



The S. Stephen

PENTECOST/TRINITY/CORPUS CHRISTI

2014

Vol. 13, No. 5

Dear People of S. Stephen's,

From the Rector

Summer approaches. At the time of writing, we have just celebrated Rogation Sunday in the Memorial Day Weekend. The Brown / RISD Student Group has had its final meeting for the academic year, and Fr. Sawicky is preparing to take a well-earned vacation for the month of June – his first since arriving at S. Stephen's a year ago.

Several items remain on the calendar for the current program year. The choir will continue at the 10 a.m. Sunday Mass through Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and the Sunday after Corpus Christi (June 22). Three baptisms are scheduled for Pentecost (June 8); and on Trinity Sunday (June 15) we shall have the annual Sunday School Recognition at the 10 a.m. Mass.

My gratitude goes out to those parishioners who braved the difficult traffic and parking to come to Mass on Brown Commencement Sunday in the Memorial Day Weekend. As a follow-up, we shall be initiating conversations with Brown University and possibly also the Providence Police to see what accommodations can be made to facilitate access to S. Stephen's on this day in future years. In any case, having both Masses at the regular hours this year, instead of only one at 8 a.m., did increase our attendance.

Fulfilling the Christian obligation of Sunday worship is always pleasing to God and beneficial to the health of our souls, but all the more so when the effort entails even minor inconveniences. With this principle in mind, we need to do everything we can to keep up our attendance at Sunday

Mass over the summer as throughout the year.

On a personal note, on Easter Monday I successfully defended my Ph.D. dissertation at Boston University, and graduated on Sunday,

May 18. (The "hooding" and diploma ceremony took place at Marsh Chapel a day earlier, on Saturday the 17th.) I would never have achieved this milestone without the support of S. Stephen's – most especially in the sabbatical the Vestry granted me in the final three months of 2013 to complete my research and writing. My thanks go to you all.

During the week following the Boston University graduation, I traveled to Wisconsin for four days to attend the Society of Mary's Annual Mass and Meeting at Nashotah House, as well as Alumni Day and Commencement. In my capacity as Superior of the American Region of the Society, I preached at the Annual Mass on Friday, May 23, before a congregation of seminarians, faculty, and members of the Board of Trustees; it was a valuable opportunity to spread the word about the Society of Mary and the other Anglo-Catholic Devotional Societies. Later that morning, we had our Annual Meeting, and in the afternoon

members of the Society made a pilgrimage to the American National Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham at Grace Church, Sheboygan. On Saturday, I returned to Providence just in time for Sunday Masses in the midst



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of Brown University Commencement.

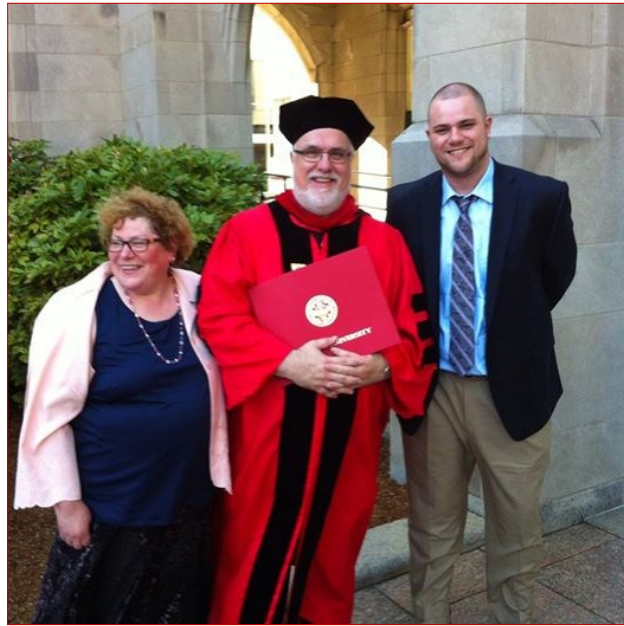
Several people have asked me whether I am now to be addressed as “Doctor,” and the answer is an emphatic No! In God’s eyes ordination to the priesthood is infinitely more important than any academic degree one may hold, and in our Anglo-Catholic culture the form of address “Father” is the appropriate way of recognizing that. (In my previous parish I was “Father John” and here at S. Stephen’s I seem to have become “Father A.” which is also just fine with me.)

Summer is a time of planning for the coming 2014-2015 Season – scheduling programs and events, issuing invitations to prospective visiting preachers and speakers, etc. -- and this process has already begun. If you have any ideas that you would like to discuss with me, I’m ready to listen. Give me a call and maybe we can get together over coffee to talk.

This letter comes with all best wishes and prayers for a relaxing and refreshing summer. I remain, faithfully,

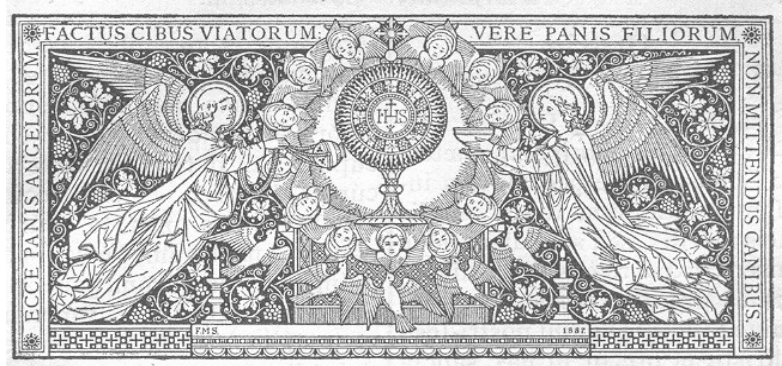
Your pastor and priest,
Fr. John D. Alexander

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Graduation day, with Elizabeth and Andrew

CORPUS CHRISTI



The institution of Corpus Christi as a feast in the Christian calendar resulted from approximately forty years of work on the part of Juliana of Liège, a 13th-century Norbertine canoness. Orphaned at the age of five, she and her sister Agnes were entrusted to the care of the Augustinian nuns at the convent and leprosarium of Mont-Cornillon, where Juliana developed a special veneration for the Blessed Sacrament. She always longed for a feast day outside of Lent in its honour. History reports that this desire was enhanced by a vision of the Church under the appearance of the full moon having one dark spot, which signified the absence of such a solemnity. In 1208, she reported her first vision of Christ in which she was instructed to plead for the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi. The vision was repeated for the next 20 years but she kept it a secret. When she eventually relayed it to her confessor, he relayed it to the bishop. Juliana also petitioned the learned Dominican Hugh of St-Cher, and Robert de Thorete, Bishop of Liège. At that time bishops could order feasts in their dioceses, so in 1246 Bishop Robert convened a synod and ordered a celebration of Corpus Christi to be held each year thereafter.

