



Carolina

GRACE

GOLD FOR THE SOUL

LENT 2011

A COLLECT FOR CAROLINA GRACE

God of Grace and Glory, be present with us to guide and nurture, to comfort and instruct. May the words contained herein continue to feed us as they themselves have been the product of your sustaining presence in the lives of your faithful people. This we pray in the name of the author and finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Collect written by
the Reverend Canon J. Michael A. Wright
Rector, Grace Church, Charleston*



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CAROLINA GRACE

Welcome back to *Carolina Grace: Gold for the Soul* and our third issue. Carolina Grace continues to evolve as a journal of writings by Episcopalians in South Carolina.

We invite you to write for us and share your faith; such expressions will surely serve as a source of strength and encouragement to fellow pilgrims on the way.

This past September, I attended the wedding of a clergy friend in the Dominican Republic. While packing my suitcase for the trip, I remembered that we were in hurricane season, there as well as here. Like many of you, I am personally well-acquainted with the extensive prepa-

rations we make when it appears a storm is headed our way. I found myself smiling as I unemphatically tossed a flashlight and a candle into my suitcase – my sole preparation for a storm that never was – for the light was all that was necessary. The light is all we need – our Savior and Redeemer – no matter the many storms in which we may happen to find ourselves.

*Blessings to you,
Callie*

“Breathing the air of Christ, Christ becoming the atmosphere in which we live, isn’t only about being in a state of peace but about being in what some would call a dynamic equilibrium. Our peace is what it is because it is a flow of unbroken activity, the constant maintenance or relation and growth as we give into each others’ lives and receive from each other, so that we advance in trust and confidence with one another and God.

So it is when the Creed moves us to speak about believing in the Holy Spirit, it also moves us to speak about our confidence, our trust in the Church.”

Rowan Williams in *Tokens of Trust*



MORNING PRAYER

When I arrived for the Daily Office this morning, I was struck by how beautiful the church was. The doors were open and through the glass doors I could see all the way to the altar. Our church really seemed to be calling people into God's presence. No one else was in the church and it was quiet, but somehow the place seemed alive with a holy presence. The silence was ringing. The flowers sang. I felt very much at home and happy as we praised God together.

Lester Pittman
Grace Church
Charleston

“People are encouraged to measure life
by what they have done and not for who they are.
We, who minister, need to offer
more stillness and peace to our people.”

David Adam in *The Road of Life: Reflections on Searching and Longing*

“[T]he deepest notes within us and between us in our world
are not discord. They form an ancient harmony.”

Philip Newell in *Christ of the Celts: The Healing of Creation*

“The spiritual world is much nearer to us
than we can possibly conceive.”

A. Toomer Porter in *Led On! Step by Step*



A SONG FOR SISTER PETERKIN

Heaven is a beautiful place
A place of Dogs and Flowers
And all of those who get there
Are granted special powers.

We can touch the beating hearts
Of family, friends and lovers
We skip along on streets of gold
And dream beneath cloud covers.

We'll listen to God's music
With ears that hear no blame
And when we sing his praises
It's done with tongues of flame.

Yes, I am going to be an angel
In God's mighty angel band.
I need to be there standing
Where the angels get to stand.

Among those dogs and flowers,
Bathed in a morning light.
Angels find that boundless love,
Which earth below hints of.

*William Baldwin
St. James Santee
McClellanville*

WILLIAM BALDWIN: POETRY AND SONGS

Long, long ago I wanted to write country music, an obsession that was revised a few months back. The poetry grew out of the song writing. I was a Clemson English major so can hardly claim to be self-taught. I'm acquainted with what came before; and, as you may notice, I'm a ruthless borrower.

Seldon "Bud" Hill, the director of McClellanville's museum, had recently taken hundreds of photographs in the "upper" lowcountry, and these songs and poems and others were written in part to illustrate his work. Called *The Unpainted South*, the Evening Post Publishing will have this collaboration out next year.

"A Song for Sister Peterkin" is a five-verse summary of *Heaven is a Beautiful Place*, an oral history I did with Genevieve Peterkin of Murrell's Inlet. Mindy Burgin, the organist at St. James Santee, has set it to music.

"The Waters of Jordan" owes something to Leonard Cohen and even more to a Murrell's Inlet spiritual used during outdoor baptism. In

January the water is cold.

"Jesus Saves with One Small Sign" draws on one of Bud Hill's abandoned farm photos.

"Civilization and its Discontent" plays with a couple of lines from Freud's book; he found more than one discontent.

"Village Cemetery" is the most recent and explains itself.

Thank you to the Reverend Callie Perkins and *Carolina Grace* for giving me an outlet.

William Baldwin
St. James Santee
McClellanville

"We believe in belief but don't believe..."

Charles Wright in *Black Zodiac*



ANOTHER COMMUNION

My husband, Bill, died January 17, 1983, and the day before was very cold. Weather permitting, he and I walked the beach every day. And if it was bitter cold, we'd go to Brookgreen Gardens. But this Sunday at lunch he declined the Gardens....

Bill had had a heart attack six months earlier and hadn't been well for a good while. I don't know why, but when he declined the Gardens, I said, "Why don't we go down to St. James – the old brick church on the Santee?" He said, "I'd love it." He picked up the little poodle pup I'd given him recently and we took off – heading back to the semideserted church where he'd proposed marriage twenty-eight years before. We hadn't returned together in all that time.

The sun was shining. No wind. So the cold was easy to bear. We started by wandering about reading the old gray weathered stones and then went inside and sat in a deep dark pew with just the light from the doors and window cracks. And we talked and talked and covered every-

thing that had happened to us since we'd sat there twenty-eight years before. Remarkable. Our son had died in a boating accident six years before, and that last part of our life together had been so hard. We just covered everything, straightened out so much that had been painful, which was such a help to me later. I do have a notion that God guides us on such little journeys – encounters that will leave us with some happy memories – and that memory is one of my best. Bill died the next morning in his sleep.

