

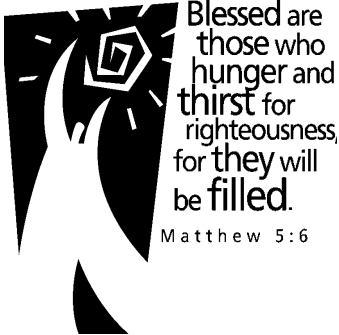
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A New Landscape, page 10

Good News



Many of Jesus' teachings on how we ought to live our lives as Christians in relationship to each other were collected by Matthew in the chapters we call the **Sermon on the Mount**. This is instruction not addressed to the world but to you and me and the other disciples of Christ from the earliest times to the present. Like much of what Matthew writes - and the whole Christian gospel - it is paradoxical. That is, as Dr. Kunkel noted, "The way down is the way up."

The beatitudes are the proclamation of the kingdom of heaven and convey an inner experience, a new discovery which opens to us unlimited possibilities of living life to its fullest.

The structure of the beatitudes is significant. The most important is located in the middle. Those which precede and follow are expressed in pairs - like the psalms. The fourth beatitude is the heart: **Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness for they shall be**

satisfied. The righteous person is the mature individual who lives up to the will of God. To be discontent with our spiritual situation in our quest for union with God, to crave for something better with all the recklessness of a starving man - that is the inner situation of those who are blessed or gifted. Nobody has this quality automatically but must work for it. Once we understand that we do not have it, we can go about acquiring it like the virtues in all the other beatitudes.

In a sense, we are like landless peasants, like settlers without farms. We suddenly receive a message that there is land to be had. (Good news.) Claims can be staked with this particular kingdom and everyone who is aware of his poverty and his limitations can join the crowd.

However, lest we get off on the wrong foot in this spiritual land rush, Jesus lays down two conditions: only the meek and merciful are accepted.

The beatitudes start with **Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.** Another way of saying that is, blessed are those who know their need of God. When I recognize my powerlessness and my spiritual poverty, I am acknowledging the unconditional love of God which is the essence of his kingdom, and by my humility am prepared to receive it. Too often we ask for gifts but refuse to unlock the door so they may be brought in.

Continued on page 7

Don't Call Them Conservatives

by Terri Mathes

I was raised by conservatives. In Southern California, where I now live, this is rather like saying you were raised by wolves. But I like to think the people who raised me did a good job: they gave me a strong sense of family and of community obligation; they taught me to respect social institutions. Conservatives, my mother often said, valued what was best in society and tried to preserve it. She abhorred mob tactics, half-truths and secrecy. "If you have to hide it," she'd say, "You shouldn't be doing it in the first place."

I was also raised Episcopalian. My grandfather helped build the church in which my mother was married, then my cousin, then my sister and I in our turn. I was graduated from Sewanee, a liberal arts college owned by the Southern dioceses of the Episcopal Church. I have sung Evensong in Canterbury Cathedral, lunched with a Primate of New Zealand and dined with an Archbishop of Canterbury. By the time I was twenty-eight, I was on a first name basis with Jack Allin and Cecil Woods, and if you don't know those names, it only proves how pathetically, arcanelly Episcopalian I am.

The Episcopal Church in which I was raised was a church of civility, a church that thought before it spoke. Some would say we thought too much and spoke too circumspectly.

Of course, if you do know those names, you know how un-Anglican all this boasting is. The Episcopal Church in which I was raised was a church of civility, a church that thought before it spoke. Some would say we thought too much and spoke too circumspectly. So I am being very clear here about the position from which I speak. Because what I have to say is that the AAC and the ACN do not represent true conservatives.

Like many Episcopalians, I had scarcely heard of these organizations; then, just over a year ago, my husband was consecrated Bishop of San Diego. Over time, I learned that AAC stood for American Anglican Council, a group of parishes that objected, among other things, to the

consecration of Gene Robinson. The Anglican Communion Network (ACN) appeared to be an association of bishops with similar views. These names were used interchangeably with "the conservatives," so when the groups began to distinguish themselves by their actions, I was astonished to see those actions labeled "conservative."

