

at a bar, I still would leave my friends, rush over, and shoot the breeze. It was like meeting another American when traveling in the Gobi Desert.

Gradually, we made the transition. I cried from time to time, especially if I had had a few drinks. Jenny and I saw many old friends around town. There were weekends in the country and cruises on *Baruna*, a beautiful yawl belonging to Walter Taylor's father. We all partied a lot, as if we were still in college. We were in our twenties; we had not learned how grownups act.

TRAINING FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

ON Ninth Avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, stood the brick facade of the General Theological Seminary. When you entered the forbidding doors, you came upon a small enclosed campus with tall trees and grass so green it seemed to have come from a cathedral close in England. The faculty and students swept along the old flagstone walks in academic gowns. The great red-brick Gothic chapel, dominating the scene, rang its bells for Evensong. The place glowed with Anglican beauty in the late afternoon, when sounds of chanting came forth from the chapel and the roar of the city was muted beyond the walls. Jenny and I rented an apartment on West Twenty-first Street, across from the seminary close.

What happened to me at seminary laid the foundation, intellectual and spiritual, for the long years ahead. During the war, I had been exposed to suffering, brutality, danger, and death. I had fallen in love, married, had a baby, but I did not know the underpinnings of the intense personal faith that had carried me through so much.

I arrived at seminary as something of an intellectual snob. What could a small denominational seminary teach someone who had gone to Yale, who had sat at the feet of the great Chauncey Brewster Tinker, who had taken all the course requirements for a master's in modern history at Columbia and heard lectures by Jacques Barzun? I went to seminary because there was no other way to become a priest, but I really did not think I would learn much at that small, obscure school. Well, this presumptuous, rich, "cultured" Marine hero was overwhelmed by the intellectual impact of the place.

Dean Hughell Fosbroke's presence dominated the seminary; he was a tall, gaunt, slightly stooped man, who looked like an English earl played by Edward Everett Horton. He would peer at you through thick, horn-rimmed spectacles. On the first day, I was showing Jenny the close and saw the dean looming toward us. "Good morning, sir," I said. "This is my wife, Jenny."

He scowled, shook his head, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Moore. At the General Seminary we do not like women, but we will, I am sure, absorb you. Good day." In those days, only six of the students were married, and seminarians were not allowed to marry while in course.

We had engaged a nanny for Honor and were surprised to find that the faculty wives at the seminary soon were abuzz at our lifestyle. This was simply not the way we were expected to live. Indeed, the seminary was full of surprises. One young man in his academic gown swept by some mothers and their baby carriages, peeked into Honor's carriage, and exclaimed, "Oh, is that a baby?"

Of all the impressive teachers I had at seminary, Dean Fosbroke was the most memorable. In class, he was like an Old Testament prophet. He first took us to the ancient desert, where nomad tribes moved from place to place through blistering heat, sandstorms, earthquakes, and volcanoes. He brought us face-to-face with their warrior God, Yahweh, the Lord of Hosts, of whom the psalmist said: "He looks on the earth and it trembles: he touches the hills and they smoke." As he carried us along with his strong, deep voice and an occasional snort to emphasize a point, he seemed to become Yahweh. And he led us, as God had led the children of Israel, down the years. We accompanied Abraham on his mission to found a new people. We stood with Moses, trembling, before the burning bush, sensing the numinous presence of the god of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in his confrontation with the holy, the total otherness of God. We marched dry-shod through the Red Sea and listened to the Ten Commandments read to a rebellious people from the tablets of stone.

As the weeks went by, we saw this primitive god transformed in the minds of his people from a being of raw power to a god of righteousness and love. We underwent, with the Israelites, bitter and traumatic events, reflected upon them through the prophets, and developed an ever-deepening, more sophisticated understanding of God. But the dean never let us forget the primitive Yahweh: "It is not easy

to cuddle up to a volcano," he would say. He could not stand the sweet, blond Jesus with a fleecy lamb under his arm as an image of God. "Lambs are not clean," he snorted.

No course I ever had before or since has made such an impression. There had been the seminar on historiography at Yale. But the historiography I was encountering now gave me a way to bring history into the transcendent dimension; we were learning "holy history." Not only did events shape a people's comprehension of God, the historical process also developed in them a sense of who they were. Thus a doctrine of humanity grew out of their interaction with God: they were men and women made in the image of God, free to choose, to love, to hate, to develop into the fullness of humanity, yet fallen, twisted, distorted by their breaking away from God's love through centuries of sin. I had seen the glory of human beings in the heroism of war, and I had seen their depravity—the image of God in self-sacrifice, the laying down of a life for a comrade, and the rot of sin in the needless sadism and mindless, unfeeling slaughter of battle. With the study of the Old Testament, everything began to fall into place intellectually. I could see how my understanding of God and of myself unfolded from my own experiences. I had been arrogant, proud, and cruel in the Marines. I had found myself fragile and on the edge of an emotional breakdown. I had been insensitive to the prostitute in Key West. I had killed a Japanese laborer in cold blood on a grassy hill in Guadalcanal. And yet God did not forsake me and apparently was able to use me despite, or perhaps because of, my sinfulness.

