



# The S. Stephen

The monthly news at S. Stephen's Church in Providence

All Saints, 2010

Vol. 10, No. 2

## My dear people:

Coming towards the end of October, this issue of *The S. Stephen* anticipates the Feast of All Saints on November 1, followed the next day by the Commemoration of All Faithful Departed, commonly known as All Souls Day. Both observances call our attention to the Communion of Saints.

The Church exists in three states: the Church Militant, consisting of those of us alive here on earth; the Church Expectant, consisting of those souls who have departed this life and continue their progress into the fullness of God's glory; and the Church Triumphant, consisting of the saints in heaven who have completed their course and now behold God's glory face to face.

The mystery of the Communion of Saints is that death changes but does not end our relationship with those who have gone before us. In Christ, we are still bound together in a fellowship of prayer—they pray for us and we pray for them.

The articles in this issue of *The S. Stephen* explore the mystery of the Communion of Saints from a variety of perspectives. Karen Vorbeck Williams offers a travel journal of the recent parish pilgrimage to Walsingham in England—a place where the Communion of Saints becomes palpably real for many visitors. For the pilgrims from S. Stephen's, it was a privilege to carry the prayer requests submitted by parishioners and friends of the parish, and to offer these intentions up in that holy place. Many of you have told us of your prayers for us during this time; and we are deeply grateful.

Meanwhile, Phoebe Pettingell offers a reflection on the life and significance of John Henry Newman, the nineteenth century Anglican Tractarian who converted to Roman Catholicism in 1845, eventually became a Cardinal, and, in the first step leading to canonization as a saint, was beatified by Pope Benedict

## From the Rector

XVI during his visit to England in September. Likewise continuing the theme of the Communion of Saints, I offer a short historical essay on the place of patron saints in the life of the Church.

The months of October and November also bring us to our annual Stewardship program, when we ask parishioners to pledge their financial support to the parish for the coming year. At our parish luncheon on October 24, Bishop Geryl Wolf spoke movingly about our stewardship of our money and of our faith. In my introductory remarks, I offered several facts and figures that I believe are critical for all parishioners to realize, and I will repeat them here.

How many of us know what it costs to pay to keep S. Stephen's going? I recently did a few calculations using figures from last year's Annual Meeting report, and I came up with the following. Dividing our annual operating expense by the number of Sundays in the year, and then dividing that figure by our average Sunday attendance, tells us that **the cost of running S. Stephen's per Sunday per person in church is \$74**. That is, if every Sunday every person in church—adults and children—each gave \$74, we could pay all our operating expenses without having to touch our endowment.

Of course, thanks to the generosity of past donors, we do have an endowment from which we can fund some of our annual operating expenses. The commonly accepted wisdom among nonprofits is that a prudent amount to withdraw from the endowment each year is no more than five per cent of its total value. So, when we subtract that amount from our annual operating expense, we are left with the total expenses that must be paid from other sources, primarily

parishioners' pledges. Dividing that figure by the number of Sundays in a year, and again by our average Sunday attendance, reveals that, **after income from the endowment, the cost of running S. Stephen's per Sunday per person in church is \$33**. In other words, if every person in church on a Sunday each gave \$33 per week, we could cover all our expenses *and* hold annual withdrawals from the endowment down to a prudent 5% level. [Note, however, that this is a *per-person* cost; the cost per couple is \$66; the cost per family of four is \$132.]

Now, I offer this information simply because it often seems that many people who clearly have the resources to give much more appear to think that it suffices to make a pledge amounting to something like \$2, \$5, or \$10 per week; and this comes nowhere near meeting one's fair share of the church's expenses. Of course, some people genuinely cannot afford \$33 per week; while others can afford much more. Let each consult his or her conscience.

Teaching about stewardship in the parish always has a material side and a spiritual side: the parish's need for adequate funding; and the giver's need to give. Here I have focused exclusively on the former, while Bishop Wolf in her talk focused beautifully on the latter. In any case, it is crucial to understand what it really costs to run a parish such as ours if we are prayerfully to make informed and responsible decisions on how much to pledge.

Once again, this letter comes with all best wishes and prayers; and I remain, faithfully,  
Your pastor and priest,

*Fr. John D. Alexander +*  
Fr. John D. Alexander



## From the Curate

Dear People of S. Stephen's,



This rhythm of celebrating the saints, the great figures of the Church, has been one of the most delightful parts of my time here so far. Every week, on Sunday morning, I like to look on the back of the *Parish Notes* to check what saints we will be commemorating this week. Sometimes I might only recognize the name, but most of the time, it is like meeting an old friend. In any case, I always look forward to the week.

One of the most inspiring aspects of the Communion of Saints is the sheer diversity and variation of their lives and experiences. There is, of course, Our Lady together with the apostles and martyrs of the Church. But beyond these brightest lights stands a host of holy men and women who served God in so many different ways. Some found a path to God through quiet and contemplation. Personally, I find people like Benedict and Anselm to be particularly inspiring. But others may gravitate toward people like Bruno, whose vocation led him to a life of silence and solitary living. Still others might be drawn to the witness of a Francis or Dominic who gave up their worldly lives and turned their back on material things in order to preach the word of God.

Most of us, however, live in the world, and many other saints were also called to active lives. We commemorate people such as Elizabeth of Hungary and Louis of France, as well as Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor. These four examples of secular saints were kings and queens, but they still provide an important example for us. Each found a way to use a secular vocation to further the Gospel. These saints, in particular, are models of the Christian life in world.

There are saints whom God has raised up from within our Anglican and Episcopal tradition, just as there are saints who belong to other branches of the Church. Here at S. Stephen's, we commemorate some of the great figures of the Anglo-Catholic movement whose contributions have been recognized by the wider Church: such as Edward Bouverie Pusey, John Henry Newman, Charles Gore and, closer to home, Charles Grafton and James DeKoven. Such saints remind us of the power of our tradition to shape Christian lives.

