

Trinité

VOLUME 10 N 1

THE MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL IN PARIS

AUTUMN 2014



ATLANTA BOUND
Canon Hendrick
leaves Paris behind

Special report:
THE MEANING
OF MISSION





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The American Cathedral in Paris

Dean and Rector
The Very Reverend
Lucinda Rawlings Laird

Canon for Music
Zachary Ullery

Canon for Administration
Giles Williams

Trinité

AUTUMN 2014

The Magazine of The American Cathedral in Paris

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A Call to Membership



Beloved in Christ,

Everyone is welcome at this Cathedral. Everyone.

All are welcome to worship with us, to participate in our classes and ministries, to share the fellowship of this vital church community. We welcome people wherever they are on their journey of faith, and we invite everyone to walk with us as we continue our own.

God always calls us further: to deepen our faith, to increase our commitment to each other, to reach out to those in need.

Our Cathedral calls us to a journey of faith together. Become a member. Deepen your commitment. Respond to God's abundant love with thanksgiving.

Are you ready? No one supports this Cathedral but us, its members. We ARE the Cathedral. Take responsibility, respond with joy, make the commitment. We must ensure that we are here for each other, and for any and all who walk through our doors.

Here we find and are found by God. I give thanks for all of you, who have made this part of the Body of Christ such a warm and welcoming place, and I call on you to renew your membership, or become a member for the first time. You and I support and maintain this Cathedral:

Our Cathedral. Our Joy. Our Responsibility. ☪

Lucinda +



By Angela Peterson Newton

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OUR MISSION

AT HOME AND IN THE WORLD



Mission. What does the word mean to you?
As a Christian? As a citizen of the world?
As a member or friend of the American
Cathedral in Paris?

Maybe it conjures images of donations of food, clothing, goods or funds, to those less fortunate than ourselves. Maybe it immediately calls to mind the Cathedral’s Friday Mission Lunch or its Christmas Love in a Box programs.

If you look to official sources, like the Book of Common Prayer, you’ll find definitions of mission like this:

Q. What is the mission of the Church?

A. The mission of the Church is to restore all people to unity with God and with Christ.

Q. How does the Church pursue its mission?

A. The Church pursues its mission as it prays and worships, proclaims the gospel, and promotes justice, peace and love.

Q. Through whom does the Church carry out its mission?

A. The Church carries out its mission through the ministry of all its members.

What a poetic description of mission – and how vague! How does mission take shape in the life of the Church? In the lives of its members? What, exactly, is the mission of the Cathedral and its people?

If you ask Dean Lucinda Laird and Canon Elizabeth Hendrick, you’ll get more tangible answers.



The Cathedral's mission begins at home, says Dean Laird. Its first mission lies in restoring its own members to unity with Christ, in prayer and in worship and in ministering to the needs of its people.

What do its people need? They need what all members of the body of Christ need: a time and place set aside for contemplation, contrition and adoration with other members of the body. They need to learn and grow in their faith. They need to feel welcomed, included and treated with compassion and respect. To laugh and share their joy. To be comforted in their sorrow.

But they may also – perhaps – need a little bit more than many Christians need in their daily lives. “The mission of the Cathedral is fascinating to me,” says the Dean, because “we’re strangers in a strange land, in the first place.” While boasting a growing *partie française*, the Cathedral remains for the most part a church of foreigners, whose daily lives may be a bit more overwhelming or lonely than the lives of those who feel at home. “One mission has always been to be a refuge, a community, a home for people who feel like strangers in a strange land,” says Dean Laird.

At the same time, the Cathedral's congregation and clergy are keen to welcome all comers to its gates, the proof of which can be found in the radical hospitality of its communion table.

The “home” mission of the Cathedral is carried out by the congregation through its programs for education of children, youths and adults, its worship and welcome guilds, its music programs, and its social and cultural outreach groups like Lambda, Young Professionals and the Junior Guild. These programs are realized by virtue of hundreds of hours of volunteer effort and significant financial support.

But the Cathedral's mission doesn't – mustn't – end at its gates. We must reach beyond ourselves: the mission of the Church is to restore *all* people to unity with God. The Church must also proclaim the gospel and promote justice, peace and love. So how do we work to accomplish these

ends? And how do we do so, as a congregation of foreigners? “How do we reach outside ourselves?” asks the Dean. “And how do we reach out in a city that *is* ours, and *isn't* ours?”

The Dean sees the Cathedral's “reach” increasing over time: today there is “an increased focus on reaching out and not just being here for Americans on Sundays.” Yet many foreign parishioners may feel constrained in their ability to reach out. Our command of the French language may not be great. Our knowledge of French culture and politics may be even less so. Any sense we might have in our home country of being able to tackle big issues like homelessness is dissipated in the face of seemingly overwhelming barriers.

Yet the answer to the “how” is the same as it would be for any congregation: the Cathedral's members must focus on giving what we have to those who need it.

For many, the most obvious way – sometimes, the simplest way – to help others is to get out the checkbook. This is something that Cathedral members take seriously: the congregation gives 10 percent of each year's offering and pledge income to the Mission and Outreach Committee, which then distributes charitable grants to programs in France and abroad. In 2013, grant beneficiaries included H.O.M.E., a chef training program for Bonne Mine, Les Enfants du Boss, and the vocational and technical school in Ramallah.





6 And yet, there is much more to the Cathedral's mission than the writing of checks.

While the giving of money remains as important as it ever was, there's also a growing awareness among the congregation about the importance of hands-on, local mission work. Of donating time, talent and expertise. Of giving of themselves. "I think this is where the excitement is today," says the Dean. The Mission and Outreach Committee also organizes parishioner involvement in local programs including La Maison des Tilleuls, Le Refuge, Friday Mission Lunch and Love in a Box.



On a recent Saturday, the Mission and Outreach Committee organized a career day for jobless women in coordination with the charity H.O.M.E. Volunteers gave advice on job-seeking, helped participants write résumés and polish their interview skills. Parishioners donated gently-worn work clothes so participants could find suitable interview outfits. Participants came away from the day feeling inspired and confident to take on new challenges.

But it wasn't clear, at the end of the day, who had benefited more from the volunteers' efforts: the participants getting new work clothes and sharpened skills, or the volunteers themselves. Canon Hendrick was on hand to see – and be delighted by – a profound exchange taking place between participants and volunteers. "Here's the interesting thing," says the Canon, "[volunteering]

is not a unidirectional kind of offering. We actually get something back" when we give part of ourselves to others. "Spiritually speaking, we get something back from that."

But is the point of giving to others really just about what we can get out of it ourselves? The Dean and Canon agree that it is not. "What happens when you go out and do mission is that you are living the testimony of Christ," says Canon Hendrick. "And we are invited – or commanded, depending on how you read the Scriptures – to go out and spread the Good News. You go out, you show what Christianity and what Christ looks like by living it. Because actions do speak louder than words."

Practicing our faith is about building relationship: relationship with God, relationship with the Body of Christ, relationship with the outsider, with the world. The blessings we accrue to ourselves through our donations and service are part of building relationship, and part of the promise Christ gives to his followers.

As we read in Matthew 25:

"Then the King will say to those on his right, 'Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me.'

"Then the righteous will answer him, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?'

"The King will reply, 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.'



It's in the giving of our knowledge, our creativity, and our energy, of our time and the work of our hands, that the mission of Christ is truly fulfilled. When we reach out of ourselves, to "restore all people to unity with God and with Christ" and to "proclaim the gospel and promote justice, peace and love," we often find that we, too, are restored to unity; we, too find peace and love within ourselves. It is through service that Christians open the door to the possibility of transformation of the self.

