How Does a Preacher's Daughter Deal With Church?

Early Experiences – Finding a Way

I have a checkered history with church. In childhood, church was home to me—the place where Daddy worked. The Sunday rituals were part of the background music of family life. This smooth continuity between home and church continued during my years living in Wheaton, with some added dimensions: educated professionals from the college teaching Sunday school; superior preaching by gifted ministers; and a high quality of music directed by trained musicians. The presence of college faculty members and students assured that the congregational singing would be robust, replete with full-throated, four-part harmony.

As a staff member of Pioneer Girls—an international organization geared toward providing weekday activity for young girls—I began to be in touch with a number of different Protestant denominations: Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Assembly of God, Mennonite, several varieties of Baptists, Evangelical Free, and churches independent of any affiliation. Although varying in ecclesiastical structure, these churches turned out to be startlingly alike in their informal approach to liturgy, which featured the primacy of the sermon. I got accustomed to the experience of worship being somewhat accidental and infrequent wherever I went. Other agendas—the church weekday program, evangelism, missions—seemed to be more important.

By contrast, worship came easily in camp. It came in the hush descending as the evening campfire turned to embers, or in the lilting crescendo of voices singing after meals in the dining hall. At such moments, my soul soared unbidden. I was with women and girls from disparate Christian traditions, all dissolved into the unity of one body. Such experiences were rare in church.

I found it difficult to confine myself to a single denominational tradition. In this, I was the heir of my father whose attachment to his denomination often wore thin. Once he was asked to speak as part of a series on denominations in college chapel, representing Baptists. He spent much of his time emphasizing the primacy of his Christian affiliation. In English class after chapel, my teacher remarked with a tinge of scorn, "Our speaker this morning hardly seemed proud of being a Baptist." I sat smugly in the back row, knowing she had not made the connection that I was the speaker's daughter. My father's loyalty lay deeper and broader than to a single denomination.

Part of my struggle lay in the way I was beginning to view being a Christian. Instead of seeing Christian as a "bounded set"—one is either a Christian or not—necessitating evangelism of the one by the other, I preferred the concept of "centered set" suggested by Al Krass[1], which places God at the center and focuses on how a person is moving either toward the center or away from it. This resolved old tensions

Epsom Baptist Church, New Hampshire, where Dad was pastor when I was born.

Glen Ellyn Church, where I attended from ages 12-16

Under the notion of bounded sets, evangelism concentrated on the single dramatic decision of a person to become a Christian and too often stopped there. By thinking of Christianity as a centered set, I focused on a person's direction of movement, rather than his or her status. This accorded with my instincts in working with people. Whether a person defined herself as a Christian or not, I could come alongside her and encourage her movement toward Christ, whatever her spiritual status or formal religious affiliation. My disaffection with church came about slowly and was in part a response to this bounded set thinking, defining persons as in or out, and in part a response to societal change in the 1960s. At that point, disillusionment with the church's capacity and willingness to address racism and sexism prompted me to question the relevance of the church as an institution. I grew critical and impatient.

By the time I had begun studies at the University of Chicago and entered therapy, I was ready for a radical shift in my relationship to the church, but was uncertain where I now belonged. I plunged into one experiment after another in rapid succession.

First I began teaching Sunday school to African American youngsters in a Presbyterian church located near the University in Woodlawn. After Don and I got married, we got involved in the newly formed Baptist bi-racial house church in Hyde Park being started by the pastor who married us. When we found we no longer fit there, we began attending a near north side Lutheran church that had its regular service in the "upstairs church" and an alternative folk mass in the "downstairs church" for the hippies and irregulars. We joined with the long-haired granola crowd, with artists and self-styled bohemians and folk musicians. We hugged and danced and sang and raged against the Vietnam War.

We were only marginally at home in any of these places. Thoroughly disheartened at the end of our three experiments, Don and I opted out of church for a while. The Sunday paper, walks on the nearby beach, leisurely breakfasts—these would serve.

Then we moved to Boston.

The Unchurched Find a Home

We were not searching for a church home when we came to Boston. We were "reaching for the invisible God," as Philip Yancey writes.[2] In the process, we stumbled into church by accident, or by the synchronous grace of God.

It came about one day when we were new to Many Mansions, a downtown ministry reaching beyond denominational lines and a place that would become a launching pad for a ministry Don and I would create. Some visitors came by the site to talk with the Episcopal priest director, Richard. He pulled Don and me over to introduce us. "Don and Eunice are Mennonites," he explained. Don and I had been attending a small fellowship of graduate students, faculty and other professional persons from a Mennonite background that met three Sunday evenings a month in Cambridge.

