

Horace W. B. Donegan: Changing Fortunes of American Christendom



Bishop Donegan has the spiritual care of the wealthiest diocese in the church embracing 225 parishes and missions in Manhattan and six upstate counties. One of his consuming passions is the ministry to the city dwellers.

—NEW YORK TIMES,
MAY 11, 1960

In 1950, when Horace W. B. Donegan became the twelfth Bishop of New York, it was clear that, despite the much touted "return to religion," the tide was a good deal more conspicuous in the suburbs than in the city churches. True, "inner city" work was noted and applauded. The presence of the Episcopal Church was seen in its magnificent churches with music of undiminished standards; it was also to be seen in its Youth Consultation Service, the Seamen's Church Institute and, especially in the Episcopal City Mission Society, which was just completing a new building at the old address, 38 Bleecker Street in 1950 (that new building was sold in 1983). The sports announcer "Red" Barber was prominent among the promoters of the City Mission.

The new bishop was greeted by the 380 clergymen of the Diocese of New York, 221 congregations, and slightly less than 100,000 communicants. An examination of these figures is important. The number of clergy in the diocese would grow steadily throughout Bishop Donegan's episcopate to nearly 500 by the time of his retirement in 1972. This suggests the evolving significance of nonstipendiary and part-time clergy in the Church. It may also signify that inflation and varying, competing interests were cutting into the ranks of those whose sole life occupation would be the priesthood; now, for instance, you might find a pharmacist or a schoolteacher who, thoroughly trained, spent Sunday in the chancel.

It was anomalous that a diocese whose membership was declining

should show a marked increase in ordained persons. For, alas, the Diocese of New York continued its slide of communicant membership since the peak of 110,800 reached in 1938. The number of confirmations increased to 4,115 in 1957. This was about the number confirmed in 1938, and similar to the annual number throughout the late Potter and Greer years. But there is a constant decline after 1962 (3,939) to 1972 (1,990). Much of this may be due to the Prayer Book studies that questioned the heretofore accepted Biblical basis of the Confirmation sacrament, or the value of the event as a traditional rite of passage for youngsters in their early teens. It is also important to remember that the word "communicant" was defined along the way, and rectors making out the annual parochial report now had a standard: some were quick to blue-pencil names on their lists.

As for the number of very small congregations, this continued to be a problem born of the preautomobile or rigid-churchmanship past. Far more sensitive and difficult to manage were the churches founded according to social preferences that no longer existed. It sometimes happened that a once prosperous parish now began to envy the activity and crowded congregation it had scorned: the exalted were humbled, as the Gospel tells us will be the case. The new bishop was forthright in stating that, as there is a time to begin a mission, there is also a time to end mission work when there seems to be no further promise of accomplishment. The peak point of congregations in the diocese came probably about 1874 when there were 313, but since that figure probably includes estate chapels, institutional chapels, and seasonal preaching stations, we will do well to accept the 297 given as the number of congregations in 1920. There were 198 congregations in the Diocese of New York in 1983.

The fact that confirmations and the number of communicants in the diocese declined in the face of the much heralded interest in religion was attributed to Episcopal families continuing to quit the City of New York for suburbs, which, in this case, might mean the dioceses of New Jersey, or Long Island, or Connecticut. Therefore it must be understood that the Diocese of New York never reaped its share of what optimists like the aging Bishop Manning perceived to be a "turning of the tide." Bishop Donegan seemed to be attuned to the real situation when, in his first convention address, he stated, "I wish to make it clear that it is my earnest desire to be first and foremost a pastor to the clergy." He was able to underscore this sentiment almost immediately, for in a moment when it seemed possible to recommence building the cathedral the bishop discouraged the trustees from doing so because clergy salaries remained far below what they should be. This decision, perhaps not too reluctantly agreed to by the cathedral trustees, seemed to establish as fact what many people already suspected: at contempo-

rary prices the Cathedral of St. John the Divine could not possibly be completed.¹

