

Audio only

ST. JAMES' CHURCH

JD Funeral side A

^{SERVICIA}
(organ) Priest begins to speak over the organ in background.

I am the resurrection and the life --he that believeth in me shall be---believeth in me shall never die. I know that my redeemer liveth, --though his body be destroyed, yet shall I see God, ---mine eyes shall be opened, we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord--gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. (organ has played throughout these readings.)

Priest: Psalm # 27, page 326 of the service. 27th Psalm. The Lord is my light and my salvation, who then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom, then, shall I be afraid?

Response: -----dwells in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; behold ---

Priest: --in the time of trouble --in His tabernacle, yea, in the secret wave of his winning (??) shall he hide me, and set me up upon a rock of stone.

Response: ---

Priest: Therefore will I offer ---with great gladness; I will --sing and speak praises unto the Lord.

Response:----have mercy upon me and hear me.

Priest: My heart hath --of thee; seek ye my faith. They faith, Lord, will I seek.

Response: 0-----

Priest: Thou hast been my succour, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God, my salvation.

Response: ---of the Lord--

Priest: O carry though, Lord---- (?) be strong and eke of comfort thine heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost

Response: As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, amen. (sounds of people sitting down)

Priest: Here beginneth the third chapter of the Book of Wisdom. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God. And there shall no torment touch them. In the ---need to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their

going from us, utter destruction. But they are in --. For though they be punished in ---. Having been a little chastised, they will be greatly rewarded, for God --and found them worthy for his---. And ---and received them as a burnt offering. And ----run to and fro like sparks upon the sun. -----and their Lord shall reign forever. They have put their trust in Him, do understand the truth (?) Such has been faithful in love, shall abide in --, for grace and mercy --in with the saints, and he hath prepared for ---. Hymn #126.

(Organ starts) hymn gets sung.

Priest: -----inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly --Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Christ our Lord.

Response: Amen.

Priest: Hear what our Lord, Jesus Christ, said. Thou shalt love --the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and the greatest Commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two Commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

(Organ) Lord have mercy on us, Christ have mercy on us, Lord have mercy upon us. (this is sung)

Priest: The Lord be with you.

Response: And with Thy spirit.

Priest: Let us pray. O eternal Lord, God, for whom this in life vouchsave we beseech Thee to Thineown Church in paradise and on earth, ---and thy peace. Grant that we following this good examples of those who have served Thee here, and are now at rest, may at last ---with them in ----. divine --joys. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Response: Amen.

Priest: The Epistle is written in the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, beginning at the fourteenth verse. "As many as are led by the spirit, God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of adoption against fear, and ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Falla (?).. The Spirit Himself, beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. And His children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For

the expectation of the future awaiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. We know that all things work together for good in them that love God; to them who are the call according to his purpose. What shall we then say to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? He let spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall we not with Him also freely give us all things? Who --is he that condemmeth (?) it is Christ that died. Yea, rather, that is risen again who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword, nay in all these things we are more than conquerors (?) to Him that loves us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor --principalities, nor powers nor --nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God. Which is in Christ Jesus-----. Here endeth the Epistle.

(organ cranks up--hymn is sung.) Amen. short hymn.

Priest: Holy Gospel which is written in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, beginning at the 57th verse.

(organ---short chanted phrase by choir)

Priest: Jesus said that all that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from Heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me. Now this is the Father's will which has sent me, that of all that he hath given me I lose nothing but to raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of Him that sent me, that everyone would seeth the Son and believeth on Him that has everlasting life, and I will raise him up, at the last day.

(organ) Praise be ----- (is sung)

All: I believe in one God, Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, and in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God, begotten by His father before all worlds. --God, light of light, ----, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father by whom all things were made. who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven, and --inspired by the Holy Ghost the Virgin Mary, and =----and was crucified ----He suffered and was buried, and the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, and He shall come again with glory --raising the dead, -----and I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceeded from the Father and Son who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified. Who --by the

prophets, and I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic church, --one baptism for the remission of sins, and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come, amen.

Voice: Hymn 385.

(organ cranks up) Hymn is sung.

Voice: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy ghost.

