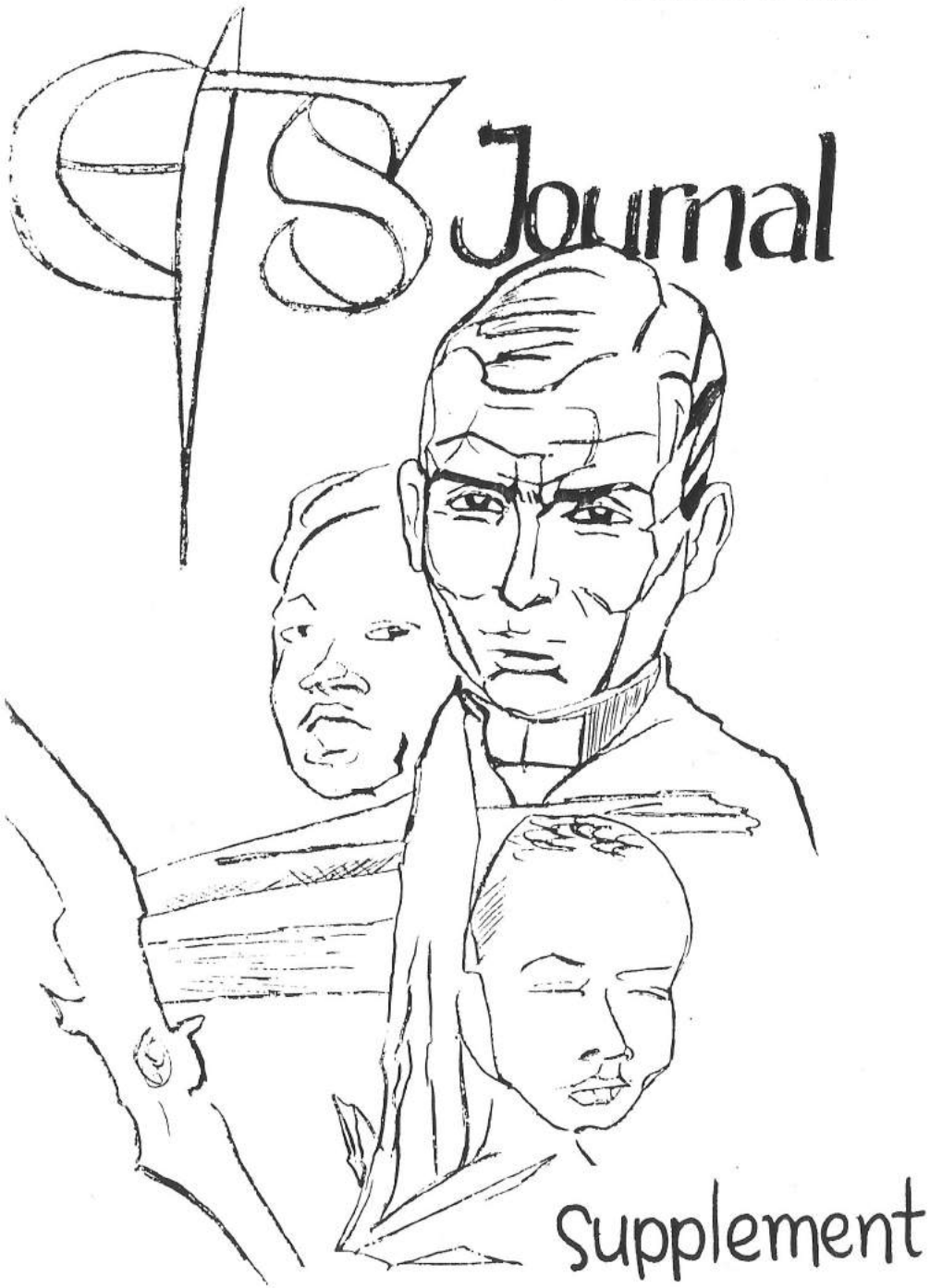
TS Journal



Supplement

THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL JOURNAL
Supplement to Volume 10 -- January, 1966

CONTENTS

Published on behalf of the St. John's Society at the Episcopal Theological School, 99 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A word of introduction....

This selection has been produced and distributed with the help of the Alumni Association and the Development Office of the School in order to share more widely our experience during the last year in the struggle for human dignity as it was dramatized in the South. It has not been an easy selection to make, and perhaps, therefore, some explanation would help.

"Report from Selma - April 1965" has been reprinted in many places, but Judith Upham and Jonathan Daniels wrote it for the Journal shortly before the end of the spring semester, and no collection of our articles on this subject would be complete without it. There are three reactions to Jonathan's death printed here, the most immediate one being Craig Hammond's sermon at St. Mark's-in-the-Bowerie right after the event, while he was in clinical training. The other two are from the November issue of the Journal, Judy Upham's "Recollection" and Peter Selby's editorial. We have two reactions by southerners; Ray Worthington, from Mississippi, wrote his article for our May issue, and Bishop Murray has kindly allowed us to reproduce the words he addressed to us when he visited E.T.S. at the invitation of the Social Action Committee in November. Everett Wenrick is in Selma now, and his words bring the material up to the present.

We have stood often closer than we would have liked to the joys and tragedies of the last year; this selection is offered in the inevitable mixture of grief and gratitude which belongs to such times, and in the hope that it will be received in the same spirit.

....from the Editor

a joy that wanted to shout. Yes! If pride were appropriate in the ambiguities of my presence in Selma, I should be unspeakably proud of my title. For it is the highest honor, the most precious distinction I have ever received. It is one that I do not deserve--and cannot ever earn. As I type now, my hands are hopelessly white. "But my heart is black...." Oh, the drolleries one could spin! I was proud, for the redneck's contempt was the obverse of an identity and an acceptance that were very real, if still ambiguous, in another part of town. Hear, O Israel: given an irony or two in the holy mystery of His economy, I am indeed a "white nigger." I wouldn't swap the blessings He has given me. But black would be a very wonderful, a very beautiful color to be.

Bunnie sat astride my knee. She is four, the youngest of eleven (it would have been twelve, but there wasn't room for a premature black baby in the white hospital). She smiled, yet there was a hesitancy in her eyes. Her daddy smiled down at her and asked, "Do you love Jon?" Quietly but firmly, Bunnie said, "No." We had lived with Bunnie's family only a few days, and I was sure I knew what she meant. A part of me seemed to die inside, and I fought back tears. But there was nothing I could say, nothing I could do. Wisely, her daddy, who was already a very dear friend, did not pursue the matter.... When, a few days later, Bunnie pulled me down to her, cupped my face with her tiny hands and kissed me, I knew something very important (and incredibly beautiful) had happened. As Stringfellow says in My People Is the Enemy, "that is called a sacrament."

