

The S. Stephen

EASTER 2018

Vol. 17, No. 4



The Resurrection, c. 1515
by Matthias Grünewald (c. 1470-1528)

My Dear People,

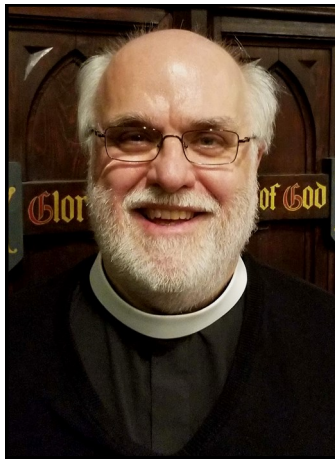
Letter From the Rector

Following up on a remark I made in my last Rector's letter on the coincidence this year of Valentine's Day with Ash Wednesday and of Easter with April Fools' Day, I want to relate two of the most memorable things I've heard said by visitors to S. Stephen's in the past month or so.

The first was a story told by Sister Adele Marie, SSM, in one of her Lenten Quiet Day addresses on March 3rd. On Shrove Tuesday, a reporter and photographer from a local paper in Duxbury, Massachusetts, went into a supermarket and randomly asked five people what they wanted to tell their sweethearts on Valentine's Day. The third person they came upon was Sister Emily Louise, SSM, shopping in her habit and traditional veil, and they rather mischievously posed this question to her. Without hesitation, she replied, "Oh, but I've already told my Lord this morning that I love him!" None of the other Sisters knew about this encounter until they saw her picture and words in the next day's paper. Sister Adele Marie's point was that the reality of divine love embraces, reconciles, and encompasses the sacred and secular themes of both days.

The second was a remark made by Bishop Knisely at Coffee Hour during his Episcopal Visitation on February 11th. Easter falling on April Fools' Day reminds us, he said, of an ancient tradition depicting the Resurrection as God's cosmic joke on the devil who mistakenly thought he had irrevocably defeated and subdued the Son of God at the Crucifixion. This seemingly irreverent image challenges us to envision God's laughter, bringing joy to disciples, saints, and angels. And it evokes the venerable spiritual tradition of "Holy Fools," reminding us that we are all called in some way to be "fools for Christ" (cf. I Corinthians 4:10).

Before we get to Easter, however, we solemnly observe Holy Week. The point bears repeating that we experience the joy of Easter so much more fully when we faithfully participate in the liturgies of Palm Sunday and the Sacred Triduum. I recently read that the word *triduum* (plural: *tridua*) has the generic meaning of "a religious observance lasting three days." (I suppose I should have known this, but it really was a new idea to me. God forbid that in this life learning interesting new things should ever end!) In Eastern Orthodoxy Christmas, Epiphany, and Pentecost all have *tridua*, and in the Western Church the Rogation Days are a kind of *triduum* preceding the Ascension. The *Sacred Triduum* consists



of the three days preceding Easter: Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday, each with its own unique liturgy. Except, as Fr. Alan Maynard of blessed memory once remarked to me, the three liturgies are really *one* liturgy spread over three days. No liturgical dismissal is given at the end of the Maundy Thursday or Good Friday liturgies; instead, we just pause and wait for the drama to continue the next day. Each of the Triduum liturgies makes the fullest sense only in the context of the other two, so we miss out when we don't make a point of attending all three. And then the joyous celebration on Easter morning supplies the crowning glory of the week's proceedings.

At the time of writing, the parish is reeling in shock and sadness at the unexpected and untimely death on March 8th of our Junior Warden, Susan Brazil. Owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances involving snowstorms, and some miscommunications, her family decided to have the funeral elsewhere, which is not at all what I wanted, and which disappoints me greatly, as I know it does many in the parish. We are, however, planning a month's mind Mass of the Resurrection for Susan at S. Stephen's on Saturday in Easter Week, April 7th, at 10:00 am. (The Church does not have Requiems in Eastertide.) I hope that at least everyone in the parish who knew and loved Susan will make a point of attending. In the meantime, we give thanks for her life and pray for her soul: *Requiesce in pace*, dear friend.

