



Deacons Tromping through the Jungle

By Deacons Patricia Ross and M. Christie McManus, Diocese of California

Yes, we are Deacons and we tromp through the jungle in the far eastern corner of Sierra Leone, West Africa. We have alternated between great delight (riding through the jungle in a Colonel's Humvee) and terror (running a roadblock with armed soldiers) in our work leading Midwives on Missions of Service (MOMS). Our purpose is to build capacity among some of the poorest women on the planet to better their own health and the health of pregnant women and infants in their communities.



Our home village of Pellie is beautiful even in the rainy season. The clinic is one of the finest buildings we've seen, but the thatched roof huts last only 3 years or so. The tin roofs on the homes of wealthier citizens fail after 5 years. -- Trish Ross.

We've been lonely; MOMS has a mostly inactive Board and a few hardy volunteers, but we do the administration and planning, and most of the fund-raising and teaching. When we were first in Sierra Leone we were given different names, surrounded by people speaking a different language, cut off from email and phone, and expected to live very different lives from our U.S. existence.

Mostly, though, we've been filled with Joy. We've been filled with Joy because we believe this is what we're called by God to do. Or, perhaps, we believe this is what we're called by God to do because we're filled with Joy.

We teach illiterate women how to provide maternity care to their neighbors; we teach them to teach and practice good nutrition, sanitation, family planning, breastfeeding, and prevention of sexually transmitted diseases. We prepare the women to be change agents and advocates for girls and women, especially victims of gender-based violence. We provide micro-grants so the women can start self-sustaining projects that support their own needs and give them enough to

help others.

We've had malaria and giardia and a few mystery diseases. We've eaten goat and porcupine and a few mystery meats. We've drunk a lot of beer.

We began this work in 2006 in the village of Pellie. At that time, we were the first white people ever to visit the village. When we returned on our second trip, in 2007, the women surrounded our vehicle and tried to pull us out through the windows. They chanted, "You came back; you came back; you came back." Several representatives of NGOs (non-governmental agencies) and some African-American visitors had promised to return, but we actually did it.

They conducted ceremonies to admit us into tribal and village membership. They gave us special clothing and a blanket to bring back to the US, so when we sleep under it, we will be "home". Chris is Mamie Sallay Kallon. Trish is Mamie Jebbeh Kallon. We are the Paramount

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Chief’s sisters. We are Sallay and Jebbeh every bit as much as we are Chris and Trish. We are Mende women.

On that second trip (we’re approaching our eleventh in February 2013), they told us a story. The headwoman, Mamie Lamin, is a prophet in the local religion. She had a dream that white women with light eyes would come to their village and save the lives of women. She told the village elders and the Imam about her dream (Sierra Leone is predominantly Muslim); they took her seriously and prayed. They sent her to the Paramount Chief, a man who was trained in England as a nurse. He prayed and prayed.

He also contacted people who lead non-profit agencies working in Sierra Leone. He told them he needed women to come and teach. Phone calls traced their way across the ocean and the United States. MOMS received one of those calls.

“Would you come and teach for two weeks a group of women to be midwives?”

“No,” we said. “But we will come for three weeks and do a needs assessment.”

So in December of 2006, we went and did a needs assessment – and taught essential basics of maternity care to the 52 women who showed up eager to learn. Our first classroom was in a wall-less hut with a thatched roof. Mamie Lamin and the rest watched, waited and prayed.

Then we came back, to conduct a four-week class training them to provide prenatal and postnatal care, teach, and become change agents. And that was when they pulled us out of the truck, weeping and dancing.

Who are we to say where Mamie Lamin’s dream came from? Was it really a prophetic dream? Or was it less supernatural; the result of the fervent hopes of a people for help? Does it matter?

Did God call us as he called Samuel, through dream and prayer? Or did God call us through telephone lines and email and the network of international NGOs working on health issues? These aren’t mutually exclusive. We think it’s both/and.

Both of us wanted to work in developing countries for most of our lives. Trish worked in a medical mission in South Korea when she was younger. Chris worked in numerous volunteer positions around women’s reproductive health and rights, as well as HIV/AIDS for many years.

After we met 20 years ago at the School for Deacons in the Diocese of California, we started planning to be financially able to devote ourselves to this kind of work in our fifties. We began to look for opportuni-

ties with various nonprofits. So, when Trish decided to become a midwife and discovered MOMS, and when Chris was elected to the Board of Directors in 2005, it seemed



Jitta and Alpha, MOMS’ staffers, at their traditional wedding. The following day, they had a western-style wedding, which conferred full community rights on Jitta.

as though the opportunity for which we’d prepared and been prepared had arrived.

Since our initial work in Pellie, we’ve trained two more cohorts, totaling about 135 women from 35 villages. We helped the women organize into nine small groups to work on projects, conduct peer review sessions, and support each other. We’ve given micro-grants to each of these groups to start gardens and small businesses to sustain their lives and work. Although the government has officially adopted our model for making these women into community health workers, they do not get any pay. They need another way of producing revenue.

The maternal and infant mortality rates have improved dramatically in our area – far beyond what is happening in the rest of the country. The Ministry of Health was suspicious of the statistics coming from the region, so sent a team to audit the books. The auditors marveled – our women were making the difference.

Illiterate, uneducated, subsistence farmers, some with a dozen or more children themselves, are teaching, providing prenatal care, connecting women with the clinic system, arranging for transport of sick women, supporting breast-feeding, protecting girls from sexual predators, arranging for Marie Stopes, Inc., to visit with contraceptives, and just

generally cleaning up the messes that have lingered since the uneasy end of the civil war in 2002.

They do much of their teaching through songs and skits, about the benefits of breast-feeding, the elements of good nutrition, and the evils of violence (one of the songs about violence has a wonderful line: “If you hurt our girls, we will drag you to the police!”)

Much of our success has come because we become personally involved in these women’s lives. We dance with them (a requirement); at their request, we teach them American songs and dance, e.g., the Hokey Pokey; we tell them in their own language that we respect them (“Bah gor mei,” accompanied by certain ritual hand gestures). We participate, to the extent possible for foreigners, in their secret Bundo society rituals.

In 2009, MOMS almost went broke, and so did we. We barely pulled our personal finances out of the pit, but MOMS was not so easy to rescue. We still had a grant to build a clinic in the village of Ngolahun, and our grantor allowed us to use some of that money to transition our staff off the payroll while trying to get the clinic built long-distance. Then we wondered what to do.

It’s difficult to describe how heartbroken we were at the thought of never going to Sierra Leone again, never doing this kind of work again. Were we wrong in our discernment of calling? Had we failed? We prayed



Chris McManus helps complete the birth record for her namesake: Christie Sallay Adieu.

every day for direction, for a sign of what to do next. We ached and we cried, a lot.

In early 2011, the grant to build the clinic had run out and we put out an appeal for \$1,700 to pay our remaining debt to our last employee. Then we would dissolve the corporation and go out of business.

We had just collected enough money to pay Cecil what we owed, when an anonymous donation of \$5,000 arrived. What to do with that? We couldn’t return it, because

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it was anonymous. But it wasn't enough to fund another trip to Sierra Leone. If it was a sign, it was a confusing one. We continued to look for direction for MOMS and for ourselves, and continued to be stymied.

At one point Barry Beisner, Bishop of the Diocese of Northern California, spent a few hours with us, listening to our distress, asking questions, praying with us. (We are fortunate to have two bishops; one where we live physically, Northern California, and one where we're canonically resident, California.) Bishop Beisner told us we just needed to heal, to stop looking for the next thing, and instead let God continue



A Traditional Birth Attendant shows how she can wash her hands for three minutes, as she sings the “Three-minute Handwashing Song.”

to work in us to heal the wounds, financial, physical and spiritual, that we had experienced over the last several years. When we were ready, we'd know what to do.

In November 2011, our dear daughter, Jitta, who has been with us in our Sierra Leone work from the beginning, emailed us that she was getting married to a man who also worked with us and whom we put through college. We weren't really sure if this was an invitation (they weren't sure whether to presume to invite us), but ultimately we decided that we had to go, we just had to. We bought tickets, updated our visas, and got on the plane. We got off the plane in Brussels and spent two days there due to a missed connection. We lost our baggage. But we finally arrived in Freetown – late and dirty, but there. Jitta had arranged for dresses to be made for us, and we attended the wedding in style. We were back. We were home.

