



Trinité

VOLUME 13 N 1

THE MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL IN PARIS

FALL 2017

ALL GOD'S
CHILDREN

A CONVOCATION UNITED

Trinité

The Magazine of The American Cathedral in Paris
FALL 2017 - VOLUME 13 N 1

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THANK YOU, MR. WELLS

It seems to me, that when we reach a certain age, it becomes a challenge to find inspiration from the people we meet. At least it is that way for me. Rarely do I encounter someone who I feel can teach me something, at least something that captures my attention, makes me want to stretch, to learn all that they know, and become a better version of myself.

In the past few years, this has become even truer as I've reached the end of my professional career. A career that began in the early 80's in communications and has carried me far and wide throughout these past several decades. I wasn't sure, having reached the top and coming down the other side, if I could create a purpose driven life in this new chapter. A life that would give me both space and time to nurture my spirit, inspire me to write, to care for those that I love, and fulfill my desire to be engaged in a meaningful purpose.

And then I met Mr. Wells. It's been well over a year now, maybe even two, when I was invited out to lunch by my dear friend Kate Bourdet, who was then serving on the Vestry, to meet with her and Walter. I'd never met the man, but certainly had heard his name, and understood that he was a man of influence, especially when it came to matters of running the Cathedral. They asked me if I'd be interested in chairing the Communications Committee. Flattered I was. Ready to go, eager to put my experience

to work, I accepted then and there...as it turned out, it wasn't the right time to take this on. And then I learned why. Something else was in store for me.

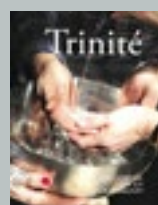
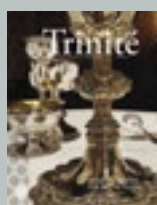
Walter, the previous Editor-in-Chief of the International Herald Tribune who had been generously giving of his expertise to edit the TRINITE Magazine for the past several years, asked me if I would be interested in joining the editorial team - with a future view of taking over his role. Uh, thank you, Mr. Wells, I thought, but those shoes are just a little too big for me, sir. However, the idea of working with him lit me up and I jumped right in.

I've always suspected that there were deep pools of exceptional people around the Cathedral. As an expat in Paris for over 24 years, I had come across many. But when I discovered the incredible talent making the TRINITE magazine happen, I was impressed, to say the least. Contributing writers include Joe Coyle, a retired Senior Editor of Time Inc., along with Anne Swardson, a senior editor at Bloomberg News in Paris, and in this issue, Greg Garrett, our Theologian in Residence and author of over 20 books, just to name a few. It didn't take long before I knew I was exactly where I needed to be; learning from those who could teach me.

And so, after three previous issues under his professional guidance, Walter Wells is now ready to turn me loose. And here you have it, TRINITE Fall 2017, my first issue as your new Editor. My sincere desire is that I can carry on, delivering the fine standards of my predecessor.

Truth be told, Walter is not far away. He's keeping his ever-sharp eye on the magazine: he's still reading, correcting, asking the right questions, suggesting improvements, nailing great headlines, quotes and more. And for that, we can all be grateful.

GOOD READING, JUDITH





*In paradise the fruits were ripe the first minute
and in heaven it is always autumn;
God's mercies are ever in their maturity.*
— John Donne, Sermon II



A SEASON OF THANKS AND GIVING

It's autumn in Paris, and a season of thanks and giving.
We've named it so specifically for our Annual Call to Membership (pledge drive),
but also for any season, and for what we are about as Christians.

In these last few months thanksgiving has not always come easily. Personally, I have found it very difficult even to look at the newspaper in the morning, with the constant stories of natural disaster, corruption, abuse and violence. In a recent week I reached a point of despair when I looked at the list of prayers for Sunday, and realized that I had simply replaced “prayers for the victims of the shooting in Las Vegas” with “prayers for the victims of the attack in New York” and now just needed to change that to “the shooting in Texas.”

And yet we are called to give thanks. In his letter to the Philippians, Paul says:
Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, Rejoice. Let your gentleness be known to everyone. The Lord is near. Do not worry about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.

Oh, for that peace that passes understanding! But “do not worry about anything” – really?

Yes. Really. Sometimes, at least, I can find my way to that place of genuine and constant thanksgiving, and know it to be real, far more real than anything else.
And I know that God's peace is richer, deeper and more permanent than anything we can fathom.



I have found that it is essential to begin with thanks. We can start with thanksgiving for our very lives, for the beauty of God's creation, and for the wonder of love. We can continue in our own ways. After reading this issue of *Trinité*, I realize it is full of both thanks and the response to thanks: giving.

THANKS for Walter Wells. Thanks for all who have reached out to help others in the name of Christ from this Cathedral. Thanks for Greg Garrett, bringing his gifts to the Cathedral, and for Sabine Jaccard and her incredible photography – and thanks to God for all gifts of creativity. Thanks for the people who have shared their stories of life at the Cathedral, and who carry it in their hearts - and thanks for those who built this wonderful place and supported the Cathedral community over the years so that we could be here.

I particularly liked the article about "*Le Grande Thanksgiving*," and the difficulties and joys of celebrating Thanksgiving in Paris. But I was struck by the fact that "le grande Thanksgiving" also translates as "The Great Thanksgiving" – in short, the Eucharist, the holy communion. The Eucharist is the center of our life together at the Cathedral and beyond, and the name means thanksgiving. It's always about thanks, about the gift of God in Christ, and his love for us.

So thanks keep expanding. I give thanks for friends, for family, and, on an almost daily basis, for living in Paris! But I have learned, too, that I can give thanks in the midst of sorrow or fear. Thanks for lessons learned, challenges offered. Thanks for failures that, as the prayer book says, "lead us to acknowledge our dependence on God alone." Thanks even for those who have died, that I have known and loved them and, despite my own sorrow, can now commend them to God's never-failing love.

Could I give thanks if my whole family had been killed in that church in Texas? I am not sure I could. And so you and I must come from our own place of gratitude to stand with those who are hurting, hungry, abused, homeless, or mourning. Thanks can be given that we are one in Christ – and it is given by acting on and in that reality.

Eventually, all thanks lead us back to God, and out to our fellow human beings. We are given the gift of Christ's own self in the Eucharist, and in that gift we are bound together as members of the same family. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can separate us from God in Christ. From that place of unconditional love given us, we reach out and give to others

John Donne concludes:

All occasions invite God's Mercies, and all Times are God's seasons.

And I give thanks.

I would add only two things:

THANKS FOR ALL OF YOU, who are part of this Cathedral family however near or far.

