyrinth quiet day attended by more than 35 people.

Upon return we helped plan with other Dorcas House Board members a special visit by our bishop on December 2nd with volunteers for an American Thanksgiving (something the children asked for.) Another important event is the annual Board Christmas Tea hosted by board members of St. Paul’s Senior Homes and Services for all the residents of the Manor, which I suppose brings us back to where we started, “Deck the (Manor) Hall with boughs of Holly” and lots of good food and fellowship as we celebrate the incarnation of God among his creation. Merry Christmas and a blessed new year. ◆



Uptown board member, Canon Barnabas Hunt, center, takes time out for a picture with Brad Lovelace, Esq., President of Uptown Faith Services Committee, right, and Bob McElroy, President and C.E.O. of the Alpha Project in San Diego at the Uptown/Alpha annual dinner October 9, 2006.

Mother Isabella, CZR

by Andrew Rank

The little prayer book has a hand sewn red cloth cover. It is one of those devotional books and small catechisms used by Anglo Catholics as a guide to worship at the Mass. This one is very special. It was given to Canon Barnabas Hunt in 1968 while he was on a mission to Mashonaland, now the diocese of Manicaland In Zimbabwe. The inscription on the front piece says to “Brother Barnabas. With best wishes and the promise of our prayers” and is signed Isabella, C.Z.R. for the Cita che Zita Ronoyer. That’s “The Community of the Holy Name” in the Shona Language.

Barnabas learned Mother Isabella died on October 6, 2005 at the age of 103. She had been a nun since 1936. She arrived as a young woman at St. Augustine’s Mission in Penhalonga from her home over the border in Mozambique. She told the priest in charge at the mission, Fr. Baker, CR (the Community of the Resurrection) she had come to the great Anglican center to be a Sister. At the time, there were no communities who admitted African woman. However, the young Isabella said she knew there were no black sisters, and that was why she had come: to make a start.

The nuns were mostly English, sent out by some of the great missionary communities such as the Community of the Holy Paraclete at Whitby. There was a large church in Penhalonga, a school, and a hospital.

Fr. Baker was impressed and let her stay. Very slowly, under the guidance of the “Mirfield” priest, there was the beginning of what was to become an indigenous Zimbabwean community dedicated to the Holy Name. Others came to join her and enough stayed to establish a religious order of Sisters. Eventually they were given their own chapel close to the great St. Augustine’s Church that Fr. Baker had built as well as their own convent. Now, as then, the sisters look after the church, help at the clinic with its maternity unit, teach in the primary school, run an orphanage and are volunteers at the girls boarding residence.

When the CZR sisters became autonomous, Isabella was elected mother superior, a position which she held the rest of her life, except for a few years.

When Mother Isabella arrived at the Penhalonga Mission in 1936, the country was called Southern Rhodesia. After 1950 that country saw great economic growth, the troubles of the stirring for independence in the 1960s, and the joy when Zimbabwe became an independent country in 1980. Mother Isabella saw considerable growth in the two primary schools at St. Augustine’s, and a very large secondary school going up to university entrance. Sadly, in the last years of her life, she and her sisters have had to face terrible difficulties in present day Zimbabwe where much of the country

is suffering starvation and serious government oppression.

Isabella was a woman with no formal education but came from a bright family. A great nephew is a physician in the United States. Still this same nun was gifted with the useful knowledge of when to extend the boundaries of the Convent gardens and grow more food. She helped save the lives of Fathers Wardle and Hugh Prosser of CR during some of the political upheavals.

The troubles were starting back in 1968 when Barnabas and the Society of St. Paul founder, Fr. Rene were in the country visiting mission hospitals. In those years the Society of St. Paul raised money and collected sample medications, sent to us by physicians all over the United States, and sent them to the medical units in rural villages. That was the time when, as Fr. Rene was preaching in a large black church in Salisbury, a rogue white government led

by Ian White defied Queen Elizabeth's pardon of several Africans, who were hanged.