We even made a trip to Ngolahun to check on the progress of the clinic, which had still not been finished. While riding through the jungle, Trish recalled the words to an Eagles song, words about our faith journey: “Put me on a highway, and show me a sign, and take it to the limit one more time!”

The kids begged us to start MOMS up again and we said we would, if they would

help. We said we would come back to America and shake every tree we could find for money and other support. In August of this year, we made another month-long trip, and now we're gearing up for six weeks beginning in February.

MOMS is different now. We have no vehicle or headquarters. We have only one employee making less than half what she should. We do not take big bags of desperately needed supplies – no more gloves, the women must deliver babies barehanded. We take ourselves because that is what we can afford.

It is different for the people there, also. They know now that we are not rich Americans with endless resources, and they know we are dedicated. Chief Kallon said in August, “I know you are patient.” The women know we love them and that we will continue to return as long as we are able.

We returned, because we love enough.

We love a people. We love them enough. Enough to get a passport and visa. Enough to prepare ourselves to teach. Enough to fundraise endlessly. Enough to live in thatched roof huts with dirt floors. Enough to use smelly latrines. Enough to eat porcupine. Enough to tend pregnant women with malaria, and try to save those babies. Enough to marvel at the bananas and mangoes growing wild beyond the village boundaries. We delight in wild canna and hibiscus. And fresh pineapple!

We are Deacons, tromping through the jungle, filled with Joy.



What Do Deacons Wear?

Vestments for the Deacon



by Dn. Michael Jackson, St. Paul's Cathedral, Diocese of Qu'Appelle

Introduction

What do deacons wear? The question may seem trivial. After all, ministry is about ministering, not about appearances. And yet many religious traditions have dress codes for their adherents – for example, the *yarmulke* (skull cap) worn by Jewish men or the *hijab* (head scarf) worn by Muslim women. Ordained ministers – rabbis, imams, Christian clergy – often wear some form of distinctive dress, both during worship (liturgical vestments) and outside of worship (street dress). The clerical collar is the best known identifier for Christian clergy for the majority of denominations. Robes such as cassocks and headdress are street wear for clergy in many Orthodox countries. Religious orders have traditionally had some form of “habit”.

What deacons may or should wear is therefore of interest. Dress *outside* of the liturgy is easily dealt with. *Liturgical* dress, on the other hand, is more complex. Let's look at both of these, referring to practical examples of the deacons at St. Paul's Cathedral, Regina (Diocese of Qu'Appelle, Anglican Church of Canada).

Street Dress

Should deacons wear clerical collars and if so, when? The use of clerical collars *at all* by deacons, like the title “reverend”, has been questioned. The Anglican custom has been that ordained ministers wear clerical collars when “on duty”, both liturgically and non-liturgically – and this has included deacons. On the other hand, deacons used to be such rare birds that the question hardly arose for them. With the revival of the diaconate as a distinct order, attuned to the “secular” world outside the church institution, wearing clerical garb has been challenged as detracting from the deacon's identity.

James Barnett, for example, says, “round collars and ‘the Reverend’ are actually countersymbols of the new diaconate, implying as they do a false distinction between the deacon and the laity, implying that the ordained person is somehow more sacred or holy than others.”¹ While the title “reverend” is less and less used for deacons, in favour of “deacon” (Deacon John or Jane Smith), clerical collars are still frequently worn – but almost always for liturgy and for specifically-identified forms of diaconal ministry.

William Ditewig, prominent Roman Catholic deacon in the United States, notes the variety of practices in his own church. Some dioceses, he says, discourage the wearing of the collar by deacons “because they are afraid people might confuse deacons with priests. [...] In other dioceses, deacons may wear the collar at their discretion whenever they are involved in public ministry,” such as prison ministry. “Some deacons are concerned that, without some easily recognizable garb that identifies them as clerics, people will not know that they are deacons and available to serve [...] Other deacons and their bishops find that wearing a clerical collar puts too much distance between the deacon and the people he is to serve.”² This sums up the pros and cons of distinctive clerical garb for deacons.

Our practice at St. Paul's Cathedral follows a middle course. Our deacons wear the clerical collar, but only when (a) functioning liturgically and (b) exercising a specific diaconal ministry outside the church community, such as hospital visiting, services in seniors' and special care homes, and officiating at public events such as Remembrance Day.

Liturgical Vestments for the Deacon³

Anglican deacons usually vest for sacramental liturgies in one of two ways: *cassock, surplice and stole*; or *alb and stole* – the latter are today the most widespread diaconal vestments. For Morning and Evening Prayer, Anglican deacons wear the black preaching scarf over surplice and cassock; this, of course, makes them indistinguishable from priests – which was of such concern to those Roman Catholic dioceses cited by William Ditewig! Historically, however, the most distinctive vesture of the deacon has been the *dalmatic*, a knee-length tunic with wide sleeves, in liturgical colours.

Historical Note

In the early church there was no distinctive dress for the clergy: in the Roman Empire they wore the same “classical” garments as others – which included the alb, cope, chasuble and dalmatic. By about the sixth century, however, Roman dress had evolved into different forms, while clergy retained the traditional classical dress. “Christian vestments are then derived primarily from the customary dress of the people of the late Roman Empire.”⁴

The alb is the basic liturgical robe, originating from the *tunica alba* (= white tunic), an indoor garment worn in the ancient world. In church use, the alb symbolized the white robe given to new Christians at baptism. It was and is worn under vestments like the chasuble, dalmatic and cope. In some traditions it is also worn over the cassock; indeed, the surplice is simply an abbreviated alb. Elsewhere, the so-called “cassock-alb” has largely replaced cassock and surplice.

The stole also has ancient origins. Some think it came from “a scarf worn over the tunic and chasuble in ancient Rome by senators and consuls as an insignia of their status.”⁵ Others suggest it was “a long scarf worn by official persons as messengers,”⁶ which made it an appropriate garment for deacons as messengers of the Gospel. The wearing of the stole by deacons appears as early as the fifth and sixth centuries in the East, although it was not prevalent in the West and Rome until the ninth or tenth centuries. Priests, as today, wore the stole as a scarf hanging vertically from the neck in the front on both sides and under the chasuble (if used). However, in the East the diaconal stole (*orarion* in Greek, *orarium* in Latin – from *oro*, “to pray”) was worn over the left shoulder, *over* the tunic (*sticharion*), and straight down front and back – as it still is in many of the Orthodox churches. (The Council of Toledo in 613 directed that the stole be worn this way so that the deacon's right hand and arm were left free for service.)

When the *orarium*, or stole (from *stolas*, for “towel” in Greek), was finally adopted in Rome and the West for deacons, it was originally worn *over* the dalmatic, which was the western equivalent of the *sticharion*. Thus the eastern stole and western dalmatic together became the diaconal vestments. Eventually, the diaconal stole was placed *under* the dalmatic; it was then worn crossways and tied under the right arm – which is still the case in most western rite churches.⁷

The dalmatic is “an ancient vestment associated with a servant”⁸ and “appears to have originated as a garment of ordinary dress in the province of Dalmatia, being made from the fine wool for which the province was noted.”⁹ Its use as an ecclesiastical vestment seems to have become general by the fifth century in Rome, where it was worn by both bishops and deacons. Eventually the custom of the deacon wearing the dalmatic spread across the western church. The Roman rite still provides formally for bishops to wear the dalmatic under the chasuble at such occasions as ordinations. Originally dalmatic-

ics were decorated with two vertical stripes on either side reaching from top to bottom, front and back, and with two circular stripes on the sleeves. Although this pattern is still found, dalmatics evolved like other vestments and were decorated in a variety of ways. In the traditional “high mass”, the deacon wore a dalmatic with two horizontal stripes, while the sub-deacon wore a very similar garment, the *tunicle*, differentiated from the dalmatic by having only one stripe – a practice still followed in some Anglo-Catholic parishes.



Traditional vestments: the deacon’s dalmatic (left) has two horizontal stripes; the sub-deacon’s tunicle (right) has one.



Contemporary vestments at St. Paul’s Cathedral, Regina: the deacon’s dalmatic (right) has more ornamentation than the sub-deacon’s tunicle (left).

