

St. Paul's PRINTER

◆ SUMMER 2003 ◆

Ten Commandments for General Convention

1. Learn to remember names. A person's name is very important to him or her.
2. Be a comfortable person so there is no strain in being around you.
3. Learn to be easygoing so things won't bother you.
4. Don't be egotistical; don't give the impression that you know it all.
5. Learn to be interesting so people will want to be with you.
6. Get the "scratchy" elements out of your personality.
7. Drain off your grievances. Honestly try to heal every misunderstanding you have.
8. Work at liking people until you learn to do so naturally. Sure, everyone has faults; overlook them.
9. Never miss a chance to say "congratulations" or to give support at a difficult time.
10. Develop spiritual depth in yourself so you have something to pass on to the people you know. Learn how to share this strength with others.



Norman Vincent Peale

45 Years and Counting

by Andrew Rank



During Holy Week and Easter, Fr. Barnabas and I were in Gresham Oregon. My niece, whom doctors diagnosed with cancer last February, wanted us to officiate at she and her husband's 40th wedding anniversary renewal of vows. The new rector of St. Luke the Physician Episcopal Church,

The Rev. James E. Thompson, had invited us to celebrate Holy Communion at the Easter morning services.

It was a joyful week of community being with family again, visiting the parish where the Society of St. Paul began, forty-five years ago July 1, 2003. The large, Church building sits on a hill top overlooking acres of homes. Back in 1958, the parish looked out on the same acres filled with Blue Lake String Beans. Next door was the rectory and across the street a large Holly Farm. In the first five years, we began with a nursing home, then added a school building, a two story Monastery, a print shop and a care takers cottage. The location was known among locals as "Church Hill."

St. Mary's monastery was close by the Church where the community gathered for our daily offices and the Holy Eucharist. Each morning the brothers walked in silence to the church for spiritual nourishment. After meditation, Morning Prayer and Mass, we processed back to the monastery for breakfast also in silence. After a brief

chapter meeting the brothers went to work either in the school, nursing home, parish or print shop.

Today a non-profit group uses the school building as a training and work site for adults who are physically or mentally challenged. The old monastery is now a day care center and the former nursing home is likely going to close due to an expansion of Powell Boulevard which it faces. The parish is experiencing a new burst of life under the leadership of Fr. Thompson and his wife Pat. They and the congregation have joined hands with the Lutheran Church down the street to open Zarapath House, a large six bedroom house for the homeless, where the Thompsons will live as managers. It is next door to Zerapath Kitchen which is a Lutheran program for feeding the homeless. Jim was a novice in The Society of St. Paul in 1968 when our monastery was in Sandy Oregon, twelve miles east of Gresham on Highway 26, on the second floor of our second nursing home, St. Jude's.

After closing in 2000 as a nursing home, new owners completely renovated the building. For a time it was a bed and breakfast retreat center called, "The Old Monastery at Scenic Pointe." Earlier this year Mt. Hood Hospice purchased the site. It now accommodates up to eighteen residents and many offices on the first floor and rooms for family members and friends of residents on the second floor.

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God's Call

by Andrew Rank

Did you hear what Jesus said in John 15: 9-17, his final discourse? Jesus said, "I chose you and I appointed you to go and bear fruit" in the name of love as my friends. He gives us two commandments to follow: Love God and Love your neighbor as yourself. We are called. Each of us has a vocation, a calling as loving members of a special community. What about our call to the Christian Life, your vocation and mine?

Read what the prophet Isaiah said in the 49th chapter of his book.

"Yahweh called me before I was born, from my mother's womb he pronounced my name. He made my mouth a sharp sword and hid me in the shadow of his hand. He made me into a sharpened arrow and placed me in his quiver. He said to me, "You are my servant (Israel) in whom I shall be glorified" while I was thinking, "I have toiled in vain, I have exhausted myself for nothing." Yet, all the while my cause was with Yahweh, my reward with my God. I was honored in the eyes of Yahweh, my God was my strength. And now, Yahweh has spoken, he who formed me in the womb to be his servant, to gather Israel to him. "It is not enough for you to be my servant... I will make you the light of the nations so that my salvation may reach to the ends of the earth."