What is next for the Cathedral's mission? The Dean, for her part, would like to see the congregation become increasingly involved in diverse local projects. In starting new projects, like the program, conceived by Cathedral youth, to distribute fresh fruit to the homeless. In partnering with French churches to reach out in ways that seem too daunting to attempt alone. In asking parishioners what they have to offer, and in looking around the city to see what her citizens need. "Mission will always come out of what you can offer," says Dean Laird. "It's the intersection of what you can offer and what is needed." ☸

Angela has been a member of the Cathedral since 2011. She teaches English at the Université de Paris – Sorbonne Nouvelle.

Missions referred to in this article:

Bonne Mine addresses the needs of abandoned children in Bulgaria.

Les Enfants du Boss, a program developed by the Salvation Army, is a choral group for children in Strasbourg and Mulhouse in eastern France.

H.O.M.E., serves mothers and their children, many of whom have had to leave their homes in the eastern Paris suburbs because of spousal abuse.

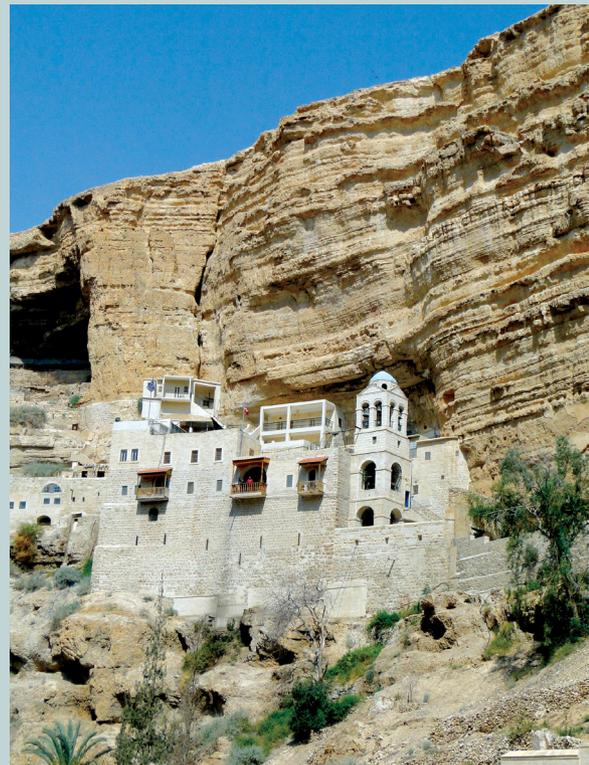
Love in a Box is a Paris-wide volunteer project that creates and distributes gifts to children at Christmastime.

La Maison des Tilleuls offers social activities and services without regard to race or creed.

Mission Lunches serves a balanced and nourishing sit-down meal every Friday for 60 to 80 guests seeking acceptance in the warmth and safety of the Cathedral's hospitality. Other sponsors are the American Church, the Bridge International Church, St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Kehilat Gesher (the American synagogue of Paris), and the American Association of Wives of Europeans (AAWE).

Le Refuge provides temporary shelter and support for young adults who are victims of homophobia and transphobia, especially in their own families.

In **Ramallah**, on the West Bank, the Cathedral funds scholarships for girls at the Arab Evangelical Episcopal School and other programs at the Episcopal Vocational and Technical Training Center that will allow them to increase their revenue stream.





By Cynthia Wentworth

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The Cathedral: My partner in parenting

“Missions” may first call to mind “outreach,” or service to the world beyond our walls. But “inreach” is the central element of the Cathedral’s work. A former parishioner recounts the importance of our youth programs in her daughter’s life and in her own.

The Cathedral is a place of worship, of course, but it fills many other essential roles. It nourishes our spirituality in many ways beyond the Eucharist. It’s a place to celebrate and to learn. It’s an anchor in a complex world. And it is a parent. It was a partner for me in parenting my daughter, Lili, during our years in Paris, providing support and spirituality, education and joy.

We are not unique – the Cathedral plays a parental role for many young parishioners – but our relationship to the Cathedral was unique for us, as it is unique for each of us.

We arrived from Anchorage in 2007. I had spent time in Paris in the 1980s thanks to a training program with the SNCF – I was working for the Alaska Railroad Corporation at the time – and I was eager to return and learn more. Lili was 12

and I wanted us to be in a walking city while she was in middle school and high school, not only to reduce our carbon footprint, but to enjoy the independence of living without a car. I also wanted us to be in an international and progressive environment. So I retired from my U.S. government job and we moved to France.

We felt welcome at the Cathedral right away. Lili began attending J2A, the Journey to Adulthood program, and I met supportive people through the Bible studies and Adult Forums. Dean Fleetwood also helped me make friends.

Little did I realize that the Cathedral would also become Lili’s other parent, providing critical formation and support during her teen years, notably through J2A, which offers a spiritual, innovative, Christian formation for teenagers.



Using Jesus as its model, J2A encourages teens to explore four essential areas: self, society, sexuality and spirituality. They are guided to connect their faith to all areas of life. The program consists of three sections – Rite 13, J2A, and YAC (Young Adults in Church). The first two parts of the program last two years each, and YAC lasts three years. Each section is led by able and wonderful adult volunteers.

I first became more aware of what J2A was all about in June 2008, when Lili participated with her group in the Rite 13 liturgical celebration marking the passage from childhood and the beginning of the journey into adulthood. (I was surprised and taken aback when President and Laura Bush came to church that day and witnessed the celebration. Louise Trueheart, a student who had grown up at the Cathedral, delivered an impressive sermon, unperturbed by having the President in the audience and the commotion that created.)



CYNTHIA

That fall, Lili began the J2A section of the program, when the teens, now aged 14, begin to discover the four areas in more depth. After a few months, attendance dropped and Lili wanted to quit. That was the only time I actually insisted she go: I could see that the group needed a critical mass.

The following spring Lili and the others set out on a 2010 pilgrimage to Canterbury. She returned

enthusiastic and committed, even writing an article for the Cathedral's quarterly newsletter, *The Messenger*. From then on, and until she graduated in 2013, I never had to insist on her participating in J2A again – she WANTED to participate!



LILI

Meanwhile, some parents at Lili's Ecole Bilingue had warned me that when she got to be 15, the school could have a bad influence on her, as teens found themselves at all-night parties with alcohol, sex and drugs. Back in Alaska, the news was about Governor Sarah Palin's daughter Bristol preaching sexual abstinence, after her teen pregnancy. These things were on my mind when, in November 2009,

the leaders of the youth program during that period, Canon Jonathan Huyck and Emma Scherer, sent a message to the parents on the sexuality portion of J2A, explaining that the program hoped to have an open discussion about what being a follower of Jesus Christ means in terms of how we engage in romantic and physical relationships. I was very grateful for this letter. As a child, my Presbyterian Sunday school teachers emphasized that God is Love. However, sin was a concept I struggled with. If someone told me I had done something wrong, I immediately felt I had sinned. It was in the 1980's when I joined Al-Anon, one of several programs patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous, that I learned to break "sin" into understandable, manageable components. Just as taking inventory is part of the J2A program, in Al-Anon I learned to take an honest inventory of my weaknesses, defects and strengths. Al-Anon did for me what I feel the J2A program does for teens. It guides as they use Jesus as a model to figure out what is right and wrong. What a better way than the blanket rule "Sex is a sin outside marriage"!

Following the trip to Canterbury, the J2A pilgrims held a private ceremony to mark their passage to



Trinité

Editor's note



With this issue we welcome Philip Worré as managing editor of Trinité. Philip and his wife, Katherine Millen Worré, have maintained a very active role in the Cathedral's life since

becoming parishioners in 2007. Philip is Documentation and Research Officer for the European Union Institute for Security Studies. He and Katherine have a son, Felix, 19 months, with another child due in May.