On a personal note, looking beyond Easter Week, I celebrate my sixtieth birthday on Saturday, April 14th, and my twenty-fifth "Silver Jubilee" anniversary of ordination to the Priesthood on June 5th (Saint Boniface's Day). Since I haven't had a proper vacation in quite some time, Elizabeth and I are going to London for the week beginning on my birthday. We have already started booking tickets for the concerts and art exhibitions we want to attend, including the last day of *Charles I: King and Collector* at the Royal Academy of Arts, which has received rave reviews. (Maybe some fodder for future writing in *The S. Stephen*, too.) Please keep me in your prayers as I mark these milestones in the coming months. You are always in mine.

With all blessings in Christ, I remain, faithfully,

Your priest and pastor,

Fr. John D. Alexander

SURPRISING CONVERSIONS: WRITERS WHO EMBRACED ORTHODOXY IN A SECULAR AGE

Part 4: Rose Macaulay

by Phoebe Pettingell

Conversions of the kind undergone by C. S. Lewis, T. S. Eliot, and W. H. Auden were preceded by intellectual study and philosophical pondering.

The experience of novelist Dame Rose Macaulay (1881-1958) represents a different and more emotional journey from agnosticism to Christianity. Macaulay was a best-selling novelist—much to the resentment of her contemporary, Virginia Woolf. She was born into one of those English intellectual dynasties that produce generations of distinguished scientists, clergymen, and writers, including the 19th century statesman, historian and poet, Thomas Babington Macaulay. Her father, George Campbell Macaulay, was an important classicist whose books remain a staple in that field. Her mother, Grace Conybeare, the great-granddaughter of one of the early paleontologists, was a deeply religious woman devoted to good works. Rose was the second child of seven. Believing that her family had been disappointed that she was another girl, she adopted boyish ways as a child, and told everyone she planned to be a sailor when she grew up. All her life, she struggled against the limitations her society put on women.

Macaulay described herself as having grown up more interested in the Church than in religion. She identified more with her agnostic father than with her deeply pious mother. However, in her teens, she went through a spell of trying to meditate on the precepts of Saint Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, although this seems to have been

inspired by an initial horror of the way sex was explained to her. After attending Sommerville College at Oxford University, where women still

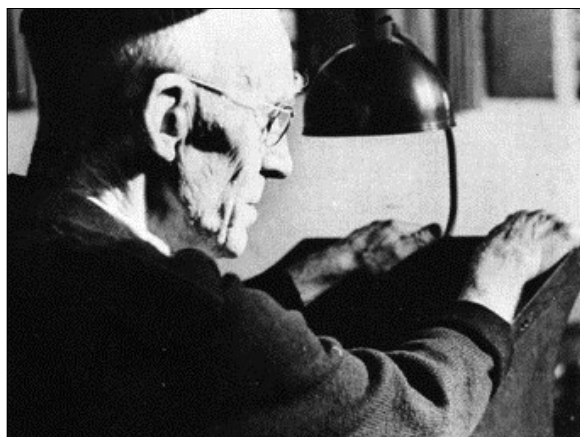


Rose Macaulay

could not take degrees, she moved back in with her parents and began writing novels. Neither she nor her three surviving sisters married. The eldest, Margaret, joined a religious order. Macaulay's next youngest sibling, Jean, became a nurse while the much younger Eleanor—born after the birth of two boys—took up missionary work in India. These vocations were very much approved by their mother. Rose was the odd one out, writing satirical Modernist novels poking fun at society. Her first best-seller, *Potterism*, concerned the debasement of language and thinking by the popular Press, a subject as timely today as it was in 1920 when it came out. *Told by an Idiot* (1922)

concerns a large family of girls whose father, a clergyman, is constantly converting to a different Christian sect, except when he leaves the faith entirely to become an Ethical Culturist. His daughters, many of whose names reflect the denomination into which they were born, each follow different social paths in politics or religion. *They Were Defeated* (1932) takes place in the 17th century, and involves an imaginary ancestor of Macaulay's: Dr. Conybeare, his daughter Julian and son Kit, during the English Civil War. Much of the novel takes place in Cambridge, and among such poets as Robert Herrick, John Milton, John Suckling, Richard Crashaw, and John