FR. SAWICKY'S LETTER

Dear S. Stephen's,

It is now a full year since I arrived here, and we have just said goodbye to the students for the summer. Brian James and Jonathan Eubank have graduated from RISD and Brown, respectively, and are each going on to exciting things. It seems fitting to reflect briefly on the life of the chaplaincy, which is such an integral part of the life of S. Stephen's. Much of what follows has also been printed in *Risen*, the diocesan magazine, but it is worth saying here as well:

The Episcopal Ministry at Brown & RISD (EMBR) has the privilege of serving a wonderful, diverse group of students. They come from eight different countries across five continents, from Episcopal churches, other traditions, and none. They are artists, athletes, musicians, scientists, activists, and scholars. They study everything from classics and English literature, to biology, engineering, and industrial design.

They have wandered into my office at S. Stephen's seeking spiritual counsel, into the Lady Chapel for our daily liturgies, or into the church simply for a quiet space to pray. They have stopped me on the street, they have talked with me in coffee shops, after public lectures, and after church. They have class projects requiring church visits, they are exploring the intersection of religion and art, they are intrigued by reports of a church on campus offering ancient liturgies with the great beauty and warm affection which only a living tradition can supply.

One way or another, they find us and we find them. This past year one of our students was baptized, and I am currently preparing two more for baptism in the future. Another two are preparing for confirmation, one more for reception, and still another two for marriage. Others spontaneously banded together to ensure that the Maundy Thursday vigil at the altar of repose carried on throughout the night. Student musicians have been holding their concerts and recitals in the Lady Chapel. On Sunday nights a group has been gathering in the chapel for Evening Prayer (Rite I, by student demand), and continues in the parish hall for dinner and a series of conversations we call "An Introduction to the Christian Mysteries" (based loosely on St. Bonaventure's *Journey of the Mind into God*). Afterward they go back to their rooms, their class buildings, their studios, to carry on with their work. Some stay late to pray in the church

and some take leftovers for their roommates. Many bring friends the next week, and many make a point of bringing their families to church when they visit.

The chaplaincy serves a fluid group of people, with porous boundaries. Not only undergraduates find themselves in our orbit, but also grad students, alumni, faculty, staff, administration, and even neighborhood residents and businesses. All are at different places in their lives, all have different questions, all are facing different issues. "Which internship should I take this summer?" "If my boyfriend proposes should I say yes?" "How do I reconcile my desire for God with my suspicion about faith?" The questions are as diverse as the questioners.

And yet if there is one thing that gives consistent shape and direction to this ministry, it is what James DeKoven famously called, "The Thing Itself" - that is, the imminent mystery of the Triune God, made manifest in our Lord Jesus Christ. It is my prayer for all my students and my mission to them, that they may have a taste of the Thing Itself and find it both a delight to their spirits and nourishment to their courage: that they may know the love of God and let it transform their lives -- and through their lives, the world.

There is a lot to do, and a lot still to build. Deacon Mello and I are working to add service projects and a retreat to next year's calendar, with the goal of building relationships among students and with the community at large. We are exploring ways to increase further the reach and quality of our outreach to both universities. We need you, the people of St. Stephen's, to continue reaching out to students in our midst with your customary warmth and hospitality. Deacon Mello will be in touch soon about ways you can help directly with our Sunday evening group, and we will undertake a number of projects in the coming year which will encourage even more fellowship, cooperation, and mutual enjoyment.



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Here at S. Stephen's we are fortunate to be surrounded by such dynamic academic communities as Brown and RISD, and these universities are fortunate to have such a vibrant Christian community as St. Stephen's in their midst. I am grateful for all the successes of this past year, and for all of you who have done so much to bring them about. Please continue to pray for Brown and for RISD, for our students, and for the work of the chaplaincy: that this may be a place in which the love of God is known and from which his kingdom grows.

With much thanksgiving and every blessing for a happy summer-

Yours faithfully,
Blake+

A NEW "ST. AUGIE'S"

By Bill Dilworth

St. Augustine's Prayer Book is well known to American Anglo-Catholics (and fellow travellers). Published by the Order of the Holy Cross, and named after the saint who used to be that order's patron, it has helped people shape their religious lives since its first publication in 1947. A revision came out in the 1960s to reflect some of the devotional and liturgical changes sweeping the Catholic world in the wake of Vatican II. After years and years of reprints of the '66 book, Forward Movement has just issued a newly revised edition, under the editorial hands of Fr. David Cobb and Derek Olsen. What follows are my thoughts on the new revision. Please note that I do not intend to address the theological underpinnings of the new book – I'm not qualified to do so. Instead, I intend something like a customer review from the point of view of an interested layman.