This represents a true second generation for Trinité since it was founded by Nancy Janin and Charles Trueheart in 2005. Both remain involved as contributors, Nancy in this issue (facing page).

With due respect, Benjamin Franklin, a penny saved is a penny more for the Cathedral's missions. It is also a contribution to the planet's future. So, parishioners, go to the online forms at the Cathedral's website (<https://app.etapestry.com/onlineforms/TheAmericanCathedralofParis/update.html>) or simply drop us a note (publications@americancathedral.org) to tell us you choose online delivery of Trinité. Alternatively, tell us you'll pick up a copy in the back of the Cathedral rather than receive it by mail. Either choice is a great way to be of service. ☺

YAC, the final three years of the program. YAC students are encouraged to take on more adult responsibilities in the church by claiming at least one ministry. Although Lili had staunchly refused my suggestion that she join the choir, that "other parent" of mine, this time through the person of Zach Ullery, persuaded her to become a member. The choir became not only her ministry, but her stress reducer and special joy while she was studying for the international baccalaureate. She also became a lector, reading Scripture lessons on Sunday mornings. This increased both her public speaking skills and her confidence: a real win-win!

In May 2013, Lili passed her bac – and it was time to return home. On June 9, 2013, just a week before leaving Paris, Lili and her close friend Savannah Dixon received the commissioning and blessing of graduating seniors in a special ceremony celebrated by both Dean Laird and Canon Hendrick, who gave each of them a compass and the following commissioning and blessing:

*May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,
wherever he may send you.
May he guide you through the wilderness, protect you
through the storm.
May he bring you home rejoicing at the wonders he
has shown you.
May he bring you home rejoicing once again into our
doors. Amen.*

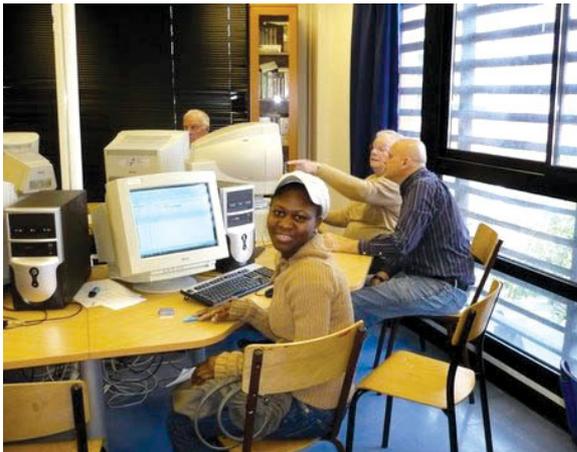
When Lili began college two months later at the University of British Columbia, she naturally did not want Mom hanging around her new dorm room. But during my brief visit there, I noticed that she had placed Dean Laird and Canon Hendrick's commissioning and blessing over her desk. ☺

Cynthia received her Master's in Cultural Anthropology at Ecole Hautes Études Sciences Sociales in Paris in April 2014. She is now doing research in Alaska.



Our Cathedral, our responsibility and our joy!

For all who help to keep the Cathedral dynamic, our ministries consist of the work we do as volunteers. Nancy Janin asked a number of present and past volunteers to share their own "mission statements."



Bridging gaps

At La Maison des Tilleuls in Le Blanc-Mesnil, we expect to teach basic computer skills to participants coming from diverse cultures. One Saturday morning, I found myself using a children's book of shapes and colors to teach

basic French to a Cape Verdean while he and I also worked on learning the French keyboard. We never know what adventure awaits us at the center, but that is the fun of it. After each session, I leave with a smile on my face and gratitude to my parents who provided me the means to be able to cover multiple needs of our participants.

Anne Dushane

Driving in the fast lane

It was on my first cookie run to Carrefour for Sunday School that we were stopped by the police. Elizabeth Osborne, co-director, and I were driving along in my British Renault when we were flagged down by a policeman, outraged to see Elizabeth on her mobile phone. She was of course sitting in the passenger seat and flashed him her best smile, but he simply refused to believe that she wasn't driving until he peered in to see the steering



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wheel on the right. Things continued in this lively, sometimes unpredictable and always enjoyable fashion for four years. Working at Sunday School forged close links between the volunteer team. I learned more – from the lessons we prepared, from the other volunteers and from the children, too – than I ever taught.

Victoria Hinson de Csilléry

Dressing for the occasion

You might see me wearing a red choir robe on Sundays, or a satin gown at the annual Cabaret fundraiser. Yet my most memorable volunteer experience actually took place *behind* the scenes. I planned the 2013 Trinity Weekend Gala, an evening of fine dining, entertainment and dancing



to honor the arrival of our new Dean and celebrate the renovation of our Cathedral. This meant handling every aspect of the party: the venue, menus and wine lists; budgeting and price negotiations; designing and mailing invitations;

tracking RSVPs and payments; organizing flower arrangements, music & entertainment, protocol, and the seating plan. After the cold and confusing construction phase and the uncertain interim period, the entire Cathedral community was ready to kick up its heels! The hardest part of the evening? Getting our partying parishioners to leave on time, before the prices jumped! I will always remember the 2013 Gala as the most festive – and most exhausting! – Cathedral celebration ever.

Jennifer Gosmand



With etiquette

Volunteering for Mission and Outreach projects has put me in touch with some pretty extraordinary people. At the Friday Mission Lunch years ago, for instance, we were serving the guests at the table. These lunches, as you know, treat the recipients with dignity and respect. This is not a soup kitchen. As always, after the main course we served the salad and cheese. The salad was a lovely Boston lettuce, greens very fresh. The cheese was a Camembert, cut into eight pieces for the eight people at the table. Just as I put the plate down, an elderly man looked at me with just the slightest air of disapproval. “Oh,” he said. “Cheese WITH the salad?” I assured him that this breach of etiquette was just for purposes of time and efficiency, and he happily helped himself.

Anne Swardson

Of snakes and cymbals

Looking to gather up stray extension cords, I came across a termite-damaged wooden chest that might be more than a century old and in dire need of some TLC, which it has now received, and some concert cymbals. I am waiting for the right time to unveil the cymbals to the parish as a whole. The beginnings of a fairly good recording system were also lying around, including a massive 75-meter audio “snake” that I would love to sell or trade for



a spotlight, for example. It's amazing the kind of stuff found tucked away in the cathedral's nooks and crannies.

Bill Ickes

Love in a Box twins

I've always had a very special place in my heart for Love in a Box and make it a family activity with my twins. Over the years, we have always prepared the boxes for an equal number of girls and boys who would have been of similar age to Eléonore and Edouard. It helps remind me of the miracle of their births, the incredible joy of giving and what the magic must be for a child who has never gotten a gift before. It's a blessed feeling.

Summer Hargrove (with Edouard and Eléonore)

Easy like Sunday morning

There was the parishioner who imprinted "many hands make light work" on my brain and sent me looking for the expression in French – *l'union fait la force*. But real life examples are better than translations: volunteering to welcome visitors, then "going fishing" during coffee hour to find the newcomers and welcome them, remembering Bishop Whalon's words to one: "You're not alone anymore." Thinking of Tocqueville's observations on good old American volunteering. ("I must say that I have seen Americans make a great deal of real sacrifices to the public welfare; and have noticed a hundred instances in which they hardly ever failed to lend a faithful support to one another.") Being happy to avoid feeling guilty about not doing something at the Cathedral. Not having to sell something (which is unusual today inside or outside the church). And it's the "easy like Sunday morning" feeling of giving.