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John Hamilton Cowper Johnson, Priest, SSJE

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Cleveland. Julian longs to be a poet, but men dismiss her aspirations—women cannot write, they tell her—and taking advantage of her love of verse, Cleveland seduces her. She dies in an accident shortly after Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford and the advisor of King Charles I, is executed by Parliament. Cleveland discovers a brilliant poem she has written on his death and steals it to publish as his own (it is indeed among his works, although unlike anything else he wrote). This unusually poignant novel ends with Robert Herrick, Julian's vicar and one of the few to encourage her poetry as a poet himself, being removed from his parish by the Puritans. Unlike most of the other characters, he will survive Cromwell's Protectorate and resume his position on the return of Charles II. One of the inside jokes of the book is that the poets featured are mostly ancestors of Macaulay herself.

Religious conflict plays a significant role in this and many other of her books. However, by her early 20s the author had become an agnostic like her father. The religion of many late Victorian intellectuals, raised on Darwin, was the Gospel of Progress instead of Christianity. Rose adopted her father's position, although she could never shake her fascination with the Church. She had occasionally attended services still up until 1918 when she met and fell in love with Gerald O'Donovan, a former Roman Catholic priest, now married, who had

been expelled from his parish in Ireland because of his involvement in the Irish Republican movement. He moved to England and became an editor and writer. His wife admired him but did not share his intellectual interests, and was somewhat disillusioned with the romanticism that made him rush into enthusiasms that came to nothing. Macaulay and O'Donovan began a secret affair which lasted until his death from cancer in 1942. During those years she became an ardent secularist. She embraced the Pacifist Movement, though renounced it just before the second World War. She drove an ambulance in London, rescuing survivors from bombed out buildings and viewing the corpses of those killed. Her own apartment in London was lost in the Blitz, including all her letters from O'Donovan. Losing him and her tangible relics of their love combined with the horrors of the ruins throughout London to darken her spirits. Her dark novel, *This World My Wilderness* (1950), paints a bleak picture of a civilization all but destroyed, while the people who lived through its destruction revert to a kind of savagery.

Although she kept her turmoil private, Macaulay endured not just grief from her losses but acute remorse for her years of secrecy with O'Donovan. As the narrator of her final novel, *The Towers of Trebizond* (1956), says, "I had come between [my lover] and his wife for ten years; he had given me his love...and I had taken it; to that extent I was a thief. We had none of us wanted divorce, because of the children. I liked it better as it was, love and no ties." In 1950, still wrestling with guilt and sorrow, she received a fan letter from America. The writer, Father John Hamilton Cowper Johnson, SSJE, had briefly been her confessor back in 1914-1916, when he moved to Cowley's Boston monastery. He had just read *They Were Defeated*, and reminded her that he had once encouraged her to write an historical novel. She immediately started corresponding with him, and four months later made her confession and resumed going to church—daily—feeling "winded and dazed."

Even so, her reconversion was slow, with many stumbles. While believing that churchgoing helped

protect moral behavior, she was a Modernist in many of her ideas: she believed in Darwinian evolution and subscribed to a number of secularist positions about science replacing superstition. She doubted the Resurrection had literally happened, while loving the image of God as “Holy Wisdom.” Macaulay loved the drama of the battle between Good and Evil, and the notion

that Good is more powerful. Despite her wavering faith, she continued attending daily Mass and making regular confessions. Pouring out her doubts to Father Johnson, she gradually came to a more orthodox understanding, though they continued to disagree on a number of points—in particular the Roman Catholic Church, for he was an Anglo-Papalist, while she never outgrew her bias against Rome which she found narrow and mean-spirited. Their correspondence was published in two volumes by Macaulay’s literary executor after the deaths of the writers. It continues to make fascinating reading.