My copy arrived Thursday. After looking through it briefly, I find that I like it more than I thought I would. Its Catholic content is, in the main, intact: prayers of preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion; devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary (including the Rosary), the angels, and the saints; visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Benediction, and the Holy Hour – they're all included. It contains a good mix of Rite I and Rite II prayers, and since it's printed on thin Bible paper it's much more compact than the older editions are. There are a couple of flaws, of course. Too much of the *Book of Common Prayer* is duplicated, which is puzzling in a book that was written to be a companion to the Prayer Book. There are several regrettable omissions (devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Litany for a Good Death, and the Prayer of St. Bonaventure after Holy Communion, for example). For some reason I cannot fathom, the familiar version of the *Anima Christi* in the Thanksgiving after Holy Communion:

*Soul of Christ, sanctify me;
Body of Christ, save me;
Blood of Christ, inebriate me;
Water from the side of Christ, wash me...*

has been replaced by Cardinal Newman's rather jingle-like translation:

*Soul of Christ, be my sanctification;
Body of Christ, be my salvation;
Blood of Christ, fill all my veins;
Water of Christ's side, wash out my stains...*

These are flaws, but not necessarily fatal ones. While it's not quite the book I would have wanted, it's not nearly as bad as it could have been, either.

The most exciting aspect for me is the hope this edition provides for reinvigorating and spreading Catholic devotional life in the Episcopal Church. The Episcopal blogosphere is full of news about it, and I have read that supplies of the leather-bound edition are running low. It's available at Amazon in a Kindle version. All in all, the editors did an admirable job. It probably won't replace my copy of the 1966 edition completely, but I do look forward to trying it out.

St. Augustine's Prayer Book



SAINT PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE: THE HISTORY OF A HYMN

By Father Alexander

On Trinity Sunday we usually sing the breathtaking hymn “I bind unto myself today,” also known as “Saint Patrick’s Breastplate.” It is particularly suitable for this feast because of the unabashed profession in its opening lines of faith in the Triune God, “the Three-in-One and One-in-Three.” With its comprehensive proclamation of the key tenets of the Christian faith, it is a favorite at Confirmations, and twenty-one years ago I chose it for the processional at my Ordination to the Priesthood.

Many of the hymns we sing are comparatively recent in origin, the work of hymnodists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. Others are more ancient, dating back to first millennium of Christian history. “Saint Patrick’s Breastplate” belongs to the latter category. In its present form, it is a metrical verse translation of a hymn traditionally attributed to Saint Patrick, who was active in fifth-century Ireland. However, linguistic analysis of the Irish text dates it to sometime around the eighth century.

While the hymn’s origins are obscure, its subsequent history comprises its medieval association with the legend of Saint Patrick, and its nineteenth-century re-appropriation in the service of various cultural, political, and ecclesiastical agendas. Understanding this history as an instance of the development of Christian tradition stands only to deepen our appreciation of the hymn’s inherent beauty and power.

The *Lorica*, or “Deer’s Cry”

The original Irish text is preserved in the eleventh-century *Liber Hymnorum*, a book of ancient Irish

hymns, which resides in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Here it is titled the *Luireach Phadraig* or, in Latin translation, the *Lorica Patricii*. (In Latin a *lorica* is a leather cuirass, a form of body-armor, and in ancient Celtic literature the term designated a genre of incantations and prayers for protection against danger and evil.)

A preface in Irish in the *Liber Hymnorum* explains that Patrick composed this hymn when he was on his way to preach at Tara, the royal seat of the Irish High Kings and the cultic center of the Druidic religion, and the High King Leogaire Mac Niall set an ambush to slay him. Patrick himself mentions none of this in his own writings, the autobiographical *Confessio* and the *Letter to Coroticus*. However, the first biography of Patrick, written by Muirchu in the seventh century, some two hundred years after the saint’s death, mentions an incident usually identified as the occasion of Patrick’s composition of the *Lorica*.

According to Muirchu, after arriving in Ireland as a

bishop with the mission to preach the Gospel to the Irish people, Patrick decided to celebrate his first Easter at the hill of Tara. Since one of the principal pagan festivals coincided with Easter, Druids and nobles from all over Ireland had gathered at Tara for the occasion. The pagan custom was to extinguish all fires throughout the land on the eve of the festival until the High King lighted a new fire the next day. It being Easter Eve, however, Patrick proceeded to kindle the Paschal Fire on the nearby hill of Slane within full view of Tara – a forbidden act for which the penalty was death.



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In response, Leogaire took a band of armed men to kill Patrick and his companions. Stopping short of the place where Patrick was, Leogaire tried to entice him to come forth so that his men could ambush him.

Muirchu continues: “But St. Patrick, knowing the thoughts of the villainous king, blessed his companions (eight men and a lad) in the name of Jesus Christ, and came to the king. The king counted them as they came; and straightway they were nowhere to be seen, taken away from the king’s sight; but the heathen folk saw naught but eight stags and a fawn going as it were to the wilderness.” The following day, Patrick went to Tara where he bested the Druids in successive contests of miraculous power, and ultimately converted Leogaire to the Christian faith.

The preface in the *Liber Hymnorum* builds on this tradition by suggesting that the *Lorica* is the “blessing” that Patrick recited so that he and his companions would take on the appearance of deer. The *Lorica* is thus sometimes also known as the “The Deer’s Cry” (*Fead Fiada*).

English Translations of the Text

We are so used to the metrical version in our hymnal – really more a paraphrase than a translation – that reading a more literal rendition can be a worthwhile and revealing exercise. One contemporary translation readily available online is by Kuno Meyer, and begins as follows:

*I arise to-day
Through a mighty strength, the invocation of the Trinity,
Through belief in the threeness,
Through confession of the oneness
Of the Creator of Creation.*

Some commentators characterize the full hymn as an outline of prayer for the morning – hence the repetition of “I arise today” in the above translation – and commend it as a suitable text for extended prayer and meditation.

Modern interest in ancient Irish texts grew with the Celtic revival movement in the nineteenth century. The Irish Antiquarian George Petrie published the first English translation of the *Lorica* in his *Memoirs of Tara* in 1837. Subsequently, J.H. Todd published a translation of the full text of the *Liber Hymnorum*, including the *Lorica*, in 1855.