The Church of England

We find references to the alb in the First Prayer Book of King Edward VI (1549). At “The Supper of the Lorde and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Masse”, the priest is to wear “the vesture appointed for that ministracion, that is to saye: a white Albe plain, with a vestement or Cope.” Assisting priests and deacons are to wear “like-wise the vestures appointed for their minis-

tery, that is to say, Albes with tunacles” (the dalmatic is not mentioned). In the ordinal of 1550, the rubric specifies for the Ordering of Deacons, “every one of them, that are presented, hauing upon hym a playne Albe.” A similar phrase is found in the Ordering of Priests. (For the consecration of bishops, the ordinal states that the bishop-elect and presenting bishops wear surplice and cope.)

These references were omitted from the Second Prayer Book of 1552; indeed, these vestments were prohibited – priests and deacons were “to have and wear a surplice only” and bishops were to wear a rochet. The ordinal of 1552 deletes all references to vestments. However, in the slightly revised Elizabethan prayer book of 1559, we find the following statement: “such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof at all times of their Ministracion, shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England by the Authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth” – that is, 1549. We are back full circle to the First Prayer Book. However, with some exceptions, albs, copes (and mitres), chasubles, dalmatics and tunicles did not return to use in the Church of England until the catholic revival of the 19th century.

Contemporary Vestments for the Deacon

As already noted, alb and stole are the most usual liturgical vestments for Anglican deacons, with cassock, surplice and stole also frequently worn. The dalmatic is becoming more widespread for the historical reasons mentioned above. Let’s have a look at contemporary usage.

The deacon’s stole should, first of all, not be a priest’s stole tied sideways! This was often the case some decades ago when deacons were few and far between and vestment makers did not produce specifically diaconal stoles. The situation has changed and genuine deacons’ stoles are now readily available. Stoles are normally wide, appear in the traditional liturgical colours, and are decorated with various symbols. The “Latin” stole is worn crossways over the left shoulder and under the right arm. *The General Instruction of the Roman Missal* specifies that the stole “is worn by the Deacon over the left shoulder and drawn diagonally across the chest to the right, where it is fastened.”¹⁰ Episcopal deacon Ormonde Plater explains that there are three options for wearing the diaconal stole, all over the left shoulder:¹¹

The Latin style, tied or attached under the right arm – the most frequent western usage.

The Eastern style *orarion*, hanging straight down, used in many Orthodox churches.

The “Byzantine” style, a long stole (in effect a double *orarion*) worn crossways under

the right arm like the Latin stole but with the ends hanging vertically front and back from the left shoulder like the *orarion*. This is the usage in some Orthodox churches

and increasingly among Anglican deacons.

Byzantine (left) and Latin (right) red stoles at St. Paul’s Cathedral.



The dalmatic,

historically the deacon’s vestment, was worn in the 19th and 20th centuries by the deacon in the Anglo-Catholic “high mass” tradition and at the Roman Catholic solemn high mass (the sub-deacon wore a tunicle). After Vatican II,

the solemn high mass was eliminated from the Roman missal. So was the order of sub-deacons. As was the case for “real” deacons’ stoles, vestment makers stopped making dalmatics (and tunicles). The revival of the diaconate has resulted in dalmatics being made again.

The dalmatic has tended to be reserved for special occasions, like the Easter Vigil, in both the Anglican and Roman Catholic rites. This, maintains Roman Catholic deacon William Ditewig, is regrettable. In his view, *the deacon should wear the dalmatic whenever the priest wears a chasuble.*¹² Episcopal deacon Ormonde Plater agrees, and adds that deacons should also wear the dalmatic when the priest wears a cope, for example at Solemn Evensong. He notes, however, that “[i]n practice, the dalmatic is often reserved for occasions of great solemnity.”¹³ Roman Catholic Michael Kwatera takes a more restrictive view, reserving the dalmatic for “occasions where greater solemnity is fitting.”¹⁴ *The General Instruction of the Roman Missal* states that “the vestment proper to the deacon is the dalmatic, worn over the alb and stole; however, the dalmatic may be omitted out of necessity or on account of a lesser degree of solemnity.”¹⁵

Vestments like dalmatics can be expensive and this may be an obstacle for individual deacons; so parishes where there is a deacon should provide matching sets of chasubles

and dalmatics – and stoles. One practice should be vigorously discouraged: vesting other people as deacons, whether priests, for example, reading the gospel in the absence of a deacon, or lay persons – the so-called “liturgical deacons” found in some parishes. It would be unthinkable to vest as priests those who are not. The same should apply to the diaconate.

A Case Study: St. Paul’s Cathedral, Regina (Diocese of Qu’Appelle)

At St. Paul’s Cathedral, the deacons generally follow the guidelines given by Deacons Ditewig and Plater: when the presiding celebrant wears chasuble or cope, the deacon wears the dalmatic - unless one is not available. We have three complete sets of vestments (cope, chasuble, dalmatic, tunicle), in white, red, and green. We hope some generous donor will eventually provide sets in blue and purple! Until that happy day, we vest in alb and stole in Advent and Lent. There are both Latin stoles and Byzantine double *orarions* in our three sets of vestments. One of our two deacons prefers the Latin, the other the Byzantine, so both styles are in use.¹⁶



Deacons Winna Martin and Michael Jackson wear respectively a Latin stole and a Byzantine stole (double orarion) at St. Paul’s Cathedral.

We wear our stoles *over* the dalmatic. Admittedly, this is a rare practice. We do so partly because, as noted above, this was the most ancient tradition, and also because – and St. Paul’s is unusual in this respect – lay *sub-deacons* assist at most of our eucharistic celebrations. Since in two of the three sets of vestments the tunicles are identical to the dalmatics, the stole is the distinguishing

feature for the deacon. On an antiquarian note, James Barnett tells us: “The Council of Braga, 563, directs the deacons to wear the stole over the shoulder and outside the tunic (dalmatic), so that they will not be confused with the subdeacons.”¹⁷ However, Deacon Ormonde Plater asserts that it is confusing for anyone to vest as a subdeacon, a minor order abolished in the Church of England in 1550 and in the Latin Rite of the Catholic Church in 1972; an exception may be made for Anglo-Catholic masses using three sacred ministers.¹⁸

Whether we are antiquarian or innovative in this respect at St. Paul’s is open for discussion. We like to think the latter! Our cadre of sub-deacons has been in place since the 1980s and we find this a valuable form of lay



liturgical and other ministry.

Modelling the green vestments at St. Paul’s Cathedral - a set made by Thomas Roach of Vancouver, depicting the Saskatchewan prairie landscape – are, from the left, Deacon Winna Martin, wearing the Latin diaconal stole over the dalmatic; Dean Michael Sinclair in the chasuble; and sub-deacon Shelly Hawes in the tunicle.



The award-winning white vestment set at St. Paul’s Cathedral, made by Saskatchewan artist Martha Cole and depicting the water of baptism. From left to right: Deacon Michael Jackson, wearing the Byzantine stole over the dalmatic; Dean Michael Sinclair in the chasuble; and sub-deacon Jan Besse in the tunicle.

Finally, to add another twist, the author, who usually wears Byzantine stoles (over the dalmatic when applicable), adopted a practice he learned from the Romanian Orthodox Church. The double *orarion* is worn as indicated above (crossways and hanging vertically) through the Liturgy of the Word until the offertory. At that point, the two hanging ends are placed crossways on the back, over the shoulder and through the central band at the waist. The author had to have a lesson from an Orthodox priest on how to perform this complicated manoeuvre!



Deacon Michael Jackson models, front and back, the Byzantine red stole as worn from the offertory in the Romanian Orthodox tradition.

Conclusion

For the diaconate, vestments *do* matter. Indeed, all liturgical vestments have a purpose beyond mere ornamentation. Deacon William Ditewig explains this well for his own Roman Catholic tradition; it applies equally to the Anglican tradition:

[W]e are a church that makes rich use of outward signs and other aids to religious imagination and expression. Vestments do many things, including offering a link to our religious heritage. The alb, for example, is a sign and reminder of the white garment of baptism. The stole and dalmatic of the deacon express his servanthood as well as the servanthood of the entire church in the servanthood of Christ, just as the priest’s vestments signal the priesthood of the priest and the church in the High Priesthood of Christ. The partnership of priest and deacon thus demonstrates to the assembly the link between priesthood and service; between worship of God and care of neighbour; between Word, sacrament and charity.¹⁹

(The Footnotes to this article are found on Page Fourteen)

The Measurement of Greatness: an Ordination Sermon

By Bishop J. Scott Barker, Diocese of Nebraska

*The greatest among you must become like the youngest,
and the leader like the one who serves.
- Luke 22:26*

Dorothy, it is a real privilege to be here with you today and to share in this part of your journey as a disciple in Christ. I want you to know that I am proud of the deep work of discernment and formation that you have accomplished and that has brought you to this moment. I want you to know that I am thankful, for the supporters that have walked along with you: the people of Saint Mary's, Father Rick, Deacon Pat, and especially Frank: I can hardly imagine a better and more supportive partner. And I want you to know that I am confident in your sense of calling, in your preparation to enter into this ministry, in your readiness to serve. You are going to be a great deacon!

