

The S. Stephen

Advent/Christmas/Epiphany

2013–2014

Vol. 13, No. 2

Dear People of S. Stephen's,

From Fr. Sawicky

The fall is proceeding apace towards Advent and Christmas. There are a number of things to highlight from the last few months, and a number of things to anticipate as we carry on towards the new year.

As most of you have seen by now, the Great Hall project is complete and we are enjoying a fresh gathering-space in which to host our parish life and our visitors. We have welcomed the choir of All Saints, Ashmont for a glorious celebration of St. Michael and All Angels.

We have welcomed two guest preachers, Archdeacon Jan Grinnell and Fr. Dane Boston. We have celebrated with James Busby, who gave a thrilling memorial recital this year and who went on to Nashotah House Seminary to be awarded the degree of DMus, *honoris causa*, for his great contribution to the vitality of sacred music in the life of the church. We have kept the feast of All Saints, had a solemn requiem for all the departed on All Souls, and have kept Remembrance Sunday in great solemnity and beauty. A delegation from S. Stephen's attended our annual Diocesan Convention, which you can read more about in Nancy Gingrich's article in this issue of *The S. Stephen*. Fr. Alexander's sabbatical continues, and you can read his "notes from the road" further down in this issue as well. We are in the midst of wrapping up our stewardship campaign for 2014. Thanks to all of you who have pledged your support! If you have not yet sent in your pledge, there

is still time to do so; and if you have never pledged before but might like to support S. Stephen's in this way, please feel free to be in touch with the wardens or with me and we will be happy to talk with you.

There are a few major events on our horizon: first is the Advent Quiet



Day on Saturday morning December 7. We are privileged to have Bp. Knisely give the retreat addresses this year, and I invite you to avail yourself of this opportunity both to hear more from our bishop and to enter more deeply and intentionally into the season of Advent. On December 8, we will host our annual service of Advent Lessons & Carols, followed by a reception.

This promises to be a memorable evening, and I encourage all of you to come - and to bring your friends! Our schedule for Christmas Eve will follow our usual pattern, with the Christmas pageant at the 5:30 pm service and a midnight solemn mass beginning at 10:30 pm. The following Sunday, December 29, we will keep our patronal feast of St. Stephen the Protomartyr. It will be a busy December for us here at S. Stephen's! I am looking forward to celebrating these feasts with you.



'Nativity'
Sergei Chepik (1953 - 2011)

Continued on page seven

HONORING OUR JAMES BUSBY: NASHOTAH HOUSE ACADEMIC CONVOCATION 2013

On a chilly but bright morning in Wisconsin, members of the Nashotah House Theological Seminary, together with the Board of Trustees and many guests, gathered in the newly built Adams Hall for the 2013 Academic Convocation and conferring of honorary degrees. It so happened that the four honorees, including our own James Busby, were in some fashion or other connected with music, so it was only fitting that the occasion was joyous with the sounds of The Stained Glass Brass rendering

William Byrd's *Ne Irascaris Domine* and with hearty singing of the Seminary Hymn (words by John Henry Newman to the tune "Nashotah House"). Each of the honorees had brought a contingent from home to witness this splendid event, so Father Alexander and I were proud to represent S. Stephen's for James. At the convoca-

tion mass on the night before, he had already enriched the occasion with his masterful organ playing (see "Quodlibet"). After a prayer and greeting by the Right Reverend Edward L. Salmon—Dean of Nashotah House and retired bishop of South Carolina—degrees of Doctor of Music, *Honoris Causa* were conferred by Bishop Daniel H. Martins, Chairman of the Board of Trustees and bishop of Springfield and the Reverend Canon R. Brian Koehler, Secretary of the board. In addition to James, the other recipients included The Reverend Canon Jeremy Haselock, Precentor and Vice-Dean of Norwich Cathedral in England and Chaplain to

Queen Elizabeth II; and two other choirmasters, William Aurelius Owen III, organist and choirmaster at historic Christ Church Christiana Hundred in Delaware and author of a recent book on Sir David Wilcox, and Pamela Jackson Youngblood from St. David's in Texas. It was thrilling to see James in his cap, hood and gown, standing there as his sterling accomplishments were enumerated, and then becoming *Doctor* Busby, DMus. After the conferring of degrees, Canon Haselock delivered a lecture on

the influence of Tudor musicians like Byrd and Tallis, who had composed both Catholic and Protestant music during the unsettled Tudor reigns, and how their heritage affected the Caroline divines under the early Stuart monarchs, this shaping Anglican liturgy in a more Catholic direction. The event concluded with the dedication of the new



*Adams Hall
Nashotah House Theological Seminary*

building, and, as a whimsical touch, the band playing Sergei Prokofiev's spritely march from "The Love for Three Oranges." Afterwards, we adjourned to a lavish lunch of carvings from innumerable whole roast pigs. Many members of the community stopped to tell me how James had endeared himself to them, and how glad they were to have representatives of S. Stephen's present. There are many historic connections between the Episcopal Church's Anglo-Catholic Seminary and our parish, so this glorious day seemed an especially appropriate way of marking that ongoing relationship. —
Phoebe Pettingell

CITATION

James Busby, DMus

Organist and choirmaster at S. Stephen's Church in Providence, Rhode Island, James Busby is a familiar figure in the musical life of New England. A native of Jacksonville, Florida, James began organ study with Robert Lee Hutchinson, Jr., and was encouraged to pursue work in church music by both Leo Sowerby and Paul Calloway of Washington Cathedral. An alumnus of the New England Conservatory, James counts among his mentors organists George Faxon and John Cook, both of whom held the post of Organist and Choirmaster at The Church of the Advent, Boston.

