

# Voices

Newsletter of EMMANUEL CHURCH in the City of Boston

WINTER 2013

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## Widening Rings



Participants in a 2012 Chapel Camp activity walk a labyrinth while reciting and listening to poetry from Rilke's *Book of Hours*.

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**EmmanuelBoston.org**

*Photo on cover by Matt Griffing.*  
*Artwork at right by Michael Scanlon.*

## From the Editor

*"I live my life in widening rings"*

The beginning of this poem from Rilke's *Book of Hours* resonates with me. One of the joys of my life has been the way certain events and relationships have made my world grow larger. Of course, the world itself doesn't grow larger, but my experience of it does.



When I imagine widening rings, I see the concentric circles formed when a pebble drops on a still lake – the lake water doesn't move outward, but the energy of the wave does. The image of the waves illustrates my spiritual journeys. Energy takes me to new places, but the center remains when I need to return.

During dreary winter days, we remember warmer days past and to come. Last summer several chapel campers walked a labyrinth placed at the front of Lindsey Chapel while reciting and listening to Rilke's poetry. Although the first poem we read was about widening rings, the experience of walking, dancing, watching, brought us to the altar – our center of worship.

The contributors to this issue of *Voices* describe many relationships that expand our personal and community life. In her column, Rector Pamela Werntz meditates on the widening rings rippling through scripture and mission. Nancy Mueller traces the history of Community Work Services, an organization begun in the 19th Century that has provided training and jobs to community members. Since 2011 members of the CWS staff have worked closely with the Building Commission to provide maintenance and cleaning services. Shan Overton opens our eyes to see the humanity of men behind bars. She writes about Do-Right Ministries, a social justice mission founded by activist-educator Lee Farrow and a group of incarcerated men who use art as vehicle for reconciliation and healing. Some of her observations about the role of race in our justice system are distressing. Carolyn Roosevelt offers another dimension of race relations in her review of Tanner Colby's *Some of My Best Friends Are Black: The Strange Story of Integration in America*.

Emmanuel's new deacon, Susanne George, contributes a piece about both expanding one's spiritual view and returning to the center. We use some of the wonderful text that Joy Howard wrote for the *TogetherNow* campaign brochure to describe Emmanuel's capital project, rebuilding our back wall. The title "What Our Walls Stand For" encapsulates the practical and social goals that have defined our community for more than 150 years. *Continued on next page...*

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One of the statements in Joy's text is "The highest standards of artistic achievement can be pursued while caring for the most vulnerable members of society." Excellent music is at the center of liturgy at Emmanuel. Jaylyn Olivo describes the amazing reach of Emmanuel Music as well as its core identity as a church choir, and Ryan Turner, Music Director of Emmanuel Church and Artistic Director of Emmanuel Music offers a reflection on Silence. I'm pleased to include "Melancholia", a poem written by Charlie Felsenthal, which, despite its title, ends on a note of hope. Jaylyn Olivo provides a profile of Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot, author, educator, and a part of the Emmanuel community.

Rilke ends his poem:

*and I still don't know if I'm a falcon, a storm,  
or an unfinished song.*

Widening, centering, discovering who we are – if we're lucky, these activities will occupy a lifetime.

*Read. Delight. Be inspired.*  
☞ Margo



## *From the Rector*

### Ripple Effects

I have long taken a widening rings approach to engaging with scripture. An early mentor of mine helped me to understand that a most important question to ask about a bible passage is not, "did this really happen?" but "is this really happening?" If so, how is it happening inside of me? How is it happening in the parish? How is it happening in the larger community? How is it happening nationally and globally?

It seems that a widening rings approach can facilitate sustainable mission. When the well-resourced parts of ourselves care for the most vulnerable parts of ourselves, we might come to understand that the most vulnerable parts have much to teach – the well-resourced parts have much to learn. Then extending that to the most vulnerable and well-resourced parts of the parish, the larger communities, the nation and the world, perhaps we can imagine the futility of trying to privilege one ring over another; they are moving into one another, becoming one another.

As I think of widening rings, I think of the speech given by Robert F. Kennedy about ripples of hope:

Few will have the greatness to bend history; but each of us can work to change a small portion of the events, and in the total of all these acts will be written the history of this generation. ... It is from numberless diverse acts of courage ... [and] ... belief that human history is shaped. Each time a person stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, [s/]he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance.