The first notable Donegan move was a restructuring of diocesan administration. It had been years since administrative procedures had been analyzed; had Bishop Potter and Archdeacon Nelson returned in 1950 they could easily have resumed their routine, such as it was, for the bishop of the diocese was still the linchpin upon whom all business depended. Bishop Gilbert had not cared to alter administrative methods in his brief time, but in those days of burgeoning business people became aware as never before of professional efficiency. According to the New York plan, which had already been adopted by some other dioceses, there would be a "Bishop and Council." Most of the Council members would be elected by the diocesan convention; some might be appointed by the bishop. This plan—and here was the selling point—could draw many talents into the decision-making process, and Council members might be assigned to one of the departments envisioned by the plan. There were four: Missions (which included aided parishes, established missions in the diocese, and mission strategy), Christian Education (most important in those days of revived interest in what the Church believed), Christian Social Relations (which would become of unprecedented importance as the Western world began to wrestle with injustice and ungodly complacency), and Finance. Later, the Woman's Auxiliary was added. These departments would be financed by the Council with moneys authorized by the annual diocesan convention. For example, thirty diocesan missions required about \$300,000 a year. Christian Education was no longer a matter of colorful leaflets, and required substantial funding; in time, that department was able to bring from Canada an expert, J. Stuart Wetmore.

Laymen Clarence G. Michaelis and Edward S. S. Sunderland were now frequently seen and heard in diocesan affairs. Theodor Oxholm, proficient in finance, was engaged as a full-time diocesan treasurer and, once settled in the job, managed diocesan finances with an iron hand which lost no power because of his devotion to the Church. The bishop was said to be "at home in any parish in the diocese" insofar as ceremony was concerned; "I'll do it the way you do," he is reported as saying to an incumbent whose preferences were decidedly not those of St. James', Madison Avenue, where the bishop had been for so long.²

HOME ON THE CLOSE

Bishop Donegan, a bachelor, lived with his mother in Ogilvie House, the pleasant residence built for the cathedral's dean. It seemed to be a

sensible place for the bishop of the diocese, especially when there was, in 1950, no dean. The bishop's refusal to encourage further cathedral construction might have sent a chill through the close were it not for the obvious fact that he was otherwise quick to promote varied activities there. Now, life on the close seemed more ebullient than ever it had been when Manning was arguing the need for a cathedral. The installation of the organ's "state trumpets" was perhaps symbolic, for after James A. Pike became dean the cathedral could offer one of the most publicized apologists the Church has ever known. He wanted, very much, to complete the cathedral, but Donegan's principle must be respected.³

Pike, and the Church, were lucky in the able assistants at the cathedral. Canon West knew how a cathedral in New York should be run, and lent a spirituality to his undoubted managerial gifts. Darby Betts was headmaster of the Choir School, and if nothing else, demonstrated that paddling miscreant pupils could be part of the school's regimen in New York; the ensuing publicity reminded New Yorkers that the school still flourished on Morningside Heights. It is now remembered that the cathedral close in the 1950s was the scene of profound creative hilarity among Pike's priest colleagues; it is also remembered that the wives of those colleagues had a far less fulfilling time of it, inasmuch as the standards of the day discouraged them from having remunerative jobs of their own.⁴ Moreover, the Pike team's heady sense of ascendancy was always tempered by knowing that the churches downtown were facing bleak times of attrition and circumstance; they were not replenished by new churchgoers.

In 1951 the Right Rev. Charles F. Boynton, Missionary Bishop of Puerto Rico, was elected Suffragan Bishop of New York in a contest that was marked by overtones of bitter churchmanship. There was no doubt that Bishop Donegan needed episcopal assistance. One of the leading candidates was Samuel Shoemaker. His ministry at Calvary had been effective for many people, and his radio meditations made him well-known. But the Shoemaker point of view, political as well as ecclesiastical, failed to commend itself to many others, who (as it now seemed to "Sam") allied themselves against him. A last-minute letter appeal from St. Thomas's rector, Roelif Brooks, probably added votes to the Boynton column, and he was elected. Shoemaker was understandably offended by the concerted opposition to him, and left Calvary Church soon after—a somewhat unfortunate conclusion to a notable career in the city, and ironic, inasmuch as Shoemaker was probably never overmuch interested in being a bishop.

Bishop Boynton was of decided Anglo-Catholic point of view, and as such probably reflected the rank-and-file clergy taste in the diocese at that time. He later said that

the Suffragan is primarily supportive. If he and his Diocesan respect and love each other (which was our case) things go smoothly and one is not sure who suggests what to whom. My eighteen years were extremely happy ones and Bishop Donegan and I worked like hand in glove; and that was also true when Bishop Wetmore served as second Suffragan after his election.⁵

In 1959 Bishop Donegan called for another suffragan, and at a special convention on December 15 J. Stuart Wetmore was elected. He came to New York from Canada, (whence his Tory ancestors had fled at the Peace of 1783) to be diocesan Director of Christian Education. The runners-up on that occasion were Dillard H. Brown, Albert A. Chambers, and John M. Burgess, who all subsequently became bishops. Bishop Wetmore was himself a nominee when Paul Moore, Jr., was elected Bishop Coadjutor in 1970.