And the truth that I do know: we CAN give thanks always.
(I'm still working on the not worrying part.) And thanks lead to giving and giving leads to thanks
and thanks lead to giving and giving leads to thanks and

Yours in Christ,
Lucinda+



by Thomas Girty



Mission and Outreach responds to those in need

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN DESERVE A HELPING HAND AND A HUMAN TOUCH



The Fall 2015 Trinité cover headlined “Special Demands on a Special Place” and highlighted the then unfolding Syrian refugee crisis that had suddenly seemed to erupt over that summer. In her opening letter, Dean Laird reminded us how the Cathedral was and is a refuge and spiritual community for expats in trying times, welcoming the stranger and, “for many, a place of transformation, challenge, and conversion.”

Challenging indeed. The sense of urgency mixed with the high emotion of a humanitarian crisis in our own backyard would not permit us to stall for long in our response.



Mission and Outreach was quickly solicited, but many of us had never worked with refugees. What could we do? How quickly could we mobilize supplies, find volunteers or even raise funds? Most important of all, which associations and organizations could we trust?

Christian Hogard, made those decisions easier for us. Having an already trusted bond through his help in growing the Cathedral’s Love in a Box program, we were able to move into action. Even more, as Christian is the director of the French non-profit organization Secours Populaire, and the Eclaireurs de France, known as the Scouts in Loon-Plage/Calais, plus the local partner for Salam, the government mandated clearinghouse for NGO aid, he had the right expertise we needed to guide us through our journey.

Parishioner Regan du Closel, who featured Christian’s work in that same Fall 2015



issue, collaborated closely with him in driving the Cathedral's involvement in Calais. She characterizes him as "a man of boundless energy and focus, who for the past 18 years, has devoted himself to active support for migrants of all kinds." His needs were overwhelming. Mission and Outreach, the Junior Guild, Cathedral members, and friends rallied for everything – from supply drives to funding on-the-ground service projects in the volatile Grand Synthe camp in the year following that article.

In 2016, dedicated plate appeals on major church holidays were topped off by generous gifts from several Episcopal parishes in the US eager to accompany the Cathedral in its support of Hogard's work. Following visits made by the Dean to the U.S., St Alban's in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, The Chapel of the Cross in Madison, Mississippi, and Christ Church in Oyster Bay, New York, were all tremendous contributors, permitting the Cathedral to underwrite some significant projects: from mobile medical units that could administer to the wounded and promote hygiene, to IT/communications capabilities that enabled migrants to remain in contact with their families via email and telephone.

But as 2016 progressed so did the challenges: the refugees and the aid organizations administering to them were facing an unpredictable and ever-evolving situation. We discovered that just as quickly as camps and mobile service units are set up and new migrants arrive, they are often dismantled before funds can be engaged for the intended programs and services. We needed to foster relationships with additional organizations working with refugees, not just in France but also in Europe.

Each year, 10 percent of Cathedral pledges and plate, the biblical tithe, is designated to Mission and Outreach. A quarter of that is then devoted to refugee and international aid initiatives. It's a social and budgetary responsibility for Mission and Outreach, and priority is given to reliable associations with long-term objectives and potential opportunities for deeper individual involvement.

Just as quickly as camps and mobile service units are set up, and migrants arrive, they are often dismantled before funds can be engaged.

Current ministry Chair, Rose LeMoullac Reynes comments that "the migrant crisis is such a moving target. Every day is different, and we know that the associations we work with have different needs, and they can change overnight. So we have to be a bit more nimble and be able to make sure that what we are giving, whether it's money or time, is being well spent and serving a good purpose."

Time is equally as important as treasure, whether working directly with or witnessing the work being done by the associations, it can be a transformative experience for both participant and recipient. Mission and Outreach member Andrea Richard can attest after visiting the JNRC (Joel Nafuma Refugee Center) in Rome last year.





8 Established over 30 years ago, the JNRC is operated by sister Convocation parish, St Paul's Within the Walls, and offers services to 100 to 150 refugees daily, ranging from hot meals and basic assistance, to settlement, and advocacy support for asylum seekers. This past year, they chose to upgrade their breakfast program after an evaluation by a World Food Program nutritionist. Along with a gift from Christ Church Cathedral in Nashville, Tennessee, Mission and Outreach wrote grants to fund not only the upgrade, but to also enable much-needed facility repairs.

"It's just the representation of people giving to one another. And the people that are running the mission and are involved with the mission, whether they be volunteers or part-time staff, are feeling as rewarded as the asylum seekers themselves," said Richard, who acts as Mission and Outreach's liaison with the Center.

With a pragmatic approach, focused on empowering refugees, Center guests are employed to shop for and prepare their meals, and there is an emphasis on learning to speak Italian. In addition, a cultural mediator is made available to prepare individuals for their interactions with Italians. "The mission of JNRC is to help (the refugees) acquire some skills so that they can be effective and make their way," adds Richard.



Like the JNRC, The Association d'Entraide aux Minorités d'Orient (AEMO) also empowers refugees to make their way. Founded in 2007, the association is presided by Convocation Bishop Pierre Whalon and is involved in helping persecuted Syrian and Iraqi Christians seek

asylum and integration in France.

In 2014, to aid in their integration, Bishop Whalon launched the idea of offering French lessons on Saturday mornings at the Chaldean Church in



Paris' 18th arrondissement. This year, a grant from the Cathedral will provide AEMO with financial support as they prepare to welcome 60 refugee families. The funding covers transportation for the refugees upon arrival in France and defrays food, medicine, and clothing costs incurred by host families.



Recently, Mission and Outreach has also been in contact with Utopia 56, an association that has worked alongside Emmaüs Solidartié (an organization founded in 1954 by Father Pierre that focuses on the most fragile in society), helping at the migrant reception center at the Porte de la Chapelle in Paris. Created in 2016 by citizens from Lorient, France, they have a mission of mobilizing 3000 member/volunteers to help with refugees, and are supported by the Fondation de France, the leading philanthropic network in France with 48 years of experience. Utopia 56



was one of the first associations on the ground in Calais and Paris.

Francie Seder was instrumental in introducing Mission and Outreach to the organization:

Utopia not only served the refugee community, for the last year, by giving them clothing, a bed, rather than a tent on the ground, to sleep in but above all, the sense of human caring that we all need in order to thrive and not just survive. Utopia 56 took in about 400 refugees at a time to give them a place to stay for a couple to three weeks while helping them to apply for their refugee status in France. In some cases, this meant helping to have their point of entry into Europe transferred from another European country to France. I had the pleasure of translating one of these documents while volunteering at Utopia.



In July, Francie and ministry members spent a half day volunteering at the center in the 18th arrondissement. Unfortunately it was the day following a mass round up of 2000 refugees camped out there. Since then, following the belief that the information they have been collecting is being used by the French government to deport refugees rather than aid in their asylum, Utopia has decided they will refocus their efforts, directly serving those refugees on the streets.