We had parked the car at the Church. The rector had not been there, so we had strolled a block or two to the office of an attorney whom we had met at St. Paul's and encountered several times since. This time our visit was more cordial. We had given

him and his wife a copy of My People Is the Enemy for Easter, and I think they were deeply touched. This time he was less suspicious, less defensive, less insistent that we "get the hell out of town." We had talked this time of the Gospel, of what a white moderate could do when he discovered that the White Citizens' Council wasn't all-powerful, of certain changes in the school system that the grapevine said might be forthcoming. We left his office in a spirit of something very much life friendship. Something having to do with human hearts, something like the faith of the Church had been explored and shared with a white man in the black belt. We gave thanks to the One Whom we had besought as we stepped across the threshhold of his office, and quietly savored the glory of God as we strolled back to the car. We stopped for a light, and a man got out of his car and approached us. He was dressed in a business suit and looked respectable--this was not a redneck, so we could relax. He stopped in front of us, inspecting us from head to toe. His eyes paused for a moment at our ESCRU buttons and the collar. Then he spoke, very quietly. "Are you the scum that's been going to the Episcopal Church?" With a single voice we answered, "the scum, sir?" "Scum," he returned, "S-C-U-M. That's what you are--you and the nigger trash you bring with you." We replied as gently as we could, "We can spell, sir. We're sorry you feel that way." He turned contemptuously on his heel, and we crossed our street sadly. Yet it was funny--riotously, hilariously, hideously funny! We laughed all the way back home--at the man, at his cruelty, at his stupidity, at our cleverness, at the success with which we had suavely maintained "the Christian posture." And then, though we have not talked about it, we both felt a little dirty. Maybe the Incarnate God was truly present in that man's need and asking us for something better than a smirk. (I started to say "more truly human than a smirk...."

But I don't know about that. We are beginning to believe deeply in original sin: theirs and ours.)

The Judge, an Episcopalian and a racist, waited for us to finish a nervous introduction. We had encountered him only too often in his capacity as head usher, and we knew our man. Now that we sat in his elegantly appointed office in the Dallas County Courthouse, we were terrified. We knew what this man could do, and what we had not seen ourselves we had heard from our friends among the high school kids. We concluded with something more-or-less coherent about the situation in St. Paul's. He began. "You, Jonathan and Judy, will always be welcome in St. Paul's" We smiled appreciatively. "But," he continued, "the nigger trash you bring with you will never be accepted in St. Paul's." We thought for an instant about the beautiful kids we take with us every Sunday. Especially about Helen, the eldest daughter in the first family who had opened their home and hearts to us, a lovely, gentle, gracious girl who plans to enter nurse's training when she is graduated from high school this June. She must be one of the sweetest, prettiest girls in creation. Then anger rose in us--a feeling akin, I suppose, to the feeling of a white man for the sanctity of southern womanhood. Helen, trash? We should have left his office then, for we were no longer free men. Symbolically (a less symbolic phenomenon is real enough) he had raped our sister and friend. From that moment, we loathed the man--perhaps a bit more acutely than he loathed her. His sin...and ours. "The strategy of love" had already been lost. What, Lord Christ, does one do? Sometimes we do not know. Much later we told the judge that we thought the Gospel, as it had been delivered to the Holy Catholic Church (of which we hoped the Episcopal Church was a part,) rather specifically discouraged his notion that "our Episcopal Church is a white church." He answered that the Gospel also forbade our living with

negroes..."since God made white men and black men separate and if He'd wanted them comingled He'd have made them all alike." We asked him to cite New Testament evidence. He replied that he wasn't talking about the Gospel anyway, but about reality. He was quite clear that he knew God's thinking on this point, however. We then talked a bit about white supremacy and some of the means which had been used to achieve it. He denied that human slavery had had anything to do with it--and also that the beating of our kids on "Bloody Sunday" was any exception to his assertion that negroes get more kindly treatment in the black belt than they do anywhere else in the country--and concluded that the real problem was federal intervention in the cotton industry, in voter registration, in the churches. Towards the end of the interview, the judge brought up the matter of the photographers who had accompanied the first group who had attempted to integrate the church. Though we had been energetically involved in the attempt, we too, had not been entirely happy about the photographers. The judge insisted that we had brought them, which we denied. We made it clear that to an extent we sympathized with his objections. But he insisted on pursuing the point, claiming that since we were in the group we shared in the guilt of the group. Though we had not known that the photographers were with us until we got almost to the church, we agreed with the judge that we shared the "guilt" of the group. (It is not a guilt we lament particularly: the photographers made the moment an object of nations concern, which was entirely appropriate.) Then we suggested that, by the same token, the judge himself was implicated in the injustice perpetrated against the negro by the white men in Dallas County (actually he is notorious on his own hook, even by the standards of white moderates in the county). With some belligerence, he replied that he was not, that he had spent all his life in Selma. We missed the point

of the last and said: "Sir, you're a legal mind, trained to be consistent. Don't you see the inconsistency of what you've just said?" A crafty smile spread across the judge's face as he replied, "That's not inconsistent. That's the way we think here, those of us who have spent all our lives here and really know the situation." He had made the same point in several other contexts that only a southern white man who had never left the black belt could see things as they really are. His concluding remark was more concise than the home-style filibuster he had staged earlier (at a particularly crucial moment he had insisted on reading us page after page of a statistical school report): "I'm not guilty of anything. Only guilty men have trouble sleeping at night. I don't have any trouble sleeping." We could not suppress the retort that we thought maybe he should. In spite of ourselves, we went through the farce of shaking hands. As we had strolled to the courthouse, on our way to see the judge, we had recalled--only partly in jest--that "this kind does not come out, except by prayer and fasting."

When we got an Alabama plate for the car, we made the mistake of giving the Scotts' number in the federal project as our local address. In less than twenty-four hours, Mrs. Scott was notified by the project authorities that her house was being watched and would soon be inspected. If "those trouble-makers at the Episcopal Church" or any of their luggage were found, the Scotts would be thrown out in the street....We moved out a little after midnight when the streets were dark and nearly deserted. Fortunately, friends of the Scotts, who own their house in a negro neighborhood on the edge of town, offered to take us in. Then we noticed that we were being followed uptown, especially when we drove away from the church. Mrs. Scott told us one evening that the police had been looking for "the people who've been going to the Episcopal Church." We discussed the situation with

Bunnie's father, who felt that we were too remote in East Selma and insisted that we move in with his family. Now the telephone rings at six in the morning. When somebody finally stumbles out of bed to answer, there is only the sound of breathing at the other end.