Through the different times in my life, I have discovered saints who have gone through similar experiences to mine, finding ways to come closer to God. As we celebrate and give thanks for these saints, they, through their prayers and intercessions, continue to help us as we struggle in our lives. All Saints Day is an especially good time to remember those saints whose examples especially inspire us, and to give thanks that they continue walk with us.



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## Sung Vespers & Mass

### THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS



**MONDAY**  
**1 NOVEMBER 2010**  
**5 & 5:30 PM**  
**In the Lady Chapel**

## REQUIEM MASS

**THE COMMEMORATION OF  
ALL FAITHFUL DEPARTED:  
ALL SOULS DAY**



**TUESDAY**  
**2 NOVEMBER 2010**  
**5:30 PM**

## Solemn Evensong & Benediction

*In celebration of the Decennial Anniversary  
of the Institution as Rector of*  
The Rev'd John D. Alexander, SSC



**Wednesday 10 November 2010**  
**5:30 pm**

## Walsingham Journal: Notes of a first-time pilgrim

By Karen Vorbeck Williams

By now, many of you have seen the four online slideshows of our Parish Pilgrimage to Walsingham, put together by Karen Vorbeck Williams. On our first day there, Father Alexander also asked Karen to keep a diary of the trip. What follows is her evocative impression of our time in England.

### Thursday, October 7—Setting Out

We began with Mass in our own Lady Chapel, concluding with the prayers for those setting out on a pilgrimage. Saying goodbye to S. Stephen's Church, we loaded into three cars for the drive to Logan Airport in Boston. I did not quite know what to expect. Changing planes at Philadelphia International Airport, we finally departed for Heathrow: tiny seats, flocks of aircraft lined up for take-off, bad food, a good book and a friendly pilgrim beside me.

### Friday, October 8—Arrival

Seven or so hours later, London. Owing to a mixup about where we were to be met, we had to haul our luggage on the long underground passage from Terminal 1 to Terminal 3. About then, someone said, "We have it easy. Pilgrims of old had to walk through dark forests where they were robbed, raped and

killed by local bandits." True.

At Terminal 3 we met our traveling companions, Father Lee Kenyon's flock of fifteen pilgrims from St. John the Evangelist, Calgary, Canada. We boarded our coach for the three hour drive to Walsingham. Father Kenyon took the floor at the front of the bus and we prayed the Lord's Prayer and a Hail Mary as the coach pulled out from Heathrow. We were off—on the wrong side of the road—with the promise of a food stop along the way.

I pinched myself. Why am I here? I wasn't raised in this tradition and had no more than a fledgling relationship with the Blessed Virgin Mary. I'd missed most of the preparatory meetings and was sure I'd be a terrible pilgrim but was much too tired to care.

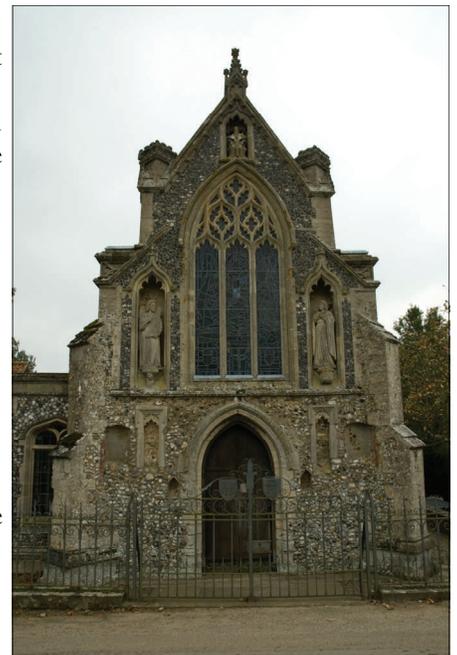
The bus was hot and uncomfortable but before sheer exhaustion put me to sleep I saw the blue sky with some

clouds overhead, farmland and green meadows, wooded areas. Pheasants disturbed by our passing scurried away from the newly harvested and ploughed fields. During the last miles, as we drove through a light fog past brick houses with tile roofs and miles of hedgerows, we were handed the words to all 36 verses of the Walsingham Pilgrim's Hymn and we sang every one. All I can remember of that hymn is the sweetly melodious refrain: *Ave Ave Ave Maria! Ave Ave Ave Maria!*

The sign on the door of my room at the Shrine hostel read *The Angels of the Flaming Sword*. I promised myself to find out what that meant. Knowing this small room with its own bath would be my home for a week, I was truly thankful. At the shrine refectory I enjoyed a glass of crisp, cool white wine with the delicious poached salmon served at our first meal. We would spend the week looking forward to the food there. It tasted home-cooked and fresh, lovingly prepared: regional dishes like toad-in-the-hole, cottage pie, lamb stew, chicken pie, berry sweetened custards and my favorite, cool creamy trifle.

### Saturday, October 9—Walsingham and the Slipper Chapel

Father Kenyon celebrated our first Mass at Walsingham in the shrine's Holy House, an enclosure built of dark stone lit by candles with a richly decorated gold altar under the image of Our Lady of Walsingham. Pilgrims in other chapels of the shrine were celebrating Mass and we could hear their voices softly echoing ours. Walking alone through town with my camera, I saw the winding streets of Little Walsingham where the most ancient buildings are made of mortar studded with grey and black flint stone. Many houses have names: Pilgrims



*The Slipper Chapel*



*Ernie Drew, Jane Malone, and Fr. Kenyon*

*Continued from previous page*

Rest, Little Portion, The Ark, Friday Cottage. Everywhere I saw Christian images in niches or set into stone walls, tacked over doorways, peeking out from lace covered windows: Our Lady of Walsingham, the Flight into Egypt, St. Therese of Lisieux, Pope Benedict, King Charles the Martyr... I felt at home. I belonged here.

