

February 2007 Newsletter

S. CLEMENT'S CHURCH

2013 Appletree Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

Telephone: (215) 563-1876 www.s-clements.org

The Rev'd Canon W. Gordon Reid, *Rector*

The Rev'd Richard Wall, *Curate*

The Rev'd Lawrence R. Sipe, *Honorary Assisting Priest*

Peter Richard Conte, Organist & Choirmaster

Bernard Kunkel, *Associate Organist*

From the Rector

My dear People,

As you will all have seen, we are at present repointing and restoring the weather-battered stonework on the exterior of the north wall of the church and parish house. We are able to meet the cost of this (probably well over \$200,000 by the time it is finished) by borrowing money from our endowment funds, but this money must be paid back. As well as asking for capital gifts from any of our members and friends who can afford this, we are also going to have an auction in the fall, which should be fun as well as profitable. And, in order that we should not always be thinking of ourselves and our own needs, the proceeds of the auction will be divided between the Renovation Fund and the Helping Others Fund. This will provide the means by which the Practical Services Group will be able to perform the corporal works of mercy.

It is only February, but if the auction (which will be a silent one, with written bids) is to be a success, many preparations have to be made. We must arrange publicity and the venue for the event, and, most of all, we need to collect the items which will be auctioned. These can be all sorts of things and services. For example, those of you who have seen similar auctions will know that they can consist, in various proportions, of gifts, antiques, works of art; meals in restaurants, theatre tickets, gift certificates, offers to perform services (by which I do not mean the Last Rites!) etc., etc.

So, if every single person reading this were to give one thing for the auction, it would be a great success. A kind friend has already given us \$1,000 to start the fund going, and similar generosity will ensure a good and enjoyable auction. It will be featured on our web site and bids will be able to be made online as well as at the event itself. Of course, valuable and necessary as such fund-raising efforts are in a church, they have also the

even more valuable result of fostering fellowship and friendship among those who take part in them. The Practical Services Group will be meeting over the next few months to plan the auction, and if any of you would like to join this group and be part of the outreach it promotes to the poor and needy around us, then please speak to one of the clergy or to its convener, Ron Emrich. This Christmas the group was able, with very little notice, to gather together night-wear and bed linens for ten elderly housebound people, which were much appreciated. In the coming year they aim to do a good deal more.

I love the ancient Epiphanytide custom we have revived in S Clement's of a cantor (copied and in the pulpit) singing out the principal dates of the feasts for the coming year. It comes as a salutary jolt to hear in January that Advent will begin on December 2nd! But so it will, and so also Lent begins this year on February 21st. It is a time for reflection on what our Lord had to suffer to demonstrate the love of God our Father for us. It is also a time to deepen our own commitment to our faith by prayer, spiritual reading and study.

To help us do this, I propose to lead a class every Sunday morning in Lent from 9.30 to 10.15 on some of the great stories of the Old Testament and, indeed, its whole content. I find that many of us have but a faint idea of the riches of the Old Testament, and yet it is vital to our knowledge of the New Testament. After all, it was our Lord's Bible: all his knowledge of his Father, humanly speaking, came to him from his study of the Hebrew Scriptures, whether it was as a child at Mary's knee, or as a young man in synagogue and temple. In fulfilling the yearning of these scriptures for a fuller knowledge of God, Jesus transformed their meaning and built upon them his doctrines of faith, hope and love. But they were

the foundations and it is salutary for us to examine them. So, beginning on Sunday, 21st February the class will meet in the Anchor Room at 9.30

So, give up something for Lent; give something away to the auction for Lent; take on some good work for Lent; but most of all have a happy and fulfilling Lent.