Response; ---

(people sit, I believe)

Priest: After Jonathan Daniels and Judith Upham returned for the first time from Selma, they asked and received permission from the faculty of the Episcopal Theological School to return to Selma in a continuing ministry of reconciliation and to try to keep up their studies as regular students. A number of times, Jon discussed with his teachers in theology the questions for which he was seeking answers. In a paper he proposed to write, on the meaning of Christ's atonement, he said he wanted to analyze why some civil rights workers wereso self-righteous; why in the strategy of non-violence, many were led to say they loved their persecutors when they really felt a deep hostility toward them. How mixed human motivations could possibly be related to that act of perfect love in which Christ on the cross gave Himself for all men. The answers that Jonathan found in his ministry are set forth in this highly personal paper which he wrote on June 22nd. His writing illuminates his Christian martyrdom more honestly and realistically than any comment by another person. The document which he wrote. has been altered only slightly, and then to make certain references clear. "Theological reflections on my experience in Selma. Many times since my reconversion three years ago, I have been asked with varying degrees of outrage and pain, why? I have found that the best answer has been to tell a story, to sing a song of myself, which like that of the singer, finely modulated to the Song of Songs, the kernel Word of God. Intellectual history had to wait for flesh to tell its tale; that in itself was a great lesson for me. Before I left for Selma the second time, a kind friend asked me Sunday to theologize my experience in Selma. At the time the phrase meant something to me, chiefly self-righteousness, though I had yet to learn that. I was of course delighted. Since then, a kind of song has sung itself in Selma, and in Cambridge, as a consequence of which that phrase seems now unmanageably abstract. I shall therefore sing this song instead, a few bars of it, and hope the truth will out. At two o'clock in the afternoon of March 8th, I dashed into the TV room of the Episcopal

Theological School, for an executive committee meeting. As I grabbed a cup of coffee and found a seat, I had just time to overhear one of the brethren say that his wife planned to fly down before the chairman called the meeting to order. At some point on the agenda passed yawning, the brother whose wife was flying was encouraged to make his story. There was trouble in Selma, as we all knew from Huntley-Brinkley, and Dr. King had asked for northern volunteers. That was where his wife was flying. And he was trying to raise money for her travel expenses. A strategy was speedily devised for that purpose, and as we went our several ways, there was excited talk about the possibility of sending other members of the community. I raced back to Lawrence Hall, flew up three flights, and hurled myself into the room of a friend. Friend had been asleep, but graciously composed himself for what was visibly my latest insanity. I delicately reminded him that he invited me to go south with him over the spring holidays. To talk with Bishop Allen of Mississippi and others, and suggested that we go now. My friend was not free to go, and I went off to study, a little disconsolate. From I time to time I mused, could I spare the time? Did I want to spare the time? Did He want? Reluctantly I admitted to myself that the idea was impractical, and with a faintly pridish feeling, I tucked in an envelope, my contribution to the proposed Selma fund. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.' I had come to evening prayer as usual that evening, and as usual I was singing the Magnificat with a 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 God-bearer continued, I found myself peculiarly alert, suddenly straining, toward the decisive, luminous, spirit-filled moment, that would in retrospect remind me of others, particularly of one at Easter, three years ago. And then it came: 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things.' I knew then, that I must go to Selma. The Virgin's Song was to grow more and more dear in the weeks ahead.

After a week-long, rain-soaked vigil at the Berlin Wall, we still stood face to face with the Selma police, who ere flanked by the sheriff's posse, and backed by five or six ranks of state police. President Johnson had not yet addressed the nation, we were not a foot nearer the Dallas County Courthouse. I stood for a change in the front rank, ankle-deep in an enormous puddle flooding one side of the street. Tomy immediate right were high school students for the most part, and further to the right were a group of clergymen. My end of the line surged forward at one point, led by a militant Episcopal priest, whose temper, as usual, was at combustion point. Thus I found myself only inches from a young policeman. The air crackled with tension and frustration and open hostility. Emma Jean, a sophomore in

the Negro high school, would have been standing next to me before the line moved forward, called my name from behind. I reached back for her hand to bring her up to the front rank, but she did not see. Again she called, a note of growing concern in her voice. And asked me to come back before I got hurt. My determination had become infectiously savage, I insisted that she come forward, I would not retreat. Again I reached for her hand. This time successfully, and pulled her forward. The young policeman spoke: 'You're dragging her through the puddle. You ought to be ashamed, for treating a girl like that.' Flushing, I had forgotten the puddle, I snarled something at him about whose fault it really was, that managed to be both defensive and self-righteous. We matched baleful glances and then both looked away. Then came a moment of shattering internal quiet, which shame indeed, and a kind of reluctant love for the young policeman. I apologized to Emma Jean, and then it occurred to me to apologize to him and to thank him, though he looked away in contempt, I was not altogether sure I blamed him-- I had received a blessing I would not forget. Before long, the kids were singing, "I Love, Blank" filling in with the badge numbers of the policemen standing in front of us. The young policeman had apparently forgotten his badge, so one of my friends asked another his name. His name was Charlie, which for some reason, Steinbeck, perhaps, endeared him to me all the more. When we sang for him, he blushed, and then smiled in a truly sacramental mixture of embarrassment, and pleasure, and shyness. Soon the policeman looked relaxed, we all lit cigarettes in a couple of instances from a common match, and a small group of kids and policemen, clustered to joke or talk cautiously about the situation. It was thus a shock later to look across the rank at the clergymen and their opposites, who glared across a still-unbroken wall, in what appeared to be silent hatred. But I'd been freely arranging the order for evening prayer that night, I think I might have followed the general confession, directly with the general thanksgiving, or perhaps the tee dee-r. I was prepared for a tiresome crop of sermons as I entered St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Selma on Good Friday, for the interdenominational seven last words. Most were as bad, in fact, as I had expected. One, on the other hand, was unforgettable. Dr. Newton, the pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Selma, himself an integrationist, preached about the word, "I thirst." The point of his meditation was that Jesus had had the humility and freedom to ask for water from his enemies. On Easter Sunday we were made to sit in our pew at the rear of St. Paul's Episcopal church, yards from the nearest communicants, until everybody else had communicated, and returned to their seats. When finally we were allowed to approach the altar, the looks and gestures of hostility we encountered on the way were palpable. Though I had tried to make careful and foresighted preparation, I found myself falling prey to the reigning dynamics. Then it occurred to