We need three keys to open the lock on God's Call to us: desire, ability and opportunity.

Our call to become consecrated people began the day we were born. There is a sense in which all of the events of our lives, both those in the church and outside of it, were used by God to bring us to this moment and the ministry we have been given. All the experience of our lives, the best times and the worst times, have been used by Jesus to form us. Thomas Merton wrote in his book, "Seven Story Mountain,"

God never does things by halves. God does not sanctify us patch upon patch, does not make us priests or saints by superimposing an extraordinary existence upon our ordinary lives. God takes our whole life and our whole being and transforms it completely from

within and leaves it exteriorly what it is - ordinary.

No Longer Servants But Friends

God calls us in love. Think about the great calls of the old testament. In the creation story Adam and Eve were created and called to be friends of God, share his riches and walk with him in friendship in the garden of life. Abraham was called, in friendship, and given a new Name. God dined in his tent and even allowed him to bargain with him. There was Sarah and Isaac and Rebecca, called in friendship. He called Moses, and their discourses together were

those of lovers and friends. So it was with David. We are called to our purpose within the context of an intimate love relationship. God is unashamedly passionate in his invitation to become part of his body. Jesus says in the Gospel, we are no longer servants but friends, intimates who share the love of God. Let us see our call as an invitation from the lover to the beloved.

Isaiah says you were hidden or protected by God to do His will. Think for a moment of the most dangerous moments of your life when you could have died, and perhaps should have by all accounts, but you did not.

But there is more to it than just being hidden or protected. During our

time of hiddenness we also were being prepared. Not only through our formal education but also the experience of life, and most important, our hearts.

Jesus' love shapes our hearts. He gives us a vision of God, of the Holy so that our mouths can speak the truth to right wrongs and lift the down trodden, to do the work of his friends. What is the path of your life experience which brought you from birth to adolescence and into adulthood to the present? A helpful spiritual exercise is writing an inventory of the signs of God you have experienced in your life.

God is Present in Failure, Too

I don't mean Damascus road events, like Paul, but those times and

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Canon John Peterson (right), is Secretary General of the Anglican Communion, the second ranking position after the Archbishop of Canterbury. Canon Peterson gave a talk on the impact of General Convention this summer on the whole Church to clergy and GC deputies June 10 at the cathedral. Smiling with him is Canons Barnabas Hunt and Joan Ford, director of communications at the Cathedral. Joan formerly worked with Canon Peterson in London.

Thanks for the Memories

By Andrew Rank

Most people in North America know, Bob Hope turned 100 on May 29. I first met the snappy comedian by way of listening to his Pepsodent radio show in the 1940's. A few years later I met him again when I was to be the master of ceremonies at a high school variety show scheduled as part of the annual open house program. By then I had inherited my older brother's bedroom after he returned from the war and moved out to attend college. He had a book case on one wall and in it I found among the Hardy Boys and Tarzan novels an obscure thin, paper back autobiography written by Mr. Hope and his joke writers.

In the book, the master of the one liner told of his birth in England. Soon his family moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Other parts of the book told of his life in vaudeville, radio and movies. The last section described touring with the USO shows entertaining troops during the war. The jokes were funny and I adapted them to work for my monologue. Although I could never fix my bicycle, I could always come up with an impromptu speech with enough humor in it to put my audience at ease. I practiced delivering lines like Hope and tried to copy his timing, too.

The monologue was a success as was our variety show.

Many years later I was in the Palm Springs airport very early one morning to see off one of the brothers taking a plane back east. In the early 1970's the Palm Springs airport was small. Passengers boarded or deplaned via ramps wheeled against the aircraft. It was always fun to see people deplane



in the winter on flights to Chicago, New York or Boston. First they saw the warm, sun filled blue sky, then the purple ridge of the San Jacinto Mountains on the horizon and swaying Palm Trees. The miseries of a dreary winter from wherever they had fled, vanished.

