

St. Paul's
PRINTER

◆ WINTER 2007 ◆

*For unto us
a child is born.
For unto us a
Son is given...
Come let us
adore Him...*



The Duality of Advent



Several years ago, I gave a program on Advent, the Friday after Thanksgiving. It began Friday evening. I asked those present how many had gone shopping that day. The Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving are the biggest shopping days of the year. Several people raised their hand, as did I.

Then and there I realized the struggle many pious folk have about keeping Advent on the one hand and joining in the holiday spirit on the other. Whether we like it or not, the holidays are celebrated in our country from Thanksgiving to New Year's or maybe January 6th, the feast of the Epiphany. The trees go up, the party invitations go out and the music of Christmas fill the malls and shopping centers everywhere.

At a deeper level, a silent contemplative level, there is prayer and pondering over the coming birth of the Prince of Peace. The Collects, Hymns and Lessons of the Advent season are rich in their spiritual messages.

Few of us can ignore participating in the holiday activities between Thanksgiving and Christmas, but we also can set aside time to put the "why" of the season in a spiritual perspective. There is no reason for guilt in either direction if we include both in our awareness.

One of my favorite authors, Frederick Buechner, says it best. "The extraordinary thing that is about to happen is matched only by the extraordinary moment just before it happens. Advent is the name of that moment.

"The Salvation Army Santa Claus clangs his bell. The sidewalks are so crowded you can hardly move. Exhaust fumes are the chief fragrance in the air, and everybody is as bundled up against any sense of what all the fuss is about as they are bundled up against the wind chill factor.

"But if you concentrate just for an instant, far off in the depths of you somewhere, you can feel the beating of your heart. For all its madness and lostness, not to mention your own, you can hear the world itself holding its breath."

There is a duality at this time of the year. Part of me celebrates and greets friends, does the shopping and all the other pre-Christmas stuff. There is also a part of me that waits in expectation and unconsciously sings "O Come, O Come Immanuel." Both make up the whole and can live together without guilt or shame. *Andrew Rank* ♦

An Addict's Story

by Andrew Rank

Each year when Christmas rolls around I think of a story of about an addict and his recovery. It happened a number of years ago, also in December. Life had become about as bad as it could be for this poor fellow. He had reached the point where he had no friends, no meaning in life and was almost a recluse. I think the only relationship he had was with his drug of choice.

He had become so isolated and withdrawn that most people assumed he had no feelings and cared for nothing. He was a loner who never participated in any social activities and always kept to himself when he left his job. His life was really dreary, although he did manage to show up for work every day.

It had been assumed that most addicted people have to hit their own bottom before any change is likely. But in recent years “interventions” — well, intervened. An intervention is when a skilled person and friends of the addict meet with him and through their conversation and confrontation “raise the bottom,” and that is what happened to the addict in this story.

Among other things, during his treatment process he was able to review his now distant past and remember long forgotten incidents he experienced within his dysfunctional family. As his story unfolded he shared that his mother died when he was a baby. Our addict's father knew little about effective parenting and was cold and distant.

As soon as the boy was old enough, his father put him in a boarding school. In that climate his disease really took hold. There he developed what today are called “faulty core beliefs” about himself, which is the heart of the addictive process in its embryonic stage.

There are at least three such faulty core beliefs: The first is, “I am basically a bad, unworthy person.” The second grows out of the first: “No one would love me as I am.” The third, which develops as a result of growing up in a dysfunctional family, is, “My needs are never going to be met.” Chained to these convictions there seemed no reason for him to hope for anything. He was a survivor and that he did.

As childhood gave way to adolescence he carried two messages that would dominate his life: don't feel, and work hard. Like all addicts in order to survive the emotional pain of those faulty core beliefs, he unconsciously developed a way of coping with life called “impaired thinking.” It is a distorted view of reality which closes off avenues of self-knowledge and contact with reality. Gone are the feedback loops of communication with others, including God.

