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EPISCOPAL DIVINITY SCHOOL SERVICE
Cambridge, Massachusetts
November 7, 1990

(Organ music in background) Goes on for ²⁰ ~~ten~~ minutes. There is a sync ~~BEEP~~ about 18 minutes into this wordless introduction
Bishop Harris: The grace of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the love of God, the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

(Response) And also with you.

(Organ music)

Bishop Harris
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Greetings and welcome to this service of celebration, and particularly are pleased to have with us tonight persons closely associated with Jonathan, including his sister Emily, his brother-in-law Waddell Robey, Professor Larry Benaquist, and Professor Gloria Larry House, Reverend Richard Morrisroe, who, you will recall, was also wounded with Jonathan, Mark Oliver, who worked closely with him, Ruby Sales was beside Jonathan and was pushed to safety by him, Professor Bill Sullivan, and Judith Upham, graduate of this place (and closer?) from Jonathan. (Noise) Please be seated.

Judith Upham: Reading from the letters and papers of Jon Daniels. "My soul does magnify the Lord. My spirit hath rejoiced with God my Savior. I had come to evening prayer as usual that evening, and as usual, I was singing the Magnificat with this special love and reverence I have always felt for Mary's Glad Song. He has showed strength with his arm. As the lovely hymn of the Godbearer continued, I found myself peculiarly alert, suddenly strange, more decisive, luminous, spirit-filled hope that would, in retrospect, there might be others, particularly ...three years ago. (Screech) Then it came. He had put down the mighty from their seats, and now exalted the humble and meek. He has filled the hungry with good things. I knew then that I must go to Selma. The Virgin's Song would grow more and more deep in the weeks ahead. The faith with which I went to Selma has not changed, it has grown. Darkening coals have kindled it. Faith has taken wing and flown with a song on its lips. My soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in love and...I lost fear of the Black Belt when I began to know in my bones and sinews that I had truly been baptized in the Lord's death and resurrection...The only sins that really mattered, I already did, and my life is...the price in gold. I began to lose self-righteousness, when I discovered the extent to which my behavior was...motivated by worldly desires., and by self-seeking....exuberance. The point is simply, of course, that one's motives are always this, screech) and one had better know it. It occurred to me that, though I was

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reasonably certain that I was in Selma because the Holy Spirit had sent me there, there nevertheless remained a fundamental distinction between my will and His, and ... is His name. I was reminded by the universe, by the day of offices, by the words of confession, by the healing judgment of the Spirit that I am called....Every impulse, every motive, every as it is to be healthy and free within the ambiguities and tilted structure of a true equality of creation. Something happened to me in Selma which meant that I had to come back. I could not stand by and (BEEP) ~~vulnerable~~without compromising everything I know and love and trust (BEEP BEEP) The imperative was too clear. The stakes were too high. My own identity was called too nakedly into question. I realized the vision came to me as an individual person is not something that is ..spelled out the cause for everybody I know. Another friend..love is a testament..who at first was against our coming back...the day before we left. When the call comes, you have to drop everything you ~~are doing~~ and go. Sometimes the call comes, but whenever it comes, you must go...~~don't~~.....Though I have many.....(cannot hear) She continues to read from Jonathan's writings, but the sound has gotten very soft. ...I have the haunting feeling that I am flying with the mightiest wind in the world at my back. I hope you understand what I am trying to say. I am not sure that I entirely understand it myself.

Long pause (organ music) ~~ENDS-457~~ Everyone sings hymn.

Bishop Harris: As we offer celebration of the Eucharist, let us remember, that on August 20th, nineteen-hundred and sixty-five, Jon Daniels, seminary student and volunteer civil rights worker, was shot to death by Tom Coleman, a white deputy sheriff, in front of the Cash Store in Hayneville, Alabama. The killing took place in broad daylight, and the facts surrounding it were amply recorded, indeed, broadcast immediately around the world. God be with you.

Response: And also with you.

Bishop Harris: Let us pray; almighty God, you called your servant, Jonathan, to serve you with deeds of love, gave him the crown of martyrdom, grant that we (BEEP) following his example, may fulfill your commandments by defending and supporting the poor and by loving you with all our hearts. Through Jesus Christ, our Savior, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever.

Response: Amen. ~~END OF PIX~~

A Reader: A reading from the letter --second letter, of Saint Paul, to the Corinthians. (-----ninth chapter, sixth verse. T"The point is this: the one who sows sparingly

will also reap sparingly, and the one who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully. Each of you must give as you have made up your minds, not ---or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver, and God is able to provide each and every blessing in abundance, so that by always having enough of everything, you may share abundantly in everything. As it is written, ?? He scatters abroad. He gives to the poor His righteousness endures forever. He who supplies seed to the sower, and bread for--, will supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the harvest of your righteousness. The Word of the Lord.