me that if I could not go to the altar in genuine charity, in chaste compassion, then I would go only to my peril. For by my very presence I had assumed responsibility for the weaker brethren. I had heard, and probably made, scornful remarks about the validity of any celebration at St. Paul's. Now, validity was an existential and decisive question, but the validity in question was entirely my own. I could not make my communion without sorrow under the circumstances, but I had begun to taste joy and perhaps the triumph of the cross. The night before, Judy Upham, my fellow student from the Episcopal Theological School, and I left for the north, we were the dinner guests of the priests and brothers at the Edmundite negro mission. After dinner we withdrew with Father Ouellet, the pastor, to his living room. Our friend began to talk equally and openly of his experience and of his life in Selma in particular. We were stunned at the honesty, the integrity and the beauty of this saintly man. Though he graciously provided opportunities for us to talk, to share with him our concerns and beliefs and observations, it became increasingly clear to us that we could have little to say to the pain and the quiet glory of that life, except that we revered and loved him. He said that after 12 years in Selma, he had finally stopped hating, perhaps it was merely because he was nearly 40, but his bitterness had gone, though, as a "white nigger," he had been repeatedly rebuffed by the white Protestant clergymen in town, and presumably by the pastor of the white Catholic church as well, though Father Ouellet himself is white. He thought it was time to try again, to establish some sort of relationship with them all. Father Ouellet said at some point early in the evening that he had discovered what the ecumenical movement was all about when he had begun to notice our faces in the congregation at mass each Sunday. We had gotten into the habit of picking up the kids in the Negro family with whom we stayed, after early Communion at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and taking them out to St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church. As we knelt for his blessing before we left, he placed his hands on our heads and we knew that from almost any perspective a miracle had taken place. As we packed the car, our last day in Selma, to return to seminary, my eye caught a number of times on the Alabama license tag. Each time it occurred to me at some point on our route, it might be expedient to dig out Judy's Massachusetts' plates. Yet I could not bring myself to remove the blue and orange tag which in an ambivalent fashion, I had come to love. It may have been only that my first memories are of towns in Kentucky and Arkansas where my family lived during WWII, and the fact that I had been graduated from a college in Virginia. At any rate, I could not remove the tag. When we left Washington on the Baltimore belt, an attractive Negro couple in a glistening new black Chevy pulled out behind us and shot by. As they passed, they both turned and stared. I nodded to them and tried to return their gaze, but instead I found myself

flushing under their cool stare, and I quickly turned away. In their eyes, my identity was painfully clear. I wanted to shout to them, "No, I am not an Alabama white. I am on your side. We rode for a few miles in deeply troubled silence. There were no words that could dispel the pain and the shame and the vicarious guilt we both felt. Then gently, illumination came. Of course I could not shout, "No, no." That would be cheap. Cutting a knot that in the ambiguous conditions of a fallen creation, is far too sacred for minor surgery. To be a Christian, to be baptized into the death and life of the Cross, is not that simple. Whether we had known it or not, whether we liked it or not, whether it made any difference or not, we were in His name, and for His sake, on the Baltimore beltway----- (end of side A)

J. D. Funeral tape. ^{78102 B}

Male Voice: ---martyr for Jesus Christ' sake, our only mediator, and advocate.

Response: Amen.

MaleVoice: ----following the Commandments of God, --and henceforth in His holy ways. --take this holy sacrament and make your --confession to almighty God. ---

All: Almighty God, Father of , --Maker of all things, -----thy Majesty. have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, ----lord Jesus Christ' sake, and grant that we may ---honor and glory of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Male Voice: Almighty God, our heavenly Father, --His great mercy has promised forgiveness of sins, to all those---true faith, turn to you. Have mercy upon you. Pardon --of sins, confirm and strengthen --in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Response: Amen..