When we moved in with out present family, we knew where Bunnie's mother stood. A few nights before, she had told us politely but emphatically that she didn't like white people--any white people. She knew from countless experiences that they couldn't be trusted. Until very recently, she would not have allowed white people to stay in her home. Though saddened, we were grateful for her honesty and told her so. We also told her that though we would understand if she didn't believe us, we had begun to love her and her family deeply. By the night we moved in her reserve had almost disappeared. She was wonderfully hospitable to us, notwithstanding the suspicion she must still have felt. We spent an evening with Lonzie and Alice at the Elk's Club. Late in the evening a black nationalist approached her. "What are you doing here with them?" he asked; "They're white people." Much to our surprise and perhaps a little to her own, she answered: "Jon and Judy are my friends. They're staying in my home. I'll pick my own friends, and nobody'll tell me otherwise." The name for that, Brother Stringfellow, is <u>miracle</u>.

The girls looked particularly beautiful as we went into church on Palm Sunday. Their gloves and dresses were freshly cleaned and pretty. Their hairdo's were lovely. There was a freshness, a quiet radiance about them which made us catch our breath. We were startled from our vision by a member of the congregation entering the church as we were. His greeting was unmistakeable: "You goddamned scum...."

The disappointments of Holy Week and the bitterness of Easter Communion at St. Paul's--we assume you have seen the copy of our letter to Bishop Carpenter--forced our eyes back to the inscription over the altar. "He is not here. For He is risen." In a dreadful parody of their meaning, the words seemed to tell a grim truth that was not exhausted by their liturgical import.

This is the stuff of which our life is made. There are moments of great joy and moments of sorrow. Almost imperceptibly, some men grow in grace. Some men don't. Christian hope, grounded in the reality of Easter, must never degenerate into optimism. For that is the road to despair. Yet it ought never to conclude that because its proper end is Heaven, the Church may dally at its work until the End is in sight. The thought of the Church is fraught with tension because the Life of the Church is caught in tension. For the individual Christian and the far-flung congregation alike, that is part of the reality of the Cross.

There are good men here, just as there are bad men. There are competent leaders and a bungler here and there. We have activists who risk their lives to confront a people with the challenge of freedom and a nation with its conscience. We have neutralists who cautiously seek to calm troubled waters. We have men about the work of reconciliation who are willing to reflect upon the cost and pay it. Perhaps at one time or another the two of us are all of these. Sometimes we take to the streets, sometimes we yawn through interminable meetings. Sometimes we talk with white men in their homes and offices, sometimes we sit out a murderous night with an alcoholic and his family because we love them and cannot stand apart. Sometimes we confront the posse, and sometimes we hold a child. Sometimes we stand with men who have learned to hate, and sometimes we

must stand a little apart from them. Our life in Selma is filled with ambiguity, and in that we share with men everywhere. We are beginning to see as we never saw before that we are truly in the world and yet ultimately not of it. For through the bramble bush of doubt and fear and supposed success we are groping our way to the realization that above all else, we are called to be saints. That is the mission of the Church everywhere. And in this Selma, Alabama is like all the world: it needs the life and witness of militant saints.

Jonathan Daniels
Judith Upham

"MILITANT SAINT"

> If you love those who love you, what credit is that to you? For even sinners love those who love them. And if you do good to those who do good to you, what credit is that to you? For even sinners do the same. And if you lend to those from whom you hope to receive, what credit is that to you? Even sinners lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love your enemies and do good, and lend, expecting nothing in return; and your reward will be great; and you will be sons of the Most High; for he is kind to the ungrateful and the selfish. Be merciful, even as your father is merciful.
>
> (Luke 6:32-36)

To love one's enemy....to love him alone and without defense, to love him sometimes in spite of himself and sometimes in spite of ourselves, to love him because his life means more to us than even our own; to recognize that hatred among people, that even the term "enemy" is an invention

of human frailty arising from our fall from Grace; and to recognize at the other extreme that love was made manifest in Christ Jesus, and is therefore no human invention but rather from God and of God in the very living reality of His Presence.

To take time out, to find ultimate concern and meaning in an immediate concern, in the midst of the dichotomy of extreme hatred and extreme love, to find that the incredible possibility might really exist for the Gospel to spread and encompass the hearts of men....this is what so many of us have found in the movement toward human dignity, toward freedom and equality. Still cowering under the statement that "God is dead", many of us over the years have been preparing to accept this as fact, and at the same time to make our exit from Christianity, with what we hoped would be a clear conscience. And yet as the needs of people can only be met by the Gospel and as we realize this, then we suffer a great collective guilt if we could have thought for one moment that "God is dead".

As long as our hearts turn away from God, then for us God is and will continue to be dead, and our hands will not be clean but rather covered with the blood of Christ. It happens today just as clearly as it happened two thousand years ago, that when we abandon the foremost commandments, when we shed the blood of a neighbor rather than act in love for that neighbor, we drive one more nail into the hands and feet of Christ.

The blood of a friend from seminary, Jonathan Daniels, was shed nine days ago in Alabama, and his whole heart, a very humble and kind heart, was involved in all that I bring to you this morning. Jon's very words almost seemed to forecast the tragic event of nine days ago, that "the tree of life

is indeed a cross" and that there truly is "death at the heart of life and life in the midst of death." I speak of Jon this morning because of all that I have taken for granted, because of him whom I took for granted, the truth of his love, which very tragically did not become real for me until his death.

Yet from the person, from his work, from his letters and from the article which he has left for us I know full well the humanity of the man in Selma, a humanity frustrating at times to others and consequently to himself, but still I know of a love which, out of his despair became the root of hope for so many of the people in Selma over the past six months.

Following "Bloody Sunday" in Selma, what Jon experienced there with so many other people forced upon him only one thought....that he had to be there with the struggle, to see it through, no matter how long it took and no matter what the consequences might be. He and Judith Upham, another student from ETS, received permission from the faculty to spend their Spring semester in Selma, but at the same time to remain enrolled in the seminary. They both came back in May, took their exams, and then Jon returned to Selma to spend the summer, continuing his work of teaching Negro adults and young people.

Jon had many marks against himself while he was in Selma, marks which took time to overcome. He was from the deep North, Keene, N.H., a locality as far removed from the problems of the Northern Ghettos as from the problems of the deep South. He wore a seminarian's collar, which separated him from the white community at least as much as it brought him closer to the Negro community. He was frail in stature, and his face was pale and as yet

unworn with the strains of hardship. And he was new, young, eager, determined....all of which the whole of Selma soon became aware as the demonstrations ceased, we all came home, and the every day chores of Selma were again taken up. At first he found himself practically as unwelcome among the Negroes as among the whites, for in receiving him their lives were at stake. In the path of Christ it seemed that he too had nowhere to lay his head. It never became easier, and it had few comforts. Such hopes as reconciliation, mission, love, witness, and even the Bread and Wine were seldom part of his experience....surely the Crucifixion pointed beyond itself to these, but that is where they all seemed to be for Jon....beyond. And yet occasionally the truth of Christ burst through, and indeed life truly was that which happened when he least expected it.