Genevieve C. Peterkin

in conversation with

William P. Baldwin in

**Heaven is a Beautiful Place: A
Memoir of the South Carolina Coast**

“The closest bonds we will ever know
are bonds of grief.
The deepest community one of sorrow.”

Cormac McCarthy in *All the Pretty Horses*



JESUS SAVES WITH ONE SMALL SIGN

Seems like such a waste
Fifty years
And who will know
This thorny land
Where
With his love
And one small sign
Jesus comes
To save us all.

The strife and toil
Enacted here
Upon this soil
A living in the good years
And none at all the rest.
How did a couple do this?
Go on, if you know
Confess.

She says:
You don't listen to me
Do you?
He says:
I'm listening now.
And then she smiles.

*William Baldwin
St. James Santee
McClellanville*

THE WATERS OF JORDAN

When he went to
see his brothers,
Joseph wore a
coat of many colors
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
They stripped him
Of his garment
Into slavery
He was sent.
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
Brothers.
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
While
in Egypt Land.
They had need
Of a man
To tell of dreams
Come true.
But the captain's wife
It seems:
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
She reached
In Joseph's pocket
If there's a secret
He'll unlock it.
Each dream has a meaning
All its own.

I'm going to kneel
On Jordan's shore.
I've knelt down
Here before.
I'll wash my face
I'll wash my hands
And say goodbye
To my daddy's lands.
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
Hallelujah,
Love's at the core.
Come on Night,
Throw wide the door
I dream of dreams
Of dreams of you.
And then
I dream of
Holy places.
I want to stand
Where Jesus stood.
I want to be just
So damn good,
I'll get to Heaven
All upon my own.
But God forgives,
And well he does
The waters of Old Jordan
Are so cold.
God forgives
I'm glad he can.
Some sinners kneel
Some sinners stand.
Mercy,
mercy me.

*William Baldwin
St. James Santee
McClellanville*

CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENT

Oh, most feeble animal organism
Who credits gods with everything
Good to eat and all else of sweet
Contentment. Look now,
At what you've wrought,
What can be bought
At Walmart, near at cost.
Oh, you God-like man,
Where do you expand?
Mars? The Moon? Love, itself.
Angels, now, pressed by man
Onto the head of doctrine's pin.
We've got some room to sin.
I do remember how.
That's that thing we did
When we hid
Out in the Garden.

Oh, dear God above,
Pardon
All our offenses,
Longings of the heart
And efforts of the senses
Move mountains
Feed the poor.
And end all war.
Then pardon our offenses.
Least among them
Longings of the heart
And efforts of the senses.

*William Baldwin
St. James Santee
McClellanville*

VILLAGE CEMETERY

Of what substance is a sadness made
That thoughts unbidden come
Those of us who wait in dappled shade
Where graves, oaks and pines contend
In this our gentle village of undoing.

For love and acquisition
How brief is our pursuing.
How blessed common are the bounds
That God has placed us in.
Of all of this there is an end
And then a new beginning.

*William Baldwin
St. James Santee
McClellanville*

SABBATH DANCE

A few minutes after waking, I stand with mug of green tea warming my hands, looking out my kitchen window at the hint of light, just enough to silhouette the massive magnolia guarding the pond. I wasn't expecting the gift

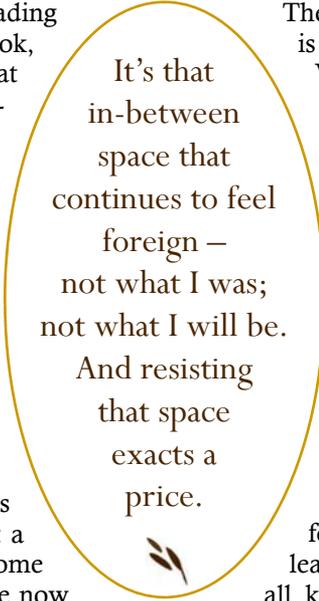
of so many stars so clearly shining at this hour. My usual urge would have been to hurry and change clothes, go out into the 40-degree dawn, and immerse. This morning, I am delighted to lean against the cold pane, wrap my prayer shawl tighter, look up, take in, give thanks, and breathe. Last night's reading in Wayne Muller's book, *Sabbath*, suggested that finding rather than seeking is peace-giving. So in finding this spot, I will not rush into more of the moment – and miss the moment – a lesson I am re-learning day after day. The butterfly moves on while one turns to fidget with the camera.

I am grateful to be alive. Some days it's hard to remember what a year ago was like; some days, very easy. I realize now that the period of recovery from cancer treatment has been its own journey. Ups and downs, forwards and backs. Who knew it would take the time it takes to recover most of me? My energy waxes and wanes; the words struggle to come forth unless I am fully at ease; the focus drifts; I can no longer multi-task; my short-term memory takes time-outs; and I often lose myself in parking

lots. Life feels muted in some ways, and I greet it with less oomph, less edge. (Some would argue that the moderation serves me!) It's that in-between space that continues to feel foreign – not what I was; not what I will be. And resisting that space exacts a price.

The self that made it through is still under construction. With more energy than a year ago, I dance that fine line between too much and not enough. It's the wanting more that's the culprit – hardly a humble posture. Sometimes getting more than I asked for plumb wears me out. Recently a friend asked: "What if life now IS optimal?" Her reframe was an important and timely reflection for me. Living to love and learn--and expressing that in all kinds of ways, is purpose enough, and that "work" is challenge enough. I don't know what the next year will bring. Images of choosing, cultivating, and stretching speak to me. As does laughter, surprise, and delight. All I know is that all I can expect, and maybe all God expects of me, is to be able to stay open, be ready, and wait, while responding to what is before me.

