

THE EPISTLE

OF SAINT PAUL'S PARISH—K STREET

AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 2019 XXXIII NUMBER 2



Presentation of Jesus at the Temple
Vittore Carpaccio (1465-1526)

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Remembering our friend Patrick with love and with thanksgiving at this altar of God.

Sermon delivered at the Requiem Mass for Patrick J. White, IV, Saturday, February 19, by Fr. Richard Wall

I have a habit that serves me well: as soon as I'm assigned a pulpit slot, a sermon, I start writing – making notes – thinking. By the time it comes to typing a manuscript it's ready in my head, like an invisible scroll. I had weeks – months – to come up with these words, and I procrastinated. This felt like the very last thing I wanted to do, but something I would never pass along. For this is a loss we each feel personally. We can talk about long lives and happy lives but still that doesn't remove the sad strangeness from our hearts. Or how somebody so full of life – how our friend – is no longer here.

Patrick and I had a running joke about this Mass and this sermon. He insisted I would be still around and saying his requiem; I insisted that I would not - even in his dying he gets the last word. I asked him to write a list of all the places he'd ever lived and all the jobs he'd ever had for this very moment, but that proved impossible even for him. Almost every day some new story – some outrageous story – and I'd say to him look: what on earth do I dare include and what on earth do I leave out.



THE REV'D RICHARD WALL

When we think of Patrick we think of his stories – like wine, they improved with age and re-telling. I remember Patrick in full flow in, of course, Annies – and other parishioners mouthing “not quite like that.” You all know the favorite themes: tales of Shreveport Louisiana; his childhood Church of Ireland minister; years of naval service; teaching school in Texas; selling airline tickets in NYC – and nobody could mistake him for a Trump supporter. In the current Epistle, Jeffrey wrote about his ability to verbally riff: to leap from one utterly obscure topic to the next, without so much as a breath. How many times would somebody say: Patrick, how on

THE EPISTLE

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earth do you know that? He was a man with an exceptional intelligence and, I suspect, a photographic memory. My personal favorite was his extraordinary knowledge of Hawaiian royalty. He'd get very excited and attend low mass every year on Nov 28th so he could pay his respects to Kamehameha, who he knew to be a loyal Anglican, and suspected of being an Anglo-Catholic. Whatever the Kingdom looks like – I think Kamehameha and his lovely wife Emma have spent the last three months in some very long conversations.

Many of his stories – many of his sayings – were from his mother; to the end, Patrick remained her devoted son. I feel like I know this lady, even though she died long before I headed to DC. I know I'd like her. From Mrs. White I learned, for example, that it may be acceptable to ask for a second serving at dinner, but a third request is inexcusable. The order of today's Mass – the setting, the hymns, the readings, are those Patrick selected for her requiem 21 years ago, on Saturday 17th January 1998. Patrick loved any story about his relatives, ancestors, childhood friends. Just before he died he spent time in Maine with Lisa and his immediate family, and returned to K St glowing. He told me right then: I wouldn't change my family for all the money in the world.

I've been in this Anglo-Catholic world for a very long time, so I'd heard of Patrick for years and years: one of those names with so many connections in this tiny Anglican wing. He was an Anglo-Catholic's Anglo-Catholic. He kept a copy of *The Ritual Reason Why* on his desk, and when I went into his studio with Anne just after his death, there open on his chair was *Merrily on High*. Grant showed me that he transferred from Advent Boston to

We know as we pray for Patrick today that he stays with us, as part of the one church living and departed, as together we worship Him in whom all things are made new.

5th Avenue to St Mary the Virgin to here. I met him first in the parking lot. I was lifting boxes out of Allen's trunk when with a man with a bow tie and beard came hurtling out of the backdoor. He didn't introduce himself but it went something like this: oh I've known all about you for years, and when we're so relieved you're coming. I hope you have your biretta handy. And they've pulled an altar out but we'll get it right back again. I still had no idea who this man was – when I got back to PA and told Chris he immediately said – Oh... You met Patrick White!

