



Ascension
Giotto di Bondone (1267-1337),

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THE EPISTLE

OF SAINT PAUL'S PARISH—K STREET

AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON

MAY 2015 XXVIII NUMBER 5

From the Interim Rector

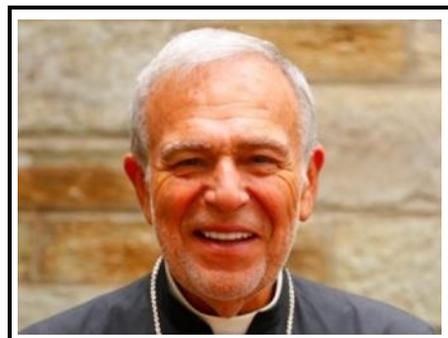
Letting Go

In the Easter gospel this year, Jesus calls out Mary Magdalene's name when she does not recognize him by sight. To his tender "Mary," she exclaims, with exuberance, "Rabbouni." We read in between the lines that she must have tried to embrace him, because he cautions her not to hold onto (cling to) him because he has not yet ascended to the Father.

How we like to cling to what we treasure, to what makes us comfortable, to those whom we love, to a precious moment or period in time, to an experience of the wondrous, the holy, to an experience of love in all its fullness and sweetness.

Peter did it at the Transfiguration, wanting to make three booths in which to enshrine Jesus, Moses and Elijah, to hold them and their incredible encounter in that place forever. Mary Magdalene wanted to do it with Jesus when she met him in the tomb.

We all want to do it at times in our lives, and as I look inside during April, with the awareness that I am likely to be gone at the end of May, I see myself clinging to our relationship and this experience as well. Like you, I have been through this before, every time I have graduated from a school or left one ministry for another. It tends to be easier when you are the one who is leaving and you are moving toward something else. I am leaving, but I am moving into an uncertain future this time, with no "call"—much like the time when I retired five years ago.



THE RT. REV'D JIM JELINEK

I made some mistakes then, and there were a lot of losses at once, losses that could not be predicted or planned for. This time I have more of a sense of equilibrium, which gives me more hope.

Some of what I hold onto are new relationships that formed quickly and more deeply than I might have expected. You have been kind to me and very supportive, most profoundly in the loss of Nico and the period of loneliness before I got Ezekiel. My greatest fear in moving here was that something would happen to Nico, that he would die, and that fear was realized. I did not have a thought beyond that if it did happen. So I was plunged into grief, and you walked with me through that time and into this new relationship with another companion, who is as much of a joy and a delight. The early healing that came, much because of your support and affection, was that something new could be as wonderful as what had been. And it is!

In getting closer to you, it meant that it would be all the more difficult to leave you. When we do good, loving, meaningful things for each other,

ST. PAUL'S PARISH SEEKS TO RESTORE ALL PEOPLE TO GOD AND TO EACH OTHER, THROUGH SACRAMENTAL WORSHIP AND CHRIST-LIKE LIVING.

THE EPISTLE

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there's a way that we make the other a part of ourselves forever, even though we do not mean to ensnare them, but giving the other the freedom to love us and to be loved is an incredible gift, and we often plunge right in.

This has been a lovely journey together. It has had its not-so-lovely moments, like the Israelites in the middle of the Red Sea with a pursuing army, like worrying about having water to drink, enough food to eat—and then finding that food is provided for us, like wrestling with the golden calf of certain types of tradition, and learning to be a new kind of community with different leadership.

I shall miss you, and some of you have been kind and said you will miss me. Thank you. Now you enter a new stage of the journey as the people of St. Paul's, and I want to remind you that if and when you are faithful to God's mission and live with hope, you will find God with you every step of the way.



Ordination of The Rev. Jeff Hual Sunday 24 May

On Pentecost Sunday, May 24, we will combine the two later services and at 10:30AM, The Rt. Rev. Philip Duncan, Bishop of the Diocese of the Central Gulf Coast, will ordain The Rev. Jeff Hual to the Priesthood in The Episcopal Church. The Rev. Carlos de la Torre, will serve as Deacon in the Solemn Pontifical Mass. This will also be Carlos' last Sunday with us.

The Vestry Calls The Rev. Richard David Wall as the Tenth Rector!