Yesterday I walked at low tide to



It's that
in-between
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not what I was;
not what I will be.
And resisting
that space
exact a
price.



the south end of the beach, toward the point where the creek converges with waves. Sun spilled through the clouds in a broad crescent of rays. In the distance I could see the outline of sandbars and beach against water. All of a sudden, what I assumed to be an edge of sand rose up, and hundreds of birds curved and swirled, forming a partial spiral in the air before landing, one after another, on a selected section of sand. Each bird gently, quickly, found an empty spot to land on, filling in the line that smoothly blended into beach. All in place, the view now seemed as I first saw it, as though nothing had changed. But it had. Separately and together the flock had moved to its own rhythm. And I was present to witness the aerial dance. I'd like to think they were enjoying some sense of community, and nourishment and

rest, before the urge to lift and go again. Do birds do sabbath moments?

Shortly after dawn opened to morning today, the phrase "As I am, I am, here" came to me during silent meditation. I pray that I continue to find these sabbath moments to gratefully accept my part alongside others in one mysterious dance, even as we do the steps differently. I pray that I can truly see the gift of another day. I pray that we can commit to really seeing one another, doing what we love, being our best selves, and forgiving ourselves and others when this is not the case. As we are, we are, here. We awake. We move. We rest. And God dances in that midst.

Amy D. Webb
Holy Cross Faith Memorial
Pawleys Island

“Because we have been broken and yet we live,
we have hope to share and healing to give.
We have learned to sing the Lord’s song in a strange land.
We have learned to dance even as our hearts were breaking.
We have learned to speak in other languages.
We have found life in death.”

Tom Ehrich in *Episcopal Life Online*



CALLING THE SPIRIT

One afternoon last spring, as my wife Fiona and I strolled down Broad Street, having just delighted in watching the Blue Angels at the waterfront park, we ran into a dear friend from another parish. We stopped

to chat for a moment and in the course of the conversation, I mentioned to my friend that I had proposed to his rector that our two parishes co-host an event in Charleston featuring a priest known for his healing ministry. With a twinkle in his eye, my friend responded, “Oh, so you are going to let the Holy Spirit into your parish?” He was teasing, of course, and offering a wink at the stereotype of Anglo-Catholics as being rather skittish around gifts of the Spirit. Our worship, a casual observer might note, is orderly and predictable, whereas so-called charismatic parishes are characterized by more spontaneity and freedom.

Well, I should like to point out that as Fr. Dan and I travel further into middle aged dotage, our worship can be spontaneous too! But more to the point, there is no chasm between orderliness and the Holy Spirit. In fact, the opposite can be argued. The disciples realized that the loss of Judas Iscariot wounded the Body in a way that needed to be healed. Jesus had called twelve Apostles, and it was needful that there be twelve Apostles! And so they gathered, and prayed, and selected Matthias to be numbered among them—the Apostolic Succession in action. The Spirit restores order. It was sin which

brought confusion, and the Tower of Babel is a symbol of chaos. But when the Spirit descended, that chaos was ended, as speakers of different languages understood one another in their own language. The cacophony of sin was overcome and transfigured, and there was order and understanding. After all the noise of the many competing voices, there is the great calm...and then the word spoken so that all can hear and understand.

Our Catholic faith breathes deeply of the Spirit. We call the Spirit, and bread and wine are changed. We invoke the Spirit to brood over the water of baptism, and new Christians are born again. We anoint the sick, and the Spirit brings healing to both body and soul. We bless with the Spirit, and an elegantly dressed bride and groom are transformed before our eyes into an icon of the mystical union betwixt Christ and his Church.

So you are going to let the Holy Spirit into your Church? Ah, friend, the Spirit was here long before we arrived! Thanks be to God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

M. Dow Sanderson

*The Church of the Holy Communion
Charleston*

FREEDOM

“Just one more foot, then I’m free,” thought the disheveled little blonde girl. She was amidst a sea of churchgoers in their Sunday best, but her struggles were hers alone. While the congregation was dutifully going through

the motions of sitting, standing, and kneeling, she was beneath the pew wrapped up in her own affairs.

It’s not that she was a bad kid. Bad kids have short attention spans and a never-ending flow of whines and complaints. No, this normally attentive and obedient little girl had a perfectly good rationale for her inattentiveness. Her tights were too darn tight!

A proper Southern girl’s childhood is a smorgasbord of tights. This realization became clear to the little girl at about age six. Six was the age that her mother introduced her to the close cousins of tights. She began to wear stockings, leggings, and pantyhose for different occasions, but she found that they all had the same purpose: to be tight. Their suffocating seams and bothersome bunching drove her up the wall in church Sunday after Sunday. Her mother insisted that bare legs in that conservative Episcopal chapel would draw disapproving looks. That fall, the little girl’s excitement about enrolling in the grand Ballet Spartanburg quickly turned to dread when the instructor informed her that tights were the required dress. Three weeks of ballet lessons was all it took to

make the little girl cry “Uncle!” To her dismay, tights even infiltrated her wardrobe after it was winterized that October. “Tights and houndstooth skirts will be your perfect look,” her mother reassured her. Pure agony was all that the little girl could foresee.

As the closing hymn blared from the organ, the little girl hurriedly jammed her shoes onto her bare feet and stood to sing. She stole a glance at her mother, praying that the wad of tights jammed between the Book of Common Prayer and the spare Hymnal continued to go unnoticed. Father Rob dismissed the parish with the traditional “Go in peace,” immediately followed by the crowd surging out of the building and into the open sunlight. The little girl securely grasped her mother’s hand, satisfied with the success of her small feat. Napoleon Hill did put it best: “Victory is always possible for the person who never stops fighting.”