I hooted. "Richard, we're not Mennonites! You can't be a Mennonite unless your name is Yoder." Then, more soberly, as I saw Richard's surprised look, "We're your unchurched!"

Richard was visibly shaken by the thought of two prominent prospective staff members without a church home. Nothing more was said, until the next day when Richard came to work. His shoulders were set in a determined line, as he approached us and said firmly with the authority of someone who had listened to the Divine voice, "I think you should go to the church of St. John the Evangelist on Beacon Hill."

We were too startled to object, and we were also hungry for a spiritual home. We knew this church to be a Mission of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, an Anglo-Catholic order of monks residing in a monastery in Cambridge. Their founder, Richard Cowley, had come from England to Boston in the latter part of the nineteenth century, with the intent of developing a ministry to the many neglected and forgotten persons living in the crowded rooming houses on Beacon Hill among the very rich who also were housed there. The monks initiated a Thursday night supper where many homeless men and women learned they would find good food and a warm and thoughtful welcome from the "Cowley Fathers."

We walked up Beacon Hill the following Sunday to attend Solemn Eucharist. Six months later, we were confirmed as Episcopalians. We had found a home among Anglo-Catholics which would last through the rest of our lives.

At first everything was new to us. Neither of us had grown up in a sacramental tradition or formal liturgy of any sort, and this church prided itself on a particularly "high" Anglo-Catholic liturgy—complete with "smells and bells." We quickly sensed the pervading spirit of prayerfulness that the Brothers lent by their presence. A deep quiet settled over the sanctuary on a Sunday morning as one of the monks would preside over the liturgy and give the homily. A layman fulfilled the role of "Master of Ceremonies" to make sure that every detail of the elaborate liturgy was handled in a way that maximally contributed to a spirit of worship—seeing that the vestments were laid out, the incense burners prepared, and caring for the many tiny details that go into an orderly service. We knew we were in good hands, and entered into the silence gratefully.

Nurtured in a Rich Tradition

Since Don had come from an essentially non-religious background, his first reaction to the highly choreographed liturgy was that he had wandered onto the theatrical set of a British comedy. However, he found the predictability of the structure comforting. Don had always been uneasy in a situation where masses of people gathered under the sway of a charismatic leader without the protection of a certain degree of formality. Huge televised rallies, or highly emotional appeals, evoked images of the Third Reich when huge crowds had been spellbound by Hitler's impassioned rhetoric. He felt secure under the authority and quiet dignity of the ancient Anglo-Catholic forms.

In my case, I was acutely aware that I was part of a growing cohort of evangelicals who drifted toward the Episcopal church. I asked Curtis Almquist, a Brother at the monastery who had made this transition himself, why he thought this movement had been occurring.

He told me:

> My hunch is that many evangelicals have been well-nurtured in the Scriptures, know what it is to live a disciplined and discipled life, and have a sense of vocation and ministry, but when it comes to the church gathered to worship, many are much experienced in hearing evangelistic-type sermons and singing hymns of personal piety, but do not have much of a sense of coming into the presence of God, for the glory and praise of God. The Psalms are giveaways that there is something called worship that has a kind of innate pull.[3]

He made other suppositions, such as the palpable experience of forgiveness offered through the Sacrament of Reconciliation, but it was the substantive experience in worship that drew me.

While Don valued the richness of the Episcopal tradition, he also continued to find my evangelical friends refreshingly genuine and open to engagement in serious dialogue, an exercise he loved. Having grown up knowing of the tradition of the Midrash which allows for the resonance of multiple meanings in a single biblical passage, listening and questioning were far more important to him than having answers or settling upon a single ironclad interpretation. As a man who has allowed the winds of the modern era to sweep through his consciousness—both the horror of the Holocaust, and the ineffable beauty of poetic expression through words—he did not need to cling to a safe sanctuary of certitude in the religious community. He abhorred the Pharisaic "we-know-the-truth-and-it-will-die-with-us" attitudes he sometimes detected in the larger, generic evangelical community. On the other hand, he was acutely aware of the solidity and geniality of our evangelical friends, and treasured them accordingly.

Someone once said that "the trouble with the Christian life is that it is so daily." Something similar could be said of the church. Becoming part of St. John's would involve us in the whole ride: up the heights of spiritual ecstasy, down into the valley of mourning, and across the level plain of dailyness.