Beloved in Christ:

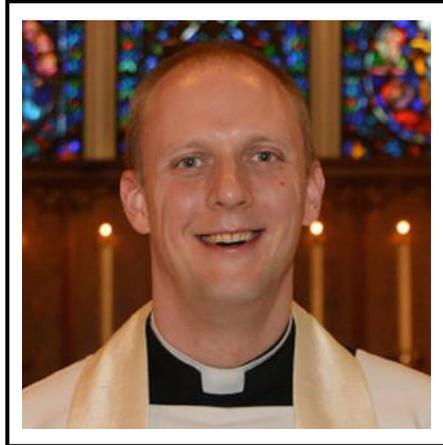
With great joy we are very pleased to announce that The Reverend Richard David Wall has accepted the Vestry's call to serve among us as the tenth Rector of St. Paul's Parish.

Father Wall comes to us from St. Andrew's, State College, in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, where he has served as Rector for almost six years. Fr. Wall was born in South Staffordshire, England. He did his undergraduate and seminary work at Oxford, studying at Christ Church and St. Stephen's House, respectively. Sponsored for ordination by the Diocese of Liverpool, he was ordained in Chelmsford Cathedral in 2002, and served as Curate for almost three years in commuter-belt Essex. On Valentine's Day 2005, Fr. Wall "crossed the pond" in response to a call from St. Clement's, Philadelphia, where he served as Curate for four and a half years. Fr. Wall is now a naturalized citizen of the United States.

In accepting the call, Father Wall remarked: *I am deeply moved and honoured to be called to serve as your tenth Rector. St. Paul's has earned a good name and fine reputation, and for many years I have been aware of its excellence in traditional liturgy and sacred music.*

My thanks to all who facilitated this search process-they served the Parish extremely well. The fine leadership provided by the Vestry is evident, as too the ministry of Bishop Jelinek and Father Sloane. Big shoes are waiting to be filled.

I believe the primary purpose of any church is twofold: proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and serving the poor. I look forward to being with



you, sharing in this ministry of proclamation and service, and finding a new home among the people of St Paul's. I also appreciate your willingness to tolerate another English accent!

Saying goodbye to the people of St Andrew's will be hard. Please pray for me- and them-over the weeks ahead. I look forward to greeting each of you personally in July.

Father Wall will be with us on June 5-6 to attend our Annual Meeting for an in-person introduction to the Parish community. He will join us officially as Rector on Wednesday, July 1, 2015.

Please join the Vestry in welcoming Father Wall to St. Paul's and in continuing to pray for our whole Parish family:

Almighty and everliving God, ruler of all things in heaven and earth, hear our prayers for this parish family. Strengthen the faithful, arouse the careless, and restore the penitent. Grant us all things necessary for our common life, and bring us all to be of one heart and mind within thy holy Church. Amen.

In addition to welcoming Father Wall, the Vestry wishes to express its profound thanks to the members of the Search Committee for their tire-

less work: Chris Mixter (Co-Chair), Jeanne Smith (Co-Chair), Kate Eikel (starting July 2014), Ann Korby, Tina Mallett, Laurel Malson, Jim Meeks (November 2013 to June 2014), Scott Spaulding, Michael Vreeland, and Charles Zakaib.

The Vestry also wishes to thank each and every member of our Parish family for your prayers, faithfulness, and perseverance through the interim period and search process. We hope that you are as excited as we are for this next chapter in our life together and our continued journey in faith.

Yours in Faith,

Allen Payne, Senior Warden
Edward Loucks, Junior Warden
Richard Best
Katherine Britton
Roy Byrd
Steven K. Chlapecka
Susan Granum
Remington A. Gregg
Todd Hanson
Matthew Leddicotte
Edith Coakley Stowe
Sarah Stoycos



Lent and Easter Special Experiences for our Children

Robert Eikel

On Holy Saturday, more than 50 children, parents and grandparents gathered in the church for the Liturgy of the Light, which is the Easter celebration for the Catechesis of the Good Shepherd. The Liturgy is a model version of the Great Vigil of Easter, geared to the interests and needs of young children.