But mind you, "greatness" for a deacon – really for every disciple of Jesus Christ – is measured on a different scale than the one by which the world measures greatness. "The greatest among you," Jesus says to us this day, "must become like the youngest; the leader like the one who serves." If you would be the deacon God has shaped and called you to be, then you will spend the best part of your energy - and the better part of your heart - in the service of others.

So I want to dare this morning to give you a couple of pieces of advice about how to be great.

If you wish to be great in the Kingdom of God, you must truly welcome all. One of the tricky things about serving in the Church, is that church relationships and ministries sometimes become "transactional." What I mean by that is that the relationships and ministries in the church sometimes become "tit for tat."

We invite into positions of leadership the people we know the best – the ones who show up for everything or who have been church members the longest: if we know you, you get to lead.

We defer to people who give lots of money to the church. We feel like we're supposed to listen to them especially carefully, and perhaps follow their advice in meetings or when decisions are being made: if you're generous, we'll defer to you.

We hang out before church or at coffee hour with the same people week after week – our particular church "friends" – who are special to us partly and precisely because they are the people we hang out with week after week: if you'll be nice to me, I will be nice to you!

Dorothy – in a minute you will be reminded that the deacon is called to a "special



ministry of servanthood" most particularly to "the poor, the weak, the sick, and the lonely." And the truth about that group of God's beloved children is that they will not be "giving" the church the sorts of valuable gifts that we normally *honor* in the church. The poor will not be able to make a big pledge. The sick and the weak will not be showing up to do service work. The lonely shut-in may have an awfully tough time being an out-going delight at coffee hour.

If you would be a great deacon, you will have to keep your eyes, your ears and your heart open for these folks on the margins. You will have to seek them out. You will have to lift them up. And you will have to constantly remind the church that these are particularly beloved of Christ, that if we would build the church in the image of God's Kingdom, we must never ever fail to welcome, to defend, and to celebrate the lives of those on the margins.

If you wish to be great in the Kingdom of God, you must truly welcome all.

If you wish to be great in the kingdom of God, you have to turn your back on the church; you have got to walk out of those doors and away from this building. We all know this, right? "If you love those who love you what reward will you get," says Jesus, "Even tax collectors and sinners do that!"

Sometimes it's said that the church is the only organization in the world that exists only for the benefit of those who don't belong to it. There's some real truth in that. So often in the church, we spend too much time, energy and money looking inward: caring for the little family we already know, pouring resources into our buildings which often do not serve our wider communities in any way at all, planning activities (like worship services) that appeal only to those who are already in the club.

Christ's mission – and so the Church's mission (and so your mission!) – is to love and serve not just our fellow club members who gather here to worship every week. Our mission is to love our neighbors. Our mission is to pray for our enemies. Our mission is to forgive those who persecute us. Our mission is to seek and serve Christ in all persons. Our mission is to take up his cross and offer our best, in the name of Jesus, for the wider world.

And our deacons lead that charge, right? "Let us go forth into the world!" the deacon calls out at the end of every church service! If you wish to be great in the kingdom of God, I pray you will shout that encouragement out at the top of your lungs every week, and then turn your back on this church and walk out of those doors into the world.

The last piece of advice I'll give is probably the easiest to understand, and the hardest to do: you really have to find a way to stay humble. At David Holmquist's ordination to the diaconate a couple of weeks ago, Father Selvey reminded David – and us all – that "it's not about you." Father Mark had us all cracking up right? All the special gifts: "Oh you shouldn't! For little old me?" And the special new shirts, right: "Check me out! Mr. Holy!" The great new place in every church parade that goes down the aisle: "That's right! Look who's got the Big Book!"

Truly, our Church gives out some weird mixed messages here! From now on you *will* often be wearing fancy clothes, and you *will* often have the best seat in worship, and you *will* often be deferred to as the one who should gather a meeting, or lead a prayer, or know the answer about some "churchy" thing. Sure, the Church wants you to be a

“humble servant,” but they also seem to want to exalt you to some very different status.

Let's be clear today: the Church lifts you up so that they can better see you pointing to Jesus. It's not about you; it's about Jesus. You don't wear a stole across your breast to signify some special rank in the Church, you wear a stole as a symbol of putting on the yoke of Christ. It's now your job – at all times - to remind us what it means to be a follower of Jesus.

You are not at the end of the church parade because you are important; you are at the end of the church parade because servants come LAST. As a follower of Jesus Christ, and a deacon in his church, you are called to be servant of all. You will not carry the Gospel book in procession and proclaim the Good News here on Sunday mornings because we think you're the best reader or because you know the story better than everyone else. You now proclaim the Gospel in here as a way of emphasizing your witness of service out there. We're supposed to make a connection: the one who always tells us the story of Jesus in Church is the one who enacts the story of Jesus in the world.

It's not about you. It's about Jesus. Remember that, and you'll have a fighting chance to stay humble.

Now I want to end with a word of assurance. Dorothy, the heart of discernment is “trying something on.” For years now you have been on a journey of formation, education, preparation and of practicing to be a deacon. You've been “trying on” this ministry, equally here in this place among your beloved church family and out in the wider world. And, yes, it is a high, challenging, and sacrificial calling that you've signed on for here.

But do not fear. You know how to do this thing.

You told me when we talked the first time we met, that you would not be a “churchy” deacon, but rather, that you would be out in the world. May God bless you in that commitment! We need more such servants -- servants who will go forth in the name of Christ, servants who will go forth rejoicing in the power of the Spirit, servants who will go forth: to love and serve the Lord.

The Seven Launches a Second Year

By Dn. Kyle Pedersen, Project Director

The Seven began its second year in October with nine participants ranging in age from 18-30 (including a high school senior) and from across the United States and Canada. They represent a range of education, training, and experience, including work in secondary education, social service, community organizing, pregnancy prevention, anti-poverty organizing and advocacy. One participant has also been admitted to a formal diocesan discernment process. Participants are also matched with deacon mentors in their communities who meet with them regularly to provide guided theological reflection and support. The program



is coordinated by Deacon Kyle Pedersen and with support from AED Executive Director Susanne Watson Epting.

This year's participants and mentors include:

Kimberly Blair and Deacon Ann Turner (Diocese of New Westminster)

Alex Eriksson and Deacon Steve Bailey (Diocese of New Westminster)

Alejandra Garcia Gonzalez and Deacon Cecily Sawyer Harmon (Diocese of Delaware)

Cameron Gutjahr and Deacon Wally Shea (Diocese of New Westminster)

Travis Brock Kennedy and Deacon Margaret Hudley (Diocese of Los Angeles)

Tom Lutes and Deacon Janet McNally (Diocese of Minnesota)

Autumn Sands-Caldwell and Deacon Agnes Johnson (Diocese of Connecticut)

Aaron Scott and Archdeacon Gen Grewell (Diocese of Olympia)

Lizzie Smith and Deacon Susan T. Parlier (Diocese of Upper South Carolina)

Last year's participants taught us that one of the primary values of **The Seven** was the creation of a *free space* for serious conversation and reflection that was not directly tied to a formal discernment process. In this *free space* they can explore their own identities and vocations while trying on different theological and ministry ideas with their peers and in relationships with their mentors.

The Seven uses a variety of discussion prompts to initiate conversations within the group. It also uses texts such as Verna Dozier's *The Dream of God*, AED's *Engaging the Diakonia of All Believers*, and community asset mapping tools. Through periodic conference calls and online communication using a secure blog site, this year's participants are sharing personal discoveries while affirming the variety of gifts they recognize in each other. They are also asking questions about God, church, and ministry and how it all relates to the pursuit of peace and justice in the communities in which they are living, working, learning, and teaching.

Deacon Mentors have also been forming their own community through an online course led by Susanne Watson Epting using the CALL Program at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific. The course parallels material covered by the participants while examining and sharing best practices in mentoring young adults in discernment.