It seems to me that is what Emmanuel Church is about when we are at our best.

– plw

# The Together*Now* Campaign: Answering God's Urgent Call

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Emmanuel Church joins in a capital campaign launched by the Diocese of Massachusetts to support ministries of the larger church to the city and the world, and to raise funds necessary to preserve the building that has provided a home to our congregation for more than 150 years. By collaborating with the diocese, Emmanuel has an opportunity to respond to large-scale social needs that we couldn't address alone. Members of our community have contributed generously to answer "God's Urgent Call". Latest pledge totals to the campaign are approximately \$780,000.

## Our Project – Preserving Our Wall

While the alley wall is not seen by most of the people who enter, it represents nearly half of the structure of our building. It provides the space for all of our many programs. We must protect our programs, our collaborators, and our legacy by properly maintaining our wall so it will continue to shelter our community in the future.



In the brickwork above the 20-foot long Parish House window, degraded pointing has allowed water to penetrate the wall. The water is working its way downward and collecting behind the lintel, which supports the brickwork above the window.  
*Above photos by Michael Scanlon.*

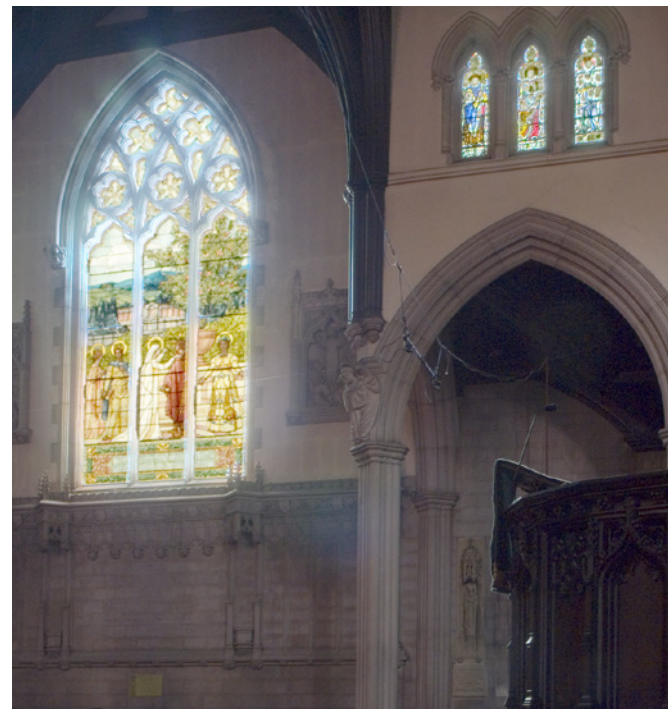
## What Do Our Walls Stand For?

They stand for our community's conviction that:

- ☛ Sincere people of different faiths or no faith can support and love one another in the search for meaning.
- ☛ The highest standards of artistic achievement can be pursued while caring for the most vulnerable members of society.
- ☛ Furthering the well-being of individuals does not require coercing their conscience.
- ☛ All people are included in the love of the Holy One, and therefore are a part of our community wherever they are on their spiritual journey.

Our walls also stand for the ways we understand ourselves, for how we exercise our responsibilities, for our willingness to conserve our resources, and for our long and rich history of creative collaborations. In the end, the glorious building with which we have been entrusted stands for the challenge we face: the challenge to see ourselves as a viable community with a future to protect.

*– Joy Howard, edited by Margo Risk*



The north, or alley, wall of Emmanuel Church. Part of the original 1861 structure, the center portion of the back wall supports the sanctuary and carries the roof. This section is the oldest and most difficult to access part of the wall. Fortunately, the initial inspection indicates that this portion is sound. Our action now will ensure it remains so.

# Any Good Books Lately

*Some of My Best Friends Are Black: The Strange Story of Integration in America*  
Tanner Colby (2012, Viking)

At the time of Barack Obama's 2008 election, Tanner Colby was as excited as anybody, but he was also prompted to notice something: that his excitement was happening in a totally white social milieu. Among his progressive, left-leaning friends, he couldn't find anybody who had more than one or two black friends. If, as he suspected, this was the default state for white Americans, why was this the case, and what did it say about the past fifty years of social, economic, and cultural life in this country?