After a visit to the parish church of Saint Mary, we pilgrims set out into the countryside, waking the holy mile [or more] to the Slipper Chapel, now the Roman Catholic Shrine, where medieval pilgrims removed their shoes to walk barefoot to Walsingham. On the way, we passed the ruins of the medieval Franciscan Friary. For the rest of the week we would witness damage done by the dissolution of the monasteries during the reign of King Henry VIII. A story has it that he wanted to “humble” himself and walk barefoot *three* miles to Walsingham. When he reached the Holy House, he bowed to Our Lady of Walsingham and prayed for a son. When his prayers were not answered, he destroyed the Priory and the Holy House. It’s a good story, but all that is known for sure was that Henry VIII made the pilgrimage and that he later destroyed the shrine. No one knows what he prayed.

I know my prayers in the Slipper Chapel were heard—it was there that I first felt close to Our Lady—Our Mother. Under her image, lit by one candle, I pondered this revelation: While most mothers love their children only as much as they are free to love, we have another mother; a great open lap, a loving hand to stroke our heads, a face with selfless eyes looking into our hearts, seeing and saying we are, indeed, loveable.

That night I was too tired to go to the shrine for prayers and the Procession of Our Lady of Walsingham. I went to bed and fell asleep to pilgrim voices singing, *Ave Ave Ave Maria! Ave Ave Ave Maria!*

Later I was awakened by the voices of merry pilgrims coming home from the pubs and vowed, jet lagged or not, to join them the following night. I had heard from Father Alexander that the pub was also part of the pilgrimage experience and found that idea intriguing.

### Sunday October 10— Cambridge

We boarded the bus to Cambridge for Solemn High Mass at Little St. Mary’s. Founded in 1207, the church was re-built in the mid-14<sup>th</sup> century. The new Dean of Saint Edmundsbury Cathedral, Dr. Frances Ward, preached a remarkable sermon about the “fear of the Lord.” She posited that we don’t need to pretend that meeting the Lord face-to-face is simply a moment of powerful awe. Be-



*Chapel at King’s College, Cambridge*

cause we are “sore afraid,” we modern workaholics absorb ourselves in electronics and every known form of addiction and distraction to *avoid* coming face-to-face with God. She had remedies to offer and all of them included solitude, silence and prayer—opportunities now open to us on this pilgrimage.

We thought we had reservations for lunch at the Cambridge Chop House, but were a complete surprise to the man at the door who had no record of us. Outside on the sidewalk with crowds of Sunday visitors stood 26 bewildered pilgrims, fresh from worship in a strange city. Across the street, the spires of the Cambridge colleges beckoned, but most pilgrims were hungry and took off to find restaurants on their own. I wasn’t hungry and I wasn’t feeling adventurous. My old fear of strange cities had gripped me so I stood near Father Alexander and the small group of pilgrims gathered around him. The sun-lit city was overcrowded with tourists, so prospects of finding a restaurant without a long wait seemed slim. I decided to pop back in to the Chop House to see if our smaller group could get in. They put us in the basement and served most of us plates full of gorgeous roast beef and Yorkshire Pudding. Still not hungry, I ate a salad. Now, as I remember the gravy-laden rare roast beef, glistening roast potatoes and vegetables—on other people’s plates—I regret my decision.

Fortified we set off on our own for a few hours of freedom. I decided to face my fears and walk into the crowds alone except for my camera. Dressed for English weather, I faced the rigors of sunshine as bright as Miami. I felt thrown forward in time into the modern world, the world I had left behind. Later, I heard wonderful stories from excited pilgrims who had enjoyed shopping and rides on boats called “punts” on the River Cam.

At 2:50 pm we met outside the gatehouse for entry to King’s College for choral Evensong. It looked like a cathedral to me, but it was originally founded in 1441 as King Henry VI’s *chapel*. We sat in the choir, just seats away from the famous boys choir, the pre-eminent representative of the great British church music tradition. Some of the boys

were so small that their chins nearly rested on their music. They were darling and amazingly skilled. The music was divine.

During dinner at the shrine refectory we found time to get to know the pilgrims from Calgary. I polished off a slice of delicious apple pie (with cream), headed off to Compline, then to The Bull, a local pub just steps from the shrine. Father Alexander bought me a pint of bitter ale and we all clinked

glasses in honor of my first pub experience. We drank in a dark little room crowded with tables and jolly pilgrims, so crowded that when anyone had to leave the whole room had to get up and shift chairs. The beer was delicious, but by the time I got to the bottom of the pint, I decided that tomorrow night a half-pint would do.

**Monday, October 11—Sandringham**

Beans with bacon for breakfast—that’s all I deserved after sleeping late and missing Morning Prayer. Father Alexander celebrated a Votive Mass of the Holy Cross at the Altar of the Crucifixion. He talked about family; how the Holy House was a home for a family and about our family of pilgrims and those loved-ones we had left behind at home. His words moved me to tears. With all our wounds (sometimes annoyingly obvious and tiresome) we pilgrims shared the love of a family. And I wept healing tears for the great losses my family has suffered over the past two years.

The bus took us to Sandringham, the Queen’s country retreat, where she comes every year the week before Christmas and stays part of the winter. We arrived at noon in time for lunch at reserved tables. The lamb stew with spiced red cabbage and fresh young carrots was out of this world and was followed by the most divine raspberry (pronounced “raawsbry”) trifle I have ever tasted.

