



Trinité

VOLUME 14 N 1

THE MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL IN PARIS

SPRING 2019

CONSECRATION

MARK EDINGTON

BECOMES THE 26TH BISHOP
OF THE CONVOCATION
OF EPISCOPAL CHURCHES IN EUROPE





The churches and mission congregations of the Convocation contributed enormously to the consecration, with hundreds of hours of volunteer time and generous gifts for the vestments of Bishop Edington and the Whalon Fund for the Creative Arts.

Belgium

All Saints' Episcopal Church, *Waterloo*
Christ Church, *Charleroi (Mission)*
Saint Esprit, *Mons (Mission)*
Saint Servais, *Namur (Mission)*

France

The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, *Paris*
Christ Church, *Clermont-Ferrand*
Grace Anglican Episcopal Church in the Hérault, *Montpellier (Mission)*

Germany

Church of Saint Boniface, *Augsburg (Mission)*
Christ the King, *Frankfurt*
Saint Columban's, *Karlsruhe (Mission)*
Saint James the Less, *Nürnberg (Mission)*
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Saint Augustine of Canterbury, *Wiesbaden*

Italy

Saint James Episcopal Church, *Florence*
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Chapel of the Holy Family, *Mühlbach, Austria*
Santa Maria a Ferrano Retreat Center, *Ferrano, Italy*
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The
American
Cathedral
in Paris



ON GIVING UP ASSUMPTIONS



3

All kinds of good things are happening at the Cathedral this spring: an Evensong with our choir and the choir from Magdalene College, Oxford; the world premiere of Richard Burchard's *Stabat Mater*; the consecration of a new Bishop; Presiding Bishop Michael Curry preaching here on April 7; two ordinations (Dumond Chavanne on March 3, and Stephanie Burette on June 29 – both as transitional deacons on their way to priesthood); and the list goes on. All good, inspirational, and bringing people together.

But the most important thing is that it's Lent, a season of preparation and focus, a journey from Ash Wednesday to Easter, from death to life. We look at ourselves and ask who we really are, where we are falling short, and what is it that God wants us to do.

You will find an article by Archdeacon Walter Baer in this issue of *Trinité*: *Preaching Faith Before Evil: the Nazi Occupation of the American Cathedral, 1942-44*. It really brought me up short. Here is a man who asked, and struggled, and acted on his beliefs.

I have been fascinated for some years with the stories about the Cathedral under German occupation. I've thrilled to the story of the organist/composer Lawrence Whipp who stayed (when everyone else left) and kept a very small congregation going. I've wondered what it was like, day-to-day and Sunday-to-Sunday when Paris was occupied and our Cathedral was, too. I knew it was turned into the "Deutsche Evangelische Wehrmachtskirche" (German Protestant Military Church), with a Lutheran pastor.

And here is my confession: I have made assumptions. I put people into categories: good and evil. And it's been fun to talk to visitors about the years when the Cathedral was taken over and used as a German church for officers and try to imagine what it was like. I knew the pastor lived in the Deanery where I live now, and I have lain in bed at night wondering if he used the same room. And were there parties in my living room with

lots of "Heil, Hitler" and "*Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles*"? I made the assumption that I could lump all the Germans together, and that this was an evil man, and I didn't like thinking about him in the Cathedral or in the Deanery.

One should never make assumptions. And one should never assume any of us, individually or as a group, are all good or all bad. Yes, it made a great story – but I should know better. And I am put to shame by reading Walter Baer's article.

Pastor Damrath was an extraordinary man and a Christian who asked the questions all of us who call ourselves Christians must ask ourselves. He looked at the world around him in his own time and asked those questions, and struggled to live out his baptismal promises, his understanding of himself as a Christian. He wasn't perfect (who is?) but he named and struggled against the evil of his time. I wound up with enormous admiration for him and wonder what I would have done in his position, and if I would have had the courage and faith he had.

So, you must read this article. And then I think it might be part of your Lenten journey to look at our world as it is right now and ask what you are doing. Our baptismal promises include "seeking and serving Christ in every human being, loving our neighbor as ourselves" and "striving for justice and peace and respecting the dignity of every human being." It's easy to look back and see the evil in Nazi Germany, but there is evil in our world today, and hatred, injustice and oppression. What are we doing about it?

Yours in Christ,

Lucinda+

PS. I am hoping Pastor Damrath's daughter, Maria Luisa, can visit, as has been suggested. I would like to meet her and hear more about her father.



A Consecration of Joy and Blessings

Mark Edington, 26th Bishop
of The Convocation
of Episcopal Churches in Europe



By Joseph Coyle

5

The Rt. Rev. Mark D. W. Edington became the 26th Bishop in Charge of the Convocation of Episcopal Churches in Europe on Saturday, April 6, at the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris. Presiding Bishop and Primate Michael B. Curry led the consecration and investiture. Six bishops acted as co-consecrators: the diocesan and suffragan bishops of Massachusetts; the bishops of Western Massachusetts and Connecticut; the retiring bishop in charge of the Convocation; and the archbishop of Utrecht of the Old Catholic Church of the Netherlands, a member church of the Anglican Communion. The festival liturgy was witnessed by 35 bishops, 70 priests and 315 lay worshipers. The preacher was the Very Rev. Andrew B. McGowan, Ph.D., dean, president and McFadden Professor of Pastoral Theology and Anglican Studies at the Berkeley Divinity School at Yale.

“A bishop, Mark, must now be one who claims her or his role as chief pilgrim and chief evangelist; one who hears the command to go, and leads the way.”

the VERY REV. ANDREW B. MCGOWAN
FROM SERMON AT CEREMONY

Edington is the second elected Bishop in Charge, replacing the Rt. Rev. Pierre Whalon, who completes 17½ years in the post. Edington was elected on the eighth ballot on October 20, 2018, during the annual convention of the Convocation in All Saints Church in Waterloo, Belgium. Edington was rector of Saint John's Episcopal Church in Newtonville, Massachusetts, and director of the Amherst College Press.

The celebration began on Friday evening with a gala farewell and welcome event. Multiple exchanges of



6

gifts were a feature of the evening, from a Gertrude Stein libretto composed in 1929 (for Whalon) to a black Convocation T-shirt (for Edington). Speeches lauding and ribbing both men competed with a lavish array of food, much of it carried to Paris from the Convention's 9 churches and 10 missions spread across France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. The Nelson Three, a band composed of three young parishioners from Wiesbaden, offered musical interludes culminating in sporadic dancing toward the end of the evening, especially during the rendition of the Beatles' "Can't Buy Me Love."

“A bishop for these times
will be less a Solomon
putting stones one on the
other, and more Moses or
Miriam, rejoicing in
God’s fiery cloudy pillar
leading us, even singing
and dancing before the
people, into the promised
future.”

the VERY REV. ANDREW B. MCGOWAN
FROM SERMON AT CEREMONY

The service on Saturday morning opened with a musical mini-feast: five preludes – two by Duruflé, and one each by de Victoria, Mendelssohn and Dvorak – sung by the American Cathedral choir under the direction of Canon for Music Zachery Ullery. Andrew Dewar, organist of the Cathedral, and then performed Bach’s Fantasia, or Organ Piece (BWV 572).