After a distinguished tenure as Organist and Choirmaster of St. John's Parish in Hingham, Massachusetts, from 1983 until 1993, James arrived at S. Stephen's Church in Providence, Rhode Island, where he is now marking his twentieth year as Organist and Director of the professional *Schola Cantorum*. James renewed the parish's music program, augmenting the traditional music of the Catholic liturgy with a particular emphasis on plainchant and sixteenth and seventeenth century polyphony. On that glorious foundation he incorporates repertoire of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, and has commissioned a number of new works performed for the first time at S. Stephen's.

With James as Director, the *Schola Cantorum* has recorded two compact discs, *Stephen, Full of Grace* (2000); and *The Angel and the Girl are Met: Music for Advent and Christmas* (2005). Most recently, James was Organist at the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. W. Nicholas Knisely as the Thirteenth Bishop of Rhode Island at Saint George's School in Newport on November 17, 2012; the *Schola Cantorum* of S. Stephen's sang two choral motets under James's direction during the Consecration liturgy.

James has given recitals for the American Guild of Organists and the Organ Historical Society at their Conventions. Other appearances include recitals in England, Switzerland, France, and Germany, as well as broadcasts for *The Voice of America*. In addition to his work at S. Stephen's, he is active

as vocal coach and collaborative pianist. He has worked with many conductors including John Moriarty, Sarah Caldwell, Thomas Dunn, Erich Leinsdorf and Arthur Fiedler.

Besides being a first-rate musician, James is a faithful and devout Christian who has offered his gifts in the service of the Church, making significant contributions to the preservation and development of the musical heritage of the Western Catholic tradition within Anglicanism. His life and work exemplify a dedication to excellence in worship. He is committed to the theological, spiritual, and musical education of the next generation, working tirelessly to develop the gifts of young singers, organ scholars, and budding composers. Many of the singers under his direction in the *Schola Cantorum* are students at nearby Brown University, and other educational institutions around New England.

For his many accomplishments in the service of our Lord and his Church, the Trustees of Nashotah House are pleased to confer upon James Busby the degree Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*.



*St. Mary's Chapel
Nashotah House Theological Seminary*

A LETTER FROM THE RECTOR

By Fr. Alexander

November 16, 2013

My Dear People,

Greetings from Wisconsin!

It is now six weeks since I arrived at Nashotah House for the first part of my sabbatical. The seminary is located about thirty miles west of Milwaukee on a campus spread out over gently rolling woodlands. The surrounding area used to be rural farmland but is now gradually being incorporated into the Milwaukee suburbs with new housing developments and shopping centers. Still, it remains a beautiful part of the country that I always enjoy visiting.

Although the change of pace is refreshing,

a sabbatical is definitely not a vacation. Life here at Nashotah House entails a quasi-monastic regimen. Each weekday begins at 8 am with all the seminarians and faculty vested in cassocks in

the Chapel for Morning Prayer and Mass. The seminary authorities kindly gave me a stall in choir for the duration of my stay. Breakfast follows in the refectory at 9 am. Then, as the faculty and seminarians head off to class, I make for my carrel in the library and the day's research and writing. The community comes together for lunch at 12:30; and again at 4:30 pm in the Chapel for Sung Evensong, which is a bit more formal and requires choir vesture – cassock, surplice, tippet (black scarf), and academic hood for those of us who are ordained and degreed. The ambience is not unlike that of an English cathedral or collegiate chapel.

We're on our own for dinner, which involves either cooking in the kitchen of the residential guest house where I am staying or, more often, a trip to one of the many restaurants, sandwich shops, and pizzerias in nearby Delafield. On Tuesday and Friday evenings, however, the seminary's community pub – that most Anglican of institutions – is open for business. Located in the basement of the house where I am staying, it is stocked and run entirely by seminarian volunteers. The menu is chalked in Greek letters on the heating ducts running along the walls and ceiling behind the bar, along with numerous other graffiti, all in Greek. I have been privy to a number of fascinating theological discussions there.