In 1869, the Anglican Church of Ireland was disestablished. Newly independent and self-supporting, the Church soon published its own hymnal. Twenty years later, in 1889, a committee was formed to expand the *Irish Church Hymnal*; its members wanted to include translations of ancient Irish hymns to emphasize their Church’s continuity with Ireland’s past. The *Lorica* was high on their list. The problem was that none of the existing translations was very singable.

One of the committee members, the Very Rev. Henry Hercules Dickinson, Dean of the Chapel Royal in Dublin, wrote to his friend Mrs. Cecil Frances (“Fanny”) Alexander, a noted poet and hymnwriter, and wife of William Alexander, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, (and no known relation to the present writer). Mrs. Alexander was already famous as the author of such well-known hymns as “Once in Royal David’s City,” “All things bright and beautiful,” and “There is a green hill far away.”

Dickinson later recalled: “I wrote to her suggesting that she should fill a gap in our *Irish Church Hymnal* by giving us a metrical version of St Patrick’s ‘Lorica,’ and I sent her a carefully collated copy of the



Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander
1818—1895

best prose translations of it. Within a week she sent me that exquisitely beautiful as well as faithful version which appears in the appendix to our church hymnal, which is now sung in many churches on St. Patrick's Day."

Irish Tunes for an Irish Text

When Mrs. Alexander completed "Saint Patrick's Breastplate," she was seventy-one. It was her last great hymn. It remained to find suitable music to accompany the text: a significant challenge because even with Mrs. Alexander's versification, different parts of the text were written in different meters. In 1890, Thomas R. Gonsalvez Joze composed a tune called *Tara* for the hymn.

Soon afterwards, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924) composed the tune with which we are familiar today. Although Stanford spent most of his life in England where he taught at the Royal College of Music, he was born in Dublin and retained a life-long interest in traditional Irish music. It was a time when classically trained composers were beginning to make use of previously despised national and ethnic folk tunes. To accompany "Saint Patrick's Breastplate," Stanford combined two ancient Irish melodies, which are listed in our hymnal as *Saint Patrick* and *Deirdre*.

The hymn made its debut at the enthronement of William Connor Magee as Archbishop of York on Saint Patrick's Day, 1891. Magee invited his old friend William Alexander, Bishop of Derry, to preach and he chose Mrs. Alexander's hymn as the processional.

"Saint Patrick's Breastplate" with Stanford's accompaniment was published in *The English Hymnal* (1906). Both the Joze and Stanford tunes, with all

nine stanzas, have continued in every edition of the *Irish Church Hymnal*. The hymn was introduced to Episcopalians on this side of the Atlantic when it was included (minus two stanzas) in *The Hymnal* 1940. It is today Hymn 370 in *The Hymnal*, 1982.

A Note on *Deirdre*

I have not been able to find out much about the origins of Stanford's main tune for the hymn, *Saint Patrick*, but the subsidiary tune *Deirdre* – "Christ be with me, Christ within me ..." – is the subject of an interesting story.

In 1792, the Belfast Harp Festival took place during four days in July. The organizers of the event realized that the ancient harp music of Ireland – which had largely been transmitted orally from generation to generation of musicians without ever being written down – was in danger of being forever lost and forgotten as the current generation of harpers died out. The festival brought together eleven harpers, ten from Ireland and one from Wales, to compete for monetary prizes.

The organizers also engaged a nineteen-year-old classically trained musician, Edward Bunting, to transcribe the tunes played by the harpers. Bunting was then Assistant to the Organist at Saint Anne's Church (now Cathedral) in Belfast. He worked for the rest of his life as a church organist in Belfast and Dublin; in his spare time he traveled around Ireland collecting traditional harp music. His definitive collection of 151 tunes, *The Ancient Music of Ireland*, was published in 1840.

One of the tunes Bunting transcribed was "Deirdre's Lament for the Sons of Usneach," thought to be the oldest extant piece of Irish music. (Deirdre was a tragic heroine in Irish mythology, whose lover Naoise was murdered with his brothers, the sons of



Charles Villiers Stanford by Spy
Vanity Fair Magazine
February 1905
"He found harmony in Ireland"

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A SERMON FOR THE ASCENSION, PREACHED AT S. STEPHEN'S CHURCH ON MAY 29, 2014

By Fr. Sawicky

Time always seems to fly after Easter, and it is amazing to me that we are already at the Ascension. This year, it strikes me how anticlimactic a conclusion it is to our celebrations of the Resurrection: Our Lord who was with us is now gone, ascended into heaven, and the promised Holy Spirit has not yet arrived. It is an uneasy day, ushering in an uneasy week between now and Pentecost. It is a time to reflect on what came before, on what is yet to come, and on the loss of what is dear to us.

These last few weeks have seen a larger than usual number of funerals here at S. Stephen's, and tomorrow we will have one more. Easter, and the Ascension, is a particularly poignant time for all of these families from now on. For students also it is a time of loss and change, as those graduating say goodbye to the lives they have known, and begin what will follow after. Their departure is also a kind of loss for us.

A lot of fascinating theology has developed around the Feast of the Ascension. The Church has articulated that this feast is about the Son returning to the Father. It is about Christ going to the throne in heaven to pray for us who are still on earth. It is about human flesh ascending into glory. In the Ascension a promise is made to us, that where Jesus is there we will be also. The Ascension also means that we must know God differently now: no longer by Jesus in the flesh, as the disciples did, but by another way which will become clear next Sunday on Pentecost.

The Ascension is all these things, and contemplating the event yields many avenues and byways to understand God in Christ. But the Ascension is also, inescapably, an interruption. Jesus is gone. Not like before, on Good Friday, in the tomb. But gone nevertheless. It is an interruption in the story, and it is hard to make sense of what has come before, let alone of what will come after.

We all have these moments in our lives. The families of the recently departed experience this kind of interruption particularly deeply. But it doesn't have to be anything as dramatic as death: Losing a job, or the threat of losing a job; retirement savings suddenly vaporized; waking up one day to realize that the friends you once had are gone. Interruptions in the story occur

at nicer points too: when we finally reach what we are striving for, when we get married, or get a promotion.