Bishop Jelinek told me that when life gets difficult – call Patrick. And that's what I did. Always. And from that first meeting he stood by my side always. He walked with me. I tried to itemize the actual things he did here, and the list runs on for eternity. We could talk about bulletins, photocopying, answering calls, dealing with contractors, stuffing envelopes, working with funeral directors, ushering. Whatever the task: he did it not with anxiety or reticence but with joy. Or we could talk about something bigger and better: loving God; loving neighbor; loving this church. So many of you experienced being greeted by Patrick early in your time here – that real joy of welcoming, of pride in this place, his delight in the beauty and wonder of these traditions that give our lives shape and meaning. Or perhaps you were consoled by Patrick in a time of sadness – perhaps he just cheered you up. He understood that our needs matter – that people matter – and over and over I'd see him working on some small strange project, helping somebody with some small strange matter.

Patrick was part of our parish glue. He genuinely liked everybody here – he was fascinated by everybody here – and he had something good and extraordinary to say about each one of you. He probably knew more about your family history than you know yourself – Oh Father, he'd say, well you must understand that her great-great grandfather was the governor of... Delaware.

He didn't share what we might call the mega church vision. He val-



Patrick J. White, IV

ued the quality of relationship that comes in churches precisely like this. We talked once about what would remove him not just from the Episcopal church, but from St Paul's. And he thought for a while. And thought for a while more. And then he said – oh, I know: guitars. Or Taize. But thought for a while longer and said – well, I could just cover my ears. And he looked at me and said: you're stuck me with, I could never leave here.

That's it people - there's the real thing. There's stewardship and discipleship and community. There's faith

and commitment and sacrifice. There's Anglo-Catholicism alive. Church isn't first a social club or concert hall or mission agency or youth group or candy store or soapbox or tourist destination or supermarket or some place to wear the right clothes and say the right things. Church is a family – a family built on and protected by and rejoicing in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ. We are part of Patrick's family and he is part of ours, and in this great mystical body we will always be one.

This kind of faith I am privileged to see over and over again. It humbles me; it inspires me; it thrills me; it puts me to shame. I found it in Mary Brown and in David Parker and now, once more, in Patrick. It's more than habit or routine or personal taste. It somehow glimpses the truth and meaning of all that is: that which Patrick now sees with his own eyes. I speak of the glory of The Lord – The Vision Glorious.

It was this vision – this sense – this glory that is ultimately the story of Patrick's entire life. A glory he found so early and which never left his side. A conviction that coursed through his veins and hung in the air he breathed. You could see it in his eyes, hear it in his laughter, feel it wrapped around him. It is surely impossible to see that love of life – that exuberance – that sheer outrageousness – and not see God.

I have two memories of Patrick that will never fade. One is sharing our pilgrimage to the Holy Land with Patrick and also with Jon. It seemed he almost counted the days until that time beginning, and he prepared for it like an athlete – which meant reading lots of guidebooks and buying lots of

O'Douls. He did not miss a beat over those twelve days – climbed every hill, walked every cobbled road, followed every last inch of Christ's Palm Sunday parade. Over and over I saw him pray; over and over I saw him moved to tears. It was, for Patrick, an experience of fulfilment – of finding some kind of completion in his own faith journey. I never thought I'd see this with my own eyes, he said, but here I am and it's beautiful.

And then I remember Patrick during Jon's illness and death. I remember watching such great devotion to such an old and dear friend. I remember watching him grieve. And I remember his absolute conviction that death is not the end of our story – but, by the mystery of faith, in fact our beginning. I know that he loved his life and death held no fear for him.

The last time we saw Jon was late one Friday night. We'd been at a dinner party and Patrick was filled with a sense that we must visit. So there we were – late at night – standing by the bedside of a man clearly on the cusp between this world and the next.

We recited the Litany; we called on countless saints to enter that place and take Jon by the hand – and as I said each name, I felt that particular holy man, holy woman, holy child become present with us. I kept that thought to myself, but as we left Patrick shared exactly the same awareness – same certainty. And I know that as he left this life – unexpectedly, quickly, that same great company surrounded him, held him, loved him, and carried him home.

Jon's funeral was held in NYC, but Patrick urgently wanted a requiem said for him here – a black requiem – that we play our own part in the mechanics of salvation. For we are not helpless in the face of death – we can pray for those we love and see no longer, and we know that our prayers ben-

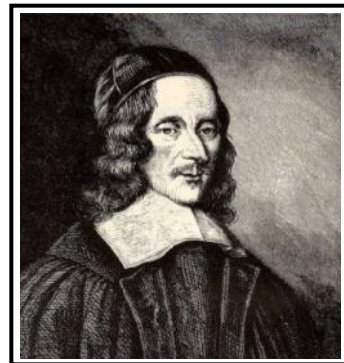
efit them – that our prayers are felt and received by them with joy. Now we do the same for Patrick. And we know that as we pray for Patrick today that he stays with us, as part of the one church living and departed, as together we worship Him in whom all things are made new.