My mother is now reconciled to my bare legs. Even in church.

*Leiding Taylor
(Age 17)*

*The Church of the Advent
Spartanburg*

“Church life is sure to contain many things we do not like.”

Evelyn Underhill in *The Mount of Purification*



BELIEVE

When one thinks in terms of resurrection our initial instinct is to associate that event with Our Lord, Jesus Christ. While true enough for many of us, resurrection can and does occur regularly today. I know... for I have experienced it.

Hubert Selby Jr. once said, "Sometimes we have the absolute certainty there's something inside us that's so hideous and monstrous that if we ever search it out we won't be able to stand looking at it. But it's when we're willing to come face to face with that demon that we face the angel."

My demon was alcohol. I came from two alcoholic parents so I thought I knew what that demon looked like. Sadly, I did not. It took an intervention by several family members for me to really look at myself. Six weeks in rehab...not a long stint by many standards but for me it was enough time to strip away the old and begin anew...resurrect if you will.

I chronicled in my journal how much I missed my church family at Grace during that time. It was a walk only I could take... one of reflection, introspection and humility. I came to know my Lord in a totally different light, finally surrendering myself to him and acknowledging that I cannot do this by myself. Gone was my arrogance and inflated self-esteem and ego. It was replaced by a serenity and

peace that he does and will look after me. It was and continues to be "a peace that passes all understanding." It was a journey through a wilderness of my own making but I came out of it renewed and restored.

But what, you may ask, has this to do with your title? On the evening of Monday, July 7, 2008, I turned in for what I assumed would be another uneventful night's sleep during my stay in rehab. It turned out to be far from it. I had the most vivid dream that the devil and the Archangel Michael were fighting for my soul. It was as if I was an observer to this battle. Know this: I believe that dream to be real; I believe that God has a purpose for all of us, and that we only have to open up and listen to him. Sometimes it takes almost losing it all to gain more than we ever had. Sometimes we have to face the demon to see the angel. "For it is in dying that we achieve everlasting life." Yes, I do believe in resurrection. I am witness to it everyday.

Boyd Hipp
Grace Church
Charleston

"Anyone who has ever looked hope in the face
will never forget it."

Octavio Paz in *The Labyrinth of Solitude*



BEATRICE RAVENEL CONSIDERS THE LORD

The title is meant to suggest that the work of Beatrice Ravenel (1870-1956), when it does allude to a spirit of at least presence in this world, still does not consider its power as personal to each human life. As the third born of six daughters to German banker Otto Witte and his Charlestonian wife Charlotte Sophia Reeves, Beatrice enjoyed a fairy tale childhood in what is now the main building and campus of Ashley Hall School. The aviary and the bear grotto that her indulgent father created for the girls must have been Eden-like, along with the plantation



devoted to father Witte's beloved roses. As a student at the Harvard women's division (Radcliffe College), Beatrice studied English, French, and German literature and philosophy. She wrote for and helped edit the Harvard Monthly, and was admired by prominent Harvard men for her sharp wit and irony. She seemed an avatar for twentieth century women's freedom to challenge authority, perhaps even the Lord's. Here are two of her poems.

Erica Lesesne
The Cathedral of
St. Luke and St. Paul
Charleston

“Charleston was always in the process of burning down...
a true life phoenix – always coming up from the ashes.”

William Baldwin in *Charleston: My Picture Guide to a Holy City*



HOUSE

In the house that I shall make
Nothing must the wood forsake.
Cedars planing, laurels massing—
You will scarcely heed the passing
Of a threshold, for the posts
Lurk as reticent as ghosts,
And a skulking lintel sets
Fennel forth and violets,
And the hearth's contentment purrs
As its logs were in the firs.

When you go to take the air
Who will know and who will care
Outside comes and inside ends,
Interlocking, more than friends?
Chestnut-bark, uncoiled and sunk
In walls, so lately clasped a trunk,
And the smells of house and wood
Harbor such similitude.
As a heathen makes divine
His hall with one ancestral shrine,
In my midmost court shall be
An old benignant growing tree.

Death may come and doubtful stand,
Lift a latch and stay his hand.
Is this a lodge, is this a cave?
Why compose some other grave
When the mellowing place has grown
A reconciliation of its own,
And the tenant, moving slow
As the dormant roots and seasons go
On to some more prosperous birth,
One already with the earth?

Beatrice Ravenel (1934)

THE OLD FISHERMAN

The old man troubled me, sitting so lax in the boat,
So fulfilled,
With that indrawn unbilicular look
Translating the center of being
To terms of himself.
And his indolent line in the water,
A nerve outside of his body,
Keeping his touch on the pulse of the sea.

The old man sucked at his pipe,
Answered, "Uh-huh,"
Kindly, abstractedly, nothing to talk about—
He, an initiate.

Beatrice Ravenel (1926)

JOHN'S ISLAND

The place I love most is the deep lowlands of South Carolina, especially the island that can be dry and wet, desolate, and lush, the island that is screaming with life, sounds and growth.

One reason I love this sea island is simply the humid summer air. Some crow cawing in some distant sunflower field... A pelican catching a mullet that just jumped out of a salt water creek... A lanky blue heron stalking a fiddler crab that just vanished into a nearby hole in the pluff mud... Also the forest life and excited buzzing of locust in a clear meadow... Or maybe there might be more crickets out that night chirping louder than the competitive grasshoppers. If you're really quiet you might even spot a cotton tail rabbit darting away from turkey buzzards.

