

The Hillside Messenger

A Message from the Rector

by the Rev Christopher Parrish

*The Apostles' Creed, Article II, the first part:
"And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord:*

*Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born
of the Virgin Mary"*

(from The Apostles' Creed, pp. 15 & 29)

*[This article is based on pp.38-40, To Be A
Christian – An Anglican Catechism]*

Psalm 2:7 contains the important decree of God concerning his Son:

*I will declare the decree: the
LORD hath said unto me, Thou
art my Son; this day have I be-
gotten thee.*

(Psalm 2:7, KJV)

IN this article, I begin to expound the second article of the Apostles' Creed. The question that this article answers in summary statement form is the question, "Who is Jesus Christ?" The answer to this question lies at the heart of our Christian faith. The Gospel according to St. John begins with the revelation that the Word of God was in the beginning, was with God, and was God (John 1:1). The same Word of God is also the only begotten Son of God (John 1:14 & 18), and the Second Person of the Holy Trinity. According to John 1:14, the Word became flesh and lived among the people of Israel, revealing God's glory, which the Apostles witnessed, and they saw that he was full of grace and truth. Because of the incarnation, Jesus Christ has two natures perfectly joined: the Godhead and the manhood. The Word took on human nature so that he be the Savior and Redeemer of the world, the only Mediator between God and fallen humanity (Question 48, Catechism).

From eternity, the Son stands in relation to the Father as Begotten. There never was a time when the Son did not exist. This doctrine requires simple faith, based on the testimony of Holy Scripture. St. Basil of Caesarea wrote that one should not ask how the Son is begotten of the Father, just as one should not ask how the Father has begotten the Son, since these matters of faith are beyond question (Basil: *Homily 29*).

The nature of God, however, was not something the Son clung to, as if not wanting to lose it even for a while. This passage testifies to the Son's willingness to take upon himself human nature:

*Let this mind be in you, which
was also in Christ Jesus: Who,
being in the form of God, thought
it not robbery to be equal with
God: But made himself of no rep-
utation, and took upon him the
form of a servant, and was made
in the likeness of men: And be-
ing found in fashion as a man,*

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he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

(Philippians 2:5-11, KJV)



Christ Pantocrator, 6th c., St. Catherine's Monastery, Sinai.

The ultimate purpose of the incarnation of the Son as Jesus Christ was to fulfill the purpose of redeeming humanity through his death on a cross, and the above passage clarifies the fact that Jesus Christ chose to lay down his life for the world. Because the eternal Word, the Only begotten Son, took upon himself human nature, He is the only Mediator between God and man (1 Timothy 2:5-6; Hebrews 8:6 & 9:15; 1 John 4:3).

The name "Jesus" means "God saves," and is derived from the Hebrew name *Yeshua*, or Joshua (Q 49, Catechism). This was the name given by the angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin Mary at the Annunciation (Luke 1:31). In a dream that St. Joseph had, the angel tells Joseph to take Mary as his wife, since the child she has conceived is of the Holy Spirit and she would give birth to son, whom they must name Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins (Matthew 1:20b-21, KJV).

The title "Christ" derives from the Greek word *Christos*, which has the same meaning as the Hebrew title *Messiah*, which means "Anointed One." Old Testament kings (1 Samuel 16:11-13), priests (Exodus 40:12-16), and prophets (1 Kings 19:16b) were anointed with oil. The Holy Spirit anointed Jesus Christ (Acts 10:38), to exemplify the perfect Prophet, Priest and King, in which roles he now rules over his Church and all the universe (Q 50, Catechism).

Why is Jesus Christ called the Father's "only Son" (Q 51, Catechism)? Jesus Christ alone is God the Son, being co-equal and coeternal with God the Father and God the Holy Spirit. John 1:1-18 bears testimony to these truths. He alone is the image of the invisible God (Hebrews 1:3) and the One who reveals the Father (John 1:18; Colossians 1:13-19; see also John 14:9-11). Christ now and always is incarnate as a human being, known by his God-given human Name, Jesus Christ.