The service differed in one notable respect from that of U.S.-based Episcopalians. The Litany for Ordinations







was sung by the cantor in English and then in the four other languages of the Convocation — French, German, Italian and Spanish. (A Spanish-language mission operates from the Church of St. Paul's-Within-the-Walls in Rome.) A bagpiper had the last notes, providing the musical accompaniment to the recessional. Some of the clerics in the recession were seen skipping to the beat.

Bishop Edington earned an A.B. in philosophy and political science from Albion College in Adrian, Michigan; he continued his studies and graduated from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts and the Harvard Divinity School. He is a life member of the Council on Foreign Relations and has written frequently on the intersection of diplomacy and religion for such publications as *The New York Times*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Huffington Post*. His wife, Judith, is a graduate of Albion College, Boston College and Harvard Law School. She is a tax attorney.

The new bishop's background in ministry, law and foreign relations seems tailored to the role he is taking on, managing an Episcopal presence in Western Europe, which he calls the most secular place in the world. He has described this mission as "teaching the rest of the church" what it will look like in 40 years. This, in his eyes, makes the Convocation the future of the church.

At a press conference Friday morning, Edington linked this future challenge to the Jesus Movement, which





Consecration



9

Presiding Bishop Curry has made a central feature of the Episcopal Church in America. This point came up throughout the weekend. In his sermon on Saturday, Dean McGowan declared that “Christendom is over, and this is not bad news. It’s good news. That’s over, but the Jesus Movement isn’t over.” Turning to the new bishop in charge, he said: “So Mark, welcome and go away,” as God calls us to look out and not within, bringing the message of the inclusiveness of love to the unchurched people of Western Europe.



The Presiding Bishop concluded the weekend with a rousing sermon on Sunday morning, challenging the packed cathedral to approach Holy Week as a time to discern love as the secret of life itself. “This love can transform us all,” he said, as if speaking not just to the convocation but to the secular peoples of Europe. It was a dramatic sendoff, a welcome and go away, to the brand-new Bishop in Charge. 🙏

Joseph Coyle is a retired Time Inc. editor. He and his wife Sigun have been members of Holy Trinity for 20 years.



Behind the Scenes at the Bishop's Ordination

10



A LAVISH SPREAD FOR THE FRIDAY NIGHT FAREWELL

More than **20** committee meetings, **60** subcommittee meetings and countless email conversations across **8** nations went into the making of the **3-day** celebration of Bishop Mark Edington's ordination. He is the **1,115th** Anglican bishop of the apostolic succession, **26th** bishop in charge of the European Convocation, **2nd** bishop elected and **1st** ordained at The American Cathedral of the Holy Trinity.

Producing this groundbreaking event were **91** parish and convocation volunteers, along with our unflagging cathedral staff. Outside labor was contracted only to move and store **96** pews, and to rent **500** chairs, **17** tables and **10** coat racks.



COOKS IN THE KITCHEN: MARIE LIYANE, BETH PUTON, WINKY THOMAS AND SIGUN COYLE

"The best part about working with this core team was how well we meshed, and how supportive we all were of each other," said Mark Carroll, one of the primary coordinators. "It made the hours and hours of planning much less onerous, it meant we had a lot of fun while working together, and it translated into a seamless whole when it came to the end result."

Friday, April 5th: **300** guests attended the farewell dinner for outgoing Bishop Pierre Whalon. The cocktail buffet was provided by the **9** European Convocation churches and **10** mission congregations, for a total of **2,800** bite-size hors d'oeuvres and **202** bottles of sparkling and red wine. Holy Trinity's chef suprême Sigun Coyle baked **400** mini-quiches for the buffet as the contribution from France. In the days preceding, she directed a team that included Winky Thomas (flown in from the States to help), Meme Salisbury, Sophie Belouet and Beth Puton, who shelled **150** hard-boiled eggs for **400** egg-salad sandwiches, sliced **3** salmons, crushed a mountain of garlic, chopped innumerable crudités, baked heaps of gougères and composed various other delicacies. "What a hard-working group!" said a grateful Sigun Coyle.

Timothy Thompson and Flower Guild volunteers decorated the altar with **50** red roses, **5** bunches of pink ranunculus,



4 bunches of pink and white lisianthus, and **4** bunches each of lemon leaves and eucalyptus. The theme color was red, symbolizing the Holy Spirit, in keeping with the bishop's ordination, Timothy noted.

Saturday April 6th: Mark Carroll and Joyce Chanay led a redoubtable logistics team for Saturday's lunch for **400** guests, while Matt Christensen directed the choreography of setting up and taking down chairs and tables. Walter and Patricia Wells provided **144** bottles of Clos Chanteduc from their own vineyard and the Sunday School and Youth groups baked **45** pound cakes for dessert as their Lenten project. The food team added to the spread **54** bottles of white wine, **24** liters of apple juice, **16** liters of ginger ale and **15** "pains-surprises" sandwich stacks. Some **500** champagne glasses, plates, napkins and tablecloths were ferried from Saint Paul's Chapel to the appropriate tables by volunteers following numbered and diagrammed instructions drawn up by Mark and Joyce.



KEY ORGANIZERS: SIMON ALLATT, JOYCE CHANAY, JENNIFER GOSMAND AND HARRIET RIVIERE

"We are very lucky to have such a pool of talent to tap into," said Jennifer Gosmand, volunteer coordinator. "It has been a very rewarding experience. The planning committee is highly skilled, incredibly efficient and lots of fun!"

Sunday April 7th: While Bishop Edington began his first convocation trip to Munich, Presiding Bishop Michael Curry gave a sermon of resounding emotion (and a good deal of laughter) to a congregation of some



CHOIR PRACTICES TO AN EMPTY CHURCH

400 parishioners and visitors. Afterwards, coffee hour also spilled into the Dean's Garden.

The Search and Nominations Committee, co-chaired by David Case of Munich and the Rev. Mark Dunnam (recently retired rector of St. James' Florence) began work in October 2017, interviewing candidates, and bringing the **4** finalists to Europe for a "walkabout" where parishioners could meet and question them on their vision of the Convocation. In October 2018, Mark Edington was elected at the Convention in Waterloo, and the Transition Committee swung into action. Co-chaired by Anne Swardson and the Rev. Christopher Easthill (of St. Augustine's in Wiesbaden), the committee organized events to bid farewell to Bishop Whalon and to welcome Bishop-elect Edington, planned the consecration with all the attendant bishops and visiting dignitaries, gathered the official approvals within the church hierarchy, and helped Mark and his wife Judy in the practical aspects of moving to Europe. The overall budget of **\$50,000** was financed from funds set aside by the Convocation, by contributions from the U.S. Episcopal Church and by a gift from the Board of Foreign Parishes. 🙏



VOLUNTEERS GET THEIR INSTRUCTIONS FROM COORDINATOR MARK CARROLL

Historian and author Ellen Hampton has been a parishioner for 25 years. She is the new editor of Trinité and serves on the archives committee.