Seder sums up best the work that has been and still remains to be done:

"Members of Mission and Outreach will continue to struggle to assist refugees, our sister and fellow travelers in this world who like all of God's children deserve a helping hand and a human touch... We look for divine inspiration and willing parishioners to assist us in these efforts."

Mission and Outreach is dedicated to sharing in Jesus Christ's great message of unconditional love and acceptance of those in need. The ministry pursues this mission by offering parishioners, friends or any person coming to the American Cathedral, opportunities to live out their faith by supporting education, social action and service initiatives to the immediate Paris community and larger world. For more information on how you can help please contact Mission and Outreach at rose.lemoullac@gmail.com 📧

Thomas Girty is a member of the Vestry, and held the Chair of Mission and Outreach ministry from 2015-2016.



CONVERSATIONS ABOUT FAITH

Last September, Jocelyn Phelps, a member of the Education Committee, moderated two Forum sessions that invited parishioners to come together and share their spiritual journeys. Dean Laird, along with Senior Warden Rob Davis, kicked off the first conversations. A second meeting followed with Vestry member Allison Lafontaine and the Cathedral's new Seminarian in Residence, Tyson Rosberg, leading the discussion by recounting their personal experiences.

Sabine Jaccard shares with us her story of transcending darkness into light.



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My parents come from different religious and cultural backgrounds. My father is Swiss and Protestant, my mother, French and Roman Catholic. When it came to the decision of baptizing my brother and me, they agreed it would be best to wait and leave the decision about becoming a Christian up to us

when we were old enough to choose for ourselves. For me, that moment would come much later in life.

My personal journey, and what I refer to as my pathway out of the darkness and into the light, began at an early age. As a teenager, I traveled the world with my family. We went from Jordan to France, to Yemen, to Egypt, among many other places — all by camping car. The images of these fascinating places were inspiring and provocative, poignant and passionate, and I began to store them in my mind. By 16 I was well on my way to shooting film and printing my photos. I would spend hours in the darkroom translating the beauty of the

shadows and lights that I had captured on film into black and white art.

Fifteen years later, at the age of 30, while directing an Alliance Française school in Madagascar and continuing my passion for photography, I had the good fortune of working with Pierrot Men, the famous Malagasy photographer. It was Pierrot who first encouraged me to exhibit my work. My first showing was held at the French Cultural Center in Antananarivo — it was the beginning of a lifelong journey of self-expression. During this same period in my life, I happened to meet an elderly Jesuit priest, and I just knew it was time. It became very clear to me that I should choose Christianity and be baptized. Today, my photographic style continues to “speak” about transcending darkness into light much like the Greek origin of the word “photography,” meaning “writing with the light.” Using a backlit technique, I capture on film what is good and pure. My inspiration comes from water as it represents to me femininity, love, purification, and metamorphosis — and people, especially children, who represent life and grace. By playing with shadows I feel a connection to the Bible, as shadows are a gift, meant to protect us from the sun, and that’s good.

It was truly through my artistic expression, capturing images of darkness and bringing them to light, and the impressions of the images I gathered traveling the world as a young girl, along with all the people I met on the way, that led me on my path to becoming the dedicated, and baptized, Anglican-Episcopalian I am today. A special mention must be given to Romanus, my Godfather, whom many of you may know from his years of attending services at the Cathedral. I am forever grateful that he accepted to be by my side; his spiritual guidance continues to carry me on my Christian journey. ♡

Sabine Jaccard, an active member of the parish who has worshipped at the Cathedral since 2002, is a French contemporary artist whose photography is currently on exhibit at the French Embassy in Washington. Her first photo book, “Water Theater,” was recently published featuring a selection of 30 black and white photos shot on film (not digital) reflecting her personal “street photography” style. In addition to photography, Sabine teaches English to French students and medical English to hundreds of nurses in Paris.



Discover more of Sabine's work by visiting www.sabinejaccard.com



by Greg Garrett

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A “great gig” in Paris with benefits
that flow in all directions

“What does ‘Theologian in Residence’ actually mean, anyway?”

In the summer of 2017, I had a great honor — and the powerful learning experience — of becoming your Theologian in Residence at the American Cathedral in Paris. As some of you know, I’ve been visiting the Cathedral since 2013 to preach and teach, and your community has become a place of real importance for my family and me, a home away from home, and now a formal connection I am so pleased to claim. Jeanie and I spent our honeymoon in the tower apartment in 2014, conversations at the Cathedral and at the American Library in Paris helped shape my most recent book, and I often speak about the monumental experience of stepping into the Cathedral pulpit to try to claim an encouraging word from our scriptures following the terror attack in Nice on July 14, 2016. All of these have been formative experiences for me.

During my time with you last summer, I began working on a book for Oxford University Press on race, film, and reconciliation, and my invitation from Dean Laird and your Forum committee was to lead a series of conversations on how film makes myths about race and prejudice, how we discern and respond to those myths, and what our tradition asks us to seek in human relationship. To that end, I led Sunday morning conversations about *Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner* (1967) and *Crash* (2003), and introduced and led a conversation in the Nave after a screening of last year’s Academy Award-winning *Moonlight*. In the process, I heard from our community — and from visitors to it — about their responses to those films, what they thought about the actions of the characters, and what they believed we are called to be and do in a world



wrestling with prejudice. It was instructive to me in many ways, not just because I read and prepared to moderate the discussion, but because I heard many ideas and sentiments that were outside my experience. My book, *History Writ with Lightning: Race in the Popular Imagination*, will be immeasurably better because of my time at the Cathedral, and I'm happy to tell you that it will be dedicated to the Dean and congregation of the American Cathedral.

As I live in the reality of being your Theologian in Residence, though, I am reflecting on what that will look like for us, and *Trinité* is perhaps the most appropriate venue to explain how I understand my ongoing relationship with the community. Since Dean Laird and I agreed on my assuming this role, people have asked me the same two questions over and over:

“What on earth did you do to deserve that great gig?”

And “What does ‘Theologian in Residence at the American Cathedral in Paris’ actually mean?”

I don't want to spend much time responding to that first question because I don't have a satisfying answer. I'm tempted to quote Clint Eastwood's Will Munny

in *Unforgiven*: “Deserve's got nothing to do with it.” What I can say: I had the great good fortune of going to seminary with your wonderful past Canon, Liz Hendrick, who helped bring me to the Cathedral to speak and preach for the first time in 2013. Jeanie and I have had the great good fortune of developing friendships with your Dean, Canons, and many in the community. And I also have the great good fortune (although it doesn't always feel fortune when I'm neck deep in a book) of being a writer who seeks a place where I can reflect, read, write, pray, and be supported by community, all things that being at the Cathedral offers. I don't know that I deserve the grace and generosity represented by this relationship with you. But I am grateful beyond words for it.