*Some of My Best Friends Are Black* is a personal book, though not a memoir. Colby touches on political and legal history where he needs to, but anecdotes are really the right way to tell this story. He visits places, mostly from his own past, where significant parts of America's racial history have played out. He introduces us to people who have lived this history in all its perverse complexity: racist aggression plays its part, to be sure, but so do inertia dressed up as custom; the sometimes freakish consequences of good intentions; and the rational calculation of some black people that integration, for them, may not be all it's cracked up to be.

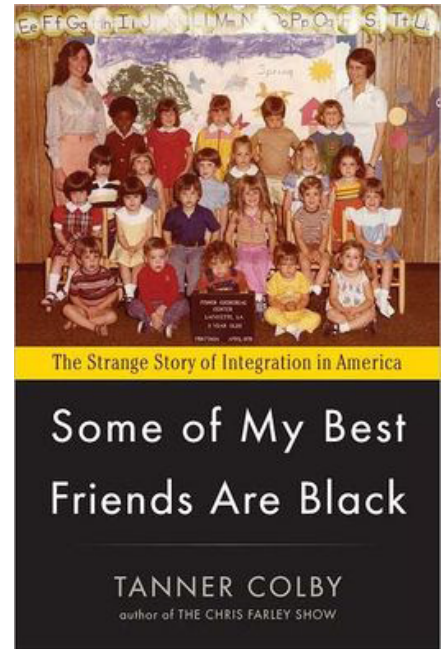
The book begins in Vestavia Hills, Alabama, where Colby went to high school in the early 1990s. The Vestavia schools had been under a court-ordered integration order since they broke off from the county school system interesting story, full of promise for Vestavia, whose schools are now significantly diverse, but far less hopeful for Birmingham, whose schools are still in dire shape. 1970. What was it like to ride the bus from Oxmoor, a poor black community on the outskirts of Birmingham, to Vestavia Hills, home of the Rebels, whose emblem was the Confederate Stars and Bars? It wasn't a bad thing for the kids from middle class homes – one of Vestavia's black teachers sent four very successful kids through

the system – but the Oxmoor imports were largely an educational afterthought. Going back into the sixties, and up to the present, Colby tells an interesting story.

His reporting from Kansas City, Missouri, focuses on housing: redlining, blockbusting, and predatory mortgage lending on one side of the city; on the other, suburban developments like the Country Club District, where sale covenants forbade houses from being sold to or occupied by black people. In 1911, the developer J. C. Nichols began making such covenants self-renewing, and effectively perpetual, a model that was to be the norm for suburban developments across the nation for the next fifty years, whether or not Jim Crow held sway legally. The FHA, in its turn, gave the vast majority of its loans to white buyers in white suburbs, having written into its rules that black neighborhoods were undesirable.

It's a largely untold story, as Colby notes: "Slavery and segregation can't be kept out of the history books; they're too big. But the story of real estate is buried in the ground, so it's easier to pretend it never happened. We get to act like all that money out in the suburbs came from nothing but honest, American hard work, and not a big, fat, racist handout from Uncle Sam." And of course, where there are 'desirable', 'exclusive' neighborhoods, there are other areas, where the composition of schools goes from 80% white to 99% black in a single year.

Colby found a neighborhood association that pushed back against the slumlords and blockbusters, maintaining a mix of races and incomes; they have upgraded housing, addressed crime, and kept their pleasant urban neighborhood open to all comers. "Within that," Colby says, "it's up to the people who live there. They can either form a community or not form a community." But if they do, it will be



the real thing, not something a realtor invented and sold them.

I've read other books about racial issues in education and housing, but I haven't come across one about the advertising industry. As the FHA flooded the suburbs with baby boom families, advertising experienced a boom, teaching the new homeowners what to want. "And therein lay the root of the industry's problem with race, both in the office and on the airwaves. If advertising is aspirational, who in the 1950s aspired to be black? No one, as far as major corporations were concerned."

In the 1960s, Madison Avenue faced some pressure to open its doors to black talent, only to find that the college educated candidates had gone into other fields...