Response: Thanks be to God.

Organ begins--

Woman: (singing/chanting) Alleluiah, alleluliah.

Response: Alleluliah. Alleluliah, alleluliah.

Woman: Chants that which I cannot understand.

Response: 3 alleluliah.

Reader (Woman): The Holy Gospel of our Savior Jesus Christ according to John.

Response: Glory be to you, Lord Christ.

Woman Reader: Very truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls to the earth and dies, it just remains a single grain. But if it dies, it bears much fruit. Those who love their life lose it, and those who hate their life in this world will keep it for eternal life. Whoever serves me must follow me, and where I am, there will my servant be also. Whoever serves me the Father will honor. The Gospel of Christ.

Response: Praise to you, Lord Christ. (footsteps)

Blaney Colemore: In the name of God who was and is, and is to come.

Response: Amen. (people sit down)

Blaney Colemore: The point is this: each one of us must do as we have made up our minds. Not reluctantly or under compulsion. And God is able to provide us with every blessing in abundance. So that we always have enough of everything, and may provide abundance for every good work. Lest a grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies, and remains alone, if it dies, it bears much fruit. Whoever loses, whoever loves life, loses it. Whoever hates life, in this world will keep it for eternal life. So Jon Daniels,

having willingly and as I remember it, even cheerfully, done what he made up his mind to do, fell into the earth when he died. And for those of us who for these past twenty-five years have watched this with growing awe, and fearful fascination, questions remain. What blessing beside a shotgun in the hands of a terrified lost deputy sheriff in Lowndes County did God provide for Jonathan when he had made up his mind? Did Jon have so little regard for his life in this world (BEEP) that he didn't care what happened to him? What is the fruit which has sprung from the ground in which Jon's body is now buried? What fruit?

I thought Jon was wierd! (laughter) I think he thought I was a dilettante. We arrived at school, we were both the same age, this more than perhaps anything else marked what has happened. We were twenty-three years old when we came to this school; when was the last twenty-three year old been in this place? (laughter) And though we were the same age, he came to this school seemingly already focused and committed, ready to go, with a background in theology; I came unformed, wondering. In Owen Thomas's theology course--some things are the same--(laughter) because my name begins with a "C" and Jonathan's last name begins with a "D", his small class presentation followed mine, the following week. And he used his finely-tuned Jesuit-trained mind to destroy my sixties feel-good talk of the week before. (laughter) Only I was --it was so--subtle and clever that I didn't get it until one of my smarter classmates started to ----, (laughter) And then I was really furious. (laughter) And that's how Jon and I first got to know each other. We crossed swords, and Jon was a sharp-tongued an acerbic worthy adversary. The other encounter which I had with Jon which remains still sharp back in these twenty-five years, was in the spring of 1965. A year and a half later. Jon --and I guess Judy, I guess you'd both come back to write their exams--and, one lovely lazy spring afternoon we found ourselves sitting on the steps of Meyerling (?) Hall, and we decided to unpack that earlier encounter we had had. And I was feeling to put it mildly, I was feeling anxious, and defensive. I had a gong?? to settle, I was a whiny, middle-class liberal, raised in the mid-south, in Charlotte, North Carolina. And I was a mixture of confused and afraid. Remembering the intensity of our earlier encounter, I braced myself. So it took me a little while to adjust to what followed. Two hours of a love song. Jon telling the story of what had happened to him since we last saw each other. A brave people in that little southern town who had taken him into their homes, after having been threatened with loss of their jobs, and perhaps their lives. Of little children, whose experience of whites was furtive and fearful. Who--one of whom when her daddy asked if she loved Jon, said, "No." But who finally climbed up into his lap and asked him if he would read her a story. I asked him about the white people, about being turned away from the Episcopal church, St.

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Paul's church, there, in Selma. He told of his rage, at being called scum. Of his indignation at having his new, beloved friends called "trash." And of his deep, abiding despair of his ever being able to look--(side A, Tape 1, ends)