The children inscribed and lit the Paschal candle, then processed from the font to the chapel while a cantor from the children's choir sang the Exultet. They read Matthew's account of the Resurrection and Isaiah's prophecy of a day when God's light will outshine the sun. And each child came forward to receive his or her own candle to represent the Light of Christ in our hearts.

After the Liturgy, the children returned to the font where they "resurrected" the Alleluia banner that they had colored and "buried" there at the Shrove Tuesday pancake supper. The banner will hang in the atrium through Eastertide.

Separately, during Lent Fr. Dominique and Deacon Jeff offered an instructed Eucharist for the children of the parish. The children visited the sacristy to see Fr. Dominique put on his vestments and learn about each part of the vestments. During the Eucharist, Fr. Dominique and Deacon Jeff explained each of the prayers and actions and the children gathered around the altar to see the celebration up close.

All are welcome to observe the atrium and learn more about CGS. Please contact catechist Robert Eikel (reikel@reikel.org) to schedule a visit.



Sad Farewell to a Friend of St. Paul's K St.

It was with great sadness that a few of St. Paul's parishioners learnt in late April of the tragic death of Elizabeth Pryor Brown in a car crash. For many years, Elizabeth was one of the core team of workers on St. Paul's K. Street's First Fridays Salvation Army meal preparation mission. She was an exceptional member of the U.S. Foreign Service and a highly recognized and respected historian, with books on Clara Barton and Robert E. Lee and a just completed book on Abraham Lincoln. She set a great example of humility, gentleness, compassion, and dedication.



Easter Photo Essay by Janet Wamsley

From Fr. Kyle



Dear people of St. Paul's,

Please accept my sincere and profound thanks for the many ways you've blessed and formed me in the past four years as both a seminarian, and member of the parish staff.

Partly because of our leadership transition, but mostly because of the diversity and vibrancy of our life together, I have had far more leadership opportunities than a (very) part-time priest could hope for: weddings, funerals, baptisms, evangelistic outreach, and so much more. I made my first confession here, and heard my first as well. This is a special community, and I will treasure my memories of the ministry you've so generously shared with me.

Kristin and I will be moving back to her "home turf," the Diocese of New York (Manhattan, Staten Island, the Bronx, and several counties north), shortly after she graduates. She will be serving as Associate Priest at St. Peter's in Port Chester, a mostly Latino congregation on the New Haven line in a working class suburb between Rye, NY and Greenwich, CT. This is a new position at a church that has grown greatly in recent years. We will likely live in the Bronx, and I will continue to work as digital missionary in the Center for the Ministry of Teaching at VTS.

I wish you every blessing in the next phase of your mission and ministry.



Finished but Only Just Begun

John Orens

This is a story that begins with Wilma. I met Wilma when my wife, Elizabeth, was pursuing a doctorate in religion and literature at Drew University. Wilma was an aspiring political scientist from the Netherlands. She was bright, cheerful, and a confirmed non-believer who had no interest in theology whatsoever. But because the university had very little housing for single graduate students, Wilma was assigned a room in the seminary dormitory. Drew is a Methodist school and Methodists, as some of you know, do not share our Anglican reserve. They are perpetually ebullient and eager to share their heartwarming faith. Poor Wilma, you might think. Fortunately, Wilma was a good-natured and tolerant young woman, so she got along famously with her neighbors. But she did find their faith perplexing, and one evening she voiced her doubts with a question that is as troubling as it is inescapable: “How can you say that Jesus saved the world, when the world is just as bad as it has ever been? What did the death of Jesus accomplish?”

A century-and-a-half ago, as he was defending his conversion to the Roman Catholic church, John Henry Newman confessed that to consider the tragic spectacle of human history and the inevitable anguish of human life “inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.” And in the 150 years that have passed since then, the mystery has only deepened. Its challenge was perhaps put most powerfully in “the Parable of the Old Man and the Young,” a poem (see sidebar) Wilfred Owen wrote in the closing days of the First World War, shortly before he himself would die on the battlefield.

And there, at the heart of the battlefield, in the center of the slaughter, hangs a man on a cross, torn by the contending furies of our sinful state; a figure whose desolation embodies every innocence betrayed and every hope despoiled.