All participants will propose and pursue a ministry project that directly relates to their communities and helps them focus their ongoing theological and vocational discernment. Emerging project ideas include university campus outreach, community gardening in elementary schools, employment support for job-seekers, and social media in youth ministry development. More to come in upcoming issues of *Diakoneo!*

The Seven launched in 2011 and continues this year with the generous support of the Episcopal Church Foundation through a Fellowship awarded to program coordinator Deacon Kyle Pedersen of New Haven, CT, and with the support of AED.

membership

The Association for Episcopal Deacons is grateful to those dioceses which supported us in 2012 as Member Dioceses.

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notes from the aed board

Join us in giving thanks for the ministry of Archdeacon Ted Nitz in the Diocese of Spokane, as three new deacons have been ordained. A gift has been given to the Association in his honor and the donor writes:

“Ted has taught, challenged and led us. His dedication to the role of the deacon in The Episcopal Church and in our diocese, his knowledge of history, theology, worship and the reality of the function of the deacon in the liturgy are so extensive. I am in awe of his amazing ability to share and impart this knowledge to me and my cohorts.”

We are thankful to Ted, and many mentors in the church-wide community of deacons.

In January members of the Association for Episcopal Deacons will receive information and a ballot to select new members to the Board of Directors. Ballots must be returned by February 15, 2013.

On March 1, 2013 proposed changes to the By-Laws of the Association will be posted to the Association's web site, www.episcopaldeacons.org. The proposed changes will be discussed and voted on at the Diaconal Assembly in Williamsburg, VA in June.



WHAT THEN SHOULD WE DO?

A Sermon by Vicki Gray, Christ the Lord Church, Pinole, CA

And the crowds asked him “What then should we do?”

And, Friday morning, I asked myself “What then should I do?”

The night before, I had completed a fairly decent sermon. Before turning to the heavy stuff about good fruits worthy of repentance, our obligations to the poor, and our obligations to ourselves to experience what it means to be poor in spirit, I intended to have some fun talking about colors – the blue of hope, the rose candle of joy, the purple of repentance.

It was done. And I so looked forward to peace and quiet on Friday and Saturday – my first free Saturday in months – and a chance to catch-up...to write the cards and buy a tree and just dust and clear the clutter.

And, then, I turned on the TV and, sitting there numb, I asked myself “What, then, should I do...about Sunday morning...about this sermon?” I could ignore my pain and yours and deliver what I had written. I could pare it down, remove the lighter stuff, and offer the gist of what I had written... ignoring the nation’s pain and all the flags at half-staff.

Then, I remembered another national tragedy – September 11. And I remembered the garden variety lectionary sermon the following Sunday, a sermon that didn’t mention the tragedy or the grief we all felt. I remembered too how ill-served and angry I felt. For we had something we had to talk about and we didn’t.

We have something we have to talk about this morning and, with your permission, we will. I put away the sermon I had written and I will be brief in what I have to say in its stead. Then I’ll do my best to listen, for I feel sure there are probably things you want to say. Where was God in all this? What do we tell our children? Remember Job? Why do bad things happen to good people? Why do the good die young? Why the little children, Lord, why the little children? Is there, indeed, evil in the world? I’ll hang out in the sanctuary after coffee hour. We can continue the conversation here...or later. You know my phone number and e-mail address.

I’m talking, of course, about the killings in Newtown, in Portland, in Aurora, Milwaukee, Vallejo, and Richmond, Oakland and San Francisco; I’m talking about the 30 gun deaths every day, the 11,000 every year; about the 310 million guns on the loose in this country...one for every man, woman, and infant. I’m talking about our rampant

incivility and our increasing proclivity to violence. And I’m talking about the absence of adequate treatment of mental illness.

Surveying such a scene, John the Baptist might well ask “Where are your good fruits worthy of repentance?” and, seeing far too few, declare us also a “brood of vipers.”

What, then, should we do? Surveying the scene, our answer has, for too long, been “What *can* we do?” The guns are too many, the problem’s too big, the forces arrayed against doing anything are too strong.

What kind of answer is that for a Christian, especially during this season of reflection, repentance, *metanoia*, turning around. Where is our resolve, our courage our hope.

What kind of answer is that for an American? Don’t we still have a dream? Don’t we always say “We can do it...*Si se puede!*”

At long last, I think I heard the President say “Yes, we can!” and mean it. Wasn’t there was a tear in his eye on Friday as he addressed the nation?

“As a country we have been through this too many times. Whether it is an elementary school in Newtown, or a shopping mall in Oregon, or a temple in Wisconsin, or a movie theater in Aurora, or a street corner in Chicago -- these neighborhoods are our neighborhoods, and these children are our children.

We’re going to have to come together to meaningful action on this, regardless of the politics.”

Are we now ready to hold his feet to the fire and, regardless of the politics, take meaningful action about our culture of violence, about addressing mental illness, and, above all, about controlling the number and types of guns available and keeping them out of the hands of the the violent and mentally ill.

We know well the politics of the issue and the specious nature of the arguments the NRA will again deploy. Isn’t it time, however, for the church to find its voice and enter the fray to address the morality of the issue. Is this season of peace not an appropriate time for the church to speak out against this violence that breaks our peace and kills our children...against this national shame that is our out-of-control gun culture? Didn’t we take the first tiny steps two years ago, approving a diocesan resolution banning guns in our churches and opposing California’s open carry law?

And isn’t it time for a sensible discussion about the Second Amendment. Hasn’t America changed a bit in the 223 years since the Founding Fathers put pen to paper? Do

we still need an armed citizen militia now that we have a National Guard? Do we still need guns to put food on the table or clear the land of Native Americans too stubborn to move?

John again confronts us from a distant wilderness with his shocking cry – “Wake up! Get on with it! Produce those good fruits worthy of repentance...that will prepare the way of the Lord.”

And how shall we answer? What then shall we do?

There are three things we should do. First, press the President and all politicians to do what they should do to end our national epidemic of gun violence. Second, pray for the victims, the survivors, and also for ourselves, for we too are victims. Take the hand of the person next to you and pray with me, as I share Friday’s Shabat prayer by Rabbi Rachel Barenblat of Newtown:

*God, let me cry on Your shoulder.
Rock me like a colicky baby.
Promise me You won’t forget
each of Your perfect reflections
killed today. Promise me
You won’t let me forget, either.*

*I’m hollow, stricken like a bell.
Make of my emptiness a channel
for Your boundless compassion.*

*Soothe the children who witnessed
things no child should see,
the teachers who tried to protect them
but couldn’t, the parents
who are torn apart with grief,
who will never kiss their beloveds again.*

*Strengthen the hands and hearts
of Your servants tasked with caring
for those wounded in body and spirit.*

*Help us to find meaning
in the tiny lights we kindle tonight.
Help us to trust
that our reserves of hope
and healing are enough
to carry us through.*

*We are Your hands: put us to work.
ignite in us the unquenchable yearning
to reshape our world
so that violence against children
never happens again, anywhere.
We are Your grieving heart.*

Now hug your children and tell them how much you love them.

Deacon Doings in The Diocese Of St. Ives

by *The Ven. W. Keith McCoy, Archdeacon, Diocese of New Jersey*

Welcome back to the eighteenth chapter of a regular interactive feature which continues in Diakoneo.

What this series is about is the life of deacons, and the situations we find ourselves in. Over the years, I have had my share of “problem moments,” or had friends tell me about their problems. Some of these situations could have been handled better with some knowledge or experience, and many others were cases where any number of solutions would have worked, except the one I chose. The voice of experience was needed, but it wasn’t always at hand. This will be an opportunity to share our experiences, and perhaps help others when the question comes up in their lives.

Thus, these stories. They are set in the fictional Diocese of St. Ives, somewhere on the East Coast (no, it is not modeled on New Jersey). No one is real, but the situations are true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent, and the guilty as well. In each issue of Diakoneo -- for the foreseeable future -- there will be a new story.

Each “case study” will be an opportunity for comment. Before I make my observations (based on twenty plus years as a deacon and as a manager of public agencies) in the subsequent issue, I would appreciate your input.

I invite you to drop me a line or more at kmccoy1@optonline.net, or write to me at 14 Second Street, Edison NJ 08837, to give me your take on how to rectify the matter described. If you get back to me within a month of receiving the latest issue of Diakoneo, I’ll take your comments into consideration when writing the analysis of that story, and quite possibly even quote from your solution.