For the addict everyday examples of impaired thinking are such things as denial in the face of reality. (I don't have a drinking or drug problem. It's all in your head.) As reality is more and more denied, in the addictive process

rationalizing, justifying, minimizing and blaming become essential to surviving. (One more won't hurt. I work hard and deserve this. It's only a couple of times a day. She drove me to it.) We begin to believe our own lies. Lying often becomes second nature even when it is easier to tell the truth.

During his treatment process our addict continued to learn from his past. Boarding school gave way to graduation and finding a job. He did have friends then and was quite skilled in business. However, our friend's disease grew progressively worse and he lost the love of the only woman he ever cared about because impaired thinking stood in the way. After that, his relationship to his drug of choice became his only purpose for living, even though he would have denied that too. Yes, he had loved her, but his dependency on the addictive substance had become more necessary than any relationships with friends.

You see, as the emotional pain he experienced increased as a result of his impaired thinking, the need for relief became more and more pronounced. When he was young it was fun and almost innocent for him to act out what is called the "addictive cycle." As he got older it became a way of life.

Addiction of any kind is a progressive disease. For our subject what started with faulty core beliefs led to impaired thinking, which created a lot of emotional pain from which he sought relief by acting out the addictive cycle. This, in turn, produced guilt and shame, which reinforced the faulty core beliefs, and the process would start all over again.

His treatment program showed him ways he could understand his past and see it in a different light so as to change how he felt about it.

Another important part of his recovery was how he came to understand how spiritually bankrupt he had become. He had no relationship with God and due to his disease he had no relationship with anyone else either. Oh to be sure he had colleagues and co-workers. He carried on with them the best he could but his isolation was such that there were no real, meaningful human experiences. He was so obsessed with himself and his drug of choice that no one or nothing else really mattered. He shunned friendships and turned his back on helping others if he didn't get something out of it for himself. In his spiritual life he was more than depleted.

Then our subject became aware of his powerlessness over his drug of choice and began to think how he could trust God, clean house and help others. For the first time in his adult life he was able to feel his loneliness, lack of meaning and inner emptiness. This was especially true when he took a look at his current situation and how he had ignored those who could have been dearest to him. He would turn down dinner invitations or community service work just to be alone with his drug of choice. He even shunned his relatives and those in the office who would be his friend.

He learned his addiction was a progressive disease and if not arrested in time would kill him. What were seemingly unimportant indiscretions of youth became problems of his adulthood and middle age. Beyond that,

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Crises Year Round

by Andrew Rank

People nationwide were transfixed by the week of nearly non stop television coverage of the October fires in San Diego and Los Angeles. As the fire progressed the statistics kept rising. So did the generosity of people in the San Diego area.

However, the sad truth is that the need to help the homeless, hungry, unemployed goes on year round. This is especially true in a benign climate like San Diego where people come for the mild weather. At this time of year people are asked to remember those whom Jesus called the “least of these my brothers,” and we do.

At 30th and Polk streets about three miles from the cathedral the Uptown Faith Community Services office is open year round. Canon Barnabas Hunt is a board member and the Society of St. Paul helps support its program. Uptown’s purpose is to help the needy get back on their feet. The first concern is providing essentials: food, clothing and shelter. People who show up there need a place to collect mail. This past year is no different or possibly even worse because the public safety net keeps getting smaller.

For example, by September Uptown’s staff had provided 782 people with food, and 594 received emergency bus passes. There were more than 5,800

personal mail pick ups the first nine months. 144 people needed clothing vouchers and 382 people without driver’s licenses got a legal California identification card. 442 men and women received personal hygiene kits and 149 got birth certificates. An average of 951 clients received help each month. That figure will likely increase as the days get colder and more people are on the streets.

Some homeless people die on the street, alone.

Several years ago, Uptown merged with the Alpha Project of San Diego. A program inaugurated by Uptown, but transferred to the Alpha Project is “Living with Dignity.” Few people

stop to think that some homeless people die on the street, alone. Usually this is preceded by chronic illness. Living with Dignity offers assistance with housing, transportation, medical help and end of life compassion and caring. So far in 2007, thirty people have not had to die alone thanks to Uptown/Alpha. In November Alpha opened its winter shelter in the city where the poor and homeless can get a warm cot, food, and assistance.