By Charles Trueheart

12



And a Child Will Lead Them, Right into the Cathedral

A memoir of discovery

My parents did not get around to baptizing their first child until he was 5 years old and we were living in Paris. The christening took place at the American Cathedral on May 19, 1957, after the 11 o'clock service rather than in the midst of it, as was the liturgical custom then. The other baptizand that day was 77 years old and had had a late-life call to Jesus, so perhaps my parents didn't feel as tardy as they might have.

That much I've known all my life. But recently uncovered evidence offers a fuller story and an unexpected perspective on the relationship between my family and the American Cathedral. The evidence is a carefully preserved archive of letters my father wrote his mother in Richmond, Virginia, two or three times a *week* from the day he left home in 1934 until she died in 1976. My mother wrote her mother-in-law frequently too, as did I, probably with some prodding.

Bill and Phoebe Trueheart's letters from Paris during the mid-1950s offer a glimpse into life at the Cathedral in a bygone age, although some patterns will seem familiar to parishioners today, and not just Cathedral parishioners. This especially: Adults often start coming to church, or return to churchgoing, because of their children. Yes, a little child shall lead them, and in this story the little child was me.

We arrived in France from Washington – my father had just joined the Foreign Service – on September 11, 1954, having crossed the Atlantic on the *S.S. United States*. We settled into our first apartment, at 129, boulevard Raspail, and within just a few weeks, my mother reported that “CT adores Sunday school.”

It appears that Bill and Phoebe were doing what many years later, as a Cathedral vestry member, used to drive



me crazy: parents dropping their kids off for Sunday school, then going off for coffee, or whatever, and returning later to pick them up. My family's case is a reminder why benign tolerance of this can pay off, as we learn from my mother's report: "Then Bill took him the third time and stayed for church (no grass to cut, no paper to read)."

My father proudly wrote his mother a few weeks later: "You will be glad (and doubtless surprised) to hear that we have become regular churchgoers. I haven't missed a Sunday ... and of course, it's Charlie who has brought us into the fold." Apparently I insisted on Sunday school. "Charlie wouldn't hear of missing it despite the fact that he goes to school every other day except Thursday (which is the day schools close in France). Guess he likes to be in English for a change."



THE YOUNG CHARLES TRUEHEART

I was in a French *maternelle*, 3 years old, speaking not a word of French, and apparently struck mute by the experience. "He paints, draws, and plays games but just keeps his mouth shut," my father wrote. "We rather wish he would do this at home occasionally."

Though not all of the correspondence is about church, probably the new parents, previously only nominal churchgoers if that, believed that this was a good line of patter to reassure Grandmother – not much of a church lady herself, really – that life was relatively normal in Paris. My mother wrote her that Charlie "is intrigued by Baby Jesus, and I've been telling him how he was born in a manger (barn) etc., and that he is a big man now. Oh, but the questions I get – 'Where does he

live?' etc." Later my mother wrote that I was in that "exasperating phase when WHY is every other word. I run out of reasons."

This curiosity must have generated a Christmas gift in 1954. Bill Trueheart wrote: "The Baby Jesus book you sent is, in my opinion, a textbook for a theological seminary. I never heard of half the stuff in it. It is nonetheless Charlie's favorite book. The pictures are beautiful[...] but most of all, I suspect, it is because it is the biggest book he has, and can be counted on to delay bedtime about twice as long as any other."

By then, the Cathedral's dean, the Very Rev. Sturgis Riddle, had come to call on the young newcomers, accompanied by his wife. "We were not accustomed to this sort of thing but hope we carried it off all right. Had my prayer book in plain sight!" my father reported. "I told him I might join the next confirmation class for the Bishop's visit in the spring. He said that, as a Methodist, I would just be coming home."

It was an interesting and probably well-polished line. I had never known that my father had been confirmed at the Cathedral, or at all, until I read the letters. Bill Trueheart was indeed confirmed by visiting bishop the Right Rev. Stephen E. Keeler in April 1955 – there was no resident Episcopal bishop in Europe in those days – and became an Episcopalian.

That first winter in Paris my mother's father died. He was only in his mid-50s, struck down by cancer, and she adored him. A few days after she returned to Paris, a mourning Phoebe wrote her mother-in-law: "The Dean came to call yesterday, and I was dreading it. I thought he'd either give me a lecture on being brave or he'd say a prayer. He did neither, just asked about Daddy – and no talk at all about religion. That's why we like him. He seems to know when to do what. Sent me a big bunch of flowers via his chauffeur Sunday."

Of the two, my mother was the livelier and funnier correspondent, whether or not she's talking about church. One Sunday in 1956, she wrote: "I was a bad girl and stayed home from church. Bill told me there would be communion – it always takes so long that I am ready to jump through the ceiling." (The eucharist was an exception in that era of morning prayer.) Phoebe joined the Junior Guild and was put to work on the rummage sale; at the American Women's Club,



as it was then, she was on the nominating committee, “which is a good place to be – I can nominate all my enemies and can’t nominate myself.” That sounds so much like her.

In Paris, she said, “The shop windows make you want to burn everything you own and start over – preferably with a millionaire in tow.” These were hard times for most Parisians. Postwar reconstruction was only beginning to take off. My parents, in their mid-30s, enjoyed subsidized and elegant housing in Paris and Neuilly and had been able to afford household help and nannies from the outset. But there had been terrible floods in 1955, and gasoline rationing during the winter of ’56-’57, 10 liters max, “and strange as it may seem the Americans are getting the blame for this situation,” Bill wrote. During that terrible winter, at services “I had to keep my coat on like everyone else. There is no way of heating Cathedrals with 80-foot ceilings in weather like this.”

“You will be glad
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BILL TRUEHEART,
WRITING TO HIS MOTHER, 1954

I must have picked up my (much) later love of singing right there in the Cathedral pews or in Sunday school. At home, “Charlie sings half the time in a loud voice, either *Jesus Loves Me* (his favorite) or one of the French songs he has learned at school.” The best anecdote of my young self, quite unrelated to church, comes in April of that year. Phoebe to her mother-in-law: “The maid says she overheard CT playing with a friend and saying, ‘Let’s play mama and daddy – you get in bed and I’ll go get the martinis.’ I can promise you such a thing never happened in THIS house. I don’t know how he gets such ideas!”

Finally – what took them so long? – my own baptism was on the horizon. According to my father, “Charlie wasn’t too enthusiastic about the idea at first, but now that he understands he may get presents, he is quite pleased.” I did indeed receive a beautiful silver mug from one set of godparents, Ben and Joy Pierce, which I still have, and a miniature wooden sailboat from the other set, Fritz and Bittie Nolting, which I used to sail on the octagonal pond in the Tuileries.

Not long after, the Pierces stopped coming to the Cathedral after some dispute with Dean Riddle, although our families remained close. In one of life’s peculiar turns, Ben Pierce, himself a librarian working for UNESCO in those years, later became chairman of the board of The American Library in Paris (which I do not recall ever visiting then); 40 years later, I became the library’s director. Ben and Joy’s son, Stephen Pierce, more or less my contemporary, was also a board chairman of the library before my time there, and in more recent years we sang together in the Paris Choral Society.