We had a perfect day of cool sunshine. Everything was fit for a Queen: the house, the lawns, the formal garden with alleys, the lake with its views. I spent the day by myself walking the trail into the woodland, still glorious with flowering shrubs and violets and off to the little medieval church with its one-ton silver altar given to Edward VII by John Wanamaker of Philadelphia.

At the start of our pilgrimage Father gave each of us two or three sheets of blue paper with prayer requests from home. I had those plus two others from personal friends and it was my honor and duty to pray for all these people while I was on pilgrimage. I carried the reminders with me almost every day. Sometimes I was lucky enough to be alone in the shrine and could slip into the Holy House and boldly kneel on the rug under the copy of the ancient image of Our Lady, resplendent above me. She was small and rough-hewn, almost lost in the splendor of her fabric mantle. She looked grieved, though she held her babe in her arms and a branch of lilies like a scepter over her shoulder. But from that tiny face radiated something eternal and so moving that I cannot stop my

tears as I labor to describe it here. There I said my most fervent prayers for those at home.

**Tuesday, October 12—South Creake and Norwich**

The morning Sung Mass was held at the Anglo-Catholic parish church of Saint Mary in South Creake, a village about seven miles from Walsingham. This, Father Alexander had said, was one of his favorite churches in the world. It was first built in the 12th century, but enlarged, mostly during the 15th century. Carved wooden angels rim the high ceiling, reminiscent of folk-art, brightly painted with red and green wings. I wondered if the angel with white hair and spectacles might have been modeled on an elder parishioner. Some angels had young faces, others middle-aged, all with different hair colors and distinctive features, as if they were portraits. I couldn’t really see the faces until I enlarged my pictures and there they were a whole parish full of individuals stuck to the ceiling for posterity.

This charming church has not changed that much from medieval times. The tall sunny windows had newly harvested sugar beets on the window sills, left over from the Harvest Festival: arranged still-lifes, perfect for the brush of a 17th century Dutch painter. There were spider webs on the rood screen and one could imagine the days when there were no pews or chairs, and cattle may have been brought in for shelter during a terrible storm.

At Norwich we went directly to the cathedral for a tour which began in the cloister walk. Already in awe, I must have had wide eyes and a dropped jaw the whole time we were there. Norwich Cathedral is a photographer’s dream. I could not make myself listen to the tour guide, I was too busy capturing gorgeous images of the most beautiful ceilings I’ve ever seen: scary images of demons crawling over the cloisters, stark images of death in tombs and sculpted faces with praying hands, glittering images of gold altars and light coming through stained glass.

I hurried through lunch at the Cathedral Refectory, anxious to be outside, across the street in Tombland where city streets and old shops now bustle over a giant cemetery. From 1348 to 1350 almost 5,000 people (half the population) died of the Black Death in Norwich.

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*Our Lady of Walsingham, Holy House*

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As the number of bodies grew formal burials were abandoned in favor of mass-graves or plague pits located in the Cathedral Close. The story goes that when looters of the dead and dying were caught they were bound at the ankles and wrists and dropped headfirst from the tower of St. George's Church (next door to the cathedral) into the burial pits.

### Wednesday, October 13—Walsingham

This day was set aside as a free day to spend time in Walsingham. In the morning Father Alexander celebrated a Requiem Mass at the Guild of All Souls Chapel with its tiny octagonal structure and one row of seats curving against its walls. I went expecting to pray for my recently departed son and husband, but was overwhelmed by the unexpected “presence” of all my dead: mother, niece, father, grandpar-



*In the Slipper Chapel*

ents—even my ex-husband. They were all to be prayed for.

When I first heard that the shrine we were visiting was restored in the twentieth century, I was disappointed. I wanted to see the original Holy House and the great Priory, to go back to medieval times. But I came to love the place and the idea that though the shrine was physically destroyed in the sixteenth century, the spirit of Our Lady of Walsingham could not be shattered like wood and stone. She lives on

and in *these times*, times so far removed from medieval days when, before science, lives were snuffed out by plagues, when babies died in droves and those who survived needed God's watchful eye and tender protection just to live to middle age. Today our lives seem safer, we are well fed and, unlike medievales, we don't know that we need God.

The walk to the Priory ruins took me inside a tall flint stone wall and on to a great green lawn. In the near distance stood the only remaining gate to the Priory where nesting birds and small plants and sapling trees have taken root in its niches, cracks and crevices. From the Priory I walked to the river, crossing the ancient pack horse bridge, out of a wooded area into the green meadow where the tiny river ran. Afterwards, I rested in bed until time for the Procession and Benediction at the Shrine.

At the Procession that evening we sang *Ave Ave Ave Maria* and carried lighted candles through the dark night out

of the Shrine church up the winding path through the garden and on to the hill where the three crosses stand. From the top of the hill I could see the long line of pilgrims following behind and the pilgrims before winding down the little hill back into the Shrine church. Before the Benediction, Bishop Lindsey Urwin, Administrator of the Anglican Shrine, read us a letter telling of a recent healing, of prayers answered after a visit to Walsingham. At the Benediction, our new friend Father Lee Kenyon carried the monstrance out among the large gathering of pilgrims. I haven't mentioned that while we were there, other groups of pilgrims had come to Walsingham. Many had gathered for the Procession and Benediction. Almost daily, the refectory was packed with hungry visitors.

The Bull welcomed us back for drinks. I asked the bartender for something very British, something I'd never had before. She looked stumped. Patrons chimed in with suggestions and she came up with Pimm's Cup: ginger beer and a squeeze of lemon over ice—delicious and not too lethal. That night we popped over to The Black Lion pub as well, where I had a half pint of bitter, then home for the best night's sleep yet at Walsingham.