The goal is to help us all deal with the craziness that crops up in our lives and ministries. By sharing our experiences, I believe we can make those crazy moments more understandable and manageable. I hope you enjoy the stories, as well.

Dn. Keith McCoy

Response to Chapter 17

The last chapter was about the departure of the pro-deacon bishop of the Diocese of St. Ives, and what should the deacons do now. A few deacons objected to “organizing” for the upcoming election, enough so that no consensus was reached when the deacons first met. Some of the objections were out of the fear that “the priests” might retaliate in some way; others were about whether deacons should be at all involved with making political decisions about the future of the diocese.

Whenever I hear it suggested that deacons should be seen and not heard, it brings to mind the Eleanor Roosevelt quote: “No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.” If the deacons, as a group, allow themselves to be intimidated into silence on this issue, where might their voice be on any other issue in the future? We, as an order, do more than just ladle soup: we advocate for more and better soup, and question why some people should survive on soup alone. Deacons give voice to the voiceless. If we cannot speak for ourselves, why would anyone else expect us to speak on their behalf?

One way to deal with fear is to talk about what creates the fear openly. Intimidated by “the priests”? Which priests? What about the ones who support our ministry? Are there not more of them? What about the laity who support us? Any group which would push the deacons of the diocese aside undoubtedly would do it to any other group that stands for justice. That should be talked about in the streets, not whispered about in corners.

As to whether deacons should be involved with the governance of the diocese, that issue regrettably keeps popping up. One theory is that deacons should not participate in church councils because, serving as we do directly under the bishop, any bishop can command our vote. I truly doubt there exists a deacon who mindlessly asks his chief pastor how to vote. Alternatively, it has been proposed that deacons need to keep themselves pure (i.e., not participate in church politics) in order to speak honestly for the disenfranchised. I recommend you read anything about the women’s suffrage movement to hear the exact same arguments made, and see them refuted.

Deacons have the responsibility to provide a different voice in the process which produces the next bishop. We bring a unique

viewpoint, which the church has recognized by establishing our order. Whether all want to go along should not prevent the others from moving forward to provide that voice. I would tell those deacons who wish to participate in the St. Ives episcopal election that there are three things they need to do.

One is to organize. So it scares a few clergy and lay people – no one is forbidden from gathering in the church and voicing a group opinion. Organizing need not be automatically threatening. A simple statement that the deacons are gathering in prayer and discussion about the needs of the church and the world will attract more positive attention than word seeping out that there are clandestine meetings led by “some” deacons. Be honest and open about your self-interest.

Two is to put forward the proposition that, in the search for the next bishop of the diocese, the diocese needs the membership of the search committee to reflect the varieties of ministry and ministry needs in St. Ives. That not only suggests that a deacon or two should be involved, but that a range of gender, economic status, race, and sexual orientation should be considered. A monochrome committee will probably produce a monochrome list of potential bishops, and we as a church have too many gifted people to select only from one or two categories.

Three is to prepare to question the candidates for bishop when they do their diocesan walk about. You will want questions which do not telegraph the answer (e.g., “Do you like deacons?”), or that are combative (“Why doesn’t your current diocese have deacons?”). The former will bring a canned response (“I love deacons”), and the latter will produce an evasive response (“We were looking for consensus”, or “We had no role models”).

The better approach would be open-ended questions, to provoke essay style answers. I would use something along these lines:

- ***What has your experience been with deacons?***
- ***Please tell us about the range of ministries you foresee in this diocese if you were to become bishop, and how would you use deacons in them.***
- ***How would you employ the four orders of ministry to increase God’s Kingdom in this diocese?***

Those who have experience with deacons will be able to tell you without hesitation. Those who have little or no experience will prevaricate, usually at length.



Finally, I would not produce a “voting card” just on the diaconate. All of the candidates will have something to recommend them. The leadership of the diaconate community in St. Ives should let their members know which of the candidates are preferable on this particular issue, leaving it up to each deacon to weigh that against whatever other concerns are important for them. In that way, the best all-around person for bishop will be chosen, and progress in terms of the diaconate should continue.

Chapter XVIII – An Apple for Eve

Eve McKnight and Terrey Questo, deacon and priest respectively at St. Mark’s in Centerville, were having their customary alternate Thursday lunch at Orsino’s around the corner from the church. In the three years they had been working together, the women had found that it was the most effective way to catch up with each other, pass on diocesan and pastoral minutiae, and otherwise connect outside of the usual Sunday hustle and the weekly bustle of meetings. Plus, they had come to enjoy each other’s company. Eve was the practical type, as befit her training as an accountant, and Terrey was the visionary, being a former ad agency executive, and the parish had grown with their complimentary styles.

This particular Thursday, their conversation had had its usual broad range of topics concerning the parish, the town, and the world. The coffees and the sorbets had just been delivered. Eve was taking a sip of her cappuccino when Terrey spoke.

“I’ve meaning to bring this up for a while with you, Eve, and I hope you don’t think I’m being presumptuous. But -- have you ever thought of becoming a priest?”

The deacon stopped mid-sip. “A *what?*”

“A priest. I think you would be a wonderful one; you have such gifts. Have you ever thought about it?”

Eve took a longer sip before responding. “Probably every deacon thinks about it as part of discernment. I know Fr. Coldcloth and my parish committee questioned me about it. But I had read all the diaconal books – Barnett and Plater and a few others – and being a deacon just seemed to be the right fit for me.”

Questo honed in on her target. “Calls change, Eve. Ten years ago, I was as happy as a clam at high tide working at the ad agency. My involvement at church was limited to singing in the choir. But then Mom and Dad died within a few months of each other, and my priest was there for me. And when I surfaced several months later, I just knew

writing commercials wasn’t what I wanted to do anymore. I needed to touch people in a different way. I felt called to lead a different life, as a priest.”

McKnight parried. “The call to ordained ministry is different from person to person. Some people always know it. Others wake up to it at some point. Me, I always wanted to help people. When I would visit my brother out in Chicago, his parish had these two deacons who were into everything I wanted to do. That’s when it came into focus for me. I never saw myself in a priestly role.”

“I do, though”, responded the priest, “and so do a lot of the parish. You are totally respected at St. Mark’s. People look to you for leadership; I look to you for leadership. You’re a Wise Woman, people listen to what you have to say. You teach people how to be better.”

Questo pressed on. “Eve, Paul heard a call, Peter did not, yet they both followed Christ. Sometimes, it’s not God speaking to you directly, it’s your friends delivering the message.”

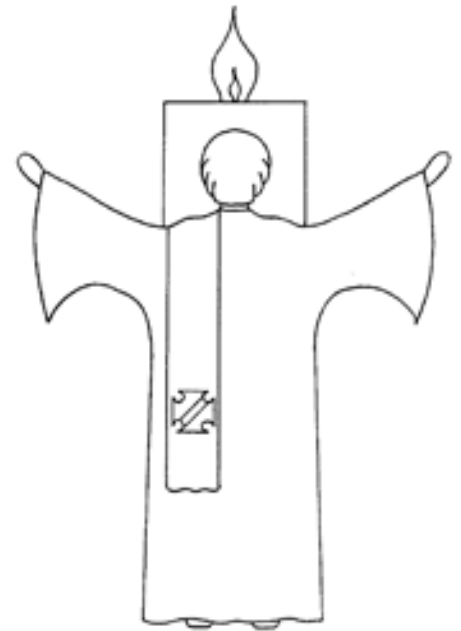
The deacon demurred. “I don’t know, Terrey, this is so out of the blue. Besides, I’m 52, and I really don’t want to spend three years in a seminary dorm at my age.”

“You can do it online, you can take religion courses at State, and transfer the credits to CDSP or some other place where you don’t need to be resident. Why, there are colleges that will take your life and work experience and turn them into college credits.” The priest had clearly prepped for this discussion.

Eve reached the bottom of her coffee cup. “This is a surprise, Terrey. I never thought about being a priest. It’s like asking me if I want to become a pitcher for the Orioles: it’s beyond my comprehension.”

Terrey reached for the check “My turn for this.” Both clerics got up and headed towards the cashier. The priest continued. “Eve, promise me you’ll give this some thought. I know you’ve looked at ordained ministry from the perspective of a deacon. Try looking at what you do from the perspective of a priest, as an alternative. I can even give you some books to read.”