Bishop Donegan proposed to make full use of the convocations which had replaced the archdeaconries. In those days of keen interest in Christian Education, the convocations were an excellent practical vehicle for bringing the Church's teaching to the parishes, which sent representatives to area meetings. It is said that more than a hundred clergy and lay persons were at one time involved as leaders in the convocation all-day training conferences.

The Deans of Convocation were *ex officio* members of the Department of Missions, and were always priests. Convocation meetings of the clergy and elected representatives from the area's parishes took place two or three times a year, and it was expected that diocesan staff people would attend them. This aimed at a close connection between the diocesan offices, and was particularly useful when individual churches needed help in organizing their Every Member Canvass. For the diocesan treasurer, Theodor Oxholm (now salaried), kept a watchful eye on parish finances. He centralized diocesan moneys and sternly overhauled mission budgets. This new approach had the bracing effect of sharply reducing the number of aided parishes, practically forcing them to self-supporting status. In 1947 there were seventy-one aided parishes; in 1962 there were thirty-seven. Thirty-one churches had become self-supporting in that time. In the same period, the average stipend for a mission priest rose from \$2,750 to \$5,700.

There were times when Bishop Donegan seemed in danger of repeating the recognized preference for the city and its concerns. Now, in the late 1950s, it was difficult to know where to draw the line between urban, suburban, and rural places. "The urbanization of suburbia is upon us," said the bishop. But what he did not say was that it was an unattractive urbanization. He mentioned Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, and Newburgh as changed places having blighted slum areas; he might soon add Poughkeepsie and Beacon.

There was a salutary effect here, however, for there were priests who were led to work in these inner cities. They tended to form a bloc assuring that the Diocese of New York retained a concern equal to that we have noted from time to time in its past. Very often the Department of Christian Social Relations was a focal point for organized protest. For instance, the General Convention of 1955 was scheduled for Houston, a city then not racially integrated. There was an uproar from New York's Christian Social Relations department that led directly to the convention's being transferred to Honolulu. It was a small step from the protest in diocesan convention to firm stands on civil rights, capital punishment, poverty in the cities, and black clergy placement.

Nonetheless, it was easier to make arch pronouncements about the lack of civil rights in Houston than to enact them at home. Even as late as the diocesan convention of 1957 no woman in the Diocese of New York was allowed to be a delegate to those conventions, or to sit on a vestry, despite Bishop Donegan's plea in 1955 that an enabling resolution be approved. The laity—men only!—were notably more conservative than the clergy in this matter.

Another effect of the diocesan awareness of urbanization was the realization that a conference center was needed in a central location not far from the city. The modern method of conducting the Church's business seemed to assure conferences into a long future. There had never been a diocesan facility for meeting and housing large groups. The first clergy conferences were held in the late 1920s in a hotel at Lake Mahopac, and meeting there was considered quite an outing. Other locations were tried, and for some years West Point's Hotel Thayer was used. Then, in 1955, Myron C. Taylor, former United States minister to the Vatican, presented his commodious house in Locust Valley to the Diocese of New York. It was to be the much-sought-for conference center, and was accepted as such. Wise second thoughts, however, barred such use of the Taylor house, because it was in another diocese and eminently inconvenient for those who lived north of Westchester. More to the point, another house was now in sight and, after negotiations conducted by Bishop Donegan, the former Tilford place in Tuxedo Park was purchased in 1957. It was named for the bishop and for about twenty years served as a diocesan home away from home; the Taylor house was sold as, eventually, was the Tuxedo location.

Also in 1957 it was proposed that the Diocese of New York embark on a gigantic capital-funds drive to mark its 175th anniversary year. Other dioceses had raised very large amounts in professionally conducted intensive drives aimed at collecting money for "advance" work in an expensive age. Bishop Donegan mentioned a goal of five million

dollars but, for reasons perhaps at least partly owing to a reversal of the popularity of American Christianity, the campaign was a disappointment to its promoters. By the end of 1958 barely half the expected five million had been pledged or received.