Responding to emergency and long term needs of people is not an either or, but a both and. Thanks to Uptown and the Alpha Project many of those needs are met year round. ♦

Dia de Reyes

By Emily Velez-Confer

January 6, the feast of the Epiphany, is the day in Mexico when children receive their gifts. The three king's visit their homes and either leave presents or give them in person. Dorcas House, the fifty bed foster home, a ministry of St. Paul's Cathedral in Tijuana, Mexico is no exception. Here is what happened last year.

In preparation for celebrating this holiday tradition Dorcas House director Sylvia Laborin had invited poor neighbors who live near the foster home to enjoy the afternoon of festivities. As part of these festivities, three special guests made their way to the house, none other than the Three Kings!

Los Tres Reyes Magos (The Three Kings) were greeted outside the gates of Dorcas House with applause from neighbors who were waiting there. And after entering the Dorcas House courtyard they surprised everyone with their appearance. Gapar, Melchor y Baltazar greeted all with loving hugs and best wishes.

The three Kings mingled with the children, staff and guests who had just attended the Epiphany Eucharist provided by St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral and the University of California at San Diego's Student Episcopal Chaplain Mike Angell.

During this service he shared with all the story of the Three Kings and their visit to the Christ Child in Bethlehem. As Los Tres Reyes Magos made their way through the crowd greeting all, they began handing out to the neighborhood families their gifts, which included clothing, food staples and toys for the all the children, many of which were donated by members of St. Paul's Cathedral. Pictures of each Rey were taken with each family and the Dorcas House children, so that they would have a memento of this day. A traditional dinner followed.

Music played in the background, a generous gift provided by Manny Cepeda, a volunteer from the House of Puerto Rico in Balboa Park, San Diego. Along with him were other volunteers from the House of Puerto Rico, among them Angel Rosa and volunteers from St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral: Terri Mathes, the wife of The Rt. Rev. James R. Mathes, bishop of San Diego, Mike Angell, Stan Livingston and Diana Tande. All the families were very moved and expressed their sincere appreciation for all that was done and shared with them. The Three Kings will return again on January 6, 2008 with more surprises. ♦





The Three Kings visited children at Dorcas House on Epiphany of 2007. They also gave gifts of food, clothing and toys to families living in the neighborhood. Plans are underway for the visit next year. The Society of St. Paul is one of the groups who support this foster home ministry.

Christmas at the Homes

by Andrew Rank

No season evokes remembrances like Christmas. For many of us, it is the memories of childhood and surprises under the tree or the day at our grandparents home. The Christmas recollections which bring me the most happiness are those from 1964 to 1969 when we had three Oregon nursing homes under the patronage of St. Jude. Altogether we served more than two hundred residents in three units. The units were about ten miles apart. The St. Jude's Home in Sandy was where the brothers lived, in the second floor monastery.

From the very beginning in 1958 our policy was, along with treats and whatever came in the boxes of incidental gifts from parish guilds who signed up earlier in the year. We opened each wrapped gift marked "for a man, for a woman," marked and rewrapped it to be sure we didn't give a bald man a comb or a diabetic a box of chocolates.

I would start buying specific items for residents in early November. They ranged from dusters and music boxes to electric razors and bedroom slippers or a stuffed animal. Once I remember an elderly man named Joe who had a broken leg. Joe believed he would never walk again. Poking out of his Christmas bag was a shiny black and silver cane that spoke louder to him than all the encouraging remarks from the nursing staff. By the week before Christmas there was a large grocery bag for each resident with his or her name on it. On Christmas Eve Day several of the brothers would load up a van and take the bags to their rightful nursing home.

On Christmas Eve, after finishing our regular day of work, we piled into cars, loaded the portable field organ in the trunk and drove off to our most distant nursing home. We started at five o'clock. Residents waited in the living room. Trolleys laden with hot

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Wisdom House West

Since 1976 Wisdom House, Inc. has been a source of spiritual renewal and healing for many. Its founder is the Rev. Doctor Alla Renéé Bozarth, an Episcopal Priest, published author, spiritual director and therapist. Wisdom House began in Minneapolis, Minnesota; in 1984 the ministry moved to Sandy, Oregon and was christened Wisdom House West, Inc.