### Thursday, October 14—Bury St. Edmunds and Long Melford

On our last day of pilgrimage, Father Alexander celebrated Mass for us in the Holy House and then we departed for Bury St. Edmunds and a tour of St. Edmundsbury Cathedral, a gorgeous edifice begun in the middle ages and finished in 2005 with a new Gothic Revival tower and an interior created by local craftsmen using traditional materials and methods. We also visited the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey which was begun in 633 and destroyed during Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries.

Fourteen miles down the road we came to Holy Trinity Church at Long Melford where an excellent guide waited to show us what would be my favorite church on the whole pilgrimage. Here some of the medieval stained glass windows survived the dissolution of the monasteries and the Puritans because they were high up in the clerestory. After the Second World War they were brought down and installed in the nave. I could not imagine the energy it took to produce these finely crafted, beautiful windows picturing local gentry folk. Why was such magnificence put high in the clerestory in the first place? What great works did the medieval craftsmen create for the most important nave? We cannot know.

At the back of the church is the Clopton Chantry. This tiny chapel looked to me like it still had its original decoration, where a painted frieze of John Lydgate's poetry is inscribed in Middle English. It was endowed by John Clopton, the principle benefactor of the church, so that his soul might be prayed for throughout eternity. After his death a priest was assigned to live in the chantry. There he prayed twice a day for the salvation of Clopton's soul.

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The little fireplace that warmed him is still there near the entry.

To this day John Clopton is still prayed for at the Long Melford church, where a rose is kept on his tomb.

### Friday, October 15—Journey Home

Just as this long story has to end, the pilgrimage had to end with our journey home. In preparation for the pilgrimage, it had been said that we would come home *changed* and, for me, that was true. Without even *trying* to be a good pilgrim, by no effort of my own, I had been *changed*. A week later, as I write this, I am *changed*. Our Lady of Walsingham, her story, her love, her power, has lived on for nearly a thousand years. That story will live on in me. I cannot share here the intimate details of my *change*. Maybe I've dropped some hints along the way, but I can share that I am deeply grateful for the experience and my hope that one day those who have never been on pilgrimage will go. Then you'll have a *change* of your own to treasure.



## THE PRESENTATION AND BLESSING OF PLEDGE CARDS

AT 10 AM  
SOLEMN MASS

SUNDAY  
21 NOVEMBER 2010



## Harmonia Anglicana

by James Busby



I'm grateful for this opportunity to assume the by-line for *Harmonia Anglicana*—just this once! It gives me a chance to introduce a couple of fresh faces in the choir stalls and to witter a moment about the music prospectus for the season. The music brochure really explains itself. There are quite a few new treasures this season; we just had our first go at Orlando de Lassus' magnificent eight voice Mass *Osculetur me* based on his motet with text from the Song of Solomon. Coming up 14th November—Remembrance Sunday—we look forward to the Requiem of Pierre de Manchicourt. This is a great favorite of our colleague Edith Ho, who should, incidentally, be congratulated on being recognized as Organist and Choirmaster Emerita at The Church of the Advent, Boston.

In July, as I'm tidying and juggling the lists and stacks, our Advent Carol Service is pretty far from feeling around the corner. Well, here it comes! This is made possible by a generous grant from the Rhode Island Foundation facilitated by our Morgan Stebbins in memory of her younger son Cameron Duke Stebbins.

Two pieces jump out as deserving a little commentary. For over a quarter century I've avoided G. F. Handel Messiah excerpts just because it's so easy to get admission to any number of performances—historically informed and otherwise! My moratorium has ended and I decided to program the wonderful alto solo and chorus based on Isaiah and Matthew, *O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion*. I've wanted to hear Hillary Nicholson sing this, which she'll do Advent IV. Because of a scheduling conflict with Hillary, my dear friend Marion Dry, coming in as a guest, will sing it at Carols. Marion has sung leading Wagner roles in the Seattle Ring series, created the role of Chairman Mao's Secretary in John Adams' opera *Nixon in China*, and is chair of the music department at Wellesley College.

Eight years ago we were treated to a reading of Roland Hayes wonderful solo spiritual, *I'll make me a man* by baritone Robert Honeysucker. Bob, who counts recent performances with Boston Symphony and the PBS broadcast of Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on Christmas Carols* with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir as well as Beethoven's *Fidelio* with Opera Boston to his credit, will be back with us for this. The text, excerpted from James Weldon Johnson's collection of poems, *God's Trombones*, recounts with extraordinary eloquence and imagery the Creation of Man.

I love the carol service for the chance to offer such diverse repertoire—all brought together and unified by the interspersed scripture readings. Thank you Morgan!

I'd like to introduce to you three new faces in choir—or more accurately introduce and re-introduce you! **Marc Donnelly**, counter-tenor, is a native of North Kingstown and grew up at the parish church in Wickford, singing and playing the organ. He has degrees from Bowdoin College, graduate work from the University of Oklahoma, and is presently a PhD candidate at the University of Connecticut, Storrs, concentrating in Music theory and history. He has expressed pleasure at finding a new church home and that is reciprocated by his colleagues and director. **Lucy McVeigh**, soprano—a senior at Wellesley college and native of Baltimore—is a double major in philosophy and music. Her interests and skills include orchestral conducting and she fits into the section so very well. It's so good to welcome back our friend, soprano **Lori Harrison**, after a hiatus of some years. Lori was here for a goodly time earlier in my tenure. Before that, she spent ten years as a soloist at the Church of the Advent, Boston, and Brookline's Temple Sinai, as well as the Boston Camarata. In addition she says she has spent almost forty years in the travel industry, catering mostly to touring authors, artists, dancers and musicians. I'm so thankful for the opportunity to work with and get to know them some.—JCB

## “Heart Speaks to Heart”:

### John Henry Newman

By Phoebe Pettingell

John Henry Newman was a compelling personality throughout his long life [1801-1890]. Loved by many, he nevertheless made bitter enemies as well, rarely creating a neutral impression. When he preached, it was said that each hearer in the congregation felt that Newman was speaking to him or her, personally. His writing style was considered the finest in an age of many eloquent writers. Having begun as an Evangelical academic at Oriel College in Oxford, as an Anglican clergyman [1825-1844] Newman became one of the leaders of the Oxford or Tractarian Movement—which argued that the Church of England remained part of the Universal [Catholic] Church both before and after the Reformation.