A week after I arrived, I drove up to Sheboygan – about an hour north of Milwaukee on the western shore of Lake Michigan – for the annual Walsingham pilgrimage at Our Lady of Grace

Church. This parish is the home of the American national shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. It was a splendid occasion with a full church and a fine liturgy beginning with an outdoor Solemn Procession of the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham around the block accompanied by a brass band. I had the opportunity to greet a few old friends there, including Bishop Russell Jacobus of Fond du Lac, who was just about to retire following the election of his successor; and Christopher Wells, Editor of *The Living Church*.

A week after that, it was a joy to welcome James Busby to Nashotah. As detailed elsewhere in

this issue of *The S. Stephen*, James came to the annual academic Convocation to receive the honorary Doctor of Music (D.Mus.) degree. On the eve of the ceremony, he played the opening and closing voluntaries at Mass in the Chapel, giving the organ a workout of an intensity that I doubt it receives very often. Convocation always coincides with a meeting of the seminary's Board of Trustees, so a good number of out-of-town visitors, both clergy and laity, got to hear James play. Among them were some old friends that I hadn't seen in many years, so it was good to catch up. The occasion also allowed me to get to know several people whom I hadn't met before, including the Rt. Rev. Dan Martins, Bishop of Springfield (Illinois), and President of the Board of Trustees, who presided at the Convocation ceremony and awarded the honorary degrees.

On November 4, the Sunday after All Saints, I preached at the Church of the Ascension, Chicago. The previous evening, I had dinner with the Interim Priest, Fr. Milton Williams, whom I have known since the 1990s when we both served in the Diocese of New York. The Ascension is about to call a new Rector and, no, I did not apply for the position! But I enjoyed my first visit to Chicago's historic Anglo-Catholic parish with its fine liturgy and splendid music program. Smaller than S. Stephen's, the church building is exquisitely furnished and decorated in the best medieval style. I conveyed greetings from S. Stephen's to the congregation there and encouraged them to visit us whenever they are traveling in New England.

In another week I will be leaving Nashotah and driving back to Providence for Thanksgiving with the family. During the month of December, I shall be traveling to London for nine days to attempt some research on unpublished materials in the archives of the libraries of Lambeth Palace and King's College. I will be staying at Saint Matthew's clergy house, Westminster, a short walk from the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

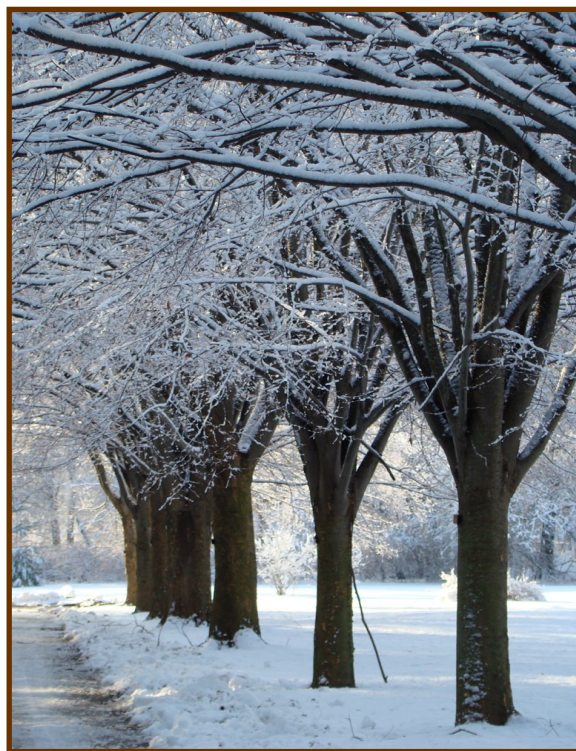
All in all, it has been a productive and enriching time so far. I miss everyone at S. Stephen's, and look forward to seeing you all again when I return for the Feast of the Holy Name

(Circumcision) on January 1, 2014, and the New Year's Day Dinner. In the meantime, please keep me in your prayers as I do you, daily. With all blessings, I remain, faithfully,

Your pastor and priest,

Fr. John D. Alexander

The Rev'd John D. Alexander, SSC



ADVENT QUIET DAY

Saturday, December 7

9 am to 2 pm

with

Bishop Nicholas Knisely

on Advent eschatology in the
Book of Revelation

Morning Prayer: 9 am; Mass: 9:30 am; followed by Breakfast, Retreat Addresses, silent times. There will be a luncheon, and the day will conclude with tea and a chance to discuss our experience of it with the bishop.