CLERGY CLUBS

Along with the heightened interest in Christian education throughout the national Church, and the impressive numbers of Church school students of all ages meeting in buildings recently erected, there were clergy social and study groups throughout the diocese. These clergy associations have been organized from time to time, and a few have had a long history. We have seen that Bishop Hobart distrusted such groups and asked their members to disband. Perhaps his suspicions were not entirely unfounded, for the clergy at such gatherings have been known to discuss matters other than, say, the new lectionary or the Filioque Clause of the Nicene Creed. But the clergy clubs were an early attempt at what we now call continuing education and they have not been irrelevant to the thinking and speaking of many diocesan clergy. There is the Rectory Club in the Westchester area, and the Monday Club in the upper Hudson Valley; both groups assign books or topics to their members, expecting papers adequate if not profound. (The clergy are remarkably generous in their estimates of each other's scholarship, as this writer gratefully concedes.)

Sigma Chi was an interchurch discussion group founded in 1866. It met for many years at St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City; it ceased in 1973. Almost as old is The Club, whose organizing about 1871 has already been noted. It was founded to thrash out the emergent theological problems of the time. Another group, called Kilin, was founded in 1921 for a specific purpose: "to continue the education of Bishop Herbert Shipman when he became Suffragan in New York."⁶ William Norman Guthrie was one of the founders; apparently he suspected Shipman would require continuing education when he became Manning's suffragan. Kilin continues to be active. The Church Club was founded, about 1887, on more ambitious lines. For some years it maintained club rooms in midtown Manhattan. Formal dinners with prominent speakers have been the main attraction of the Church Club in recent years. Bishop Manning often used it as a forum for presenting his position on civic and ecclesiastical issues.

ORDER OF ST. HELENA

Another religious Order for women joined those already working in New York when, in 1954, the Order of St. Helena moved to Vails Gate near Newburgh. The Order had begun at Margaret Hall in Versailles, Kentucky, a school then operated by the Sisters of St. Anne. When that Order decided to end its work at the school, some of its teaching Sisters determined to begin a new Order. In 1947 they were permitted to adopt the Rule kept by the Holy Cross Fathers and, eventually, they became a sister community, wearing the white habit and the plain black cross of the West Park house. After a brief time in the Diocese of New Jersey, the Sisters of St. Helena purchased an old house in Vails Gate and began their work in New York. Very soon they were conspicuous at St. Augustine's and St. Christopher's, two inner city churches maintained by Trinity Church and staffed partly by seminarians from Chelsea Square. Later, the Order of St. Helena opened a branch convent at Calvary House, an event that would have astonished its builder, Sam Shoemaker, had he been yet alive. Finally, the Order moved to its own house in the city in East 28th Street. It is perhaps worth noting that three of the Orders discussed—St. Mary's, St. John Baptist, and Holy Spirit—owed their beginnings to New York City women; and the fourth, St. Helena's, looked to an original New York Order, Holy Cross, for its beginnings.

Proof of how complicated the demands upon the churches might become can be offered at St. Philip's, Harlem. The rector there for many years was the Rev. Shelton Hale Bishop and he, above all, was responsible for making it one of the nation's notable churches. Toward the end of his ministry, Dr. Bishop was joined by the Rev. M. Moran Weston. It was Weston's idea that such a firmly established parish should undertake to build and maintain a great community center in the environs of the church. Through slow and demanding negotiations, land was purchased, plans drawn, money allocated, and in 1969 construction began. The result was facilities for all ages, a pleasant episode in a decade that was decidedly unpleasant for much of the nation.

For, while St. Philip's, St. Martin's, St. Paul's, and many other urban churches were pursuing visions of a better neighborhood made that way by the Church, there occurred the student riots at Columbia University. The cathedral had always enjoyed a warm neighborliness with the university, but this time the relationship was perhaps too warm for comfort. The rights and the wrongs of the riots will long be debated, but it was clear to Bishop Donegan that there was a breakdown of business at the university and a stalemate that displaced its personnel and students. While maintaining an appropriate neutral stance, the

bishop opened the cathedral buildings to student strikers—and to any others who might require the proffered hospitality. The Columbia chaplains were thought to have sympathized with the strike. Whether or not this was true, the last vestige of official Episcopal Church connection with the university was severed soon after, when Bishop Donegan was informed by letter that henceforth there would be no university chaplain at Columbia.