Nicholas Chriss

Behind the wheel to serve the Kingdom

I used to feel guilty about driving a car into Paris – there was enough coughing and sputtering without my car's exhaust. But that was before I

became a Cathedral volunteer. My car has now been fully transformed into a different kind of vehicle – one that can transport eight shopping bags full of food for the Friday Mission Lunch, 500 backpacks to fill with Christmas gifts for Love in a Box, and even eight pans of Mark Carroll's famous brownies (oh, the smell of chocolate!) for the Dancing To ... party. Hands down the most challenging haul of all was the trip to Aubervilliers (the wholesale textile district in the northern suburbs of Paris) for the Love in a Box hats and gloves. We discovered upon arrival that every driver of a white van in Paris chose the same day to buy supplies. Six hours later, we finally emerged from the labyrinth of stores with toys and 1,428 pairs of gloves or hats for the kids and packed them into every inch of the car. Thank you God for using our hands, feet and even cars for the good of Your Kingdom!

Judy Nicault

Leave the Cathedral and head downhill

Quite a few people stop in to ask for diverse info, but the most surprising question that came to the Front Desk a few years ago was that of a couple wanting to know how to get to the Crazy Horse Saloon! Of course we told them.

Elizabeth de Lyrot

Pizzas, challenges and growing up

Leading one of the Cathedral's youth groups has been an enriching experience for me. In my case this has involved five years (and counting ...) of co-leading Rite 13, the group for 12 and 13 year-olds. This is a complicated age where the youth are passing from "little kids" to "teenagers," no longer in Sunday school during the 11 o'clock service, instead meeting afterwards to eat pizza and explore their new horizons. A lot of discovery is involved, mostly that just because you are a grown-up doesn't mean you have all the answers. This has forced me to think a great deal about what I believe and how I live as a Christian, around such concrete examples as "how do you decide when to give money to people begging on the Métro, and



when not to?” For any time and effort I give, I get far more back in return.

Charles Sanders



How do you wash without water?

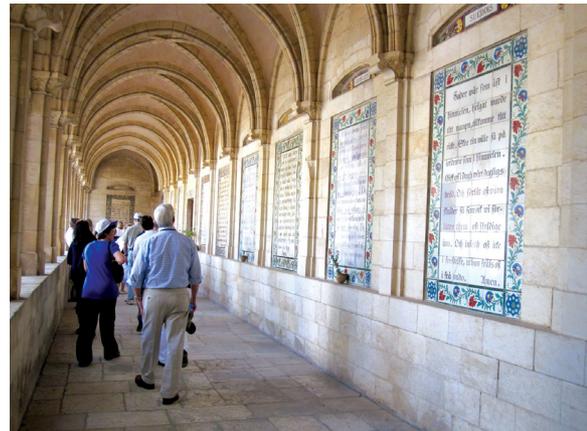
That wasn't the only problem the Altar Guild faced when were asked to close the Sacristy and store everything during renovation (priests' vestments, altar frontals, everything — and it's amazing what the Sacristy holds). I wondered how we could manage without them and still carry out the work the clergy expected of us. Luckily the space under the high altar was (almost) empty and could store wafers and candles. The cave at the back of the nave, the one with the impossible trap door, could hold everything that was not needed on a weekly basis. During the summer of 2012 everything was packed away and we began living with only one small cabinet. We had a large orange plastic bowl to wash the silver after Eucharist. All we needed was water, but there was no easy access. We could have scalding hot from the coffee maker in the Parish Hall or icy cold from the tiny sink in the temporary toilets in the North Alley. Now we are back in an (almost) finished Sacristy, rediscovering the Cathedral's treasures. Thanks be to God.

Harriet Rivière

The dumbwaiter did it

I recall loading the dumbwaiter for a Junior Guild luncheon with a meal that Sigun Coyle had meticulously prepared. Hoping to minimize trips up the stairs, I optimistically (and a bit imprudently) kept adding just “a few more dishes” into the dumbwaiter before pushing the green button. Within a matter of seconds, there was a terrible crash and what seemed like the sound of endless breaking glass. Instantaneously, I realized that dozens of lunches had crashed one on top of the other and were now full of shards of glass and ceramic. My heart stopped. What would everyone eat? Nervously, I looked at Sigun and the other kitchen volunteers and was relieved to see many smiles around the room and the reassurance that we could still feed the crowd. Thank goodness for the new kitchen on the main floor!

Katherine Millen Worré



Understanding Christianity through pilgrimages

I organize pilgrimages to the Holy Land with Joanne Blakemore. At the outset the goal was to make the Cathedral's mission and outreach donations to the Episcopal school we support in Ramallah more meaningful. All pilgrims come back with a new understanding of what is going on in Israel and Palestine and a renewed commitment to doing something about it. It could not be more rewarding. We have extended these pilgrimages to other destinations, such as Rome and Istanbul. Next year we will lead

one to Armenia and Georgia, the first Christian nations surrounded by Muslim ones. Joanne and I feel that we are on our way to becoming a travel agency.

Neil Janin

Leprechauns and flowers

Was it because of the leprechauns lurking around the Cathedral, or just another senior moment? Personally, I refuse to acknowledge senior moments, though I do believe in leprechauns. A dark day in my history of working with the Flower Guild happened in the old days, when the Flower Guild and the Altar Guild shared



a crowded space in the Sacristy. Sue Greig, distinguished Flower-Fairy-in-Chief, had issued an “all hands on deck” summons to prepare the Easter flowers. We then had a single key to the Sacristy and it was huge, dark and medieval. How could anyone lose it? *Mais tout est possible!* In the rush to tidy up after prepping for the Sunday service, we had gathered all the leftover bits and pieces and dumped them into a large garbage can. As we prepared to lock up, the key was nowhere to be found. But Sue is not a person to wring her hands in helpless despair. After eliminating all other possibilities, she turned to the garbage can. *Et voilà!* The errant key, truly heavy metal, had dropped to the bottom. Mystery solved.

Susan Turner



Dropping off, but not dropping out

As Sunday school director I was amazed at the way many parents put their blind faith in our school by dropping off their children for the first time without a blink. Then I remembered. Our family had been in Paris a few days and arrived at church, knowing no one and nothing about anything. I walked up the pre-renovation stairs to the Sunday school, dropped off the boys and bounded back down without glimpsing behind me. Who’s the teacher? my husband asked. Were the rooms nice? I had no idea! However, on the pickup, the director scooped me up and 17 years of volunteering at the Cathedral, our beloved second home, got its start. Proof positive that the Holy Spirit catches you even when you aren’t paying attention.

Elizabeth Osborne

Big dreams and big processions

The Together in Faith capital campaign was officially launched in November 2011 at a special 11 o’clock service. A large part of the planned construction involved creating new Sunday School rooms, so the children were asked to lead the procession. Wonderful ideas emerged from the brainstorming session as we imagined the procession for this monumental event. Some of the children should carry tools; some should wear hardhats; some could carry universal symbols for handicapped facilities, elevators, toilets (yay!); we’d have flags to display pictures of kitchen equipment, the Paris steam grid, new offices, storage shelves and anything else that we imagined



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would be part of our new facilities. That morning, the parade of children stretched from the door to the nave, up the cloisters and around to the Parish Hall. As the music began, the children entered the back of the nave, with the leaders carrying a large, purple and white Together in Faith banner, and bouquets of purple and silver balloons floating high above the pews. They were followed by children in single file carrying flags, tools and equipment and well-interspersed with large balloon bouquets. There were so many children that they were still entering the back of the nave as the beginning of the procession disappeared through the door past the altar! Besides that glorious procession of our hopes on banners and flags, I will never forget the joy, affection reflected in the face of every parishioner that morning. I felt so lucky to be part of a community that dreamed big dreams and dared to make them happen.