Barnabas remembers "As we progressed on our trip, the censorship of the government became more severe. Newspapers left spaces blank where stories of the independence movement had been cut. Toward the end of our stay, one paper had an almost blank front page." The Ian Smith group put the British Governor General under house arrest. Barnabas said, "We managed to get an interview with him and take pictures." However, at Penhalonga the sisters continued to go about their dedicated lives of prayer and service to those in need.

Mother Isabella made a deep impression on all she met and especially Brother Barnabas. He said, "She was a good and holy woman. May she rest in peace." Today the little red prayer book has a special place in our lives. ◆



In 1968, Brother Barnabas spent some time in Zimbabwe where he met Mother Isabella, CZR. Later, St. Paul's Press published a Novice's Notebook for the sisters. Barnabas read a lesson at Evening Prayer at Bernard Mezeki College, a boarding high school started in 1961.

Labyrinth Blessing continued from page 4

that first decade were present. A special guest was Dr. Margaret Alderman, who was Sister Margaret during that first decade. Also present was Mrs. Marilee Swarhout whose children attended the school. Marilee began working in the school office, then became a licensed nursing home administrator at St. Jude's Home. She became the General Administrator in 1970, a position she held until 1985. Also in attendance were John C. Caldwell and his wife Betty. John was the chancellor for SSP from 1962 until he retired a few years ago. Don Weber and his wife Nellie joined the service. Don was our print shop manager from

1962 on and still oversees the publication of this magazine in Oregon. Also present was our Fellowship of St. Paul Companion, William Watkins of Oregon City.

Though the monks and nuns are long gone from St. Luke the Physician, Episcopal Church and the nursing home is now empty and closed, there is still a place of holy reflection on those hallowed grounds. Just at the entrance to the labyrinth walk there is a stone, which came from the Columbia River, inscribed with a text commemorating that first decade of an exciting and ongoing walk of faith. ♦



“When I joined SSP, nearly 50 years ago I was only 20 and this was a savannah of blue lake green beans which stretched all the way to Johnson Creek. Just the parish and rectory were here. In the short space of ten years by the grace of God, we were able to do many ministries -some stretching around the world.” Andrew Rank

The Christmas Gift

by Andrew Rank

Human nature came alive in a new way in the birth and life of Jesus. New possibilities were wrought and came into being. We did not seek the gift, though Old Testament prophets told us to look for a Messiah, someday. No, God gave it to us. God sought us - miracle of miracles. The God of Abraham, Isaac and Moses became incarnate to live as one of us so that He could become part of us and we could become part of Him.

Once he grew up, Jesus gave us a way to live which has endured for just more than two thousand years and is as effective now as it was then. Most of our best insights into living a good life can be traced back to the simple gospel teaching of Jesus.

There is no “once upon a time” about it. No matter how much the beauty of the Christmas story merges with the myths of the season like Santa Claus, Jesus’ birth is an historical event dated to the year a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus when Cyrenias was Governor of Syria. It is defined by a political date. The birth of Jesus is rooted in time and reality. Were the incarnation to happen today in the United States, we would say it

happened when George W. Bush was President, and Arnold Swarzeneger was Governor of California, a decree went out that people should be taxed (and it seems to be happening that way.)

It is so easy to get caught up in the fantasy of Christmas and forget the wonderful reality and truth we celebrate, which is so much better.

It comes down to this. The love Christ showed as a trusting baby is the love of God - a love that never changed in spite of rejection, persecution, and crucifixion; the love that was and is and will always be.

Let us take a look at the birth of Jesus to see what is really there, not the misty nativity scene of so many Christmas cards, but the reality of the place as Luke describes it in his

gospel. He is born in a cave, a marginal place, forgotten and obscure. It is a place you and I are not likely to frequent. Remember the Inn was full. Mary and Joseph were given a room in the back, across the alley. It was dark, dirty and cold. It smelled. The manger was a food trough for animals. This is where the Lord of history entered time and space. We have heard and seen this scene depicted so often we are dulled



to its powerful image and symbolism. Here is another point for our list as we get the stable ready for Christ: In birth, Jesus is seen identified with the powerless. The rich and powerful were in the hotel enjoying the comforts their resources could acquire. The point here is not to make us feel guilty about wealth or material possessions nor is it to hold up poverty as some sort of model. Rather it is to demonstrate that man does not live by bread alone, but every word from the mouth of God. Ours is a God of mercy who came to bind up the broken hearted, give sight to the blind, good news to the poor, freedom to the captive and hope to the downtrodden. Let us never forget that.