Patrick shows us – reminds us – what ultimately makes this place special: yes, loyalty, dedication – yes, how these traditions demand our very best. But also that extraordinary gift of friendship. Jesus said *I have called you friends* – and He lived and died so you and I might be friends with God and friends with each other and friends with ourselves. And now our duty is to intercede for our friend; to keep him in the prayers of the living, for the bond of friendship and Christian fellowship and glorious communion cannot be dampened, even by death. At the end of her own life St. Monica said: *All I ask of you is that whoever you may be, you will always remember me at the altar of God.* And with love and friendship and thanksgiving, and in sure and certain hope, we will always remember our friend Patrick with love and with thanksgiving at this altar of God.



Commemorating George Herbert

Editors Note: February 27 is the Commemoration of George Herbert, Anglican priest and poet, 1593-1633



Love bade me welcome George Herbert

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,

Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack

From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning

If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":

Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,

"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them;
let my shame

Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."

So I did sit and eat.



Winter Shelter 2019

Jeremiah Cassidy

St. Paul's Parish hosted the Georgetown Ministry Center's annual winter shelter from December 30, 2018, to January 13, 2019.

This year, our parish's participation was outstanding. Indeed, for the last few years, our level of parish participation has been extraordinarily high. This was the second year our Parish has hosted the rotating shelter for two weeks, rather than for just one week, as we have done in the recent past. Everyone did a fantastic job of greeting our guests, serving meals, and socializing with our shelter guests.

While our volunteers are too numerous to mention here, I believe our "house chefs" warrant specific kudos for all of the extensive preparation involved in providing dinner for 10 shelter guests and parish volunteers. Please, then, tip your hat and raise

your glass for our chefs Nancy Work, Frank Brown, the Cassidy family, Anne Windle, Alice de Michaelis, Elizabeth Baumgart, the Hanson Family, Lauren Vance, Fr. Mac and the St. Francis Potomac Youth Group, the Winter family, Laura Wilson and the St. Stephen the Martyr Crew, Katherine Britton, Carpe Deum, and our Rector Fr. Richard Wall. These chefs provided truly delicious meals that included chili, chicken, ham, lasagna, tortilla soup, roast pork, pasta with meatballs, and several delicious casseroles. Also, very special thanks to Tina Mallett for all of her "back up" assistance, and for serving breakfast almost every morning that we hosted the shelter.

Clearly, winter shelter protects our shelter guests from the harsh winter weather and potentially saves lives. But the Winter Shelter is not just about sustenance and warmth on a

purely material level. It is also about joy, and inclusion, as well as an assurance to those among us who experience acute suffering that they will not be ignored or forgotten. As Winter Shelter volunteers, we try to show our guests there are people who care about them and have not forgotten they are God's children.

Also, we must not let our focus on what we have done for our shelter guests obscure what they have done for us. Our shelter guests are not to be seen as object lessons, embodiments of cautionary tales, or, for that matter, as props in the trajectory of our own spiritual development. Instead, they teach us how to love others in the way that Christ shows God's love to us.



New Washington Canticles: A Thanksgiving

Evensong and Benediction on January 20, The Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, completed a glorious celebration of the parish's patronal feast. The Parish Choir and Choristers sang the first performance of Jeffrey Smith's Washington Canticles: *Cor meum et animam meum*. It was ethereal.

The Canticles were commissioned at last September's music gala by Larry F. Cook, Barry W. Johnson, and Cathy Sloss in thanksgiving for thirty years of harmonious fellowship in the Parish Choir.

Jeffrey Smith comments:

"I was delighted to be commissioned to write this Evening Service by Larry, Barry and Cathy. They have put heart and soul---and countless hours---into their singing here. The piece draws on gestures within American popular music; it's sunny in disposition."

This seems an ideal moment to share with the parish more about these wonderful singers. Read below how Cathy and Barry came to St. Paul's. Next month learn Larry's story too.