The beginnings held promise. In 1986, after five years as a Mission, we became an official parish. Our first rector stayed five years, and then it was time to select a new rector. We were fortunate in finding one candidate from within the congregation, Jennifer Phillips. It was more important than might be guessed that we had as priest someone familiar with the congregation, for there was a strong tendency in the parish for conflicts to arise, often over liturgy. Many of the struggles were picky and sensitive and destructive of forward movement. The church opened its arms wide to persons with various kinds of disabilities—mental, emotional, physical. In the midst of very formal liturgies, there might sometimes be a disturbance in the back because one of the incoherent alcoholic guests of the Thursday night suppers was coming by a bit early for his Sunday noon sandwiches that were handed out after mass. Persons who had been victims of verbal and physical abuse in childhood easily found St. John's a home. The need to keep the environment safe for such persons sometimes included putting up with unreasonable demands for special care and attention, especially from clergy.

The liturgy was a lightning rod. One did not tinker lightly with protocol crafted over the years under the vigilant eyes of the monks, or the Master of Ceremonies, or the parish priest, or director of music. When changes were made—a necessary thing in order to keep our experience fresh and relevant—there could be small explosions here and there. The priest became expert in putting out fires and in preventing them. I accepted these idiosyncracies in the parish as part of the total package of this unusual body of people.

Don and I did not engage ourselves in the behind-the-scenes work of the church, for the most part. We came on Sunday morning, needing spiritual nourishment after a week of giving constantly to others in our work—now an established entity as *Life/Work Direction*. We entered the worship with all our hearts, but once the benediction was pronounced, we left quickly, skipping the coffee hour where parishioners exchanged conversation with one another. Thus we avoided being part of the grapevine where news spread quickly whenever someone was upset about something.

Sometimes we heard wisps of information long after a skirmish had been settled, or perhaps reference was made in the homily that indicated that there was unhappiness somewhere. We were philosophical about the tiffs and spats. I was a preacher's daughter, and my loyalties tended always toward the rector who bore the brunt of these matters.

We were delighted when the services of an especially gifted music director were secured, Bill Porter, a member of the New England Conservatory faculty and an organist with a worldwide reputation. The choir spruced up immediately. The way in which he helped all of us to truly worship Sunday after Sunday was as profound an experience as I ever expect to have this side of heaven. He wanted the liturgy to be conducted in such a way that we could pray the liturgy, not just sing or say it. Needless to say, he had the full support of the rector in this, and we all benefited immensely from his thoughtful leadership.

It was not unusual for us to experience as a congregation a moment of palpable unity as we sang together. The song would swell, and I knew that we were in the presence of the Divine. Other times, silence would fall, a silence so thick one would hardly dare breathe. We were at prayer together. It no longer mattered to me what the calibre of the sermon might turn out to be; I went for the music. Fortunately, the sermons were of high quality as well. But during the musical portions of the liturgy, it was natural to worship. Never in my church life before had I experienced this so consistently nor been as deeply nourished.

St. John's Warts

Fifteen years after we joined St. John's, a new rector arrived who tragically misread the needs and preferences of the parish and attempted to make crucial changes in the liturgy, and to introduce some folk-style songs into the mass. She had been told this was a church ready for change, so she waded in, unaware of the strong traditions surrounding the liturgy and music that would resist change, especially directives from a comparative novice whose previous experience was in a vastly different setting than New England.

This meant inevitable tension with the director of music, whose tastes ranged from the predictable focus on Bach and the old masters to modern composers like Messiaen, but did not include much from the folk repertoire except for carefully chosen fragments from African American spirituals used at the Eucharist at Easter and a few other occasions.

John Rutter, the English musician, once commented that "the relationship of the clergy over the centuries to musicians who serve alongside them could charitably be described as wary."[4] Wary would be too tame a term to describe the relationship that was being played out behind the scenes between these two principals. In short order, the subsequent flare-up between the rector and the music director blew the parish to bits. The Sunday after the music director resigned, the choir loft was virtually empty, and so were many pews. It was anybody's guess as to how many left, but it was anywhere from one-quarter to one-third of the congregation.

There was “no balm in Gilead” for me during that tortuous year. The music was performed satisfactorily, but with a much reduced choir. The loss hung in the air like a thick haze of gloom, penetrating every corner of the sanctuary. When we passed the peace to one another just before the mass, my eyes were full of tears. I knew people vaguely understood. I looked around at empty pews and tried to determine who had left. My mourning was also for them, but no one talked about the disappeared. I felt like I was in Central America during the time of the *disparacito*.

