



The Franciscan Times

*A Magazine of the Third Order,
Society of St. Francis,
Province of the Americas*

Pace e bene

Spring/Lent 2021

Reflections: Concurrent Pandemics

By The Rt Rev David Rice, Provincial Bishop Protector



Since early 2020, I have employed and often used the language of “concurrent pandemics.” Now I want to make it absolutely clear, there were others using similar language around the same time. Suffice it to say, I’m not altogether sure whether this was a matter of simultaneous inspiration or

simply shared verbiage. Regardless and most importantly, these pandemics have and continue to be alive in our midst. The concurrent pandemics about which I have often spoken and written include *the viral pandemic COVID-19; the environmental pandemic, namely, our ecological crisis; and thirdly, and certainly equally destructive, the pandemic of institutional racism.* I have also suggested on innumerable occasions the undeniable intersectionality of these three pandemics.

One of the many examples of this intersecting phenomenon involves how the viral pandemic has impacted, with far greater regularity, hence numerically, the most vulnerable communities, most of which include people of color and those who typically live on the margins, thus highlighting and exacerbating the reality of environmental racism.

In other words, it is virtually impossible to talk about the implications of one pandemic without considering the implications of another.

Even though I completely acknowledge the intersecting implications of the aforementioned pandemics, I do want to draw our attention to and to identify specific implications of the pandemic of institutional racism.

The Franciscan Way

By all accounts, St. Francis and St. Clare embraced and practiced a deep love of God and God’s creation. This was evident in the tender care and acts of charity offered to those who were marginalized, resided on the fringes, and who were, for all intents and purposes, voiceless. This was evident in Francis’s attempt to negotiate peace between Muslims and Christians in the Fifth Crusade, thus interpreting God’s dream of and call for “oneness of creation” and demonstrating a heart for inclusivity. And this was certainly most evident in his “sermonizing” to animals and insistence that all creatures are Sisters and Brothers with God.

I am writing these words during the Season of Epiphany-tide. And I trust that I needn’t remind you of the day, January 6, which started this season. As you recall, on the Feast of Epiphany, the US Capitol was under siege by a riotous mob. You will recall this horrific example of domestic terrorism, and you will recall how we witnessed, in real time, our democracy under unprecedented assault. These horrific images from that day

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FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

I became acutely aware that "busyness" is a type of servitude no matter the context: small groups or large institutions (religious, governmental, and societal). Freedom is in choosing and seeing differently.

I was reminded of the healing power of nature, sound/music, the arts, and solitude!

Everything is significant from the breath I breathe, to the thoughts I think; from the gestures and eye-contact toward another, to the words I speak; from the food and water I put into my body, to what may seem like the most mundane tasks: they are all actions that contain the essence of what is precious, pure, and holy.

The most valuable things in life can't be bought: relationships, creativity, GOD, air, water, peace, love, joy . . .

The antidotes to fear, worry and misinformation are imagination, faith, lovingkindness, and wisdom because we always have everything we need in the moment, accessing the "everything" lies in stillness.

Diana Turner-Forte

cannot possibly deceive us. This was without equivocation an act of insurrection. However, what might not be as abundantly clear are the contributing factors which led to this horrific “moment-in-time.”

The then-president (and his surrogates) consistently used language of a “stolen election.” And they constantly referred to city centers like Philadelphia, Chicago, and Detroit—namely, communities with high populations of people of color—as the loci for the stealing of said election. It remains clear to this bishop, observer, and commentator that institutional racism (white supremacy, entitlement, and privilege) was strikingly evident in those who prompted this insurrection and those who carried it out on our Capitol steps and inside our chambers of governance. Additionally, I trust you would agree with me that if this had even been a peaceful protest by people of color—for instance, a Black Lives Matter demonstration—the results would have been substantially different.

And during our most honest moments, we would acknowledge and confess that the paths and thoroughfares which led to the steps of the US Capitol [on Jan. 6] also went through a reticent church, a complicit people of faith, and followers of Jesus who are culpable in this system of institutional and systemic racism.

Again, systematic racism runs deeply and pervasively. Moreover, and with equal poignancy, I must confess that my previous language of “moment-in-time” was inaccurate and potentially misleading and, dare I say, points to my own entitlement and privilege. What occurred on the Feast of Epiphany, on January 6th, was far from a “moment-in-time.” The paths and thoroughfares that led to those

steps at the US Capitol went through slavery, to Reconstruction, to Jim Crow, to mass incarceration of people of color, to... unfortunately, the list is expansive. And during our most honest moments, we would acknowledge and confess that the paths and thoroughfares which led to the steps of the US Capitol also went through a reticent church, a complicit people of faith, and followers of Jesus who are culpable in this system of institutional and systemic racism. To put this most simply, Franciscan Sisters and Brothers, we have wittingly and unwittingly contributed to the system which brought us all to the Capitol steps on the Feast of Epiphany on January 6th.

And so, I, as your Bishop Protector, call us all, you and me, to acknowledge and address our complicity and our culpability. And I call us to follow the examples of Francis and Clare and give our very lives to ensure that God’s dream and God’s call for the “Oneness of Creation” occurs in, and is demonstrated by, our lives.



Isn't the Pandemic Exploding our Spiritual Inertia?

R. John Brockmann

Why are you using that QWERTY keyboard in front of you? You do know that that keyboard design is based on a layout created for the Sholes and Glidden typewriter and sold to E. Remington and Sons in 1873. It was created to be maximally inefficient so that keys would not get stuck with each other as typists typed. Great idea for 1873, but do you have any keys connected to your keyboard in front of you? Why then are you using that QWERTY keyboard? In fact, why are we calling it a *keyboard* at all?

Ah, mental inertia, the bane of innovation.

We continue to do today what we've done in the past because someone in our past did it to continue what they saw someone do in their past...and so it goes. (Oh, that's why the QWERTY *keyboard* is in front of you and not the more efficient Dvorak alternative invented in the 1930s.) Moreover, the amount of energy and effort to break out of such mental inertia is usually so high that the vast majority of innovations go unused and ignored.



John was interviewed by his local NBC-TV affiliate about changes to Ash Wednesday services in his church in Massachusetts. To view it, [click here](#).

An Inordinate Amount of Energy

Unused and ignored unless something jolts our mental inertia with such an inordinate amount of energy that we are obliged to change and accept innovation: *e.g.*, the microwave was accepted unusually quickly into our kitchens because its ease of use and savings of time shocked the kitchen mental inertia sufficiently for us to transition.

Our spiritual lives are not so different a beast than our mental lives, and our spiritual lives equally suffer from inertia captured in the phrase, "But we've always done it that way." One example of such spiritual inertia would be that readers or those offering eulogies at a funeral had to be physically present. Another example is that ashes on Ash Wednesday could only be administered by a priest and only by his finger.

Accepting Change and Innovation

Well, the fear of COVID contagion for our church communities and ourselves has landed with such an inordinate amount of energy that we have been obliged to change and accept innovation:

- The safety and low cost of Zoom has allowed parish services, meetings, and even spiritual direction to be carried out regardless of distance and with an unexpected intimacy. Using Zoom, our fellowship has had more frequent meetings with better attendance than at any time in its recent history. Another example was working with a family to arrange who would do

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Pandemic and Spiritual Inertia, cont. from p. 5



Grace Church "Drive Thru Ashes" also enabled us to reach many who weren't able to get ashes in person. Paula King, music director, received ashes from Lay Outreach Leader, Sue Breen, who used a swab to make a cross on her forehead. Little pouches of ashes and a copy of Psalm 51 from the standard service were given out to make Ash Wednesday a meaningful and safe experience for people at home.

the readings at the funeral for their Rosie-the-Riveter grandmother. They were bereft that their grandmother had daughters and granddaughters living around the world and unable to travel. However, using Zoom, we were able to have daughters and grandmothers from around the world each take turns reading stanzas from Proverb's "Ode to a Capable Wife."

- The Cursillo catch phrase, "Who is the Church? We are the Church!" has become embodied as we live in a time when we cannot safely gather in traditional church buildings, and prayer has moved back into the home and the family—just like the Seder and the Shabbat meal. For example, this Ash Wednesday I pre-recorded the Ash Wednesday service (sans Eucharist), at which time I blessed 50 Ash Packets (with a little ash, Psalm 51 from the service, and instructions). I will be bringing some packets over to a retirement home currently under isolation for them to watch on their TV and then self-administer to each other.
- In the Fall of 1997, Canadian Harold Macdonald published [in *The Franciscan Times*] "Stations of My Home: Touch the Mystery of Life," in which he described how he had taken the concepts of the Stations of the Cross from traditional church buildings and transferred them to the windows, tables, pictures, and pets of his home. His eccentric idea a couple of decades ago is now a mainstream commonplace of how to pray the Stations at home.
- The inability of safely celebrating the Eucharist has moved members of ECUSA (Episcopal Church of the United States of America) back from the weekly Eucharist innovations of the early 19th century Oxford Movement and even further back to the tradition of Morning Prayer in the colonies when priests were few and far between.