Cathy Sloss

How I found the Parish Choir:

I should first talk about how I started singing. I did not join choruses in high school or college. In 1978, when I was in graduate school, our favorite Economics professor announced he was leaving. One of my friends, a talented singer, decided to write a farewell song for him (to the tune of Yankee Doodle) and asked me if I wanted to contribute a verse. So I wrote a verse about unemployment and sang it for her. Based on that she asked if I was interested in singing in a choir she belonged to. That was the St. Louis Cathedral (RC) choir, which



Dr. Jeffrey Smith, Cathy Sloss, Barry Johnson, Larry Cook

sang liturgies and concerts. I was hooked.

By 1988 I sang in three groups: the Cathedral, the New Orleans Symphony Chorus, and a small madrigal group. In August 1988 my employer offered me a transfer to Washington, DC. Of course, the first thing I needed was a place to sing. My madrigal group threw me a farewell party and announced they had found me a place to sing in D.C. Several of the members had sung with Marc Ritchie, who had directed a choir in New Orleans in the early eighties. Marc was now at St Paul's in DC, and my friends had told him he was about to get another alto. So when I arrived I found my way to St. Paul's and introduced myself to Marc. And I've been at St. Paul's ever since.

Barry W. Johnson

I came to St. Paul's in fall 1986 as one of two tenor section leaders, part of a recruitment effort by newly appointed choir director, J. Marcus Richie. One of the first services I sang was a mid-week "All Saints Day" ser-

vice where the Mass setting was by Mozart. Having been raised in the Methodist church, and most recently sung at St. Margaret's, a low Episcopal church, I had only ever experienced choral settings of the Mass in concert, and was amazed by the impact in their intended use.

My timing could not have been more perfect, in that I started just before Advent, giving me a chance to experience the whole church year. I will never forget that first year, marking the major events of Christ's life through the various services, culminating in Holy Week. It was really transforming.

While I did leave St. Paul's 1989 for a position at the Church of Epiphany, I almost immediately regretted leaving, missing the friends I had made as well as the music and liturgy. I returned "home" to my St. Paul's family in 1991 and am very grateful that I have been allowed to continue as part of the music ministry for so many years.



Playing the St. Paul's Organ

Editors' Note: At the end of Evensong and Benediction on January 20, St. Paul's chorister Carolyn Hoff played a beautiful organ postlude. She describes her experience below.

Carolyn Hoff, Chorister

Music has always been a part of my life. From humming “twinkle twinkle” in the backseat to singing in the choir here at Saint Paul's, I've always loved music. The best parts of my piano lessons when I was younger were when my teacher would give me a piece to play on the organ. When I sat down at the bench for my first official organ lesson this fall, I immediately knew the organ bench was where I belong.

Any fan of church music is mesmerized by a great organ such as the St. Paul's organ. With four manuals, pipes ranging from 1 foot to 32 feet long, a stop that rings bells, and the tuba mirabilis pipes at the back of the church that when used take the whole congregation by surprise, the organ can create endless textures and dynamics. Needless to say, I was so excited when Dr. Smith and Mr. Quardokus let me practice on the organ, and thrilled when they invited me to play the voluntary at an evensong.

Choosing what piece to offer was not hard. *Finale* by Janet Correll is exactly the type of composition that comes to mind when one thinks of organ music: loud and exciting. I practiced the piece several times, each time thinking about how I could improve it. The St. Paul's organ allowed me to take the music to another level by beginning with a trumpet fanfare on one manual and then easily switching to full organ on another. The wide variety of stops along with the acous-

tics of the church allowed the piece to be as exciting as imaginable.

Of course, playing such an amazing organ for the first time can be intimidating. Every minute of the service that passed meant another minute closer to the voluntary. As Benediction came close to ending my breath sped and my hands shook—not the best circumstances for playing the organ. Although I had practiced this piece for hours, I suddenly felt I had not prepared enough, and that I should've practiced twice as much. The congregation and choir began singing Psalm 117 and I left my seat at the choir stalls and got ready to take the bench. Right before I started, Dr. Smith gave me words of encouragement. “Have fun,” he said, and that I did.

As I played I was transported to a different world. I wasn't aware of where I was, and I didn't think about the people listening. All I could see was the organ and the sheet music before me, and all I could think about was playing the music in the way I thought best. As it turns out, I was ready; I didn't need to practice more. I played with passion, and that is what people heard.