Finish reading this review on Carolyn's blog: [anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com](http://anygoodbooks-mixedreviews.blogspot.com)

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# They Don't See Us: The Human Beings Behind Bars

Jesus unrolled the scroll and found the place where it was written:

*"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
because he has anointed me to bring good news to the poor.  
He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives  
and recovery of sight to the blind,  
to let the oppressed go free." - Luke 4:18*

The United States may have won the most medals in this past summer's London Olympics, but we have also won tinged gold in another global arena: mass incarceration. Compared with our international neighbors, America has the highest incarceration rate in the world. Historian Heather Ann Thompson notes that "between 1970 and 2010 more people were incarcerated in the United States than were imprisoned in any other country." We now have a forty-year history of ramping up our prison-industrial complex with get-tough-on-crime policies, increased mandatory sentencing, the transformation of prisons into for-profit corporations, and the war on drugs. But, unless you have a friend or family member in the criminal justice system, it's unlikely that you know anything about who is spending time behind bars in towns all over America.

I certainly didn't know much about our prisoners until one chilly Saturday afternoon at the Roxbury Open Studios tour last October. There, some friends and I encountered a captivating exhibit presented by Do-Right Ministries, a social justice mission founded by activist-educator Lee Farrow and a group of incarcerated men to raise awareness about reconciliation and healing within the American prison system. These self-taught artists make beautiful art – mixed media visual art,

poetry, and music – and Farrow exhibits it wherever she can find a venue. Their remarkable work inspired us to propose an art exhibit at Boston College, the first of its kind at the university. When our proposal was accepted, we worked with Farrow to curate the show from hundreds of artworks stored in her garage. We also developed a series of lectures, workshops, prayer services, and other events with the twin goals of provoking dialogue about the issues and learning about the real, breathing human beings living those issues.

In the process of putting together "Seeing the Man: Art From Behind Bars: A Vision of Restorative Justice & Healing" I learned of the acute awareness among prisoners of the us/them divide in the United States, even as we outside the prison system remain unaware of the subtle ways our nation is segmented and stratified. Gabriel Pittman, one of the co-founders of Do-Right Ministries and an accomplished visual artist as well as a writer, says it well in his poem "Masked," which is based on an artwork by fellow prisoner Gregory Stephens: "They don't see us / They can't see us / They won't see us." As it happens, Stephens painted his first pieces, including "Masked," after being released from fourteen years in solitary confinement, a hole where prisoners are hidden from the sight of the greater public, from the prison community, from their families, and even from themselves. Both men – and, one suspects, many other prisoners – know too well how easy it is to disappear.

For me, Pittman's poem and Stephens's painting resonate with the lament of Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906), a Kentucky-born poet and son of freed slaves, who addressed these issues in his own way over 100 years ago. Dunbar



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struggled with being African-American in a post-Civil War United States where he was technically free but not free in reality due to both implicit social and economic structures (like lynching and share-cropping practices) and explicit state and national laws (called Jim Crow laws), which impeded the flourishing of persons of color in a variety of ways. Dunbar felt the us/them divide and negotiated it by pretending to be what white culture and society wanted, when he knew himself to be someone else. He lived an apparently free life in American society, publishing poems and lecturing widely, but he lived inside a social prison mandated by his skin color.

We are living in this same kind of situation today. Despite the fact that Jim Crow laws are illegal, segregation continues in the form of a broken justice system in which the majority of prisoners are men and women of color. Writing of the experience of African-Americans in the Jim Crow era, Dunbar indicts us all with the truth of the African-American experience in the face of society's assumptions:

We smile, but oh great Christ, our cries  
 To thee from tortured souls arise.  
 We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
 Beneath our feet, and long the mile,  
 But let the world dream otherwise,  
 We wear the mask!

If I have learned anything by participating in the prison art project, it is not only the damning facts and figures about our so-called justice system, but it is also the degree to which we, who are the hands and feet and hearts of God, must learn to see Gabriel Pittman and Gregory Stephens, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and so many other oppressed persons – and to work for real social, economic, and racial justice in our society with the diligence that our Olympic athletes showed in working for

their records and medals. When those of us living outside the prison walls cannot see those who live within – and when we will not make the effort to understand what injustice may be happening to another – we are also imprisoned behind opaque untruths that separate us from our fellow Americans and from the God who loves us all. Along with the people of Do-Right Ministries, I believe it is time for us to examine the masks that blind us for the greater cause of spiritual liberation, healing, and reconciliation.

– Shan Overton

1. **The Paradox of Oppressed Exultation: Shouting The Pot in Invisible Institutions**, Brian Ross

Selected in a juried competition and show at the Museum of Fine Arts in 2009. 22X28 Acrylic on Canvas Board

2. **Prometheus Rising**, Gabriel Pittman

This art piece is symbolic of “time”. Time lost and time yet to come, though time never stands still. Pay attention to the hour glass, the hatchet inside the leaf / heart, and the bars that are burning down—counting time...