FROM THE SACRISTY: “AND LET THE REIGN OF SAINTS BEGIN”

By Phoebe Pettingell

Advent is the preparation of the coming of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, but, as the Collects

and lessons tell us, it does not merely anticipate His Incarnation as a little child at Christmas, but the reminder that “He shall come again, with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead.” In November, we remembered the departed souls, first with All Saints Day and the All Souls Requiem, then with Remembrance Sunday—another requiem where we commemorate those who died in wars. At S. Stephen’s, these requiems follow the ancient custom of setting up a catafalque draped in a black pall to represent a coffin. When so many people substitute “celebrations of life,” a requiem provides scope for mourning—for facing up to death and its terrors—even as the Mass ends with the poignant *In paradisum*: “Into Paradise may the angels lead thee; and at thy coming may the martyrs receive thee, and bring thee into the holy city Jerusalem.” Requiems lead us to pray not only for our own friends and family who have gone before, but for all the dead that light perpetual may shine on them and that they may rest in peace in God’s love. One of the great points made by Benjamin Britten’s sublime and poignant “War Requiem” (recently performed at the Boston Symphony) is that the rite for the departed transcends those boundaries over which the fighting took place. Britten wrote this work for the rededication of Coventry Cathedral, which had

been destroyed in the Blitz, but its date of composition—1962—was at the height of the Cold War. He therefore decreed that the soloists would include a Russian, a Briton and a German, and chose to intersperse poems by Wilfred Owen (1893 - 1918), a British officer during World War I, who was moved to write of the “pity of war” where a broken figure of Christ looks down from his shelled crucifix on the destruction: “But they who love the greater Love lay down their lives, they cannot hate.” However necessary wars may sometimes be, they bring horror and devastation in their wake.

Advent puts us in mind of a yet greater conflagration: the end of the world as we know it, so that Christ may make all things new. A 7th century hymn of the season contemplates this vision:

*And when, as Judge, Thou drawest nigh
The secrets of our hearts to try,
To recompense each hidden sin
And bid the reign of saints begin;
O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from Thy face at last,
But with thy saints for evermore
Behold Thee, love Thee, and adore.*

Scripture warns of the Apocalypse, but so does science. In my childhood, we worried almost daily about a nuclear holocaust, while now we fret about the effects of climate change; but even without the threat of manmade damage our



*Detail from 'Altar of the Last Judgement'
Rogier Van der Weyden, c. 1445 - 1450*

planet is fragile. Comets, asteroids and meteors hurtle through space; one of them could hit the earth as it did at the end of the Cretaceous period when dinosaurs, along with many other life forms, became extinct. In the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Here on earth have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." What we seek, what God promises us, is "the reign of saints" with Christ. In this context, saints are all who follow Christ and have become worthy to see Him face to face.

As many of you know, S. Stephen's possesses two Advent sets of vestments: the traditional "violet" (the liturgical name for purple) and blue. We alternate them, so this is once again the turn for the violet vestments and candles in the Advent Wreaths. In common with Lent, Advent is a penitential season. The Collect for its second Sunday invokes God's messengers the prophets "who preach repentance and prepare the way for our salvation." The third Sunday reminds us that we "are sorely hindered by our sins," while the fourth prays that when Christ comes "He may find in us a mansion prepared for Himself." One of the joys of altar work is that spiritual preparation coincides with the physical preparation of all that needs to be readied for the celebration of Christmas and the ensuing seasons of Epiphany, Lent, Eastertide, Pentecost, and after, before we cycle back to Advent. As we pray for grace to love God more, to overcome our besetting sins, to be more mindful of others, we wash and polish and iron and scrub so that the outward mansions of our altars and sacred vessels may be prepared to receive our Lord. What a wonderful way to prepare with heart and mind for the saving mysteries offered to us

...saints are all who follow Christ and have become worthy to see Him face to face.

each Sunday and in every season of the Church year.

If you would like to know more about joining the Altar Guild, or if you would merely like to help with our Ad-

vent preparations for Christmas this year, speak to Bill Dilworth or me. And keep all past and present members of the Altar Guild in your prayers—along with the servers, choir, and, of course, the clergy, who strive with every worshiper to make these rituals ever more real so that, at the end of time, we may praise the triune God in eternity.



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www.sstephens.org

Fr. Sawicky's Letter

Continued from page one

The Christmas carols are already playing on the radio, and I have already received countless advertisements about early-bird shopping. In the midst of all the noise and distraction, it is easy to lose sight of the "meaning of the season." In Advent we look forward to the judgment of our God: not a judgment of scary punishment for our infractions, but a judgment which sets the world right, and completes it. In Advent we reflect on the kingship of the Crucified, who has promised that he will bring his kingdom to fulfillment, casting down the mighty from their seat and exalting the humble and meek. We will look forward to the fulfillment of that promise, even as we examine our hearts and, by repentance and prayer, clear space for the Birth to take place in us. May that birth bring us, this year, death to our sins, and life to our souls, that we may hear the angelic chorus, and behold the One born in a manger reigning as the Lord of Glory.

Yours faithfully,

Fr. Blake Sawicky

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SERMON ALL SOULS REQUIEM

By Fr. Blake Sawicky

Collect: O God, the Maker and Redeemer of all believers: Grant to the faithful departed the unsearchable benefits of the passion of thy Son; that on the day of his appearing they may be manifested as thy children; through Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.

"Truly truly I say to you, the hour is coming and now is, when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and those who hear will live."