It was on the mount of Transfiguration that God had clothed Jesus in dazzling brightness and said, “*This is my beloved son, listen to him.*” And now, on a dung heap outside Jerusalem, Jesus speaks to us, and from the cross utters a word that Saint John records as *tetelestai*, a Greek word for which there is no adequate English equivalent. It does not mean, “It’s all over. I’m finished.” Rather, it means something like, “It’s perfect. I’ve reached the finish line. I’ve been made whole.” It is the word a painter might say after putting the final brushstroke on a masterpiece. And with this astonishing pronouncement, Jesus invites us to make his wholeness our own, to take up our own cross and follow him. But what sort of wholeness can this be? How can we who are torn on the crosses of our own lives be made whole by taking up his?

Of all the paradoxes of the Christian faith, this is surely the most perplexing and one that, unlike the Trinity or the Incarnation, the Church has never been able to define. It confronts us with nothing less than a theophany, the unbounded presence of the living God. And it is into this boundless reality that we were baptized, our ending—our perfection—joined to our beginning, and our beginning joined to his ending. You and I have been plunged into a sacred spiral, the double helix of new life, the double helix

*So Abram rose and clave the wood and went
And took the fire with him, and a knife.
And as they sojourned both of them together
Isaac the first born spake and said, My Father,
Behold the preparations, fire and iron
But where the lamb for this burnt offering?
Then Abram bound the youth with belts
and straps,
And builded parapets and trenches there,
And stretchèd forth the knife to slay his son.
When lo! an angel called him out of heaven,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold,
A ram caught in a thicket by its horns;
Offer the Ram of pride instead.*

*But the old man would not so, but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.*

of atonement, at-one-ment with God. No theory can do justice to this mystery about which theologians continue to argue. All that I can do is offer three halting glimpses of atonement that may help us enter more deeply into its promise, glimpses that I would call personal, communal, and cosmic.

Let us begin with our selves, with our own souls. There is a saying in the Talmud that before every human being there marches an army of angels shouting, “Make way for the image of God!” The words are stirring, but what does it mean to be made in the image of God? Obviously we are not omnipresent nor, despite our hubris, are we omniscient or omnipotent. Indeed, it is in aspiring to these things that we fall into sin. It is not because we cannot achieve them that we sin nor is it because it is wrong to want to be like God. The sin is that our desire to be like God utterly misses who God is. Ever since that fateful day in the garden, we have confused divinity with autonomy. We have struggled to be self-contained and self-sufficient, worshipping a god of self-

fulfillment and self-advancement, a god blind to the world's pain and so self-enclosed that he is not even aware of it, all the while the one true God is hanging on a cross.

God is not autonomy; God is love. And love is self-abandonment for the sake of the beloved. It is the love that dances in the holy Trinity. It is the overflowing love that made us so that we might rejoice in love. The image of God is the image of love. The image of God, the image of perfect humanity, is Jesus of Nazareth, and there is no other way to God or to our deepest self than through him and his sacrifice. For the heart of divinity and humanity lies precisely in his loving, even joyful, surrender of self to God and to us, his erring brothers and sisters. When Pilate presented Jesus to the crowd and said, "Behold the man," he might just as well have said, "Behold Man! Make way for the image of God!"

Tetelestai. Here on the cross our life is made whole, here our humanity is made complete, for it is on the cross that God in man shattered the idol of autonomy and, through love alone, tore down the walls of our self-imposed captivity. As the old hymn puts it:

*Fulfilled is all the David told
In true prophetic song of old.
Amidst the nations, God saith he
Hath reigned and triumphed from
the tree.*

And so shall we if we will but take up our cross and follow him. God does not ask that we torture ourselves or, even less, that we despise ourselves. All that God asks is that we surrender ourselves to him so that he might fill us with love; surrender ourselves to him so that we might discover the love that we were created to be. Self-surrender, of course, leaves us vulnerable. But without vulnerability there can be no intimacy, and without intimacy we can have neither joy nor peace. You are never poorer than

when you are counting your pennies, never more fearful of death than when you are checking your pulse, and never more anxious for the future than when, like Prufrock, you are measuring out your life with coffee spoons. But if you lose your life, if you give it up to the beloved for the sake of the beloved, you will gain it. And the life you gain you will never lose because it is no longer yours. It belongs to God, and he has offered it up for us all; not just for you and me, but for the whole human family.