Today, Wisdom House West is a hermitage where visitors come for spiritual healing, inspiration and nurture. Its location is not far from the Oregon Trail, in the foothills of Mt. Hood in the great Cascade Mountains. Surrounded by small farms and trees, the grounds of Wisdom House are a haven for birds, many flowers wild and tamed, fruit trees and even deer.

Over the years people have found creative encouragement and spiritual insight here. Religious leaders of many traditions have benefited from the serene and beautiful environment which they find at Wisdom House. Visitors to Wisdom house have come from throughout the United States and Canada, Continental Europe and the British Isles, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Japan.

It is a holy place where creativity sprouts from the heart of the soul's journey, and is always a dynamic aspect of not only self-healing, but the healing and creation of community. Wisdom House offers soul-mending and soul-tending, celebrates all forms of sacred art and of the healing arts, and gathers community in an inclusive language

liturgy based on the Eucharistic Liturgy of The Book Of Common Prayer. Dr. Bozarth's fostering of feminist spirituality is sensitive to and inclusive of the spiritual needs of men and children.

Alla Renéé Bozarth earned her academic degrees at Northwestern University and read for Holy Orders at Seabury-Western Theological Seminary. She was the first woman ordained (as a deacon) in the Diocese of Oregon in 1971, and was among the barrier-breaking, history-making women first ordained priests in Philadelphia in 1974. Alla is the author of forty-one books and seven audio albums; her work is known worldwide, and brings Wisdom House global visitors each year in addition to countless telephone and internet consultations from around the globe.

Her first book, *Womanpriest*, published by Paulist Press in 1978, is about her vocational journey to the priesthood, and has been a guide to hundreds of women in the Episcopal Church when they first ponder the possibility of a priestly vocation. The Most Rev. Katherine Jeffert-Schori, the first woman Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, wrote Alla telling her *Womanpriest* was a book that helped her discernment about vocation when she was still a lay person and a professor at Oregon State University.

Alla's second major book was published in 1982 and reprinted in 1986 and 1994. As a soulcare-giver, Dr. Bozarth has welcomed those from near

and far who are grieving through devastating loss, and who seek and find at Wisdom House comfort, strength and insight for their healing journeys, often drawn by having read one or more of her internationally distributed books, *Life Is Goodbye/Life Is Hello: Grieving Well Through All Kinds Of Loss, A Journey Through Grief, or Lifelines Threads of Grace through Seasons of Change*. (See www.allabozarth.com).

In addition to ministry to individuals, Wisdom House sponsors artistically, culturally and spiritually varied projects. Her collaboration with a woman artist led to the first foreign women artists to become part of the permanent collection of the Peace Memorial Garden in Hiroshima. Another of many projects was the composition and performance of a cantata, "Belonging," performed by children and adults of Grand Forks, North Dakota, in celebration of their shared healing journey following the destruction of the city by fire and flood

from the Red River, and the successful rebuilding by the people of their homes, businesses and community.

Alla was the mentor and consultant in the collaboration of a local Christian artist with a Jewish and an Islamic artist in a two-woman, one-man art show entitled "Wilderness Journey," with their three faith traditions represented. The show was presented to the public in a Portland church, the Jewish Community Center and a mosque. Last year, in honor of the ministry of women, the Episcopal Churchwomen of Oregon had a DVD made of an interview with her.

In recent years Wisdom House West, Inc. has relied on donations from those who support this unique work. It is a 501 (c) (3) religious non-profit corporation. You can help sustain this important ministry. Send your tax deductible checks to: **Wisdom House, West, Inc. 43222 SE Tapp Road Sandy, OR 97055.** ♦



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if unchanged, they would be life threatening. So for him the most important part of his program was how he saw the future. He realized it depends on what we do today. He understood his disease was progressive, and would end in death.