Thus did this wonder-filled process of biblical revelation touch the deepest part of me. I came to understand the Bible not as an ancient book full of wise sayings but as a record of the dynamic, rough-and-tumble revelation of God to his people—in different ways, over thousands of years. The process continues, the uncovering of the mystery of being.

Dr. Marshall Boyer Stewart taught dogmatics. He was a quiet, gentle man with a pink, shining face and a cap of snow-white hair. In the spring, you could see him leaning over to smell the flowers along the borders. He lectured in a slight Southern accent, his blue eyes twinkling. From him we learned how Anglicans go about determining

doctrine. As he traced the historic development of such teachings as the Incarnation, the presence of God in Christ, he would say, "Well, you can't quite say that he was just a good and saintly man, and you can't say he was God covered by a human body—it's somewhere in between." This summarized neatly four centuries of bitter theological debate in the early Church, culminating in the definitive statement of the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D.: "Jesus Christ at once complete in Godhead and complete in manhood, truly God and truly Man." He talked of faith: "You know you can't believe in God very much on a cold Monday morning."

One day, I picked up *The New York Times* and was shocked to read that the Bishop of Birmingham, England, did not believe in the bodily Resurrection of Jesus. I gathered some of my classmates, and we rushed to see Dr. Stewart. "Dr. Stewart, Dr. Stewart, what are we going to do? It says here that the Bishop of Birmingham does not believe in the Resurrection!"

He put his face in his hands for a moment and then, with a broad smile, said, "Well, someday the Bishop of Birmingham is going to die, and probably the next Bishop of Birmingham will believe in the Resurrection." We returned to our rooms, much relieved. Once, years later, after I had told this story at a parish coffee hour, a woman with a clipped English accent came up to me and said, "My Lord, I happen to be the daughter of the Bishop of Birmingham." I groaned and turned red with embarrassment. She went on, "Not the bishop of whom you were speaking, but his successor. You know, my father did not believe in the bodily Resurrection of Jesus, either!" We chatted further and determined that the present bishop did believe in the Resurrection. Thus do Anglicans deal with heresy.

Two splendid Anglican principles underlie this story. We believe that the mainstream of the Church flows strong and deep and is nourished week by week, year by year, through the liturgy, the scripture, and the ministry of love. The Latin phrase used by the early fathers, *lex orandi, lex credendi*, lies at the heart of Anglicanism; it means that the principles of belief grow out of the experience of prayer. Thus the prayer book is at the heart of Anglican doctrine. An occasional straying from the main line is not to be silenced, censored, forbidden; rather, it is discussed, and through that discussion a deeper insight into the truth will emerge. As Gamaliel said in the Book of Acts, "If

this plan or this undertaking is of men, it will fail; but if it is of God, you will not be able to overthrow them. You might even be found opposing God!" (Acts 5:38–39). False teachings will wither away if they are not from God. The other principle is that great mysteries, such as the Resurrection, can be understood in several ways. The original descriptions of New Testament events were related by word of mouth. They were described by people of a different age and a different culture from ours, people who had a different understanding of the physical world than we do. Furthermore, the Gospel stories themselves are at variance. However, beneath these rather primitive and inconsistent accounts of the Resurrection of Jesus, lies the foundation of the Christian faith. Jesus acted out in his life, death, and risen presence the great cosmic rhythm of dying and rising: the flow of winter into spring, the healing following illness, the emergence of forgiveness after a quarrel, the deeper understanding of the link between love and suffering after the death of one you love, and, finally, the recurring hope of some kind of life continuing after death itself. This principle lies at the heart of the sacrament of baptism, by which one is made a Christian, dying to one's old life with Christ in his death and rising with him into the new life of a Christian. This principle also lies at the heart of the Eucharist, whereby the Christian is renewed again and again by offering his or her broken life on the altar and receiving that offering back as the presence of the risen Christ in the bread and wine. If you believe this in your very bones, it is possible to live through the most terrible human experiences with hope. Through this comprehension of the rhythm of life, you realize how the deepest insights into reality and the most profound strengthening of faith come out of times of sorrow and suffering; how love and pain, death and life are part of one reality. You do not understand much about God when life is floating along happily. In listening to Dr. Stewart, we learned to use our reason and common sense while maintaining a sense of the mystery of God.