What does it mean to call Jesus Christ "Lord" (Q 52)? In accordance with the witness of Holy Scripture, it means to acknowledge and accept Jesus Christ's divine authority over all creation and over the Church, over all nations, societies, communities, and their leaders, and over every aspect of one's life, whether public or private. It means surrendering one's whole life to him, and endeavoring to live a life that pleases him (Daniel 7:13-14; Matthew 7:21-23; Luke 9:23-26; Ephesians 1:15-23; Colossians 1:16-18). It is precisely the surrender of one's whole life to the Lord Jesus Christ that is essential to the Christian way of life. Merely an intellectual acknowledgement of Jesus Christ's lordship over all things is not good enough. Baptism into union with the Lord Jesus Christ means renouncing a life of selfishness and sin, dying to the carnal nature, and rising to newness of life, so that one offers oneself continually to God through Christ to do his will (Romans 6 & 12:1-2).

"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary" (The Apostles' Creed, p.15, *Book of Common Prayer*, 1928).

How does the Church understand the conception of Jesus Christ by the Holy Spirit (Q 53, Catechism)? Our understanding, derived from the Gospels according to Ss. Matthew and Luke, is that no human father was responsible for Jesus' conception, but only the power of the Holy Spirit overshadowed the Blessed

Virgin Mary (Matthew 1:18-20; Luke 1:26-38). At Jesus' conception, the eternal Son, or eternal Word of God, assumed a fully human nature from his mother, the Virgin Mary (Q 54, Catechism, John 1:1-3, 14; 8:56-59; Philippians 2:6-8; Colossians 2:9).

Therefore, the Virgin Mary was the only biological parent of Jesus (Q 56, Catechism). She submitted to the will of God in bearing the Son of God while she was still a virgin. On account of this the Church holds Mary in high honor, that is, venerates her (but does not worship her!). Joseph, however, in obedience to God, married Mary and raised Jesus as his son (Matthew 1:18-25), and this was recognized by the community of Nazareth (Matthew 13:55).

The divine and human natures were united in Jesus Christ at the moment of conception, but these two natures are united "without division, separation, mixture, or change" (Q 57, Catechism, Luke 1:26-38; John 1:14; Philippians 2:6-8; Hebrews 2:10-16; 1 John 4:2-3; Definition of Chalcedon, 451 A.D.). The union of these two natures teaches us that all Jesus did as a human being, he also did as God. His commands, teachings, and deeds are salvific since they are the works of God the Son (Q 58, Catechism, John 5:19-29; Romans 8:1-4; Colossians 1:19-23; Hebrews 4:14-16).

To conclude this article, I want to emphasize that the Apostles' Creed (as does the Nicene Creed) faithfully preserves the truths of the Church's teachings about the Lord Jesus Christ. There were some who taught that Jesus Christ appeared to be human but was only divine, and others who taught that Jesus Christ was fully human, but only adopted as God's Son. By reciting the Creeds at the Daily Office and at Holy Communion, and by understanding the truths that they teach, we will be in a better position to defend our Christian faith and to bear witness to it.

The Idea of a Christian Society

by Mark Benjamin

WHEN Rachel and I were in India this summer for her grandmother's funeral rites, her father wanted to know if we were interested in accompanying him on a pilgrimage of sorts from Chennai "down South", an expression in the vernacular that refers to the Tirunelveli and Thoothukudi districts some three hundred and fifty miles away; places to which a majority of Christians in the state of Tamil Nadu trace their ancestral origins. Both Rachel's grandparents and mine grew up in the numerous farming villages administered by those two municipalities. It was a custom of her father and his brothers to undertake this trip down South annually, with the principal objective being to visit the parish churches where their ancestors had worshipped, before the search for higher education and economic opportunity had caused the gradual dispersal of subsequent generations. What follows is a brief account of this pilgrimage, and the impression it made upon me as one who had never visited these places (or, indeed, anything like them), and yet had been regaled, when a boy, with grandparental tales of life in these villages, their people, their livelihoods, and their churches.

Pillayanmanai and Presence

We arrived in the village of Pillayanmanai (literally: Son's House) in the early hours of the morning after a day's driving, and were too tired to take in anything besides the dark form of the Holy Ascension Church looming behind us as we turned into the street where Rachel's uncle, our host, lived. At dawn we were jolted awake by the blaring of a megaphone, wheezing with the occasional crackle through a popular Tamil *keerthanai* (sacred song). A glance out

of an eastern window revealed that we were barely a hundred feet from the church, a striking red and white example of the Indo-Saracenic style so popular in late-nineteenth-century churches of the subcontinent. The steeple, reaching well over a hundred feet, stands in majestic eminence over the low roofs of the village houses that cluster thickly round it, and even well over the neem and palmyra trees indigenous to the area.