My other godfather, Fritz Nolting, after returning to Paris from a diplomatic assignment in Saigon, became a junior warden of the Cathedral. In 1969, Fritz wrote me from Paris to congratulate me on my high school graduation, confessing “I have been a far-away and neglectful God-father (or is it ‘guard-father?’) but I see that has done no harm – probably the reverse!” He added: “Do you remember the old man with the white beard you were baptized with, Mr. Mason, who, you said, looked like Santa Claus? Well, I saw him the other day – unchanged, except his beard has gotten thinner and turned yellow.”

With all this personal history, when my wife and I moved to Paris in 1996, two little children in tow, it went without saying that we would join the Cathedral. We just had no warning that it would change our lives. The one constant in Anne’s and my Paris years, the Cathedral continues to enrich and challenge us. I understand better now, thanks to my grandmother’s assiduous curation of family correspondence, that it was the point of departure in my own Christian pilgrimage. 🙏

Charles Trueheart, a former Washington Post correspondent in Paris and senior warden of the Cathedral, is at work on a book about Vietnam in 1963.



Preaching Faith Before Evil: the Nazi Occupation of the American Cathedral

1942-1944

What is an appropriate response for a person of faith to an evil totalitarian regime? Few have had to respond to that question in such a difficult context as the Rev. Rudolf Damrath, German Army chaplain during World War II, when he led the military congregation at the occupied American Cathedral of the Holy Trinity from 1942-44. His parishioners were German soldiers and staff, in Paris as the occupying force of the Nazi regime, with all its trademark barbarism. Who was Rudolf Damrath, what was his background, what factors informed his faith and actions?

Damrath was a believer in good, a committed follower of Christ, a faithful Lutheran pastor. He chose to remain with the Wehrmacht (the German Army) during its greatest shame, taking what small steps he could to counter the evil. While Damrath died in 1959, his daughter, Maria Luise Damrath, recently donated some of his papers to the American Cathedral and

shared his history with cathedral members in a meeting in Berlin. His path was never more complicated and dangerous than during his two years in Paris.

First, it is important to understand how Christians in Germany reacted to the rise of the Nazis. Martin Luther taught that there were two kingdoms or realms, both subject to God. The spiritual kingdom is expressed by the Church and in personal Christian piety, aimed at salvation. At the same time, the kingdom of the world is run by the state to order society, suppress wrongdoing and, when necessary, wage war. In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chapter 13, subtitled in the King James version "Submission to the State is a Christian Duty," Christians are called to be obedient to the state as a form of obedience to God. In the early part of the 20th century, this separation of worldly and spiritual values, based in Romans 13, was especially embraced by a group called Pietists by



German Protestants (Revivalism in the United States). It was a view held by most Christians in the Western countries during this period and is still the view of many today.

In the 1930s, as the Nazis rose to power on tactics of brutality, Pietists and other orthodox Christians (including the hierarchies of the Roman Catholic as well as the established Protestant churches), continued to maintain that a faithful Christian should be obedient to the state. In the early 1930s, however, a significant group of German Protestants took an accommodationist stand toward the new Nazi regime, embracing its racial antisemitism and seeing in Hitler the fulfillment of Christian aspirations for the German nation. Referred to as “German Christians,” they called for expunging Jewish elements of Christianity, such as eliminating the Old Testament. They supported the formation of a “Reichskirche,” viewing Adolf Hitler as a Christ figure, a savior.

Those who remained faithful to traditional Christianity, including many Pietists, resisted the Nazification of the Church and of Christianity.

Those who remained faithful to traditional Christianity, including many Pietists, resisted the Nazification of the Church and of Christianity. They came to be called the “Confessing Church” movement, putting forward the idea that they, not the state, confessed the true faith, in their “Barman Declaration” of 1934. Most people in this movement continued to believe nonetheless that obedience to the state, except in strictly doctrinal matters, was a Christian duty. With time, a small minority of these “Confessing Christians” would take up active resistance to the state as a faithful response to Gospel teaching (most famously Dietrich Bonhoeffer).

From the beginning of the Nazi regime, Rudolf Damrath rejected the ideas of the “German Christians.” Born on March 26, 1905, to a farming family in

Applinken, Damrath grew up in rural Prussia, an area dominated by the landed gentry, who were culturally and devoutly Lutheran and embraced a strong military tradition. After the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, the largely German-speaking region of West Prussia near Danzig (today Gdansk) was ceded to the newly reconstituted Republic of Poland to create the “Polish Corridor.” After completing a degree in banking, Damrath began studies in Protestant Theology at the Universities of Königsberg (now Kaliningrad, Russia) (1928-29) and Berlin (1929-32). He had decided to become a military chaplain. While a theology student, Damrath joined a group of ethnic Germans in a secret underground militia (“schwarze Reichswehr”), formed to provide military training despite its interdiction by the Versailles treaty. His connections from this group would prove useful in later years.

At first, Damrath was impressed by Hitler, but by 1932, when he was a seminary intern (vicar) at a parish in Wustermark (near Potsdam, west of Berlin), his admiration faded. He served with the Rev. Carl-Gunther Schweitzer, who was the Lutheran superintendent (regional bishop) of Potsdam Region II. Schweitzer was born of Jewish parents who had



PASTOR DAMRATH ON THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL
AMERICAN CATHEDRAL ARCHIVES



converted to Protestantism. When the “German Christian” authorities first dismissed Schweitzer as superintendent and then as pastor, due to his Jewish heritage, Damrath helped him hold services in his living room. “Damrath became a very important support for my father in the following months,” Wolfgang Schweitzer, son of the pastor, wrote in his 1999 book.

In March 1933, after the Reichstag fire, Hitler used the famous Protestant Garrison Church of Potsdam as the location for his public handshake with German President Paul von Hindenburg. This venue was chosen to be a clear symbol that the Nazi chancellor had the approval of the Protestant Prussian upper classes. In response, Damrath, while still a seminary intern, organized a large youth rally in the gardens in front of the City Palace in Potsdam. “There are many youth circles that did not belong to Hitler Youth. The palace Lustgarten was filled with church youth groups,” Maria Luise Damrath wrote in a 2006 book about her father. “Then my father went up the ramp of the palace, where he reported all youth groups and the number of participants to the bishop, Otto Dibelius. Dibelius gave a speech, and groups were singing. The Hitler Youth had also gathered and tried to disturb the gathering with much noise. However, the trombone bands (used in Lutheran church music) were louder.”

In October 1933, Damrath was among four pastors from the Potsdam area who signed a Confessional Statement by Heinrich Vogel, “Eight Articles of Protestant Teaching,” with the subtitle, “for the comfort of the persecuted and for instruction of those who have strayed due to the present false teaching.” Vogel was a founder of the Confessing Church movement. From Article VII: “The Church is not a pious party. It has no individual members, but members of a whole [...] Because we do not become Christians through birth, through race or blood, [...] we reject the demand that only Aryan Christians are allowed to be members of the German Protestant Church. In particular we reject the ban or disenfranchisement of Jewish Christians in a Church that claims allegiance to Jesus Christ, who was a Jew according to the flesh [...] We reject the constraining of conscience, as well as the use of any political coercion in matters of Faith.”