Then, in 1845, he converted to Roman Catholicism and joined the Oratorian order of St. Philip Neri. He opened and led an Oratory in Birmingham where, in the words of Pope Benedict, “He lived out that profoundly human vision of the priestly ministry in his devoted care of the people.” Both as an Anglican and as a Roman Catholic, he wrote

about authority and freedom—a believer in the conscience of the individual, Newman nonetheless argued that

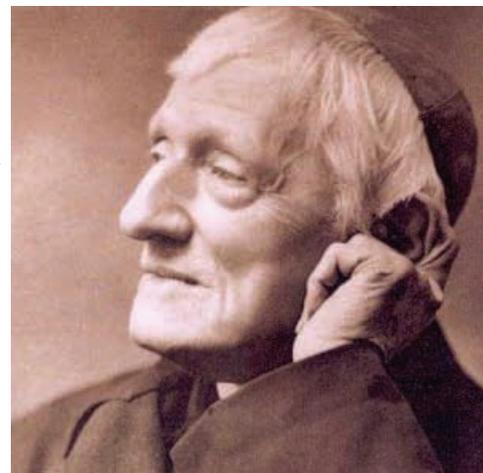
**The tension between what the Christian faith requires us to believe and our own experience, even as we submit to its beliefs, clarifies, strengthens, and liberates our most creative thinking.**

true freedom is defined by its boundaries because, without them, it turns anarchic and destroys itself. These writings remain as important for the present age as they were for Newman’s own. Once, he was seen by Anglicans as a turncoat and traitor, while Roman Catholics considered him a triumphant example of a heretical Protestant who came over to the One True Church.

Today, however, he is increasingly regarded as a bridge figure shared by both communions. Last month, Pope Benedict XVI traveled to England to raise this still controversial and absorbing figure to the rank of “blessed”—the penultimate step before full sainthood. The day chosen for his feast in the Roman Calendar is October 9<sup>th</sup>—the day when he was both an Anglican and a Roman Catholic. The Church of England had already included him in their calendar in 2000, while last year the Episcopal Church proposed him for our latest calendar, *Holy Women, Holy Men*.

As a schoolboy in 1816, Newman had the kind of “conversion experience” considered essential to salvation by Calvinists. Only a year earlier, he had flirted with atheism, and felt dubious about biblical miracles. However, at fifteen, “a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which through God’s mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.” Newman wrote about this teenage experience when he was 64 years old, having long since become a Roman Catholic priest. By the time of his Anglican ordination at 25, he had put much of his Calvinist theology behind him to embrace a growing sense that Anglicanism was a

catholic though not Roman continuation of the English Church prior to the Reformation. [However, this did not prevent him from clinging to the old fashioned Protestant notion that the pope was the Antichrist.] Despite this, Newman became impatient with the old High Church movement, which represented the Establishment status quo. For some years, Newman—



together with John Keble and Edward Bouverie Pusey—was a leader of a new “Tractarian” movement, so called because they published a series of *Tracts for the Times*, confuting both theological liberals and upholders of the State Church notion that members of Parliament—including dissenters and even non-believers—ought to control religious polity. Neither as an Anglican nor as a Roman Catholic, however, did Newman repudiate his boyhood conversion experience. For him, it marked the luminous onset of a journey Godward that lasted his entire life and took him places he could never have predicted he might go. As he wrote prophetically in his much-loved hymn, “The Pillar of the Cloud,” (usually known by its first line, “Lead, kindly light”):

*Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for  
me.*

Newman never stopped exploring what he cared about. As a leader of the Tractarian movement, he read and translated the Early Church Fathers to ascertain their understanding of the fundamental spirit of Christianity. On converting to Rome, he initially expected to find this spirit alive in the nineteenth century Church of Pius IX.

Another man might have been bitterly disillusioned when he discovered otherwise, but Newman used his by-now exhaustive knowledge of the Fathers to try and enliven his new spiritual home which was not in one of its more intellectual phases. “The energy of the human intellect,” he wrote, “thrives and is joyous, with a tough elastic strength, under the terrible blows of the divinely fashioned weapon [papal infallibility], and is never so much itself as when it has lately been overthrown.” In other words, the tension between what the Christian faith requires us to believe and our own experience, even as we submit to its beliefs, clarifies, strengthens, and liberates our most creative thinking.