The final and favorite reason I like John's Island is the green liquid that fills in the cracks of this creation

of God...water. From shrimp to flounders to crabs, this resource is the one that sustains their life. Its awesome power fills in two thirds of the world twice a day, and gives thousands of people food from Alaska to Africa. Water provides me with a sense of recreation, adrenaline, and survival skills. Wading through the creeks at low tide, throwing the cast net, pulling it in and seeing something wriggling in it...that's the feeling...the place I love.

*Benjamin Walpole
(2008, age 12)
Church of the Advent
Spartanburg*

“The Southern mind, when it cuts through all the romanticism, knows that the angels and the demons live in close proximity to one another.”

Urban T. Holmes III in *What is Anglicanism?*



COME TO THE WINDOW

I did not realize the extent to which the twelve years living on Edisto Island and being at the ocean affected my understanding of a life of faith until the window was opened for me. The fullness of the sea, the pull and tug on the

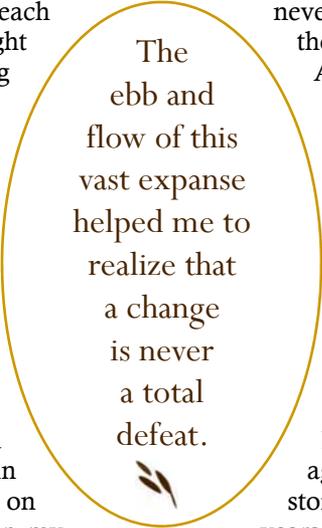
shore, the roar and voice of the waves as they rolled in, the swish and clatter of the shells tumbling over each other, being slung here and there by the currents eroding the shore, all left a deep impression on my existence. The onslaught of the tiny shells, and certainly the larger ones – not a happy sound to the creatures living inside of each as they endured their fright and miseries of being thrown about in a hostile environment.

As I stood in the cool, frothy waters, awaiting the next breaker and reflecting on this give and take, I felt a pull of the nature that God had made and had given to us. As the water receded, I felt the sand going out to sea from under me. I dug in with my heels, drawing on all of my strength to keep my balance and not succumb to its overpowering force. I was on my own to make my decisions and resist temptations.

Having had a longing for a life at the beach since childhood, sand between my toes was what I wanted for myself. There, I could find my God, whom I did not fully understand, in his own creation. The beauty was overwhelming, peaceful, and real. Yet, I knew of the anger and rage the

waters could present in a given path.

The ebb and flow of this vast expanse helped me to realize that a change is never a total defeat. The beach and island were never as calm and beautiful as they were the day after a nor'easter or a hurricane. The sky was never bluer, the foliage never as crisp and green, the waters never so silent and luring as then.



The ebb and flow of this vast expanse helped me to realize that a change is never a total defeat.



All of these feelings and images are not just about the creatures whose home is in the sea. It is the same for all of God's children. There has always been the eternal note of sadness, the cries of human misery. Everywhere in the world, these cries have been heard over and over again. Church history is a story no different. My three years thus far in Education for Ministry have put me back on an island alone with my thoughts, prayerfully discerning the voices I hear about my life, reflecting on how I, among other Anglicans, hear, study and receive scripture and tradition. Once more my feet are in unsure waters, my heels sinking even deeper, delving into the faith of Hebrew obedience and scriptures, the life and actions of Jesus Christ, the life of the church he left behind under

the leadership and guidance of the Holy Spirit, what the early Church fathers made of the outcome of Jesus' life, the opposition they endured - the wars - the hatred - the cruelty towards fellow man - the tyranny of their governments, to say nothing of the deaths which took lives God had created. History has never been without uncertainties and the darkness of evil. Next year, I will stand in the murky waters of theological ideas that I have seen come into play during the recent past and during the history of my family members that I know so well. And there I stand in the rising tide of what God is calling my generation, my world, my children to be and to do as he has done since he called the Hebrew nation

into existence.

EfM has beckoned me "to come to the window" to listen and look out on the world of this spiritual sea and to answer for myself what I see out there. From deep within me, with praise and thanksgiving, I prayerfully say, "Thanks be to God" for the time and experience with my mentors and fellows travelers on this spiritual journey. This journey of incredible dimensions has made me the Christian that I am today, and is making me the Christian that I am becoming.

Frances McGowan Richardson
St. Matthew's
Spartanburg

"In theological reflection, we do our best
to be faithful and accurate,
we treat courteously those who differ from us,
and we leave the rest to God.

Christopher Bryan in *The Sewanee Theological Review*

"The Anglican outlook is positive.
The true Anglican looks at the world
with hope, not despair."

John Booty in *The Sewanee Theological Review*



HOLY BREATHING

Breathe. That simple act takes in life-giving oxygen and expels waste carbon dioxide. The rhythm is set up from our first breath of life and is mirrored in the created world. Day follows night. The seasons circle round every year. But we

human beings fight against the rhythms, working too many hours because we want to get ahead, serving too many hours because the needs are so great.

God has given us a commandment to free us from over scheduling. “Remember the sabbath day and keep it holy.” Like a fish out of water and straining for air, we try to inhale only, taking on more and more, gulping in activities, and wondering why we are exhausted. God knows us and in mercy has given us a holy time to exhale, breathing out toxic excess and creating a space for fresh, clean life.

Thomas Merton wrote of the necessity of solitude in which to experience a sabbath. In solitude “a man gives himself over to the times of nature, to the inner silences. Where a man just gives himself over, the growth is more natural, not the unspeakable hot-house growth of the world.” Time apart in solitude is necessary to reevaluate our relationship

to Christ and to others, to cleanse our lives of the detritus of crowded living, to listen for and hear the “still, small voice” of God.

Expiration is one of the requirements needed for a thing to be called living. Our whole selves, physical, emotional, and spiritual, need space and time to refocus and grow. In love, God has commanded us to rest, to exhale, making room again for God’s presence.