Dr. Powell Dawley, who taught Church history, had the manner of an Oxford don; he was a large man who strode down the close like a ship in full sail and who seemed continually bemused by the antics of the Church over the years. His stories, vignettes, and images made the dusty tomes we read spring to life. We could see Anthony of Egypt writhing through his nightmares in the hot desert, we could

hear the belly laugh of Henry VIII. We saw crowds of poor people listening with wonder to the preaching of John Wesley on a smoky hillside hard by a factory that had brought to them the misery of the Industrial Revolution. We learned little by little how God works through all kinds of people to shape the history of the Church and the world.

The New Testament was taught by Dr. Burton Scott Easton, a small, spry, neat, stiff-backed, white-haired man with a round face and pince-nez glasses. He lectured without notes, his hands folded carefully before him on the desk. To emphasize a point, he would bounce once or twice on his small posterior until his glasses wiggled and almost fell off. He was dry, a strict scholar who had no use for romantic or faddish notions. For instance, his scholarly analysis of *kairos*, the fullness of time, which described why Christ appeared at a particular moment in history, was a masterpiece: the Jews had completed their understanding of the nature of God and humanity; the Roman Empire provided the order, easy communication, common language, and transportation of the Pax Romana; the Greco-Roman culture had grown tired of the gods of mythology and was floundering around from exotic sect to exotic sect. The world was ready for Christ. Christianity brought the discipline and power of transcendent monotheism together with the cultic intimacy of the Eucharist.

And so it was, in that obscure, small enclosure in the middle of New York, that my mind was broken open to the intellectual impact of the Christian faith in the Anglican tradition. The genius of Anglicanism is its blend of faith and reason and its openness to a wide variety of theologies. Sometimes this openness blunts its impact. For those who need an emotional religion, Pentecostalism is more appealing. For those who need an authoritative religion, Roman Catholicism or Fundamentalism is more attractive. Anglicanism, we like to think, appeals to those who do not park their minds on the doorstep of the church, those who wish the same personal freedom in their faith as they insist on in their government. The gift of freedom of the mind is God given and should never be sacrificed in the name of God. This intellectual freedom within the faith makes demands on

the individual and requires the courage to live with uncertainties, mystery, and continual exploration of one's belief.

The years following the war were a time of great change in theological thinking. The teachings of Marx and Freud caught the imagination of the postwar intellectual world and challenged Christian thought. Paul Tillich was the theologian of the moment. He set forth a theology based on God as the ground of being, which dug beneath both traditional theology and contemporary thought. By putting aside the metaphysical structures of St. Thomas Aquinas, on the one hand, and of John Calvin, on the other, he avoided some of the conflict between contemporary thinking and Christian theology. His systematics were obscure, but his sermons made his then-radical theology available to non-scholars, as in his best-known collection, *The Shaking of the Foundations*. I took a course with him at Union Theological Seminary and was disappointed: it was a course on Luther, in which Dr. Tillich let little of his own thinking intrude. But at least I came to know the great man.

Reinhold Niebuhr, also at Union Theological Seminary, was another religious leader. Jenny had taken a course with Mrs. Ursula Niebuhr at Barnard, which led to our spending many a fascinating evening with the Niebuhrs and their young friends discussing the affairs of the world. Reinhold Niebuhr's participation in political matters gave stature to the Church as a critical, prophetic force in the debate of national and international issues. I was delighted that a theologian was being consulted by congressmen, the President, and the Secretary of State, but I felt Niebuhr became too pragmatic in his views, too influenced by *realpolitik*. Thus, to some extent, he bolstered the thinking of men like John Foster Dulles that later became the ideology of the cold war.

Each seminarian was encouraged to take a summer of clinical training in order to become familiar with clinical psychology and the workings of hospitals. I was accepted at Greystone, an old New Jersey state hospital in Morris Plains. It was near my family's place in Morristown, and we decided to stay there so that Jenny could be taken care of while in the last month of pregnancy with our second child. Once

more, we lived in luxury at home, but during the day I entered a terrifying world.

I had grown up with jokes about Greystone: if someone was eccentric, the quip would be, "Send him to Greystone." I had never seen the inside of the place and drove onto the grounds with trepidation. The main building, built in 1876, is a massive, overpowering hulk of gray stone. The grounds were neat, the institutional planting immaculate. A few patients could be seen sitting quietly on benches or aimlessly wandering around the lawn. This building contained the incurables, some of whom had been there for many years. When I first entered one of its back wards I felt I was diving into Dante's *Inferno*. The guard rattled his immense cluster of large keys and opened a massive steel door. I stepped in; the smell was overpowering, a repulsive mix of urine, sweat, bowel movements, and disinfectant. On the benches, set against the wall of a huge, high-ceilinged gray room, sat the patients in their dirty white gowns. Some were hunched over with their heads in their hands, immobile, deeply depressed; others looked out with unseeing eyes dazed from medication. Manics rushed up and down the corridors leading off this common room. A catatonic stood, seemingly paralyzed, leg back, about to kick an imaginary ball. Strangest of all were the hebephrenics, smiling away, murmuring phrases like "Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Jesus." Locked in padded cells were the dangerous paranoids, some stark naked, having ripped off their clothes, others shrieking obscenities at whoever passed by.