Whatever the interruption, it can seem as though time stops moving, and we often find that we have to ask ourselves how the story we've told about the world and about ourselves continues, if it even remains true? These are hard questions, and they deserve our attention, because our selves are on the line. But it is easy to get distracted also, and be overly concerned with the analysis of ideas, thoughts, opinions, advice, beliefs, definitions about things; and we can forget that the thing itself always exists totally apart from our opinions or beliefs about it.

There is nothing especially Christian about thinking all the right things, whether in the luxurious vacuum of a library or in the frenetic moment of crisis. Christianity is more about making the constant decision to live in accordance with the truth: and that means, among other things, recognizing that Truth beholds us more than we behold it.

When our lives are interrupted, for better or for worse, it does us no real good to think about how we can understand them better, how we might fix the crisis, get over the grief, how we might craft a new story to tell about the world and ourselves, a new story to carry us to the next chapter. When we find ourselves brought up short in life, we cannot always make sense of it. In those moments we can only recognize that all the powers of heart, soul, and mind have no strength before the awful enormity which confronts us. We can only confess that Truth - whatever it is, and wherever it resides - sees us more than we can see it.

This might sound cruel and despairing, a stark portrait of the experience of interruption and human crisis: "The truth sees us more than we can see it." And often it can feel that way, cruel and despairing with no clear way forward. But this is actually the chief glory of the Ascension. Jesus has ascended into heaven, and now God, who is Truth himself, sees Jesus continually: Jesus the eternal Word which was in the beginning with God; Jesus the ascended Son of Man, robed in human flesh; Jesus, wearing the scars of his wounds. Jesus has ascended into heaven, and whenever Truth now beholds us, He does so through those wounds.

With Jesus standing at his right hand, we have confidence that this Truth who beholds us, is not some remote being. He does not dish out pain and blessing according to some cosmic game of chance. Rather this Truth in heaven is the Father of him who came to earth, suffered unjustly, and died a criminal's death. He does not especially care what we think of him, whether we question his existence, or argue about his motives. He understands the interruptions in our lives.

Why? Because he has been there, and knows the landscape of human confusion. Because he takes it all up with him into heaven. Because he loves us. And the only thing that matters to him is whether we return his affection: His affection expressed to us in creation, in the Incarnation of his Son, in the life of the Spirit, in

each other, in the virtues, in all that is good and true and beautiful.

When our lives hit a breaking point, the Ascension encourages us to see not Jesus' feet sticking beneath a cloud beyond our grasp, but rather to see ourselves, through the eyes of God: people of inestimable worth, and wonder, and joy, and beauty, no matter the crisis which afflicts us, no matter how we may see ourselves; people of such delight to God that he enters even the depths of human pain and suffering so that we might be ever in his sight. And when we fall, the Ascension helps us to see Jesus in heaven, praying for us, reaching for us, helping us back up.

Eventually, our stories do go on, past whatever breaking point we reach. Pentecost is next week, and Jesus' story, with ours, goes on through the Spirit in the life of his people on earth. What was true before remains true, in all its enormity. But in the Ascension of Our Lord, it is brought into heaven, and is transfigured into a glory beyond imagining. We walk onward, in his sight, persisting in hope, secure in the promise that one day we will behold him who continually beholds us, and be at peace: seen and seeing, known and knowing, loved and loving.



SUMMER EVENTS PLANNED WITH SAINT JOHN'S, NEWPORT

Our fellow Anglo-Catholic parish Saint John's, Newport, has invited the parishioners of S. Stephen's to join them on July 4th, Independence Day, for an afternoon Mass and picnic, followed by watching fireworks over the harbor. Exact times are yet to be worked out; stay tuned for further announcements in the Sunday *Kalendar*.

On Wednesday 6 August we shall be celebrating the Feast of the Transfiguration here at S. Stephen's with Sung Evensong at 5:30 pm and Sung Mass at 6 pm. Fr. Nathan Humphrey, Vicar of Saint John's, will preach – and he is encouraging his parishioners to come with him.

On Friday 15 August, we have the opportunity to return the favor by going to Saint John's to attend their Mass for the Feast of the Assumption, exact time to be announced. Either Father Alexander or Father Sawicky will preach. Again, please watch the Sunday *Kalendar* for further details.



The Ascension of Christ
Benvenuto Tisi
1481 — 1559

FROM THE SACRISTY PENTECOST: THE BIRTHDAY OF THE CHURCH

By Phoebe Pettingell

For Christians, Pentecost marks the day when the Holy Spirit, promised by Christ on the night he was betrayed (John 14:15-17), descends in wind and tongues of fire upon the disciples so that they “began to speak in other languages, as the Spirit gave them the ability” (Acts 2:4). Hearing their own tongues spoken, devout Jews “from every nation under heaven” (Acts 2:5), ask the meaning of this, and Peter tells them about Christ, and how His own people did not recognize Him as the Messiah. “Cut to the heart” (Acts 2:37), they ask Peter what to do, and he tells them to repent and be baptized. “So those who welcomed his message were baptized, and that day about three thousand persons were added” (Acts 2:41). Because of this, Pentecost—which literally means “the fiftieth day”—is often called “the Birthday of the Church.”

Pentecost is also the Greek name for the Jewish festival called *Shavuot* in Hebrew, commemorating the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, which comes fifty days after Passover. So the disciples (including Christ’s mother and other followers in addition to the Apostles) had probably gathered to celebrate that momentous event in the history of God’s people when the Holy Spirit descended upon them. Tradition says they had gathered in the same “upper room” where the Last Supper took place. Just as the Children of Israel, wandering homeless in the desert, are given the Law to form them into a people set apart by God, following divine will, so the followers of Jesus are given the “Comforter”—the Holy Spirit, whose indwelling makes us God’s children. God the Father created all that is. God the Son came to earth in human flesh to wipe away our sins with His blood. Then God the Spirit comes to dwell within each of His followers.