Damrath married, took his graduate exams and was ordained in 1935, on his way to becoming a military

chaplain. For this, service in the secret Reichswehr militia of his youth was seen as a prerequisite for significant positions. He served first in garrison churches in Stettin (now Szczecin) and Glogau (now Głogów, Poland). The Wehrmacht Field Bishop, Dr. Ing. Franz Dohrmann (1881-1969), who was close to the Confessing Church, called Damrath in April 1937 to serve at the Garrison Church in Potsdam. Both of them knew what pastoral service to the military would mean by then, though it is unlikely they imagined the worst of it. At Potsdam, one of the army officers whom Damrath met was Lieutenant General Carl-Heinrich von Stülpnagel, who would go on to become supreme military commander of occupied France.



AT THE BAPTISM, MAY 15, 1944 (LR): PASTOR DAMRATH, FIELD MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL, GENERAL CARL-HEINRICH VON STÜLPNAGEL, LIEUTENANT GENERAL HANS SPEIDEL
AMERICAN CATHEDRAL ARCHIVES

With the beginning of the war in September 1939, Damrath was placed on active duty and sent on assignments to the Upper Rhine, Poland, Sicily, Crete, and North Africa, where he served in the Afrika Korps under General Erwin Rommel. His young family stayed behind in Germany throughout the war. In 1942, when General Stülpnagel was sent to Paris, he requested Damrath to serve as military pastor there. Damrath arrived in Paris in August 1942 and was assigned as leader of the German military chaplains in France. His choice for a church was the neo-Gothic American Cathedral, whose pews had been largely abandoned by Americans when the United States entered the war in December 1941. In the early part of the Occupation, German worship for both Catholics and Protestants had been at Notre Dame, but this soon shifted to appease French authorities. By 1942, German Catholics had taken Saint Joseph’s



on avenue Hoche, and the Protestants went to the former American Cathedral, now called the “Deutsche Evangelische Wehrmachtskirche” (German Protestant Military Church). Other American institutions, such as the American Hospital, the American Library and the American Church, placed themselves under French institutional authority in order to continue operating during the Occupation. The Cathedral had no such option; there was no French Episcopal church to cover it.



SIGN FOR GERMAN PROTESTANT MILITARY CHURCH
AMERICAN CATHEDRAL ARCHIVES

Damrath lived in the deanery with two assistant pastors, two church organists and the sexton. On Mondays, the staff gathered to plan Sunday’s service and to print the leaflets. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays there were evening Bible lessons, and on Thursdays and Fridays there were choir rehearsals with as many as 150 singers (soldiers, staff, nurses, secretaries), during which Damrath gave a devotion to the lyrics of one of the sung pieces.

The deanery was open each evening for fellowship. “The pastoral care in this rectory was very much used

as the people had a great many problems due to the separation from the family, the terrible atrocities of the German forces that they were witnessing and the horrible outcome of the war,” wrote Walter Bargatzky, who published a memoir of his time as a German officer in occupied Paris.

Bargatzky noted that Damrath also oversaw weekly concert performances at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. “In the long nave the silent crowd, on the left the Germans, on the right the French, crowded tightly and eagerly listening to the fugues and cantatas, the solo voices of the staff assistants, the wonderful organ playing,” he wrote. “Not a word is spoken, only the bell of the clock sounds during the music. We sit together in mute juxtaposition and seek to forget the suffering.”

Damrath regularly visited several hospitals in the Paris area as well as the military prison in Fresnes. He often was called to spend the last few hours with a prisoner sentenced to execution and then to perform rites after the prisoner was shot. Damrath demanded clemency on at least one occasion. His daughter recounted the story: “One and a half years before, a man had spent a short time with another soldier in a homosexual relationship. During his leave, he had spoken to his wife, reconciled with her and they expected a new child. He showed the letters to his wife. Barely back in Paris, he was betrayed and sent to jail,” Maria Luise Damrath wrote. “My father found the sentencing to death of this man so unjust that in the emergency of the last three hours he personally telephoned Hitler and asked for the death penalty to be lifted in this case. Hitler shouted at my father, ‘I do not want to be harassed by you with such things!’”

Damrath was walking a fine line, preaching to congregations that included members of the Gestapo, who listened for any anti-Nazi nuances. Copies of three of Damrath’s sermons at the Cathedral have been donated to the Cathedral archives, including one given during the performance of Bach’s St. John Passion on Holy Saturday (March 18, 1944), entitled “Jesus before the law courts” based on John 18-19. In it, Damrath draws parallels between the unjust trial of Christ and his suffering and death under the religious and Roman authorities, to the suffering of innocent persons in the war and the moral dilemma of soldiers who attempted to remain faithful Christians. He refers to the two trials as before the “ecclesiastical court” and the “state



court,” implying that in the Nazi state, the historical Jesus stands judged by both the Nazi-dominated church and by the state with its anti-Christian rhetoric. Then, he takes the phrase from the Apostles’ Creed, “He shall come again to judge the quick and the dead” and weaves a double meaning that this Nazi state and church would soon be judged by the One whom they are judging. Regarding the state, personified by Pontius Pilate, Damrath wrote:

“Pilate will have many successors. Pious and as well as godless successors. They will all do the same thing, protect the state’s interests from God, and to do their best to wash their hands of it. They will nail God to the cross and let Barabbas run free.”

Damrath was walking a fine line, preaching to congregations that included members of the Gestapo, who listened for any anti-Nazi nuances.

In a sermon a few weeks later, on April 2, 1944, the second Sunday after Easter (Sonntag Misericordias Domini) or “Good Shepherd Sunday”, Damrath preached on John 10:1-16 and on Psalm 23. He paints a picture of Jesus as the shepherd, not in sentimental tones, but as the strong defender against the wolf, the one who brings the wayward back to the fold. He then contrasted the shepherd who remains true to his sheep and gives his life for them from the false hireling who runs when fortunes change or the wolf comes. The hireling promises an earthly paradise but brings only suffering and ruin. Damrath refers to the false leader as “der falsche Seelenführer.” The false teachers are clearly a reference to the accommodationist “German Christians,” who preferred Nazi ideology to the Gospel. He closed his sermon with a quote from poem by the Pietist writer, Fritz Woike (1890-1962). In this poem from the 1920s, which is a paraphrase of Psalm 23, Jesus is referred to as “mein Führer,” a title which by the Third Reich was reserved for Adolf Hitler. Damrath seems to have been making the point that only Jesus and not Hitler is one’s true “Führer” or leader.