During this time, Macaulay wrote her last completed novel, *The Towers of Trebizond*, a best-seller when it came out, still in print through the present. Often described as a comic novel, it might better be characterized as a tragi-comedy. The opening line, “‘Take my camel, dear,’ said my aunt Dot, as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass,” sets up one of the tones of the book: churchy, adventurous, and funny. Unlike her other work, *Towers* is told in the first person by a rather digressive and sometimes goofy narrator. She, her Aunt Dot (modeled in part on Dorothy Sayers), and Father Chantry-Pigg—an ultra-montane and rather narrow Anglo-Catholic priest—set off for Turkey. They drift around the country visiting clas-



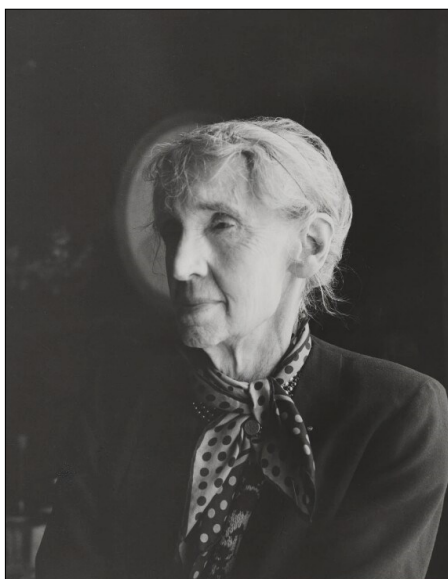
Hagia Sophia in Trebizond
by Alexius Geyer (1816-1883)

sical sights like the ruins of Troy, and ultimately Trebizond: an empire formed in revolt to the ruling family of the Byzantine Empire. Aunt Dot hopes to convert the women to Anglicanism while liberating them from male domination. The priest also intends to do missionary work and make

contact with the Orthodox Church in Turkey. Laurie, the narrator, who drifts through

life, is along for the pleasures of travel. She describes her Churchmanship as “high, even extreme, but somewhat lapsed, which is a sound position, as you belong to the best section of the best branch of the Christian Church, but seldom attend its services.” The plot of this book cannot be synopsized because it cannot be said to have much plot, although there are many exciting sections. Unbeknownst to Laurie, her aunt and the priest plan to sneak across the border of the Soviet Union to do missionary work among the Communists. Laurie wanders around Trebizond, now a primitive small town, imagining its former glories—sometimes her imaginings are aided by drugs—and musing about history, her lover, and theology. Aunt Dot picks up a mare and an ape, in addition to the camel. The ape is taught chess and becomes semi-human (a Darwinian joke). Everybody ends up back in England where MI6 decides that Aunt Dot and Father Chantry-Pigg are spying for the Soviet Union. Laurie’s reckless driving kills her lover and she is overcome with regrets, but cannot quite bring herself to repent because it would be a final separation from what meant most to her in life. “Still the towers of Trebizond, the fabled city, shimmer on a far horizon, gated and walled, and held in a luminous enchantment. It seems that for me, and however

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Rose Macaulay

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much I must stand outside them, this must for ever be. But at the city's heart lies the pattern and the hard core, and these I can never make my own: they are too far outside my range. The pattern should perhaps be easier, the core less hard. This seems the eternal dilemma."

Although the novel ends with Laurie continuing to waver, Macaulay discovered, as many of us do, that living into the Church's sacraments and daily life gradually brings us to the faith the Church holds. Just as a couple grows together in a loving marriage, long association with Christ's Body on earth reveals more and more of "the pattern and the hard core" of Christ's Incarnation and Resurrection. The final article in this series will examine the work of Charles Williams whose theology incorporates the conflicts of Modernist doubts with the revelation that these, too, reveal God's love.