Eve promised she would think about it, and the two parted, one satisfied she had lit a flame, and the other wondering what had happened to the world she was content to be in. As she walked back to her office, Eve thought: “I’m not feeling called, but am I being summoned?”



Footnotes to “WShat Do Deacons Wear” from Page Seven

- 1 James Barnett, *The Diaconate: A Full and Equal Order*, 169.
- 2 William T. Ditewig, *101 Questions and Answers on Deacons*, 56-57.
- 3 Helpful summaries of the history and current use of diaconal vestments are found in the following:
William T. Ditewig, *The Deacon at Mass: A Theological and Pastoral Guide*, 34-38, 93-95.
Michael Kwatera, *The Liturgical Ministry of Deacons*, Second Edition, 18-20.

- Ormonde Plater, *Deacons in the Liturgy*, Second Edition, 15-19.
More detailed information is provided in James Barnett, *The Diaconate: A Full and Equal Order*, 168-170, 219-225.
- 4 James Barnett, *The Diaconate*, 220.
- 5 *Ibid.*, 222.
- 6 Michael Kwatera, *The Liturgical Ministry of Deacons*, 18.
- 7 See Ormonde Plater, *Deacons in the Liturgy*, 17-18.
- 8 William Ditewig, *The Deacon at Mass*, 34.
- 9 James Barnett, *The Diaconate*, 223.

- 10 *The General Instruction of the Roman Missal*, 71, no. 340.
- 11 *Deacons in the Liturgy*, 17-18.
- 12 *The Deacon at Mass*, 34-36.
- 13 *Deacons in the Liturgy*, 17.
- 14 *The Liturgical Ministry of Deacons*, 10.
- 15 71, no. 338.
- 16 Michael Kwatera states that “[l]iturgical authenticity requires that only a deacon of an Eastern rite should wear an Eastern-style *orarion*” (*The Liturgical Ministry of Deacons*, 19), but we do not see this restriction applying to the Byzantine stole.
- 17 *The Diaconate*, 223.
- 18 *Deacons in the Liturgy*, 19.
- 19 *The Deacon at Mass*, 37.

through the dust by Ormonde Plater

Back in the dark ages when I was preparing for ordination, the bishop assigned me a priest mentor (the archdeacon of the diocese), who gave me a list of books to read and discuss with him. Years later another bishop used a school for ministry to prepare deacons, and then we had classes of deacon candidates, and then CPE, and then field work, and then parish assignments. And then . . .

Internet has changed everything. I can't believe how much time I spend looking up things I want to know (googling them, as we say in the cyber age). If you want to find out something, you use your computer or iPad or some other electronic gadget (by the time this appears in print there may be a new means of communication to which all flock). You share with friends on Facebook, you tweet followers, you gossip on blogs. The contact is instantaneous, if cold and distant, and I enjoy reaching out to and hearing from friends and cousins who had vanished into space-time.

In a recent article in the New York Times, “Virtual U.: College of Future Could Be Come One, Come All,” Tamar Lewin writes: “Already, a handful of companies are offering elite college-level instruction—once available to only a select few, on campus, at great cost—free, to anyone with an Internet connection. Moreover, these massive open online courses, or MOOCs, harness the power of their huge enrollments to teach in new ways, applying crowd-sourcing technology to discussion forums and grading and enabling professors to use online lectures and reserve on-campus class time for interaction with students.”

This trend has implications for theological formation of all kinds, including preparation for ordination and continuing education.

To give a couple of examples of free MOOC courses: A deacon or prospective deacon who wants to learn how to be a ministerial entrepreneur might sign up for Udacity's “How to Build a Startup” (<http://www.udacity.com>). Coursera, a Stanford spinoff (<https://www.coursera.org>), has a bunch of courses in health and society and medical ethics, certainly appropriate for deacons seeking continuing education. For a fee, you might try the specifically religious learning at eLearners.com (<http://www.elearners.com/courses/religion.htm>), which offers online courses in many subjects from more than 230 colleges.

Some online courses have a specifically Anglican twist. The Church Divinity School of the Pacific (CDSPC), though the Center for Anglican Learning and Leadership (CALL), offers basic courses in scripture, church history, theology, liturgy, ministry, and ethics. CALL also has four courses focused on the diaconate: The Diaconate, The Deacon's Path, The Prophetic Voice of the Deacon, and The Diaconal Hermeneutic. specifically for deacons. Classes last seven weeks, and there is a registration fee. (See <http://cdsp.edu/academics/continuing-education/CALL>.)

There is still something to be said for physical proximity, for being in the same space as others, so that you can hear them, speak with them, share their touch. In the movie *Lincoln* there is a scene (among many others) that illustrates the value of spatial closeness between the great president and those he is trying to persuade.

The background issue is Lincoln's attempt to get the House of Representatives to pass Amendment 13 outlawing slavery. Lincoln and his cabinet are meeting in a room, and the atmosphere is tense. They are deciding whether to negotiate immediate peace with the Confederates, at the price of allowing slavery to continue. Lincoln starts to tell one of his shaggy dog stories. A cabinet minister rises in outrage. “Not another story!” After a slight pause, as if nothing had happened, Lincoln continues the story. The effect of the silly little story, the burst of anger, and the ensuing calm is electric. Their differences resolved, the cabinet decides not to sue for peace but to fight for an end to slavery.

There is something of a gospel parallel in the *Lincoln* scene. It is not hard to imagine a disciple rising and protesting, “Not another parable!” We don't hear that in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, but it must have been there. And yet the parables, like the Lincoln stories centuries later, serve an irenic purpose. They spread peace among the listeners and help them to form a united purpose.

The telling of stories is formative, both of tellers and hearers, but at least some of the time I'd want the tellers and the hearers to be in the same room. There is more to speech than words. There is tone, rhythm, facial expression, gesture, and clothing, the entire bodily presence. There is even smell, our most primitive if repressed sense.

What I am trying to say, at some length, is that reading school texts and hearing school lectures and discussions and even taking exams over cyber space has value, but getting together also has value, and it may be the greater value. It is as unhealthy to shut yourself up with a computer as it was for me to bury my nose only in books.



membership

The Community of Deacons is grateful for the ministries of those deacons who are celebrating "landmark" ordination anniversaries in 2013.

50 years: Ordained in 1963
 June 1, Clement Updike Hulick, Albany
 Dec. 8, Karl M. Halter, Washington

45 years: Ordained in 1968
 April 1, John T. Burr, Rochester
 June 1, John D. Bland, Minnesota
 July 1, James H. Easter, Oklahoma
 Oct. 1, Jack N. Bigford, Olympia
 Oct. 1, Verle E. Helsel, Spokane
 Nov. 30, Robert E. Steele, Newark
 Dec. 13, John M. Coletan, Kansas

40 years: Ordained in 1973
 April 14, Donald S. Lofman, New York
 April 14, Thomas G. Harris, Chicago
 June 13, Melissa D. Newlin, El Camino Real
 June 19, Wesley L. Barrett, Rupertland, Canada
 Nov. 1, Robert G. Caughey, California

35 years: Ordained in 1978
 May 14, Philip O. Garland, Lexington
 May 27, Alphonse C. Meloche, Nova Scotia, Canada
 May 31, A Maylanne Maybee, Toronto, Canada
 June 1, Thomas E. (Tom) Benson, Maine
 June 1, Bonniejean Christensen, North Dakota
 Sept. 1, Margaret F. (Peg) Ruth, West Missouri
 Oct. 18, Robert H. Warren, Southwest Florida
 Oct. 23, Derek L. Jones, California
 Nov. 17, Barbara E. Novak, Spokane
 Dec. 23, Gisela E. Burley, Minnesota

30 years: Ordained in 1983
 Jan. 25, W Douglas Carlson, Atlanta
 April 10, Lee Sax, Los Angeles
 June 1, Robert Eugene Roach, Albany
 June 1, Ann B. Whitesel, Central Pennsylvania
 June 4, Harold Aggeler, Idaho
 June 11, Clara Gillies, Western New York
 June 11, Alice C. Turner, Western New York
 June 16, Mary Louise Broucht, Central Pennsylvania
 June 18, Barbara A. Crampton, Georgia
 June 18, Sally A. Lambert, Oregon
 June 25, Donald Richard. Adolphson, California
 June 26, Hazel D.M.Farkas, Southern Virginia
 June 26, Nancy B. Foote, Maryland
 June 29, Donald P. Wanstall, Central Florida
 Sept. 14, Mary I. Farr, Minnesota
 Sept. 21, Gloria E. Wheeler, Central Florida
 Nov. 11, Eleanore G. Akina, Hawaii
 Nov. 11, John A. Holmes, Hawaii
 Nov. 11, Dorothy M. Nakatsui, Hawaii
 Nov. 11, Linda Akana Sutherland, Fort Worth
 Nov. 13, Margaret K. Lewis, Olympia
 Nov. 19, Sherry L. Young, Eastern Michigan