We, however, worked with patients in another building who had been recently admitted, for whom some hope of cure remained, although hanging over them was the prospect of spending the rest of their lives in a back ward. We were assigned five cases, each with a different diagnosis, such as dementia praecox, as schizophrenia was then called, of various kinds (catatonic, hebephrenic, mixed); alcoholism; menopausal neurosis; manic depression. We studied their case histories and then entered the ward with no introduction to begin our first session. We made verbatim copies of the interviews and went over them with our supervisor. At the end of the summer, we submitted case histories of each patient.

We also were given lectures on psychiatry, attended diagnostic and discharge sessions, and watched shock treatments. We even witnessed

an autopsy: when I saw a knife cut silently through the dead gray flesh, I almost fainted.

I remember my first interview. The nurse let me in and pointed out my assigned patient, whose name was Kenneth. He was sitting on a bench by himself, a nice-looking man in his early twenties, with blue eyes, light-brown wavy hair, and a fair, sunburned complexion. He reminded me of one of my Marines. His diagnosis was dementia praecox. I sat down next to him. He did not turn. "Hi, Ken. My name is Paul. I work here as a student and wanted to get to know you." No response. "Nice to see you." I put out my hand. It stayed there for a while. I looked at it and put it down.

"How long have you been here?"

"Long," he mumbled.

"Where are you from?"

"Long."

"Is it bad here?"

"Bad, real bad."

Such desultory half conversations continued, day after day, until I began to enter the strange world in which he lived. At home, he had kept tropical fish and talked endlessly about guppies and Siamese fighting fish. I learned that the best way to draw him out was to repeat the last word he had said. The process was like unsnarling a fishing line little by little, following a strand into the midst of the snarl as far as you could. In the process we became friends; he would smile when he saw me coming.

We students discussed our cases with one another and in sessions with our supervisor, glibly using terms we had recently learned ("psychotic break," "psychoneurosis mixed," "paranoid schiz"), but rarely did we delve into the way in which immersion in mental illness threatened the carefully structured academic theology within which we spoke of souls and free will. At seminary, we had not been told of the pressure on the free will by the so-called unconscious. If temptation came to us, we were supposed to be able to resist sinning; but here we were faced with men and women who seemed to have little or no control over their actions.

We were taught Freud's theories in our seminars. The doctors, by and large, were Freudians; Freud did not believe in God and taught that human actions were psychologically determined by the uncon-

scious. Methodists believed that emotional religious experience was at the heart of our knowledge of God; for them to learn that such emotions could not always be trusted was alarming, to say the least. For young men and women brought up in the puritan atmosphere of the Methodist or Baptist tradition, Freud's teaching about sexuality also was threatening. We respected the doctors and yet could not accept the intellectual, seemingly atheistic hypotheses of their work. Some unsophisticated young Methodist students were so shaken that they left the ministry as a result of the program.

My Anglican theology held me in good stead; I could use Freud's insights but still retain the doctrine of God and humanity consonant with Christian theology. For instance, Freud was quoted as saying that God did not exist but was a projection of the father image. Well, to some extent a woman projects a father image onto her husband. This does not mean the husband does not exist. Thus, the suggestion that God is a projection of a father image does not prove that God does not exist. Freud's insight into the projection of images did not destroy my faith, rather it helped me understand the subtleties of the human mind.

Seeing mental illness in its extreme form assisted me later as a parish priest in detecting neurotic behavior in myself and others. These insights were helpful, for instance, when, screening postulants for ministry, I attempted to discern their understanding of God. Was he an angry father? Was God a gentle, forgiving mother? Did the answers to these questions reflect theological teaching or psychological history?

Despite and because of the experiences I had in the war, I believed that all human beings were created good, "in the image of God," but often turned violent and cruel. What I learned at Greystone helped me to understand how and why that image of God is deformed—that difficult childhoods, inherited genes, the use of drugs, or traumatic experiences could distort human nature and limit the freedom to choose the good. Further, one could trace the pathology in case histories back through earlier generations and discern the impact of society on mental health: poverty, racism, malnutrition, family disintegration.

After fifty years of cultural exposure to the theories of psychiatry, this all seems obvious, but it was not obvious then. This understand-

ing seemed to bolster the theological proposition of Original Sin. Distortions of human beings, whom we believed were created good, in the image of God, occurred not only through disease and conscious individual sin, but also through Original Sin coming down through generations of a neurotic family or through society and its sometimes demonic institutions.