The Holy Ascension Church peering over the Pillayanmanai treetops.

The megaphone droned on, pausing its musical strains to chime the hour, and to read a short passage from Scripture. The bells then began to toll, signalling that the morning service was beginning. I learned that the megaphone and the bells were a constant presence; even today villagers (who own watches and phones) use them to keep time, to be informed of service times, and of deaths in the village. When I stepped out into the narrow street directly leading into the vestibule of the church, the im-

mense stature of the building struck me even more forcibly. This, too, had a purpose: in the times before maps of the district were commonplace, people used the church steeples to navigate from one village to another. In addition, farm workers would hear the church bells for mid-day prayers as they worked the paddy fields, and kneel down, as they were, to join in.

Sunday mattins lasted an hour, being attended by some two hundred people, and mingled prayer book liturgy with a singalong session of *keerthanai* and some free intercessions by the young priest, who was evidently of a somewhat charismatic persuasion. Soon after the service, some Sunday School teachers and their charges requisitioned the nave for the rehearsal of a play, and their chattering voices echoed through the building as I left. Everything about the church, its towering spire, its inexorable megaphone and bells, its location in the heart of the village on Church Street, suggested an intertwining with the fabric of civic life uncommon in the Chennai metropolis, and certainly unheard of in the west.

Sathankulam and Restoration



St. Stephen's Church, Sathankulam, with its pink buttresses.

After breakfast, we wended our way to the nearby hamlet of Sathankulam (unaccountably, "Satan's Pond"), where a relative on my mother's side still resided. He was delighted to hear that we were in

town, and offered to meet us outside the local church, St. Stephen's (a further testament to the utility of tall spires). St. Stephen's is a fine building, with buttresses decorated deliciously with Indo-Saracenic detail. The most striking feature of the exterior is the color: a mild salmon pink that had been applied during a recent restoration. I, for one, am enthusiastic about the range of church colors down South; one grows so weary of the limewash that adorns practically every building from that period in Chennai. Our guide took us round the interior, pointing out the new and expanded east end, proudly noting that he had been on the committee that had overseen the project. Almost all churches in the area have the pre-Vatican II arrangement of the altar fixed to the east wall, and the modifications made had preserved this detail. Certainly it seemed that the restoration and expansion work had been well-funded; the church was in excellent repair, the grounds shone with cleanliness, and there was a general sense of a building well-preserved and cared for. Our relative said that it was a pity we would not be around in time for the *asanam*, an annual church banquet open to all. It is said that the food served at an *asanam*, usually cooked on the premises over wood fires, tastes better than almost anything else, drawing patrons from far and wide.

Alwaneri and Native Places



St. Paul's Church, Alwaneri, with a giant neem tree in the foreground.

Twenty miles away is the village of Alwaneri, home to the comparatively unremarkable Church of St. Paul. A building much smaller in size than the others we had seen, with an austere, three-cell interior. The stained glass behind the altar was gently lit by the afternoon sun; a simple depiction of a wafer and chalice, with the immortal words: “*jeeva appam naane*” (I am the Bread of Life).

Yet this humble church was the most memorable one I visited on the trip, for the simple fact that this was my grandfather’s church. He was born in Alwaneri and grew up in and around the very building in which all of us now stood in silence, looking around us. Many was the tale he had told us, his family, of his boyhood here; indeed, he had repeated those tales so many times over the years that we had grown sick and tired of them. He had spoken of this church and village with a fondness that left the strongest impression on us, many years after education and employment took him first to the nearby town, thence to Chennai.

Rachel’s father said that this village was Boniface’s (our child, who was then six months old, and had been brought along with us) native place. It is a curious phrase, that. When I grew up it was the second thing a person you had just met would ask you, after your name. The term itself is rather hard to define. The Cambridge Dictionary asserts that it is “the town or city or area that a person is from, especially the one in which they were born and lived while young”, noting that it is “Indian English”. And yet this would not be strictly true of Boniface, who was born some nine thousand miles across the globe. A native place denotes geographical origin, it is true, but it is more than a bald record of ancestry or birth. The Hindu usage of the term suggests a deeper, spiritual connection with the soil under one’s feet. Regardless of what one thinks of such notions, it is hard to deny that there is something moving about seeing an infant cooing gently as he takes in the dim interior of a

church, and knowing that, almost a century ago, his great-grandfather would have cooed and gurgled at the same sights.