About that time he started taking stock of his life. He reviewed what it was like, what happened and what the future held. He began making an inventory of the people he had harmed or neglected as the result of his addiction, and he shared that with God and his guide during his treatment, seeking God's help to overcome his character defects.

Turning that corner meant life would be different now. As his recovery progressed he began to undergo a profound alteration in his reaction to life. He had a spiritual awakening. He began reversing the process of acting out the addictive cycle and a lifetime of impaired thinking. He replaced negative spirituality with a positive one.

As a result of his intervention and treatment the addictive cycle was broken and replaced by contact with reality. Impaired thinking was replaced by rigorous honesty, and his faulty core beliefs by a deep sense of personal worth and self esteem.

He began taking an interest in the needs of those around him, his relatives in particular. It wasn't always easy, but the results he experienced were worth his willingness to go to any lengths to get well. He began participating in community service programs and reassessing the state of his business. After his recovery Christmas had a

special meaning to him, and it was said of this person he could keep Christmas better than anyone. He became known for his generosity and service to others. Our friend developed meaningful relationships with his colleagues and co-workers. He became especially fond of his bookkeeper Bob Cratchett and his little boy Tim. He even saw to it that the boy got a special operation he needed, which restored him to normal, healthy living.

That's right. The addict I've been talking about is Ebenezer Scrooge. His is the story of an addict whose life was saved by an intervention. Remember the visit of his deceased partner Jacob Marley? Then there was his treatment. He was visited by three spirits who showed him his past, present and future. Who can forget Scrooge's spiritual awakening on Christmas morning and his excitement at getting his life back again, whole and sound. No, Ebenezer's drug of choice was not alcohol but money, so his disease was miserliness not alcoholism. The next time you read the story or see one of its many film versions, look for the signs of faulty core beliefs, impaired thinking and addictive acting out. The addictive process can be experienced in many different ways.

Charles Dickens' classic can be about you and me. All we need to do is change the metaphor. Read it and you will find all the things I described. As the year ends, in thanksgiving for sobriety and recovery for myself and the millions of other recovering people, may I borrow the words of Tiny Tim and say, "God Bless Us Every One." ♦

The Holidays

by Andrew Rank

As a youngster I was always surprised each year when I read Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol, or heard the radio broadcast starring Lionel Barrymore. Later, I enjoyed the various television specials. I think my favorite is the one in which the late George Scott portrayed Ebenezer Scrooge. At the climax of the story, when Scrooge goes to the window of his bedroom and asks the young man in the street what day it is, the boy replies, "Christmas." Delighted, the reformed Scrooge is grateful he did not miss it and promptly dispatches the young man to the poultry shop to buy the prize turkey in the window for the Cratchett family. As a child, I could never understand why a store would be open on Christmas Day. In the Midwest of the 1940s, where I grew up, that was unheard of.

Years later I learned the celebration of Christmas as we know it today is relatively new, certainly no earlier than the 19th Century.

For example, when George Washington crossed the Delaware River the night of December 25, 1776, he could count on the Hessian soldiers being drunk and sound asleep after a day of carousing; but for Washington's troops, Christmas was just another day.

It wasn't until 1836 that the first state - Alabama - declared Christmas a holiday. Many of the Pilgrims who

landed in Massachusetts three hundred and twenty years ago thought the idea of celebrating Christmas downright sinful, and anyone who took the day off could be fined. In Charles Dickens' time, though there were religious celebrations around the festival of Jesus' birth, many people kept their shops and stores open. For many shopkeepers it was business as usual.

Much of the secular trappings of Christmas were a conscious and deliberate invention of mid-nineteenth century literary and newspaper folk such as Washington Irving, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Clement Moore, and cartoonist Thomas Nast.

Even Christmas trees of the 19th Century were topped with American flags or sugar plum fairies, never a star. Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, published in 1809, turned St. Nicholas from a Dutch bishop into Jolly St. Nick, a fictional character who brought gifts to good children in Manhattan.