A great wail of mourning rose from within me, and was echoed throughout the congregation. I was in a state of shock. It was a death of something very precious that I had known in that place, and it had been snatched from me. I went numb. I did not want to speak of my feelings to others. I was already on the periphery of the parish, intentionally. I did not want to take sides and unnecessarily create further schisms within a congregation that was suddenly much weaker. A lot of people had left, representing a lot of talent, a lot of leadership, a lot of energy, and a lot of money. So Don and I mourned alone.

In desperation I wrote a letter to the parish. It was modeled after a series of "Letters from the Wilderness" that Carolyn Metzler, a former member of the parish, wrote after she left Boston to take up residence with Eric, her doctor husband, in a remote part of Maine's northern wilderness.

I wrote, in part:

> At St. John's, people come and go. When I first came to the church in 1981, I was surprised at how long one could be here and still consider oneself a "newcomer." This was before there was much intensive effort in welcoming one another.
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> By the mid-1980s, we began acknowledging people's coming into the congregation, but also their leavings. Events in the early years of the parish often left scars and people would leave without much notice being taken. We sometimes referred to these persons as "the walking wounded." Jennifer changed all that, and we began "blessing" persons who went off to another city, or even to another church, for whatever reason.
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> This year, I entered another "wilderness"—a city version, and, it must be said, a St. John's version. It was not something I chose. It was something thrust upon me by a swirl of events I had almost no knowledge of, and less understanding. I found myself, like John the Baptist, to be a "voice crying." Crying at St. John's is normative for me. I remember with warmth Joan Williams telling me shortly after she began attending, that every week she found the worship so meaningful and full of beauty, it left her in tears. I thought I was the only one! I never knew at what precise moment the tears might come; usually it was during one of the hymns, or possibly a choir anthem, or the *Gloria,* or *Trisagion.* Always through music, though.
>
> I cry now out of loss, not just the loss of one person or two, but the loss of so many persons, persons so numerous I do not know all their names and faces. I felt like a giant shovel was scooping my heart empty, while I stood powerless to protest or learn the reasons. These missing ones are like ghosts in the pews, but I do not know how to touch them or reach them. I cannot ask them to come back. I respect their choices. And does it matter that we care? How do they know that we love and miss them? And it is not about blame. It is about sorrow.

What the unfinished business is, is not clear to me. What is clear, is that something is very unfinished. I feel I must probe my own grieving to its depth, know my own vulnerability for causing offense and pain. . . .

This morning, I came upon an article in *Weavings,* a periodical to which I subscribe, and these words, ”Forgiveness delivers us from the irreversibility of the past and promise delivers us from the unpredictability of the future. For the Christian, forgiveness comes wrapped in promise, freeing us to be fully present. Love of God is a state of being; love of neighbor is the doing that results. . .Christian love entails vicarious hurting for all that hurts, at the same time that the soul must be armed against the hurt that comes from taking things personally. Seasoned by unconditional love, the soul will often be saddened but rarely bruised. When our fundamental need for unconditional love is filled to overflowing, we are freed from bruising in order to understand the bruised souls who do the hurting.”[5]

Then the assistant priest stepped up to the plate loyally and became the focal point for persons needing to vent their grief and anger. Sermons from both Jeannette and the assistant pled for unity, for going forward. I thought this was incredibly offensive and blind. St. John's was all too adept at covering over sleeping hostilities and undercurrents of feeling.

The vestry sent us a letter at the time of the music director’s resignation trying to make sense out of events.

It is important to acknowledge that Bill's departure is part of a transition process that started over two years ago with the resignation of our previous rector. Since that time we have worked hard to understand the nature of our community and its need for the future. The wardens, vestry, and our interim priest, reflected long and hard about the issues facing St. John's and the challenge we would face in a new ministry with the rector we would call.

The first and most painful part of this work we have begun with Jeannette is understanding the difficult interim business that we were not able to finish before she arrived, notably the prominence of rather narrowly prescribed traditions of worship and music. Jeannette joins us in believing in the importance of a rich and moving Anglo-Catholic liturgy. But, like the interim priest, she is challenging us to grow and to consider our position within the Church and the Anglo-Catholic tradition, including exploring variations in worship and music that have helped other Anglo-Catholic parishes to thrive.