Nazareth and Inheritance

Our pilgrimage culminated in a visit to the Cathedral of St. John in the town of Nazareth, the co-seat of the Thoothukudi-Nazareth diocese of the Church of South India (C.S.I.). This town had connections to both Rachel’s family and mine: her paternal grandparents had been married at the cathedral, and my grandmother had been baptized there. The cathedral sits behind a sizeable courtyard, surrounded by a maze of streets of a distinctly pre-automobile design. The bell was just tolling for evensong as we arrived (having had to reverse our car gingerly about two hundred feet along a lane barely wider than it, for we had not known that the end of the street had a wooden bridge over a ditch that could only support the weight of a pedestrian), and the choir began to chant the appointed psalm as we took our places on the cool, flagstone floor.



St. John's Cathedral, Nazareth, south end and transept.

It is perhaps worth commenting on some of the distinctive features of worship at St. John's that would be unfamiliar to those from the city. All congregants sit on the floor, with the exception of the elderly and infirm, for whom there are thoughtfully placed two sets of pews in the back of the nave. Footwear is to be removed and left in the vestibule, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Seating is segregated: men on the left, women and children on the right. When the choir began to chant the Magnificat I asked a neighbor where I might find a prayer book; he looked at me with some surprise and said that I ought to have brought one from home, they didn't keep any in the church. Women had to cover their heads in the sanctuary; men had to bare theirs. Though I was not aware of an explicit dress code, I felt slightly garish and out of place in my blue half-sleeved shirt, while every other male layman was dressed in off shades of white. While women clergy have been serving in the C.S.I. for over half a century, the half-dozen or so priests, deacons and sub-deacons that served and officiated in that service were all singularly male, as well as the thirty-strong choir of men and boys.

Oh, that choir! They sang divinely, moving from hymn to chant to intonation with a practised ease borne of long familiarity, not just of singing the repertoire but singing with each other. True, the music was not the most complicated, but it was perfectly appropriate for the stillness of the evening, and the small boys that made up soprano would have done credit to any choir school in the US. Boys choirs are a dying breed, driven to extinction in no small part due to voices that break earlier and earlier with every passing generation. The youngest in the choir that evening could not have been older than six. After the recessional, I struck up a conversation with the man who was the acting choirmaster that evening (he had a son who lived in Port-

land, which he had visited the previous year, and declared to be like Munnar¹, and that he had been also to San Francisco, which had been very foggy), who promised to pass on my compliments to the choirmaster, Margoschis.



St. John's Cathedral, nave.

One cannot go far in the town of Nazareth without hearing the name Margoschis. There are schools and colleges with that name, and shops and businesses. And every fourth boy or man you meet is named Margoschis. To understand why, one goes round to the north side of St. John's, to a little enclosed graveyard. Here are about a dozen monuments in total; the tallest, an impressive stone and marble edifice, reaching about ten feet high, reads

CANON ARTHUR MARGOSCHIS
SUPERINTENDING MISSIONARY

NAZARETH: 1876–1908

BORN: 24.12.1852

DIED: 27.04.1908

"HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH"

¹a hill station in South India

Of the long and extraordinary history of missions in this part of the world, particularly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there has been much written [1][2], and it is not my intention to even summarize it here. Suffice it to say that the present-day ecclesiastical traditions, the social and economic development, and the faith of this town owe a tremendous debt to this man who was dubbed the “Father of Nazareth”. In addition to his missionary and humanitarian work, his own brand of high-church Tractarianism (he instituted daily Eucharist at St. John’s during the great cholera epidemic of 1902, believing it essential to complement his own medical ministrations to the people, with the result that it is almost the only parish church in the area that has had daily services for over a century) suffuses the worship at St. John’s even to this day. Being dead, he yet speaks.

The following day, we returned to the cathedral for the morning Eucharist. Even at that early hour, the choirboys were out in full panoply. After the service ended, they trooped into the vestry, where they flung off their cassocks, revealing that they wore school uniforms under them. They then hurried off down Church Street to their school.