It is almost a cliché these days that we live in a "death-avoidant" culture. But it seems to me that we are not merely death-avoidant, but end-avoidant, and in every part of our lives. The 24-hour news cycle constantly feeds us crisis after crisis, commentary after commentary, thought after thought, emotion after emotion. Facebook's "newsfeed" is a never-ending list of stories, photos, jokes, and links, which continuously populates as we scroll down into the past. Television shows run season after season, far into senile decrepitude. Successful books and films are followed by sequel after sequel. Meanwhile, national franchises become global, with Starbucks and MacDonalds and Walgreens around every corner. Wifi and cellular data networks surround us at every step with the unfathomable entirety of the World Wide Web. There is no place we can go that is beyond the reach of this endless realm of distraction and homogenized culture. Of course we avoid death: death is the one undeniable fact which, if admitted,

would force us to acknowledge that there is something or someone behind the curtain of the distracted illusions we take for our modern reality; that there is an end, and that the end might demand something of us now.

One of our primary tasks tonight in this Requiem for All Souls, is to take off our blinders and face the reality of the end -- the reality of death -- squarely in the face. The first priority of any religion, and of any life, must be to tell the truth. Tonight we say, very truly and very seriously, that Death happens. It has happened to every person who has ever lived. It has happened to our loved ones whom we will name tonight. It will happen to you and to me. In our prayers and in our readings we explore what this might mean. But even more importantly, we also give voice to our own hearts, giving them permission to feel and to say things which may not have occurred to us to feel or to say. We give them

permission, and we give them words too: words which help us to name our experience, words which help us to trace the contours of the pain and loss and violence which is death.

The *Dies Irae*, which we heard chanted before the Gospel, is a particularly striking example. In that poem, we acknowledge a whole host of emotions and convictions which we are not accustomed to acknowledging. Foreboding, terror, awe; anguish, anger, desperation; entreaty and hope. In the *Dies Irae* we consider death as an af-



Detail from S. Stephen's Funeral Pall

fliction of all creation, in addition to human persons, and to myself. We are reminded not only that every death is linked, but also that there is a divine trajectory for the world in which death plays a part. Death is recognized as a violence against life; and yet there is also the conviction that there might be something beyond death.

When we allow ourselves to be carried along by these words -- not just in the *Dies Irae* but in all that we say tonight -- we find that the horizons of our hearts are broadened. For tonight, at least, we live no longer in the narrow homogenized distraction of Facebook newsfeeds and prescription drug commercials. We live tonight across the whole spectrum of human experience and emotion as we face together the heartbreak and gut-wrenching uncertainty of death.

This encounter is made all the more poignant by the love which we bear for those who have gone. We are used to thinking of love as the highest human endeavor, and we order our lives according to its gifts and demands. "Love is forever," we say, and "Love conquers all." "Love is strong as death," from the Song of Solomon, is carved into the Carrie memorial tower at Brown, just around the corner. And yet Death seems to give the lie to all our bravado. When a loved one dies, be it mother, spouse, brother, child, or friend, our love for them becomes itself a source of pain, reminding us of that which is gone. Love gives shape and meaning to our rage at loss. But it also heightens the sense of loss to begin with. Even so, notwithstanding its pain, as human people we cling more tenaciously to the idea that love is our highest calling than we do to any other idea. It seems counterintuitive, with death looming. And yet we do it anyway.

When you or I endeavor to love a person, we do so in the shadow and specter of death. There is the eventuality of their bodily death. But there are also millions of smaller deaths: from the pitfalls and cataclysms of courtship, to the choices and sacrifices of career, children, and society, to long nights in the hospital. There are deaths in our visions for ourselves, deaths in our hopes for the one we love, deaths to pride and vanity, and even deaths to good intentions and generosity. This is a

lot of death! And yet we still choose to love. Why? Perhaps because we can do nothing else. Perhaps because, just as the *Dies Irae* presupposes a divine grace within and beyond the realm of death, so love presupposes a consummation which defies death and subverts its power.

This brings us directly to the heart of our task tonight. More than lament, more even than hope, we are here to state, unequivocally and emphatically, that *Love incarnate has entered the world and died, that death may be no more*. Love incarnate: not a feeling, not an emotion, but the Son of God, whose very life is to give himself eternally to the Father, whose Word is the source of all that is. This is Jesus Christ, Our Lord. To save us from the power of death he became a human being and died, "spoiling the spoiler of his prey," as the Good Friday hymn puts it.

And herein lies the mystery of grace. Even as we are here tonight to face unwaveringly the anguish and heartbreak and loss which death injects even

into the highest moments of our human existence; even as we put into prayer our deepest uncertainties; even as we

stand at the grave and cast earth upon our departed loved ones, we hear the distant song: "Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia. Death, the great devourer, has been swallowed by Love."

Someone will say, is it worth it? Is love worth the price of death? The answer from heaven, in the person of Jesus, is that nothing less can be counted fully alive. He who won for us life from the grave makes his own life the measure of ours, gives his own life to be ours: grace to walk through the tomb to the presence of the Father. There we behold him face to face, and there we shall know even as we are fully known. There we shall love, even as we are fully loved.