“Turn back, my soul, to your rest
for the Lord has been good;
he has kept my soul from death,
(my eyes from tears)
and my feet from stumbling.

I will walk in the presence
of the Lord
In the land of the living.”
(Psalm 116: 5-9.)

*Debbie Bandy
Grace Church*

“It is true that sin is the cause of all this pain,
but all shall be well. All shall be well,
and all manner of things shall be well.”

Julian of Norwich



THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED

Rest easy tonight little one,
while I am gone.

Rest tonight, child
as easy as the man in the moon
and dream of me,
and I will dream of you and we
can walk together for a while.

Rest easy child.
till sun dapples life through
the sleepy fog.

Goodbye for now, child,
till I return, and we'll swim the rivers and the sea
where all the little fish will speak
to us of love and

In language made of croaks and grunts,
they'll hope that in their lives, just once,
they'll have a moment happy as we
will always and forever be.

Daniel Lesesne, III
The Cathedral of St. Luke and St. Paul
Charleston

SONG OF A NIGHT OWL

What cold tip is this that
sits hard upon my tongue –
yes the branches of all of life's divisions
have converged upon this night.

Sometimes all I want is sleep,
but sleep is far from real –
when dreams seem worse than truth
I only hope to heal.

But send me further, whatever god
further than my narrow scope –
yes send me past the sun
and let my knees grow sore from
bending. This night seems long – I know –
my candles have burned down,

but it's as short as any night and
morning will grip me sooner.

Daniel Lesesne, III
The Cathedral of St. Luke and St. Paul
Charleston

UNITY, NOT UNIFORMITY

Christ's body the Church often reveals her unity in seemingly small yet poignant and powerful ways. And when she does, the angels and archangels and all the company of heaven rejoice and give thanks to God.

One such blessed event occurred during our recently reconvened diocesan convention.

At convention each parish sends four delegates and casts one vote. Each mission congregation sends two delegates and casts half a vote. The mission congregation of St. James Santee in McClellanville sent Betsy Geer and William Baldwin as delegates. Throughout the day, as the roll was called, Betsy and Billy's voices could be heard alternating as they announced their vote on each of the resolutions. Each time, their vote was divided. Later in the day, at one point when it was time for them to announce their vote yet again, Betsy

Geer proclaimed with firm tenderness and for all the convention to hear: "Our vote is divided, but our church is united."

Not only do the good folks in McClellanville love one another, but they seem to grasp well the concept of what it means to be the Church in the world. They are embodying what Bishop William Alexander Guerry explained to be the breadth and depth of Christian community: "We should strive for unity, not uniformity."

*Callie Perkins
Grace Church
Charleston*

"There is no unity
in which there is not diversity,
and in the highest unity
there is the utmost diversity."

William Porcher DuBose



VERY NEAR

“Sow for yourselves righteousness; reap steadfast love; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord, that he may come and rain righteousness upon you.”

The Prophet Hosea suggests a simple antidote to the faithless corruption endemic in the Kingdom of Israel which included Samaria. Hosea could be shockingly direct and challenging – and indeed the first part of his word for today describes the dissolution of the people of God in the Northern Kingdom – Israel. But the antidote is uncharacteristically gentle. Rather than upbraiding the Israelites to repent and return to the Lord, to stop their pernicious practices, or to subject themselves to draconian measures to atone for their apostasy – Hosea uses a beautiful metaphor.

It describes something far greater than planting and harvesting grain to sell at market. Something deeper and more satisfying than growing grapes for making fine wine to enjoy and to sell. Something more personal than the superficial, self-centered, relationships so common to all.

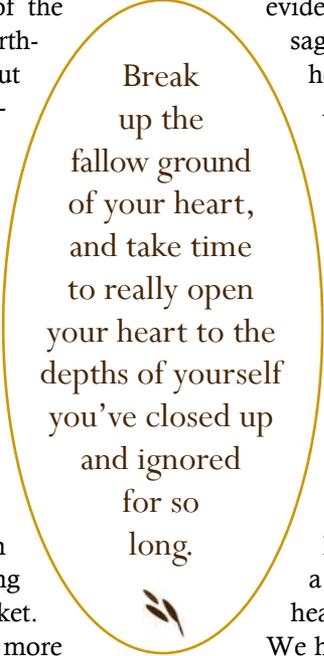
He says: Plant yourselves for righteousness and you will reap steadfast love; break up your fallow ground for it is time to seek the Lord.

And in seeking, the Lord will come and rain righteousness on you – watering your crop of walking on God’s road, and encouraging you to trust in His love for you.

So what does this have to do with us? Well – It seems self-evident to me that this message is aimed at the very heart of 21st. century America:

We have buried ourselves in the business of striving, getting, selling, buying, excelling. We rely on our technology, our growing scientific understanding of everything from the human genome to how to make artificial food from chemicals. Like the Israelites, we tend to pay a lot more lip-service than heart-service to the Lord.

We have become so inured to our ways, that our hearts haven’t been opened in years. The fact that we can’t allow ourselves to be out of touch for a moment during the day and even through the night. Our obsession with iPhones, BlackBerrys, computers, Twitter, texts, Facebook and the rest suggests how starved we



Break
up the
fallow ground
of your heart,
and take time
to really open
your heart to the
depths of yourself
you’ve closed up
and ignored
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long.



are for true communication. And how little time we spend in consideration of what is God's way for us.

Sow yourselves for righteousness means give some of yourself, your time, your attention to getting nearer God and you will experience steadfast love. Break up the fallow ground of your heart, and take time to really open your heart to the depths of yourself you've closed up and ignored for so long. Then, Hosea says, God will come and let a nearness to Him be as close as walking in a rain shower.