Here we catch our second glimpse of the mystery of atonement, for the prison of autonomy that shuts us off from God also shuts us off from one another. Remember that, as the Bible tells the story, with the loss of Eden came the curse of enmity: enmity between men and women, between brothers and sisters, between the powerful and the powerless. The whole of the Old Testament is a chronicle of human brokenness and of God's insistent call to his wayward children to leave the bondage of isolation for the freedom of community in him. It is a costly summons because to enter into authentic relationship is to come out of the world of comfortable illusions and all too comfortable privileges. Before Abraham became the father of a great nation, he had to take the exile's road from his native Mesopotamia. Before his descendants, the children of Israel, could enter the land of promise, they had to leave the comforts of slavery in Egypt and wander in the wilderness. The divine summons carries with it a two-fold pain, the pain of loss and the pain of love, for the community God intends for us, like the community that is the holy Trinity, is rooted in self-surrender. And its sacramental sign is the lifting up of the destitute and the powerless.

Abraham would have sacrificed his son and half the seed of Europe one by one had God commanded it.

But God forbids it. It is not the sacrifice of the innocent other that God requires. Rather it is the sacrifice of our own selfish pride. It is the demand that underlies the Law that Moses received on Mount Sinai, and especially its two great commandments: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind" and "Love your neighbor as yourself." These commandments are inseparable. Indeed, in the prophets they are all but indistinguishable. And when God's people refused to heed the prophets and to hear God's call, the call became flesh in the life of a Galilean artisan who chose to share the lot of the poor and dispossessed. To them he preached good news, and to the brokenhearted he brought healing and consolation. He did this not as an anodyne, but as a sign of the coming age of community that was breaking into the world. And when the world again would not bear the pain that love demands, God bore the pain on the cross. There Christ, who in his purity had embraced the impure, became himself ritually impure, and carrying that impurity into the heart of God, he tore down the walls of our self-imposed isolation. *Tetelestai.* And from the cross, Jesus calls us into ever deeper communion so that we, in turn, may go out and gather others in. This is what it means to be church, *ek-klesia*, the assembly of those called out to call the world in. Our task is not to remake the lost into our own image. Rather, God has summoned us to see Christ in them, so that they might see him in themselves and in us as we sit together at the banquet table of the Kingdom of God to which we and the cosmos itself have been invited.

It is here that we glimpse the third and most elusive mystery of atonement. Gazing at the world we cannot help but be struck by the contrast between its beauty and order on the one hand, and its pain and suffering on

the other. It is as if there were a great rift running through the universe and through the heart of every living thing, including ourselves. Why this should be is something we cannot entirely understand. The story in Genesis places the blame squarely on our shoulders; it was our sin that brought misery and death into the world. This, of course, is a myth. But it points to an inescapable truth. It is we who have turned the world's pain into sin, for it is we who turned blind suffering into willful cruelty. God gave the world into our care, and we have used our dominion to plunder it as if it were an enemy city that we had conquered and could now claim as our own. But "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell within."

Creation is gift just as our lives are a gift. This is the truth that underlay the Old Testament sacrificial system. It was God who received the first fruits of the harvest, not the farmer, not the landlord, not even the king. And although the blood of animals was splattered on the temple altar, neither the priests nor the people consumed it, for the Law taught that life was in the blood, and life belonged to God alone. But as the prophets came to see, even these covenant offerings did not reflect God's perfect will. "Do you think that I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?" God asked the psalmist. "Offer to God a sacrifice of thanksgiving (in Greek, *eucharistia*) and make good your vows to the most high." The day was coming, God told Isaiah, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

That day has now dawned, for on God's holy mountain—Mount Calvary—God has shed his own blood. And

in taking the pain of the world into himself, by surrendering his life, the lamb of God has knit together his sun-dereed creation. There on the cross we glimpse its perfection. *Tetelestai*. It was finished, and behold, it was very good. And just as God rested on the seventh day from all he had done, so Jesus rests on this holy Sabbath. But God's rest is not sleep; it is love. It was on the Sabbath that Jesus healed the man with a withered arm, and on the Sabbath that he told the cripple at the pool of Siloam to take up his mat and walk. So it is that on this Sabbath Christ descends among the dead, bringing deliverance to those in prison, lifting them out of the hell of sin and despair.