In the article which he left for us, he writes of "militant saints": Yes...saints...how many in the world there must have been and must be today, however unrecognized they must be, and yet at the same time how few they must be. And who are saints but simply Christians....as if it were really that simple. I think I can fairly speak for Jon in saying that we who call ourselves Christians should think twice about what we do before we call ourselves Christians again, and whether there is a militancy about our Christian life, or whether there is only passivity.

The demands laid upon the individual Christian are great, as we can see from the loss of someone like Jon, but they were never meant to be easy. The Cross of two thousand years ago will always be with us, to be met and never avoided, yet from it we rise into new life. "Death is what conquers the killer and not the killed." Those of us who live know this, even if we can not yet come to the reality of Easter, of which Jon wrote. Perhaps it is that Easter is

not ours to deal with, to meet and to welcome. This we have not done, this we have yet to do. For until we offer up "ourselves, our souls and bodies", in deeds and not just words, then we have not faced our Cross, our Christ. And if anything is very much with us in these days of frustration over such tragedies as both occur in our country and in our world every day, it is the reality of the Crucifixion. Hear some words from Christopher Fry's play "A Sleep of Prisoners".

> The frozen miseries of centuries
> breaks, cracks begins to move.
> The thunder is the thunder of the floes,
> the thaw, the flood, the upstart Spring.
> Thank God our time is now when wrong
> comes up to face us everywhere, never to
> leave us
> till we take the longest stride of soul
> men ever took.
> Affairs are now soul size.
> The enterprise is exploration into God.

Craig Hammond

JONATHAN DANIELS - A RECOLLECTION

It was difficult to be loving even within the Negro community: among the segregationists it was close to impossible. Jon was great with the kids (as well as with their parents). We established a pattern of going for drives in the country with families who invited us out for dinner, and soon all the kids in the neighborhood were clamoring to go for a ride every time we walked out to the car. When we could, we took them for short (and sometimes long) drives. One day we had eight kids in the backseat of the Volksie and another in the front seat on my lap. We drove over to one of the local

hangouts and Jon bought ice cream cones for us all. But the next day as we left for an appointment downtown, the kids crowded around the car again, making it nearly impossible for us to drive away. When we finally got them out of the way so we were able to leave, Jon muttered not quite under his breath, "The little brats."

When I was asked several weeks ago to write something about Jonathan and Selma for the Journal, I agreed only with great reluctance. So much has been written since August 20, and by men with a much greater facility for language, that I hesitate to add to the accumulation of words. But much of what I've seen so far leaves me very dissatisfied. I imagine this will too, but I'd like to say some of the things that others haven't and that ought to be said - things like "Hey, you guys, while you're busy talking about what a great hero, martyr, and perhaps even saint Jon was, don't forget we had a hell of a time waking him up in the mornings." As Jon himself was fond of remarking, men's motives are always mixed and life itself is, at best, an ambiguous business. There is such a great temptation to remember only the best about a dead person, especially when his death is the result of commitment to some particular "Cause", that our attitude can become almost idolatrous. Jonathan Daniels has become, for many, an impressive symbol. While it is true that his life, and more particularly his death, partakes of symbolic elements, it disturbs me (and I would guess a lot of the rest of us who know him) that he has been too frequently pigeon-holed into a certain category with most of the human elements of his personality edited out.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Jon, (and one which makes it very difficult to say much decisive about him) was his fluidity and flexibility. When we talked in February and March,

he was planning to teach theology in a seminary. April and May were marked by fluctuating interests in the Roman Catholic priesthood and a ministry as a college chaplain. By the beginning of the summer he had become more and more eager to do additional clinical training and was considering becoming a licensed analyst. During a phone call in mid-July, Jon said that he was close to despair over the state of the Movement in Selma and that he didn't intend to even mention civil rights for at least a year after he got back to school. However, a couple of weeks later he was making plans to spend all next summer working with the Movement - perhaps in Louisiana or Mississippi instead of Alabama, but still in the Deep South. In the midst of Jon's indecisiveness about the specific forms his commitment might take, there was one continuously decisive factor. He felt deeply his responsibility both to be concerned about other people and to discern, as accurately as possible, God's will for his life. We had several conversations about Christian obedience: about how one knows what the obedient thing to do is, about the actions implied in carrying through this obedience, and about the very difficult problem of what one does when he can't be sure what it is that He commands and yet must take some kind of action. I guess the only decision that we ever really came to was that one has to go ahead and act according to his best judgment of the situation and pray that if he is wrong, he won't be disastrously wrong.

I was standing around after the news broadcast of Bloody Sunday wondering what to do when Jon asked, "Are you coming with us?" Almost automatically I answered, "Yes." The decision to remain in Selma prepared to keep up with our courses as we tried to work for some sort of reconciliation was much more carefully thought out.

The night we had planned to return to Cambridge, we missed the bus. (Jon, as usual, was talking to someone and lost track of the time.) Returning to the home in which we had been staying, we spent several hours listening to the mother of the family tell us horror stories about previous brutalities, expressing her fears for what would happen when all the outsiders left. We were sickened by some of the things she said, especially when she told of being surrounded by police after a demonstration. Her daughter, Johnnie Mae, was next door, terrified and crying. Their only contact was by telephone because leaving the house would have been too dangerous. We were tempted to say, "Stop. We just can't listen to any more. It's too much for us." But then we remembered that our friends had lived through these experiences and that, as Christians, we had no choice but to listen. Later that night we talked to an Episcopalian priest from Los Angeles who was planning to stay about possibilities for future action. When he left, Jon and I talked for another couple of hours about how we could manage, practically, to stay. It seemed obvious to us that for us to have said, just by being there, "We're willing to risk our lives for and with you," it was almost a negation of our previous commitment of say a week later, "Well, we've got more important things to do now. So long and good luck." There was no real question about our staying. We had, of course, serious questions about the probability of any action being effective, but the issue seemed to be not effectiveness but faithfulness.

Included in our plans for working in Selma was a feeling of responsibility toward the white community, specifically as represented in the local Episcopal church. Reconciliation was important, but we felt (perhaps somewhat arrogantly) that it could best be effected by forcing the local parish to wake up to the necessity of being the Church, the Body of

Christ, and not just a social club for middle-class whites. Talking to members of the congregation was a frequently frustrating, occasionally encouraging experience. We quickly learned that we had to redefine our conceptions of the meaning of "liberal" and "moderate." More slowly we discovered that we had to learn to listen sympathetically even when we were disturbed by others' lack of ability to be as totally committed as we thought they should be. Jon was, on the whole, sensitive to what others were trying to say; he was also clear, concise, and relatively understanding in stating what we believed to be the demands of the Gospel. However, some of the things we said later to each other about these same people, the men and women whose growing concern we were trying to support, were uncharitable at best, unprintable at their worst. To be as completely loving as we are called to be was impossible.