Death is recognized as a violence against life; and yet there is also the conviction that there might be something beyond death.

Continued from previous page

In the meantime, we are gathered here to remember before God all those we love but see no longer; to pray that they be carried through the tomb to that place where pain and sighing are no more, but life everlasting. And we pray that we too may carry on in love, finding in the cost of death the gift of God's victorious life. Finding, indeed, ourselves made whole, made complete, in the image of him who created us and who binds us together in one -- one with all who have come before and all who will come after.

May we be encouraged by this fellowship of love and prayer, until, in the words of the poet Auden, the youngest day dawns: "all are shaken awake, facts are facts, and we too may come to the picnic with nothing to hide, join the dance as it moves in perichoresis, turns about the abiding tree."

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen.



ADVENT

'Come,' Thou dost say to Angels,
To blessed Spirits, 'Come':
'Come,' to the lambs of Thine own flock,
Thy little ones, 'Come home.'

'Come,' from the many-mansioned house
The gracious word is sent;
'Come,' from the ivory palaces
Unto the Penitent.

O Lord, restore us deaf and blind,
Unclose our lips though dumb:
Then say to us, 'I will come with speed,'
And we will answer, 'Come.'

—Christina Rossetti (1851)

GREAT HALL REPORT

By Richard Noble

The Shakespearean Society—people in evening clothes reading a play aloud to other people in evening clothes—read *Two Gentlemen of Verona* on October 23rd in the newly renovated Great Hall. I heard much praise for the room from many who were present. They want to come back—I heard suggestions that we might move our May musical evening from its current venue to S. Stephen's.

The lighting worked perfectly, with some refocusing (which is easy to do), for presenters on the floor in front of the platform. More importantly, the acoustics were everything that could be hoped: tending to bright but still generally well balanced for speaking voices, which could be heard easily even at low volume delivered upstage. As to musical possibilities, one member, with a background in the management of musical organizations, remarked that a brass quintet might be a bit much in the space, but that it's just right for a string quartet.

We won't really know just how the room works for various musical instruments and ensembles until we actually hear them, and we should definitely look for opportunities to do so. It is quite possible to make adjustments to reduce reverberation—much easier than it would be to brighten a muffled room—without in any way compromising the newly fresh appearance of the room, which also drew much praise. It is a wonderful place for paying attention.

ADVENT LESSONS & CAROLS



*Annunciation Panel, S. Stephen's Altar
15th Century German (Swabian) School*

SUNDAY 8 DECEMBER
5:30 PM

Reception Following

AN ANCHOR OF HOPE: REPORT ON DIOCESAN CONVENTION

By Nancy Gingrich

Conventions are important and necessary for the proper running of a corporation of any kind. They can sometimes be about as much fun as a long slog down a muddy path on a cold, rainy day. This, however, was not the case with our recent 223rd Diocesan convention held at St. Paul's, Pawtucket.

Greeting friends and renewing acquaintances over a quick morning breakfast moved smoothly into the solemn yet joyful Eucharist. Our own Fr. Sawicky made us proud as a member of the clergy choir. Hearing the voices of the gathered family in Christ raised together in song and prayer seemed to symbolize our willingness to celebrate our unity while trying to reach common ground on our differences. This certainly set the tone for the efficient guidance of our Bishop as we listened to the various members sharing differing points of view, and then voting to keep the current wording not to allow voting by proxy. Balloting for the General Convention went relatively smoothly, with three ballots cast for delegates and then an additional one for the alternates.

The Rev. Meaghan Kelly incorporated her "techie" side in her spirited sermon during the Eucharist. Referring to the vine, she introduced us to five remarkable young people, all of whom attended the Episcopal Conference Center. Her enthusiasm was infectious. It was plain to see that there are great things happening.

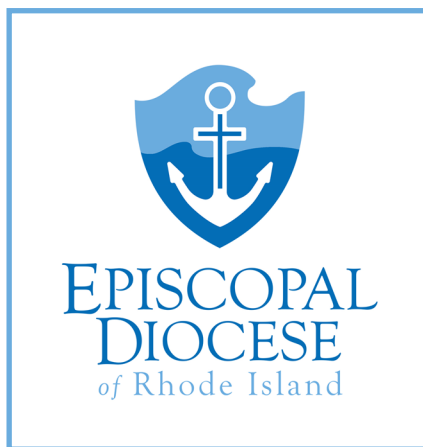
Reports by the committees highlighted the accomplishments of this past year and the goals for the future. Among the announcements was the mention of the ordination of our Deacon, Mary Ann Mello, the reassignment of Dea-

con Buck Close, and the decision to move St. John the Evangelist, Newport and St. George's, Central Falls to mission status.