Priest: Here the comforting words our Savior Christ has said to all who truly ---"Come unto me all that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. So God loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish , but have everlasting life. Hear also what St. Paul said. . This is a true saying, and worthy of all men that --be seen (??) That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Hear also what St. John said. If any man sinned ---Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins. Lift up your hearts.

Response: We lift them up unto the Lord.

Priest: Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

Response: It is meet and right so to do.

Priest: It is very meet, right and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty Everlasting God. Who in the multitude of thy saints has compassed us about with so precious a crowd of witnesses, that we rejoicing in their fellowship may won with patience the race which is set before us. And together with them may receive the crown of glory that faith (fate?) is ---. Therefore the angels and archangels and of all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name,-----.

Organ cranks up. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.
 Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to thee, O
 Lord, O God, Amen. (that got sung by choir)

Priest: All glory be to thee almighty God--Our heavenly
 Father, for out of thy tender mercies has given thy only son
 Jesus Christ who suffered death upon the cross, ---. Who
 made thereby ---oonce offered, a - perfect-and sufficient
 sacrifice o--satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.
 And institute in His Holy Gospel commands us to continue, a
 perpetual memory of --His precious death and sacrifice.
 Until His coming again, for the night which He was betrayed,
 He took bread, and giving You thanks, he brake it, and gave
 it to His disciples, saying Take, eat, this is my body which
 is given for you, do this in remembrance of me." Likewise
 after the supper He took the cup, - and when He had given
 thanks, He gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of this,
 for this my blood of the new Testament which is shed for you
 and for many for the remission of sins. Do this as often as
 ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me." --and heavenly
 Father, --of thy dearly beloved Son, our Savior, Jesus
 Christ, we --servants in the celebrate and make pure before
 thy divine Majesty, that these, Thy heavenly gifts, which we
 now offer, a memorial ---thy Son---. Having remembrances,
 blessed passion, and precious death, --mighty resurrection
 and glorious ascension, ----- all-merciful Father, hear
 us, and in Thy almighty goodnessvouchsafe to bless and
 sanctify with Thy burden and Holy Spirit. These gifts, --of
 bread and wine, that we receiving them, according to Thy
 Son, our Savior Jesus Christ, holy institution, in
 remembrance of His death and passion, may keep--of His most
 blessed body and blood. --fatherly goodness, mercifully
 accept this, our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Most
 humbly beseeching --the merits and --of thy Son, Jesus
 Christ, and through faith in His love, we --kThy whole
 church may obtain remission of our sins, and all the
 benefits of His passion. In --=we offer and present unto
 you O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, --holy and
 living sacrifice unto thee. Humbly we beseech that we all
 shall be partakers of this holy Communion. May worthily
 receive the most body and blod of thy son, Jesus Christ, be
 filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction, and make one
 body with Him, that he may--us, and --him. Alnd although we
 are unworthy to our manifold sins, the -it proper unto thee
 that we sacrifice, yet we beseech thee to accept this, our
 bounden duty and service, not weighing our merits, but
 pardoning our offenses. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, by
 whom and with whom in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor
 and glory be unto Thee, O Father, Almighty, world without
 end.

Response: Amen.

Priest: Now as our Savior Christ taught us, we are bold to
 say,

All: Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, amen.

Priest: We do not presume to come to this --O Lord, trusting in our righteousness, but in Thy manifold and great mercy. We are not worthy so much as to gather up crumbs under thy table, but Thou are the same Lord who property always to have mercy. Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, --and our souls bought with His most precious Blood, that we may evermore dwell in Him, and He in us.

Response: Amen.

(Organ, choir sings a response) Have mercy upon us. Everyone sings a hymn. Rather beautiful, although I cannot understand a word.

Priest: Almighty and ever-living God, we most heartily thank thee for thou has vouchsafed to feed us, receive---holy---, spirit --most precious body and blood of thy Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ. And just as you --favor and goodness towards us, we are members incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and are also heirs ----everlasting kingdom, by the merits of His most precious death and passion. We humbly beseech thee, O Heavenly Father, so --sist us with Thy grace, that we may continue in that holy fellowship, and do all such good works as Thou hast prepared for us to offer you; through Jesus Christ our Lord, with whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory. World with out end.

Response: Amen.

(organ begins--all sing a hymn) Noises of people sitting.

Priest: The Peace of God must pass--in your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God. and in His son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always.

Response: Amen. (organ begins--all sing a hymn.) (organ cranks up again--sounds like the Halleluiahs chorus from Handel's Messiah. (tape ends, mas ends, on Halleluiahs chorus, halfway into side B).