16X20 Acrylic on canvas board

3. **Transition to Power**, Gabory (collaboration between Gabriel I. Pittman & Gregory Stephens)

Senator Barak H. Obama, as he kneels on the wings of the National Eagle, in flight, in November 2008, transitioning to become the first Black American president of the United States. 22X28 Acrylic on Canvas Board

4. **Blood of My Soul**, Gregory Stephens

This original art projects the artist place of refuge, when the soul longs for a “place” of solitude and rest, but yet finds turmoil and anguish; it cries tears of blood, lingering in a sea of blood. Peace is found in God’s greatest gift, love. Love is the answer. 14X18 Acrylic on Canvas Board

# Emmanuel Church & Community Work Service: *An Intertwined History*

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**Community Work Services (CWS) has recently become part of the Emmanuel community, providing building maintenance and cleaning services. Like Emmanuel Church, CWS's roots go back to 19th century Boston.**

In 1877, a group of leading citizens, responding to high unemployment, coupled with the effects of the devastating fire that left many poor people homeless, founded "The Cooperative Society of Volunteer Visitors to the Poor".

Mary Chitty has identified at least one person, or perhaps a father and son, who appear to link the history of Emmanuel Church with that of CWS: Richard S. Fay. A Richard S. Fay served on the first Emmanuel Church Vestry in 1860 having chaired the organizational meeting, and a Richard S. Fay served on the first Managing Board of CWS in 1877. In response to social and economic changes over the last 135 years, CWS has changed substantially. As an organization, it has undergone series of names and constructs. As a service agency, it has developed an evolving menu of programs and services. Importantly, throughout the changes, CWS has retained its focus on aiding poor and handicapped people in Boston. The term handicap was and remains broadly defined to include mental, physical, and social impairment.

The founding group focused on providing sewing as a means of support to women. This echoes the focus of the "Industrial Department" of Emmanuel Church in 1861, which also provided employment in sewing for poor women. The initial CWS group became "The Cooperative Workshops for Handicapped Women" in 1904. The group established sewing classes and a garment production workshop – primarily for younger women. Those who sewed at home were paid by piecework, while those who sewed in the workshop were paid in terms of their need.

In 1913 the group was incorporated as "The Cooperative Workshops." Under the leadership of Board Chairman George Duncan and General Manager Hazel Newton, the group evolved into a case-based vocational training center where women gained skills to prepare themselves for employment in outside industries. Clerical skills were introduced. Rehabilitation and psychiatric services became part of the program. Trainees were drawn from a broader range of applicants including single mothers, women who had been in difficulty with the law, and elderly women. The Workshop developed a network of institutions and businesses, including settlement houses, hospitals, restaurants and department stores, which purchased goods and services. The Workshops adopted the insignia: "Adjustment, Training, and Placement"; their motto became: "Dignity through Work".

The Great Depression of the 1930's forced reorganization with a reduction of staff and trainees. However, new opportunities arose, including an affiliation with Massachusetts General Hospital through which the group provided services to released mental patients. The Workshops merged with the Christopher Shop, a sheltered workshop that produced hand-made goods such as rugs. Men were now included as trainees, and woodworking skills were added to the program. Clerical skill training was substantially broadened with trainees actually involved in the Workshops office itself.

With the onset of World War II, the Workshops expanded their services. These included such services as production of war materials in the Mechanical Assembly Department, stitching of uniforms for volunteer organizations, and the training of handicapped people as air raid wardens. Following the war, the Boston Veterans Administration contracted with the Workshop for retraining disabled veterans.

This expansion led to a vision of developing the Workshop into a comprehensive rehabilitation center. However, major post-war changes in the way America conducted business hindered this vision of becoming a self-standing rehabilitation center. A two-year trial of providing the services of physical therapists was not successful. This failure was attributed to the competition of Boston hospitals that provided physical therapy with government support and more modern facilities. The professionalization of providers of social services, with required educational credentials, was another barrier, given the Workshop staff was primarily self-taught. The mechanization of production of goods made the work done by homebound people obsolete. The garment industry was moving into the south.