For instance, both the AAC and the ACN attack the idea of gay marriage as a violation of orthodoxy, yet they enforce no position on divorce, even among their own clergy. Now, I'm inclined to be merciful when it comes to divorce, having been abandoned by a deadbeat father and raised by a single mother, but if you're going to take the Scriptural hard line on sex and relationships, you have to face what Jesus said about divorce, which is, "Don't." As a social institution, the American family is far more endangered by divorce and its attendant poverty than by monogamous gay couples. Trust me, I was there. Maybe that's why the only time Jesus mentions sex and relationships is to tell people to keep it together. If the AAC and the Network truly represent conservative values, they would work for better premarital counseling, support of young families in our transient society, and mediation between troubled couples. Maybe they're working on these things, but there's nothing on their websites about it.

When it comes to community obligation, the AAC and the Network look good at first. Their websites are heavy with associated parishes, presumably working together for a greater purpose. They hold regional meetings and conferences to advise new members and generally pump up the faithful. Problem is, they're more clique than community. AAC priests in this diocese routinely avoid diocesan gatherings, even social ones. When we held a series of four receptions in our home, less than a third of the AAC clergy came; at diocesan convention, one was too busy handing out

pamphlets to meet my eyes, even after I put my hand on his shoulder to say hello. At this year's consecration of deacons, only one vested for the service.

As for the Network, the majority of their bishops attend House of Bishops meetings by booking rooms nearby and holding their own meetings; the Network bishop nearest San Diego has not attended the last three meetings of the House. These are men (all men) who were asked at their consecration to "share with your fellow bishops in the government of the Whole Church." People who neglect their responsibility to govern have nothing to say to me, especially in times of conflict. As my mom used to say, "If you don't vote, you've got no right to complain."

Which brings me to that business about preserving what is best in society. To many conservatives, Gene Robinson's election represented a profound challenge to the traditional understanding of moral fitness for ministry, and it did so without even stopping to define what a new understanding might be. To people who consider preservation important, this is a reckless way to proceed. It is throwing out the baby and keeping the bath water in hopes that you'll find another baby beneath the surface.

So how have these self-described champions of conservatism responded? Sadly, by throwing out even more of our venerable traditions. They have spent the last three years crossing diocesan boundaries to perform Episcopal functions, violating an understanding that dates back before the Fourth Century Council of Nicea,

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Thirty Years in California

by Andrew Rank

At the 1975 annual Chapter meeting of the Society of St. Paul the community voted to relocate its mother house and novitiate from Sandy, Oregon to somewhere in the newly formed diocese of San Diego. The brothers thought that there was a need to diversify ministry and be nearer a major population center of Episcopalians. The only one of any size west of the Mississippi River was the Los Angeles, San Diego and Phoenix triangle.

On the morning of July 10, 1976, Ted Garlock, a partner in the Sandy Truck line drove a semi-truck pulling an empty shipping container up the driveway of our St. Jude's Nursing Home and around to the back of the building, where there was a second floor entry to Mt. Resurrection Monastery, the community's home for thirteen years. From nine in the morning until six that evening, with the help of a forklift more than 70,000 pounds of library books, furnishings, ecclesiastical supplies and personal effects were loaded by the brothers and our St. Jude's mission volunteers. From there Ted, who was also our mission treasurer, drove the full container to a railroad siding, where it was put on a flatcar bound for San Diego.

The first bishop of the diocese of San Diego was the Rt. Rev. Robert M. Wolterstorff, who had invited the brothers to establish a ministry in his diocese.

He also had a realtor, Willard Cudney, a member of St. James by the Sea in La Jolla whom he asked to help us find a suitable property.

We divided the community so that a priest and two brothers stayed in Oregon at a priory house we owned, next door to St. Jude's Nursing Home and Chapel, to continue ministry there. Three professed members and two novices established the San Diego presence.

Earlier I had leased a large, semi-furnished home on Thorn Street in an urban area called "Bankers Hill," overlooking the bay and airport, for our residence while we did the property search. On July 15, 1976 a Ford Galaxy, Volkswagen Van and a U-Haul truck arrived, along with the rest of our team and such furnishings as we needed to set up living quarters. The dining room became a chapel for the Eucharist and daily Offices and the double garage a study space and lecture room. Sunday's we worshipped at nearby St. Paul's Episcopal Church (now the cathedral.) When not looking for property, various members gave quiet days and retreats, visited every parish in the diocese and did some volunteer work in the area. Two or three members returned to Sandy four times a year for St. Jude's Home board meetings, on-site ministry and work at St. Paul's Press.