A FINAL VISIT TO "ST. LUKE'S"

Let us make a 1966 visit to our "St. Luke's" which we last saw in 1926. A rector was called there in 1928 and remained twenty years. Only several years after his retirement and removal to Maryland people seemed to have a hard time remembering what he was like. "Colorless," said one woman. Another *thought* he was a charter member of the Rotary Club, and was certain he was president at the time of Pearl Harbor. What people did recall was that his small daughter was struck and killed by an automobile on the street outside the rectory.

St. Luke's seemed untouched by the Depression. While there was never a "discretionary fund," the rector was able to supply food and used clothing to the several families in chronic distress during those years. He was also able to supply them coal by simply adding the cost of a quarter ton to the church's bill. When World War II came, ten men served overseas. None were killed, but one returned "shell shocked," to use a term carried over from the former war, and was thereafter frequently a patient in the Castle Point Veterans' Hospital.

When the rector retired in 1948 you could still see in the vestibule of the church the little black metal box suggesting alms for building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; whatever might have been slipped into that pence box was casually added to the loose plate offerings on Sunday mornings, for neither the rector nor the vestry cared whether or not the cathedral was ever finished. You would also see in that vestibule a pile of magazines (for the shut-ins), an altar flower chart seldom changed from year to year, the "Roll of Honor" of those who had served in the world wars, Sunday school leaflets, and old Forward Day-by-Day booklets that had never been discarded.

But the rector who came in 1949 changed all that, and a lot of other things, in St. Luke's. To begin with, he was thought to be very "High," and was impatient with anyone who wouldn't call him Father. He claimed oversight for everything: Sunday school, Women's Auxiliary, even the Every Member Canvass. Some people stopped coming to St. Luke's, but it couldn't be denied that the man was popular down at

the fire house and in the Businessmen's Association. In the five years he was at St. Luke's he overhauled everything, and when he left some smart people were amused that the parishioners expected to call their new rector Father whether he preferred the honor or not. It was also a fact that the finances of the parish were now sound because annual pledging was very much increased. Perhaps one reason for this was that the last inhabitant of the big house now a nursing home—she who had "run the church" for years—was dead. Now it was plain that all the people of the parish must support the church.

The new rector in 1955 was a veteran married to a nurse who substituted in the Sunday school when she wasn't doing private duty at the hospital eight miles away. This couple remained at St. Luke's nearly ten years, made a host of friends in the community, and then moved to a church in Connecticut. The people of St. Luke's were saddened to hear they later were divorced, and their former rector was now in personnel work in Stamford.

The rector who came in 1965 was also married to a nurse, and it was no secret she expected to be full-time at the hospital; her mother (who moved with them, and soon found a part-time job) kept house at the rectory and looked after the three children when they were not in school. The vestry were satisfied that the rectory was fully occupied and felt justified in not negotiating seriously with two of the candidates Bishop Donegan had recommended for the rectorate. Both those men refused outright to live in the old rectory and wanted a housing allowance. This seemed impossible to the vestry because, first of all, rectors had always lived in that house and, secondly, it was a landmark practically adjoining the church.

There is a rotating vestry now, and two women serve on it. The Sunday school is considerably smaller than it was in the 1930s but, for some reason, the parish house seems busier than it was then. There is a senior citizens club, a nursery school, a weekly meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, and an aerobic dancing group Wednesday mornings. The Women's Auxiliary was finally declared defunct after a succession of poorly attended meetings; several of its members now meet in the parish house to tie a quilt, which is raffled off; others join in holding an annual rummage sale, but this gets more and more difficult each year because everyone seems to be saving her rummage for her own yard sale. Gone are the days of the turkey suppers and beef barbecues—events that meant long hours of preparation. Crowds always came, and St. Luke's was famous for its feasts; but the profit diminished annually in the wake of high food prices. For now very little by way of vegetables and dairy produce would be donated.

People are quick to say the church isn't "what it used to be" in the

community. The rector and his family are no longer set apart as they were formerly. There are a lot of things giving Sunday competition: the A & P is open, the firemen schedule practices, the Little League has a game. But at the same time, more people, people of all religious commitments, cross the threshold of St. Luke's buildings these days. Many do not come to worship; they come to use the facilities built by St. Luke's people. Nowadays more people than ever before have a proprietary interest in St. Luke's as a good place. And, for reasons nobody can explain, every year the budget is more than met.