No wonder God's entry into time and space is painted by Luke under heaven's dome alive with the angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest and peace to his people on earth."

The next point for our list then is this: Because of the birth of this child, a fundamental change has taken place in the relationship between God and humanity, and indeed between humanity and humanity if we allow it. Paul says in his letter to the Galatians

(4:1) "We have become heirs of Christ." Now that in Christ the divine nature has entered into human flesh, humanity has been adopted into God. We are sons and daughters of God with all the blessings and responsibilities that come with this change of relationship. Something else very important has happened in the birth of Jesus. Because of Jesus we feel God

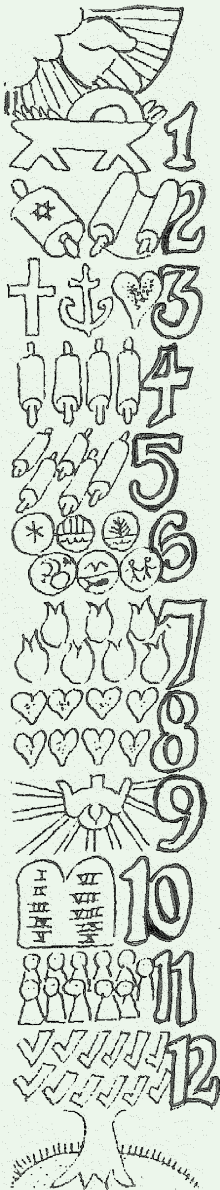
to be nearer, to be more reachable. Intimacy with God is possible.

No longer must we cover our faces and heads like Moses on the Mountain. No longer must we approach the mystery of God in fear and trembling as if we were entering the court of some powerful eastern potentate, or to be a bit more modern, like Dorothy and her friends in the Wizard of Oz when

they first entered the hall of the great Oz. The gulf is breached by Jesus. God is our friend. We have a new name for the Lord of the Universe. Paul uses it. It is the name a small child calls its parent; Abba, father or "papa." The eternal equation has been forever changed in the relationship between God and each of us. ♦

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The 12 Days of Christmas



Nobody knows exactly when the popular Christmas carol, “The Twelve Days of Christmas” first saw the light of day. Some say its origin was French and intended as a song for 12th Night, Epiphany Eve. It probably was a folk song people sang during the golden age of carols in medieval England from 1350 to 1550. True carols combine song and dance with the lyrics written to dance measures. Some believe “The Twelve Days of Christmas” was originally sung in celebration of the Winter Solstice.

One of the most interesting ideas is that “The Twelve Days of Christmas” is a catechetical song for children. The hidden meanings of the song’s gifts were intended to help children remember lessons of their faith. This was especially true for Roman Catholics in England who were not allowed to openly practice their religion from 1558 to 1829.

To understand those hidden meanings one needs a key. Instead of referring to an earthly suitor, the “true love” in the song refers to God. The “me” who receives the presents is symbolic of every baptized person. The partridge in a pear tree is Jesus. In the song, Christ is symbolically presented as a mother partridge which feigns injury to decoy predators from her helpless nestlings. Here is a list of the other symbols and what they mean:

Two turtle doves - *the Old and New Testaments*

Three French hens - *Faith, Hope and Charity*

Four calling birds - *the four Gospels*

Five golden rings - *the Torah*

Six geese a-laying - *the six days of creation*

Seven swans a-swimming - *the Holy Spirit’s gifts*

Eight maids a-milking - *the eight Beatitudes*

Nine ladies dancing - *the nine fruits of the Holy Spirit*

Ten lords a-leaping - *the Ten Commandments*

Eleven pipers piping - *the eleven faithful disciples*

Twelve drummers drumming - *The Creed’s twelve beliefs*



On October 21, 2006, approximately 30 people attended a quiet day at St. Luke's in Gresham which included an instructed Labyrinth Walk.

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