St Augustine of Hippo— Doctor of the Church, Bishop, Philosopher, Theologian

Cathy Downes

When doing my last write-up on the Reredos Saints, I had quickly noted from Dorothy Spaulding's History of St. Paul's K Street that "St. Augustine" was next up. I eagerly started my usual Google search and came up with SOS which unlike the emergency signal in internet-speak stands for "Stacks Of Stuff" on St. Augustine of Hippo.

Then a little niggler had me taking another look at the St. Paul's K Street History to find that our statue was St. Augustine of Canterbury, the first Archbishop of England. And there was much less SOS on him, and his story, while important, just didn't seem to match the "greatness" of the other St. Augustine. I promised at the time that I would do a write-up on St. Augustine of Hippo.

St. Augustine of Hippo lived between 354 and 430 AD. Known as one of the Fathers of the Church, St. Augustine's writings are seen as a critical bridge between ancient and medieval Christian worlds.

Various accounts of his young life (including his own and that of his chief biographer) focus on his exploration of worldly experiences, as the New Schaff-Herzog Religious Encyclopaedia entry for him remarks: "...he drank of the cup of sensual pleasure." This led to the birth of a child and relationship with his mother until he converted to Christianity.

St. Augustine's search of worldly experiences was matched by his intellectual curiosity—he was an intense student searching various philosophies and philosophers of the day including Cicero, and Manicheism in a "search for truth." He left Carthage and went to Rome and Milan where

he studied neoplatonic and Christian teachings.

After a particularly intense period of conflict between his physical and intellectual desires, in 386, it is written that he receives a decisive sign when reading St. Paul's Epistles, most particularly Romans xiii: "*Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness.*" He was baptised the following Easter. After a number of years seeking to create a more monastic life in his birth place of Thagaste (in modern Algeria) he was ordained as presbyter and plans for his monastic community were realized four years later in Hippo.

During this period, Augustine invested in various writings that challenged the Manicheans, and expounded on the Sermon on the Mount, and St. Paul's epistles to the Romans and the Galatians. The then Bishop of Hippo, Valerius engineered Augustine's rise to the Bishopric of Hippo where he continued to write and publish many works that "refuted heresy and encouraged piety, and monastic life."

Amongst his key works were *The City of God*, (imagining a spiritual city separate and distinct from the earthly material city), On Christian Doctrine (teachings on divine grace, sin and salvation) and Confessions (his own and considered to be the first autobiography). According to the New Schaff-Herzog Religious Encyclopaedia, he "...is practically the father of all Western Christianity after his time." with his writings profoundly influencing the world views of the European medieval world. Professor Henry Chadwick, theologian and British academic and Dean of Christ Church



Fra Filippo Lippi (1409-1469)
Sts Augustine and Ambrose

cathedral Oxford has remarked that Augustine's Confessions "*ranks among the great masterpieces of western literature*".

Many of his work as Bishop of Hippo was focused on solidifying and defending the early Catholic church foundations against various schisms such as the Donatists in the Church of Carthage. He did so through speaking and leading efforts in various meetings and in his writings.

During his life, in addition to the three major works identified, he wrote 223 treatises or homilies, 11 folio volumes of 217 letters and an unrecorded number of sermons. His last works included three attacking heresies and a collection on ethical teaching of the Scriptures for popular use.

It would seem that his last prayer for himself and the faithful was recorded as: "*That we may have a quiet and tranquil life in piety and love, let this be your prayer for us, (as it is ours for you), wherever you are; for, wherever we are, there is no place where he is not, who are his.*"



Wisdom attributed to the Writings of St. Augustine

Temperance is love surrendering itself wholly to Him who is its object;

Courage is love bearing all things gladly for the sake of Him who is its object;

Justice is love serving only Him who is its object, and therefore rightly ruling;

Prudence is love making wise distinction between what hinders and what helps itself.

If we live good lives, the times are also good. As we are, such as the times.

Pray as though everything depended on God. Work as though everything depended on you.

Forgiveness is the remission of sins. For it is by this that what has been lost and was found, is saved from being lost again.

Thou must be emptied of that where-with thou art full, that thou mayest be filled with that whereof thou art empty.