However distorted a person may be, I believed then and believe now that everyone can be reached by God. I looked on those who had left the world of reality, like Kenneth, as on someone in a coma. Such persons could not be held responsible for their actions. I believe God looks after them as if they were infants or in a state of unconsciousness. We were not allowed to carry on any direct ministry of prayer or the laying on of hands with the patients, but I always prayed silently for whomever I was with and sensed that the prayer somehow reached them. When Kenneth smiled at me for the first time, it was an answer to prayer: something had happened between us akin to love, and in that interchange I sensed the spirit of a loving God.

We learned the elements of good counseling: one should be as nondirective as possible. Rarely give advice, but let the client find his or her solution to a problem. Listen carefully not only to what is said but to the silences and to the tone of voice used. Watch for body movements as clues to what someone is upset about. Realize that the alleged reason for coming to see you is not necessarily the real reason. A woman may say she wishes to discuss the altar guild; when she comes into your study, she bursts into tears because her husband is an alcoholic. These and many other understandings of the pastoral role of a clergyman were more important than anything else I learned at seminary.

All this said, mental illness remained something of a mystery to me. Later, in my personal life, I was to come across this darkness again and again. I remembered the psychotic breaks of the Marines in combat. I have experienced intense depressions myself and have known, in a slight way, the powerlessness of the mentally ill. Toward the end of her life, Jenny slipped inexorably into a deep depression for which she was hospitalized. In retrospect, the experience of Greystone was one of the most important of my life. It helped me to be less afraid of mental illness, because I had some understanding of it.

At General, every morning and evening, the seminarians and the faculty in their academic gowns would file into chapel: sung Morning Prayer followed by the Eucharist at seven; Evensong every afternoon at six; day after day, week after week, month after month. We learned on our knees that worship was work, the work of God, *opus Dei*. The word *liturgy* comes from the Greek word meaning the work of the people. We offered it to God daily whether we felt good or not, whether we benefited or not, whether we believed or not. The Daily Office, as Morning and Evening Prayers were called, and the Eucharist were to be given to God each day as an offering. We believed that in this worship we participated in God's being through the spirit present in the services, the Holy Spirit. This tough liturgical life gave a foundation to our existence and would carry me through many ups and downs of my faith in years to come. Even though I often neglected to say the Office, and even though I sometimes missed the Eucharist, I knew the work of worship was going on in the Church and that I was part of it, whatever the state of my own faith might be.

We were required to do fieldwork in a parish on weekends. Dr. James Pike, who later became Bishop of California and a most controversial figure in the Church, asked Jenny and me to work with him at his parish, Christ Church, Poughkeepsie. He and his wife, Esther, later told us that they did not like our preppy image, but no one else was available. We, in turn, were not that excited about working in Poughkeepsie, two hours north of New York City. However, the four of us became great friends, and we found weekends with the Pikes exhilarating, even if it took us most of the following week to recover.

My assignment was the young people's fellowship. I had worked diligently in drawing up a course on marriage. Jim Pike thought the outline was great. The only problem was that the kids preferred Ping-Pong. No one at the seminary had taken the trouble to tell us how to handle teenagers. Besides the usual teenage restlessness, these particular boys and girls were depressed by living in Poughkeepsie, which they considered the most boring city in the world. I tended to agree but never said so. I finally gave up on the course on marriage and

just tried to get to know them and to have them enjoy coming on Sunday nights and taking trips hither and yon on Saturdays. One of them, through no fault of mine, is presently a professor at General Seminary.

We also called on families. Walking up to the door of a house in which lived a family you knew nothing about other than that they were on the parish list was daunting. I would get out of the car, walk up the sidewalk screwing up my courage, ring the doorbell, and hope no one was home. I did not have anything to identify myself; who knew but that I was an insurance salesman? Sometimes a woman would answer the bell in curlers, speak through a crack in the door, and tell me she could not see me. I would blurt out, "I am from Christ Church and hope you will come there if you have not been recently. Here is a pamphlet about the church." Then I ran down the walk, vastly relieved. Sometimes I would be let in after a few moments, during which there was a great deal of scurrying around to put away a beer bottle or empty an ashtray. We might have a stilted conversation about the weather, or discuss her son who was in my group, or I would hear how terrible that Dr. Pike was with his outlandish High Church ideas. Sometimes I would pick up a little parish history. Occasionally, we would discuss religion in a sensible manner. Although I was not ordained, there were occasions when someone would pour her heart out to me.

Parish calling was not easy, but when I came back from these visits I had a sense of well-being. I found that what you talked about was not as important as just being there—a gesture that the church cared enough to call. And this is really the only way to know your people. You can tell so much about someone if you see the kind of house he or she lives in—the photographs, knickknacks, books, magazines. Also, if you have been to someone's house, he or she feels more at ease in calling on you for help if a problem arises later on.