So, back to the key question, the one asked by the title: What does it mean to be “Theologian in Residence”? Perhaps the easiest way to explain this is to walk through that title word by word. A theologian reflects on ultimate questions through the prism of faith. Where did we come from? Why are we here? Who or what is God? What does it mean to be fully human? What are we called to do? How do we live in relationship and community? What is going to happen to us? I am particularly drawn to stories in literature and culture that reflect on those questions as a part of my work. In my most recent book, *Living with the Living Dead*, which some of you know is about the popular contemporary narrative of the zombie apocalypse as represented by *The Walking Dead*, *Game of Thrones*, *Night of the Living Dead*, and other works, I asked how we could find sacred meaning to those questions in stories about zombies, and I was surprised by the depth of meaning I discovered, as well as the incredible interest the book has aroused.

Since every one of us is a spiritual being whether we claim a faith tradition or not, all of us are looking for answers to existential questions, and my job as a narrative theologian and cultural critic is to help people within our tradition (and those outside any tradition) wrestle forth some possible meanings. My hope, as a Christian theologian, is that my work will show how faith can offer a powerful set of answers to the questions that may also send us to movies, music, or novels — and how our answers in the Christian tradition are often similar to those reached by gifted storytellers, artists, and philosophers. I find that stories are the best way to teach people — I mean, Jesus used



stories as his primary teaching mode — and so I devote my theological energy to exploring the relationship between faith and narrative.

I find that stories are the best way to teach people — I mean, Jesus used stories as his primary teaching mode — and so I devote my theological energy to exploring the relationship between faith and narrative.

“In Residence” means different things to different people, but in my case, it means that there are times that I will be physically present with you in Paris to preach, teach, and have conversation within the community. I have committed to come each summer to read and write and work at the Cathedral, a gift that I’ll acknowledge in my writing and in speaking and media interviews. I actually got to start talking up the Cathedral this past summer; some of you may have seen the “Talks at Google” video posted on the Cathedral website in which I spoke about having come to London for that lecture from my residency at the Cathedral. I have also been able to claim our connection a number of times since as I spoke or was interviewed about *Living with the Living Dead* or on other topics, and if you look at my profiles on the Amazon and Amazon U.K. sites, you’ll find that our relationship is featured for the whole book-buying world to see.

Which suggests the other idea your leadership and I imagine in connection with my being “in residence.” Jeanie and I live in Austin, Texas, with our family, and I am a tenured Full Professor at Baylor University. As much as I’d love to jet over to Paris regularly to be with you, my day job, our family, and our finances remove that from the realm of the possible. And while moving to Paris to take up permanent residence may indeed be in our future, it clearly cannot be our present. But what I can do — and what I have already begun



doing — is to start working on behalf of the Cathedral, brainstorming about programs we might offer, raising visibility of the Cathedral and its mission, and seeking ways I can be a resource for our community even during those months when I’m on the other side of the Atlantic.

I am looking forward to our work together over the next few years. Paris has been a place where many American writers and thinkers have done some of their best work, and it is my hope that my writing and thinking at the Cathedral will — with God’s help and yours — be of use to a world desperately seeking meaning. Please pray for me as I seek to do that work — as I pray daily for the Cathedral and for all of you. You have blessed me beyond measure, and I look forward to being back in your midst very soon. 🙏

*Greg Garrett is the 2013 Centennial Professor at Baylor University, Theologian in Residence at the American Cathedral, and the author of over 20 books of fiction, nonfiction, and memoir, including *Living with the Living Dead* (Oxford UP, 2017), which has been covered by BBC Radio, Church Times, The Spectator, DublinTalk Radio, Vice, Christianity Today, The London Mirror, and many other media sources.*



by Anne Swardson



15

*Just as a body, though one, has many parts,
but all its many parts form one body, so it is with Christ.*
— 1 Corinthians 12:12

UNITED WE ARE. The European Convocation.





The Cathedral hummed with activity on a weekend last May. Young voices sang, young feet walked, young bodies danced.

The almost 100 youths and adults who participated in the Youth Across Europe retreat weren't just from Paris. They were from all over Europe, from Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and more. That's because the event was organized and partly financed by the Convocation of Episcopal Churches in Europe. The Convocation is the umbrella under which all the Episcopal churches and mission congregations in Europe are united — the equivalent of a diocese in the U.S. But the Convocation has its own unique characteristics. In Milan's Gesu Buon Pastore, worshippers pray in Italian, led by Italy's first woman ordained as a priest. In Frankfurt, German and international parishioners have replaced the American military families that once worshiped at Christ the King. In Clermont-Ferrand, employees of Michelin Tire rub elbows with French locals and Afghan refugees.

And in Paris, the Cathedral is the seat of our bishop-in-charge, the Rt. Rev. Pierre Whalon, the first elected bishop in the history of the Convocation. In all, there are nine churches and eight mission congregations — those that aren't yet full parishes — under the Convocation's wings.

"Without this identity, this parish wouldn't be a Cathedral, because that is the seat of the bishop," Bishop Whalon said. Nor would it be a parish, since those are organized under the Episcopal Church, or have a prayer book, or trained clergy, or financial recourse when it encountered financial difficulties, he said. And it's the Convocation that elects delegates to attend the Episcopal Church's general Convention every three years, including next year's in Austin, Texas.

Now, big changes are coming to the bishop's office. Bishop Whalon is resigning in 2019, and the Convocation has to find a replacement for him — not easy for someone who has led and strengthened the Convocation for 16 years and counting!

The body charged with the search process is the Convocation's lay leadership. Rather like a church's vestry, the bishop's Council of Advice oversees secular

matters — the budget, including aid grants to member churches and mission congregations, for instance. Elected at the annual Convocation Convention, its four clergy and four lay members aid and support the Bishop, and, as in a diocese, approve new bishops in the Episcopal Church.

"The Council of Advice is like the best vestry you could want," said the Rev. Sunny Hallanan, rector of All Saints' Waterloo in Belgium. "All of the members come with proven leadership skills from their own congregations, and we have a good balance of congregations represented — from mission congregations to the Cathedral."

With the bishop, the Council can also urge its member congregations to take action. Sunny Hallanan said, for instance, that she was very proud of how the Council had recognized the significance of the refugee crisis and encouraged members to take initiatives.

The Convocation is the umbrella under which all the Episcopal churches and mission congregations in Europe are united.

"We each come from different settings, with different problems and opportunities to serve — and of course the mix of congregations which have many resources while there are also those struggling to survive — but it seems everyone saw the need to help people coming to Europe with nothing but a worn backpack and shattered lives," she said.

At the Convocation's convention in Wiesbaden, Germany, in October, the Council is releasing a sweeping strategic plan, the product of many months of work by a special committee that will chart our path to the future. Two other committees will be named: the Search Committee, which, working with the leadership of the national church, will select finalists through a process of discernment and interviewing, and the

Transition Committee, which will arrange visits by candidates and help resettle the one who responds to the call.