An Episcopal Deacon in 1822 borrowed a leaf from Irving's book when he wrote that memorable poem, *An Account of a Visit of St. Nicholas*. Thanks to the Rev. Clement Moore of St. Peter's Episcopal Church near General Seminary in New York City, and cartoon illustrations by Thomas Nast, we have our present-day picture of Santa Claus.



Probably the newest “Christmas tradition” is the shopping spree which leaves most checking accounts, credit cards and debit cards as flat as leftover champagne on New Year’s Day. In the 1880s, Christmas “sales” didn’t begin until December 23rd. As recently as the 1920s, advertisements for Christmas buying did not appear until at least December 15.

For the Church, the gathering to celebrate the birth of Christ is among the most lovely and mystically sweet

experiences of the Christian year. It has none of the pain and passion of Holy Week and Good Friday which precede Easter. Keeping Advent, Christmas and Epiphany is still an exciting and wondrous experience. Never mind the fact the shopping malls and other stores put out decorations and gifts for sale before Halloween, and Frank Capra’s film, *It’s a Wonderful Life*, first starts its seasonal play at Thanksgiving. ♦



Christmas at the Homes - continued from page 12.

chocolate, cookies and other treats stood by. Fr David or Brother Christian played the small pump organ and we all sang the familiar Christmas carols. Someone read the nativity story and we offered the Christmas prayers.

Imagine the Christmas trees in our nursing homes, depending on the size, with 95, or 53 or 62 bags of gifts with each resident’s name to identify the particulars. You had to distribute the bags of gifts as quickly as possible. Many had no families and they doubted if there would be something for them. You could see the worried concern until a brother placed the right bag on the right lap. The party ended with the singing of “Silent Night.” We then helped folks back to their rooms, put them to bed and assisted unwrapping the packages before departing for the next place to repeat the program.

Those parties became so popular that residents who had the option of

being with relatives often asked families to pick them up Christmas morning. Off-duty nurse’s aides sometimes volunteered to help out. The last stop was St. Jude’s Home in Sandy, where we had the Christmas program in the chapel.

Every year a local pharmacy donated small boxes of Russell Stover chocolates. Those were the first found, opened and eaten. You felt good to the bone seeing the looks of genuine surprise and delight on the faces of the frail elderly. Tucking them into bed surrounded by treats and new things perhaps brought a flashback to a far distant, early time in their lives when something similar happened.

We had a break, then, and gathered around our own tree in the large common room upstairs. If there were any priests resident in the home, we invited them to join us. One in particular was a stroke patient who weighed over

200 pounds. There was no elevator in the building at that time so the only way he could get upstairs was if four stout monks lifted him, chair and all, up the stairway! It was a time of fellowship and merriment as we opened gifts, enjoyed some Christmas cheer and had some food.

Near midnight we gathered in our chapel again, along with members of our mission congregation from the community for a reverent midnight Mass. On Christmas day, though still tired from the night before, we relieved as many staff members as our numbers allowed to be with their families. Christmas was always the quietest day in the year in our nursing homes. Those

residents who could visited relatives or friends. The rest enjoyed a special breakfast and dinner with as many seconds as desired.

It may not have come close to Bob Hope entertaining the troops at Christmas, but I will always remember the peace and good will which prevailed being with the residents on Christmas Eve. We were their family and they were our community. It brought home Jesus' insight "it is better to give than receive," and his words, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." It was as close as I will ever come to kneeling in the stable on that first Christmas. ♦



Since 2001 Canons Andrew and Barnabas have been board members of St. Paul's Senior Homes and Services which provide a retirement home, an assisted living facility, a skilled nursing facility and respite care near the cathedral. Not long ago the brothers blessed the new dining room at the retirement home. Joining them are other board members, donors and Cheryl Wilson the CEO standing next to Fr. Barnabas.

St. Paul's Printer, Adieu

On the first of July, 1958 the Society of St. Paul began as a fledgling religious order for men in the diocese of Oregon in the Pacific Northwest. In order to get out the news of our community's existence, raise money and tell the stories of our mission, our founder, the Rev. Canon Rene Bozarth saw the need for a publication, a journal of opinions and ideas and spreading the word about the Society of St. Paul.