This is what the Church knows as "the harrowing of hell." Some of us have icons that depict the dramatic moment when Christ grasps Adam and Eve by their wrists, leading them out of the darkness as a great multitude of souls follow in their wake. Will anyone be excluded? Jack Nicholls, the retired Bishop of Sheffield, tells the story of a sixth-form schoolgirl whom he asked where Jesus was between Good Friday and Easter Sunday. She pondered the question and replied, "I think he was in deepest hell looking for his friend Judas." This is the love that raised Jesus from the dead, and it is this same selfless love that seeks us, leading us out of the shadows where we have hidden into God's glorious light, there to finish our baptismal journey and to enter into our Sabbath rest. And that rest is to participate in Christ's loving work of knitting together our broken lives, our broken communities, and our broken world.

It is finished, but it is not over. Nor, in one sense, can it ever be. Even on the day when Christ is all in all, the joyful self-surrender that is the holy Trinity will still be calling us into deeper communion with ourselves, with one another, with the whole creation, and with God. This, I think, is at

least part of the answer to Wilma's question. Why we are still here—why the world still awaits its promised consummation—we do not know. What we do know is that to us has been given a special grace; the grace of lives growing into the love that Christ perfected on the cross. The great American philosopher, William James, once asked, "What has been concluded, that we should conclude with regard to it?" Or to put it another way, of what can we say *tetelestai*? And the answer is everything and nothing, for what God has finished is forever new.

In his commentary on the Song of Songs, the fourth-century theologian, Gregory of Nyssa, likened God to the spring in the Garden of Eden that watered the face of the earth. "*As you came near the spring,*" he wrote, "*you would marvel, seeing that the water was endless, as it constantly gushed up and poured forth. Yet you could never say that you had seen all the water. How could you see what was still hidden in the bosom of the earth? Hence no matter how long you might stay at the spring, you would always be beginning to see the water. For the water never stops flowing, and it is always beginning to bubble up again.*" It is the same," Gregory observed, "*with one who fixes his gaze on the infinite beauty of God. It is constantly being discovered anew, and it is always seen as something new and strange in comparison with what the mind has already understood. And as God continues to reveal Himself, man continues to wonder; and he never exhausts his desire to see more, since what he is waiting for is always more magnificent, more divine, than all that he has already seen.*"

This is the perfection of God. *Tetelestai*. It is indeed finished. But it has only just begun.



A Mission-Based Partnership

Bob McDonald, FBWE Village Executive

A year ago this month, the Foggy Bottom West End Village moved into our office here at St. Paul's. Over this year, the bonds between St. Paul's and the Village have grown deeper.

Our relationship goes back to October 1, 2013, when the Village first became operational and celebrated our launch in the atrium. Thus we began the work of fulfilling our mission as a neighborhood nonprofit volunteer/membership organization in Washington, DC, that provides services and social activities to help residents live independently for the long term.

Our Village is part of the village movement which started in Boston in 2002 with the Beacon Hill Village. Villages are grassroots membership organizations made up of people who, as they age, want to live in their own homes and stay as independent as they can as long as possible. Realizing they may need some assistance to do this, villages look to volunteers from the community to assist them. There are now more than 200 such villages in operation or in development.

Since Foggy Bottom West End Village started 18 months ago, our membership has grown to almost 150 members. These members have benefited from services provided by our 75

volunteers, many of whom are members themselves and all of whom are from the local community. Volunteer-services have included: transportation for medical appointments, in-home assistance with household tasks, grocery shopping, prescription pick-up, technology assistance with computers and smart phones, mailing packages, providing friendly visits, and helping members organize their paperwork and various types of collections.

Our volunteers have responded to 465 requests from our members, with 630 hours of services being provided.

The Village has also focused on bringing members together for educational lectures, wellness programs, and social events. Research has shown the vital importance of socialization in promoting health and well-being as we age. Even in the vital urban setting in which we live, social isolation is a threat. So our social and health-related programs aim to build community by making connections between people.

Many of our members comment on how they feel more a part of the community. They now know more people. They recognize one another walking down the street. They realize how much they have in common with one another. They learn from one another as they share their histories and

their experiences.