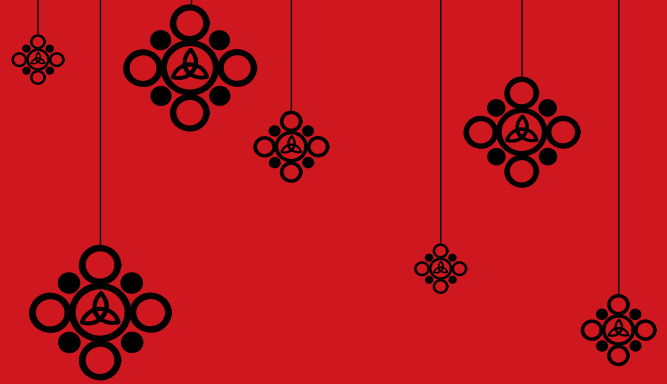
The new bishop will oversee a wide range of programs within the Convocation, in addition to its existing churches and mission congregations and possible new churches.

The Convocation may be little-known to some who come to its houses of worship, but its programs offer wide opportunities to everyone. The European Institute of Christian Studies helps people from all the Convocation's members achieve spiritual growth. The Commission on the Ministry of the Baptized helps those in the Convocation discern their call to ministry. And of course, the Youth Commission organizes events for youths.

Children, teenagers and young adults — alumni of past YAE events — attended the Jubilee in May, hosted at the American Cathedral in Paris, to celebrate the 20th anniversary of youth activities at the Convocation. The juniors, under 14, saw Paris from the depths of the sewers to the height of the Arc de Triomphe, emulating Bible stories and practicing forgiveness along the way. Young people aged 14 to 19 began their trip at Canterbury Cathedral in England and walked 20 miles in five days on a journey that ended in Paris. And the alumni, some of whom had participated in Convocation youth events more than a decade ago, visited religious sites in Paris including Sainte-Chapelle, the Grand Mosque and the Jewish Quarter.

They all said it was an unforgettable experience. As Bishop Whalon put it: "Our young people are an integral part of every congregation, but bringing them together for an inspirational event like YAE is something only the Convocation can do best." 🌟

Anne Swardson, who has been a parishioner at the Cathedral since 1996 and served in a variety of roles, is a member of the Bishop's Council of Advice. Professionally, she is a senior editor at Bloomberg News in Paris.



CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS WITH THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL

Sunday, December 3, 11:00 a.m.

Lessons & Carols, parish reception follows

Sunday, December 10, 3:00 p.m.

Les Arts George V presents
"Messiah Sing-Along"

Saturday, December 16, 6:00 p.m.

Christmas Lessons & Carols

Sunday, December 17, 11:00 a.m.

Christmas Pageant

Sunday, December 17, 4:00 p.m.

Christmas Lessons & Carols

Sunday, December 24, 5:00 p.m.

Christmas Eve Family Service

Sunday, December 24, 10:00 p.m.

Christmas Eve Midnight Mass

Monday, December 25, 11:00 a.m.

Christmas Day Holy Eucharist

Regular Sunday services in December will be held at 9:00 a.m. and 11:00 a.m., the evening service at 6:00 p.m. will be held on December 3 and 10.

On Christmas Eve, Sunday December 24, the 11:00 a.m. service will not be held.



By Judith Bell

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On foreign shores, even when funny,
it's not just about the turkey

Le Grande Thanksgiving



Thanksgiving à la française is an amusing subject, one that much has been written about, but probably nothing as famous as “Le Grande Thanksgiving” by the late great humorist Art Buchwald, first published in the Paris edition of the Herald Tribune in the 1950s and repeated every year until there was no longer an International Herald Tribune. Mr. Buchwald, with his humorist’s sensibility and gift for outlandish translations, tells the French all about the origins of *le Jour de Merci Donnant*. Key players are *Kilometres Deboutish* (Miles Standish), the *Fleur de Mai* (Mayflower) and the *Pelerins* (Pilgrims) who fled in search of a better life in a New World (*le Nouveau Monde*) where they could shoot Indians (*les Peaux-Rouges*) and eat turkey (*dinde*)

to their hearts’ content. He even goes as far as to declare that Thanksgiving is the only time of year when Americans “eat better than the French do.”

With all due respect to Mr. Buchwald, one could argue that through the lens of our French friends and foes, the claim is certainly debatable.

One such perspective comes from Joy Chezaud, the daughter of Willet Weeks, the publisher of the International Herald Tribune in the 1950s, who arrived with her family at the age of 16 and never left. Having married a Frenchman whose birthday happened to fall a few days before Thanksgiving, she thought how ideal, how clever it would be to combine the celebration of her husband’s birthday with an annual Thanksgiving feast — a party where they could gather all their French and American friends in their country manor and celebrate over a weekend feasting on turkey with all the trimmings and delicious homemade pumpkin pies. It wasn’t until years later that she discovered that not everyone was delighted with our American tradition. To her surprise, one of her husband’s French friends stood up, threw down his napkin and declared in protest,



“Ah, Claude, why couldn’t you have been born in April! At least then we wouldn’t have to eat this food every year!”

Mais oui, celebrating “Le Grande Thanksgiving” in France provides an endless source of entertaining anecdotes that we love to share. We enjoy the shock of our Stateside friends with our tales of what it takes to pull together our dinners with all the “fixings.” The exorbitant amounts we pay for cans of cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie mix and genuine breadcrumbs at an American grocery store. Or why we leave America like refugees as we return to France with suitcases full of these basic staples, all in the name of holding fast to our tradition. And let’s not forget the astonishing cost of a turkey in France, which can run well over a hundred euros. Although one could argue it is certainly worth the relationship it builds with our butchers as they smile when we arrive in their shops in early November, to order in our dead giveaway accents, *une grosse dinde de 12 kilos*. Even more elated are they when we agree that they can stuff it for us with chestnuts and *foie gras*. It’s like an early Christmas bonus for them.

Yes, sourcing our turkeys from French butchers and farmers, especially in the first years of adjusting to life in France, is a rather daunting cultural experience all unto itself. It reminds me of an early Thanksgiving experience with a duck farmer up the road from my country house in Burgundy, who proudly raised our turkey for us each year. Naturally, I declined the invitation to meet the beast before he came to his sacrificial end. On that first year, the bird arrived with its feet intact and its head dangling limp from a broken neck, and I thought I might pass out. My husband had to delicately explain that it wasn’t in his American wife’s culture not to chop off body parts. No doubt he equated it with something in cahoots with his fellow Frenchmen, like, “oh, you know *les américains*, they hate to see the head of the fish they are eating, they even prefer pasteurized cheese.” The following year, the farmer heeded my wishes and delivered a headless and footless bird, only this time, he carefully wrapped the amputated parts in butcher paper and laid them beside the bird. Opening the package, I again found my feathered friend’s eyes staring up at me. In the spirit of forging friendships with the natives, this American decided to keep the peace and simply asked her French husband to discard the body parts.