Perhaps Easter and the Holy Spirit at Pentecost created such inordinate amounts of energy that they obliged the apostles and disciples to change and accept innovation and to break out of their spiritual inertia. Is this the experience we are living through our Easter...our Pentecost?

A Science Fiction Liturgy?

Some 30 years ago my mentor and friend, The Rev. Canon Mark Harris, wrote a piece of science fiction liturgy in which he imagined a Eucharistic setting in the year 2050. The context for the setting included that the soccer moms had won, and Eucharists would no longer be celebrated on Sunday mornings because their children

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needed to participate in sports. Next, there would have been the release of some biological weapon by a conservative Christian religious group causing Christianity to have a bad reputation in the general liberal American public. Finally, the groups of remaining Christians would be much fewer, and thus most of the sacraments would be celebrated on weekday evenings in the living rooms of homes.

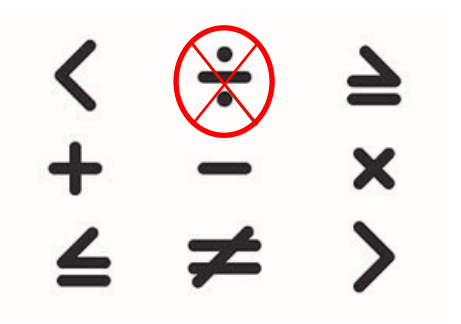
Because of the pandemic, I think Mark’s science fiction liturgy for the year 2050 has been jumped to our own very near future because of the inordinate amount of energy from the pandemic that we have had to respond to and innovate.

May God help us and bless us in this brave new world.



Division, Multiplication,
Subtraction, Addition

Janet Fedders
Minister Provincial



Everywhere we look right now, we see Division. We hear about Division. We experience the Divide. Where we work, in our families, with our neighbors. This polarity. It seems to be so entrenched now in one way or another in all of our countries. Whether racial, economic, political, cultural or ecological, don’t we hear of it everywhere? And we worry: is it here to stay? Was it always here? Is it just surfacing now, along with every crisis around us? More importantly, how are we called into the Divide (for I do think we are called to step into it)? And what do we as followers of Francis and Clare do once we’re there? We, who are called to be peacemakers....

May we continue the math analogy? How do we subtract the vitriol within the Divide? What can we add in? Can we stop it from multiplying?

I have the great blessing to be in a Bible Study group with four other tertiaries. We spent a recent session talking about just this. Where and how do we speak up? And when? How do we know what to say? How can we be in the Divide without being confrontational (which would only contribute to division)? As it happens, our Bible Study that day was Zephaniah and we found reference to the word for **trust**, as in **trusting** in the name of the Lord. Commentary had the word as *chasah* (to trust, to hope, to make someone a refuge) and quoted Psalm 57 picturing David as nestling under God’s wings for refuge (nestling, from the word *chasah*).

In a sense we welcome that idea of refuge under God’s wings. Resting in God, nestling in God’s love brings us to the point where we then know what and when to speak up and what to say. One of our members talked about (figuratively) holding up the cross of Jesus in these situations by speaking Jesus’ truth to whatever Divide there is. Bishop Rice talks about “loving and holy candor.”

However, and regardless what resource we use to do it, it is time to speak up. As Franciscans, we have much to contribute.



Ordinary People: The *Fratres Minores* of Our Time

Brother James Nathaniel,
SSF



Excerpted from Brother Nathaniel's presentation at the Southeastern Convocation. (See story, page 15)

Forty-eight years ago, the year 1973 was another moment in US history when, in the midst of trials and tribulations, some Americans chose hope over fear and charity over selfishness. Some of us may remember that year or have heard about it from the history books. That year, inflation was continuing to rise, as it had been since the late 1960s. In 1973 alone inflation rose over 6%. The US dollar was losing value as a result of the changes being made to the world financial system that had been in place since WWII. In October, the Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) imposed an embargo on the United States as a result of US support of Israel during the Yom Kippur War. The price of oil quadrupled, sending the United States into an energy crisis. And finally, it was in 1973 when the impeachment process that would bring an end to Nixon's presidency began to pick up steam.

Yet even in the midst of all this sadness and discouraging news, there were *fratres minores*, the folks whose contribution to building up the Kingdom of God even today inspires us to do that which we are called to do, both as Franciscans and as part of the one family of God.

I am reminded of a story that comes from my old hometown of Kokomo, Indiana. Kokomo is a small, blue-collar, factory town of almost 60,000 people located just one hour north of Indianapolis. Before Christmas in 1973, a laid-off autoworker called in on a radio talk show called "Viewpoints," hosted by a local deejay, Dick Bronson. Out of work and out of luck, the autoworker asked what he was supposed to do to help his family have a good Christmas that year. In the spur of the moment, Bronson offered to donate half of whatever amount of money he had in his wallet at the time – 20 dollars. He encouraged the rest of his listeners to join with him and do the same. By the end of the radio program, Bronson had raised over \$1,000 plus food and toys to help the autoworker and other families in the area as well.

The next year Bronson and the radio station dedicated six hours of radio air time to help raise money for children and families at Christmas. The year after, the program expanded to a 47-hour radio telethon and auction. Now, forty-six years later, "We Care," as the organization is now known, runs a 48-hour radio and television auction the first full weekend of December and has fundraisers and programs throughout the year. Last year, even under COVID restrictions, We Care raised over \$465,000. One hundred percent of the proceeds goes directly to organizations that assist the disadvantaged and less fortunate as well as the mentally and physically challenged within Kokomo....

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But again, what can we do here and now? Similar to the origins of We Care, we do not have to move mountains in order to be the heroes we need for our own time. We simply need to be open and

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Ordinary People,
cont. from p. 8

responsive to where God is calling us, wherever and whenever that may be. During these times, not all heroes are those working in hospitals. Some heroes are limiting their time outside to prevent catching or spreading diseases. Some heroes are helping their children learn as much as they can while schools are still closed. Some heroes are protesting the racial violence done against their fellow Americans. Some heroes are taking politicians and companies to task for their role in global climate change. During the Second World War, not all the heroes we remember were serving in Germany fighting Hitler. Some served in factories. Some collected milkweed pods. Some took pride in rationing for the troops.

During the Civil Rights movement, not all the heroes we celebrate were in Washington marching. Some attended sit-ins. Some appeared on talk shows. Some wrote books and poetry. During the September 11 attacks, not all heroes wore a fire mask and walked into the World Trade Center. Some tucked their children in at night and made them feel safe. Some gave blood. Some signed up to serve. Some stood up for their Muslim neighbor. These heroes of the past—like the heroes of today—put others before themselves....

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And so, brothers and sisters, we certainly have our work cut out for us. We know there are going to be hard times ahead. But perhaps in no other time since the end of the Second World War are we left with an opportunity to begin the world over again. We are in the figurative desert but we can see life-giving water ahead.

Where will we be when we reach this promised land?



+

FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

One of the blessings of this pandemic has been a newfound closeness with others in the Episcopal church and the Anglican communion around the world. I give thanks daily for the technology that allows me to begin each day with prayers from Washington National Cathedral or Canterbury Cathedral. Our Milagro Fellowship has also continued to grow and thrive despite our physical distance from one another. God has brought so much light, hope, and community out of such a dark time and place.

Gay Crouch

Simplicity: The Third Aim

John Cooper

*The Third Aim:
To live simply.*

The Third Aim of the Order is to live simply. I guess in some ways it must be easier for me now. I have been living this way, in prison, for over 20 years, and there isn't much I have left in the world but my love of God and some very wonderful friends. Yet even in here, life can get cluttered. And, in here, most clutter is certainly not good. I am surrounded every day by a neurotic need for the attention of others, a constant fear of nonbeing, and endless, disparaging noise.

Practicing simplicity, for me, is not just a matter of not having things but rather living a life uncluttered by unnecessary or less worthy things, allowing more time, space, and energy for matters of greater priority. Simplicity then becomes not just a matter of things given away or denied but of amazing gifts freely given and accepted. One of the greatest gifts simplicity offers me may be a clearer discernment to see what really matters most, and the part I can play in that context.

Practicing simplicity can help strengthen:

- our dependence on God (delivering us from dependence on ourselves, our money, or other people),
- our obedience to God (delivering us from obedience to our egos, pride or possessions),
- our focus on God (delivering us from the world's distractions).

Dependence, obedience, and focus on God: these three disciplines, strengthened by the practice of simplicity, can help move us into a deeper sense of freedom:

- from others (their control, opinions),
- from ourselves (our delusions, desires, ego, sins, fears),
- from the world (its idolatry, greed, manipulation).

And finally, we become free to serve God and God's people:

- through the generosity of our goods, time, and self,
- through work for social justice and peace,
- through the evangelism of example,
- through clear discernment of the Holy Spirit,
- through humility, as the true understanding of who and what we are.