After the last parish gathering on Sunday night, we would sit around the rectory and listen to Jim. He was a strange person in many ways: he had thought his way into the Episcopal Church from Roman Catholicism and found the open Catholic tradition of our Church to his liking. He was always rethinking doctrine so that it would make

sense to modern minds. And whenever he had an idea, he wanted to put it into practice. He taught us many things. He said people outside the Church were more important than people inside the Church; his attempts to reach the outsiders made him a burr under the saddle of the Church traditionalists and later led to what amounted to a trial for heresy in the House of Bishops. But by the same token, he was beloved by non-churchmen.

We learned a great deal from Jim. He showed us how hard you have to work to make a parish go, and he demonstrated by his example the intense pastoral concern a priest should show to the sick and those in trouble. He was exciting and fearless. He led a full-blown attack on the vapid, eclectic Protestantism being taught in the Vassar chapel, which caused a huge stir on campus and drew rebellious students to Christ Church, where they would listen eagerly to Jim. He put candles on the altar for the first time in that old, hidebound Low Church, much to the consternation of the older members. He was always in the midst of controversy and loved every minute of it.

Jim was fascinated by psychic phenomena. He became convinced that Christ Church was haunted, because for no visible reason the controversial candles kept going out during the service. Jim was sure that the ghost of the late Dr. Alexander Cummins, the previous rector and a militant Low Church man who had died a few years before, was blowing them out. One night he arranged for an exorcism. He asked Kilmer "Kim" Myers, who later worked with us in our first parish and followed Jim Pike as Bishop of California, to come up and bring his dog, because Jim felt dogs were more sensitive to ghosts than people. He also invited Dr. Cyril Richardson, an eminent scholar of ancient liturgies and exorcisms.

About eleven o'clock on this Sunday night, we all had a stiff drink and then, led by Jim, started over to the church through a cloister that joined the rectory to the back door of the parish house. It was a gusty, autumn night; the moon was full, and clouds raced over its face, hurled along by the wind. Leaves swirled around us as we crept through the cloister. We were silent; only the sound of the gusts of wind and the rustle of leaves could be heard. As we approached the large oaken door, Jeff, Kim's Afghan, began to growl. He stood before the door with raised hackles, his curled tail erect and quivering. "See! See!" whispered Jim. "Jeff smells Dr. Cummins!"

With that, Jim turned the huge iron handle and slowly pulled open the creaking door. Out flew a bat. "There he goes! There he goes!" he shouted. The candles never blew out again.

It was a joke, and yet Jim half believed that Dr. Cummins, in the form of a bat, had finally left the church. Tragically, later in Jim's life, this fascination with the occult led him to try to communicate on a television program with his dead son, who had committed suicide. This shocked and saddened his friends and family, although, in a way, it was consistent with Jim's philosophy: "If I believe something," he would say, "there's no reason to hide it." And so he felt that even as personal a thing as communicating with his dead son should be conducted in public.

For all his eccentricities, he was a stimulating presence in the Church for many years. I think my own willingness to be drawn into controversy from time to time was partly due to Jim's example.

Years later, Jim died in the desert of Judaea searching for the source of the Dead Sea Scrolls. As he lay dying in the hot desert, I trust he found the Lord whom, in his restless life, he had always been seeking.

In the winter of my middle year, the father of an old friend, William Lusk, Jr., asked me to lunch at the Century Club to meet the Reverend Philip "Tubby" Clayton. The Reverend William Lusk was the rector of the Episcopal church in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and had come to know Tubby on his trips to England. This was an exciting moment for me. I had never been to the Century and was awed by the stately academic charm of the place, and I had heard tell of Tubby Clayton as something of a World War I hero. He was a small, round man, with balding white hair, a Churchillian slouch, a ruddy English face, and large blue eyes behind thick, horn-rimmed glasses. He muttered his words, often without removing his pipe, and gave off the stale aroma of fine tobacco.

Lunch in the book-lined dining room was a delight. Tubby told story after story of World War I, during which he had ministered to the English lads at the front. There, at Poperinghe on the Western Front, he provided a place of comfort and love for the shaken young men emerging from the trenches. He called it the Upper Room, after the place where Jesus had the Last Supper with his disciples. Tubby,

scarcely more than a boy himself, was able to make the Lord's presence known in the dark intimacy of the Eucharist and provided a place for the young men to find healing for their shattered spirits and a release from the terror that had taken hold of them. My own experiences of combat came back to me as he spoke; I wished I could have done the same for my young Marines at Guadalcanal. He told us how he established a fellowship of these veterans after the war, called Toc H, a kind of Anglican YMCA for lonely estranged veterans.

These were not ordinary war stories. Tubby's fanciful imagination would construct what England would have been like had she not lost the leaders of a whole generation. "Young Lord So-and-So," he would say, "probably would have been Foreign Minister, George Such and Such, Chancellor of the Exchequer . . ." As he spoke, it was as if these figures held a parliament in the sky.