The phrase, “the Birthday of the Church,” suggests the festal nature of this day, and at least from the twelfth century on, it has been observed in diverse places with holiday trimmings in parishes, including artificial (occasionally real) doves flying over the congregation, masses of red flowers, the scattering of rose petals, red votive candles, and more latterly balloons. Brass bands are sometimes used to enhance the imagery of rushing wind. All these customs help make one of the great feasts of the Church appear more akin to Christmas and Easter—as it should. Alas, in the United States and in the British Isles, Pentecost, or Whitsunday (as it used to be called) is not observed as a national holiday, the way it is throughout most of Europe.

However, this gala atmosphere can also obscure a profound idea. The Church is not a human institution, but divine and sent by God. In the words of Samuel John Sloan’s (1839-1900) familiar hymn, #525 in *The Hymnal*, 1982:

*The Church’s one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.*

So, after the birthday, comes the wedding—an appropriate image for June. The Church as the Bride of Christ is implicit throughout the New Testament. Ephesians 5 calls Christ “the head of the Church,” comparing him to the husband and the Church to his wife. Throughout the Gospels, Jesus is identified with “the Bridegroom,” and Revelation uses nuptial imagery for the union of Christ with His Church. In 2 Corinthians 11, St. Paul speaks of a “divine jealousy for you [Corinthians] for I promised you in marriage to one husband, to present you as a chaste virgin to Christ,” but he fears they are being lured away by false teachers. Elsewhere, he tells Christians that they “should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead” (Romans 7:4). The Book of Common Prayer’s marriage rite proclaims that it “signifies to us the mystery of the union between Christ and his Church.” At the end of Revelation, the New Jerusalem descends from heaven “prepared as a bride adorned for her husband” (Rev. 21:2). The Church is both Christ’s Body on earth until he comes again, and his Spouse. She is not perfect yet—but in the fullness of time, he will make her perfect as the Church Triumphant, fully realized according to his will. But in this life, she remains the Church Militant, struggling against both earthly sin and “the cosmic powers of this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places” (Eph. 6:12). This life is a personal struggle, as most of us find out sooner or later. The Church too, as a Body, wrestles on earth to be true to Christ. It must fight evil.

Our reredos at S. Stephen’s shows the Church Triumphant, beginning (bottom to top) with the disci-

ples and the women discovering the empty tomb, then some of the saints in glory, and finally Christ enthroned in majesty, presiding over a “new heaven, new earth,” without death or sin. This imagery conveys the vital belief that the Church is God’s creation, not ours. A human organization only contains members currently alive on earth. But the Church is made up of the living *and* the dead. The Church Expectant comprises the souls in Purgatory, waiting for the Last Day when we believe that all who worship the true God will become members of the Church Triumphant. *This* is the birthday Pentecost points to—the heavenly Jerusalem united with Christ forever. In the words of the *Didache*, a writing of the late first, or early second century, paraphrased in hymn #302:

*As grain, once scattered on the hillsides,
Was in this broken bread made one,
So from all lands thy Church be gathered
Into thy kingdom by thy Son.*

The Altar Guild of S. Stephen’s mourns the loss of our faithful member and former president, Shirley Cook. Shirley was, in many ways, a model of the devoted Church member: faithful in her work in the sanctuary and sacristy, faithful in her efforts for the poor and homeless who come each week to The Epiphany Soup Kitchen. She bore her suffering with Christian courage. We honor her life and pray that she may rest in peace and rise in glory.



On another note, Cory MacLean received a call from a woman whose mother had once been a member of the Altar Guild. In cleaning out the mother’s house, she discovered a fair linen, trimmed with lace, from the high altar at S. Stephen’s, carefully cleaned and pressed. She has returned it, and it will now add to our supply of fair linens. Thanks be to God for all the faithful work of those who still inspire us in our labors today.



The Church Militant and the Church Triumphant; Museo di Santa Maria Novella, Cappellone degli Spagnoli; Fresco by Andrea di Bonaiuto (1343—1377)

THE TREASURER'S CORNER

By Ransom Widmer

I would like to bring you up to date about the accomplishments of our Capital Campaign 2013-2015. As you well know, the Capital Campaign was initiated to fund three projects: refurbishing the Great Hall, restoring the north aisle stained glass windows and repairing the damage in the sanctuary floor. Progress has been made in all three projects!

Since last September, we are enjoying our refurbished Great Hall. All construction has been completed and fully funded *if* we continue to meet our Capital pledge commitments. Parishioners and visitors alike have told us that the new Great Hall provides a wonderful setting for our life together. Now is the time, however, to integrate the use of the Great Hall into our Parish Development Plan. Our intention is that use of the Great Hall will be offered to community organizations that we think could provide useful interactions with our congregation. Once exposed to our people and buildings, we hope some might actually become full members of S. Stephen's. Our Parish Administrator Cory MacLean will lead this effort and a group will be meeting at the Bishop's office to learn more about the process of renting out space in the Great Hall.

In order to restore the stained glass windows on the north aisle, we have retained Julie Sloan as our consultant. Julie has already begun work. First, she pre-