Although Jon was characteristically sensitive to the needs of others, he could be amazingly obtuse at times. One Saturday night a group of us went out to the Elks Club, one of the few places open to Negroes, to have a few beers. We ran into a group of people from SNCC and Jon was fascinated. He spent most of the evening talking to them while one of the women with us and I were trying our best to keep her husband from getting too drunk. We suggested several times that it was getting late and we ought to leave, but Jon was too absorbed in his conversation to really get the message. When we finally did get around to going, there were two cars that had to be driven home. I took one while Jon drove some of the SNCC kids in the other. We got back to the project and Jon continued his discussion, leaving two women to get a rather angry drunk into his house. I was really annoyed, partly because it seemed so unlike Jon to be so unconcerned and inconsiderate. The next day I vented some of my hostility and he replied somewhat apologetically

He had many serious doubts about what was happening in the Movement, in ESCRU, in the churches, in this seminary, in his life. Nevertheless he acted (as we all must) in faithfulness and in expectant hope of God's mercy. Perhaps the essence of his witness lies in the reminder that God requires not extra-ordinary people, but ordinary people with an extra-ordinary commitment as channels for His grace-full action in the world.

Judith Upham

THE HOPE OF CHANGE

"Life can never be the same again." The naked words of Christian men have to wear the clothing of their lives, and the Dean's resolute words receive meaning, if at all, only in the transformed life of this community; whatever that may mean.

It does not seem to mean very much. Life goes on in much the same old way: We attend classes, services, and meals just as we always did. Sunday brings field work, just as it did last year; perhaps somebody will be inspired to go to Selma, but then people did even that last year. The faculty, the new junior class, the new library, the S.J.S. - they are here, as ever, in Cambridge. We are all a little nearer graduation, a little nearer having our new library, a little nearer having our ten million dollars; that was all to be expected. Our small ambitions have had their small fulfulments, just the way they always do. "Life can never be the same again."? But it is, frighteningly, abominably, drearily the same.

And then there is the silence; the guilty, cynical, grief-laden silence of the afraid. Afraid to take another Negro girl to another grocery store for fear of the Man in the Doorway who will say at the last "Jon died in Hayneville: what did you do?"

The martyrologists are at work, adorning Jon with a halo, lest we remember, remember it was a man like us who died as a Christian for his friend, and it is men like us who may be called on at any moment to do the same; the moralists have been at work too, expressing surprise that we have not all gone South, aggravating our guilt rather than faci their own. Life is very much the same: the silen nagging judgment in our hearts, and we try to bear it alone, and the ordinary round of seminary life conceals our closeness to despair. The world looks at this man who died much as it has always looked at the Man Who Died, and asks "So what?"

The Gospel says, as against the world, that the strategy of love succeeds where the strategy o hatred fails, that compassion works miracles and that with the weapons of non-violence we shall ove come. But the judge released Tom Coleman to the people and gave Jon up to be slandered, and it appears that the world is absolutely right. We espoused a cause and it let us down; we made a bargain with life and life reneged. The martyrologists may say it has not, and the moralists may cal on us simply to renew the deal with a higher invest ment still, but the facts are there and they have put us to silence. We thought we could make life different and it has remained stunningly, wretchedl the same. It is the vision of the sameness that puts us to silence, that puts us to the test. "So what?" The Negroes of Los Angeles have made their response, and there is no question that many will follow in their footsteps: the Viet Cong have called from Saigon, and the Africans of Salisbury will soon answer: there will be more, more of the same, just the same.

The question "What can we do?" is of course th primary reason for our despair, just as it is also its primary result. The conviction that if only we do the right things everything can be different is

shattered when we see just how little we can do. This is what must not stay the same: the civil rights cause, or for that matter any other cause, may be slow and in terms of human life and energy more expensive than we can begin to imagine: it may even fail, and what will become of us activists then? How many more have to die to prove that Pelagius was a heretic? We believed that love could triumph and we were mistaken - if we meant by love the love of Jonathan or any other man. That is why we are silent, because we cannot think of anything we can do, and that is the last thing we can dare to admit.

"Christian hope, grounded in the reality of Easter, must never degenerate into optimism. For that is the road to despair." Our optimism has been shattered, and Jon could see last May what the result of that would be. We see now that our commitment was not meant to be that of a zealot to a cause, of a humanist to the use of compassion or of the civil rights worker to the limited, if worthy, ends of that movement. Our commitment is to the Lord who made the reality of Easter and who will one day bring in his kingdom. Our commitment was meant to be one of faith first, and action only in faith.

If life is never to be the same again it will not be because life changes in response to our action but because whether life changes or stays the same we can still trust in God. It is no human virtue that should inspire us to make no peace with oppression, but the conviction that in God's good time, oppression will go the way of all flesh. Then we shall not invent success to bolster our optimism - who started the notion going around that Mr. Coleman would have a troubled conscience? - but accept the sameness of life and the failure of our efforts with an honesty that is long overdue. The fact is that we do not know when we shall be called upon to take

our walk to the grocery store and who we shall find waiting for us there with malice in his heart; even more important, we do not know what will result fro that journey, whether it be success or failure: we are asked only to respond when we are called, and t endure with patience and faith the guilty wait in library or classroom until we are. Life may stay unaltered for generations, but by faith we shall be changed, never to be the same again.

Peter Selby

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

When Dr. James Silver, history professor at the University of Mississippi, spoke at the Ford Hall Forum in November of last year, he was asked if he knew of any way the white, southern segregationist could be changed. His answer to that question holds all the successes of the civil rights movement in the North and South, "You love him." When the beaten marchers returned to Brown's Chapel on Bloody Sunday, they prayed for those who had a few minutes before beaten them and then sang a surprising song, "We love George Wallace, we love Jim Clark, we love Al Lingo." Of course merely singing this was an effort, but the important thing is that they were trying to love them. And when the Rev. Andrew Young, one of Dr. King's young lieutenants, spoke to the marchers in Montgomery, he addressed the segregationists with these words, "We are here to love the hell out of the State of Alabama." I think he meant "the hell" as both an adverb and a noun.

How do these people do it? How these people, enslaved for two hundred and fifty years and discriminated against for another one hundred, can love, or try to love, those who oppress them is completely beyond me. These are the very people

who have every right to hate me. But they don't. Why?

When asked this question, a teenager from Selma replied, "I've never really thought any other way." Or from one who has seen many more years in the South, "because they (civil rights leaders) asked me to." When an oppressed people can love and pray for their oppressors and we here at E.T.S. cannot, there is something terribly wrong with us. How many prayers did you hear for the other side of this struggle? The segregationists actually need our prayers much more than the others, for they, as their name implies, are separated from man and from God. They are the unlovely; the adolescents of Christianity.