A Collect for Thanksgiving Day

Almighty and gracious Father, we give you thanks for the fruits of the earth in their season and for the labors of those who harvest them. Make us, we pray, faithful stewards of your great bounty, for the provision of our necessities and the relief of all who are in need, to the glory of your Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.

While the absurdity of celebrating our American tradition in a foreign land is amusing, we must never forget the historical roots of Thanksgiving. Where in September of 1620, a small ship called the Mayflower left Plymouth, England, carrying 102 passengers that included a number of religious separatists seeking a new home where they could freely practice their faith. The less pious among them were lured by the promise of prosperity in the New World. Who, after a treacherous crossing that lasted 66 days, managed to persevere through unbearable conditions that cost half the passengers and crew their lives. And that who, after finally landing on shore extremely malnourished and ill, were greeted by Native American Indians who taught them how to survive in a foreign land. The pilgrims learned how to cultivate corn, extract sap from maple trees, catch fish and certainly much more. It was that first feast after much struggling and suffering that marked the celebration of the great American Thanksgiving.

And now, as we sit down to our Thanksgiving dinners almost 400 years later, in a world where we witness daily the plight of millions of refugees fleeing persecution in search of a better life, we must remember our forebears. In that same spirit, one can imagine what a modern day Thanksgiving table would look like: Around it, we would find an assortment of people from different nations, cultures, and religious beliefs sharing in gratitude a feast of our collective bounty. A table where all would find it in their hearts to reach out to those in need, to serve the less fortunate, to welcome foreigners to new lands, to respect our fellow man and to live in peace. May the spirit of “Le Grande Thanksgiving” live on forever. 🍂

Judith Bell, the Editor of Trinité, is a corporate communications professional, who has been attending services at the Cathedral for the past 20 years.



We'll always have Paris. The Cathedral, our forever home.



Moving to Paris is an exciting adventure and counted by many as a great blessing. The resources to help newbies navigate the cross-cultural seas are endless. There are hundreds of practical guides on such things as finding an apartment, choosing a school, getting residency cards, learning French, choosing a place to worship, and all the other aspects of settling in.

But while everyone acknowledges that moving to Paris is a major transition, there is not a lot written on the other side of the transition that many parishioners face — leaving Paris.

In the following vignettes several former parishioners share their experiences of leaving Paris — and the Cathedral.



By Nancy Janin

Nancy Janin was a parishioner from 1988 to 2013 and is currently co-chair of the Friends of the Cathedral, Treasurer of the American Cathedral in Paris Foundation, and a member of the Board of Foreign Parishes.



I would have expected leaving Paris to have been easier, given that I never intended to stay very long. But when faced with leaving I realized how deep my roots had sunk into this city as my two- to three-year expat assignment morphed into 32+

years. It isn't that I am constitutionally averse to change: leaving for a high school exchange program in Bolivia, going "up north" for college, moving to Washington and later New York for work and, of course, heading to Paris in 1981, had all been joyful, happy occasions. It wasn't that I didn't like where I was at those times, or didn't have people I would miss when I left — I did — it was just that I could envisage new, fuller, more stimulating lives in the places I was going to. And perhaps that is why leaving Paris was so hard.

“Maybe everyone has a Paris in their lifetimes, a place where they feel fulfilled and completely at home.”

The arc of my life in Paris — from newlywed working woman to stay-at-home mother to empty nester/professional volunteer — had been a rewarding one, and I was very happy with where I had ended up. A near perfect mix of work on projects I deeply cared about (eventually concentrated at the Cathedral), time for myself and travel, and a group of friends that were nearly family. There really wasn't anywhere on earth I

thought could be better than where I was — and, as much as I am enjoying London, that remains true.

Maybe everyone has a Paris in their lifetimes, a place where they feel fulfilled and completely at home, and would miss just as much as I miss the City of Light. But maybe, and I suspect this is the truth, Paris and the microcosm of Paris one comes to know at the Cathedral, is a truly special place that is never completely replaced or forgotten no matter how fabulous the next destination may be. The saving grace, I have found, is that I can return (and for me it is a quick hop over on the Eurostar), and I can fit back into life at the Cathedral even if many of the faces have changed over the years of my absence. I hope others who are pining for Paris realize this, too. There is always a place for you at your Cathedral home.

By John Watson

Betsy Blackwell and John Watson were residents of Paris and parishioners at the Cathedral from 2004 to 2012.

What expat of sound mind ever thinks that there is a “right” time to leave Paris? Each of us, whether propelled by a job or a relationship or happenstance, has very likely succumbed in some measure to the lure of the city and its joys. Who has not celebrated with friends in the perfect bistro or strolled in the Jardin du Luxembourg or watched a young florist arrange a bouquet, passionate about her craft not for the monetary reward but for the beauty of the result? And for Betsy and me, as parishioners at the Cathedral, there was also the joy of connecting with a community of faithful people. Together, during the terrible economic disruption of 2008 and following years, this community absurdly (and eventually successfully) undertook to raise the capital needed to bring our beautiful but aging physical space in line with the demands of the 21st century. The intimacy of this common project — against the backdrop of financial turmoil and set in a beautiful but aloof country that remained, for all its charms, very far from “home” — helped foster for me a relationship with God closer than any I had experienced before or, truth to tell, since. I am deeply grateful. Of course certain frustrations of daily life, albeit in a distinctly French key, never disappeared. Who relishes arguing with a



drycleaner in a language not your own? Or the nightmare of renewing a *titre de sejour*? But most of us made our peace with those vexations, at least most of the time. And the rewards for making that peace were extraordinary.

“Our material lives in Paris now seem far away, but our spiritual inheritance from that time is still with us.”

And when it came time to leave — for us, on a January late afternoon with a leaden sky and squalls of rain and, once the movers had done their work, in a very dark and bare apartment — we were both devastated. When the cheery agent from our landlord’s insurance company told us after completing her inspection that she had never seen an apartment so meticulously emptied and cleaned, she had given me, without any malice intended at all, the most painful compliment I have ever received. What an achievement — to have uprooted ourselves and the traces of our material life from Paris better than just about anybody else. Hurray!

Of course there is life after Paris. For us, four exceptionally happy years in London — a city I foolishly dreaded moving to — then ensued. Now, retired, we are settling into a very comfortable life in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Transitions never end, but for us they now have entered a gentler phase. Our parents have been buried, our children launched. New friendships develop; older ones revive, now that we finally have time to nurture them. The urban beauty of Paris has given way to the natural beauty of the Southeast United States. Both are remarkable.