These deeper freedoms are what I refer to as the gifts of simplicity, through which the Holy Spirit can help guide us and free us to better serve our ministry. To serve God and God's people, in humility, is a call we have accepted. Through the practice and with these gifts of simplicity we may better progress past the allure of our delusions and the delusions of the world to a clearer discernment of our calling. ♦



A Final Novice Report, Painted

By Peter Prewandowski

Above is a photo of my 8th quarterly Novice Report.

It is painted in acrylic and random materials on plywood: 4'10½" x 10½"

The text that follows is an explanation of the piece, reflecting the past three months, and also the past two-and-a-half years, of my life as a novice in TSSF.

The piece is flanked by grapes and wheat, on the left, and Holy Eucharist, on the right. Along the bottom is wine flowing to the chalice. This reflects the importance of the Eucharist to me; it feeds my daily walk and is what holds me up as a Christian and as a Franciscan.

This is also my statement on **hospitality**: whenever I extend a hand, a meal, a drink, fellowship in my home or even my space, it is an extension of the Eucharist. In that sense I am “in communion” with all mankind, with all of humanity. Of course, I often fail, but the ideal is to be always ready to extend that hand.

Moving, in the piece, from left to right:

The small painting is a post-card representation of a larger painting in Florence, Italy, and is a depiction of the life of St. Francis. That is where it all began for me. I was introduced to him in college back in 1980. I undertook a personal study of his life and have been intrigued by him ever since. In many ways I have always been a Franciscan, it is now, however, that I am committing to the Order as a way of life.

The books represent **study**, and are my favorites over the past year or so. Becoming a Franciscan has revived my love of early Christian literature. My recent favorites: *Early Christian Lives*, *The Cistercian World*, and Thomas Merton’s *Seven Story Mountain*. All of them speak to me of how to live as a religious. It is an ideal that I will never achieve, though I am not put off. Admiring and appreciating how those early men and women

lived is one thing, but living the way I am called to live is even more important. In my imagination, I am one of those little monks sitting on a stool and reading; in reality, I am a tertiary trying to live *in* the world but not *of* the world. That is my calling and my challenge. That is also what I have found to be the incredible value of my Rule of Life; it expresses my own calling, my own ideal. My Rule of Life continues to challenge me and change me.

Next, we have the cross and the empty tomb. Everything I do leads to the cross of Christ and eventually to the empty tomb, to His resurrection, and to my own rebirth. It speaks to penance and reconciliation, of retreat into the wilderness and then to coming out of the wilderness, and into my real calling to be in the world but not of the world; that is what Jesus did Himself. It speaks to me of simplicity and self-denial. If we take Jesus at His word, then all we need is Him, for all else will be supplied.

The book, the wrench, and the badge represent work. I am a teacher, and when I am at my best as a teacher, and doing what I love, doing what I am called to do, I know I am really teaching. That is what I will strive to do... yet sometimes we do not get to do the work that is in our hearts to do. The Big E badge (I once worked a season at the Big E) and the wrench represent that work that we sometimes have to do. I have learned over the last three years, without a full-time teaching job, that I must embrace whatever job the Lord leads

cont. on page 12

me to with love, joy, and humility. It has been a frustrating lesson to learn, but I am very grateful.

The cell phone and money speak specifically of self-denial: my biggest challenge as a novice, right from the beginning, has been to stop using the Internet in unproductive ways. My Rule of Life has helped me to cut out nearly 90 percent of unnecessary purchasing on the Internet. That is why the money is wrinkled up and put behind the screen. I also use the computer to fill time, and regardless how others feel, for me that is bad. Recently, I have taken the step of removing the Amazon and eBay apps from my phone. I will not give myself the option of mindless, virtual window-shopping. Last year, before I had a smart phone, I never had this option; there is no reason to have it now.

The phone in the piece also speaks to my vow of simplicity. I am pledged to try and spend little time watching TV. Watching the news, watching movies, and even watching some TV shows – these are not evil – however, too much screen time can lead to evil, and I pledge to continually and intentionally keep it in check. I have made a vow that “I will set no worthless thing before my eyes.” (*Psalm 101: 3*) This vow is helping me to become a more discerning person.

The card and the Anglican Rosary represent personal prayer: on the card is written the third col-

lect for mission in the Morning Prayer service. Over the past three months, Morning Prayer has gotten longer and longer. And yet, I no longer look at the additions as “Franciscan Obedience.” Instead I choose to call it “Our Way of Daily Prayer.” I do not pray out of obedience but out of desire. Neither do I spend extra time in personal prayer out of obedience. In personal prayer I use the Prayer Book, some Franciscan prayers, the Anglican Rosary, some prayers I have written myself, some contemplative prayer, and a good deal of extemporaneous prayer. It is true, I first put personal prayer in my Rule out of obedience, but it has become a regular part of my life.

Throughout the work there are the stars, the planets, the vast expanse of interstellar space... in short, all of creation. This, to me, is the most marvelous thing... seriously. I look at the night sky, and I am continually amazed at the mind of God. However far we are able to look, we find there is more. The Lord God created all of that, and He continues to create. Then there is us. We are infinitesimal in the scope of creation... and yet we are of incomprehensible importance to Him. God loves us so much that He made us a part of His grand plan. What is more, all of creation, the universe itself, would not be what God wanted if you, if I, were not in it. He loves us so much that the universe itself would not be what God intended, if I were not in it. That fact just happens to bring me to my knees. That is why the planets are in my picture. ♦

+ FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

Learning to trust God more with prayer when national leadership and national health are being tested as never before.

Learning to pray continually and with more conviction for friends who suffer from cancer and other debilitating health issues. It's exciting to see this kind of prayer bring real results!

Taking more time to engage in serious spiritual writing. Nothing published yet, but we'll see :-)

Reaching out across the country with Zoom for more family gatherings.

Lance Renault

Lenten Meditation in a Time of Pandemic Blessed Be the Mystical Blood

By Alice Baird

Blessed be Earth, O Lord, for receiving
Your Mystical Blood:

dripped from Your brow,
desiccated in dust,
pooled beneath Your cross.

Blessed be Earth.

Blessed be Stone, bathed in Your
Mystical Blood:

marble pillar veined red
with Your stripes, cobbled
streets
where You staggered and fell.

Blessed be Stone.

Blessed also be Cloth, soaked
with Your Mystical Blood:

purple cloak, Mary's dress,
Veronica's veil, blood splattered
on what the soldiers, Your tormentors, wore.

Blessed be Cloth.

So too, Metal, which brought forth Your
Mystical Blood:

metal-tipped whips,
infamous nails,
lunging spear.

Blessed be Metal.

Most blessed be Wood, stained with Your
Mystical Blood:

Gethsemane's trees, thorny crown,
splintering cross, wood of shame—
Tree of Life.

Blessed be Wood.

And most holy Water of Your Mystical Blood:

water from Your side,
Mary's bitter tears,
bathing for burial.

Blessed be Water.

True drink of Your Mystical Blood,
blessed be Wine,

wine of the Eucharist,
blood of the Lamb,
fount of everlasting life.

Blessed be Wine.

All these, O Lord, are blessed in
our material world—

Earth, Stone, Cloth,
Metal, Wood, Water,
and Wine—

Yet we, who bear the *imago dei*,

Are left to thirst for Your Mystical Blood

in an era of plague,
our churches shuttered,
sacraments denied.

Have mercy on us, O Lord,

Who, in this barren moment,

are barred from Your feast,
cast off, bereft:
we who are,

in this unholy time, unblessed.



NEWS FROM THE PROVINCE

TSSF Province of the Americas: Financial Summary 10/01/20 - 01/31/2021

by Alison Saichek

Hello from your Provincial Bursar.

As you can see from the financial summary, we are doing well for a couple of reasons. First, members are giving generously, and second, we aren't traveling or attending meetings (other than virtually), and are generally staying put. We have received two generous bequests in the past year or so. One was from Kay Miller, and there is now a scholarship fund in her memory to support people who want to go on retreat and need financial help, especially novices who need to make a pre-profession retreat. The other was from Stu Schlegel. Chapter recently approved the idea of keeping this as an "urgent needs" fund, under the control of the Standing Committee, to provide funds for emergency situations that aren't covered under any budget category. Chapter also approved setting aside funds for the next Provincial Convocation in 2023 (yes!), and for technology support and training as we move more into the virtual world for meetings and communication. Even with segregating these funds, we still have a budget surplus that would carry us through nearly a year.