The morning in question there were few people at the airport. Most left on the first out, six o'clock flights. However, I noticed one man dressed in a fine suit and tie standing alone holding onto the leash of his pet Scottie. The profile was unmistakable. There was the jutting jaw and the ski jump nose of Bob Hope. I said hello and we engaged in pastime conversation like we were next door neighbors. I told him, I had used his material once for a show and he said Milton Berle had nothing on me

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Parish Nursing

By Ed Ambrose

*R*esponding to God's Call is as individual and unique as each person God touches with his love. Here is an interview about a parish nurse and her special ministry. Ed and Jo Ambrose, RN, are members of St. John's Episcopal Church in Chula Vista, California.

Ed: I wanted to interview you Jo, as part of my requirements for completion of my doctoral dissertation because you are a hospital based Parish Nurse. Although you are my spouse my mentors at Bethany Theological Seminary agreed that the kind of work

which you perform fits the mode of my field of pastoral studies ministry. Although both of us are parishioners of St. John's Episcopal Church in Chula Vista, your entire ministry is spent at Sharp Chula Vista Medical Center's Department of Pastoral Care. In that hospital you report to work daily to Chaplain Kevin Jones and you are known fondly by your patients and the staff as Chaplain Jo. In spite of affirmations from the Rev. Jones and from Father Keith, our rector, it seems to me that you need the power of grace in order to avoid the daily tribulations. How do you handle this fiery ordeal?

Jo: In the first place, it's a miracle that I'm still here and walking around. Nearly nine years ago, God raised me from what many people thought was my deathbed. The continuing fiery ordeal is by grace which I feel is a tangible gift from God. Since that time, God has put me in a place where my gifts and talents have been used. I am a "Wounded Healer". I have been hospitalized and this allows me to never be so bold as to say, "I know how you feel". I never have a clue as to how these people feel. However, I can say with a great deal of empathy, "I feel for you."

Ed: Henri Nouwen wants us to bring hope to the suffering. Will you please speak about how you bring grace, hope and dignity to God's hurting precious creatures?

Jo: I go as God's representative; as his disciple; as his vessel, and I kind of



Ed and Jo Ambrose recently moved to San Diego from Las Cruces, New Mexico.

let things unfold. There are many patients who do not want spiritual care; that is fine; we don't push. We are there to serve the patients' needs whatever these needs may be. We are not there to convert them or to get into their agendas. Instead, we respect them at the points where they are coming from. This, I think, preserves the people's dignity. We have no preconceived notions, we have no desires other than to be there for our patients

Ed: Jo this seems unique. Do you have a name for this ministry?

Jo: It is a ministry of grace as Chaplain Jones has described it Without this empowerment from God, we could not even begin to do what we are doing. Without this godly strength we could not hope to deliver any level of comfort. My only hope comes from knowing my Lord and knowing what His promises are. Not everybody is at that point So, I try to figure out where they are coming from and where they are hurting. Sometimes, they are closed up tighter than a drum and you'll see a little crack. Then, God whispers to me, "That's the avenue to take". Wearing two hats as both nurse and chaplain, helps me to relate strongly to each patient. I don't even go into a room with any assumption that I can deal with patients from either the pastoral or nursing point of view, but the one thing that I have going is that I am a nurse and the person is hospitalized. For example, ninety nine percent of the time, I can reach people medically. That is, I find somebody who wants to talk to someone who will listen. As a nurse, I observe the patient with my nursing skills but I listen with my chaplain's heart. I have been amazed at the level of self-disclosure which people

have shared with me, a stranger! People have let me into their spaces; they have let me into their gardens where I never want to trample on their feelings and physical pains. In fact I never sit unless a patient invites me to take a seat. I've been a compassionate care giver long enough to know not to overstay.