The address by Bishop of Rhode Island, the Right Reverend W. Nicholas Knisely began with pictures of him at his Consecration in his new vestments depicting the ocean and anchor: important symbols of Rhode Island. He pointed out that the anchor is a symbol of hope. He sees the anchor as a grounding in the face of storms and change. Hope is not naive optimism, but the expectation that things will indeed change, and we will survive. Our hope is in joyous expectation of things to come and in the Cross of Christ. He referred to the message now posted outside the cathedral - "God is not done with us yet".

Continuing with this theme, the Bishop has suggested the redesign of the logo utilizing the waves and anchor. This attractive logo symbolizes that regardless of the storms, we as a church are still alive and vibrant. It is responding to the needs of the world, both home and abroad in its desire to address issues pertinent to young adults, special support for autistic children, the ministry in the Latino community, and other important concerns.

The Bishop has begun the practice of giving an Anchor of Hope award to people of outstanding service. A medallion was made from the imprint of the bishop's ring and fashioned into a lapel pin or a necklace. The first two awards were bestowed on the Honorable Mayor Scott Avedisian and Lora MacFall for their exemplary and valuable contributions to the Diocese. This was met with overwhelming support by the members present. It was a great way to end the convention on a very high and enthusiastic note.



FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

FAITH*By Rose Callanan and Laura Rejto*

This fall in Sunday School we have been learning about faith itself. Faith starts out like a seed and if we nurture it, it can grow into a big tree of faith. To remind us about our seed of faith, each person in class sewed a little pouch to put a real seed in – such as an acorn.

Rose and Laura asked members of the Sunday School about their opinions on faith. George said, “No one can say that you don’t have faith because you don’t have to prove it to them.” “I think it takes a good person to bring out the faith in somebody else,” was Tatijana’s observation. Cailyn, Valexja, Eian, Anezka and DeOnte all talked about times when they showed their faith through good deeds. Cailyn cheers people up when they are sad. Valexja got canned goods for orphans and donated toys and clothes. Eian got a present for his dad that he really needed and DeOnte called 911 for an injured friend.

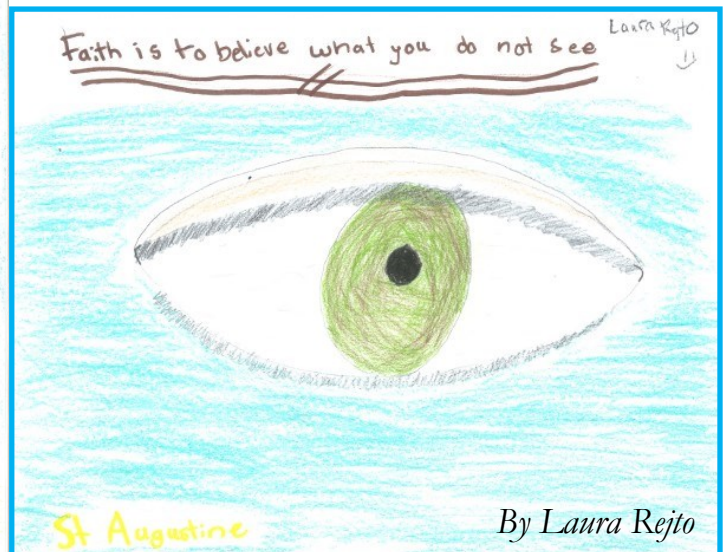
The students of the Sunday School have had a great learning experience this fall. We will all keep our seeds nearby to remind us of our faith and hopefully it will begin to grow into a big tree.



Tree of Life
By Precious Sylvia

Light and the beginning of all things
The way the light fades
At the end of the day
Gives hope to everyone
That the next day
Will be as beautiful
The way the light grows
At the beginning of the day
Leaves a fluttery feeling
And you know, somehow,
That this day will be exquisite.

- Emeshe Benziger



Faith is taking the first step even when you can't see
the whole staircase—Martin Luther King, Jr.



Quodlibet

by James Busby

quodlibet (kwăd'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*



To say that this fall found our music program off to a roaring start could be taken literally. The vestry, with characteristic expedience, agreed to do necessary extra maintenance on the organ, so it was cost-effective at that time to also re-voice and restore some of the high-pressure reed pipes, notably the bigger pedal sounds that had been loudened to the point of being raucous and uneven way back in the 1970s. These large pipes (a real pill to extricate and re-install) went for a three-month outing to Hartford's Austin factory where they were denuded of the electric tape that held them together, cleaned and voiced so that they now speak again with the bold and elegant éclat the builder intended in 1955. Indeed, there are two stops I'd not been able to use previously that now are back in the artillery, as intended.

Do tell your friends and remember yourselves to attend our forthcoming Advent Carol Service on 8 December at 5:30. Because of the Thanksgiving holiday we sing it a week later than usual. This is a great way for others to experience a little of what we do without poaching on other parishes and if I didn't think of it as some sort of outreach I'd be hard-pressed putting the requisite interest and energy in it!