Mary Lou Bradley

A chimp, many dogs, but no elephants

Years ago we learned that a well-known French veterinarian (with a TV show) wanted to attend and film our Blessing of the Animals service and would bring some exotic creatures. The insurance company ruled out his baby elephants (might break the tile floor) but we did have a llama and an eagle among others. The Flower Guild was asked to make small garlands to dress up the dogs and cats for the occasion. It turned out each garland took us about 20 minutes to prepare, with bending and tying the vines and inserting blossoms, but we persevered. And to our dismay, every single animal recipient had them off (and in most cases chewed into pieces) in less than 20 seconds. But we were glad to be at the service anyway to see the chimpanzee, dressed in baby clothes, which was a very enthusiastic church-goer. Each time the priest would so much as pause for a breath the chimp would burst into applause accompanied by much hooting. Which set off some of the dogs ... a memorable day!

Nancy Janin

A senior warden's calling

I got a call late one afternoon in 2006 from Zack Fleetwood; he told me it was urgent he see me. Could he come to our apartment in 30 minutes? As we were still moving in, the unfurnished salon was a sea of packing boxes with one "bag of bags," a supersized bag that held dozens of empty shopping bags used in our move. When Zack arrived, I showed him to two armchairs stranded in the middle of the room with a solitary desk lamp sitting on the floor between us. He got right to the point: "I want to name you Senior Warden," he said. My initial reaction was: are you sure you want to do that? I had joined the Vestry only a few months earlier; I was still learning people's names. But somewhere deep down, I was thrilled at the prospect of serving a church I had grown to love. "But Zack," I said, "I am really not clear about what the Senior Warden is supposed to do." Zack leaned forward and said in his plummy voice lightly accented by the Virginia Piedmont, "Peter, the Senior Warden is ... the Dean's confidant." I smiled — I knew I could do that: I was a good listener.

Peter Fellowes

[Editor's Note: It turned out that Peter did quite a lot more than listen.]





A festival of flowers

My principal volunteer activity is organizing the Flower Guild with the help of Patricia Gastaud-Gallagher and, in the summer, Jane Foster. This is a wonderfully creative and rewarding activity, not only because we share the joys and sorrows of many people's lives by doing flowers for their weddings, anniversaries, baptisms, funerals and memorials, but also because we have such a congenial, cheerful group who have become my dear friends. The flowers are so beautiful and uplifting, contributing to our worship and marking our church holidays of Advent, Christmas, Lent and Easter. Sometimes for our purchases we go to the wholesale flower market in Rungis, a festival of flowers from all over the world. I have made my best friends at the Cathedral by being involved. The Flower Guild is looking for new members. Please come and join us.

Sue Greig

Improvisations to improvements

When Zack Fleetwood asked me to become the new Sunday School co-director in May 2011, little did I know that the job description should have read "looking for strong-bodied person with the ability to improvise, clean and pack." Our Foundations for the Future remodeling project — the construction part of Together in Faith — was about to take off, leaving us with the challenge of running Sunday School in the midst of a major upheaval. I quickly learned to arrive early on Sundays in order to tackle the various "surprises" in the classrooms: dusty furniture, electrical failure, condemned toilets, leaks, etc. One cold, winter Sunday we opened the classrooms to discover that the heat had unexpectedly been cut off. We scrambled around and found a few portable heaters. Unfortunately, they also blew the fuses in the Parish House section of the building, plunging the classrooms into total darkness. Our teachers were able to keep the children calm and warm by playing fun-filled action games. Snack time also became a challenge. We kept pushing it back as late as possible to avoid the inevitable trip down two flights of stairs and into the nave

in order to reach the temporary restrooms. In fact, the children soon started considering this expedition to be a very exciting field trip and would ask to go to the bathroom several times. Needless to say, we are now thoroughly enjoying our beautiful new facilities!

Anne Cornell-Pouret



One thing leads to another

I have been volunteering at the Cathedral for about 14 years. The Cathedral is my home away from home. I do not think that Joe and I would have stayed in Paris if it had not been for the Cathedral.

There are so many small vignettes of my time at the Cathedral. When I was a teacher at Trinity School in New York I used to work at a soup kitchen on Saturdays with my students. So, obviously, I stopped by the welcome booth one day to inquire whether the Cathedral had a soup kitchen. Pamela Tessier, the formidable Pamela, was manning the desk. She drew herself up (she was wearing a bright red jacket that day, I will never forget), looked at me, and said: "Of course, the Cathedral has Mission Lunch every week." And of course, I could help there. But Pamela did not let me off that easily. She looked me up and down, inquired about my French, and said: "You know, we could use you here at the *Accueil* desk." And thus started my Thursday afternoons



at the Cathedral. But I could not just come and help, not just like that. First I had to spend four Thursdays in a row under the close supervision of Pamela. And what a stern taskmaster she was. I had to answer the phone just so, ask all kinds of questions to enable me to announce the caller and his/her business to the appropriate person. Finally, after four weeks, Pamela judged me ready to fly on my own.

It was during my *Accueil* duty that Gail Worth recruited me for the Junior Guild. And thus started another chapter of my life at the Cathedral. The first time I went to the Junior Guild lunch, I was not pleased with the food, which we had paid someone to prepare. I talked to members of the Guild board and proposed that I do the cooking. The money saved would be given to the Mission Lunch program. And thus started my duty of “official” cooking at the Cathedral. And with the old kitchen, easy it was not. The two ovens were simply capricious — it was hard to regulate the temperature, so sometimes the tarts or cakes were singed. The stairs were hard to climb when you were carrying a huge tray of food. But after the crash of the zealously overloaded dumbwaiter, we decided just to climb the stairs.

There are so many memories about that kitchen. Mary Lou Bradley, Betsi Dwyer and I fried up six huge crates of eggplants that Mark Carroll bought for us at Métro. It was for the dinner for 250 that we cooked under the watchful eye of Kristen Ketron – who managed the affair – for Zack Fleetwood’s goodbye party. It took us all day to slice and fry those eggplants. Our hair was so greasy at the end of the day that it was shining. The next day we put the finishing touches on the moussaka and the Greek salad. When Hope Newhouse tasted the moussaka, she asked whether I would cook the Lambda group’s annual dinner in January. I have been doing that for the last four years. At first there were about 25 participants; this year there were 64, the maximum allowed in our Parish Hall.

And now we have a gorgeous new kitchen. The oven is efficient; it is a wonder to behold – and to use. Now I can easily bake 10 apple cakes and

10 date/toffee cakes for the Junior Guild’s fairs without fretting about whether they are going to get burned. And no more stairs!

Sigun Coyle



Volunteer and become part of the Cathedral family

The best part about volunteering was how quickly I became part of the family. I knew hardly anyone at the Cathedral and then I joined the Altar Guild. And I thought that no one could know less about what goes on the altar. I would often bring out the wrong chalice and the wrong candles. But I had wonderful advice from other members who ultimately saw past my ineptitude and became my great friends. That’s what was so important to me — volunteering immediately gave me a sense of belonging, of community. And I still feel that, all these years later.

Joanne Blakemore

Nancy Janin, whose latest volunteer project was to compile these vignettes, is now a London resident, but maintains her ties to the parish through the Friends of the American Cathedral.



“Bon camino”

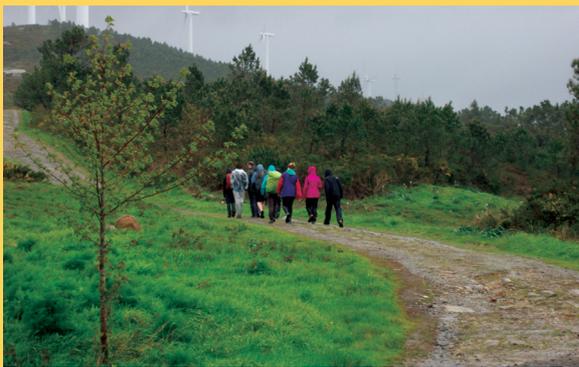
In March this year 10 members of the Journey to Adulthood youth group took to the trails of the Camino de Santiago de Compostella on a four-day pilgrimage that covered up to 80 kilometers.