Fundraising had become funneled through an umbrella organization for social services, United Community Services, prohibiting private fund-raising. The Workshops' financial situation worsened and the idiosyncratic nature of the relatively small-scale services led to a review by a United Community Services committee headed by Elliott Richardson in 1960. The committee recommended the suspension of the Workshops. In 1963, Simon Olshansky, who had extensive experience in rehabilitation, was appointed as Executive Director of the Workshops. He installed a team of professional consultants representing psychiatry, physical medicine, social work and social science and instituted a number of internal administrative reforms. As a consequence, the Workshops were reinstated in the United Community Services in 1965. Olshansky reorganized programs, phasing out the Garment Stitching Department and created an Electronics Department. He emphasized the principle of "normalization of work experi





Dennis Gaskell (on left) and Rob Yeomans (on right) have worked at Emmanuel Church for CWS since 2011. Dennis has helped keep the church clean, and Rob has helped with property maintenance. *Photos by Kathleen Hickey.*

ence”. This included challenging work, the production of useful goods, and the reward of a meaningful wage.

CWS was gifted with a permanent home, a six-floor, turn of the century brick building at 174 Portland Street in 1981. This afforded space to expand its in-house training programs. By 2001 they had expanded their partnerships with government agencies, both local and federal. They developed local partnerships with non-profit agencies such as the Pine Street Inn. They worked with multiple businesses: for example, providing packaging services for Panorama Foods; secure mailroom services for the Defense Contract Management Agency – East; and mailing services for local academic institutions. New initiatives included “Project Inclusion” for trainees with linguistic and/or cultural barriers and a program of applied assistive technology for severely disabled persons.

Today, CWS conducts a variety of programs and businesses to continue its mission of ending poverty and homelessness through job training and employment services. The current President and CEO is Serena M. Powell. Training is done both in-house – such as in the Culinary Arts Training Center and its cafeteria; and within the community, as at Emmanuel. In FY 2011, CWS served 690 individuals through case - management, assessment, job training, legal assistance, placement services, and post -placement follow-up. Job training programs include Job Readiness Training; At Your Service: Hotel & Hospitality; Café Careers & Food Services; Commercial Cleaning and Transitional Jobs. They run three businesses: Property Maintenance, Food Services & Catering, and Assembly & Packaging. The 2011 expenses totaled \$4,007,345; the 2011 revenue totaled \$4,044,044.

Since 2011, CWS has provided Emmanuel with service personnel: Dennis Gaskell, for cleaning and Rob Yeomans for property maintenance. Together, we have a joint Building Working Group consisting of four members of the Building Commission: Julian Bullitt, Nancy Peabody, Michael Scanlon and myself; two members from CWS: George Cushman (Manager of Facilities & Administration) and Darryl Parker (Maintenance Coordinator); and Keith Nelson (Parish Administrator). The Working Group meets every Tuesday morning to review current projects and future undertakings. CWS has largely taken over our working with vendors and has institutionalized our preventive maintenance. For special projects, CWS provides us with extra person power. They are reducing the hands-on workload from the shoulders of the Building Commission.

The evolution of CWS and its mission of serving people who are poor and handicapped is a history of resilience in the face of change. At times, our parallel history has resembled a roller coaster ride, but our resilience is showing. Perhaps Richard S. Fay is smiling.

– Nancy Mueller



Writer's Note: This report is based primarily on several CWS publications: “One Hundred Years of Service: A History of the Community Workshops, Inc., 1877-1977”, and the Annual Reports of 2001 and 2011. I am indebted to Mary Ludwig and George Cushman from CWS for their help, and of course to Mary Chitty for Emmanuel Church archival data.

# Spiritual Fitness in the Widening Rings

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St. Augustine prays that our hearts are strained “until they rest in Thee.” He observes that anxiety over what tomorrow may hold is a sign that our hearts are homeless.

Several years ago, when I was a seminarian busy widening my spiritual rings, I started hanging out with monks. This was not a choice. I was told by teachers to go to the local Order of the Holy Cross to receive spiritual direction while I sought to become ordained in the Episcopal Church. Well, I had never thought that I might need a one on one, “religious therapist.” I hadn’t needed any therapy in the past ... although in retrospect, I probably could have used plenty. Couldn’t I just go to church, and then do my schoolwork like all the other work I had done seeking degrees? NO. I needed to be taught how to work on my spirituality, especially while undergoing the challenges and anxieties of seminary and ordination.