There lay a clue. "That difficult interim business." And "the prominence of rather narrowly prescribed traditions of worship and music." I had a hunch that there was not much overlap between membership in the choir and membership in the vestry. These remarks made it suspiciously likely.

The vestry was also struggling with finances. Jeannette was the first rector we had ever paid the regulation Diocesan-approved salary plus benefits. We had been getting by with rectors who accepted less. There were also ominous signs that our creaking physical plant was going to require more than the projected share of the capital campaign chest. Yet we had already signed on for the new organ, which by some was considered a luxury. Bill was an obvious symbol of expensive and elite taste, both in music and in the organ. Was he, and it, expendable? Getting rid of Bill would make it much easier to quash the organ purchase, even though construction had been begun. I am not sure that the vestry and rector sat down together and said these things crassly. But the underlying apprehensions about money were surely there.

I began to refer to the body of people who had left as "the Church in Exile." I wrote letters to the parish and to some of the persons who had left:

> As I have pondered our church's present situation, it occurred to me one Sunday recently to wonder what Jesus would have done. The exercise was instructive. I tried to imagine Jesus leaving, or staying, speaking out or keeping silent.
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> I let the images become more vivid as I visualized Jesus moving among the members of our congregation, one at a time. He would sit beside each one, often throwing an arm around the person as a gesture of support and palpable presence. Then I saw Jesus out on the streets and in various places in the city and around the country, being with each member now departed.
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> As I descended into a deeper reverie, an "aha!" suddenly came to me. Jesus was uncomfortable in his church! The tension of conflict and sorrow were there for him. And in this realization came a wave of comfort.
>
> Being uncomfortable in church is hardly new to me. Beginning with childhood years where Sunday church was the centerpoint of the week for our family, I remember the hard wooden pews, and for many years the discomfort of Sunday clothes—hats, gloves, heels.
>
> Then there were the sermons. I was spoiled early in life—Dad was an eloquent preacher—and growing up in a Christian college town exposed me to some fine preachers of that day. After graduation from college and being cast upon the vast uncertain sea of the real world, I missed good music—the full-bodied blended voices of college men and women in choir and congregation. I wandered from church to church, from one denomination to another. There was a city church with a big name preacher, and a struggling interracial band of folks in the inner city trying to start a new ministry, and the "underground church" in a Lutheran church basement singing folk songs with hippies fleeing from the traditional service upstairs. And many others.
>
> Coming to St. John's in 1981, being confirmed as an Episcopalian, and deciding to make this our church home was a significant turning point for me. This was to be a place where I would sometimes be uncomfortable, but it was home.
>
> I did not know then how uncomfortable it might become. So I means a great deal to me now to learn that Jesus is here, feeling uncomfortable too. To this I cling. Not to the church, not to its past, not to its future, but to its present right now, with Jesus, who sits with me and with you.

Don and I stayed through the year, doing our best to stand quietly by, neither siding with the priest nor with the departed. We hoped that simply being there was witness. I began to refer to the body of people who had left as "the Church in Exile."

One person "in exile" responded with her Christmas card which included comments about her year, and alluded to the secretive nature of what had happened. That resonated with my sense that the way the affair had been handled preempted any possibility of a congregation to take responsibility in preventing the damage inflicted by two persons caught in the stranglehold of their own impetuous natures. I wrote back, quoting from something I had read that morning in Lamentations:

> *Remember O Lord what has befallen us;*
> *behold, and see our disgrace.*
> *We have become orphans. . .*
> *The joy of our hearts has ceased;*
> *our dancing has turned to mourning.*
> *The crown has fallen from our head;*
> *woe to us, for we have sinned.*
> *For this our heart has become sick. . .*
> *Restore us to thyself, O Lord, that we may be restored!*
> *Renew our days as of old!*
> *Or hast thou utterly rejected us?*
> *Art thou exceedingly angry with us?*[6]

Finally, another member of long standing, Carole Jean, and I agreed to meet Sunday mornings before service for silence and meditation so that we could better prepare ourselves to worship—something which had become increasingly difficult for both of us. We met a few times in a dingy upper room in the rectory, but this only exaggerated my feeling of aloneness until one day we did speak openly about our feelings. Carole Jean was able to remain. Her roots in the parish went back before mine. She was married in the church, birthed two children and buried the ashes of one in the memorial garden.