Fund Balances	<u>1/31/2021</u>
Operating Fund	35,110.77
Savings Account & CD	161,495.44
JCFU Account (Joint Committee on Franciscan Unity)	7,956.46
TOTAL FUNDS	204,562.67
Stu Schlegel Urgent Needs Fund	30,756.85
Kay Miller Scholarship Fund	34,281.96
Medical Mission Fund	675.68
Tom Johnson Mission Fund	-
Memorials	2,165.74
Companions Funds	4,687.86
TOTAL RESTRICTED FUNDS	72,568.09
UNRESTRICTED FUNDS	131,994.58
Fiscal Year 2020-2021 As of 01/31/2021	Actual
Contributions	23,288.00
Other Income (Amazon Smile, Interest)	439.00
Total Operating Income	23,727.00
Operating Expenses	
Servants (Ministers, Chaplains, Officers)	2,066.00
Formation	-
Outreach (Support for other Orders & Organizations)	5,150.00
Communications	861.00
Meetings Chapter 2020	-
Overhead (Insurance, bank charges, website)	182.00
Total Operating Expenses	8,259.00
Income less Expenses	15,468.00



Three-year Ministry Review

By Janet Fedders

Last October, Chapter decided to implement what is a standard procedure for many groups: a three-year ministry assessment and position rotation. You may be familiar with this protocol from your work on Vestry or other Church organizations. The idea is to spread the goodness and make it possible for members of the Order to serve in new ways. The process is for our servant-leaders not mentioned in the Statutes (the areas of Chaplaincy, Formation, and Fellowships have their own protocols as to rotation). I had Chapter review my work, for instance, before running for another term.

The servant-leaders (*e.g.*, Minister Provincial) who will be doing the assessment review will be contacting “our folks.” (I have a list of seven for instance.) We will be writing each one to let them know that Chapter wants to do this, and that letter will begin the process of dialogue in each area. Reviews will be completed in May and June.

The First Order brothers do this around Pentecost, and we have adopted that part of their model. We are hoping for joy-filled transitions, renewed energies, and a wider spread of involvement. Could it be a goal of ours that every tertiary has a direct role to play in our Order? Of course, we intercede in prayer for each other. But there is also other work to be done, and we are encouraging willing hands.

In any case, we will gain new insight into the health of the Order and how we can better do the work God has given us to do—together.



+ FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

As the pandemic has progressed, month after month, I have become aware of the curious paradox of solitude and solidarity. On the one hand, as someone who lives alone, I have become acutely aware of my solitude, a kind of existential loneliness, like the naked aloneness of my soul before the God of justice and mercy. But on the other hand, through all the available technologies that have eased our isolation from each other, I have also gradually come to see how we have been united across geographic and socioeconomic boundaries and in ways not readily available before the pandemic. Perhaps this is the glimpse of peace we have hoped for, perhaps we are being prepared by the Holy Spirit for a time of much-needed, much-wished-for solidarity with all peoples everywhere.

Alice Baird

Southeastern Convocation: Plan B

By Ken and Janet Watts

Right, Ken and Janet Watts were largely responsible for organizing the virtual Convocation.



Last year, 2020, was our fellowship's turn to host the SE Convocation. The San Damiano Fellowship (Central Florida) would invite the newly formed Cesar Romero Fellowship (Jacksonville) to co-host. We had it all set up to be held at Camp Weed in Live Oak—Br. James Nathaniel, SSF was all set to be our presenter, and e-mails went out to announce our plans. Then COVID hit, and we had to cancel. We kept waiting to see when we could reschedule, but it seemed like it would be no time soon.

We decided to have a simple, one-day convocation by Zoom on January 16th, 2021. We were joined by some 30 participants. We started with Morning Prayer, which included renewals. We had four speakers, with a break in between, including a lunch break. Our first speaker was our Minister Provincial, Janet Fedders. She told us about how tertiaries are providing food and medical care in various parts of the province and how we are collaborating with indigenous people in Brazil to help them gain land rights. She also outlined our formation program, which is now divided into Postulant 1/Postulant 2 and Novice 1/Novice 2. New virtual fellowships are being formed, and more Companions are joining fellowship meetings. All good stuff!

Our Interconnectedness

Jeff Golliher's talk on strengthening sacred ecology in TSSF can be summed up in one word: weave. We're starting to weave the Principles and the Rule. Our relationships with government and corporations are woven into everyone's wellbeing. Weaving involves our whole way of life. "Our life together is sacred," he said, "and not to be exploited." Prayer, study, and work, which correspond to soul, mind, and body, are all interwoven. Jeff also reminded us to heed our penitential roots, and that Francis's interest in study was not for knowledge as much as for discernment. What is moral and immoral? Real or illusory? How do we live in the here and now?

cont. on page 17

*Southeastern Convocation,
cont. from p. 16*

Br. James Nathaniel, SSF gave us an update on the First Order brothers and sisters. [\[See page 8 for an excerpt from his talk.\]](#) They're still working on the Hermitage in northern California—it sounds nice! He also spoke about our “urgent, timely need for fraternal unity. In Pope Francis’s latest encyclical, *Fratelli Tutti* (which means “brothers all), the pope calls us all to realize our interconnectedness. He drew on the example of St. Francis, who saw in the face of the leper the face of God. With St. Francis and the Sultan, there was respect, not rivalry. Referencing the deathbed words of St. Francis—“I have done what is mine to do”—Pope Francis challenges us by asking what we can do in our time. We are called to take an active part in making our society a better place.

Complicity and Confession

Bishop David Rice, our Bishop Protector, concluded our program. The violence at the Capitol was fresh in everyone’s mind, and you could tell that he was very affected by what took place. He urged us “to seek the Epiphany light in all people and places, and especially where there is great difficulty.” (Sounds like Francis and the Sultan again!) He reminded us to heed “our culpability and complicity as a people of faith in the sin of racism.” Examining his own reaction to the people who stormed the Capitol on Jan. 6, he too, like Jeff Goliher, recommended confession and penitence. Having those hard conversations “in loving and holy candor, both in our public and private discourse, we join with Jesus, Francis, and Clare,” he said.

We are grateful to Janet Fedders for her help and guidance in setting up and organizing our convocation. We also want to thank Mike Barbare for his participation in reading the Obedience and the Litany in the Office of Renewals.



+ FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

This time has sharpened my humility, simplicity, gratitude, and sense of injustice that we burden upon the poor and working poor (essential workers). I am making space in my life for unexpected growth by letting go of attachments. I value community more, trust in the Trinity more, and pray for less doubt of God’s inevitable grace.

Richard Pearce

MILESTONES

Welcome the Newly Professed

Newly Professed

Ben Gibbs



My journey into the Third Order began ten years ago when I started to attend the Third Order meetings at Manchester Cathedral in England. A few years previous to that, my wife, Marylou, and I lost our first child, Amy, who was stillborn at full-term. Our grief threw a lot in our lives up in the air, including our faith. At the time I described to a friend that my relationship with God was broken and fractured, but the point was that there was still something to be broken and fractured! I wanted to discover God again, but in a different way and was drawn to St. Francis and the Third Order.

The worldviews that the Manchester Franciscans brought to discussions during their meetings were fascinating, challenging, and inspirational. Learning more about the lens St. Francis and St. Clare brought to the life and teachings of Christ kept me hooked—particularly the countercultural approach to wealth and simplicity of life.

Meanwhile, my wife and I were thinking about moving to Canada with our two boys, and the opportunity seemed to be imminent, though it took seven years until we actually moved. As a result, my progression into postulancy was slow, and, when we moved to London, UK, in 2015, I was still a postulant.

In London I was warmly welcomed into the Paddington Fellowship, and my Novice Guardian suggested that although we had relocated to London in anticipation of our move to Canada, it was the right time to be noviced. So I became a novice in a memorable ceremony in St. Martins in the Field, a church on Trafalgar Square.

Eventually I got a job as a web developer in Vancouver, Canada, and my family and I were able to make the trans-Atlantic move in March 2017. Since then I have been part of the Dogwood Fellowship here in Vancouver and have been delighted to see the fellowship grow in numbers and relationships. I have also become the Provincial Webmaster, and we have had another son—a Canadian this time!

So, after a ten-year journey to become professed, I was delighted to be invited to profession, and my profession service (via Zoom due to the pandemic) was a true blessing to me.

I look forward to my next ten years (and more!) journeying towards God, following the example of St Francis!



Newly Professed

Mike Morrizo



Masks dangling under their chins for a momentary picture-taking, Mike's daughter looks proud of her dad's profession.

I was born in Queens in 1958 and have lived my entire life in New York. My family of five (parents and two sisters) moved to Long Island, New York in 1972. Having attended Catholic school while in Queens, assimilating into public school was a tough transition. It took quite some time for me to feel settled in, and it didn't help that my local Catholic church was not within walking distance. When I got my driver's license, I started attending church on a semi-regular basis, but for a number of reasons, the church was not to my liking. I found myself drifting away from attending and, for some time, I was detached from organized religion.

After high school, I worked various jobs until finding my career position with the U.S. Postal Service at the young age of 21. I would go on to work there thirty years until I retired in 2010. I was married at 30, and, within a year, my wife became pregnant with our only child, a daughter.

Unfortunately, my marriage lasted only six years, and I found myself separated from my daughter, whom I adored, at her tender age of five. This was a dark time for me, and I decided I needed to dedicate myself above all else to a loving upbringing of my daughter. Divorce was something foreign to my family, so I found myself in uncharted waters. I learned a lot about love and sacrifice during this time, even to the point of spending time with my ex-wife and daughter each summer on family vacations.