I began to realize, slowly, that meaningful endeavors, even those that engage our passions, help others, spiritually enlighten us and financially support us, demand, on the flip side, some “intense” relaxation.

Anxiety translates from the Greek as “split attention” or “divided concern” as in driving in a car and talking on the phone, for example. Well, multitasking is my greatest skill but it splits my life between God and things.

I can’t be truly grateful and super busy at the same time. An anxious state closes the door of hospitality to strangers, the purse to human needs and can be a destructive force in our widening rings of relationships and community.

In addition to talking with a spiritual director, I started learning centering prayer with the brothers at their house in Berkeley, CA. “Quiet days” were offered for spiritual regeneration. We would come in and share a muffin and tea while chatting in low voices. Then we would all wander off to a corner of the house or garden to sit for a few hours, stretching as needed. Lunch was a silent affair, as we shared a modest meal. This was followed by an afternoon of silence. By 5 pm it was time to come together, say our farewells and head home feeling a strange sensation: peace.

As many of us have found, this peaceful centering helps bring together our scattered lives.

High achievers can be especially anxious creatures, who even though they mean well, fuel the brokenness in themselves and the world. There are so many dysfunctions they fall into if the spirit is not kept sound. I don’t need to list those things we all use to fill our spiritual “hole”. We all know what they are. I have achieved academic and professional success, have the blessings of relationships, family and relative financial comfort, but I still

often wonder what I am doing in this life; I feel an inner hole; I am an anxious person in need of grace.

I have spent time with homeless, hungry, incarcerated people and they can be more open to the spirit than we who are housed, sufficiently fed, and not incarcerated, because they have lost everything. Lose yourself and all that you have accumulated so that you can find out who you are, Jesus tells us in the gospels. Maybe some of us are not ready and do not need to give away all our money, put on sack cloth, or join an intentional community, but a daily dose of spiritual centering, a refreshing time out with quiet and prayer can make us present to our needs and our gifts. We realize we are on a path: we try, we sometimes fail, we try again.

Could it be that anxiety is really God’s tug; a hunger planted in each one of us that nags and turns us around and makes us restless for the true bread of life, despite our accomplishments in the world?

The gospel, which I will be proclaiming in this parish in the coming months, is full of stories – Good News – about a refreshing love. This love seeks us when we wander, beckons us to find refreshment when we are empty and anxious with the rewards of the widening rings; It calls us to keep on center so we can come home again and again.

IT’S NOT TOO LATE!

Please make a pledge to the 2013 annual fund. Your involvement is as important as your contribution.

## Musings on Music

### *What's So Special?*

Under the leadership of its founder, Craig Smith, Emmanuel Music has honed some of the finest voices in the world. And spawned an opera company, and explored the complete chamber works of more than half a dozen composers from Schumann to Harbison. And presented major works by Handel, Mozart, and Bach as well as concert versions of Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress* and, later this season, Harbison's *Great Gatsby*.

Yet, with all that, we are a church choir. The Bach cantatas are at the heart of everything we do. Sunday motets and cantatas are not performances like you'd hear in a concert hall; they are part of an Episcopal liturgy, albeit theologically a bit Lutheran for some tastes. As one of our long-time violinists said, "This is not a gig; it's my church." I believe, as many musicians do, that if you can play and sing Bach, you can play and sing most anything. And though we have a roster of world-class soloists, everyone's also a chorister. To my mind, that explains why the ensemble work in the Mozart/da Ponte operas, for example, was so exquisite. No one singer was trying to outdo the others, every one had learned to listen, to tune, to serve the music before the ego.

In a period in Emmanuel's history some of us call the Dark Days, when the future of the church and therefore of Emmanuel Music was threatened, we were called upon to examine the relationship between the two institutions. It was clear that, though EMI had done and continued to do non-liturgical music – chamber works, evening concerts, operas, and music for dance – who we were as an organization was grounded in delivering the Bach cantatas in the liturgical context for which they were written. It was hard to imagine EMI continuing as an organization without that. And it was equally clear to many members of Emmanuel Church, those who'd been around awhile and understood her unique relation to the arts as outreach, that the cantata series was as much an expression of what the church was about as the rest of the liturgy. In combination with a tradition of first-rate preaching, social action, and a wide-open welcoming community, Emmanuel Music helped define Emmanuel Church.