It is in this process of building community, that St. Paul's has been a wonderful partner. Many of our programs take place in the wider community: in museums, restaurants, performance venues. Yet, since we began, we have had more than 100 different events and programs here. The Village has been fortunate to have access to the spaces here at St. Paul's for many of our lectures, support groups, exercise programs, and parties. We are planning to offer some programs to the St. Paul's parish community, such as this month's AARP Driver Safety program.

Just last month, the Village sponsored a concert with jazz pianist, John Eaton. Opened to the local community, more than 100 people enjoyed an evening of music as the St. Paul's dining hall was turned into a jazz club for the evening.

We at the Village are very appreciative of the relationship we have with St. Paul's Parish. We consider St. Paul's our "home," which is one of the reasons why our members and volunteers took part in last year's garden clean-up on St. Paul's grounds.

We look forward to the years ahead as we grow together in our shared missions to serve our communities.



Annual General Meeting: Saturday 06 June 2015



St. Paul's will hold its Annual Parish Meeting on Saturday, June 06, 2015 at 10:45 a.m. Please reserve the date. The Vestry Nominating Committee for 2015 is: Richard Best, Matthew Ledicotte, Edith Coakley Stowe, Sarah Stoycos, and this year's one non-Vestry member: Linda Wilkinson.

Please contact any of these members before 20 May if you would like to nominate a parishioner as a candidate. The parish by-laws require that to be eligible for election to the Vestry a person must be 16 years or older, a communicant in good standing of The Episcopal Church, and a current pledger at St. Paul's. The candidate must also, of course, be willing to serve!

Welcome to Hannah, Ashley, Stephen, Nicholas, and Penelope



What was your church background before you came to St. Paul's?

We were brought to St. Paul's by the grace and Providence of God, and we are very happy here. Both of us have seminary experience, and particularly love the careful practice of theology in the Anglo-Catholic tradition. Between us, we have been active at various points in our lives in the Independent Fundamental Baptist Movement, the FreeWill Baptist church, Presbyterianism, Congregationalist, charismatic Reformed, Lutheranism, and Anglicanism. To say we have had a vibrant and varied faith journey already is an understatement! Hannah grew up as a Fundamentalist missionary kid, in Grenada, West Indies, and in Singapore. Ashley grew up a Baptist pastor's kid in North Carolina.

What activities are you involved in at St. Paul's?

Ashley will be starting to serve with the acolytes soon, and Hannah is on the altar guild. Both serve as lecturers and have been discussion leaders for Jesus Train. Hannah also enjoys leading Taize chants with Father Dominique during special prayer services. Our sons eagerly anticipate the day they'll be old enough and tall enough to be altar boys. Already they are enthralled with the "smoke and fire" and can't wait till they get to play with it.

What is/was your occupation[s] outside of St. Paul's?

Ashley is a public accountant and Hannah is a birth doula and educator. We also together raise our three children, Stephen (7), Nicholas (5), and Penelope (1 1/2).

If you were talking with someone outside St. Paul's, what would you share with them to encourage them to come?

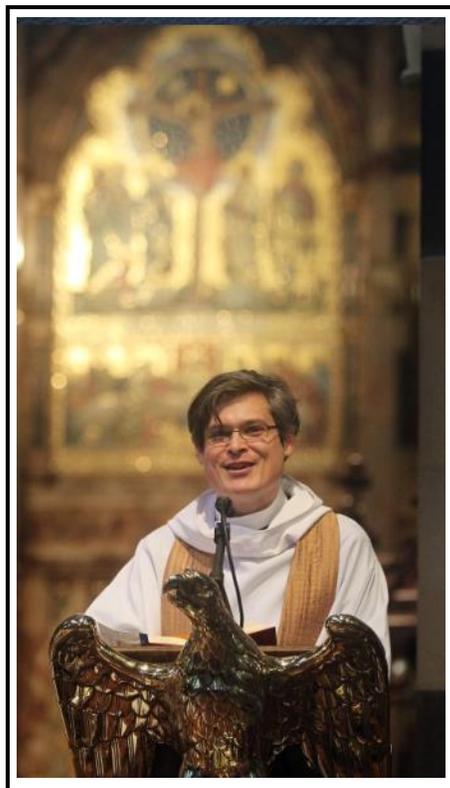
We often invite our friends to come experience high church worship, to see the value of sacramental worship supported by the beautiful music of a fantastic choir in a lovely church building. We are very blessed and privileged to be a part of the St. Paul's Parish family and are grateful to all who have been so welcoming!