*Du bist mein Führer, an deiner Hand
geh ich so sicher durchs Erdenland.
Du bist mein alles, bist Leben und Licht,
Herr Jesus Christus, ich lass dich nicht.*

(Fritz Woike)

*You are my Leader, at your hand
I go safely through this earthly land.
You are my all, you are life and light,
I will not forsake you, Lord Jesus Christ.*

Damrath was repeatedly warned by General von Stülpnagel that he was in the sights of the Gestapo, urged on by Nazi-loyal pastors who detested his approach. The well-known German writer Ernst Jünger, serving as an army captain in Paris, wrote: “There is the circle around Stülpnagel that is viewed with the greatest suspicion. As especially opaque and suspicious, as Hofacker said, are Pastor Damrath and I.” The close relationship between Damrath and Stülpnagel was evinced in the regular private seminars on 19th and 20th century theology the pastor conducted for the general.

Lawrence Whipp, organist at the American Cathedral since 1921, had been appointed in 1940 by the then-Bishop-in-Charge as a lay reader to hold church services, burials, and provide pastoral care for the small congregation that remained after the dean, the Very Rev. Frederick Beekman, and others left France in June 1940. Whipp was rounded up and interned at Compiègne by the Germans as an enemy alien on December 12, 1941, but then released on October 20, 1942, in order to help Damrath run the church. Whipp later reported on his initial conversation with Damrath: “He told me [in so many words] during this first meeting that he was and always had been an active anti-Nazi; anti-Hitler; anti-Gestapo” and “that his life was constantly in danger, menaced by the Gestapo.”

The conservative Prussian elite in the Wehrmacht, looking for a way to end the debacle of Hitler’s regime, began building a careful conspiracy in the winter of 1943-44. The Paris participants knew of only one other confidant, in a group later identified as 15 to 20 people. Among these, Damrath was friendly with at least 11 persons, as can be seen from his correspondence. While there is no evidence that he was party to the plot, it seems very likely indeed. On May 15, 1944, Damrath performed a private christening at an estate in Mareil-



Marly, in the western Paris suburbs. The son of Major Karl-Richard Kossmann would have two godfathers, Field Marshal Rommel and General Stülpnagel, who thus were able to meet discreetly, far from the gaze of the Gestapo. Rommel's new chief of staff, Lieutenant General Hans Speidel, also was present. The following day, conspirators reported to American intelligence operatives that Rommel would not support an assassination attempt, fearing it would spark a civil war but was in favor of arresting and imprisoning Hitler, according to historians. Was this discussion held at the baptism?

Operation Valkyrie tried to kill Hitler on July 20, 1944, and, believing it had been successful, General Stülpnagel arrested and imprisoned more than 1,200 agents of the SD (Security Service) and the SS (Schutzstaffel) in the Paris area. Late in the evening came Hitler's speech that he had survived the bombing. Stülpnagel was among the first to fall, followed by Rommel and four others, including the godfather of Damrath's oldest daughter, Karl Ernst Rathgens. Over the following months, the Gestapo executed nearly 5,000 Germans for ties to or out of revenge for the attempt. Among them was Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the Lutheran theologian. Damrath escaped this fate.

As the Allies approached Paris in August 1944, the German general staff fled to Reims. Damrath accompanied them but returned to the capital on August 24th to care for wounded German soldiers at Paris' Hôpital de la Pitié. As the city came under Allied control, the wounded soldiers were turned over to the International Red Cross. Damrath was taken prisoner by the Americans, held at the now Allied camp at Compiègne, and became a founding member of CALPO (Comité Allemagne Libre pour l'Ouest) chapter there. In July 1945, a Swedish legation pastor, the Rev. Birger Forell, asked that Damrath be turned over the British and taken to Norton Camp near Mansfield, England, where a school had been established for German POWs (in cooperation with the CVJM-YMCA), to train them to be pastors in postwar Germany. Damrath was named Director of Studies, and taught anthropology and ethics at Camp Norton until he was repatriated to Germany on April 25, 1946.

In the aftermath of the war, the "German Christian" hierarchy was removed and replaced with those from the "Confessing Church" movement. In October 1945, the Protestant Churches of Germany officially released

the "Stuttgart Confession of Guilt," in which they confessed the church's complicity with the Nazi regime and in some cases active support of antisemitism. The EKD, the national umbrella organization of the German Protestant Church, was reconstituted and relocated to the state of Württemberg, whose church was one of the few not dominated by the German Christians. Damrath and his family moved to Schwäbisch-Gmünd, in Württemberg, where he was appointed "Referent für Kriegsgefangene" (Consultant for POW Issues) and was able to convince the new church authorities to recognize the courses that the theology students had taken while prisoners of war at Camp Norton in Britain.

In 1947, the Damrath family returned to Berlin, where he was put in charge of the Berlin Protestant City Mission, at a time of increasing tension between the Soviet Union and Western powers, the Berlin blockade, and the beginning of the Cold War. The work in Berlin was exhausting, and Damrath's health suffered greatly. In 1953, he took up the pastorate at the Minster Church in the city of Herford in West Germany, where he served until he died of cancer on April 14, 1959.

Maria Luise Damrath noted that after the war her father avoided politics and took refuge in Pietist preaching, the need for personal conversion and commitment to Christ. "All the soldiers did not die for the Fatherland, they died in vain," he wrote in his diary during the war. ☹

The Venerable Walter Baer is Archdeacon of the Convocation of Episcopal Churches in Europe and has his office at the American Cathedral. A native of Wisconsin with Swiss and Austrian parents, he grew up in a bilingual household. He and his husband Peter have homes in Vienna, New Orleans, and Paris.

ENDNOTES

1 Wolfgang Schweitzer, *Dunkle Schatten helles Licht*, Stuttgart: Radius-Verlag, 1999, pp. 40-41. (All translations in this article are those of the author.)

2 *Ibid.*, p. 51.

3 Maria Luise Damrath, "Rudolf Damrath - Pfarrer der Potsdamer Garnisonkirche" in *Der Wiederaufbau der Potsdamer Garnisonkirche*, Cologne: Lingen, 2006, pp. 78-79.



Introducing Maria Luise Damrath




PARISHIONERS NANCY JANIN, KATE THWEATT AND ARCHDEACON WALTER BAER, WITH MARIA LUISE DAMRATH (SECOND FROM LEFT).
Photo by Kate Thweatt.

After the American Cathedral Choir performed Evensong along with the Berliner English Choir at the Berlin Cathedral (Berliner Dom) last year, Maria Luise Damrath, daughter of Pastor Rudolf Damrath, invited Walter Baer, Nancy Janin and me to visit at her beautiful Wannsee home. We had first met Maria Luise in Cameron Allen's magnificent history of the American Cathedral as she had provided detailed information about her father's time as German pastor at the Cathedral from 1942 to 1944. We were very excited to meet her in person and to learn more about her life and that of her family, who, other than her father, remained in Germany during the war.

Born in Potsdam in 1939, the second of six children, Maria Luise described a childhood of hardship, hunger, avoiding bombings, and hiding from the Gestapo. During the war, they spent many nights in the basement of their house during air raids, but Maria Luise wrote that her mother entertained her, her older sister Ingeburg and neighbors with fairy tales, biblical and other stories, and singing. They made her actually look forward to the shrill sound of the siren. In later years, the family

had to move around to avoid Gestapo surveillance and punishment. Having seen an old man mistreated by Gestapo agents, her older sister one day refused to give a Hitler salute at school and was taken to the principal. Asked why she had refused, she answered "Hitler is killing people, including the Jews." They had to leave Potsdam suddenly to hide in what is now part of Poland. Later in the war, Maria Luise was forced to live in a children's home due to a Nazi

law "to ensure the survival of the next generation." The children were often hungry and in danger.