Blaney Colemore: --was the only thing that could ever make a difference there, he didn't think he could do it. Jon talked about a man one day staring at him, his eyes sweeping up and down Jon, taking in his seminarian's collar, and his ESCRU button, Mark has one on tonight, -- the man's face, he said, filled with contempt. The man turned to his friend and he asked him, "You know what he is? His friend said, "No, what is he?" He said, "He's a white nigger!" Jon told about the fear he felt churning in his belly, and he felt the man's naked hatred. And he said this joy, this wondrous excitement, the wish, that it might be so, that he might somehow leap racial boundaries and would become one with these amazing people, with whom he had, for the first time in his life tasted that wild hope, that promise, that had been given to us, that love is stronger than hate. You see, Jon had fallen hopelessly, shamelessly, in love. In love with people he had never known before, poor, oppressed, people, people who had become a blessing to him, and in love with God's outrageous calling to Jon to be there in that tortured town with people who had been for generations oppressed and with other people who were terrified that the oppression might be turned right upside-down. He told them to register people to vote who had never imagined such a thing in their lives. He told them to teach their children to read, who had just assumed that lifelong illiteracy was inevitable. He talked about being more fully, unguardedly, outrageously Jonathan Myrick Daniels, than he had ever dared dream, that he might be. We never did get back to that conversation about Owen's theology class. And that, that is an abundant blessing, of which God provided Jonathan. A blessing so sweet that nothing could distract him from it. An infectious blessing, which caught many of us who were only able to hear Jon talk about it. A shotgun blast which brought Jon's body to the ground, was a terrible blast of reality. A stark underscoring of what Jesus must have meant when he said that when horrible, frightening things began to take place, that we should pay close attention, because the kingdom was breaking through. That everyone of us, every-one of us, even though everyone of us hungers for that kingdom ruled by God's unbounded love, that everyone of us, when we come face to face with that love, when we sense love which will tear all the boundaries of our lives down, and make impotent the parochial ways we try to control and make our lives manageable, that when we're faced with that love, our first instinctive response is fear. We feel as though so much more is being offered to us than we can possibly manage.

I Read about Jon's murder in the New York Times, as I sat on

the porch of a friend's beach house, at the New Jersey shore that August morning. I remember disbelief, shock, then a sob rising involuntarily from deep inside, and then later, much later, so much later, the gradual, awful understanding, that somehow this is what God means for us, all of us, martyrs, witnesses, so drawn into that frightening fullness of God's love. So unmistakeably invited to emerge from our cautious captivity; so unchained, so clearly called, that nothing, nothing not angels, nor principalities, nor towers, nor things present nor things to come or height or depth or any other creature, not not even our ancient enemy, Death, can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ's ??? That of course is how we --are gathered tonight around this table, this strange banquet set with everything we fear, and hate. Look at what God puts on this table for us--failure, betrayal, cowardice, revenge, pettiness, prejudice, death. What does God do with all this? God makes of it a feast. And---us, with nourishment, the abundant blessing by which we may feed those good works which God will do in us. -----Think of it, Jon! An icon, right here in St. John's chapel on Brattle Street in Cambridge, Massachusetts, an icon, we won, Jon! (much laughter) I bet you're not even embarrassed. (sings) "Be known to us, Lord Jesus, in the breaking of the bread."

Hymn is sung, organ, single male voice, choir.

Bishop Harris: Christ is the icon of the invisible God. (response) (Beep) Almighty God, you have surrounded us with a great cloud of witnesses. Grant we should, encouraged by the good example of your servant Jonathan Myrick Daniels, may persevere in running the race that is set before us. Until with Him, those in whose honor we have consecrated this icon, we may attain at last pure (still camera click here) eternal joy, through Jesus Christ, the pioneer and ~~reflector~~ of our faith, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever.

1. M. 1962 E. 105.
People: Amen. (organ music, begin singing a hymn). Let us pray to our God saying, God have mercy.

Leader: For the peace of the world, for the welfare of the Holy Church and God, for the unity of all peoples, let us pray to our God. (this is a chant.)

Response: (chanted). Lord have Mercy.

Leader: For our Bishop, and for all the clergy and people, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For our president, for the leaders of the nation, especially those who we elected, and for all in the polity, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For the city of Cambridge, for every city and community, and for those who live in them, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For the earth which God has given us, and the wisdom and will to conserve it, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For the aged and infirm, for the widowed and orphaned, and for the sick and the suffering, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For all those who have died, especially Miles (?) and Michael, and those who mourn their loss, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For the poor and the oppressed, for the unemployed and the destitute, for prisoners and captives, and for all who remember and care for them, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For all who have died in the hope of the resurrection, and for all the departed, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For deliverance from all danger, violence, oppression, and degradation, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: For the absolution and remission of our sins and offenses, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: That we may end our lives in faith and hope, without suffering and without reproach, let us pray to our God.

Response: God have mercy.

Leader: In the communion of blessed Mary, John, Jonathan,

and all the saints and martyrs, let us commend ourselves and one another, and all of our life to Christ our God.

Response: (hard to hear:) ---to Christ our God.

Bishop Harris: --- to name those men and women, saints and mm artyrs for justice, you wish to remember, at this time.

People name various individuals, unintelligible.

Bishop Harris: Hear our prayers, O God, and (here she is joined by other ministers) grant ?????