In World War II, Tubby founded a chaplain's corps for freighters and, although well along in years by then, served on a tanker. His present mission was to gather steel for his bombed-out church, the historic All Hallows on Tower Hill in London. He traveled with much paraphernalia. An amateur archaeologist, he brought along maps of Roman London, based on excavations near his church. There were photographs of his dog, Roman bricks, and Roman nails he had dug up, similar to the nails that impaled Christ on the cross. To assist him, he enlisted students whom he called aides-de-camp. They carried all this stuff, bought his tickets, and generally took care of him. These young men were invariably wellborn and often rich, but they would take time off to be with Tubby. They usually only lasted a few months, and then, worn out, would fall by the wayside. This happened once in Texas, at a fund-raising party, so Tubby grabbed an unsuspecting young Texan and asked him for a ride to the station. The fellow was still with him a year later and subsequently became a priest. Tubby's magnetism was irresistible. If he was driving along a highway at noon, he would stop the car, kneel down at the side of the road, and, in the midst of the roar of traffic, proceed to say noon-day prayers: "Blessed Savior, who at this hour hung upon the cross stretching out your loving arms, grant that all the peoples of the earth may look to you and be saved, for your mercy's sake." This demon-

stration embarrassed whomever was with him, but Tubby was never embarrassed by his Lord.

A few days after this luncheon, Tubby summoned me to his room at the seminary. "Paul," he said, "would you be good enough to do me a favor?"

"Of course," I replied, not then realizing what a favor to him might entail, thinking he needed some tobacco or whatever.

"Yes, old boy, I would like you to recruit forty or fifty young men and women from across the U.S., raise the money, and take them to London next summer to relieve some of the priests who have not had a vacation since the war."

I was speechless. "B-b-but I'm just a middler."

"Awfully good of you, old chap. Now run along, I have to make some phone calls. I'm going to Pittsburgh tomorrow to see Mr. Mellon about some steel for All Hallows."

Over the next weeks, telegrams came in from all over the country: MOST IMPRESSED WITH PADRE CLAYTON STOP SAYS YOU HAVE DETAILS OF HIS PROJECT STOP WHERE SHALL I SEND FIFTY TENTS FOR THE VOLUNTEERS, OR, I HAVE SIGNED UP WITH TUBBY CLAYTON FOR NEXT SUMMER STOP PLEASE SEND ME THE PLANS. Of course, I had no idea how to respond.

Although Jenny and I did not go to England because of our young children, the project succeeded and later became known as the Winant volunteers, named after our beloved wartime ambassador to the Court of St. James's, John G. Winant. The exchange continues today, with English men and women called the Clayton volunteers coming to the States as well.

On his last trip to this country in the 1960s, I called on Tubby in Washington. I had just been made a bishop. I entered his messy hotel room, and the old man immediately knelt down and asked for my blessing. As I placed my shaking hands on that embattled head, I could hardly speak for the tears.

He inscribed a book of his sermons to me as follows:

My thankfulness tonight is deeply due to having your hands laid on my white head. From 1947 until today, you've been the lamp which has relit my life, and now at last I came again beneath the mystic friendship and

the tragedy of Gilbert Winant's brokenhearted state. Had it not been for you and Jenny and Ledlie [Laughlin] and Coit Johnson, I should have gone home blinded by despair. Your presence and your friendship upheld me. Tubby.

Gilbert Winant had committed suicide; he once was a teacher at St. Paul's School. Some providential grace seemed to have been at work: I had met Mr. Lusk, who introduced me to Father Clayton, at St. Paul's. We were planning to go to London but instead went to St. Peter's Church, where my lifelong commitment to urban ministry took shape. It all seemed to fit together. Such a confluence of places and people at moments in one's life seems more than coincidence. Without my freedom of choice being compromised, I was nudged along in a way that determined the direction of my life.

Tubby Clayton and Jim Pike each gave me a vision of what the priesthood could be if you broke the bonds of convention and followed your heart with courage. Each was a person with many faults who allowed himself to be used by the Lord, and each saw his ministry as extending far beyond the walls of the church. Tubby once described himself to me as an old, blunt penknife in the hand of God.

Having chosen not to go to England with Tubby but having no other plans, Chris Morley, a classmate, Jenny, and I decided to do in New York what we would have been doing in London. Kim Myers, who had been with us at Jim Pike's, was an instructor at General and the priest in charge of St. Peter's, Chelsea, a half block from the seminary. He agreed to have us work there. This turn of events was to shape my future.

"Chelsea for Christ" was our motto that summer. With romantic enthusiasm, we roamed the streets and picked up idle kids for baseball games and trips to the beach. We launched a vacation Bible school. We put banners outside the church and held services on the sidewalk. We called on the parents of children we knew and had many adventures.