Accompanied by Zachery Ullery and myself, their leaders, the group started the pilgrimage in Santiago and walked to the most westerly point in Spain at Finisterre. The group faced the challenge of two days of solid rain but was also rewarded with stunning scenery and the friendly traditional greeting – “bon camino!” – from locals and other pilgrims.

The pilgrimage ended at the lighthouse in Finisterre where the group had some final time for reflection as they watched the Atlantic waves crash in. The group then headed back to Santiago for Sunday mass at the cathedral, the reputed burial place of Saint James the Great, one of the apostles of Jesus Christ.

They also witnessed the *Botafumeiro* (literally “smoke spreader” in Galician), the huge censer that swings up the aisles of the cathedral. It is one of the most famous symbols of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella.

The Camino experience was a special week for all the pilgrims, bringing them closer as a group but also giving them some individual time for thought, away from the distractions and pressure of everyday Parisian life.





By Joseph Coyle

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Swimming the Thames, swimming the Tiber

From Catholic to Anglican and maybe back again, there's an unparalleled competition between our Churches. Don't ask who's winning.

Since the Reformation, competition among churches has been one of Christianity's least Christian traditions. Yet without any pressure or intimidation, countless souls have just followed their conscience to another confession. No holy wars or gaudy excommunications were needed. Arguably the most historically colorful, doctrinally intriguing and intellectually compelling of such migrations is the perennial one between Rome and Canterbury. Clearly, for more than four centuries something unparalleled has been going on between the Anglican and the Catholic.

It all began after Henry VIII split from Rome in the 16th century, soon turning England into a formally Anglican kingdom under Elizabeth I. She set an enduring balance, a middle way between the militantly Protestant and the rigidly Catholic. Then in the early 19th century, history took a new Anglo-Catholic turn with the Oxford Movement, which aimed to inch Anglicanism away from

evangelicalism and back toward more Catholic, sacramental forms of worship. But the movement's brilliant leader, John Henry Newman (1801-1890), went all the way and converted to Rome in 1845. He was later named a cardinal and today remains a powerful presence not only for Catholics but for Anglicans (and their American cousins, the Episcopalians) as well. The resulting tension has settled into a relatively constant two-way stream of converts between Rome and Canterbury.

At some point, these crosscurrents were raised to the power of metaphor: Catholics who convert to Anglicanism are said to swim the Thames; Anglicans who move over to Rome are said to swim the Tiber. For some it is only a quick dip followed by a return to the familiar shore. For others, it is a wave that continues to be felt in subtle and lasting ways. This ever-evolving historical footnote affords Anglicans, Episcopalians and Catholics a chance to mull over



some weighty topics: freedom vs. authority, liberal vs. conservative, and perhaps most of all, what we really mean by ecumenism.

The tension between freedom and authority is always at play in great institutions, perhaps most lastingly in the Catholic Church. Vatican Council I (1869-70) marked the triumph of the authoritarian forces with the promulgation of the doctrine of papal infallibility. The church locked itself inside a fortress of faith that rejected modernity, particularly in what the Vatican viewed as its two most threatening forms: Protestantism and socialism.

Vatican Council II (1962-65) broke out of the rigid tower by championing human rights and freedom of conscience and by opening the church to ecumenical relations with the rest of Christianity and, even more dramatically, with the Jews. Pope Paul VI, who presided over the closing of Vatican II, after the death of John XXIII, the charismatic proponent of the new wave, made a singular gesture to the Anglican Communion by removing his episcopal ring and giving it to the visiting Archbishop of Canterbury in 1966. The ring is kept at the Archbishop's seat at Lambeth Palace as a reminder of the closeness between the two churches and, following custom, was worn by Archbishop Justin Welby when he made his first visit to Pope Francis I in June.

The freedom vs. authority debate within Anglicanism dates from the very beginning, to Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury under Henry VIII. While still a Catholic priest, Cranmer was already at heart a Protestant when he wrote the Book of Common Prayer. And so Cranmer helped initiate the divide between the Protestant evangelical wing and the traditionalist wing of Anglicanism in the middle of the 16th century. This was not a bad thing. Without Cranmer's contribution of the magnificently vernacular Book of Common Prayer, "the unending dialogue of Protestantism and Catholicism which forms Anglican identity would not have been possible," wrote Diarmaid MacCullough, professor of church history at Oxford and a leading expert on the Reformation.

The freedom-authority polarity plays itself out in both churches today as a sometimes racketsy struggle between liberals and conservatives. One way to understand the resulting cross-conversions is through a single word: magisterium. Catholics are far more familiar with this word, which means teaching authority, than are Anglicans. To Catholics, it means that the pope and the bishops in communion with him are the sole interpreters of the word of God. While there is a kind of informal Anglican magisterium, the tone of Anglican authority is as loose as the Catholic is tight. Here is what Bill Tompson, one of the Cathedral's articulate non-clergy theologians, has to say on the subject: "We do not have a confessional statement or a central doctrinal authority laying down the law about what we ought to believe. Instead, we have the *Book of Common Prayer*. If you want to know what we believe, you have to see what we pray."

So where, then, does swimming the Thames and the Tiber enter this picture? Setting aside those who switch faiths to please a spouse or for some other matter of convenience, the reasons that individuals convert tend to coalesce around the idea of magisterium. There are no statistics this reporter could find to prove this conclusion. The situation in the United States is particularly difficult, since there are roughly 30 times as many Catholics as Episcopalians there, so quality may be a steadier gauge than quantity. Consequently, close observation of many individuals who have moved in either direction since Newman — to Anglicanism by Catholics and to Catholicism by Anglicans — suggests that their conversions are to a surprising extent about the teaching authority of the Catholic Church. In short, it has the power to attract and to repel with relatively equal force. Often it is the conservative mind that seeks out the Catholic magisterium, and the liberal one that distances itself from it.

Newman himself saw things "tending ... to atheism in one shape or the other," not only in Europe but globally. His defense of his beliefs, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, published in 1864, remains a classic and is still read by believers and non-believers for its eloquence. Three years later,



Newman's vision of a world losing God was put into still-haunting words in Matthew Arnold's poem, "Dover Beach":

*The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full ...
... But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar ...*

And so Newman's attraction to Rome can be seen in one sense as a search for a strong bulwark against modern secularism. It was likely this that drew a small but stellar group of English writers to swim the Tiber after him: Gerard Manley Hopkins, G.K. Chesterton, Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene among them. Anglican and Episcopalian clergy, on the other hand, have long included many cradle Catholics — notably Presiding Bishop Katharine Jefferts Schori and our own Bishop-in-Charge Pierre Whalon.