Ed: I guess that there are a few patients who might facilitate your speedy exit. When patients slam the door in your face, it has to hurt but you certainly do not need to be concerned about overstaying with these people. Jo, what do you do when a patient closes a door to your love?

Jo: For those who reveal either by word or deed the message, "Get lost lady!" I leave my business card which has the pastoral care phone extension. At least these people will remember that I represent the Department of Pastoral Care and their door might open to me at a subsequent time.

Ed: I guess that some of these patients who reject you might allow you to walk in their dreadful gardens of pain in the near future, and I gather that this renewed invitation happens more often than not

Jo: Yes, most ill people do not mean to be hostile when they direct me to their doors. However, even in the aftermath of patients rejections, my two hats seem to enable me to bring God's healing balm to tormented souls.

Ed: As your husband and colleague in our chaplaincy ministry, I think that's what you love about being a hospital based Parish Nurse.

Jo: Yes, Ed, I love to take both my nursing and spiritual equipment to the bedside.

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Dear Friend,

Summer 2003

As you read this summer issue of St. Paul's Printer which commemorates the 45th Anniversary of the **Society of St. Paul**, say a prayer for us and send a special gift of thanksgiving for our many years of witnessing Christ in works of mercy, charity and evangelism.

Your prayers and support make this publication possible four times a year to reach thousands of readers around the country and overseas. Without your help it couldn't be done.

Forty five years ago, our Founder, Canon René Bozarth made a response to a call from God which sent him and our brothers to care for the elderly sick, educate children and be a helping hand overseas in the Middle East and parts of Africa. Today members of the Society continue those concerns through outreach to the elderly, Christian Education and Retreats and sharing concerns of the wider Anglican Communion through the printed word.

It comes down to this: Twice a year we ask you for a donation to keep this publication going as it has for nearly fifty years. Help us continue bringing you and others information, inspiration and ideas of the great things God does in our world. Send your check and prayers today.

Thank you for your support. Have a Christ filled Summer and God bless you.

Faithfully,

The Rev Canon Barnabas Hunt, Rector
The Society of St. Paul

Community Notes

What better way to start the new year last January 1, than to celebrate the Eucharist and preach at the chapel in St. Paul's Manor and then take communion to resident's in the John McColl nursing home, all of which are part of *St. Paul's Senior Homes and Services*. Both Canons Rank and Hunt serve on the board of that institution.

Throughout the past six months Fr. Andrew has served on the Master Plan Committee of St. Paul's Cathedral that works on the future development of the Cathedral and diocesan headquarters. January 9 began the schedule of this year's meetings.

Author, Therapist, and former Monk, *Thomas Moore*, author of *Soul Friend*, visited the Cathedral for a Saturday workshop and Sunday sermon, January 10- 12. The Paulists joined him for lunch after a book signing. Andrew preached the 8 am sermon at the cathedral that Sunday. The brothers helped with presentations at the cathedral's annual meeting the following Sunday.

Frs. Benedict, Andrew and Barnabas attended the diocesan convention in Palm Desert February 7-8. Andrew was elected by acclamation to another term as diocesan representative to the cathedral Chapter. Barnabas is also an elected diocesan representative to Chapter, which meets monthly throughout the year as well as its annual retreat this year. They also serve on the Communications Committee of the cathedral and the diocesan Mutual Ministry Review Team which had a day long session with the rector and vestry members of *St. Alban's Episcopal Church* in El Cajon, CA.

Benedict gave a retreat for members of *St. Anthony's Episcopal Church* in Desert Hot Springs, CA, March 14 and on March 26 Barnabas and Andrew gave a talk at the cathedral on *Self Examination, Confession and Awareness* as part of a Lenten series.