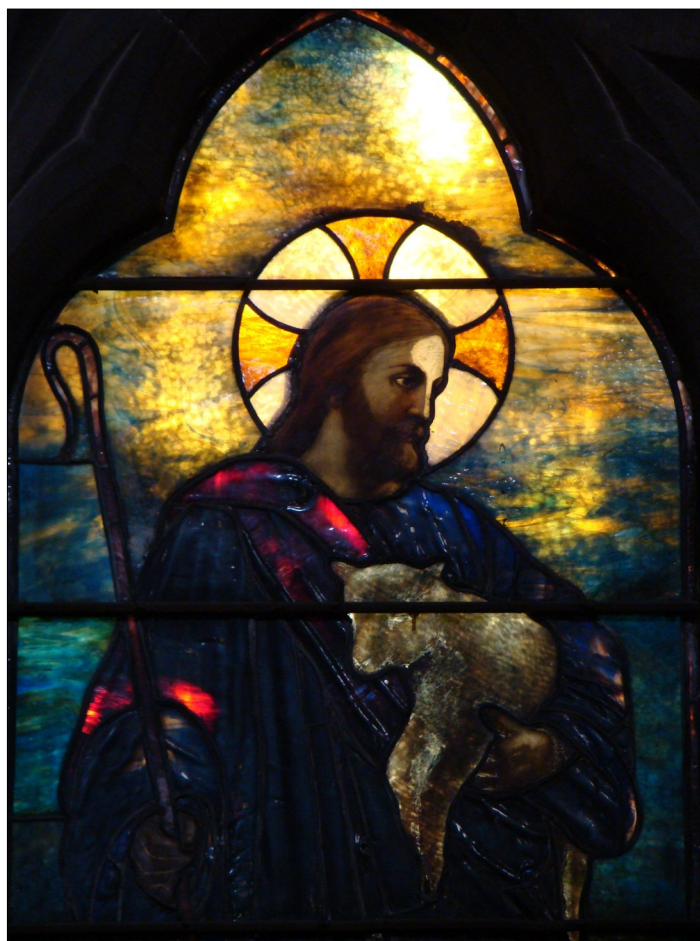
pared a report with a general description, history, and condition for each window. You were exposed to some of this if you attended Father Sawicky's Lenten series on stained glass. Next, she prepared a report discussing the techniques and procedures necessary

for the restoration. Finally, when we are ready, Julie will prepare bids. Because of the various styles and types of glass in our windows, we will most probably use more than one studio for restoration. Funding this, the largest cost Capital project, will be a challenge. We are working with Julie to identify organizations which might contribute to this project by grants or gifts. In addition, a committee led by Fr. Norman and Zulie Catir, and Chuck O'Boyle, will be looking to find potential donors in the Providence area.

Several areas of the Sanctuary floor are in serious need of repair and create a risk that a member of the Altar Party might trip. We are currently in the process of collecting bids for the repairs. Individual parishioners have expressed

interest in funding this work.

As you can see, we have accomplished much, but there is still more to be done. We can all help by continuing our pledges through 2015.



*Seagrave Memorial Window
Left Panel Detail*



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*



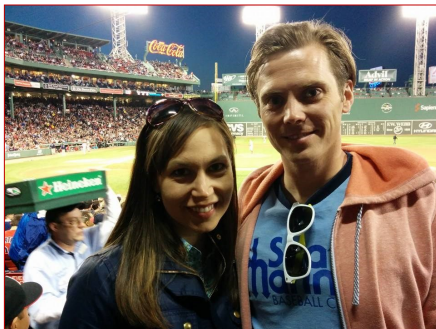
“Quodlibet” and its antecedent “Harmonia Anglicana,” written by Brian Ehlers, often consists of a series of “hail and farewells” along with newsy bits submitted by Schola members. Though I don’t enjoy the farewell ones, I do feel the need to chronicle them here— all with my thanks and fondness and gratitude.



Baritone Chiduzie Madubata has found time to sing in Schola, and practice and play the organ, all the while fulfilling his medical work and studies at Brown. An Alumnus of Harvard and Tufts, Chiduzie has been an active presence here at our parish church and will be missed. He writes “...I’ll be starting a three year cardiolo-

gy fellowship in June 2014 at Drexel University in Philadelphia in order to become a cardiologist in 2017, thankfully the last stage of medical training after many years.” This will free him up for lots more organ practice!

On 3rd April, tenor and trombonist H. Grant Randall married the former Alissa Kortendick at Trinitarian Congregational Church in Concord, Massachusetts. Alissa is a staff Psychologist at high schools in Boston and finds time to maintain an arduous case load in addition to keeping up with Grant. After a wedding trip to Cape Cod the two could be seen frequenting Fenway Park as depicted here. Grant was responsible for contracting the excellent brass players used at Easter in the *Vierne Messe Solenne*.

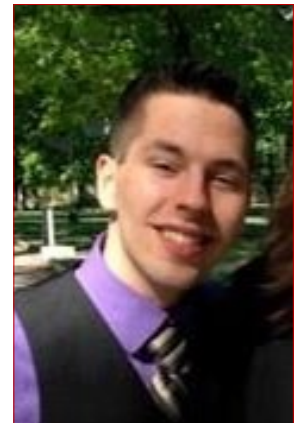


Between Easter and Pentecost, Bob Henry, bass, was able to get away from his pediatric practice to squeeze in ten days in Prague where he “... saw five new operas including Dvorak’s “The two Widows” and “Jacobin”” and discovered his idea of “...the best beer in the world - barrel beer, no preservatives, perishable within the week and most ordered entrée - roasted pig’s knuckle - no room for anything else! (It’s a very Atkins friendly country!)” I’m glad he’s back in Schola and possibly he should put his head together with Dr. Madubata of cardiology and have a chat.

Bob’s loyalty and generosity to S. Stephen’s and Schola are dear to me. He’s the person you can hear, surreptitiously giving pitches for unaccompanied music - in addition to all the above he has that phenomenon called “perfect pitch” and is always spot on the mark!

While we’re on the bass section, I report that Steven Buck, after returning from his year at Kodaly Institute in Hungary, has started taking courses at Boston University College of Fine Arts towards a Masters in Music Education, while continuing his work as Choral Director at Fay School, in Southboro, Massachusetts. Newish member Frank Pisaturo, an alumnus of Westminster Choir College (‘13) has found employment with the RI Department of Education and is a manager of RIMEA All State Women’s Chorus. Their presence makes the farewells a little more tolerable.

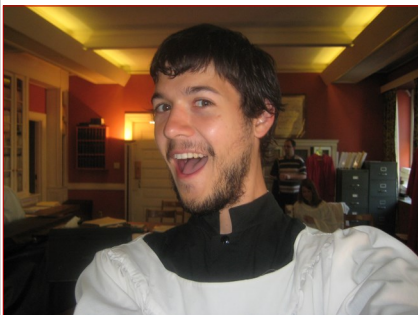
From the tenor section Jason Connell writes that his summer operatic plans include ensemble work in Verdi’s “Un Giorno di Regno” with Opera Odyssey, Alfred in “Fledermaus” at North End Performing Arts Center, Boston, and Gastone in “La Traviata” with Opera Providence.