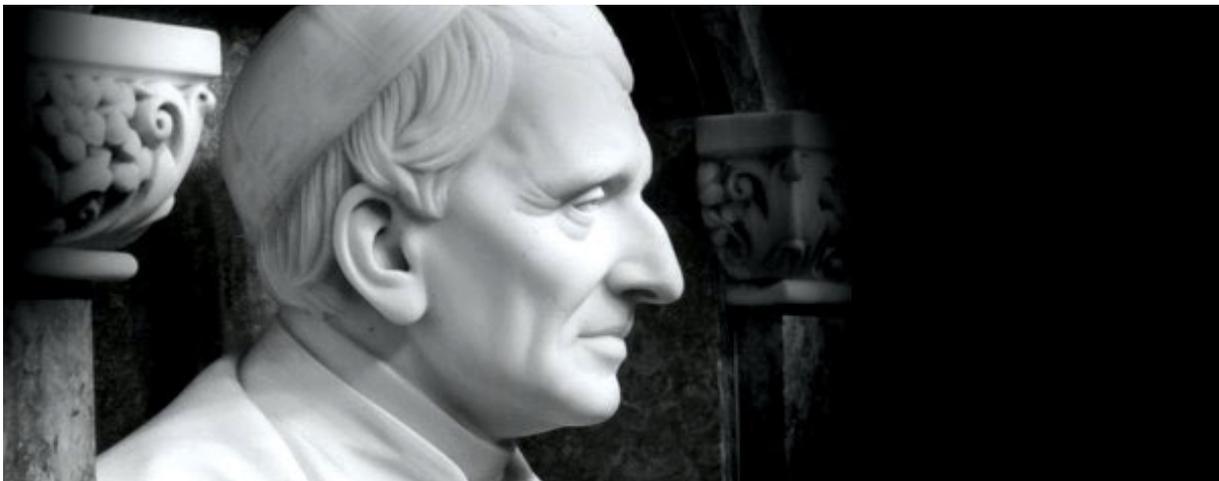
In the English-speaking world, Rome has always tried to use Newman and other prominent converts as polemicists. This is understandable, given Catholicism's long-beleaguered state in Britain and America. When Pope Benedict visited England in 2010 to mark Newman's beatification, he spoke of Newman's "radical obedience" to the Vatican, a highly disputable judgment. In fact, one Vatican official, an Englishman, called Newman, even after he had received his red hat, "the most

dangerous man in England." (Many believers reserved that honor for Charles Darwin.)

And no wonder, given this quote from a letter Newman wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, the most prominent Catholic in England at the time: "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts ... I shall drink to the Pope, if you please — still to Conscience first and to the Pope afterwards..." Newman never gave up his deeply Anglican belief that "truth is wrought out by many minds, working together freely."

This tension might seem to have put Newman on a track of unending resistance to unchanging Catholic doctrine. Yet now comes perhaps the supreme irony of all: his position is exactly in line with the traditional teachings of Rome. Here is how Pope Benedict himself expressed it in his Commentary on the Pastoral Constitution of the Church in the Modern World: "...Over the pope as the expression of the binding claim of ecclesiastical authority, there still stands one's own conscience, which must be obeyed before all else, if necessary even against the requirement of ecclesiastical authority."

This statement, buried in Volume 5 of Benedict's Commentary, might come as a shock to most Catholics and Anglicans. But the conscience-first doctrine was in force long before Vatican II. What



IN CONVERTING FROM ANGLICISM, NEWMAN FELT HE WAS RESPONDING TO THE TEACHING OF THE EARLY CHURCH FATHERS



Newman's influence did was to bring it to the fore in Vatican II, some 70-odd years after his death.

John Cornwell, in his book *Newman's Unquiet Grave*, explains that Newman's embrace of the Roman Catholic magisterium came about not primarily because he came to accept papal authority, as Catholics as exalted as Benedict himself have suggested. His conversion came most profoundly from his long study of patristic theology, the teachings of the early church fathers. Wrote Cornwell: "...As he plunged into the early fathers, he tells us, Rome began to appear, in the course of the years, not decaying but protean, dynamic, all-embracing, while preserving its unbroken connection to its origins and extending its authority and welcome universally."

This is perhaps the deepest mark of Newman's conservatism. But it marries easily with his Anglican conscience. "In Newman's view the tension between the church's authority and private judgment creates a dynamic, imaginative energy in which dogma and freedom of intellect are mutually kept in check," writes Cornwell.

Despite all this, some leading scholars have argued that Newman's influence on Anglicanism has been even greater than on Roman Catholicism. Eamon Duffy, professor of the history of Christianity at Cambridge, and one of those top scholars, writes: "Between 1833 and 1845 he [Newman] transformed the Church of England, persuading its clergy that it was no mere department of state for moral uplift, but the English branch of the ancient Catholic Church, through its sacraments and apostolic teaching a means of encounter with God. Everything about modern Anglicanism, from the look of its buildings to its theology and forms of worship, bears the marks of his teaching."

A couple of small symbols among the many: The words of the cherished Anglican hymn *Lead, Kindly Light* were written in 1833 by Newman (it remains a mainstay in Anglican hymnody and is rarely performed in Catholic churches); and the Episcopal Church added Cardinal Newman to its calendar of saints in 2009. His feast day is February 21.

Newman's influence on American Episcopalianism dates, ironically, from Vatican II. His teachings were such a powerful force in the council's deliberations that Pope Paul called him the father of the council. According to the Reverend Canon Daniel J. Webster of the Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, a former Roman Catholic priest himself, "The ecumenical council profoundly changed the Episcopal Church and shaped the liturgy we use in our 1979 Book of Common Prayer. In the past 40 years Sunday worship has migrated from a predominant Morning Prayer service to the celebration of Holy Eucharist." Just compare the Sunday bulletins of our own American Cathedral in Paris down through the decades. Under Dean Frederick Beekman, whose term ran from 1918 to 1949, the Eucharist was the exception rather than the rule. Today there are three Sunday Eucharists at the Cathedral.

Ironically, Vatican II, Catholicism's ecumenical council, led to profound changes in the American Episcopal Church

Such ironies abound in the Newman saga. Another is that by leading Anglicanism back toward the traditional mass and Eucharist, Newman was in a sense preparing a new home for many contemporary American Catholics scandalized by the priest-pedophile scandals and put off generally by the church's teachings on gender and sexuality. These Catholics could more readily move to the church whose Sunday service most closely parallels the liturgy they were used to all their lives.

One of the most remarked-on conversions from Catholicism to Episcopalianism happened in 1973 when John Cogley, one of the best known American Catholic intellectuals of his time, swam the Thames. Cogley had been for many years editor of *Commonweal*, the liberal Catholic



magazine. Here is what his former colleague Wilfred Sheed wrote years later: “Not long before he died ... Cogley became, of all surprising things, an Episcopalian — not because he had lost his mind as James Joyce might have suggested, but because, as he explained to me, he had wanted to do so almost all his life, ever since falling in love with the very words of it, those in the Book of Common Prayer, as a young boy. And these are the words he wanted to end up with now.”

There is more to the story: Cogley’s profound liberalism. He seems to have begun his serious consideration of converting around 1963, when the *New York Times* sent him to Rome to cover Vatican II. He was at first pleased with the changes, but became more and more dissatisfied with the church’s unchanged teachings on papal infallibility, its unbending stance against birth control and the continuing clerical dominance despite promises to raise the role of the laity. He converted a decade later, and soon began studying for Episcopal holy orders. He died in 1976.

Pope Francis’ liberalizing trends have already left cracks in the Vatican monolith

For Cogley, as for Newman, conversion was another term for individual spiritual growth. And if confronted today with one of Newman’s most noted and bluntest statements — “To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant” — Cogley would likely answer that he considered his move as one between two houses of the “one, holy, Catholic and apostolic church”. These words in the Nicene Creed remain identical in the two liturgies.

What all this seems to portend is not some imminent union between Anglicanism and Catholicism. That would be as unrealistic as expecting the Democratic and Republican parties to abandon their liberal and conservative biases

and merge. But it does present an astonishing symbiosis of faith. Newman made the Catholic Church more modern and the Anglican Church more traditional. He brought them closer together, and by leading so many across the Tiber, he made it more comfortable for so many to cross the Thames.