It is metaphorical – but it is also true to our experience. When we allow ourselves to take time to want to be closer to God – we discover that we open ourselves, listening for God's reassurance, and are rewarded by a sense of God's love and presence, very often through other people. What Hosea recommends is just what Jesus told his disciples to do: Go to the people and bring them Good News – The kingdom of heaven is very near you.

We are the people, and the king-

dom of heaven is very near us – that's good news. God desires to have us realize how nearby his realm is. The only thing that keeps us from experiencing God's realm is our fear, our business, our self-absorption, and our unwillingness to believe that God is right here! Waiting...

A familiar image of that same idea is that of Jesus standing outside the door – knocking, seeking to gain entrance and our not being willing to go to the door and open it so the Lord can come in.

We need to let Christ into our fallow, locked up hearts. If we desire to have a connection we can – it's only a matter of allowing it. God in Christ loves and desires you, Jesus is reassuring you that the kingdom is very near you.

It is time to seek the Lord. Why don't we open to him? Perhaps this time we can.

*Alastair Votaw
Grace Church
Charleston*

“Until I die to the need to control
the outcome of what I offer,
then I cannot love.”

James C. Fenhagen



THE GOD OF THE TEMPEST

The year 1871 was a bleak one for state of South Carolina and for the diocese. A new bishop had been elected, but the diocese had lost nearly \$200,000 in investments and endowments during and since the Civil War. The times were

economically and spiritually bleak. A report to the new bishop and diocese, spear-headed by Dr. Stuart Hanckel, gave this charge to the people of the diocese:

“We have reached a momentous crisis in our history...if the Church which we have received from our fathers is to be transmitted to our children, *more self-denial must be practiced*; we must no longer be content to give of our abundance, but out of our *poverty* must abound our liberality... The tempest of civil and religious discord is howling around us. Let us possess our souls in peace, and have peace and love one with another. The ship may be suddenly dismantled, her bulwarks rent, her seams opening, but she bears the God of the tempest and the storm” (*italics in the original*).

We can debate whether the times we live in are as desperate as those immediately following the Civil War, but there is no doubt that we too live during a time of “momentous crisis.”

We too are living in the midst of a “tempest of civil and religious discord.” Whereas many of us have continued to give out of our abundance, I would echo the words of Dr. Hanckel, that we all consider giving more out of our “poverty.” Further, it would serve us all to evaluate our relationships with one another to ensure that we have “peace and love one with another” and with God himself.

The character of a people and a Church are not determined during good and “fat” times, but during difficult and lean times. We do bear “the God of the tempest” aboard the ship of this Church; and may we be about the business of our Father in heaven, and do so with care and generosity for one another, and that we never forget Jesus Christ and him crucified for all people.

*Greg Snyder
St. John’s
John’s Island*

“They did not know, as we do now,
though empires rise and fall,
your Kingdom shall not cease to grow
till love embraces all.”

F. Pratt Green, from Hymn 170, *To mock your reign, O dearest Lord*



HARMONY IN A FLOWER

Several years ago, the week before Christmas, a friend from Mexico brought me a beautiful Poinsettia, the *flor de Navidad*, the Christmas flower.

“We give the Christmas flower,” she explained, “because we believe it brings harmony.”

I found myself struck by the circles of human existence, and the intersection of humanity across space and generations.

As you will remember, the Christmas flower of Mexico, what we now know as the Poinsettia, was introduced to the United States in the 19th century by South Carolinian and Episcopalian Joel Roberts Poinsett.

Poinsett was the first U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, but he would later anger the nation when he attempted to secure Texas for the United States, prompting the Mexican people to clamor for his recall. In South Carolina in later years, Poinsett was a Unionist. His contemporary and political nemesis was, of course, John C. Calhoun, whose views instead would win the day.

I found myself wondering if Poinsett’s Mexican friends had told him the story about the symbolism of harmony in the flower. And might that have played a role in influencing his decision to resist the tidal wave of nullification and secession rolling across his beloved state?

Harmony to our Church, and to our lives... I have heard people speak many times about the importance of not fearing confrontation, and I agree. Surely, however, it must also be important not to fear harmony, especially in times of honest disagreement—for through it all, we have our dear Lord, God in flesh appearing, the Christ in you, the Christ in me.

Callie Perkins
Grace Church
Charleston

“[I]n our dealings with one another
let us be more eager to understand those who differ from us
than either to refute them or to press upon them
our own traditions.”

William Temple in The Church Looks Forward



THE CHURCH IS A FAMILY CALLED TO WALK TOGETHER

We are a family. Everyone is welcome at the table. No one is asked to leave the table. But yes, anyone can choose to get up and leave the table whenever s/he wishes.

That was the rule in my family growing up. Yes, at times, the discussions got heated. But that is the nature of family life. If you have any doubts I suggest you read the Book of Genesis! You and I both know the problems which arise when we distance ourselves from those with whom we have differences. It is seldom pretty. After you leave the table, mistaken assumptions can be made and more narrow interpretations are inevitable because the 'other' is no longer present to be heard from.

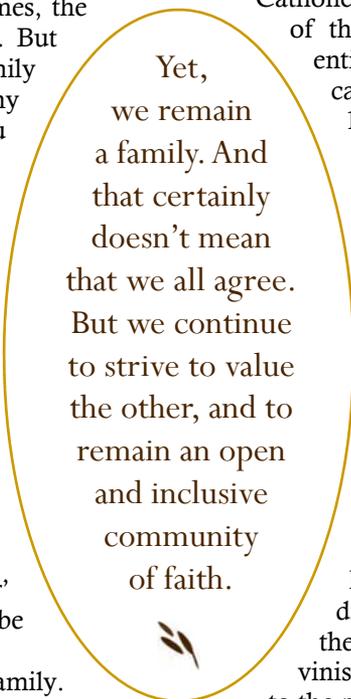
Yet, we remain a family. And that certainly doesn't mean that we all agree. But we continue to strive to value the other, and to remain an open and inclusive community of faith, unashamedly so. With the Good Samaritan story displayed on our great doors how could we strive to be anything else? And let's not forget, new members continue to enter our community for this very reason and we are blessed by

such a growing presence.