Welcome Back a St. Paul's Seminarian!

Please give a warm welcome to The Very Reverend Dr. J. Andreas Loewe, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, Australia, who will be the officiant at Solemn Evensong on Sunday May 17, and offer the meditation at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Dean Andreas was our "summer seminarian" in 1997 (during our last interim period) and keeps in touch with his K Street friends.

Dean Andreas was born in Germany, earned degrees from Oxford and Cambridge universities and was ordained in England. In 2009, he moved "down under" to the homeland of his wife, Dr. Katherine Firth.



MAY ON K STREET

UPCOMING BIRTHDAYS AT ST. PAUL'S PARISH

1 Helene Beckwith Laura Kathryn Hanson	14 Barry Johnson Benjamin Locher
2 Larry Cook Robert Kursch Thomas Moreland Eleanor Simpson	16 Ron Grant Ashley Weichert
3 Sarah Buzby Erin Cromer Andrew de Michaelis	17 Ned Sieverts
7 Edwin Pewett John Schnorrenberg Janet Wamsley	18 Edward Britton Jeremiah Cassidy
9 Shaun Amos	19 Sophia Haughton
10 Harold Carrow James Spaulding	23 Rev. Larry Donathan Lowell Miller
11 Owen Smith	24 John Bohl
12 Sean Byrd Robert Eikel	25 Lawrence Campbell Arnitia Coley
13 Natalie Rathvon	26 Robert Harley Bear
	27 Reginald Wolfe
	28 Gwyneth Zakaib



SPECIAL SERVICES/ MAJOR FEAST DAYS

ASCENSION DAY

Thursday, May 14, 2015

6:45 a.m.: Morning Prayer

7:00 a.m.: Low Mass

5:45 p.m.: Evening Prayer

6:45 p.m.: Procession and Solemn Mass

PENTECOST

Sunday, May 24, 2015

7:30 a.m.: Morning Prayer

7:45 a.m.: Low Mass

10:30 a.m.: Solemn Pontifical Mass and Ordination to the Sacred Priesthood of the Rev. Jeffrey Hual, The Rt. Rev. Philip Duncan, Bishop of the Central Gulf Coast, presiding at the ordination and The Rt. Rev. James L. Jelinek, presiding at the Eucharist

6:00 p.m.: Solemn Evensong and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

TRINITY

Sunday, May 31, 2015

7:30 a.m.: Morning Prayer

7:45 a.m.: Low Mass

9:00 a.m.: Sung Mass

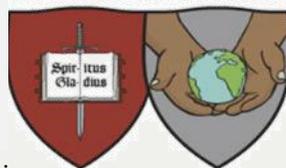
11:15 a.m.: Solemn Mass & Solemn Te Deum

6:00 p.m.: Solemn Evensong and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament



**Got an Hour?
Give an Hour!**

SAINT PAUL'S PARISH
COMMISSION ON MISSION



Help us help our neighbors: Please consider joining us in:

Grate Patrol – Delivery of Breakfast to Washington's homeless population

- Food Preparation: 2.30-4.30pm every Friday;
- Food Delivery: 5:30am each Saturday & Sunday, Contact Glenn Marsh: gmarsh338@outlook.com
- Bag Set-up: Anytime before 2pm Friday; Contact Tina Mallett (202-965-9324 or tmallett14@gmail.com).

Food Drive for the Foggy Bottom Food Pantry—Cuts in the Federal food stamp program make food pantries even more essential. Cans of fruit, vegetables or other non-perishable items can be placed in the basket near the baptismal font.



SAINT PAUL'S PARISH

K STREET — WASHINGTON

2430 K Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20037

202.337.2020
<http://www.stpauls-kst.com>

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

**Remember to mark your Calendar:
Ascension Day — Thursday, May 14
Annual General Meeting — June 06**



Francisco Camilo, Ascension, 1651