One day, I climbed to the top floor of a tenement to call on a Mrs. Jones. I knocked timidly on the door at first, then I knocked

louder. The door opened a crack. "Who are you?" asked a black woman I took to be Mrs. Jones. Her face was suspicious.

"Er, ah, I'm from the church where Tommy comes."

Long pause. Whispering to someone else behind the door. Finally, "Come in."

A young white man in a suit and tie stood nervously beside Mrs. Jones. She introduced us. "This is Mr. Alonzo, the Communist. This is Mr. Moore, the Christian."

Mr. Alonzo excused himself, and I proceeded to tell Mrs. Jones what a nice boy Tommy was and how I hoped he would come to our church on Sunday as well as during the week. "We'd like you to come, too," I added, tentatively. Mrs. Jones grunted. We were still standing. I did not have the courage to ask to sit down, much less to suggest I say a prayer, so I left.

I hurried back to the church to report my first encounter with godless Communism! The Party was active at that time in poor urban areas. A few days later, Chris Morley and I were walking down the street with a bunch of kids hanging all over us, hot and sweaty. A well-dressed, nice-looking fellow stopped us. "Excuse me," he said, "but are you trying to make these kids Christians?"

It had never occurred to us that that was what we were trying to do, so we stammered, "I guess so."

"My name's Jim Brown. I would like you to make me a Christian. I have been watching you over the last few days and have seen the way you treat the kids." It turned out that Jim had grown up in the Orthodox Church and had later become a Communist. He had been bitterly disillusioned. Now he turned to us. We shook hands and made a date for him to come by the church for instruction. We were thrilled. "You see it works, it works! Just show a little love, and people are drawn to Christ and the Church."

That was a heady summer. We talked and talked and talked. We read books about the worker-priests in France and how they reached the proletariat, as they called the working class. These priests had been in concentration camps, where they came to know working-class men with whom the primarily bourgeois Church had lost touch. These young priests sought to bring them back by working side by side with them in the factories and living as they did in the slums.

Often they would go for a year before letting on they were Christians and additional months before admitting they were priests. By that time, they had gained the confidence of the workers. Soon they were celebrating Mass on the workbench and organizing the men around the issues of labor, housing, and so forth. Cardinal Suhard, the Archbishop of Paris, took them under his wing and would often stay with them in their squalid quarters. It is said that Francis Joseph Cardinal Spellman of New York, known for his conservatism, persuaded the pope to stop the movement, because it was too close to Communism.

We read again about the Anglo-Catholic priests on the docks of London at the turn of the century. They too had been accused of being Communists. Kim Myers introduced us to the monthly newspaper *The Catholic Worker* and the thinking of Dorothy Day, its co-founder, who later became a good friend. We also learned about the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and began to sense that in the United States, Negroes, as they were then called, were the equivalent of the European proletariat.

Night after night, as we talked, we began to visualize a strategy for putting these ideas to work in the Episcopal Church. Then one day, when Jenny and I were walking down the close, Kim Myers leaned out of his window and said, "Why don't we get some bishop to give us a church where we can work full-time?"

And so the search for a parish was on. We wrote the bishops of several urban dioceses. Bishop Washburn, the Bishop of Newark, having started his own ministry at Grace Church Chapel in a poor area on the East Side, responded with enthusiasm and offered us Grace Church (van Vorst), Jersey City. I was ordained a deacon in June at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and was ready to go on to this, our first parish.

JERSEY CITY

THE temperature was 95, the humidity at least 159. The four of us sat in the kitchen of the rectory: Bob Pegram's bald head was glistening and covered with pink splotches, Kim's two-day beard made him look like a mad poet. God knows what I looked like. We all had on our black trousers, black shirts, black socks, and black shoes. Jenny, very pregnant, was in a sloppy house-dress. On the white, tin chipped kitchen table were four cold beers to relieve the letdown we'd felt following our arrival. The moving van had left, and the sparse furniture was in place. We did not dare discuss what our first step would be. This wilted group was the "valiant crowd," as one bishop who turned us down had called us, ready to redeem Jersey City if not the entire world.

As we sat there, sweltering over our beer, we could see the lych-gate through the kitchen window. (Prior to a funeral, in English country churches, the coffin could rest under the lych-gate until it was time to bring it into the church.) The arch of our lych-gate was adorned, in Gothic lettering, with the motto ENTER HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING, but immediately beneath this eschatological welcome was a black iron gate with a formidable sign that said KEEP OUT. Our first official acts had been to remove that sign and cart away the carcass of a dead dog from the yard.

As we were talking, I noticed an old lady walking along the sidewalk. She paused a moment, opened the gate, and sat down heavily. "A caller!" I exclaimed. We jumped up, torpor gone, put on our clerical collars, and flew down the walk to greet her. She was a little

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P R E S E N C E S

A BISHOP'S LIFE IN THE CITY

PAUL MOORE



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