Sunday morning changes have been subtle. The choir is smaller than it was in 1926 and seldom attempts an anthem except at Christmas and Easter; the old pipe organ was literally discarded in 1959 and an electronic one purchased. Most people now suspect the exchange was unwise. There is at least one acolyte at every Sunday service; the celebrant wears Eucharistic vestments. Morning Prayer is scheduled for the second and fourth Sundays of the month, and some people think that maybe when the new Prayer Book finally "comes in," the rector will want to have the Eucharist every Sunday at both morning services. The church looks about as it did in 1926 except that there are new bronze chandeliers, suspended over the pews so that the congregation can see the pages clearly. The same walnut altar, brass credence table, and dark oak choir stalls are there. An ambry is set in the north wall of the sanctuary, and a brass lamp with a clear glass globe signifies the Sacrament is reserved there. The old branch candlesticks are gone now, and in their place are six lights on the retable; the retable itself is new and was handily made by one of the vestrymen.

The pews still have maroon cushions, but old carpet hassocks are gone: no more sawdust to clean up. Instead of hassocks to kneel on, there are low benches covered with a red plastic. However, most people still adopt the "Episcopal crouch" while at prayer. In the book racks people expect to find *The Hymnal 1940* and the Book of Common Prayer. There is a leaflet for each Sunday, run off by the part-time secretary on the duplicating machine in the corner of the parish office in the rectory. A funds drive in 1967 enabled the parish thoroughly to refurbish the old parish house, but there was not enough money to build the office wing that had been planned.

The rectory family spend a month at their newly bought camp in New Hampshire. The rector has heard that there was a time when the parishioners begrudged his predecessors a month's vacation, but he has the feeling now that people want him to get away and relax. He appreciates this, for while he has much spare time, he is on constant call. He is seldom able to take a whole day off during the week. (He wryly chuckles about the "reading days" he planned as a self-disci-

pline. They never materialized.) Nor does he often see his Episcopal colleagues, though he attempts to meet with them at their monthly Eucharists on Friday mornings at the only "cardinal" church in the area. After the service, which is one of the trial use services approved by the Standing Commission of the national Church chosen by the celebrant, there is coffee and Danish and an hour or so of small talk before some of the men go out for lunch. It adds up to a valuable support group that wasn't available to clergy until recent years. Such support seems necessary now in 1966, when there seem to be many negative factors suddenly militating against the Church—or at least the Episcopal Church. Those who attend the Friday meetings are eager to hear what might be done to perk up their parishes; the old formulae seem to have little viability now.

The rector makes few house calls because almost everyone below retirement age has a full-time job. His calls are limited to shut-ins or to those in hospital. He spends many hours counseling and acknowledges that this is probably the most rewarding aspect of his work. He gets in his weekly tennis game—at a renovated theater in winter, the public recreation park in summer. He also jogs. He meets with his colleagues of the other churches in the local "Ministerium," which is now a far more congenial group because the Fundamentalist minister has, to the unspoken satisfaction of the other members, refused to rejoin them after an argument over prayer in the school. The rector expects to remain at St. Luke's because his wife has a supervisory position in the hospital; her salary is considerably greater than his. Their combined salaries and perquisites add up to a comfortable life, and from the looks of things, and with care, they will be able to send the children through college. Nevertheless, he has moments of distaste at the prospect of remaining at St. Luke's for the rest of his working life. The parish isn't really growing, and in any case it is always hard to see parishioners transferred summarily by IBM or Texaco: they go on to something probably exciting and certainly higher-paying, while he remains to look for people to take their places.

In this vignette, which is not contrived beyond reason, may be seen the joys and the disappointments of the rector toward late century. But the disappointments seemed overwhelming to many priests in the 1960s. The roots of dissatisfaction lay not so much in the frustration born of Vietnam times as in the geography of the Diocese of New York. The diocese encompassed what is probably the most cosmopolitan and the richest city in the world. It also had its share of failed towns and villages whose principal source of income vanished years before; one upstate community, for instance, has steadily declined in population since 1890. As we have seen, even in Manhattan the Church knows

poverty, always has known poverty, and must live with its consequences. The protests of the 1960s, whatever their other causes, arose from a rising generation that was enraged by what was perceived to be the futility of the existing order. Christianity was very much involved in this. It teaches a distrust of the world around us, and yet enjoins that we labor in that world. It has been wryly suggested that the Church's Teaching Series of the 1950s did entirely too good a job, for it resulted in young people's demanding in practice much that was taught when they attended Sunday school. The suggestion is at least true in the sense that often the Church was too uncritical of its surroundings. Those who thought about Christ at all wondered if the Church hadn't abandoned him. "Organized" Christianity—is there any other kind?—was under siege. In this ferment there was much that was true, and there was much that was unthinking, but one of its effects was to suggest that the clergy in their work were isolated, that perhaps the world was passing them by.