Our material lives in Paris now seem far away, but our spiritual inheritance from that time is still with us. The Cathedral was and is a remarkable place, and we were there at a remarkable time, when a group of committed people came together to make possible a physical transformation that touched many of us in our souls as well. We will treasure the community and commitment and faith and sacrifice that we experienced in those years for the rest of our lives.

By Joanne Blakemore

Still loving to travel, Joanne and Haywood Blakemore now divide their time between Charlottesville, Virginia, and Doha, Qatar, with frequent visits to Paris.



Haywood and I have lived abroad for more than 30 years: in Singapore, Tokyo, Paris, and now in Qatar. Every time we are leaving a place we have come to call home, we linger over “last times” and favorite local features. Like the delicious chili-crab feasts in Singapore, the weekend trips to the Japanese countryside, and so many Paris experiences: the last lunch at our regular bistro, last time we worshiped at the Cathedral, and the last walk along our favorite streets. Each time we pack up, we weather the sadness of so many rich experiences coming to an end, and move on.

“The American Cathedral provided a spiritual community we had not experienced in any other expat posting.”

Leaving Paris was especially hard. It wasn’t about the Eiffel Tower or the Louvre or the amazing food. We had purchased an apartment and thought we were settled into a long-term Parisian life. But as we all

know, the future is never predictable, particularly for expats. Suddenly, there was an opportunity to live in a part of the world we had never experienced. So we decided to leave, but not completely. At first, we kept the apartment, thinking and hoping we would be back frequently. But alas, that was not to be. Between business and family commitments and our desire to explore the Middle East and travel in that region, our visits to Paris were far too infrequent.

And so, after a few years, we sold the apartment. As we closed the door for the last time I fought back tears and thought I couldn't return to Paris for a long time — it would be too painful for me. A good friend told me that that was a silly reaction — that I should come right back for an early visit and that “cutting the ties” just wasn't possible. She offered us her apartment at Christmas that year, and we gratefully accepted, though with a touch of anxiety as we were uncertain how it would feel to come back as visitors (not tourists).

That first return visit was magical on so many levels. The beauty of Paris at Christmas, the warmth of our friends, the reassuring familiarity of our favorite haunts, and the splendor of holiday services at the Cathedral combined to make it a wonderful reunion with Paris.

For us, the real magic of Paris was in the friendships we had made. The American Cathedral provided a spiritual community we had not experienced in any other expat posting. We delighted in our involvement in the life of the Cathedral — the ministries, the forums, and even the fundraising — and in the warm and enduring friendships we found there.

What remains is the feeling that we still belong to Paris. We come back often, and it feels like coming home.

By Jordan Sellers

Jordan Sellers lived in Paris from 1999 until 2016, and was an active member of the Cathedral community for most of that time.

“If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.”
--Ernest Hemingway



Hemingway and I had drastically different experiences in Paris as young men. He was an accomplished journalist who penned his first book at the age of 24, and ran around Paris rubbing elbows with the great literary artists and painters of that time. Deep in his spiritual self-discovery, often helped by an uncontrollable thirst for libations, he and his first wife were often seen tipping over vases at Shakespeare & Co. Whereas I, also an aspiring writer, lived a life protected by my parents, and our community at the American Cathedral, who kept me from some of the darker parts of Paris in which Hemingway reveled.

“Paris is truly a part of me now. I still don't worry about leaving it, because ... even when I am not there, I take Paris with me.”

And yet, despite those differences, I've left my home city a few times over the years, and his famous quote still rings true for me every time. I was indeed very lucky to grow up in this beautiful city, and Paris is truly a part of me now. I still don't worry about leaving it, because I know it will always be there. Even when I am not there, I take Paris with me.



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The good parts I take intentionally: the history, the culture. The love of new museum exhibits and long debates on the terrace.

The bad parts sneak into my suitcase: the smugness, the arrogance, and the cigarettes.

People always ask me: “Which do you like better, Paris or New York?” or “Where do you want to end up?”

The responses are always the same: “I like different things about each of them” and “I don’t want to ‘end up’ anywhere. The goal is to be free — to have my cake and eat it too.”

Sounds pretty Parisian to me.

By Margaret Harrison

Nat and Margaret Harrison were Cathedral parishioners during their Paris assignments, spanning from 1982 to 2014. Margaret held the position of Parish Coordinator from 2001 to 2014. She and Nat now live in Watertown, Massachusetts.

Leaving Paris for good isn’t easy when you’ve lived there most of your adult life. Nat and I had been there 23 years — five years twice and 13 at the end. It all began in the 1980s, when Nat got a job as a journalist on the English desk of AFP, the French wire service. Our son David was a few months from turning three; Mary was born a year later. I was a trailing spouse and stay-at-home mom.

We made friends through the children, putting in long afternoons at the “square” with other parents while the kids whizzed by on tricycles with their friends from their local schools. And we joined the Cathedral right away. I joined the choir and Nat taught Sunday school. Little by little, we found our place.

Our life proceeded in five-year AFP assignment installments: those first in Paris, then Nicosia in Cyprus, Paris again, Washington, DC, and finally back to Paris until retirement, without the children. I was parish coordinator of the Cathedral during the last 13-year stay.

We had wanted to stay in the U.S. after Washington, but when that didn’t happen, we returned, a bit sore, to Paris and were immediately surrounded by friendship, familiarity, and beauty. We decided we were meant to be there.



But France wasn’t our country; we knew we’d go back to the U.S., and in 2014 we uprooted ourselves from our jobs and life as we’d known it for 13 years, retired, and went “home.” As any expatriate parishioner of the Cathedral knows, each move ends a life and begins a new one. The last move, however, since it was combined with retirement, was more complicated in a practical sense than any of the others.

“As any expatriate parishioner of the Cathedral knows, each move ends a life and a new one begins.”

We planned a trip to Greece and Istanbul in September, and we thought we’d have June-September to be tourists in Paris, but there was much more to ending Paris and beginning Boston than anticipated. We thought we’d never get the telephone company to take back our “poste,” for example. The day before moving day, Emmaüs told us they wouldn’t take out appliances because we lived on the fifth floor instead of the fourth. What a relief when the moving van pulled out!

Then it was just the goodbyes, the hardest for me being goodbye to the Cathedral. Everyone’s touching



kindness at my retirement had made the place and the people dearer than ever. And I had loved my job, which had taken a big place in my life.

But we got to Boston, and that September was glowing with early fall colors and sunshine. We found a 1904 condo, I found a little church job, Nat became active in the criminal justice movement and began teaching English to immigrants. We joined a church with a good choir. Somehow, it all works out. ...