In reporting this article, we could find no statistics that precisely track Catholic-Episcopal conversions today. The Episcopal Church’s Red Book Clergy Pages count a dozen or so U.S. Roman Catholic priests seeking reception each year. The U.S. Ordinariate, set up by Pope Benedict to facilitate reception of Anglican clergy, counts some two dozen U.S. Episcopal congregations that have moved over since 2010. These are theologically and socially conservative congregations whose crisis with the Anglican middle way is largely over sexuality issues like consecration of gay and female bishops and same-sex blessings. Like Newman himself, they seem to see their Tiber swim as a move toward doctrinal clarity and away from modern secularism.

What statistics do tell us is that the vast majority of those who drop out of a faith community don’t join another one: they become part of the vast mass of “nones,” a fifth of Americans today.

Meanwhile, a two-week Vatican synod rocked the world with largely unexpected proposals for allowing divorced and remarried Catholics to receive communion plus other openings to gays and unmarried couples. Pope Francis himself is said to privately favor married priests. The most inclusive proposals failed to overcome conservative opposition. But there’s clearly a crack in the Vatican monolith.

It sounded a little Anglican.
Or at the very least, Newmansque. 🍷

Joseph Coyle, a retired Time Inc. editor, has been active at the Cathedral for a dozen years.



“So, Liz, how do you feel about grits?”

From Paris to Atlanta’s leafy exurbs,
Canon Elizabeth Hendrick moves on – and how we’ll miss her!

The question seemed the right one after Liz had offered several detailed and enthusiastic descriptions of sophisticated dishes in her two favorite restaurants in the bustling 15th Arrondissement.

The question was a tease. The incongruity of grits – identified with the Deep South and maybe even, ahem, a non-Francophile South – being introduced into a discussion about *quasi de veau* cooked for hours at extra low temperature struck me as the kind of irony that I, a child of the Deep South, was entitled to draw.

But Liz would have none of it. “I like grits,” she said. “I ate grits often when I was a sales rep in the Southeast.”

If that sounds like adaptability, then that sounds like Liz, the Liz we have come to know and grown to love – the Liz whose departure to become rector of St. Matthews Parish in the outer Atlanta suburbs we in turn will just have to adapt to.

In her four years at the American Cathedral, Canon Pastor Elizabeth Hendrick has established

herself as central to the life of the parish. She has accomplished that in the most challenging period of transition the Cathedral has known since World War II.

Arriving in January 2011, she assumed she was responding to Dean Zachary Fleetwood’s invitation to be his associate priest. She soon learned that instead, God had called her to help guide the parish through a rough couple of years. Dean Fleetwood moved on barely four months after Liz arrived, called to serve elsewhere. The biggest modifications to the campus in a century, since the Deanery was added in 1913, created inevitable disarray.

With Zack’s departure a team of stalwarts evolved – Liz, Giles Williams, the parish administrator, and Zachary Ullery, the music director. The Right Reverend Peter James Lee, retired diocesan bishop of Virginia, served as interim Dean. But it was the stalwarts who bore the brunt of the disorder. The Dean’s Garden was a dark gloomy hole in the ground, surrounded by piles of construction materials and clanking machinery. The Parish



By Walter Wells

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House was a job site. There was in short a church community that risked being gob-smacked by the disarray.

Strong lay leadership was crucial in getting through that. But Liz's leadership and adaptability were also crucial. Those were qualities that she brought to the game, that we have come to rely on and that we will sorely miss. The child of a military family Liz grew up "all over." She has past ties to Florida, to Texas, to California, to a lot of places where adaptability is learned, including France, where she spent two years as a high school student.



SOPHISTICATED LADY,
AT THE AMERICAN
LIBRARY'S GALA

From a quick online look at St. Matthews, in the woodsy Atlanta exurb of Snellville, there does not appear to be the same potential for disarray. In Liz's closer examination of the parish (and not the web site) she said she did not find the same kinds of issues. No mounds of dirt, no pile drivers, no cranes lifting backhoes over the church walls. What she found and what appealed was a "warm community, a welcoming parish."

"It's a country church," she said. "By that I mean a church where people are involved in each other's lives." A country church, and in a diocese with Georgia's first black bishop and an Emory University staff member as a parishioner. A country church with a diversity still not often seen in the South.

"These are people who quietly live out their faith," she said.

She was drawn by that evident warmth, by the diversity and by the important presence of a strong and active youth ministry. Was she drawn by the desire to be priest-in-charge, boss-in-chief? "No, not really. But I was drawn by the desire to shepherd a congregation."

When the Vestry here called Lucinda Laird as Dean, Liz wrestled initially with questions about how the two might work together and about how the Parish would react to an all-female clergy. But Cathedral members registered little adverse reaction, and from the beginning the two priests worked well together. Again it was a team, led by the Dean but with Liz holding a full and influential role. Lucinda describes Liz as a good and important friend, a great colleague. Even more, she describes her presence during the transition as "providential," a word she had clearly chosen with great care.

"It was really Liz who held the place together," said Lucinda.

Liz speaks modestly about all that, and about her eventual successor. "There's always someone better," she said. So what has she learned in four years that might help make her successor better?

"Realize that it's a different culture," she said. "The challenge is to embrace the differences, and adapt to them."

As she herself will be doing in Snellville, where a Vestry member on the Search Committee asked: Why ever would you leave Paris to come here?

Liz knows the answer. 🌱

Walter, a retired journalist, is a member of the Vestry and editor of Trinité.



A shaggy dog story,
as told to Philip Worré

“I love the smell of baguettes in the morning”

My name is PJ; I am a golden retriever
and Liz’s best friend and companion.

I’ve been asked many times about my name. I was named after the Reverend Pete Jones, a retired priest at Liz’s parish when she was at seminary, who died of cancer just before Liz adopted me. Actually, the day Liz picked me up was the day of Reverend Pete’s funeral.

For about 25 years (that’s just under four in human years), Paris has been my home city. My life here has been quite a contrast compared to my earlier life. You see, before meeting Liz, I wasn’t very well cared for. I was hungry all the time, and dirty, very dirty. My golden fur was completely covered with ticks and fleas. I was brought out of that misery by Liz and a friend of hers who rescued me. Liz fed me (slowly and gradually, for I was just skin and bones back then), cleaned me, looked after me, and gave me my life back. Since being rescued, I’ve rediscovered how much I like fetching things, especially tennis balls – it’s in my genes!

Little did I know that being adopted by Liz would mean traveling around the world! Since being rescued in Austin, Texas, I’ve lived or visited Taos,

New Mexico, Santa Barbara, California, Atlanta, Georgia, Orlando, Florida, and ended up in Paris, France.

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Moving to Paris from Santa Barbara was quite the adventure, and that crate I traveled in wasn’t my favorite type of accommodation. Adapting to life in Paris was quite easy for me, or so I am told. All those cars, buses and Haussmannian buildings were a little overwhelming at first. But I took to those small spaces and now think of them as cozy.

Parisian humans have been very kind to me, especially at the Cathedral. They all say that I am very nice and “sage” – especially by Parisian standards. My days have been spent playing and resting, and being petted, my favorite activity. I was also relieved to find out that Parisian dogs speak the same language – although I was expecting to see more poodles, especially during my favorite celebration of the year: the Blessing of the Animals at the Cathedral!

I’ve been told that we’ll soon be moving to Snellville, Georgia. I haven’t spent much time in Georgia, just a short layover in Atlanta, but I hear that it is nice and warm there, and that there are wide open spaces for me to run in. There is also talk about a famous Georgia bulldog.

But I shall miss Paris and above all Liz’s human friends who made me feel so welcome. My tail is now wagging as I think of all those pats received. My mind is full of memories of sermons being prepared, lunches being served, French being practiced, children playing, workmen digging holes, dust covering everything, and even my brief stint as a guide dog on the Métro (thanks to a Canon for Music who shall remain unnamed).

I’m excited to accompany Liz on her new adventure in Georgia, but I will miss my friends in Paris, and especially the ones at the Cathedral. 🐾

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