House hunting is never easy. Imagine what it was like looking for a building or buildings suitable for a

monastery that fit a limited budget, a pre-written list of needs, ready to move in. The project took nearly a year, but finally we were led to the right location.

Palm Desert, California was a newly incorporated city in the Coachella Valley (think Palm Springs.) A local realtor, George Berkey, Sr., then Senior Warden of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church in Palm Desert, found a two and a half acre bungalow apartment complex once owned by William Boyd, better known as Hopalong Cassidy. The location met all our criteria, including city zoning allowances for monasteries and convents! The eight buildings on the property provided us with a campus style life. Brothers and hired helpers spent the summer creating a common building, chapel, library, office and accommodations for up to twenty guests and twelve monks. Our plan was to continue the operation of our health care facility in Oregon, now doubled in size by expansion to the second floor and the work of St. Paul's Press housed in a historic building in down town Sandy, with brothers in both Oregon and California.

In the past thirty years our ministry has included retreat hospitality, pastoral care, spiritual direction, chaplaincy at the Betty Ford Center, interim work at parishes, long term retirement and health care oversight at St. Paul's Senior Homes and Services in San Diego, help for the poor at Uptown Faith Community Services in North Park, the Bishop Gooden Home in Pasadena (one of only two residential alcohol treatment centers in the United States under Episcopal Auspices) and our newest venture, Dorcas House, a foster home in Tijuana, Mexico, for up to fifty children who have one or more parents in prison, as well as volunteer ministry at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Although we no longer have a ministry in Oregon, this fall a Labyrinth garden on the grounds of St. Luke the Physician Episcopal Church in Gresham, where the Society of St. Paul began in 1958, will be dedicated to honor the ministry of the monks and nuns of the order. ♦



Blessed are those who mourn. Mourning can be one of the great growth experiences of life. To acknowledge the pain of loss, real loss, can be the beginning of inner strength beyond imagination. It is the most painful experience I know. And yet if I am willing to enter into it and work through it, I always grow spiritually and experience just a bit more of the kingdom.

Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. I like the virtue of the meek. To be meek means to be patient and gentle. Only the strong can afford this spiritual generosity. Whenever we exercise the virtue of meekness we inherit the earth. We become detached from a compulsive need to manage, control, dominate and therefore possess the lives of others. When we let go of that need, the world is ours. Very few aborigines in Australia ever died from heart disease. They have no sense of ownership but recognize everything as belonging to God.

Another paradox brought to our attention is that beatitude which says **Blessed are the merciful, for they shall have mercy shown them.** When I can reconcile with you, when I can show mercy, then I can receive that gift and forgive myself.

The next beatitude, which doesn't get much press in our time, is **Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.** Jesus says if you can refrain from judging others you can see God. Where? Everywhere, in every one, for the kingdom is in each of us and every created thing.

What about peacemakers? If you choose to be an authentic peacemaker you stand in the middle and often alone with both sides a little bit unhappy with you. A true peacemaker helps us see the truth, the truth we would rather not look at. When we do we often see things differently and make peace. What is their reward? **Blessed are the peacemakers. They shall be called sons (and daughters) of God.**

As the Christian soul begins to mature and grow, it is filled with a sense of God's presence and love and a deep desire for peace and peacemaking. One cannot live with the love of Jesus in one's heart and not seek to reconcile division, animosity and violence. Yet, any who undertakes this journey knows the pain and the risks. So Jesus reminds us that those who are persecuted for truth's sake receive the kingdom.

The kingdom triumphs over evil, just as truth triumphs over lies, and light over darkness. So Jesus says, **Blessed are you when you are persecuted and in the cause of right; yours is the kingdom of heaven.** Authentic Christians are rare. Be glad. Your reward is great. You are given the kingdom, you will inherit the earth, and you shall be comforted and satisfied. You will receive mercy. You will see God. You will be called a child of God...for yours is the kingdom of heaven, and that brothers and sisters is **Good News.**

Andrew Rank ♦

Giving Back to God

by Scott Richardson

I have been thinking about spiritual method for the past couple of years. This train of thought has been stimulated by those I know who have been helped immensely, indeed healed, through 12-Step programs. As you may or may not know, Alcoholics Anonymous was originally influenced by the Oxford Movement, an earlier Anglican attempt to create structures and pathways for spiritual growth. I am persuaded that a large part of the healing that people in recovery experience has to do with having twelve distinct and particular steps to follow: they find a meeting, find a sponsor, and, with their sponsor, begin to work the steps one at a time. There is a marked path, well traveled, and there are guides to help one walk that path. These guides, when they are worth their salt, know that the method works if the person seeking help is willing to work the method.