Affectionately, your friend and Rector,

W. Gordon Reid

Kalendar

February 2007 – *The Holy Childhood.*

- 1 Th S Ignatius, B.M. *S Brigid, V.* [The Church of Ireland]
- 2 F **Purification B.V.M. Candlemas.** *Abs.* [The Community of S. Mary]
- 3 Sa BVM on Saturday. *S Blaise, B.M.* [Those with ailments of the throat]
- 4 Su **Septuagesima.** *Andrew Corsini, B.C.* [Parish]
- 5 M S. Agatha, V.M. [The Guild of All Souls]
- 6 Tu S Titus, B.C. *S Dorothy, V.M.* [Catholic Renewal in the Church]
- 7 W S Romuald, Ab. [Those who follow the Rule of S. Benedict]
- 8 Th S John of Matha, C. [Prisoners & captives]
- 9 F S Cyril of Alexandria, B.C.D. *S Apollonia, V.M. Abs.* [Those with dental ailments]
- 10 Sa S Scholastica, V. [The All Saints Sisters of the Poor]
- 11 Su **Sexagesima.** *Apparition of the BVM Immaculate.* [Parish]
- 12 M Ss Seven Holy Founders of the Servites, Cc. [Living Rosary of Our Lady & S Dominic]
- 13 Tu S Benedict Biscop, Ab. [The Benedictines of Elmore and Three Rivers]
- 14 W S Valentine, Pr.M. [An increase of Charity in our relationships]
- 15 Th Ss Faustina & Jovita, Mm. [The Organists & Choir]
- 16 F S Gilbert of Sempringham, C. *Abs.* [Increase of vocations to the religious life]
- 17 Sa BVM on Saturday. [The Society of Mary]
- 18 Su **Quinquagesima.** *S. Simeon, M.* [Parish]
- 19 M Feria. *Monthly Requiem.* [February Chantry List]
- 20 Tu Feria. *Of the Holy Angels.* [The Friends of S Clement's]
- 21 W **Ash Wednesday.** *Fast & Abs.* [Greater fidelity to the Lenten Fast]
- 22 Th Chair of S. Peter at Antioch. *Feria. Fast.* [Pope Benedict XVI]
- 23 F S Peter Damian, B.C.D. *Vigil.* *Feria. Fast & Abs.* [For a spirit of penitence in the Church]
- 24 Sa **S. Matthias, Ap.** *Feria.* [The Bishop & Diocese of Pennsylvania]
- 25 Su **Lent I.** [Parish]
- 26 M Feria. [Increase of devotion to the Passion]
- 27 Tu S Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, C. *Feria.* [The Acolytes Guild]
- 28 W S Oswald, B.C. *Ember Day.* [The Church in England]

Agenda:

- 2 February **Candlemas.** Low Mass, 7.00 a.m. Candlemas Ceremonies (Blessing of Candles & Procession) & High Mass, 7.00 p.m.
- 20 February Monthly meeting of Vestry, 7.00 p.m. [Anchor Room]
- 21 February **Ash Wednesday.** Low Mass, 7.00 a.m. High Mass, 7.00 p.m. Ashes imposed at both Masses.
- 23 February Stations of the Cross & Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 6.30 p.m.

Music for the Month – February 2007

2nd February, Purification BVM:

Ordinary: *Tomás Luis de Victoria*, Missa ‘Alma Redemptoris’
Canticle: *Robert Parsons*, Nunc Dimittis (*from the First Service*)
Motet: *Johannes Eccard*, Maria wallt zum Heiligtum
Organ: *Jehan Alain*, Variations on ‘Lucis Creator’
Théodore Dubois, Fiat lux

4th February, Septuagesima:

Ordinary: *Francesco Guerrero*, Missa ‘Simile est regnum cœlorum’
Motet: *Guerrero*, Simile est regnum cœlorum
Organ: *Nadia Boulanger*, Aria
Johann Sebastian Bach, Fugue in G Minor, ‘The Little’

11th February, Sexagesima:

Ordinary: *Claudio Monteverdi*, Mass for Four Voices
Motet: *Monteverdi*, Adoremus Te, Christe
Organ: *Sigfrid Karg-Elert*, Pastel No. 3
Zoltan Kodály, Epigram No. 5

18th February, Quinquagesima:

Ordinary: *Hans Leo Hassler*, Missa ‘Ecce Quam bonum’
Motet: *William Byrd*, Ego sum panis
Organ: *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*, Sonata III
Louis Vierne, Carillon du Longpont

21st February, Ash Wednesday:

Ordinary: *Gregorio Allegri*, Missa ‘Che fa oggi il mio sole’
Motet: *Allegri*, Miserere mei
Organ: *Johann Sebastian Bach*, Auf tiefer Not
Bach, Ich ruf’ zu dir

25th February, Lent I:

Ordinary: *Joseph Rheinberger*, Missa Brevis in F, opus 159
Tract: *H. Walford Davies*, Qui habitat
Motet: *Rheinberger*, Ave vivens hostia
Organ: *Rheinberger*, Cantilena
Rheinberger, Poco agitato (Sonata XI)

February

Month of Light in Darkness

IT is still very calm—but the frost is over. The hardness is gone from the air, and the cold, and that chill sense of binding. Instead, there is a feeling of moisture, which is also a feeling of growth—of the first growth. Already that growth has become apparent in the delicate catkins that hang from the hedges, in the frail budding of the trees. As yet there is no green, only a brown stickiness—no unfurling, only a close-packed promise. But life and growth are there, in the hedges, in the woods, and in the moist, rain-drenched earth, whose scents are carried up the lane by the breeze which has the first spring warmth in it. A slow light spreads over the fields at evening—yellow, rainy, reflected in the ponds and in the watery ruts. It is a faint light, a watery light, but it shines where a month ago was darkness.