I was always thankful for the many things I had, but I sensed there was a definitive void in my life. The religious foundation I had built as a young child was strong within me, and I found myself longing for and desperately needing that connection once again. As an answer to my longing, a relative stranger, a customer I had interacted with several times at my job, asked if I would like to "hang out" someday. I decided to take him up on his offer, and he introduced me to the Little Portion Friary in Mount Sinai.

It didn't take long for me to feel that I was home here since the brothers' nurturing and welcoming demeanor was as genuine as anything I had ever encountered. Peace, love, and joy were not just words here; they were a way of living. They were real and tangible things.

In 2007, I was welcomed into the Episcopal Church. It was at that time that I was approached to consider the Third Order Society of Saint Francis. The impulse was strong to dive right in, but there were many reasons why I felt that waiting was important. In the interim, I found myself awash in deep peace and contentment, and I utilized that time to learn, grow, and shed unhealthy distractions. It would be ten years later, in 2017, that I felt I was ready to immerse myself in the formation process for TSSF.

I was professed in August of 2020 and continue to absorb and further my knowledge of all things Franciscan. ♦

Newly Professed

Peter Prewandowski



I have been fortunate in my Christian walk. I had a mother who took my baptismal vows seriously and brought me up in the faith; I really can't remember a time when I didn't believe. Because of the faith she instilled in me, I have been a friend of St. Francis since my early college years.

That faith also led me to years of youth work, to active parish ministry, to teaching in faith-based schools in the U.S., and eventually to teach as a missionary in Tanzania for eight years.

The Franciscan ideal of living simply has always intrigued me, but only recently have I sought to embrace it as a way of life. Though I am by no means a shining example of a Franciscan, my Rule of Life, throughout my postulancy and novitiate, has helped me to live slowly into a simpler way of living.

I have also always loved creative expression ([*see my painted novice report on page 11 in this issue*](#)).



Newly Professed

Charlotte Shepic



I n 2000 when the General Convention of the Episcopal Church was held in Denver, I began to feel drawn to explore various Third Orders. I was very involved in the planning for General Convention and just as it began, I had emergency gall bladder surgery followed by a very long recovery. However, that recovery gave me time to explore what I felt I was being called to.

Going back to work at the Office of the Bishop and as a deacon at St. Paul's Episcopal Church—both part-time jobs—combined to make my Third Order exploration less of a priority. Off and on I would see Janet Strickler's booth at Diocesan Conventions, which had pamphlets on TSSF. Each year, I would take a brochure with me and promise myself I would take action.

Sixteen years later, after several rector transitions, raising a child, experiencing the death of my mother in a car accident, another surgery, a police investigation, and other family deaths, I decided I needed to find new soil for the growth of my spiritual life, and I began to explore TSSF more seriously. I was drawn to Francis because of his love of nature, of animals, of his courage to walk into the Sultan's camp, for his love of something bigger than he was, and for his listening to his call from God.

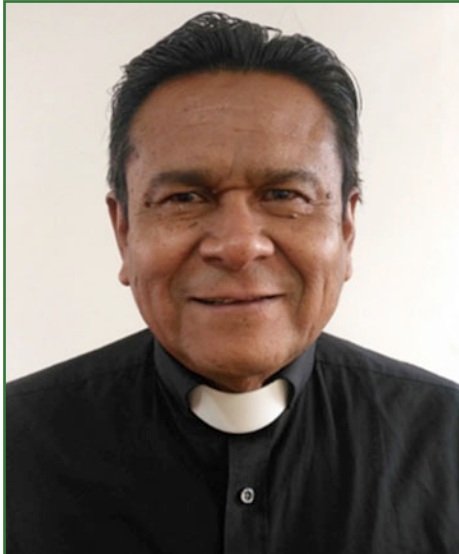
There were parts of my formation process that were very challenging to me, but slowly I began to struggle with ideas about simplicity and obedience, among other concepts. I enjoyed being part of a Fellowship and learning as much as I could about Francis and Clare. During the last eight months of my novitiate these teachings deepened with my recovery from a serious accident: they kept me centered and my faith alive. I was professed on May 21, 2020, and I am very happy to be a member of a Third Order.



Welcome Our First Professed Tertiaries in Peru

Newly Professed

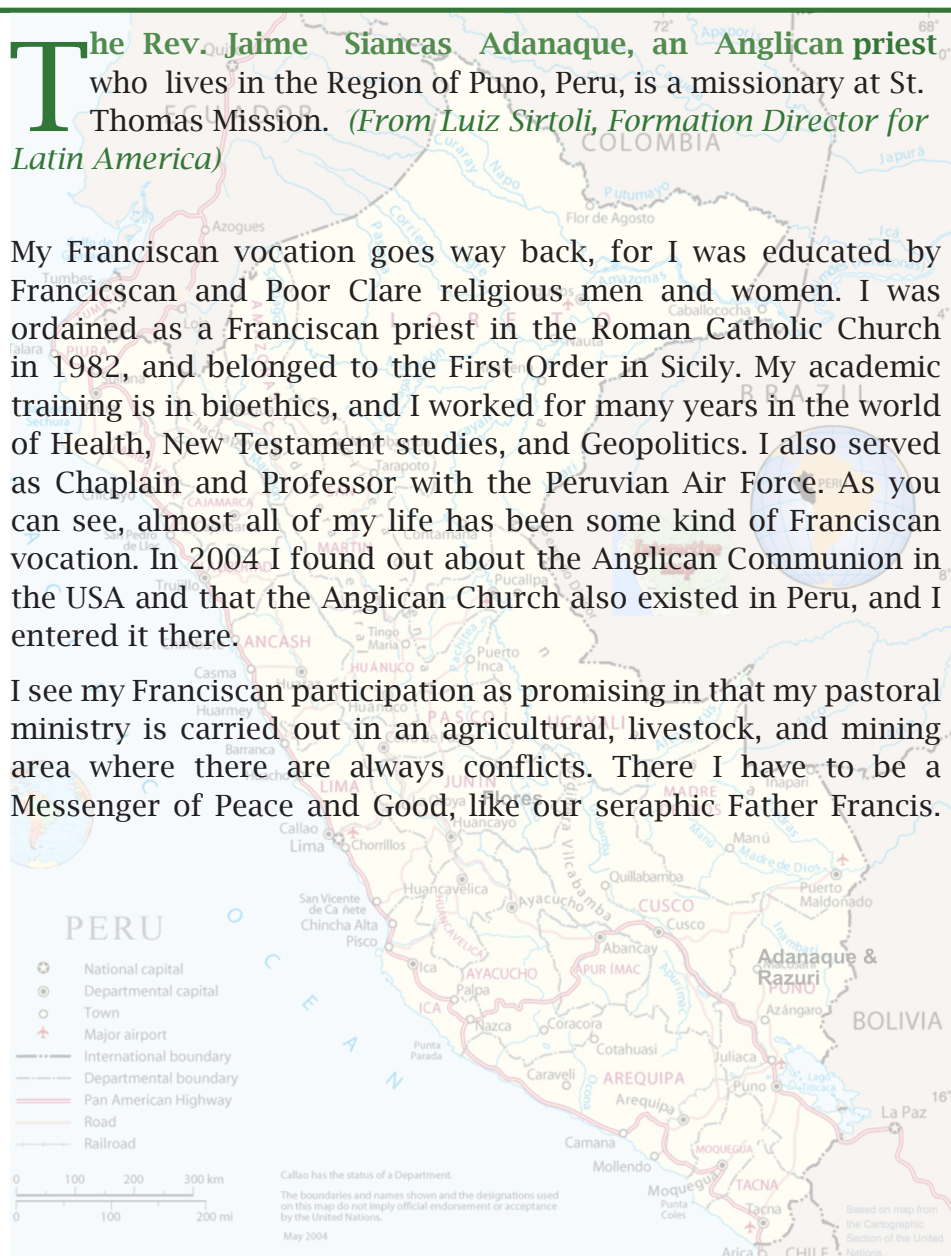
Jaime Alberto Siancas Adanaque



The Rev. Jaime Siancas Adanaque, an Anglican priest who lives in the Region of Puno, Peru, is a missionary at St. Thomas Mission. *(From Luiz Sirtoli, Formation Director for Latin America)*

My Franciscan vocation goes way back, for I was educated by Franciscan and Poor Clare religious men and women. I was ordained as a Franciscan priest in the Roman Catholic Church in 1982, and belonged to the First Order in Sicily. My academic training is in bioethics, and I worked for many years in the world of Health, New Testament studies, and Geopolitics. I also served as Chaplain and Professor with the Peruvian Air Force. As you can see, almost all of my life has been some kind of Franciscan vocation. In 2004 I found out about the Anglican Communion in the USA and that the Anglican Church also existed in Peru, and I entered it there.