On April 15, Fr. Benedict was off to a week long mission during Holy Week and Easter at *St. Anthony's Church in Scottsdale Arizona*, while Andrew and Barnabas drove to Oregon for Easter at *St. Luke's Episcopal Church* in Gresham, OR. While there, they heard the renewal of wedding vows of Andrew's niece, *Linda Garlock* and her husband *Ted* on their 40th wedding anniversary. Former SSP novice, *Fr. Jim Thompson* is rector of St. Luke's.

The Fellowship of St. Paul's oldest member, *Roberta Caldwell* died May 6th at the age of 105. Her son, John C. Caldwell was the order's chancellor since 1962 until this year. May she rest in peace.

May 11, the outdoor *Chapel of the Transfiguration* on the grounds of *St. Hugh's Church* in Idyllwild, CA was dedicated. The shrine in the mountains is built around wrought iron work donated by The Society of St. Paul from their former chapel in Sandy, Oregon. The week of May 21-26, Fr. Benedict did a parish retreat at St. Charles Episcopal Church in Fort Morgan, CO. Barnabas and Andrew were at a workshop Saturday, May 24th led by the Rev. Dr. William Countryman, a professor at CDSP in Berkeley, CA. Fr. Andrew preached at the cathedral May 25. Later that day, Andrew & Barnabas participated at the installation of The Very Rev. Scott Richardson as the third dean of St. Paul's. Guest preacher was Brother Timothy Jolley of the Order of the Holy Cross.

May 31st Fr. Andrew led a retreat for members of the cathedral.

June 1st saw Benedict preaching at St. Columba's Episcopal Church in Big Bear, CA. On June 10 Canons Andrew and Barnabas were at a talk for diocesan clergy and deputies to this year's General Convention at the cathedral by Canon John Peterson, Secretary General of the Anglican Communion. June 22nd the Canons participated in a special cathedral Evensong officiated by Bishop Gethin Hughes for the Episcopal Relief and Development Fund. ♦

moments when we can see the hand of God at work in our lives. Even in moments of seeming failure and loss, God was present in our lives hiding us, leading us, protecting us teaching us, because we are his and He has chosen us to serve Him and each other. Some of the most important moments of growth and insight in my life came at the worst possible times when failure and defeat seemed eminent no matter what. It would not surprise me if the same were true for every one else.

Then there came a moment, a day in our lives when our yearnings, feelings and struggles for union with God in love led to a deeper commitment: The desire to serve him forever. In time we were given a name. Isaiah says we were called servants or Israel. What is your vocational name? Perhaps you are now a Parent (that is your name), or a Dentist (that is your name), or you are a Poet (that is your name). The vocation in us that had grown like a little seed, often struggling against all odds, finally blossoms. I believe a significant sign of knowing our vocation, whatever it might be, is the sense of fulfillment we experience in who we are and what we do. That is God's glory in us. This is a process and keeps moving until we reach the fulfillment of the lover's call.

When we respond to God's will, His name is glorified in us and we are glorified in Him. Like Christ. What about mistakes and failures? Isaiah said, "We toiled in vain it seemed and wasted our energy for nothing." It took Thomas Edison hundreds of tries before he perfected a usable light bulb.

Discerning God's Will

Our vision of the Christian life,

hopes for success, desire to make the world a different, better place, and promise to be faithful to God in Christ often seem to allude us. Like the prophet we are likely to say, "Woe is me, Lord. I am undone."

As we say yes to God and turn our life and will over to His care, our cause, as Isaiah tells us, is with God because in the Lord we find our strength. Both our cause and the reward are the same in life, namely, God. Often we may find our greatest sense of God's presence in what seems to be our greatest failure.

What about our call, what we do? We were called for a purpose. God says, "I will make you the light of the nations so that my salvation may reach to the ends of the earth." As servants of Christ, God calls us to give light so that the path of others may be illumined. As the result of being who I am, working where I do and turning my face to God, there is a light which shines forth. Whether I like it or not, people will seek healing and light through me as the result of my ministry because it is God they seek.