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HOLY WEEK/EASTER SERVICES

PALM SUNDAY – 10:00 AM, MARCH 25

Plainchant, *Missa II (Kyrie fons bonitatis)*
 Thomas Weelkes, *Hosanna to the Son of David*
 Tomás Luis de Victoria, *Vere languores nostros*

MAUNDY THURSDAY – 7:30 PM, MARCH 29

Plainchant, *Kyrie V (Conditor Kyrie omnium)*
 Maurice Duruflé, *Ubi Caritas*
 Carlo Gesualdo di Venosa, *In Monte Oliveti*

GOOD FRIDAY – 12:00 NOON, MARCH 30

Tomás Luis de Victoria, *Improperia*
 Jean IV, Roi de Portugal, *Crux fidelis*

THE GREAT VIGIL OF EASTER – 7:30 PM, MARCH 31

Plainchant, *Missa I (Lux et origo)*
 Robert White, *Regina caeli*

EASTER DAY – 10:00 AM, APRIL 1

Franz Joseph Haydn, *Missa Cellensis (Mariazell-Messe)*, Hob. XXII.8
 Edward C. Bairstow, *Sing ye to the Lord*
 Robert White, *Regina caeli*
 with St. Dunstan Consort

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

Sunday

Morning Prayer & Low Mass 8 am
 Solemn High Mass 10 am

Monday, Wednesday

Evening Prayer 5:30 pm
 Low Mass 6 pm

Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

Noonday Prayer 12 pm
 Low Mass 12:10 pm

Saturdays and Federal Public Holidays

Morning Prayer 9:30 am
 Low Mass 10:00 am

All welcome – Please join us

ON BEING OPEN-MINDED: LAST YEAR'S EASTER SERMON

by Fr. John D. Alexander
S. Stephen's Providence, Sunday 16 April 2017



The Three Marys at the Tomb (c. 1410-26)
by Hubert van Eyck (1370-1426)

Over the past year or so, I've encountered an interesting phenomenon.

When certain people learn that I'm a priest – and even more so when they learn that I'm the Rector of S. Stephen's – they feel obliged to make such remarks as, "Oh, well, I don't believe in the Virgin Birth!" Or, "I don't believe in the Resurrection!"

So far, I haven't been quite sure how to respond. I don't want to get defensive in the face of a seeming attack on the faith that I stand for. And I'm not unsympathetic. I've been there myself. Throughout my teenage years and into young adulthood, my own beliefs veered somewhere between atheism and agnosticism.

What I find a bit surprising is not so much the content of what is being affirmed or denied – about which I will say more presently – as the implication that such statements are daring, innova-

tive, and bold assertions of intellectual freedom in defiance of oppressive authority, mindless conformity, and stagnant convention.

formity, and stagnant convention.

The reality is precisely the opposite. The simple fact is that those who today profess disbelief in traditional Christian dogmas are being totally conformist and conventional in relation to the reigning orthodoxy of contemporary secularist culture. I mean no disrespect. Contemporary skeptics are generally honest, sincere, and thoughtful people. The point I'm making is that in today's intellectual milieu it is belief rather than unbelief, faith rather than skepticism, that is truly the more open, courageous, countercultural, and exciting option. My hope is that we shall communicate some of that excitement in our celebration of today's liturgy.

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Now to the content of the faith that the Church proclaims on Easter Day: Christ is risen! Where does the Church get the audacity to make such an amazing claim?

The first point to get clear is that all reliable historical investigation and literary analysis locates this apostolic proclamation at the very beginning of the traditions recorded in the New Testament. The Resurrection is not some epilogue randomly tacked on as an afterthought to the good life and inspirational teachings of a first-century Jewish rabbi, nor a happy ending falsely appended to his tragic and untimely death. Quite the opposite: the relationships of literary dependency among the New Testament texts indicate that the proclamation of the Lord's Resurrection came first, and only later were the authors moved to remember and write down the words and deeds of his earthly life and ministry.

At the heart of the apostolic witness was the irreducible memory that on the Sunday morning following the Lord's crucifixion, some of the women among his disciples went to the tomb and found it empty. His subsequent in-the-flesh appearances alive to the disciples – when they had seen him taken down from the cross stone cold dead – persuaded them that something utterly unique, unprecedented, and inexplicable had happened.