25 years: Ordained in 1988
 Jan. 6, Susann Fox, Pennsylvania
 Jan. 9, Maron I. Van, Oregon
 Feb. 1, Charles Edward LeClerc, BSG, New Hampshire
 Feb. 8, Theresa A. Floyd, Oregon
 Feb. 11, Andrew J. (Andy), Atkinson, East Carolina
 Feb. 11, Vera E. Hayes, East Carolina
 Feb. 11, James O. Smith Jr, East Carolina
 Mar. 6, Robert A. Gunkle, Minnesota
 Mar. 28, Reese Hollis Wiggins, Louisiana
 Apr. 30, James C. Herndon, Idaho
 May 7, Mary L. Forsythe, Nebraska
 May 7, Christine M. Grosh, Nebraska
 May 7, Gary A. Petersen, Nebraska
 May 7, Ellen M. Ross, Nebraska
 May 7, Frederick Merritt, Nebraska
 May 20, Audrey S. Delafield, Maine
 May 23, Lillian L. Cook, Rio Grande
 May 30, Tina Pippin, Atlanta
 May 31, John E. Garceau, Albany
 June 4, Janet V. Clarke, Southeast Florida
 June 4, Jennifer R. (Jenny) Vervynck, San Diego
 June 10, Carol Burkey Snell, Central Pennsylvania
 June 11, Polly M. Bowen, Western New York
 June 12, Virginia R. Eklund, Lexington
 June 12, Cynthia D. Irvin, Colorado
 June 19, James P. Holley, Oklahoma

June 24, Martha D. Ponader, Indianapolis
 June 27, Kathleen J. Van Sickle, California
 June 29, Marcia K. Stackhouse, Colorado
 June 29, Joani Bristol, Oregon
 Aug. 24, Catherine C. Cooke, Vermont
 Aug. 26, Lorraine Mills-Curran, Massachusetts
 Sept. 10, Penelope E. (Penny) Hawkins, Vermont
 Sept. 10, Judith M. Girves, Milwaukee
 Sept. 21, Beverly L. St Germain, Vermont
 Sept. 21, Bethany A. Thomas, Colorado
 Sept. 22, Michael M, Ligon, East Carolina
 Oct. 2, Meta T. Ellington, North Carolina
 Oct. 2, Patricia R.P. Shoemaker, North Carolina
 Oct. 9, Nancy A. DuBois, Vermont
 Oct. 15, Mary Ellen Appleton, Central Florida
 Oct. 22, E. Wilkin Fisher, Southwest Florida
 Oct. 22, Patricia P. McIlwain, Southwest Florida
 Oct. 28, Thomas D. Herlocker, Kansas
 Oct. 28, J. David Eick, West Missouri
 Nov. 1, Gregory L. Sinclair, Oklahoma
 Nov. 1, David Gary Potts, South Dakota
 Nov. 2, Gloria M. Price, East Carolina
 Nov. 5, Charles H. Walker, South Dakota
 Nov. 6, Rose Ann Smith, Northwest Texas
 Nov. 6, Kenneth D. Crothers, Idaho
 Nov. 6, Richard W. Goetsch, Idaho
 Nov. 6, Rick E. Harvey, Idaho
 Nov. 17, Henry W. Brown III, Central Florida
 Nov. 19, Thomas F. Regan, South Dakota

Nov. 22, Thomas W. Langford, Springfield
 Dec. 1, Norman H. Cilley, Central Florida
 Dec. 3, H. Bacon Collamore Jr, Connecticut
 Dec. 3, Eleanor P. Novak-Scofield, Southwest Virginia
 Dec. 3, John Daron Lantz, South Carolina
 Dec. 3, James M. Lieb, El Camino Real
 Dec. 3, William T. Schooler, California
 Dec. 3, Lee S. Vellom, Arizona
 Dec. 3, Sharon L. Wagner, California
 Dec. 4, Betty Andrews, Nebraska

Gracious and Loving God, strengthen and uphold your servants, that with patience and understanding they may continue to love and care for all people as deacons in your Church. Nourish them with the bread of life and the cup of salvation, that they may always be living icons of Christ the Servant. We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ and in the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Membership in AED

- Dues are:
- Annual Sustaining \$75
 - Annual Regular: \$50
 - Annual Supporting: \$150
 - Annual Patron: \$250
 - Annual Student/Limited Income \$30
 - Life Membership \$1,000

(24-month Extended Payment Life Membership available; please inquire.)

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, ZIP _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

- Check for US \$ _____ (US bank or US money order)
- VISA/MasterCard

Card Number _____

Name on Card _____

Exp. Date _____

- I am:
- deacon
 - in formation for deacon
 - want to be a deacon
 - bishop
 - presbyter
 - other friend

Birth date: (if deacon or in formation) ____/____/____

Ordination date: (if deacon) ____/____/____

My diocese: _____

Mail this form to: AED, PO Box 1324, Paso Robles, CA 93447-1324

Calendar of Diaconate Events

14-16 March 2013 *Archdeacons and Formation Directors Conference, Maritime Institute, Baltimore, MD*

13-16 June 2013 *AED Diaconal Assembly, Woodlands Hotel and Suites, Colonial Williamsburg, VA*

“... the only gospel”

by pam nesbit

I am writing this column in the season of Advent; a time of anticipation, expectation and hope. Again, we remember together that the Divine is coming among us as one of us, but not quite yet. So we remember what it is like to be open to what God is sending to us... open to the possible. It seems like a good time to talk about the new possibilities that are coming to us in our Association.

My time as your president has included many changes: We have given ourselves a new, more accurate name and have clarified our mission. We have successfully concluded our first fundraising campaign celebrating our 25th year. We have brought a resolution to the whole church at General Convention reminding us to keep poverty on the agenda. We have begun a program for young people, mentoring and supporting them as they engage the diakonia of all believers. It's been a busy and productive time.

And now we are moving into a new transition. Our Executive Director, Susanne Watson-Epting will be resigning from that position in the spring. The job of the executive director is to track the ongoing progress of the Association in light of its vision and mission, to oversee finances and to manage staff. The executive director holds the thread of the Association as board and elected officers serve their allotted terms. The executive

director serves beyond a single term. The Association for Episcopal Deacons has only had two executive directors. Deacon Ted Hallenback led us from the Centre for the Diaconate to becoming the North American Association for the Diaconate. He oversaw the creation of the organization structure of the Association. He called deacons together to speak to the whole church about the vocation and formation of deacons during the early years of the 1979 Prayer Book revival of the diaconate. Deacon Susanne Watson-Epting led us as we moved to become the Association for Episcopal Deacons; focusing on formation and programming that continues to strengthen our order and to clarify our role in the church. Under the leadership of these two people we have established ourselves as a voice that calls the church never to forget our call to marginalized people everywhere.

And now we are in a search process for our new executive director. For the first time we have opened up that search to the entire membership of AED for suggestions and nominations. The board has appointed a search committee and seven people have applied to become our new executive director. The search committee is still gathering information from and about each applicant, which will be reviewed in January. We plan to have our candidate chosen by February

and affirmed by the board at the March meeting. Our new executive director will be introduced to the members at the June Diaconal Assembly. Susanne will stay on for a short while to help orient the new executive director to the organization and the job. There will also be a transition committee to work with the new executive director during the first year.

If you have any questions or concerns about this process, please let us know. You can do so by posting on the AED Facebook group or page, or on the Anglodeacons listserv. You can also contact the chair of the search committee, Vice President/President Elect Tina Campbell at tinarcampbell@comcast.net.

This is an exciting time. And in this season of Advent it seems to me important to remember that God comes to us in exciting times to bring gifts beyond our wildest dreams. Anticipation... expectation... hope... I can hardly wait to see what's coming next!



Pam Nesbit
President