I see my Franciscan participation as promising in that my pastoral ministry is carried out in an agricultural, livestock, and mining area where there are always conflicts. There I have to be a Messenger of Peace and Good, like our seraphic Father Francis.



Newly Professed

James Erli Ortiz Flores



The Rev. James Erli Ortiz Flores is an Anglican Priest in Peru, and a former professed friar in the Order to which he belonged. *(From Luiz Sirtoli, Formation Director for Latin America)*

I am a priest and live in the District of Acolla, Province of Jauja. I work at the mission JUSTO JUEZ.
(From The Rev. James Erli Ortiz Flores)

Newly Professed

Martin Rázuri Chérrez



***Note from Janet Fedders:**
This is a gold mine 18,000 feet deep that still uses mercury to distill the gold. There is no public sewage, etc., and the conditions are quite ghastly. From the Atlas Obscura: "The Corporación Ananea mine operates under what they call an 'informal' (read 'illegal') structure called 'the cachorro system.' Miners work through the month and receive no pay; however, after their 30-day shift, they are welcome to leave the mine hauling as much ore as they can possibly carry on their person. The catch, of course, is that there's no way to tell how much gold (if any) is present in the ore they lug home, so luck decides how much their hard work will pay off.

The Rev. Martin Rázuri, Anglican priest, lives in Puno, Peru (near Lake Titicaca). Previously he participated in Benedictine religious life, and later became ordained in the Anglican Church. Since then, he has wanted to participate in a religious community within the Anglican Communion. He met Jim Hagen in 2017. His ministry as priest is as missionary to the people in rural areas of Puno-Juliaco, and he exercises his apostolate at the La Rinconada Mine.*

For Martin, St. Francis is the paradigm of his life, dedicating his life to others, and loving Sister Nature. He sees his role within the Third Order as guiding others to follow in Francis's footsteps. *(Luis Sirtoli, Formation Director for Latin America)*

I have been a Roman Catholic priest and am now an Anglican priest in Puno. I was blessed to meet Jim Hagen in 2017, in Lima, Peru, at a climate change conference.

My missionary work is in Puno at an altitude of 12,549 feet. Prior to that I worked at the La Rinconada Mine,* altitude of 18,045 feet. I had to leave mining because of health issues, and now I work with families in rural areas. *(From The Rev. Martin Rázuri)*



+ FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

When my husband Frank was consecrated Bishop on May 30 in the midst of the pandemic, we were challenged by what we could offer those churches in the diocese that weren't technologically capable of providing worship for themselves. We decided that filming a service in a different church each week, sort of a barebones visitation, would allow whoever was interested to partake in a diocesan worship. Frank and I film the service and he preaches and officiates. We use readers from the church, the clergy help officiate, and we use music performed by musicians from around the diocese. Weather permitting, we take drone footage of the church in situ so that those who "attend" the worship on Facebook and YouTube have been introduced to churches throughout the diocese.

Victoria Logue

Rest in Peace

Rest in Peace

Rev. Canon Ernle Gordon



**Professed 15 Years
Co-Convenor of True Joy Fellowship in Jamaica
From *The Daily Gleaner***

The Rev. Canon Ernle Gordon was 82 when he died. Reacting to the news, the People's National Party described Gordon as an outstanding champion of the people while the Opposition party, the Jamaica Labour Party, lauded Gordon as a well-known Anglican priest who espoused liberation theology during his lifetime.

In his Clergy Letter announcing his death yesterday, the Most Reverend Howard Gregory, archbishop of the West Indies and Bishop of Jamaica and the Cayman Islands, said Gordon "became a national figure through his preaching and public engagement of social and political issues during some of the most challenging decades of the post-Independence period."

Continued Gregory: "In this regard, he is identified with the Anglican tradition of socially active clergy, such as Archbishop Desmond Tutu and the late Bishop Colin Winter."...

Gordon was the rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin for 41 years. Gordon also led active missions at St. Paul's Church in Tower Hill, St. Andrew and the Church of the Resurrection in Duhaney Park, also in St. Andrew. He was a widely published author and hosted a number of Christian radio programmes, including *St. Mary's Hour* on TBC Radio.

Gordon Stoked Controversy

In 2007 Gordon stoked controversy when he told The Associated Press and *Time Magazine* that songs by reggae greats Bob Marley and Peter Tosh, who both practiced Rastafarianism, would appear in new Anglican Church hymnals in Jamaica. At the time, Gordon said church leaders preparing a new collection of hymns had indicated that Marley's "One Love" and Tosh's take on Psalm 27 would be the first reggae tunes to appear beside traditional worship music on the island where reggae was born. Gordon said members of the Anglican Church of Jamaica were enthusiastic about including the songs in the hymnals, despite the sometimes vocal opposition to Christianity of Marley, who died in 1981, and Tosh who died in 1987. "They may have been anti-church, but they were not anti-God nor anti-religion," Gordon was quoted as saying.

From the *Jamaica Observer*, 8/2/07

The Anglican church in Jamaica will include the lyrics of songs rendered by two of the country's most famed reggae artistes, Bob Marley and Peter Tosh, in the next publication of its church hymnal due by the end of the year.

RIP: Ernle Gordon, cont. from p. 23

Rector of the Church of St Mary the Virgin, Rev. Canon Ernle Gordon made the announcement yesterday at the 2007 Michael Manley awards function for community self-reliance at the Little Theatre in Kingston.

Gordon, speaking with the *Observer* after the awards, said the songs will be Tosh's version of Psalm 27 and Marley's internationally acclaimed "One Love," but he said the use of reggae rhythms in the Anglican Church was nothing new.

"We've been having reggae and mento music masses for 25 years," he said, noting that "One Love" was used in an ordination service at the St Andrew Parish Church two years ago.

"The reason behind incorporating what is generally referred to in Christendom as secular music into the church book of hymns," said Rev. Gordon, "was the need to establish a Caribbean interpretation of theology."

"I don't live in England; I live here, so my theology and how I think must reflect my cultural morals. The theology has to be Caribbean-oriented. You have to interpret the Bible according to where you are," he said. "The church in Jamaica is out of date," he added.

At the same time, Gordon said the use of the reggae rhythms was not secular, since Anglican theology does not separate the sacred and the secular.

However, the rector made it clear that the emerging genre referred to as reggae gospel was different from what the Anglican church was doing. The difference, he said, boiled down to the words that are used in each case.

"We make it clear that the words we use are correct theology and that they are catholic theology. We even have the Lord's prayer in mento. (But) whether we use ancient words or not, we make certain that the words relate to the Bible and to our own Anglican interpretation of it," said Gordon.

Gordon said, too, that unlike many of the proponents of gospel reggae, the Anglican church does not use music for entertainment, but as an offering to God.

"We move our bodies to the songs because we are beings of spirit," he said. At the same time, he

"Much of the message of the Jamaican church is an imposed and unbiblical spirituality. It is a form of cultural imperialism by the United States to quell the rise of the libertarian movements within the Caribbean and Central America, since the early 1970s. Through satellite broadcasts, a kind of 'feel good' Christianity is propounded that dulls people's concern with present realities as they imbibe a puerile individualistic faith." (Ernle Gordon, *The Church and Religious Imperialism*, in the *Daily Observer*, 1/15/03)

blamed the interpretation of the Bible to which the majority of the Christian world now subscribes for much of the divergent beliefs that exist among the various denominations in Jamaica.

"We have to pick from the Bible and relate it to society. We have to do more expository preaching where we teach and educate the congregation," said Gordon.

From The Daily Gleaner, 9/16/14

With a diploma in agriculture, not even Gordon himself could have predicted where he would be in 2014, but as destiny would have it, he was called to pastoral ministry and did not hesitate to answer.

His time in ministry not only helped him to overcome his fear of public speaking, but would lead to a lasting career in writing. Some of his most prominent works have established him as one of the most thought-provoking writers in Jamaica's history. In 2014 he launched his latest literary work, *Liberation Theology: Articles and Essays*. The book is a compilation of Gordon's writings throughout his career, and tackles many controversial issues, including homosexuality, partisan politics, divorce, gambling and prostitution, race and identity, stewardship of the environment, as

cont. on page 25

RIP: Ernle Gordon, cont. from p. 23



well as the incarnation of Christ and its life-changing effect on mankind.

At the book launch, guest speaker Delano Franklyn heaped praises on Gordon for his contribution to Jamaica's academia, dubbing him one of the most consistent voices in Jamaica over the past 50 years. Franklyn said Gordon's latest book is a must-have as it not only chronicles some of the greatest moments in Jamaica's history, but will challenge its readers to think outside the box. "It is not by chance that the book is titled as such," he said. "There are so many things in this world for us to understand, to think on, and this compilation of Gordon's most potent writings, will, no doubt, get you thinking." He urged the audience to spread the word on the book as no one believes in Jamaica's development as much as Gordon.