* * * *

Once, long ages ago, there was only twilight in the world—not a twilight of the sun, though those were days of ice and snow and a strange desolation, but a twilight in the soul and mind of man, dimness and faintness and pale struggle in the spirit and mind and intellect—a world in which the earliest man saw men only as trees walking.

The last great ice age was approaching, and where once the forest had grown thickly, the trees were becoming scant. The forest-belt receded before the advancing world of ice, which came out of those parts which are now Scandinavia, and its place was taken gradually by barren tundras or steppes. In the forest had dwelt a strange race, common stock of ourselves and the apes. These

beings had lived in the trees, an arboreal life, far above the ground, more or less secure from the terrible beasts that stalked those parts of the world. When in a slow process of many hundreds of years the tree-belt receded, a large proportion of the tree-dwelling race went with it into the south, maintaining by migration the ease and safety of their old conditions. These migrants were the ancestors of the African monkey, born in the freedom and comparative security of the jungle, faithful to the old conditions and the old environment, to which they became more and more perfectly adapted in succeeding generations.

But what of those who remained behind? From tree-dwellers they had become earth-dwellers. They must painfully adapt themselves to an entirely new environment, and learn new ways of feeding, moving, living, at bitter cost to the individual and to the race. They were no longer safe from marauding beasts, the giant mammoths and buffaloes and elks that preyed over the steppes. It would seem as if they had made an evil choice, and would have been wiser had they done as others of their race and clung to their old conditions, following the tree-belt southward. Nothing but destruction could come of this defiance of their environment, this painful adoption of new ways. Those who remained after the trees were gone must surely perish.

But this first race of men (that yet were not quite men) had not acted entirely without light. Descending from the trees to the ground, their hands and arms, used hitherto for climbing, were now set free for enterprise. At last man stood upright. The ages went by, and his hands, no longer needed for mere balance and locomotion, learned skill. He picked up objects, used them,

shaped them, and with using the power and scope of using grew. At the same time, the dangers with which he was beset sharpened his brain into resource and constructive planning. His reason came to have a definite survival value in the scheme of things. At first it had been by strength alone that living things survived. Those were the days when the ichthyosaurus and the giant iguanodon roamed the earth. Then the survival factor changed, and the battle was to the swift—instead of the ichthyosaurus and the iguanodon flourished the reindeer and the hare. But now at last mind became dominant, and mankind triumphed by virtue of his better brain development, both over the swift and over the strong. His brain taught him stratagem to atone for his lack of swiftness, it gave him skill to make weapons so that his weakness was a match for the strength of his enemies.

But it taught him more than this. The light was growing, and one day a man drew a rough picture of a buffalo on the roof of the cave where he lived. He did not draw it in the spirit of imitation but in the spirit of power. By placing the image of the creature there in his cave he felt himself to have won power over it. Mere magic-making, no doubt . . . nevertheless by such an act man definitely asserted the power of mind over matter, of the unseen over the seen. The first upward step was taken. The *Præparatio Evangelica* had begun.

The long process had started which was to end in the “ethical monotheism” of Judea. From mere magic-making man passes on to the idea of propitiation. He adopts a personal relation towards the Unseen. Propitiation leads him to the idea of beneficence—his gifts are accepted, calamities and dangers are averted, therefore the Unseen, though cruel, powerful, and capricious must also know moments of loving-kindness. In time his gods are half good and half bad, but it is remarkable that continual contact with the Unseen through the ages both before and after history, slowly deepens man’s sense of its fundamental goodness. At last even his idea of goodness itself changes and

acquires an ethical significance. Isaiah and Jeremiah lift up their voices—Wisdom and the Son of Sirach speak—and the spiritual environment is ready for the coming of the New life, of the Virgin Mary, as in the ages of the ages ago the physical environment was ready for the birth of life in the virgin sea.

It was the suffering and struggle of man which made him first look upwards, and in the whole history of the world it would seem as if no step, either material or spiritual, was ever taken without pain. “Without shedding of blood is no remission of sin.” Perfect adaptation to environment—or, quite plainly, happiness—means the end of progress. If man is to go forward, he must be in a state of warfare and dissatisfaction with his environment—in other words, he must suffer. It would seem as if suffering were an indispensable condition of advance. The corn of wheat that falls into the ground cannot bear fruit except it die, and when the process takes place in consciousness, then it is suffering, no matter what its fruit.