The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works.

The desire is thy prayers; and if thy desire is without ceasing, thy prayer will also be without ceasing. The continuance of your longing is the continuance of your prayer.

Seek not to understand that you may believe, but believe that you may understand.

O Holy Spirit, descend plentifully into my heart. Enlighten the dark corners

of this neglected dwelling and scatter there Thy cheerful beams.

He that is kind is free, though he is a slave; he that is evil is a slave, though he be a king.

Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.

If you believe what you like in the gospels, and reject what you don't like, it is not the gospel you believe but yourself.

It was pride that changed angels into devils; it is humility that makes men as angels.

Miracles are not contrary to nature, but only contrary to what we know about nature.

Love is the beauty of the soul.

God loves each of us as if there were only one of us.

By faithfulness we are collected and wound up into unity within ourselves, whereas we had been scattered abroad in multiplicity.

I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are wise and very beautiful; but I have never read in either of them:

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.

He who sings prays twice.

What does love look like? It has the hands to help others. It has the feet to hasten to the poor and needy. It has eyes to see misery and want. It has the ears to hear the sighs and sorrows

of men. That is what love looks like.

Order your soul; reduce your wants, live in charity; associate in Christian community; obey the laws; trust in Providence.

Find out how much God has given you and from it take what you need; the remainder is needed by others.

Do you wish to rise? Begin by descending. You plan a tower that will pierce the clouds? Lay first the foundation of humility.

God provides the wind, but man must raise the sails.

It is no advantage to be near the light if the eyes are closed.

Hope has two beautiful daughters. Their names are anger and courage; anger at the way things are, and courage to see that they do not remain the way they are.

He who is filled with love is filled with God himself.

Selected from: Sofó Archon, [The Unbounded Spirit](#) and [Notable Quotes](#).



On Matters of the Soul

Ed Loucks, Convener



On several occasions recently, I have been asked, “What Is a “Fellowship and Spiritual Growth Group?” The answer varies with each group, but here are some general characteristics:

- It is one part of a congregation’s overall spiritual formation effort.
- It differs from a Bible study or a Sunday school class, which requires a teacher, clergy or a subject matter expert who imparts factual information and provides answers to most questions.
- It is facilitated by a “convener,” who manages logistics only. The convener is not required to be “certified” or formally trained. He or she must only know how to be a good listener and keep conflicts at a minimum. The group is totally self-governing. The only rule – keep things simple.
- It learns from a carefully selected book, written by a Godly spiritual writer who teaches readers how to become disciples of Jesus Christ. This book is read slowly, not more than a chapter for each meeting, and discussed– not with the aim of arriving at fast and firm conclusions–but at challenging participants to examine their own lives.
- There is no completion certificate or collective group achievement objective. Each member travels at his or her own pace, and is not challenged to keep up with the group. Of course, complete confidentiality is essential.
- The convener may attempt to keep the conversation on track by referring to valuable comments in the chapter under discussion. The convener must lead the group with a very light hand. This is a

room full of adults, not pupils. No one should be put on the spot to “confess” or reveal any embarrassing confidences. We avoid arduous “homework assignments.”

- Groups may meet in homes, rotating according to member’s convenience. Food is available as the group chooses. Meeting space at St. Paul’s is limited. Meeting in homes is especially convenient for parents of small children.
- Members may be all male, all female, singles or married couples, all ages or a narrow age bracket. They can meet weekly, monthly, or whenever they decide to meet. The last item of business is – when do we meet next? And where?
- The purpose: To evolve into a community of people who trust each other enough to encourage one another along the path toward becoming authentic disciples of Jesus. We ask ourselves—“Where does God go between Sundays?”
- WARNING: spiritual formation is a lifelong process! It will be continued by individuals even after the group disbands.

You are welcome to come join us as an observer, take notes and ask questions. We usually have a social time of about 20 minutes, to allow late-comers to arrive, then we read a psalm together. We close with a prayer from the Book of Common Prayer. Normally, we hang around and chatter for another 20 minutes. We enjoy each other’s company!



Our food drive for the Foggy Bottom Food Pantry continues. Cans of fruit, vegetables or other non-perishable items can be placed in the basket near the baptismal font.