He Looked Out for People

From The Daily Gleaner, 11/13/2020

Shop owner Marlene Harley said that even after his retirement, Gordon was always willing to assist residents of the community.

"He was a nice man. You could go to him for anything. He never said no. If you have a paper to sign, he would sign it. If anybody in the community wanted work, you could get a recommendation from Father. He used to walk the community, and when Christmas would come, he would issue tickets for events," she said.

Shernett Walker, who said that she knew Gordon for roughly 30 years, told *The Daily Gleaner* that

From the Jamaica Observer, 6/28/01

The third Anglican cleric to speak out against persecution of homosexuals is Canon Ernie Gordon, who, as his numerous articles to the Jamaican press show, invests a great deal of time examining the Church's relevance to society as well as its role as an advocate for social justice....Some of what he writes in his articles on the subject is commendable and even revolutionary for the Caribbean. He states, for example, "Having been steeped in Old Testament patriarchal theology, we assume that Genesis 19, which talks about Sodom and Gomorrah, is intimately linked to homosexuality. It would be instructive to learn that Hebrew has no such word and modern theological investigation has ruled out the idea that the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was due to the behavior of Sodomites. ("Church Does not Support Legalization of Homosexuality," *Jamaica Observer*, June 28, 2001). See also *The Encyclopedia of Caribbean Religions: Volume 1: A-L; Volume 2: M-Z*. H. Nigel Thomas, University of Illinois Press (2013), p. 948.

he was never afraid to stop by her bar to engage in captivating discussions and offer encouragement to young people.

"Sometimes he would be with us at the bar and buy people drinks. Some people take offence to that, but that wasn't an offence to him because he will sit with us and talk to the young people. He was a good person," Walker said. "He looked out for people, and he would give you walk-and-talk moments, and look out for children. Whatever assistance you wanted, you could always go to Father."

Gordon was never afraid to state his views strongly and criticize the leaders of the State and the Church. He once said that "too many preachers are concerned about the size of their congregations, and as the number of worshippers dwindles, they have resorted to using fear tactics to lure people to Heaven. You don't frighten people into Heaven. You lead people into Heaven.... You discuss with them their lives, and then you nurture them."

Ernle Patrick Gordon, *Liberation Theology: Articles and Essays*. 2014. ISBN 978-976-610-976-9 (pbk) This book is not available in the US, but it is being gifted to the Provincial Library available to all. It will be reviewed in the next issue of the Times. ♦

Rest in Peace

Lerene Alberta Gordon

*Remembrance by
Desirée Archer*

*Lerene Gordon, with
former Minister Provincial
Tom Johnson in 2011.*

*Professed 9 Years
Died November 3, 2020*

Lerene died at the age of 75, just before her 76th birthday, which would have been on 16 November 2020. Her husband Anthony preceded her by a few years. She was the mother of seven children, grandmother of 35, and great-grandmother of ten children.

Lerene was a Lay Minister and a Member of the Mother's Union at St. Alban's Church, West Coast Berbice in the Anglican Diocese of Guyana. She was a member of Perth Union Society and involved in many activities in her community; she was always willing to go the extra mile in her church, in helping others community, and in sharing kindness and advice in times of need.

Lerene was always interested in TSSF and encouraged her parish members to join.

*From Stabroek News,
March 20, 2019*

Fifteen women were awarded by the Human Rights and Social Justice Commission (HRSJC) of the Anglican Diocese of Guyana on Saturday, during its second annual walk and awards presentation, held in observance of International Women's Day.

*In 2019 Lerene was honored by
the Human Rights and Social
Justice Mission of the Anglican
Diocese of Guyana.*

According to a release from the Commission, the women were nominated for their extraordinary performance and for going above and beyond their standard job requirements to ensure the comfort and happiness of parishioners and community members.

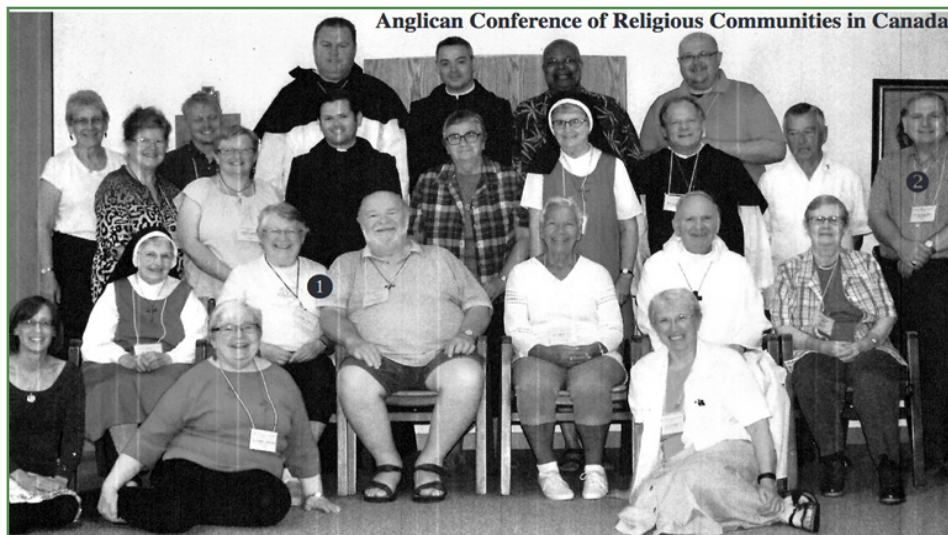
Those honoured were: Yolanda Vasconcellos (Christ Church), Maylene Ann Bollers James (Christ the King), Lurna Williams (St. Sidwell's), Edna Edwards (Region 7), Sheila Seales (St. Swithin's), Andrea Rangunandan (St. John-of-the-Cross), Nechelle Cosbert (St. Mark's), Annie Charles (St. Mark's), Joan James (Deceased), Paulette Charles, Ena Holder, **Lerene Alberta Gordon** (St. Alban's), Virginia Watts (St. Gabriel's), Doreen Glew (St. Philip's), and Yvonne Duncan.

"The Commission believes that it is important to honor and celebrate the contributions of outstanding women in the Diocese and by extension, Guyana, and to urge its parishioners to join the call for a more gender-balanced world and church," the release stated. ♦

*Rest in Peace***Frank Jones**

Above, a springtime photo of Frank with his wife Diane, who died less than a year before he did.

Above right, in March of 2014, the Canadian House of Bishops called the first meeting of all monastic communities in Canada. Diane Jones, a member of Chapter, and Frank Jones, Vocations Coordinator for the Province, were invited to attend along with representatives of 11 other monastic communities. Thus, by 2014, TSSF in Canada was recognized by their House of Bishops as one of the 12 monastic communities of Canada.



***Professed Eleven Years
Died December 6***

Frank Jones was part of one of the very few professed TSSF couples in the Province of the Americas. His wife Diane died in May 2020. They were married for 64 years.

Frank helped for many years as our Vocation Coordinator. In his article in the *Franciscan Times* (Fall 2010, p. 28), he introduced himself in this newly created position.

Hello! My name is Frank Jones and on October 9th, 2010, Chapter elected me to the new position of Vocation Coordinator....I live on the Pacific coast of Canada in the city of Vancouver. I was born, raised and educated in this area. I have been married to Diane for fifty-four years, and we had five children, thirteen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. My work history is diverse. For several years I owned and operated my own meat market. I worked as a stockbroker, taught secondary and post-secondary school, and have been a banker. ...

My faith journey began in the Anglican Church, then a few years in the Baptist and then the United Church of Canada (an amalgamation of Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregationalist churches). My wife and I taught for three years in an Anglican boys' school, teaching a variety of courses including catechism. As for my own religious education, I did a couple of years of post-graduate studies at Vancouver School of Theology in the Master of Divinity program. My family life is very important to me. We make a point of endeavoring to get the two or three dozen of us together at least twice a year: a family picnic in August and our Epiphany brunch (instead of Christmas).

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*RIP: Frank Jones, cont.
from p. 27*

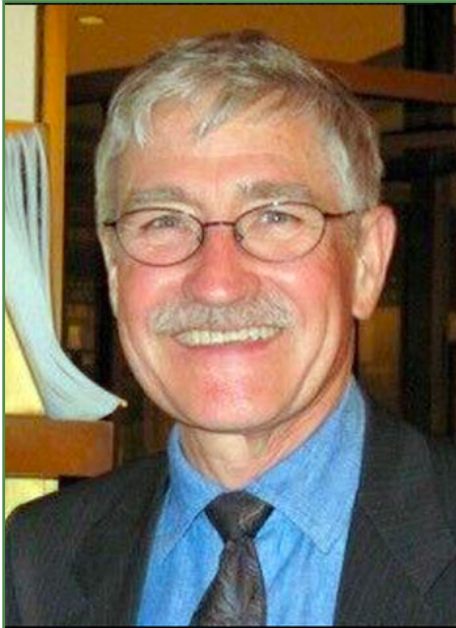
*From Rev. Nicholas Pang
Incumbent priest at Diane and Frank's Parish*

On behalf of the parish I can say that Frank and Diane were well-loved members of our community who often went out of their way to remind us of our core values of worshiping God in the beauty of holiness and serving the poor. They were instrumental in creating an annual high mass observance of the Transitus of St Francis, as well as a devotion on the Stations of the Cross in Lent. They also advocated for a number of our outreach ministries, including our free store. Frank in particular was interested in securing supportive services for those experiencing homelessness in the local community. They will be missed.
(From Frank Jones's Facebook page)



Rest in Peace

Wes Patterson



Professed 13 Years

From Taos News, July 21, 2021

Wes Patterson, 72, of Taos—inventor, engineer, philanthropist, mentor and New Mexican—passed away on July 11, 2020. He was a New Mexican native and began his life in Mosquero. His parents were a hardware store owner and a bank clerk.