Isolated and forgotten! There were clergy in various pockets of the diocese who used those words, but if memory serves, those in Ulster County were particularly beset by feelings of neglect. They worked far from New York City. They seldom saw more than a handful of their colleagues. Their salaries were modest, and their parishes in remote places not likely to grow. Was there any guarantee that they would really be considered for another parish? How could their situation improve when they had little to do with the decision-making process? At a spontaneous meeting in Kingston, followed by yet another one in the same city, men poured out their complaints about a diocesan system that wasn't serving the days of adversity as well as it had served the days of prosperity.

"The pressure for reorganization began to be felt about 1968, and Bishop Donegan was amazing in his ability to accept proposals for change, and even provided the funds by which the reorganizers were able to continue their countless meetings." So wrote Bishop Wetmore some years later.⁷ He was one of the participants in some of those "countless meetings." Other clergy leaders were Richard Gary, then rector of St. Mary's, Manhattanville; Michael Allen of St. Mark's in-the-Bowery; David Bronson, rector of Holy Cross, Kingston; and David Wayne of St. Edmund's in the Bronx. The result, helped along by "position papers" ranging in color from purple to tangerine, provided for a three-region division of the diocese, each having its "Regional Officer" (a designation later abandoned in favor of the traditional "Archdeacon"). Each region was itself divided into clusters of parishes that were expected to send their clergy and appoint lay representatives to meetings that would be called Interparish Councils. These councils would

have a direct voice in the spending of moneys pledged by the parishes for local and other benevolences. And each Interparish Council was to be represented on the Council of the diocese, the authoritative deliberative and deciding body created in Bishop Donegan's first years as bishop.

As Bishop Wetmore stated, Bishop Donegan encouraged the research and discussions that led up to the final recommendations, and he welcomed what he hoped would be as near as possible a solution to some of the problems the Diocese of New York has always encountered. During the restructuring discussions the idea of dividing the diocese into two or more separate new dioceses was pondered. There was no proposal to do this, and some years later a study committee appointed by Bishop Moore once again—as so many times previous—made a prolonged examination of the possibilities by corresponding with adjoining dioceses, asking advice from the Bishop of London, and considering suffragans permanently resident upriver. The result was the same conclusion reached earlier: it is best for the Diocese of New York to remain as it is and enjoy the urban-rural diversity it must always have.

Bishop Donegan announced in 1969 that, the House of Bishops permitting, he would call a special convention to elect a bishop coadjutor. The bishop was not slow to intimate that he intended to remain ordinary of the diocese until he must retire at age seventy-two. The fact that he had so openly and enthusiastically promoted the ideas for restructuring the diocese indicated he had not become fixed in the mold of recent prosperity. He remained eminently respected by his people. They seemed to take pride in the honors that came to him. Bishops always gather unto themselves honorary chairmanships, presidencies, and doctorates; even early in his episcopate, Bishop Donegan could add the initials of the Order of the British Empire and wear the rosette of the Légion d'Honneur with his other honors. Bishop Donegan would be firmly Bishop of New York until he retired.

A committee appointed to submit the names of candidates announced that John M. Krumm and Paul Moore, Jr., would be names on the slate; later, the name of Suffragan J. Stuart Wetmore was added. John Krumm had come to New York City in 1952 to be chaplain of Columbia University; later he became rector of the Church of the Ascension. Paul Moore had been made deacon in the Cathedral by Bishop Gilbert, and was, in 1969, Suffragan Bishop of Washington. He was elected Bishop Coadjutor of New York on December 12, 1969 (John Krumm was the next year elected Bishop of Southern Ohio; in 1980 he became Suffragan Bishop for Europe). One well-wisher sent Paul Moore a telegram asserting it was, after all, his wife's recent book *The*

People on Second Street that won him the election. There was much delight that this couple would be coming to New York. Unfortunately, Jenny Moore became ill and died without ever having the opportunity of entering the work of the Church, and all people, in New York as she had done on Second Street in Jersey City. In 1975 Paul Moore and Brenda Hughes Eagle were married.