The first edition was on the drawing boards, or to use a better metaphor, coming off the typewriter by August. Since we saw ourselves as Anglican Paulists, we gave that name to our publication. It was professionally printed and we had the benefit of an excellent artist, Ted Reeves, and, from 1962 until the present, Nancy-Lou Patterson. However, we didn't know the word Paulist was copyrighted until we received a letter from the head of the Roman Catholic Paulist Fathers of Boston. He diplomatically asked us to change our magazine's name. We likened it to little David (us) taking on Goliath (them.) In the name of fraternal charity and to avoid a lawsuit we could ill afford we called the spring publication of the quarterly "St. Paul's Printer." Think Poor Richard's Almanac. So it has remained to this day.

Over the years the magazines chronicled our life and ministries, as

well as publishing writings of guest authors. In each issue we tried to include at least one meditation or reflection. In the early years, we told the story of our school in Gresham, Oregon and our nursing homes under the patronage of St. Jude in Portland, Gresham, and Sandy, Oregon. In the 60s and 70s we helped several overseas dioceses, assisting Anglican churches and hospitals in Jerusalem, and what are now Namibia, Malawi, Tanzania and Kenya. The Printer reported on that as well. Back then, the brothers collected tons of sample medications, sorted them and shipped the drugs and medical supplies to Anglican church hospitals overseas. Our print shop, called St. Paul's Press, printed the first altar service book in the Ovambo language for use in what are now Namibia and Botswana.

Our community notes section of most issues shared news about what the brothers and fathers were doing, places we visited, announcements of novitiate clothings and professions. We wrote summaries of various conferences of Anglican Religious from 1964 on. Sadly, we also reported the deaths of our brethren.

An exciting new chapter in the life of the Society of St. Paul began in 1976, when we opened a temporary house in San Diego, and the next year moved our mother house and novitiate to St. Paul

the Apostle Monastery in Palm Desert, California, where for twenty years we offered a retreat and conference center ministry of hospitality. Our most recent venture, volunteer ministry at St. Paul's Cathedral since 2001, provides a new source for both outreach and witness to the religious life.

It is with no little regret and a lot of sadness that we announce our last issue of this publication will be the July 2008 issue, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Society of St. Paul and of this magazine. Why has this decision been made? There are several reasons.

Although the magazine is written in San Diego, it is printed and mailed in Oregon. From 1961 to 1995 the manager of St. Paul's Press in Sandy, Oregon was Mr. Don Weber. Later, his wife Nellie took care of the print shop's business accounts. Don and Nellie retired in 1995. However, they agreed to continue overseeing the production of the magazine in Oregon, which they have done faithfully for the past twelve years. Last summer, they shared with us their wish to retire completely. We mutually agreed to publish the Printer until the summer of 2008, to mark its fiftieth anniversary. We are grateful to the ministry of the Webers, our graphics design editor, Cindy Salnavé, and Kristen Freiermuth, who maintains our mailing list in Oregon. It has been a blessing working with these deeply

committed Christians whose work has been a ministry of love. Most of all we want to thank our faithful readers, some of whom have been with us these past fifty years. God bless you all.

The other reason is that your editor is ready to step down after creating an issue of the Printer four times a year since 1980. Andrew wrote his first article for this magazine in 1958. Fr. Barnabas works behind the scenes managing the accounting and address changes, processing your donations, and paying the bills. We look forward to the next two issues and hope you will too. At seventy, both of us have some health issues which are beginning to impede the amount of ministry we can do.

Should we decide to create an e-newsletter, and should any of our readers wish to receive it, send us your email address. The easiest way is an email to us at anbssp@earthlink.net.

The Rev. Canon Andrew Rank, Editor
The Rev. Canon Barnabas Hunt, Rector ◆





When evil darkens our world, give us light. When despair numbs our souls, give us hope. When we stumble and fall, lift us up. When doubts assail us, give us Faith. When nothing seems sure, give us trust. When ideals fade, give us vision. When we lose our way, be our guide. That we may find serenity in Your presence, and purpose in doing Your will. amen



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The Society of St. Paul
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