FEBRUARY ON K STREET

UPCOMING BIRTHDAYS AT ST. PAUL'S PARISH

| | | | |
|----|--|----|---|
| 5 | Adrienne Hensley Alexander Malson Eugene Wilhelm | 20 | Sybil Boggis C.B. Wooldridge Marcia Anderson |
| 6 | Andrea Benn | 21 | Martha Evans |
| 7 | Maryan Darmstadter | 22 | Matthew Leddicotte |
| 8 | Pattie Kindsvater | 24 | Oghene-Bruru Ajueyitsi Jenny Brake Alex Rodriguez |
| 9 | Elizabeth Freeland | | |
| 11 | David Taylor | 26 | Kathleen Cameron Max Hazell |
| 13 | E. Brooke Reasoner | 27 | Sharon Watkins Rhoslyn Zakaib |
| 14 | George Buzby | | |
| 15 | Becky Wood | | |
| 16 | Constance Watts Esme Pierzchala | | |
| 18 | Nancy Work Drew Peterson | | |
| 19 | James Moxness | | |



HaPpY
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The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary: Candlemas

Friday, February 1, 2019

5:45 p.m. Evening Prayer

6:45 p.m. Blessing of the Candles,
Procession and Solemn Mass, The
Rev'd Elizabeth Orens preaching



SAINT PAUL'S PARISH
COMMISSION ON MISSION



We are short on drivers for weekend
breakfast delivery runs!!!!!!
Could you help out???

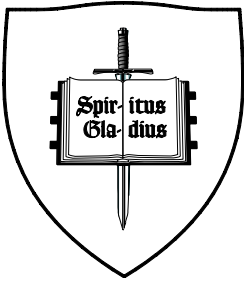


If you can help, please contact Glenn Marsh
(gmarsh338@outlook.com).

Delivery teams meet in the parish parking lot at 5:45 am on Saturday and Sunday mornings and deliver along pre-set routes. Newcomers will be teamed with old hands. You can volunteer for a regular time or as your schedule allows.



Your help will make all the
difference to those in need.



SAINT PAUL'S PARISH

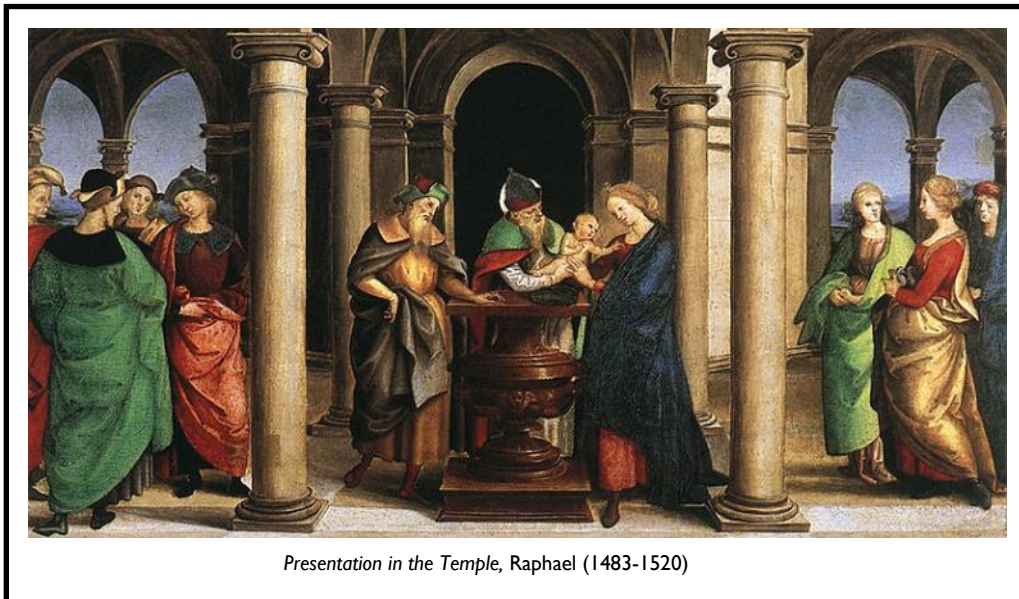
K STREET — WASHINGTON

2430 K Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20037

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

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Remember to mark your Calendar:
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary: Candlemas
Friday, February 1: 6:45 p.m. Procession and Solemn Mass



Presentation in the Temple, Raphael (1483-1520)