Last week, while pondering such things, I found my eyes drawn to a classic Anglican treatise from the last century. It was Michael Ramsey's gem from 1936, *The Gospel and the Catholic Church*. Near the end of this work is his chapter entitled, *Ecclesia Anglicana*. In it this future 100th Archbishop of Canterbury writes:

"The Anglican was and is a bad Lutheran, a bad Calvinist, and certainly no papist." He goes on to say that we have our own way to do many things not least of which is how we read the Bible. Ramsey writes:

"Yet, the Anglican Church appealed to the Bible along lines very different from those of the Lutherans and the Calvinists; for it appealed also to the primitive Church with its structure and tradition, and thus interpreted the Bible in its true context. By refraining from the Lutheran error of giving particular statements in Scripture a domination over the rest, and from the Calvinistic error of pressing the use of scripture into a self-contained logical system, it saw that scripture centers simply in the fact of Christ Himself, and that this



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fact is to be apprehended with the aid of the whole structure and tradition of the Church. Here, therefore, was an appeal to antiquity, coherent and complete, and faithfulness to lessons of history which the Reformers on the continent were missing.”

“The scriptures that centre on Christ Himself! Ramsey builds on this theme as he continues:

“If the meaning of the Anglican Church is thus sought in terms of the Church of the New Testament, then none of the cries of partisans can ever interpret it aright. To be faithful to the Gospel, to foster freedom of thought and inquiry, to uphold the Apostolic succession, are not sectional loyalties; they concern the one call of the Church as a whole.”

This is our tradition. Yes, we have always had ‘parties’ within the Church. But none alone has claimed to be the Church in and of itself. High Church and Low Church, Catholic and Evangelical, Conservative and Liberal: Many parts but one Church.

“...the one call of the church as a whole.” This is why the greater sin of the early church was schism and not heresy. We know this to be true as we stand and sing that great hymn of the Church, “The Church’s One Foundation.” Samuel Stone reminds us of this early church belief that remains trusted and true in our own experience as Christians;

*Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed.*

Indeed, it is in our faith (not fear) filled living out of Christ’s call to oneness in His body that we move forward in this pilgrimage. And walk together we shall.

I look forward to seeing you at the table on Sunday.

*J. Michael A. Wright
Grace Church
Charleston*

“Wherever there are divisions which persist,
there is sure to be something of value on both sides.”

William Temple in *The Church Looks Forward*

“You shall love your crooked neighbor with your crooked heart.”

W.H. Auden in “As I Walked Out One Evening”



“How can I love my neighbor as myself
when I need him as my enemy –
when I see in him the self I fear to own
and cannot love?

How can there be peace on earth
while our hostilities are our most
cherished possessions?”

Eris Symens Abbott in *Love's Redeeming Work*

“Like so many of our problems anger is a cry for love,
for care, for a presence. Once we know we are loved
and understood, much of our anger disappears.”

David Adam in *The Road of Life: Reflections on Searching and Longing*

“If I am appreciated for what I do, what I achieve,
I am not in fact unique since someone else can do the same,
and probably do it better than I...
This is the self that so often leads me into activity
to prove my value.”

Esther de Waal in *Living With Contradiction: An Introduction to Benedictine Spirituality*



“Somewhere in the middle...there are those of us who,
like me, simply don’t know all the answers
to the myriad problems facing us.

We are not, however, without a compass.

We have our list of basics too.

Prayer and worship are central to us,
and our hesitancy about quick answers to difficult issues
has more to do with reverence for mystery
than with absence of conviction.”

Alan Jones in *Common Prayer on Common Ground*

“The death of personal anger...means getting rid of
the psychic hurricanes which always have self at the center
and which dissipate our real strength and in which
we cannot be quiet with God.”

Evelyn Underhill

“Stop grieving for the dead,
and do something for the living.”

The voice A. Toomer Porter heard at his son’s grave in *Led On! Step by Step*



The editorial committee of *Carolina Grace*
invites contributions for upcoming issues on these themes:

THE SIMPLE JOYS OF DAILY LIVING
AND
ANGLICANISM: MEET ME IN THE MIDDLE

Our hope is to reveal with consistency the breadth and depth
of our rich heritage as Anglicans.

*(Our next issue will be a Special Edition on “Silence,”
to be published in the near future.)*

Contributions should be uplifting in tone and reflective of God’s active presence in our lives. Submissions may be of any genre; they should not exceed 750 words. Electronic submissions should be in Microsoft Word format. The editorial committee reserves the right to make reasonable corrections to grammar and syntax and to determine whether or not a submission appropriately fits the theme of the issue and the direction of the journal.

Please mail submissions to *Carolina Grace*, 115 Wentworth Street, Charleston, SC 29401, or email submissions to wcsuggs3@yahoo.com, with “Carolina Grace submission” in the subject line.

We must receive submissions by April 29, 2011 for our next issue.

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PRINTING COSTS ARE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

They may be sent to:

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CORRECTION
TO THE LENT 2010 ISSUE

In the article “Grace Happened at the Cathedral” by the Reverend Dr. Madison Currin, we incorrectly listed the membership of the Cathedral of St. Luke and St. Paul when he was Dean and Rector. The membership at the time was approximately 800. The editorial committee regrets the error.

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