So what, I've been asking myself, is our method? What are the specific practices that advance us as individuals, congregations, and denominations? What do we need to do to go down more deeply into the mystery of God's love and grow in faith, trust, and wisdom? My conclusion, hardly original and not sequentially bound, is this:

I believe that there is more than enough for everybody: enough space, enough time, enough food and clothing and shelter and attention and affection and love.

Worship weekly; Pray daily; Learn constantly; Serve freely; Give generously.

Now, when I rehearse this list with people, I notice that most are generally with me until I get to the end, to the fifth and final practice. We all want to be nurtured and fed through worship, prayer, and learning. Many are moved to express their concern for others through active service. But when preachers start talking about giving as a spiritual practice, many in the congregation instinctively cover up and shut down - - for good reason. There has been more than a little homiletical manipulation by folks such as me in our history. And, in spite of this, I still believe that generous giving is a critical spiritual practice, central to our method, a practice that I am called to preach and teach. I do so unabashedly, without apology, as a "beggar for Christ", and in this spirit:

A friend goes on a tour of Israel. He is overcome by the beauty of the Sea of Galilee. It is full of life: people fishing and swimming; the shore ringed by families and friends enjoying God's sacred creation; restaurants, stores, and cafes open for business. The tour then moves south and arrives at the Dead Sea: sterile, empty, devoid of

community, hostile to life. The difference? The Jordan River flows into the Sea of Galilee in the north and flows out again in the south. That same river flows into the Dead Sea from the north but never exits: there is nowhere for the water to go. It simply pools up and evaporates.

Our friend decides that this geographical oddity will serve as an important metaphor for life, both his and ours. We are fully alive, he comes to understand, when we receive and give in a balanced manner. Conversely, we die when we don't, when we simply receive and forsake generosity. Receiving and giving, obtaining and releasing, letting in and letting go are all essential practices for our spiritual survival and growth.

One of my primary beliefs, a core commitment, concerns the abundance of God's creation. I believe that there is more than enough for everybody: enough space, enough time, enough food and clothing and shelter and attention and affection and love. I believe that God has provided for every creature under heaven and that

we are simply charged to live in and share the creation in a way that is wise, compassionate, equitable, and humane. Furthermore, I believe that God has done God's part, God has provided us with all that we need to prosper as a local and global community, and it is now up to us to do our part; to nurture, steward, and share the rich abundance that is our common spiritual birthright.

Let me share a memorable and prophetic image, a cartoon I once saw that impacted me deeply and that drives home the point that I am hoping to make. Two people are talking and one of them says, "When I get to heaven, I have half a mind to ask God why he allows so much suffering in the world – so much poverty, so much hunger, so much injustice." The other says, "You said you have half a mind to ask that of God, what's holding you back?" The first person replies, "I'm just afraid that God is going to ask the same question of me."

The Very Rev. Scott Richardson is dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in San Diego where the Society of St. Paul has its headquarters. ♦

Carrying Hope

Vaclav Havel served a total of 13 years as the leader of Czechoslovakia and then the Czech Republic. His hope and perseverance helped him endure the years before, while he and his country suffered under the oppression of Communism. Longing for his land to be free, he wrote books and encouraged others during that time of suffering.

When he became the elected leader of the freed Czech nation he wrote these words: "Hope is a feeling that life and work have meaning. I cannot imagine that I could strive for something if I did not carry hope in me. I am thankful to God for this gift. It is as big as life itself."

St. Paul wrote of faith, hope and love abiding, saying that "the greatest of these is love" (1 Corinthians 13:13, NRSV). True, but faith and hope still must abide. Indeed they are absolutely necessary.