It is sometimes suggested that belief in the Resurrection belongs to a pre-scientific, ignorant, and credulous worldview. But as New Testament scholar and sometime Bishop of Durham N.T. Wright has pointed out, people in the ancient world knew just as well as we do that dead people don't normally come back to life, especially after three days in the tomb. Precisely because they understood that raising the dead was impossible, the Resurrection of Jesus got and held their attention.

Moreover, the risen Jesus who appeared to the women and disciples was neither a ghost nor a

resuscitated corpse, but rather one in whom human life itself had been transformed. He had passed through death and come out the other side, as it were, into a new mode of bodily existence, both glorious and eternal.

The disciples had no adequate words to describe what they'd seen and heard, and neither do we, because its reality stretched the powers of language to its limits. They couldn't fit the Lord's Resurrection into the categories of their pre-existing world view. This greatest of mysteries transcended those categories and established a whole new frame of reference by which to interpret and live human life.

Despite these difficulties in describing what they'd experienced, the disciples went forth bearing witness to Christ's Resurrection. It transformed their lives and made them willing to die for their faith. The Gospel or good news they preached spread like wildfire across the ancient world, and it has sustained the Church down through the centuries to the present day.

Now, some will dismiss this all as a nice story: a religious myth that that might once have given people's lives order and meaning, but not something that we can possibly take seriously in our modern day and age. But I humbly submit that this response is the one that is narrow-minded, limited, and intolerant. The open-minded, nonjudgmental, and courageous response is instead to entertain the possibility that it might all indeed be true.

What are we to do then? Well if, as the Church believes and proclaims, Jesus lives never to die again, then he certainly has the power to reveal himself to anyone who honestly seeks him. We do well to keep an open mind and ask God to make his truth known to us. Nothing is more liberating than encountering the risen Lord and inviting him into our lives. And those who've experienced this joy are able without reservation or restraint to join in the Church's Easter proclamation: "Alleluia, Christ is risen; the Lord is risen indeed, alleluia."

WHY EASTER?

by Nancy Gingrich



This is it! This is the reason for Christians to boldly proclaim the belief that

there is a life after death that is greatly anticipated to occur at the end of our days on earth. Without the death and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, we would not hold the hope of redemption and ultimately spending eternity in the presence of God.

Christmas would otherwise be a secular event, not the birth of the Paschal Lamb. The reason for our Christian belief is invalid without Easter. The spilling of His Most Precious Blood is why we firmly assert “Christ has died, Christ is Risen, Christ will come again.” Because of this proclamation, we on earth, as members of the Church Militant, look forward to the day when our work for Christ is done and we become a member of the body known as

The Church Militant and the Church Triumphant
by Andrea di Bonaiuto (14th century)

the Church Expectant, and that after our process of purification, we and

all the Church Triumphant on the last day enter into the glorious presence of our God and Savior in Paradise.

Just as we renew our Baptismal vows as a reminder of the Covenant we have made with God, you are invited to attend the monthly remembrance of those departed as an expression not only of prayerful support for those who have gone before, but also as an affirmation through the sacrament of Communion of the core belief in our Redemption through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Come, let us sing to the Lord; let us shout for joy to the Rock of our salvation (Psalm 95)



Quodlibet

by James Busby

quodlibet (kwäd'lə bet') n [ME fr. ML *quodlibetum*, fr. L *quodlibet*, fr. *qui* who, what + *libet* it pleases, fr. *libere* to please] 1. a piece of music combining several different melodies, usually popular tunes, in counterpoint and often a light-hearted, humorous manner - Merriam Webster



First, Easter Music.....

I am indebted to the BBC for the following as well as the Rauschenberg inspired cartoon depicted.