My five day visit to Wisconsin and Nashotah House is still being processed in my

mind. Suffice it to say, to have experienced a little of the Benedictine-style hospitality of and to have been honored by that assembly were among the most affecting events of my life thus far. I'd

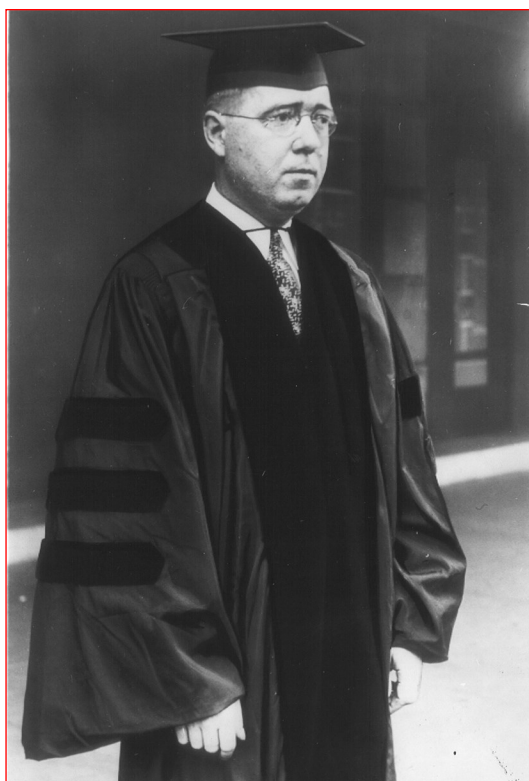
scarcely landed in Milwaukee, gotten my car rental when I received a Rectorial text message: "Are you here? Evensong is at 4:30." Thus, I entered immediately into the rhythm of place, and a place of great beauty it is.

I played some at Mass on Thursday evening - this and that, along with voluntaries by Leo Sowerby (1895 -1968) which seemed appropriate as I had received personal encouragement from Dr. Sowerby to enter church music as a teen and Sowerby, previous to that time, had, for decades been organist and choirmaster of St. James Cathedral in nearby Chicago. (Sowerby had also received the honorary degree from Nashotah House.)

Convocation was held on Friday morning with speaker The Rev'd Canon Jeremy Haselock, Vice-

Dean and Precentor of Norwich Cathedral and Her Majesty's Chaplain followed by a splendid lunch and then my trip home.

During this trip home I remembered some others who had been recipients of the kindness of Nashotah and mention should first be made of my predecessor at S. Stephen's, Hollis Grant, organist-choirmaster from 1944 - 1971. Hollis was founder of the now defunct St. Dunstan Conference of



Leo Sowerby
1895 - 1968

Church Music and his visiting S. Stephen's shortly before his death in 2002 was most touching...his first visit since his departure from the post. Mention must be made also of



Everett Titcomb
1884 - 1968

honored Everett Titcomb (1884 - 1968), for fifty years organist of St. John's, Bowdoin Street, Boston, the Cowley's mission church. "Doc" Titcomb had a long standing connection both with St. Dunstan Conference and S. Stephen's: this, included conducting his *Te Deum* at the dedication of the Robert Hale Ives Goddard Organ here in 1955. I plan on writing of him and St. Dunstan co-faculty member Canon Winfred Douglas in the near future. Their contributions to excellence in church music can't be forgotten and this had huge bearing bringing me to this place. —James

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

By the Rev. Dr. Arnold Klukas

At Nashotah convocation I was happy to be greeted by Fr. Arnold Klukas, recently retired professor of liturgics there. He had been with us for the Annual Meeting of the Society of Mary last May, and was our guest preacher the following Sunday. At that time, I had asked him for a submission to my "Why Polyphony?" query and he has done me considerably better than that with the following elegant article. —JCB

George Herbert's Easter poem "Arise, my Lord is risen" encapsulates the Church's teaching on the cosmic significance of liturgical music. Using a metaphor from the early Christian apologist Irenaeus, Herbert point to Christ on the Cross and says "His stretched sinews taught all strings what key is best to celebrate this most holy day." Both Irenaeus and Herbert understood the world as at the center of the cosmos, with the sun, moon and planets circling around it. As each of these orbs moved through the 'ether' they made a particular tone, which was understood to be to be the reason for the organization of musical tones as an octave (for the eight whirling spheres).

Human sin caused the entire cosmos to fall into disharmony, but Christ (here Irenaeus compares Christ to Orpheus) brought the cosmos back into harmony on the Cross. Gregorian Chant's tones are intended to follow the cosmic harmony through its tones, and polyphonic music – such as the masses of Palestrina or Byrd – have the same intention.

Thus when the Church in her worship uses chant and

polyphony we are in actuality cooperating with Christ's work of bringing a dissonant cosmos back into God's divine harmony. This is an essential work in

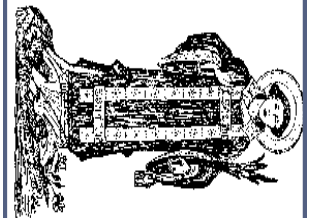


God's divine plan for the restoration of creation and the completion of our salvation.



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