We are fast approaching the time when we must stop saying to the segregationist, "Thus saith the Law," and start saying, "Thus saith the Lord." But we must show these people grace before we show them their sins. When legislation opens the ballot boxes and the lunch counters, the living rooms will still be closed. Those of us who consider ourselves the true representatives of civil rights must now ask ourselves what we have to offer to the segregationist; can we accept him as he is. He is a sinner; he segregates. My sin may not be his, but mine are no less real than his. It may be that I am too close to this man, to the knee I rode, the hand I held, and to the heart I must break.

Ray Worthington

MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

Today and tomorrow, you and I are attempting a task which is far from easy. Indeed I must confess that I came near cancelling the trip - on

several occasions - because I felt it might do more harm than good. That is still possible - but perhaps it is worth the effort - for us to try to establish some understanding between this community with its deep Christian concern - and the Diocese of Alabama with its special problems. I am sure that will require forbearance and charity on the part of all of us, and I pray that God may give us grace for the practice of these virtues.

If I may offer at this point a reminder of the nature of true Christian dialogue, no such dialogue is possible if we come together with our minds made up, about each other or about the problems we are to discuss. It is not possible if you or I come determined to win some argument or prevail against one another with some point of view - and determined to do so at any cost. Of course, we must come prepared to state our honest convictions and feelings, and to express them as well as we can. But we must also come prepared to listen and learn. But our prayer should be not that one or the other of us prevail, but that we speak honestly and listen carefully, God the Holy Spirit may begin to speak through all of us, and that <u>He</u> and <u>His</u> truth may prevail. I do not mean that I think this can happen magically, today and tomorrow, and be completed. But I pray that our conversation may move in that direction.

Now let me say that I have been tempted, - and it would be easy - just to identify with you and your feelings and concerns during this visit, and to identify myself against all white people in Alabama (except maybe the Attorney General). It would be easy just to agree with every criticism - including those directed against myself - and to offer no defense or explanation. All this would be easy because I often <u>feel</u> that way - and that includes feelings against myself and my failings

and my sins - all the way to the point of utter condemnation. There have been times - many of them - when I have been tempted to abandon Alabama, to express condemnation in a loud blast and then leave, as some others have done. It would be an easy course. But I have not done so - and simply to identify with your concerns and offer no information about Alabama, and no defense of the Church's role there, would not make this a useful or helpful visit.

On the other hand it would be easy for me to enter upon a vigorous defense of Alabama, and particularly the Church in Alabama, to condemn flatly all outside interference in our affairs, to stand my ground in that way for 36 hours, and to leave here with some real frustrations out of the way. That would be easy because there have been many falsehoods and exaggerations about Alabama - there are many good things and good people to defend - and some visitors to our state have done much more harm than good. But to enter upon that course would also make this visit unhelpful. And it would be untrue to the nature of Christian dialogue.

There must be some more useful middle way. And I would suggest that such a middle way has been our course - and our best course - in the Episcopal Diocese of Alabama.

> II Cor. 5:18 "God through Christ reconciled us to Himself, and gave us the ministry of reconciliation."

It is easy to assume that the ministry of reconciliation is simply a process of getting people to agree with each other, or at least to stop disagreeing actively, at any moral or theological level. I know some lay people, and have known a few clergy, who feel that the ministry of

reconciliation is fulfilled by just being nice to people - avoiding disagreement - no matter where they stand or what they believe. Somehow if you can just keep them comfortably located in Church - and make sure the Church sticks to religion and stays out of politics, economics and social questions, then, according to their view, God the Holy Spirit is supposed to do His work and convert them so that they come magically to think aright on all subjects.

And Christian reconciliation is by definition God's act in Christ, reconciling us to Himself and His way. But He lets us respond to His act and share in it. He gives us the ministry of reconciliation, which means first of all that God and His way must be set forth. And then men must be led to commit themselves to Him and be reconciled to Him and to one another, at the level of His way. Reconciliation is primarily reconciliation to God - but as men are drawn to Him they are also drawn closer to one another.

The prophetic ministry stands primary, then, the proclamation of God's work and command and being. It is perhaps the first part of our share in the ministry of reconciliation. Christian reconciliation is not just peace at any level.

The parent who keeps peace with his children by requiring nothing soon enough finds that he has done his children no favor. There must be duty and responsibility and discipline along with love. Indeed they are a part of real love.

But there are other ingredients in any real ministry of reconciliation. There is not only the goal and its proclamation. There are other things which must shape the strategy and the tactics of a ministry effectively aimed toward the goal.

One of these is understanding. It includes the knowledge of important facts and an understanding of feelings and attitudes which arise from those facts.

We have a diocesan foster home for children in Alabama. The children come from broken and troubled homes. Often they themselves are disturbed and present behavior problems. Of course, we want them to change; but in dealing with them we find it important to know how they got that way. I remember one little girl who did not speak. It would have been one thing just to insist that she must speak. It was another thing to understand that she was in bed with her mother when her father murdered her mother, and that she had not uttered a word since that moment.

In the same way, it seems important to me to understand how diehard segregationists got that way. And to understand their real and sincere fear of any change. Important to realize that all of our forbears helped create the problem - Africans enslaved Africans and sold them to European slave traders, who sold them to Yankee slave traders, who sold them to southern planters. So there was a long journey, involving many groups; but the destination was the deep south, which built its economy on slavery. Then a war and the release of the slaves, most of whom remained in the defeated, poverty-stricken southland. Only very gradually did the more intelligent and energetic Negroes begin to move north into an industrial economy. The rest remained.

It is important to realize that this was all a short time ago. My great-grandmother, who had been a member of a slave-holding family, helped raise me until her death. And I learnt at her knee that Negroes were ignorant, superstitious, dirty, diseased, dishonest, immoral - never to be called Mr. or Mrs., but always Joe or Annie - never to be admitted to the front door, but always sent to the

back - never to be trusted with money or valuables lying around. And on the average she was right about most of it, at that time.

After her death, because my mother worked, we had to have a maid. And I do not remember that we ever had one who did not have to be under treatment for venereal disease - and usually they brought an illegitimate baby along with them, to play in a clothes basket under the kitchen table while the mother worked.

Now, with stringent public health measures and improved education, much of that has changed. And I have had very special opportunities to unlearn those attitudes which were a part of my childhood training. But I have to understand that 90% of the white people in Alabama have not had that same special opportunity. Particularly in the small towns and rural areas, 99% have not had that opportunity and in those same areas more of the same problems remain than in the city.

In a poverty-stricken southland, the white people have provided what education they could for their own children, and very little for the Negro. And now it is important to understand the fear of the white minority in counties which are 85% Negro, when they contemplate full school integration, or universal suffrage. Four generations following the Civil War have lived by one pattern, and the demand for change - complete change - has fallen upon the fourth one, which started out learning the old pattern as being right.