"Most people know Joseph Haydn as Austria's great master of Classical style, and the man who taught Mozart and Beethoven. Some consider him the "Father of the Symphony" and "Father of the String Quartet". A life-long citizen of Austria, Haydn spent much of his career as a court musician for the wealthy Hungarian Esterházy family on its remote estate. Isolated from other composers and trends in music until the latter part of his long life he was, as he put it, 'forced to become original.' "As the composer of some of the world's best-loved symphonies, choral music and chamber music, his fame was truly international. Haydn arrived in England on New Year's Day, 1791 – it was the first time that he'd been allowed to leave his noble masters at Esterházy, and it was Britain that he chose as his destination. Right from the start, he enjoyed a level of fame and adulation here that was unprecedented for a composer of classical music. His presence in London marked a turning point not only in musical culture, but also in his music. He died in Vienna on 31 May 1809, aged 77."

On Easter, I've programmed Haydn's splendid *Missa Cellensis* - the Marianzeller one - composed

to celebrate a military officer's elevation to the nobility, and really the stepping stone to the period of the last great Masses of his. It seems to me the antithesis of the Plainsong Masses we've sung in Lent and a perfect work to welcome the season. As accustomed, it will be accompanied by the St. Dunstan Consort, my "catch-all" name for instruments at S. Stephen's, and a small remembrance of John Nicholas Brown's short-lived St Dunstan College of Church Music. This will consist of strings, wood-winds, and tympani, while I'll play the brass parts on the organ, making problems of coordination and balance much the easier.



Devon Russo

Holly Druckman will serve as leader for the whole thing so that I can stay on the bench to play, and I'm happy to be working with her. Holly is a Master's candidate in Music History and Conducting at The New England Conservatory and is achieving some prominence in the music scene in Boston. I'm thrilled she'll be with us.

Stirrings and a few bits of news from the Schola folk follow....

For some years now Lynne deBenedette has been a mainstay of the alto section, while juggling her vocation as Senior lecturer in Slavic Studies at Brown,



Lynne deBenedette

where she teaches Russian, Czech and coordinates that language curriculum.

In February, Lynne and her co-authors, William

Comer, Alla Smyslova and Jonathan Perkins, were awarded the book prize for Best Contribution in Language Pedagogy for 2017 from the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages. The award came for their open-access online first-year Russian language textbook *Между нами* (Between You and Me), which is now in use at around 30 colleges and universities, and a number of high schools. Lynne, who was raised in New Jersey, began learning Russian in 1978, in 11th grade. It's been part of her life ever since. She continued at Middlebury College, where she first studied in the USSR in 1982, and then at the University of Michigan. She came to Brown in 1995.

In addition to enjoying the repertoire of S. Stephen's Church she diversifies into the realm of Sacred Harp singing, when not weaving and knitting. Kudos, for the publication and award, Lynne!

Congratulations are also due Devon Russo, baritone, who has joined the vocal faculty at Providence College. Later this month he adds the role of Evangelist in the rarely heard St. Mark Passion of J. S. Bach, being performed at Trinity Lutheran Church in Worcester, Mass, and will assume responsibility for the solos in Mariazeller Mass at Easter, here.

With that, I leave you.
Yours, James

SUSAN BRAZIL

In Memoriam

It will take a long while until the loss of Susan will be fully realized. Throughout a lifetime of service at S. Stephen's in a large number of ways, and along with all the important items mentioned in her well-written obituary, there were many little things that she accomplished. Not one to blow her own horn, she would quietly do a task or fulfill

a need that she noticed had been left undone. Something like a phone call to say she missed seeing you and was checking to see you were okay, was a true example of her kindness and caring. Often she would present someone with a container of her famous meatballs because she knew they were not able or inclined to cook during a crisis. She would sit quietly beside someone crying, knowing she could not fix the situation but making sure that sad person knew someone cared, and being there for them. Her legal training made her able to look at all sides of an argument, and render calm, steady insight when needed. Sue had a special affinity for serving the needs of others, both in child advocacy and assisting with the homeless and needy. Her leadership with the Epiphany Soup Kitchen truly brought it back with strength when it was failing. Her compassion was boundless, and she had a special gift of being able to find goodness in hard situations or difficult people. She was a pearl of great price who will be deeply missed.

Nancy Gingrich





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