Charles Ferrell

A New Landscape

by Allisyn Thomas

The day after Geraldine Ferrero was nominated to serve as Walter Mondale's Vice-Presidential candidate at the 1984 Democratic Convention, a couple I know brought their newborn baby girl home from the hospital. As they were leaving the hospital, a construction worker who was doing some work nearby came over to admire the baby, and after remarking how beautiful she was, said to them, "Just think, this little girl could grow up to become president of the United States some day!"

It is a lovely story but what is especially remarkable about it is that the man who told it to me, the baby's father, was a fairly conservative Republican who normally would have had no use for Geraldine Ferrero or Walter Mondale. But when he looked at the historical significance of her nomination through the lens of his little girl's life, it was clear that the landscape of what was now possible for women and politics in this country had changed forever.

This story came back to me in a powerful way on Sunday, June 18,

2006, with the election of the Rt. Rev. Katharine Jefferts Schori to be the Episcopal Church's next Presiding Bishop. As one of seven qualified candidates, it would not have been much of a surprise if one of the other six had been selected instead, but with her election, the Episcopal Church proclaimed that gender alone

could no longer serve as a barrier to one becoming Presiding Bishop. With her historic election, the landscape of what is possible in the Church has changed forever.

However, I think it would be a mistake to look at Bishop

Katharine's election as primarily a symbolic act. The men and women in the House of Bishops who voted for her, and those of us in the House of Deputies who concurred with her election, did so because we saw evidence of God moving powerfully in her life and believed she will be able to exercise the type of leadership we need at this point in time.

That being said, when it was it was announced in the House of Deputies

The landscape of our church has changed, but not just for women, but for all people.

that she had been elected by the House of Bishops, I can think of few times in my life when the presence of the Holy Spirit has been so palpable and caught so many of us with such delight and surprise. For those of us who were there at General Convention at that very point of time, it was an extraordinary moment.

The landscape of our church has changed but not just for women but for all people. When we now think of who our leaders in the Church are, we see not just straight, white, middle-aged men (not that I have nothing against straight, white, middle-aged

men—I'm married to one!) but also women and men of different ethnicities, cultures, orientations, and theologies, all of whom help us to better see the fullness of creation and listen to the Holy Spirit in people, and places, we might not have seen before. Each provides a new lens to help us see what is possible.

The Rev. Canon Allisyn Thomas, was chair of the San Diego Deputation at the recent General Convention of the Episcopal Church. She is a lawyer, priest and Canon for Christian Formation at St. Paul's Cathedral. ♦



Northern Uganda Genocide

by Robert May

Retired Anglican Bishop Maceleord Baker Ochola II of Kitgum, Uganda addressed the diocese of San Diego and the community at large on Sunday afternoon, June 25th. The presentation was hosted by the Cathedral's Peace and Justice Committee and CEGUN (Campaign to End the Genocide in Uganda, NOW!). Sixty-two people attended, which was really a good turnout for such a beautiful Sunday afternoon. It was also very encouraging to see that almost half the people who attended were teenagers and early twenty year olds.

Bishop Ochola lost both his wife and his daughter to the violence in Northern Uganda. He has traveled around the world in an effort to bring attention to the horrors being committed in his country. He has had little or no help from the Anglican Church in Africa or from the UN. He has traveled across the US for the past 6 months speaking to Episcopal dioceses in an effort to raise awareness and put pressure on the US government to stop funding the Ugandan government or at least threaten to do so if things don't change. His travels have not been in vain. Bishop Lipscomb of the diocese of Southwest Florida drew up a resolution (B013) presented in

Columbus at the 75th Annual General Convention. Bishop Lipscomb also took Bishop Ochola with him to speak before the House of Bishops. They were not alone in their efforts. Bishop Curry of North Carolina, Bishop Chane of Washington D.C., and our very own Bishop Mathes were also supporting the resolution. Unfortunately, the resolution was left "pending", floating in convention limbo at least until the next Executive Council meeting.

A Brief History: For twenty years the Acholi people in Northern Uganda have been caught in the middle between a rebel army and bad governmental policies. The LRA (Lord's Resistance Army) has abducted between 20 and 30 thousand children over the past twenty years, forcing them to fight against their own people or using them as sex slaves. In 1996 President Museveni forced 1.6 million of the Acholi people into camps, stating that it was for their own protection; that is 95% of the population. Doctors Without Borders is reporting between 1,000 and 1,500 people are dying per week inside the camps due to poor sanitation and little to no access to medical care.