Every once in a while, I forget what a rare thing this is, Emmanuel Music and Emmanuel Church. I take it for granted, which I should know is a dangerous thing to do. We've survived Craig's passing and found in Ryan Turner a more than worthy successor – one with vision and passion and intelligence that would make Craig proud – and still I need to remember how precious it is, and what a privilege, to continue to make this extraordinary music for such an extraordinary organization.

– Jaylyn Olivo

## The Beauty and Meaning of Silence

The English writer and poet Adolph Huxley wrote "After silence, that which comes nearest to expressing the inexpressible is music."

As musicians, the completion of our artistic work is almost always greeted with obligatory applause. While this is can be good for the performer's ego, and provides a way for the listener to express appreciation, the silence that follows our musical offerings during worship at Emmanuel Church continues to ring in my ears and soul longer and more deeply. The silence at the conclusion of a motet or cantata enables space and time for consideration and meditation.

When I reflect upon the years of music still ringing in our church, uninterrupted by applause, I am overwhelmed and moved by the magnitude and blessings of the silence in music.

– Ryan Turner,  
*Artistic Director of Emmanuel Music & Music Director of Emmanuel Church*

Μελαγχολία  
Melancholia

A familiar country, this,  
as comfy in its way as slippers.  
Sydney Smith was right: one should  
resist it lest it encroach.

Atrabilious, you ask?  
Well, yes, if you believe in humors.  
To me it's just the way things are  
when the world is in repose.

Sometimes mistaken for wisdom,  
it's unconscious, without intent,  
a habit like biting one's nails  
or standing pigeon-toed.

And it will be the death of me,  
not suddenly, not with violence,  
but by imperceptible degrees,  
through sloth and petrification,

unless at last I remember  
to lift up my head and see  
the red-gold fire of the maples  
and the delight in a child's face

in the jail visitors' waiting room  
as she shows us what she's learned  
about tottering across the floor  
on her own, without falling.

Joy, you may say, is transitory.  
Yes, and gloom too, and life as well.  
The sonata ends, and the birdsong,  
and the embrace: everything ends.

Gaudeamus igitur\*,  
for suffering ends too, and strife,  
and everything but timeless love.  
This day is the day we are alive.

Let us live it as if it mattered.

— Charles Felsenthal  
November, 2012

\* "Therefore let us rejoice."

Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot:  
An Instructive Voice Among Us

Maybe you've noticed a handsome, exotically garbed African-American woman frequently sitting in the first or second row, lectern side, at Emmanuel. She has a regal bearing, a quiet dignity, and a serious demeanor that belie the twinkle in her eye, her rich laughter, and the earthy and deep-rooted curiosity that mark her life and work. Sara is the Emily Hargroves Fisher Professor of Education at Harvard's Graduate School of Education (GSE), a chair that on her retirement will be renamed for her, the first African-American woman to be so honored at Harvard. Sara's been a lovely presence at Emmanuel as long as I've been here. Over the years she's brought her mother to services, often on Mothers' Day; her sister, an Episcopal priest, has preached from our pulpit. Sara's hymn tradition is as deep as my own, and our eyes often meet as we put down our hymnals and sing from our hearts hymns we've both known from childhood.



Several Emmanuelites had the pleasure of attending a recent talk that Sara did at GSE on her latest book, *Exit: The Endings that Set Us Free*. Sara's talk was moving, insightful, and joyful and heart-rending by turns. I wondered at the end, as we all sang *We Shall Overcome* (to the best of our ability, moved as we were by the stories we'd just heard), what was left to tell of the tales of exits great and small, everyday and life-altering, graceful and wrenching. But as I began reading, I realized how much more she had to say, how the people she interviewed and whose stories of exit she tells had opened their hearts and lives to her, and how skillfully and articulately she had made a journey for us to travel with her and with them toward some hope that we might make our own exits more intentional, more meaningful for all concerned, and above all less devastating of person and pride and promise.

I commend her latest book to you as well as other books by this remarkably clear-sighted, articulate, and passionate woman: *Balm in Gilead: Journey of a Healer* (1988); *Respect* (1990); *I've Known Rivers: Lives of Loss and Liberation* (1995); and *The Third Chapter: Passion, Risk, and Adventure in the 25 Years After 50* (2009) to name a few. Her writing is lucid, instructive, and inspiring.

— Jaylyn Olivo