Wes received a full scholarship to Michigan State University at the dawn of the computer age. After his undergraduate work, he earned his Masters and Ph.D. in computer engineering from Arizona State University. He has 12 patents. His career ultimately drew him to Silicon Valley where he had a very successful career as COO (Chief Operating Officer) and CEO (Chief Executive Officer) of companies designing computer processing chips, one of which he took public. He also designed the computer chip for the train/bus crash in the movie *The Fugitive*. But New Mexico called Patterson to Taos, where he'd often visited his grandparents and their orchard near Rinconada. And so, after his retirement from Silicon Valley, Wes moved to Taos and built a home near downtown and met Stacy Quinn, a fifth-grade teacher from Ranchos. The couple had one daughter and two granddaughters.

He was an active member of the Taos community. He worked with the Taos Community Foundation (TCF), Habitat for Humanity, Amigos Bravos, and the Taos Men's Shelter, among other organizations. "He was just a humble man who wanted to do good in the world," wrote Daniel Montoya, first director of the [Taos Community Foundation](#), in an email.

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RIP: Wes Patterson, cont. from p. 28

Patterson had been a board member and benefactor to TCF. “Wes was very generous with his time and financial gifts,” said Lisa O’Brien, current executive director of the foundation. “He was a champion of me personally when I became director, and a true mentor. He had such a quiet, unassuming manner. I attribute a good deal of my confidence as a leader to Wes and his encouragement.”

“Wes Patterson has been a long-time friend and supporter of [*Amigos Bravos*](#), among the many other worthy organizations and causes he has supported,” said Joe Zupan, executive director of the nonprofit river advocacy group Amigos Bravos. “Wes and his wife, Stacy, always looked for ways to support our mission of protecting and restoring the waters of New Mexico, a cause near to Wes’s heart, grown from his years of fly-fishing and enjoying New Mexico’s natural environment.

“We at Amigos Bravos will miss Wes’s humor, humility and generous spirit, and the entire Taos community has benefited a great deal from his life and philanthropy.”

“He was one of the small group of dedicated founders and contributors to the [*\[Taos Men’s Shelter\]*](#), which never would have happened without their work,” said Taos County Commissioner Tom Blankenhorn in an email.

He first served on the Taos Community Foundation board from 2001-08, when he needed to leave the board after suffering a serious brain injury from “a brutal attack in his Taos home by purported gang members,” according to a *Taos News* article. He returned to Michigan for treatment and returned to Taos after he recovered where in 2016 he donated \$1 million to Taos Community Foundation. He rejoined the board in 2017 and served until 2019.

He was also an active member of St. James Episcopal Church, a community that he loved.

*From Wes’s wife, Stacy Quinn, in [*Franciscan Connection*](#) (Spring 2019)*

This is a story of prayer... My husband was physically attacked and left to die. His diagnosis

was Traumatic Brain Injury (TBI), which left him unable to walk without help, unable to do the activities of daily living (bathing, dressing, cooking, driving), and worst of all, unable to speak intelligibly.

He had something called Wernicke’s Aphasia, which left him unable to understand language in its written and spoken form. He couldn’t understand us, nor we him. He spoke and heard only a jumble of syllables. It was as if I had taken the English language, cut the words into syllables,

God understands all languages on the globe, including aphasia—a language of mixed-up syllables—because the language He’s listening for is the language of your heart. —Stacy Quinn

put them in a salad bowl, mixed them up, and from there they rolled out across my husband’s tongue. He spoke like this for nearly two years. During this time, however, he would turn to me and deliver a perfectly spoken word, phrase, or sentence in English, and then instantly revert to his word salad.

I began to look at these sentences as “messages from God.” These messages from God are another story, but they were short, profound, and clearly God-inspired. As my husband’s therapy continued, his word salad gradually became organized. A spoken paragraph would have one word recognizable in it, months later, two, until finally many months later, he started speaking sentences consistently in English.

One of Wes’s first sentences to me was, “I’m so glad God answered my prayers.” “Me too, honey,” I responded. Then I thought, “Wait a second, what language was Wes speaking to God?”

Oh, how beautiful Our Lord is. This is a perfect example of God knowing what’s in our hearts. As the *Book of Common Prayer* reads, “Almighty God, to you all hearts are open, all desires known, and from you no secrets are hid.” God understands all languages. I am sharing this story because frequently enough I have heard people wonder if God hears their prayers. Be assured that God

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RIP: Wes Patterson, cont. from p. 29

does. God understands all languages on the globe, including aphasia—a language of mixed-up syllables—because the language He’s listening for is the language of your heart.

*From the Milagro Fellowship
Candia Thew:*

I didn’t know him very well as he was close to profession when I started on my Franciscan path and then he had a terrible accident. His wife Stacy was our contact for several years until we lost that contact. She was a miracle worker, tending him, taking him to hospitals and care facilities until he was able to get back on his feet. She was a stalwart companion and supported him in his endeavors. He was active in the St. James Episcopal Church in Taos. Gay [Crouch], when she was convener, said that (through Stacy) he had wanted to remain part of our fellowship but was unable to travel to meet

with us because of his accident. He followed the Third Way of Service by taking on “the form of the servant” through service to his Taos parish and community. And from what Les says below, it seems that he had the gift of joy, in spite of life’s difficulties. The idea of planting a tree in his memory reveals the continuation of a Franciscan spirit.

Carol Tookey:

I will just say that he was a gentle, kind, and really smart man. The first time we did a house Mass, at his mother’s home I believe, he was really touched. He’d never experienced having Eucharist in an intimate setting like that. We remember his profession—it was held at his parish in Taos. It was clear from the huge support that he was much beloved by his parish!

Leslie Lundquist:

He was a great support for his Taos community and was an incredibly happy man. ♦

Rest in Peace

Terrell W. Price



Professed 35 Years

From Livingston County News, and a Facebook Entry by his son, David Sheri Price

The Rev. Deacon Terrell W. Price, 84, of Geneseo died Friday, Jan. 29, 2021.

Terry was born in Huntington on Long Island. He spent his early years on eastern Long Island and attended SUNY Geneseo, graduating with triple certificates in speech, drama, and elementary education. While there, he met the love of his life, Dianne Tanner. Following their graduations, they remained in Geneseo, were married in St. Michael’s Episcopal Church on Aug. 22, 1959, and never moved from Geneseo, raising their family in the village.

Terry was an elementary school teacher, starting out teaching 6th grade and finishing with the 3rd grade. He influenced many young minds, and his students loved his style and quirks. Terry remained at the school, retiring after 35 years.

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*RIP: Terrell W. Price,
cont. from p. 30*

Terry was a big part of St. Michael’s Episcopal Church. He was a Eucharistic Minister, Verger, and eventually was ordained as a deacon (Diocese of Rochester) at the age of 72.

During all these years, Terry was very involved in the community. As a young man, he joined the Geneseo Fire Department in 1964. He became Department Chief in 1972 and remained Chief until 1975. He was a life member and an active member for more than 50 years. During that time he became the Department Chaplain and remained the chaplain for more than 30 years.

Terry was also the chaplain for the Livingston County Sheriff’s Office and a member of the Kiwanis Club of Geneseo. Terry was awarded the Ray Sherman Community Service Award, an award that recognizes individuals who have volunteered their time and talents to benefit the community.

He was predeceased by his son, Terrell A. Price; and sister, Hildreth Rae Knapp. He is survived by his wife, Dianne Tanner Price; two children, four grandchildren, and one great-grandson.



+ FRUITS OF THE PANDEMIC

POSITIVE

When we were in the desert oppressed, we “cried” out for deliverance. When we crossed the Red Sea, we “complained” there was no meat, no water, no veggies. Then came manna, quail, and water from the rock.

Then we got “creative,” we learned a new way to live. We are never going back. AND that’s ok.

I learned that I am not alone in the isolation and spiritual starvation for community celebration of Holy Eucharist. I learned that while I may have suffered something in the past “going around the mountain as they say,” this time the Holy Spirit asked to look and see who was on the road with me – and I have to stop crying out for deliverance and complaining about God’s provision and become situationally creative.

Dianne Lowe