Continued next page

Continued from previous page

Derek Labrie, who has been with us the better part of a decade writes that he is happily "...attending Rhode Island College full time for a second bachelor degree in secondary math education as of the fall of 2013. At the end of his first year he received a cumulative 4.0 while working three part time jobs totaling a 40 hour week and volunteering as a tutor at Mount Pleasant High School."



Steven Serpa, counter-tenor and composer-in-residence, has accepted The Butler School of Music, University of Texas, Austin, as his choice for pursuing his doctorate in composition this coming fall - the commute to Mass at holidays will be easier than that from the University of Cardiff, Wales, where he was also accepted and considering. The week between Easter VI and Easter VII he gave first performances of new works in Providence with two of my favorite artists, Hyunjung Choi, harp and Alexey Shabalin, violin, and his new "An Invocation for soprano saxophone and string trio" at the Spartanburg, South Carolina TreeFalls New Music Festival. In the works is a *Missa Brevis* for S. Stephen, which I hope to schedule for next Winter/Spring.

I am a little ebullient today, after conducting a new work on Easter VII at Compline with the Men's Group, "*Beneficia Lucis*" by Patricia Van Ness. This, in advance of repeating the service at The National Convention of the American Guild of Organists on 23rd June. The work, a polyphonic setting of a Compline hymn is based on a 21st(!) century chant by our friend Daryl Bichel. Patricia has received commissions and performances from such groups as The King's Singers and Chanticleer, and she said awfully nice things this morning about our own efforts.

Possibly, by the time you read this, we will have had our first go at *Missa Brevis* by Jonathon Dove and it will have been splendid to have former organ scholar, Brent Erstad, back to play it. Brent, after leaving us, went to Trinity Church, Newport, for a handful of years and has, this past year, been Associate of Chapel Music at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

I'm sure by now I've exceeded my share of column space but I hope not your attention span. May we all have a refreshing, relaxing summer, with some adventure and new, good experiences.

—Yours, James

Continued from page 7

SAINT PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

Usneach, by Conchobar, the King of Ulster, to whom she was betrothed. Her story was later the subject of plays by W.B. Yeats and J.M. Synge.)

The interlude *Deirdre* in "Saint Patrick's Breastplate" is Stanford's arrangement of the ancient harp tune that Bunting had collected and published. A hauntingly beautiful version played on the harp and other traditional instruments can be heard on The Chieftains' 1994 CD *The Celtic Harp*, Track 2, "Tribute to Bunting."

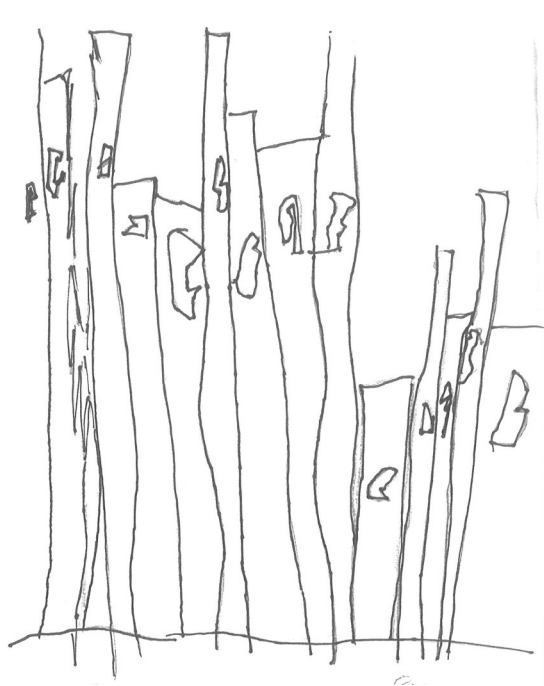


Edward Bunting
1773—1843

IMPRESSIONS OF THE EUCHARIST BY MEMBERS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL



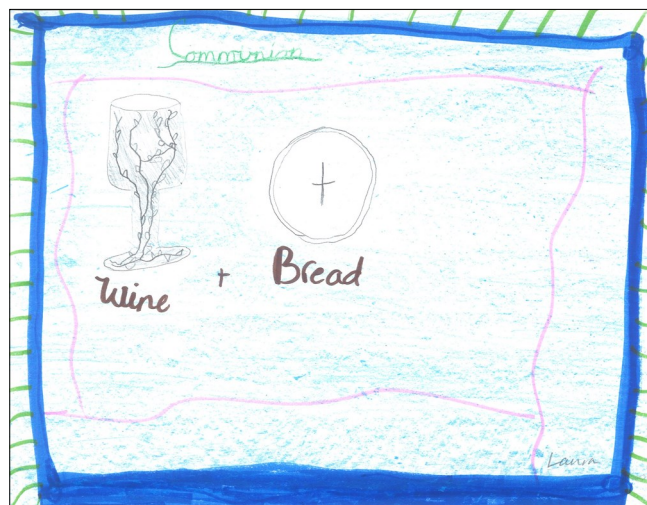
Altar flowers: They put flowers there because the altar is special. I like the flowers because they are pretty. There are extra flowers on special occasions like Easter – *Cailyn*



The organ: In the choir is the organ which is sunken -- *Eian*



Torches: The torches symbolize the light of Christ. They are held by the acolytes who go around nearly the whole church spreading His light for and to all. – *Valexja*

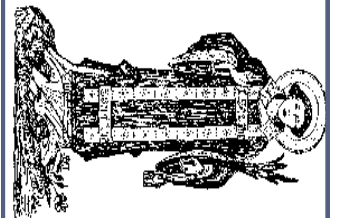


Bread and wine: The chalice is fancy because it holds the blood of Jesus - *Laura*



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