By Karen Miller Lamb, DStJ

Karen Miller Lamb, a parishioner from 1997 to 2001, lives in Arlington, Virginia, with her husband, Denis, and cat, Arthur (pron. Artoor). For six years, she was National Secretary and Chapter Member of the Priory in the U.S.A. of the Order of St John and continues as Priory Communications Chair.

November 2001 was a strange time to go home to America. Everything had altered after 9/11. The pain of leaving my happy Parisian life in the best of times collided with the dread of returning to the sad, shell-shocked city of Washington, DC, in the worst of them. In the Cathedral newsletter, I wrote: “That dreadful month. The calendar counts down inexorably the days until the movers come. You start saying goodbye to people, places and even smells. ... To complicate your already charged emotional state, you are going back to a dramatically-changed country. ...



Already, you miss the way things were, here and there.”

Looking back on that time I re-experience my turbulent emotions. I had moved to Paris in 1997 as an accompanying spouse with a professional career, but couldn't work. I am convinced God led me up Avenue George V to the Cathedral. Four

years later I was deeply tied to this majestic place, which had recognized my talents and put them to good use as organizer of the Welcome Committee, Vestry member, front desk volunteer, and as a writer for its publications. In those words so well known in Paris, I bloomed where I was planted.

For four glorious years, the Cathedral had been the center of my life. Now I was being dragged home kicking and screaming, already missing this oasis of comfort, and that special feeling of belonging to a small, like-minded community within a fast-paced,

“Whether lifelong residents yearning for a part of America or transients needing the grounding embrace of home, people cared for one another, spiritually and emotionally.”

glamorous city. Whether lifelong residents yearning for a part of America or transients needing the grounding embrace of home, people cared for one another, spiritually and emotionally.

In that long-ago article “Going Home,” I promised that in my “new” old world I would rechannel the energies the Cathedral — particularly my friends Ernie Hunt and Nicholas Porter — had so encouraged and nourished. And I have been successful in doing just that through my involvement with the Order of St John, and Christ Church Georgetown, which so resembles the Cathedral in beauty, world class music, and sympa parishioners.

The Cathedral re-energized my life, and nothing will ever replace that “Camelot” time in my life. What I wrote in 2001 is true today: “Those Cathedral memories, like Mr. Chips’ children, run through my dreams, they go on and on. They will never lose their radiance. They will always be in my heart.”



By Robert K. McCabe (1930 - 2016)

Bob McCabe, a journalist with Time, Newsweek and the International Herald Tribune, served on the Vestry for many years, and was the Senior Warden to Dean Ernie Hunt from 1995-2001. We are grateful to have his contribution to this article, as he passed away on March 9, 2016, as he and his wife Susan were preparing to move.

In this age of flight, we fly of course — from fear, boredom, disease, war, and in short whatever makes us feel remotely uncomfortable. In our case it was rent.

And so we drifted into the age of downsizing, of abandoning our huge old Left Bank apartment for something more practical. But this sort of apartment no longer exists in Paris. We had long wondered why our French friends rarely asked us to dine in their homes. Now we discovered it was a question of pride: either they and their children were jammed into something affordably tiny, or just plain dowdy.

There was plenty of room in the family home in Brittany, but the drive was too much for an evening

feast. So the solution became simple: a small flat (un pied-à-terre) at a moderate rent, close to a good épicerie and a decent restaurant.

That, we found, did not exist either.

And so we came at last to the fact that moving to the country was not the worst idea. And off we moved to a pleasant home in Burgundy, reachable in three hours by train, and perfectly suitable for us....



A SEASON OF THANKS AND GIVING

Our 2018 Annual Call To Membership (ACTM) is underway.

Each year members renew their commitment to the congregation by pledging their financial support, allowing the American Cathedral to continue ministering to the needs of all who come through its doors.

Together we celebrate as a community through worship and music, through the joy of giving to Love in a Box, Friday Mission Lunch, to Sunday School, the Youth program, the Junior Guild, the Flower Guild, the Garden Guild, the Ushers, the Acolytes, the Lectors, the Vestry, and more...

As a community, we are the custodians, the keepers of the Cathedral, who respond to God's abundance of love by giving thanks.

Renew your membership or join us with your new membership by pledging today at: <http://amcathparis.com/membership-pledging>

Or contact the ACTM Committee for further information at: <http://amcathparisactm@gmail.com>



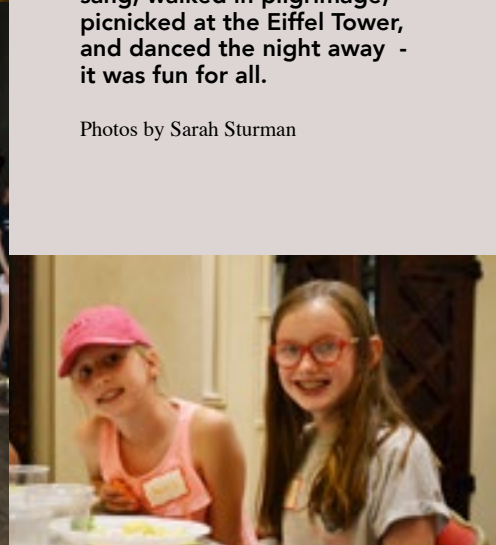
The American Cathedral in Paris



YAE CELEBRATES 20TH ANNIVERSARY

Nearly 100 children, teenagers and young adults participated in the 20th anniversary celebration of Youth Across Europe in May 2016. Hosted at the American Cathedral, young minds were at work; they sang, walked in pilgrimage, picnicked at the Eiffel Tower, and danced the night away - it was fun for all.

Photos by Sarah Sturman





Sustaining the Cathedral that sustains us

Our Christian faith sustains us, the miraculous mystery of faith. And faith attaches to places and things – like the Cross, most obviously. But also like our magnificent Cathedral, which needs your help to ensure that it can continue to shine its special light for generations to come. Three pillars of stewardship sustain our missions in the world and our environment for worship – the Annual Call To Membership, or ACTM; the Friends of the Cathedral, and the Trinity Society.

Annual Call to Membership

Every fall the ACTM asks parishioners to signify their membership in our community by pledging their financial support for the year.

But it's an opportunity that doesn't end with the season as it's never too late to pledge.

Friends of the Cathedral

Through Friends, members who have moved away, and all who wish to support the mission of the Cathedral, demonstrate their active commitment. We stay in touch through regular communications – like Trinité magazine – and occasional gatherings in the U.S. And our prayers.

The Trinity Society

The legacy society seeks to strengthen our endowment and achieve long-term sustainability by encouraging bequests and planned gifts. Based on scriptural and spiritual foundations, the Trinity Society can help educate all who support us on end of life issues and estate planning.

Information about all three avenues
is available through the Cathedral's web site
www.AmericanCathedral.org/giving