It is perhaps important to understand that most white Alabamians have until recently - and many still do - attended Churches which teach that segregation is God's will. We Episcopalians, white and negro, number less than 1% of the population

in Alabama - and we are worse than suspect on this subject. Many of us have often been on the Klan telephone list, for midnight anonymous calls and threats and worse.

There are myriad more things which we need to understand as we face this whole problem, and there is not time to mention them. But much of this is changing, with amazing speed. The deep South is being industrialized, education is improving, people travel in the armed forces. This is the generation which must make the change. God's truth about mankind must be proclaimed. But any real ministry of reconciliation must include understanding of certain facts, feelings, and attitudes. Just to say that segregation and discrimination are wrong and must stop is almost like saying the mute little girl in our foster home should talk and must. The truth is that she must be helped to talk - with understanding.

Now I know full well that the Negroes in the South have been denied constitutional rights; they have not had equal justice. They have not had equal opportunities. Education has been separate but not equal. They have been often denied voting rights. It is important to understand their plight and their feeling, and their determination. They will not wait for another generation - and they should not. And it is not just a southern problem; it is a national problem and a world problem.

Once there is understanding about both sides of the situation, there is need for another ingredient in the ministry of reconciliation. If we know the moral and theological imperative, and understand the problem in achieving it, then there is need for wisdom in the approach to strategy and tactics. Our Lord called on us to use wisdom - even serpent-like wisdom - though remaining as harmless as doves.

Here I am sure we shall not agree easily. What I consider wise, you may see as cowardly. What you consider wise, I may see as foolish or harmful. Perhaps that is inevitable - maybe even good in the higher wisdom of God. Surely the Body of Christ has many members, with differing gifts and functions. I shall try to set forth a few points of strategy which we have felt to be wise in leading the Church and people in Alabama, and a few dangers we have seen in other strategies. Then perhaps later we can discuss them.

First, while trying to set forth God's truth and His commands, we have tried to do it in such a way as to hold most of the members of the Church together - and here I speak of the Episcopal Church in Alabama. Oh, we have lost members and support, most of them because we have been as outspoken as we have, some because of the greater outspokenness of the Church at the national level, and at the level of the National Council of Churches. It is not that we have as our goal the building of the Church as an institution, or just maintaining it, but because we need an instrument with which to work. When you have less than 1% of the population to begin with, and you think of the Body of Christ as Christ's instrument to be used and spent and given in His service, at least you want there to be a body to be used now, and offered with some purpose at a time when there is some chance of the offering being useful and in some degree successful in its purpose. So the bishops in Alabama have tried to speak in ways which would be helpful in Alabama, not just win approval outside Alabama. We have tried to maintain leadership, but believe it or not, we have often gone to the brink. Most of our clergy have done the same. A few have missed opportunities to lead; a few have gone too far ahead and have lost leadership

A second thing we have done - knowing how poorly most white Alabamians are prepared to accept

the wrongness of segregation, since they were taught its rightness at their mother's knee, and in other Churches, and from earlier court decisions - this second thing we have felt to be wise has been to stress obedience to the law. Repeatedly we have said, "Obey the law - obey the courts - obey the law." And it has been amazing how well the majority of our citizens have obeyed the law when the chips were down and final court decisions were made. There are lawless elements - yes - but the Justice Department and the Federal Government in general were surprised and pleased with the wide conformity to the Civil Rights Law, for instance. That is why we have been distressed by the emphasis on civil disobedience, in the Church and civil rights groups. Not that we do not see its theoretical rightness as an extreme measure under certain conditions. But we see it as a two-edged sword. It is not understood in its technical niceties by a public which reads only headlines. So we are distressed when it is actively advocated at this time in this nation, where the whole force of law is moving in the direction of guaranteeing justice and rights and new opportunities. I sincerely believe recent disastrous jury verdicts have come about directly as a result of that teaching, and its misunderstanding and misuse.

Once again, there are many other points of strategy to which our best wisdom has led us in Alabama. But perhaps those two are illustrative of the whole, and raise some questions for our later discussion.

Finally, beyond the procalmation of God's way, and our striving for understanding and our search for wisdom, there is the need for love. The need for ultimate concern for all people, the need to constantly pray God to redeem and not destroy, to convert and not condemn, to lead and not abandon.

And we need to pray God to use us for these purpos No one of these things comes of our own strength o initiative. They all come as gifts of God. Answe will come from His being and by His power, if they be right answers. Let us pray that we may rightly understand his will and be used in His work of reconciliation.

George Murray

(We are most grateful to Bishop Murray for allowin us to reproduce the text of an address intended fo the E.T.S. community alone, and ask that no part o it be reproduced elsewhere without prior consultation with him.- Editor)

REPORT FROM SELMA - DECEMBER, 1966

Poverty is a cash word in the South. Most Negroes and some whites have a surplus of it. The don't talk about it, until recently, because it's as common as water. It has been cultivated in the soil of life. It has been bred by the government and the Church. It has grown because it has been fed by segregation, prejudice, and blindness.

Poverty is not the absence of food, clothes, and shelter. That is the result of poverty, but poverty is much more than that. It is a way of life, an attitude, a fact which enables the afflue to make their way of life more affluent. Poverty is not the same as being poor. It is one thing to be poor; it is quite another thing to be caught wi in the circle of poverty. Poverty does not know a color barrier, but it the way of life for most Negroes in Dallas and surrounding counties.

And yet poverty is now worth something. It can be traded in for another way of life, a new

way of life, offering hope and a sense of worth, of dignity. This is the life of economic freedom.

Every man who is free to be poor knows the self-respect which comes from that freedom. Self-respect is this new way of life, the life of a free man. It is the opposite of poverty and therefore it has economic freedom at its base. Economic freedom provides the opportunity for self-respect in so far as it allows the individual to be responsible for some of God's creation; for himself, for his family, and for a few material things.

Today we are witnessing a breakthrough in man's awareness of his neighbor's poverty. The whole creation is groaning in travail. We have witnessed a few glimmers of light - an anti-poverty program, a Freedom Movement, a Jonathan Daniels, a few who understand that their own self-respect cannot stand the shame of millions in poverty.

The Church herself has been represented in the movement. She has cast a few bits of brightness in the dark world. And the most wonderful thing about it is that the Church's message is different. It is different from the rest because it not only teaches that the Church cannot exist in the face of others in poverty, but that economic freedom allows one to be a Christian. It allows one to be poor.

The Church and the non-church are cashing in on poverty; poverty is cashing in on this new creation. It's an economic deal but its results go far beyond money. It points to a new life.

What is poverty? What is this new flow of things, this new Movement to which poverty is giving itself? Before we look at the tide of the Movement let us look at a few faces of poverty.