Maria Luise has continued to meet the challenges of life with openness and enthusiasm. She has studied extensively, graduating from a humanistic high school as the only girl in a class of boys, and then studying Protestant church music, theology and pedagogy. She married a pastor and had three children, working as a teacher, then a teacher trainer in university. She has traveled to 68 countries, most often backpacking as a way of connecting with local people. She retired in 1999 but is certainly not "retiring!" She continues to study, and in recent years she has been instructing creative teaching methods in Myanmar. When asked if she would like to come and visit us in Paris – and perhaps teach us a thing or two? – she happily accepted the invitation. We are certainly looking forward to welcoming Maria Luise and returning her warm hospitality. 

Kate Thweatt, a member of Holy Trinity for 35 years, is chair of the Archives Committee.

- 4 Hans-Otto Furian, "Die Sammlung der bekennenden Gemeinden in der Kirchenprovinz" in Erich Schuppan (Hg.): Bekenntnis in Not: Die Evangelische Kirche in Berlin-Brandenburg im Konflikt mit dem totalen Staat (1933-1945). Aufsätze zur Geschichte des Kirchenkampfes, Berlin: Wichern-Verlag GmbH, 2000, p. 195.
- 5 Cameron Allen, The History of the American Pro-Cathedral, Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris; iUniverse LLC, 2012, p. 713.
- 6 Walter Bargatzky, Hotel Majestic ein Deutscher im besetzten Frankreich, Basel and Vienna: Herder, 1987, p.113.
- 7 Op. cit.
- 8 Personal recollection of Ingeborg Buhlmann (older sister of Marie Luise Damrath) of a conversation with her father.
- 9 Ernst Jünger, Strahlungen II, München: Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, 1966, p.235.
- 10 Heinrich Bücheler, Carl-Heinrich Stülpnagel. Soldat – Philosoph – Verschwörer, Berlin and Frankfurt, Ullstein Verlag GmbH, 1989, p. 284.
- 11 Whipp report. Cathedral Archives.
- 12 Wilhelm von Schramm, Aufstand der Generale. Der 20.Juli in Paris, München, Wilhelm Heyne Verlag, 1978, pp.34-36.
- 13 Gottfried Hamacher, Gegen Hitler. Deutsche in der Résistance, in den Streitkräftender Antihitlerkoalition und der Bewegung »Freies Deutschland« Kurzbiografien, (Reihe: Manuskripte/Rosa-Luxemburg-Stiftung; Bd. 53) Berlin: Dietz, 2005, p. 43.



Support and help for church and community



Front Desk Chronicles

It's Thursday morning, and I have front desk duty. As I live a short walk from the Cathedral, when as I turn the corner onto Avenue George V, I see a group of small children headed to the Montessori School at the Cathedral, some children with their mothers, a few with their fathers, and others with a nanny or family helper. Laurent Lavollay Porter, director of the school, greets everyone from the front steps, speaking to the children in English, shifting to French sometimes for parents. A security guard is also in place to make sure all is as it should be.

Just before 9 a.m. I hurry inside because I want to be in place before Laurent closes the glass door that leads into the parish hall building. I want to be ready for latecomers who need the door buzzed open for them. As I gaze out through the glass booth, which we volunteers lovingly call "The Cage," and survey the imposing arched entryway of the Cathedral, I smile to myself at the tangle of scooters and baby strollers parked in the entryway. Clearly, another day at the Cathedral has started, and my 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. volunteer shift with it. You could title it "adventures in assistance," but it is an opportunity to support the Cathedral and its activities, as well as help people from the community.

Once it seems that all of the Montessori children have arrived, and my buzzing through the morning rush, I switch off the night voicemail. I usually remember how

to do this, but if I forget, I know I have backup: the red volunteer information binder on the desk. If I get really confused, the ever-knowledgeable sexton, Dennis Mana'ay, is probably not too far away to rescue me.

Answering the phone is not difficult. I answer with "American Cathedral" or "American Cathedral, may I help you?" It will be a toss-up whether the caller will speak English or French, so I must be able to switch between English and French as required. On most days, there are not too many calls, and it is not too difficult to figure who the caller wants to speak to; I just press the right button to transfer the call.

"When they came out, they took a rose out of their bag and gave it to me, wishing me Happy Valentine's Day. They made my day!"

FRONT DESK VOLUNTEER
SIGUN COYLE



Every week there is a lot happening at the Cathedral. There are regular activities and special events. Aside from the Montessori School, there is a daily noon meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA). Volunteers not only buzz open the glass door but often need to give directions to the crypt or a classroom. Many attendees learn about the AA meeting via internet while traveling so are unfamiliar with the Cathedral grounds. On Fridays the Cathedral hosts the Mission Lunch for those in need, a three-course meal served at an elegant table. Sign-up opens at 9 a.m. Mondays, and as places are limited to 60, there is often already before I open the door. I take down names on a list, checking the ID of each person, and talking with them briefly if they like. Many are regulars and come for their wonderful mission meal every week.



ALEX BRASSERT AT WORK IN THE CAGE

Regularly, throughout the year, the Cathedral receives many visitors from around the world, especially in the summer tourist season. Often, people are just walking on Avenue George V and see that the gates are open. It seems that curiosity brings them in. We invite them in, asking where they are from. We show them how to enter the sanctuary and give them printed information about the Cathedral. We sometimes are

asked questions, but mostly people are just curious to see the Cathedral.

Occasionally, special events are scheduled. The Cathedral has been used for fashion shows and business events, but most frequently in the past few years have been Japanese wedding blessings. Brides in elaborate wedding dresses and grooms in suits come to the Cathedral for a formal blessing of their civil marriage. Wedding planners often supervise and bring flowers to decorate the sanctuary. At the end of the blessing, after lots of photos, the couple will toast each other with a glass of champagne. Front desk volunteers are sometimes offered a glass, too.

Many situations can arise. I like to have a bit of fun practicing Spanish and Vietnamese. The other day I had a couple from Madrid and a mother and daughter from Santiago de Chile. I like to tell the South Americans that here I am an “American,” but in the New World I must be “Nord Americano.” The same day there was a group of Vietnamese. Always surprised when I speak to them, the mother said to her teenaged son: “Look, he speaks Vietnamese. You can do better!”

Sigun Coyle adds an anecdote: I was ‘de service’ on St. Valentine’s day when a lovely couple came in. I gave my usual ‘Spiel’ about our beautiful brochure and asked where they come from; they were visiting from Alabama. They spent a long time inside the Cathedral. When they came out, they took a rose out of their bag and gave it to me, wishing me Happy Valentine’s Day. They made my day!”