Coming Home

Don and I knew we must leave at some point. We were unable to truly worship, and the parish was taking a direction different from one toward which we were inclined. The music was no longer as central. We left carefully, writing this letter which was printed in the church paper:

An Open Letter to our friends at St. John's
from Don and Eunice Schatz
Lent 1998

In the words of T. S. Eliot, once an attender at this church,

"*Home is where one starts from,*" and
"*The way forward is the way back,"* and

"We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time."[7]

We have had two spiritual homes in Boston, since moving here in 1979.
The first was the monastery. We birthed Life/Work Direction in its embrace, receiving spiritual direction as a staff of three during the first decade of its existence as a ministry of counseling to those in transition in their life and work. It is a place where our hungers for God are met.

The second home was St. John's, Bowdoin Street, where we were confirmed into the Episcopalian Church, and where we worshipped these past seventeen years, nourished by the liturgy—especially the ministry of music—and by the unique flock of persons who find their way to this place on the side of a hill.

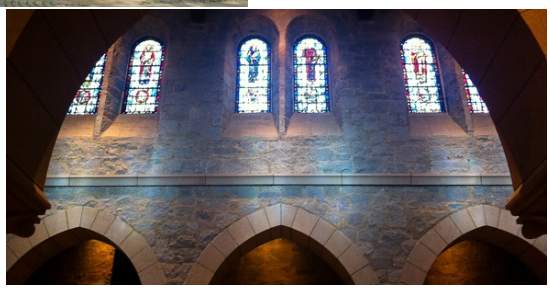
We believe that these two homes are a constant that will remain throughout our lives. In fact, our burial wishes are filed in the office at St. John's and our ashes will be buried in the Memorial Garden so lovingly tended by people there.

It is time for us right now to "go home" to the monastery of St. John the Evangelist in Cambridge for a time. We are removing our *presence,* but we will maintain our *pledge*—it was a promise that is our joy to keep.

We are moving through Lent towards Easter here at St. John's. After that, we will be at the monastery for as long as we are led to remain. We hope that our leaving for a time, and in this open way, will cause the least hurt to the people of this parish whom we love.

My father had always taught me that the church is more important than its pastor. In the times in his Baptist pastorates when the church was coming into conflict over his leadership, he tendered his resignation immediately, lest he become a stumbling block. Eventually Jeannette came to a similar conclusion—that staying would be an obstacle to further growth. She resigned three years after she had come, limping away. We may never fully grasp the roots of disillusionment that had made their appearance during this period. For many years, the church reeled from the shock her arrival and approach had precipitated. Perhaps it was the confluence of many factors that had made the struggle so searing. Sometimes I thought my father's response in situations of potential conflict had been too hasty, but on the other hand, he was never the person to drag a church through a prolonged period of struggle such as St. John's had endured.

So we came home to the monastery of the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Cambridge. It was the first place I had gone on retreat, the first place where I had received spiritual direction. It was the place where Don, Richard and I had gone for a blessing as we birthed Life/Work Direction. It was indeed home.



The Church Invisible

The other day, a woman came to me for counsel. She was musing about church. Her words were poignant to me: "I want to be part of something invisible."

I smiled. "You are," I said. Inside I was singing to myself the All Saints Day hymn:

> *From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,*
> *Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,*
> *Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

How could I convey to her my growing sense of the countless host? Those bonds which are far stronger than those of any single local church community? I have no explanation as to why that unseen cloud of witnesses is such an impelling image to me. I know it is composed of the same polyglot assortment of persons from every class, race, nation, sect that I struggle to understand and appreciate in my world today.

Yet when I stand and sing certain last verses of hymns in our monastery services that I attend now, my heart inexplicably melts, lost in wonder, love, and praise.

> *Hark! the songs of holy Zion*
> *Thunder like a mighty flood;*
> *Jesus out of every nation*
> *Hath redeemed us by his blood.*

Though I cannot explain it, I yield to the moment because only this image of the church is enough, the paradoxical image of an invisible church.

1 Al Krass, "Maybe the Problem is in Our Heads," *The Other Side,* May, 1980, pp. 43,44.

2 Philip Yancey, *Reaching for the Invisible God* (Grand Rapids: Zondervan, 2000).

3 Br. Curtis Almquist, Society of St. John the Evangelist, personal letter, 2001.

4 John Rutter, unknown source.

5 "Love as Intrinsic Living," W. Paul Jones. *Weaving*, December, 1997

6 Lamentations 5

7 T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding (V)," Four Quartets, *The Complete Poems and Plays, (New York: Harcourt Brace Janovich, 1971), pp. 144-145.*