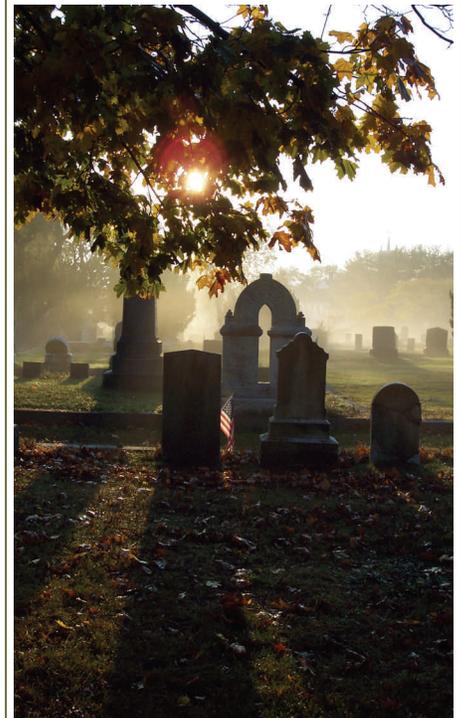
As an Anglican, Newman’s ideas far outstripped the rather limited imagination of the established Church in England. He thrived on controversy, but the opposition to his writings by his beloved Oxford and by the bishops gradually wore him down. His closest friends, Pusey and Keble, felt he had been driven into the arms of Rome by too much rejection, though some Newman scholars argue that the basic trajectory of his thought would have carried him to Rome regardless. If he thought to find a haven across the Tiber, though, he soon learned otherwise. To the clergy of his new Church, he seemed too much part of a foreign English ethos, while fellow converts were jealous of his abilities, finding his thinking too independent. Newman was a staunch advocate of the laity, famously arguing that all the faithful should be consulted in the development of doctrine. He rejected the notion that celibate clergy should avoid human friendships in favor of detachment from the world, and believed that theology “does not interfere with the real freedom of any secular science in its own particular department.” Just as paranoid Anglicans once suspected him of being a Roman priest in disguise, Catholics now wondered if he had quite shaken off his Protestant individualism.

In his Tractarian phase, Newman had translated the private devotions of Lancelot Andrewes—the great seventeenth century Anglican divine—from

Greek and Latin into English. To his death, he kept this manual at his bedside, praying from it morning and evening. Andrewes and the other Caroline theologians believed that the Church of England belonged to the Catholic tradition. Though Newman lost that conviction, he continued to hope and pray for the reunion of the Church. This desire was all the more powerful in that he had a deep gift for friendship. When, at the end of his life, he was finally appointed a cardinal, he chose as his motto, “*Cor ad cor loquitur*”—“Heart Speaks to Heart”—appropriate for a man who treasured his relationships so ardently, and who so deeply endeared himself to others. He yearned for the Oxford colleagues he had left behind, just as they mourned him. Hearing of his conversion, John Keble wrote poignantly, “My dearest Newman, you have been a kind and helpful friend to me in a way in which scarce anyone else could have been, and you are so mixed up in my mind with old and dear and sacred thoughts that I cannot well bear to part with you.... And yet I cannot go along with you. I must cling to the belief that we are not really parted; you have taught me so, and I scarce think you can unteach me.” He added sadly that this parting made him feel “as if the spring had been taken out of the year.” Newman’s autobiographical *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* ends with the prayer, “with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.” The path ahead looks scarcely smoother at the beginning of the twenty-first century than it did in the nineteenth. Yet, two Churches now both venerate Newman, hoping against hope that he may yet show us God’s way to bind our hearts more closely together.



## REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY



14 NOVEMBER 2010  
10 AM

*Jesus said: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”*

John 15:13

## On Patron Saints by Fr. Alexander

The Feast of All Saints on November 1 challenges us to reflect on the role of the saints in the Christian life: to borrow the phrase of John Mason Neale, those “holy women, holy men” who have gone before us, and who inspire us with their examples and aid us with their prayers. One of the most remarkable dimensions of the Church’s commemoration of saints is the very one we are most apt to take for granted: namely, their role as patrons of particular places and communities—parishes, schools, hospitals, cities, nations, continents, and so forth. Our own parish church is dedicated in honor of Saint Stephen. My son attends a university in Philadelphia that bears the name of Saint Joseph. A prominent city in the American mid-West is named after Saint Louis of France. England is under the patronage of Saint George, whose cross is displayed together with the crosses of Saint Andrew [patron of Scotland] and Saint Patrick [patron of Ireland] in the flag of the United Kingdom, the Union Jack. Yet it is not immediately obvious *why* certain places should thus be named after or associated with particular Christian saints. To understand the reasons, we need to reflect briefly on the nature of the Church’s mission in the world.

In the charge commonly known as the Great Commission, at the conclusion of Saint Matthew’s Gospel, the risen Christ sends forth his apostles with these words: “*Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age.*”

These words tell us that the Lord sends his Church on a mission that extends across both *time* and *space*. On one hand, the mission is to “all nations.” The apostles are to baptize, teach, and make disciples in all places throughout the world. On the other hand, the mission endures to the end of time—or at least for the duration of this present world, “to the close of the age.” These words also suggest that in all times and places the effects of the Church’s mission will be manifest in the lives of those who receive the apostles’ message. By the abiding presence of Christ in the Church, members of all nations will be made disciples who observe all that the Lord has commanded. One result of this process will be the Church’s subsequent recognition and acknowledgment of some of its members as saints—Christians who have distinctively shown forth the grace of their baptism in patterns of holy living and holy dying. It follows that since the Church’s mission has both a spatial dimension and a temporal dimension, so will its commemoration of saints. The temporal dimension is the Church’s

sanctoral calendar—the cyclical round of annual “saint’s days.” And the spatial dimension is precisely the association of places, localities, buildings, institutions, and communities with the names and patronages of particular saints.

How did this association of places with saints originate and develop in the Church’s life? As far as we can determine, the cult of saints began in the first three centuries, when Christianity was still an illegal religion in the Roman Empire. Periodic outbreaks of persecution gave each local Christian community its own martyrs—men and women who stood firm and refused to renounce Christ under threat of torture and death. By the second century at least, the faithful began going to the burial places of the local martyrs—whether in outdoor cemeteries or underground catacombs—to celebrate the Eucharist on the anniversaries of their martyrdoms. The Church’s calendar of holy days seems to have developed out of this early practice. Both the spatial and temporal dimensions of the commemoration of saints

were thus present together from the beginning. Celebrations of martyr-saints were always associated with a particular *place*, the martyr’s tomb, and with a particular *time*, the anniversary of the martyr’s death.