You may speculate whether suffering would or would not have been a condition of progress if there had been no Fall. The first impulse is to answer unhesitatingly that it would not—suffering has a place only in a world whose processes are warped by evil, it can have no place in the scheme of an all-loving and all-powerful God. But, after a little reflection, you realize that, though suffering as we know it could certainly have had no place in a sinless world, nevertheless some process of which our suffering is a perverted image may have been a condition of advance. The free creature gladly doing battle with its environment in order to fulfil with a pure and loving will the intelligible purposes of God is of a different order from the creature bound by sin, who endures ignorantly and unwillingly its conditions of progress, which indeed has the power to abuse them into conditions of failure, so that pain no longer brings its certain redemption. Directly suffering becomes voluntary and intelligent it is no longer suffering at all. The

misery lies in the clouded mind and will, and it is for this clouding that sin is responsible. No one of us has ever suffered entirely of clear purpose or free will, so it is impossible for us to know the place of suffering in the Purpose of God.

But to the stumbling pain of our first ancestors we owe the fact that we stand upright upon our feet, to the first glimmerings of logos-light that bade them stay and fight a new

environment rather than follow their old one into happiness we owe, humanly speaking, the fact that we are men. The light shined in darkness, and the darkness overpowered it not. The pale February dusk is a-flower with the promise of Spring.

—from *THE MIRROR OF THE MONTHS*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, The Society of SS Peter & Paul, London

Our Patron, S Clement, on Repentance

Let us fix our thought on the blood of Christ; and reflect how precious that blood is in God's eyes, inasmuch as its outpouring for our salvation has opened the grace of repentance to all mankind. For we have only to survey the generations of the past to see that in every one of them the Lord has offered the chance of repentance to any who were willing to turn to him.

My brothers, do let us have a little humility; let us forget our self-assertion and braggadocio and stupid quarrelling, and do what the Bible tells us instead. The Holy Spirit says, The wise man is not to brag of his wisdom, nor the strong man of his strength, nor the rich man of his wealth; if a man must boast, he should boast of the Lord, seeking him out and acting with justice and uprightness. More particularly, let us remember what the Lord Jesus Christ said in one of his lessons on mildness and forbearance. Be merciful, he told us, that you may obtain mercy; forgive, that you may be forgiven. What you do yourself, will be done to you; what you give, will be given to you. Your portion will be weighed out to you on your own scales. May this precept and these commands strengthen our resolve to live in obedience to his sacred words, and in humility of mind; for the holy word says, Whom shall I look upon, but him that is gentle and peaceable, and trembles at my sayings?

Thus there exists a vast heritage of glorious achievements for us to share in. Let us then make haste and get back to the state of tranquility which was set before us in the beginning as the mark for us to aim at. Let us turn our eyes to the Father and Creator of the universe, and when we consider how precious and peerless are his gifts of peace, let us embrace them eagerly for ourselves.

— *S. Clement's First Letter to the Corinthians*

Poem for Lent

That was the day they killed the Son of God
On a squat hill-top by Jerusalem.
Zion was bare, her children from their maze
Sucked by the demon curiosity
Clean through the gates. The very halt and blind
Had somehow got themselves up to the hill.

After the ceremonial preparation,
The scourging, nailing, nailing against the wood,
Erection of the main-trees with their burden,
While from the hill rose an orchestral wailing,
They were there at last, high up in the soft spring day.
We watched the writhings, heard the moanings, saw
The three heads turning on their separate axles

Like broken wheels left spinning. Round his head
Was loosely bound a crown of plaited thorn
That hurt at random, stinging temple and brow
As the pain swung into its envious circle.
In front the wreath was gathered in a knot
That as he gazed looked like the last stump left
Of a death-wounded deer's great antlers. Some
Who came to stare grew silent as they looked,
Indignant or sorry. But the hardened old
And the hard-hearted young, although at odds
From the first morning, cursed him with one curse,
Having prayed for a Rabbi or an armed Messiah
And found the Son of God. What use to them
Was a God or a Son of God? Of what avail
For purposes such as theirs? Beside the cross-foot
Alone, four women stood and did not move
All day. The sun revolved, the shadow wheeled,
The evening fell. His head lay on his breast,
But in his breast they watched his heart move on
By itself alone, accomplishing its journey.
Their taunts grew louder, sharpened by the knowledge
That he was walking in the park of death,
Far from their rage. Yet all grew stale at last,
Spite, curiosity, envy, hate itself.
They waited only for death and death was slow
And came so quietly they scarce could mark it.
They were angry then with death and death's deceit.

I was a stranger, could not read these people
Or this outlandish deity. Did a God
Indeed in dying cross my life that day
By chance, he on his road and I on mine?

Edwin Muir