The Idea of a Christian Society

As we prepared to follow them down the same street, which would take us eventually out of the town and the district, I mused upon these vignettes of parish life in the Thoothukudi-Nazareth diocese. The contrast with Chennai was significant. The churches are thriving: the beautiful buildings are well-preserved, and the pews (and stone floors) filled every Sunday; yet, these churches shy away from typical avenues of growth: most of these congregations have little to no presence on social media, services are not live-streamed, and parish priests have

no public following or persona. This comes more from the rural instinct to resist innovation and technology as a general rule, than any lack of infrastructure or funds. These same instincts drove Rachel’s grandparents and mine away and into the cities, and yet somehow left them with a lifelong fondness for the society that nurtured them.

This jaundiced view of progress also means a different theology altogether. Indian Christianity today, broadly speaking, is awash with godmen and shamans peddling fundamentalism, mystical revelation, or prosperity. The allure of money has made the career of “tele-evangelist” or “independent pastor” rank far more highly than an ordinary parish priest. In the midst of the resulting tissue of confusing doctrine, there is such a refreshing simplicity about a small, unobtrusive church where the altar proclaims “*jeeva appam naane*”.

This is not to say, of course, that all is sweetness and light down South. In addition to the rigid hierarchical structures that undergird social life, communal feelings² run much deeper in these parts. Also, where personal dispute is concerned, the village folk are apt to disregard such burdensome expenses and bureaucracy as litigation entails, and take matters into their own hands, often with violent results. And if you are from Chennai, and, having finished a day of work at your computer at 9 p.m., think you will stroll down to the street food vendors on the main street for a wonton, then you are sadly out of luck: the sole vendor there only sells palmyra juice, and what is more, he closed at sundown.

The poet and author T.S. Eliot, seeing the West on a path to increasing secularism, penned “The Idea of a Christian Society” in 1939, a blueprint for how a secularising society might continue to remain Christian in a non-theocratic way. Indispensable to the cause he saw the institution of an intellectual class not

²i.e., casteism

limited to clerics, that believed in Christianity and the positive impact it could have on society. Down South, one sees a reversal of his prescription. There is no ruling intelligentsia; merely a largely oral tradition and a natural self-selection mechanism whereby people who seek advancement, technology and money move out into the cities, leaving those behind who see no reason to disrupt the status quo. Eliot would probably have disapproved of the Nazareth parish could he have visited it today. Yet, in a country as long exposed to Christianity as India (if tradition is to be believed, missionaries have tried to make inroads into the country since the 1st century A.D., with the net effect that most of the country is still not Christian), life in the villages of the Thoothukudi-Nazareth diocese, from the jarring, tooting megaphones proclaiming church services, to the local constabulary that closes down the streets around the church on Sunday mornings to traffic to aid in moving the flock from church to parish hall, to the choirboys whose school schedules accommodate an hour of morning absence to sing in church, to the *asanams* that people crowd in from the cities to attend, might well be called a Christian Society — not of Eliot, but of Margoschis.

References

- [1] Caldwell, Robert. *Lectures on the Tinnevely Missions*. London: Bell and Daldy, 1857.
- [2] Neill, Stephen. *A History of Christianity in India, 1707–1858*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985.

Prayers

A Bidding Prayer

GOOD Christian People, I bid your prayers for Christ's holy Catholic Church, the blessed company of all faithful people; that it may please God to confirm and strengthen it in purity of faith, in holiness of life, and in perfectness of love, and to restore to it the witness of visible unity; and more especially for that branch of the same planted by God in this land, whereof we are members; that in all things it may work according to God's will, serve him faithfully, and worship him acceptably.

Ye shall pray for Donald, President of these United States, and Gavin, Governor of this State, and for all that are in authority; that all, and every one of them, may serve truly in their several callings to the glory of God, and the edifying and well-governing of the people, remembering the account they shall be called upon to give at the last great day.

Ye shall also pray for the ministers of God's Holy Word and Sacraments; for Bishops, and herein more especially for Steve our Archbishop, Julian our Dean, Darryl our Bishop, Archbishop Samy of the Diocese of Egypt, and Canon Penfield, that they may minister faithfully and wisely the discipline of Christ; likewise for all Priests and Deacons, and herein more especially for Father Parrish, Deacon Vogel, and Deacon Bracken, that they may shine as lights in the world, and in all things may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

And ye shall pray for a due supply of persons fitted to serve God in the Ministry and in the State; and to that end, as well as for the good education of all the youth of this land, ye shall pray for all schools, colleges, and seminaries of sound and godly learning, and for all whose hands are open for their maintenance; that whatsoever tends to the

advancement of true religion and useful learning may for ever flourish and abound.