The situation in Uganda has received little to no media attention partly because of the nature of words.

Genocide is the “intentional” destruction of a people or a culture. While Museveni has referred to the Acholi as “insects”, he has not sanctioned the killing of them directly, but it is happening indirectly. Living in unsanitary conditions of the camps kill them. The setting provides opportunities for the LRA to kill, rape, and abduct them. So the question is “If the end result is the extermination of a culture, a people or a way of life but it

isn’t intentional, does that make it OK?” No one wanted to call Rwanda genocide and nothing was done about it as the whole world watched. It is too bad that we could not learn from our past mistakes.

Robert May is a member of St. Paul’s Cathedral and heads the international issues department of the Cathedral Peace and Justice Committee. ♦



Bishop Macleord Baker Ochola II by the ruins of a car blown up by a landmine; his wife Winifred died in the explosion. (Photo: The Rev. Christopher Carey/CMS)

and they have actively worked to siphon church property to such cradles of Anglican tradition as the Diocese of Bolivia.

This is where the AAC and ACN fall farthest short in my view. The Internet now bristles with memos leaked to the press or uncovered during lawsuits that reveal a common theme: threats to “separate,” plans to secure church property, commitments to “realignment” and to “guerrilla warfare.” There is nothing preservationist in this behavior, and it is especially repugnant for its air of secrecy and deceit. The memos are marked “Confidential” and “For Discussion Only;” letters advise parishes to “innovatively move around, beyond or within the canons” and caution against passing information electronically.

The conservatives I know would be ashamed of such behavior. I know I am. I am ashamed that the AAC and the ACN are now synonymous with conservatism and I wish to give genuine conservatives back their name. The conservatives I know are honest, civil people who would scorn secret memos

and “innovations” meant to skirt the canons. Let’s face it, that kind of behavior also represents a profound challenge to the traditional understanding of moral fitness for ministry. As Mother would say, “If you have to hide it, you shouldn’t be doing it in the first place.”

Teresa S. Mathes holds an MFA from the Bennington Writing Seminars. She has taught creative writing to undergraduates at DePaul University, served as a visiting artist at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, and founded and directed the Young Authors’ Program at Sunset Ridge Elementary School. Her stories and reviews have appeared in a variety of journals, including The Georgia Review, Prairie Schooner, Calyx, and The Sun. She has received recognition from the Illinois Arts Council, the National Magazine Awards, and the Pushcart Prize anthology. She recently moved from the Chicago area to San Diego. Terri is a member of St. Paul’s Cathedral and wife of the Rt. Rev. James R. Mathes, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of San Diego. ♦



Terri Mathes and her two children, Lee and Sara at Christmas. Guess who’s taking the picture?

Did You Know?

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Now we know why today the bride carries a **bouquet when getting married.**

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the sons and other men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all were the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Out of the experience came the saying, **"Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."**

Back then, a house had a thatched roof. That is, thick straw piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip off the roof. Hence the saying **"It's raining cats and dogs."**

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up a nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. **Canopy Beds are still popular.**

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Now you know where saying someone is "dirt poor" originated. The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on them to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance way. They were the first **"thresholds."**

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. Back then, people ate mostly vegetables and very little meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. The stew was often called "Pease Porridge." Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. That gave rise to the rhyme, **"Pease porridge hot, Pease porridge cold, Pease porridge in the pot nine days old."**



How Grows Your Spiritual Garden?

A church in New York known for its prophetic witness and its influential ministries has this statement on its Web site:

“We know that, despite our reputation for ‘speaking truth to power,’ all our words and actions are empty if they are not based on the solid ground of faith. We gather in prayer, worship and meditation to renew our commitment to living according to the promptings of the Spirit. We learn and grow in faith through Bible study and forums. We bring

music from many traditions into our worship to revive our spirits. And then we take this spiritual energy back out to our homes, workplaces, towns and to a nation in need of spiritual renewal. Much has been given us, and much is asked of us. We cannot waste our spiritual capital, but must ever seek to renew and deepen it.”

We all need to tend our spiritual gardens in order to reap the benefits and share them with others. ♦



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