Here is a simple formula about discerning God's will that I learned many years ago in the monastery. First, we always move in doing God's will from the general to the specific. Remember the two commandments Jesus gave us? For example, your presence in Church is a means of loving God in worship, honoring the first commandment. Being kind to the other members of your congregations is an example of fulfilling the second commandment of loving your neighbors. What about specifics?

Three Keys:

Desire, Ability and Opportunity

We need three keys to open the lock on God's Call to us: desire, ability and opportunity. You have to have some "fire in the belly", you have to want to do that to which you are called. Desire is the fuel that drives the engine. Next, you must have the ability. God never requires us to do that which he has not given us the skill to do. I will never be a brain surgeon, Thank God. Nor am I

called to play the violin, for which I'm sure others are grateful. I am called to speak and write. Last, you have to have the opportunity. A married man with children could not enter a monastic community whose members take the vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience. His obligation to his family deny him the opportunity. Next time you perceive a call from God read Isaiah then consider your call. ♦

Living With Cancer

by Sara Megling

What a year it's been!

I could give you a litany of complaints about Cancer I and II which have consumed the year and threaten to continue to do so as I undergo chemo followed by radiation. But I'm already tired of thinking about that. The one thing I've learned sitting in endless hospital waiting rooms, there are a ton of folks who are facing much bleaker futures. I'm just going to feel sick and tired for a while; they wish they were so lucky.

So I will focus on the blessing I've found in this. It's nothing profound or original - there are a zillion essays about it already - but that doesn't make it any less important to me. That blessing is finding a renewed sense of wonder - wonder at the love surrounding me with my family, my church, my friends; wonder at the strength of the human spirit; wonder at God's love.

OK. Sometimes I give Him an ear-full like I did one day when a beautiful 14-year-old girl was undergoing God knows-what in the nuclear medicine lab. What is He thinking, I asked. Or words to that effect.

But then I see His love reflected in the 45-year-old guy sitting next to me listening to an older woman. She is there as caretaker for her sister and brother-in-law, both of whom are dying of cancer. So why is this strapping, handsome guy there? Nothing more than a recurrence of colon cancer that will kill him sometime this year and leave a wife and three young children alone. So why isn't he whining? Why isn't she filled with self-pity? Why isn't the 14-year-old raging?

Why, indeed. I can only wonder.

Sara Megling is a member of the Fellowship of St. Paul who teaches communications at a San Diego Community College.

Thanks for the Memories (continued from page 5)

when it came to stealing jokes. I also said I was a brother in a Religious Order. That morning I was sans habit, wearing a white tee shirt, walking shorts and sandals. Giving me a once over he said with a joking smile, "Tell me, what is a monk like you doing dressed in an outfit like that?" A photographer arrived. Hope was there for a photo shoot with some pretty models to promote his golf tournament. I asked if he would allow a picture and he did.

Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra were the two mega stars who dominated the celebrity studded Palm Springs during its golden age. Perhaps it is no coincidence that in Rancho Mirage, Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra Drives intersect in front of the late Walter Annenberg's estate. The Hopes have had a love affair with the desert since the late 1930's when they bought a modest bungalow home. It was on a corner of El Alameda Avenue, about a mile east of St. Paul in the Desert Episcopal Church. Bob Hope never claimed a church membership, however, a C of E Minister mostly likely baptized him in England as a baby. Dolores is a devout Sicilian Catholic,

who regularly attended St. Theresa's Catholic Church in Palm Springs. Their children attended parochial school there. In fact, the Hopes built a convent for the teaching Sisters who staffed the school.

Three things helped further Hope's longevity. One was his ability to take a nap anywhere at any time. Another was his daily massage from his valet. The third was his nightly walk in Palm Springs. Old timers and visitors would often see him ambling down Palm Canyon Boulevard with his Scottie dogs in the early evening. He often stopped at his favorite sweet shop for an ice cream cone and exchange quips with other customers.