Bishop Harris: Grant that we who --holy saints and martyrs, for justice, and especially Jonathan Myrick Daniels, may serve you faithfully and the good of your whole creation. Through Jesus Christ our Savior.

Response: Amen.

Bishop Harris: The peace of Christ be always with you.

Response: And always with you. (bustling as people shake hands with one another.)

Bishop Harris: Walk (?) with love as Christ loved us, and suffered for us, in offering sacrifice to us (Him?).

Organ music. People sing hymn. Grace and glory, (good song, might do for a soundtrack. Good body to it).

Bishop Harris: God be with you.

Response: And also with you.

Bishop Harris: Lift up your hearts.

Response: We lift them up to our Lord.

Bishop Harris: Let us give thanks to our gracious God.

Response: It is right to give God thanks and praise.

Bishop Harris: It is right --good and joyful praise, always and everywhere to give thanks to you O God, Creator of Heaven and earth. Therefore, we praise You, joining our voices with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, who forever sing this hymn, to proclaim the glory of your ----.

(Organ music, people sing): Holy, holy, holy, Lord of --and might. Holy, holy, holy, God of power and might. Heaven and earth are full full of your glory, hossanah in the highest, hosannah in the highest. Blessed is he who comes

in the name of the Lord, hossannah in the highest, hosannah in the highest.

Bishop Harris: Holy and gracious, God, in Your infinite
 ----when we have fallen into sin and we become subject to
 ---You in Your mercy sent Jesus Christ, Your only and
 eternal Word, to share our human nature, to live and die as
 one of us, to reconcile us to you, the loving Creator of
 all. Stretched out his arms upon the cross, and offered
 Himself in obedience to your will, a perfect sacrifice, for
 the whole world. On the night he was handed over to
 suffering and death, oursavior Jesus Christ took bread, and
 when he had given thanks to You He broke it, and gave it to
 His disciples, and said, "Take, eat, this is my body, which
 is given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me."
 After suppler, he took the cup of wine, and when he had
 given thanks He gave it to them and said, "Drink this, all
 of you, this is my blood of the New Covenant, which is shed
 for you, and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever
 you drink, do this, for the remembrance of me." Therefore
 we proclaim the mystery of faith:

Respon se: Christ has died, Christ has risen, Christ will
 come again.

Bishop Harris: We celebrate the memorial of our redemption,
 Oh God, in this sacrifice of grace and thanksgiving.
 Recalling Christ's death and resurrection and ascension, we
 offer You these gifts , sanctify them while Your Holy Spirit
 is to be for Your people the body and blood of Christ. The
 holy food and drink of new and unending life in Christ.
 Sanctify us, also, that we may faithfully receive this holy
 sacrament, and serve You in unity, constancy and peace. And
 at the last day, bring us with all your saints into the joy
 of your eternal reign. All this we ask, through your
 beloved one, Jesus Christ, by whom and with whom and in whom
 in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all honor and glory is
 yours, almighty God, now and forever.

Response: Amen.

Bishop Harris: As our Savior Christ has taught us, we now
 pray.

All: Our Father (??) Hallowed be Thy name, your Kingdom
 come, Your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give
 us today our daily b read, forgive us our sins, as we
 forgive those who sin against us. ---and deliver us from
 evil. For the kingdom and the power and the glory are
 yours, now and forever, Amen.

Woman: Lord Jesus, (chanting) in the breaking of the bread.

Chorus: --Lord Jesus, in the breaking of the bread.

Woman: A Bread which we ----alleluia. ----

Chorus: --to us, Lord Jesus, in the breaking of the bread.

Woman: -----alleluia, ----

Chorus----Lord Jesus, in the breaking of the bread.

Three bongs.

Choir: --can't understand them.---pretty singing, however.

First notes of Amazing Grace are hit on a piano. All sing.
Good Anglo-Saxon version of this song. (End of Tape 1, side
B)
abruptly)

Tape 2, side A. Begins with sounds of people walking,
probably back from receiving Communion.

TAPE 5
Bishop Harris: Let us pray. (BEEP)

NOT PRECIOUS
All: ----dear God: We thank you for leading(?) us
--spiritual food--body and blood-- of our savior, Jesus
Christ. and--for assuring us the people of that we
are--members of the body of Christ, Christ, and heirs to
Your everlasting -----Jesus Christ, honor and glory, now
and forever, Amen. (BEEP)
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Bishop Harris: The blessing of God, Creator, Redeemer,
Sustainer, we--- you and remain with you forever.

Response: Amen.

Some other Female Voice: Christ is risen!

Response: (unintelligible)

Some other Female Voice: Let us go forth in the Name of
Christ, alleluia, alleluia,

Response: Thanks be to God. Alleluia, Alleluia.

Organ music begins. Then audience talking, tape ends.