Of the various tasks, answering questions is a volunteer’s main duty. These range from where to buy tickets to Gospel Dreams, frequently hosted at the Cathedral, to “Is this the American Church?”

A retired U.S. Army officer, Alex met his wife, Hong, during the Viet Nam War. They have been active members of the Cathedral for more than 40 years.

If you would like to volunteer a few hours of your time answering questions, practicing languages, or receiving flowers for your courtesy, please contact Alex Brassert at cabrassert@aol.com or Anne-Victoire “Vicky” Millet at avicmil@gmail.com



2018 YOUTH GROUP
ICE SKATE OUTING
December 27

Cathedral Youth Groups skate to the fantastic music and light show at the Grand Palais Patinoire.

2018 FRANCE - URUGUAY MATCH
November 20

The Cathedral's Youth Collège and Lycée Groups united to watch France's victory against Uruguay at the Stade de France.



2019 MAGDALEN
COLLEGE CHOIR
EVENSONG AND
CONCERT
March 21

The Choir of Gentlemen and Boys of Magdalen College, Oxford (UK), with Mark Williams, Informator Choristarum; Alexander Pott and Rupert Jackson, organists, joined the Cathedral Choir for Mid-Lenten Evensong. They followed with a splendid choral concert of sacred music for Lent and Passiontide.



GREAT AMERICAN
SONGBOOK
February 9, 2019

Fabulous singers brought the Great American Songbook to life under the direction of Mark Carroll in a Parish Hall concert.





2019 A VENETIAN CARNIVAL *March 5*

Carnival was hosted by the Cathedral 20/30s Group on Shrove Tuesday this year. Guests came masked or in costume for a night of light fare, music and theater. Proceeds from ticket sales benefited the Friday Mission Lunch and other Cathedral outreach programs.



2019 SOS HELP BOOK FAIR. *March 17*

Food for body and soul were available at the SOS Help Book Fair, whose proceeds support a mental health support association. Founded in 1974 by a group of American and British health and mental health professionals, the listening team at SOS Help is comprised of volunteers trained by professional psychologists.





ON THE MUST-DO LIST: REJOICE



I write these words on Shrove Tuesday, hoping for pancakes and sensing the imminence of Lent, with its challenges and opportunities. It is a season that offers so much to us – which, it must be said, we rarely find a way to accept. After all, to do so would be to invite the possibility of not just risking, but accepting, substantive change in our lives – what the New Testament speaks of as *μετάνοια*, a moment of transformative change.

In the wisdom of holy mother church, this season has long taught us the value of making a change in our routines, a thing we typically and somewhat dangerously shorten to the idea of “giving up something.” There are plenty of things that doing with less of would be beneficial – insert your favorite temptation here; but that is simply a good idea and not necessarily a spiritual discipline.

“We give ourselves the gift of being able to reflect on these things more fully, of seeing them more in their entirety, by holding them apart from us for a while.”

For its own part, the church itself has long practiced the wisdom of doing without certain things during the Lenten season, both the outward manifestations of joy (and particularly the single word that most ecstatically sums up our joy at the saving work of the death and resurrection of the Lord) and the happy occasions that find a home in the church. There are some things just typically not done in the church during these 40 days: weddings, baptisms, and – oh, dear – ordinations. My grandmother, who was an Edwardian woman in both ethos and age, could never fully suppress a quiet suspicion about people who had wedding anniversaries in March.

It is not merely for the purpose of taking on a self-conscious hardship that we give up these events. It is instead for the larger and more lofty purpose of coming to appreciate them more keenly for the gifts they are. We give ourselves the gift of being able to reflect on these things more fully, of seeing them more in their entirety, by holding them apart from us for a while. We see them anew, if we are lucky, because for a little while our community decides to forgo these happy occasions – and, in doing so, makes a little space apart from the pressing routine of life within which we, too, might make that turn, and accomplish that transformative change.

As it happens, we are – all of us together – slightly violating this old practice, by daring to hold an ordination service on the Saturday in the fourth week of Lent. It happens that we are daring to do this for a simple and practical reason, our Presiding Bishop, who will be visiting the Cathedral on this occasion (and who will preach and celebrate among us the following day), has perhaps one of the busiest calendars on the planet, and we simply needed to say yes to the small moment of possibility in his calendar.

And so we are moving one of the Things Not to Do during Lent momentarily and exceptionally into the column of Things We Must Do, and through the efforts of a happy host of generous people making the space in which to accomplish our own transformative change. It is an unusual moment in all sorts of ways, one I hope you will take advantage of, a moment of unapologetic rejoicing that promises to give us a foretaste of the rejoicing surely coming on Easter Day. ☺

See you in church,

+Mark

The Right Rev. Mark Edington joined the European Convocation, and The American Cathedral, as Bishop-in-charge this spring. See the story of his consecration in this issue.

From the Archives



J.P. Morgan, founder of the banking empire, died in Rome, Italy, on March 31, 1913, at the age of 75. He founded J.P. Morgan & Company, predecessor of today's JP Morgan Chase Bank, in 1895. The first funeral services, conducted in the Grand Hotel room where he died, were given by Rev. Nelson of St. Paul's Within the Walls, the American Episcopal Church of Rome. Morgan's body was transported by train to Le Havre and by ship to New York.

This photograph shows Holy Trinity Church draped for a memorial service for Morgan, who had many friends in Paris. The Rev. Samuel N. Watson wrote in his memoirs: "On April 14, 1913 I delivered the Commemorative Address at the Memorial Service, which was held in Holy Trinity for Mr. Pierpont Morgan. There were three of these services, one in New York, one in Westminster Abbey in London, and the other in our Church in Paris."

IT'S ALL ABOUT LOVE

BRIEF EXCERPTS

FROM THE APRIL 7TH SERMON

BY PRESIDING BISHOP MICHAEL CURRY



“I have looked for the asterisk behind ‘love your neighbor’ limiting who the neighbor was. I have tried my best. I was on Capitol Hill with members of Congress and I said, I might be wrong, but I don’t think it’s ‘Republicans, love your Republican neighbors; Democrats, love your Democratic neighbors; capitalists, love your capitalist neighbors; communists, love your communist neighbors’. No, it says:

Love Your Neighbor. And who’s your neighbor? It’s everybody else. I mean to tell you, that’s a game-changer. That’s a game-changer in our personal lives, and in the life of this world: to live by love.”

“Now if you don’t believe Jesus, maybe you’ll believe Prime Minister William Gladstone. Actually I didn’t hear him say it, he was in the 19th century, but if you don’t believe Jesus, and you don’t believe William Gladstone, maybe you’ll believe Jimi Hendrix. Because Jimi’s quoting William Gladstone in the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, to say it this way:

When the power of love overcomes the love of power, then the world will know peace.”

“Love is going the extra mile, love is actually turning the other cheek, love is seeking the good and the welfare and the well-being of others. The truth is, I used to think the opposite of love was hatred. It dawned on me that the opposite of love is selfishness, self-centeredness, and hatred is a derivative of self-centeredness.

Love is the way of unselfish living, love is the way of selfless service, and I’m here to tell you that if we dare to live by love, we will know a very different world.”