In the 1960's, the Hopes donated eighty acres of land in Rancho Mirage to become the location of the Eisenhower Medical Center. Some wanted it called the Hope medical center, in honor of his wife Dolores, but Bob insisted they name the hospital for his long time friend, golfing partner and neighbor, President Dwight Eisenhower. Later in that decade the first of the Bob Hope Desert Classics began which

since have raised millions of dollars for the hospital and other desert charities each year.

At the end of every tournament, Dolores would host a home cooked spaghetti dinner for all the people who volunteered to work during the golf matches. On the day of the dinner trucks would unload tables



Bob Hope was in his mid 70's when this picture was taken with Br. Andrew at the Palm Springs Airport.

and other party gear for the event which would attract several hundred helpers. By the late 1970's, Bob and Dolores had built their famous, 25,000 square foot, mushroom domed house on a high hillside overlooking the city not far from the former desert digs of William Holden. The large combination open air and covered living room could seat several hundred for dinner, including the tournament volunteers each year. After the first Gulf War, the Hopes held an open house and dinner for several hundred returning soldiers and their families from Twenty Nine Palms Marine Base. However, they still own the modest home on El Alameda. When illness hospitalized Mr. Hope at Eisenhower several years ago, upon release he went there for several days before returning to their long time, primary home in Toluca Lake near Hollywood.

The mushroom shaped dome of the house sits on four flying buttresses. The interior of one column contains a lead lined vault with copies of Bob Hope's movies and television shows. Another column is quarters for their staff. A third was a play room for their grandchildren. The last is Dolores' private chapel with its own stained glass windows where she could pray and meditate.

One day in 1990 the phone rang at our retreat center. Caroline Firestone was calling Fr. Barnabas our Rector. She often came to early Mass with the brothers. She was having a few friends in for dinner and could Fr. Barnabas join them. Upon arriving at their home, he learned the few friends were, Bob and Dolores Hope, Betty and Gerald Ford, the late Walter and Lenore Annenberg, General and Mrs. Westmoreland and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Davis. The guests of honor

were the King and Queen of Romania. Barnabas is something of an introvert and doesn't like small talk at parties so he spent the pre dinner time with King Michael of Romania. The king was also a shy man who wore hearing aids in both ears. Joining them was Walter Annenberg. Near the end of dinner, various people made toasts, including Bob Hope who did a Thanks for the Memory thing including Barnabas in those he named.

The last time I saw Bob Hope in person was with Dolores at one of the Jazz Without Booze shows staged for a small audience of recovering alcoholics.

For seventeen years the late Del Sharbutt organized recovering Jazz musicians and friends for an annual, sell out, two hour jam session at the small Annenberg theater at the Eisenhower Medical Center near the Betty Ford Clinic. Sharbutt used to be one of Hope's announcers. Bob and Dolores showed up several times as special guests. The last time, Dolores sang songs from her latest CD. Dolores Hope was once a night club vocalist and still has a fine, smoky, lounge voice. Although her husband was pretty limited in what he could do, he joined her from his seat in the audience. They sang "It's Delightful" from the Cole Porter musical *Anything Goes*. In the chorus there are several phrases which start "It's" and then add the words delightful, delovely, delirious, etc. Though he was nearly blind and deaf the aged entertainer rose to the occasion and sang "It's" to her words. His facial expressions, sense of timing and ability to milk one word to the delight of the audience were still as good as ever. As the title of the book I read over fifty years ago said, "Where there's Life, there's Hope." Sir, thanks for the memories. ♦

45 Years and Counting (continued from page 2)

From 1977 to 1996 the community provided retreat and conference facilities at our monastery in Palm Desert, near Palm Springs, California. In 1996 the chapter sensed a call to the active life giving up conventual living after thirty eight years. Two years ago we moved the headquarters of the community to the campus of St. Paul's Cathedral in San Diego.