Ye shall pray for all the people of these United States, that they may live in the true faith and fear of God, and in brotherly charity one towards another.

Ye shall pray also for all who travel by land or sea; for all prisoners and captives; for all who are in sickness or in sorrow, especially Jim and Edna Davis, Debbie, Scott, Brittany, Tanya Theiler, Mark Quinn, Lisa, Ben, Marion, Flo, Max, the Pack, Stanko, and Bouchard families, Dan Hubbard, Mary Frances Reeves, Julie Sine, Wyn Reeves, Mrs. Kitt, Jon Carter, Linda Capone, Rose Handwerker, Ann and Frank MacVoy, Bishop Ilgenfritz's family, Victoria Grace, Christina, John and Heidi Donnelly, Carl, Judith Boreham, James Kitchin, Molly Ferguson, Deacon Peter & Kim Vogel, John Bainbridge, Alan, Mark Askew, Teresa Gomez's extended family, Jodi Schaeffer, Father Darrell Driver, Julia McNeely, Joshua, Betsy, Nancy Balcom, Barry Ward; for all who have fallen into grievous sin; for all who, through temptation, ignorance, helplessness, grief, trouble, dread, or the near approach of death, especially need our prayers.

Ye shall also praise God for rain and sunshine; for the fruits of the earth; for the products of all honest industry; and for all his good gifts, temporal and spiritual, to us and to all men.

Finally, ye shall yield unto God most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all his saints, who have been the choice vessels of his grace and the lights of the world in their several generations; and pray unto God, that we may have grace to direct our lives after their good examples; that, this life ended, we may be made partakers with them of the glorious resurrection, and the life everlasting.

And now, brethren, summing up all our petitions, and all our thanksgivings, in the words which Christ hath taught us, we make bold to say,

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

O GRACIOUS FATHER, we humbly beseech thee for thy holy Catholic Church; that thou wouldst be pleased to fill it with all truth, in all peace. Where it is corrupt, purify it; where it is in error, direct it; where in anything it is amiss, reform it. Where it is right, establish it; where it is in want, provide for it; where it is divided, reunite it; for the sake of him who died and rose again, and ever liveth to make intercession for us, Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

O GOD, HEAVENLY FATHER, who by thy Son Jesus Christ hast promised to all those who seek thy kingdom, and the righteousness thereof, all things necessary to their bod-

ily sustenance; Send us, we beseech thee, in this our necessity, such moderate rain and showers, that we may receive the fruits of the earth to our comfort, and to thy honour; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our heavenly Father, who declarest thy glory and showest forth thy handiwork in the heavens and in the earth; Deliver us, we beseech thee, in our several callings, from the service of mammon, that we may do the work which thou givest us to do, in truth, in beauty, and in righteousness, with singleness of heart as thy servants, and to the benefit of our fellow men; for the sake of him who came among us as one that serveth, thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O GOD THE HOLY GHOST, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray thee, this Congregation of St Luke's Chapel in the Hills with thy love and favour; enlighten our minds more and more with the light of the everlasting Gospel; graft in our hearts a love of the truth; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom, with the Father and the Son together, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. Amen.

Parish Life

- The Vestry meeting will be held after Morning Prayer on September 13th.
- The next service of Evensong will be held on Wednesday, September 2nd, at 7 p.m. Father Parrish will preach on Psalm 7.
- **The Sacrament of Confession/Rec-**

onciliation of a Penitent: Any person who feels the need to make a confession to a priest and receive counsel and absolution should make an appointment with Father Parrish.

- **Father Parrish's Office Hours at the Church Office:** Saturdays, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Calendar

Evensong

Wednesday, September 2nd, 7:00 PM

Evening Prayer

Trinity XIV

Sunday, September 6th, 10:00 AM

Holy Communion

Trinity XV

Sunday, September 13th, 10:00 AM

Morning Prayer

Vestry meeting after service

Trinity XVI

Sunday, September 20th, 10:00 AM

Holy Communion

Trinity XVII

Sunday, September 27th, 10:00 AM

Morning Prayer

Coffee hour in McNeely Hall follows all Sunday services.

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Established in 1964

A Parish in the Diocese of All Saints,
Anglican Church in North America