Before the Emperor Constantine legalized Christianity in the early fourth century, Christians generally worshiped in private houses and other non-public meeting places. The few church buildings that were constructed specifically for Christian worship were not named after saints but were known instead by such names as “the house of God” or “the Lord’s house.” During the reigns of Constantine and his successors, however, many new churches were built and many existing buildings, such as pagan temples, were converted into churches. Some of these new churches were erected over the burial places of noted saints, the prime example being the basilica built over the cemetery on the Vatican hill in Rome where the faithful had long venerated the bones of Saint Peter. It was only natural, then, that this church became known as “Saint Peter’s Basilica.” Other churches in the city of Rome erected over and named after the resting places of saints included those of Saint Paul Outside-the-Walls, Saint Lawrence, Saint Sebastian, and Saint Agnes. As a rule, the high altar of the new church or basilica would be constructed over the spot where the saint’s remains were interred below.

Since the tombs of saints were often in out-of-the-way places, and churches were needed in more central locations, the practice soon developed of moving [or “translating”] all or part of a saint’s mortal remains to new

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churches as they were built. As part of the Dedication ceremony—see the article on Dedications in the last issue of *The S. Stephen*—the saint’s relics would be solemnly deposited in or under the altar of the new church, which would then often be named after the saint.

The early Christian understanding was that the saint bore a special relationship to the congregation that worshiped in the church where his



or her relics were interred. He or she became the congregation’s “patron saint,” its special intercessor. Just as the congregation prayed in the presence of the saint’s earthly remains, so the understanding was that the saint specially prayed in heaven for the congregation. As the age of persecutions passed, the Church gradually came to recognize as saints Christians who had not died as martyrs but who had led lives of exemplary holiness. Moreover, the practice developed over the centuries of making pilgrimages over long distances to seek special favors from, or even just a closer relationship with, the saints whose remains were enshrined in particular churches. For example, in the Middle Ages, pilgrims from all over Europe journeyed to

Canterbury to visit the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket, and to Santiago de Compostella to visit the shrine of Saint James the Apostle.

A distinction is sometimes made in canon law between “titular saints” and “patron saints.” In this parish, for example, Saint Stephen is both our titular saint—after whom our church is named—and our patron saint. The “patronal feast” we celebrate on December 26 is also our “feast of title.” But not all churches are called after saints. Some are named instead after particular mysteries of the Gospel, such as “the Epiphany” or “the Holy Trinity.” Such churches keep a feast of title but not a patronal feast. With the bishop’s approval, however, they are free to choose a patron saint whose patronal feast they may keep in addition to their feast of title. The choice of such a patron might be determined by popular devotion in the parish, or the existence of a prominent shrine to the saint in the church.

Over the course of centuries, just as cathedrals and churches adopted patron saints, so did other localities and communities. Thus, Saint Denis became patron of France, and Saint Nicholas of Greece and Russia. In the Middle Ages, occupations and crafts came to claim their own patron saints: for example, Saint Joseph the patron of woodworkers, and Saint Stephen—owing to the manner of his death—the patron of stonemasons. In more recent centuries, the process has extended to the identification of certain saints as patrons of particular conditions or concerns: for example, Saint Blaise may be invoked by those suffering from throat ailments and, most famously, Saint Jude for hopeless causes.

Not merely on the Feast of All Saints but all year round, we do well to remember our patron saints. They remind us of an aspect of the Christian life and the Church’s fellowship that is sometimes neglected. Just as we form special friendships

with other Christians here on earth, so our patron saints are our special friends in heaven. We can only benefit from studying their lives, reading their writings, asking their prayers, and emulating their virtues. And we can rest assured that they watch over us and constantly bring our needs before God the Holy Trinity in whose nearer presence they stand and whose glory they behold face to face.



**SOCIETY OF MARY**

will meet

**Saturday 6 November**  
following  
**9:30 am Mass and Rosary**



for a program about the  
Walsingham Pilgrimage  
and a light Breakfast.

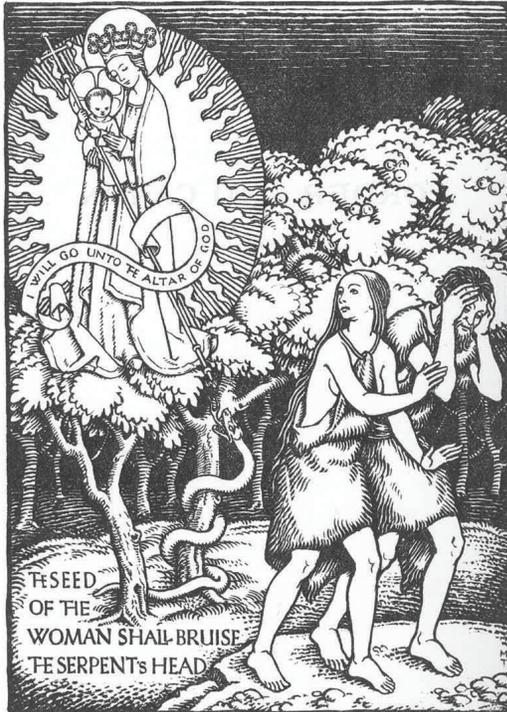
ALL ARE WELCOME.

*O Mary,  
conceived without sin,  
pray for us  
who have recourse to thee.*



S. Stephen's Church in Providence  
114 George Street  
Providence, RI 02906  
*Address Correction Requested*

BEHOLD A VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE



AND BEAR A SON AND SHALL CALL  
HIS NAME IMMANUEL

# ADVENT LESSONS & CAROLS

SUNDAY  
28 NOVEMBER 2010  
5:30 PM

RECEPTION FOLLOWING

*Music of Palestrina, Lloyd, Hayes, Smert  
& Trouluffe, Esquivel, Lassus, Southern  
Harmony, Handel, and Parsons*