The Rule of The Society of St. Paul, written by our founder, Canon Rene Bozarth in 1958, begins, *"It is the object of The Society of St. Paul to seek that sanctification to which God in His mercy calls us, and in so seeking to attempt in all ways, corporately and severally, to show forth the Light of the World which is our Blessed Lord. Let us bear in mind that the first object of an individual Religious is to be a Religious. We must abide in Christ apart*

from Whom we can do nothing. If we abide in Him the life which we have must show itself in us in acts of love to all mankind. For as Christ loved us, so must we also love one another."

Our Customal says, *"Reading the signs of profound change in the world and in the Church the members of The Society of St. Paul sense a new role for its vocation, the role of pilgrim/prophet, a humble way of simplifying corporate life to be free to explore the emerging spirituality and ministry in the 21st century."*

The world is very different than it was on July 1, 1958, yet the life and work of The Society of St. Paul continues and the ideals embraced in our observance of the Religious Life then, goes on today. You may not put new wine in old wineskins, but you can put old wine in new wineskins. ♦



St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Gresham, Oregon began in 1951. The Society of St. Paul started at the parish in 1958. The brothers used the church for daily offices and Mass for five years before moving to a new monastery in Sandy, Oregon, twelve miles east.

Ed: There is much to learn in becoming a chaplain. What are some additional requirements which a Parish Nurse must fulfill?

Jo: I'm keeping up with my nursing licenses in New Jersey, New Mexico and California. Therefore, I never stop pursuing professional courses and learning opportunities.

Ed: Please discuss some of the special academic requirements which a nurse must fulfill in order to be a Parish Nurse in the first place.

Jo: There are various programs and courses which one can take. I strongly suggest that anyone who is looking into this get training in Parish Nursing. I personally went through the Concordia Mequon Distance Learning Program which is a four module very intensive home study program. It was time consuming but it was well worth it.

Ed: So a nurse who wishes to become a Parish Nurse must augment the basic RN licensure requirements.

Jo: Let me suggest that those interested in entering Parish Nursing as careers contact the Parish Nurse Resource Center or the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod. Inquirers may access their web site under Parish Nursing.

Ed: Jo I know that all of your mentors are proud of your daily exercise of love.

Jo: When exercising my blended chaplaincy I minister to people whose ideas conflict with my own. I love these patients. Whether a person's theological understandings harmonize with mine or not, I encourage patients to obtain as much information from the medical community as possible so that they can form their decisions based upon their own consciences. Whether I think a choice such as receiving or rejecting blood transfusions is imprudent or not I encourage all competent adults to examine all the pros and cons.

Ed: Before we close, Jo, how do you prepare people to die with dignity?

Jo: I feel that we are all dying from the moment we are born. If we continue to give people choices by allowing them, whenever possible, to be the decision makers, patients maintain control as little pieces of their mortal bodies slip away. In addition, at Sharp Chula Vista Medical Center we make sure that people who are dying have all the services available to them from their own faith communities. ♦

Where God Leads



My Lord God, I have no idea where I am going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really know myself, and the fact that I think that I am following your will does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I believe that the desire to please you does, in fact, please you. And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing. I hope that I will never do anything apart from that desire. And I know that if I do this, you will lead me by the right road though I may know nothing about it. Therefore will I trust you always, though I may seem to be lost and in the shadow of death. I will not fear, for you are ever with me, and you will never leave me to face my perils alone.

Thomas Merton, monk and author

The Monks' Oars

One of the mottoes of the Society of Saint Paul is "Ora et Labora." Translated, it means pray and work. Back in the early days of the community a novice was expressing doubts about this concept. The Prior invited him into a small boat on Blue Lake, near Gresham, Oregon. The Prior stroked with just one oar until the puzzled novice said, "if you just use one oar you'll continue to go around in circles and won't get anywhere."

"True," replied the Prior, giving him the other oar. "One oar is called prayer, and the other is called work. Unless we use both at the same time, we'll just go around in circles making no progress."



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