Johnnie Marsh's mother was born a slave on th plantation. Johnnie has lived there all of his eighty-two years. He has been a sharecropper, not owning anything, simply working the soil in exchange for a place to live. It hasn't been bad. That's all he knows: the toil, the abuse, the cowering before the white man. It wasn't even until a few years ago that Johnnie had to worry about money because money wasn't used on the plantation. They used scrip, which they gave back to the owner of the plantation at his store.

But maybe Mr. Marsh does know more than that or maybe he knows how to hope. For at the age of eighty-two he became a registered voter for the first time. It cost him his home, the land that he worked, and his old way of life. He and his wife have no money and nowhere to go.

One good thing about Mr. and Mrs. Jule King's home is that it is out in the open. It is so much out in the open that the wind sometimes blows the covers off the beds at night. The structure was meant to be a log cabin but there is no caulking between the logs, the wooden windows have fallen off or are hanging at an angle. In fact, the enti structure is tilted. It is supported, at the one end, by two warped logs that lie on bricks a few inches from the ground. The building itself bows upward in the middle causing a mound to rise withi the room. One has to be careful not to fall into the holes in the floor.

Actually, there are two rooms for the ten people. The rooms are separated by an open space where jagged and broken boards, an extension of the roof, serve as a cover. Over the two rooms, the broken boards, the roof is complete with piece of scrap tin none too carefully nailed on. Some the boards swayed when the wind blew.

Everything sways. Including Mrs. Jule King who having leaned out of the open window to talk with me now rocked over the floor and came outside to sit on the porch underneath the open roof. She is huge. She is wearing a dirty dress, the scarcity of buttons causing her to fold her arms over her bosom to protect herself. She is wearing no shoes. Her legs are pocked with sores and lumps. I wonder whether it is a disease or simply the results of mal-nutrition. She knows how to look poverty-stricken. She has a large puffy face that matches the form of her pose. I guess she is a "good nigger".

The phrase "good nigger" has been coined by the white man to describe the kind of Negro who has been taught by his or her parents to play "dumb" before the white man. It means to know how to look, how to speak, how to say "yes suh" and "no suh"; in short it means that a "good nigger" does not expose himself in any way to the white man. It's for his own protection. Of course, a "smart nigger" is one who questions all this, one who speaks up, one who is aware of himself as an individual, or one who votes.

The Kings also have to move. And they have lost their credit. They are "on the move now", but they don't know where.

Maria is pretty. She is young and she now has her curlers up. She must be preparing herself for a dance at school. She is slender, a little thin; awkward but, in a shy way, attractive.

There's nothing pretty about the house. Cardboard is stuffed over the unpainted clapboard which is riddled with holes; coldness is everywhere except within three feet of the fireplace where it is too hot; the beds are jammed into the living room, the structure is small and rotting.

But Maria is pretty and she has clean clothes on. I keep thinking that she is probably still in school and is looking forward to an exciting career or a family. She is probably waiting for college or for her boy friend to take her away from this place.

She is embarassed when I ask her what grade she is in. She is twenty-three and has finished high school. Of course, she now has a job in town? No, she picks corn for her father.

She must move with her family. They are being evicted and they are losing their farm. This is a time of not knowing what will come up or where they will go. Maria will not have to pick corn for a while anyway.

The Movement, always in a state of flux, is now changing even more radically in Selma. It is looking for new directions, for new expressions that combine what has been won with changed methods for obtaining what yet needs to be won.

Marches, sit-ins, and side-walk confrontations with the power structure are no longer effective. They have not yet lost their purpose but they are on the way out. There are many reasons for this. One reason is that the white power structure has also changed its tactics. They are now polite and wise enough not to attempt to stop marches. So this kind of direct action loses its effectiveness.

But there are at least two more important reasons for this change in the Movement.

One is that we can no longer accurately use the term "white power structure". It is true that there are no Negroes on the city council of Selma, no

Negroes on the police force, no Negroes in the courts or on the juries, no Negroes on the Dallas County School Committee, no Negroes in any city or county position with a couple of exceptions in lower positions, and, of course, no Negroes in the state government. But it is also true that the Negro is beginning to have an influence on the city and county governments. This has come about through the efforts of the Movement, which has influenced public opinion, brought about federal laws and special programs, and, most important, has given to the Negro a sense of self-respect and identity. The Negro now has limited power in so far as he now has something to say to the power structure. And once the Negro finds himself within the power structure, which does not seem too far away, then it will not be the best use of political power to march against it.

Then there is the hardening of the public conscience. People are tired of the war of the races. They have seen many conflicts, witnessed numerous acts of violence, and have read about one miscarriage of justice after another. There was, for instance, very little national outcry over the trial of the men who were accused of murdering the Reverend James Reeb. Still, that trial was an example of "segregated justice" not simply because the men were acquitted but because the entire tone of the trial lent itself to acquittal. The trial was delayed and postponed several times, key witnesses were discounted or were not subpoenaed by the county sheriff Jim Clark, the doctor who ministered to Jim Reeb was not called to testify as to his condition, the District Attorney did not follow the orders of the State Attorney General, and there was a failure to exclude the prejudiced jurors or to integrate the jury.

Now that throughout the country people to a great extent both accept and expect the evils of segregation, the civil rights worker finds himself

involved in anti-poverty programs, political education, organization of political parties, investigation of areas where whites are intimidating Negroe in the pursuit of their constitutional rights, dialogue workshops, and a vast amount of social work. There are even some instances when the more concerned white citizen will contact a civil rights worker for information or help. I have had several such calls. The people who have called felt that they could not do what they wanted me to do. They were not in a position to come out openly for human rights.

The old struggle for civil rights is levelling off, and the new struggle for human rights is taking its place. And with it comes the struggle for economic and political freedom. And with it also comes the backlash of the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society, and the White Citizens' Council. Just as a new wave of the Movement is here so too is the counter wave of desperation. This is why these groups are fighting to keep the anti-poverty programs out of Dallas County - because it offers the possibility of cashing in poverty and segregation for dignity and economic freedom. That is also why the struggle for self-respect among the Negro and the dispossessed is not by any means over; it is simply in the process of creating a New Movement out of its own ranks.

Through all the complexities of this struggle there emerges the truth that poverty among Negroes is associated with the old way of life. Poverty itself is an integral part of segregation. I am joining in the struggle against poverty. Certainly there is little I can do alone. But the Church has offered a union of militants - not a strong voice but a small working hand.

The Church joins with the non-church in the

struggle. Sometimes the two become fuzzy, one fades into the other. But the Church has a hope through Jesus Christ that the children of poverty will be redeemed as the poor of the earth. They will then know what the saints are singing about.

Everett Wenrick

For further copies of
this supplement
please write to the
St. John's Society Bookstore,
99 Brattle Street,
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Price: 20 cents per copy

Large orders at $9 for fifty
from the Business Manager,
E.T.S. Journal